

THE
**CANADIAN
MAGAZINE**

MAY
1905



Vol. XXV

No. 1

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXV,

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Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, TORONTO.

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June Canadian Magazine

Winnipeg in 1904, by A. F. B. Clark, is a description of a great city in the making. Nothing more remarkable than the recent progress of Winnipeg could be chosen by the person desirous of constructing a wonderful word-picture. It is not given to many cities to double its population in two years, and the turmoil and haste of such a movement can scarcely be realised by those who are inexperienced. This will be illustrated with a score of interesting photographs which but accentuate the rising impression that here is the rival of Toronto and Montreal.

The Simplon Tunnel, by Arthur Tarbell, describes the great engineering feat by which Italy and France have been brought close to each other. This will be fully illustrated with a map and photographs.

The Avenging of Nantloola, by Rev. W. C. Gaynor, president of the New Brunswick Historical Society, is a wonderful story based on an Indian legend which forms part of the folklore of that Province.

A Tale of Two Dogs, by Cy Warman, author of "The Sorrow of a Setter" and numerous other stories, is a Klondike tale which will interest the general reader.

A Complete Rest, by Theodore Roberts, author of "Hemming the Adventurer," etc, is a Labrador story. This part of the continent has come in for much attention recently, and Mr. Roberts knows the ground and the people thoroughly.

Canadian Celebrities. This series will be added to in June by an illustrated sketch of an athletic director and and modeller of athletes—Robert Tait McKenzie, M.D., formerly of McGill.

Hiroshima, a Japanese Port, by M. R. Elliott, is a description which is of considerable interest at the present moment. Hiroshima is a barracks town and the soldier-life and missionary work are characteristic. This will be illustrated.

Public House Trusts, by Russell Elliot Macnaghten, describes one form of temperance reform in Great Britain which is of considerable moment. Earl Grey, our present Governor-General, is honorary president of the Central Public House Trust Association and the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is vice-president. This will be illustrated with pictures of some of the Trust's Inns, interior and exterior.

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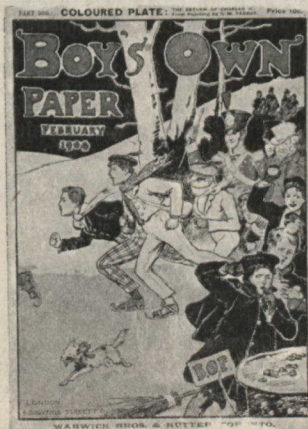
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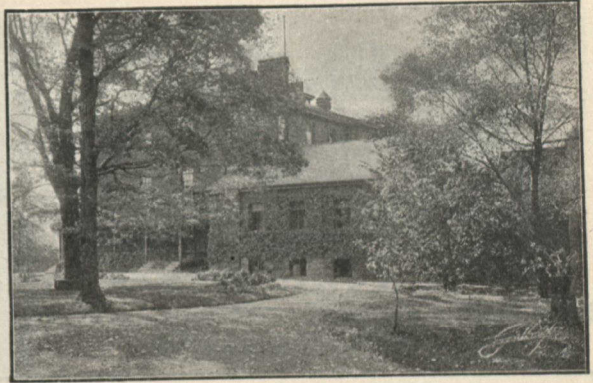
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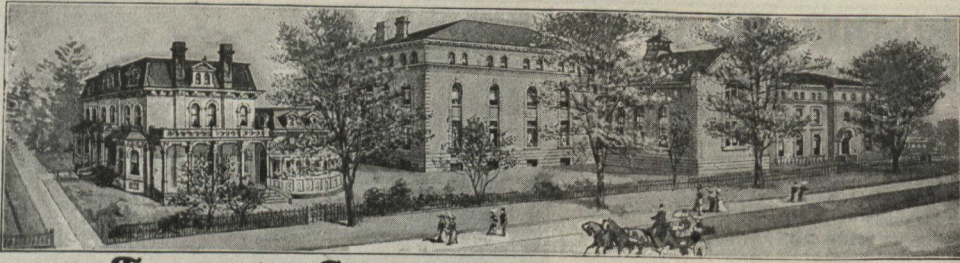
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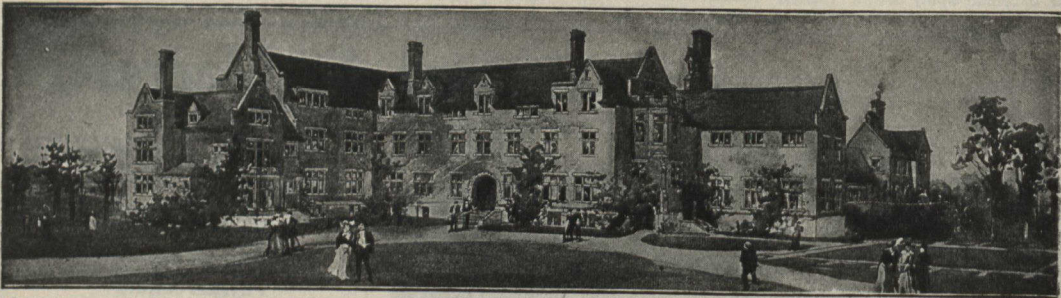


