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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV. No. 1

CONTENTS, NOVEMBER, 1904.

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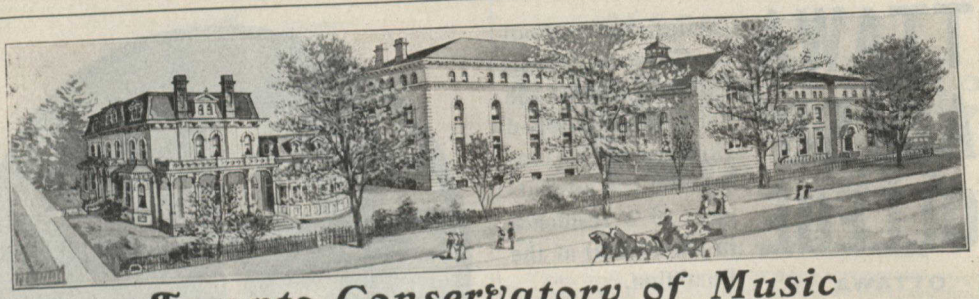

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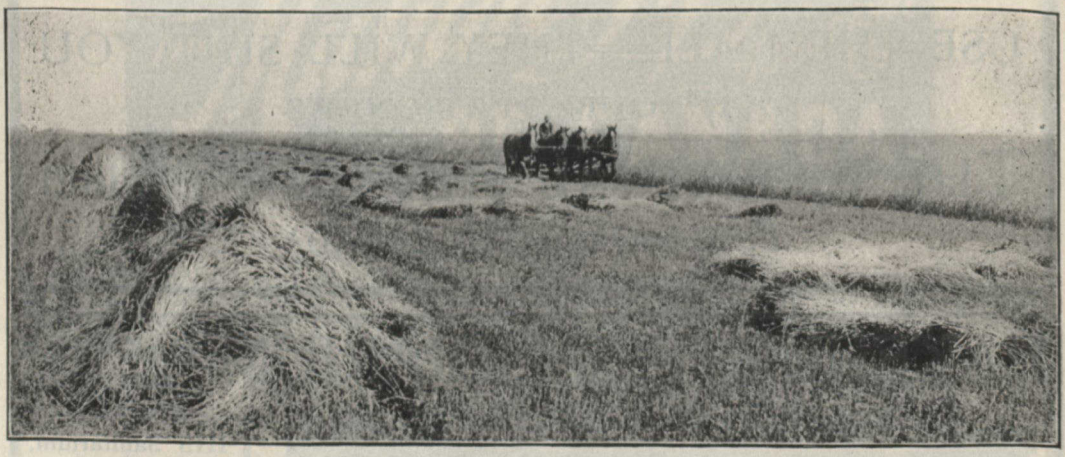

CUTTING WHEAT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. T. R. PRESTON,
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W. D. SCOTT,
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DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1904 No. 1

THE ARGENTINE GAUCHO

By JOHN D. LECKIE

THE Gaucho of the Argentine plains may be of any race or colour from pure Indian to pure white, but he generally possesses a strain of both white and Indian blood. In his character he partakes more of his Indian than of his white ancestry, perhaps because, in the majority of cases, the Indian is his maternal side, and those aboriginal traits which are not inherited are instilled into him from the earliest age by maternal tuition.

It is said that if you scratch the Russian you will find the Tartar, and it is equally true that if you scratch the Gaucho you will find the aboriginal Indian. It is said that mongrel races generally inherit the vices of both parents without the virtues of either. In the West Indies, for example, one finds the proverb, "God made the white man, and God made the black man, but the devil made the mulatto," nor can it be denied by those enabled to speak with authority that there is a substratum of truth in the saying.

Perhaps the nearest approach to the Gaucho type and character to be found in Europe is that of the wandering Gypsies, with whom most of us are acquainted. Travellers who have visited both Northern Africa or Arabia and Argentina assure us that there is a striking resemblance between the Arab and the Gaucho character, caused doubtless by similar surroundings and methods of life.

Before delineating the unfavourable points of the Gaucho character, we will in justice have a word to say about his good points, of which he certainly has a few. Like the Arab of the desert, the Gaucho is characterised by his innate courtesy, hospitality and fidelity to his master or leader. This is a trait which seems characteristic of all peoples who live in a semi-feudal state, and was very noticeable as late as last century among our own Highlanders, though in this age of manhood suffrage, trades unions and strikes, the bonds of sympathy which formerly

AN ARGENTINE ESTANCHIA (RANCH)

SHEPHERD'S HUT AND TRAVELLING CAR

In the latter he lives for months at a time while herding sheep.

attached master and servant have been, in a great measure, loosened.

Courtesy is a universal trait of the Gaucho. He may be, and generally is, unlettered and uneducated, but he never forgets that he is one of Nature's gentlemen, and, unless under strong provocation, is careful not to offend, in any way, the feelings of those with whom he comes in contact. But if courteous himself, he expects equal courtesy on the part of others, even those placed in authority over him, and would leave in a moment the employ of any master who dared to address him a harsh word for any fault he might have committed. If his dignity is respected he will, however, generally be found a faithful and trustworthy servant.

In matters of religion his beliefs are simple, and no intricate theological dogmas trouble him. He shows every reverence for the priest, because this has been impressed on him as a duty from his tenderest years. The women, however, are much more fervent in their piety than the men, for while the former are frequent church-goers, the men rarely enter a church door. They look on it, however, as their duty to confess their sins once in a while, and they can generally manage to mutter in an unintelligible manner a *Credo* or *Ave Maria*—there their religion begins and there it ends. They usually know the most important saints' days in the calendar such as the church festivals, for the simple reason that those days are holidays on which no work must be done, and this latter duty is religiously complied with by the Gaucho. The Gaucho looks on the foreigner with a curious mixture of respect and contempt — respect, because the foreigner is always much more skilled in the arts and sciences than he is, and generally also more practised in the use of firearms; and contempt, because foreigners are, in comparison to themselves, such poor horsemen. The Gaucho almost lives in the saddle; his horse is his most treasured possession, and even the poorest of them has one, and often two or three. There is no moral or physical excellence in their eyes equal to that of being a first-rate horseman, and no man could aspire to be a leader of the Gauchos who was not an unexceptionally skilled equestrian. During the wars which afflicted the country during the last century, foreigners had frequently to intervene in order to defend their

A TYPICAL ARGENTINE GAUCHO

With Poncho, which is Overcoat by day and Blanket by night

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH

own interests, and on one occasion a Gaucho orator declared in a warlike speech that those "gringoes" (term of contempt for a European) were men of no account, who were not even equal to a single night's gallop—a statement which his large plebeian audience applauded to the echo. He believes that the foreigner is not a Christian; he has never been baptised; he is a mere heretic with no hope of salvation, who cannot even name the various saints'

CUTTING UP AN OX FOR FOOD—EUROPEAN OVERSEER AND GAUCHO COWBOYS

days or recite an *Ave Maria* or *Paternoster*—a belief which bears evidence of the teachings of the priests among an ignorant population.

Although the Gaucho is usually honest where his master's property is concerned, he has a failing for petty thieving, and it is difficult to get him to understand the principle of *meum* and *teum* in such matters. They will seldom steal articles of great value except under strong temptation, but they have a weakness for "commandeering" any stray horses they take a fancy to. The prevalence of horse-thieving may be accounted for by the ease with which such a theft is accomplished, and the strong temptation to a roving Gaucho, who has lost his steed, to appropriate one of the many thousands he finds grazing in the boundless prairies. Horses, it must

GAUCHO GIRLS POUNDING CORN

Corn meal is prepared by pounding the corn with wooden pestles in a large wooden mortar and then passing the product through a sieve

be remembered, have very little value in the River Plate. We have mentioned a Gaucho's skill in horsemanship. To ride an unbroken and half-wild horse is looked upon as a very ordinary feat. He will not only jump off a horse at full gallop, but will consider himself unskilful if he does not alight on his feet without falling—a feat which may seem impossible to an English horseman. I certainly have never heard of a Gaucho having been killed by a fall from his horse, an accident not unfrequent among foreigners.

EUROPEAN EMPLOYEES ON A RANCH

For their chiefs and leaders they have always showed the greatest respect and attachment, even though the former exercised their sway in the most despotic manner. Men like Rosas or Quiroga easily acquired boundless influence over them, because they understood the Gaucho character and possessed those qualities which their followers admired. Although the Gauchoes are possessed of a considerable amount of native cunning, Quiroga was more than a match for them, and was credited by them with the possession of a wisdom equal to that of Solomon, a reputation not undeserved, as the following anecdote (which is only a sample of many such) will show. Quiroga was on one occasion much offended because one of his immediate followers had stolen some article of his property and he was unable to detect the thief. He summoned all those he suspected and distributed among them rods of equal length, telling them to deliver the rods at a certain spot, and that the rod of

IN A GAUCHO BACKYARD

ARGENTINE—GAUCHO WOMAN AND PLOUGH

the culprit would be found to have grown in the meantime. The rods were duly delivered, when it was found that one of them was shorter than the rest. Quiroga immediately called up the owner of the short rod and denounced him as the thief. The man, in his terror, admitted his guilt, acknowledging that in the dread of being discovered he had cut a piece off the end of his rod.

The Gaucho sets a very low value on human life, and homicides are of frequent occurrence. Most of these arise out of personal quarrels, and in the local press they are generally alluded to as a "desgracia" (a word which in Spanish does not mean "disgrace," as it should in such a case, but simply "misfortune"). Such offences rarely receive adequate punishment, eight years' imprisonment being about the maximum penalty, but in many cases the imprisonment only extends to a few months. In very many cases, perhaps the majority, the criminal escapes punishment altogether. It is not unusual to find persons still at large who are known to have committed half a dozen homicides. Though he has little idea of the sacredness of human life, this evil record is the outcome not so much of a bloodthirsty disposition, as of the lax administration of justice already alluded to, which allows crimes of violence to escape almost unpunished. It used formerly to be the custom to punish homicides by enrolling them in the army for a few months, and sending them for service on the Indian frontier. One may form some idea of the nature of troops recruited in this manner.

These remarks apply more especially to the Gaucho of the Pampas of Central Argentina, and the whole region extending from Bahia Blanca to the frontier of Paraguay. In some of the north-eastern provinces they are said to be of a milder disposition. The Correntinos (natives of the province of

Corrientes) enjoy an unenviable reputation for bloodthirstiness, nor is this reputation by any means undeserved, as I can attest by personal experience. It has been my lot to live for some months among the Correntinos, and people of a lower grade of moral character I have never met anywhere, although I have travelled considerably—nor are their numerous defects relieved by a single good point I can think of. The Argentine army is largely composed of Correntinos, and they make good soldiers.

OLD GAUCHO WOMAN WEAVING A HAMMOCK ON HOME-MADE LOOM

The Gaucho is somewhat of a musician, and even of a poet, for not only will he thrum a lively air on the guitar, but he will accompany it by an extempore ditty of his own accomposition—needless to say his poetry is not of as high a standard as that of Byron. For example, if the pedestrian chances to come on a group of idlers who are passing the time by listening to one of these rustic bards, he may not unprobably be greeted by a number of complimentary remarks regarding the honour he does by joining their company, etc., etc., delivered in a rhyming jingle, to the music of the guitar aforesaid, all of which the stranger may very correctly interpret as a gentle hint to stand drinks all round, nor will he find his invitation refused by any of the bystanders.

The attire is not unpicturesque. His nether garment, known as a "bombacha," is wide and baggy, like that worn by a French Zouave, or the divided skirt sometimes worn by lady cyclists. But his most essential garment is the "poncho," which is generally of wool if the wearer can afford it, though the poorer classes have to content themselves with cotton. The poncho resembles a blanket with a hole in the middle, through which the wearer thrusts his head, and is used as an overcoat by day and a blanket by night. It is a most convenient garment for a traveller, and can be adjusted to suit any change of weather. Thus, in cold or wet weather, it is

worn so as to envelop the entire body; if the temperature becomes somewhat milder, it is thrown over the shoulder and round the neck, somewhat after the manner of a Scotch plaid; and if the thermometer mounts still higher, it is the work of a moment to throw it off altogether. The poncho, indeed, is an economiser of time, money and labour.

The Gaucho, like most children of nature, is very superstitious and full of strange beliefs. He is a decided believer in ghosts, magic, witchcraft, divining, and, in fact, in everything supernatural; nor is it easy to disabuse him of such ideas or reason him out of them. Some of their customs are rather peculiar, such as that of holding a wake or "velorio" over the body of an infant child. This custom is confined to the lower classes, and when one of them loses a child, it is the instant signal not for a manifestation of grief, but for a joyful meeting of all the neighbours for miles around, who make the night lively with dancing, music and other diversions, which will be kept up until an early hour in the morning.

The time is long past when the Gaucho was a power in the land; Gaucho presidents are no longer seen, and even Gaucho generals are scarce. The rapid increase of population in the River Plate republics, caused by immigration, has tended to drive the Gaucho element into the background; for not only are they relatively inferior in numbers, but these sons of the plains, not being residents of the towns, retire before the march of settlement like the buffalo and the wild Indian.

The time is probably not far distant when the Gaucho will be as extinct as the dodo, nor will civilisation be a loser by the change.

A SUMMER NIGHT, LAKE OF BAYS, MUSKOKA

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

SILENT the vast of night:
Silent the hills on horizons,
Low, dark, continuing;
Not a leaf is bestirred on the branches
By the wind, now hushed into nothing,
Or the careless, confident touch of a bird alighting;
Silent the rocks, sullen resisters;
Silent the waters,
Even the very young waves, the gentle rippling washes of the slim sand's little lovers;
Very silent the moon, that rises and rises, dear sorceress—
Never a whisper, a hint, yet the luminous, tremulous path is forever
Turning and twinkling to me, appearing, evanishing,

Infinite points of light liquescent, sparkling and darkling;
And I look at the hills and the trees and the rocks and the waters,
And I look at the moon and the glorified path to her glory,
And share my brothers' silence.

MR. WATERS

FROM CANADA TO TONGALAND

THE EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY

By A. THEODORE WATERS

FROM a village boy in Canada to a Protestant missionary of the Gospel in Africa, had not quite entered into my youthful calculations, but so it fell out. Who can tell the course of a fox an hour hence because he is now running east?

About the time of my conversion in Chicago (Moody's Church), there was also another young man converted there, a Mr. Fred Hedden of Columbus, Ohio. We were both constrained in spirit to go as missionaries to Africa, and were also of one mind to go independently and at our own expense.

After seven years spent in commerce and study (including a brief term of medicine), I was ready in 1897. I joined my yokefellow in Buffalo, where we were set apart to the work of the Gospel by the Jefferson Street Church of Christ.

During my service as head bookkeeper for a large manufacturing firm in Toronto, I had saved money toward my journey abroad. We made our purses into one common fund. But there was not enough in it to pay our way throughout to our destination, Johannesburg, South Africa. So we determined to work our way. After repeated trips to the East Buffalo horse sales stables, we succeeded in working our way to New York, over the New York Central Ry., in charge of horses. We rode in the caboose, but our duty was to get out at the stopping places and see that the horses kept to their feet. As I rode into New York city on the top of a freight car with my guitar (the caboose had been detached), in a drizzling rain, I looked like a "broken" actor. Had we failed to get a ride from Buffalo, we could have walked, but now the ocean lay before us.

We canvassed all the freight lines (there were then no passenger boats) running direct to South Africa, but without success. We then decided to venture around by England, so set to work trying to "get a job" to an English port. This route also proved hard

IN DELAGOA BAY

TONGALAND—MAPUTA COURT HOUSE AND POLICE FORCE

to book on, but through the influence of a letter of introduction from the manager of the East Buffalo stables, we succeeded finally in shipping on a great steam freighter, as horsemen. We were called "stiffs," a sea term synonymous with the land term "deadhead."

Horses, cattle and sheep, with grain and general merchandise made up our cargo of eight thousand tons. A company of fifty "stiffs" composed the "help" crew, subjects of almost as many nations, and as varied in colour, either from blood or aversion to water. Their skill in swearing and abuse of each other was second only to that of the regular crew, men of foul mouths, the characteristic most noticeable among this class of men the world over.

The horses were "stalled" separately, so that they could not lie down during the whole voyage. The cattle were "penned" together in herds, also on the lower deck. On the top deck pens were improvised for the sheep.

Our sleeping quarters were down in the "forecastle," adjoining the cattle pens. But the human filth and stench of this "black hole" drove us to sleep among the horses. The food consisted of meat tougher than "bully beef," soggy bread and plain tea. But we were more fortunate than the others in our food, for in recognition of my medical treatment of the steward, who was ill, he permitted us to eat in the galley with the cooks. We ate standing beside the dresser, and at times had to hang on to the galley ropes with one hand and feed with the other, while with our bodies we kept the dishes from sliding off as the ship rolled and pitched.

I had only eight horses to feed and water, but my friend had twelve. And

TONGALAND—RAFTING MATERIAL FOR A SCHOOLHOUSE

as I was fortunate in having less work than my companion, so was I more fortunate also in being free from sea-sickness, while he, poor fellow, was sick much of the time. The regular voyage run was nine days, New York to Liverpool, but owing to mighty storms encountered during this winter season we were four days overdue.

One night, roused from sleep among the horses during a raging storm, we learned that the captain, unable longer to keep the ship heading against the wind, the huge vessel being as a cork in a boiling cauldron, in terror and despair had determined to attempt to turn and run before the wind. All was made ready. The last hope fluttered in every heart. The signals sounded. See, she turns! The steel plates creak! The tempest shrieks among the rigging, bending the masts, and striking her on the weather beam with a crash; it swings her clean around, driving her back upon her track and the American coast! For a night and a day he let her drive—and, as I see in my journal, "This has been to us the day of days, a day of a mighty storm at sea." As a result the hatches are strewn with wreckage and with dead, dying and drowning sheep—a hundred to a hundred and fifty have perished. The horses, for life, struggled to retain their feet. It was pitiable to see the poor brutes, one moment thrown upon their haunches or felled to the floor, the next hurled with the force of an engine against the breast planks and iron stanchions.

Feed boxes, stall boards, pails, lumber, bundles of hay and bags of grain flew through space or floated about the flooded deck. Sheep were shot out of their pen, and even men were dashed from one side to the other and back again. The horses, terrified, neighed and trembled. Their terror increased as to this confusion and tumult was added the bleating of the sheep, the moaning and bellowing of the cattle, the whinnying and struggling of their neighbours, and the yelling and shouting and cursing of men.

The wind, howling, swept down the stokehold with wrath and fury; and the ocean piled into mountainous billows drove its water through the portholes, scuttles and hatches. She shipped sea after sea, which flooded the horses to the knees and blew their drenched tails taut against their bellies. They knew their danger. Fear stood out in every ear and muscle, in every eye and nostril. And the ship itself seemed struck with the same spirit as she rolled and

PORTUGUESE TONGALAND—ON THE MAPUTA RIVER

plunged and shuddered and creaked and groaned in every steel plate!

During the thirteen days' voyage our clothes were not once removed, though much of the time we were wet to the hips with sea water flooding the manure. Occasionally we took off our boots and socks, rinsed them both out in the horse buckets, and put them to dry under the blankets on the horses. On landing in Liverpool the first use we made of our "sea legs" was to waddle up to the public baths.

TONGALAND—MAGISTRATE COLENBRANDER AND CHIEF NGWANASI

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR, AUGUST, 1900

A week was spent in Liverpool and another in London endeavouring to book for South Africa. We tried every line running to South Africa, and were willing to do anything from stoking coal to commanding the ship! As a last resort we even called, late at night, upon Sir Donald Currie, manager of the Castle S.S. Company, in his city mansion, Hyde Park. But every effort failed. Though daily we walked ourselves tired, ate little and slept in cheap lodgings in order to economise, we had peace of mind and heartily enjoyed our circumstances and environments.

It was finally decided that I should go on alone, and Mr. Hedden follow as soon as possible. After paying for steerage passage to Port Elizabeth, and third-class rail to Johannesburg, there remained to each of us eighty-nine cents. The parting was a sore trial under these circumstances. From London I went by train to Southampton, and resumed my voyage into the unknown. But the position only strengthened me in spirit, constraining me to preach with power to my own steerage fellow-passengers and also to the second cabin passengers during the voyage of some twenty-six days. We touched at Teneriffe in the Canary Islands, and landed on St. Helena Island, the prison home of Napoleon.

We enjoyed an early-morning stroll up the valley, through the neat white-washed Spanish town, to a banana plantation on its outskirts. A stone stairway of seven hundred steps led us up the mountain-side to the fortress, which looks far out on the bosom of the ocean. After lagging wearily down to the quay in the sultry morning, I refreshed myself in the clear, blue waters off St. Helena before returning to the ship.

The third week I landed in Capetown, having sixty-two cents left. An interview with the Hon. Cecil Rhodes at his beautiful home added interest to the very pleasant call of four days in Capetown. A former Chicago friend met me on arrival in Johannesburg,

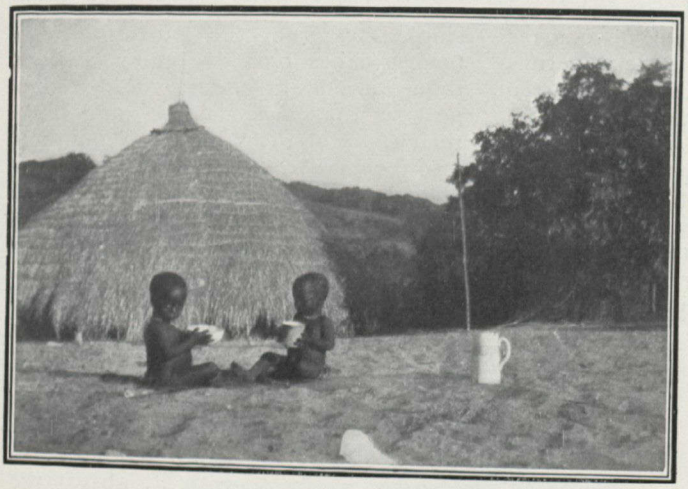
and kindly entertained me at his private lodgings until I took up quarters among the Kaffirs. Special permission from the Boer City Government had to be secured to reside in the Kaffir Location, as white people were not allowed to dwell among the natives. Another special permit was granted to me to practise medicine among these black people. By this means I supported myself, and preached the Gospel, at first through interpreters. In the meantime I studied the Zulu language during the year and a half I remained on the Rand, and used it among the natives in the Location, in the city and on the gold mines.

On the mines the preaching is done mostly in the "compounds," where the "boys" gather and squat on the ground around the missionary and hear, perhaps for the first time, about God. As many tribes may be represented in the audience, the teaching may be interpreted into three or four languages in succession. As the first interpreter is likely to get the thought twisted, the others are sure to get it tangled beyond recognition. And one's fluency in a foreign tongue is not enhanced as he observes the uneasiness of hungry stomachs swaying his audience. And when the "porridge" horn would blow, without waiting to say "Nexepe" (excuse me) they would bolt away for their porridge receptacles and "line up" in their nakedness (save the loin cloth) with tin pans, bowls, small pots, saucepans, wash-basins, biscuit and kerosene tins; pot covers, pitchers, powder casks, grocery boxes and iron buckets! Thus strung out in long single files from the porridge oven (some mines have as many as two thousand "boys") they would "step up" to the black "cook" and have their share of the "impupu" plunked into their vessels from a shovel; with which implement the cook also stirred the cornmeal porridge in the several caldrons from his position on the top of the "oven."

NGWANASI, PARAMOUNT CHIEF OF BRITISH TONGALAND

Should the boys get impatient and crowd, the cook, having a heavy sjamboke (whip of hippopotamus hide), would slash them unmercifully with it, shouting "Boss up!"

This year and a half were interesting and exciting times, leading up to the Boer war. When down in Pretoria, some three months before this event, when the excitement was at its height and everybody, both Boer and Outlander, daily expected hostilities to be declared, I enjoyed an agreeable call on the old gentleman of the "White House," Oom Paul. Returning from the Parliament Buildings in his four-in-hand coach, with liveried footmen and uniformed outriders, the President, though aged, stepped from the carriage and brushed into the White House with the alacrity of a young man, and presently we were both seated on the verandah—the old man, with massive frame, and with coarse and heavy, but commanding features, wearing his stovepipe hat, and puffing hard at his famous big pipe, sat before me leaning upon his cane. The political tension was so great I could not touch upon it, so our interview had to



A PICKANINNIE BEER DRINKING PARTY!

be limited to personal remarks and "small talk." Discontinuing his smoke for a while, and removing the green goggles which he wore, his eyes were seen to be terribly inflamed, and he went on to explain that he was under medical treatment for them. He remarked that excepting this ailment he felt as healthy and as buoyant as in youth. Notwithstanding the breaking strain he was labouring under (with possibly the War Ultimatum already in his pocket) he appeared at ease and was agreeable, but would not speak in English, and limited himself to an interpreter whom I had procured at the Detective Office of the Police Department, as was then required by Government.

Six weeks before war was declared, I entered into engagement with the South Africa General Mission to go into British Tongaland, Province of Zululand, as pioneer missionary and Government acting district surgeon. Again medical knowledge provided for my support through the salary received from the Government.

From Johannesburg I went by rail, down to Durban, Natal. Here I purchased supplies for a year. With over a hundred dollars' worth of drugs supplied by the Government and, including other additions made later at Delagoa Bay, the stuff amounted to thirty-two native loads. The journey from Durban into isolation required a month. From Durban I went to Delagoa Bay by steamship. At Delagoa a sail and row boat, about thirty feet long, was hired to go to the head of navigation, on the Maputa River. The boat was manned by two natives, one of whom was called the "induna," or captain. A missionary from Delagoa Bay, a Mr. Benoit, kindly consented to accompany me and return with the boat. All the supplies were stored away into this open boat, and early one morning we sailed out of Delagoa Bay into the Indian Ocean and during the afternoon entered the Maputa River.

During the second evening of this voyage we narrowly escaped being wrecked by a hippopotamus, this virgin African river being infested with them and with crocodiles. Night was coming down, and dull angry clouds spat fitful showers at us. The tide was running out, and the wind blew with it, driving the deep and dark muddy river to the sea with ominous speed. Gloom possessed us all, in this wilderness, but the boatmen pulled faithfully and hard at the oars. On our approach the water fowl, settled for the night among the reeds, would start with cries of alarm and fly away to safety in the marshes.

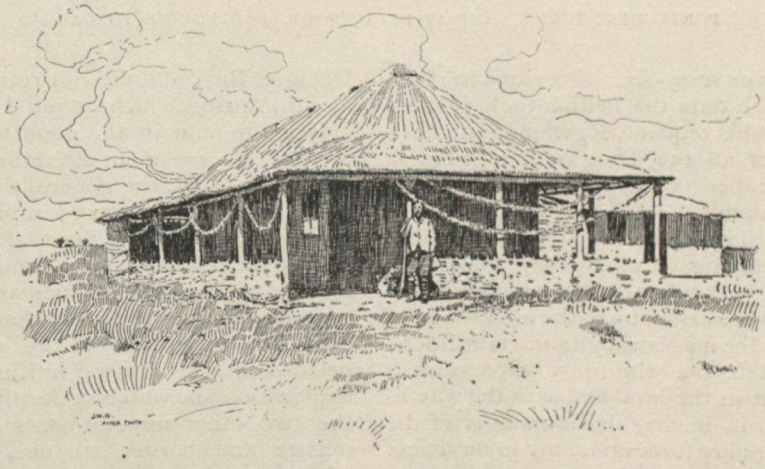
Looking up stream, we sighted on the water the little ears and eyes and great nostrils of a hippopotamus, bearing down upon us. The natives trembled! They are always cowardly. "Let's have some fun with him!" I called to my friend. He sprang to the stern with an assegai (spear) and

I mounted the bow with a shot gun. The hippopotamus, startled with the strange sight, shook the river with a snort like a pig grunt and disappeared as is their habit. We waited, ready for its reappearance, but as it did not again appear by the time we thought it should, one grumbled with disappointment, "We've lost our fun!" With the words, we were lifted clean out of the water and dashed among the branches of a big tree laying in the stream, and up over the gunwale came the hippopotamus' head and feet, with mouth wide open and eyes and tusks gleaming. I aimed the gun at his mouth, but refrained from shooting, fearing to only wound him. Down he went and we stood fixed with terror, expecting the next moment to be smashed up by the great brute! Moments seemed like hours, till at last he reappeared down stream, having been swept down by the current, while we were stuck in the tree, our only damage being an oar broken.

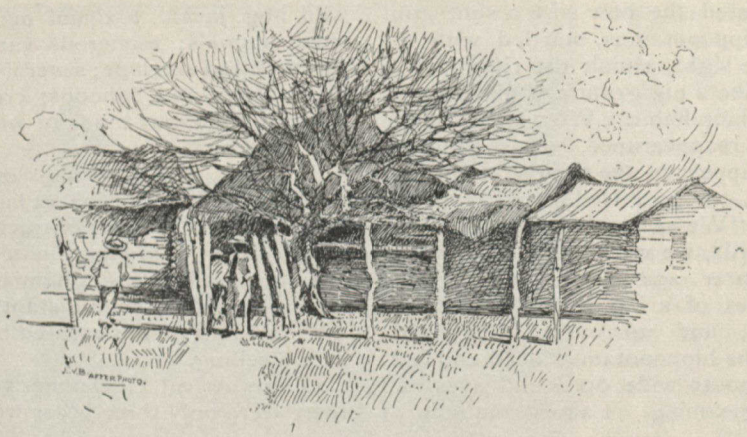
At the head of navigation I had to wait two weeks for carriers. Though here alone in the wilderness, I enjoyed this "hunters' paradise" of South-East Africa. There is a place known to the writer where, within a radius of some fifteen miles, is found the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, leopard, wild hog, jackal, fox and many other small animals; numerous varieties of the buck and antelope; several varieties of monkeys and baboons; crocodiles, fish and numerous kinds of water fowl and land birds.

A tramp of fifty miles over hot, sandy paths brought me, at last, to my destination. The seat of government, previously at this place, had recently been removed to the Lubombo Mountains, some sixty miles distant. I was assigned one of the vacated buildings as a dwelling.

On my arrival, on October 5th, 1899, there were only three other white men in the territory, viz., two mounted policemen and a trader. Chief Ngwanasi, who had requested the Government to send a missionary to his people, came with his retinue and gave me a warm welcome as missionary, but a no less hearty reception as surgeon, he having a lame foot at the time! Natives are very keen for medical treatment, and look to the white man to perform miracles with his medicines. A blazer jacket was presented to the chief in token of friendship. He returned the compliment later. For several years our friendship increased and our intercourses were frequent. His subjects numbered ten or twelve thousand and



MR. WATERS' RESIDENCE IN TONGALAND—MADE OF WATTLE AND CLAY WITH THATCHED ROOF



PORTUGUESE POLICE CAMP AT USUTU PORT, PORTUGUESE TONGALAND

his wives forty-six. Previous to 1897, at which date the British took possession at his request, Ngwanasi had been king of all the Tongas, *i.e.*, what is now called Portuguese and British Tongalands.

Ten days after my arrival, the Boer war having broken out, the white policemen and part of the native police force were called up to the mountains to defend the magistracy against the Boers. This left me the only Government servant in the land and with the watchcare of it, having the remainder of the native police force under my supervision.

A few days later a native runner came in haste, bringing a message from the police, saying that they were in flight before the Boers, who had destroyed the magistracy and were coming down to Maputa, and that the trader and I should flee for our lives. My first thought was to do so, but after deliberation and prayer I decided to remain at the post of duty. The trader, however, fled in the night for Delagoa Bay, and did not return for a month, during which period I was the only white man in the country. And the police department not returning for thirteen months, the general watchcare of the territory continued in my hands during this period. Soon after hostilities began, the Government was pleased to add to my duties and cares as missionary, school teacher, physician and guardian of the country, besides extensive travel in itinerating, exploration and watching for the Boers, the two other appointments as postmaster and border customs officer, with charge of the native forces attaching to these departments.

Nearly four years were spent in this unique isolation. But the many and thrilling experiences of these years, and also of the previous years on the Gold Fields, cannot, of course, be told in the scope of a single magazine article. I shall, however, attempt to give some idea of my experience in Tongaland in another issue.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

THE THINGS THAT ARE AT NIGHT

By AUBREY FULLERTON

IT was turning six when I left the house, and a merry din of bells and whistles sounded from either end of the city. In the later hours of the afternoon a partial stillness had fallen, in warning of the night, but now the busy noise of the streets suddenly increased. Like the storm-burst after a lull, the confusion of the day's ending broke upon a moment's quiet with quick force and loud report, yet cheerfully. People were already moving homeward; some drove in carriages, some rode awheel, and many were afoot. They were well-conditioned people, with whom life seemed to go brightly, and it was pleasant, in meeting and passing, to note the eager faces and the apparent good spirits.

Night comes gently up-town. As I neared the centre of the city the crowd greatly increased and, at the same time, changed. Men and women in plainer garb and less lively manner came now in twos and threes ; faces that seemed worn and tired took the places of the animated ones I had seen a few moments before ; yet they were equally eager and perhaps equally happy. It was, indeed, for these and not for them that day changed into night with greatest welcome. For these were the toilers, the men and women who had been at work since morning and now were free.

By a short cut through an unfrequented street I escaped the stress of the crowd, now becoming intense, and came into it again at a point lower down, where it divided in different directions. It was a pleasant time to leave off work, the fine mid-fall evening seeming outwardly restful, yet suggestive also of warm cheer indoors; and the workers felt the latter influence if not the other. Emptying the mills, and shops, and offices, they filled the streets, an eager crowd that was quickly gathered and would soon pass. The trolley cars filled and hurried off, east, and north, and south, and west, but here, as uptown, the greater number were those who walked or wheeled. Their common purpose was to get home, mine to follow them ; and, indeed, without any effort of my own I was presently caught in the current and pressed on with it for several blocks. Breaking loose where two streets crossed, I took a favourable stand at the corner and watched the crowd go by, no longer myself a part of it. On and on and on they went—good-natured, talkative, and probably hungry. An army of soldiers on the move is picturesque because of its uniformity, an army of workers because of its variety.

I boarded a car and found it a reproduction of the street. Mixed among office-girls and sales-clerks were some belated shoppers, known by their parcels; and well-to-do business men shared standing-room with labourers-by-the-day. I caught myself surmising the work from which each had come and the home to which each was going. I know not how well I guessed, but a man's calling does, more or less plainly, fasten its marks upon him. To most of my fellow-passengers, I thought, the day had been but one of a thousand, all alike, but with others something out of the ordinary may have happened, to be talked over at home and long remembered. One by one they dropped off at their appointed corners, and at the turning of the road I too got out.

For the walk back I chose another route, which led past many of the people's homes. The crowd had been interesting, but it was good to swing my own gait again, where no crowds were. The people whom I had seen hurrying away from shops and offices were now, some of them, within their own doors. The houses were alight, and an undrawn blind here and there

showed the assembled family at evening meal. Further on I passed a row of boarding houses, those makeshift homes of homeless clerks and students, from whose basement kitchens came familiar savours.

