

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



Keep yourself well
and daily use

Epps's Cocoa

The Original Cocoa for
Breakfast and Supper.

Epps's Cocoa

The most Nutritious
and Economical.



ST. DENIS HOTEL

Broadway and Eleventh Street, NEW YORK

EUROPEAN PLAN

Table d'Hote Breakfast and Dinner.
Rooms from \$1.00 per day up.
Rooms with bath from \$3.50 per day up.

The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment, Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence, are characteristic of this Hotel, and have secured and retained for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

WM. TAYLOR & SON, Proprietors
CHAS. LEIGH TAYLOR, Manager

**TIME IS THE TEST
OF ALL THINGS**

AND THE EVER-INCREASING
POPULARITY OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

WHICH HOLDS ITS OWN AGAINST
ALL RIVALS, IS THE MOST
GENUINE PROOF OF ITS WORTH.

It must needs be a good thing that can withstand the immense pressure of uprising competition, and yet defy comparison; small marvel, therefore, that with the flight of years ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has become known far and wide for what it is worth, one of the most Potent, Simple, and Agreeable factors in maintaining Health. It assists the functions of the Liver, Bowels, Skin, and Kidneys by Natural Means, and thus RECTIFIES THE STOMACH AND MAKES THE LIVER LAUGH WITH JOY!

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Otherwise you have been imposed upon by a Worthless imitation.

Wholesale of Messrs. EVANS & SONS, Ltd.,
Montreal and Toronto, Canada.

THE MAKING OF ALE.

THE INGREDIENTS—

The formula for the making of ale is exceedingly simple. Barley malt, hops, and water are the only necessary materials, and they alone should be found in good ales.

There are many grades of malt, many varieties of hops, and water differs widely in its adaptability to brewing purposes. The very best of all three, brewed by experts in a perfectly equipped brewery, go to make up Carling's Ales and Porter.

CARLING

LONDON

Beau-begetting Beauty,
bubbles from



Pears' Soap

Pears' Complexion Powder adds the finishing touch.

"All rights secured."

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXII.

CONTENTS, JANUARY, 1904.

No. 3

Bull-Fighters Entering the Ring.....	FRONTISPIECE	
Spain as a Canadian Sees It.....	W. A. R. KERR.....	219
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS		
Mr. Nathaniel Snyder, Story.....	ROBERT DAWSON RUDOLF.....	229
The Silent Places, Poem.....	ALICE D. BAUKHAGE.....	231
Canada and the Chamberlain Movement.....	HON. J. W. LONGLEY.....	233
WITH FULL-PAGE PORTRAIT OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN		
Professor Ashley and the Tariff Problem.....	J. M. McEVROY, K.C.....	237
Mr. Gladstone and Imperialism.....	HERMAN W. MARCUS.....	243
The Players, Poem.....	THEODORE ROBERTS.....	247
Sir Henry Irving and Dante.....	J. E. WEBBER.....	248
WITH TWO PORTRAITS OF SIR HENRY IRVING		
To the Old Year, Poem.....	VIRNA SHEARD.....	251
An Aquatic Reminiscence.....	GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.....	253
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A FAMOUS NEW BRUNSWICK "FOUR" WHICH WON AT PARIS IN 1867—TWO HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS		
A Birthday in Bogieland, Story.....	E. P. MEDLEY.....	256
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY EMILY HAND		
Evergreen, Poem.....	JESSIE K. LAWSON.....	263
The Fight for North America.....	A. G. BRADLEY.....	264
FIRST INSTALMENT OF AN HISTORICAL SERIAL		
The Soul's Lyric, Poem.....	INGLIS MORSE.....	276
Up the Lone Hollow Branch, Story.....	HOPKINS J. MOORHOUSE.....	277
The Love of Later Years, Poem.....	BLANCHE E. VAUGHAN.....	279
The Legend of the Maple.....	GRACE CHANNELL.....	280
The Stratagem of Terrance O'Halloran, Story.....	DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.....	283
Peter: A Son of Erin, a Sketch.....	MARY STEWART DURIE.....	286
Woman's Sphere.....	M. MACLEAN HELLIWELL.....	290
Current Events Abroad.....	JOHN A. EWAN.....	294
WITH CURRENT CARTOONS		
People and Affairs.....	JOHN A. COOPER.....	298
CORRUPTION—CANADIAN BUT BRITISH—MARRIED FOR LIFE—ILLUSTRATED		
Book Reviews.....		302
ILLUSTRATED		
Idle Moments.....		307
ILLUSTRATED		
Oddities and Curiosities.....		309
ILLUSTRATED		
Canada for the Canadians.....		311

\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to
THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, TRADERS BANK BUILDING, 63 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three, by the
Ontario Publishing Co. (Limited), at the Department of Agriculture. All rights reserved.

S. & H. HARRIS'

STABLE REQUISITES

SOLD BY ALL SADDLERS
AND
GENERAL MERCHANTS



- HARNESS COMPOSITION—(Waterproof).
- JET BLACK OIL—Renews and Preserves.
- SADDLE SOAP—Cleans and Renovates.
- HARNESS LIQUID—Self-shining.
- SADDLE PASTE—Gives a Waterproof Polish.
- EBONITE WATERPROOF BLACKING
For Boots and Shoes—Requires no Brushing.

AGENTS FOR CANADA—B. & S. H. THOMPSON & CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

AGENTS FOR
LEA & PERRINS'

WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

LIMITED



BY SPECIAL WARRANT PURVEYORS TO THE KING AND
EMPEROR OF INDIA

CELEBRATED OILMAN'S STORES

IT HAS NO EQUAL
FOR KEEPING
THE SKIN
SOFT,
SMOOTH,
AND WHITE
AT ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S
Regd
Larola

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING.

Sole Makers: Bottles—1s., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 6d.
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England.

It entirely Removes and
Prevents all
**ROUGHNESS,
REDNESS,
IRRITATION,
CHAPS, Etc.**
INVALUABLE
during the Winter for
Preserving
THE SKIN
from the effects of
FROST, COLD WINDS
and HARD WATER.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR IT, AND ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

The Fight For a Continent

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for 1904 will contain, as an historical serial, an account of the great fight between the French and the English for the possession of North America. This serial is entitled :

THE FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA

and the author is Mr. A. G. Bradley, whose life of "Wolfe," "Sketches From Old Virginia" and other works, have made him a sort of present-day Parkman. Mr. Bradley has a pleasant style and knows how to construct a clear and dramatic narrative. The opening instalment in this issue will give some idea of the value of the serial, though it is but the introductory chapter.

Canadians are none too familiar with the deeds of Braddock, Abercromby, Amherst, Wolfe, Drucour, Montcalm, Levis and Bourgainville. They will be pleased to read again of such battles as the Great Meadows, Braddock's Defeat on the Monongahela, Montcalm's Capture of Fort William Henry and the great massacre which followed, the Siege and Capture of Louisburg by Amherst and Wolfe, Abercromby's Defeat at Ticonderoga, Bradstreet's Capture of Frontenac, Wolfe's Siege of Quebec, the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, Amherst's Capture of Ticonderoga, and the Bloody Battle of St. Foy.

Undoubtedly this is the finest serial *The Canadian Magazine* has ever been able to give to its readers. With the other excellent features in the way of illustrated articles and short stories, the *Magazine* for 1904 will be better than in any previous year.

The February number will have as its leader an article on the Treaty-Making Power, by Professor Goldwin Smith. There will be other noteworthy features. A post card will bring the programme for 1904.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR POSTPAID

The Vice Admiral of the Blue

By **ROLAND BURNHAM MOLINEUX**

A Biographical Romance of the Love Story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton



The story opens in Naples, and gives a graphic picture of court life in the gayest of monarchies, in the days immediately following the Battle of the Nile. The story carries the reader from Sicily to London, where glimpses are had of the magnificent entertainments given by Lady Hamilton on Grosvenor Square—the jollity of the old Johnsonian tavern, the 'Cheshire Cheese,' the magnificence of the Christmas festivities in the English country house of a century ago—all these and many other striking incidents furnish a picturesque setting for a story of love and adventure which can hardly be surpassed in interest.

'Nelson! You of all men thus to learn my shame!'—Page 178.

Beautifully illustrated by The Kinneys. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Publishers, Toronto.

"The most brilliant novel of the year"

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

16 Full Page Illustrations by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

CLOTH, - - - \$1.50

"A story that must be read."—*New York Sun*.

"One of the most fascinating heroines in modern fiction."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The creator of 'Lady Rose's Daughter' has given her a personality which tempts and tantalizes."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"We touch regions and attain altitudes which is not given to the ordinary novelist even to approach."—*London Times*.

"Well balanced in its proportions; finished in form; logical and unerring and subtle in the delineation of character; poetic in feeling; extraordinarily clever in style."—*The Globe, Toronto*.

"That 'Lady Rose's Daughter' is already, and will remain, the most conspicuous piece of fiction that has appeared at the beginning of the twentieth century, is true without any doubt."—*Mail and Empire, Toronto*.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY
Limited

62 Front St. West, TORONTO, CANADA

Magazines for Young People

The
Boy's Own
Paper
and
The
Girl's Own
Paper

By the year, \$1.20
Per copy, 10 cents

THESE two splendid English magazines should be in every household where there are growing boys and girls.

The Boy's Own Paper appeals to every manly and healthy-minded boy who loves fiction, adventure and field sports, and nearly every well-known writer of boys' stories contributes to its pages.

The Girl's Own Paper reflects the interests of growing girls, and in addition to its stories by popular writers it contains an infinite variety of articles on practical subjects in which every girl is interested.

Sample copies sent free on receipt of price.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto

CANADIAN PUBLISHERS

JOHN J. M. BULT

(Frock and Dress Coat Specialist)

140 Fenchurch St., - London, E.C.
ENGLAND

CASH TAILOR

Samples of cloth and self-measurement forms sent on application.

SOME SPECIALTIES:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| Frock Coat (silk faced) and Vest, | 63/- |
| Dress Suit (silk lined), | 84/- |
| Lounge Suit, | 50/- |

The largest assortment in London of Tweeds, Cheviots, Flannels, Serges, Trouserings, Vestings, and Light-weight Waterproof Overcoatings.

Also Underclothing for Colonial wear made to measure.

FOR GENERAL WEAR

Patterns, with Self-Measurement Forms and Price-Lists, Post Free. Any Length sold. Special Rates for Canada, Etc.



Egerton Burnett's Royal Serges

look well, last long, and are for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, in Navy Blue, Black, Crimson, Grey, Green, Cream, Etc. Various Prices, and in Specially Strong Makes for Children.

DRESS FABRICS, TWEEDS, WASHING MATERIALS, FLANNELS, "SHRINKNAUGHT" TWILLS, Etc.

E. B., Ltd., make to Measure Ladies' Costumes from \$6.40; Golf Capes from \$5.25; Girls' Dresses from \$2.20; Gentlemen's Suits from \$8.55; Overcoats from \$6.90; and Boys' Suits from \$2.60.

Address—

EGERTON BURNETT, Limited

R. W. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, England

A Daughter of the Sea

AMY LE FEUVRE. \$1.00

The Two Miss Jeffreys

DAVID LYALL. \$1.00

The Making of a Woman

AMY LE FEUVRE. \$1.00

The Makers of Modern Poetry

W. J. DAWSON. \$1.00

The Makers of Modern Prose

W. J. DAWSON. \$1.00

Upper Canada Tract Society

102 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

HIGHEST AWARD AND PRIZE MEDAL,
Philadelphia Exhibition, 1876.

OAKEY'S Silversmiths' Soap

For Cleaning Plate.

OAKEY'S Emery Cloth

Glass Paper, Black Lead.

OAKEY'S "Wellington" Knife Polish.

Best for cleaning and polishing cutlery; 3d., 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s.

OAKEY'S Knife Boards

Prevent friction in Cleaning and injury to knives.

OAKEY'S "Wellington" Black Lead.

OAKEY'S "Polybrilliant" Metal Pomade.

Never becomes dry and hard like other metal pastes.

OAKEY'S Goods Sold Everywhere.

By Ironmongers, Grocers, Oilmen, Brushmakers, Druggists, etc.

JOHN OAKEY & SONS, Limited,

WELLINGTON MILLS, LONDON.

Representative in Canada:

JOHN FORMAN,

580 Craig Street, - Montreal.

THE
CASTLES AND ABBEYS
OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND

Their History and Legendary Lore

Text by W. H. HOWE.
Special Drawings by HARRY EVANS.

392 pp., Large 4to, Cloth Boards,
Bevelled, Gilt Edges.

\$2.00, Post Free

BRITISH SONGS

A collection of the most Popular Airs, with Piano-forte Accompaniment. 128 Pages, 29 Songs.

32 Cents Nett, Paper Covers. 60 Cents Nett, Cloth Boards, Gilt Top. Post Free.

GEMS FROM THE GREAT
COMPOSERS

For the Pianoforte. The contents include Compositions by the following Masters :

BEETHOVEN MOZART SCHUBERT
SCHUMAN CHOPIN

As well as Bach's Christmas Oratorio, two Christmas Pieces by Mendelssohn, Rubenstein's Romance, Handel's Pastoral Symphony.

32c. Nett, Paper Covers. 60c. Nett Cloth Boards, Gilt Top. Post Free.

FAVOURITE SONGS AND
DUETS

From Celebrated Operas. Containing Selections from—

SCHUBERT	HANDEL	ZINGARELLI	AUBER
BALFE	VERDI	BELLINI	FLOTOW
DONIZETTI	MOZART	OFFENBACH	DORN
BRAHAM		MEYERBEER	

32c. Nett, Paper Covers. 60c. Nett, Cloth Boards, Gilt Top. Post Free.

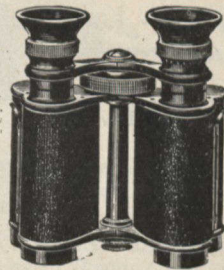
All three full music size, and beautifully printed. Also bound in one volume, Leather, Gilt Top,

\$2.00, Post Free.

London: JOHN DICKS, Effingham House, Arundel Street, Strand; and all Booksellers.

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900.

ROSS' PATENT
LONDON
MADE



PORRO
Field
Glasses

have no equal.

The Power and Field of a Telescope in the compass of an Opera Glass.

The Simplest, Lightest and Best.
"Once focussed always ready."

Power 8 times, £8; 10 times, £9; 12 times, £10; or with simultaneous focussing adjustment, 10s. each extra.

CATALOGUES, FREE BY POST, of Lenses, Cameras, Field Glasses, Telescopes, Surveying and Drawing Instruments, Spectacles and Eyeglasses, etc.

ROSS Ltd., Manufacturing
Opticians,
111 New Bond Street, London, W.
Established 1830 ENGLAND

CARRERAS' CELEBRATED

SMOKING



MIXTURES.

D^r J. M. BARRIE says:—"WHAT I
CALL THE ARCADIA IN
'MY LADY NICOTINE'
IS THE
CRAVEN
MIXTURE
AND NO OTHER."

THE CRAVEN (Mild), Invented by the 3rd Earl of Craven
HANKEY'S (Medium), " " Major-General Hankey
GUARDS' (Full), " " J. J. Carreras
MUGGES' (Special), " " G. Mugge, Esq.
SIL PHILIPS' (Extra special), Invented by Col. Sil Philips

J. J. CARRERAS, 7 Wardour St.,
LONDON, W., ENGLAND.

Agents in Montreal—FRASER, VIGER & CO.,
209 and 211 St. James's Street.

BRAND'S ESSENCE OF BEEF FOR INVALIDS

Recommended by the Medical Profession
Throughout the World.

BRAND & COMPANY, Limited
MAYFAIR, LONDON, ENG.

Agent for Canada

I. S. WOTHERSPOON

204 Board of Trade Buildings - - MONTREAL



Hamilton's Irish Homespuns



make the finest and smartest shooting suits
and costumes.

Correct for ladies and gentlemen.
Guaranteed hand-woven and hand-spun
from pure wool only.

From 4s cents. yard.
Also made up. Fit and smartness guar-
anteed. Moderate charges for tailoring.
Patterns free on application.

The White House, Desk 16
Portrush, Ireland.

ROB ROY PENS.



**WESTHO
PEN.**

**UWANTA
PEN.**



**ROB ROY
PEN.**

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

HINKS WELLS & CO.,
BIRMINGHAM AND LONDON.

FREE BY PARCEL POST.

Elastic Stockings, Trusses, Abdominal Belts, Surgical and Domestic Appliances

Sent direct from the Manufacturer.

Elastic Stockings, Thread, \$2.00, post free.

Elastic Stockings, Silk, \$3.00, post free.

Single Trusses, \$1.00, post free.

Double Trusses, \$1.50, post free.

Sole Agents for Great Britain and the Colonies for
M. Jules Durand et Cie, Paris, Fabricants de Spéciali-
tés Françaises, etc.

Send for Catalogue, mailed free.

HENRY SPENCER & CO.

85 Theobald's Road, W.C., LONDON, ENGLAND

For
Printing
Papers

THE

K

quality is the one you should use.

The advertising portion of the
MAGAZINE is printed on our paper.

KINLEITH PAPER CO., Limited
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

C. HOWARD SMITH, Sales Agent
TORONTO MONTREAL

59 Bay St.

4-8 Cote St.

PRESERVE YOUR HAIR



Nourish, Strengthen, Restore it. Prevent Scurf and Greyness, and provide the natural stimulant so necessary for nourishing the roots by using

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

It is unsurpassed for Children's Hair, as it forms the basis of a Luxuriant Growth. Golden Macassar Oil for Fair or Grey Hair does not stain or darken the Hair or Linen. Sold in 3 sizes.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

produces Soft, Fair, Delicate Skin, and removes all Cutaneous Eruptions, Redness, Roughness, etc. 2/3 and 4/6.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

whitens the teeth, prevents decay, sweetens the breath. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, ENG.



The Ontario School of Practical Science Toronto

This School Constitutes
the Faculty of Applied
Science and Engineering
of the University of
Toronto.

Full Courses of Instruction are given in the following Departments:

- 1.—CIVIL ENGINEERING
- 2.—MINING ENGINEERING
- 3.—MECHANICAL and ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
- 4.—ARCHITECTURE
- 5.—ANALYTICAL and APPLIED CHEMISTRY

The Laboratories in all Departments are fully equipped with the most modern apparatus.

The Calendar, which contains a list showing the positions held by graduates, will be mailed on application.

A. T. LAING, Secretary

[ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.]

FACTS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT THE I.O.F.

BENEFITS PAID BY THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

During the Year 1902

CLASS OF CLAIMS	NUMBER	AMOUNT
Insurance or Mortuary	1,272	\$1,452,068.03
Expectation of Life	2	1,600.00
Total and Permanent Disability	148	97,367.50
Old Age Disability	130	17,600.00
Sickness	8,774	166,882.64
Funeral	259	12,832.88
Totals, - - -	10,585	\$1,748,351.05

Benefits Paid Since Establishment of the Order

Insurance or Mortuary	\$10,621,823.59
Total and Permanent Disability	532,706.76
Old Age Disability	53,970.28
Sick and Funeral	1,523,155.84
Grand Total, - - - - -	\$12,731,656.47
Benefits Paid first six months of 1903 about	950,000.00
Total payments to 1st July, 1903, about	\$13,681,656.47

Average Daily Payment for Benefits **\$6,167.00**
Since 1st January, 1903 (exclusive of Sundays) about

Average Hourly Payment for Benefits **\$616.00**
Since 1st January 1903 (exclusive of Sundays) allowing
10 working hours to the day.

And while these Magnificent Payments were being made the
BENEFIT FUNDS continued to ACCUMULATE.

Accumulated Fund, 1st January, 1903	\$6,219,071.17
" " 1st June, 1903	6,599,976.30
Increase since 1st January, 1903	380,905.13

For further information respecting the I. O. F. apply to any officer or member.
HEAD OFFICE

The Temple Building, Corner Richmond and Bay Streets, Toronto, Canada

OFFICE FOR EUROPE—24 Charing Cross, LONDON, ENGLAND

OFFICE FOR UNITED STATES—488 East 63rd St., CHICAGO, ILL.

HON. DR. ORONHYATEKHA, S. C. R.,
TORONTO

JOHN A. MCGILLIVRAY, S. S.,
TORONTO



Toronto Conservatory of Music

COLLEGE STREET

SIR JOHN A. BOYD, K.C.M.G.,
President.

DR. EDWARD FISHER,
Musical Director.

Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities.

THE BEST EQUIPMENT AND FACILITIES
AND STRONGEST FACULTY IN CANADA.

ARTISTS' AND TEACHERS' GRADUATING COURSES,
SCHOLARSHIPS, DIPLOMAS, CERTIFICATES.

17th SEASON NOW OPEN
PUPILS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME

CALENDARS AND SYLLABUS FREE

School of Literature and Expression. Mrs. Inez Nicholson-Cutter, Principal. A COMPLETE FACULTY.



PROPOSED UPPER SCHOOL BUILDING

RIDLEY COLLEGE, ST. CATHARINES, ONT. Upper School—Boys prepared for the Universities and for business.
Lower School—A fine new building, under charge of H. G. Williams, Esq., B.A., Vice-Principal.
For Calendar, etc., apply to **REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., Principal.**



St. Margaret's College, TORONTO

A Boarding and Day School for Girls

- Full Academic Department
- " Musical "
- " Art "
- " Domestic Science "
- " Elocution "
- " Physical Culture "

Only teachers of the highest academic and professional standing employed.

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,
Lady Principal.
GEORGE DICKSON, M.A.,
Director.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

Residential and Day School for Boys. **TORONTO**

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., Principal

Upper and Lower School. Separate Junior Residence conducted on the House Plan. Boys prepared for Universities and Business. College Year, 1902-1903, most successful—200 pupils in attendance.



"Glen Mawr"

RESIDENTIAL AND
DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

651 SPADINA AVENUE TORONTO

Thorough English Course.
Individual Attention. Pupils Prepared for the
Universities and for Examinations in Music
and Art. Large staff of Resident and
Visiting Teachers.

MISS VEALS, PRINCIPAL.



Trinity College School

Established 1865

PORT HOPE

Unvalued and Healthy Situation,
Handsome, Modern and Fire-
proof Buildings, Large and Ex-
perienced Staff of Masters, Play-
ing Field, twenty acres in extent.

For Calendar and other Information apply to

REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A.

St. John's College, Cambridge

For twelve years Professor of History and Dean of
Residence at Trinity University, Toronto

Alma College

FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

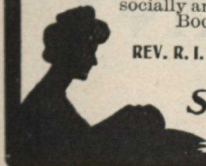
Refining and ennobling influences.
Character building a first consid-
eration.

Every facility for development of
young women mentally, morally,
socially and physically.

BOOKLET FREE.

REV. R. I. WARNER, M.A., D.D.,
Principal.

St. Thomas,
Ont.



Winter Term Commences January 4th

— AT THE —

*NORTHERN
Business College*

OWEN SOUND, ONT.

A school with a continental reputation for
the best in business education. It publishes
its own business books which are recommend-
ed by the Institute of Chartered Accountants
and by the Education Department of Ontario.
It is a school that has the confidence of the
business men of the country. Write for free
catalogue to

C. A. FLEMING, Principal,
Owen Sound.

PENMANSHIP **Bookkeeping, Shorthand, etc.,** thoroughly taught. Graduates assisted to desirable positions. Complete course for Home Study, \$5.00. Write for free catalogue. THE NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited, WINNIPEG, Man.

LADIES having fancy work to sell, Dollies, Centerpieces, Battenberg and Drawnwork, send stamped envelope. LADIES' EXCHANGE, Dept. B.E., D34 Monroe Street, Chicago.

The Lakeside Hospital Training School for Nurses.

Offers a three years course of instruction in all branches of nursing. Address, for information.

LAURA FELL WHITE, Superintendent,
4147 Lake Avenue, Chicago, Ills.

THE **STEP** **UP** YOU have a bright and energetic boy who has just left school. He isn't prepared to go to work in any particular line. School cannot do that for him. It gives him brains and ambition, but not training for a particular calling. To put him on a plane with salary earners he must get a step-up—a special training.

Of course he may go in for a number of things. Why not for business? There is certainly no other calling for which he can be prepared so quickly and inexpensively.

And the supply can never equal the demand. Last week we had to take a boy from his final examinations to place him in a position at \$30 a month. That's how close run we are to keep up with the demand for help.

Just think of it—a boy, after six months' training at a cost of \$50, STARTS work at \$30 a month.

How is that for a solution of "What are we to do with our boys and girls?"

We would like to follow this talk up with you. May we send you our "Story of a Business School"—just for the asking?

The Central Business College of Toronto

Toronto, Ont.

W. H. SHAW, Principal

ACTS AS
EXECUTOR UNDER WILL,
TRUSTEE,
ADMINISTRATOR

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
OF \$1.00 AND UPWARDS
AT 3½%

SAFETY DEPOSIT
BOXES TO RENT,
\$3.00 PER YEAR

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY

22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

LIMITED

Transacts a General Trust Business

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$1,000,000
RESERVE, - - - \$ 300,000

BRANCHES
MONTREAL WINNIPEG
EDMONTON, N.W.T.

2 IMPORTANT POINTS

PROTECTION

For Your Family

INVESTMENT

For Yourself

Have You Secured These ?



YOU CAN FIND OUT

HOW TO DO IT

By sending for the interesting set of Pamphlets issued by the



Confederation Life Association

POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL APPROVED PLANS

W. H. BEATTY, ESQ.
President

W. D. MATTHEWS, ESQ.

FRED'K WYLD, ESQ.

Vice-Presidents

W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director

HEAD OFFICE - - - TORONTO, CANADA

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

THE beginning of a New Year is a favorite and very appropriate time for making good resolutions. One of the best resolves you can make at this or any other time is to regularly and systematically save a certain portion of your income. Coupled with this should be the resolve to make absolute safety the first consideration in selecting a depository for your savings. With our fully paid-up capital of \$6,000,000.00, and a Reserve Fund of \$1,600,000.00 standing between the depositor and any possibility of loss, we provide such a safe depository as cannot be excelled elsewhere. You may deposit by mail. Send for booklet.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET, - - TORONTO

SCHOOL OF MINING

Practical Science Faculty of Queen's University,
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED:

1. Four Years' Course for a Degree
(B. Sc.) in

- (a) Mining Engineering
- (b) Chemistry and Mineralogy
- (c) Mineralogy and Geology
- (d) Chemical Engineering
- (e) Civil Engineering
- (f) Mechanical Engineering
- (g) Electrical Engineering
- (h) Biology and Public Health

2. Three Years' Course for a Diploma in

- (a) Mining Engineering
- (b) Analytical Chemistry and Assaying

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.

THE

London Life Insurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE—LONDON, CANADA

Invested Assets over \$1,350,000.00

**POPULAR PLANS LIBERAL TERMS
EXCELLENT PROFIT RESULTS**

These are a few of many advantages afforded by the above Company.

Splendid opening for a few more competent agents to take charge of new territory which will shortly be opened.

For fuller particulars apply to the Head Office.

EDWARD E. REID, A.I.A. J. G. RICHTER,
Asst. Mgr. and Actuary. Gen. Manager.
GEORGE MCBROOM, Supt. of Agencies.

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

TRUST INVESTMENTS

Investments made on behalf of Trust Estates are registered in the Corporation's books in the names of the estates to which they belong and are kept separate and apart from the assets of the Corporation.

Every investment undergoes the scrutiny of the management, and is subject to the approval of the Executive Committee of the Corporation before the money is paid over, thus ensuring, as far as prudence and forethought can, the safety of the trust fund.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director

MADE IN CANADA

as applied to articles of Canadian make, is a sure guarantee of **good value** in the markets of the world; and

WRITTEN IN CANADA

as applied to life insurance, is also a sure guarantee of **superior excellence**.

The Mutual Life of Canada

writes no business outside the British Possessions in North America; and with what results?

- (1) The climate is the most healthy in the world—hence **our low ratio of death losses;**
- (2) It costs less to do business in Canada than in foreign countries—hence **our low expense ratio,** and
- (3) Investments in Canada, while safe, command a better interest rate—hence **our large interest-earning powers.**

Think it out for yourself—a policy in this Company cannot fail to be a good investment.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO

HON. GEORGE A. COX, President B. E. WALKER, General Manager
ALEXANDER LAIRD, Assistant General Manager

LONDON (ENGLAND) OFFICE—60 Lombard Street, E.C.
S. CAMERON ALEXANDER, Manager

NEW YORK AGENCY—16 Exchange Place
WM. GRAY AND H. B. WALKER, AGENTS

100 Branches throughout Canada, including the following—

CALGARY, DAWSON, EDMONTON, HALIFAX, HAMILTON, LONDON, MEDICINE HAT,
MONTREAL, OTTAWA, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, PRINCE ALBERT, REGINA, ST. JOHN,
SYDNEY, TORONTO, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, WINNIPEG.

Offices in the United States—

NEW YORK. PORTLAND, ORE. SEATTLE. SKAGWAY. SAN FRANCISCO.

Bankers in Great Britain—

The Bank of England; The Bank of Scotland; Lloyds Bank Limited; The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited; Parr's Bank, Limited.

Bankers and Chief Correspondents in the United States—

NEW YORK—The American Exchange National Bank, The Fourth National Bank. CHICAGO—The First National Bank, The Northern Trust Company. PHILADELPHIA—The Fourth Street National Bank. BOSTON—The Bank of Nova Scotia, The National Shawmut Bank. BUFFALO—The Marine National Bank. NEW ORLEANS—The Commercial National Bank. DETROIT—The People's Savings Bank, The Commercial National Bank.

INVESTMENTS

If you are seeking an investment, examine the
GUARANTEED INCOME BOND
GUARANTEED INCOME POLICY
OR
GUARANTEED SECURITY POLICY

ISSUED BY THE

Federal Life Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, CANADA

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director

The
Northern Life
Assurance Company

are just closing a very prosperous year. They will have a few good Districts at the beginning of the year in which they wish to place energetic District Managers. Hustlers who can get business can secure a very liberal Contract. Write at once for particulars to

JOHN MILNE,
Managing Director,
LONDON, ONT.

Bank of Hamilton

Board of Directors

JOHN STUART A. G. RAMSAY
President Vice-President
John Proctor Geo. Roach Hon. A. T. Wood
A. B. Lee (Toronto) Hon. William Gibson

Capital, \$2,000,000 Reserve Fund, \$1,600,000
Total Assets, \$22,500,000

J. TURNBULL, General Manager
H. S. STEVEN, Asst. Gen. Manager

HEAD OFFICE - HAMILTON, ONT.

Branches

Atwood	Grimsby	Milton	Roland, Man.
Beaneville	Hagersville	Mitchell	Saskatoon, N.W.T.
Berlin	HAMILTON	Minnedosa, Man.	Simcoe
Elyth	" Barton St.	Miami, Man.	Southampton
Brandon, Man.	" East End	Moose Jaw, N.W.T.	Sonewall, Man.
Brantford	" West End	Morden, Man.	Teeswater
Carsan, Man.	Hamiota, Man.	Niagara Falls	Toronto
Chesley	Indian Head, N.W.T.	Niag. Falls South	Vancouver, B.C.
Delhi	Jarvis, Ont.	Orangeville	Wingham
Dundas	Kamloops, B.C.	Owen Sound	Winkler, Man.
Dundasak	Listowel	Palmerston	Winnipeg, Man.
Dunnville	Lucknow	Pilot Mound, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.—
Georgetown	Manitou, Man.	Plum Coulee "	Grain Exchange
Gladstone, Man.	Midland	Port Elgin	
Gorrie		Port Rowan	

Correspondents in United States: New York—Fourth National Bank and Hanover National Bank. Boston—International Trust Co. Buffalo—Marine National Bank. Detroit—Detroit National Bank. Chicago—Continental National Bank and First National Bank. Kansas City—National Bank of Commerce. Philadelphia—Merchants National Bank. San Francisco—Crocker-Woolworth National Bank. St. Louis—National Bank of Commerce. Correspondents in Great Britain—National Provincial Bank of England Limited

Correspondence Solicited



PROFESSIONAL MEN AND OTHERS

Depending upon their own exertions to support themselves and their families, find in life insurance a certain method of ensuring, in event of certain contingencies, a continuance of the necessary income.

The Continuous Instalment Policy of the North American

exactly meets such requirements, guaranteeing at insured's death an annual income for life to his beneficiary.

Write for full particulars, giving age next birthday and also age of beneficiary.

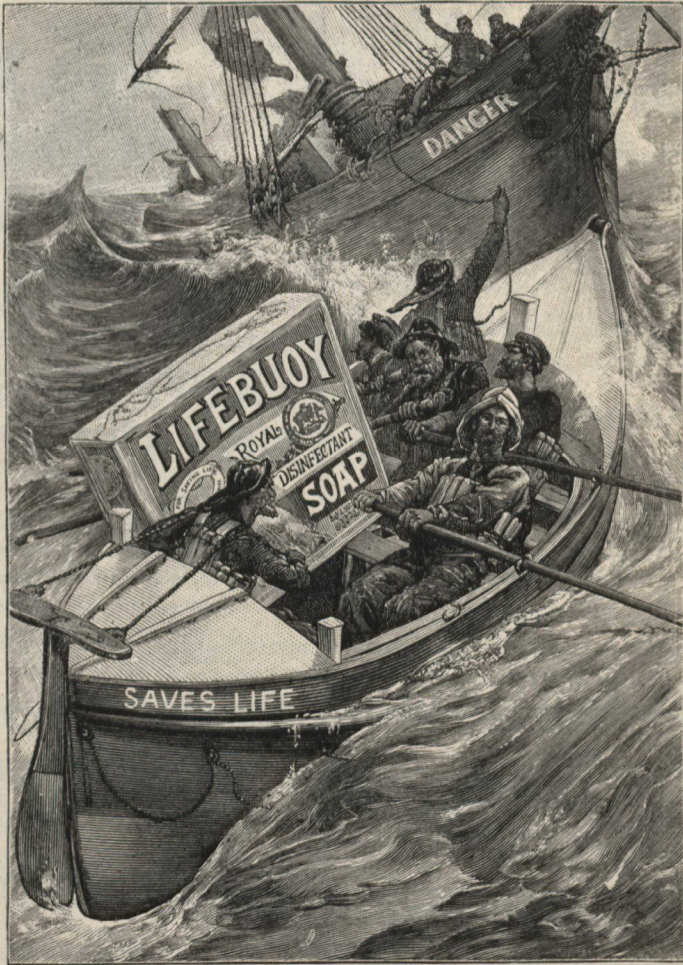
North American Life Assurance Company

HOME OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, President.

L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Managing Director.

W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., L.L.B., Secretary.



There's disease germ poison in dirty pots and pans, plates and dishes, dessert and fish knives, carvers, spoons, ladles and all utensils that come in contact with animal or vegetable matter left to decompose. Clean them with

Lifebuoy Soap

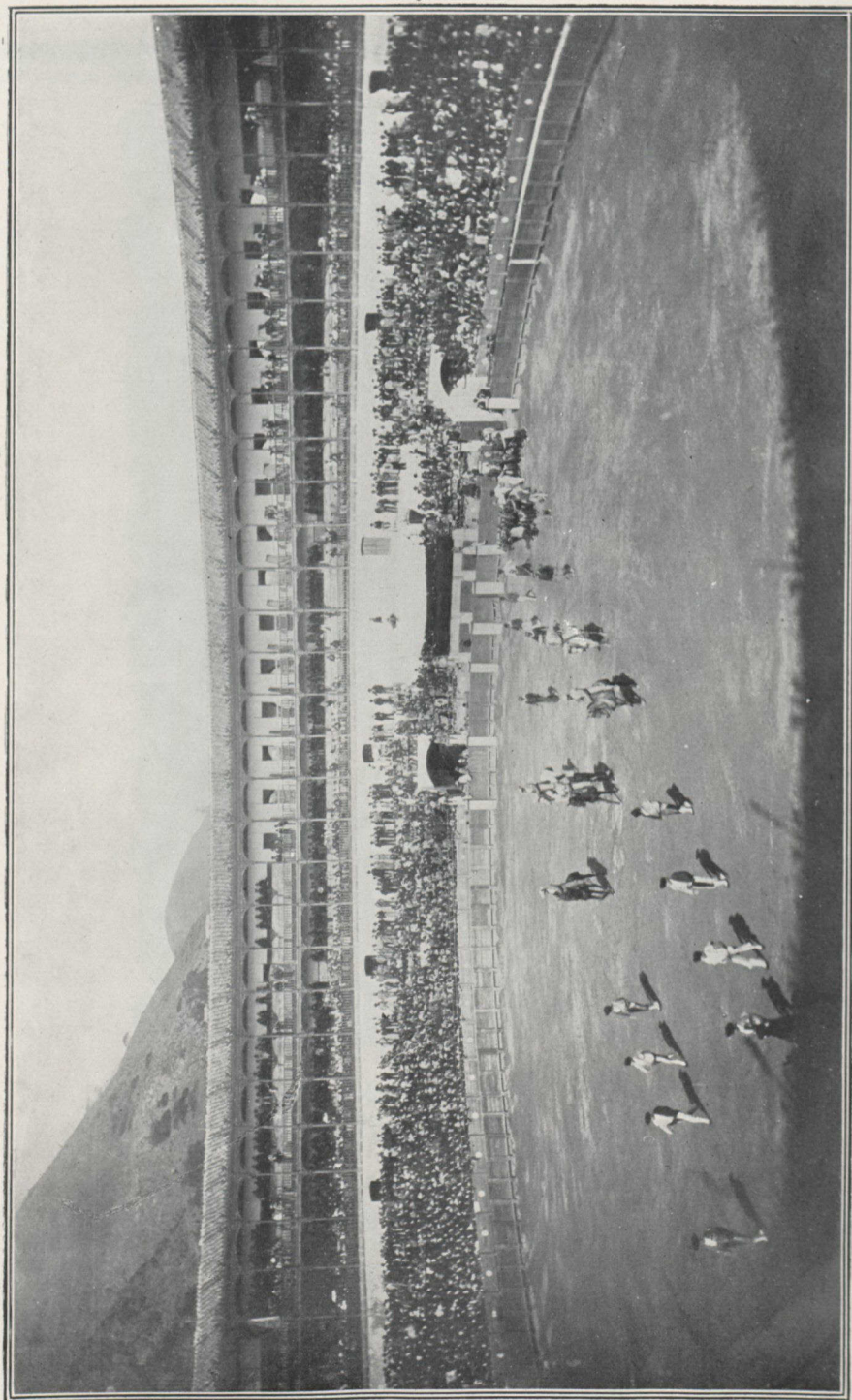
(Royal Disinfectant)

and you will destroy all disease germs. This soap is recommended by the Medical Faculty and Scientific Experts as one of the most valuable disinfectants.

FOR SALE AT ALL DEALERS

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA





BULL-FIGHTERS ENTERING THE RING

PREPARING FOR FURIOUS SPORT AT MALAGA, SPAIN

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1904

No. 3

SPAIN, AS A CANADIAN SEES IT

By W. A. R. KERR

THE first thing with which the traveller entering Spain has to do is the Spanish railway system, and this does not make an unduly favourable impression. My initial experience was with the line operated by the Andalusian Company. This corporation controls most of the transportation business of the southern provinces. They have a monopoly, but are by no means an efficient despotism. Anything much more "go as you please" could hardly be imagined. The trains are billed to start at a certain time, and generally do get away, if not then, at least later on. They are advertised to arrive at a fixed hour and the chances are they will reach their destination, if not then, why subsequently. We left Granada an hour late, but to compensate steamed into Seville an hour early. The main thing was that the train had in each case left its starting point and reached its goal, and had stopped everywhere it could think of along the way. What does time matter anyhow! The Andalusian knows that he has eternity behind him and before him, and what, therefore, is the sense of worrying about a paltry hour! The general policy "that it makes no difference" affects all sides of the

Spanish railways. The carriages are neglected and dirty. In Canada no sooner has a train reached its terminus than it is attacked by an army of sweepers and swabbers. In Spain I have never seen anything that resembled a broom or a sponge near a train. In summer the compartment windows are all kept open and, as southern Spain has practically no rain during the warm season, the amount of dust and grime that accumulates on the coaches and passengers would bear weighing. The speed of the trains is almost incredibly low. The mixed, or local, makes about fifteen miles an hour. The correos, mail trains, run perhaps a little better than twenty miles an hour. It is questionable whether the trains corresponding to our "limiteds," with fares raised fifty per cent., do much over thirty miles



SPAIN—THE BATHING BEACH AT SANTANDER



SPAIN—AN ANDALUSIAN BEAUTY

an hour. In addition the carriages are apt to be crowded, and though there are printed notices regulating the number of passengers for each compartment, no attention is paid, and anybody crushes unceremoniously in. The curves are sharp, the grades steep, the road-bed rough, and the light cars jolt and bang the traveller till he feels little short of a compound of jars.

The Spanish railways do, however, give you a check for your baggage, and while the Iberian porter will put the lid of a trunk out of joint more surely than any of his international brotherhood, still with his check in his pocket the owner of the baggage feels comparatively secure. Absurd as it sounds, it is impossible to check to an intermediate station; a trunk can only

go to the place to which the ticket reads, not to any nearer station along the line at which the traveller may temporarily wish to alight. There are curious regulations also about the sale of tickets. The tickets for a certain train can be obtained only during the hour preceding the departure of that particular train. As the officials refuse to check luggage after fifteen minutes before the train leaves, there is always a wildly excited crowd fuming about the ticket office and then rushing pell-mell to look after their baggage. There seems to be no reasonable explanation whatever for these stupid cramping regulations. All said and done, the Spanish railways are slipshod, slovenly and unbusinesslike, and the service such as would not be tolerated outside of the Peninsula.

The mention of the railways brings up the more general question of transportation in Spain. Everywhere primitive methods are still in use, and are only in a few places beginning to yield before the introduction of modern ideas. In Madrid, where the trolley is in full swing and even the automobile may be seen, the ponderous ox cart still lumbers through the Puerta-del Sol—the central square of the city and the focus of the life of the Spanish capital. In the construction of an asphalt pavement on the Calle de Preciados, just adjacent to the Puerta, the broken stone and cement were moved, not by wheelbarrows, but in little baskets, each of which needed a man to carry it. The waste of labour was only too evident. In the provincial cities the light waggon is almost unknown. Everything is done by pack-



SPAIN—THE ALAMEDA OR PROMENADE AT MALAGA

donkeys. The mention of such a fact is only another proof of the real extravagance and loss entailed, not only by ignorance, but also by the poverty which does not permit of any capital outlay to reduce the cost of production. The farmer brings his vegetables to market slung across a donkey's back; he takes his coke home again on the same long-suffering animal. The man who first applied the epithet "patient" to a donkey must have been in Spain. In Granada I saw a donkey's pack baskets heavily filled; then across the top of this very respectable burden were placed several bags of grain and, aft of all this deckload, there straddled on his hindquarters two thickset Andalusian peasants. The Spanish donkey is a small donkey, but he has a back that nothing can discourage, and legs that thrill under the weight they bear, but do not break. He is the only inhabitant of Spain who really works.

One of the most interesting sides of Spain is the street life in the cities. This is best seen in such open-air Andalusian towns as Malaga, Granada, or Seville. The Spanish city wakens

early, at least part of it does, the unfashionable part, the part that bawls its wares from house to house. One of the striking things is the selling of water. It is hard to get used to seeing water dispensed at a penny a glass. It is carried in a capacious earthen vessel, which, supported by one hand, is borne on the shoulder. In the other hand the merchant carries a rack with glasses. Dozens of these men parade the streets and promenades from daylight till far into the night, each roaring with stentorian voice: "Agua, agua, quien quiere agua?"—water, water, who wants water? The fish hawkers are another interesting figure. He moves slowly through the narrow streets, his arms akimbo, while suspended from each side is a flat basket full of little shiners. He, too, knows the use of his voice and, pausing at every open door, and every door is open, with brazen lungs proclaims his wares. The streets swarm with peddlers; on every corner you can buy anything from a sausage to a lottery ticket, from a fan to a cheap trunk, from an image of the Virgin to a "novellette for men only."



SPAIN—A PEDDLER OF FISH

However much the peddlers may be in deadly opposition to one another in business, they are united in one thing; and here all the rest of Spain joins with them. What the whole country needs is a good dose of soap and water. How different Spain would look, and smell, after a bath! Water, of course, is scarce. Andalusia gets no rain all summer long. The bed of the river Guadalmedina, which in spring, they say, flows through Malaga, was in July six inches deep in dust. But there can be no excuse on the score of soap. Whoever heard the name Castile who has not heard of soap? But as a citizen of Carabanchel Bajo, a town near Madrid, said to me: "They make soap here, but they don't care much for it; they send it all away." Consequently, when there is no water and all the soap is shipped abroad, the haughty Spaniard cannot be blamed for the highly perfumed condition of his cities.