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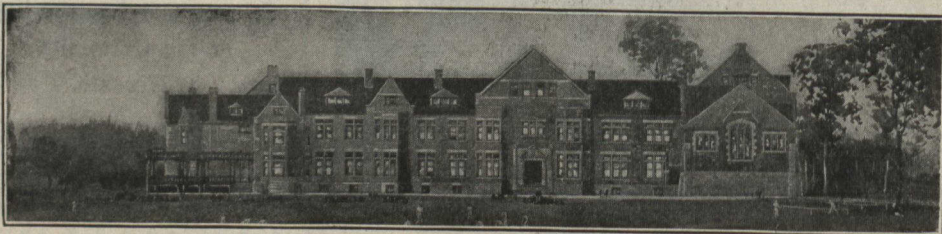
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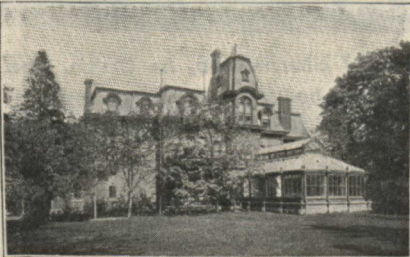
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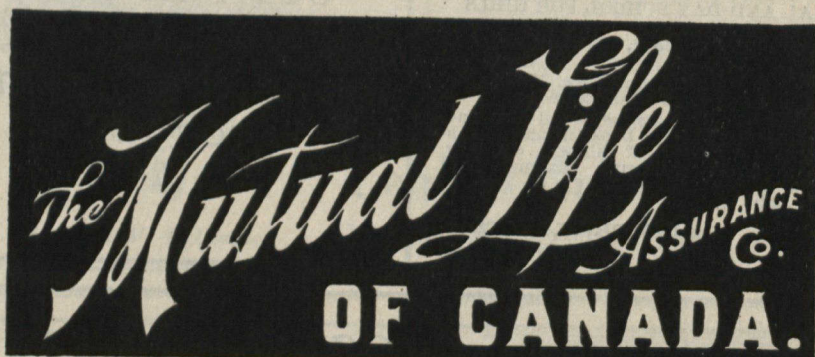
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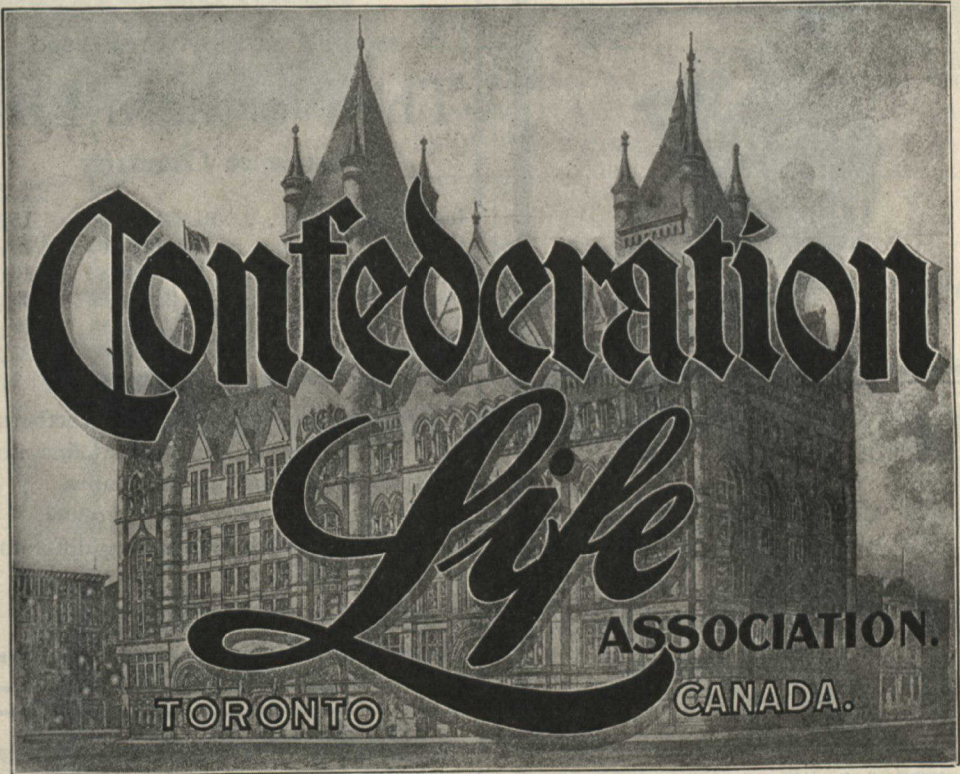
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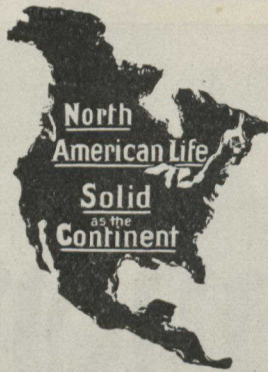
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Interest Income	21,460.69	60%
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RECORD FOR 1904