Back again to the heart of the city, I found that the stress of the crowd had greatly lightened. Workmen who had been delayed, or had had errands of their own, moved in fewer numbers, but more impatiently; and the newsboys cried louder, but sold less. Many of the smaller stores were still open and would remain so till eight or nine o'clock, seeking such custom as late buyers might bring their way. The streets, never quite empty, had so thinned out that it was easy now to "track" a man, and I observed several enter these open shops and come out presently with parcels—something, no doubt, that the wife wanted at home. But, allowing for all delays, another half-hour would see the city's workmen housed and fed.

And then a strange thing happened. Work recommenced. Lights appeared in near-by warehouses and offices, and I saw men hurrying thither—not so many and not so eager as those who had hurried out, but still as with a purpose; for these were the workers who turned night into day.

Every twelve hours the work-a-day drama runs its length and begins anew. At six o'clock, or thereabouts, the scenes are shifted; the world stops, turns back, and then goes on again. One set of workers goes home to rest and sleep, but at almost the same hour a lesser throng, to whom the evening is a second morning, begins. The one marks its calendar by daylight, and the other by lamp and lantern.

There is an interval, however, between the day's end and sleeping time that is busy with a life peculiarly its own. It belongs neither to the day nor to the actual night, yet partakes of both. For two or three hours there is a recess for play, beginning toward eight, when the pleasure-seekers come out to see and hear. Every night brings holiday, and summer or winter, the city observes it with much ado.

I walked up street again, and met new crowds, for by this time the theatre-goers were moving. The boards announced rare treats to-night, in tempting promise of which the open doors let out great floods of light. They were merry folk who went inside, themselves making drama while they sought a play. Music halls and churches were also alight. Theatre, opera, concert, lecture, prayer meeting—every man to his liking. At one of the fine houses which I passed an evening party was beginning, and would probably be still in progress long after midnight. I went no further, but taking this one street as an example of many others, I made an imaginative estimate of the number and variety of the evening's events throughout the city. For this was play-time.

Thus far I had seen the change from day to night, the crowded home-going of the day-workers and the arrival of the others, the quieting of the city streets and the beginning of the night's festivities. With goings to and fro I had filled in the three first and busiest hours of the night, and it was now past nine o'clock. I turned again to the down-town streets, where the real life of the night is most apparent, and where work goes on unceasingly. One of the large factories was in full operation, and the rumble of wheels and the thud of hammers sounded out distinctly in the quiet street. There is a fascination about mills that run at night. The cheeriest music I have ever heard was the sharp ringing buzz of great round saws in a lumber mill, working topmost speed at midnight. Long usage accustoms the night-worker to read the laws of nature inversely. He sleeps while others work, and works while others sleep. He does his day's work, but he does it at night. If you ask him about it, he says he can work as well, suffers no inconvenience, and feels no ill effects; but in the long run

the habitual night-worker falls before the day-worker.

Down on the water-front I found a vantage-point for both seeing and thinking. A steamer discharging freight, two little schooners swinging idly at their berths, with lights in the cabin but not a soul astir; the clumsy ferry-boat puffing up the harbour with a score or so of passengers, while as many were waiting to return—these were the night scenes at the wharf. Looking townward, the lights from many buildings made an irregular outline of bright spots in the darkness, like lower stars. Long rows of street lamps crossed the city to its farthest limits, and I wished a bird's-eye view were possible.

Yes, the city must have its light. Yonder was the power-station, with its high chimney belching fiery smoke, and through an open door I caught a glimpse of the great fly-wheels, busily spinning the whole night through.

Leaving the water-front and coming again into the streets, I found them quiet and almost bare. From this out there would be only such traffic as night affairs made necessary. The theatres had closed, and for a while the cabs and trolleys had been busy; but there would now be no more crowds till morning.

From one of the committee-rooms of the City Hall there gleamed a light; evidently the city's business was requiring late hours. Matters of public import are not infrequently worked out while the public is asleep, and as a case in point there came to mind a night once spent in the Canadian House of Commons. An important question had been under final discussion since early afternoon. The debate continued through the evening and the night, and toward five in the morning the vote was taken. Day was breaking when the House adjourned.

There are a number of places, however, where night hours are nothing novel, but even more necessary than in the mills and warehouses. Telegraph and telephone offices never lock their doors, their work going on incessantly by night as well as by day. Ear down to catch the news, the men who hold the wires maintain connection between the sleeping city and the universe, and in the night watches it is almost an uncanny thing to talk across the continent or the ocean. I wondered what weighty tidings were moving now, of which we should hear perhaps in the morning papers. Thus from telegraphs to newspapers, and, following the suggestion, I made my way to one of the offices where editors and typos work all night. A newspaper office is the one place on earth to which admittance is always to be had, presumably with welcome, and boldly therefore I climbed the stairs to the journalistic work-room. The click of type-machines and the general hurry-hither gave at once an impression of something doing. Here was the people's news preparing for them while they slept—a grist of great and little affairs that must first be winnowed, digested, and labelled. It was a busy place, more busy than it had been by day, and no let-up possible until the public had its papers.

I rested for a little in a reportorial chair, for I had been long afoot. Two chairs away from me was the Night Editor, shirt-sleeved, and not to be bothered. Night work here was serious. A few hours later the hurry would reach its climax, the press would start, the mailers and bundlers would get to work, and by daybreak the morning edition would be off. Meanwhile, however, there was news to get. The Night Editor called one of his men and said "Police Station." I went with him.

It is a doubly dark side of the night that is known to the city policemen. They see and hear the tragic things of which the rest of us learn second-hand, or not at all. There were already five night-prisoners at the station when we reached it, and no doubt an hour or so would bring more. One of the cases was of some importance, and furnished material which, the reporter said, would make interest-

ing news the next morning. When morning came, too, there would be for these misdoers the dreaded Police Court, and the revelations of open day. Under cover of the night, evil waxes bold and stalks abroad, or makes the still hours hideous in dives and dens. Yet the night is not evil. It was once as pure as day, and to the pure man it still is so.

With this glimpse of the unpleasant night-life, I sought again some cheerier phase. A car, running now at long intervals, was at the corner, and I went to the railway depot. The trains had all gone out. Strangely contrasting with its daytime bustle, the great shed was echoing only a voice here and there and the noise of an occasional truck. Long rows of empty cars stood on the tracks, and a score of men were cleaning them. In those same cars many travellers had that day come to the city, and some who had gone further on were still travelling. Night journeys, oft-repeated, are wearisome, but as a first experience it is pleasant to speed into the night on an unknown path, catching mysterious and fitful glimpses of town and country from car windows or rear platforms.

Some incoming trains were still due, and presently from down the line there sounded a shrill whistle and clanging bell. The station wakened into life again. A little band of weary waiters gathered at the track, and almost at their feet the midnight express came to a stop, engine panting loudly, like a big tired human.

I followed a passenger to his hotel, and there found another phase of night-work. The office was quiet, but ready for business, and the new-comer fared better, perhaps, than a day guest would have done. Elsewhere in the building preparations had been already made for the morrow's meals, and bake-shops down the street were cooking the breakfast bread.

A light strayed out from the window of a "Meals-at-all-hours" restaurant, and the time seemed fitting to break my own fast. There were both food and fun inside, for a group of college boys were doing honour to a football champion who had won them a victory that day—or, now, the day before. Speeches, songs and college yells go merrily at night, and the later the hour the more of zest and the less concern for to-morrow's classes. As for myself, I was out for the night, and this was one of the night's events.

At two o'clock an alarm of fire rang suddenly and noisily. I knew the number, and quite ready for some new excitement, hurried down the street. The firemen were already at work, and a small crowd, not fully awake, had gathered from round about. The clatter of a fire engine through the streets at dead of night is disturbing, but they who wake pay little heed to it unless the cause be near their own door. Yet a fire is seen best at night, when the shafts of flame show vividly against the darkness. The house was gone—a little dwelling in which some workman's family had had its home, and from which they were now rudely expelled with nothing but their lives. Here was domestic misfortune which made the fire seem not so picturesque.

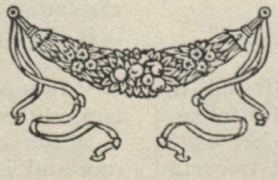
I had now seen enough. For another two hours things would go on very much the same, and then the city would be waking. Meanwhile I turned to one of the public squares, where there were benches, and sat down. The night was not uncomfortably cool, and its crisp freshness was a pleasant brace to tired limbs. A multitude of impressions which had fixed themselves in my mind during the past eight or nine hours gave me food to think upon. There is undoubtedly something in night experiences which make them last; they are remembered long afterward, and sometimes with startling clearness. It is probably because night experiences are rarer than those by day that we so well remember them; but I prefer to think it a subtle influence of the Night Spirit. There stand out sharply in my own memory a number of nights, with each of which some particular experience is forever associated. Very commonplace ex-

periences they were — nothing more than nights on the water, or in camp, or at the old home, night journeys, visits to lighthouses, moonlight rambles in the fields, sick-room vigils, and such like—but they gave rise, then and after, to thoughts and feelings out of all proportion to their importance. Not the experiences themselves, but the time, makes these things memorable, and not their own significance, but the effectual working of the Spirit of the Night, gives them moral value.

The impressions of the moment were restful and pleasant. The great heart of the city was asleep, and so still was everything that I heard my own breathing, while the quarter-hours of the town clock rang out clear and strong. It had all been so busy at six o'clock, would be so busy again when daylight came ! I forgot for a time that work was still going on here and there; the city seemed at rest.

I must have fallen asleep, for when I next looked about me it was with a sudden start, and wonderingly. I thought I had dreamed, too. And then it came to me that the people of the city were dreaming, even as I had done. I had seen the life of the day and the life of the night, but there was a third, more mysterious than either, the wayward dream-life. The sleeping multitude was not dead, but living more gloriously, perhaps, than ever it could live by day, fighting battles, winning fame, doing and achieving. It was a purely ideal life, but it might, in many cases, have a practical influence on real life. There would be degrees in this busy dream-life, for according to individual abilities by day are the visions by night. Very different, I thought, would be the fantasies now passing before a professor whom I knew, an æsthetic man, and the dream-experiences of another friend, the scheming manager of a newspaper. I could go no farther. It was a book tight-sealed to me, and what variety of form or action, what degree of fear or delight, this unconscious life of the city was now assuming, I could only guess. Awake or asleep, how mighty a thing is a city of people !

There were signs of dawn. The trees stirred slightly above the bench, and some chirping sparrows were already on the move. Here and there a light and a fresh wreath of smoke announced an early riser, for whom another day had now commenced. It was still dark, but gradually the morning gray came on; the street lights sputtered and then died out. Delivery waggons began to appear, and trolleys shunted out of their sheds on schedule time. The procession of workers also began, and in a short time the streets were busy. It would be two hours yet before the bulk of the people were astir, but the early ones were moving now, and the day had set. I took the hint, and again trudged on. When I reached the house it was after six, and the city had resumed its noise.



THE WINGS OF NIGHT

By T. W. KING

THE snow was drifting and the day express from Montreal was belated. The few passengers wandered from one Pullman to another — nervous, irresolute, discontented. Westmorland himself had risen and was pacing the aisle, like a sentry upon his beat. Each time as he passed where Grace McClain and her child were seated, he glanced smilingly towards them.

"Come Bertha," he said, as he paused for a moment beside them, "let us take Mamma to dinner."

The child sprang to his arms with a cry of delight.

"Hurry, Mamma," she said, "we're going to dinner."

"You are spoiling her," Grace remonstrated, "but she loves you dearly."

"I certainly succeed better with her," rejoined Westmorland, as they seated themselves at the table, "than I do with her mother. Like measles or mumps, I am dangerous only to children. Young ladies from three to five I find are very susceptible; but after that they get to be—"

"Married?"

"No, adolescent."

"And how old is that?"

"Oh, I don't know—twenty-five."

"Twenty-five! I like that!"

"Oh, you aren't that old?"

"Certainly not."

"Anyhow, you're too old. When they get to your age I find that I am outclassed."

"Perhaps you arrive too late!"

Upon their return they found the car deserted. The child, fretful and sleepy, now gladly came to her mother's arms for rest. Westmorland seated himself across the aisle and gazed fondly upon them—the mother, herself but a girl; slight, yet womanly, with hair that seemed black by contrast with her eyes of blue; eyes soft and gentle, yet large and bright.

"We are the playthings of fate," he murmured sadly. "I will see that picture in Scotland as plainly as I see it now."

As Grace gently laid the sleeping child to rest, he took his seat beside her, and she asked:

"You will keep your promise to me?"

And he answered:

"Yes; the train that catches my steamer leaves Montreal Sunday noon."

"It is best for you to go."

"Would it make any difference if I waited until summer?"

"It might; the day may come when I cannot tell you to go. It is hard for me now; but my duty is too plain."

"So far as your marriage goes—"

"Yes, I know all that you can say about that! I might obtain a divorce at Ottawa; any court in your country, of course, would divorce me; many clergymen perhaps will say that once divorced I may, if I choose, remarry. But my conscience is not in their keeping; I am bound—rashly and foolishly—bound! You are an American, and you cannot understand it; you are a man, and you cannot appreciate it; but how can I keep my self-respect with two husbands living? I know that many good women in your country think differently; but to be in that position—perhaps the mother of children, with the father of one in Toronto and the father of another in Texas—to me it is simply revolting!"

"That is a morbid sentiment."

"It is not a matter of sentiment; it is a matter of duty."

"You speak of duty," said Westmorland impatiently; "do you know what it means? Duty to whom? To whom is it *due?* Is it to this man you despise, who has disappeared heaven only knows where; or is it to your own

little girl? Has she no rights in this matter? I waive all question of sentiment; suppose you care nothing for me—"

"But I do," she said gently; "that is why I discuss it at all"; then—to herself rather than to Westmorland—she murmured:

"Oh, I wish he were dead!"

"He will be dead to us hereafter. I can arrange in a few months for your divorce in Ohio. We will spend our lives among strangers, and Bertha will grow up to believe that I am her father. Why, in time you and I will come ourselves to believe it."

"Will you try to find out something about him?" she asked. "I have not heard of him for more than three years now; he may be dead for all that I know to the contrary."

"Those fellows never die," he rejoined, "but they can be eliminated. Come, give me your promise now—for Bertha's sake—before we reach Toronto."

"You know," she continued, still following aloud her own train of thought, "that his name was not McClain. We were married under that name, and of course I retain it; but he wrote to me after the baby was born that his name was Allen Dow."

"Oh, well, that doesn't make any difference."

"Do you know that I fancied once that I saw him in Marietta?"

"You saw me there at any rate," Westmorland responded. He was not especially interested in reminiscences about McClain.

"But I didn't," she went on, ignoring his interruption; "at that very time, as I afterwards learned, he was somewhere in Texas. He wrote to me from Belle Centre a dozen times for money."

"And you sent him repeatedly?"

"What else could I do?"

"And he went there by the name of Allen Dow?"

"Yes, I know that he did."

"A small, delicate man, was he not, with a mania for cigarettes?"

"He certainly smoked cigarettes."

Westmorland was trembling with suppressed agitation.

"And he had the morphine habit, I reckon?"

"Yes, but how did you know it?"

"And a long scar, here, on his neck?"

"Yes, yes! Did you ever see him? Oh, is he really alive? If he is living I cannot do as you wish; I cannot, I cannot!"

They had risen; for a moment Westmorland stood rigid. Then, suddenly, he drew her, resisting, to him.

"Grace dear," he whispered, "do not be startled; it happened three years ago. Your life is your own again. The man is dead!"

Staring and pale, she confronted him.

"He is dead?"

"Yes, the man is dead!"

"Thank God." Then—as she slowly sank to her seat:

"Why did you not tell me this sooner?"

"The *name*," he explained. "I knew him as Dow; you were Mrs. McClain. He died before I came to Toronto."

"But are you sure?"

He answered—even in her excitement she noticed—with constraint:

"I tell you that he is dead."

"No, no," she protested, "you are telling me this to overcome me to your way of thinking."

"I am telling you, upon my honour, what I know to be true."

"How do you know it?"

"I saw him die."

"When? Where? Why were you with him?"

"It was during the boom at Belle Centre; you must take my word for the fact."

"But why do you tell me so little? I am shivering with apprehension.

"Oh, it isn't true," she sobbed; "it can't be true!"

"Grace," he said slowly, "don't say that again! I tell you the man is dead."

"And you saw him die?"

"No, I didn't precisely *see* him die, but I know, only too well, that he is dead."

"I don't believe it!"

"But I know it."

"No, no," she sobbed hysterically; "I will not believe it; he is not dead!"

"I know that he is!"

"How do you know it?"

"I killed him!"

Grace covered her face with her hands—she was rocking herself back and forth in tearless agony. Westmorland stood helplessly by until Bertha — suddenly awakened — cried shrilly. He had taken the child in his arms when Grace snatched her away so violently that he flushed with mortification.

"I will not hurt your child!" he said bitterly.

"It is *his* child," she cried; "can't you see what it means? You must never touch her again! She must forget you before she learns the truth."

"But there is nothing for her to learn. Of course, I said that I killed him; that was a violent way to put it. The fact is—"

"It was accidental, of course?"

"Yes, I never intended to hurt, much less to kill him—"

"Oh, I knew it was accidental! Still it is dreadful. How did it happen? Tell me about it!"

"His skull was fractured; the doctors should have trepanned it."

"But how did it happen?"

"He fell in the lobby of the Grand Hotel; he was crazed with morphine at the time."

"And you?"

"Grace, he was trying to kill me; he had a knife in his hand when I struck him."

"Then it was you that killed him?"

"That is one way to put it!"

"It is the way that you put it."

"At any rate," said Westmorland, "he's dead."

His tone grated upon her, and she answered bitterly:

"Yes, he is dead, and the man who has taken his life proposes to take his place—to marry his wife and adopt his child."

"No," said Westmorland, "I do not propose to take his place. He had no place. He long ago forfeited his wife and his child; he cared for neither, and I love them both."

"Don't, don't," she pleaded; "that is over now."

Again the child stirred uneasily; other passengers entered the car, and Westmorland said gently:

"I will leave you for a while; you are nervous and worn out."

He was himself overwrought with the scene and the memories it recalled.

At Toronto he assisted Grace and the child to the carriage that awaited them.

"I will remain here," he said. "Tell Sir William that I am at the King Edward."

"It is no use for you to remain," she answered; "I have thought it all over; I cannot see you again."

"You will feel differently in the morning."

"No, my mind is made up."

"Good night," he said gently.

But she answered:

"Good-bye!"

II

Sir William Carter had narrowly missed being the most eminent man in Canada. But a strain of whimsicality—it hardly rose to eccentricity—prevented his success in public life; and speculations had diminished his large estate. He was now over sixty, living a retired life; whimsical as ever—even amused by the comparative failure of his own career!

His children lived abroad, and he had settled upon them generously when he married the present Lady Carter. She was the sister of Grace McClain, and Sir William's house had been Grace's refuge and home for years.

He was sincerely attached to Westmorland, whom he long had known, and greeted him warmly when the latter called upon the following day:

"Come to my den," he said; "I am not certain that the ladies are visible."

"How are they?"

The Knight smiled at him quizzically:

"You must be quite an entertaining companion," he said. "Grace arrived home in hysterics."

"Have you seen her this morning?"

"No, but I learned, in a general way, what you told her."

"Her husband is dead."

"Yes, and she fancies that you killed him."

"I suppose that she does!"

"What on earth did you say to her?"

"I was excited; we were both of us a trifle hysterical—"

"I should think so," Sir William assented.

"Of course," Westmorland proceeded, "I did knock him down, and it is possible that he fractured his skull when he struck the floor; the doctors said that he did."

"Did you know at the time that he was injured?"

"No, he was around for a week or two after that; then he sickened and died. His skull was fractured; they should have trepanned it."

"It is too bad," said Sir William; "of course, we all know you're fond of her. Though why"—he went on in his quizzical way—"you should have lingered here for three years to fall in love with a woman you believed to be married, is beyond my comprehension—I can't understand it."

"I met her in Marietta. I know now that she must have visited there shortly after her husband deserted her. I was employed by your friend, Judge Stewart, in buying and selling derricks, bits, cable—what we used to call junk—in the oil fields of West Virginia. I went to his house in Marietta on business one evening; you remember the broad verandah?"

"I recall it."

"They were sitting there that summer night, overlooking the river. I was presented to 'Miss McClain,' as I understood it. I met her once again. I learned that she was Lady Carter's sister and that she lived in Toronto. And I knew, in my heart, that she was the one only woman in the world for me!

"A few months later came the boom at Belle Centre. I was one of the first on the ground. I made money fast, and as soon as I could I turned everything into cash. Then I came to Toronto to find Grace McClain, and, if possible, to make her my wife. I found her at your house; she was a wife and a mother!

"I should have returned to Texas, but on one pretext or another I lingered. You and I were old friends; there are no limits, Sir William, to your hospitality; and in time we four—Lady Carter, Grace, you and I—were almost daily together. I knew her story; in time she knew my secret. I urged her to seek a divorce; this she refused to do. Then I promised to go abroad.

"Yesterday morning I was at the Windsor, and I saw Grace and Bertha pass in a sleigh, on their way to the station. I came with them from Montreal to Toronto. You know the rest."

Sir William answered with unusual gravity:

"It's awkward," he said, "there is no doubt about that. We Canadians are so very old-fashioned! I really think you had best go abroad. Time is the great healer, you know."

"But I must see Grace, Sir William, before I go; I wish to see her now."

"I will tell Lady Carter," replied the Knight, ruefully; but at the door he turned, with his whimsical smile, to say: "Westmorland, you certainly have made a mess of it!"

In a few moments he returned to say that Grace was in the drawing-room, and to shake hands, with mock solemnity, as Westmorland left him.

She was dressed in black; her face seemed exceedingly pale, but her manner was quiet and self-contained:

"You have come to say good-bye?" she asked him.

"No, not precisely, although I will go away for awhile if you wish it. I was excited yesterday—brutal, abrupt. I hope you will forget and forgive what I said to you!"

"I think I understand," said Grace. "You were not to blame. 'Self defence,' do the lawyers call it?"

"Yes," said Westmorland eagerly, "that was it."

"I am not passing judgment upon you; your own conscience can judge you the best."

"Certainly," assented Westmorland, "my conscience is entirely clear."

"You feel no remorse about it?"

"No, indeed, I do not."

"Then it will not make you morbid; I am glad that you feel as you do about it."

"And you will make me happy?" he asked, almost triumphantly.

"Make you happy?" Again his tone grated upon her.

"Yes, after all, Grace, this happened three years ago. Let us be quietly married and go abroad. On Bertha's account, the sooner the better!"

"Have you no respect for me whatever?" she demanded; "do you think that I have no respect for my child?"

"What do you mean?"

"During the past twenty-four hours," she answered, suddenly flushing, as she rose to her feet and confronted him, "many things have been revealed to me: Years ago you saw me—scarcely met me—at Marietta; you fancied me; you determined, even then, to marry me! Within a few months, flushed with your sudden rise to fortune, you came here, to find me another's wife. Does that deter you? No! You essay to snap that sacred tie as though it were a rotten thread; you treat as beneath contempt the barriers placed by God and man between us. When my conscience will not bend to your imperious will—when you know that I cannot be you wife, with this man alive—you then declare, without regret, that you killed him; and, in the same breath, you command me—his wife—and our child, to be your accomplices, to crown your happiness!"

Westmorland looked at her wonderingly:

"Do you think you are just?"

But now her excitement had passed, and, seating herself beside him, she answered gently:

"No, I am unjust. I let you speak and I let myself think about you as a lover, when I still believed myself to be married. Of course from your standpoint I was foolish and wrong to hesitate about a divorce.

"As to this other," she continued, "you were frank and brave to tell me the truth; you might have evaded it. But of course this puts an end to our friendship—to our acquaintance indeed, for Bertha must entirely forget you. As to our —"

"Marriage?" Westmorland suggested, for she seemed to hesitate.

"Yes, as to marriage—let us be frank; as to marriage, that is impossible!"

"Why?"

"Can't you see?"

"No."

"Then I can't explain it to you; but the situation is simply impossible."

"And what am I to do?"

"You must, once and for all, say good-bye."

"I don't see why that is necessary."

"But I do. There are many reasons that I think you will understand. In the first place our thoughts and traditions are so different that every year you would seem to me more reckless and irreverent, and I would seem to you more foolish and fanatical. Were there no other obstacle, this alone should make us hesitate before linking our lives together."

"I will take chances on that," said Westmorland smilingly.

"But that is not all! In time Bertha must know that her father is dead, and how he died. Even though I deceived her, she would learn some day. Then think of what lies before us! The innocence of youth is cruel in its judgments. How can we live with this child, year after year, and this secret between us?

"Again, you and I know the truth; but how is the world to know it? How will our enemies tell it? You fall in love with a married woman; you travel thousands of miles to find her husband and kill him; then you return and marry the widow! How would this story sound to Bertha, if she heard it, ten years from now? No, the world is cruel, but its laws are wise; we must avoid the appearance of evil."

"We must do what is right."

"And we must not appear to do wrong."

"But for the present," Westmorland plead, "why should our friendship be interrupted?"

"I can answer that easily. When a man and a woman are placed as we are — when they have shown their hearts to each other—they will talk of themselves whenever they meet. If you continue to come here as usual, will you and I discuss Mr. Chamberlain, the Alaskan Award, the state of the weather? Ah, no, it will be always the same, and the end is certain: either I yield to your importunity, or we part in a quarrel forever."

"We are not quarrelling now!"

"No," she said, rising and extending her hand frankly towards him, "we part in peace."

"And your mind is made up?"

"Irrevocably."

"It is very hard; it is very unjust!"

"It is fate."

Her tone and manner more than her words appalled him. To his mind they spelled the end.

He held her hand between his own; she could see that he was deeply moved; that his strong feeling made him, for the time, inarticulate. Then he turned and left her. She heard him slowly pass through the wide hall to the street; then, as the door closed behind him, she hastened to the window and, herself unobserved, gazed after him. The wind was blowing a gale, and the snow was drifting heavily; the elements seemed to accentuate her cruelty.

"Good-bye!" she sobbed as he disappeared from her sight; "Good-bye, good-bye!"

III

The winter dragged slowly by for Grace McClain. To a few friends she confided the fact of her husband's death; they frankly congratulated her upon her release. She told them that he had died some time before; that only her sister, Sir William and Mr. Westmorland knew of it; that she hesitated to formally announce her widowhood. More than one of her confidants discreetly inquired about Mr. Westmorland; she could only answer that he had gone abroad.

But as time passed and no word came from Westmorland, her interest revived and quickened in the happenings of her daily life. The spring was one of peculiar charm, and Grace eagerly breathed its buoyant beauty. Social ambitions, long dormant, now stirred again. She reappeared, with some of her old-time zest, at the golf links and upon the bay. She had persuaded herself that she had ceased to remember, when — frightened, elated, half-pleased and only half-surprised — she received an offer of marriage that brought her sharply face to face with the problem of her life. It was from her dead father's dearest friend—her own life-long friend and guardian. Although he spoke with modest, manly depreciation of his own deserts, she knew full well that to be his wife was to gratify a very high ambition. It meant to her social supremacy among those she had always known, freedom from care, a life of luxurious comfort brightened by congenial activity.

By birth, tradition, and through hard experience she had come to set no little store upon the well-ordered conventionalities of life; and marriage to Westmorland—she faced the question bravely now—"would it be quite respectable?" Did it not stand for the suppression of truth, the keeping of secrets? She was innocent, but the pitiless question confronted her: could

she marry the man who had caused her husband's death?

There remained the possibility of perpetual widowhood. Her own poverty gave Grace no concern; Sir William was her brother, her unfailing friend; and her sister, after all, was kind and affectionate; but the child? And now she blushed guiltily at the unbidden thought of Westmorland's love for them both; in her heart she knew that Bertha would be his heir. She tried to make herself believe that she might never see him again, that he might marry abroad, and in time forget them, but her heart laughed her to scorn. Hurt and unhappy he might be, but she never doubted his lifelong love and solicitude. That was the one thing in this world that was fixed and unchangeable! With a great throb of love and gratitude she turned to his photograph that for years had gazed upon her. "Faithfully yours," he had written—yes, he would be faithful unto death. But was she true to the love God had placed in her heart? Had she the right to marry one man while she still loved another? Was it just to either? Would it not in the end be cruel to both?

But now the fresh, bright air invited her. She walked abroad, to find that gossip was busy with her future. Already she perceived that deference advanced to greet her coming greatness. She was too womanly not to recall more than one slight put upon her during the dark days now happily ended, and too human not to thrill with the pride of power within her grasp. Lady Carter noticed at dinner her strange exaltation, and Sir William, with the whimsical smile that covered alike his pleasure and his pain, murmured silently over his port:

"Westmorland, you certainly have made a mess of it!"

That evening she said to her suitor:

"Do you think that under any circumstances a woman should marry the man who has killed her husband—say in a duel, or in 'self-defence,' do you call it?"

"They are not quite the same thing," he commented. "But, tell me, was she the cause of the quarrel?"

"No, this man did not know for years after that it was her husband. The husband was insane at the time, you know, and attacked this gentleman and tried to kill him, and in the scuffle he hurt his head."

"Fractured his skull, perhaps?"

"Yes, they should have trepanned it." She did not know precisely what this meant, but she recalled Westmorland saying it.

"He was about the streets," she continued, "for a long time afterwards, then he sickened and died; you see they didn't trepan it."

"Oh, a hundred things may have caused his death. It is only guesswork, you know."

"But would you advise her to marry him?"

"I couldn't advise a lady I never knew to marry a man I never saw."

"That is true; but just supposing—"

"Oh, a hypothetical case? Well, I am not on the bench, you know; but I must say that I don't like the story. It is—well—a little too complicated. I assume that she has no children?"

"Yes, there is one child."

"Of course that increases the difficulty. I could not advise a marriage like this, yet the circumstances are so peculiar that I would not absolutely condemn it."

"Thank you," she said, "you are always kind and just."

"Do not quote me to your friend," he said.

"There is no need of it. I see myself that it would never do; the marriage will not take place."

. . . . . .

During the night Lady Carter heard Grace moving about her room, and stepped to the hall to find her dressed for the street.

"Grace," she exclaimed, "where on earth are you going?"

"I am going to Mr. Westmorland."

"Where is he?"

"He is here," she said simply; "he wishes to see me."

"But, Grace," she remonstrated, "he is not here."

"I must go to him," she answered; "he has sent for me."

"You are dreaming, Grace; it is two o'clock in the morning!"

The girl stood blinking, like one who is dazed and blinded by a sudden glare of light.

"I know that he called me," she repeated, in a patient, colourless way.

Lady Carter, now thoroughly frightened, shook her violently, as though to awaken her.

"You are dreaming," she insisted; "you must remain in your room till morning."

"Very well," she submitted; "I will not go to bed!"

They prevailed upon her, at last, to remove her hat and boots, but otherwise she was dressed, as for a journey, when she lay down to rest. Soon after she sank into a deep slumber—almost a stupor—that lasted for hours. As she descended to breakfast Sir William stood at the foot of the stair, and she gazed at him expectantly:

"I have bad news," he said, "of Westmorland."

"I knew it," she gasped; "he is dead!"

"He may be," said Sir William sadly, "but he is very ill, to say the least of it. He is at the hospital in Cincinnati."

"In Cincinnati?"

"Yes, he has been there, it seems. He had an ugly accident. There has been one operation and, by this time, I fear, another; the second operation may kill him. If he rallies from that, he may recover!"

"I must go to him," she said; "he summoned me last night."

"You wish to go?"

"I must go, Sir William!"

"You know what it means?"

"It means that I am going to nurse him; it means that I am going to marry him!"

"It may mean, my dear, that you are going to bury him."

"You don't mean that!" she sobbed. "Oh, Sir William, you don't mean that?"

"No, there is still a chance! I will take you to Cincinnati."

"How did you learn this?" she asked him presently."

"At the hospital they found a packet of papers with an indorsement upon them that, in case of death or other sudden emergency, they should be delivered to me as soon as possible. The surgeon in charge forwarded the papers to me and also a history of the case. I telegraphed him this morning; we should have an answer soon."

Grace prepared for her journey—finding a certain relief in the mechanical labour; then she crept to the drawing-room window from which she had last seen Westmorland, and tearfully watched for the message of life or death. Here Sir William found her.

"They telephoned the message," she heard him say; "he is living still!"

They found that there was no train until evening, and Grace roamed wearily through the house waiting for the long dead day to wear itself out.

Meeting Sir William, she asked him:

"What were the papers he sent you?"

"One was his will; it is, of course, still unopened. The other related to the death of your husband; there can be no question but that he died from an overdose of morphine. It is true there was a slight fracture of the skull—how old or how recent nobody knows, but there had been a scuffle between him and Westmorland, and the latter assumed that he might be responsible. The doctors, nurses and undertakers were only too glad to agree with him; he was plucked of hundreds of dollars. Yet, strange to say, the doctor was honest enough, at the time, to make a true return to the government; the official record shows that 'Allan Dow' died from an 'overdose of morphine administered by mistake.'"

"It doesn't matter now," she said wearily; "let us go to the station; I would rather wait there than here."

At Buffalo a telegram awaited Sir William. The operation had been successfully performed, but Westmorland had not rallied satisfactorily, and the surgeons feared the worst. Then followed a weary vigil; tenderly they spoke of their brave, true friend as of one already dead!

He was unconscious when they found him, but his marvellous vitality forbade despair. Slowly there came reviving strength and consciousness. For days Grace had been with him constantly; he had not known her, but during her absence one afternoon he recognised Sir William, and the excitement told so heavily against him that the surgeons forbade her to return. In a few days, however, they said to her:

"You may see him, Mrs. McClain, if you insist upon it. Your presence may relieve this nervous depression and rouse him to some effort to get well; he is making no effort now."

"I insist upon it," she answered; "I understand."

At the hour appointed he was sleeping. She slipped to his bedside and knelt beside him. In the dim, half-darkened room he awakened slowly. She bowed over his pale face, and as his wasted fingers touched her hair she softly kissed his lips:

"I knew you would come," he whispered. "My sweetheart!"

And she answered:

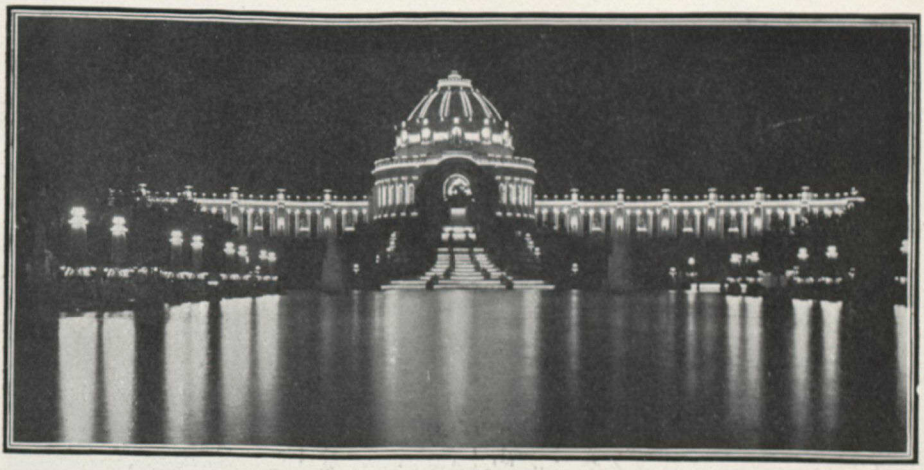
"Your wife!"