The lack of organized industries in Spain forces great numbers of the people into all sorts of helter-skelter fashions of making a living. Of peddling I have already spoken. The newsboys are apt to be old men or, more often, women. Hawking the

tickets of the national lotteries supplies a great many with precarious bread, but no butter. Hundreds of men in Madrid earn a couple of meals a day as porters, but have to sleep in the streets at night. Another favourite profession of the unskilled toiler is that of the guide. In provincial cities such as Malaga or Granada the stranger is at once recognized, and at every street corner addressed in some barbarian hodge of English or French. It is a good plan to reply in German or, still better, Chinese, if you can command it. A very little goes a long way. When the would-be guide hears the tongue of the Fatherland, a look of disappointment steals over his all too expressive face, and he will probably soon give you up and leave you in peace with your Bædeker.

One of the saddest things in the streets of the Spanish cities is the number of the maimed, the halt and the blind who are left to shift for themselves, calling for alms. Wretched creatures suffering from some hideous deformity thrust their crippled members into the face of the passer-by. The streets swarm with sightless men and women who, with hoarse voice, unceasingly entreat the pedestrian for assistance. Many of these unfortunates strum a guitar and monotonously croon some sentimental song or ballad. In Madrid the spirit of the trust is abroad, and a wideawake individual has gathered together some five or six of the least bad of these blind musicians and turned them into a band, which plays at the busiest hours and corners in the Calle de Alcalá and the Carrera San Geronimo. Just how many of the pennies collected by this enterprising impresario stick in his fingers, and just how many go to provide beds and "cocido"—the national dish, made of stewed peas and potatoes—for the "poor blind men," would be an interesting but difficult calculation.

We have all known people whose geese were swans. In Spain there are humbler analogies: the newsboy is an old woman; the horse is a donkey; and,

most striking of all, the cow becomes a goat and sometimes a sheep. Cow's milk is rather scarce in the Peninsula; goat's and sheep's milk takes its place. In fact, the Spaniard will milk anything that comes handy—even a foreigner. In Canada it is not uncommon to see a sign on the side of a dairy waggon which reads: "one cow's milk." It is always a puzzle to understand how the dealer remembers which particular cow supplies which particular customer. Especially you admire the wonderful skill of the milkman, who by just dipping his ladle into the single large can in the front of the cart, can select from the churned up mass inside the one cow's milk. In Granada a different method is employed. The dealer drives his flock of goats through the street. When he comes to a customer's house he stops, the mistress appears, the right goat is driven up to the doorstep and milked in her presence. This procedure may at first sight seem rather primitive, but it has several advantages: it does not make such immense intellectual demands upon the milkman, and, moreover, it insures that the milk will not make the acquaintance of the pump.

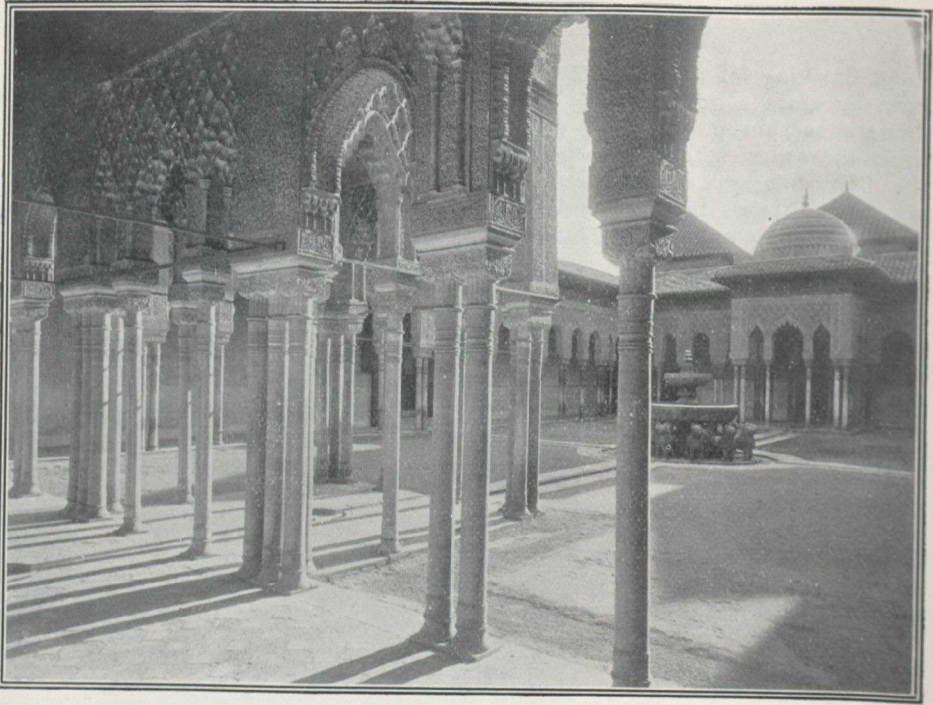
Curious links with the past are to be met with, even in cosmopolitan Madrid. One day, at a corner three minutes' walk from the Puerta-del Sol, I came upon a man who, illustrating what he said from some rude pictures painted on a banner, was telling the crowd gathered about him a story. Here was a far descendant of the minstrel of the Middle Ages. Beside him at the curb an old peasant was selling fruit from a donkey's pack baskets, just as doubtless his ancestors did five hun-



SPAIN—SELLING SHEEP'S MILK AT SEVILLE

dred years ago. But half a block distant they were laying an asphalt pavement, and twenty feet away the motorman was impatiently banging the bell of an electric car.

The bull-fight has been described in detail a hundred times already, and there is no need of rehearsing such a well-known scene here. But it is not until one has been in Spain that he appreciates what a hold the "corrida"—as the Spaniards call the fight—has upon the people. Take, for instance, San Sebastian, a fashionable watering-place on the Bay of Biscay. From the tenth to the thirty-first of August, 1902, there were six corridas, at each of which from six to eight bulls were despatched. This means that at the least forty animals were killed in three weeks in that little city for the amuse-



SPAIN—THE COURT OF LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA

ment of the crowd. And it must be remembered that the fall of each bull involves the death—and horribly cruel death—of anywhere from two to twenty horses. As corridas are held regularly and frequently throughout the warm season, not only in such large centres of population as Madrid, Barcelona and Seville, but also in small out-of-the-way towns, it will be seen that the butcher's bill is enormous, and that the blood of hundreds of our slaughtered fellow-creatures cries for vengeance from the ground. There is but little hope apparently of any immediate amelioration of existing conditions. Powerful vested interests have become connected with and dependent upon the maintenance of these barbarous spectacles. A famous "espada"—the individual who gives the bull his finishing touch—is the popular hero of the hour. The newspapers usually devote three or four times as much space to bull-fighting as they do to foreign news. Almost the only game the Spanish boys have is an imitation of the corrida: one youngster wears a

wicker bull's head and rushes at his companions, who thrust red rags in his face. Moreover the bull-fight is an institution indigenous to the soil, and unquestionably is an expression of one side—if a bad side, still a side—of the national character. It must not be left unsaid that there are many Spaniards who never patronize the corrida, who do not approve of it. Anything that is done to remedy the present position must be done slowly. It will take many years to educate public opinion and awaken the conscience of people. There are two forces at work which are moving in the right direction. The Spanish Humane Society is endeavouring to have a law passed which would make the use of the horse illegal. If this could be done a very severe blow would be dealt at the existence of the corrida. Not only would it do away with the most brutal part of the performance, but it would remove a large part of the interest. For the presence of the horse is the luxury of bull-fighting, and the connoisseur esteems a bull according to



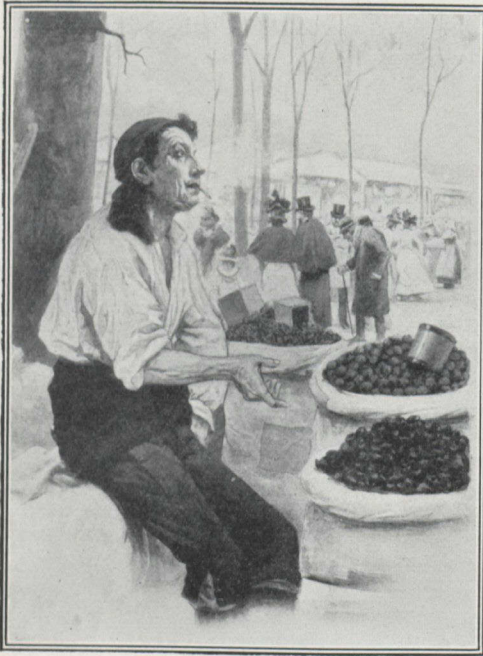
GIBRALTAR, THE SOUTHERN GATE-WAY TO SPAIN

the numbers of horses he kills. The second hopeful sign is the personal dislike of the young King for the corrida. The head of the Spanish monarchy cannot afford to mince matters if his popularity is at stake, for the name of Bourbon is not a word to conjure with in the Peninsula, and both the army and political parties are only too ready for intrigue, while Catalonia is half the time wriggling under the spurred heel of martial law. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the boy King refused to attend a bull-fight which was got up in honour of his visit to Oviedo, and bravely ventured to publicly state that he did not care for that sort of spectacle. To the credit of many of the citizens be it said, that while they condemned the King for not patronizing the national "sport," they admired the lad for his pluck. If, then, the horse could be eliminated, and society, through the royal example, were forced to withdraw its countenance, both the attraction, and a

large part of the profits would be destroyed, and there might be some hope of Spain's seeing the bull-fight join the Inquisition and her colonial empire as written pages of her history.

Like the Latin in general, the Spaniard is intensely fond of the street. He loves to live, not in the seclusion and privacy of his own home, but in the public square. As long as the weather permits—and, in Andalusia, that is nearly all the year round—when evening comes the wife places her chair in the road, sets her feet on the curb, gossips with her next-door neighbour and lulls her child to sleep. Her husband meanwhile is off in some café drinking beer and discussing "the situation" with an energy of gesticulation and passion of interest which he would never think of devoting to his work.

In Spain the toiler's motto, apparently, is not live to work, but work to live. With this as his guiding star, the Madrileño works with his eye on



AT THE MADRID FAIR—"FIGS, SEÑOR"

the clock, and as soon as the hour strikes he is away to the café or the paseo. It is astonishing how little actual toil is really necessary to keep things going. The civil servants are only required to put in about two hours a day. In summer they report at their offices in the morning; in the winter in the afternoon. It is a positive fact that many Government employees, who possess influence, go to their desks only once a month, and that time to sign the receipts for their salaries. As the Spanish administration, like that of France, is a highly centralized affair there is an immense number of officials in Madrid. The city, moreover, is the seat of the court, the rendezvous of society and the favourite residence of the wealthy. There is, consequently, a large class who have little to do but amuse themselves, and the result is that the street life of Madrid is not only varied and interesting, but unusually brilliant.

In the afternoon the crowd congregates in the Puerta-del Sol, and as

evening draws on a dense stream of pedestrians, well dressed and shabby, of handsomely uniformed young army officers, of fashionable carriages, pours down the Calle de Alcalá, rounds the Ministerio de la Guerra and the Plaza de Castelar, and turns up to air itself in the fine Paseo de los Recoletos and the extension of the latter, the Paseo de la Castellana.

For an hour, till darkness begins, the passing show goes on. No place or time gives a better opportunity to observe the Spaniard in one of his most characteristic and natural moods. In stature he is a good deal shorter than the Saxon. His hair is nearly always black and his complexion dark. The little boys are curiously delicate looking. They are generally dressed somewhat effeminately, and have an oddly girlish, exotic appearance. The figures of the young men of the upper classes strike one as being slight, puny and undeveloped.

This is probably owing to the absence of all athletic games. The men of maturer years, who have filled out, if not with muscle, at least with flesh, and whose cheeks have taken on that full-blooded, rich red-brown tint which we are accustomed to associate with the Spaniard, look much more healthy, robust and virile. The elderly man, however, is not nearly so pleasant to meet as his younger contemporary. He is frequently extremely wrinkled; his weight has left him over early; his step for his years is too unsteady.

But if we feel the man to be foreign, in even greater degree is the woman. She is noticeably shorter than her Canadian sister, and very much more inclined to stoutness—which, however, the Spaniard looks upon as an attraction. What strikes the stranger most, I think, is the lack of individuality, the sameness of expression which pervades all the faces. This may partly, perhaps, be explained by the almost universal use of powder, which gives, of course, the same artificial inanity of

complexion to all alike. But still the reason for this doll-like resemblance lies beyond the power of cosmetics satisfactorily to explain. It is much more probably due to the fact that the education of women is as yet only in its infancy in Spain. She is still the plaything of her husband; her eyes still contain that mixture of innocence and duplicity which looks out from the portraits of the women of five hundred years ago. In dress the Spanish lady has only one peculiarity, and even that is said to be giving way. She clings to the picturesque "mantilla," the black lace shawl she drapes so gracefully over head and shoulders. It is usually very becoming and the *señora* never looks better than when her dark eyes sparkle from beneath her mantilla. As regards going about alone, the Spanish girl is said to enjoy more freedom than she did some years ago, but it is still a rare thing to see a maid unattended by her chaperon in the street, and it would be quite impermissible for her to appear in the Paseo without an escort.

As darkness gathers the crowd of strollers begins to desert the Paseo and turns back again to the Puerta, where the *cafés* are now in full blast. The tables set out on the sidewalk are always the most thronged. The waiters—those pale-faced cosmopolitan beings with the ill-fitting black clothes, tired eyes, and uncertain tips—flit about from chair to chair; the loungers sip wine and talk with a waste of energy that rivals the Frenchman's. Even in the finest and most luxurious *cafés* the crowd is highly democratic and assorted. At one table a colonel of artillery is chatting with a well-known politician in top hat and frock coat; at the next, easily recognizable by the little pigtail tucked up under their wide-brimmed felt hats, sit a couple of bull-fighters, and just beside these worthies a pair of artisans in soiled linen smocks and heavy cloth caps are discussing a bottle of native



LA CASTAÑERA

SPAIN—A GRANADA CHESTNUT GIRL

beer. Everybody is watching everybody else, every tongue is going, everyone is smoking.

In Spain the men all use tobacco. They begin as boys and stick to it loyally through life. Practically the only thing smoked is the cigarette. It is somewhat curiously made. The leaf is not cut into strips, but is chopped up fine, and it requires quite an amount of skill to keep the whole contents of the cigarette from spilling out. The tobacco, the manufacture of which is a government monopoly, is very dark in colour and extremely strong. Everybody smokes, on all occasions, at all places—the policeman on his beat serenely pulls at his cigarette, the motorman on the trolley puffs as he turns on the power, the clerk in the fashionable shop flicks away the ash as he pulls down a web of silk. It is a libel on the Spanish lady to say, however, that she, too, indulges in the weed. There appears to be no more ground for the general accusation

than there is in any other country.

Spain, both town and country, is very well policed. In the cities the uniform of the constable closely resembles that of the infantry soldier. He is dressed in black and wears a high stiff cap with a peak. He is armed with revolver and sword. His physique is not strikingly good, and this may perhaps partially explain the fact that on what seems to the foreigner very slight provocation his blade leaves its scabbard. The rural districts are kept in order by the Civil Guard, the finest body of men to be seen in Spain, and a corps of whose efficiency any nation might be proud. Every railway train carries a detachment of the Guardia Civil. They have made brigandage a thing of the past. In addition to revolver and sword they carry the famous "mauser." The Civil Guard have very wide discretionary powers as to the use of their weapons, and Spaniards themselves think their methods too ruthless and severe. But much may be forgiven them, for they have to keep in order a half-loyal and unindustrious population. Their spotless uniforms, stalwart soldierly figures, and their serious faces are a pleasure to see and a unique thing in decadent Spain.

A Spanish newspaper is a curious production. Even those of the capital—and Madrid is a city of half a million inhabitants—are tiny affairs of four pages, printed usually on very good paper. The science of the "make-up" is not yet known, and the editorial column is still in the embryonic stage. As to their matter, the news is generally—with the exception of the Madrid *Imparcial*—entirely confined to Spain. The Peninsula itself is pretty well covered. The visitor from abroad is mainly inclined to criticize the crude condition in which the news is presented. There is but little or no attempt to work up into any kind of literary form the telegrams received from the provinces. The Spanish dailies, in fact, present rather the raw materials from which the journalist of other lands makes his newspaper.

And now a word about the people themselves, as you meet them more intimately. There are no two ways about it, they are genuinely kind. A question put by a stranger on the street will meet with not only a polite, but a painstaking reply. The Spanish at home cannot do enough for you. They have still, many of them, that old-fashioned, well-meant interest in their guests which induces them to urge him again and again and again to eat more, and to feel hurt if he does not, even though to do so were a physical impossibility. The fact is, that if he does not watch, they will kill him with kindness. While the middle-class Spaniard is by no means a boor in his manners, the knowledge of strict table etiquette has not got so far down as it has in some other countries. The uses of the knife and the fork are, for example, not very carefully distinguished. While the food is always plentiful and generally very good, and the cooking tasteful, the serving and eating of it are apt to be a little reckless.

The stranger coming to Spain will find the little inconveniences, on which I have dwelt too much, look as nothing when he compares them with the vast interests which lie about him. Spain is the tomb of an empire which once ruled from the China seas to the Caribbean. If any nation ever was poor but proud, it is she. Though it cost her her life blood to do it, she lodges the world-famous artists of the Golden Age in the magnificent Prado Museum, and worthily maintains her splendid churches. All her greatness is but a history, but that history has left imperishable monuments on her soil. The Romans' bridges and aqueducts still stand. The Arab has been driven back to the African deserts, but the Alhambra is here. Mysticism may have vanished long ago from her religion, but the cathedral of Seville breathes it to-day. Charles V has centuries since passed into dust, but his memorials are cherished in Madrid. In Spain Cervantes and Calderon, Murillo and Velasquez lived and died, and their work remains.

MR. NATHANIEL SNYDER

A SMUGGLING STORY

By ROBERT DAWSON RUDOLF



It had been a happy party on this trip; the weather had been all that could be desired and the company had been congenial. Hence, when the coming on board of the pilot evidenced that the voyage was nearly over, it cast a gloom over the whole ship. This gloom was deepened by an announcement on the notice-board that passengers would kindly fill in the forms which would be found in the saloon, stating what, if any, dutiable goods they had with them. Now, there is no doubt about it, people, who would not think of stealing a postage stamp or a pin and who would explain that the principle was the same whether one took a cent or a gold watch, will not hesitate to smuggle much more valuable things than these through the customs.

I have known a respectable and conscientious old lady go ashore with a pound of tobacco in her muff (and that after she had sworn in writing that she had nothing dutiable to declare) and yet, had she been accused of dishonesty, she would have been very indignant.

We all had something of this kind, and yet, from the respected and elderly clergyman, who had yesterday preached such an excellent sermon on "honesty in detail," to myself, who had certainly a diamond bracelet for my wife, not to mention a suit of clothes which my brother had asked me to bring out, we all signed those forms, one after the other, stating that we had nothing of a dutiable nature. Now, hardened criminals do not mind a little perjury on occasion, I believe, but *we* were, we felt, honest folk and moreover the uncomfortable knowledge existed that, in spite of our statements, our baggage would be searched all the same.

Hence it was that our consciences were ill at ease and our spirits were depressed, not so much because we had done wrong, but, what was worse, because the feeling existed that *we might be found out*.

Among the passengers was a man who was the living image of Mr. Punch's pictures of "Uncle Sam." Tall, with a thin yellow face terminating in a goatee beard, and speaking with a twang which spelt New England. He was the type of Yankee whom novelists and caricaturists have made common, but whom one seldom meets in the flesh. The modern United States commercial traveller, the man one sees in the smoking room of a Pullman car, or who calls upon us and in aggressive style tries to mesmerise or terrorise us into purchasing what we do not want, is rotund and clean shaven with voluble manner. Later on, when he has made his "pile," he will tone down in style, increase in waist, and if his pile runs into millions will probably be dyspeptic.

But to return, our fellow passenger was of the goatee type. His name was Nathaniel Snyder and he told us that he "crossed the pond, sir, every Spring and Fall in the interests of a real live firm of dental instrument makers." He was a good sort, in spite of his cadaverous appearance, and played a game of poker with a finished skill that all of us envied and most of us regretted. It was a treat to watch "Uncle Sam" (for of course we christened him that the first day out) bluffing. His wiry visage and leather-like skin gave one no index of his mind, and he could win with almost any hand.

Snyder came on board at Liverpool wearing a tall white hat, which was so conspicuous that some ragged urchins

on the stage made rude remarks about it. As was very natural in so tried a traveller, he made himself very much at home on board, and in the smoking room filled in the time between games of cards with story telling.

We reached our port of destination after breakfast one morning, and Mr. Snyder came on deck wearing his tall white hat, and was the most conspicuous member of the crowd that went ashore to have its baggage examined in the customs shed.

I had no trouble there, but nevertheless heaved a sigh of relief when my trunks received the magic chalk mark which conferred on them the freedom of the United States. I had the diamond bracelet for my wife safe in an inner pocket, and thought with joy how pleased she would be with it—doubly so because it had come in free of duty.

Snyder was standing next to me. The officers seemed to know him and he coolly returned their greeting. He had a cabin trunk and a hand bag ("grip" as he called it), and these the officials seemed to pounce on with avidity. They emptied *everything* out. Not so much as a cake of soap escaped their scrutiny, and they rapped and felt every article, as a physician might examine a patient's chest to find the reason for a cough. The while Snyder stood there with his eyes twinkling and his "poker" face impassive. Next they asked him in no very polite terms to step into an inner room and there evidently searched his person, and in a few minutes out he came, angry now and threatening all sorts of vengeance for the insults heaped upon him.

The scene was becoming interesting, and a ring of spectators formed round the officers and their victim. "Well, gentlemen," the cadaverous and indignant American was saying, "I reckon you've searched me pretty thoroughly, and ain't found so much as a darned seegar." The officials looked confused. It was quite evident that they were acting under orders from some higher authority, who had reason for suspect-

ing the so-called Snyder, and yet what more could they do? Suddenly one of them, a sharp, Sherlock Holmes type of individual, looked very clever, and said, "I guess we'll trouble you to let us see that hat." Of course, the hat. Why didn't they think of that before? Snyder, looking murder, took it off and handed it to the officials, who felt it over and tapped and shook it, but all to no avail. No false top or sides or brim were there, and they handed it back again, looking quite baffled.

"Well, gentlemen, if you've *quite* done dissecting me and my belongings, perhaps you won't mind if I depart." They could only consent.

Snyder had locked his trunk and bag, and had shaken hands with his fellow-passengers, when he seemed to become aware that he had forgotten something: "his umbrella," he said, as he hurried up the gangway on board again. In half a minute he was back flourishing the forgotten article. He was all smiles now, and actually poked the sharp-looking individual in the ribs with it, and jokingly asked him if he would not like to examine it too. Here was bluffing carried a little too far it seemed, for the man, whose pride was still sore, said "yes," and he and his comrades opened that umbrella and examined it inside and out with the greatest care, evidently quite expecting that they would find the diamonds that they knew (as we afterwards heard) Snyder was smuggling somehow. But nothing came of the search, and Snyder went off triumphant and sarcastic, and the last thing we saw of him, as he went up the street in an open carriage, was his conspicuous white hat, which he waved to us in farewell until he turned a corner and disappeared.

A few minutes of leave-taking, and I departed for the best hotel in the town, intent on the luxury of having a thorough grooming, and then my first meal ashore—always a treat however good the catering on board ship may have been. My train left later in the day for the West, so I had a few hours to

spare. The captain of our ship joined me at luncheon, and from him I learnt the sequel of the tale just related.

It seems that Snyder, as he called himself, *was* a smuggler, and was known to have gone on board at Liverpool with a large number of diamonds. He "declared" nothing, and the question to be solved by the Customs authorities was where he had hidden the gems. For some reason or other they did not suspect him of having an accomplice, and in this respect they were quite right.

Snyder had no accomplice, but took those diamonds ashore himself. This was how the facts came out. The steward in going around the cabins, after the passengers had all left, found a tall white hat in Snyder's room. He immediately hurried ashore with it, thinking, no doubt, of the large tip that would be his reward for restoring it to its owner. Some of the passengers and the officials were still there, and they recognized the hat

quite well, but all knew that Snyder had waved just such a hat to them as he drove away half an hour before. Evidently there had been *two* hats exactly alike. Snyder had come ashore in the one now in the steward's possession, and had had it examined by the alert officials. He had then gone on board again for his umbrella, and changing hats, had left in a second one containing the diamonds. If the officials had insisted on again examining his hat, then they would have made the find of their lives, but then they didn't!

I heard later that Snyder called for his hat the next day at the lost baggage office of the company. He was very pleasant, left a tip for the careful steward, and said in parting that he was glad to have the hat, as it was his best.

I wonder how he will get his next lot of diamonds through the Customs! No doubt the officers of that department are wondering the same.

THE SILENT PLACES

BY ALICE D. BAUKHAGE

IN the north country where the great hills lie
Wrapt not in sleep, but knowledge infinite,
Where lakes are still and brooding, and the sky
Falls like a veil between our faith and sight;

Where mighty hemlocks marching rank on rank
Forever troop uncaptured up the crest,
Then pause as if affrightedly they shrank
From unknown dangers, and with dread oppressed;

Where rivers glide unheralded along,
And stretch their marshy sedges into meres;
Where birds infrequent trill a low-voiced song
Of cloistered moonlight and the source of tears.

Into this country it is joy to flee,
Unhanding tasks and slipping loose from strife,
From the world's burdens all unbent and free
Save that dear sorrow which is half of life.



THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

BY COURTESY OF THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, NEW YORK

CANADA AND THE CHAMBERLAIN MOVEMENT

By HON. J. W. LONGLEY, *Attorney-General of Nova Scotia*



IN 1897 the Government of Canada, in framing the new tariff, which a change of Government seemed to render necessary, provided that a preference of 25% be granted to goods of any country where the customs tariff admits the products of Canada on terms which, on the whole, are as favourable to Canada as the terms of the reciprocal tariff therein referred to are to the countries to which it may apply. This was unquestionably intended to apply to Great Britain, which admits the chief products of Canada free. Difficulties arose, however, in the case of Germany and Belgium, because treaties were outstanding between Great Britain and those countries in which the favoured nation clause seemed to apply not only to Great Britain, but to all her possessions. As there was no intention on the part of the Government of Canada to apply a preference to those two countries, influence was brought to bear upon the Imperial Government to denounce the treaties with Germany and Belgium, and this was achieved. Then the 25% preference granted was applied to Great Britain and subsequently raised to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ %. This was done rightly or wrongly, as an act of grace and favour, and was so announced by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other members of the Dominion Government, its chief aim being to demonstrate to the British people the appreciation which Canada had of the value of their policy of free trade to our industrial life and, probably, as a token of goodwill to the old country for its generous treatment and protecting power.

The Government of Canada was attacked by its political opponents for having granted a preference without exacting a similar consideration in return, but this did not appeal especially

to the people of Canada; and, if tokens had been forthcoming that this preference had been of large, instead of moderate advantage to the British producer, no question probably would have arisen in Canada as to its continuance, unless, indeed, it had ultimately proved to be dangerous to the manufacturing industries of this country.

Germany took means of discriminating against Canada in retaliation for Canada's action in having the treaty denounced. This seemed to cause some trouble to the public men of Great Britain, inasmuch as it was perfectly manifest that, with the tariff policy now existing in Great Britain, no means of resenting any injury to Canada is available, but probably the necessity for this was exaggerated in Great Britain, inasmuch as Canada was quite content to fight her own battles and paddle her own canoe in respect of Germany or any other country with which she was doing business.

For some time past the sentiment has been growing in certain quarters in Great Britain that it would be necessary for that country to make some change in its fiscal policy. Unquestionably the adoption of free trade in 1846 was a wise move so far as Great Britain was concerned and resulted in an enormous increase in the industry, commerce and wealth of that country; and it continued to be a wise policy, notwithstanding that it bore little fruit in modifying the fiscal policy of other great nations with which Great Britain was in competition. But fiscal legislation is always a matter of immediate expediency. It is idle to talk of its being based upon any deep-seated permanent principle, and conditions have arisen in late years which have induced many excellent persons in Great Britain to believe that it would be as wise now

for Great Britain to regulate its trade and industry by tariff enactments as it was sixty years ago by tariff repeals. Like all new propaganda this commercial heresy received scarcely any support from either of the great political parties, and it continued to pay the penalty of a new idea which orthodoxy rejected. A new idea, however, has a certainty of success if it is founded upon a sound principle, and the proposition of Great Britain imposing duties against the rest of the world, wherever it suited the industrial conditions of that country to do so, ceased to be an idle theory and became a practical question when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the most powerful personality in British politics, announced last spring at a great public meeting his conviction that such a policy was necessary, not only from the point of view of Great Britain, but, also, on account of the obligations which the Mother Country owed to her rapidly growing colonial dominions. When this radical and far-reaching statement was made, Mr. Chamberlain was a member and a most conspicuous member of the Government. Such a statement could not have been made unless it had the sanction of the Prime Minister, and the event shows that the sanction of the Prime Minister it had.

Thereupon ensued a great political controversy throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and the fiscal question became the great overshadowing question of the hour. It was inevitable that this proposition should have a disturbing and disrupting effect upon English parties. The Tory party of Great Britain contained men who had deep-seated convictions that free trade was the only true political economy, and these men would be disposed to desert Mr. Balfour the very moment that he declared his conviction that it was necessary that Great Britain should inaugurate a fiscal policy which would give her the means of self-defence against the exactions of competing countries—in other words, give her the means of fiscal negotiation on even terms. Probably it was to avoid

this defection that Mr. Chamberlain subsequently tendered his resignation in the hope that Mr. Balfour, being free from the obloquy of the chief champion of fiscal heterodoxy, might retain the Duke of Devonshire and other men of moderate views. This, however, proved delusive, and Mr. Balfour stands now with some of the ablest men of his own party actively against his fiscal policy, and without the moral support from within, of the ablest champion of that policy itself.

Looked at from the standpoint of the casual observer, Mr. Chamberlain's resignation would seem to have been a mistake. Mr. Balfour, with Mr. Chamberlain by his side, could have constituted a very formidable administration, even with the Duke of Devonshire, Sir M. Hicks-Beach and Mr. Ritchie absent; but Mr. Balfour, minus Devonshire and the others, and minus Mr. Chamberlain, stands at the head of an administration which appeals in no very large degree to the respect and confidence of the nation.

Mr. Chamberlain's only difference with the Premier was in respect of the application of the new fiscal policy to the Colonies. Mr. Balfour said in effect: "I am in favour of so changing the fiscal policy of England that we shall have at our command means to fight and means to negotiate;" in other words, he wanted a tariff which would suit at the present moment what he conceived to be the needs of Great Britain itself. Mr. Chamberlain said, in fact: "I support this proposition, but I also wish the tariff to include a moderate duty upon food stuffs, etc., by the agency of which we can give a preference to all our colonial possessions." The ordinary onlooker would say that Mr. Chamberlain might very well have stood in with the Premier to accomplish the first of these two propositions, and, having achieved that enormous step, it would have been time enough to have extended the policy in such a way as to have achieved the special object that Mr. Chamberlain has in view. However, they have separated, but unquestion-

ably, the whole weight and power of Mr. Chamberlain's great campaign will inure for the benefit of the Government, and the contest is practically between Mr. Balfour and the Government, plus Mr. Chamberlain on the one hand, and the Liberal party, plus the free trade Tories and Unionists on the other. If the free traders win, Mr. Balfour's government goes down; but Mr. Chamberlain remains the leading figure of the new fiscal propaganda, and if, as the result of time and discussion it should ultimately win, Mr. Chamberlain, if alive, must be the logical man to form and control the administration constituted to put it into operation. If, on the other hand, at the next great election contest the Government should be sustained on this issue, the victory will unquestionably be Mr. Chamberlain's, and it is difficult to see how it is possible for him to escape the responsibility of taking Mr. Balfour's place as the head of the administration.

The chief concern of Canada is to determine what particular interest we have in this burning controversy. It is almost certain that our interest in this new propaganda is greatly overestimated by Mr. Chamberlain and his friends in Great Britain. Canada would, of course, profit by having the preference, which we have already granted to Great Britain, reciprocated by a preference in our favour upon wheat and other great national products. All would be glad to see the preference made mutual, *provided always* that the preference was not carried to such an extent as would in any way jeopardise the growing manufacturing industries of Canada.

But it is nevertheless entirely accurate to say that the Canadian people are not, as a body, profoundly worried over the question as to whether Great Britain should grant a preference to our food stuffs or not; as long as we can enter the English market upon equal terms with other nations, we can very well rely upon our natural resources and the industry and skill of our people to secure us a large

measure of the trade of Great Britain.

Mixed up inevitably with this question of the fiscal policy is the general question of the exact political relationship which shall ultimately exist between Great Britain and such a large country as Canada. Mr. Chamberlain and his friends may be under the impression that the adoption of the fiscal policy, which will confer special benefits upon the colonial dominions, will have a tendency to make closer the bonds which bind the Colonial dominions to the Empire, and even pave the way to contributions for the support of the Army and Navy.

It is, of course, impossible to speak with accuracy as to what course Australia, South Africa, and other British dominions will adopt, but it is possible to form something like an accurate judgment of what the Canadian people are likely to do, and this brings us to the discussion of the crucial point which calls for frank discussion. The Canadian people give every outward token of devoted loyalty to the Empire. "God Save the King" is sung as loudly here as in any part of His Majesty's wide dominions. When the South African war was in progress a wave of enthusiastic devotion seemed to sweep over the country, and men and materials were sent forward with alacrity and enthusiasm. Whenever Englishmen visit this country they are amazed at the tokens of loyalty which are made manifest under all conditions and upon all occasions, and the inference is at once drawn that Canada is ripe for Imperial Federation, and that it only needs a gentle suggestion from Great Britain to produce a genuine union of resources and an unlimited Federal pact.

This is the superficial view. It is not the real one, and there should be frank treatment of a matter of so much moment. There is on the part of the majority of the Canadian people the kindest possible feeling towards Great Britain, the greatest admiration of the policy of the Empire, and the most generous devotion to the person and high office of His Majesty the King;

but, at the same time, there is no intention on the part of the Canadian people to contribute to the support of the Army and Navy, nor to enter into any compact of Imperial Federation, nor to give up one particle of the fiscal and political independence which has been enjoyed for more than thirty years, and the tendency of which is rather a drifting apart than a drifting together.

Scarcely anyone in Canada favours political union with the United States. Comparatively few openly support political independence, and still fewer favour Imperial Federation. The great mass of the people, and the politicians at the head of them, are disposed to pursue the policy of shutting their eyes and drifting, and few of the statesmen of Canada care to take the responsibility of looking the problem of our future destiny in the face and of advocating a definite policy of any kind. Everybody is loyal, everyone is for the Empire, but scarcely any are prepared to carry their loyalty to the extent of taxing themselves for Imperial purposes, or to surrender a single iota of their existing control of their own affairs.

It would be well, therefore, for British statesmen, when they are seeking to mould the fiscal policy of that country, to consider the interests of their own people and worry as little as possible over the interests of Canada. Of course no part of their policy should be based upon narrow principles, nor should the interests of their great and growing possessions beyond the sea be ignored, but, nevertheless, as fiscal legislation is usually pure business and not sentiment, the wisest course the

British statesmen can take is to frame their fiscal policy, for the most part, to suit the needs of the United Kingdom. Depend upon it that the Canadian tariff will be framed to suit the Canadians. Preference to Great Britain was granted because it was acceptable to the Canadian people. When it ceases to be acceptable to the Canadian people it will be repealed, and no preference that Great Britain can give to Canadian products will, if I apprehend the situation rightly, lead to any such preference upon our part as will jeopardize the Canadian manufacturing industry, which the great body of the Canadian people are determined, at all hazards, to uphold and maintain.

One word more. It is time that the leaders of public opinion in Canada should discard an ignoble temerity and offer some fair solution of our ultimate position in or out of the Empire. Immature judgment or hasty action is not desirable; nor, on the other hand, is a cowardly shirking of the issue manly or wise. Existing conditions obviously cannot be permanent, and many regard them as neither spirited nor honourable. The time has come when a clear understanding should be had with Great Britain as to our future relations, and it is possible that the policy of drift may be carried to a point where misunderstanding may breed distrust and lack of frankness lead ultimately to a condition in which it is possible that friendship may be supplanted by ill-will and centuries of good-will culminate in recrimination and angry severance.



PROFESSOR ASHLEY AND THE TARIFF PROBLEM*

Reviewed by J. M. McEVROY

NEVER is it an easy task to give a just idea of the power of any book within the space of a magazine article. The difficulty is greater in the case of a book presenting closely reasoned arguments with considerable tables of figures, several diagrams and numerous citations from other writers.

In the following account of Professor Ashley's book it is only attempted to give a general impression of the argument and result of the author's work.

At the outset he says:

"To place the industry of this country (Great Britain) on a secure basis, and at the same time to consolidate the British Empire, is a task not yet beyond the power of a bold and constructive statesmanship. The gradual creation of a system of Imperial inter-dependence will, indeed, be the work of a generation; and it will be an exceedingly delicate and difficult business. What we have now to do is to soberly set our faces in the right direction, and to trust to the common sense and mutual forbearance of the British peoples. That there are great risks to run in doing anything is only an argument for those who do not recognize that there are greater risks in doing nothing."

His first work is a consideration of State control of industry and commerce in general, examining to some extent the history of its removal and restoration in Great Britain.

It is pointed out that the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 marked the culmination in England of a current of public opinion of far wider range than fiscal policy, and that it was the most signal triumph of the movement towards the removal of restraint—towards what the friends of the movement call the system of "Natural Liberty." The movement had a very large measure of justification. The

old system of governmental regulation of trade by tariffs and industry by various customs and laws had certainly got out of touch with the urgent needs of the time and the Repeal of the Corn Laws may well be regarded as inevitable and salutary. Yet, it is to be regretted that the legislators of the time saw only one side of the problem with which they had to deal. They believed in a social philosophy which had for its foundation and principal doctrine the idea that nature (speaking broadly) in sociological matters, did all things well if left alone. This notion was even given a Theistic trend by Adam Smith and his disciples in that it was claimed that the directing hand of Providence had planted in man such instincts and desires as led him to conduct himself in his industrial and commercial actions, under the guidance of competition, in such manner as to work out the best advantages for the community in which he lived. Working out this doctrine, practically all tariff and other regulations affecting industry were swept away by the repeal of the Corn Laws and cognate legislation.

Yet since these tariffs and other hampering regulations were abolished the nation has been forced to adopt other restraints. The regulation of labour, for example, is probably as much in conflict with the foundation principle upon which those seeking the repeal of the Corn Laws based their arguments, as tariff regulations are. Nevertheless, there has grown up State control of industry even more complicated than that in existence before the doctrine of "The Natural Organization of Society" obtained control of the political mind of Great Britain.

* The Tariff Problem, by Professor W. J. Ashley. London: S. P. King & Son. Professor Ashley was formerly connected with the University of Toronto, then with Harvard, and is now in the University of Birmingham.

The author's contention goes to this: the doctrine of "The Natural Organization of Society" is broken in upon by factory and much other legislation; men are not left to the control of instinct and competition, but are restrained by Statute in many directions, and this by common and almost unanimous consent; they are not left free under competition and the guidance of instinct to employ children and women in certain employments; to leave their machinery unfenced or otherwise dangerous, to employ labourers for more than a given number of hours in any week; to have their premises as healthy or unhealthy as they think profitable, nor to do many other things that they might deem in their interest and of assistance to them in competing with others, domestic or foreign, in their respective trades. It follows then, that the doctrine of "natural liberty" is not infallible and that each case for restraint, or no restraint, must be examined upon its merits to find whether perchance it meets the doctrine at a fallible point. Restraint by tariff is one case for fair consideration upon the surrounding circumstances. But no advantage can be claimed by those desiring tariff restraint nor by those desiring no tariff restraint on account of a supposed "natural law" that all restraint is harmful.

The author has given a more convincing and perspicuous statement than one has heretofore seen for showing the importance of "time" and "stage of development" in considering tariff regulations.

A powerful part of the author's argument is where he shows how much of the propaganda of the free trade movement was originally based upon an appeal, not to theory, but to the facts and conditions surrounding Great Britain at the time, taken in connection with his exposition of the absolutely changed facts and conditions now surrounding her.

The danger of "doing nothing" at the present juncture is made apparent by a table shewing that the value of exported British produce and manufactures

has been almost stationary between 1872 and 1899. If the per capita export is considered, there is a falling-off of 12 per cent. during this period, and if the increase in the population of the commercial world is considered, Great Britain occupies a vastly different relative position, as a commercial power, at the close of the period to what she did at the opening.

A careful and instructive analysis is given of the leading export trades of Great Britain, shewing their alarming diminution; figures are given for the cotton, iron and steel, woollen, worsted, linen, jute and cutlery trades. The enormous increase that has occurred in these trades in foreign quarters, and where it was not expected, is pointed out. Two powerful assistants to this diffusion of manufacturing industry over the world are exhibited. First, is the profit-seeking tendency of capital looking for the most profitable spot to start an industry. It is further pointed out that protection in some countries has aided this tendency. We have an example at home. The Deering Company have been forced by our Canadian tariff to build a plant, which it is announced will employ 7,000 persons, inside the protected area for the production of agricultural machinery. But for the tariff their advantage would certainly have been to make at Chicago for the Canadian trade, as they have done heretofore. In this case many of the more skilled workmen will doubtless be brought to the new factory. The United States will lose not only capital and skilled labour, but will no doubt teach skill to a rival. The second assistant at work in the diffusing of manufacturing over the world is the increased use of automatic machinery. This surmounts the difficulty arising from the non-transferability of labour. It enables manufacturers to do most complicated and technical work with comparatively unskilled and dull-witted employees. Natives, who would not perhaps for generations be able to do the nice operations formerly required in most important British trades, become sufficient, with the aid of these

improved automatic machines and a few overseers.

Prof. Ashley's forecast of the future is not reassuring. He points out the advantages, as far as cheapness is concerned, accruing from manufacturing in larger quantities as compared with manufacturing in smaller quantities, and calls attention to the fact that the United States in size and population is larger than Great Britain, and therefore has a larger home market, which warrants larger industrial concerns. The United States, too, as a country has gone further than Great Britain in the organization of trusts in her industries. This, with tariff protection, enables the American manufacturers to keep up the domestic prices high enough to make good profits on their investments by the *home trade*, leaving them free to compete for *export trade* with their surplus goods alone—goods which they can afford to sell at cost, or even at a loss, better than they can afford to disorganize their home market with a glut of goods, or to close their plants until the demand equals the supply.

His exposition of the new economic conditions that have arisen since such immense amounts of capital have become tied up as "fixed capital," is particularly fortunate. He puts in a strong light the advantages which may fall to a protected country in trades where large sums are invested in them in such a way as makes these sums not liquid capital but "fixed capital."