Policies issued and taken '04, \$5,103,413

" " " '03, 4,278,850

INCREASE 19% \$824,563

Business in force Dec. 31, '04, \$20,611,399

" " " '03, 18,023,639

INCREASE 14% \$2,587,760

Interest received '04, - - - - \$133,262

" " " '03, - - - - 93,035

INCREASE OVER 40% \$40,227

(Interest earned averaged seven per cent.)

Total assets Dec. 31, '04, - - - \$2,557,983

Liabilities " " " - - - 2,017,291

SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS, - \$540,692

Surplus shows a margin of 27 per cent. over Liabilities, excelling all other companies in this vital matter of **SECURITY TO POLICYHOLDERS.**

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Paid to Policyholders in 1904 - -	198,911 34
Assurance written in 1904 - -	3,010,499 50

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 Reserve Fund.....2,100,000
 Total Assets.....26,500,000

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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.

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Two teaspoonfuls Armour's Extract of Beef. Two quarts water. One-third cup carrots. One cup potatoes. One-half onion, chopped fine. One-half cup celery. Three teaspoonfuls tomatoes. One-half tablespoonful parsley. Two tablespoonfuls butter. One-half bay leaf. One-third cup rice. Salt and pepper.

DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING—Chop vegetables and add with rice to water with salt; cook until tender (about thirty minutes); then add Extract of Beef, parsley, bay leaf, and seasonings. Armour's Tomato Bouillon may be used in place of tomatoes—one or two tablespoonfuls Tomato Bouillon to each quart of soup.