L'AMOUR

BY INGLIS MORSE

I WAS a longing unto thee,
My heart's true goal—
An arrow that thou drewest
To thy soul.

And I, thy woman's way loved best,
Which was for me
A hint that did suggest
Eternity.



ST. LOUIS—FESTIVAL HALL, AT NIGHT

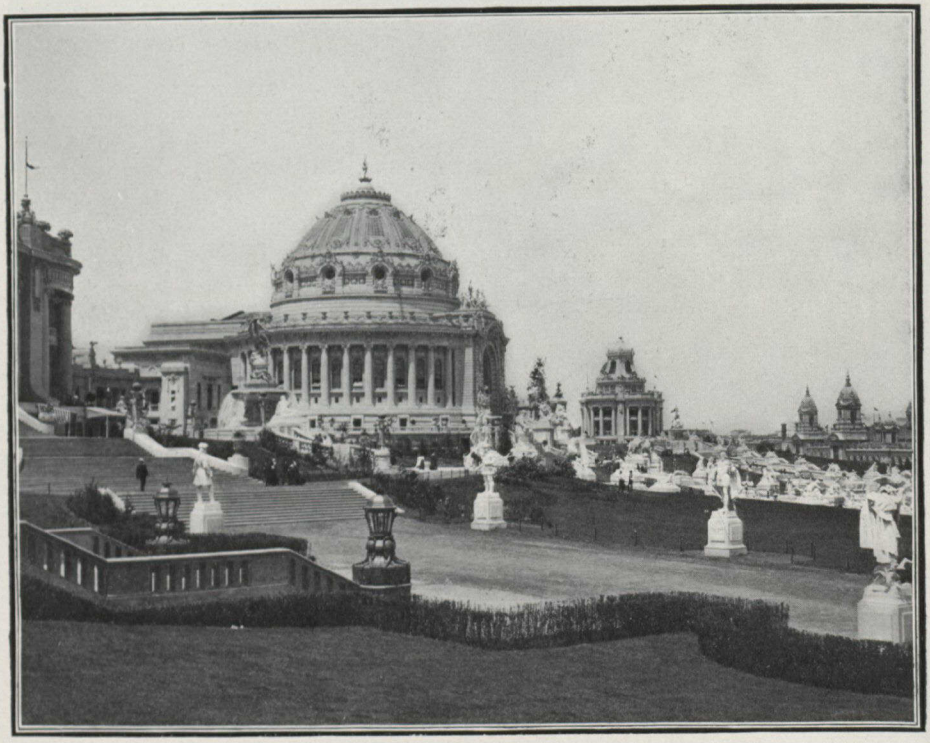
CANADA AT ST. LOUIS

By THE EDITOR

THE relation between a market and a fair is often lost sight of by the public. A market is a meeting together of buyers and sellers in some place at an appointed time. Every fair is, historically speaking, a market, but it is more than that. A fair possesses features which are not seen in an ordinary market and is of a more miscellaneous character; it extends over a longer period and is

ST. LOUIS—THE VIEW FROM FESTIVAL HALL

In the central distance is the Louisiana Purchase Monument. On either side are two of the eight large Exhibit Palaces



FESTIVAL HALL, WITH ITS STAIRWAYS, LAWNS AND STATUARY

held at greater intervals. The name is probably derived from the Latin *feria* (a holiday), and was originally a festival of some kind at which traders took advantage of the opportunity to display their wares.

When commerce was in its early stages, for example in England just after the Norman conquest, the annual fairs were occasions on which distant or foreign traders visited the various towns to display wares not usually procurable there. The great fair at Stourbridge, near Cambridge, was held annually in September, and lasted for three weeks. The space allotted to this fair, about half a square mile, was divided into streets which were named after the various nations or trades, and in each of these streets some special trade was carried on, the principal being in foreign spices and fruits, ironmongery, fish, metal goods, cloth, wool, leather and latterly books. Traders came from such distant points as Genoa, Venice, the Levant and Spain.

The continental fairs were one of the prominent characteristics of mediæval mercantile life. Their origin is ascribed to the great religious festivals which attracted large numbers of people and gave opportunity for trade. The French mediæval fairs had their fullest development in the twelfth century. These were mainly in the Champagne country. Later the Lyons fair was the most important in France. Leipzig fair was prominent in the eighteenth century, when Germany began to be of commercial importance.

The Russian Annual Fair at Nijni Novgorod is perhaps the most famous in the world. Here for two months in the year two hundred thousand people, collected from the ends of the earth, meet to trade. There are sixteen thousand shops at this point which are used only during fair time. There is the Persian Quarter, the China Quar-

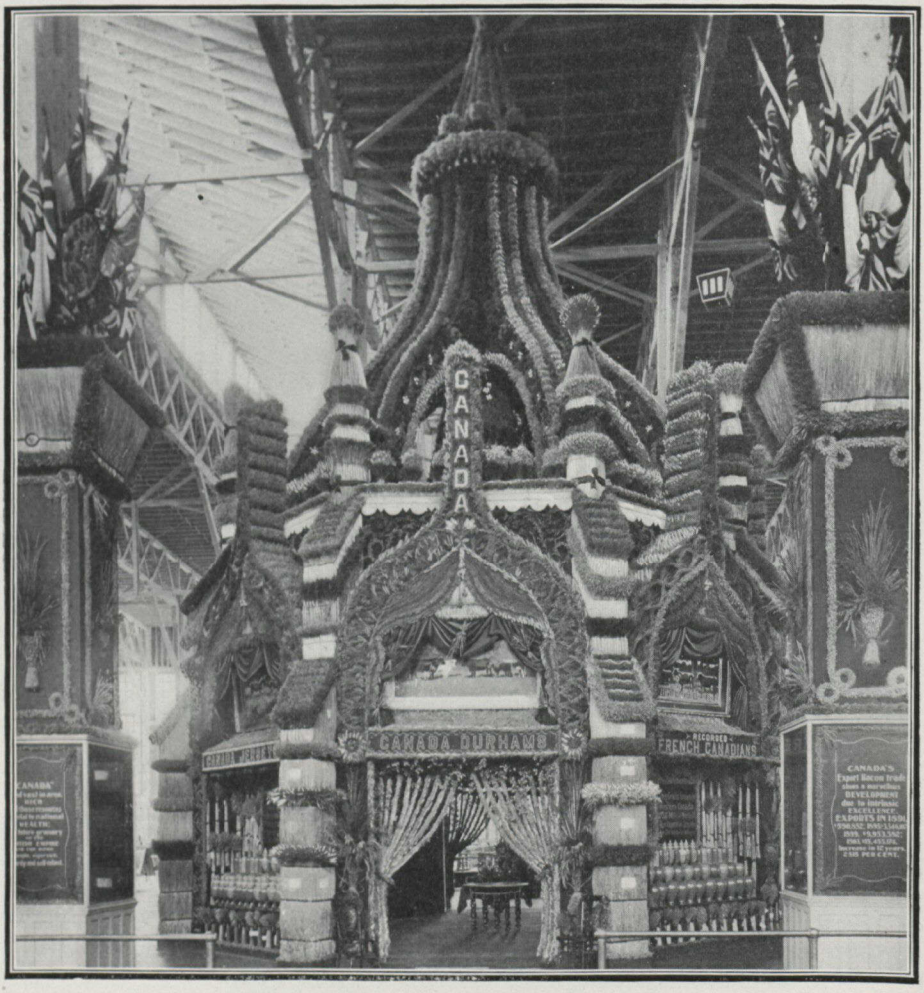
ST. LOUIS—THE CANADIAN BUILDING, ERECTED AT A COST OF $30,000

ter, the Khivan Quarter, the Tartar Quarter, and so on. As soon as railways pierce through the great district of which Nijni Novgorod is the centre, the fair will probably change in character, but for hundreds of years it has been a great meeting place for European and Asiatic traders.

The modern type of World's Fair came in with the London Exhibition of 1851, where British North America was represented by 195 exhibitors. In the New York Exhibition of 1853 Canada had 152 exhibitors. At Paris in 1855, Canada obtained 88 prizes divided among 321 exhibitors. At the London Exhibition of 1862, Canada secured 100 medals and 50 honourable

ST. LOUIS—BRAZIL'S BUILDING

This and other national and state buildings show an architecture much superior to that of the Canadian building.



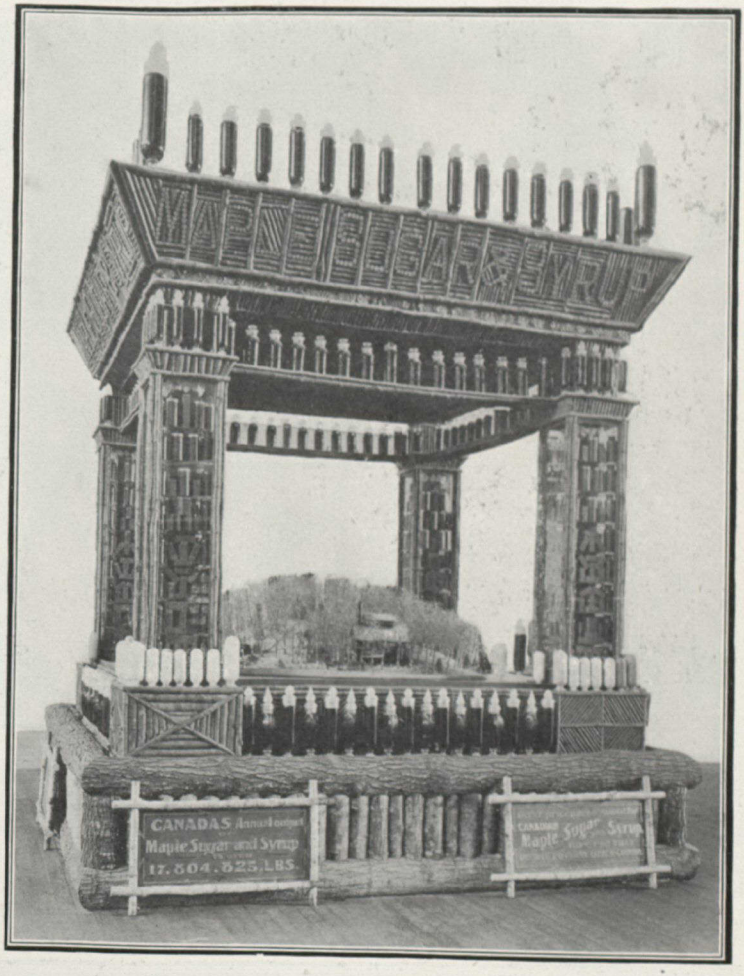
ST. LOUIS—THE MAGNIFICENT TROPHY WHICH REPRESENTED CANADA IN THE PALACE OF AGRICULTURE. THE CENTRAL PART IS 65 FEET HIGH

mentions. Then there were the Dublin Exhibition of 1865, the Paris Fair of 1867, the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, the Sydney (N.S.W.) Exhibition of 1879, the London Fisheries Exhibition of 1883, the Antwerp Universal Exhibition of 1885, the Colonial and Indian Exhibition at London in 1886, the Jamaica Exhibition of 1891, and the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. At all these there were Canadian exhibits and Canadian prize winners. Since Confederation the Dominion Government has spent over a million dollars in making Canadian products known to the world through the medium of exhibits at various foreign fairs.

The World's Fair at St. Louis this year is a magnificent accomplishment. Three years of steady preparation were not quite enough to execute the ambitious plans of the promoters, and when the gates swung open in May, there was general incompleteness. The cold wet weather had interfered with the progress of road-making and landscape gardening, while incompetence or indifference had retarded the com-

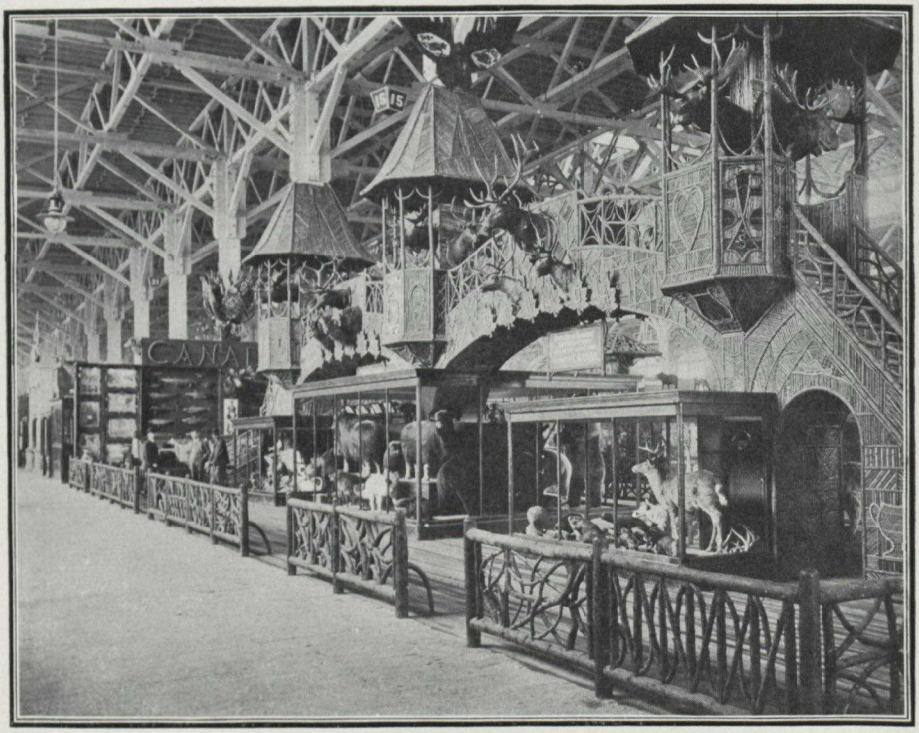
pleting of the individual and national displays. Practically only the Japanese and United States Government displays were complete.

So far as the buildings were concerned, the fair managers had practically completed their labours, and only a few finishing touches were still required. These buildings are numerous, large, varied and splendidly conceived. Scattered over a broader area than was ever covered by a previous World's Fair, they yet present one composite picture of marvellous beauty with the towering Louisiana Purchase Monument as a centrepiece, and the Festival Hall as the central view-point. On either side of the monument are four great exhibit palaces, covering from eight to fifteen acres each. The wide spaces between them are embellished by landscape and water effects. The Cascade Gardens connects them with Festival Hall and the supporting Palace of Fine Arts. On the outskirts of this central group are the various National, State and other buildings.



ST. LOUIS—THE MAPLE SUGAR AND SYRUP DISPLAY, WITH SMALL BUSH AND CAMP ENCLOSED

By July the grounds were in good order, the exhibits all in place, the "Pike" noisy and merry, and the streets of this Magic City were daily thronged with unwearied searchers for that which would delight the eye and please the mind. The World's Fair at St. Louis is a success, in so far as a World's Fair can be a success. If it has not emphasised for the world a new idea of supreme industrial importance, it has at least indicated the progress of western civilisation which has passed in a short half-century from the banks of the Thames to the western bank of the Mississippi. Fifty years ago the Prince Consort watched



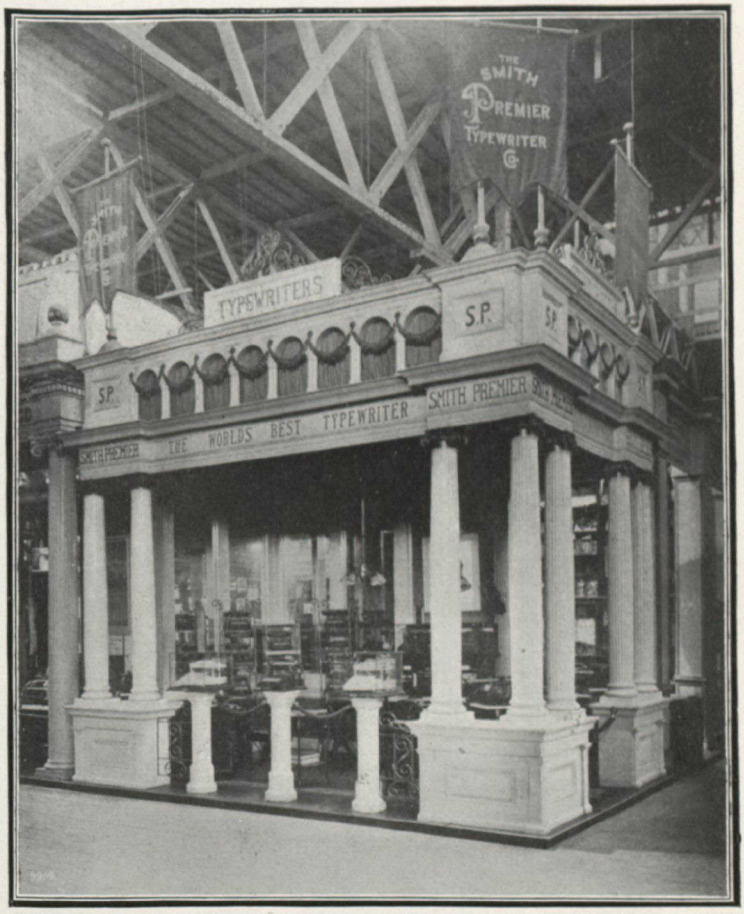
CANADA'S DISPLAY OF FISH AND GAME—GIVEN A GRAND PRIZE

the magnificent Crystal Palace rise to show the world something new in exhibitions; to-day the people of St. Louis are imitating his initiative for the special benefit of the Western States and the general benefit of the industrial and intellectual worlds.

On this occasion Canada has again

CANADA'S EXCELLENT DISPLAY OF FRUIT, EQUALLED ONLY BY CALIFORNIA

been represented, though perhaps not so adequately as might have been expected. There are no exhibits of Canadian manufactures or dairy products because the Government felt that there was little gain in displaying goods which could not be sold in the United States. That this was a somewhat narrow view for the authorities to take, will be generally admitted. Yet there is something to be said in their defence. They decided, wisely or unwisely, to show only such products as might be in demand in that country, and to keep the Canadian building a sort of immigration bureau. With this end in view the agricultural and mining products were emphasised, because these were the products likely to interest prospective settlers and investors. The Canadian building was kept small and unassuming, and was plainly furnished so that the farmers would not fear to intrude.



THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER EXHIBIT

The picture of the Canadian building shown herewith proves that little money was wasted on architectural design. Some disgusted Canadians have labelled it "The Wedding-Cake House." The interior is as plain as the exterior, and is decorated with a few deer heads and some paintings of rural scenes and cattle. The agricultural trophy in the Palace of Agriculture is in better taste. It is a replica in outline of the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, and is quite imposing. The pillars and displays which surround it rather detracted from its striking appearance, but served a decided utilitarian purpose in providing space for mottoes, samples of foodstuffs, and other exhibition features. The display was in favour with the authorities and was granted one of the grand awards for displays of this character.

The following list will give an idea of the classes of goods which were

used as accessories to this agricultural trophy:

FLOUR—
Archie Campbell, Toronto, Ont.
Lake Huron and Manitoba Co., Goderich.
Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Keewatin
Ogilvie Milling Co., Montreal, P.Q.

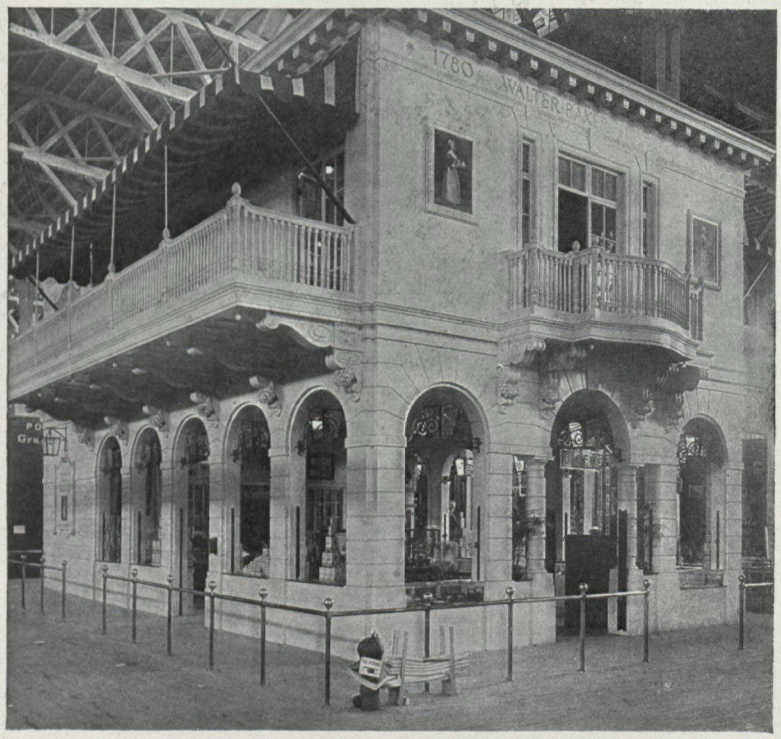
CEREAL FOODS—
The Robert Greig Co., Toronto, Ont.
P. McIntosh & Son, Toronto, Ont.
The Tillson Company, Tillsonburg, Ont.
The Frontenac Cereal Co., Kingston, Ont.
Eby, Blain Co., Toronto, Ont.
W. T. Benson, Montreal, P.Q.

BISCUITS –
Christie, Brown & Co., Toronto, Ont.

CHEESE—
A. F. MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co., Toronto, Ont.
Ingersoll Packing Co., Ingersoll, Ont.

CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY—
Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville, Ont.

ALES AND PORTER—
Dawes & Co., Lachine, Que.
John Labatt, London, Ont.
Toronto Brewing and Malting Co., Toronto.
The Carling Brewing and Malting Co., London, Ont.



THE WALTER BAKER EXHIBIT

BAKING POWDER—
E. W. Gillett Co., Toronto, Ont.

CREAM TARTAR—
E. W. Gillett Co., Toronto, Ont.

STARCH—
Imperial Starch Co., Prescott, Ont.
Edwardsburg Starch Co., Cardinal, Ont.

CONDENSED MILK AND CREAM—
Truro Condensed Milk Co., Truro, N.S.

CORN SYRUP—
Edwardsburg Starch Co., Cardinal, Ont.

CANNED FRUITS——
Eby, Blain Co., Toronto, Ont.

CANNED VEGETABLES—
Eby, Blain Co., Toronto, Ont.

HONEY—
General display.

TOBACCO—
General display.

HOPS—
General display.

MAPLE SUGAR AND SYRUP—
General display. (Sugar samples were regularly distributed.)

CEREALS, GRAINS AND GRASSES—
Contributed by over 3,000 farmers throughout the Dominion.

The fish and game exhibit includes many stuffed animals and a rustic arch

built of Canadian woods. This is a unique design, but the whole effect was somewhat of the "dead" variety. The differing character of the particular woods is not impressed upon the spectator. The enquiring public is not enlightened by placards or reading matter of an adequate character. The exhibit is a splendid one, but it lacks interpretation.

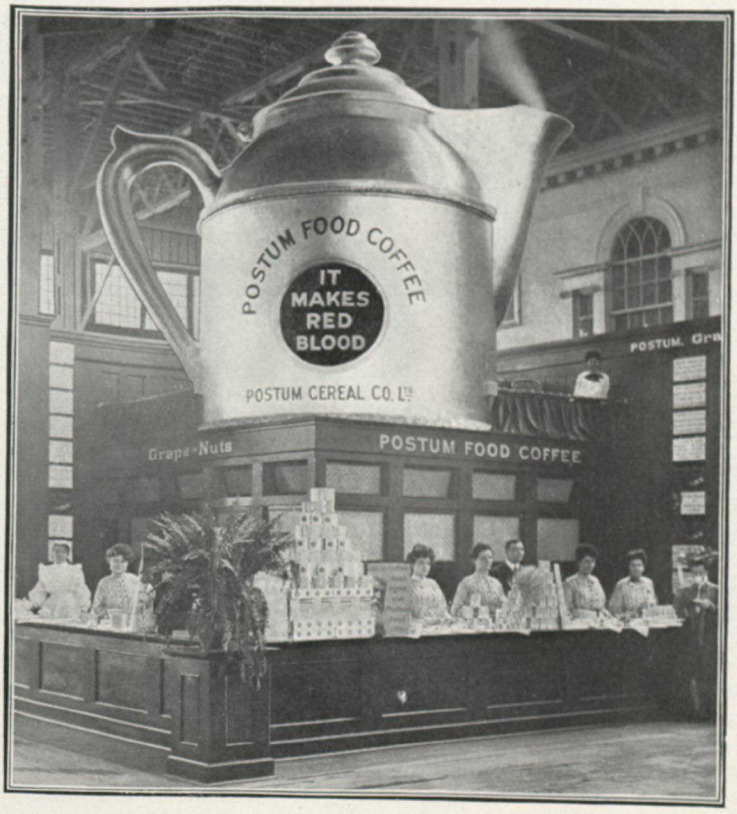


EXHIBIT OF POSTUM CEREAL CO.

The mineral exhibit is imposing, but hardly more effective than the game and wood exhibit. It is provided with labels such as one would find in a technical museum. The learned mineralogist or the experienced miner would be at home with the samples and labels, but the inexperienced public would find little information of a popular or educational character. The material is there, but as with the previous exhibit, the accessories which translate the features of an exhibit for the man who has but a few minutes to spare for such a display are almost absent. This is in strong contrast with the Japanese mineral exhibit, which occupied about one quarter the space. This display is walled, and around the walls are hung pictures of the various mining camps and plants, with both interior and exterior views; on a counter on one side was a model of a mining camp, showing huts, shafts, drifts and machinery. The samples of ore were not numerous, but were quite sufficient for the purpose. The mineral samples in the U.S. Government Building were also well displayed, each piece of ore being fully explained by a large card on which there was printed a popular description. As the United States purchases thirty-two of our thirty-five million dollars' worth of mineral exports each year, this display should have received the best of attention. The authorities apparently intended to make it impressive, but a smaller display and fuller information would have been even more effective.

In fruits, Canada makes an excellent display, much to the surprise of that part of the great public which

still believes that Canada is a country of eternal frost and snow. There were ninety-four varieties of fresh apples and fifty varieties of preserved specimens. Plums, pears, grapes, cherries and peaches are in profusion, to add to the wonder of the sight-seer. The whole horticultural display is excellent and has been declared by competent critics to surpass any similar display at St. Louis with the exception of that from California.

Yet it is surprising to find such an excellent display of fruit. The authorities did not display creamery products or manufactured goods because there was no market for these in the United States. It is well known that there is no market—in the same sense—for Canadian fruit in that country, yet an excellent display was made. There is an inconsistency here which a stern-minded critic might declare required explanation.

The Canadian art display was badly managed. The furnishings and decorations are tawdry and far from attractive. There is no one in attendance to explain the pictures, there are no seats to invite the wanderer to linger. There are no pictures of our great waterfalls, of our capacious harbours, our beautiful forests or our more imposing public buildings. There is a collection of canvasses such as might have been painted by third-rate French or British artists. These pictures are good in their way, and would have been attractive in a local exhibition in Toronto or Montreal; as a representative collection to show strangers wherein Canadian art, landscape, nature and civilisation differs from those of other countries, it is a flat failure. The art collection of Norway and Sweden, for example, gave one a distinct idea of the landscape and the civilisation of those countries; and so it was with the others. The French Art display was one-half industrial, in keeping with the idea that a Fair is a promoter of buying and selling.

Pulp woods and pulp are exhibited along with some British Columbia woods in a small building near the Canadian Pavilion. There are also some samples of hard woods from the other provinces. There was some delay in placing this exhibit, but it is worthy of the occasion. The only point in connection with it is that there is a likelihood of its being overlooked. Had it been placed in a gallery connected with the main building this danger might have been avoided.

On the whole, it must be admitted that Canada has been better represented at St. Louis than at Chicago or Buffalo, so far as interior displays are concerned. In horses, cattle and sheep there has been a falling off, due partly to the Government's lack of enthusiasm, and partly to the cost of transportation and difference in climate. Mr. Beith was the only exhibitor of horses, but his seven splendid Hackneys excelled all competitors and brought him $1,900 in prizes. Mr. J. C. Clark, of Ottawa, was the only cattle exhibitor, but his herd of sixteen Ayrshires brought him even more prize-money than was secured by Mr. Beith. The Canadian entries of sheep and swine were more numerous, and were fairly well rewarded.

Canada has done well, although she might have done better. The authorities have learned some things which will no doubt be of advantage to them in future displays. The Japanese exhibitors have taught all teachable nations at this fair; their displays were completed in time, were well scattered throughout the various buildings, were excellently arranged, and were in charge of shrewd and intelligent persons. Japan has begun to pay back her debt to Western civilisation.

Canada's exhibits at the fairs of the world should be in charge of agricultural, mining and horticultural experts. Politicians who are merely "good fellows," and whose knowledge is bounded by the uses of a spiral staircase, are not the persons best fitted to manage the advertising of a nation.

DEPARTURE OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE FOR THE CRIMEA, FEBRUARY 22, 1854

THE GRENADIER GUARDS AND THEIR BAND

By J. HENRY

HIS Majesty's Grenadier Guards, whose band is now touring Canada, need little introduction to Canadians. The second battalion came to Canada in the Rebellion period, and were stationed at Quebec from 1839 to 1842. A battalion came here also at the time of the "Trent" affair. Yet at this time a brief review of their history may be interesting.

The regiment dates back to 1656, when an English corps known as "The Royal Regiment of Guards" was one of six infantry regiments formed from among the adherents of Charles II during his exile in Flanders. Their first engagement was the so-called battle of the "Dunes" near Dunkirk, on the French coast. On the restoration of Charles, four years later, the regiment was re-organised under Colonel John Russell in England, though the original troops were still embodied under Lord Wentworth at Dunkirk. When this fort was sold the two regiments were united in England. They received special colours and the famous series of twenty-four Royal badges, one for each company. The regiment was handsomely dressed in scarlet coats faced with blue, with blue breeches and stockings, and plumed hats. The present "bear-skin" headgear was not adopted by the whole regiment until 1815, the pattern being taken from Napoleon's Imperial Guards. The grenade, which had previously been worn on the head-

COL. HORACE RICARDO, M.V.O., COMMANDING GRENADIER GUARDS

gear, was placed also on the collar of officers and men.

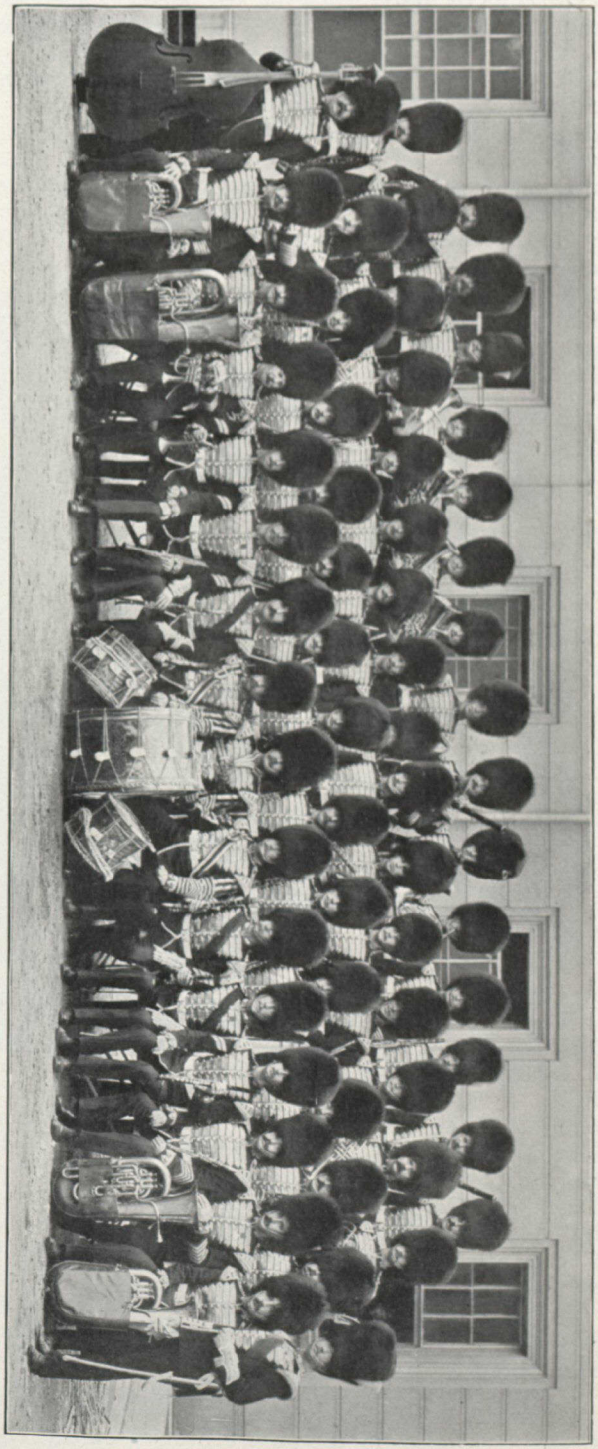
Their series of victories is long, and cannot be given in any detail. They served at Blenheim in 1704, and, in fact, in Marlborough's whole campaign from 1702 to 1711. It is interesting to note that this great general began his career as an ensign in the Guards, and that he was their colonel at Blenheim.

During the Seven Years' War the Guards served under Bligh, on the coast of France, in 1758, and under the Marquis of Granby in Germany in 1760-3. The regiment contributed its quota to the combined battalion of Guards which served in America throughout the War of Independence. It served through the Napoleonic wars, was with Sir John Moore in 1808, and especially distinguished itself at Quatré Bras and Waterloo. At the latter battle the second and third battalions formed the First Brigade of Guards under Sir Peregrine Maitland. Their position was on the ridge above Huguemont, whence in line four deep they swept down in their famous charge at the close of the day. Five thousand men of the Old Imperial Guard under Marshal Ney were seen advancing with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" They came steadily on; but on reaching the crest the Guards poured out a pitiless volley, and whether it was "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" or "Now, Maitland, now's your time!" vociferated by the Iron Duke, Lord Saltoun cried out, "Now's the time, my boys!" and the Guards sprang forward, driving the enemy over a hedge of dead and dying down the hill. In that conflict and at Quatré Bras the First Guards lost 181 killed, including 7 officers, and had 853 wounded, making a total of 1,034. They had earned undying fame. "Guards," exclaimed Wellington, "you shall be rewarded for this;" and when encamped at Paris in the Bois de Boulogne at the close of the French war, as a distinguished honour they became "The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards." The colours which floated over the devoted third battalion of the 1st Foot Guards at Waterloo are still preserved at Wellington Barracks, where Canadians visiting the metropolis can now see them in the Royal Military Chapel. In connection with the colours of the regiment, it may be noted that when six more companies were added at the outbreak of the Crimean War, as many additional new badges were created.