It has been pointed out more than once that the trade theories of Smith and his followers are theoretically based upon the idea that capital is absolutely fluid and that labour is absolutely transferable. But one has not before seen attention so well directed to the effects wrought upon this theory by the great changes in the conditions of industry since the theory was propounded. Under modern conditions the major part of the capital invested in many industries is "fixed" not fluid,—flowing easily from one trade to another—but absolutely "fixed" in machinery, plant and

premises that practically must be worn out on the spot or abandoned. This change works strange effects upon prices—especially export prices. A manufacturer whose capital is so fixed can better afford to continue to operate his plant, provided he can sell his product for enough to pay a slight margin over wages and the cost of raw materials, than he can afford to close it and make no margin. It is true that such prices provide no interest on fixed capital, and no allowance for replacing worn-out plant, but neither would closing up his plant provide these. By closing his plant, moreover, his employees become dispersed, his machinery deteriorated, and the hope of making reasonable profits when the market recovers, is gone. What happens is that American and other foreign protected concerns control the domestic output by means of trusts. They fix prices to give themselves good profits on capital invested, wages, freights, raw material and incidental expenses, together with an allowance for deterioration of plant. They produce and sell in the home market what it is willing to take at such prices. Then arises the question, what to do with "plant" and "fixed capital" the remainder of the year? What is to be done to keep employees in hand to recommence operations at the proper time? Imagine this capital flowing into another business and this labour transferring itself to another trade! The solution to this problem which the business world in protected countries has found is this: sell the surplus in foreign markets; get all you can for it; if you can't get enough to pay dividends on fixed capital, get enough to pay wages, freight, cost of raw material and repairs of plant; and if you can't get wages, freight, raw materials and repairs, get a little margin over the cost of raw material, wages and freight, because a greater loss is made, by allowing plant to stand still two or three months, through the dispersing of labour, the rusting of machinery and the general disorganization of produc-

tion, than the wear on the machinery amounts to for that time. Besides, the dividends and repairs have to be paid in any case to keep the concern in condition to supply the home market; if even a small part of these dividends and repairs are earned by producing for export trade, that is so much extra profit for the manufacturer, or so much towards reducing the price at which the manufacturer can afford to supply the home market. In Germany this position is fully recognized. By agreement among manufacturers the concerns which export are paid a bonus by those who sell in the home market, in order to equalize the profits of foreign trade with those of home trade. The difference in prices for export trade, and those for home market brought about by those conditions are surprising. German rails were sold at home for 115 marks per ton, abroad at 85 marks; wire tacks at home for 250 marks per ton, abroad at 140 marks, and during the last period of depression in the United States certain lines of American goods were sold in Great Britain for from 32 to 84 per cent. less than they were sold at in the United States at the same moment. This would not be a serious matter so long as the proportion of goods thrown upon the British market was small in comparison with the whole consumption. But when it is considered that Great Britain is practically the only great commercial nation to whom these goods can be sold—she alone receiving such imports free of duty—it becomes apparent that she is the purchaser of the surplus—of the made-below-cost, goods of the world. If it were not for the tariff of foreign countries British manufacturers could play the same game as her rivals are now playing. But with all foreign markets closed by tariff to Great Britain, and with the British market open to tide the foreign manufacturers over every depression of trade—over every over-stocking of his own market, and last, but not least, open as a constant market for all the goods the foreigner cares to make

without return on fixed capital, but a return on wages, freight and raw materials alone with some margin, it is apparent that the British manufacturer has not a fair chance for his life. Cheap goods, of course, are desired by the British people, but it is obvious that this abnormal cheap-goods-condition is only possible while Great Britain keeps up within herself a high standard of manufacturing efficiency. Once allow her trades to be crippled and the foreigner will promptly raise the prices enough to more than compensate for the former low prices. But Great Britain desires, and must have, more than cheap goods. She must, to exist as a great nation, make goods for foreigners—if not for the great nations that have already embarked upon a career of exporting manufactured goods, then for those nations that have not yet entered upon that career. And if she is to compete successfully for the trade with these nations she must not be suffered by her legislators to be put at any disadvantage. It is said that her own domestic market (the basis of her whole trade) is now made so insecure by existing conditions as to endanger her great trades; and Trade Returns seem to justify the statement.

From an analysis of the trades in which, during the last twenty years, there has been an increased export (coal, clay, spirits, apparel and slops, pickles, jams and codiments, oil and floor cloths, caoutchouc manufactures, soap, furniture and upholstered wares and cordage and twine) taken in connection with the diminishing export of the great staple trades, Professor Ashley concludes that Great Britain, under existing forces, will develop a poorer class of labour, and will suffer the loss of her material-supplying industries:

“We shall more and more rapidly exhaust our resources of coal, and we shall devote ourselves more and more to those industries which flourish on cheap labor. More and more of our capital will be invested in those manufactures which flourish abroad. London and a few other cities will become even larger agglomerations of labouring population. The

rest of England will remain an agreeable place of residence, will flourish on the "Tourist Industry," and the history of Holland with some new features will have been repeated."

The means of escape from the impending condition, it is said, is found in the policy of widening the basis upon which British industry reposes. British industry is too great for the available market under existing conditions. "England's need is a policy of imperial consolidation and self-sufficiency. It will be necessary to have recourse to temporary defensive tariffs to preserve our industries and to tide over the transition from an island State to a real Empire." Attention is called to the German coal and metallurgical syndicates, with their fixing of domestic prices and bonusing of exported goods and to the American Trust, with its absolute control of production and fixing of domestic and export prices. It would seem that their putting into Britain of cheap goods is done deliberately as an "economic" attack by Germans and Americans. They are using an "economic" weapon from behind the battlement of a tariff wall. They are using it with destructive effect upon British industry, and will continue to do so as long as Great Britain refuses to put up a defensive tariff. The author thinks the tariff should be temporary, and, to be most effective, should not be created by enacting a schedule of import duties, but by giving the Executive Government, by Statute, power to lay on and take off, duties as the needs of the economic battle shall require. In this connection the need for better and further information about the condition of various industries at home and abroad is admitted. To meet this need a bureau of more or less trained economists is suggested, whose business would be to furnish such information. This is to some extent following German example.

The other idea to be kept in mind in working out a schedule of tariff rates, is to attempt to broaden the basis for the economic well-being of the empire. The broadening is to be effected by

the securing, if possible, all the markets in the British colonies and dependencies. It is hoped that a tariff can be arranged which would give such advantages to the Colonies, by means of a preferential admission of certain of their products to the British market, as would enable the colonies to make such substantial preference in their tariffs in favour of British manufactures of certain kinds, as would secure to Great Britain the great bulk of colonial trade, and to the colonies a market both British and inter-colonial.

The now well-worn statement that the over-sea trade of Great Britain amounts to eight million dollars per annum, of which six million dollars is with foreign countries and only two millions with British possessions, is dealt with in a striking way, and useful inferences are drawn. It is shown, for example, that even under existing circumstances, the trade with the colonies is much steadier than the trade with foreign countries. The percentage of trade with foreigners in depressed times, whether the depression be from what are known as "hard times" or from other misfortunes, falls off more than does colonial trade; and colonial trade does not grow with the same rapidity as foreign trade does in particularly prosperous years. It is also pointed out that the per capita purchases of colonials is much larger, as a rule, than the per capita purchases of foreigners; and it is contended that an increase of colonial trade does not necessarily mean a decrease of foreign trade. In any event, to stand still at this point only means the allowing of foreign trade to slip away from Great Britain without securing anything to take its place. The rapid increase of colonial population in the Canadian wheat fields is looked for, and is based upon the recent influx of population into these districts. There are eleven millions of white colonials now, with a prospect of their being doubled within a reasonably short time.

The question, which seems to be a crucial one with the author, is whether for adequate reciprocal concession, on

the part of Great Britain, the colonies would be willing to abstain, for a time, from entering upon such branches of manufacture as they have not yet undertaken? If put in this way one would say that Canadians would not agree to abstain. It is thought, however, that the problem would not be worked out by a direct answer to the question propounded. There are at present spread over the vast territory of the Dominion such quantities of natural wealth, available for the mere taking possession thereof, that our population can reap greater rewards by reducing to possession large quantities of this raw material than they could by devoting themselves to new lines of manufacturing. And from this consideration they would abstain. If Canadians could be convinced that a crisis in British industry is at hand, their aid in finding a solution for the difficulty would be easily secured. The real task is to convince them that there is a crisis, and no more effective way of convincing them will be readily found than is provided in Prof. Ashley's book. His career here will secure for it a most sympathetic and open-minded consideration.

A chapter is devoted to a consideration of the results which would follow the imposition of a duty of 2s. 6d. a quarter on wheat entering Great Britain. It is asserted that the old free trade doctrine which was that the whole of this duty would be paid by the consumer is not correct. Nor is the protection theory, that foreigners who import into Great Britain would pay the whole of this duty, correct. The duty is paid in whole, or in part, by the one party or the other, according to the condition of the market. If the importing country takes such a large proportion of the total product as to regulate, on that account, the world's

price for the product in question, then experience shows that the seller's need to get into the market causes him to pay the greater part of the duty.

Great Britain, so far as the wheat market is concerned, is the great consumer of the world, and the world's price of wheat is fixed by the market price in Great Britain. So long as this continues to be the case those who desire to sell wheat in the British market will, no doubt, be obliged to pay a large part of the duty, and under the existing circumstances Professor Ashley believes that a duty of 2s. 6d. per quarter on wheat would probably cause a rise in price to the consumer in England of 1s. 6d.

From figures cited it is shewn that between 5s. and 7s. of a rise per quarter in the price of wheat results in a rise of half a penny in the price of the quartern loaf; and from this it is contended that the great mass of the British working-people would be effected very slightly, if at all, by the imposition of such a duty. It is also pointed out that bread is not now nearly so important an item in the total food of the Englishman as it was fifty years ago. Besides, wages are much better, and wheat is much cheaper. Moreover, if any serious effect upon the cost of food to the British people is found as a result of this slight duty upon wheat, the amount could be easily recouped to them by the removal, or partial removal, of the present duty upon tea, sugar, tobacco, currants, raisins, coffee and cocoa.

In conclusion Professor Ashley has produced a very able and compact book, replete with accurate information, forcible argument and well-weighted conclusions, and one that Canadians will study with much profit to themselves and, let us hope, to the Empire.



MR. GLADSTONE AND IMPERIALISM

By HERMAN W. MARCUS



IN an article entitled "Imperialists of To-day and To-morrow," in the August issue of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Mr. Gladstone was described as an "anti-Imperialist," although the passage, cited from one of the Midlothian speeches in illustration of his views, by no means bore out this description, amounting, as it did, to nothing more than a declaration that an Empire already embracing about a fourth of the entire human race was sufficient to gratify any reasonable ambition. This is a view which, it is needless to remark, may be held with perfect consistency by the strongest upholder of the Empire as it is, and, in point of fact, has never been more forcibly expressed than by no less eminent an Imperialist as Lord Rosebery.

Exception having been taken to the accuracy of such a characterization of the late illustrious leader of English Liberalism by the present writer, he has been courteously invited by the Editor to state a case in favour of a contrary view, and he has gladly taken up the challenge since, in his opinion, "anti-Imperialism" can only be attributed to Mr. Gladstone upon an erroneous reading of that statesman's career, and through a mistaken conception of what "Imperialism" denotes. Now, Imperialism is of two kinds—the false and the true—between which it is necessary to draw a clear distinction. With regard to the type of Imperialism which is specially associated with the name of Lord Beaconsfield—a policy of foreign intervention and of military aggression such as is popularly termed "jingoism"—undoubtedly to this Mr. Gladstone was determinedly hostile. He "hated the name, and hated the thing." He brought the entire resources of his tempestuous energy to bear upon the

task of opposing it, and in the end he completely overthrew it. In doing so he enjoyed the unwavering support of Lord Rosebery, himself the leading pioneer of the modern Imperialist movement before Mr. Chamberlain was even heard of in that connexion, who, in a remarkable speech delivered at the National Liberal Club luncheon to the Colonial Prime Ministers in 1897, repudiated the Beaconsfield Imperialism as being "solely European and Asiatic, and not, as the new Imperialism is, also American, African and Australian."

On the other hand, in the course of that very Midlothian campaign which he waged against the Imperialism of aggression, Mr. Gladstone affirmed his own adhesion to the widely different type of Imperialism which aims at the promotion of national consolidation and unity, in a noble peroration which must ever hold a prominent place in any treasury of English eloquence.

"I believe that we are all united—indeed, it would be most unnatural if we were not—in a fond attachment, perhaps in something of a proud attachment, to the country to which we belong—to this great Empire, which has committed to it a trust and a function given from Providence as special and as remarkable as ever was entrusted to any portion of the family of man. Gentlemen, when I speak of that trust and that function, I feel that words fail me. I cannot tell you what I think of the nobleness of the inheritance that has descended upon us, of the sacredness of the duty of maintaining it. I will not condescend to make it a part of controversial politics. It is a part of my being, of my flesh and blood, of my heart and soul. For those ends I have laboured through my youth and manhood till my hairs are grey. In that faith and practice I have lived; in that faith and practice I will die."

Indeed, the Midlothian speeches, if impartially examined, will be found a very storehouse of Imperialist utterances of the highest order. Take, for instance, Mr. Gladstone's definition of his attitude towards the "Manchester School," the economic and political doctrines of which are apt to be confounded, although no necessary connexion exists between them. He said:

"There is an allegation abroad that what is called the 'Manchester School' is to rule the destinies of this country if the Liberals come into power. I will endeavour to tell you a portion of the truth upon that subject. What is called the Manchester School has never ruled the foreign policy of this country—never during a Conservative Government, and never especially during a Liberal Government. . . . However deplorable wars may be, they are among the necessities of our condition; and there are times when justice, when faith, when the welfare of mankind, require a man not to shrink from the responsibility of undertaking them. And if you undertake war, so also you are often obliged to undertake measures which may lead to war."

Now, whilst the foregoing passage is the very antithesis of jingoism, it is at the same time instinct with the spirit of true Imperialism, or else I do not know what true Imperialism is. The "Little England" view is entirely absent. Neither does it obtain any recognition among those principles of foreign policy which were enunciated by Mr. Gladstone in his third Midlothian speech on 27th November, 1879. There were six in number, viz.:

- (1) To foster and preserve the strength of the Empire by just legislation and economy at home;
- (2) To preserve peace;
- (3) To maintain the Concert of Europe;
- (4) To avoid needless engagements;
- (5) To acknowledge the equal rights of all nations;
- (6) The love of freedom.

Foreign policy, however, represents, of course, only one aspect of Imperialism. A statesman's claim to be regard-

ed as a true Imperialist must also stand the test of his attitude towards the outlying British dominions. In the case of Mr. Gladstone, the Midlothian speeches once more furnish convincing evidence that he occupied strong ground. Referring to the national tendency towards expansions, to the dangers and responsibilities connected with which he was fully alive, he nevertheless said:

"There is a continual tendency on the part of enterprising people to overstep the limits of the Empire, and not only to carry their trade there, but to form settlements in other countries beyond the sphere of a regularly organised Government, and there to construct a civil government of their own. Let the Government adopt, with mathematical rigour if you like, an opposition to annexation, and what does it effect? It does nothing to check that tendency—that perhaps irresistible tendency—of British enterprise to carry your commerce, and to carry the range and area beyond the limits of your sovereignty. . . . There the thing is, and you cannot repress it. *Wherever your subjects go, if they are in pursuit of objects not unlawful, you must afford them all the protection which your power enables them to give.*"

The words printed in italics were destined to have a future application which the orator could not foresee. They constitute the most conclusive justification of British policy in South Africa prior to the recent war that any reasonable man could desire, and in addition they provide an effective refutation of the view that the invasion and annexation of the Transvaal was a reversal of Mr. Gladstone's own policy in 1881, instead of the logical enforcement of it. The prime mistake committed by his Administration of that day was not the act of retrocession, but the previous declaration that the admitted blunder of the existing annexation of the country could not be reversed. Good policy demanded the undoing of that blunder, and ultimately this course was taken in reliance upon assurances which the British Government was advised were

satisfactory, that equal rights would be extended to British and Dutch alike in the restored territory. In view of the flagrant violation of these pledges which ensued, the subsequent British intervention and retribution which befell was not only a vindication of Mr. Gladstone's own settlement, but was fully sanctioned by the principle laid down by himself in his Midlothian speech.

Numerous instances may be given of Mr. Gladstone's enlightened views in relation to Colonial policy, which, although familiar to students of Colonial history, have received scant general recognition. His few months' tenure of the Colonial Secretaryship, which by a curious accident coincided with his temporary exclusion from Parliament, by no means represented his sole connexion with Colonial affairs. The very first office held by him was the Under-Secretaryship, shortly after quitting which he showed his continued interest and his bent of mind by securing for Lower Canada the right of being heard at the Bar of the House of Commons by its agent, Mr. Roebuck, M.P., in opposition to the Canada Bill in 1838. In the course of his speech Mr. Gladstone contended that it was impossible to retain possession of a British colony without the free consent of the inhabitants. In the following year he again figured as champion of Colonial liberty by opposing the Government Bill for the suspension of the Jamaica Constitution. In after years he was a strong supporter of Sir William Molesworth in his vigorous criticism of the reactionary and anti-Imperialist Colonial policy of Lord John Russell and Earl Grey, besides taking part in the opposition to the defective Australian Government Bill of 1850, and publicly acknowledged his indebtedness to Molesworth's speeches and policy, whilst Molesworth himself suggested Mr. Gladstone as a member of the small Royal Commission on the Colonies, the appointment of which he advocated in 1849. Indeed, had Molesworth's own career not been cut so untimely short, the com-

bined influence of these two distinguished contemporaries might have altered the entire course of British Colonial policy by infusing into it that spirit of "sane Imperialism" which was then so greatly lacking. Gladstone, however, as another eminent Colonial reformer, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, whose views he had supported on the New Zealand Committee in 1840, had recognized with regret, was destined to become almost entirely absorbed in the vortex of domestic politics. Yet even during his last term of office as Prime Minister he had an opportunity of showing that his interest in Colonial affairs was undiminished. It fell to his lot to receive the deputation from the Imperial Federation League which on 13th of April, 1893, laid before him as the head of the Government the report of a Special Committee, containing a definite proposal for an Imperial Council of Defence in response to an invitation emanating from Lord Salisbury, his predecessor in office. As might have been foreseen, Mr. Gladstone had no option but to declare the proposal, in making which the hands of the League had actually been forced by Lord Salisbury, who had declined all responsibility when himself approached by a deputation, both premature and in view of the existing political situation at home as well as in the Colonies, inopportune. At the same time his tone was thoroughly sympathetic. He referred to his own former interest in and connexion with Colonial affairs, and after declaring that "the maintenance of the unity of the Empire and the consolidation of that union is an object dear to us all," added: "And, moreover, we accompany that sentiment with an admission that the existing organization is not perfect, that it is conceivable that it might be made more perfect, and that attempts towards making it more perfect are to be approached for consideration with prepossessions in their favour, and a sincere desire that they may be found to discover practical means for their establishment." In conclusion he laid

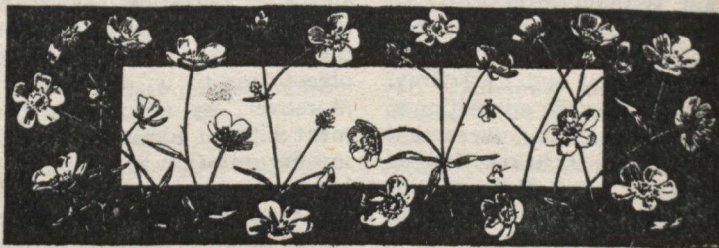
stress on the importance of ascertaining the views of the Colonies in advance with regard to the proposal.

Some reference to Mr. Gladstone's dealing with Egypt will probably be looked for in a paper dealing with his record as an Imperialist. Space, however, requires that it shall be brief. I have no intention of attempting a defence of the vacillations which, owing to divided counsels, characterised the policy of his Administration in this respect. But the fact remains that it was Mr. Gladstone, and no other, who laid the foundations of British influence in that country, which the course of events have since made permanent, and which has redounded to the credit of British policy. Partisan attempts have been made to saddle Mr. Gladstone with personal responsibility for the fall of Khartoum and the tragic death of the heroic Gordon. Yet it is well known that Mr. Gladstone himself doubted the expediency of Gordon's ill-fated mission, although he actually assented to the decision to send him, which was taken by the ministers at the time in London, Mr. Gladstone himself being then at Hawarden. Whilst the accusation that Gordon was abandoned is refuted by the fact that a powerful relief expedition was eventually despatched, which only failed of success through treachery. Moreover, the attacks of those who unwarrantably hold Mr. Gladstone personally re-

sponsible for the delay, are in reality levelled at the present Duke of Devonshire, then Secretary for War, who was responsible for the military preparations, and at Mr. Chamberlain, who is understood to have strongly opposed the expedition, although it is not the intention of the present writer to impute culpability to either of them any more than to their chief.

Enough has, I think, been written above to dispel the illusion sedulously propagated in the past by unscrupulous partisans that Mr. Gladstone was indifferent to the prosperity and renown of the Empire, of which he was one of the most distinguished sons, or that he, than whom few Englishmen have shown a stronger sense of legitimate national pride, was imbued with the taint of cosmopolitanism. But, in conclusion, let the departed statesman be heard speaking for himself in words in which the note of true Imperialism rings loud and clear:

"I care not whether it be language of intimidation, language of censure, language of flattery; to one and all I am absolutely deaf. No foreign Press, no foreign declamation, be it what it may, should induce us to deviate one inch from the path which is a path of regard—steady, unflinching regard—to the interests of our own Empire; and above all, which is a path of undeviating respect for its duty and its honour."



The PLAYERS

By THEODORE ROBERTS

THEY played together in the silent room,
The shaded candles scarcely broke the gloom.

Outside—the stars, the scent of sleeping trees;
Red roses, and the thunder of spent seas.

Inside, fear-stricken, still I watched the game,
Not knowing either player by his name.

I bent above them, holding my weak breath,
And wondered if my guests were Life and Death:

And one looked up, who felt my dread surmise,
And my poor strength ran out before his eyes.

His comrade dealt the cards, but kept his head
Low held, and blinked upon the black and red.

Outside—the starlight, and the garden-balms,
And the thin whispering of the seaward palms.

My garden smelled of roses, and the moon
Lit the straight surf beyond the still lagoon,

And all was clean, and soft, and passing sweet
With cool of trade-wind, and with garden heat.

All night they played. The low stars swung from sight.
I watched the players' faces, bent and white.

Then or a sudden from the garden came
One whom I know by loyal heart and name;

One who might turn the frozen North for me
Into all joy beside my tropic sea;

One who might send me far to any land
And bring me back, boy-eager, to her hand.

At her sweet entrance dawn filled all the room,
And golden laughter touched the heavy gloom,

And soft I felt upon my fevered lips
The dew-cool wonder of her finger tips.

“See, dear,” she laughed, “the cards tost all about,
The Players gone, the candles sputtered out!
You thought them fearful gods of Destiny
That were but memories of pain and doubt!”

SIR HENRY IRVING AND DANTE

By J. E. WEBBER



HE Grand Old Man of the English Stage is now making another, and probably his last, tour of America. Unless vitality beyond the portion of ordinary humans is meted out to him, his retirement to private life also must soon follow. And with his passing will go, too, the particular school of dramatic art which he has brought into existence. That he has created a school of acting can hardly be questioned; and while this school may be, and is, the subject of criticism in the light of modern stage development, it has had a vogue beyond its own generation into the present through the genius of its wonderful exponent.

On his present tour Sir Henry has brought his new play, "Dante," but this has not added to his reputation in any wise, nor, we fear, to the financial results of his visit. He is still sought in his favourite roles, and in these his hold, at any rate on the American public, has not in the least relaxed. For his closing week (I am speaking now of New York) he gave his repertoire, "Louis XI," "Merchant of Venice," "The Story of Waterloo" and "The Bells," and if there was any doubt of his great popularity during the Dante performance, it was easily dissipated in that last week when ovations, that must have warmed the old actor's heart, greeted him at every curtain.

It is, therefore, difficult to choose from these his most popular role. His great reputation, as you know, began with "Matthias" in "The Bells," and it sometimes seems as though this characterization had made the most permanent impression on theatre-goers. And yet his "Shylock" drew the largest houses, a fact which ought to give joy to those who are jealous of Shakespearean prestige in America at this moment.

Shylock is certainly a most finished

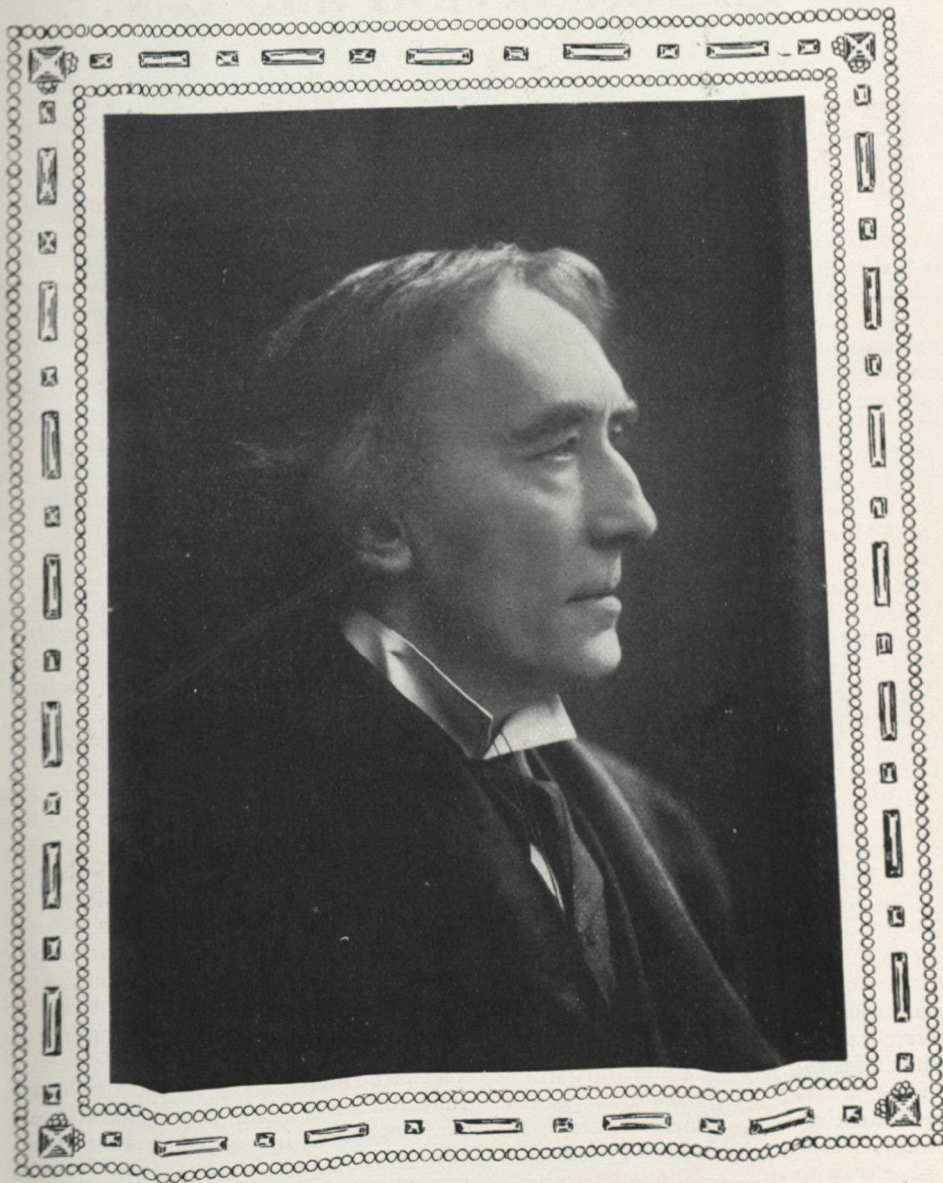
performance, but if one must choose his greatest, the writer would be inclined to name Louis XI as his best claim to posterity. The characterisation of this crafty, hypocritical, cruel, sardonic King seems to absorb all his own mannerisms and stage tricks (for these are inevitable) and justifies more than any other his title to the greatest tragedian of the Anglo-Saxon Stage.

As the critics have said, Sardou's Dante is, at best, only patchwork, the theme being slender, where there is any, and the action at times almost flat. It only survives, by sheer force of this actor's great personality.

Irving's "make-up" to Dante is perfection, the personal resemblance nearly absolute, and, in spite of the theatrical, melodramatic character which the playwright has cast the poet, he is able to suggest in himself something of the spirituality and mystic qualities of the Dante of our imagination and our history, and at the same time to purify some qualities in which the Frenchman has seen fit to clothe the character. Dante is there body and soul, you might say, in spite of Sardou.

The play opens with Dante in exile in the sorrows of later life, and in that we have the French view-point at once. Beatrice is there only in vision, and a not very amiable spirit at that, while the human, alleged love of the maturer Dante for Pia, the wife of Nello Della Pietra, he finds a more attractive theme than the earlier and less material love of Dante's youth. It is of such simple, commonplace elements that a domestic tragedy is woven round the great poet. But in the translator's and the actor's hands this passion, too, is spiritualised and has the mark of divinity on its forehead. Dante's abstract right you dare not question.

But the love of the piece, the love that strikes the deepest, richest chord is Dante's love for his and Pia's daughter, Gemma. The scene in which the



*Very truly yours
Henry Irving.
1903.*

SIR HENRY IRVING



SIR HENRY IRVING AS DANTE

excommunicant returns to Florence after ten years of exile and reveals his father's feeling for his daughter, while concealing his identity from her, is the most affecting thing one could hope to witness. Even the stoutest heart has to give way to the pure, sweet, intoxicating flow of emotion in that scene. Dante in all the ungratified hunger of a father's love, sobbing and holding his daughter's hands in his, seems the most pathetic moment in the whole universe of emotion.

The "vision" is a fine bit of scenic effect, in which full justice is done to Catholic Theology in the Middle Ages.

Perhaps it is too realistic, too materialistic for present day appreciation. Concrete spirits do not impress us—our subtlety is beyond that point, and we prefer them in the ideal, where they belong. Besides, the ground is still somewhat controversial, so that we may not even accord them the same classic reverence that we yield to the capers of more ancient mythological divinities.

The last scene, in which Dante triumphs over the stricken cardinal and secures the pardon and happiness of Gemma and her betrothed, is a powerful piece of acting indeed, and the

audience becomes Middle-Aged enough for the moment to rejoice in its righteous vindictiveness.

The mounting throughout is superb, nothing lacks that in this day. In fact, the progress of late in stage accessory and mechanical appliance, leads one to reflect whether stage development is not monopolizing attention to the neglect sometimes of the Art for which it was brought into being. An appreciation of real dramatic art can only be retained, we think, by a reaction of some kind against the grossness of this modern stage.

And Irving is one of the actors whose art needs no such trifling adornment, and public taste for once might be allowed go hang.

The world in general and the stage in particular owes an eternal debt to

this actor, whose traditions of Art have always been of the highest and most excellent. Just what effect the genius and effort of one such man has had in modifying and directing stage history cannot, of course, be measured. It must be considerable, and that he has kept legitimate drama to the front and held it there, with the valour of an Arthurian legend, through storm and stress and, what is worse, the rising tide of so much that is decadent in literature and drama, is the best tribute to his greatness.

His vitality is still marvellous, and with the exception of an occasional tremor in the voice that tells of age, he seems to have lost none of the power he showed in his last visit. Long may he live, this Prince of Actors and most lovable of men!

TO THE OLD YEAR

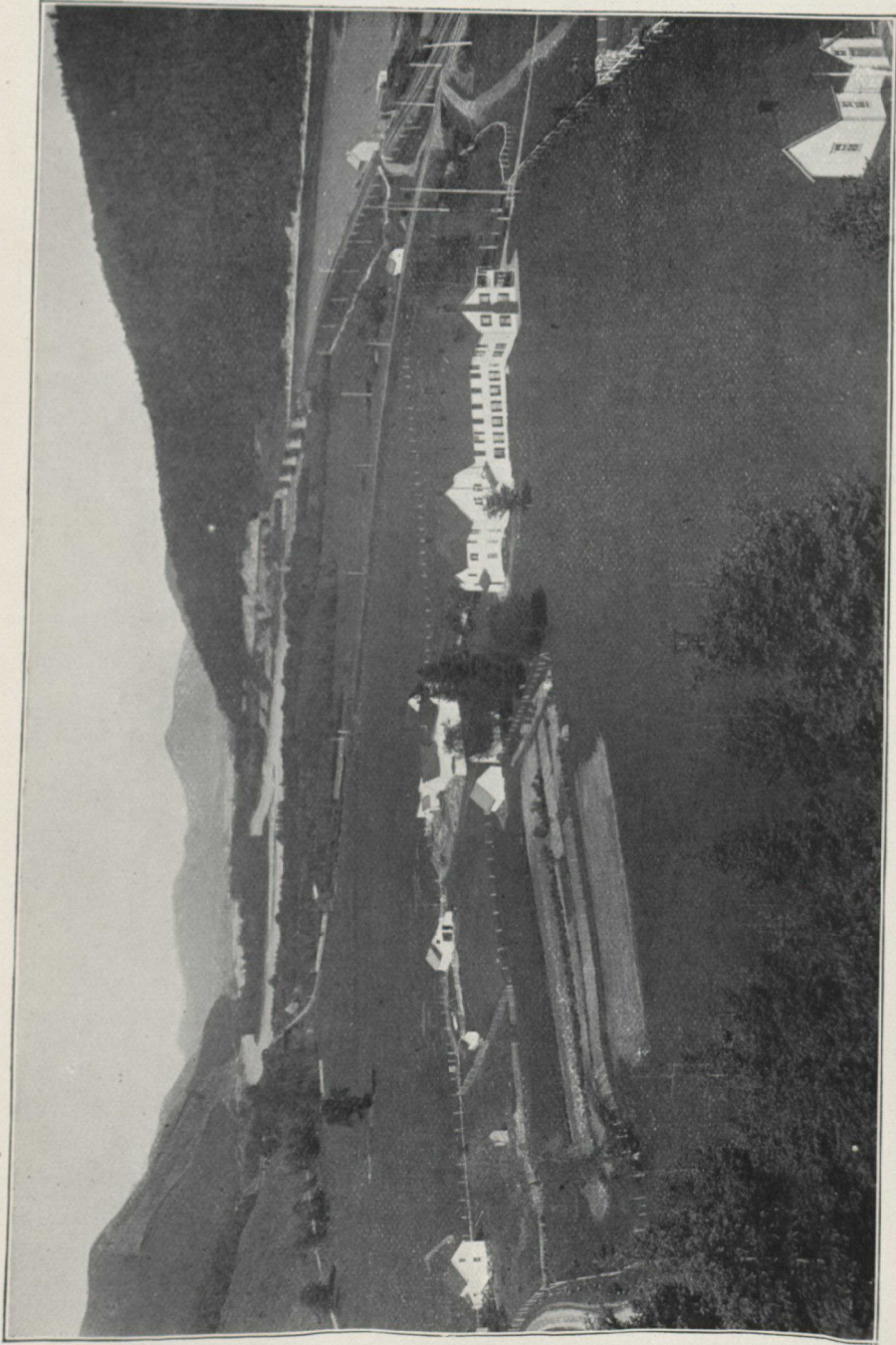
BY VIRNA SHEARD

A TOAST to thee, O dear old year!
 While the last moments fly,
 A toast to thy fair memory,
 We'll hold the glasses high
 And bid thee many a fond farewell—
 As thou art passing by.

A toast to those who reaped success
 In this sweet year of grace;
 A toast to every one of them,
 Come give the victors place—
 Come ring them in with right goodwill
 These winners of the race.

And one toast more—to those who *failed*
 Wherever they may be;
 With faces white they fought the fight
 But missed the victory.
 Remember them—the ones who strove
 On land and on the sea.

Fair dreams to thee—O gray old year!
 Thy workingtime is done;
 No more for thee the silver moon
 Or golden noontide Sun.
 O sad old year—O glad old year—
 We'll know no better one.



THE FAMOUS METAPEDIA VALLEY, NEW BRUNSWICK
RESTIGOUCHE FISHING CLUB BUILDINGS IN FOREGROUND—PHOTO BY NOTMAN

AN AQUATIC REMINISCENCE

BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.

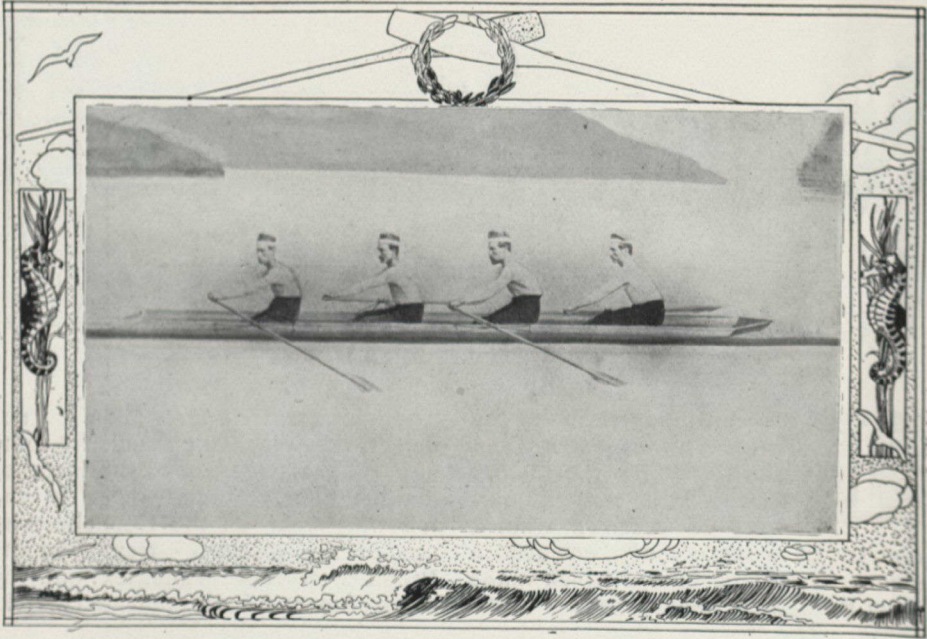


It is not the intention of the present writer to write from the beginning the history of the Paris crew, a quartette of oarsmen who, a quarter of a century ago, achieved a sweep in aquatic circles which made New Brunswick famous on two continents. The story of its career, however, would afford an interesting chapter in the annals of International rowing. The crew gained its name for its triumphs at the French capital in 1867, on the Seine, when it defeated, with apparent ease, all competitors in the series of races organized by the Regatta Committee of the great Exposition. Robert Fulton, stroke; George Price, bow; Elijah Ross, aft-midship, and Samuel Hutton, fore-midship, wearing their laurels, modestly returned to St. John, N.B., the heroes of the hour and the idols of the people. Their next great race was with the Ward Brothers, of Springfield, Mass., on the 21st October, 1868, whom they defeated without difficulty also. At Lachine, Quebec, however, in the memorable International encounter in 1870, this hitherto invincible crew met its Waterloo, at the hands of a crew composed of English watermen from the banks of the Tyne. The course was six miles, with a turn. The Canadians were over-confident. They were heavily backed by their friends. But, apparently, they were no match for Renforth, Winship, Martin and Taylor, then in their prime, who won with ease in 40 minutes, 59½ seconds.

Though somewhat crestfallen at their defeat, they plucked up sufficient courage to challenge the Tynesiders to another bout, to take place in the following year on the Kennebecasis, one of the loveliest streams in the Province of New Brunswick, and the scene of many a hotly contested match.

At Lachine the Englishmen, with every spurt, slid in their seats. The sliding seats came after. They were well equipped with sponges and washboards. The Canadians had none of these appliances, and as the river was rough, they rowed over the course with their light shell more than half-filled with water. The English boat, on the contrary, was dry. On the Kennebecasis the New Brunswickers were better prepared for emergencies, and when the morning dawned the weather was fine, and the noble sheet of water was as smooth as a pane of glass. The race took place on the 23rd of August, and it was the last important contest that the "Paris" crew was engaged in, though, five or six years afterwards, it took part in minor events.

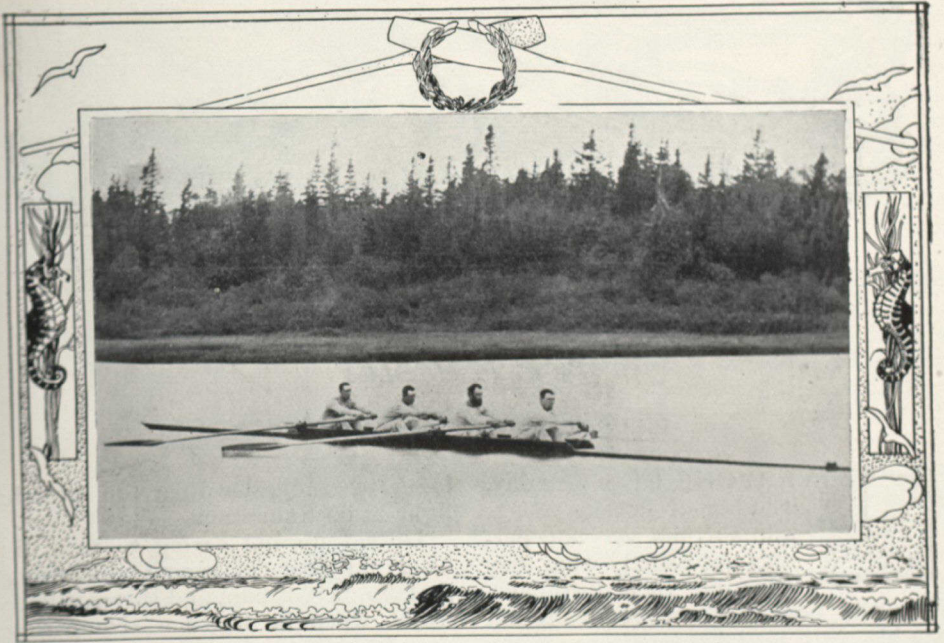
The death by drowning of Hutton, recalls that race, and the awful tragedy which accompanied it. I reported the event for the *New York Herald*, and it is as vivid to me now, so long afterwards, as it was on the day that it occurred. The Englishmen had reorganized their crew, and when it arrived in St. John it was found that of the original four, in 1870, Renforth alone remained. His companions were Percy,



THE FAMOUS NEW BRUNSWICK "FOUR" WHICH WON FROM ALL COMPETITORS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION IN 1867

Chambers and Harry Kelley. The course was six miles, with a turn. The stake was five thousand dollars, each crew contributing one-half. Both crews appeared in fine form as they pushed from the shore, and as they dipped their oars the applause from the thousands of spectators who lined the banks of the river was deafening. The favourites, of course, were the local men, and whenever odds were given they were in their favour. It was twenty minutes after seven in the morning when the signal to go was given. The Canadians got first water, and went off with a spurt, leading easily for the first hundred yards. Eight minutes later the Tynesiders forged ahead and took the lead, making 42 strokes to the minute, while the Paris crew kept the pace at 43 strokes. Suddenly, some commotion was observed in the Englishmen's boat. Kelley shouted to Renforth, "Come, Jim, give us a dozen." In vain the champion put on all his force for a mighty effort, but, at the sixth stroke, he said "I can't do it," and then fell back into

the arms of Kelley. The Tynesiders pulled for the shore, while the startled crowds on the banks and in the boats and tugs, thinking that a trick had been played them—for when Renforth threw up his hands the New Brunswickers were leading by two lengths—gave vent to their feelings by hisses and shouts and execrations. They did not want the race unless they could win it fairly, and their first suspicion was that Renforth had purposely broken an oar, preferring the contest to go by default than to being defeated by the Colonials. The mad cries of the spectators changed speedily to moans of woe when the fearful truth was known, and then a hushed silence prevailed all round. Renforth was carried to his quarters, breathing heavily. In a few minutes he died, his last words being "Good-bye, Annie," referring to his wife in England. The Canadians went round the course alone in 39 minutes, 20 seconds. They stood the ordeal well, and at the conclusion were nowise fatigued, nor was their appearance anything but fresh.



THE ENGLISH OR "RENFORTH" CREW WHICH DEFEATED THE NEW BRUNSWICK OR "PARIS" CREW AT LACHINE IN 1870, BUT WERE DEFEATED THE FOLLOWING YEAR, ONE OF THE CREW FALLING DEAD

Renforth's friends, at the first moment of the excitement, declared that he had been poisoned. The charge was unjust, and it was promptly resented. The *post mortem* examination, moreover, proved the falsity of the allegation which had so thoughtlessly been made. The oarsman owed his death to a mental shock. He had not overtrained. He was a man of great muscular strength and high courage. But he was also an epileptic, and careless about his living. He was peculiarly sensitive to excitement of any kind, and his temperament was highly nervous. The impression among many who witnessed the sad sight was that

Renforth had not taken as good care of himself as he ought to have done, and when the shock came he was totally unable to cope with it. It was said at the time that even the Englishmen had not been properly trained for a race of six miles, their course at home being much shorter, and that they had undertaken the work in hand without proper superintendence. Renforth himself gave his weight at 11½ stone, but a chronicle of the time sets it down at 12. The *post mortem* revealed the fact that no vessel or vital organ had been injured. The death of Renforth caused general sorrow, and no demonstrations of any kind were indulged in.





A BIRTHDAY IN BOGIELAND

By E. P. MEDLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY EMILY HAND

EVERYONE has a birthday, whether or not he or she wants it, but very few persons get exactly what they want on their birthdays.

Some do, however; and Freddy Moore, on his ninth birthday, was one of the happy few. He lived in the country, so he chose what a town child would not care for.