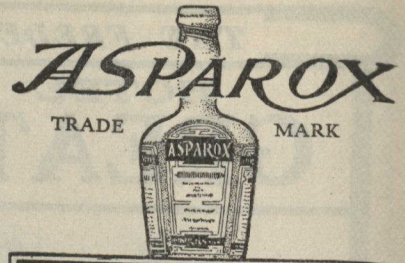
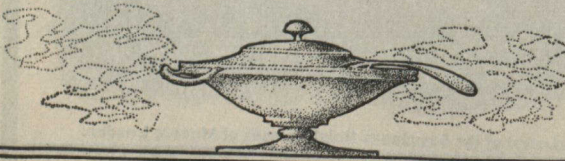
The above recipe, taken from our "Culinary Wrinkles," is one of many that might assist you in giving variety to your daily fare—keeping down your table expenses and lessening the discomforts of hot weather cooking. "Culinary Wrinkles" will be mailed on receipt of your name, address, and a 2c stamp to cover cost of postage.

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 FOR BASTING FOWLS
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Asparox may be used for preparing bouillon by using a teaspoonful to a cup of boiling water, and add rich milk or cream and season.

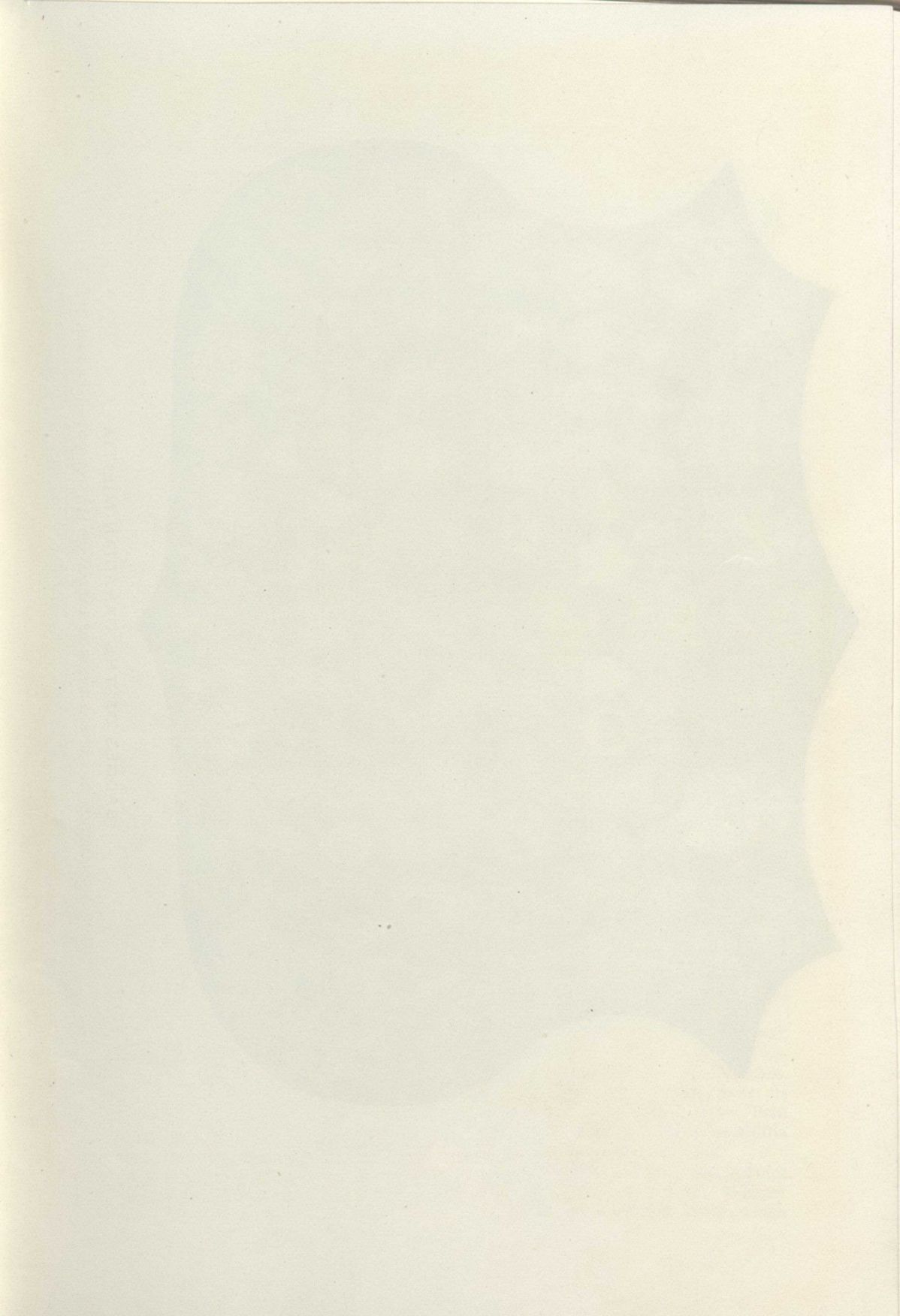
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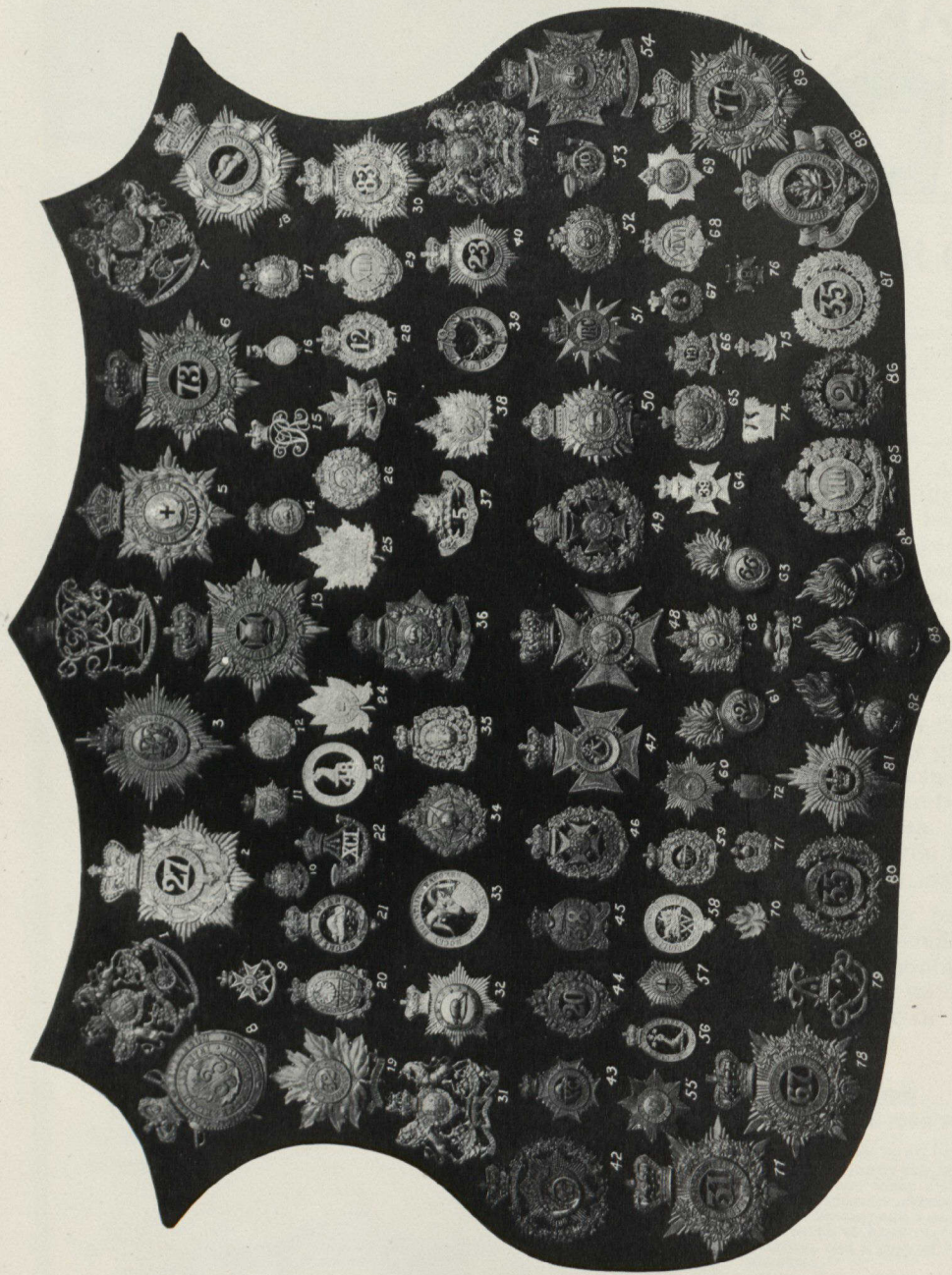
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BADGES OF THE CANADIAN MILITIA