On the decease of the Duke of Wel-

lington, Sept. 14th, 1852, the supreme command of the regiment was conferred on Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort, who held it till his death in 1861, when it passed to H.R.H. the late lamented Duke of Cambridge. In the Crimea, French and British troops fought side by side, and a lasting tribute was paid by the former to the honour and bravery of their island allies. It is recorded that one day Marshal Canrobert asked Lord Raglan to send the Grenadiers to the front with his own men, and when the British General, feeling obliged to refuse, owing to the fatigue of the Guards, who had just come off the field, the Marshal replied: "My Zouaves will do better if they see the Bearskins with them"—referring to the tall fur head-dress peculiar to the Guards. On another occasion, a French officer, noticing their valour, exclaimed: "Now I understand Waterloo!"

The subsequent services of this famous regiment include the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, where the 2nd battalion formed part of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught's brigade; the Nile Campaign, where they toiled on the River and fought in the desert; and the Suakin



THE BAND OF HIS MAJESTY'S GRENADIER GUARDS

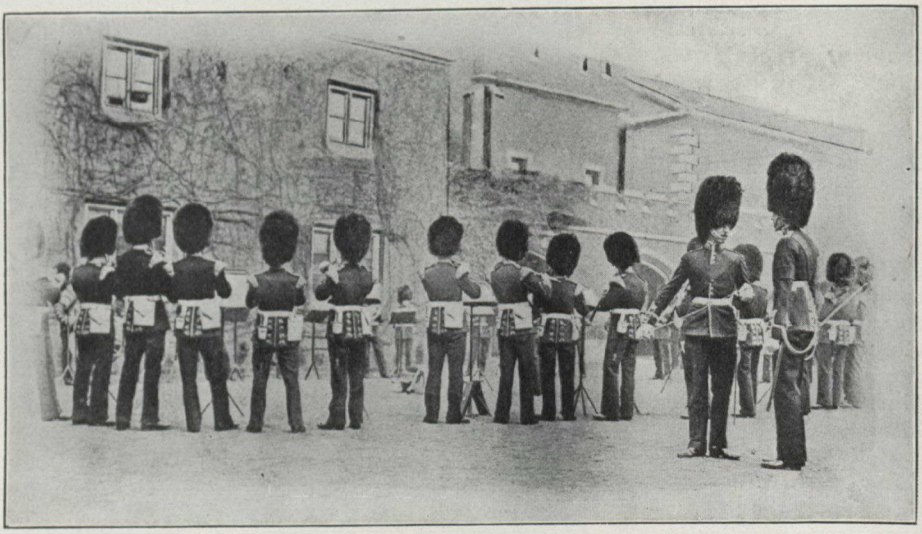
expedition of 1885, when the 3rd Battalion was in the field.

The 1st Battalion were at Gibraltar in 1897, and the following year proceeded to Egypt to join the forces under Sir Herbert Kitchener on his march to Khartoum. They were present at the battle of Omdurman, immediately returning to London, where they met with a splendid reception. With their meritorious services in the recent South African war every reader is familiar. In this, as in all their campaigns, they added to the regimental high traditions.

of their existence are in a special manner representative of the traditional British Grenadiers, "old in glory and honour they have yet the vigour of youth."

THE BAND

By the special favour of His Majesty the King and the permission of the Colonel Commanding, the band of the Grenadier Guards is visiting the United States and Canada this season. This is not the first visit paid by the Grenadier Guards Band to the United States. It was present at the Inter-



THE GUARDS BAND AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE

Their present Colonel-in-Chief is His Majesty King Edward VII, the Colonel being the King's brother, F.M., H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and the Lieut.-Col. Commanding, Horace Ricardo, M.V.O. The headquarters of the regiment is in London at Wellington Barracks, battalions being stationed at times also at Chelsea Barracks, the Tower, Windsor, and, during the summer, at Aldershot and Pirbright. As in the days of Charles II they are always present, ready for the personal service of the Sovereign and to bear their part in all the great functions of the State. The Grenadier Guards in the third century

national Peace and Musical Festival in Boston in June, 1892, and received a magnificent ovation. The London press at the time published special despatches of its performances, when Dan Godfrey, the bandmaster, conducted.

The band may claim origin from the earliest body of musicians connected with the British Army. On January 3rd, 1685, King Charles II, only a few days before his death, signed a warrant authorising the establishment of twelve hautbois players to be attached to his "Royal Regiment of Foot-Guards," and this doubtless is the first official record of a band other than

drums and fifes in His Majesty's forces. It is a favourite tradition in the Grenadier Guards that Handel composed the well-known "March in Scipio" as a parade "slow march" for the regiment, and it has been used for this purpose since the time of this eminent composer. The celebrated "quick march," "The British Grenadiers," dates back to the days of good Queen Anne, in the early eighteenth century. The band was sent to Paris in 1815 to join the regiment during its sojourn in the French capital, but it does not seem to have attained any particularly high grade of musical excellence until some years later. Under the late Lieut. Dan Godfrey, who was its conductor from July, 1856, to September, 1896, the band achieved a reputation second to none.

A. WILLIAMS, MUS. BAC. OXON., BANDMASTER

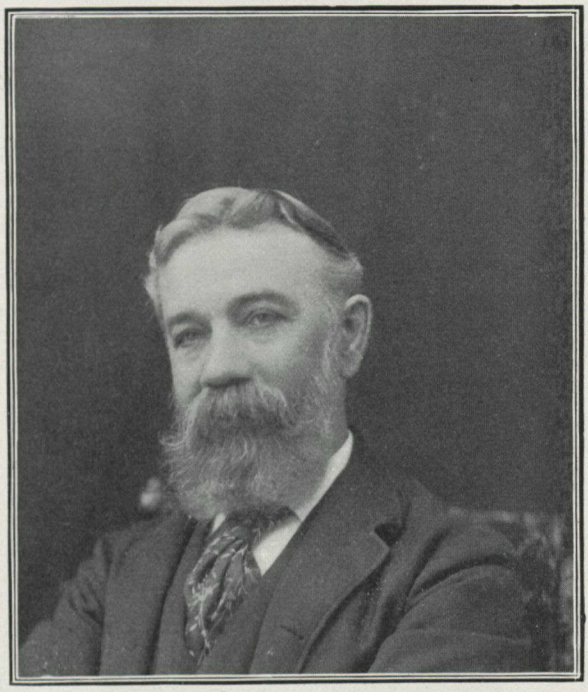
The present conductor, Mr. Albert Williams, Mus. Bac. Oxon., has wielded the baton since 1896, and during his leadership has spared no effort to keep his band well abreast of the musical advance so characteristic of these times.

The concerts given by the band of the Grenadier Guards are a very prominent feature in the outdoor life of the metropolis. One of the leading features at Earl's Court Exhibition, the great summer attraction at London, and visited by so many Canadians, are the concerts in the beautiful Western Gardens by the Grenadier's Band. During the last few seasons the classical programme given on stated evenings has drawn crowds of enthusiastic and delighted amateurs to the illuminated gardens of this very popular resort. The band always performs in town on Sunday evenings, in the Royal Parks—Hyde Park and Green Park—with thousands for an audience in the open air, and frequently during the King's residence at Windsor on the East Terrace of the Castle.

No prominent fêtes or events occur without this band, and during the season short tours are made to provincial exhibitions, seaside resorts and other places—all indicating the very important part taken in national events by this worthy company of soldier musicians.

When engaged for the St. Louis Fair the authorities insisted upon the band playing at the low pitch of A 439, and consequently a whole new set of instruments had to be made specially for this arrangement. An order was entrusted to Messrs. Boosey & Co., Military Band Instrument Manufacturers, Regent St., London, on May 3rd, and all the new instruments were delivered about July 8th, being used immediately at Guard Mounting and Earl's Court Exhibition with complete satisfaction.

The personnel of the band, in all 60 musicians, consists of three sergeants, five corporals and fifty-two bandsmen, and the bandmaster. Accompanying the organisation to America is Captain G. D. Jeffreys, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, son of the Right Hon. A. F. Jeffreys, M.P.



MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN

PHOTO BY NOTMAN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 56—MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN

ALMOST every day throughout the year there appears on the floor of the Montreal Board of Trade an elderly man of medium height and well-preserved frame. Should he remove his hat, as he is apt to do on a warm summer's day, swinging it the while in his hand, he will uncover hair as thick as that of the average youth, though it, as well as the liberal moustache and square-trimmed beard, is whitened with advancing years. As he crosses the room, mayhap in a preoccupied manner, his quick step and nervous action indicate a divorce between his spirit and his whitened hair. Passing through into the Corn Exchange Room, he will pause in front of the quotation board in a somewhat characteristic attitude, regarding it attentively through his thick-rimmed spectacles, and remarking upon it in a partial undertone, and apparently impartial manner. But it is only apparently impartial, for, being the president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., this man is deeply interested in the wheat market, the dividends of the company which he directs largely depending upon it.

Mr. Robert Meighen is one of the best known and best liked members of the Corn Exchange. He is also among the foremost of Montreal's successful business men, successful not alone in having acquired wealth, but in everything for which the average man yearns.

Everything? No, he desires one thing more.

"You are rich," said he in his some-

what dramatic manner to an envious and rather impecunious acquaintance, lately. "I ask for but one thing—to be twenty years younger. I cannot have youth—you have it, and in a country like Canada you ought to be able to get the rest."

His confidence in what Canada has to offer to energetic young men is born of his own experience and his hopeful and fearless outlook, which outlook, by the way, is more easy for the successful than the unsuccessful to reach.

The tribute to youth came from a man not yet old. His sixty years sit lightly on him. His physique is as sound, his step as quick and elastic, and his intellect as bright as they could well have been when he came to Montreal twenty-five years ago.

If success in life is evidence of a man's ability, Mr. Meighen must possess his share. Like so many of Canada's successful men, he has known what it is to battle with adversity. As his quick and vivacious temperament may to some extent indicate, he is of Irish extraction, his birthplace being the village of Dungiven, near Londonderry. His fatherless youth was spent in the town of Perth, Ontario, where he came with his mother when very young. He received his elementary education at the public school, and at the age of fourteen he began his business career in the firm of which he afterwards became a partner. This firm, that of Messrs. A. Meighen & Bros., founded fifty-five years ago, is still engaged in the general trading business.

Those were the days of small things. To-day Mr. Meighen is president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Ltd., which he, with Mr. Geo. Stephen (now Lord Mount Stephen) and others founded. He is also president of the New Brunswick Railway Co., now operated under lease by the Canadian Pacific Railway. He has lately been elected to the directorate of the Bank of Toronto, besides which he is a director of the Canada Northwest Land Co., the Dominion Transport Co., Ltd., and is interested in many other prominent Canadian industrial institutions.

One of his most delightful characteristics—delightful and rare—is his lack of appreciation of the necessity of a difference between his treatment of rich and poor. This indication of a well-balanced mind cannot be easily counterfeited. His success has not affected his balance. He has made wealth—wealth has not made him.

Had he not been possessed of good judgment, the Lake of the Woods Co. could hardly have been such a splendid success, for the rise and fall of the wheat market largely determines its dividends and a few blunders of judgment would quickly wipe them out. He never authorises a change in the price of flour until he is satisfied that the movement in the wheat market is sufficiently permanent to demand it. In this his conservative tendencies are shown. It is said that no one knows an hour beforehand when a change is going to take place in the company's prices. All are treated alike. When the time comes the quotations are telegraphed to all the agents, and thereafter none may vary from his instructions.

Although speculation is, to some extent, constantly present in a business of this nature, Mr. Meighen is not a speculator. He never buys shares on margin; having the money to buy them outright makes an investor of him. He foretold to a nicety the rise in C.P.R. stock to par, though, generally speaking, he will offer no opinion on the course of stocks. The fact that he has invested in securities at levels which they have not since approached, simply goes to show that insiders and moneyed men are by no means infallible.

He seldom leaves the Board of Trade without engaging in, at least, one animated discussion, and here his ready wit and repartee make him a dangerous opponent. He has an excellent memory which enables him at any moment to draw upon a large fund of quotations in verse and prose, as

well as numerous funny stories, and these he will use with gusto against his opponent wherever applicable, and perhaps sometimes where they are not. But they all serve to keep the discussion from becoming too bitter, and the contestants always part on good terms.

As may be inferred, he has many of the instincts of the orator. Though cool and calculating enough in a business deal, he shows nervousness when about to address an important meeting and may be seen walking quickly and somewhat aimlessly back and forth as though endeavouring to collect his thoughts. When he takes the platform he may even forget the order of his remarks. Then his dramatic sense will come to his aid and he seldom fails to aquit himself creditably.

There is also something of the statesman about Mr. Meighen. The philosophic aspect, however, does not appeal to him in the slightest, and he cares nothing about economics from that standpoint. He is an opportunist with a considerable capacity for belief in the rightness and patriotism of the policy which benefits him. And he furthers that cause in a large-minded way which calls forth one's admiration.

He is a strong protectionist. In politics he is a life-long Conservative. Although he has been offered many nominations for parliamentary constituencies, the representation of which his popularity would probably have secured for him, he has always refused to stand for election. He is also an enthusiastic advocate of Preferential Trade Within the Empire, and it was he who set on foot, and was instrumental in carrying to a successful issue, the recent meeting of the Montreal Board of Trade which adopted his resolution upon that subject.

It is worthy of note, too, that so far back as May 18, 1896, in an interview with the press he advocated that Canada should give a preference to the Mother Country, thus anticipating by a year the policy adopted by the Liberal Government.

This was not the only occasion upon which he showed an unusual ability to sum up the signs of the times and rightly interpret them. On Feb. 21, 1902, largely on the strength of his assurances that England would impose a tax on grain, he succeeded in getting a motion passed on the Board of Trade asking that a preference be given the products of the Colonies on the British markets of the United Kingdom. The grain tax, as we all know, was afterwards imposed. He also privately made the prediction that the tax would not be removed, but that grain from the Colonies would receive a preference. He thus succeeded in predicting the course Mr. Chamberlain would have pursued. The British voter, however, has yet to be heard from upon the subject.

Mr. Meighen is a prime favourite with the newspaper men who have served their time on the Board of Trade, and they all feel that had the fates been kinder to him they might have had in him a colleague of whom they would have been proud. He frequently refuses them the information they want; but when he makes a statement they know they may rely upon it.

The president of the Lake of the Woods Co. has a great capacity for hard work, and he exercises it as indefatigably now as during his early days. It might be said that business has been his recreation and his play, for he never took any other.

His is certainly a unique experience. He never took any interest in the sports which usually occupy the attention of young people. He never attended games; he knows nothing about hockey, lacrosse, baseball; he never fired a gun or went hunting, and, oh shades of the departed Isaak Walton, he never baited a hook or sat on a grassy bank all day with his nerves aquiver at the gentlest tug. It is doubtful, even, if he ever attended a theatre until he had left half a century behind him. A couple of years ago he was induced to leave business for a few months to indulge himself in a trans-Atlantic tour. Occasionally he takes a trip out to the Pacific Coast; and

even then, doubtless his imagination is engaged in picturing the future waving fields of wheat, "all raised," as he is wont to say, "on the virgin soil of our great North-West."

Mr. Meighen's private life is very quiet. He lives in probably the most magnificent and costly house in Canada. He purchased it a few years ago from his brother-in-law, Lord Mount Stephen, whose youngest sister became his wife in 1868. The house itself is a model of architecture. The splendid hall and staircase, drawing room, library and dining room are panelled in mahogany or satin wood, as the case may be; the walls are hung with costly paintings; a splendid mantelpiece is of onyx and alabaster. In summer the beautiful and well-cared-for garden, in which are to be found many highly prized plants, is the attraction of Drummond street.

Here lives the man who commenced life humbly, who fought his way upward and attained what we term success, and whose only wish now is that he might be twenty years younger—he has everything else.

T. C. ALLUM.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

By M. A. RUTHERFORD

SINCE his earliest childhood Arthur Rilington had adored his beautiful and statuesque mother, and, in return, his mother worshipped—his brother John.

Like a filial and super-youthful Sir Galahad, his pure and fervent devotion had never wavered. There had been no interval in all his short life in which he was not her faithful knight, nor any age at which he was not ready to do her service—to challenge creation on her behalf. But circumstances had been against the expression of his loyalty. No opportunity had been given him—nor, being reticent by nature, did he desire it—of clothing his enthusiasm in the adequate language of his well-bred class and world.

To most people the fact that the Honourable Mrs. Rilington was a widow with but two sons on whom to lavish her affection made her palpable favouritism the more inexcusable. In the first place, there had been, from Mrs. Rilington's point of view, two children where one would have sufficed—for her sons were twins. John—the elder by a short half-hour—was the heir, therefore needed and welcomed. But for Arthur there was no such ready-made role, nor, as far as his mother could see, any reason or necessity for his existence. "Poor little chap!" his father had dubbed him at sight, with an instinct of prophetic commiseration. A year later Major Rilington was killed in a railway accident, and Arthur was left practically parentless. His mother's heart had not holding capacity for the two beside herself.

In addition to the privileges conferred by primogeniture, all the decorative graces of body and mind that the beautiful worldly woman most prized had been centred on John; Arthur, who was small and plain and silent, came in nowhere. From his nursery days John was what is called there a "taking" child; healthy, good-looking, good-tempered; of such importance in the household that he was always John—never Johnny or Jack even to his mother. Consequently his bearing was assured, his manner fearless and expansive. The lesson that took Arthur the morning to learn John mastered in an hour. Gauged by the same formal standard the brothers "panned out" differently. Whether the ore they yielded was of the same value neither mother nor tutors paused to inquire.

Between themselves the boys, though antithetical, were not antagonistic.

John looked down to Arthur and was kind, and Arthur accepted the position and looked up to John. His sole inheritance from his mother was an inclination to think that all was for the best in this best of possible worlds. That the treatment he received in it was different from that awarded to his brother did not affect his finding.

In spite of the great gulf fixed between them by their mother's injudicious hand, the twins had taken each progressive step in their existence side by side. They had gone to Harrow together, and had entered and had left Sandhurst at the same time. That John's name appeared near the top of the list and his brother's not far from the other end surprised no one.

Only one person among all Mrs. Rilington's friends had the temerity to remark that it was astonishing. Mrs. Rilington's reply was a self-revelation:

"Poor little Arthur, he hasn't done badly for him! He must have worked hard to have got through at all. We didn't expect he would. I fancy John's example influenced him more than any of us know. Oh, no! There is not the least fear that he has overworked himself. He is perfectly strong and never complains. He has not given me an hour's anxiety since he was born."

The rash friend smiled, and agreed with the last remark more emphatically than was, perhaps, quite polite. Arthur, she was certain, had never cost his mother a moment's uneasiness since he was born.

So life—the easy, pleasant life of the rich—passed happily enough for the young Rilingtons, with plenty of pastime and very few troubles until the year after they left Sandhurst. Even at this point where, in the natural course of events, there should have been the parting of the ways, the strange inter-blending of their fates interfered.

They were both gazetted to the same regiment. Then the Boer war was declared, and with the down hardly formed on their faces, and in company with most that was young and eager and strenuous in the Empire, John and Arthur Rilington set sail for the front.

At John's express wish their mother consented that the farewells should be said at home instead of on the crowded transport. Dry-eyed, haggard and intense, she followed the young men's movements, and hung on their words during the brief hours they could pass with her. When the moment of parting came she watched them, in an agony too great for words, mount the dog-cart that was to take them to the station and out of her sight, perhaps, for ever. The reins were in John's hands when her white lips parted in a supreme effort to speak. Then she put out her hand and pulled her youngest son by the arm till her lips were at his ear.

"Take care of John," she whispered.

. . . . . .

"Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky."

To-night the lines recurred incessantly to Arthur. "The sentinel stars," he repeated to himself, lingering on the expression. He loved to think of them as such, for he, too, was on "sentry go," and had been ever since his mother's last injunction fell on his ear.

The campaign had lasted eighteen months, and for most of the time the regiment to which the Rilingtons belonged—the Light Defencibles—had been in the thick of the fray. In the Orange Free State, in the Transvaal, in Cape Colony, they had followed the trend of the fighting; and, although many a brave soldier had fallen out of the ranks, never to rise again, the Rilington brothers, the *Gemini*, as they were commonly called, had escaped unhurt. Among their brother officers it was said that Arthur's anxiety formed an invisible protective armour round John that turned both shot and shell. As there was no such shield for Arthur, his immunity, they agreed, must be ascribed to luck. John himself

neither noticed nor returned the solicitude.

Arthur's presence to-night in the little camp under the stars instead of in the comparative comfort of the mess tent at the temporary base, was due to this well-known tie between him and his brother. John, his senior in the regiment as he was in life by a single step, had been sent out in command of a small convoy and its escort, and Arthur had been deputed to accompany him.

"I dare say it will be a bit of a treat for the *Gemini* to be together," thought their kind-hearted Colonel. "I'm blest if I ever saw brothers such chums. It's rather the other way round as a rule."

The march was to be a short one. The little column had only left camp that morning, and expected to reach their destination the next evening. The country to be traversed had been reported free from the enemy; no danger was anticipated. For this reason, and also because we are a sanguine nation, the escort was small, and officers and men proportionately light-hearted.

Night had come, and darkness had fallen on the land as quickly as a thick veil drawn by a hasty hand covers a scarred face. As far as the eye could see the solitary little camp was the only sign of human life in the vast and boundless veldt. The usual precautions against surprise had been taken, the oxen had been watered, the rations eaten, the last pipe smoked, and weary men and patient, long-suffering animals had lain down to rest. Only John and Arthur seemed wakeful, and exchanged a few desultory remarks before turning in. They spoke of their mother and of how lonely she must be, and again Arthur remembered the charge she had given him.

But darkness is the best cover, and under its wing men who know the country and its secrets can effect movements in unbroken silence. Nearer and nearer through the muffled hours of night crept a foe who slumbered not, whose case was desperate, and whose existence as a fighting force depended on the capture of that convoy. All they craved—food, clothing, weapons, and, above all, ammunition—was in those waggons.

As the first glow of dawn deepened and burned in the eastern sky, a solitary rifle shot rang out over the plain; then another and another, in sharp succession, running into one long, unbroken rattle of musketry. Phit-ping, phit-ping, sang the hail of Mauser lead that stung and blinded and bewildered men and animals alike. Phit-ping on every side, and no shelter at hand.

The moment of attack had been well chosen—when Kaffir drivers were harnessing the ox-teams, and the bustle of the start was on the unprepared men. Taken at a disadvantage, and for the moment in hopeless disorder, the men seized their rifles and wildly returned the enemy's fire, wasting their bullets as fast as they could discharge their weapons.

In the midst of the excitement Arthur found time to think of John.

"Lie down, John," he said, "what's the good of exposing yourself like that? The men are all right—they will be steadier presently," he urged, as a bullet hit his brother's helmet.

To his amazement, John's face turned ghastly pale. "This must be stopped," he said brokenly, like a man shaken with some terrible fear. "We must surrender. We are outnumbered, and the ammunition is exhausted."

"Surrender! No fear," returned Arthur reassuringly. "There's plenty of ammunition in the waggon. I'll have some served out."

He turned, and as he did so John slipped a handkerchief from his sleeve, fastened it on a bayonet, and held it on high, where the breeze caught and rocked it gently.

Almost at once the firing from the kopje slackened, and then ceased, and simultaneously the men heard the bugle sound "cease fire." When they looked round bewildered, though no doubt to some extent relieved, they saw their officers standing to-

gether, and on the ground between them a bayonet with a shameful pennon attached. Which of the two had raised it?

. . . . . .

But nothing certain was known of the surrender until, by one of the strange chances of war that upset all calculations and render the foresight of experience futile, Colonel Le Sage heard from the Rilingtons themselves an account of what had happened.

For reasons of their own, the Boers had set the two young officers free, having first relieved them of their valuables. The brothers had tramped back to camp, some fifty miles, in less than thirty hours. They had had neither food nor water, and had been soaked to the skin in heavy rain. As John was on the point of collapse, shaking in every limb, and almost unconscious, he was ordered into hospital by the doctor, and on Arthur devolved the task of giving the details of the unfortunate occurrence.

"Devilish awkward for the boy, having such a story to tell when his own brother was in charge," thought the Colonel, as he prepared himself to listen to the disclosure.

After the first few sentences his face hardened. He misdoubted his own senses.

"I fail to follow you, Mr. Rilington," he interrupted, in a tone that was seldom heard by the regiment. "Your story is incredible. Am I to understand that, without your brother's knowledge or permission, you flew the white flag after a bare ten minutes' fighting, and with a total loss of three men wounded and two killed?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were not in any way separated from the ammunition waggon?"

"No, sir, we were not."

"Could you have got at it—if you had tried?"

"*Quite easily, sir.*"

There was a ring of conviction and truth in the last three words that had been wholly wanting in all that had gone before, and the Colonel recognised it. A tinge of colour came into the young man's face, and for the first time since he had come into camp he looked up. Then, remembering the part he had set himself, his eyes resought the ground. But the Colonel had seen what he wanted in them, and had formed his own opinion therefrom.

"Do you know you are practically accusing yourself of cowardice?"

"Yes, sir," answered Arthur, relapsing into the cold and guarded manner he had momentarily dropped.

"Well, Mr. Rilington," resumed the Colonel, after a painful pause, "I have heard all you've got to say. Of course, you are aware that you have left me no option in the matter. It will have to be gone into when your brother is able to give evidence, which at present he is not. In the meantime I shall be obliged by your considering the statement you have just made as confidential. But there's something behind it which I haven't got at. In the meantime you can return to duty."

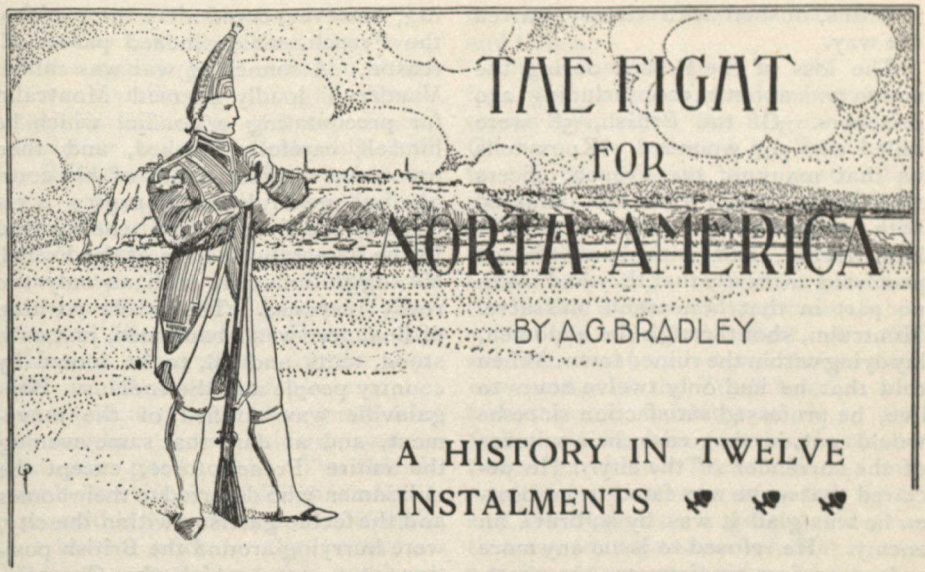
As the youngster left the tent Colonel Le Sage sighed deeply. He had seen many a good man fall in his country's service, others had lost health or strength or limbs, and others, again—more piteous still—their reputation and their honour. Was his old friend's son destined to join their dishonoured ranks?

"It is bound to go hard with him if he sticks to that story," he muttered. "But there's something fishy somewhere. I'd much sooner believe it of that full-dress-parade brother of his. I'll give the boy a chance, anyway. He may clear himself yet."

But Arthur never did clear himself. He fell mortally wounded in the very next skirmish, and died some hours afterwards.

"I am glad the Colonel understood," he said, as he drew his last flickering breath. And so was Colonel Le Sage when he heard the message.

Of course the court of inquiry never was held. There was no object in stirring up muddy waters. John was invalided home with rheumatic fever, but recovered to enjoy himself in civil life.



CHAPTER XI—FLIGHT OF THE FRENCH ARMY FROM QUEBEC—MURRAY IN COMMAND OF THE BRITISH GARRISON—AMHERST CAPTURES TICONDEROGA AND CROWN POINT—PRIDEAUX TAKES NIAGARA—1759

WITH the fall of Wolfe, the chief command devolved on Monckton, but that gallant officer, like his chief, was stretched upon the ground with a ball through his lungs, though the wound in this case was happily not a fatal one. It then fell upon Townshend to clinch the victory won by the man whom he alone of all the army had been inclined to belittle, and no fault can be found with the fashion in which he did it.

The main part of the battle was over in twenty minutes. Montcalm's army was swept in such headlong rout and confusion from the field that isolated efforts to stem the tide were futile, and the brave French general, who, mounted on his black horse, had done his utmost to rally the broken troops, was now in this bitter hour himself struck down with a mortal wound. But on either flank of the actual battlefield there had been resistance of a most effective kind. Large bodies of Canadian irregulars and Indians had thrown themselves into the bordering woods and poured a hot fire into the victorious British. There were no Rangers on the spot, and it had fallen to the lot of the Highlanders and light infantry to clear the woods as they advanced. The former, rashly trusting to their broadswords only, lost 160 out of 600 men, mostly in this perilous performance. After a time, however, these flanking sharpshooters of the enemy were driven from their cover to swell the panic-stricken mob of fugitives who were choking the gates of Quebec and the approaches to the bridge over the St. Charles. The guns of the city, however, had no immediate reason to share in the general paralysis, and Townshend sounded the recall as they began to play upon his pursuing troops. Trenching tools and guns were being rapidly brought up from the Anse du Foulon, and no time was lost in strengthening the position. An advanced party of Bougainville's force had actually attacked the rear during the battle, but the troops left in reserve had repulsed them without difficulty. The main column now arrived, but it was too late, for Montcalm's army had vanished, and 4,000

veterans, flushed with victory, barred the way.

The loss of the French during the action was about 1,500, including 250 prisoners. Of the British, 58 were killed and 597 wounded. Knox tells us that many of the French officers who were taken were still haunted with fears of vengeance for Fort William Henry, and with bared heads protested earnestly that they had taken no part in that lamentable massacre. Montcalm, shot through the abdomen, lay dying within the ruined town. When told that he had only twelve hours to live, he professed satisfaction since he would not, in that case, be a witness of the surrender of the city. He declared that as he was fated to be beaten he was glad it was by so brave an enemy. He refused to issue any more orders, saying his time was too short, and he would fain be left alone. He did not, however, forget his soldiers, and dictated a generous note to Townshend on behalf of his prisoners and the Canadians generally, assuring him at the same time of his confidence in the humanity of the English.

"Be their protector," he winds up with touching quaintness, "as I have been their father."

The brave gentleman and able soldier died before the dawn. In the confusion no coffin was forthcoming. His remains were placed in a deal box, and, escorted by a few officers of the garrison and a troop of women and children, were borne to the chapel of the Ursulines, and deposited in a grave made by the bursting of a British shell.

Vaudreuil, in the meantime, met the fugitives from the battlefield at the bridge over the St. Charles, where there was a scene of indescribable confusion. Every one had lost his head, and veteran officers were clamouring for a surrender, crying out that the British were upon them, and that they would be cut to pieces.

The British, as a matter of fact, had ceased from the pursuit, and were concentrating on their lines, worn out with exhaustion and fatigue. Nothing, however, could allay the panic of the French, which indeed passed all reason. A council of war was called. Vaudreuil loudly blamed Montcalm for precipitating a conflict which he himself carefully shirked, and then proceeded to give a taste of his courage and generalship by urging a retreat up the river of the whole army. In the demoralised state of the French his suggestions met with an only too ready response. The whole position of Beauport was abandoned, just as it stood, tents and all, to be looted by country people and the Indians. Bougainville was notified of the movement, and at dark that same evening the entire French force, except the militiamen who deserted to their homes and the feeble garrison within the city, were hurrying around the British position at a pace which the Chevalier Johnstone, who was with them, calls a disgraceful rout. Not only Montcalm, but Senezergue and De L'Ours, his second and third in command, had been mortally wounded. De Ramezay, with a thousand quite inefficient men, mere citizens for the most part, was left in the city with instructions to surrender if an assault should be threatened. This remnant were not lacking in spirit, and had endured the siege without murmur, but to expect more of them at this moment was ridiculous. If the French army, they justly urged, was afraid to again face Wolfe's victorious battalions, what could be expected of a few hundred half-starved old men and boys, with only a score or two sailors and soldiers to stiffen them?

The French army, in the meantime, did not stay their rapid flight till they had placed thirty miles behind them, and reached Jacques Cartier on the St. Lawrence. A message had been sent on the day of battle to Lévis at Montreal, who was now in chief command, and Vaudreuil's expectations that he would descend the river and meet them at Jacques Cartier were well founded. When that brave and vigorous soldier reached the camp of the fugitive army he was filled with indig-

nation, as well he may have been. To a man who had more than once won victories against great odds the situation was humiliating enough. Never in their darkest days of inexperience, indiscipline and bad leadership, had the British in America behaved so badly. Bougainville's force, which had retired again upon Cap Rouge, had increased, according to French writers, to 3,000 men. There had been, moreover, 1,500 good militia inactive on the Beauport lines, to say nothing of the garrison of the city, while in Vaudreuil's fugitive army there could not have been much less than another 3,000 soldiers, and in great part good ones. The British army before the city walls was reduced by casualties to under 4,000. Wolfe's total losses, prior to the battle, in killed and wounded and sick, had been 1,500. There were probably 2,000 efficient men on guard at the camps, hospitals and batteries below Quebec, which were liable to attack at any moment from bands of guerillas. Townshend could hardly have drawn seriously on this reserve, and we may therefore picture him, with his small army and a few sailors who had assisted in hauling up his guns and stores, busy for the moment with pick and shovel upon the Plains of Abraham. The desertion of many thousand militia is allowed for in the above estimate of the French, which is, in fact, their own. Comment is needless. Panic is spelled in every line of it, but it must always be remembered that the author of the panic was the young hero now lying dead in the cabin of the *Sutherland.*

Lévis, when he reached Jacques Cartier, breathed some heart into Vaudreuil's demoralised army. A hundred mounted men with sacks of meal were despatched in haste by a circuitous route to Quebec, with instructions to Ramezay to hold out, for help was coming. The troops themselves marched upon the 18th. They were to pick up Bougainville at Cap Rouge, and would then far outnumber the British. But that night, when still fifteen miles from the city, the news reached them that it had fallen.