It was a set of real gardening tools, and a little space of ground to make a garden for himself. Long before the day came he had planned the garden in his mind, so that he set about making it with right good-will. He lifted large lumps of earth on his spade, as he had seen the gardener do, and dug steadily for some time. It was harder work than he thought, so he sat down to rest, leaning against a tree.

When he began to dig again the ground seemed to have become much softer and the soil lighter to lift. He dug quickly and easily, and at last jumped into the hole he had made and dug deeper and deeper still.

Suddenly the earth gave way under his feet and he felt himself falling. He was terribly frightened, and shut his eyes tightly, expecting to come down with a thud; but what was his surprise and delight to find himself lying on soft green moss, and when he opened his eyes he was perfectly dazzled by the brilliant light around him. On every side were glowing little

lamps even brighter than the electric light at an Exhibition.

He sat up, not daring to turn his head for fear of seeing something dreadful behind him, and shivered with fright when he heard a scampering sound not far off. He again closed his eyes and put his hands to his face, expecting the something to seize him, instead of which a sweet voice said:

"Welcome, mortal boy! I have long hoped to see you;" and there, riding on a milk-white rabbit, was a beautiful princess. Her dress was of a lovely green gossamer; her yellow hair was fine as silk freshly wound from the cocoon of a silk-worm; her eyes were blue as the bluest sky; her cheeks pink as the most delicate blush-rose; her lips were coral red, and her smile so sweet that Freddy felt very fond of her in a moment and, being a polite boy, he stood up. The princess looked just a little startled, and opened her blue eyes very wide, for to her he appeared a giant.

"What is the name of this place?" asked Freddy.

"This is Gnomeland," answered the princess, slipping down off the rabbit; shall I show you where we live?"

"No, thank you," said Freddy. "It is my birthday, and I shall be late for dinner. Will you please tell me how to get home?"

"How did you come here?" she asked.

"I fell through the ground," said Freddy, "and I shall never be able to climb up again without a ladder; besides, I cannot see the hole now; whatever shall I do?"

To tell the truth he felt inclined to cry, but as that would have been dreadfully babyish, especially before the princess, he put his hands in his pockets and began to whistle "The Bogieman."

"Oh! do you know that tune?" exclaimed the princess, joyfully clapping her hands. "It is our National Air in Gnomeland."

"Is it?" said Freddy. "What is a 'National Air'?"

"Why, 'The Bogieman,'" said the Princess.

"Oh! I know what you mean," said Freddy. But he did not, all the same.

"Have you ever seen a Bogie?" asked the Princess.

"No; have you?"

"Yes," she replied; "they live not far from us; in fact, they are our cousins. Would you like to know them?"

"Perhaps next time I come," said Freddy, not wishing to be rude, "but I have no time now."

All this while the white rabbit had been nibbling the moss; but, being satisfied with its meal, it raised its head and shook its long ears, whereupon the Princess caught hold of them and jumped on its back ready to depart.

"If you will follow me," she said to Freddy, "perhaps my papa can lend you a ladder."

"All right, I'll come," said Freddy.

Off started the rabbit, Freddy following; but he had not gone far when he missed his spade and ran back to pick it up. To his amazement, when he looked for the Princess and the rabbit they had vanished.

"What a sell!" he exclaimed, "but I will soon catch them up."

He ran on and on until he came to where two paths branched off. Which should he choose? He saw a signpost, on which was written: "The



"Welcome, mortal boy! I have long hoped to see you"

longest way round is the shortest way home."

"Which is the longest way, I wonder, and how can it be the shortest way, too? It is awful nonsense," said Freddy. But the sign-post did not change its direction an inch, though Freddy hit it with his spade and frowned angrily.

At the same instant he thought he caught a glimpse of the white rabbit along one of the paths; and shouting, "Hi, stop, wait for me," he rushed wildly after it; but once more it had disappeared.

He wandered on feeling very unhappy, till all at once a most extraordinary sight met his view. Hundreds of little beings dressed in green were hurrying about, all most busily employed; though at first Freddy could not understand what they were doing. Some were working on platforms which were moved about from place to place, and on each was a master or captain holding a trumpet. Each little being carried one of the bright lights on his peaked green cap. Some used little rakes and some hammers, and others handed them forked pegs.

Directly Freddy appeared the whole assemblage stopped working and stood silent with astonishment. The captains on the platforms were the first to recover their senses. Each blew a shrill blast on his trumpet and bowed.

"Well, I never! What rum 'uns," said Freddy. Leaning on his spade, he began to whistle the chorus of "The Bogieman." The effect was marvellous! The captains, one and all, descended from the platforms and rushed towards him, holding out friendly hands; and seeing this, the workmen waved their hands and shouted "Rah-hu, rah-hu! pih, pih!" Freddy was rather taken aback, but he thought the best thing to do was to shout too, so he waved his spade round and round his head, crying "Hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!" at which the little captains retreated a short distance and blew another blast on their trumpets. Immediately there was a dead silence. Then one of the cap-

tains stepped forward and, bowing low to Freddy, said, "What are your Boyship's wishes?"

"Well, can you tell me which is the longest way round, please?" said Freddy.

"It is the shortest way home, your Boyship," answered the Captain, smiling pleasantly and bowing again.

"Yes, so the silly poet said," replied Freddy, "but which is the shortest way home?"

"Why, the longest way round, of course," repeated the Captain, still smiling, "at least, we always find it so here."

For a moment Freddy thought he was chaffing; but, seeing he was quite serious, he said, "Thank you very much; then I suppose I had better turn to the left?"

"Well," said the Captain, "it depends where your home is, but I will give you a rule to help you; it is this:

The rule of the road is a paradox quite To observe as you're going along. If you go to the left you are sure to go right. If you go to the right you go wrong.

"What is a paradox?" asked Freddy.

"The rule of the road," said the Captain.

"Oh! I see what you mean," said Freddy, again not quite truthfully. "But I say, what are all these chaps doing?"

"They are employed by Government," replied the Captain, "to make new towns. We have already commenced many of the roofs of the dwellings."

"Are the roofs made first?" asked Freddy. "Oh! that's nonsense. I know better than that. I am nine."

"Your Boyship will excuse us if we go on with our work, I know," said the Captain.

"Fire away," said Freddy. For a few minutes he stood watching them, wondering how it was possible to make the roof to a house before the walls were built; but then he remembered his mother had told him it is better to ask to have a thing explained, so he beckoned to the same little Captain, who came to him. "Oh! I say, you know,



just tell us how you do it, because our houses are not made like that."

Then the Captain told him that for thousands of years the towns in Gnomeland had gone on increasing and were all made from the roots of trees planted by mortals on the earth above; that agents were employed to find out when and where these mortals made new plantations and with what kind of trees; and after a certain number of years, when their roots had penetrated to Gnomeland, the gangs of workmen were sent out and, as the roots pierced the ground overhead, they were carefully drawn through and gradually trained and twisted to form dwellings. The Captain led Freddy towards one of the nearly completed dwellings, and certainly it was a marvel of skill. The larger roots formed the outer walls and the lesser roots were woven into every imaginable shape that could add to the beauty or comfort of the dwelling.

Freddy expressed his admiration in most emphatic sentences.

"Awfully dodgy," "precious clever," "jolly fine," and "something like," conveyed to the ears of the delighted Captain his Boyship's satisfaction.

When he had looked over the house he heard another blast of trumpets and was told it was dinner time. This reminded him of the nice birthday dinner his mother had promised him, and he felt dreadfully hungry; so that when the Captain invited him

to share their dinner he gladly accepted and followed him to another of the dwellings where all the Captains were waiting for him. He was helped first, of course, being a visitor, but never will he forget the disgust he felt at what

was put before him to eat. Slices of raw potatoes with pieces of black stuff all round it. Truffles they called it, and evidently it was a very favourite dish amongst the captains; in fact, so intent were they on the dainty that they did not notice poor Freddy's attempts to eat.

"Will your Boyship have some more?" asked the smiling Captain. "Just a few more truffles. Do allow me," and he piled more on Freddy's plate.

"No, no," said Freddy, rude with hunger. "It is simply beastly, worse than olives."

Once when he was smaller his mother had a dinner party. He watched his opportunity and took two Spanish olives off a dish, hiding them till he went to bed. He said "good-night" more cheerfully than usual, thinking of the coming enjoyment. Words cannot describe his bitter disappointment when he put his teeth into



THE SMALL FOOTMEN

the stolen fruit. It was so cold, hard and salt that he cried himself to sleep with sorrow and disgust. Now, although he was perfectly ravenous, it was in vain the kind captains pressed him to taste their different courses. Turnips, carrots, radishes, earthnuts, chopped up with onions and all raw, made Freddy feel positively sick, and at last he could bear it no longer. He got up suddenly and, saying "I am awfully sorry, but I must hook it," he darted out of the dwelling and ran he knew not whither for quite ten minutes.

■

CHAPTER II

WHEN he stopped to take breath he found he was approaching what was evidently one of the older towns of Gnomeland. There were long rows of the root dwellings of all sizes and on some of the larger doors were names such as "Rootlet Cottage," "Fibril Villa," and one standing alone was called "Radical Hall." He hoped he would see a baker's shop soon, as his father had given him a bright shilling that morning, and the thought of the buns and tarts it would pay for made him still more hungry. Soon he saw written up "This way to the Stores." What visions of good things this brought before him! Sometimes his mother had taken him to the stores in London and always gave him something very nice to eat in the refreshment room, so he hurried eagerly along.

Never had he seen such curious stores in his short life, and all around as busy as bees were crowds of the little green-clad beings. Some were lading and unlading small carts drawn by rabbits. Some of them contained nuts of all kinds, and others every sort of root that is good to eat. Sometimes a messenger rode up mounted on a swift hare and, after giving an order, would ride away again in the shortest time imaginable. The choicest and best things were brought in carts drawn by four squirrels. Freddy was so much interested in the novel scene that he forgot his hunger, and

unconsciously began to whistle his favourite tune.

One by one the little beings ceased their labour and looked at him with friendly faces. Then the Manager of the stores was called out, and came towards him with hearty greeting.

"We knew you were coming," he said, "our Princess Cyclamenia told us so a little while ago and she expects you to dinner."

"Where does she live?" asked Freddy. "I am precious hungry."

"If your Boyship will come with me I will take you to the Palace," replied the Manager.

Freddy had been told always to wash his hands and brush his hair before dinner; so when he heard he was to dine at the Palace he hoped he would have time to make himself tidy before he saw the Princess.

On the way the Manager told him that King Orchis and Queen Tulipina, with their daughter, the beautiful Princess Cyclamenia, lived in a splendid Palace "all made of oak-root," he added proudly, "and as for the precious stones in it, you never saw anything like them, and there are more than can be counted."

Great was Freddy's amazement when they arrived at the Palace. He had pictured to himself glittering diamonds and rubies and emeralds set in shining gold and silver, and when the Manager told him the pavement was all precious stones, and he saw nothing but dull-looking little lumps, he exclaimed:

"Oh, I say, don't try to humbug me, they are not real," at which the Manager looked very offended and, having conducted him to the entrance, left him with a bow, saying: "It is your Boyship who is pleased to joke, but mortals cannot know everything."

Afterwards Freddy knew that precious stones do not shine till they have been cut and polished.

Three footmen in green came forward to conduct Freddy to the drawing-room. He went across several halls all paved with gems and then up some wide stairs and along corridors;

and everywhere hung hundreds of the bright lights in rows and clusters so that there was no darkness anywhere. Freddy felt extremely tall, as his head almost touched the ceilings, but he smoothed his hair down and tried to think his hands were not so very dirty, and, still grasping his spade, he walked boldly into the room. The Princess came running towards him and, taking him by both hands, led him up to a little lady dressed in a sear and yellow-coloured gown, saying: "Here he is Mamma, and it is his birthday."

Freddy had never spoken to a Queen and felt rather shy; then he remembered that when his father met a friend he always said something about the weather, so he began:

"It's jolly hot to-day!"

"What is hot?" asked the Queen.

"Why the weather," said Freddy.

"What is the weather? Did you bring any with you?" she asked gently.

Freddy stared at her in astonishment. She looked quite serious, and evidently expected he had brought something new to show her.

"Don't you have weather here?" he asked.

"We never heard of it," said the Queen, shaking her head. "I should like to see some."

"What tommy-rot!" said Freddy, but then he felt he had been rude, so he got very red and sniffed.

"Perhaps he will show it to us after dinner," said the Princess. "Papa is waiting."

"She *is* jolly," thought Freddy, as she took his hand, led him into the banqueting hall and introduced him to King Orchis, who asked him to be seated. Freddy



"On the shore were beautiful boats waiting for them"



"But they all persuaded him so much to stay"

sat down very carefully on the small chair placed for him.

"It is quite safe," said King Orchis, "it is made of the best gold."

Freddy looked to see if he were joking, for how could that rough dull stuff be gold. But this time he only thought "what greens they are," without saying it aloud.

The small footman then began to hand the dishes, but what was Freddy's disgust to find that the food was much the same as that given him by the captains. However, he was by this time so ravenous that he managed to eat a little of everything.

"I told my cousins I should bring you to tea this afternoon," said the Princess, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"But I must go home, please," said Freddy; "if you will kindly lend me a ladder."

"We shall be pleased if you will stay a few days with us now you have come," said the Queen kindly.

"My mother will wonder where I am," he replied, taking up his spade, that he had laid on the floor beside him. "I would rather go home."

But they all persuaded him so much to stay, especially the Princess, that he had to give in, and presently they started to go and see the Bogiemen.

To tell the truth, Freddy was rather afraid of what they would be like, but he dare not let a girl know that he was so frightened. Grasping his spade tightly, he strolled along beside the King and Queen and the Princess. On the way the King asked him what he thought of the "Lampyris," and when he did not answer, because he did not know what he meant, the King pointed to the many lights.

"Oh!" said Freddy, "I think they give a very good light; they are something like glow-worms to look at."

The King answered that he had heard it was the common name for them used by mortals when they saw them on the upper-earth.

"You should see our electric light," said Freddy. "It is just splendid."

"Oh, indeed!" said the King. "Can you tell me how it is made?"

Freddy felt as if he were having lessons, and did not like it at all on his birthday.

"This is a holiday," he said, "and I cannot tell you."

"Perhaps you will to-morrow," said the Princess, "when your birthday is put away till next year."

"My father can tell you; he is quite old, you know; about thirty-five; so he knows a lot." This was a happy thought, as it would prevent them asking him the same questions to-morrow.

They had now arrived at a large lake. On the shore were beautiful little boats waiting for them, rowed by sailors dressed in green. Freddy asked if the lake was very deep, and the Princess said:

"Most terribly deep; *quite* two feet in the middle."

Freddy thought she must be joking, but she was really horrified when, after handing them into the boat, he asked them if he might walk across the water.

"But you will be drowned," they cried; "you must not risk it."

"No fear," said Freddy; "I will manage it;" and sitting down, he took off his boots and socks, and putting them into a boat told them he was ready. They anxiously watched him step into the water, but were much relieved to see him walking easily with the help of his spade; and by the time they had landed, and he had put on his boots and socks, the Princess evidently looked on him as wonderfully clever; so Freddy began to swagger about, whistling.

"Whist! whist!" they suddenly exclaimed; "here comes the Bogiemen."

Freddy stopped short, and hoped they would not notice how pale he became; he placed his spade on his shoulder like a gun and waited.

And what did he see?

Of course all children know, because they have been told that Bogies are horrid black people with cruel, shiny eyes, and most frightening in every way—Well, they are not. It is as wrong as wrong can be to think so.

Freddy could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw what he did see. If every child could see the same they would never be so silly as to be afraid of a Bogie. But it was so astonishing that a new chapter must be given to the description.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

EVERGREEN

BY JESSIE K. LAWSON

I'VE seen in mony a forest where a' was chill an' bare,
A'e tree still green an' bonnie in the snell an' frosty air,
Though scant the beild a wintry sun upon its beauty shed,
Yet lived it on as love lives on, when faith and hope are dead.


Lae ye may gang your ain gait, an' I gang mine;
But Love is like the evergreen, an' ne'er can memory tyne
The auld days, the dear days, wi' only you an' me,
An' the grandeur o' the hills an' the glory o' the sea.

There's weary feet upon the road that leads to nae hearthstane,
An' high the head for a' the heart may break, nor ance mak mane;
But O the sweet o' a'e summer nicht—the moon upon the tide,
An' the scent o' the sea in the starry gloam, an' we twa side by side!



THE FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA

BY
A.G. BRADLEY

A HISTORY IN TWELVE
INSTALMENTS 

CHAPTER I—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BRITISH-AMERICAN COLONIES
AND OF CANADA IN 1750



HE war of the Austrian succession, ever memorable to Englishmen for the fierce fights of Dettingen and Fontenoy, was brought to a close in August, 1748, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. For her lavish expenditure of blood and money, Great Britain had reaped little other profit than a qualified measure of renown. She had shown to the world, however, that nearly thirty years of peace had not robbed her soldiers of their ancient valour, even when handled, as they too often were, with conspicuous incapacity and officered by a system that took no cognizance of merit and was based almost wholly on favouritism and corruption.

At Fontenoy the twelfth regiment, to take a chance instance, was led into action by a captain. At Dettingen the major was in command, while James Wolfe, then a callow youth of sixteen, had to grapple as best he could with the onerous and responsible duties of adjutant, complaining bitterly in his letters of the lack of discipline. Marlborough's officers were dead or doting. Privilege and faction regulated the pay

list, though it is well to remember that the beardless colonel died as freely and fought as courageously as the grey-haired subaltern. Let it ever be borne in mind, too, that the king himself and his burly son, the Duke of Cumberland, were bright examples of this cardinal virtue of physical courage, and asked no man to dare what they would not dare themselves—nay, were only eager to.

If the peace of 1748 left the country with little to show for its big bill, the renewal of the conflict eight years later proved in this matter of a profit and loss account a most singular and brilliant contrast. The mighty struggle, commonly known as the Seven Years' War, should be kept separate in Englishmen's minds from all other contests in which the nation has been engaged, for it lifted Great Britain from a constantly fluctuating position of more or less equality with rival powers to the first place among the nations of the world. It made her the permanent mistress of the seas and of a world empire unshaken by the military and social upheavals of Europe, whose territorial disputes and dynastic struggles

seem, by comparison, almost trifling but for the torrents of blood they caused to flow. Above all, it inspired her people with a sense of conscious power, of worthy pride sobered by the vast responsibilities that accompanied so great a position, and a self-confidence that was never again seriously shaken.

But as here we have to do only with the Western continent, and not with the contemporaneous founding of the Indian Empire, it will be enough to recall the main issue that was at stake in North America. Whether Canada—or, to speak more pertinently, what is now British North America—was to be French or English seems a sufficiently large question when weighed in the balance with the possession of Minorca or the boundary of a German duchy. But even this shrinks in importance when compared with the still greater issue of Anglo-Saxon or Gallic supremacy on the continent of North America.

Though nearly all Europe was in arms, it is with France and England that we are here alone concerned. Great as were the exertions put forth against other powers by these two nations, it was only each other that they had real cause to dread. Their respective armies might win or lose in the Low Countries or Germany, a million of human beings might perish and torrents of blood might flow, and volumes of military history might be made; but, so far as the Western actors in it were concerned, it began and ended with the game of war, waged upon wholly frivolous or personal accounts. Except for the still far-off results of the military development of Prussia under Frederic, the destinies of the world were but little affected by the long misery and suffering under which Europe groaned. To France and England, at any rate, the issue was as nothing compared to that for which their scattered outposts were contending in the pathless forests of America, on the burning plains of India, among the fogs and ice-fields of the North.

The peace, or so-called peace—more accurately described by some histo-

rians as an armed truce—which lasted from 1748 to 1756, witnessed the first stealthy efforts of the French-American policy, the awakening of England to her danger, and the actual opening of the struggle.

As a matter of fact, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle had not been signed, nor indeed actually formulated, when the French rulers of Canada, with the sympathy of their King and Government, commenced the operations from which they hoped so much. Their purpose, stated briefly, was to confine the future influence and territory of England to the thirteen colonies which lay, at present, a mere strip along the Atlantic coast. Behind the more northern of these the scope of Western development was limited, for obvious geographical and other reasons. The treaty Indians of the Six Nations occupied the rear of New England and New York; while behind these, again, stretched the great waterway of the St. Lawrence and its lakes, which constituted the Canadian boundary. But, at the back of all the other colonies, trending southwards and nearly parallel with the coast-line, the great range of the Alleghanies lifted its shaggy peaks. The limits of civilization had barely touched it. Nowhere had British settlement as yet aspired to leap this broad barrier of forest-covered mountains into the dreaded Indian-haunted wilderness beyond. The policy of France was to prevent it, if possible, ever doing so, and to make the rampart which nature and Indian hostility had already made so formidable still more effective by erecting a chain of military posts behind it. The French were well established on the St. Lawrence and its parent lakes. They had considerable settlements at the mouth of the Mississippi. Their cherished scheme was to connect the two by a long line of forest fortresses, to form firm alliances with the warlike Indians behind the Alleghanies, and to hold for themselves the vast Western territories, of whose value and extent their daring explorers had given them a due appreciation.

The English colonists may fairly be described as unconscious of these schemes or of their import. They had more than sufficient territory for their needs upon the east of the Alleghanies. The mass of them were stay-at-home farmers and planters. Neither Imperial dreams nor future divination were in keeping with their habit of thought. Frenchmen were but vague figures in the imagination of all men south of the Hudson, and the great West but a hazy expression. The British Government, too, troubled its head very little about its colonies; and if in the latter there was a small handful of men who did divine a future so pregnant with vital issues, and raised the alarm, posterity has given them little more of honour than their contemporaries gave them of reward.

Before proceeding, however, to the story of the great struggle, it is indispensable that the reader should have some idea of the relative positions of the two parties to it in North America.

Now the French in Canada, exclusive of some 10,000 Acadians, who were nominally British subjects, numbered about 60,000 souls. The English colonists, on the other hand—or, to be more accurate, the colonial subjects of Great Britain in North America—were reckoned by the middle of the eighteenth century at nearly a million and a half. A fifth or a sixth of this number, to be sure, were negro slaves—a source of weakness rather than of strength. But, in any case, the preponderance of the British was so overwhelming that the notion of the French being a menace to their present security or a rival for future dominion seems at the first blush incredible. The test of numbers, however, was never a more fallacious one than in this particular case, nor is the apparent paradox at all simplified by the fact of the Englishman's robust personal qualities, both as a man, a soldier and a colonist.

A short glance at the situation and distribution of the rival races will, I think, show that though the French aspirations were sufficiently bold, they were very far from being hopeless.

The French were concentrated at one point; the British were scattered over an immense area. The former bowed unquestioningly to an autocratic rule; the latter were divided into thirteen distinct self-governing commonwealths. While the Canadians were obedient to King and Church, were generally poor, alert and warlike, the English colonists were jealous of all authority, absorbed in trade and agriculture and eminently peaceful.

The reader will not resent, I trust, being reminded of the fact that the thirteen colonies whose growing power the French so dreaded, and, thus dreading, tried to stifle, are represented, with some slight modifications, by the thirteen original States of the Union. They may be seen in the map of today much as they were in the old French wars, trailing down the Atlantic coast from the Canadian border to the then Spanish province of Florida.

Not one of these thirteen commonwealths had any sort of constitutional link with its neighbour. The only tie that bound them together was their common allegiance to the Crown. They were, for the most part, jealous of each other, and more often inclined to thwart than to promote mutual interests. Some had affinities of race and creed, and in matters non-administrative more readily coalesced; while others, again, cherished towards one another a positive aversion. Each colony had, at some period during the preceding century, begun life upon its own account, and had grown up quite independently of its neighbour and after its own fashion. Some of them, indeed, in the elementary stages of existence, had gone so far as to indulge in mimic conflicts, and over the matter of boundaries there was perennial friction. This long straggling line of jealous and often jarring commonwealths resting on the sea-coast was the base of British action against the compact, military colony of France; and a most unsatisfactory base it for a long time proved.

The four New England provinces, with that of New York, had the friend-

ly but uncertain Six Nations and the French, with their bloodthirsty, so-called Christian Indians, more or less perpetually upon their flank. The rest, from Pennsylvania to infant Georgia, with rare exceptions, had forgotten the earlier horrors of Indian warfare, and had scarcely so much as even set eyes upon a Frenchman. Their pioneers had straggled through the forests that covered, as with a mantle, all Eastern America to the foothills of the Alleghanies; but colonial life in its active and vital sense still clustered along the seacoast, or hugged the waterways that led there. Between the Alleghanies and the ocean most of the colonies had a territory, roughly approximating to the size of England, with a population of but one or two hundred thousand souls in each. Their people wanted plenty of elbow-room, particularly to the southward, where negro labour was largely used; but even in such case the time had hardly come when lust of land prompted perilous enterprises. Society was not yet dense enough to produce a surplus who considered it worth while to cross the mountains and renew the fight with a fiercer wilderness and a more formidable, for better armed, savage than their grandfathers and great-grandfathers had waged war against in the days of the Stuarts and William of Orange. Men who had a sufficient livelihood, too, were less feverish and more contented in those times than in later ones. Nor were they much better equipped for subduing the savage and the wilderness in the days of the Georges than they had been in those of the Tudors and Stuarts. Those all-powerful factors of civilization—steam and electricity—were undreamt of. Machinery and scientific road-making were in their infancy. It is not surprising that Virginia, for instance, with a white population of 200,000, and a territory between the mountains and the sea as large as England, and as generally habitable, should have troubled itself little with thoughts of distant adventure. There was no incentive whatever for the Virginian, or Carolin-

ian, or Marylander of 1750 to cross the Ohio watershed and fight the most formidable savage warrior that the world has ever seen, for the privilege of growing corn and hay, or stock, that he could not get to any market, even if he lived to make the attempt. The average colonist of those days, leading, south of the Hudson at any rate, a humdrum, comfortable life, cannot be blamed if he failed to grasp the situation, or read the map of America as we read it now, and was inclined to look upon the reputed schemes of wandering Frenchmen as hardly worthy the attention of practical men till the rude awakening came.

A glance at the map will show that the New England colonies, at that time four in number, together with New York, had no outlet to the then scarcely known and little appreciated West. As I have said, they had behind them the famous "Six Nations," a leading factor in the American politics of that day, by far the most powerful Indian combination, and at the same time the most in touch with colonial civilization. Unlike the other Indian tribes, their sympathies had been consistently pro-English. But even so, they may be said to have held, in some sort, the balance of power between the English and the French, which latter nation were continually intriguing for their alliance.

Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, standing in the order named as regards relative importance, constituted the Puritan colonies of that day, Vermont and Maine being carved out of them later. These provinces alone understood, though perhaps not very perfectly, the art of combination for offensive and defensive war. They were practically homogeneous in stock and creed and habits of thought. Both the Indian and the Frenchman were still for them a burning reality, and they knew them only too well. They were much the most warlike group of the British colonies, not from choice, but from necessity. Their origin and Puritan tone of life are so familiar as to be hardly

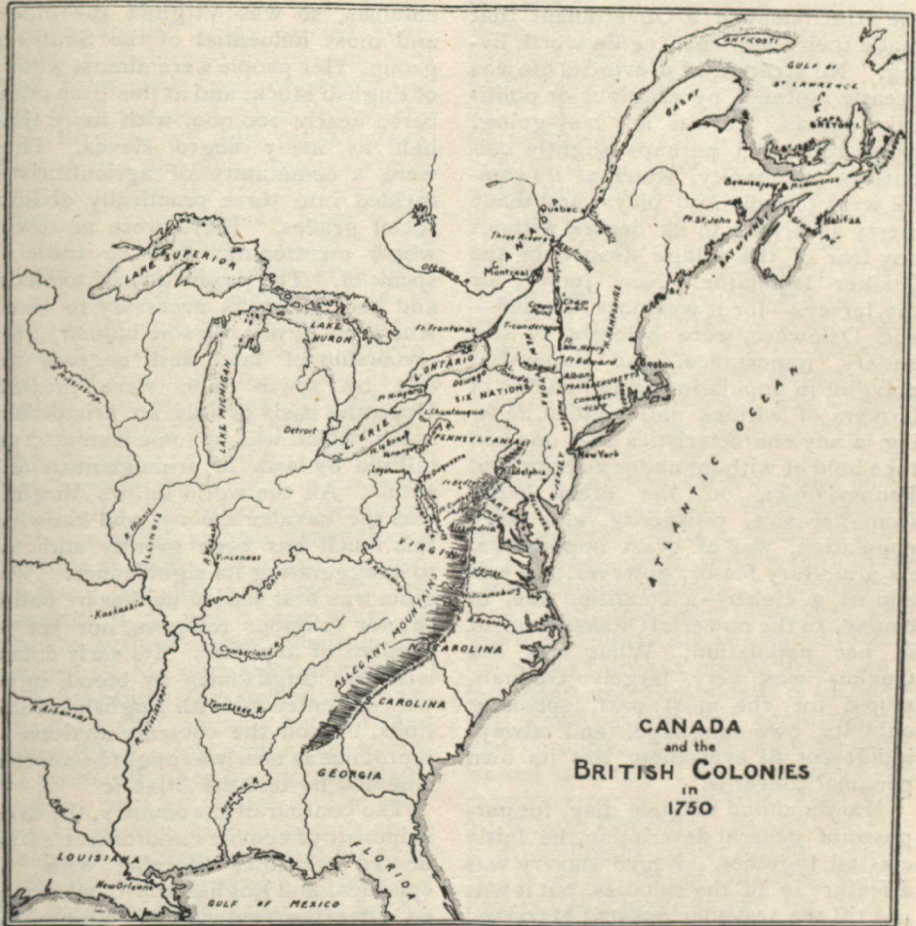
worth an allusion ; but the vulgar error of supposing the New Englanders to be all of humble extraction, while the Southern colonists had a monopoly of blood, cannot be sufficiently held up to ridicule. Local government was highly organized, and politics a matter of universal interest. People lived in communities, very much under the eye of their neighbours, and of a public opinion to which no slight deference was paid.

This latter was narrow, vigorous, and at times tyrannical, and strongly influenced by a religious bigotry that bordered on fanaticism. Tempered by modern progress and a high education, the New England character has broadened into a type whose good points are greatly in the ascendant. In the colonial period the asperities of the average new Englander were uppermost, his virtues less evident to his fellow-colonists, by whom he was cordially disliked; while the same antipathetic feeling distinguishes the sentiments of all English travellers of that day. In education, however, at that time the New Englanders as a community were far in advance of the rest of the continent, and, for that matter, of the rest of the world. Indigence and ignorance were almost unknown; and though there were no rich people, there were scarcely any who were very poor. The same religious and political zeal which had created their schools, churches, and local governments made some sort of military organization easier for them than for their more apathetic neighbours.

At the same time, while better constituted for raising, feeding and paying regiments, their social system contained in itself drawbacks to military efficiency not so obvious in the other colonies. Every private, whether farmer, fisherman, or mechanic, was a politician, and, though ready to fight, watched with jealous eye, lest his terms of service, often loaded with conditions, were in danger of being infringed. Still worse, perhaps, the officers were chosen by the men they were to command—not a bad plan

in a company of experienced bush-fighters bound on perilous enterprise, but one fatal to discipline when extended to a whole army of raw militiamen. Massachusetts was far the most powerful of the New England colonies, while Connecticut was easily second. These provinces, moreover, had produced both writers and preachers whose fame had crossed the Atlantic. They had performed, too, more than one spontaneous feat of arms which did them credit and gained them the thanks of the Mother Country. In the very last war, in the year 1745, and at a moment of depression to British arms in Europe, their raw militia, with the help of the fleet, had attacked and captured the great French fortress of Louisbourg. In the coming war they were to far eclipse the efforts of all the other colonies combined, and twenty years later, in that of the Revolution, were to hold an only less decisive lead.

New York to some extent had shared with the Puritan colonies the perils of French and Indian neighbourhood, and like them had been compelled, only in a less degree, to organize and to fight. She was widely different, however, both in origin and composition. The Hudson River was her great artery, and along its banks for the most part the life of the colony throbbed. The city at its mouth was then, as now, the most light-hearted and cosmopolitan upon the Atlantic coast. Its population was somewhat heterogeneous, but the English and the Dutch largely preponderated, and alone influenced the life and tone of the colony. On the seaboard nearly all trace of the early jealousy that had not unnaturally distinguished the two races had disappeared with the tie of a common danger, a common Protestantism and a free government. The cast of society was aristocratic, and in curious contrast to the Anglo-Dutch peoples of South Africa. The Hollanders were indeed partly responsible for the tone. Great estates upon the Hudson had been originally granted to Dutch gentlemen on condition of their



CANADA AND THE BRITISH COLONIES IN 1750

At this time the French numbered about 60,000, while the English Colonists along the Atlantic numbered over a million. The latter were scattered through the thirteen separate colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia, between the Alleghenies and the Atlantic. The district northwest of the Alleghenies was unsettled, but was nominally part of Canada.

settling them with dependents in semi-feudal fashion. The Patroon families were few in number, but perhaps the nearest approach to a feudal aristocracy in North America. English families who had achieved wealth and distinction, or had official positions, intermarried with these, while there was a tendency in the older parts of the colony for broad acres and gentility to identify themselves together and to hold aloof from the mass of the people. In spite of the strong Dutch element,

the prevailing creed was Anglican. The succession of William of Orange to the English throne, and still more, perhaps, a zealous Protestantism, and a lively dread of both the Indians and Catholic French, had produced a loyalty that, with some notable exceptions, was in a fashion more ardent than that of the republican Puritans of New England. Nor did the admirable Huguenot element, which found here a hearty welcome and freedom from persecution, in any way dissent from

the attachment to a Government that made their lives once again worth living. No stratum of provincial life was greatly agitated by religious or political dogmas. It was an easy-going, prosperous, but perhaps slightly colourless community, which at its capital went to balls and plays, and made merry according to its degree without any fear of the village deacon or the Quaker legislator. New Jersey, or the Jerseys—for it was once divided—and Delaware, were colonies of secondary importance, and somewhat polyglot in population; communities of farmers of various nationalities, lacking in any characteristics that one can take hold of without undue elaboration. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, from her size, prosperity, and large population, was of great importance. As a military factor, however, she was almost a cipher—a condition due, of course, to the powerful Quaker element in her population. What was not Quaker was very largely German, stupid for the most part, speaking only its own language, and always indifferent to everything but its own personal concerns.

Maryland and Virginia may, for purposes of general description, be fairly classed together. Negro slavery was a feature in all the colonies, but it was not till the traveller reached Maryland that he found it a leading factor in social and economic life. Then, as a century later, though in a less marked degree, the slave line, which was identical with the northern boundary of the old Catholic province, divided Anglo-Saxon America in half. The Southern colonies were already diverging upon lines so similar to one another, and so at variance with the rest, as to give them in time quite a reasonable pretext for posing as a separate nation. In 1750, however, things had not gone nearly so far. Yet Virginia was even then so pronounced a type of the Southern provinces that a brief description of her condition will enable us to dismiss the others with a word.

As Massachusetts was the oldest and most powerful of all the Northern

colonies, so was Virginia the oldest and most influential of the Southern group. Her people were almost wholly of English stock, and at this time numbered nearly 200,000, with more than half as many negro slaves. They were a community of agriculturists, divided into three practically distinct social grades. There were no towns worth mentioning, and no trade to speak of. The production of tobacco, and the foodstuffs necessary to those who grew it, was the sole industry; the ownership of land and negroes the test by which men were graded. Upon the basis of this an aristocracy arose, which was to some extent crystallized by laws of primogeniture and entail. All the world knows Virginia was the cavalier colony, and knowing this much has been greatly addicted to exaggerating its significance. Virginia was first settled neither by political nor religious refugees, nor yet by idealists of any kind. Its early colonists were Englishmen by blood, in no way discontented with English institutions, but on the contrary anxious to reproduce as nearly as might be another England beyond the Atlantic.

The contour of the country, the early shipment of convicts and others as indentured servants, together with the episcopal and English spirit, encouraged after the first rude beginnings the unit of land as the fountain of power and influence. Some of the colonists were cadets of good families, though what proportion (a small one probably) they ultimately formed of those who emerged as large landholders and the founders of notable families is most uncertain and of little importance. At any rate, the period, though not remote enough perhaps to win respect from the Latin or the Celt, is sufficiently so to satisfy the modest genealogical requirements of the average Anglo-Saxon. The popular local legend that the Virginian gentry were largely descended from scions of the then small body of English nobility is too ludicrous to call for serious notice. They led patriarchal, isolated lives on plantations cut out of the forests, and for the

most part abutting on tidal rivers, whence English ships carried home their sole produce—tobacco—and supplied them with such necessaries as they could not procure at home, and such luxuries as they could afford. They were a pleasant, hospitable people who, unlike the typical New Englander, at once took the fancy of the stranger, their whole system of life being based on uneconomic principles. They were inclined themselves to be extravagant and to forestall their incomes, and as their one crop, tobacco, restricted by navigation laws to an English market, fluctuated terribly in price, the colony was liable to equivalent fluctuations in fortune. Its upper class, however, with many of the faults due to a life of peculiar seclusion from the outer world, and the demoralizing influence of negro slavery, were generally frank, sensible and able for any emergencies to which they might be called from their normal humdrum and comfortable life when once aroused.

The middling class owned in the aggregate a vast quantity both of land and negroes. But, unlike the Northern yeomanry, they had no education, for there were no schools. The presence of slavery had even thus early implanted a certain contempt for manual labour, which is wholly mischievous in a grade of society that has neither birth nor education, nor yet possessions sufficient to justify abstention from it. The energy and utility of the common farmers of Virginia and the Southern colonies were then, and for a century afterwards, greatly sapped by this demoralizing influence. Upon the class below it had a far worse effect, the "poor white" of the South from that day to this being the most degraded type of Anglo-Saxon in existence, and beyond all doubt the greatest outcast.

Virginia may fairly stand, with modifications, as a type of her Southern neighbours. Maryland had all her features, though in some points less pronounced. In her inception she had presented the unwonted spectacle of a Roman Catholic province inculcating

the notion of complete toleration. With time and increased population, however, she had drifted into a community chiefly Anglican in creed as well as in blood and sentiment. North Carolina was a rough and rude imitation of both. Her upper class was weak, and did not stand out like that of Virginia. Though a large slave-owning colony, North Carolina never achieved the social *éclat* of her slave-neighbours. Her population, though largely of British origin, was much less homogeneous than that of Virginia, which had only a small German element in its back country, and a slight dash of Huguenot blood in its older settlements.

South Carolina, on the other hand, had a well-to-do, well-educated and powerful, though small, aristocracy. They drew their wealth from slave-tilled plantations of rice and indigo; but, unlike the Virginians who loved a country life and hated towns, the South Carolina planter was also a merchant, and lived mostly in Charleston, which seaport had some reputation for social elegance and even intellectual activity. There were plain up-country farmers, however, even then in South Carolina, largely Scotch-Irish, and many "poor whites." There was a great deal of Huguenot blood, too, in the colony, though the tone of life was wholly English. Of Georgia, which was destined to run upon similar lines, there is no need to speak, as she was still in her infancy.

Now there had been no considerable immigration to America during the first half of the eighteenth century. The increase of population, though it had been rapid, was mainly native born. The chief exception to this was furnished by the Scotch-Irish exiles who, since the beginning of the century, had been leaving Londonderry and Belfast in a steady stream. They had been introduced there, as every one knows, to fight the wild Celt of Ulster and to reclaim the lands he would not till, and they had done both with conspicuous success. Northeastern Ireland from a blood-stained wilderness had

become a land of plenty, busy with the hum of trade and agriculture. But the English merchants were afraid of the new linen trade that was arising in Ireland, and the Anglo-Irish bishops did not like the Presbyterians. So the Irish linen trade was crippled as the wool trade had been destroyed, and the Presbyterian religion was treated on a par with that of Rome. The first piece of insanity was the work of the English Government, the second that of the Irish House of Lords, under the influence of the Irish bishops.

These two crushing blows, falling near together, drove from a country that sorely needed them thousands of an industrious, hardy, virile and God-fearing stock. It is said that a hundred thousand of these Ulster Protestants crossed the Atlantic in twenty years. The Scotch-Irishman as a historical figure is regarded with no little respect, and justly so, as having been one of the stoutest contributors to the making of America. These early immigrants went scarcely at all to the New England colonies, landing principally at Philadelphia, and in lesser numbers at Charleston. They seemed determined not to place themselves again in the power of any Government, or again to trust themselves within reach of sectarian jealousy or unfriendly legislation. They found their way in no long time to the back-country of Pennsylvania on the north, and to that of the Carolinas on the south, and threw themselves, in both cases, with consummate courage upon the forest-covered barrier which was then the Ultima Thule of Anglo-Saxon America. Being continually reinforced from Ulster, they gradually pushed on to the rear of the outermost colonial settlement along the base of the Alleghany mountains. Those from Pennsylvania crept slowly southwards into Virginia. Those from the Carolinas moved northwards in the same fashion, till the second generation of the original immigrants formed a continuous, though thin line of settlements, stretching behind the Southern colonies from Pennsylvania to Georgia: a vanguard

of virile frontiersmen, who were equally handy with plough, axe, rifle or tomahawk. They crossed the line of five colonies, but had little traffic with any, being, in fact, a people unto themselves, worshipping God in their own fashion, and educating their children to the best of their power, as they pushed their clearings deep into the shadow of the Alleghanies, and fought Indians so continuously that their austere natures took on, in some sort, the bloody traditions of the wilderness. If they lost something of their old-country morality and piety, they were of inestimable service in defending the Indian frontier and, in later times, conquering and settling the States that lay immediately behind it. To meet the Indian of that period in the woods upon equal terms required a special training and an exceptional hardiness. The average colonist was no match for him. The rangers of New England and the Scotch-Irish frontiersmen of the middle and Southern colonies were almost the only men who could be relied upon to successfully face them in the woods upon anything like equal terms. The battle of the Great Kenawha, fought a quarter of a century later between a thousand picked borderers and a thousand Indians is, in the opinion of the best living authority, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the first occasion on which a body of Americans defeated an Indian force of like strength in a pitched battle in the forest. I mention this to give some notion of the quality of the foe whom English and French alike had to face, and that ideas derived from the discrepancy in arms between modern civilization and barbarism may not obscure the tremendous difficulties of Indian warfare in eighteenth-century America.

The red man was not quite such a sure shot as the American borderer, but he was better at taking cover and at ambuscades than even the most accomplished backwoodsman. His discipline, too, which perhaps sounds strange, was better. He was rarely foolhardy, for a warrior's life was precious to the tribe. A maximum of

damage to the foe with a minimum of loss to themselves was the recognised Indian principle; and when this was practised by crafty savages, who scarcely knew what fear meant, it told heavily against white men, who frequently threw their lives away in useless exhibitions of courage, and often refused to recognise inevitable defeat. It must not, however, be supposed that these Alleghany borderers were all Scotch-Irishmen. They formed, indeed, the main element, but many Germans, as well as adventurers from the English settlements, joined their communities, sharing the perils of the border wars, and the scarcely less hazardous pursuits of an ever-doubtful and precarious peace.

It will now, I trust, be obvious how ill adapted were these disintegrated and self-absorbed provinces for effective and active combination. The vast distances that separated them, with the consequent lack of intercourse and communications, the abundant elbow-room that each still enjoyed, the jealousies and mutual prejudices which swayed them, the number of Governments that had to be consulted, with their narrow views and diverging interests, all conspired to make unity well-nigh impossible. It was fortunate that a handful of men were found who rose superior to these difficulties, or, to be more exact, saw at a glance their insuperable nature and aroused England to her danger before it was too late.

Let us now turn to Canada, the seat of French transatlantic power, and note the contrast she presented. Her southern boundary was roughly identical with that which now divides the Dominion from the United States, except as regards Acadia or Nova Scotia, a province which, though as yet peopled only by French peasants or *habitants*, had been for long under English rule. Coming westward, however, to Lake Ontario, we approach more debatable ground and, on passing the great Canadian fort at Niagara and reaching Lake Erie, the French could look southward over a vast country which both nations vaguely claimed.

So far as the French were concerned, this vagueness was now to assume more definite shape. But Canadian life at this time was mainly concentrated upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, having Montreal for its western limit and Quebec, with the settlements immediately below it, for its eastern and greater rallying point. With the numerous and scattered trading posts far remote from these old-established centres I will not now burden the reader's mind.