FROM A COLLECTION IN THE POSSESSION OF CAPTAIN WYATT—(SEE PAGE 72)

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL XXV

TORONTO, MAY, 1905

No 1.

The Militia Council

By *THE EDITOR*



HE establishment of the Militia Council and the consequent reorganisation of the Headquarters Staff are important events in the development of the Canadian Militia, and all who take an interest in military matters are watching the effect of the changes with much interest.

The Army Council was hardly organised in England before it became known in military circles in Canada, that it was the intention of Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia and Defence, to seek such amendments to the Militia Act as would admit of the appointment of a Militia Council, to administer the Department of Militia and Defence on the same lines, as far as possible, as the Army Council administers the War Office.

Sir Frederick is known to have expressed himself, on more than one occasion, as almost despairing of ever administering the Department in a manner satisfactory to himself under the old conditions. His holding such views, after being at the head of the Department for over eight years, would seem to be strong evidence that there were insurmountable obstacles in the way. Two obstacles, and perhaps the two chief ones, were the want of continuity in the work, and the absence of co-operation among the heads of the several branches of the Department.

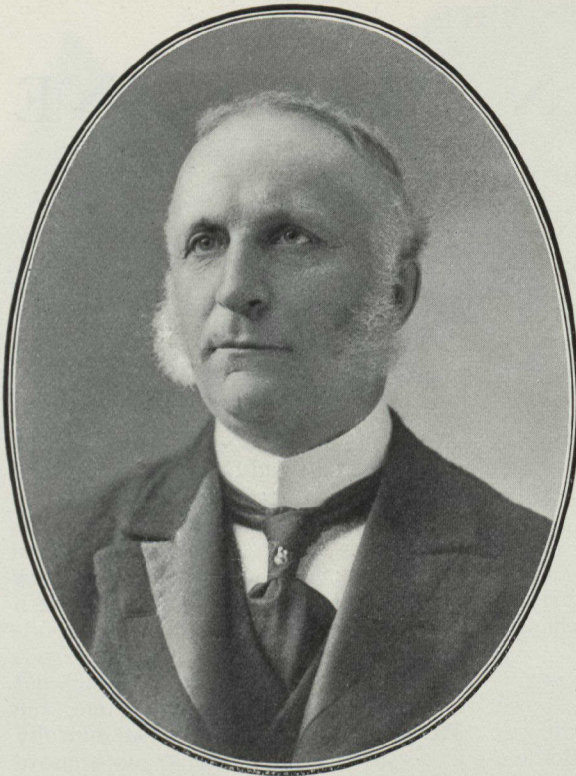
Between the departure of Major-General Ivor Herbert and the appointment of the Militia Council, a period of less than ten years, the Militia had been command-

ed by Major-Generals Gascoigne, Hutton, O'Grady-Haly, and Lord Dundonald, and for periods aggregating perhaps a year, Lord Aylmer, Adjutant-General, was in command. Every change of General practically meant a new policy. No new General has been known to have taken up with any degree of enthusiasm important work commenced by his predecessor. Each in his turn preferred to branch out in some new direction. Sometimes the Minister, who, perhaps, had had difficulty in persuading his colleagues to approve of a certain line of action, could not "right about turn" without some stronger argument than that there had been a change in Generals, and then trouble between the Minister and the General would commence. Such frequent changes also retarded the development and efficiency of the force, not to speak of the cost to the state.