There is not much to be said of the four days which Townshend and his troops spent upon the heights before Quebec. He extended his lines down to the St. Charles, and pushed his trenches close up to the walls. Within the city all was wretchedness, recrimination and despair, save for a small body of gunners, who pounded the British trenches with commendable spirit, but with little effect. On the evening of the 17th some threatening movements of the English ships and troops put a finishing touch to the futile and vanishing courage of the feeble garrison. Their officers, and small blame to them, refused to fight, and told Ramezay, a gallant old gentleman with a good record, that it was not fair to expect them to sustain the assault of a disciplined army from which their own, though far superior in numbers, had fled. There was a doughty, if unreasonable, town Major, however, one Johannès, who waxed indignant at such sentiments, and emphasised his indignation with the flat of his sword. But it was of no avail. Ramezay had no choice but to hoist the white flag, though the devoted Johannès, who surely deserves to be remembered at such a moment, instantly hauled it down again. He was alone in his protests, but eventually consented to go himself to Townshend with an offer of capitulation. It seems that, by making subtle efforts to spin out the negotiations, he defeated thereby his own object by wearing out Townshend's limited stock of patience, since all the satisfaction he could bring to Ramezay was that if the place were not delivered up by eleven o'clock it would be carried by storm. Ramezay signed the articles submitted to him, and they were in Townshend's hands by the time agreed upon. He had scarcely received them when Lévis' light horse with the meal bags rode in to say that succour was coming. Ramezay, however, with an honour that does him credit, refused to cancel an agreement on which the ink had

scarcely dried. The terms were favourable, for Townshend's position was none too secure, and without loss of time he marched his army into the ruined town, which had yet another siege to endure, though its details have been hopelessly obscured by the glamour of the first one. It will be our duty in the succeeding chapter to say something of an episode in British history that is not without honour, but, for the reason, no doubt, just mentioned, is utterly without fame.

In regard to this memorable 18th of September it only remains to tell how the re-invigorated French army learnt that night at St. Augustin that they were too late, and that the British flag was already floating over the ruins of the proud city which for a century and a half had been almost more French than France herself.

Of the still more famous 13th of the same month what more can be said? It is my business to follow out the campaign to its termination, and in so doing to seem, perhaps, a destroyer of landmarks, a disturber of time-honoured traditions. I should like, however, so far as my own study of these wars teaches me, to endorse rather than to disturb ancient landmarks. The fight upon the Plains of Abraham, beyond all doubt or question, settled the fate of Canada and eliminated the Frenchman as a governing factor in the life of the western continent. It did yet more, for if the republic of the United States was born at Yorktown, the seeds of the Dominion of Canada were surely sown on the plateau of Quebec. In all history there is no more dramatic episode; at the same time it would be hard to name one that had more influence on the future of the world.

The infinite significance of the achievement was, of course, in great part hidden from the eyes of those who shared in or applauded it. But the immediate value of the victory was patent enough to the meanest intelligence. When the news arrived in England, following so closely as it did on tidings of a disheartening kind, there was an outburst of enthusiasm that, though tempered in one sense, was in another stimulated to an even greater excess of emotion by the victor's glorious death. All England blazed with bonfires and resounded with pealing bells, but the grief for Wolfe, mingled with the sounds of triumph, Burke tells us, was most noticeable. "The loss of a genius in war is a loss that we know not how to repair." "The people," says Walpole, "triumphed and wept, for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, curiosity, astonishment were painted on every countenance. Not an incident but was heroic and affecting!" The recent doubters abased themselves, the tongues of envy which had freely wagged were silenced. Townshend, who failed significantly to do full honour in his despatches to his dead rival, was driven amid much obloquy to defend himself in print, which he did but tamely. The affection with which the army he commanded regarded their fallen chief could be instanced by a flood of written testimony: "Our joy is inexpressibly damped," wrote Knox on the evening of the 13th, "by the loss of one of the greatest heroes that this or any age can boast of."

But all further eulogy on Wolfe must be resisted. Though the crucial blow of the war had been struck and the striker was dead, there was yet much to be done and much even to be suffered before the end came. For the present, seeing we must return later to Quebec, it will be sufficient to state that Murray was left in command of the shattered city with almost all the troops that survived the campaign, and that on October 17th Admiral Saunders and his ships sailed for England, carrying with them the embalmed body of the dead soldier whose endeavours they had from first to last so loyally seconded.

The *Royal William*, bearing the remains, arrived at Portsmouth on November the 17th. Amid the firing of minute guns from the fleet, the tolling of muffled bells, and the hushed silence of a vast concourse of spectators, the

funeral cortége wound its way through the town on the long road to London.

Wolfe was laid by his father's side in the family vault at Greenwich church, while the bulky monument in Westminster Abbey commemorates a nation's gratitude if it does no great credit to its taste.

While, with 8,000 men, Wolfe had gone to encounter Montcalm and Lévis, and take Quebec, Amherst, with almost as many good troops and 5,000 provincials in addition, had proceeded against Bourlamaque, who, with what forces could be spared from the main army, was to defend the Champlain route to Canada. That Wolfe succeeded and his chief failed is a fact of history that, reduced to bare figures, creates an unfair inference. The former won success by genius and dash which we may almost fancy compelled the assistance which an admiring fortune gave him. The latter failed from the lack of such inspiration as is heaven-born and given to but a few. He was thorough and careful, and made almost no mistakes; but he had great difficulties to contend with, and did not succeed, this year at least, in attracting the smiles of fortune.

Amherst was, in truth, a good soldier and a man of tact as well. He was well liked in America, though he had to face the bad odour which the hapless Abercromby had left behind him. This, however, in the provinces which had reason to complain, he had no difficulty in surmounting. It was in those rather who had none, but on the contrary owed their deliverance from three years of frontier war, and misery and massacre, to the self-sacrifice of Forbes, that obstruction and discontent met his friendly overtures.

In Philadelphia, where the brave Scotchman had just laid down his life, and whither Amherst went early in the year to talk about reinforcements and Indian affairs, he found no gratitude whatever for the routing of the French and Indian upon the long-harried Pennsylvania border. There was much grumbling at having to shelter the troops who had fought and bled for them, and still more because government had not yet met the claims of team-owners and hucksters, whose impositions the honest Forbes, it will be remembered, had denounced in unmeasured terms. The fact was, that every one in government employ in America, from Amherst and Wolfe down to the meanest private, had to wait for his money. It was a time of supreme effort and self-denial, and a moment well worth it, if ever there were one. Still it was aggravated by scandalous negligence on the part of Barrington, the English Secretary for War. Amherst was immensely hampered, and had to occupy himself in urging the provincial governments to temporary financial expedients, which was not easy, as the credit of the imperial government had suffered greatly.

After finding the garrison for Fort Pitt, as Duquesne was now called, and that of a few smaller posts, the southern colonies, freed at length from all fear of French or Indian, relapsed into their wonted calm of tobacco-planting, visit-paying, fox-hunting and mild wrangling with their governors. They appear no more in this war, in which they had, indeed, figured somewhat poorly, while their borderers, who were for the most part a race unto themselves, set to work to re-occupy the ravaged districts along the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. Washington, with no further prospect of active service, now retired to matrimony and country life. He had gone straight to Virginia off the long and arduous return march with the dying Forbes, accompanied by several of his friends among the British officers, and married in their presence the handsome and well-dowered widow, Mrs. Custis. He was personally thanked for his past services by the House of Burgesses, and his inability to reply to the Speaker's eulogistic address drew from that gentleman a happy remark, which, together with the incident, has become historic: "Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty equals your valour." Remembering Washington's outspoken criticisms of his legislature and the

feeble support it had given him, one might well imagine that his heart was too full for words, and as a simple, straightforward man, he considered that the less said the better.

Pennsylvania in the meantime was so backward in voting the troops Amherst asked for that he threatened to remove all the garrisons from her frontier, a threat which brought matters to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion. For it must not be forgotten that there was a sturdy minority, even in Philadelphia, who had felt bitterly the part played by the Legislature, while the Western Counties had on one occasion threatened to march upon the city and compel the House to take military action. The Northern Colonies, on the other hand, swallowed the memory of Abercromby, made the best of financial difficulties, and came forward handsomely. New York found 3,000 men, and even little Jersey, almost the only province without an exposed frontier, supplied a regiment a thousand strong, while New England, as usual, was in no way backward.

Colonel and Brigadier Prideaux, who had just landed, was to lead a force up the Mohawk route, rebuild Oswego and attack Niagara. Amherst himself, as we know, was for the Northern road. Albany was the starting-point for both armies, and once again when the ice melted and the spring opened it resounded with the din of arms, and the thrifty Dutch traders reaped the harvest that of necessity accrued from the prolonged presence of 20,000 armed men. Once more the rough forest road from Fort Edward on the Hudson to Lake George was beaten hard by a steady stream of marching troops, of guns and waggons, and the old trysting place at the lake head was again gay with tents and varied uniforms, and the bay itself dark with boats. Amherst had collected here 6,000 regulars and nearly 5,000 provincials. There were 2,000 Highlanders with the 17th, 27th, 53rd regiments, and 1st battalion of the 60th, besides light infantry under Gage; Rangers, who now ranked as regulars, as well they may have, and the usual small complement of artillerymen.

The inevitable delays in mustering and provisioning the colonial troops had occurred, and it was the 20th of July when another pageant, no less gorgeous than that of Abercromby in the previous year, and with more hopeful prospects, floated down the lake. The troops landed without opposition on the east bank of the river outlet and marched without hindrance across to the sawmills whence Abercromby had delivered his ill-timed and ill-fated assault. Crossing the stream, the scouts found the famous redoubt of Ticonderoga stronger than ever but, to their surprise, unoccupied. Bourlamaque was stationed here with nearly 4,000 men—more, in fact, than Montcalm had used on the same spot with such deadly effect. But Amherst was not Abercromby, as Bourlamaque knew very well, and would have knocked those wooden walls to pieces in an hour. The French were in the stone fortress on the point. The preliminary operation of a siege, with some little skirmishing in the woods which were full of French Indians, went on. Bourlamaque, however, was under orders from Vaudreuil to make his stand at another point. So on the night of the 26th he and his garrison embarked quietly on the lake, abandoning the fort. After the last man had left, a dull roar, followed by a tremendous explosion, burst on the summer night as part of the masonry of the fort was hurled skywards. Sheets of flame flared from the débris, making a grand and awful spectacle, while against the light of the flames the abandoned French flag was seen streaming in the wind. A sergeant of Gage's corps, with four privates, rushed forward and achieved the perilous task of snatching the trophy from the blazing buildings. Thus, in dramatic fashion, fell Ticonderoga, for years the armed gate of Canada, the barrier to invading armies, and the scourge of the Northern frontiers as Duquesne has been to those of the lower colonies.

The French had temporarily retired

to their second fort at Crown Point, ten miles down the lake, and Amherst in his deliberate fashion followed them, but only to find this also gutted and abandoned. Bourlamaque had carried his army to the extreme end of Lake Champlain and, according to his instructions, prepared to resist Amherst at the île-aux-Noix. This last was an island in the centre of the Richelieu River, the waterway to Canada and a position of great natural strength. But, in spite of the numbers and spirit of his force and his own skill, Amherst was now stopped by an obstacle, small enough in itself, but insuperable. This was the presence on the lake of four vicious little French vessels, armed with cannon and manned with sailors. Amherst had nothing to cope with them. It is often said that, as their existence was no secret, he should have provided himself with a superior armament, building it on Wood Creek early in the season. But it was too late for regrets; he had now to sit down and create his little fleet with the sole assistance of the historic but inefficient sawmill near Ticonderoga.

It was now only the beginning of August, and his ships were not finished till the middle of October, by which time there was little hope of reaching Canada, and none whatever of assisting Wolfe, of whom no news had come. Three messengers had been sent to him: one of them had got through, but the others were caught and sent to Montcalm. Amherst had a passion for fort building, and having patched up Ticonderoga, he decided to restore and enlarge Crown Point, which, standing out on a promontory at the narrowest part of the lake, was eminently the key to the whole situation. Three thousand men were now set to work upon the fortress. Others worked upon the ships. The remainder practised their manœuvres or fished in the lake, while the Rangers, under Rogers, scoured the woods.

Our invaluable traveller, Dr. Kalm, had been staying at Crown Point a few years earlier in the piping times of peace, as a guest of the commandant, M. Lusignan. He gives a delightful account of the almost idyllic life led by the garrison at this romantic spot. The fort, he tells us, was a quadrangle with high stone walls, rendered still more formidable in some parts by the steep rocks over the lake on which they stood. At one end was a high stone tower mounted with guns from base to summit, while in the enclosure were excellent stone houses for the men and officers, and a chapel. On the shore adjoining the fort were cleared fields where the garrison cows wandered, and where every private soldier had his garden. The commandant was a man of culture and varied information. The soldiers, though in no way disrespectful, seemed on the friendliest terms with their officers. They were sufficiently paid and admirably fed, for the woods were full of game, the lake of fish, and a holiday could always be had for the asking. The men served till they were forty or fifty years old, when, as we know, the king presented them with a farm and provided them with food for the first two or three years, and sometimes even with a wife. The learned Professor gazed with admiration at the lofty, wood-clad masses of the Adirondacks behind the fort, and marked across the lake the long, level plain of then virgin forest, backed by the swelling ridges of the green mountains, from which the State of Vermont took its name. He rambled everywhere, noting birds and flowers and trees and rocks, these things being his immediate business. He also tells us of a stone windmill, mounted with cannon—so placed as to command a splendid view of the water towards Ticonderoga—whence the hostile barks of the British or their Iroquois allies could be seen approaching. All this was in 1749, and though blood enough had been shed even then along these lakes, neither the Doctor nor his host could have guessed what warlike pageants and stirring scenes they were yet to witness.

News came to Amherst in August of

the capture of Niagara and the death of Prideaux, upon which he at once despatched Gage to take command. The two months at Crown Point were not wholly inactive ones. They were marked, at any rate, by one of the most sensational pieces of dare-devil enterprise that even Robert Rogers ever achieved.

Now there was a large settlement of Abernakis Indians on the St. Francis River, about 180 miles north of Crown Point, near Montreal, and far in Bourlamaque's rear. They had been settled there for several generations under the protection of the French, and were what the Canadian Church was pleased to call Christians, observing, that is to say in ignorant fashion, the mere outward forms of the Roman Church, but in practical Christianity being no better than the darkest western savage. Perhaps they were even worse, as inter-tribal obligations had been cast off and they had no limitations to their lust of blood. They were invaluable, however, to the Canadians, and the scourge of the New England frontier. Rogers set out on September 13th with 230 picked men, to read them a lesson. "Take your revenge," Amherst told him; "but, though these villains have promiscuously murdered our women and children of all ages, it is my orders that none of theirs are killed or hurt."

Rogers and his party stole along the western shore of Lake Champlain in whale boats, unobserved by the French cruisers, as far as Missisquoi Bay, 90 miles to the northward. There he hid his boats, leaving some friendly Indians to watch if they were discovered, and bring him word. He had now another 90 miles to march through the trackless forest, overlapped upon every side by enemies. His Indian watchers soon overtook him with the information that his boats were destroyed and that a large force of French were in hot pursuit. With this crushing blow the courage of Rogers and his men rose rather than fell. They determined to press on, keep ahead of their pursuers, destroy the Indian hornets' nest at St. Francis, and then, sweeping to the eastward, make for the frontier of New England. Perhaps a closer knowledge of local topography, and of the then state of the country than could be expected of the general reader, is required to quite grasp the daring of Rogers' exploit and the woodcraft that made it possible. He sent a message back to Amherst to forward provisions to a certain spot on the Connecticut River, and then he and his men toiled on for ten days through some of the densest swamps and forests in North America. When they reached the St. Francis River the current was swift and chin deep. All of them, however, but a few British officers, volunteers, were hardened backwoodsmen, and, linking arms, they reached the further bank in safety, though with great difficulty. Soon afterwards Rogers climbed to the top of a tree and espied the Indian village three miles away, nestling amid the woods in supreme unconsciousness of its impending fate. Secreting his men, he himself crept to the edge of the settlement and found the whole population absorbed in one of their characteristic festivals, a mad orgie of dancing and clamour. Creeping back to his force, which by sickness, death and hardship had been reduced to 142, he lay with them in hiding till the dark hours of the morning. Then, in a half-circle, they silently advanced upon the town, now wrapt in sleep more profound than common from the exertions of the previous evening. At a given signal from Rogers the whole band rushed upon the cabins and wigwams. The surprise was complete. There were about 200 men in the place, nearly as many, unfortunately from Rogers' point of view, being absent on an expedition. Every one of them was killed. A few got away upon the river but were followed up and slaughtered, though no women or children were touched. Five English captives were released, and 600 English scalps, torn from the heads of both sexes and all ages beyond the New England frontier, were found nailed to the doors of the houses as trophies. The Catholic

Church, with amazing incongruity, rose in the midst of these unredeemed barbarians, three generations of whom its bell had rung to mass with laborious regularity. Such was the Christianity which satisfied the ethics of the French-Canadian priesthood of that day. Rogers burnt the whole village to the ground, including the church, and one can scarcely profess much compunction that the priest perished inside it. Only one man of the British force was killed, and three or four were wounded. It was now past sunrise, and the famous backwoods leader learned that there were 400 Frenchmen just in front of him and 200 more on his flank. The whole army of Bourlamaque lay between him and Crown Point, 190 miles away, and he was half that distance over the Canadian frontier. If his boats on Lake Champlain had escaped notice he would have got back without difficulty. As it was, however, the circuitous route to the Connecticut River, whither Amherst had promised to send food in case of accidents, was Rogers' only choice. Carrying such corn as they were able for their subsistence, these intrepid men eluded their swarming foes by a forced march of eight days through tangled swamps and wooded ridges. They traversed through blinding forests what is now a fair and famous country, "the Eastern townships" of Canada, an old and highly developed settlement of purely British blood and origin, sandwiched between French Canada and the United States. Ultimately they reached the broad waters of Lake Memphremagog, so familiar now to the tourist and the sportsman. Here, running out of food, they separated into small parties so as better to kill the game they stood in need of, but which proved woefully scarce. The adventures and sufferings of the various groups before the survivors reached the British lines, are among the thousand thrilling tales of border warfare. Many were killed, many taken prisoners and carried off to the torture and the stake in Indian villages. The officer Amherst had sent with food to the Connecticut River miserably failed, for which failure he was cashiered. The despair of the ninety odd survivors at this moment was at its height, for a vast distance of wilderness had yet to be travelled. By Rogers' heroism and fertility of resource, however, the half-starved band were in one way and another got back to camp early in November. They had traversed over 400 miles, destroyed more than their own number of the foulest Indians in the north, and struck a blow that resounded through Canada. Amherst thanked them warmly. One does not hear that they received or expected anything more. It was all in the Rangers' day's work, and Rogers himself has left an account of the expedition.

Amherst, in the meantime, had completed his ships, and on the first venture they destroyed their French rivals. But it was now the middle of October, and the weather had broken: sleet-laden storms were lashing the surface of Lake Champlain into a fury, and winter was looming near.

Lévis, who had long since come from Montcalm, had helped Bourlamaque to make the passage of the Richelieu to Canada impregnable under a long siege—and for that there was no time, since 100 guns securely entrenched defended the passage. Quebec, too, had fallen, which lessened the urgency, and, lastly, the service period of the provincial troops expired on November 1st. So the army, still shivering in its summer clothing, retired up the lakes, leaving strong garrisons at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, who sent salvoes of artillery echoing through the surrounding mountains in honour of the birthday, and, as it so happened, the last one, of George the Second.

Prideaux, the brigadier, whose mission it was to rebuild Oswego, take Niagara and ruin the French interest in those north-western regions over which their sway had been so long undisputed, was early in the field. He was at Schenectady on the Mohawk route late in May, and was joined by his

Division. This consisted of the 44th and 46th regiments and 2,600 New York provincials. There were forts now at intervals the whole way from the Hudson to Lake Ontario, and his communications were thus secured against the cross-country raids from Canada, that had been the terror of those who travelled and those who lived upon this forest highway. Johnson was commissioned to seize this favourable moment of the waning of French prestige to stir up the Six Nations to their old enthusiasm for the British cause. The ever-vigilant backwoods baronet needed no pressing, but held in his lavish fashion a grand council, celebrated with meat and drink and eloquence at Fort Johnson. Five hundred Indians attended; not only representatives of the faithful nations, but of several others formerly hostile, who, wise in their generation, had read the writing on the wall. This time they sang the war song on the banks of the Mohawk with serious intent, and 900 warriors at the response of their chiefs painted and befeathered themselves for battle.

Prideaux and his men were upon the site of Oswego by the middle of June. Haldimand, the second in command, was given the task of rebuilding the fort. Like Bouquet, he was a faithful and able Swiss officer, who had been imported to assist in the formation of that motley, but now efficient corps, the Royal Americans. "He had helped to recruit it among Oglethorpe's Highlanders of Georgia, the Germans and Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania, and the indented servants, poor whites and Huguenots of the two Carolinas. He has a three-fold claim on England, but she has forgotten him. He was an indefatigable collector, and has left 232 volumes of contemporary papers bearing on this period to the British Museum, as well as the Bouquet papers, which were his property. His military services were considerable, and, above all, he was Governor of Canada during the Revolutionary War from 1778 to 1784—a sufficiently critical and conspicuous post at that time, which he admirably filled. Canadians complain, and justly so, that his memory is at least as worthy of preservation as that of provincial preachers and forgotten novelists, but that they look in vain through works devoted to cataloguing the illustrious dead for the name of this trusty servant of the British crown.

Prideaux left Oswego on July 1st. He had not been long gone when Saint-Luc de la Corne, the well-known French partisan leader, seized the opportunity to attack Haldimand. He brought with him 1,200 men, mostly Canadian irregulars, and the notorious Abbé Picquet, with some of his so-called Christian Indians, whom he exhorted to give no quarter to the British heretics. They did not have a chance, for, though Haldimand's parties were wood-cutting outside the temporary entrenchments of pork barrels, they soon rallied to their lines. De la Corne's troops were not of the kind to assault redoubts. They confined themselves for some twenty-four hours to desultory rifle fire from the bordering woods, and when the guns which had been brought to bear on them opened from the entrenchments, they were seized with a panic, and raced helter-skelter for their boats, knocking over the reverend Abbé in their haste. Some thirty of them were killed and wounded, among the latter being La Corne himself. Haldimand was henceforward left in peace, and in due course a new fort arose upon the site of Montcalm's first Canadian victory by Lake Ontario, which in after years became the familiar quarters of many British regiments.

Prideaux, in the meantime, with Sir William Johnson and his Indians, was hugging the southern shores of Lake Ontario in boats and batteaux mounted with guns. The coast line to the outlet of the Niagara River, where the fort stood, was over seventy miles. There was a French warship cruising on the lake, which is here about the breadth of the English Channel at Brighton, so it was slowly, and with due caution, that the unseaworthy

flotilla crept along the low shores, in these days so instinct with vigorous humanity, in those presenting to the restless lake a continuous background of silent and sombre woodland.

Captain Pouchot, of the regiment of Béarn, was in command at Fort Niagara, an excellent officer, and one of the many combatants in this war who has left memoirs of it. The Indians for once—a sign of the change of times—had failed the French as newsbearers, and Pouchot was taken by surprise. Some of his men were absent, and his garrison reduced to less than 600 all told. At the very head of the Ohio watershed, near Lake Erie, there were still some small French posts, and Pouchot now sent to these for assistance. Many of the French guerilla leaders, with wild, miscellaneous bands of followers, were yet stirring in this dark country, in vain hopes of dashing down and catching Fort Pitt, now garrisoned with Provincials, unawares. It was to some of these that Pouchot now sent, and they hastened to his succour.

The old fort at Niagara stood on much the same site as the present one, in the angle, that is to say, where the river meets Lake Ontario. It was large, substantial and well armed, as became the portal and defence of the illimitable trading country behind. Prideaux had over 2,000 men with him, besides Johnson's 900 Indians. One-half of his force guarded the boats, the other was free for the attack. The Engineers, like Abercromby's, proved incompetent, and their first trenches were untenable. "Fools and blockheads, G—d d—n them," was the written criticism of an indignant Highland officer. When fresh approaches were constructed and the British guns opened fire, a still worse thing happened, for a shell burst on leaving the mouth of a coehorn and instantly killed Prideaux, who was standing near. Johnson now took command, and the batteries were actively served. In a fortnight the walls were badly shattered, over a hundred of the small garrison were killed or wounded, and Pouchot realised that nothing but immediate succour from the West could save him. On the 24th Johnson's scouts reported that a French force was approaching from above Niagara Falls. He therefore pushed forward during the night some light infantry, Grenadiers, and part of the 46th regiment. They took up their position in the immediate path of the approaching French, just below the mighty cataract. In the cool of the morning, De Ligneris, Aubry, Marin, de Répentigny, the cream, in short, of the Canadian backwoods leaders, with a wild following of 1,200 men, came down the portage road from above the Falls. The force included the small garrisons at Venango and Presqu'île, with a horde of fighting traders from Detroit, the Illinois, and the West, truculent, ill-favoured men who lived among the Indians, and, like them, went to battle strung with beads and quills, and smeared with paint and grease. They were brave enough, but the banks of the river above the rapids had been cleared. It was an open, not a woodland fight, though, indeed, long years of practice had made even the British linesman no mean performer among the trees. Here, however, he was in the open and flanked by a band of the Iroquois, the finest of savage warriors. The French threw themselves with undisciplined courage and loud yells upon the British front. The linesmen received them as Wolfe's troops on the Plains of Abraham six weeks later received Montcalm's assault—with a steady, withering fire. They had enough men here, however, for a flank attack, which was carried out by the Indians and light infantry with deadly effect. In an hour the broken column of white savages and bush-rangers were flying back in wild disorder past the Falls and the long stretch of rapids above them, to where their canoes were waiting, in smooth water, to bear them back into Lake Erie, whence they came.

Two hundred and fifty of the Ohio garrison troops alone had been killed

or wounded in this affair, besides numbers of their regulars. All the chief officers were taken prisoners—de Ligneris, Marin, Aubry, de Montigny and de Répentigny, with many more.

While the fight was in progress up the river a French officer thought the British trenches were unguarded, and a sortie was attempted. It was led by de Villars, the captor of Washington, in his youthful essay at Fort Necessity. But as the French approached what had seemed empty trenches, a line of bayonets, those of the 44th, under Col. Farquhar, suddenly flashed in their faces, and de Villars fell back, according to his orders rather than to his inclinations, for though he belonged to a type whose failings were many, lack of courage was certainly not one of them.

There was nothing now for Pouchot but capitulation. Major Hervey, of the Bristol family, was sent by Johnson to demand it, and from him the Frenchman learnt for the first time the full extent of the recent defeat. He would scarcely believe that all these redoubtable partisans were prisoners in Johnson's camp till, at Hervey's request, he sent a witness to verify the fact. This settled the matter. Johnson practically made his own terms, though the "honours of war" were conceded in recognition of the gallantry of the defence. Over 600 prisoners were sent to New York, the women and children to Canada. Fort William Henry was again in the minds of the garrison, and most urgent appeals were made to Johnson for sufficient safeguard against the Indians. This, it need hardly be said, was given, a matter of course, but a weaker man than Johnson would have found difficulty in controlling the plundering instincts of his fierce allies. Everything, however, went smoothly, and the fort, with its forty guns, ammunition and stores, was quietly occupied by the British.

When Johnson returned to Oswego a little friction arose between Haldimand and himself as to the chief command. It was effectually settled, however, by the arrival of Gage from Crown Point, who superseded both. Gage's instructions were to attack the French posted above the first rapids of the St. Lawrence on the way from Lake Ontario to Montreal. He effected, however, nothing of any practical value in that direction. It was reserved for Amherst himself, in the following season, to make the descent of the St. Lawrence, and with it the final move in the long game. With the British in possession of Niagara and Oswego, the French flag finally disappeared from Lake Ontario and its shores. Their western posts at Detroit and the Illinois, as well as the smaller and remoter ones, were isolated by this severance of the main artery, and could only be approached by the tortuous waterways, even now only known to the sportsman and the lumberman of the far back country of Ontario. General Stanwix, in the meantime operating from his base at Fort Pitt, with 4,000 men, had not been idle. He had clinched the new relations with the Ohio tribes, and had eventually occupied every fort to Presqu'île on the shore of Lake Erie. The main trunk of French Dominion was being girdled by the British axe, and its far-spreading limbs, which brushed the distant prairies of the north and crossed the sources of the Mississippi, must now perish from lack of nourishment. One more stroke, and the hardy growth of empire would shrivel up and die, and this was to be aimed by Amherst at Montreal.

In a letter written on the field of battle at two o'clock by an officer, the duration of the fight is estimated at half an hour. The writer is Colonel de Ruvigny, R.E., grandson of the Count de la Caillemotte, killed at the Boyne, and great-grandson of the celebrated Huguenot statesman, the Marquis de Ruvigny, and himself subsequently fifth Marquis de Ruvigny (*de jure*), and a naturalised English subject. The writer speaks of the fury of the French attack, and the confusion of their retreat.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GOOSANDER

A "DONALD" STORY

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN

NOTE—The "Donald" of this story is the same imperturbable old engineer of Mr. Hickman's story of the ice-crushers, "The Sacrifice of the *Shannon*."

MR. MONTGOMERY PAUL sat on the broad verandah of his bungalow and, through his cigar smoke, looked up the harbour at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Mr. Paul's business lay chiefly in following the fluctuations of Twin City and C.P.R. and Dominion Steel and Sao Paulo and Grand Trunk and such like commodities. He had followed with considerable foresight and, as a result, had had a comfortable feeling for some years. His base of operations was Toronto. Five years before he had discovered that Muskoka and the Georgian Bay lacked coolness, and various other things which a man from Toronto seeks in a summer holiday, and simultaneously discovered that in the five continents and seven oceans there is, in all probability, no such summer climate as that of Northumberland Strait and the southern light of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. So he built a bungalow on Hillsborough Bay, and every summer he transported his family thither and sat on the white sand watching the sparkling water and the fifty miles of Nova Scotia coast beyond, and went cod and bass and mackerel fishing outside and forgot how the heat came up in waves from the asphalt on Yonge Street and on King Street West.

For the first four summers he had cruised about a good deal in a twenty-five-foot launch he had bought in Charlottetown, and had found it such a delightful pastime that he had ordered a bigger boat from a Toronto firm. She was to be a fine, seaworthy craft with a steel hull. She was to have power enough to enable her to steam away from any boat of double her size in the Gulf. She was finished by the time he was ready to leave, and he had come in her by lake and river and open gulf all the way from Toronto to Charlottetown. If his stories counted for anything she must, indeed, be a marvellous boat in a sea. She was fifty feet over all, and though she had a comfortable beam her lines were as pretty as those of a destroyer. She had a pair of locomotive-type boilers, a low-set, short-stroked, big-pistoned, triple expansion engine, which swung a long-bladed wheel at a very respectable speed, and from her low house projected a short, stumpy, businesslike funnel. Altogether, to the trained eye, she looked well balanced and formidable. Mr. Paul's tastes were somewhat luxurious, and he had fitted her up with all sorts of shining brass yacht jewellery and innumerable blue plush cushions. So, from Charlottetown's point of view, the *Niobe*, as she was called, was a wonder on the face of the deep.

For that matter, she was not much less in the eyes of her owner, who had just been explaining her virtues to Mr. Robert Hunter, also a follower of the fluctuations of things, and resident in Montreal. Mr. Hunter had a yacht, too, a red cedar boat a foot or two longer than the *Niobe*, and with her engines set away aft along with a water-tube boiler fired with oil. She was called the *Mermaid*. In magnificence the *Mermaid* surpassed even the *Niobe*. Her boiler and funnel blazed and scintillated crimson and gold, for they were covered with rose-lacquered brass. Yes, and rose-lacquered brass was in all her parts, and her cushions were crimson plush instead of blue. Mr. Hunter had said a good deal as to the *Mermaid's* capabilities during the previous season,

and this was one of the chief reasons why Mr. Paul had had the *Niobe* built with plenty of power. There were boats belonging to other magnates in other parts of the Island and on the near mainland, but Mr. Paul felt sure of his position.

"Yes, sir," he was saying to Mr. Hunter, "she'll beat any boat in the Gulf under seventy-five feet in length!"

"Don't believe it!" said Mr. Hunter.

"You don't, eh! Well, I believe it so much that I'll put up a thousand dollars to be raced for, and they can all come; but it's got to be a good, long, open course—say from Charlottetown to Caribou. How does that strike you? Will you come?"

"Will I come!" said Mr. Hunter, and he became reminiscent and thought of the quiet way the *Mermaid's* engine turned two hundred and fifty, "will I come! Yes, I'll come—and I'll give you a drink out of that thousand when we get into Caribou."

"Nice Christian spirit," said Mr. Paul, and he laughed and lit another cigar.

"And you're going to throw it open?"

"Oh, what could you do? If you didn't, every tug-boat captain, every man in the Strait who owned any kind of a scow with a portable sawmill boiler and a single cylindered junk heap in her would say that if 'they'd 'a' let him in he'd 'a' showed 'em.' But it'll be a circus, anyway. The thousand dollars ought to bring out pretty nearly everything with wheels in it," and Mr. Paul smiled complacently, and blew a smoke ring in which he framed a picture of the *Niobe's* triumphant rush across the line in Caribou Harbour.

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The next harbour up the Strait from Caribou is called North Harbour. On its south shore is a deep cove with its east side a steep, spruce-covered bank, and the west sloping away into a sandy beach. Down by the beach is a long, white lobster factory. One day in August a young lady of about fourteen summers was sitting on a rock at the foot of the bank and swinging a bare foot in the water. The sky was without a cloud, and, as usual, as blue as that of the Mediterranean. The Strait rippled and sparkled, and every white house about Wood Islands, on Prince Edward Island, could be seen with perfect distinctness through the fifteen miles of crystal-clear air. It was a perfect Nova Scotia summer day—and there was nothing beyond. But it was evident that the young lady was not happy. Her golden hair—and it was golden, and glinted like polished gold in the glare of the sun—blew down across her glowing cheeks and freckled nose, and she brushed it back petulantly and wearily, and scowled. Then a sculpin swam lazily up to the rock and settled down to rest, and the girl threw a quohog shell at him. "Go away, you ugly beast!" she blurted, and the sculpin accepted the advice and kept on going until he found a hole four feet deep under a friendly bank of eel grass. Before the sculpin reached the eel grass—though he went so fast that his tail ached for some time afterward—the change had come, the inevitable reaction with all her sex from six to sixty, and the young lady was weeping. Finally she heard the shingle crunch, and she faced round defiantly, while she rubbed the tear stains away with the edge of her skirt. A small boy, a year or two younger than she, was coming toward her, piloting a man with grizzled hair, who was smoking a little black pipe. The two were followed by a portly black cocker spaniel. The girl raced over the rocks.

"Hello, Mr. McDonald," she cried, "where did you come from? Where did you find him, Dick?"

"He walked down," said Dick, "and I saw him comin' in the gate," and he swung the big hand he was holding with vigour. Donald McDonald, the old engineer of the Caribou Fire Department, used to walk over to North Harbour periodically on an informal visit to Aleck Morrison's lobster fac-

tory. When he came the children knew there was sure to be something interesting happen. Donald could make the most wonderful boats with stern wheels, which were driven by rope belts and a treadle that you worked with your feet. Once he came down on Campbell's team with some iron bars and pieces of brass, and in a few days had turned a leaky dory into a treadle boat with a real screw propeller. Donald's most communicative moments were while he was with Aleck Morrison's two children, and then he was nothing less than a revelation to the black spaniel. On this particular occasion Donald smiled his most ingenious smile.