Though the colony was actually much older, as a substantial reality it can only be said to date from the immigration which Louis XIV poured into it about the middle of the seventeenth century. Founded by clerics of the narrowest ultramontane school, in a period of over fifty years it had accumulated a population of only some 3,000 souls. The pioneering exploits of the Jesuit missionaries form a heroic page of American history, with which, however, we have nothing to do here. It will be sufficient to say that everything had been made subsidiary to maintaining the religious dogma which had sent these early Fathers cheerfully to the stake and torture. The material result of this policy was disheartening, as may be gathered from the statistics quoted above. The feeble colony had, in fact, just contrived to hold its own by dint of hard fighting and the divisions of its Indian enemies, aided by the consummate diplomatic skill of the Jesuit pioneers.

But Louis XIV, while still young, had set himself with no little energy to rectify this state of things, and by dint of great inducements poured quite a large stream of immigrants into New France. Officers and soldiers already out there were given grants of land. Peasants, selected with some care, were shipped out from Dieppe and Rochelle, more particularly from the former, as the Huguenot atmosphere of the Biscayan seaport alarmed the rigid Catholics of Quebec. No English colony had been either started or nourished by the Crown in this fashion. Convicts and the victims of unsuccess-

ful rebellion were the only class of persons that the British Government had directly interested itself in transporting free to its colonies. A remarkable feature, however, of this paternaly organized exodus to Canada was that families or married couples formed no part of it. Shipments of single men were forwarded to replace the bachelor soldiers whose swords had been turned into ploughshares, and single women, gathered in the same fashion and not without care in the selection, were sent out in succeeding shiploads. Under the immediate supervision of the Church these ex-soldiers and imported maidens, making choice as best they could, were joined together in the bonds of matrimony.

The girls were divided into two classes, demoiselles when possible for the officer settlers, while the humbler majority were allotted to the peasant soldiers. The King himself took a keen interest in this matrimonial mart, and was determined that Canada should be populated without loss of time. The young Canadian who remained single was pulled up before the authorities and made to show good cause for his backwardness, while those who continued obdurate were singled out for taxation and other unpleasant attentions, and their lives made generally miserable. If a father did not see to it that his daughter was married on arriving at a suitable age, he was soundly rated; and, if he did not then take the hint, worse things befell him. On the other hand, the willing and blushing bridegroom was presented with a handsome bonus, and substantial premiums were offered to those who contributed most abundantly to the increase of population. A noblesse was part of the scheme, and a noblesse was consequently formed and gradually added to. It was not very easy to make one. The tendency to acquire and settle upon a large tract of land, and gather dignity from the importance it gave, which distinguished the Anglo-Saxons of the more Southern colonies, had no counterpart in Canada. The French theory of aristocracy was some-

what the same; but the Frenchmen in Canada who had to play the part were generally not much better suited for it than was the country, which gave but small returns for most laborious work, and whose social life centred chiefly in one capital. A considerable number of the portionless, lower noblesse with which France swarmed had come out with their regiments to Canada; but, in spite of inducements to stay, most of them, with the natural gregariousness of Frenchmen added to the chances of military renown, had returned to France. Blue blood and an old name, both in the France and England of that day, preferred the sword to the ploughshare or the monotony of the backwoods, save where really stirring adventure offered a compensation.

The Canadian noblesse, however, was an artificial affair, a forced matter in its inception and, though a very distinct order of society, acquiring but little substance. Just as an early Governor of Virginia wrote that everybody wanted to be a gentleman, so the seventeenth-century Governors of Canada reported that there was a universal craving to get a patent of nobility with its somewhat barren accompaniments, and assumptions of empty rank were common and easy enough in a country where, outside the official class, neither noble nor simple at that time earned much more than their food or clothes. Seigneuries, large in extent, covered with dense forests, cleared only on the river front, formed the unit of life outside the few towns. The log-houses of the peasant tenantry extended along the river front, while the scarcely superior mansion of the seigneur, with the inevitable mill and not seldom a parish church, stood close at hand. Trifling rents, and those paid, when paid at all, in kind, just served to keep this strange species of nobleman and his family in food and clothes. Even this result was not always achieved, kings of France having more than once to send out provisions to save their transatlantic nobility from starvation. Sometimes even their wives and daughters worked in the field. Whatever his origin,

however, once ennobled, the seigneur was not at liberty to follow any trade or calling, and it is small wonder that "sloth and pride," according to contemporary French writers, were his distinguishing points. But these very attributes and the conditions of his life, while inimical to success in peace, made him formidable in war. The ragged Canadian *gentilhomme*, inured to the chase and a stranger to luxury, equally at home in the trackless forest or on the boiling rapid, was the *beau ideal* of an irregular soldier. Brave, hardy, adventurous, and somewhat callous to human suffering, he was an admirable leader to a peasantry who shared most of his qualities and were only less ready than himself to answer the call to arms.

But by the period we are treating of Canada had made some advance in prosperity, and in normal times was at least self-supporting. There were a few prosperous seigneuries and a handful of well-to-do seigneurs, though, whether rich or poor, the pride of caste, greatly aided by official encouragement, had been maintained. But neither seigneur nor *habitant* had any share in the government of the country, which was wholly autocratic.

In the city of Quebec, unsurpassed for its pride of pose by any capital in the world, was centred the power to which all Canada yielded unquestioned obedience. There, in the chateau of St. Louis, upon the famous rock, whence cannon frowned over the spires and gables of church and monastery, sat the all-powerful Viceroy of the King of France. Nor was he, like the governor of an English province, commissioned to this important post with little or no regard to personal capacity. On the contrary, much care was usually exercised in his selection. He was nearly always a fighting man or statesman of approved ability; sometimes he was both. To speak of him, however, as all-powerful is perhaps hardly accurate. It would be more exact to describe him as the leader of a Triumvirate, of whom the other members were the Intendant and the Archbishop. The

former of these two functionaries was a person of legal acquirements rather than of rank. He looked after the finances, and to some extent shared the government with his chief. He did much of the confidential correspondence of the colony with the home authorities, and may be described as a check in the King's interest upon the absolutism of the Governor. The third member of the trio, the Archbishop, guarded the interests of the powerful Church of Canada, with its monasteries, convents, colleges, and wide landed possessions, and kept watch over that supremacy which it regarded as vital to the salvation of Canadians and in some sort its due on account of the great share it had taken in the early struggles of the colony. To this Triumvirate was joined in times of stress a military commander, as will be amply demonstrated later on. However much these officials might disagree among themselves in times of peace, when outside danger threatened they sank their differences for the moment, and showed a united front. In Government circles, the ecclesiastics and perhaps the Governor himself excepted, a system of monstrous corruption flourished. The fur trade, which formed the real wealth of the colony, though little enough of it remained there, was practically a Government monopoly. It employed perhaps a third of the Canadian population, at bare living wages, and made the fortune, by means of well-understood devices, of a small handful of officials, who hurried back to France with their gains. Supplies, too, as well as large sums of money, were continually pouring into Canada for public purposes, and were manipulated by the official clique at Quebec, with a corrupt disregard for the public welfare that even for those days was remarkable.

In spite of all this, however, a fine daring and much patriotic zeal animated the French Canadian people as a whole. Bigoted, ignorant, and superstitious, they marched against English Protestants or Indian savages as upon a crusade. They had infinite belief in

their superiority to the former, and a childlike faith in anything told them by their ecclesiastics, who beyond a doubt severely tested their credulity. The spacious West, to which they all had access at one time or another, was the finest of schools for backwoods warfare, while the habit of obedience to social or military superiors went hand in hand with an unquestioning loyalty to their Church. They had been accustomed to ravage the New England frontier and, having often got the better of the industrious Puritan farmer, had imbibed some contempt for the colonial Englishman as a soldier, which an extraordinarily boastful temperament made appear even yet more blatant. The impecunious, idle, and numerous noblesse were always at hand to lead in every kind of adventure. Numbers of them lived almost wholly in the woods among the Indians, adopting their dress and costumes, egging them on against the English settlements, and frequently leading them on their bloody raids. Compared with that steady, plodding subjection of the wilderness by the British colonist, Canadian civilization was a failure. One can have nothing, however, but admiration for the courage and enterprise with which its people faced the unknown in the trackless, perilous path of the fur trade. Montreal was the *dépôt* and starting-point for all concerned in it, and stood near the Western limit of civilization. Frontenac, where Kingston now stands, was the first great outpost in the forests beyond. Niagara, whose name indicates its position, was a still re-

moter station of great import, and Detroit, yet farther on, was a still larger one. The stormy waters of Lake Superior were familiar even then to the French voyageur, whose canoe crept along its gloomy shores and exploited its lonely bays. The militia of Canada, in which every male between sixteen and sixty served under compulsion, were reckoned at this time as between 15,000 and 20,000. There were also in regular garrison some 2,000 troops of the colonial marine, officered and mostly raised in France. There were usually, too, some troops of the line in the colony, their numbers varying of course with the state of current events. Of the number of Indians utilized in war by the French it would be vain to hazard any estimate. Save for the celebrated "Six Nations," whom neither French diplomacy nor French successes could ever wholly win from their neutrality and English sympathies, most of the Indian tribes ultimately espoused their cause. There were a large number, too, of Mission Indians, nominally Christians, and bound to the interests of the French, being under the influence of their priests. But of the numerous wild tribes to the westward and the fragments of the neutral nations nearer home, it would be superfluous to attempt a classification. To do so would be to thrust upon the reader a mass of detail which he is probably neither prepared nor inclined to digest, even if it were essential to the understanding of the great Anglo-French struggle, in which I hope to engage his interest.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SOUL'S LYRIC

BY INGLIS MORSE

Bleed, O heart, and break
 For memory's sake!
 This be thy story
 Told ere the sunset's glory
 Fade into night.

Sing, O heart, rejoice
 That life's richest choice
 Is here to make thine own,
 Ere the day has flown
 And darkness once again has
 merged in light.

UP THE LONE HOLLOW BRANCH

By HOPKINS J. MOORHOUSE



HE night foreman happened to speak about it shortly after Bob McFadden's engine rolled into the round-house. McFadden was one of those big, good-natured fellows, who would cheerfully go a mile out of his way any time to give a sneak a kick or stand by a hard-working man; so when he heard what the night foreman said he made a few remarks of his own. Afterward he talked with his fireman, button-holed the master-mechanic, and went home. That Christmas eve, not long before midnight, Engine No. 333 stole out of the round-house and went rapidly up the yard to the east with her safety popping.

The trackmen on the T. & B.L. had had Christmas Day to themselves for so many winters that the holiday had come to be accepted as an indisputable right rather than anything in the way of a favour from the Company. That was why the rumour made such a commotion when it ran along the Ridges Division to the effect that precedent was to be thrown to the winds and the holiday cancelled. But it was only a rumour after all, and Christmas was beginning to look like something more than plain December 25th on the card when a gang of fifty hands was ordered away up the Ridge to repair a section of road on the Lone Hollow branch. They worked overtime in order to get through, and seven o'clock Christmas eve found the tool-car stored and everybody ready for home. The "jigger" had been run up to Lone Hollow, and the operator there had wired for an engine.

"Can't spare engine for 24 hours. Work down line. D. A. M."

That was the message the "jigger" carried back to the boss. "D. A. M." meant Mitchell, the master-mechanic, and when the boss spoke "DAM" was what he said; so did the others.

McFadden was not given to profan-

ity, or that is what he would have said also when the night foreman told him how things stood.

"What's the matter with Mitchell, anyway?" he demanded. "'S if those fellas were wantin' the Limited, with the President pinchin' in front an' the G. M. swingin' the scoop. There ain't any old gravel-train scrap-iron 'round here, I s'pose, nor there ain't a wiper as knows a coal-scoop from an oil-can—Oh no!—Huh!"

McFadden was angry. He had a wife and a couple of little tow-headed McFaddens at home writing letters to Santa Claus, and Christmas would be no Christmas at all if he was not there to see them stuff themselves with turkey and plum-pudding and things. That was the way *he* felt.

Somewhere about three o'clock Christmas morning a few screeches from a locomotive a mile off in the bush tumbled fifty trackmen from their bunks up the Lone Hollow branch, and when McFadden's engine bore down around the Gore it was greeted with a yell that could have been heard all the way to the settlement.

Soon bright lantern-dots were flitting along the track, and everybody was joking and laughing and shouting and whistling as if they had suddenly lost their reason. Then, when the engine had danced off to a switch and the tool-car had been coupled on, and everybody had scrambled aboard, the whistle tooted twice and the wheels went round.

"Tommy," chuckled McFadden as a loud chorus broke from behind, "I wouldn't 've missed this for two night's sleep."

"Same here," said Logan, who was busy heaving coal into the hot fire-box.

"We'll pull the gang into the yard 'fore daybreak or bust."

Logan knew then that they were

going to make speed, and he laughed vaguely to himself; he had fired on the Moguls and liked excitement.

The Lone Hollow branch was a rough stretch of road at best, but was really bad at only one or two points. At Sullivan's Creek there was a nasty grade with an old wooden trestle across the ravine at the bottom.

The night was not altogether dark, for though there was no moon, the snow threw a twilight and carried afieid the broad yellow of the headlight. McFadden notched the throttle and settled down on his cushions to watch the sweep of the light across rocky scaurs, along gorges, down valleys, through the bush, up-hill, down-grade, around bluffs—mile after mile. Logan kept an eye on the gauge and threw coal.

Just how it happened neither McFadden nor Logan knew exactly. The oil-cans were generally stowed back in the coal-tank, and that is where the kerosene should have been. The can had leaked itself empty, and the deck was dry, but neither driver nor fireman had noticed that. They were running free, for McFadden knew he had a clear track, so he burned steam. Jogging leisurely on his arm-rest, his eyes travelled ahead along the steel threads that stretched away into the night. He knew they were not far from Sullivan's Creek, but there was plenty of time yet to choke her head for the grade. Logan threw open the feed-door, and the lurid glare flung out over the snow and played with the ribbon of steam that was hissing back from the dome.

"Bob!"

McFadden twisted quickly in his seat, and a glance showed him what had occurred. With a jump he was back in the tender seizing the bucket of water that Logan handed down from the tank.

It was a mere tongue at first—but that kerosene! Even before the water was drawn the whole cab seemed to burst out into flames.

"Quick!" McFadden shouted as he scrambled back amongst the coal.

A pail of water was hastily dashed upon the deck, but it might have been a thimbleful for all the good it did. The two men could smell the fumes of the oil and they worked fast, but the fire had caught in a spare supply of engine-oil. It had all happened so suddenly that the feed-door had been left open, and a stream of flame and heat was shooting from the furnace, where the white fires curled and writhed under the crown sheet. A sudden wave of it sent McFadden reeling back into the coal-tank. Logan dropped the bucket and got the door closed with the aid of the slash-bar.

Just then the engine gave a quick lurch and swung sharply round a curve, but her nose hung well to the steel. McFadden jerked his head up from the tank to note the reason for the sudden forward pitch and the increase in speed, and that glance made him throw down the bucket in consternation.

"Stop her!—Stop her, Bob!" yelled the fireman above the tearing of the flanges and the roar of the wheels. "*Sullivan's!*"

McFadden's face shone white in the red glare as he realized that he had forgotten to shut the throttle, and now the flames intervened and they were at the top of the worst grade on the whole line with a deep ravine and an old bridge at the bottom.

Faster and faster 333 flew, pitching and rolling down hill at sixty miles an hour. Her bell was clanging and the din of her running settled into one long roar. The draught fanned the cab into a furnace. McFadden heard the glass of the indicator on the boiler-head crack to pieces, and he clenched his teeth.

"Bob, you're crazy! You're crazy, I tell you!"

Logan jumped for his shoulders, but missed his grab, and a blow on the jaw sent him sprawling amongst the coal. There was no time for hesitation.

McFadden whirled about and sprang like a cat to the top of the tank. Just beyond the sheet of flame was the roof of the cab. He leaped, landed square

upon it, and felt himself rolling, rolling—then he clutched the edge. It took all his strength to retain his position with that wild pitching from side to side. The wind stung him like whipcord, the cinders flew in his face and blinded him, and he knew his overalls were scorching. In a moment he was lying at full length, hanging over the edge of the cab. His clenched fist went through the window with a crash, but it was to no purpose that he struggled to reach the throttle. It was a question of a few moments only before she would leap the rails; no engine on wheels could hold her head and “wild-cat” down a grade like that. McFadden knew, and his muscles became rigid with the strain he placed upon them, for he saw visions of little children with arms full of Christmas toys, and wives, sweethearts, mothers—fifty homes wrecked on Christmas morning.

He never remembered how he got hold of the levers, but once he did it was the work of a moment to choke her steam, send the brake-shoes grinding into the drivers and open the sand-box. There was a great tearing of steel against steel, and flying of sparks

and gritting of sand, then they struck the curve and he was pitched forward against the running-board and tumbled off into blackness.

The runaway came to a stop with her pilot on the trestle. Men with scared faces hurried from the car and got the burning cab under control without much difficulty now that the engine was at a standstill. McFadden was picked up unconscious a few rods up the hill. He escaped without serious injury, though he was badly bruised. One of his wrists was sprained and his shoes were nearly burned off.

It lacked an hour of daylight when they passed the first switch-shanty and pulled into the upper yards. By the time the coupling was thrown fifty men in overalls were lined up beside the track, and as engine 333 rolled away for the round-house a mighty cheer went after her.

“Just listen those fellas hollerin’ for their turkey and stuffin’,” chortled McFadden. “Er-a—Merry Christmas, Tommy.”

“Same to you, Bob.”

Then they shook hands and grinned at each other like two great, big boys.

THE LOVE OF LATER YEARS

BY BLANCHE E. VAUGHAN

THE dreams that young love dreams are fair,
 The sighs that young love sighs are sweet;
 Glad angels hover watching, where
 The lips of coy young lovers meet.
 The skies above young love are blue,
 The laughter of young love is gay;
 To young love all the world is new,
 And all its troubles far away.

But send to me the sweeter, later
 Love, blossoming where sorrows lie—
 The deeper love, the broader, greater,
 That comes to flower, but not to die.
 For him, when youth’s wild dreams are spent,
 And Time has withered many a hope;
 God’s gifts are best if Love he sent
 To lead him down the Western Slope.

THE LEGEND OF THE MAPLE

By GRACE CHANNELL

I



AM the oldest of the Maples in the Northland. This that I tell you was told me by the Wind, when the snow lay white and thick upon the ground in the time of Winter. For more years than even he could remember, he had told this tale to the trees; and one cold night when the stars shone brightly, he crept over the snow, up the valley, and whispered it to me.

II

Years and years ago, long before the red men or the white men came to this country, the ground bore no flowers and fruit by the sun heat.

To the court of Queen Nature went the Sun complaining, crying that he could not make this wild, rough land beautiful, for the ground turned coldly from his wooing.

There was much consternation then in the heart of the Queen that her child should be so unruly. She called the Sun to her and bade him draw nearer to this part of her country for a brief season of the year. This the Sun did, and the Earth, thrilled to its centre, felt a strange, new life awake within her, and sensitive, quivering children, which had lain sleeping so long, pushed their way through the soil to the light above.

Then the Queen called to her the maiden Beauty and sent her with a message to the Northland.

So it happened that one clear day this messenger came out of the blue heavens, bearing in her hand a rod that shot back the radiance of the sunlight. She was robed in a wonderful garment, which seemed like a rainbow twisted and twined about her. Her eyes were blue as the sky from which she came. Her hair shone like gold in the sun. Her skin was white as the lily flower—and her lips like the petals of the red rose.

Down upon the just awakened earth

of the Northland she flew. She bade the Wind bear to the fir and the pine and the cedar, and the other hardy children of her Queen, a message:

That to her was it given to make all things that grow beautiful. For a few months of the year the Sun had been bidden to shine more warmly upon this land; that flowers would bloom and birds of a summer season live among them.

When the Wind had carried this message to the trees they moaned piteously and cried, "Give unto us a sister of our kind who will love the Sun."

The messenger, on hearing this, took the rod that she carried and thrust it into the earth. Calling the Wind, she said, "What I promise to this rod, do ye remember. For through the years must you carry it until such time as it may be fulfilled."

Turning, she put her hand upon the rod and spoke slowly, "I bid you grow great in this land and reign over all of your kind. Grow tall by looking at the Sun. Spread out your branches that a shade be cast about you in which men may rest in the heat of the day. Your juice shall be sweet-flavoured and a drink pleasant to the taste. Ere you drop your leaves for winter, I bid you turn them yellow for the sunlight and crimson the colour of man's blood. Thousands of years from now, a race of men shall come to these shores, to whom you will stand for that which is dear to them—their Home and their Country."

The beautiful messenger stooped and placed her lips upon the rod. As she did so tears fell from her eyes upon it. "Ah," said she, "shall not the tree which grows from Beauty's rod, be beautiful, and the juice of a tree, first watered by Beauty's tears, be sweet?"

She turned and looked upward toward the Sun and cried, "Be kind to this child of mine, O Sun, and give it

strength!" and with her arms outstretched in entreaty, she flew back into the heavens.

A hush fell upon the Northland. From the South rose a strange, black cloud. It came towards the North, nearer and nearer, until it spread over all the country. A faint melody was wafted down to the wild creatures of the forest and the listening trees. It grew stronger and stronger, and, as the sun set upon the first day of summer, the air was filled with the singing of birds.

III

Mighty in numbers and great in the land we grew. Each year saw us taller and stronger. Each year spread we more broadly our branches about us.

Time to us was as nothing. Our leaves must be perfect in curve and in colour, our trunks be straight, bending neither to right nor to left.

Each summer, as our leaves reached maturity, they were more beautiful than the leaves of the year before.

There is no messenger in Queen Nature's court more inexorable than the messenger Beauty. To make one of us perfect she sacrificed a hundred.

She would call the Wind and show to him the trees which must die. "There are too many," she would say, "the others must have light."

The Wind would come in the night, howling and blustering upon them, and at dawn the trees would lie dead upon the ground.

Was it not strange that as the Sun rose in the morning, and the Wind was still again, the messenger Beauty would creep down through the pale sunbeams and try to warm the half-grown dead trees to life? "My children," she would cry, "do not think I killed you. It is the Queen! It is the Queen!"

So passed the years. By the mighty rivers, and shading the brooks of the hillside, thousands strong in the forest or sentinelled down through the valley—as soldiers shoulder to shoulder, and strong heart to strong heart—we guarded our country.

Whether it were in the beauty of the birth of Springtime, or the full maturity of summer; when, with the crimson and gold leaves of autumn, we perfected the colours of sunset, or bore meekly the white snows of winter, we were waiting! Waiting!

IV

Wild through the forest at night sounded the scream of the red men. They were a cruel and savage people, and loved nothing better than the sight of a dead man before them. But they were brave and hated a coward.

The mountains, the lakes, the rivers and plains were as dear to them as now they are to the white man. Their law was the only law that they knew—the only law that we knew—"He who is strongest shall rule."

The strong trees lived; the weak ones died. Such is the law of nature. Such was the law of the red men.

When there came among them strange gentle priests, with a message of love and peace, can we wonder they killed them?

It was to our hearts came that first message, for as their blood crimsoned the ground and the warriors shouted the death cry, we knew that these whom they killed were our children.

What meant these new teachings to those who knew but one way to the heart, that of the death-blow?

There were priests who prayed, and soldiers who fought. In daytime and in night-time there was one unending horror of torture and death, and the wail of helpless women.

At last the triumph song of the strangers rose to the heavens, and faintly echoing back came the funeral hymn of the red men.

There was the ringing of the chapel bell. There were the thankful hearts of people bowed in prayer, the joyful rustling of our leaves, and the laughter of children. Peace had come.

V

Dark hair against fair hair—true heart against true heart—turned these strangers one against the other.

We could not understand why they had cheered at the red rags floating in the breeze, why they died crying "Vive le Roi!" or "England forever!"

We knew only that they were our children, the dark haired and the fair haired.

A day came when the air was filled with tumult, confusion, and the groans of the wounded, and the sun that had risen upon two flags set upon one.

Sadly they half-masted the one flag and we heard the funeral dirge and the chanting of priests. The wind told us that peace had again come. We remembered the funeral hymn of the red men, and wondered if the song of peace and victory must always rise from beside an open grave.

Clearly a trumpet peal sounded from the east to the west of the Northland. From treetop to ground we trembled. We heard a voice saying to us: "Now is a nation born, christened by the blood of the noblest of two races. It shall be called neither the land of the Fleur-de-Lys nor the land of the English Rose, but "The Land of the Maple!"

VI

You know not on a summer night when you hear the soft rustle of our leaves as the light wind goes by, that we are singing your rest songs. You know not as you rest wearied in our shade that we have spread our branches only to sometime shelter you. You know not as you gather the autumn leaves that they are crimsoned because it is the colour of your own rich, warm blood.

Still, you love us. Your children make wreaths for their hair of our leaves and sing of us until the woods ring. Your young men and maidens make love trysts under our branches, and those other of you who have

known the sorrow of life whisper your anguish to our hearts.

I am the oldest of the Maples. I have lived to see the eyes of old men grow dim at the sight of a faded maple leaf, and sin-stained hearts read in its lines the forgotten purity of childhood. Those who are strangers in a strange land turn their eyes longingly homeward as one drops from the opened letter. They can see the hills and the valleys and the rivers, the fireplace in the winter time, and the dear faces of loved ones.

You shall be great, my children, but hasten not. Greatness of nations comes slowly. We have waited many, many years for you.

Yesterday there passed through the forest hundreds and hundreds of children. They carried great branches covered with our leaves, swinging them and singing. We told the Wind to be silent as we listened.

Child of sunshine, child of beauty,
Emblem of our own dear land;
To thy children thou hast given
Love of heart and strength of hand.

From this wild and wondrous Northland
Look we forth o'er all the world;
From this land of stream and forest
See the nations' flags unfurled.

See them floating bravely, proudly,
Over lands and over seas;
See our Maple, in the sunlight,
Shine and tremble in the breeze.

CHORUS—O! the Maple,
How we love thee!
All thy children here,
To the Power
That rules above,
Bow with thanks sincere.

As the last word died in the distance the Wind carried the song out and away towards the sky. Swiftly back to us came the cry, "My children, it has come!" and the thousands of us over the Northland echoed "It has come!"



THE STRATAGEM OF TERRANCE O'HALLORAN

By *DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT*



O the north of the city of Hull, in the Province of Quebec, stretches a rugged and picturesque country drained by the Gatineau River. There is good land between the hills and good farms also. Not fifty miles from the mouth of the river, Stag Creek mingles its waters with the larger stream, and here begins what is known as the Stag Creek District, famous for the turbulent nature of its inhabitants and the size of its speckled trout. The former are Irish and have a long score "agin the Gov'ment," the chief item of which is an unjust demand for taxes upon land which they were told was free from all such unholy burdens. Year after year had the county authorities tried to collect the taxes, but without success. After these repeated failures the settlers felt secure. Their good money was in their breeches pockets where they meant it to stay. In the autumn of 1895 a detachment of the local Canadian militia had to be sent to enforce the law; but this story is of an earlier year.

In the fall of 1892 Jacques Plamondon was in need of employment. He had commenced life as a tally-keeper in a lumber camp and now he was a half-fledged notary who conceived he knew a thing or two more than the Attorney-General at Quebec. So when he heard of the annual trouble at Stag Creek he offered himself.

"I will collect your taxes," he said melo-dramatically, "give me your roll book."

"You will do what no one else has been able to do."

"Good, but I will do it."

So the roll book and the instructions were shortly handed over to him. Soon he was boasting in all the bar-rooms of Hull that he would return triumphant after spoiling the wild Irishmen on

Stag Creek. He expounded his theories most publicly, and before long rumors of his plans reached the ears of Stag Creek, and Terrance O'Halloran, happening to be in Hull for a day, overheard Mons. Plamondon in the bar-room of the Imperial Hotel and confirmed the reports himself.

Terrance was a Stag Creek squatter, a small man of nimble wit, whose shock of red hair lay well over his small twinkling eyes. His nose was spread wide upon his face, his expression was one of childlike simplicity. He carried his shoulders hunched up to his ears, and he "wore" his pipe upside down as if he were in a continual shower of rain. When he heard Mons. Plamondon bragging of his plan for collecting the Stag Creek taxes he looked more simple and red-headed and "hunched up" than ever. Mons. Plamondon's theory was that he should succeed by politeness. He explained this to his friends in voluble French.

"You see I will approach these poor people with deference, not like a cut-purse. I will explain to them why they should pay their taxes, and as I show them this plainly, they will be glad that the Bureau has sent me and there will be no more difficulty." Sometimes he will drop into English, and he was very proud of his English.

"Dis Irish I will na' tak her by the t'roat an' curse it; when I go onto de 'ouse I will be urban, I will say 'you 'av been badly tret my frent, when I tink 'bout dat it mak my tear burn; but you shod pay de tax. And I will kees de babie,—manifique babie,—I will tol de mudder. My Heaven! de wole of Hull know 'bout dat manifique babie! And when de people see hes not goin' 'a be choke by de t'roat he say Mr. Plamondon, you are one vera good genelman, not anoder juss same

as you. Then she's bring her money hout of where she hide it, and she's pay me all de back tax, and me go over the wole Stag Creek parish dat way wit no trouble 'tall. What? Guess so? Eh!!" At this the eyes of Terrance O'Halloran twinkled more than ever.

A few days later he was warning his neighbours in his slow drawl, without a smile:

"There's a gintleman from below goin' to call upon ye, and yese'll have to pay yer taxes fur shure."

"Will we that, now Terence? And why fur shure?"

"He's a Frinch gintleman by the name Plamondon, and its the sthile af him as 'ill be the ruinetion af yese. The tongue in his head will call a burd af the bush. The manners af him is iligant. I heard him down at Goyette's, and if I hadn't left me pocket-book on the piana and hadn't nothin' in me mit but a dirty quarter I'd ha' payed him me taxes on the spot."

"Well Terry, me brave boy, he'll come to ye furst, and if he gits by ye, the whole Township 'ill pay him and pray fur him."

"Sorry I am the day I iver squatted where I did," said Terry, "and many a salty tear I'll shed, fur he's sure to come it over poor Terence O'Halloran, and that'll be a cold day fur Stag Creek wid all the dirty taxes paid up. Sure me house is the furst in the Township, and it's meself must be first to meet the Plamondon wid his ways and his smiles of politeness."

Meantime Mons. Plamondon had talked so much about his mission that when he found himself ready to start from Hull, he was the centre of a circle of admiring adherents. He wore his best, as the expedition had to his mind a diplomatic character. His tall silk hat, black clothes and bright red necktie gave him a festive appearance. It was a beautiful September morning. The leaves had just begun to turn and the moderate air was full of sunshine and life. As Mons. Plamondon had a good horse it was not many hours before he found himself in the Town-

ship of Low, through which Stag Creek runs, and soon after he drew up before Terrance O'Halloran's. He observed a scurry of children into the house and he saw a woman come to the door and look out. Mons. Plamondon was gratified; he felt that already he had created a sensation. He drove into the barnyard and tied his horse to a ring in the log wall of the stable. A few hens scuttled away from his feet. A small, lean, solitary-looking pig which was rooting about in the straw paused as Mons. Plamondon went by. It had a tousle of hair between its ears, a roguish eye twinkling in a pink eye-socket and a pucker of wrinkles around its jaw. It seemed to smile as the tax collector went up to the door.

When Mons. Plamondon looked into the house he saw Mrs. O'Halloran preparing the noon-day meal, a sizzle of bacon was in the pan and its aroma on the air. Her back was turned toward him. She was in her bare feet and wore a short drugget skirt and a loose print blouse. She turned about promptly when he asked if Mr. O'Halloran was at home.

"He is that, Sor."

"Me, I'm Plamondon of Hull."

"You don't mean to tell me," cried Nora, turning fully toward him. "Shure I thot it was yerself, Sor, when the childer rushed in and sid the Prince of Wales was comin' up the road. Sez I to meself, shure as the pork's in the pan it's Mr. Plamondon himself. Take the weight aff your legs;" indicating a chair with the point of a two-pronged fork with which she had been turning the pork. Mons. Plamondon took the chair. The children had disappeared, but he could hear them snickering in their hiding-place. Only the infant remained. She was rolling on the floor, clothed in a single garment, her face covered with treacle. When Mons. Plamondon sat down she began to crawl toward his boots on all fours. Mrs. O'Halloran turned again to her work of minding the dinner.

"It's jest this mornin' we was spakin' af ye, Sor; sez I, Terry, de ye

think the Hon. Mr. Plamondon will be comin' the day? Niver a bit, sez he; we'd ha' seed it on the paper and the Leftenant Guvnor w'ud hav' writ to Father Burke about the same. De ye think now, sez he, that a man like Mr. Plamondon is goin' about wid a bushel basket over his head?"

Turning her head she saw the progress of the small child toward the shiny boots. "Come out o' that now, Honora," she cried, "come out o' that or I'll go there and warm ye, ye bould lump ye." Whereupon Honora rested.

"Ye mayn't mind me, sez I to O'Halloran, but there is a fine lookin' man in me taycup, and Mr. Plamondon may turn up the day unexpected like, like a tief in the night, as Father Burke would say—God bless him!" Plamondon wondered at the cordiality of his reception; he was prepared to use civility, but overwhelmed by this ready flattery he could not command his English.

"I did not tink it necessare to make an announcement."

"Necessare— Niver a bit; we're as glad to see ye as if ye came wid a brass bugle and a barrel drum. And when I caught ye wid me eye, sez I, Terry me boy, be ready for the Guvment man, whip down below and sphade up the mustherd tin where we hid the tax money; and down he went like one 'a them duck-divers at Mud Lake, and he hasn't come up agin. Terry," she called, approaching an open trap door in the floor, "is it all night yer goin' to be?" The voice of Terry was heard in imprecation from below.

"Maybe, Mr. Plamondon, ye wudn't mind condischending to sthep below and see the ould man himself, and then ye'll both be comin' up to have a bite o' vittles."

Jacques rose gallantly and descended the steep stairs, little better than a ladder, into the gloom, carefully guarding his tall hat. Just as his foot touched the earth there was a flash of light and the noise of a door opened and shut. He heard the bang of the

trap-door, the light was cut off from above, and at the shock his hat bounded into the thick darkness.

"Sapriste!" he cried. "Mr. O'Halloran, I canna see mesel'." No one answered him. There was a sound of a scuffle of feet overhead, then silence. Mons. Plamondon felt about him in the dark, and as he became accustomed to it he discovered light breaking in through the cracks in a door which evidently communicated with the barnyard. But this door was securely fastened, so was the trap-door in the floor. He was a prisoner. He shuffled cautiously over the uneven earth-floor seeking his precious hat, but without success. He could find nothing in the cellar but a bunch of straw in one corner. He climbed the ladder and beat upon the floor with his fist and shouted till his throat felt as if it was raw, but no one paid any attention.

He heard the chairs drawn up to the table, the clatter and yammer of the children, the bland voice of Nora, and a short grunt or two from Terry himself. He began to feel the pangs of hunger, for he had had a long drive in the fresh air; but he heard in despair the sound of the dishes being washed and put away. The afternoon wore on, and from sheer weariness he fell asleep on the heap of pea-straw.

He was awakened by a violent stamping and shuffling overhead, cries and the grind of a fiddle. All Stag Creek had been invited to a dance at Terrance O'Halloran's; all Stag Creek had accepted and was dancing above the head of the defeated Plamondon. Hour after hour the rout went on. The fiddle never stopped and Jacques could hear the talk of the boys when they came out into the night to take a pull at the bottle.

It must have been nearing morning when the unfortunate tax collector felt that he could stand it no longer. He had found under the pea-straw an elm stake, sharpened at one end, such as is commonly used on a wood-sleigh. Seizing this he thrust its point with all his force up against the floor. The stake struck between two boards; it

went through; six inches of it appeared in the room above. The noise and the dancing ceased together. There was a pause as if for an explanation. Then he heard Terry's voice, "Ladies, it's the card of Monshure Plamondon, of Hull, callin' upon yese."

"Hurroo!" There was a shout of laughter and the dance went on, madder than ever. But another day was breaking, and by and by the company began to disperse. Before long the only sound which Mons. Plamondon heard from the room above was the snoring of some one who was unable to carry his load of the good potheen, which was made up in the hills, not a day's journey from Terry's door.

As he listened he passed into forgetfulness of his sorrows and dozed on his straw; when he awoke the door was open and the broad daylight was struggling into the cellar. Without wait-

ing to look for his hat Mons. Plamondon rushed out. His horse was standing harnessed and impatient, for he had been well fed and groomed. Mons. Plamondon had been twenty-four hours without food and he yearned for the flesh-pots of "Moore's," the nearest hostelry. He leaped into his cart and, as he was, hatless, his clothing covered with mould and wisps of pea-straw, he never drew rein until he reached "Moore's." Then he asked for "three fingers of gin," and got it.

For a week there was a pilgrimage to Terrance O'Halloran's to see Mons. Plamondon's card; even Father Burke came to see it. Then it had to be removed for the convenience of the family. But Terry still shows the headgear of Plamondon. It hangs amid his household gods, under the picture of the holy St. Patrick who drove the snakes out of Ireland.

PETER: A SON OF ERIN

By MARY STEWART DURIE



PETER knelt on the grass border beneath one of the hospital windows, bending laboriously over the tulip-bed, as he rooted out stray grass-seedlings and saucy weeds from the smoothly-heaped curve of the earth. As he worked he apostrophized these little upstarts in an undertone.

"Out wid ye thin, ye tormints! Is it spilin' me tulips on me that ye're afther, or what?"

The tulips airily flaunted their gay heads beneath the old gardener's kindly eye, as though frankly conscious of his pride in them, as he straightened his shoulders and knelt back on his heels to contemplate the result of his labours.

His keen old eyes ran observantly first over his tulips, then over the smooth, tender green of the lawn beyond, dotted with an occasional short-

stemmed dandelion; then to the bright yellow daffodils under the south windows of the Surgical Ward. Pride shone in his eyes as he looked.

Along the gravel path that led from the Nurses' Home at the north end of the garden came a group of seven or eight nurses in blue cotton dresses and white linen aprons, bibs, and caps that glistened white in the morning sunshine. They chatted as they walked in twos and threes, some talking merrily and laughing, others discussing something evidently more serious. None of them were too engrossed to join in the chorus of "Good morning, Peter!" that greeted the figure grubbing at the tulip-bed.

The old gardener touched his cap, looking up cheerfully at the group with a mixture of friendliness and respect.

His face was clean-shaven, and as clean as laundry-soap and cold water could make it. His mouth drooped at

the corners in the melancholy manner of even the merriest of Irish mouths when in repose. His smile was Irish, beaming—indescribable, a sort of "clear shining after rain," good to see.

When, a few minutes later, the head nurse, Miss O'Brien, passed him on her way to the wards, Peter's manner of salutation was adorned with, if possible, more respect, tempered with the friendly admiration one sees occasionally in old servants. "Good morning, Peter!" said she.

"Good mornin', Miss Molly, Ma'am."

(He insisted, in spite of rebukes from the Superintendent of Nurses, on calling Miss O'Brien "Miss Molly.")

"A beautiful mornin' this, Miss!"

He scanned her face anxiously, and finding it more serious than usual, added:

"Nothin' wrong wid ye, I'm hopin', Miss Molly?"

"No, no, Peter, what makes you ask?" she said cheerfully. "And, oh, Peter, what beauties your tulips are this year!"

The girl bent down to pluck one of the scarlet, gold and green parrot-tulips, and fastened it in her dress, to Peter's delight. He smiled approval and pride as she said good-bye.

"Och, good-bye, an' God bless ye, Miss Molly, dear!" he said. It was to Peter's mind the only appropriate way of ending any conversation with Miss O'Brien, however brief.

To tell the truth, Peter himself had been the subject of the girl's thoughts. Only that morning she had been informed of the decision of the board of directors of the hospital to amalgamate with the great new Emergency Hospital in the centre of the city. Nurses and officers, patients and servants were to be transferred from the old suburban hospital to the large new building in the very heart of the bustling city. What would become of Peter?—Peter, who had worked in the hospital garden for forty years; who knew no life but his happy out-of-door one amid sunshine and flowers; Peter, whose short winters of comparative idleness and comfort were even now

little short of martyrdom, even with the consolation of tobacco and seed-catalogues.

She wondered if she should drop a hint to him of the coming change. No. The change could not be made before the autumn. She would wait, Micawber-like, for "something to turn up" for Peter.

The long summer days were wearing themselves out, and the hospital garden bloomed as it had never bloomed before. Peter's heart sang within him. Never since a young stripling of eighteen, newly emigrated from Ireland, he had first worked in this Canadian garden, had he seen such profusion of bloom. Never had he seen such lily-of-the-valley, such sweet-peas, such larkspur! Never had the nasturtiums come forth so variously garbed! Never were the hollyhocks so fine, so frilly, so richly-coloured or so tall! Their pink and crimson and amber-coloured rosettes flared gorgeously against the blue of the sky one September day, when Peter, measuring-line in hand, descended from the step-ladder he was obliged to use in order to reach with his measure the haughty chins of the tallest hollyhock blooms. He was chuckling to himself as he carried away the step-ladder.

"Tin feet foive inches, no less, as I'm a livin' sowl. 'Twould be hard to foind the bate av thim, if I *do* say it as shouldn't!"

His pride in his garden appeared to have reached a climax.

One day soon after—a day in earliest October, Peter was again grubbing on his knees, planting the crocus bulbs for the next spring's blooming. A trowel lay beside him, but hands were fashioned long before trowels, and Peter's thumb was making deep holes for the bulbs in the soft rich earth more deftly than any trowel could have done. As he worked he was planning his crocus beds' arrangement. This coming year the purples and the mauves and the yellows would not be placed in separate patches. He would grow them altogether, a gorgeous mass of color. This matter de-

cided, he sang as he planted the bulbs, in muffled, rusty tones, but withal, gaily enough, a song learned in his youth.

Dr. Mainguy, the House Surgeon, smiled as he came towards Peter, and heard the tune and the words:

"Och hone, my petticoat red!
Sure round the world I'll beg me bread.
Oh, how I wish that I was dead,
Medilla Mavourneen Shlawwn!"

The happiness of the croaky voice contrasted oddly with the plaintive wail of the Celtic words. The doctor wondered how Peter would take the news he had to give him that morning. In two weeks more the garden must lose forever its presiding genius.

"Poor old soul!" thought Dr. Mainguy, bracing himself to pronounce the old man's doom.

Peter rose somewhat stiffly from his cramped posture, as the doctor spoke to him, and rubbed his hands together to free them of the clinging leaf-mould. In ten minutes the news had been broken.

Peter's interrupted song repeated itself dully in his mind as he listened. A vague idea of the meaning of the doctor's words began to dawn upon him. His weather-browned cheek paled and his voice quavered out:

"Say it wanst more, sorr, plaze, that I may be unnerstandin' ye betther. Savin' yer prisence, sorr, who'd be tendin' th' owld gardin, like, widout I did it?"

The doctor explained. A puzzled, mournful look drifted across the innocent, ignorant eyes. Then he understood and nodded his head slowly.

"Yes, sorr, I see, sorr; but it's the truth I'm tellin' ye whin I say, I can't tell what I'll be afther doin' widout the crather, afther these forty years bein' wid her like, and bringin' her up like, an' this year bein'—"

Great sobs choked his utterance, shaking him from head to foot. To leave his garden! It was more than mortal could bear.

That night Peter sat pondering deeply in his bare little bedroom under the hospital kitchen. His shoulders droop-

ed wearily. The stunned look had gone from his visage, but it had left behind it deep, sad lines in brow and cheek. There was no sleep for Peter that night, but before midnight he had decided upon a course of action. He set his little room in order and sat down again to collect his thoughts. He did some slow and clumsy ciphering on the back of a blank seed list. When the lazy October sun rose at last he bestirred himself once more and, just as the pink dawn was bathing his garden in the fresh, eerie light of day-break, he issued forth from the kitchen door, taking care to make no noise with his heavy shoes. As he shut the door behind him, a quick, sharp pang of homesickness made him cover his eyes tightly with one hand, while with his other he groped his way to the back gate, lest he should behold again his dearly-loved garden. He could not look at it to say farewell.

Eight o'clock found Peter in a clothier's shop in town, anxiously making purchases. A suit first, a hat, overalls, an entire outfit in short, including a tie "wid a bit av green to it."

The clerk smiled at his eagerness and haste.

Did they keep Catholic prayer-books too? Or pocket books?

The clerk shook his head, suppressing a smile as he tied the huge parcel and snipped the twine. The old man shouldered his bundle with difficulty and departed to complete his purchases elsewhere. This accomplished, the way lay plain before him.