The want of co-operation might seem to be a matter which could have been remedied, but with the best intentions on the part of the officers of the Department, co-operation was lacking. The fault was due to the system.

The new Militia Council will, it is hoped, ensure continuity in the work and co-operation among the various branches, and if it accomplishes nothing more, its organisation will have been more than justified. It is organised under the Militia Act of 1904, Sec. 7, which reads:

"The Governor-in-Council may appoint a Militia Council to advise the Minister on all matters relating to the Militia which



SIR FREDERICK W. BORDEN

Minister of Militia and Defence; President of the Militia Council

are referred to the Council by the Minister. The composition, procedure and powers of the Council shall be as prescribed."

In two Orders-in-Council, dated November 17th and December 7th, 1904, the composition of the Council and the duties of each member are set forth.

COMPOSITION OF THE COUNCIL.

The composition of the Council is:—

- President—The Honourable the Minister of Militia and Defence, Sir F. W. Borden, K.C.M.G., M.D., M.P.
 1st Military Member—The Chief of the General Staff, Brig.-Gen'l P. H. N. Lake, C.B.
 2nd Military Member—The Adjutant-General, Colonel B. H. Vidal.
 3rd Military Member—The Quartermaster-General, Col. D. A. Macdonald, I.S.O.
 4th Military Member—The Master-General of the Ordnance, Col. W. H. Cotton.

Civil Member—The Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, Col. L. F. Pinault, C.M.G.

Finance Member—The Accountant of the Department, J. W. Borden, Esq.

Secretary—The Chief Clerk of the Department, E. F. Jarvis, Esq.

DUTIES.

The Chief of the General Staff is charged with duties which, broadly speaking, fall under two heads—policy and preparation for war. He is relieved from dealing, except in his capacity as first military member, with questions of routine administration, discipline and the appointment and promotion of officers, duties which took up so much of the time of general officers commanding under the old régime to the exclusion of other and more important matters. All questions of general military policy, of organisation for active service and of military defence, are to be special subjects for his investigation and

advice. The annual training, the education of staff officers, intelligence and telegraphs and signalling are also among his special duties. His is a position of commanding importance and of great influence. From his recommendations must come most of the reforms which will effect the Militia as a whole. He must consider Canada as a nation which has to be defended if need arise, and must decide what general action shall be taken to provide the means for that defence. In time of war, he would be the chief in command; he would select the General Staff, which he has previously trained in peace, and be responsible for its conduct of a campaign. He has two staff officers to assist him, a Director of Training and Intelligence, and a Director of Operations and Staff Duties.

The Adjutant-General is the second military member. In general terms he is responsible for all questions of adminis-

tration so far as the personnel is concerned. The policy having been laid down, he puts the machinery in motion. He must see that the different corps are properly organised and maintain their requisite establishments of officers and men. All appointments, promotions, retirements, honours and rewards are to be approved by him under the regulations. He will see that all orders to the Militia are properly issued and distributed, that discipline and interior economy are properly observed, that the schools of instruction and other means of education are being properly administered, and be prepared to bring all the forces into co-operation at the proper time and necessary places. He also has charge of the Royal Military College, the preparation of the Militia List, all medical and sanitary questions, ceremonial and questions relating to the personal services of officers and men. The Medical Services are specially organised under a Director-General, and there is also an assistant Adjutant-General.

The Quartermaster-General is the third military member. As might be supposed, this officer has charge of the clothing, equipment and general stores. He regulates the supply and is responsible for the issues. A special feature of this is the administration of the ordnance store corps. In addition he has charge of the organisation and training of all transport, remount, supply and barrack services. The Army Service Corps thus comes under his direction. He has two staff officers to assist him, the Director of Clothing and Equipment and the Director of Transport and Supplies.