"A joost looked't Conoondrum theyre," indicating the spaniel with a wave of the three-inch pipe, "'n' a thocht: Weel, y're gettin' so fat that y' won't ha' hair t' coover y're skin een a leetle while, 'n' a'll ha't be gettin' old strips o' buffalo robes 'n' dyin' them black an' cementin' them over th' theen places, 'n' a don't know that a'd make mooch of a job o' ye then. So a joost thocht a'd walk heem doon hear for exercise, y'see." The three laughed, and the black spaniel took the joke pleasantly and wagged his tail.

"Ees y're father better, Maisie?" Donald went on.

"Some," said the girl. Then she remembered her troubles again. "But he says he's goin' to sell the colt, 'n' he won't let me 'n' Dick go to th' circus in New Glasgow, 'n' he won't let me go in 'n' get the wool to knit a shawl for Grandma's birthday, 'n' he won't" —and the girl's lip trembled again.

"Noo y' needn' cry," said Donald hastily, "a've na doot we can—"

"I don't care, it's my colt anyway; Papa said so when it was born, 'n'—" and there were further signs of a breakdown, as well as of another in sympathy on the part of Dick. Donald was in a difficulty for a moment.

"Y' see," he finally said, "y're father's been seeck a long time, 'n' he mayn' be sure aboot sellin' th' colt, 'n' y' see he hasn' had a chance t' get t' th' bank, 'n' maybe he deedn' ha' th' money f'r y' t' go t' N' Glaisga. Y' know," he went on confidentially, "people when they're seeck often get so worrked up aboot themsel's thut they never theenk o' leetle things. Here, noo, here's five dollars for the two o' y', 'n' a'll see him aboot th' colt, 'n' a've got a gran' plan on foot thut when y' hear aboot 't y' won't want t' go t' N' Glaisga or onywhere. Y' musn' tell onyone a gave y' th' five dollars." The lack of logical sequence in it all was splendid, but it had the desired effect. Aleck Morrison had put a good deal of money into additions to the lobster factory and into new gear, and the season had been poor. All the summer he had been sick, and now ought to be well on the road to recovery. But he didn't seem to mend as he should, and Donald knew that worry had as much to do with it as anything else. His wife thought he was well off, and the children thought him rich, and so it might prove ultimately; but now things were running pretty close, and the proposed selling of the colt was, in all probability, only a method for raising a necessary hundred dollars or so to bridge over the hard time. Aleck had always said, with a good deal of pride, that he had never owed a man a cent for more than two weeks in his life, and Donald knew Aleck, and knew that he would object to breaking his record now. After all, two or three hundred dollars would make everything easy again.

Maisie had brightened up wonderfully, and Dick had become sympathetically cheerful.

"Tell us what y're goin' t' do?" he said. Donald made up the trio of smiles.

"Coom up 'n' we'll see y're father firrst," he said. "Thees plan," he went on, as they started, "ees a great plan. Eets goin' t' beat th' dory wi' th' propellor all t' pieces. No, y'll joost wait! Y'll know all th're ees t' know soon enough." Maisie and Dick ran ahead, and left Donald and the black spaniel to follow more slowly. They rushed into the room where their father was sitting.

"Here's Mr. McDonald comin',

papa, 'n' he's goin' t' make something new for us, maybe a new kind of a boat."

"He's a great Donald!" said Aleck, half to himself. "He's always able to keep the two of y' quiet, anyway.

"Well, Donald, I'm glad to see y'. I get pretty dull sometimes. Maisie says you've got some new plan on hand. What are y' goin' t' make now—a real steamboat, I suppose?" Donald got comfortably settled, with the girl on his right knee and the boy on his left. He stowed the black pipe in a pocket reserved for it alone.

"A want y' t' lend me th' *Goosander!*" he said solemnly. It may be explained that the *Goosander* was a long, black launch that Aleck had bought two years before from the Dominion Government for use in towing out loads of traps and for general service about the factory. The Government had used her as an auxiliary to their revenue boats, in preventing smuggling from St. Pierre and Miquelon, but she was not well adapted to their purposes and they had disposed of her.

"The *Goosander!*" said Aleck, with a look of surprise, "yes, y' can have her and the whole factory if y' like. But what are y' goin' to do with her?" Donald drew forth from his pocket a copy of the *Caribou Courier*, and pointed to a paragraph. Aleck read as follows:—

"Owing to a discussion as to the relative speed of certain steam yachts which has arisen among a number of the wealthy Toronto and Montreal men who are summering on the Island, Mr. Montgomery Paul, the owner of the splendid yacht *Niobe*, has generously put up a thousand dollars to be raced for by steamers of any type up to seventy-five feet over all. Entries are confined to boats owned by summer or other residents of the Maritime Provinces. The course is to be from Charlottetown to Caribou, and the date, weather permitting, September 12." The paragraph gave various other details, and ended with the assertion that the proposed race was already exciting great interest. Aleck finished and looked at Donald.

"Y' don't mean to say that y' want to go into that with the *Goosander!*" he said.

"O' coorse a do!" was the reply; "a'm needin' soom recreation 'n' a dare say y'll be able t' fin' soom use for th' thoosan' dollars."

"Yes, we could find plenty of use for a thousand dollars if we got it, though y' would have to take the half of it. But there's not much danger of gettin' it. The *Goosander* would be somewhere off here when those fellows got in. They've got some fine boats over there now: boats they've brought down from Upper Canada."

"Aye!" said Donald, "so a've heard. Maybe a'll go ofer 'n' see them. Howefer, eef y' theenk we'll not get th' thoosan' y' needn't mind sayin' y'll tak' 't eef we do. A don't want th' money, y' know; a'll get more th'n a thoosan's worth o' recreation oot o' th' beezness; so between us we'll be makin' a clear two thoosan'," and Donald smiled. Aleck grinned at the argument, and submitted the more readily because his faith in the *Goosander's* chances was exceedingly small. Donald thought a moment.

"Aleck," he said, "d'y' know wheyre a cud buy a nice young horse?" Maisie's eyes had been sparkling at the thought of the *Goosander* racing the yachts across the Strait; now she became very solemn, and flashed a bewildered glance at the old engineer. She felt the big hand tighten for an instant on her shoulder, and knew that in some inscrutable way it was all right. Aleck was silent, and looked doubtfully at Maisie. He was surprised to see that young lady very cheerful.

"What do you want with a horse?" he said.

"What a wanted t' know wiz wheyre a cood get one," was the reply. Aleck knew it was no use to ask for further information. He hesitated.

"I've got a fine colt that might suit y'," he said finally; "Maisie, y' bring the colt round, like a good girl."

Still more to his surprise Maisie ran

off willingly enough, accompanied by the boy, and in five minutes the colt was at the door. Donald made a critical examination of him, and finally offered a hundred and twenty-five dollars, which was promptly accepted. He wrote a cheque and handed it to Aleck.

"Theyre!" he said, "Noo, a'm goin' doon t' look ofer th' *Goosander;* coom on, Dickie. A'll be up t' dinner, Aleck," and the three started for the shore, leaving Aleck Morrison surprised, but more comfortable than he had been for some time. They had not gone far when Maisie looked up inquisitively at Donald, who smiled.

"A suppose y' want t' know aboot th' colt," he said; "weel, a'll joost be needin' a horse for a leetle, 'n' 'ts fery likely a'll be willin' t' sell een a month or two—'n' y' may be wantin' t' buy one yersel' aboot thut time. Y' never can tell what will happen. A—a tak' fery good care o' my horses," he added, as he got the black pipe underway again. Maisie laughed and was satisfied, and, of necessity, Dick was satisfied, too.

The *Goosander* lay at the wharf below the factory. As has been recorded, she was once the property of the Dominion Government, and for a number of years she had come and gone by night, and had hung just over the edge of fog banks, and had travelled betimes without lights, and had escorted one or two brigs and several small, slippery-looking schooners into Sydney or some other port, and had lain still amid the sound of axes on full casks, and had floated in a sea that reeked of Cognac. In those days many a good, fast fore-and-after knew that she was not to be despised. But she had too little freeboard and she was too fine, lacked the beam that makes a good sea boat, and the Government had finally sold her to Aleck Morrison. The *Goosander* had never been beautiful, and Aleck had added to her freeboard by putting a gunwale plank all round her. The gunwale plank made her too high, and took away all the torpedo-boat appearance she formerly had. Then it had not been put on very artistically, and had left her with a magnified sheer, so that she didn't look unlike a gigantic dory. Aleck finished by painting her black. Altogether, the effect was not pleasing. She had a fine, steeple-compound engine and a new boiler that Aleck had put in under Donald's advice shortly after he got her. Donald had often cruised in her, and had apparently a vast belief in her capabilities. "A'd like t' ha' her for aboot a week!" he often said, "a'd show y' what she cud do. All she'd need'd be t' get a string o' kelp tangled up een her rudder for a tail 'n' they'd theenk 'twas th' Great Sea-Serpent coomin'."

Just at present she looked particularly disreputable. Below the waterline she was grown over with weed; her black paint was blistered and peeled; her gunwale was split and splintered in many places along its fifty-seven feet of length; the engine was covered with a scant, dirty tarpaulin, and the boiler and long funnel were streaked with yellow rust. Maisie and Dick went out to the end of the wharf to spear flounders, the black spaniel retired to the shore and found a shady spot under a bush, and Donald climbed aboard the *Goosander.* He looked over her slowly, then lifted up a hatch over the shaft and sniffed at the oily, iridescent, black water that was sluicing about with the slight motion of the boat.

"Y' dirrty, deesgraceful old hoolk! Y' shood be ashamed o' yersel' for not keepin' yersel' clean. Beelge water! Beelge water! Y' can't help havin' a leetle, but no self respectin' steamer allows't to accumulate like thut!" After this rebuke the old engineer rummaged around for pieces of oily waste and kindlings and soon had a fire underway. Then he opened up the lockers and got out hammers and monkey wrenches and spanners and oil cans and boxes of packing and laid them all in order. While the steam was getting up he swept her from stem to stern. He caught the sound of a slight hiss. "Pop valve leakin'!" he

commented, and made a mental note. "Aye, 'n' a try cock, too." He swung his weight on each of the eccentric rods, and felt a hardly noticeable jar. "Pairfectly deesgraceful!" he said. "Aye, nuts on th' straps loose." He studied the inside of the fire-box. "Tubes tight; thut's good, disteenctly good!" A little later he examined the gauge. "Seventy poon." He opened the throttle and immediately closed it again. "Not packin' enough een th' three boxes for one. Magneeficent gland!" and he began measuring and cutting, packing and sliding it into inaccessible places with a jack knife. Bye and bye he looked to his moorings and opened the throttle again. *Bump-siss-bump-siss-bump-siss* went the *Goosander's* engine, with a lot of little *psp-clicks* in between, which, to the uninitiated, mean nothing. Donald turned on the bilge water ejector and sat down to listen. For a diagnosis his ear was as good as an indicator any day. It came in muttered comments. "Low press' valve set too high—cut off too late—guides bindin' a leetle—th' cross-head soonds like a wire nail machine—a cood leeft out thut crank pin," and he aimed a dexterous blow at it as it flashed past. "Weel, een coomparison wi' soom o' them y're not bad! A'd like a leetle more vacuum, tho', eef a cood get 't. Howefer, a'm not goin' t' poot a surface condenser 'n' a circulatin' poomp 'n' an air poomp een y' for 't." So the comments went on until he drew the fire, and a little later there were rods and bolts and nuts and valves lying about on all the lockers, and the *Goosander's* engine was an apparent wreck. In the midst of the wreck, filing and hammering and fitting and testing, sat Donald McDonald, late engineer of the MacMichael boat *Dungeness*, the craft which, for some mysterious reason, used to do twelve knots while he was in her, and never before or since.

When the time came Donald went up to the house to dinner, during which meal he was uncommunicative. Immediately after dinner he went back to the *Goosander* and worked until they blew the horn for supper. Again after supper he went back and worked until darkness came down. After the children went up to bed the black spaniel came aboard for company, and Donald lighted a lantern and kept at it. When Aleck went to bed about eleven he could see the faint light down by the wharf and hear the sound of hammering of steel on steel coming up on the quiet night air. He knew that it was useless to interfere. Donald knew where to find his bed, and when he was ready he would come to it, and not before. The fact that the bed bore marks of having been slept in was the only evidence that he had been near the house during the night. No one heard him come in, and when Aleck first looked out in the morning, when the sun was coming up over the Gulf, the old engineer was aboard the *Goosander*, smoking like a locomotive and still hammering, and the spaniel was slumbering on his jacket on the wharf.

That day Donald worked steadily; and again brought the lantern into use and knocked off at midnight. The following day by eleven o'clock he had the engine assembled again. He filled the boiler and started a fire. When the steam was up and he opened the throttle it was easy to see that the *Goosander's* engine had seen magic. The piston rod glided up and down noiselessly; not a breath of steam showed anywhere; and never a hiss or a sigh could be heard; the eccentrics slid around, oil-bathed in the straps, and the straps never varied the width of a hair; and the cross-head and crank, no matter how fast they were swung, were perfectly silent.

Then Donald cast off the *Goosander's* moorings and started out into the harbour alone, and the way the *Goosander* ploughed up and down North Harbour astonished the inhabitants of the surrounding country. Aleck watched through the glass and could see the old man studying his watch while he raced back and forward between the buoys. After a little while he came into the wharf, tied up,

drew the fire, covered the engine, and came ashore to dinner. During the progress of the meal he spoke very seldom, and then his remarks referred chiefly to smelt fishing, to an incident that occurred on the *Dungeness*, and to the probable weather. On the last subject he was noncommittal. After dinner he departed, leading the colt and followed by the black spaniel, and said that he would be back in a day or two.

Late that afternoon he took the Island boat, and that evening he stepped ashore at Charlottetown. The next day was devoted to research. He wandered about the wharves and got various and unreliable opinions as to the capabilities of the *Mermaid* and the *Niobe* and other boats in the vicinity. His only generalisation from the information he gathered was that the *Niobe* was the best of them all. Then he went to headquarters for fuller details. He got a small boat and rowed down slowly past Mr. Paul's bungalow. The *Niobe* was at anchor, and Mr. Paul was aboard, pottering about and offering advice to his engineer. Donald stopped rowing and cast a glance of evident admiration at the steam yacht. Incidentally, the admiration was perfectly sincere. The bait was too seductive to Mr. Paul, who liked to dissertate on the *Niobe*, and was fond of a new and sympathetic audience.

"Fine day!" he remarked, "having a look at the boat?"

"Aye!" said Donald, ingenuously, "she's a gran' craft."

"One of the finest! one of the very best! Would you like to come aboard?" Donald accepted with apparent reluctance.

"That's right. Come right up here. I suppose you belong about here? Other shore. Do you fish?"

"A 've feeshed a little—Weel! This ees a magneeficent boat. A'd think 't 'd be deeficult t' keep all th' brass clean. She's beautifully feeted up—A—does she burrn wood or coal?" The question was uttered with the innocence of a little child.

"Coal," was the reply, "all these steamers burn coal, you know. Don't know whether you'd like to see the engine or not. It's down here." Donald signified his willingness, and Mr. Paul proceeded to dilate on machinery in general, in passing mentioning the fact that the *Niobe's* boiler was so strong that it stood the strain when the steam inside pressed 190 pounds on every square inch of it, that that type of engine was called a triple expansion engine for various complicated reasons, and that it had driven the boat seventeen measured miles in one hour. Donald asked if the seventeen miles would be considered fast, and Mr. Paul answered "Very. Faster, in fact, than any other boat of the size in Canada can do." Donald said "Na doot" with perfect sincerity, adding: "A'd like t' see her goin' t' full speed." Mr. Paul appreciated the interest.

"I was just getting up steam to take her out when you came along. She'll be ready in a few minutes now. If you're not in a hurry perhaps you'd like to have a turn in her." "A'd be fery glad," was the reply.

"Have a cigar?" said Mr. Paul.

"No, thank y'; a'll joost smoke thees," and he produced the black pipe. A little while later Donald's boat was tied to Mr. Paul's wharf and the *Niobe* was steaming out toward Charlottetown Light. At the light her engineer opened her up and she came in at full speed, while Donald sat by the wheel with Mr. Paul and marvelled. Several times he seemed to have difficulty in getting the black pipe going properly, and had to resort to holding his coat over it. A close observer would have noted that he surreptitiously looked at his watch on each occasion. When they got back and Mr. Paul had been duly thanked, he asked Donald if he expected to be in Caribou on September 12.

"A hope t' be theyre parrt o' th' day," was the reply.

"The reason I asked," said Mr. Paul, "is that we're going to have a steam yacht race from here to Caribou. I thought you might like to see this

boat when she's at her best. You ought to be there in time to see the finish."

"A'd like t'," said Donald, "a'll try t' be theyre een time. A'm sure a'm mooch obliged t' y'," and he climbed into the little boat and rowed away toward Charlottetown.

"That's a queer old cuss," said Mr. Paul to the engineer. The engineer admitted that he seemed to be.

As Donald tied up his boat he smiled drily. "Seventeen mile," he murmured; "more like thirteen, a theenk. Howefer, a'll soon see." He went up to the nearest bookstore and bought a chart of Charlottetown Harbour. Then he went back to the wharf and sat down to it with a pencil and a foot rule. When he had finished he began smoking with unusual vigour.

"Good! fery good!" came between puffs. "Better than a thocht. She's not so bad, th' *Niobe*," and he smiled. As he spoke there came over him an almost imperceptible change. Perhaps only those who had been with him in the *Dungeness*, or those who had stood beside him on the night he screwed down the pop-valve of the old "Ronald" fire engine and spoiled the reputation of the new double-cylindered machine, or those who had seen him work in the number six compartment or at the centrifugal pumps of the *Shannon* before she sank, would have been able to interpret the meaning of the change. To the uninitiated it was only that his smile was a little more bland than common. But the light of battle was in his eye. As usual, when the odds against him suddenly loomed up heavier than he expected, he became more imperturbable than ever.

He went back to Caribou by the next boat, and on the following afternoon appeared at North Harbour. He was exceedingly uncommunicative, stating merely that he had "been doin' a leetle explorin'." He got a fire going in the *Goosander* as soon as possible, and started out into the harbour again to race against time between the buoys. When he came back he told the black spaniel, and him alone, that the trial was not satisfactory. The rest of the morning he spent in making all sorts of measurements of the old boat, and in figuring and making complicated drawings on a piece of planed pine board. At dinner he said he was going away in the *Goosander* for a few days, and about three he took the black spaniel aboard, cast off his moorings, hauled on his wheel-ropes until his tiller was hard-a-port, threw open his throttle, and the *Goosander* boiled out through the little entrance into the Strait. He turned once and waved his cap to the children. The last they saw of him the *Goosander* was heading south and he was sitting motionless in the stern.

Four days passed without a sign of Donald; but on the fifth morning the black launch appeared around the point of the Little Island and came in through the Wide Entrance. In her there were four men instead of one, and over her gunwale protruded various things, including, apparently, a good deal of dimension lumber. That morning Aleck had managed to walk down to the wharf, and he gasped with amazement as the *Goosander* tied up.

"Hello, Jim McIntyre," he said, "have you come too? Donald, for heaven's sake, what have y' got there? It looks as if you'd been robbin' a junk heap." Donald grinned.

"Y' look as eef y' were feelin' better," he said, irrelevently. "A'm glad o' thut." He surveyed the load with complacency. "A've brought McIntyre 'n' Carswell 'n' Beely Dunn," he went on, "'n' we're goin' t' make soom leetle temporary alterations een th' *Goosander*." Aleck was speechless for some time while he carefully looked over the collection.

"It looks as if y' were goin' to make something," he said finally. The remark was quite justifiable. It may be said that the *Goosander's* boiler and engine were compact, and there was plenty of room fore and aft of them. At present in forward, and lying on its side, was a very short, very stout and apparently very rusty upright boiler. Beside it lay a firebox, equally rusty,

which had evidently been built for a boiler of larger size. There was also a great variety of old iron tyres off cart and waggon wheels of all sizes, together with a full thousand feet of iron wire off hay bales, and perhaps a thousand superficial feet of spruce boards. In aft there was a long-cylindered, deliberate looking old horizontal engine, which bore the marks of having already accomplished a life-work. Donald confessed later that it had spent twenty-two years in a sash and door factory. Then over the *Goosander's* stern there projected a battered, rust-pitted funnel, a dozen feet in length. Besides these things there were boxes containing innumerable bolts and spikes and staples and nails; a long, new, somewhat ponderous bit of shafting, with a double crank; most of the portable tools from Donald's little machine shop, and a great unclassified residuüm, which to a less ingenious mind than Donald's would have been nothing more than what Aleck called it—junk. Aleck had been studying the load carefully.

"Look here," he finally said, "what are y' goin' to build, anyway?" Donald smiled.

"A'm goin' t' beeld what y' might call 'n accelerator," he said.

"And what's an accelerator?"

"Thut's what a'm goin' t' beeld!" was the reply, and there the conversation stayed.

Ten minutes later the old man and his crew had brought down a couple of piles, and were erecting them as shears over the *Goosander* as she lay at the wharf. The spaniel viewed the operations from a distance and inferred some permanency; so he retired to his bush and slumbered. With tackle rigged to the shears the ancient boiler and engine were hoisted on to the wharf along with the rest of the "junk." Then ways were laid and the *Goosander* was hauled up ready for operations to begin. Her bottom was cleaned and painted with copper paint until it looked as in the days of her youth. At supper the "accelerator" was discussed at some length, but as neither McIntyre nor Carswell nor Billy Dunn seemed at all certain as to its precise construction, and Donald refused to give any further details, the result was not satisfactory. The next day two timber bases were built in the *Goosander*, one forward of her machinery and one aft, and in the former was set the newly acquired fire-box. Donald's plan was unfolding. Now there began, along lines new to marine engineering, the construction of a pair of remarkable paddle wheels. Both in diameter and in width their size was considerable, but their chief glory lay in their strength. Their construction occupied nearly ten days, and would be extremely difficult to describe. It is sufficient to say that, in the end, if analysed and their component parts traced, they would be found to embody portions of the following: three derelict wind-mills, a worn-out mine-ventilating fan, and a cotton loom, together with practically all the spikes, staples, bolts, iron tyres and wire before mentioned, and a goodly part of the unclassified junk and the spruce boards. During their building Maisie and Dick watched every movement, and would stay until Donald and the others knocked off in the evening.

Finally the *Goosander* was launched again. The long shaft was fitted into the old horizontal engine, which was swung aboard and bolted down to the base. Great bearings were bolted to the gunwale, and the paddles were slid into place and keyed. The short boiler was dropped on to the fire-box, and stayed with a forest of iron wires and a few lengths of chain. Then came the fitting and connecting up of the new main steam pipe, and the setting up and guying of the twelve-foot funnel, and the *Goosander* was complete.

The result was somewhat incongruous. When Donald had tightened the last nut he walked along the beach for fifty yards or so and sat down on a rock to look at her. When he came back he said: "What a ha' been tryin' to fin' oot wiz whayther she looked more like a paddle boat wi' a screw,

oor a screw boat wi' paddles. We'll ha' t' get a fire een th' two booylers 'n' see what she'll do." So they filled the boilers and started the fires, while Donald reached into inaccessible places with a long-nosed oil can and drowned all the new bearings with oil. In a few minutes the steam began to show in the gauges. The old man smiled.

"McIntyre," he said, "y' can fire th' fore booyler 'n' look after th' wheel; Beely, y' can fire th' aft booyler; Carswell, y' tak' th' screw engine, 'n' a'll look after th' paddle engine mysel.' Bein' unaccoostomed t' th' worrk eet may ha' soom leetle peculiarities." Aleck came down and sat on the wharf with Maisie and Dick to see the start. The black spaniel thought over the matter and decided to superintend in person, so he went aboard and sat in the stern with Donald. Carswell looked at his gauge.

"I've got a hundred and sixty," he said, "what have you got, Jim?"

"Hundred and thirty!"

"Y' might cast off that line, Beely," said Donald. In a moment the *Goosander* was floating free. Carswell swung over his lever and opened his throttle. There was a swirl under the stern and the ripples clacked against the bow. The paddle wheels stirred uneasily. Maisie danced up and down on the wharf, and Dick shouted: "Look, Pop, she's goin'!" Donald opened his cylinder cocks and started his throttle, and the long-cylindered engine heaved a profound sigh, spluttered out a stream of mixed steam and water, and started. "Pap—pap—pap-pap-pap-pap-pa-papapapapa" went the floats of the paddles, as Donald opened the throttle wider, and the *Goosander* gathered way and moved majestically out into the harbour. McIntyre brought her round until she was broadside to the wharf, and they stopped her for Aleck to inspect. It was the first time he had had a good look at her since the transformation. He was immediately seized with a convulsion of unseemly merriment, and lay on the wharf with his knees drawn up and laughed until he was red in the face.

"Take her away!" he gasped, "she looks like a suction dredge. Say, Donald y' want to be careful not to get the two engines goin' opposite ways or Dick and Maisie 'll have to take the dory out after y'. If y' want any more funnels on her I've got a lot of old stove-pipe up at the house. Go ahead and let's see if y' can make the new wheels go round." Donald suddenly opened her up. The long-cylindered engine evidently looked upon Aleck's remarks as personal, and the way it handled the new wheels was a sight to see. There was a tremble, a roar as of the noise of many waters, a rush of foam, and a great cloud of flying spray that enveloped Donald and the stern of the *Goosander*, and caused the black spaniel to sneeze violently and finally to crawl into an open locker, where he remained during the rest of the voyage. Aleck expressed his satisfaction. Carswell opened up, and the *Goosander* boiled off towards the buoys on Donald's trial course, leaving a wake like a Fall River boat. McIntyre kept urging his fire, and for an hour they ran back and forward from buoy to buoy while Donald studied his watch. When they got ashore he said he was pleased, and spent the rest of the afternoon wrapping pieces of old carpet and jute bags around the whole length of the new main steam pipe "t' prrevent excessive coondensation." He finished the dressing with a coat of marine glue, and from that time forward, wherever the *Goosander* was, that steam pipe was a notable object in the landscape.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

WOMEN do not attack men's will.
They throw spells over their judgment.
—*Amelia Barr.*

Give most men a good listener and most women enough note-paper and they'll tell all they know.—*George Lorimer.*

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THE discussion over the influence of books still waxes more or less (and more often less) merrily on. There is something, of course, to be said on both sides, but most of us will stand by one of our sex, Miss Agnes Repplier, in the views set forth in her recently published book of essays, "Compromises." In attacking the seemingly prevalent belief that books have a controlling—in fact, *the* controlling influence in the lives of our young people, she takes as a text Carlyle's acid sentence: "Not the wretchedest circulating library novel which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of these foolish girls." She answers sternly: "More than this it would be impossible to say, and few of us, I think, would be willing to say as much. The idea is too oppressive to be borne. . . . Personally, I believe that a foolish girl is more influenced by another foolish girl, to say nothing of a foolish boy, than by all the novels on the library shelves." The writer remembers a time, dozens of years ago, when she was a "foolish" girl herself. She was eagerly reading "John Halifax, Gentleman." John was a good boy, he was a noble man, and this foolish girl adored him. Yet another foolish girl—a not-much-loved foolish girl, either—came along and dared her to take a bite out of a cake of N. P. washing soap. And the first foolish girl did. Now, John would never have taken the dare. It would have been stronger to resist it, especially as the N. P. soap was not good to eat. And this foolish girl, remember, adored John, and knew him like a book. Only once do we read of his allowing himself to swear, and that was when he could not help it; but if he had known this foolish girl, and had been aware that she adored him, perhaps he would have let go of himself again.

Well, we have heard of mothers washing out their little boys' mouths when they have been saying bad words, and we can think of nothing more effective than N. P. washing soap.

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B. J. T.

DOMESTIC ROCKS

PAPER III

THIS brief paper will deal with family fault-finding, or what might be called the *dont's* in the home. Of course every home knows the sound of this word; and, while it is a very good and necessary word at times to keep the baby from falling over the balcony, etc., used too often it becomes extremely hackneyed, and, like any other abused and overworked animal, it finally gets its back up and refuses to do its work.

"I never think of minding mother,"

a vivacious young girl said to me the other day. "But if father tells me not to do anything—oh, dear! I just stop at once."

This is not an exceptional case, by any means.

"Why?" I queried, just for information.

"Oh, because—mother keeps at me all the time and I get used to it. But father—well, he isn't around the house much, and he only tells me once, but I can tell you he means it!"

The whole trouble, then, is the ceaseless repetition of the *don't*. The mother, so much in the house with her children, with little to take her out of her narrow, paltry cares, forms unconsciously the fatal habit of "nagging," which, I believe, drives more sons to drink and more daughters into unlovely marriages than any other thing.

"Don't sit all day reading novels. I never see you without a book in your hand," comes from the lips of one fault-finding mother, when in reality the little offender does not read more than an hour a day. The mother is merely speaking with impulsive carelessness, as she passes the sitting-room where she happens to find her—possibly—favourite daughter curled up in a big chair. Or:

"Don't track so much mud through the house. I believe you are worse than the dogs!"

And at another time:

"Don't be seen walking with Mary Smile again. You ought to have too much pride. But your tastes always did seem to be low in the company you keep."

A minute's pause, and then:

"Don't wear your best hat every time you go out. You won't have anything fit to wear to church soon. . . Don't laugh so loudly. It is decidedly vulgar!"

The mother does not mean half she says. Neither does she intend to hurt her daughter's feelings, for she is fond of her, perhaps, after her own fashion. But her continual and exaggerated reproofs are taken literally and seriously by the child, who in time loses self-respect, and away down in her impressionable heart believes herself to be a little reprobate; but, most of all, doesn't care. She slowly but surely gets used to the thought that she is a useless, wrongdoing and very wicked child.

The parent has no thought of such an evil consequence; in fact, she would be the first to loudly protest should any outsider cast the slightest slur upon the conduct of *her* daughter. Why, the very idea! Louise is the best behaved girl in town!

Yet selfishly she indulges that "nagging" propensity, quite regardless of consequences.

"Nagging," it may be contended, is not a very pretty word; but it is so expressive, and, alas! it will be so generally understood.

Another phase through which nearly every youngster has passed is the continual comparison with the children of other parents.

"Don't be always quarrelling, you two! Why aren't you like Molly and Prudence Sticks! They always get on so beautifully together"—forgetting, apparently, the only example the unfortunate children have ever had—the unhappy inheritance of bickering parents.

Then Mrs. Sticks says to Prudence:

"I can't see why you don't get on better with your music. We have spent ten times as much on you already as they have on Irene Freak; and see how she can play! Her mother has something to be proud of; but look at you. You can't play the simplest little piece without stumbling"—quite ignoring the scientific fact of heredity, and that neither she nor her husband could, to save their lives, tell the difference between "God Save the King" and "Yankee Doodle," excepting, of course, when they heard the words.

At the same time Mrs. Freak is more than likely saying to Irene:

"I wish you were only some use in the world, like Prudence Sticks. Now, she can make all her own shirt-waists, and she does all Molly's sewing as

well. Besides, her aunt told me only the other day that she knows how to bake bread and do all kinds of plain cooking. Her mother can go away for a little visit any time and leave her to keep house for the father. She is a perfect little treasure. But you—all you seem fit for is to strum on that old piano from morning till night, until I declare I am heartily sick of the very sound of it. Why don't you go out more, and get a little colour in your face like Patty Hope?"

And I would wager a good deal that Mrs. Hope is saying to her young "hopeful":

"Patty, come here this minute and take off your hat. Don't you dare go out of the house this day. You're forever gadding the streets. I'm just going to speak to your father about the way you are going on. I simply won't put up with it any longer.

"And you make too free with the boys, too. I never see you coming up the street any more without one of those everlasting school-boys tagging after you, and then they have to hang on to the gate for hours. It's so vulgar—just like the servant girls and their beaux. And, besides, you're too young to be thinking about such things. I never looked at a boy until I was twenty. (?) If you were only as modest as Primrose Plane across the street, I would be the happiest woman in Toronto—no, don't dare talk back. I say you're not to leave this house again to-day."

Across the way Mrs. Plane is holding forth in this wise:

"My dear Primrose, I wish you would go out more and try to get over that dreadful bashfulness. You're a perfect stick, and need never hope to get on in the world unless you are friendlier with people. Now, there is Patty Hope. She has so many nice boy friends; and I think it is the best thing for a girl. Why, I was married to your poor dear father before I was seventeen! (?) But I've seen you go around a block to avoid meeting even your harmless cousin Tom. Do try to get over that way you have, or nobody will ever like you!"

And so on, and so on.

It would take a chapter in itself to narrate a few of the complaints brought against the conduct of the sons of the house. But boys are more fortunate. They can get out of the house, though they do have many a parting shot hurled after their vanishing heads.

A. M.

A HUSBAND TEST

IN a serious medical work, of American origin, I came across an article the other day on the way to tell whether a young man will make a suitable life-partner for a self-respecting young woman or not. Prof. Goodrich, one of the greatest experts in the reading of human character, was quoted as having advised the following course:

First introduce the young man in question (not the questionable young man) to some old lady and leave them together for a while, the longer the better. (That depends, too, on the point of view.) Then ask the old lady what she thinks of him. (You may be willing to risk this, but I shouldn't.)

Next try introducing the youth incidentally, of course, to a young baby. (These are the exact words in the book.) And do not stay around yourself, but afterwards get the baby's opinion of the person at stake (couched in unintelligible terms, but translated on request) from the baby's mother or nurse. Ask how the victim was treated. If the baby pulls his moustache or "crows" to him, it is a sure sign the young man may be trusted (which is more than I would be willing to admit regarding the baby; but this isn't my essay. The book goes on to say:) Babies and very old people are the very best judges of human nature. With either, the young man will be off his guard and act out his inner nature. (Now I think this would be taking an unfair advantage of poor innocent man—sort of a female detective agency. But we must finish the quotation, as there may be girls just mean enough to try this scheme!)

The baby will instinctively feel

an unkind or wicked presence and promptly turn from it, while the old lady whose sight has grown dim depends upon her inner or intuitive impressions, and is rarely mistaken when she does so.

This, the professor declared after thoughtful deliberation, was his very best advice to young women about to launch upon the perilous sea of matrimony.

On looking into the matter there seems to be another side to the question. There is certainly something else to consider beside the conduct of the baby and the subconscious impressions of old age, namely, the bravery of him who dares tackle either situation. It is generally admitted that a youth of the stern sex has a strange aversion to a newly-introduced infant, that he would rather meet an elephant or face the cannon's mouth; and as for the contingency of the baby crowing or taking liberties with his moustache—well, that would be the last straw. The trembling youth would be more than likely to drop that tender bit of "crowing" humanity upon the floor. And yet surely no critic would be so misguided as to declare that such a baby is the making of a criminal because the young man could not endure its presence even for a minute.