Heavy footed and with the uncertain step of the aged, he plodded to his destination. From the foot of the hospital garden sloped the orchard, a neglected wilderness of ancient gnarled appletrees and currant bushes, and at the foot of the orchard lay a low, marshy field. Beyond it and lower still lay what was known as "Cat Swamp," a dark bog in the centre of which were three deep, treacherous pools. To Cat Swamp Peter took his weary way. He had heard of a poor despairing wretch who had solved his earthly problems in the depths of one

of these weird ponds, and he vaguely felt that here he, Peter Malone, was saying good-bye to the old life and beginning the new and strange one. For this he meant to do.

He cast aside his well-worn familiar garments, laid them neatly beside one of the great, fallen trees which stretched itself along the edge of one of the pools, and proceeded to don his new garments bravely. The tears dimmed his eyes as he felt himself encased in the new, strange clothes, the stiff creaking boots, innocent of acquaintance with the muddy earth of the garden. A faint gleam of pleasure lighted his countenance as he struggled with the newly purchased tie, a wonderful creation of green and black stripes. He dashed the tears from his eyes and set out as briskly as his age and his untried boots allowed him, creaking along the country sidewalks, and clattering and squeaking on the pavements of the town till he arrived at the narrow lane that led to the docks. On the pier he hired as a truckman, and Peter's new life had begun.

Months passed and Peter the truckman worked as hard as ever Peter the gardener had done. "Malone," they called him and sometimes "Paddy." This last when they laughed good-naturedly at his strange ways. For he had strange ways in those times and "was a bit queer in the upper storey." So, at least, the dock men were apt to say.

Peter's sudden disappearance and the finding of the neat bundle of clothes in Cat Swamp naturally led to but one conclusion. The daily papers headed their accounts in this manner:

"A Unique Case of Suicide."

"Drowned in Cat Swamp: a Faithful Servant Chose Death Rather than Dismissal."

But the papers, for once—or *twice*, were entirely wrong.

This they discovered one day in the following June when the ambulance brought to the Emergency Hospital, on a stretcher, a certain old man from the docks. A packing case had fallen on his leg and crushed it. The head nurse had received the patient and had cried out:

"Why, it's Peter—our dear old Peter! Where did he come from?"

When Peter's senses returned to him he found himself in a snowy bed in a ward, his leg in a splint. On the glass-topped table by his bedside some pink and white tulips were saucily reaching their heads from a glass of water. A dart of memory shot through the bewildered mind at sight of them.

Molly O'Brien bent over him smiling.

"Peter, Peter," she was saying, "how good it is to see you again! Where have you been? Do you remember me, Peter?"

A puzzled look crossed his face.

"Peter?" he said slowly, "Peter? Och sure, Miss Molly, ye mane him as used to tind th' owld garden beyant. Sure him and me was the great owld frinds—God bless ye, Miss Molly dear!"



WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

Here's a motto, just your fit—
Laugh a little bit;
Keep your face with sunshine lit,
Laugh a little bit.

Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Man may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a bit,
If you have the grit and wit
Just to laugh a little bit.

—E. V. C.

OF all the creeds, philosophies and New Thought cults with which this rich age of ours is brimming, none is so greatly to be lauded and encouraged as that philosophy which teaches the eternal blessedness of laughter and gladness, and which expects every man to do his duty with regard to increasing the sum of the world's sunshine. It is, indeed, a splendid thing to be able to say with Henley:

“In the strong stress of circumstance,
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody, but unbowed!”

But our joy-philosophers insist upon more than this. It is not enough that the head should be unbowed; the eyes must not only look out steadfastly, serenely, but they must shine with the light of laughter, and the firm, unflinching lips must be wreathed with a smile.

“The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating duties and concerns. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them *with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry.* Give us to go *blithely*

on our business all this day,” petitions Stevenson in that wonderful little prayer of his, which to read is to remember forever.

And only those who *can* meet life's duties, small and great, with “laughter and kind faces” can ever fully know that keen joy of living which made Browning cry through David:

How good is man's life, the mere living! how
fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for-
ever in joy!”

In that progressive country to the south of us there are numberless weekly and monthly publications devoted to spreading far and wide the wholesome gospel of laughter and kind faces. *Think* gladness, joyfulness and happiness, they say; *Be* gladness, joyfulness and happiness and, in obedience to the unalterable law of attraction, gladness, joyfulness and happiness will fly to you, will enwrap you all about and wait upon your footsteps throughout life's journey, whether the path you follow leads through flowers or brambles, deep woods or sunlit meadows.

It is a good gospel—could we have a better to carry with us through the new year?

One of the most ardent advocates of the philosophy of gladness and good cheer is Mrs. Cynthia Westoner Alden of New York, the founder and President-General of the International Sunshine Society. This society, whose members number more than fifty thou-

sand, is devoted to "giving the greatest amount of happiness to the greatest number of people at the smallest possible expense. Its watchword is 'Pass it on; give to others of your love, your kindness, your sweetness, your sympathy, all that is best in you in the simple ways of everyday life.'"

The International Sunshine Society and the splendid work it is doing are too widely known to make necessary any detailed account of either here. The headquarters for the Canadian branch of the society are at Westmount, Montreal, whence "sunshine," practical and inspiring, is diffused to all parts of the Dominion.

The personality of Mrs. Alden is most fascinating. Her life has been full of strange experiences, and its story would make a very thrilling melodrama. The following is quoted from a brief biography of her which appeared recently in an American contemporary: "Mrs. Alden's life has been one long note of helpfulness for others. When a motherless child of only four years, she was taken by her father, an expert mineralogist, from her home in Iowa to Colorado in the pioneer days. She lived the rugged outdoor life of the plains, studied, rode, hunted, was expert with the lariat, handled the bow and arrow with the skill of an Indian, and was the first white child enrolled in the schools of Colorado.

"In the seven journeys made with her father across the Rockies, she had stirring adventures. She crawled through the high grass; bathed and dressed the wounds of a stage-driver who had been scalped by the Indians; saved the life of a miner who was to be lynched by a mob, by standing between the victim and the angry crowd till its fury calmed; was lowered over a precipice to bring up the body of a child who had been killed; threw herself on a miner's lamp that had fallen near gunpowder and smothered the flame; killed a black bear that attacked her; rescued some snow-bound miners, and had other adventures suggesting dime novels rather than the life of a

twentieth century woman of New York society.

"She has made a name in journalism, has written two successful books and speaks five languages fluently. Her voice would bring her fame as a singer, yet despite all offer for stage and operatic work she has given her time and energies to her chosen life of journalism, club work, and all lines of activity that lead to bettering the world."

Canadian women should take a special interest in the annual Exhibition of the Women's Institute of London, England, which was held during the week of December 5th, from the fact that for the first time in its existence the articles exhibited were not entirely local, but that space was given for a Canadian Arts and Handicrafts Exhibition.

To the Woman's Art Association, and primarily to its clever President, Mrs. Dignam, belongs the credit of having "discovered" and made known to the world at large the home industries of Canada.

Only four years have passed since Mrs. Dignam began to interest herself in native arts and handicrafts, and already a small market has been created for the handiwork of Canadian women, particularly for the homespuns of Quebec.

The Woman's Art Association bestirred itself, and, following the example set by the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and other ladies of England, its members have personally visited the native weavers of Quebec, and by friendly sympathy and encouragement are gradually raising the existing standards of taste in colour and design. Vegetable dyes, which will not fade, have taken the place of cheap aniline colouring matter. Designs are more pleasing, the tones softer and more harmonious, and a great improvement in the texture of the hand-woven textiles is already apparent.

Two years ago a committee, consisting of members of the Woman's Art Association, was formed in Montreal

for the purpose of bringing to the notice of the public the homespuns, rush chairs and other hand-made products of Quebec, the committee acting as middlemen between producer and consumer—if one can be said to *consume* homespuns! Successful efforts have also been made to improve the quality of the hand work done in the West by the Doukhobortsi, Galicians and other women-workers who have recently settled in Canada.

The Exhibit sent to London last month consisted of Indian quilt-work, homespuns, tufted work and bead work, all of which aroused a great deal of interest and admiration in those attending the Exhibition.

Many English ladies, including the Duchess of Argyll, have given orders for homespuns, and the various other Canadian native work exhibited.

Truly Canadians owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Dignam and the other ladies who have so quietly and efficiently devoted their time and energies to a work of such tremendous national importance.

And, by the way, I wonder if we Canadian women fully realize and appreciate the fact that the Woman's Art Association of Canada is the only organization of its kind in the world. Having grasped the full significance of this fact, does it not behoove each one of us to see what we are doing towards maintaining and extending the influence of an association of which we are all so justly proud?

The ever-present problem of the scarcity of female labour in Canada is still continuing to occupy the attention of those immediately concerned from a business standpoint, and those interested through philanthropic and patriotic motives.

Under the last head comes the National Council of Women, which has recently made an arrangement with the British Women's Emigration Association, by which English servant girls are brought to Canada. The object is not so much to persuade the

contented young women of Great Britain to leave a country where they are sorely needed, but to offer the protection of the Associations, one on each side of the ocean, to those girls of good character and respectability who are already determined to emigrate, and to endeavour to persuade them to come to Canada, where they are really needed, rather than to go to South Africa, where there is practically no demand for their services.

So far the demand in Canada has far exceeded the supply, and the girls who have already come out (each accompanied by a travelling matron) have all been placed in situations within a few hours after they have had the needed rest after their long journey, which rest the Association pledges itself to provide. In writing of this work the Secretary of the National Council says: "It will be seen that these young women can only be secured in the places where local Councils are formed, not only because of the arrangement aforesaid, but also because the demand for them in these thirty towns and cities where the local Councils are formed is so great as to fully equal, if not exceed, the supply that can be secured."

So much for the Domestic Service part of the problem. In order to do away with the dearth of female factory hands, a Mr. Stark has recently arrived in this country from England for the purpose of interesting manufacturers and others in a scheme for bringing out female labourers to Canada.

A society has been formed in England for the purpose of placing girls in the Colonies, and Mr. Stark's plan is to form an organization here to cooperate with the English society and look after the girls in their new homes, as it would be most dangerous and unwise to bring a number of young girls to a new country and then leave them to shift for themselves in any boarding-house into which they might happen to fall.

Mr. Stark has been endeavouring to interest the Canadian Manufacturers'

Association in the plan, but so far nothing definite has been decided upon.

For the benefit of the many Canadian ladies who have recently developed an enthusiastic fondness for wielding a broom—on ice—I transcribe the following from the Gravenhurst *Banner*: "To join the curling club you must believe in oatmeal and predestination, and if you are an elder you may be elected a skip the first season. If you can say *Cam a rashn ahku?* even if you do not spell it any better than this, you are sure to be a prominent member of the club. For the rest, ask for the usual cash discount on the club fees as a canny Scot should. This, and always be on time when your skip wants you."

In these days of terse, pithy, *multum-in-parvo* book-titles it is rather interesting to read the cumbersome and high-sounding names which the writers who flourished under Charles I and Cromwell bestowed upon their works.

A pamphlet published in 1626 is called "A Most Delectable, Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell At."

Another is "A Pair of Bellows to Blow Off the Dust Cast Upon John Fry," and another is entitled "The Snuffers of Divine Love."

Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title pages. A book on charity is "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches." We also find "High Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness," and "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." An imprisoned Quaker published "A Sigh for the Sinners of Zion Breathed Out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish."

About the same time was also published "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "Salvation's Vantage Ground of a Louping Stand for Heavenly Believers," and "A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Hind-

quarters Through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." The author of the last work speaks directly to the point.

Then came "A Reaping Hook, Well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation," and "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humis' Handful of Honeysuckles and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, now Newly Augmented."

A correspondent has sent in a copy, taken from an old paper, of "A New Loyal Song for the 1st of January, 1793, the 104th Year of Britain's Liberty." The first stanza we still use, having changed only the first line which then read "God Save Great George, our King." The second refers feelingly to "that Reformer Payne," and the third and fourth are as follows:

"England's staunch soldiery,
Proof against treachery,
Bravely unite.
Firm in his country's cause,
His sword each hero draws
To guard our King and laws
From factions' might.

When insults rouse to wars,
Oak-hearted British tars
Scorn to be slaves;
Rang'd in our wooden walls,
Ready when Duty calls
To send their cannon balls
O'er ocean waves."

Of the remaining four stanzas this is probably the best:

"While France her children mourns
And sorrows o'er their urns,
We happy live.
Hence Discord with thy train,
Thy ruffian aims are vain,
For loyal Britons sing
God save the King!"

Current Events Abroad

By JOHN A. EWAN

BEFORE the Alaska Boundary case is finally relegated to the archives there is one point worth referring to. A cry, almost of horror, went up when it was suggested that Lord Alverstone had been influenced by considerations other than the documents of the case and the arguments founded upon them. To those who are familiar with the annals of the office of Chief Justice there is nothing so outrageous in such a supposition. Lord Campbell, the author of the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" and the "Lives of the Chief Justices," who himself eventually filled both offices, had no difficulty in believing that Lord Lyndhurst was capable of being influenced by political considerations, and it was a matter of common notoriety that Baron Huddle-

stone, who was known as a "society" Judge, was at times influenced in his attitude towards litigants by his friendships among the "smart" set.



That Lord Campbell was ready to believe that some of even his greatest predecessors could be guilty of prejudice is patent enough to anyone who reads in the "Lives of the Chief Justices" the account of the trial of William Hone. Hone was a quiet, quaint, mild-voiced, mildewed old bookseller and author, whose name is still preserved to this generation by the survival of "Hone's Everyday Book" and similar publications. Hone, like many men of his class, had espoused the cause of the indiscreet queen of George

the Fourth. He manifested his partisanship by publishing three satires on the subject, "The Late John Wilkes's Catechism," "The Political Litany" and "The Sinecurist's Creed." There was a great desire among the Court party to commend themselves to the King by zeal in attacking his opponents, and it was, therefore, determined to proceed against Hone on the charge of impious mockery of sacred things, the books in question bearing some resemblance to passages from the services of the church. It was expected that the awkward, simple book-worm and recluse would be an easy mark. The case concerning "The Late John Wilkes's Catechism"

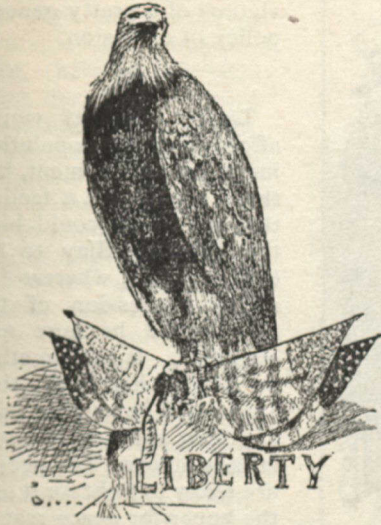


[A DEPUTATION OF ENGLISH GIRLS ASK MR. CHAMBERLAIN FOR A PROTECTIVE DUTY ON AMERICAN HEIRESSSES

[Mr. Chamberlain himself married an American wife.]

—The Queen (London)

THE PANAMA SITUATION

HAS IT COME TO THIS?—*New York American*UNDER HIS WING—*Philadelphia Telegraph*

came before Mr. Justice Abbott, one of the puisne judges. That passion for the rights of free speech which seems ingrained in the Anglo-Saxon nature, seemed to transform and inspire the snuffy, shabby Paternoster bookseller. He defended himself so skilfully that he secured a verdict of "not guilty." Lord Ellenborough, who had been absent from the Court for some time by reason of his infirmities, determined, at all hazards, to preside himself on the occasion of the trial of the charge with reference to "The Political Litany." As he took his place on the bench Hone said, "I am glad to see you, my Lord Ellenborough, I know what you are come here for." "I am come to do justice," his Lordship replied. "Is it not, rather, my Lord," said Hone, "to send a poor bookseller to rot in a dungeon?"



Hone's plan of defence was to read from the works of the greatest names in literature to prove that the form of satire he had employed was a common weapon in the hands of satirists from Swift to Canning. These humorous pieces caused much laughter in Court, which his Lordship vainly endeavoured

to suppress. The charge of the Chief Justice was strongly against the prisoner, but the jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of "not guilty." Lord Ellenborough, very unwisely, determined to proceed against Hone on the third charge, and on the following day scenes of a similar kind ensued, ending with another verdict of acquittal and a popular exhibition of resentment at the Judge as he drove from the Court. These two days' struggle with a humble citizen is said to have broken the old Judge's heart, for he never again held his head up in public.



This interesting case is related for the purpose of reminding the world that judges are human. It is not necessary to believe anything nefarious of Lord Alverstone. A man has not accustomed his mind all his working days to the processes by which black is made to appear to be white, without having acquired the power to deceive even himself. It would be quite natural for his Lordship to have at the back of his mind the conviction that the supremely important matter was not the Alaska Boundary, but the pres-



"I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO PUT IT IN MY COLLECTION"

—Philadelphia Record

ervation of the entente between Great Britain and the United States, and that a decision made in that direction also made for righteousness.

At the time of writing, negotiations are still in progress between Russia and Japan. Both sides are keeping their own counsel, and the exact stage of the negotiations are therefore unknown to the outside world. It is understood, however, that the Russian diplomatists are endeavouring to convince Japan that it is not more territory which she needs, but enlarged markets. The possession of Korea or Manchuria, they say, would not be as important to her as access to the Russian markets in Asia. It will be difficult to convince the Japanese on this point, for the real problem they have to face is the maintenance of forty millions of people, constantly increasing, on so limited a territory as the Japanese islands afford. Colonies are even more essential to them than to the over-crowded countries of Europe, for Europeans can go to other lands,

while the Japanese are the victims of a pretty general policy of exclusion.

Larger markets would afford the home population increased employment, but there would be a feeling that no treaty could bind the faithless Slav to his engagements, whereas the actual possession of the land would be sure and steadfast. It is altogether unlikely, therefore, that Japan will be content with anything short of territorial advantage. The people are ready to fight for it and the hopes for peace rest in the moderation and wisdom of the governing classes. The prorogation of the Diet is distinctively in the interest of peace. In the mean-

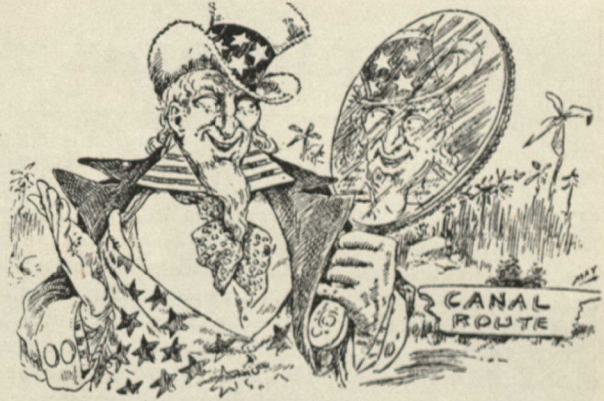
time the Russian officials can scarcely conceal their chagrin at being stopped in their plans by these negligible little brown men, after the difficulties with the great nations of the West seemed to have been safely surmounted. It is true that the United States firmly insists on the principle of the open door, but that obstacle has not to be met immediately, whereas the objections interposed by Japan strike at the very basis of Russia's plans and have to be met at once. Russia does not want war, but rather than be balked of the substance of her designs she will fight. The fact that the achievement of these designs is scarcely reconcilable with Japanese interests constitutes the elements of a clash in the far East.

A despatch from Capetown says there is great distress there owing to the arrival by each boat of large numbers of working people for whom no employment can be found. It has been pointed out in these pages more than once that South Africa is not a field for general European immigra-

tion. Even in the centres of industry such as Kimberley and Johannesburg, there is but little room for the working white man. White labour is too costly and too independent for the rough work of the mines. Farming in South Africa can only be engaged in by a man with considerable capital, and even then there is no certainty of profit for men unaccustomed to the life. An immigrant, be he ever so enterprising and stout-hearted, cannot go to South Africa, as he can to Canada, and with no capital but his two strong and diligent arms make himself in a reasonably short time independent. A good deal of the talk, therefore, about increasing the numbers of the British people in South Africa is idle and misleading. With large schemes of irrigation something might be done in this line, but very little without it.



The extraordinary event of the month was the rebellion in Panama, the haste with which the revolutionary Junta was recognized by the United States, and the high-handed course of the latter in virtually preventing Colombia from restoring her authority on the peninsula. The only obligation assumed by the United States was to maintain traffic undisturbed on the railway between Colon and Panama. The people likely to disturb traffic were those who had risen against constituted authority. These the United States, however, did not repress or attempt to repress, but on the other hand recognized the leaders as a government before it could be known whether



DOES HE RECOGNIZE PANAMA?—WELL, RATHER

—Detroit Journal

they represented the people of the peninsula or not. If the Government of Colombia were standing in the way of constructing a canal, almost any procedure would be legitimate in the interests of the rest of the world. But that is not Colombia's attitude. She is the possessor of a valuable right-of-way and she wants her price for it. The United States have offered ten millions of dollars. Colombia asks twenty-five millions. If Colombia's demands were extravagant there was surely room for negotiation. At all events, nations no more than individuals have a right to seize by chicanery what they cannot get at their own valuation. The bold statement of the thing is that in order to save \$15,000,000 in an enterprise involving an ultimate expenditure of hundreds of millions, the United States have run up the black flag in South America, rendered their claims to guardianship over South America farcical, and made it impossible for them to speak henceforth with any authority on questions of international morals.

People and Affairs

CORRUPTION

THE desire to stem corruption in politics is quite general, if one believes the professions of the publicists and the journalists. In his message to Congress President Roosevelt declares there can be no crime more serious than bribery. He prophesies that democracy will fail if bribery is tolerated, that both the briber and the bribed must be punished even as murderers are punished. The fact that President Roosevelt has openly and brazenly abetted the bribery which encouraged the revolutionists of Panama to set up an independent government there, does not alter the value of his condemnation of bribery.

There are three causes which make for bribery in Canada, in addition to the lack of conscience among ignorant voters. These are: the value of franchises to be obtained from municipality and parliament; the existence of a class of men who are determined to make a living out of politics; and the secrecy of the campaign funds.

The value of franchises has led to the most extensive bribery known in this country. The Canadian Pacific Scandal is one notable instance, and the Government of the day was justly punished. The sale of the Toronto Street Railway franchise was another notable case, and one or two men were forced into voluntary exile and several others—judges, lawyers and business men—were branded for life. The most effectual reform would be government and municipal ownership. All franchises for railways, bridges, express companies, telegraphs, telephones and similar monopolies should be granted for limited terms of years or on some other basis which would retain the fee simple in the people of Canada. In the same way the water-works, gas supply, electric lighting,

street railway and other municipal monopolies should never be granted in perpetuity. This is the first step in government and municipal ownership. Such a plan will not prevent bribery, but it will limit it by limiting the value of the concessions which elective bodies may grant.

The second cause of bribery, the existence of professional politicians, is perhaps the most difficult problem which this continent is facing. The statesman or the publicist, who is content with a moderate living and a reputation, may be and usually is a credit to his country. The politician who looks upon government as a game out of which to make money is a most dangerous person. The Dominion of Canada and its parliament have known several such persons who, though dividing their spoil with the party purse, have yet gained much for themselves and their friends. No federal government has ever been free of them, not even the present one; nor are we likely to soon have a government in which these enterprising speechmakers and experts in human depravity will not be able to gain a position. The same may be said of our provincial governments. At the present time one provincial cabinet contains a man who is said to have amassed several millions of dollars since his entrance into the political arena. His plan has been to acquire stock in companies which get special privileges or legislation, most of the stock being given him for his influence and sympathy. Much of this is said to be standing in the names of his dummies. This class of corruption is very difficult to deal with, so long as the public worship the dollar and prefer wealth to honour.

The third cause of corruption is the secrecy of the campaign committee and of the campaign fund. In Great Britain the funds are collected by polit-

ical clubs and disbursed by the same machinery. The officers of these clubs are well known. The subscriptions are not secret. The amount of money handled is public knowledge. The man who subscribes to the campaign fund may do so openly and without singeing his conscience. In the recent general election in Ontario an attempt was made to introduce a similar plan. The Conservative leader and a few prominent sympathizers formed a campaign fund, and stipulated only that the money should be used legitimately, every candidate receiving assistance being compelled to make a declaration of nobility of purpose. At first this plan was kept fairly secret. Some time after the election the information concerning the fund and the method of canvass and administration were given to the public. The people received the information with mixed emotions. The party press on both sides did not quite know what to make of this new plan. The secrecy of campaign capital had pre-



HON. R. W. SCOTT AND MRS. SCOTT, OTTAWA

Who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day

viously been accepted as one of the planks in both political creeds, and the lifting of the plank rather puzzled them. Finally, the Liberal organs decided that secrecy was still necessary, and that the Conservative innovation should be condemned. Whether the new plan will be successful and finally the accepted one remains to be seen. It is an improvement, no doubt. It will, however, be seriously opposed by the franchise hunters and the profes-

sional politicians. It means revelations which will open the eyes of the public; that bye-elections will cease to be buy-elections; that certain large corporations cannot contribute to the election funds of two opposing parties without their double-dealing being known. It means a limiting of corruption. Because it means so much, it is a reform which will meet with much opposition, part of which will doubtless come from men who honestly cannot find justification for it.

CANADIAN, BUT BRITISH

SINCE the Alaskan award was made public, there has been much internal turmoil among the citizens of Canada. The citizen whose grandfathers and grandmothers were born in this country and whose affection is monopolized by his native country, has been somewhat freer in the expression of his view than in all situations he is Canadian first and British second. Not that he loves Britain less, but that he loves Canada more. He loves her more because she seems to need his affection at a time when Great Britain is treating the United States with at least as great generosity as she extends to Canada. This has brought this particular citizen into conflict with two classes.

In the first place, the ardent Imperialist objects. He tells the Canadian he is forgetting the protection which Great Britain has always extended to this colony, the debt which Canada owes to the Motherland, the claim upon his regard which Imperial interests should possess. The Imperialist loves Great Britain as a wife loves her husband; though she be beaten and scorned, her love is steadfast. The Imperialist in Canada is a noble type, such as only a noble country like Great Britain could produce.

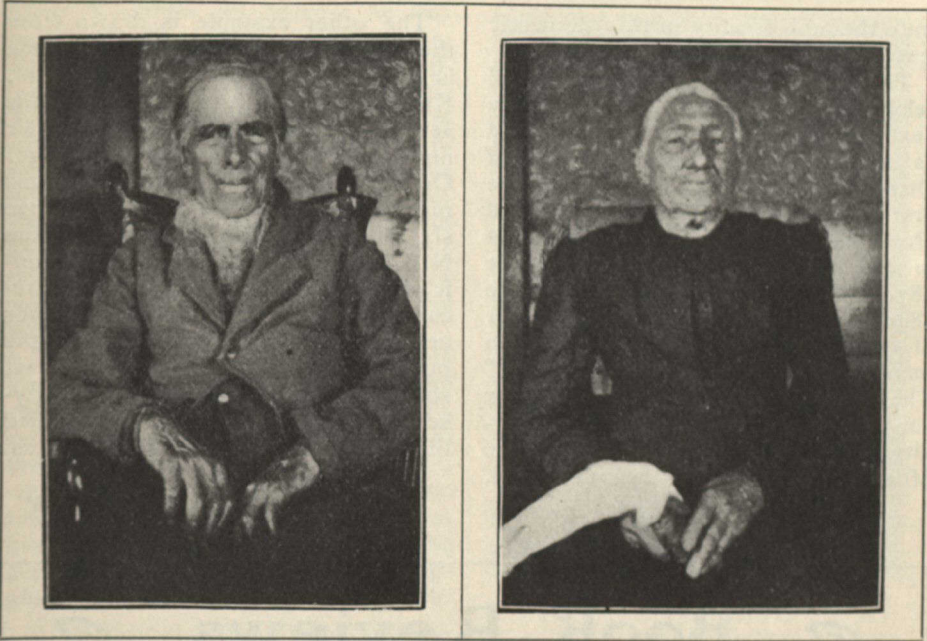
In the second place, the Canadian comes into conflict with the enthusiast who desires to see Canada an independent nation. This man wonders how anyone who believes in Canada first and Britain second cannot see that

Canada's interests will be best served by independence. He usually says "ultimate independence," having a great affection for that adjective—not being quite sure himself that present independence is advisable.

For seventy years Canada has been gaining a larger measure of self-control. At present the power of Great Britain over this country, in a constitutional as opposed to a sentimental sense, is confined to a few features: the control of the treaty-making power, the Imperial veto of Canadian legislation which is not purely domestic, the appointment of the Governor-General and the choosing of a Major-General commanding the Canadian forces. At the present moment a cablegram from London states that another of these few features is to vanish, since the Imperial authorities have consented to allow Canada to appoint a Canadian to take command of the militia of the Dominion with the rank of Brigadier-General. This reduces the Imperial control by a most important feature. Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes to reduce the control still further, by asking for the treaty-making power.

This growth in self-government and the notable increase in the patriotic sentiment throughout the country does not necessarily mean a lessening of the affection for Great Britain. This is the lesson which our history teaches and it cannot be insisted on too strongly. The man who would propose an agitation for Canadian independence at the present moment would find himself in a more hopeless minority than at any time during the past century. There is no desire for it; there is a greater respect for the Empire of which Canada is an increasingly important part. The motto "Canada for the Canadians" is not necessarily antagonistic to the motto "Canada for the Empire."

Let these bickerings cease. Canada will gain in self-government and importance, but she must remain part of the Empire for many years to come. When this country has twenty-five millions of population she might safely cut the painter, but even then her



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM KIERSTEAD, COLLINA N.B.

Who, on October 27th, celebrated the seventy-second anniversary of their wedding day; Mr. Kierstead is 94 and Mrs. Kierstead 90 years of age

greatest partner and ally would doubtless be the country known as Great Britain.

✶

MARRIED FOR LIFE

TH**ERE** are few features of Canadian life so remarkable as the permanency of the marriage relations and the scarcity of divorces. In Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and the Territories, divorces can be obtained only by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, and from 1868 to 1900, only 69 were so secured. In the other Provinces they may be obtained in the Courts, and during the same period Nova Scotia has granted 92, New Brunswick 73, British Columbia 47, and Prince Edward Island none. This is in marked contrast to the situation in the United States, where divorces are easily obtained.

When Canadians marry, they do so with the full knowledge that the ties cannot be readily broken. The contracting parties, knowing the difficul-

ties which the laws present to those who desire a marriage annulled, and knowing the disfavour in which all divorced persons are held, are forced to make the best of their new conditions, to exercise mutual forbearance and mutual sympathy, in order that the happiest life may be experienced. Lady Montagu has well said that "where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another." Knowing that they must be contented, the married couples are contented; and, to quote the words of Molière, "In marriage, as in other things, contentment excels wealth."

As a consequence of the permanency of the marriage relation, and because Canadians are long-lived, there are many couples in Canada who have lived happily together for fifty years or more. Two examples of this may be mentioned, not because they are uncommon, but because they come from different strata of our society and illus-

trate the universality of this domestic feature.

The Hon. R. W. Scott, who will celebrate his seventy-eighth birthday next month, was born in Prescott, and as early as 1852 was elected Mayor of Ottawa. He was a member of the first Legislature of Ontario, but joined Hon. Alexander Mackenzie's Cabinet in 1873. He has been a Senator since 1874 and a Cabinet Minister again since 1896. He is best known as the father of that piece of temperance legislation usually termed "The Scott Act." The other day, in Ottawa, where their son is now a candidate for the mayoralty, he and Mrs. Scott celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

The other example is drawn from the rural population, of which Canada is so largely composed. Mr. and Mrs. Kierstead have just celebrated the seventy-second anniversary of their nuptials, having been married in 1831. On the anniversary day, in spite of his ninety-four years, Mr. Kierstead drove six miles from his home at Collina N.B., to Millstream, to vote in a municipal election, returning home to receive the congratulations of friends and relatives who had gathered for the purpose. On the same day his eldest son and his wife celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of their married life in their home in the United States.

JOHN A. COOPER

Book Reviews

FRASER AND THE WEST

THE Canadian West owes a great deal to W. A. Fraser. He has embodied its romance in undying story. Gilbert Parker did something, Ralph Connor did more, John McDougall, John Maclean and E. R. Young have made some feeble attempts, but W. A. Fraser is the real interpreter of prairie life. In his first volume were "His Passport" and "The Conversion of Sweet-Grass," two splendid short stories, and the magazines have since contained many others; in "Mooswa" and "The Outcasts," the animal life of the West has been well described; and in his latest story, "The Blood Lilies,"* the life of the outposts is vividly portrayed. Fort Donald is typical of the little stations on the outskirts of civilization; Mas-ki-sis is typical of the modern Indian youth, overcome by the conflict of two civilizations; Malcolm and Sandy Cameron are types of the adventurous and hardy

Scots who have been the foundation stones of the new West; Joe Descoigne and Felix Benoit exemplify the vicious but hardy breed; while Ross Bruce towers over all the others as the patient and self-sacrificing missionary, fighting single-handed against the evils which follow in the train of our so-called civilization.

The book really contains two stories. The first is an exciting tale of how Malcolm Cameron travelled three hundred miles on foot to bring the Rev. Ross Bruce to celebrate his nuptials with the Roman Catholic daughter of the French Factor. To thus keep his future family Protestant he must, by reason of a compact between the two family-heads, race for the Bruce, while Joe Descoigne races a similar distance for the good Père Lemoine and his mother church. The contest is most exciting and the finish dramatic. The other story is that of Mis-ki-sis, the Indian lad who goes to Winnipeg to lay before the representative of the Great Queen the proofs of the innocence of his father confined in

*The Blood Lilies, by W. A. Fraser. Illustrated by F. E. Schoonover. Toronto: William Briggs.

Stony Mountain jail because he was supposed to have stolen some horses. Mis-ki-sis succeeds, but is himself captured by the mistaken kindness of the Governor, who desires to have him educated. The close confinement in school gives him lung-disease and he goes back home only to die. Yet before his passing he performs one grand deed, justifying the great love of the stolid old mother, and the highest qualities of a long line of brave and intrepid chiefs.

It is a pity there should be two stories in the book, but the merits of the volume far outweigh the faults. It is a strong, tense bit of life, written with the passionate earnestness of a man who is an artist and an idealist and no time-server. It is a story which must live forever in Canadian annals. The description of the evil effects of smuggled liquor on the breed is most vivid:

"In September the fire that Bruce had pictured lapping at their souls took possession of the post with the insidious velocity of sunlight.

Like the unrest that comes to horses when their fine sensibility knows of an unseen danger was the telepathic knowledge possessed of all that liquor was at hand. Darkness had shielded its advent, and no tongue told of its coming nor of its sponsors. A gentle hilarity, like the smile of springtime, pervaded the atmosphere.

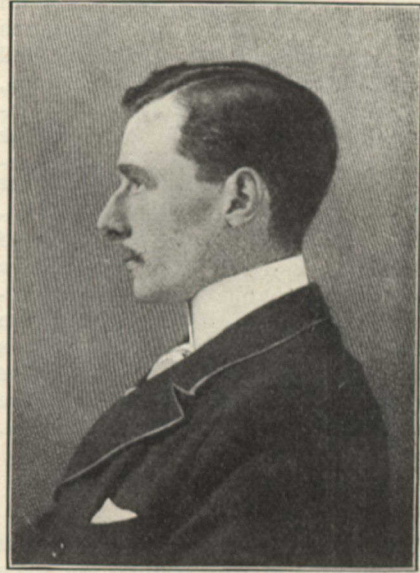
Behind Fort Donald the up-reaching hills of the Saskatchewan lay bathed in warm sunlight that picked out ruby lights from crimson-leaved maple, and splashed the sheen of gold from yellow and tawny oak. . . .

But in the manifest evidence of all this glory of God's creation Fort Donald was swift drifting into a vortex of hopeless inebriation. Louis Gourelot had slipped a little way into the temptation, and others swam it."

3
ANOTHER CANADIAN POET

A new Canadian poet has arrived with some promising work. To accentuate the surprise, this work is in the form of a ballad—a most uncommon form in Canadian poetry. The title is "The Soul's Desire,"* and the poet tells the story of Cain, who is rep-

*The Ballad of the Soul's Desire, by Vernon Nott. London: Greening & Co. Montreal: A. T. Chapman. Cloth, 124 pp., 85 cents.



VERNON NOTT
A NEW CANADIAN POET

resented as a sort of Wandering Jew, condemned to live on through all the ages, or until such time as he finds a flower "The Soul's Desire." This flower is a red lily, supposed to have been white until an angel took the blood which flowed from Christ's breast on Calvary and spread it on a lily-bed.

When that red flood of blessed blood
Had touched those lilies white,
Lo! they were changed to Soul's Desires:
The angel 'mid them stood
And said that whoso God had curs'd
Come to that garden might,
And in that hour he pluck'd a flower
His soul should find God's light.

Cain meets a youth much as the Ancient Mariner did, and tells him his story. He explains how he came to slay Abel. The serpent in the form of a beautiful woman came to them and said she would be wife to the one who loved her most. The sacrificial test gave her to Abel, but she told Cain she would be wife to him in spite of the adverse result. In the argument which followed, the great crime which introduced murder upon this earth was committed.

The poem contains about two hundred and fifty eight-line stanzas of al-

ternate tetrameters and trimeters, with the first line rhyming with the fourth and the second with the sixth and eighth. The work is very evenly done, the story well told, the style dignified, the words well chosen, and the whole effect most dramatic and pleasing.

Vernon Nott, the author of this *Bal-lad*, is a young Canadian who is fitted by training and talent to give a new impetus to Canadian poetical art. Perhaps he may prove to be the "Stephen Phillips" for whom the country has been waiting. Perhaps he will raise Canadian poetry from the slough of the commonplace in which it seems mired.

NEW FICTION

One of the cleverest first-novels that has appeared in this country for some time is crudely entitled "How Hartman Won," by Eric Bohn. Apparently it is written by a medical man, since it accurately describes the experiences of a doctor in a small Canadian village. The style is plain but dignified, the story is a real story, the episodes are real bits of life, the sentiment is sweet and wholesome, and the whole effect pleasing and satisfying. The author has avoided the long descriptions which authors love, but which are apt to tire those who read for "the story." The action is rapid and the characters numerous enough to prevent monotony. Of course, the book is far from being a masterpiece; but it is better than most of the much-boomed United States stories which Canadian publishers hawk about in "artistic" covers.

"The Magic Forest"* is a delightful tale of a boy's adventures in that region of Canada known as "New Ontario." He is a somnambulist, and wanders off into the woods in the early spring, falling in with a tribe of Indians, with whom he spends the summer. He learns about the animals of the north country, and how they are

shot or trapped. It is not so heavy a tale as "Mooswa," or the animal stories of Mr. Seton, nor are the four-footed beasts required to talk nonsense about themselves. It is a plain, simple tale such as a plain, simple woodsman and story-telling artist would produce. This is the second book which Mr. Stewart Edward White has written on that part of Canada, and "The Magic Forest" differs so greatly from "Conjuror's House" that Mr. White may be fairly accused of versatility. The drawings are numerous, quaint and really illustrative. Every Canadian boy should read the book.

"In the End"* is the story of a boy who lived for a while on earth and for a while in heaven. The author, Frederick Rogers, is a Sault Ste. Marie lawyer, who boasts his belief that love between the sexes is immortal, and exists in heaven. His description of life in paradise bears out this idea. The story has not literary charm; yet it is a curiosity in its own peculiar way.

"The Wings of the Morning;"† by Louis Tracy, is a book full of thrills, a real volume of adventure. It is similar in scope to "Robinson Crusoe," and almost as thrilling. It may not be literature, but it is the work of a genuine amuser of the people, and any person desiring to be entertained by the adventures of a shipwrecked young couple on an island in the China sea, will not be disappointed.

"Crowned at Elim"‡ is a romance with the scenes laid in Canada and Russia. The dedication to the memory of the late Sir Casimir Gzowski to some extent explains why the daughter of Casimir and Madam Zamosyski, Polish emigrants in Canada, should be the heroine of the tale. She falls in love with David McGlashan, the young minister of the Kirk in the village where the Zamosyskis had come to live. They were married and began life very happily. Unfortunately Madame Zamosyski always considered it

*Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Illustrated, 146 pages.

*New York: The Editor Publishing Co.

†Toronto, McLeod & Allen.

‡New York: Smith & Wilkins.

possible that she should return to Russia and, that through her daughter, the family should be reconciled to their aristocratic kin in St. Petersburg. This ambition leads her back to the capital of the Russias and into actions intended to break the happy relations of the young couple. The story bears the evidence of being "made;" the artist has not been able to conceal the brush-marks. In other words, the genius of the writer is manifest, but the art is still crude. Miss Asling has done well for a first attempt, but she has still much to learn of the novelist's technique.

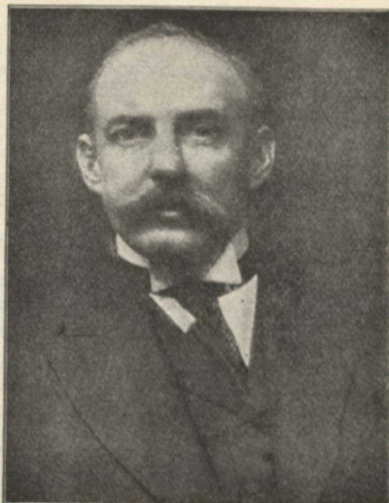
When "The Pensionnaires" was ready for publication, Mr. Carman found little difficulty in getting a United States publisher to take the book rights. Several leading New York and London publishers, however, rejected the MS. for serial publication, only THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE being willing to take it. The book is now meeting with wonderful success, and Mr. Carman will have no similar difficulty with his next manuscript.

The index at the back of Thompson Seton's new volume, "Two Little Savages"* tells a tale. The book is intended to be more than a story for boys who love animals and the experiences of the bush; it is a handbook of flower, bird and animal lore. For example:

- Ash—
 - White, 78.
 - Illustration of, 79.
 - Black, 78.
- Blackbirds, Red-winged, 162.
- Blackbird, Purple (Jack), 215.
- Blue Crane (Heron), 456, 457.
- Skunk, Fight with Cat, 332.
- Skunk Cabbage, 202.
- Skunk-root, 202.
- Woodchuck—
 - Sam's Story, 280.
 - Guy Kills the Old Woodchuck, 432.

It is much the same style of book as Sandys' "Trapper Jim," but is more artistic in style and illustration. It is doubtful, however, if either book would be classed as literature. Both are books which will interest boys and divert their minds into wholesome

* Toronto: William Briggs.



MARION CRAWFORD
AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF ROME"

channels of exploration and research. On the other hand, White's "The Magic Forest" is real literature, a genuinely artistic story. Mr. Seton's book is beautifully illustrated, printed and bound.

BOOKS OF THE YEAR

The following list of the important books of 1903 by Canadian authors, or about Canada, is not intended to be exhaustive. It is hoped, however, that it will be useful and instructive:

FICTION, 1903

- My Dogs in the Northland. Egerton R. Young. Revell. (Fair.)
- The Little Organist of St. Jerome. Annie L. Jack. Briggs. (Fair.)
- Oliver Langton. G. A. Powles, New York. (Poor.)
- Izolda. J. W. Fuller. New York. (Fair.)
- Conjuror's House. Stewart Edward White. Copp. (Good.)
- Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Oliver L. Lyman. McLeod. (Fair.)
- A Detached Pirate. Helen Milecete. Montreal News Co. (Good.)
- Bubbles We Buy. Alice Jones. Turner. Briggs. (Good.)
- A Rose of Normandy. W. R. A. Wilson. Morang. (Fair.)
- Jason, Nova Scotia. P. W. E. Hart. Unwin. (Fair.)
- The Plowshare and The Sword. A Tale of Old Quebec. Ernest G. Henham. Copp.
- In Music's Thrall. Lilla Nease. Briggs.

Anne Carmel. Gwendolen Overton. Morang. (Fair.)
 Trapper Jim. Edwyn Sandys. Morang. (Good.)
 Sacrifice of the Shannon. A. E. Hickman. Briggs. (Good.)
 Earth's Enigmas. Roberts. New edition. Copp. (Good.)
 The Silver Poppy. Arthur Stringer. Briggs. (Good.)
 Over the Border. Robert Barr. Copp. (Good.)
 The Old Orchard. Mack Cloie. Briggs.
 The White Letter. Eva Rose York. Briggs.
 Algonquin Indian Tales. E. R. Young. Revell. (Fair.)
 How Hartman Won. Eric Bohn. Morang. (Fair.)
 Colin of the Ninth Concession. R. L. Richardson. Morang. (Fair.)
 The Pensionnaires. Albert R. Carman. Briggs. (Good.)
 Two Little Savages. Ernest Thompson Seton. Briggs. (Good.)
 The Blood Lilies. W. A. Fraser. Briggs. (Good.)
 Crowned at Elim. Stella E. Asling. Smith & Wilkinson. (Fair.)
 Story of the Foss River Ranch. Ridgwell Cullum. Copp. (Poor.)
 Shadows of the Deep. Charles Sparrow. Briggs.
 The Story of the Gravelys. Marshall Saunders. Briggs.
 The Forest. Stewart Edward White. Morang.

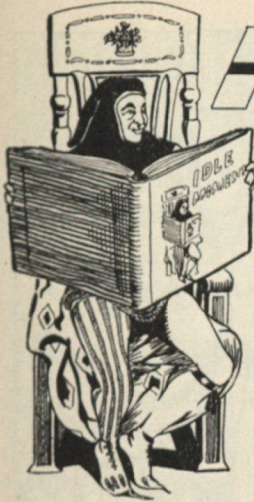
POETRY, 1903

Songs of an English Esau. Clive Phillips-Wolley. Morang.
 Pipes of Pan. Vols. I, II and III. Bliss Carman. Copp.
 The Book of the Rose. C. G. D. Roberts. Copp.
 Summer Songs in Idleness. K. H. McD. Jackson. Briggs.
 Hephaestus, and Other Poems. Arthur Stringer. Briggs.
 Ballad of the Soul's Desire. Vernon Nott. A. T. Chapman.
 A Glimpse into My Garden. Thornapple. Thorold Post.
 Canadian Born. E. Pauline Johnson. Morang.
 Verses. Horace Lester Hale. London, Ont.
 Sea Murmurs and Woodland Songs. S. E. S. Faulkner. Briggs.
 Poems of the New Century. Robert S. Jenkins. Briggs.

MISCELLANEOUS, 1903

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party. J. S. Willison. Two volumes. Morang.
 Two Country Walks in Canada. Arnold Haultain. Morang.
 Presidents of the United States. T. G. Marquis. Linscott.
 McGill Medical Faculty. Maude E. Abbott.

Frontenac et Les Amis. Ernest Myrand Dussault & Proulx, Quebec.
 Papers of Pastor Felix. A. J. Lockhart. Briggs.
 History of Manitoba. D. M. Duncan. Gage.
 History of New Brunswick. G. U. Hay. Gage.
 The Founder of Christendom. Goldwin Smith. Morang.
 Sixty Years in Canada. William Weir. Lovell.
 Days of Red River Rebellion. John McDougall. Briggs.
 Canadian Annual Review. J. Castell Hopkins. C. A. R. Pub. Co.
 Camping and Canoeing. J. E. Jones. Briggs.
 Annals and Aims of the Pacific Cable. George Johnson. James Hope & Sons, Ottawa.
 Canadian Politics. J. Robert Long, St. Catharines.
 Possibility of a Science of Education. S. B. Sinclair. Copp.
 The Anglo-Saxon Century. J. R. Dos Passos. Putnam.
 The Kinship of Nature. Bliss Carman. Copp.
 Old Quebec. Parker and Bryan. Copp.
 Lord Elgin. Sir John Bourinot. Morang.
 Journalism and the University. Collection of Essays. Copp.
 Life in Canada. Thomas Conant. Briggs.
 The Secret of the Divine Silence and Other Sermons. B. D. Thomas, D.D. Briggs.
 What Ails the Church? John May. Briggs.
 The Gospel of the Home. D. C. Hossack. Briggs.
 The Canadian Garden. Annie L. Jack. Briggs.
 The Interpretation of the Apocalypse. F. H. Wallace. Briggs.
 Life and Memoirs of Joseph Russell Little. L. Bartlett. Briggs.
 A Corn of Wheat. The Life of Rev. W. J. McKenzie, of Korea. Elizabeth A. McCully. The Westminster Co.
 The Romance of Canadian History. Pelham Edgar (Editor). Morang.
 The British Nation. G. M. Wrong. Morang.
 Egerton Ryerson. Nathanael Burwash. Morang.
 England's Story. Saul and Tappan. Morang.
 Ranching with Lords and Commons. John R. Craig. Briggs.
 The White Chief of the Ottawa. Bertha Wright Carr-Harris. Briggs.
 Canadian Dairying. H. H. Dean. Briggs.
 The Beginnings of Methodism Throughout the World. G. O. Huestis. Briggs.
 Types of Canadian Women, Past and Present. Vol. I. Henry J. Morgan. Briggs.
 Our Own and Other Worlds. Joseph Hamilton. Briggs.
 Misunderstood. H. D. Kennedy. Briggs.
 The Heart of Sz-Chuan. Edward Wilson Wallace. Briggs.



IDLE MOMENTS

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD

ONE afternoon during a lull in the bathing demands on a certain transatlantic liner, George, the youth who had charge of the five bathrooms used by the saloon passengers, decided to take a bath, so he locked himself in one of the rooms used by the men. Suddenly he was disturbed by a rap at the door, and heard a woman's voice: "Honey! Honey! Are you there?" No reply coming from the room, the lady spoke again. "Honey, are you there?" As an explanation was needed, George spoke: "Beg your pardon, lady, but this ain't no beehive; this is a bathroom."—*Argonaut.*

WISDOMETTES

Most of us believe in freedom of speech, not *for* but *regarding* others.

A man without habits is an athlete stripped for the race of success.

The reason why some men are called "Captains of Industry" is because they float their corporations on so much water.

Sentimentality is merely selfishness with sugar on it.

The man that would truly conquer himself must fight fair.

It is better to renounce your own follies than to denounce those of others.

Most society witticisms need a great deal of brilliance to justify their rudeness.

Sentimental people seem to think that if you don't squeal you don't feel.

No man can realize how successful he is until his wife sues him for alimony.

One of the worst things about being poor is that your hospitality is claimed more and appreciated less than it would be if you were rich.

It is wonderful how many distasteful doses we have to take as children that we are able to do without when we get big enough to fight.

James Knox.

THE WHIRLPOOL OF LIFE

'Mid the Go and the Come and the gath'ring
Scum

In the mad round-sweep of Things

The Flotson Fool looks

Down and laughs at

The Far Below ;

In

The Far Below

Where the darkling

Slough is the Depths of

A Great Despair, the Jetson Fool

Looks up and laughs at the Go and the Come

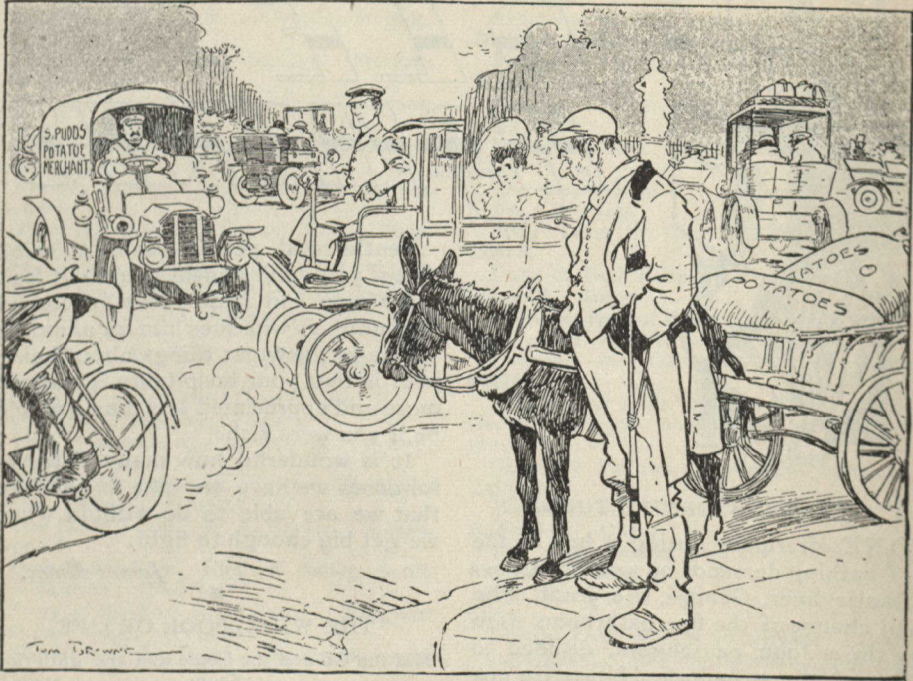
And the gath'ring Scum in the mad round-sweep of Things.

Hopkins Moorhouse.

A CURZON ANECDOTE.

Lord Curzon has been long noted for his penchant for making cutting and cold remarks. Some years ago, says the railway official who tells the story, Lord Curzon came down from London by what was then the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, to address a political meeting at one of the Kent coast resorts. Lord Curzon was in a hurry. The train made its twenty miles an hour all right, but the future viceroy thought it the slowest train on earth. He said so to the guard. That dignitary, as usual, took the remark as a personal insult.

"If you don't like the speed of this



CROWDED OUT

Stage-struck Coster (to his dark-coloured donkey), "Othello, Othello, *your* occupation 'll soon be gone!"—*Punch*

train, mister," he said, "you can get out and walk!"

Lord Curzon was not crushed. Tart as vinegar came the reply:

"I would, only they don't expect me till this train gets in!"—*Answers*.

A NORTH RENFREW ANECDOTE

Mr. Thomas Mackie, M.P., who, with his six feet three of personalty, is the vanguard of the Liberal fight in North Renfrew, is probably the most tactful man of his inches in Canadian political life. Great size is usually associated with a disposition to rush at things, but not so with Pembroke's great lumberman.

The year he defeated the Hon. Peter White for the Federal seat was a great year for Prohibitionist "heckling," and Mr. White and Mr. Mackie were on one occasion conducting a joint meeting. "Mr. Mackie," said a devoted temperance worker in the audience, "what is your opinion on the

liquor question?" "Well," said Mr. Mackie, very confidentially, "I will tell you, gentlemen. I believe that whiskey may be made a great evil, and I believe that the saloons do a great deal of harm, and I would rather that my own boys did not drink. But I don't believe you can stop men drinking by passing a law to say they shan't. And, to tell you the truth, I like a little drop of whiskey myself, and I sometimes—yes, quite often—take a small drink at home. And there's always some of it in the house. Now, you may wonder at my being so frank and telling you all this, when some of you believe in prohibition and so forth, but the fact is I'm afraid to tell you anything else. You see, here's the Hon. Peter White right here on the platform, and I'm afraid that if I told you I hated whiskey he'd get up and say I was a liar, and tell you how he and I have often had a social glass together up at my house. So I had to tell you the truth."—*Toronto Star*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

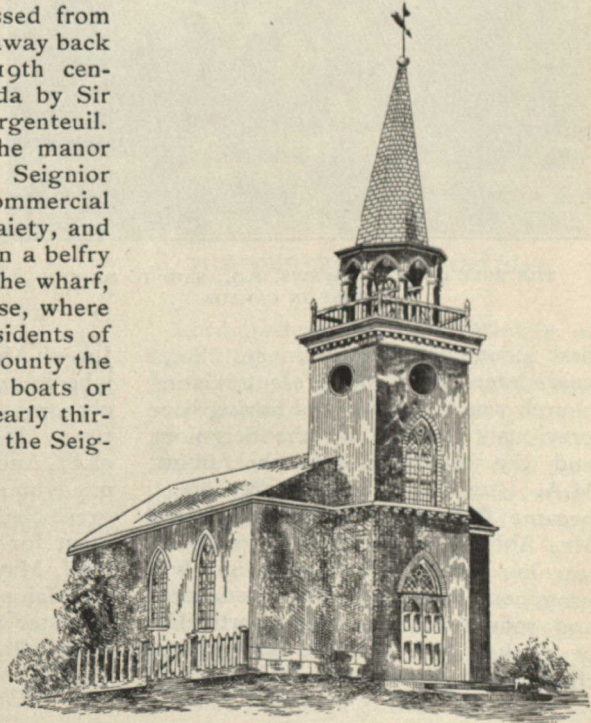


AN ANCIENT CHURCH AND BELL

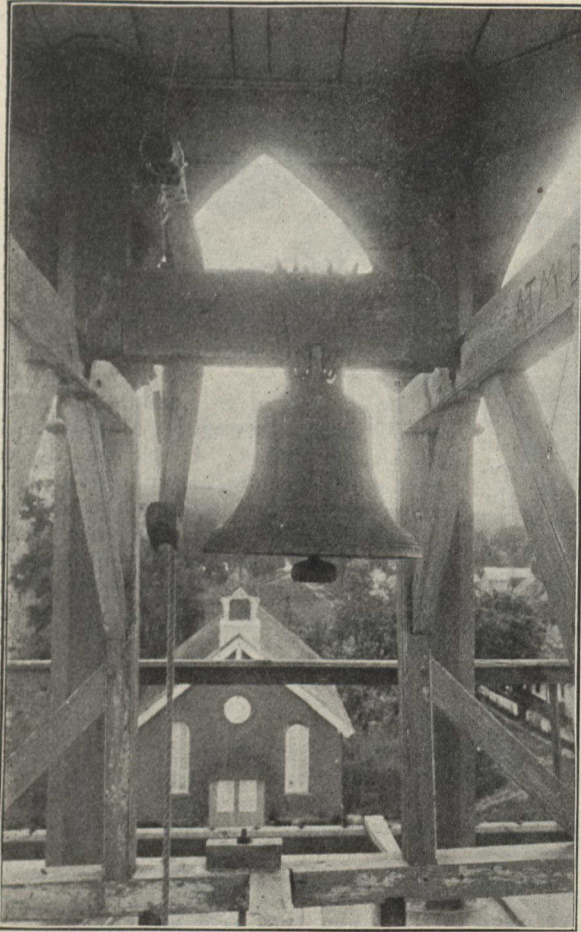
ST. ANDREWS, in the County of Argenteuil, in the Province of Quebec, boasts of an ancient bell—in a relative sense, of course, for anything, after all, only coequal with the history of Canada cannot be said to be ancient in a wide sense. The bell in the illustration, however, is the oldest in use in any Protestant place of worship in Canada. It was cast in France, as its date shows, in the year 1759 (a very interesting year for Canada—the year in which our land passed from French to British rule), and away back in the early dawn of the 19th century, was brought to Canada by Sir John Johnson, Seigneur of Argenteuil. In those pre-railway days, the manor house or residence of the Seigneur was the centre of much commercial activity as well as of social gaiety, and Sir John had the bell placed in a belfry over a large store-house on the wharf, in close proximity to his house, where it duly announced to the residents of the village and surrounding county the arrival and departure of all boats or barges. Some time in the early thirties a fire destroyed part of the Seignorial building, but fortunately the wharf and store-house escaped. Shortly after this the Seigneur generously donated the bell to the Anglican Church of St. Andrews, where for nearly three generations it has rung out its merry peals upon festive occasions, tolled sadly in times of sorrow and affliction, and never failed to

call the faithful together in lowly worship.

The Parish of St. Andrews is one widely known throughout Canada and the United States. It belongs to the Archiepiscopal diocese of Montreal, presided over by his Grace the Venerable Archbishop Bond, and dates back to the closing days of the eighteenth century, at which time one of the great church organizations of London sent Reverend Richard Bradford, M.A., as



EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH, ST. ANDREWS, P.Q., ERECTED IN 1820—ITS BELL WAS CAST IN 1759



THE BELL OF ST. ANDREWS, P.Q., SAID TO BE THE OLDEST IN CANADA

first incumbent or missionary. Some years later (1820) the present existing church was built (the land having been previously donated by the Seigneur), and the Reverend Joseph Abbott, M.A. (son-in-law of the preceding), became first rector of St. Andrews. Mr. Abbott was a man of profound learning and of many parts, and was prominent in that group of educated and refined society which particularly marked the early history of the church and district. In this connec-

tion a few of such names may not be amiss. Commissary-General Charles John Forbes, whose military career included service in Egypt and the Mediterranean, the Peninsular war, Waterloo, the West Indies, where for a time he was Governor of Jamaica, and finally Canada, where he acted during a period as adviser to Sir John Colborne, Governor-General and Commander of the Forces. His remains now repose in the St. Andrews cemetery. Captain John Wainwright, a retired naval officer, and son of Admiral Wainwright, whose services in the Persian Gulf have long since passed into British history. Capt. Wainwright having lived in St. Andrews for some years at his beautiful home, "Silver Heights," went back to England, and died about thirty years ago. Many others might be mentioned, such as Sir Francis Cunynhame, Captain Richmond Powell and Robert Stikeman, whose names are familiar even yet to the younger generations. The first rector of the parish, the Reverend Joseph Abbott, became the father of one who was destined to have his name incorporated in Canadian History for all time. It was in the year 1821, that, at St. Andrews rectory, there was born one who afterwards became in turn, a great civil lawyer, a Member of Parliament for his native county of Argenteuil, Mayor of the city of Montreal, Dominion Senator, and finally Prime Minister of Canada—Sir John Joseph Caldwell Abbott.

George Flanagan Shaw M.D.



CANADA

FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



NEW BANKS

A STRIKING development, contemporaneous with the recent influx of population, and the general progress of prosperity all over the land, has been the opening up of new branches chiefly in Quebec, Ontario and the Far West. Statistics compiled by the *Toronto News* indicate the proportions to which this movement has extended. Since January 1st, 1903, the Canadian chartered banks have opened up no less than 149 new branches, and 9 new sub-branches, or 158 new offices in all. This expansion has been participated in by 23 out of the 33 chartered banks in the country, but those which report the greatest number of new branches for the year are: The Union Bank of Canada with 21, the Commerce with 11 opened and 17 acquired by amalgamation, the Sovereign with 13, the Merchants with 8 new branches and 5 new sub-offices, the Traders with 11, the Bank of B.N.A. with 10 new branches, 3 new sub-offices, the Union Bank of Halifax with 3, and the Metropolitan with 10. Of course, it should be remembered that the rapid expansion of the Sovereign and the Metropolitan is due to the fact that they are new institutions just establishing their original offices.

MUNICIPAL SUCCESS

Public ownership of the Street Railway is popular and profitable in Port Arthur. *The Times-Journal* of that city supplies the testimony in these words: "Port Arthur has shown the

world that public franchises owned and operated by the people are just what is claimed for them. This year the franchise will pay four mills on the general assessment in addition to operating expenses and large additions to the plants. The street railway has purchased several thousand dollars' worth of rolling stock, besides putting the whole system in splendid repair and adding to the value of the franchises. Track and equipment both show the impetus that has been given by the increase of population. With the people to carry, there is no doubt of the line being a splendid taxpayer, and all the time the unseen part of such an enterprise—the franchise—is constantly growing in value."

THE EMBARGO ON CANADIAN CATTLE

Lord Onslow, the British Minister of Agriculture, is reported as saying: "I frankly admit I have no reason to suspect that there is any disease at the present moment in Canada, but if Mr. Henderson repeats his visit and tells us what Canada can give us in return for the reconsideration of this question, then perhaps I shall go into it."

We are not sure that there is any general desire in Canada for a reconsideration of the Imperial Government's policy with regard to the embargo upon Canadian live cattle. The impression is growing that the embargo has done Canada more good than harm by encouraging the fattening of

cattle in the Northwest. In frankly admitting that, in his opinion, there is no dangerous cattle disease in Canada; that the real reason for continuing the embargo is for the protection of the British farmer; and that the ostensible reason is only a false pretence, Lord Onslow has done about all that Canadians generally want in connection with the matter. What the people of Canada have been objecting to is, not that the Imperial Government should afford the British farmer a certain measure of protection, but that this protection should be granted under a guise which was nothing less than a deliberate slander upon Canada. Lord Onslow is the first British Minister of Agriculture who has had the courage to tell the truth upon this subject. His predecessors were not all guilty of telling untruths, but they all suppressed the truth.—*Montreal Star*.

JURIST AND DEMAGOGUE

That "jurist of repute," United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, returned to Washington with Alaskan laurels clustering thick upon his brow and remarked:

"Thank God the flag of Spain has gone back to Europe, whither in the fullness of time all the flags of Europe must return."

The Union Jack is the particular "flag of Europe" to which the speech of Senator Lodge must have referred.

The demagogue who hastened to speak in such terms about the flag of the Empire which had lavished its hospitality upon him is the possessor of the calm, judicial mind that appealed to Lord Alverstone as against the findings of Sir Louis Jette and A. B. Aylesworth, K.C.

Is it within the limits of human probability, Lord Alverstone to the contrary notwithstanding, that a rampant, roaring jingo like Henry Cabot Lodge could take a more judicial view

of an international set of facts than Canadian jurists who are neither jingo nor politicians?—*Toronto Telegram*.

THE PROPHET ELIHU

Mr. Elihu Root, one of the "jurists of repute" who represented the United States on the Alaska Commission, expresses the opinion that the Stars and Stripes will some day float over the whole American continent. If territorial disputes could be referred to such commissions as that of which Mr. Root was a member, no doubt the result would be brought about in due process, but if Mr. Root means that irresistible impulses are at work that will carry Canada into voluntary union, one might ask him why he did not place dependence on this broad view when dealing with the Alaskan boundary. Why haggle over a strip of coast of little value to the United States and of great value to Canada—why seize and keep it and thus retard the development of Canada, if, as he says, the Dominion is absolutely certain to become part of the republic as soon as this country develops a little more and feels need of a larger life?

Mr. Root should not mislead his countrymen with vain hopes, nor should a man of his pretensions allow his wish to father his thought. He should travel in Canada. He should consult with American farmers in the West who have been three or five years in the country. He should make a note of Lord Strathcona's prediction that within ten years the population of Canada will be double that of to-day—a prediction that all Canadians expect to see fulfilled.

A big country with unparalleled resources, diversified products, and ten millions of hardy inhabitants, will not be a country subject to armed conquest nor to trade harassments that will weaken the resolution of the people to complete their nation-building task.—*The Toronto Star*.

The Typewriter for Busy People



Where the work is hardest,
Where the need for strength and reliability is greatest,
There you will always find the

Remington

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Limited,

5 Richmond Street East, Toronto

5 O'Connor Street, Ottawa

1757 Notre Dame Street, Montreal

The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

GILLETT'S

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CREAM

TARTAR.

Nearly all goods in this line at the present time are adulterated and in fact unfit to use.

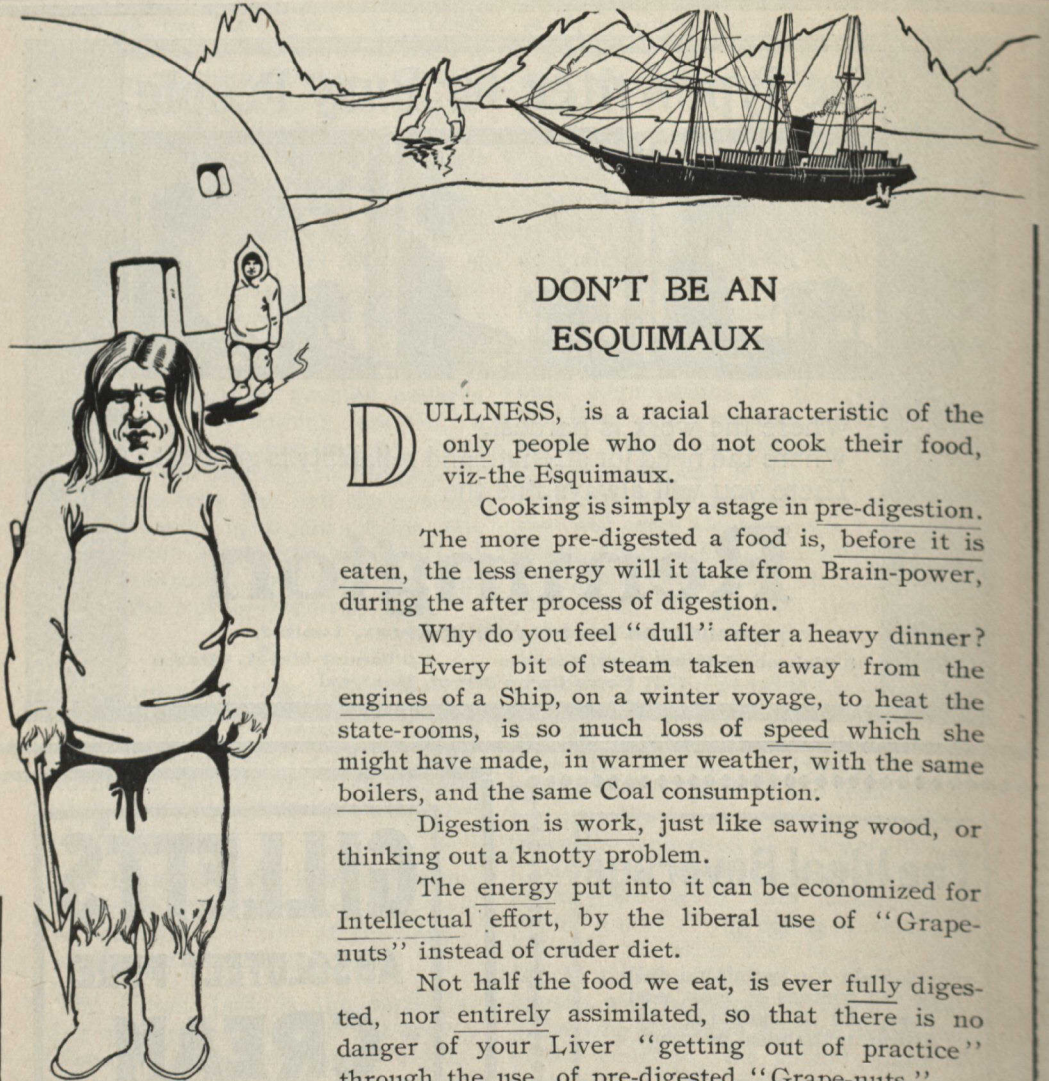
GILLETT'S is used by the best bakers and caterers everywhere.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

GILLETT'S costs no more than the inferior adulterated goods.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.



DON'T BE AN ESQUIMAUX

DULLNESS, is a racial characteristic of the only people who do not cook their food, viz-the Esquimaux.

Cooking is simply a stage in pre-digestion.

The more pre-digested a food is, before it is eaten, the less energy will it take from Brain-power, during the after process of digestion.

Why do you feel "dull" after a heavy dinner?

Every bit of steam taken away from the engines of a Ship, on a winter voyage, to heat the state-rooms, is so much loss of speed which she might have made, in warmer weather, with the same boilers, and the same Coal consumption.

Digestion is work, just like sawing wood, or thinking out a knotty problem.

The energy put into it can be economized for Intellectual effort, by the liberal use of "Grape-nuts" instead of cruder diet.

Not half the food we eat, is ever fully digested, nor entirely assimilated, so that there is no danger of your Liver "getting out of practice" through the use, of pre-digested "Grape-nuts."

The Postman doesn't forget how to walk, merely because he rides home on a street car, when he is tired.

"Grape-nuts" is Wheat, with its Energy-producing Starch, and its Brain-building Phosphates, pre-digested beyond the Liver stage, ready for prompt assimilation and superior Brain work.

A Government analysis proves it to be eighteen times readier for assimilation than Oatmeal, and thrice as dextrinated as the average Wheat food.

This analysis will be sent free on request.

Grape-Nuts



**Is Your Exercise
Healthful
or Deadly?**

Pearline
takes the deadly
Exercise out of
Washing and Cleaning.
Intelligent Women save
health and find safe, time,
labor and Clothes Sav-
ing Washing by follow-

ing the directions on each package of **PEARLINE**

The Modern Soap

REGISTERED TRADE MARK S. 124

Bow *Park*

WE ASK **A TRIAL.**

CREAM **CHEESE**

For Cheese Sandwiches
DELICIOUS
SHUTTLEWORTH & HARRIS
Detroit, Mich.



For Welsh Rarebit
TASTY
SHUTTLEWORTH & HARRIS
Brantford, Canada

INT. DEP. CANADIAN MAGAZINE CO. 1918



HIGHEST GRADE

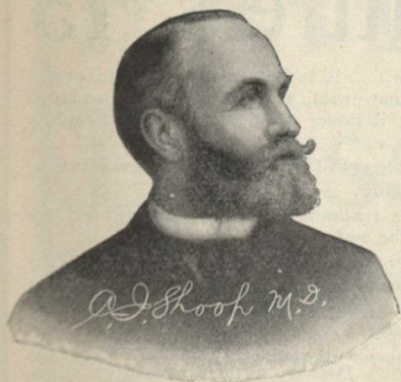
Yildiz

MAGNUMS

PURE EGYPTIAN

Cigarettes.

“Had I believed in you ten years ago,
Doctor, my wife could have been saved”



Why did he delay?

A penny risked—a postal card—
and his wife might have been well.

For later I cured the man.

No doubt I could have cured
his wife.

Sick one—delaying—doubting—
this is a lesson for you.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

Fill out the coupon. Send to me. I will arrange with a druggist near you for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Take it a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, the druggist will bill the cost to me. And I leave the decision to you.

Let Me Explain To You

Mine is the largest medical practice in the world—I say this, not boastfully, but to explain.

Where most physicians—other specialists even—treat forty cases I probably treat thousands. I have done that year after year, and experience—more than all else—teaches a physician to cure.

My practice was large before I made my discovery—how to treat, not the vital organs themselves, but the nerves that operate them.

Now I have patients all about you—your neighbors; your friends, perhaps. Few of them care for the guarantee. They know the remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—and its value. But I offer the guarantee cheerfully—gladly, to new patients, that those who are sick may learn without risk.

My past records show that 39 out of 40, who accept my offer, pay for the medicine—and pay gladly.

Would they pay if it failed?

The offer is everywhere. Over 600,000 sick ones have accepted it. Failure would bankrupt me. Yet I continue the offer—and to everyone everywhere.

Could I if it failed?

Simply Fill Out the Coupon

That is all. No reason to wait—nor to postpone. Nothing to consider—no preparations to make.

The risk is mine and mine alone.

You or some friend is sick. I can help you. The sun shines brightest on well days. My offer brightens the dark days. Then sign the coupon to-day.

Let me hear from you now.

DR. SHOOP'S RESTORATIVE

At the Doctor's Risk

Dr. Shoop, Box 25, Racine, Wisconsin.	Book 1 on Dyspepsia
Send me book No _____	Book 2 on the Heart
and tell me where I can	Book 3 on the Kidneys
secure six bottles Dr.	Book 4 for Women
Shoop's Restorative on	Book 5 for Men
30 days' trial.	Book 6 on Rheumatism

Name _____

City _____ Province _____

Street _____

Write plainly

Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress \$15

is a proven success, due to public knowledge of genuine merit. It is better than hair in every possible way—softer, cleaner, purer, and far more elastic; dust-proof, vermin-proof, germ-proof, and so water-proof it will float. These merits are enduring; it never requires remaking, and is practically un-wear-out-able.

°Not stuffed like hair, but built of eight airy, interlacing sheets of billowy, downy, everlasting softness, hand-laid and daintily enclosed in tick by hand sewing.

¶These sheets are called "Felt," and the name "Felt" is trade-marked and copyrighted by Ostermoor & Co.; an "Ostermoor" Mattress, therefore, is the *only* "Felt" Mattress.



Registered Trade Mark.

If it isn't an "Ostermoor" it's an imitation. Our name and trade-mark label must appear on the end of every genuine "felt" mattress. Be careful! Don't be fooled!

We have 181 agents throughout Canada. They are the leading Furniture Dealers in their respective cities, and are men who value their reputations. We have authorized each of them to endorse our guarantee and that of Ostermoor & Co., that Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses are equal to the best \$50 Hair Mattress in comfort, cleanliness and durability.

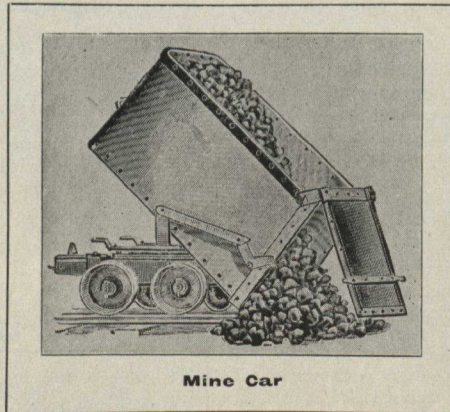
We also guarantee that they will please you personally. Send for our illustrated book and the name of our Agent in your city.

Twenty Canadian millionaires are using Ostermoor Mattresses, and they can afford the best.

THE ALASKA FEATHER AND DOWN CO., Limited

MONTREAL, CANADA

Various kinds of Ore but this is one of the automatic, self-dumping sides at will. Catalog styles, and this is shown bulletin 741. A request receive immediate



Cars are built by us, most used types. It is on any one of three 700 shows a number of particularly in our for particulars will attention.

THE JENCKES MACHINE COMPANY, Limited

1223 Lansdowne
Street

Sherbrooke
Quebec

PRIESTLEY'S Dress Goods

For Evening Wear

EOLINES

Shades in
Cream, Champagne,
New Blue, Blacks, Etc.

Crepe de Chine

Exquisite Features
Highest Quality

For
Sale
by all
the Best
Dry
Goods
Stores





BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

MANUFACTURERS:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
 Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids
and the Aged*

“AN EXCELLENT FOOD,
admirably adapted to the
wants of infants.”

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly
used in the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

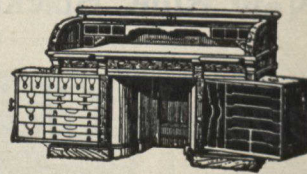
IF YOU PURCHASE

and are not satisfied with



Write and get your money back.
We mean what we say.

THE GEO. B. MEADOWS
Wire, Iron & Brass Works Co., Limited
117 King St. West, TORONTO, CANADA



THE DESK OF THE AGE.

Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable,
labor saving, economical, is found
in those we manufacture. In ma-
terial and construction, in finish
and utility, in durability and design
they lead all other makes. They
make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail.
**Canadian Office & School
Furniture Co., Limited.**

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
Office, School, Church and Lodge
Furniture.

**INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.



D. & A.

CORSETS

MODEL "CREST" 400
Straight Front

This is a patented corset which is unequalled in fit, wear and durability. It is the only corset which **Cannot Break at the Waist Line.**

This model, made in drab only, of the nicest coutille, has a 10½ inch clasp, 5 hooks with dips for hose supporter. It is also trimmed with wide high-grade lace, with an insertion of baby ribbon. Sizes 18 to 30. Retails at **\$1.25**
Extra sizes, 31 to 36, **\$1.50**



Knocking the Spots

out of your old suit and transforming it into a neat, dressy suit of clothes, is work that we are specially expert in.

We give clothes that tailorly set that makes them look new for a longer time. By having us clean, dye and press your clothes regularly you are assured a good outward appearance at all times.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners

Head Office and Works—787-791 Yonge Street, TORONTO

BRANCHES—Montreal, Hamilton, London, Galt, St. Catharines,
Woodstock, Brantford.

Seal Brand Coffee

(In 1 lb. and 2 lb. Cans)

Fragrant in its Strength

CHASE & SANBORN

MONTREAL

CANADA'S HEADQUARTERS FOR



Oriental Rugs

Carpets, Silk and Camel's Hair
Palace Rugs, Artistic Oriental
Draperies, Embroideries, Ladies'
Silk Shawls and Kimonas, Damas-
cus Brassware, Egyptian Furni-
ture, etc., etc.

First and Largest Exclusive Turkish Rug Import-
ers in the Dominion.

We always have in stock the best and finest in all sorts of Oriental goods. All
visitors from any part of America cannot afford to miss visiting our art rooms.

Antique and Rare Persian Rugs our Specialty.

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.

40 King Street East,

Opposite The King Edward Hotel,

TORONTO, ONT.

PHONE, MAIN 3058

2362 St. Catherine St.,

Formerly Karn's Piano Store,

MONTREAL, QUE.

PHONE, UP 1174

"Engines in successful operation from Halifax to Vancouver."



The "TRITON"

Marine Gasoline Engine

Simplest, Safest and Most Reliable
Complete Launches Furnished

Write for Particulars.

HAMILTON MOTOR WORKS

258 Catharine St. North, HAMILTON, CAN.

Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
Beautifies
the Skin
No other cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 55 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient):—"As you young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Bidley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

LADIES Most profitable home work, \$9 to \$15 weekly. Material free, experience unnecessary, steady work. Send stamped envelope to SURETY CO., Dept. S, Chicago.

SHORTHAND **Bookkeeping, Penmanship, etc.,** thoroughly taught. Graduates assisted to desirable positions. Complete course for Home Study, \$5.00. Write for free catalogue. THE NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited, WINNIPEG, Man.

Quick Delivery of Boilers

We have in stock material for the following sizes and styles of boilers, and can deliver on short notice:

MUMFORD STANDARD,	35 to 175 H.P.
MUMFORD PORTABLE,	6 to 110 "
RETURN TUBULAR,	12 to 150 "
VERTICAL,	4 to 60 "

Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Agents { William McKay, 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto.
Watson Jack & Company, 7 St. Helen St., Montreal.
J. F. Porter, 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg.



**NEWCOMBE
PIANOS**
were awarded
the
Gold Medal
at Paris in 1900
in competition with
three hundred
of the world's best
manufacturers.

**NEWCOMBE
PIANOS**
received at the
World's Fair
Chicago
and
other important
international exhibitions
MEDALS
and diplomas

NEWCOMBE PIANOS

EMBODY THE HIGHEST DEVELOPMENT
OF THE ART OF PIANO MANUFACTURE

Write for Catalogue No. 20—Illustrative, Descriptive and Artistic.

THE NEWCOMBE PIANO CO., Limited, 113-133 Bellwoods Ave., TORONTO



An Expert Chemist

Superintends the Manufacture
of Every Bottle of

**"JAPANESE" WRITING
FLUID**

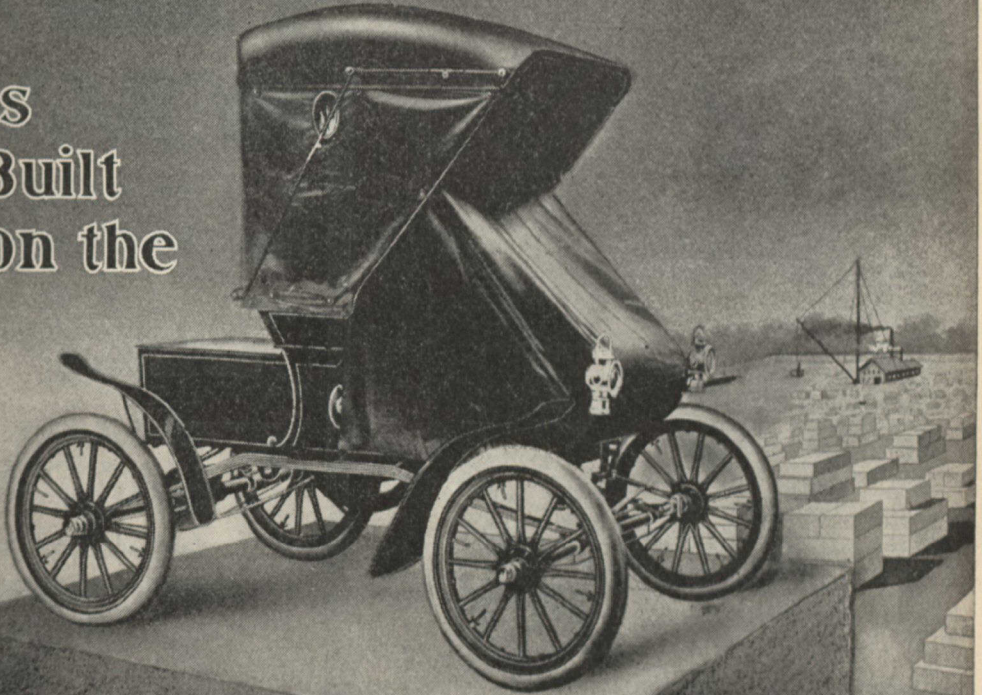
(The Ink that Never Fades)

Writes a beautiful blue—chemically changing to an intense black.

MADE IN PETERBORO'—SOLD BY LEADING STATIONERS EVERYWHERE

The Oldsmobile

is
Built
on the



FOUNDATION STONE
OF
EXPERIENCE

The first successful automobile runabout was made in our factory in 1887. Building on this foundation, the experience of each succeeding year has brought the Oldsmobile to a higher standard of excellence, until today it stands alone as the world's standard runabout.

Ask our nearest selling agent, or write direct for full information and booklet to Dept. 80.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Member of the Association of Licensed
Automobile Manufacturers.



COWAN'S



Such dainty and delicate
Confections are

COWAN'S

SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE,
CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,
CHOCOLATE WAFERS, Etc.

ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE. 03.



READY LUNCH BEEF

Open the tin, turn out, and
you have a most nourish-
ing and wholesome dish
which retains all the virtues
of **Prime Roast Beef.**

Clark's name guarantees
the quality.

W. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.

THE POPULARITY OF
"CLARK'S" DELICIOUS

PORK AND BEANS

INCREASES
EVERY DAY

TRENCH'S CELEBRATED IRISH REMEDY

8 57 198 8 57 198 8 57 198

FOR

EPILEPTIC FITS

AND NERVOUSNESS

Probably no medicine in the world has cured so large a percentage as TRENCH'S REMEDY. Thousands of testimonials received every year showing the great curative properties of this Remedy. We give below a sample testimonial, and will be glad to give the names of well-known people in Canada who have been cured to any one who is interested.

From F. W. BROOME, Health Inspector,
170 Lisgar Street, Toronto.

March 12, 1903.

Having heard of Trench's Remedy, which you are supplying, I was tempted to try it on my son, who has been afflicted with Epileptic Fits for over twenty-five years. I got a three months' supply from you and used it according to directions laid down in Trench's valuable booklet, and find the remedy is all you claim for it, and more too. My son has not taken a fit of any kind since commencing the use of the remedy, on January 27, and is still improving. Previous to this he was subject to having from 10 to 15 attacks every week, and I cannot too strongly recommend it to those thus afflicted.

TRENCH'S REMEDY (in concentrated form) can be forwarded, secure from breakage and observation, to any part of Canada or the United States by Parcel Post or Express.

Trench's Remedy is prepared by

TRENCH'S REMEDY, Limited, 33 South Frederick St., Dublin, Ireland

Pamphlet containing full information on application to

W. STINSON, 69 Gwynne Avenue, Toronto

Manager for Canada and United States



"The Bristles put in Boeckh's Brushes are put in to stay and stay put."

BOECKH'S Household Brushes

have no "weak spots"—they are not only good, substantial, well-made Brushes, but absolutely the best Brushes on the market.

Your Grocer sells them at popular prices. Look for name "Boeckh" on back of brush. None genuine without.

HOTEL CHAMBERLIN

Old Point
Comfort, Virginia.



*THE RENDEZVOUS
OF THE ARMY & NAVY
SOCIETY & SPORTSMEN*

Open all the Year.

GEO. F. ADAMS, Mgr.
FORTRESS MONROE, VA.

Blanchard Press
N. Y.
BOOKLETS FREE.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

used by particular people both young and old. Keeps the skin soft, clear and white.

No other Soap is just as Good. 034
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.



FIFTY CHOCOLATE-COATED
IRON-OX TABLETS

In an Aluminum Box

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

An Invaluable Nerve Tonic,
A Cure for Indigestion and Constipation,
A Blood Maker and Purifier,
A Corrective of Sluggish Liver and
Derangement of the Kidneys.