Moreover, he who willingly approaches, without a tremour, any old lady but his own grandmother, for the purposes of conversation, is plucky indeed. Whether she is favourably impressed with him or not is of little consequence beside the consideration of manly courage thus evinced.

A. M.

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A WOMAN'S HAIR

HAIR dressers tell you a lot of interesting things at times, especially when your head is bent low over the marble basin and partially submerged in the water which is to wash off the "shampoo" mixture.

An expert told me the other day that a woman's scalp has one more layer than a man's. It then occurred to me that we are not called "thick-headed" by the opposite sex without a good and scientific reason; and in future, instead of resenting the accusation, we ought manfully to accept the situation with resignation.

Now, it is well to know that there are compensations; and while compelled to admit a disadvantageous thickness of scalp, we can claim and justly boast a superior thickness of hair. Of course, this "glory of woman" seems a doubtful good at times. When, for instance, you come home at night, worn and weary after a delightful dance, you manage somehow to slip out of your clothes—but, oh ! that hair ! What unkind things you say to it when nobody is there to hear or defend its reputation ! But your words are not words of wisdom, nor is your conduct likewise, for you know perfectly well that "it has to be some time, it may as well be now."

Nevertheless, you throw yourself upon your downy couch for perhaps half an hour, all the time dreading the ordeal of taking out the dozen or two hairpins, brushing the luxurious locks and plaiting them, or putting up the shorter strands in curl papers—or, it may be, laying them tenderly away in a bureau drawer, for thus it is with some ill-favoured mortals !

This brings me to another fact gleaned from a dresser of hair—that most of the switches and wigs on sale in the hairshops are obtained from our asylums and prisons. They are procured for a mere trifle and sold at a big profit. If their origin were more generally known, there would be fewer women—women of refinement that is—who would allow unknown switches to touch their sensitive scalps ; particularly those very up-to-date individuals who minutely explore all the sacred mysteries of the universe and make a fad of psychic research. Such persons would probably contend that the contact of the inanimate hair of the criminal with the live scalp of a saint would make, in time, an equal criminal of the wearer.

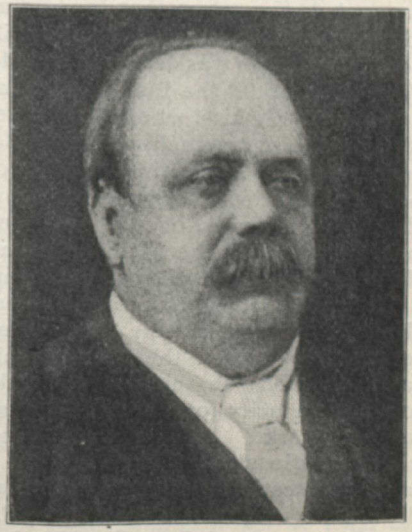
A. M.

Current Events Abroad.

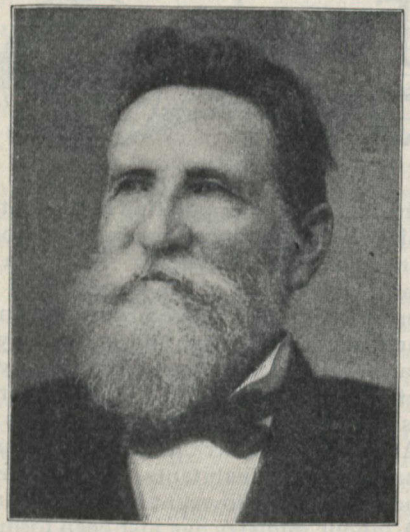
THE accounts to hand of the defeat of the Watson Labour ministry in Australia show that its overthrow was effected by a union of the forces of Mr. George Reid, the most thorough-going free-trader, and Mr. Deakin, leader of the protectionists and Mr. Watson's predecessor as Premier of Australia. Mr. Watson's short reign was only possible through the division of his opponents. It seemed unlikely that they could unite, but they eventually did so, and destroyed him.

One of the political phenomena in the antipodes is the strength which labour shows at the polls. Its interests and principles largely prevail in the Government of New Zealand. In all the Australian colonies it is a strong political force, represented influentially in every legislative body. In the Federal Parliament it succeeded in gaining the reins of power. Why labour should in Australia show that unity of purpose which it has failed to manifest in other lands where popular government is equally in vogue, is not easily answered. Economically, Australia exhibits some rather unusual features. Every one will be struck with the populousness of the towns as compared with the country which they serve. Melbourne and Sydney, the capitals of Victoria and New South Wales respectively, are both considerably larger than the largest of our Canadian cities, although the density of the adjacent population which they serve is quite inferior to that of the settled parts of Canada. It is perhaps, however, in the rural portions of the country where some of these differences in economic and political conditions have their rise. In the Australian colonies the small farmer, who is the basis of the population of a country like Canada, is by no means numerous enough to be influential. Australia is largely given up to the large farm. A proprietor often covers an immense area with his flocks, and is not only a farmer but also an extensive employer of labour. Labour as a political force is scarcely known outside the cities in America; in Australia a goodly number of the inhabitants of cities find occasional employment in the country. A labour ministry has just been formed in West Australia, where Perth, the largest town, has but 20,000 inhabitants, or thereabouts. The recent elections in New South Wales leave the Labour party with the balance of power.

This was long the position of affairs in the Federal Parliament. No one party was competent to carry on the affairs of the Government. Both



HON. G. H. REID
Australia's new Premier and Minister for External Affairs

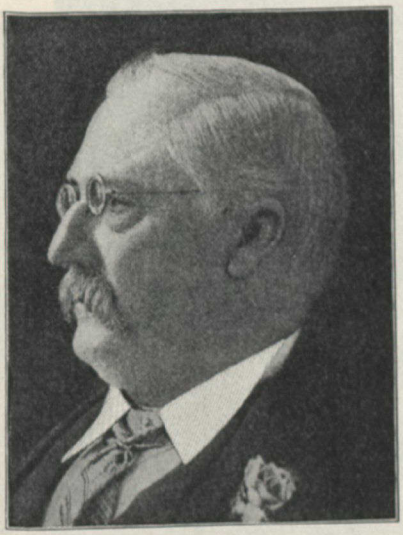


HON. MR. MCLEAN
Australian Minister of Customs

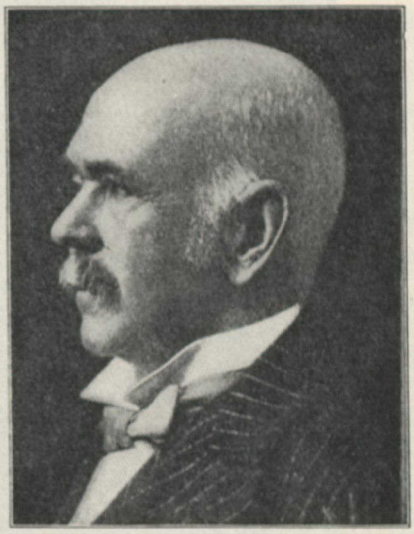
Sir Edmund Barton, the first premier of united Australia, and his successor, Mr. Deakin, had to depend on Labour votes to keep them in power. Labour and Protection helped to keep Mr. George Reid, leader of the Free Trade Opposition, on the wrong side of the House. At length Mr. Watson and his colleagues of the Labour party persuaded themselves that it was time to assume office and its responsibilities. Mr. Deakin was defeated, and Mr. Watson accepted the task of forming a ministry. It was wholly composed of men who had actually depended for their livelihood at one time or other on manual labour, with the one exception of Mr. H. B. Higgins, one of the prominent members of the Melbourne bar. He accepted the Attorney-Generalship.

The other members of the Labour Ministry were decidedly interesting personages. Even their foes would have conceded one thing, namely, the common capacity for unremitting and earnest work. As one not over-friendly critic said: "They are like a band of ascetic brothers working at all hours to spread a new gospel." Mr. Watson, the defunct Premier, is a printer by trade, but early showed an interest in political affairs. He was first elected for the Young seat in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales. He and his colleagues showed themselves able to live on their indemnity, and thus are enabled to devote their whole time to their public duties. To this, undoubtedly, a large share of their success is due. Mr. Watson is described as being by no means of an impressive figure, but an indefatigable worker, a plain, convincing speaker, and with a great deal of patience, policy and flexibility of temper. Mr. Hughes, the Minister for External Affairs, had been an umbrella maker. He qualified himself to practise law during his spare time, but was not considered a sufficiently heavy weight to take up the duties of Attorney-General. Senator McGregor, Vice-President of the Council, was a bricklayer's labourer before he entered politics. Mr. Fisher, Minister of Customs, was a miner. Mr. Dawson, Minister of Defence, is a mechanical engineer, and is one of the cleverest debaters in the Australian Parliament. Mr. Mahon, the Postmaster-General, is a shorthand reporter, and learned his Parliamentary lore in the gallery of the House. Mr. Lee Batchelor is an engine fitter, and was the only native-born Australian in the defunct cabinet, although "Australia for the Australians" is one of the party's cries.

This group of men had gained a great reputation for their self-abnegation and self-sacrifice on behalf of the cause they represented. Their enemies say, however, that these qualities broke down in sight of office. Mr. Deakin, while in power, was dependent on the votes of the Labour party, who held the balance, with the consequence that many of the radical changes advocated by it were translated into statutes. But because he would not go far enough with them he perished. He resisted an amendment to the arbitration bill providing that civil servants should come under the scope of its operation. The free traders, however, supported the amendment, and Mr.



SIR GEORGE TURNER
Australian Treasurer

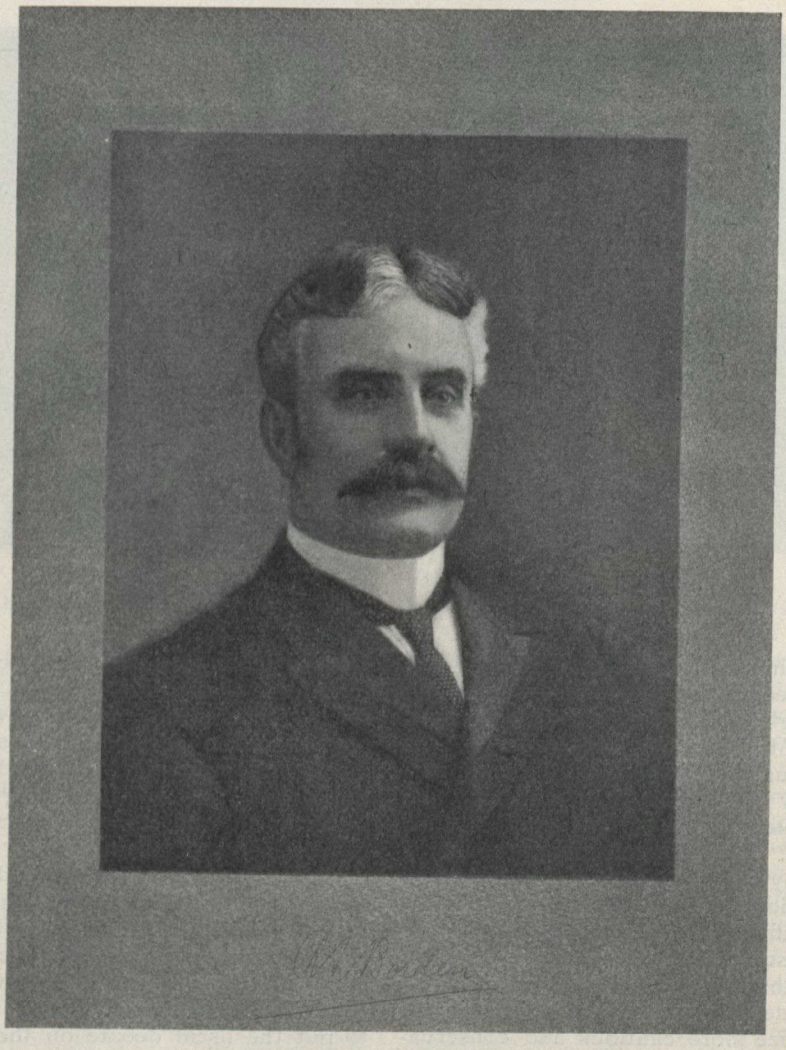


SIR JOSIAH SYMON
Australian Attorney-General

Deakin was defeated, and resigned. No section of the House was strong enough to carry on the Government, but Mr. Watson, as leader of the Labour party, was offered the opportunity of forming a ministry, and accepted it. A curious situation then arose. Mr. Watson was at the mercy of any chance union of his disunited enemies and had, therefore, to be wary to afford them no incitement to coalesce. The consequence of this was that the party which, out of office, was seething with new ideas, became in office more cautious and conservative than the party they had displaced. It was not prepared even to urge the clause upon which the Deakin ministry had been defeated. Indeed, its announced programme was so like that of its predecessors that it became a matter of amusement throughout Australia.

The Labour Ministry at length fell, however, on a clause of the arbitration bill which provided that the arbitration tribunal should give a preference to unionists over non-unionists in affording employment. The clause was knocked out in committee, and the Government's foes were able to unite their forces, when Mr. Watson moved for a recommittal. Such a motion prevented the possibility of amendments or compromises. A reading of the debate shows how angry the Government and its supporters were at what some of them called "a dirty trick." They were defeated, and resigned. In the meantime Mr. Deakin's Liberal and Protectionist followers had fixed up a truce and alliance with Mr. Turner's Conservative and Free Trade followers. They agreed to put the fiscal debate on the shelf, to unite on other questions and form a Government. Mr. Deakin refused to take any office, but promised his hearty support as a private member. Mr. Reid was chosen leader of the alliance. Mr. Maclean, Mr. Deakin's chief lieutenant, took his place beside Mr. Reid with "equal powers." This does not look hopeful. There is, however, a quantity of useful legislation waiting for a strong Government to make it law, and, if tariff disputes can be effectually laid aside, this combination, which at least controls a majority in the House, may be able to effect some useful work.

John A. Ewan.



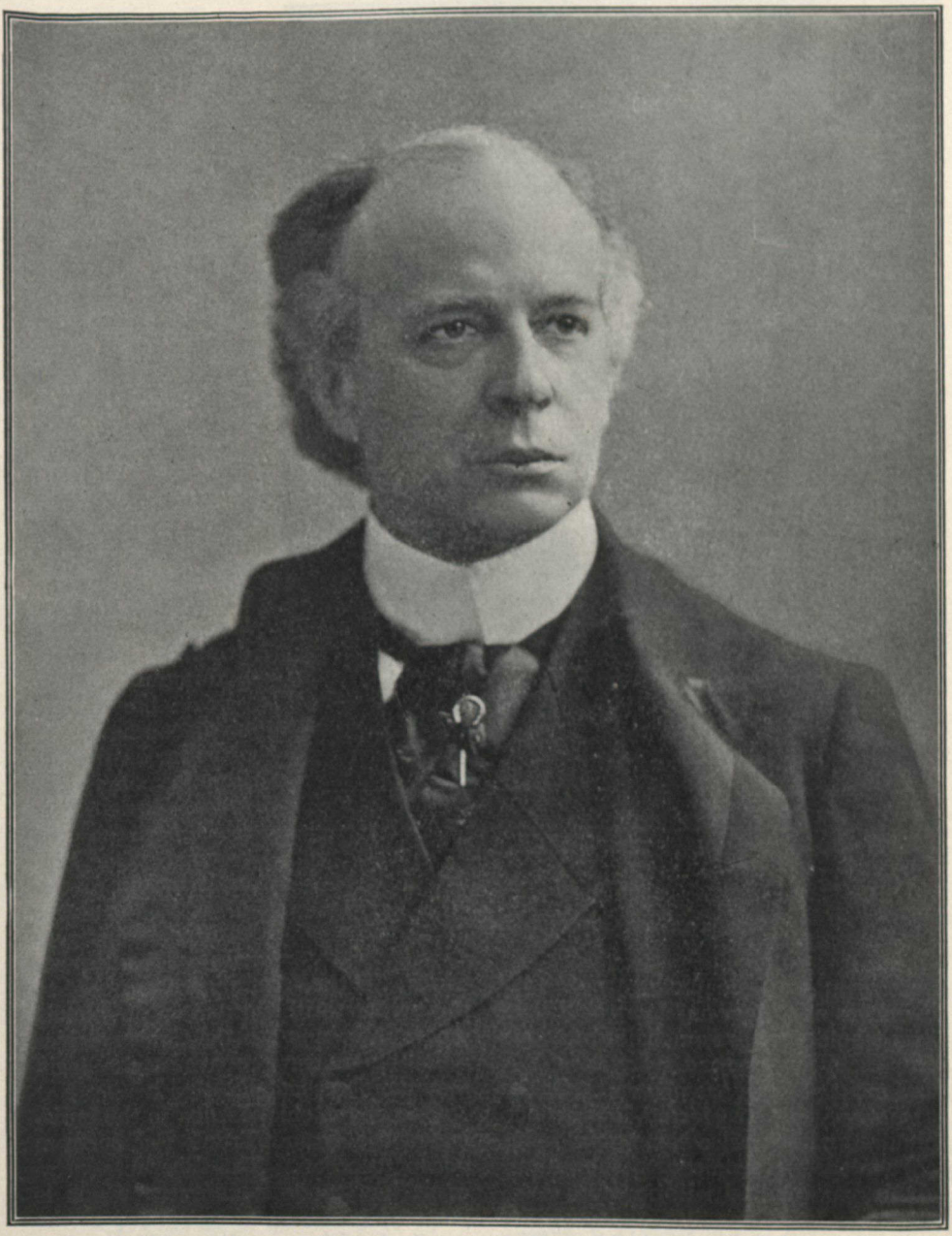
MR. R. L. BORDEN
Leader of the Opposition (Conservative)

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS

ON November 3rd the people will vote for those whom they want to represent them in the House of Commons during the next five years. Incidentally, they will decide whether Sir Wilfrid Laurier shall remain in the Premiership, or whether it shall be offered to Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Conservatives.

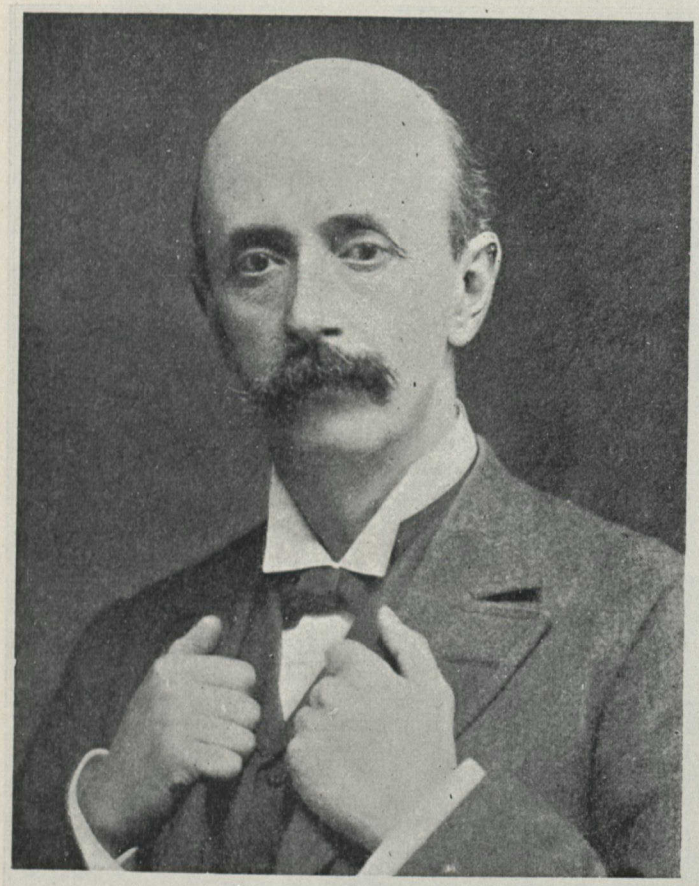
Already the decision as to the character of the next House has proceeded some distance. There are about a million men in the country, and of these about 430 have been selected as candidates. The other 999,570 will



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Premier of Canada and Leader of the Liberal Party

not be members. The district and ward gatherings sent representatives to the electoral district conventions, and the conventions have selected the 430 men, a Conservative and a Liberal for each constituency and here and there an Independent candidate. Of these candidates, perhaps one-third are



LORD GREY
Canada's New Governor-General

new men; the remainder are former members or former candidates. Taken as a whole, they are much like previous crops. A few are bad, a few are good, and most of them are neutral. Of the 215 who will be elected, about one hundred will exercise some good influence in the government of the future, about one hundred will be mere vote-recorders, and about fifteen will exercise a pernicious influence. At least, that is the inference to be drawn from past experiences.

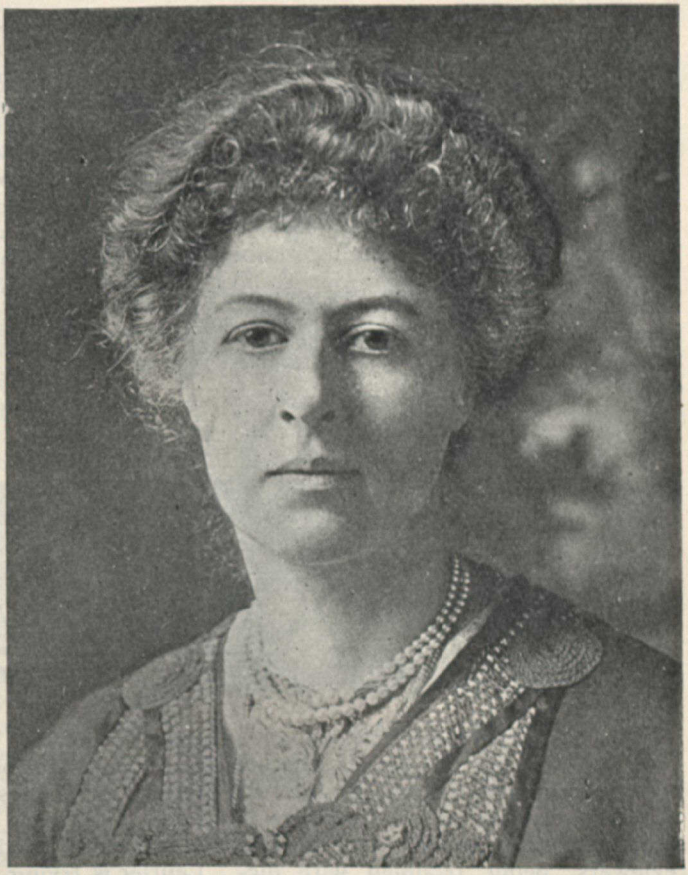
The real question before the electors on November 3rd is not whether the Liberal party or the Conservative party shall be victorious, because that matters little. The chief decision is that concerning the character of the new members. If the electors vote wisely, the ballots will be marked for the best candidates—the men with the cleanest records, with the strongest characters and the highest ideals. The country needs a set of members who will keep country in front of party, who will think less of a possible government contract or government appointment than of the country's best interests. Candidates who are known to be drinkers, gamblers and impure in their private life should be discouraged.

So far as protection is concerned, there is little difference between the parties. The Liberals are in favour of a reasonable tariff, the Conservatives of an adequate tariff. If the Liberals are returned to power, the tariff will remain practically where it is now; if the Conservatives gain the treasury benches, the tariff may be increased slightly.

One of the chief issues is the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific from ocean to ocean. The Liberal government has made a contract which is partially government ownership of the roadbed, with a possible ultimate government operation of one-half of the line. The Conservatives are in favour of government ownership of the entire roadbed, with a limited measure of private operation. Just what effect on the building of this transcontinental line a Conservative victory would

have, is hard to estimate.

In respect of leaders, the Liberal party has somewhat the advantage, in that its leading men are better known. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been leader of that party for a dozen years, and has made a name and reputation which is second to none in the country. Messrs. Mulock, Fielding, Sifton and Aylesworth are men of tried experience and well-known ability. Mr. Borden, the leader of the Conservatives, is a man of splendid parts, dignified, scholarly, and with fair executive ability. His lieutenants are, like most lieutenants of oppositions, not so well known as the Cabinet Ministers, and suffer from that disadvantage. Nevertheless, the fight will not be one-sided, and if the Liberals are returned to power it will be with a reduced majority. During recent sessions their majority was almost too large, especially that from the Province of Quebec.



LADY GREY
The New Mistress of Rideau Hall

THE NEW GOVERNOR

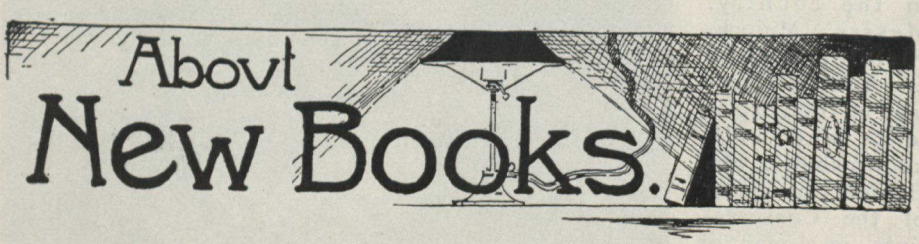
THE new Governor-General will arrive shortly, and the present occupants of the vice-regal mansion will depart. Lord and Lady Minto leave with the best wishes of all classes of Canadians. Lord Minto has avoided the rashness which has characterised the public actions of such British representatives as General Hutton and Lord Dundonald, and has followed rather the example set by the Marquis of Dufferin and the Earl of Aberdeen. While he may have differed with his Ministers on some public questions, he never carried his objections beyond a calm and judicious discussion. He never, so far as the public is aware, made a protest of any kind in a spirit which might have been resented by the elected rulers of the country. Lady Minto has been foremost in social leadership and earnest in good works. She has made many warm friends who will wish her all prosperity, success and happiness in whatever sphere she may

spend the remainder of her useful life.

Of the new Governor and Lady Grey much is expected, since they come with bright reputations and high praise from those who have had opportunity of knowing them. The selections made by the British Government in the past have been admirable, and apparently another credit must now be recorded. Their Excellencies are certain to have a warm welcome, although this could not be truthfully said if the appointment had been given to others whose names were mentioned before the final designation was made.

Albert Henry George Grey, 4th Earl of Grey, was born in 1851. He was educated at Harrow School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He represented Northumberland in the Liberal interest from 1880 to 1886. He became a great friend of the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, and was administrator of Rhodesia for a time and later a director of the British South Africa Company. In 1877 he married Alice, the third daughter of Robert Stagner Holford, M.P. They have one son, the present Viscount Howick.

John A. Cooper



FORGING AHEAD

IN spite of a few bluebeards who act as patronisers-general to the rest of the people, our native literature is steadily forging ahead. One or two reviewers, being troubled with dictionary indigestion, still think it smart to deride the art of Parker and Fraser, and to ignore all other native writers. A few banker-authors and other pseudo-literary persons, puffed up with the pride of a large salary and a cash surplus, continue to insist that there is no such thing as Canadian literature, that patriotism should have nothing to do with history, fiction or poetry. According to these self-appointed teachers it is quite correct to speak of "Canadian trade," "Canadian tariff policy," "Canadian sentiment," and so on, but it is bad taste to use the phrase "Canadian Literature."

During the past few weeks, such well-edited journals as the Toronto *Mail and Empire* and the Toronto *News* have devoted as much as a page in the Saturday issue to Canadian book news. It is pleasant to notice that Katharine Hale of the former paper, and Marjory MacMurchy of the latter, are honestly endeavouring to do in the literary field what Sir John Macdonald tried and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is trying to do in the political field. There are other patriotic writers on the daily press who might be mentioned in connection with similar work, but these two reviewers have been especially prominent by reason of their recent successes in this special field.

Just here it may be remarked that when a London journal answered Sir Gilbert Parker's plea for more liberal treatment with the remark that it took him at the estimate of his own countrymen, that London journal was entirely misled by these pessimists. Sir Gilbert Parker may occasionally put his name to a lame work, may once or twice give us a novel showing signs of haste, but he is still the leading Canadian novelist. The good work that he has done in the past has given him a permanent and abiding place in the esteem of his fellow-citi-

zens in this part of the Empire. His receptions in this country have always been most enthusiastic, and perhaps another visit to us would be the best answer to his critics.

LEGAL REMINISCENCES

MR. Hamilton, author of "Osgoode Hall, Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar,"* has become known to the reading public of Ontario by several previous works. His description of the Georgian Bay and its surroundings attracted favourable notice at the time of its publication. He has also devoted much study to the negro question, and is a recognised authority on subjects connected with the history of the African race in Canada and the United States.

Mr. Hamilton's professional connections have been wide and varied, and he is competent from his own training and experience to speak with authority on matters relating to the Ontario Bench and Bar.

Reminiscences are sometimes interesting only to a very limited circle. A work dealing with legal recollections might be supposed to appeal only to legal readers. The profession of the law, however, touches on so many points of life with ordinary people that any subject connected with it applies to a much wider circle than the legal profession itself.

Mr. Hamilton has furnished a record of the law society and an account of the prominent officials connected with the courts and the other machinery of Osgoode Hall. Anecdotes of the judges and of the leaders of the Bar give a fair idea of their private and official characters. The place taken by members of the Bar in occupations and pursuits outside of their own profession is dwelt upon. In order that the tyros of the profession may also see that they are not neglected, an account is given of their essays in oratory and literature. It will be seen, therefore, that this work by its scope covers much ground. Mr. Hamilton has rescued many traditions and legends which in a short time would have perished altogether.

Apart from the domestic relations of Bench and Bar, Mr. Hamilton has dealt with two subjects of distinctly general importance. The first of these subjects is that of the mode of appointment to office in Osgoode Hall. Beneath Mr. Hamilton's satire lurks too much truth. Mr. Hamilton might have added that some of the more recent appointments to the Bench have certainly not been the reward of professional reputation or ability, but have been due to his Captain Quid. The other subject is legal education. On the latter topic Mr. Hamilton has opened up an interesting discussion, and deserves credit for his courage and plain speaking.

In turning over the pages of Mr.

*By James Cleland Hamilton. Toronto: The Carswell Co.

MARSHALL SAUNDERS AND HER GUINEA PIG, PRUDY

Miss Saunders has recently taken to farming near Meadowvale, N.S.

Hamilton's book many well-known names will be found. Some of them will be remembered by the younger members of the Bar with affectionate gratitude. Others will be mentioned with respect, and the general public who read the book will be surprised to learn in how many directions the influence of the Bar permeates public life. Curious and valuable illustrations are interspersed among the pages of the book and add to its value.

ROBERTS' NEW NOVEL

"THE Prisoner of Mademoiselle,"* by Charles G. D. Roberts, is a story of a Bostonian ship's company which made an attack on the troublesome French Colony at Port Royal, with the idea of plunder and of making a search for gold, amethyst and malachite in Acadia. A young lieutenant, while on a scouting expedition, gets lost and is ultimately taken prisoner by a pretty young Frenchwoman. The romance of these two is the chief interest in the story.

Roberts is not a strong story-writer. He is a poet, a stylist, a maker of musical prose—but not a dramatist. This new book is sweet, wholesome and charming, but exhibits little strength. It is not as full of "guff" as are the works of Marie Corelli and some other popular writers, because Roberts is an artist of taste. He is never guilty of expressing cheap opinions. He has a picture in his mind and he paints it with more or less fidelity.

GABRIEL PRAED'S CASTLE

SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN has not written anything quite so lively and so fascinating as Alice Jones's "Gabriel Praed's Castle."† This is a novel which, if the writer is not mistaken, raises Miss Jones to the proud preeminence of being the leading Canadian female novelist. Miss Duncan, now Mrs. Cotes, held that position for many years; but while Mrs. Cotes' work has been going off, Miss Jones has been giving signs of unmistakable genius. "Bubbles We Buy" was good, "Gabriel Praed's Castle" is better. A Canadian who has become suddenly rich, mainly through profitable mining investments, goes to Paris with his daughter. They are taken in hand by one of those clever women who make a business of introducing rich strangers to dealers in pictures, antiques and modish costumes. They have some experiences which illustrate the peculiarities of life in Paris—the art life, the tradesman life, the social life. The love story of the Canadian girl and an American artist is an interesting feature. The deceptions practised by a dealer in antiques and the part played by a clever female model in luring the old gentleman to purchase the contents of an old castle, supply the most exciting scenes in a book which is bright, lively and vivid.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Boston: H. B. Turner & Co.

BRITISH AUTHORS

THE author of "Wee MacGreegor" has a newer and longer story, "Jess & Co.," for this season. It will be issued in Canada by the Copp, Clark Co.

W. H. Fitchett, editor of the *Australian Review of Reviews* for many years and now editor of *Australian Life*, the leading six-penny monthly in that colony, is a writer of popular historical works. "Deeds that Won the Empire" was well received. The Copp, Clark Co. will issue his new book, "The Commander of the Hirondelle."

Morang & Co. will issue the latest novels by Hall Caine and S. R. Crockett, though there is little reason for Canadian attention to these prolific and persistent pen-scratchers. Justin McCarthy's "An Irishman's Story" will probably be worth while, and so will Stephen Gwynn's "The Masters of English Literature."

The London *Studio* still continues to be the best shilling art journal in the world. It is sold by the leading book-

sellers here, and its sales would be considerably greater were it not that the British Government taxes the colonial eight cents a pound for postage on all British monthlies. This magnificently printed and illustrated publication should have a wider circulation in Canada than it has, for it certainly is "the best value."

The average student of English will find Professor Meiklejohn's last volume a most comprehensive summary. It is entitled "English Literature: a New History and Survey from Saxon Times to the Death of Tennyson." It is an excellent book of reference, with splendid perspective, and well-chosen quotations from the authors' writings and from the dicta of their critics. (London: Meiklejohn & Holden, 11 Paternoster Square, E.C. Large octavo, 650 pp.)

It has been said that the British writer of short stories who comes nearest to De Maupassant is Rudyard Kipling. De Maupassant was often filthy, judged by our standards; Kipling is brutal according to French standards. Each has his merits, but to compare the two is to compliment each. In his latest volume "Traffics and Discoveries" we have a volume of short stories almost if not quite equal to Mr. Kipling's best. Some are of India, some of the sea, some of the fancy. Under the latter division come "The Return of the Children," and "The Army of a Dream." Both are wonderfully clever and the former exquisitely touching. (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

Marie Corelli's new novel "God's Good Man" is an attempt to portray the character of a type of country clergyman. It is a fair attempt, too. "The Reverend John Walden was one of those rarely gifted individuals who cannot assume an aspect which is foreign to temperament. He was of a cheerful, even sanguine disposition, and his countenance faithfully reflected the ordinary bent of his humour." Yet John Walden is not entirely a saint; he has human traits as most of Miss Corelli's characters have. Neither is the book devoid of the love-story element, for John Walden is introduced as an old bachelor and dismissed as a benedict. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

Just at this time a novel with a Russian setting should meet with much interest, if that novel be worthy. "Hearts in Exile," by John Oxenham, is worthy. It depicts the long, slow struggle against autocracy and bureaucracy, the lives broken in the cause of reform, the hearts shattered, the hopes dismayed, the great struggle which lies between ignorance and intelligence in a nation. And yet the novel is not too ponderous; it is a simple story. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

CANADIAN AUTHORS

DR. DRUMMOND is preparing a new volume of poems, but it will not be issued before February. Mr. Coburn will do the illustrating.