THE IRON-OX REMEDY COMPANY, Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada and London, England

The **DOMINION BREWERY Co.**
LIMITED
BREWERS AND MALTSTERS

TORONTO

Manufacturers of the
Celebrated

WHITE LABEL ALE

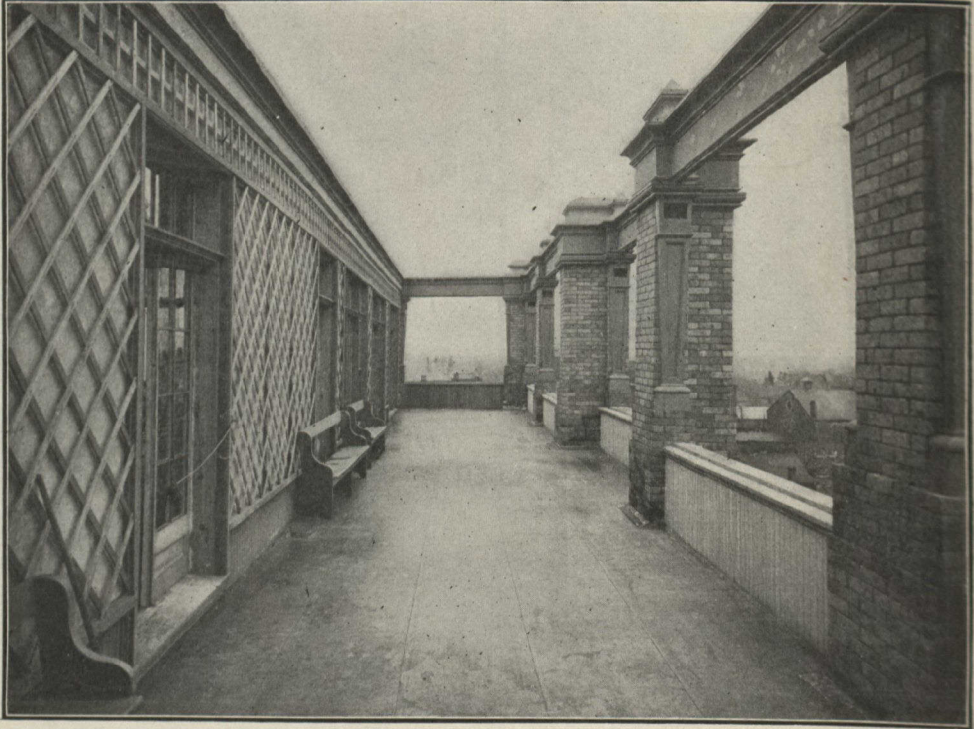
ASK FOR IT AND SEE THAT
OUR BRAND IS ON
EVERY CORK



FAC-SIMILE OF
WHITE LABEL ALE.

Our Ales and Porters have been examined by the best Analysts, and they have declared them Pure and Free from any Deleterious Ingredients.

WM. ROSS, Manager.



ROOF PROMENADE, "THE WELLAND," ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

The St. Catharines Well

ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

CANADA'S HEALTH RESORT

Famous for its saline baths.

The efficacy of these waters not surpassed by any others in the world. Its prototype is the famous Kreutznach Springs of Austria.

For rest and recuperation visit the famous "St. Catharines Well," where thousands from all parts of America have been cured or greatly benefited.

Rheumatism, gout, nervous troubles and diseases accruing from uric acid in the blood, treated with marvellous results.

First-class accommodation at reasonable rates.

For handsome illustrated publications and all information, apply to

G. T. BELL,

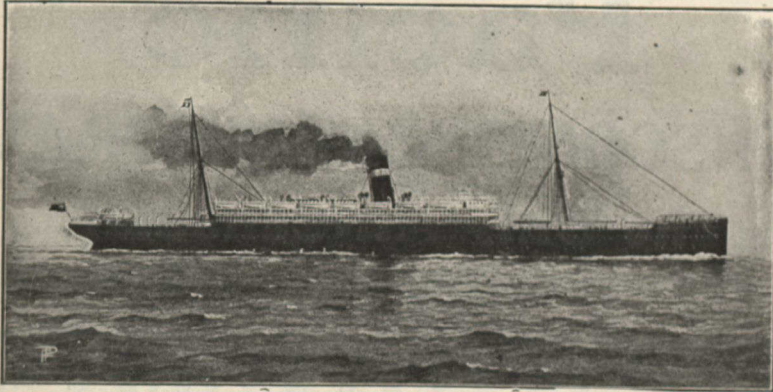
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System,
MONTREAL

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

TO LIVERPOOL

CALLING AT MOVILLE, LONDONDERRY



The Allan Line Twin-screw Steamer "Tunisian."

TURBINE-ENGINED STEAMERS BUILDING

VICTORIAN, 12,000 Tons

COLONIAL, 12,000 TONS

NEW STEAMERS

TUNISIAN, 10,575 Tons, Twin Screws BAVARIAN, 10,375 Tons, Twin Screws
IONIAN, 9,000 Tons, Twin Screws

These fine new steamers sail **Weekly** to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry.

The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines, and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships, where least motion is felt, and bilge keels have been fitted to all the steamers, which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum. The vessels are also fitted with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

Electric lights are in use throughout the ships, and the cabins have all the comforts of modern first-class hotels. Cuisine is unsurpassed.

No expense for transfer of baggage from the railway stations to the steamer.

The distance from Halifax is almost 700 miles shorter via this route than it is from United States ports. The advantage of the Shortest Sea Passage during the Winter Season is obvious.

Intercolonial and C. P. R. trains replete with every comfort and at specially low rates make close connection with the steamers at Halifax.

1903-4

PROPOSED SAILINGS

1903-4

Subject to change.

From Liverpool	Steamers	From St. John	From Halifax
17 Dec.	PRETORIAN...Sat.	2 Jan.	Mon. 4 Jan.
24 "	*BAVARIAN.....	"	11 "
31 "	SICILIAN.....Sat.	16 Jan.	" 18 "
7 Jan.	*IONIAN.....	" 23 "	" 25 "
14 "	CORINTHIAN..	" 30 "	" 1 Feb.
21 Jan.	*PARISIAN.....	"	8 Feb.
28 "	PRETORIAN...Sat.	13 Feb.	" 15 "
4 Feb.	SICILIAN.....	"	22 "

From Liverpool	Steamers	From St. John	From Halifax
11 Jan.	*IONIAN.....Sat.	27 Feb.	Mon. 29 "
18 "	*BAVARIAN.....	" 5 Mar.	" 7 Mar.
25 "	*PARISIAN.....	" 12 "	" 14 "
3 Mar.	PRETORIAN.....	"	21 "
10 "	*TUNISIAN.....Sat.	26 Mar.	" 28 "
17 "	*IONIAN.....	" 2 Apl.	" 4 Apl.
24 "	*BAVARIAN.....	" 9 "	" 11 "

*These steamers do not carry cattle.

TUNISIAN embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, August 2, 9.15 a.m.; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, August 9, 9.00 p.m. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 6 hours, 45 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 15 hours, 27 minutes, via Cape Race, which is the fastest on record over this course.

PARISIAN sailed from Rimouski Sunday, October 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Moville Sunday, October 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 12 hours, 50 minutes.

For rates or further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto
or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal

Canadian Pacific

TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL

The Only All-Canadian
Transcontinental Railway

Through
Train
Leaves

TORONTO

At 1.45
p.m.
Daily

FOR

Winnipeg

Brandon

Moose Jaw

Medicine Hat

Kootenay District

Calgary

Banff Hot Springs

Revelstoke

Mission Jct. and

Vancouver

Unexcelled Dining Car Service North Bay to
Laggan, Revelstoke to Salmon Arm.

First-Class Sleepers Toronto to Winnipeg and the
Coast.

ROBT. KERR,

Passenger Traffic
Manager,

MONTREAL

C. E. E. USSHER,

General Passenger Agent,
Eastern Lines,

MONTREAL

A. H. NOTMAN,

Asst. General Passenger Agent,
1 King St. East,

TORONTO

FOR THE WINTER **BERMUDA**

GO TO

FROST UNKNOWN. MALARIA IMPOSSIBLE.

From New York, 48 hours, by Highest Class Steamships, sailing Weekly.

FOR A WINTER'S CRUISE

GO TO

WINDWARD WEST INDIES

Sailings from New York every ten days for

St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Demerara

For Pamphlets and Full Information apply to

A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., AGENTS, 39 Broadway, New York.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO., Limited

ARTHUR AHERN, SECRETARY, Quebec.

STANLEY BRENT, AGENT,

8 King St. East, Toronto.

A. F. WEBSTER, AGENT,

Cor. King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

Dominion Line Steamships

WINTER SAILINGS

Portland to Liverpool

S.S. CANADA	leaves	Portland	Sat.,	Jan.	2,	2	p.m.
" DOMINION	"	"	"	"	23,	"	"
" CANADA	"	"	"	Feb.	6,	"	"
" DOMINION	"	"	"	"	27,	"	"
" CANADA	"	"	"	Mar.	12,	"	"
" VANCOUVER	"	"	"	"	26,	"	"

For all information as to rates of passage and sailings, apply to Local Agents or to

A. F. WEBSTER, Cor. King and Yonge Streets, TORONTO

Or at the Company's Offices,

MONTREAL, QUE.—17 St. Sacrament St.

BOSTON, MASS.—17 State St.

"Where every prospect pleases."

FIVE
POINTS
OF EXCELLENCE.

Leaving the center of the city from which you start; reaching the center of the city of your destination; over smooth and level tracks; giving rest and comfort; riding beside running waters most of the way; through the centers of population to the gateways of commerce; when you travel by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

A copy of the 52-page Illustrated Catalogue of the "Four Track Series" will be sent free upon receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

WEST SHORE
RAILROAD

The popular tourist route to New York, Boston, the principal summer resorts on the New England Coast, Long Island, Catskill Mountains, Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, White Mountains, the beautiful Mohawk Valley, and the historic Hudson River.

Full information, time-tables, etc., at 69½ Yonge Street, 'Phone Main 4361, Toronto, Ont.

FRANK FOY,
Ticket Agent,
Toronto, Ont.

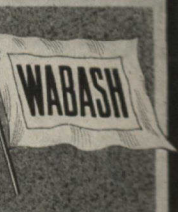
LOUIS DRAGO,
Canadian Pass. Agent,
Toronto, Ont.

C. E. LAMBERT,
General Pass. Agent,
New York City

H. PARRY,
General Agent,
Buffalo, N. Y.



WABASH



THE LUXURY OF TRAVEL

Traveling by daylight on the Wabash Line affords all the comforts to be had in the most luxurious homes or in the best hotels. Nothing is wanting to complete one's happiness, and the days pass only too quickly.

The Parlor, Observation, Café, Library and Sleeping Cars on the Wabash are the finest in this country.

For information as to Rates, Route, etc., address

J. A. RICHARDSON

District Passenger Agent

Cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

TRAVEL

TO

Canada's Winter Ports

St. John and

Halifax



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

VIA

BY

Canada's
Famous
Train

The Maritime
Express

Leaving Montreal 12.00 noon daily
except Saturday

Write **General Passenger
Department**

For Time Tables, Etc. **MONCTON, N.B.**





Copyright 1914, F. A. Miller, Chicago
LITTLE journeys to western resorts will be more popular than ever this season. To the Rockies, to the beautiful lakes of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, to Yellowstone Park and to the Pacific coast, the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

offers low priced trips and high-grade service. Booklets with complete information will be sent as follows: "Colorado-California," six cents. "Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake," four cents. "Summer Homes—1903," four cents.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO LOOK AFTER YOUR HEALTH

AND there is nothing like a sea voyage on a comfortable ship, with pleasant people to revive and invigorate your energies and interest. There would be fewer doctors' bills to pay if everybody went to the West Indies each winter on a

P. & B. STEAMER

A 42 days' passage for \$130.00

is a cheap way of escaping doctors' bills.

ASK

R. M. MELVILLE - . . . Toronto

or

PICKFORD & BLACK - Halifax

Souvenir Portfolio

containing fine reproductions in halftone of

60 Prize Pictures

by the world's greatest photographers. 64 pages, 9 x 12 inches, on heavy plate paper, bound in art bristol, with a photograph mounted on the cover, the whole tied with gold cord, making an elegant holiday album.

25 Cents

These pictures received the judges' awards in our \$3,000.00 contest just closed, and represent the highest attainments in pictorial photography. The reproductions, which are in the colors of the original photograph, are excellent in every respect, and form a collection that every lover of pictures, every one interested in photography, every student of art, will want to keep. The price, 25 cents, is only a fraction of the cost of the portfolio, which contains also Ten Articles by famous Photographers on Ten Phases of Photography. There is no advertising matter in the book. We simply want to give every one an opportunity to see the excellent work which is being done by the foremost photographers of the world with our Photographic Lenses.

Alfred Steglitz' Grand Prize Picture

"5th Avenue in Winter"

is alone worth the price of the portfolio. Send 25c. stamps or Coin to Department T.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



A TEASPOONFUL TO A CUP OF BOILING WATER

BOVRIL


THIS OFFENDS THE EYE AND THE COOK IS FOLLED

THIS SMELLS VERY HIGH AND THE SOUP IS SPOILED

SEND FOR THIS IN HASTE! USE IT EVERY DAY.

THIS DISGUSTS THE TASTE THROW IT ALL AWAY



A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the central text. The border is black with white floral motifs, including leaves and circular designs.

ARTISTIC HOMES

Any man who is going to own his own home, ought to know about

“Metal Walls and Ceilings”

They are far more durable than plaster—impossible to crack or fall as plaster will do—and are **ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.**

They are moulded in hundreds of rich, artistic designs—to harmonize with the individual decorations of every room. Special patterns for special rooms, made to order.

If you are planning to build, or to re-decorate your home, it will pay you to learn more about this 20th Century Interior Decoration.

Write for catalogue: if possible, send rough sketch and actual measurements of rooms. We will mail catalogue free, and also special estimates on designs to suit your specifications.

METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO., Ltd.
PRESTON, ONT.

TO COLOUR TRY ALEXANDRE'S
GREY HAIR SHAINE

LONDON MADE

Trial Bottle

12½c.



Trade Mark,
Copyright

SHADEINE colors grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN and GOLDEN. Contains no lead, silver, mercury or sulphur. Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed not to burn or produce an unnatural tint; is permanent, washable, and free from grease. Medical certificate enclosed. Large bottle, 85c. Trial bottle, 12 1-2c. Of all chemists, and Messrs. T. EATON CO., Limited, Yonge St., Toronto. L. ALEXANDRE, 39 Westbourne Grove, London, W., England.

**THERE IS NOTHING LIKE K.D.C.
FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA**
HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, Etc.
FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.
K.D.C. CO. Ltd., Boston, U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.

BOOKKEEPING Shorthand, Penmanship, etc., thoroughly taught. Graduates assisted to desirable business positions. Complete course for Home Study, \$5.00. Write for free catalogue. THE NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited, WINNIPEG, Man.

Stewart Hartshorn
**The Genuine
HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLER**

always bears this signature on the label. It insures perfect satisfaction, and is a protection against all the troubles and worries caused by inferior imitations.

The Improved requires no tacks.
Wood rollers. Tin rollers.



UNDERWOOD

After many years of crucial examination and severest testing, the

UNDERWOOD

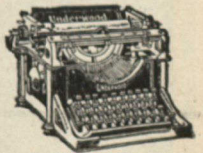
has been conceded first place among all writing and tabulating machines because of absolute superiority and durability. Of course much time is saved by visible writing, and the Underwood is the only machine giving this great convenience. We have second-hand machines from \$25.00 up.

Write us for special price list of new and second-hand typewriters.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., Limited

15 Adelaide St. East, Toronto 19 King St. West, Hamilton
97 St. Francois Xavier, Montreal Temple Building, London

Sole Canadian Dealers



THE UNDERWOOD

ABSOLUTE PERFECTION



Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP



Whooping Cough,
Croup,
Bronchitis,
Coughs,
Grip,
Hay Fever,
Diphtheria,
Scarlet Fever.

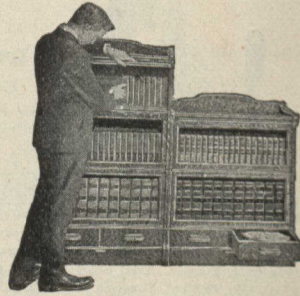
Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 1651 Notre Dame St., Montreal

A Bookcase for \$15.⁵⁰



A SHANNON SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

makes a handsome and useful addition to your library. It can be built up in any position to accommodate just what books you have. Made of selected quartered oak in three sizes, beautifully polished.

One section of each size with cornice and base delivered to you for..... **15.50**

Write for illustrated catalogue.

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co.

Limited

Factories,
NEWMARKET, ONT.

77 Bay Street,

TORONTO, ONT.

NORDHEIMER PIANOS.



Typify the Piano perfection of the age and possess the tone quality that lifts them into a class by themselves.

NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO. LIMITED TORONTO ONT.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL LEADING CITIES IN CANADA.

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

HERE'S HEALTH

Radnor WATER

Radnor Mixes with Anything

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PEMBER'S WIGS

GENTLEMEN

When You are Turning Over That New Leaf

at the New Year be particular that the first entry you make thereon is a note to this effect :

RESOLVED—That during Nineteen Hundred and Four I will take a Turkish Bath regularly at Pembers, and at the first sign of anything going wrong with my hair I will immediately consult with the expert

in their **HAIR DRESSING AND SCALP TREATMENT DEPARTMENT.**

Should matters be so far gone that I find myself in need of a **WIG** or **TOUPEE** I will have same made to my especial requirements by the store that has made the Toupee not only possible but popular.

My Manicuring needs will of course be attended to at the same place.

THE PEMBER STORE

127-9 Yonge Street, TORONTO

THIS RESOLUTION MUST NOT BE BROKEN

PEMBER'S WIG

PEMBER'S TOUPEE



THE 'DOMINION' PIANO

Piano Truths

IT is generally conceded that time alone reveals the good or bad qualities of everything. For 35 years we have been furnishing our pianos and organs to the best of Canadian homes and institutions. You take no risk when you buy a

**DOMINION
PIANO OR ORGAN**

The honesty of a Dominion begins with the varnish and goes straight through to the iron plate.

Our Complete Catalogue Sent for the Asking

Dominion Organ & Piano Co.
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

THE TOUGH IS EXQUISITE

ART DEPT., CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Fearman's Famous



**ENGLISH
BREAKFAST
BACON**

THE STANDARD OF
EPICUREAN TASTE
For Sale by all Leading Grocers



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"



Pierce Vapor Launches

Are beautiful, swift, safe models. Equipped with the Pierce Reliable Simple Motor. We guarantee satisfaction.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

PIERCE ENGINE CO., Racine, Wis.

Box 20

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR

Special Offer!

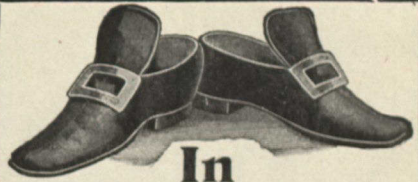


22 ft. LAUNCH TO CARRY 20 PERSONS

For \$450.

— WRITE FOR PARTICULARS AND CATALOG —

THE CANADA LAUNCH WORKS, Limited
Foot of Carlaw Ave. Toronto, Ont.



In Olden Times

silver shoe buckles, coin, and odd pieces were made into spoons by Rogers Bros. After perfecting the process of electroplating, they discontinued making solid silver spoons, and stamped their plated ware

"1847 Rogers Bros."

"1847" indicating the year the brand was first made. This mark wherever seen is a guarantee of the highest grade of silver plated ware.

For new designs, send for Catalogue No. 61.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY,
Hamilton, Ont.



*For sale by leading
dealers every-
where.*

The style
they made in
1847.

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM OAKVILLE ONTARIO



IN LAKEHURST GROUNDS

the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating and Bathing.

For terms, etc., address the Manager, LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE

THIS Sanitarium, established some eleven years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of



A brilliant entertainer, changing dreary, rainy hours into moments of enjoyment, lightly playing catchy hits of the season, satisfying critical musical natures by the grand compositions of the masters, setting feet to motion in that delightful evening entertainment, the impromptu dance; **the Pianola** transforms the voiceless piano into a very fountain of melody.

Though perfectly artistic and wholly individual in each player's hands, the Pianola can be played by anyone, even those utterly ignorant of the art of music, and is thus practically available to every man, woman and child in the whole world.

PRICE, \$275.

Can be purchased by monthly payments if desired.

**The Mason & Risch
Piano Co., Limited**

32 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

It's Pleasant to Reflect

when after years of use your silver shows no sign of wear except perhaps a few scratches.

Be sure you see our trademark stamped on every piece you buy; it ensures the best quality. We make all the latest and most unique designs, and no jeweller's stock is complete without a full selection of our goods.

The Standard Silver Co.
TORONTO Limited



Hall's
Vegetable Sicilian
Hair Renewer

Why look old before your time? Bring back the freshness of youth to your gray hair. Hall's Hair Renewer always restores color to gray hair, always.

Sold by druggists for over 50 years. If your druggist cannot supply you, send to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Sporting Goods

OF ALL KINDS

GOLF	SUPPLIES
TENNIS	
CRICKET	
BASEBALL	
LACROSSE	
FOOTBALL	

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

COR. KING AND VICTORIA STREETS

TORONTO

HOPKINS & ALLEN RIFLE No. 722.

The very best "First Gun" for a boy.

Solid breech-block action.
Detachable barrel accurately rifled.
Case-hardened frame.

Shoots .22 short or long cartridge.
18 in. barrel. Weight 3½ lbs. English walnut
stock, checkered rubber butt plate.

Of all dealers or prepaid to any express
office in the U.S.

PRICE **\$3.50**

Send for Catalogue No. 49 of
Rifles, Shotguns and Revolvers.

The HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS

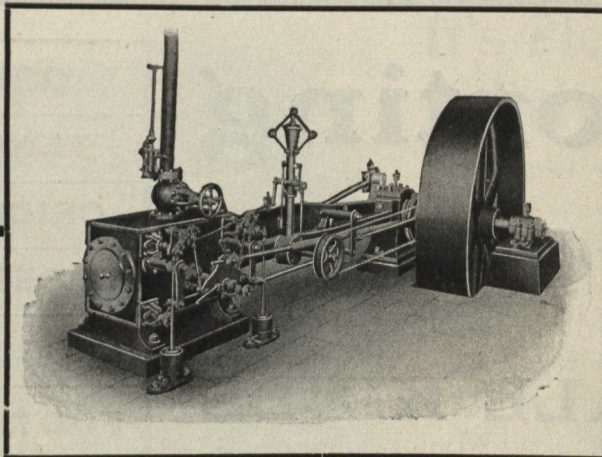


WARNING.—The frequently fatal effects on
infants of soothing medicines
should teach parents not to use them. They should give
only

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS.

Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium
or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the
public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be
talked into having others.

Depot—125 New North Road,
HOXTON, LONDON, ENG.



HORIZONTAL

VERTICAL

The Laurie Engine Company

Montreal, Canada



Beautiful Pictures

are produced only by pure rich colors.

Winsor & Newton

are artists' colormen to the Royal Family and their

Oil and Water Colors

are the world's standard. Not dear. For sale at all Art Stores.

A. RAMSAY & SON,
MONTREAL.
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

SENT FREE TO YOU

The largest Illustrated Book and Buyer's Guide of Lace Goods issued at Maker's prices. DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS. Peach's Registered Artistic Designs in

LACE CURTAINS	ROLLER BLINDS	LACES, ALL MAKES
REAL SWISS	CAPES	LADIES' AND GENTS' HOSIERY
GUILPURE D'ART	BLOUSES	HOUSEHOLD LINEN
MADRAS MUSLINS	COLLARETTES	WRITE TO-DAY.

POPULAR PARCEL, \$6.30. CARRIAGE FREE.
LOT No. 383 contains:—1 pair Rich Lacey Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yards long, about 2 yards wide; 2 pairs alike, Handsome Dining-room Curtains, choice old lace design, 3 1/2 yards long, 60 inches wide; 1 pair Floral and Scroll Bedroom Curtains, 3 yards long, 50 inches wide; 1 pair fashionable Brise Blise Curtains; 1 Gulpure Table Centre, renaissance design; 1 Set Duchesse Toilet Table Covers, one 45 inches long, and five smaller. Ecu if desired. On receipt of Post Office Order for \$6.30 the Lot sent per Parcel Post direct to your address in Canada, well packed in oil cloth. Customers throughout the Empire testify to the Marvellous Value and Durability. First Prize Medals, Toronto, 1892; Chicago, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1857.

S. PEACH & SONS, Curtain Manufacturers,
Nottingham, England.



WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

Commends itself to travelers by land or sea, on account of its convenience, compactness, luxury and economy. *25c. of all druggists.*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Spencerian Steel Pens

PEN WORKS:—BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

THE STANDARD AMERICAN BRAND FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS

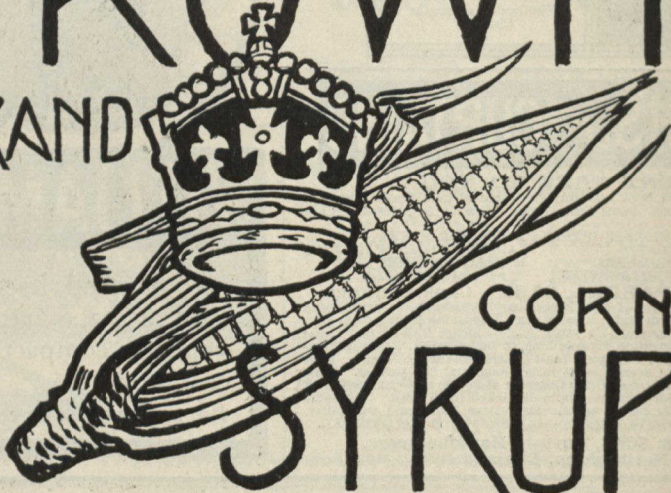
They cost a little more than the common makes, but you get a perfect pen in the essentials;

DURABILITY—UNIFORMITY—SMOOTH POINTS—QUICK ACTION

Sold by all the Leading Stationers in Canada and United States. Samples for trial on receipt of return postage Canadian Stamps accepted.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway; NEW YORK, N.Y.

*Between Honey and the Sugar Cane---
that's where they found*

CROWN
BRAND  **CORN**
SYRUP

NOT HONEY
NO "STING"

NOT MOLASSES
NO "BURN"

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP IS THE WHOLE SUBSTANCE OF
WHOLE CORN—NOT THE RESIDUE. A PURE FOOD WITH ALL THE
QUALITIES OF A LUXURY.

Food, Flavor and Fascination

RETAINS ITS GOLDEN COLOR IN HERMETICALLY SEALED TINS

MAKES PANCAKES WORTH EATING

THOSE WHO EXPECT "CROWN SYRUP" FOR BREAKFAST, RISE EARLY

The Edwardsburg Starch Co.

Established 1858

Limited

OFFICES
MONTREAL, TORONTO

WORKS
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

Developing by Machine.

In a little more than a year of actual use the Kodak Developing Machine has demonstrated two facts—that the dark-room is unnecessary for film development—that better results can be obtained by machine than by hand.

The old theory that a negative can be successfully manipulated in development after the image has begun to appear has been exploded. If the exposure is over or under the range of the film or plate, no amount of "coddling" in the developer will save it. Its only hope lies in normal development to be followed after fixing by reduction or intensification.

Owing to the wide latitude allowed in exposure by our films, perfect negatives result from development for a certain length of time in a fixed strength of developer if the exposure has been anywhere near correct. And to correctly expose is not so difficult as the beginner imagines, there being a latitude of fully five points. For instance, if the correct exposure for a given subject were three seconds, any exposure of from one to five seconds would give a *perfect negative*. Whether "snap-shot" or "time exposure" makes no difference to the machine, and it handles both kinds of exposure on the same strip of film with perfect results.

Indeed, the superiority of machine developed negatives is so marked that a battery of Kodak Developing Machines operated by a water-motor, now does our work and does it better than could even the skilled and careful operators whom we have always employed. If the machine can give better average results than can be obtained by men who have done nothing for years except develop negatives, the amateur can certainly draw but one conclusion: that he must use it—not endeavor to compete with it.

Development of an entire roll takes but four or five minutes. The developer is then poured off; the film is rinsed; *taken out in daylight* and fixed in a tray or any convenient dish. A year's experience has brought to light the above very convenient method of fixing, cutting in half the time formerly required for operating the machine.

Just mix powders with water. That's your chemistry by the Kodak system. No weighing, no fussing, and every step by daylight. It's simple and economical, but most important of all it gives better pictures than the old way.

Kodak Developing Machines, \$2.50 to \$10.00.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

*Catalogue of Kodaks and Kodak Developing Machines
free at the dealers or by mail.*

Toronto, Canada

MONEY MAKERS

The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company, in a new form of policy it now issues, gives you a better investment than Government Bonds and a higher rate of interest than you can obtain from banks, as well as giving Life Insurance to your dependent ones.

This policy allows you to borrow, at any time after the second year, an amount equal to the most of the money paid in, or, in the case of misfortune, gives you extended protection for your family for a number of years without further cost. It is absolutely incontestable from the day it is issued and has no obnoxious conditions of any kind.

Write for particulars to Department S.,

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
TORONTO, CANADA



RODGERS CUTLERY

Is the very best made—the best in the world. It costs but little more than cutlery which may be fairly good—and may be worthless. It is business economy to pay the difference. Insist on the Trademark as shown above : : : : :

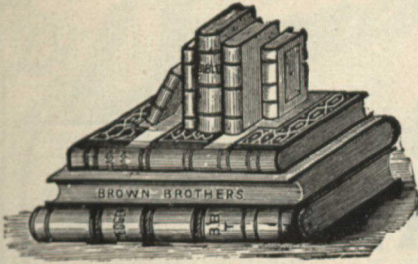
JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited
CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD,

- -

ENGLAND

Specialties in Stationery



**ACCOUNT BOOKS
LEATHER GOODS
STATIONERY — PAPER
OFFICE SUPPLIES
FOUNTAIN PENS
BOOKBINDING**

We aim to make this the most complete Stationery House.

The **BROWN BROS.** Limited

51-53 Wellington St. West, TORONTO

Peculiar

merit, peculiar to itself, distinguishing it from all others has made it famous around the world.

ELECTRO *Silver Polish* SILICON

in form of Powder for dry cleaning and polishing; in form of Soap for washing and polishing, either 15 cents postpaid.

Sold by druggists, grocers and leading dealers everywhere.

THE DAVIS & LAWRENCE Co., Limited,
MONTREAL,
Sole Agents for Canada.

CALVERT'S

CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

Is agreeable in use and efficient in result. Superior merit has obtained for it the largest sale of any dentifrice.



PIANOS BY MAIL

Through our mail order department we sell pianos direct from our Toronto warerooms to almost any point in Canada no matter how remote. In this way the purchaser saves that large portion of the cost necessary for agents' commissions and local expenses.

We ship subject to approval, and will pay the return freight if not entirely satisfactory, consequently customers living at a distance can buy just as safely through our mail order department as those who have the opportunity of visiting our warerooms and making personal selection.

Our easy payment system is applicable everywhere and on the most costly instrument as well as the more moderate priced. A card of enquiry will bring a personal letter with full particulars.

We are wholesale factors for the following instruments :

Knabe Pianos

The more closely you investigate, the more clearly you demonstrate their peerless character.

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

Loved by every owner, admired by every hearer for their delicious tone-quality.

Gourlay Pianos

Distinctly artistic creations. In excellence our highest attainment. Already a favorite with every musician.

Winter Pianos

Quite on a par with the Gourlay, though somewhat smaller in size.

Mendelssohn Pianos

Pianos of sterling merit. You pay no more than they are worth, and they are really worth more than you pay.

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING

TORONTO

188 YONGE ST.

HAMILTON.

66 KING ST. W.

Dr. Deimel

(LINEN-MESH)

Underwear

Has a softness and delicacy of texture, a warmth and comfort that are positively delightful. And the body it covers has a glow of health and a feeling of ease and freedom unknown to the wearer of wool, silk or cotton.

Booklet, telling all about it, with samples of Linen-Mesh, mailed free.

The Deimel Linen-Mesh Co.
(Originators of Linen-Mesh)

Dept. N. 73—2202 St. Catherine St., Montreal

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	111 Montgomery St.
WASHINGTON, D.C.	1313 F Street
BROOKLYN, N.Y.	510 Fulton St.
NEW YORK	491 Broadway
LONDON, W.C., ENG.	83 Strand (Cecil Hotel)

WE MANUFACTURE

PARQUET FLOORS

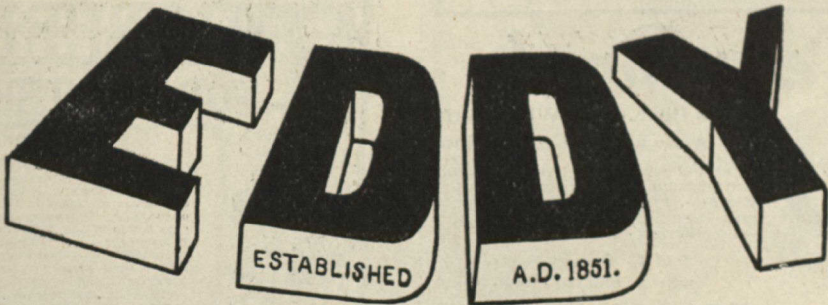
and send designs and prices
to any address on
application.

The Elliott & Son Co.,
Limited,
79 King Street West,
TORONTO.

Lower Prices

USE

Better Quality



FIBRE WARE

CAN BE HAD IN

**Tubs, Pails,
Wash Basins,
Milk Pans, Etc.**

Insist on being
supplied with
EDDY'S.

For sale
by Dealers
everywhere.

SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous English . . . Skin Fluid

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES
Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth supple, healthy skin.

Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.
Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., TORONTO**

LADIES to do piecework at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from \$7 to \$12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to **ROYAL CO.,** Desk C. M., 34 Monroe Street, Chicago.

THE GREAT REMEDY.

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS,

GOUT, FOR RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA.

The Excruciating Pain is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days by these celebrated Pills. Sure, safe, and effectual. All Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

Derma-Royale



Insures Pure, Soft, White Skin and a Beautiful Complexion, cures Eczema and Tetter, Absolutely and permanently removes Blackheads, Freckles, Pimples, Redness, Sunspots, and Tan. Used with Derma-Royale Soap a Perfect skin is insured.

Sold by Druggists, or may be ordered direct.

DERMA-ROYALE, \$1.00 per bottle, express paid.
DERMA-ROYALE SOAP, - - 25 cents, by mail.
Both in one package, - - \$1.25, express paid.

Shipped from our Dominion House, saving duty.

ONE BOTTLE FREE TO AGENTS.
THE DERMA-ROYALE CO., - Cincinnati, Ohio.

F. BRIGDEN, PROP. GEO. BRIGDEN, MANAGER F. J. BRIGDEN, O.S.A.



THE TORONTO ENGRAVING Co.

92 BAY ST. PHONE 2893.


DESIGNERS & ENGRAVERS BY ALL PROCESSES



MAGIC I AM A TEACHER

and entertainer in Magic. I teach parlor games and arts, sorcery, legerdmain, enchantment. I can teach you two fascinating coin and card tricks for 20c, and include my 56-p. illustrated booklet of 240 tricks. Go to, therefore, learn how to startle, bewitch, and delight. Become the most popular guest wherever you go. One trick, 10c.; "Book of Card Tricks," 180-p., 25c. I live at 227 M. Webster Av., Chicago, and my name is "Robert Wassmann, the Magician."

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH



This standard Canadian Dentrifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

PRE-EMINENT FOR 60 YEARS.

BY ROYAL WARRANT

Flour Millers

TO

H.R.H.

THE Prince of Wales



"The
World's
Best
Family
Flour"



THERE ARE 40 ERECT FORM STYLES

Three recent creations are shown here—each corset is built with some distinctive feature to correct some definite figure-fault. Special models for short and tall—stout and slender wearers. The Erect Form makes it possible for any woman to possess a modish and graceful physique. It aims to carry out nature's own idea of development. It is a healthful corset—built as you are built.

Erect Form 919. For fully developed figures. Cut very low in the bust and very long over hips and abdomen. Shaped like 929, but without fan-front. In white and drab sterling cloth and black sateen. Sizes 20 to 36 **\$1.00**

Erect Form 929. A Long Hip Model for very stout women, built with a heavily stitched fan-front over abdomen to hold in undue stoutness. In white and drab coutil and black sateen. Sizes 20 to 36 **\$1.50**

Erect Form 926. For medium figures. Very short hip and extremely long over abdomen. Of white and drab sterling cloth and black sateen. Sizes 18 to 30 **\$1.00**

Erect Form 924. For medium figures. Low bust, long over hips and abdomen, but cut away between to allow full freedom. In white and drab sterling cloth and black sateen. Sizes 18 to 36 **\$1.00**

Erect Form 930 is exactly like style 919, but is made of white and drab imported coutil, trimmed with wide fall of lace and ribbon bow. Sizes 20 to 36 **\$2.00**

Erect Form 921. For very heavy figures. Made with fan-front, low bust and long hip. Of white coutil and black lasting cloth. Sizes 20 to 30 **\$3.00**

If your dealer cannot supply you mention his name, enclose price, and we will see that you receive corset desired.

WEINGARTEN BROS., Dept. 0., 377-379 Broadway, New York City.



Capital Paid up . . \$1,000,000
Reserve Fund . . . \$1,000,000

Head Office—7 and 9 King St. East, Toronto.

REV. R. H. WARDEN, D.D., PRESIDENT. S. J. MOORE, Esq., VICE-PRESIDENT.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
 Sterling Drafts Bought and Sold. Travellers' Letters of Credit Issued.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed from date of deposit on all sums of \$1.00 and upwards
AT HIGHEST CURRENT RATES.

BRANCHES

BRIDGEN, BRUSSELS, MILTON, PICTON, WELLINGTON
 BROCKVILLE, EAST TORONTO, PETROLIA, SUTTON WEST,
 TORONTO—7 and 9 KING STREET EAST. CORNER COLLEGE AND BATHURST STREETS.
 CORNER DUNDAS AND ARTHUR STREETS. CORNER QUEEN AND McCAUL STREETS.
 AGENTS IN NEW YORK—THE BANK OF THE MANHATTAN COMPANY.
 AGENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN—BANK OF SCOTLAND.

W. D. ROSS, General Manager

A FULL LINE OF W. B. CORSETS IS CARRIED IN TORONTO ONLY BY
THE T. EATON CO., Limited

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

The Right Paint

Ramsay's Paint is Right Paint—It is easy to apply—covers well—wears well—it beautifies and protects.



To Paint Right

You must use the right paint—Ramsay's—you will not find in others the same ease to apply—beauty when dry—lasting and covering qualities.

Write for booklet telling how some beautiful homes have been painted with Ramsay's Paints. Mention this Magazine.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint Makers, MONTREAL

Established 1842



*"Master thinks I'm a dandy
at mixing cocktails."*

CLUB COCKTAILS

YOU can do it
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS

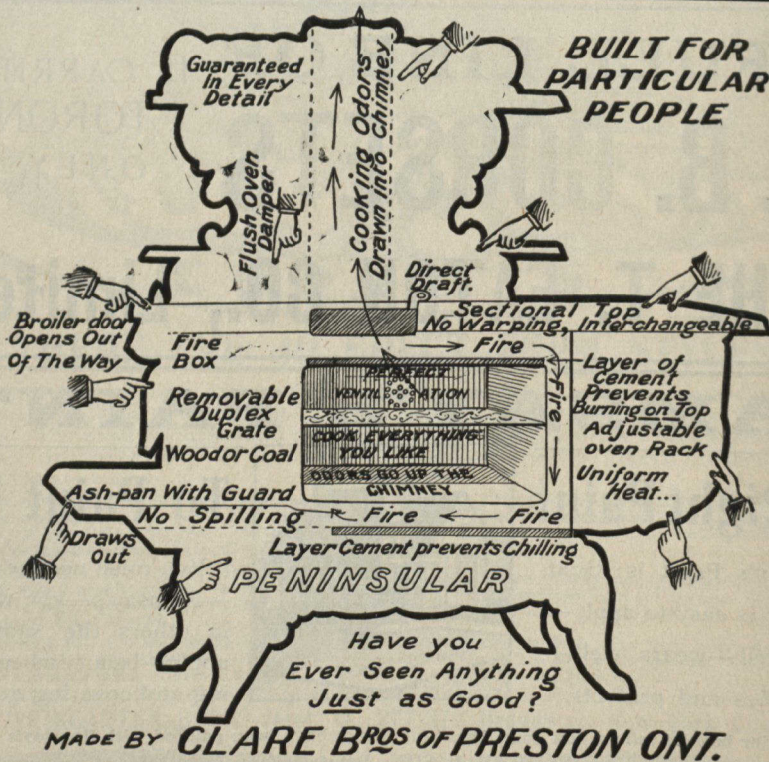
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BROS.

HARTFORD

NEW YORK

LONDON



Don't Swear Off

You have doubtless let this festive season of the year carry you out of your usual careful diet, and are suffering the consequences. You are ready to forswear rich dinners and all those other luxuries that have helped to set your stomach in disorder, your head in a whirl, and your entire system in a fit state for anything but business. Don't do it. Take a more reasonable course.

Help Your Stomach

It has been overworked and is tired. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will take the work of Digestion off its hands and give it a chance to recuperate. They supply the gastric juices that the worn out stomach fails to provide. They are a sure cure for all stomach ailments.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets

are condensed comfort. Carry a few in your pocket, take one or two after eating. This is the easy method of ensuring ease. All dealers sell them.



Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese is a truly dainty article. It comes to your table in its opal jar, pure and fresh from the cleanest, most perfect cheese factory in Canada.

Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese is the selection of the epicure.

Scientific making and scrupulous care give it a delicious flavor that is found in no other cheese.

Will you serve ordinary, tasteless cheese when

Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese

may be had for the asking? Be sure of the name when you order. In opal pots, 10c., 25c., 50c. and 90c.

INGERSOLL PACKING Co., INGERSOLL, ONT.

1

WITCH HAZEL TOILET SOAP

REGISTERED BRAND



FOR BABY'S BATH

THE ROYAL CROWN LIMITED. WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Libby's

VEAL LOAF



A dainty, delicious substantial, for luncheons, teas and evening suppers. Always appetizing and ready to serve on a moment's notice.

Wise housekeepers are never without a supply of

Libby's (Natural Flavor)
Food Products

to meet unforeseen emergencies.

Our booklet "Good Things to Eat" sent free on request.
Send five 2c stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago



WILLIAMS PIANOS

Consider factory of Williams Pianos. Piano extremely satisfactory, an artistic instrument in every respect. Tone and strength of design very beautiful. Sincere congratulations on achieving so distinct a success.
If not represented in your territory, write for Circular D. Special attention given mail orders. Address,
THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Limited, OSHAWA, ONT.

Main 2776.

26 Adelaide St. West.

Write for Booklet.

WRITERS, DESIGNERS AND ILLUSTRATORS OF ADVERTISING.



Chocolates

The name on the box tells the whole story. Every girl knows that "Webb's" is a guarantee of goodness.

Original sealed packages, all sizes, all prices.

Sold by druggists and confectioners everywhere.

The Harry Webb Company, Limited
TORONTO

By appointment purveyors to His Excellency the Governor-General.

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPERS USE Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate



Because they yield the MOST and BEST FOR THE MONEY.

They can be depended upon to produce uniform results. You don't have to experiment with them to find out what they will do.

A book of Choice Recipes (80 pages), sent free, will tell you how to use them to the best advantage.

TRADE-MARK

Address our Branch House

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
12 and 14 St. John Street
MONTREAL, P. Q.

BELL PIANOS

WITH ILLIMITABLE REPEATING QUALITIES AND LIGHT TOUCH

THE MUSICIAN'S IDEAL

USED EXCLUSIVELY BY

Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto,
Hamilton Conservatory of Music,
and largely used in Schools and Colleges throughout Canada.

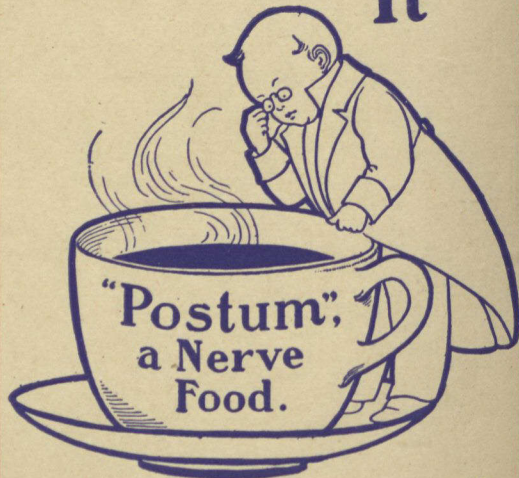
SEND FOR CATALOGUE 63.

BELL ORGAN & PIANO Co., Limited
GUELPH, ONTARIO

MAKERS OF

PIANOS - ORGANS
PIANO PLAYERS

Look into It



Coffee causes Heart-Failure, Dyspepsia, Brain-Fag and Nervous Prostration. These will leave when you use

Postum Food Coffee

IN ONE BOTTLE.
REQUIRES
NO HEATING OR
MIXING

Melanyl

Indelible and Harmless
On any Fabric.
Try it once and you will

White envelopes - match - in handkerchief - envelopes - papereries - at your stationer's - manufactured by THE BARBER & ELLIS CO., Limited, TORO

WENIMORIH MUNE