"Doctor Luke of the Labrador," by Norman Duncan, is now running serially in the Toronto *Globe*. It will be issued in book form by the Revell Co.

Mr. Thompson-Seton will have a new animal book this season. It will be issued by Scribners.

"Sportsman Joe," by Edwyn Sandys, is about ready. Macmillans are the publishers.

"By the Queen's Grace," Mrs. Sheard's new novel, will be profusely illustrated. William Briggs will have an edition here.

Mr. Fraser's volume of animal stories has been delayed, and will not be issued this season.

Professor Goldwin Smith's "My Memory of Gladstone" has been issued here by Tyrrell.

"The Prospector," by Ralph Connor, now running serially in the *Westminster*, will be issued shortly in book form by the Westminster Co.

"A Chicago Princess," by Robert Barr, will be issued here by McLeod & Allen.

Langton & Hall will issue the Cana-

dian edition of Miss L. Dougall's new story, "The Earthly Purgatory."

"Pathfinders of the West," by Agnes C. Laut, will be issued here by William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, $1.50.

A new volume of Canadian poetry, "Between the Lights," by Isabel E. Mackay, is an addition to the long "poetry" list of William Briggs. The posthumous volume of poems by James A. Tucker will be issued by the same publisher, with a biographical memorial by Arthur Stringer.

L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, announce a story by Theodore Roberts, with the title "Hemming the Adventurer." Mr. Roberts has been in the West Indies since his marriage.

An interesting announcement made by William Briggs is of a forthcoming volume of the Speeches of the Hon. John Charlton, who, after many years in the Dominion House, has decided, owing to ill-health, not to offer himself for re-election in his old constituency of the north riding of Norfolk county. The book will be a substantial volume of some five hundred pages, containing addresses on a wide variety of topics, most of them on public questions of the day.

A volume on Muskoka, by Mrs. Potts, of Port Sandfield, an English lady who has resided in Muskoka for many years and become enamoured of its attractions as a summer resort, is now in the press and will soon appear bearing the imprint of William Briggs.

Bliss Carman will add a prose volume to his list, with the title "Friendship of Art." The fourth volume of his "Pipes of Pan" will be added to the verse list.

The Hon. J. W. Longley has written a life of Joseph Howe, which is shortly to appear in a "subscription" edition, and perhaps later on in a popular edition.

William Briggs is publishing some very tasteful booklets of Canadian verse for the Christmas demands. Besides Miss Isabel Graham's "A Song of December," already issued, and very favourably received by the public, a collection of poems for the various months of the year, by Mrs. Annie L. Jack, of Chateauguay Basin, P.Q., will be published in a pretty brochure with the title, "Rhyme-Thoughts for a Canadian Year." A western writer, Miss Marion E. Moodie, of Frank, Alberta, makes a bid for recognition in a tasteful booklet of "Songs of the West." This is an excellent way for our writers of verse to get their literary works on the market. These pretty brochures should find a ready sale.

"A Parson's Ponderings" is the title of a collection of literary essays by Rev. Canon Low, of Billings' Bridge, author of "The Old Faith and the New Philosophy."

A work entitled "Canaan and Canada," by the Rev. D. V. Lucas, D.D., author of "Australia and Homeward," will be published this month by William Briggs.

"Harold Bowdrin's Investment" is the title of a recently published story by Mrs. Hattie E. Cotter, of Fredericton, N.B., a writer of several stories published in England and the United States.

NOTES

The Musson Book Co., Toronto, will this season issue a half dozen volumes, of which the most important will probably be "The Seeker," by Henry Leon Wilson. "The Spenders," by this writer, is a splendid book, and well worth reading by anyone with courage enough to brave public opinion and read a book published two years ago.

The Poole Publishing Co. announce "River-Laid" by R. W. Chambers; "Nostrours: a Tale of the Seaboard," by Joseph Conrad; "The Lady of Loyalty House," by Justin H. McCarthy, and a half dozen other books.

Idle Moments.

THE BIG FOUR

AN amusing incident is told of a clever Yankee who visited old Dalhousie college, at Halifax, some years ago, for the purpose of selling a lifting machine to the gymnasium.

He had been travelling considerably among the different colleges, and had found his machine so well adapted to amateur athletics that he commended it with a considerable degree of confidence and a good deal of fluency.

Four youths from Cape Breton were seated on a bench, listening to the drummer, with some amusement:

"Perhaps," said he, one of the young men over there would give the machine a test to see how it will do."

With some little demur, one youth at the end of the bench walked up, took hold of the machine and set it up till the indicator would go no further.

The next youth was invited to try. He took hold of the machine with a similar result. The agent's eyes began to open, but he invited the third youth to try. The result was as before.

"Well," exclaimed the drummer, "I never! "Let's see you have a lift at it," turning to the fourth man.

With a smile the fourth stepped up and set the indicator round with a jerk almost enough to break the machine.

"Jupiter, Hercules, Samson and Goliath!" exclaimed the drummer. "Will you tell me where you were growed?"

"Oh, faix, we juist cam' frae Ca' Breton, over," said one of the boys, in an inimitable tone of Irish, Scotch and Gælic mixed.

"Well, gentlemen, I wasn't carryin' samples for giants. But I can supply you. Just give me your order, and my firm will put a special machine at rock bottom prices when I tell 'em who it's for."—*F. W. M.*

■

THE STORY OF THE R.O.G.

A RICH old gentleman, who was in poor health, returned to the home of his youth after an absence of many years, to find himself eagerly welcomed by his relatives, two families of whom were settled near him.

One of these showed him tearfully how poor and needy they were. The father was crippled from rheumatism; the mother had lost the use of her right hand; the oldest son was out of a position, and the daughters were breaking down from overwork and insufficient food. Their every act was characterised by a poverty as distressing as it was irritating.

The other family were as poor as the first, but they managed it differently. They wore their best clothes when they went to see their aged relative, talked largely of moneyed operations, and went without their meals to hire a swell turnout in which to show him the beauties of the place. In fine, they posed as charming people and emanated that air of prosperity which is so graceful and comforting.

When the R.O.G. made his will he said to the lawyer, benevolently:

"I wish to leave my indigent relatives two hundred pounds, for they are very needy, and a little will go a long way with them, poor things. As for the other family"—

"You wish to leave them two hundred also?" asked the too hasty lawyer.

"By no means," replied the R.O.G., in horror. "People in their position would be insulted with such a small

THE FUNNY SIDE OF UNITED STATES POLITICS

THE HERO—"Take that, and *that*, villain!"

VILLAIN (aside)—"Oh, Theodore, stop it, you're tickling me so!"—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

gift; you must remember that they are accustomed to money. Put them down for ten thousand."

Moral.—Environment tells.

■

ANECDOTES

An English manufacturer, who has just returned from a tour in Scotland, is relating an amusing incident which occurred during his trip.

In a remote village in the Lowlands he came across an inhabitant of such venerable appearance that he stopped to chat with him.

"By-the-way, what is your name?" inquired the traveller. "Robert Burns," was the answer. "Dear me! that's a very well-known name." "Nae doot it is, mon; I've been blacksmith in this village for nigh on sixty years."

■

Somebody told a story about Rudyard Kipling the other day, and whether it is old or new as a personal episode of that great man I do not know. It is that he wrote a book some time ago entitled "Forty-five Mornings," and asked Robert Barr to read it in manuscript. Mr. Barr said it was as good as "Plain Tales from the Hills." "Not better?" asked Kipling.

"No, I don't think it is," answered Barr. "Then," replied Kipling, "it won't get published," and there and then he cast it to the flames. It seems a pity Mr. Barr was not at his elbow when he wrote his spasm about Joseph. His friend might have craved permission to publish it as a pipe light.

■

At the recent commencement of the University of Philadelphia a visitor at the ceremonies was joking with Provost Harrison upon the subject of "his busy season," when so many gifts are made to the colleges conditional upon other sums of money to be raised within a specified time.

"Speaking of that, I heard a good one the other day on President Harper," replied the provost, as if to guide the conversation out of a channel which might become a little personal. "A friend of mine was walking down a street in the residence district of Chicago, when he noticed that every house in the block was absolutely deserted. As he put it, it was for all the world as if the citizens had fled from their homes. "What is the cause of this?" he asked a gentleman who chanced to pass, and the man replied quite seriously:

"Rockefeller has given another million to the university, but to get it Harper has to raise half a million before sunset. He is said to be on his way to this part of the town."

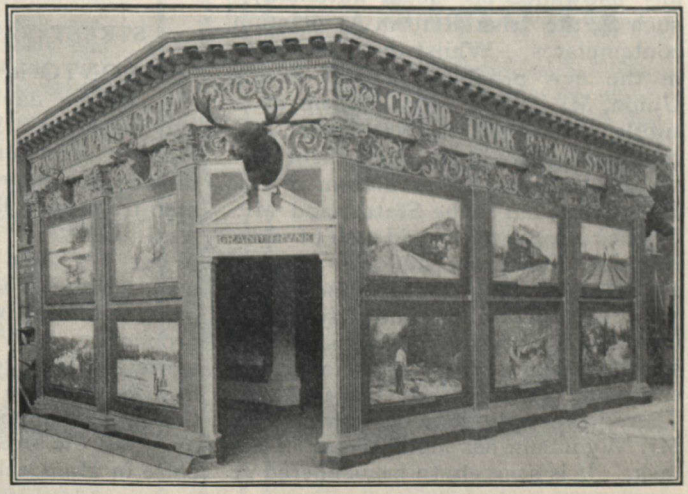
CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

RAILWAYS AT ST. LOUIS

THE Grand Trunk Booth was an important feature of Canada's display at St. Louis. It was small, but admirably designed and furnished. The wonderful natural scenery of our country was pictured in such a way as to attract the attention of tourists and sportsmen. Canada is under obligation to her broad-minded railway managers for the excellent displays they have always made on occasions of this kind, and for the imposing presentation of Canada's natural beauties which they are continually giving to the travelling public.

The Intercolonial Railway Exhibit was one of the best parts of the Canadian contribution to the world's displays. The space occupied by it was large and attractively furnished. The New Brunswick moose, caribou and deer were represented by some magnificent heads. The excellent fish of the district through which the Intercolonial passes were also well displayed. Some time ago, while travelling on this road from Montreal east, the writer met an expatriated Canadian returning home after an absence of fifteen years. He explained that he had visited the Intercolonial Exhibit and it made him so homesick that he determined to make a visit at once. So, with his wife and three small children, he was on his way home to see his old mother, who still lived near Campbellton.



ST. LOUIS—THE DAINTY BOOTH OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

DUNRAVEN'S NEW MOVE

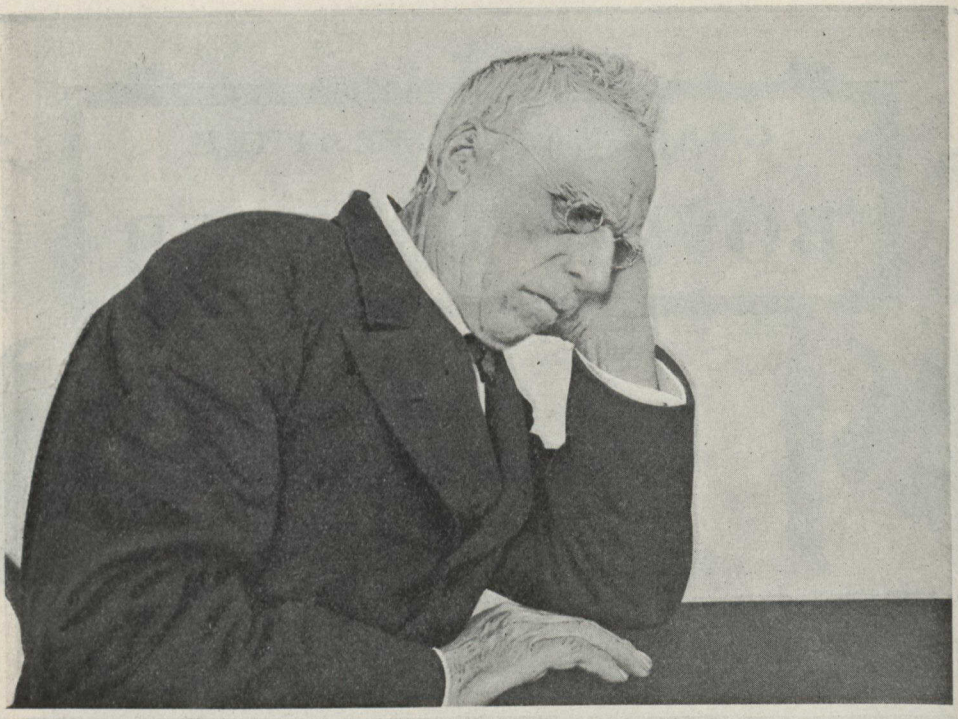
"HOME Rule by any other name would smell as sweet." Thus the *Freeman's Journal;* and the phrase is perhaps the best commentary that could be made on the misguided, if amiable programme which Lord Dunraven's Irish Reform Association—a phœnix from the ashes of the old Land Conference Committee—has promulgated. Lord Dunraven and his friends, of course, declare that the maintenance of the Parliamentary Union is "essential to the political stability of the Empire," but they advocate "the devolution to Ireland of a larger measure of local Government." The Nationalists'

ST. LOUIS—THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY'S ATTRACTIVE AVENUE

action in the matter of the working of the Land Purchase Act is the measure of their readiness to rest content with any allowance of "local autonomy" such as the Irish Reform Association contemplates. Whilst the *Times* sees in the new proposals a peril to the Union, Mr. Davitt regards them as a subtle enticement to Nationalist disruption, Mr. Redmond finds them useful in helping the circulation of the Home Rule hat in the States, and Mr. O'Brien adopts the placid *rôle* of Brer Rabbit. The proposals are open to adverse criticism on two grounds: they are at least premature, and they are too indefinite. But their discussion has served to draw serious attention to the shortcomings of the Government. There is an ugly rumour abroad that Mr. Wyndham has lost interest in his task. It is scarcely to be wondered at if this is so, but the fact would be lamentable for all that.—*Public Opinion.*

STREET RAILWAY PROFITS

TORONTO is now receiving about $100 a day from her street railway franchise. Montreal is also finding her arrangement with the street railway company profitable, as will be seen from the following from the Montreal *Gazette:* "The city this year is to get $127,483 from the street railway, which is about 5¾ per cent. of its gross earnings within the city. The proportion will increase also as the earnings of the company grow. There have been worse bargains made from the municipal point of view than that by which the street railway got a franchise in Montreal."



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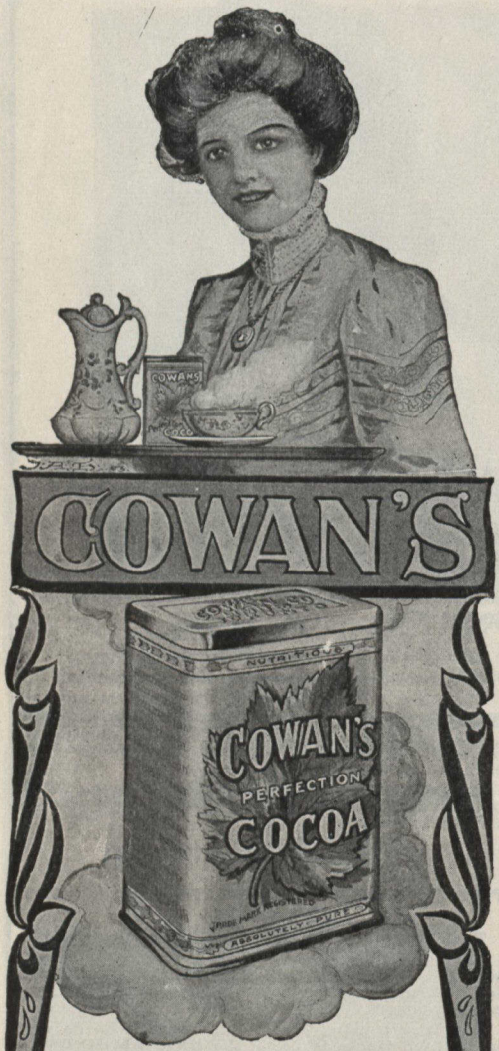
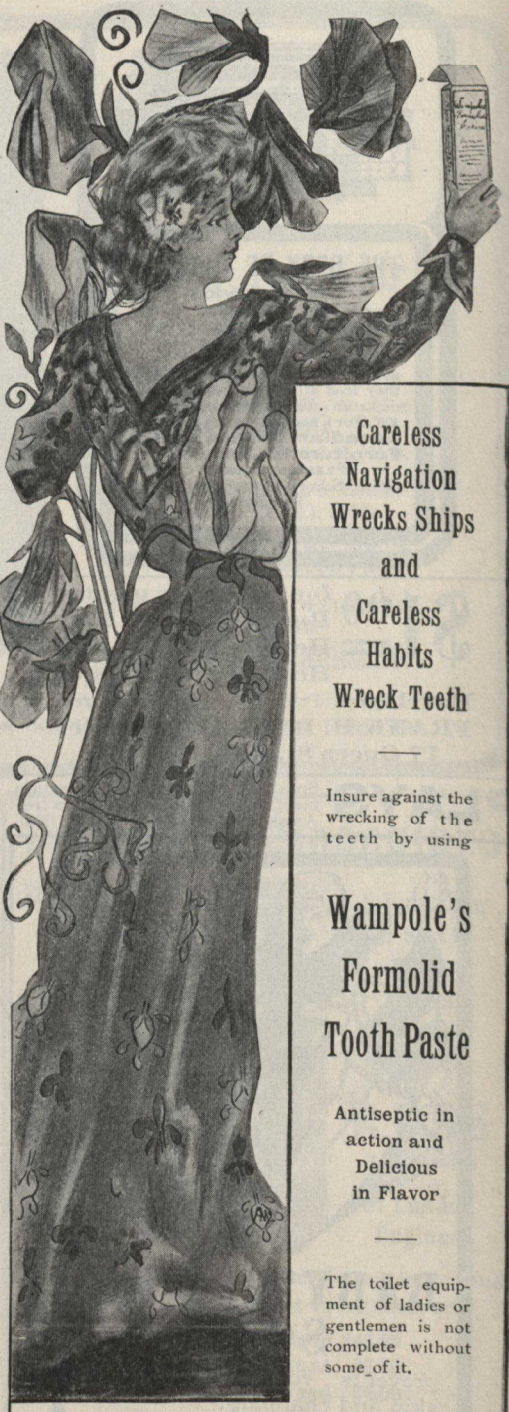


Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S

SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE, CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS, CHOCOLATE WAFERS, Etc.

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03



Careless Navigation Wrecks Ships and Careless Habits Wreck Teeth

Insure against the wrecking of the teeth by using

Wampole's Formolid Tooth Paste

Antiseptic in action and Delicious in Flavor

The toilet equipment of ladies or gentlemen is not complete without some of it.

Put up in Collapsible Tubes, which are on sale at Drug Stores only

Price, Twenty-five cents (25c.) each

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

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 56 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): —"*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stearn's, Ehrich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. ☞ Beware of base imitations. $1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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DELICIOUS

PORK & BEANS

A relish for young or old, and a most wholesome dish for all.

Sold plain or with Chili or Tomato Sauce, in tins, and ready to serve.

5 and 10c. All Dealers.

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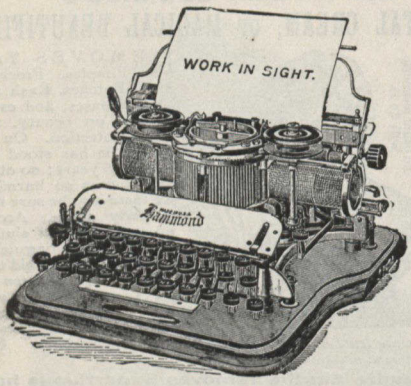

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THE LEADING TYPEWRITER OF THE WORLD

Has every good feature of all other Typewriters

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AS FAR SUPERIOR

to the old type-bar variety as the express train to the stage coach, or the automobile to the cart.

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Write for Catalog and we will instruct our nearest representative to call on you.

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VISIBLE — POLYCHROME — RIBBONLESS

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"RENE" is the only brand of cigars we manufacture, made in one style, one size and one quality, packed in one style of box (50).

We sell same at one cash price only. It is the only cigar factory of its kind on the American continent making a specialty of one high-class cigar only.

It is made to suit gentlemen of good taste.

The word "RENE" is stamped on each cigar; none others are genuine. Sold everywhere. Manufactured and guaranteed by

THE RENE CIGAR CO., Hamilton, Canada.

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Ladies' Dressing Gown.

is made in large variety of styles, shapes and qualities; in union suits and separate garments for women, men, children, in light, medium and heavy weights for all seasons.

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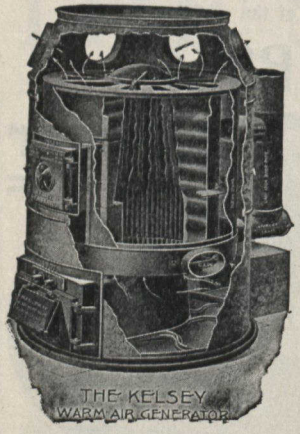

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FUEL SAVERS

KELSEY RECORD

3 made and sold in 1889.

Over 24,000 in use in 1903.

In use in over 400 Canadian towns, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Used for the proper and economical warming and ventilating of more than 50 Canadian schools.

Over 2,300 in use in its home city (Syracuse, N.Y.)

This satisfactory record must be due entirely to merit as the Kelsey is not a low-priced warming device.

KELSEYS will do the work with 25% less fire-pot capacity, which means a big saving in fuel, in addition to which Kelsey users get much more **Healthful, Efficient** and **Satisfactory** results.

☞DIRECT CONTRACTS MADE—PROPER RESULTS GUARANTEED

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The JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN. - BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Dr. Deimel Underwear

TO keep the body warm and healthy is not a matter of how *much* you wear, but *what* you wear.

People who are afraid of drafts and subject to colds, pneumonia or rheumatism are the very people who wear the most wool.

And it is their woolen underwear that keeps the skin in this sensitive condition.

The Dr. Deimel Underwear does everything wool does *not* do.

It keeps the wearer free from colds, gives better protection and more warmth and comfort than any other underwear made.

It is the Underwear of Safety.

Send for free sample of fabric and booklet, giving valuable information on the Underwear question.

The Dr. Deimel Underwear is made in such a wide variety of sizes that we can fit everybody. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us.

The Deimel Linen-Mesh Co., 2202 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

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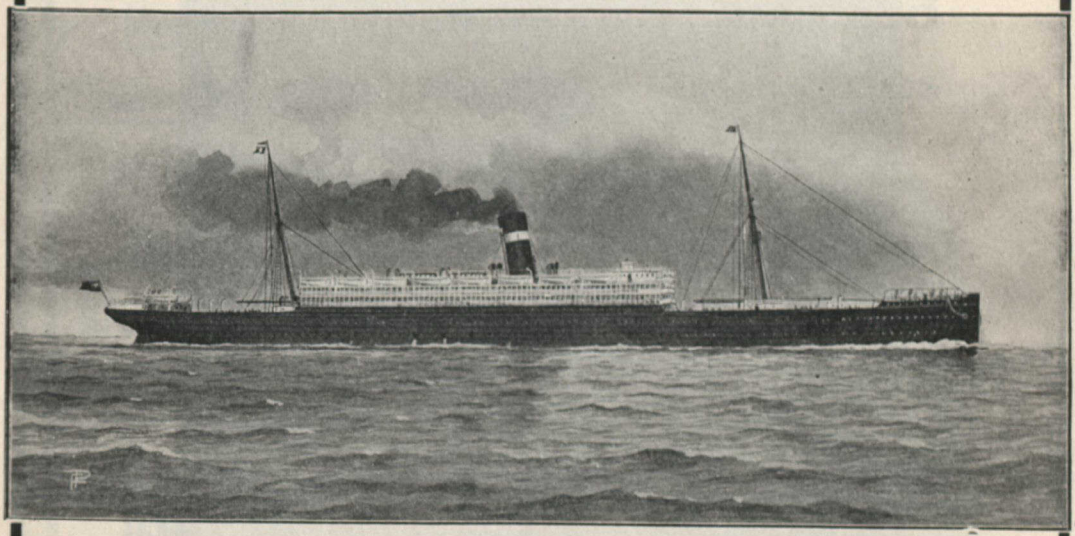
LONDON:
83 Strand, Hotel Cecil, W.C.

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 **VIRGINIAN, 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 **every Friday** 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 all above the main deck, thus securing perfect light and ventilation. 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.

PROPOSED SAILINGS

1904 From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	1904 From QUEBEC
13 Oct.,	IONIAN	Fri., 28 Oct., 5.30 a.m.	Fri., 28 Oct., 3.00 p.m.
20 "	BAVARIAN	" 4 Nov., 9.00 "	" 4 Nov., 10.00 "
27 "	PARISIAN	" 11 " 6.00 "	" 11 " 3.30 "
3 Nov.,	TUNISIAN	" 18 " 9.00 "	" 18 " 9.00 "
	PRETORIAN	Tues., 22 " 6.00 "	Tues., 22 " 4.00 "

TUNISIAN embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, September 6, 1903, 12.25 noon; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, Sept. 12. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 5 hours, 27 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage. Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 3 hours, 12 minutes, the fastest on record over this course.

IONIAN—Latest addition to the fleet (9,000 tons, twin screws). Average time of this Steamer, on her five passages between HALIFAX and MOVILLE is 7 days, 6 hours. Her record passage is 6 days, 12 hours, 27 minutes. (Sept. 18th to 24th, 1903.)

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.

Greatly reduced rates now in effect. For further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

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$13.00 up to $85 00.
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$2.50 up to $35.00.
CARRIAGE BAGS,
50c. up to $16.00.
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SEA LION CLUB BAGS,
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NOTE:

We are the largest makers in Canada and have the finest retail store in the world.

SUIT CASES,
$2.75 up to $30.00.
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Doubt all we've said about MOONEY'S PERFECTION CREAM SODAS. Doubt the crackers all you will. But the first one of them you eat, will prove that we are right and you are wrong. For you can't doubt the fresh, crisp deliciousness of

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

The proof of Mooney quality is in the crackers themselves.

CLARK'S OX TONGUES

are absolutely perfect. The best cook can hardly equal their flavour, tenderness, perfection.

Imported Ox Tongue cost more because of the duty, but Clark's cannot be surpassed in quality.

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WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO ADD FROM TWO TO FIVE INCHES TO YOUR HEIGHT,

to improve the general symmetry of your figure, to add to your general appearance? There is no longer any reason why anyone should be short or stunted. Mr. K. Leo Minges has at last perfected the work of his life in discovering a safe, sure and permanent method by which anyone can get taller without any inconvenience. It is such a simple method that one wonders why it was not thought of before. Yet it took a lifetime of study to perfect. Anyone can now enjoy these benefits; to do so necessitates no application of drugs; no internal treatment; no operation; no hard work; no big expense. **Mr. Minges' method has been adopted by the leading educational institutions and gymnasiums in Rochester and elsewhere.** Anyone can now take it up.

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The secrets which Mr. Minges has discovered will enable you to get taller, more graceful and improve the symmetry of your figure, and this can be accomplished **in your own home,** no matter what your age, your sex, your height may be. And in order to put these benefits within the reach of all, there has been prepared for free distribution among short people, a limited edition of a book explaining this discovery in detail. If you wish to add from 2 to 5 inches to your height; if you want to be graceful and have a symmetrical figure; if you want to be a "proper height to dance with," to be able to "see in a crowd," and to reach the correct height, you should write for this book at once. It fully explains how you can obtain these benefits, and is free.

Write to-day, addressing

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in a dentifrice makes it easier to get the children to take care of their teeth.

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FREE SAMPLE
sent on receipt of 2-cent stamp

possesses this requisite, combined with antiseptic and cleansing qualities, which have obtained for it the largest sale of any dentifrice.

In Tins, 15, 30 and 45 cents each, or mailed for value from

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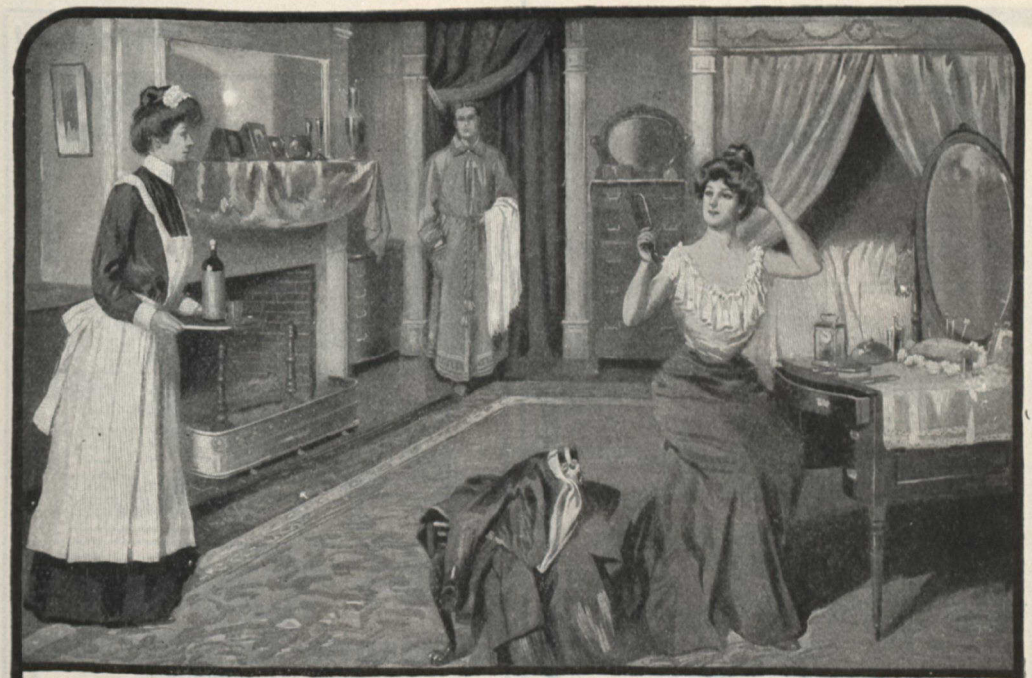

Good morning, Carrie. Thank you for bringing the Hunyadi János. Always be sure to get **Hunyadi János** (full name) and bring two glasses. My husband takes it before breakfast—half a tumbler. It always relieves him of **Constipation** as it does me of biliousness.

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To brew good ale pure, hard water is an absolute necessity.

The solvent powers of water are so great that few springs produce water pure enough for brewing.

Carling's springs were discovered after many years of searching, and the brewery established only when Government analysts deposed that the water never tested less than 99.08 degrees pure.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

A high-priced Piano—but worth its price

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Is the Culmination of Piano Excellence

In its manufacture we have begun where others left off. In it we have achieved something better than that hitherto acknowledged as the best. Whatever one piano manufacturer may do is open to the world to examine and criticise, to experiment upon and improve; and the experience and judgment which direct wise experimenting are the qualities which tell—*we possess those qualities.* Our intimate experience with and knowledge of the world's best pianos has aided us not a little.

The GOURLAY is the Crowning Success of nearly a Century of Advancement in Piano Construction

If there is no agent for the Gourlay in your district, *you can buy direct from the factory.* Our new payment plan is applicable everywhere. We ship subject to approval, paying the return freight if not satisfactory. Surely the purchase of a Gourlay is a proposition easy enough for anyone. Write us anyway. We welcome correspondence.

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We keep constantly on hand a stock of oak chests or cabinets fitted with sterling silver or silver-plated goods, and will be pleased to furnish you prices on any style of chest desired. We also carry a complete stock of

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Cutlery Cabinets from $45.00 to $150.00

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Is a Pure and Delicious
OLD ENGLISH CANDY

And I want to say to the readers of The Canadian Magazine that it's just the candy for the whole family, and the children in particular. There is nothing "just as good," or "just like it." Your dealer can supply you. If not, write me, and send me his name, and I will talk with him.

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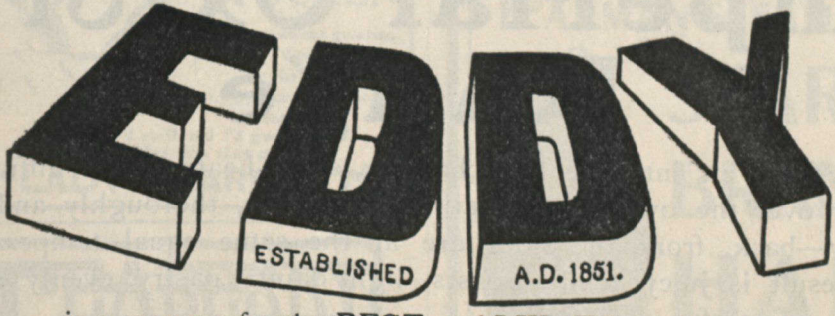

is a synonym for the **BEST.** **ALWAYS** see that the

MATCHES

you purchase bear the above name, *i.e.*, if you want the best.

Ask for one of the following brands:

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"TELEGRAPH"
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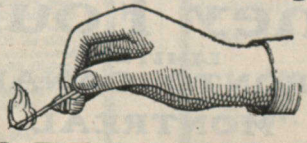
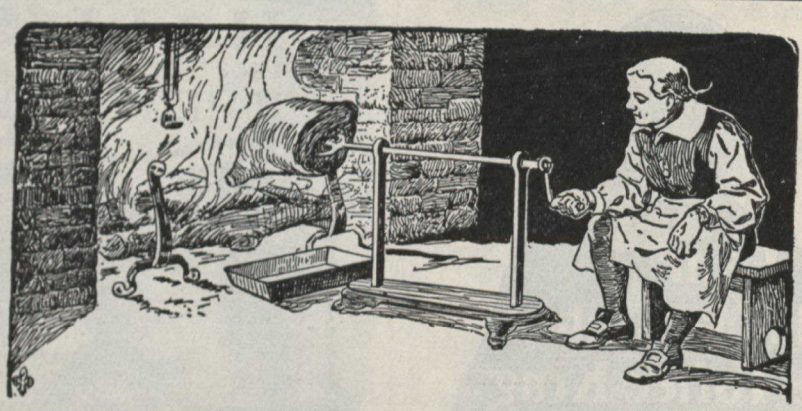


PARLOR:
"KING EDWARD"
"HEADLIGHT"
"EAGLE"
"VICTORIA"
"LITTLE COMET"

FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE



The oven of an Imperial Oxford Range and the old-fashioned spit before an open fireplace do better roasting than any other cooking apparatus invented.

In the olden days the spit had to be kept turning to get all sides of a roast cooked. It is much the same with the ordinary cook-stove. The heat of the oven is greatest on the fire side—roasts, bread, pies, cakes, etc., have to be turned and twisted to get them cooked at all. The result is uneven, unsatisfactory cooking—good food ruined. The diffusive flue construction of the

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When you buy an Imperial Oxford Range you get the result of over sixty years' thought and experience in scientific construction of cooking apparatus.

The Gurney Foundry Co.

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