The Master-General of the Ordnance is the fourth military member and one whose duties will be of growing importance. The sites, designs and armaments for permanent defences have not perhaps,

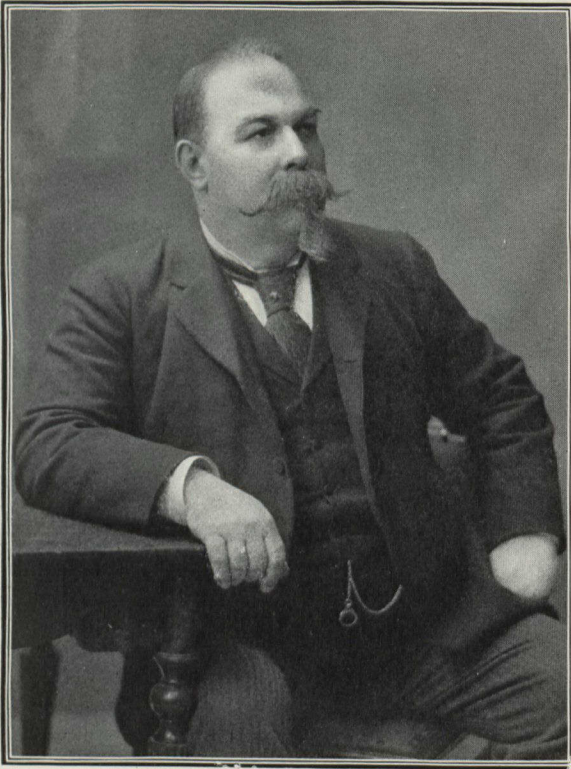


BRIGADIER-GENERAL LAKE, C.B.

Chief of the General Staff

up to the present time, been questions which occupied much time and attention, but they will in the not distant future. He will superintend the construction and be responsible for the maintenance of fortifications, military buildings and artillery and rifle ranges. He will decide upon the patterns, provision and inspection of guns, small arms, ammunition and all artillery and engineer stores and vehicles. He will advise concerning technical inspections, technical instruction and similar phases of military administration. He also has two staff officers under him, the Director of Artillery and the Director of Engineers.

The Deputy Minister is responsible for the interior economy of the Militia Department, is the medium of communication between the Militia and the other departments of Government, and superintends general parliamentary business.



COL. LOUIS FELIX PINAULT
Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence

He has special charge of the administration of all contracts, in consultation with the branches specially concerned.

The Accountant has the consideration and compilation, in concert with the various branches, of the annual estimates. He gives financial advice to these branches and audits the accounts. The Accountant, who, as a member of the Council, is responsible to the Minister for the duties assigned to him in the same manner and to the same extent as are the other members for the duties assigned to them, is, under the Civil Service Act, under the control of the Deputy Minister. This involves an apparent anomaly, though not of great importance, and will no doubt in time be rectified.

PROCEDURE OF THE COUNCIL.

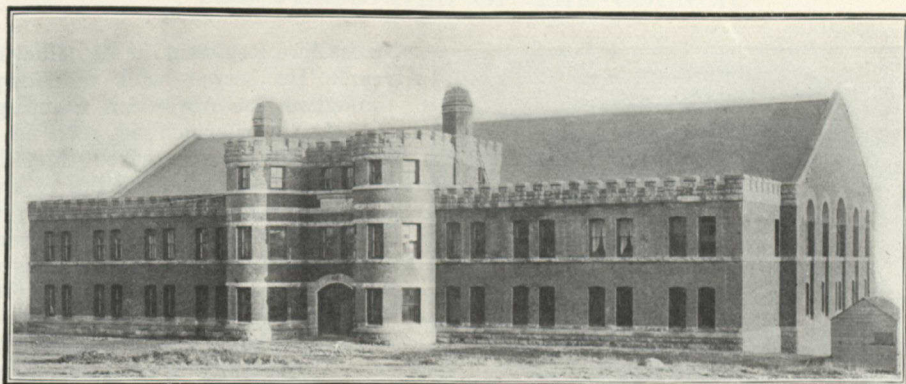
The Militia Council meets once a week. The discussions are of the fullest and freest description. A complete record of the proceedings, including the

views expressed by different members, is kept by the Secretary but in a secret form accessible to members only. The decisions are the decisions of the Minister in Militia Council, and are recorded in the proceedings as such, and also in the file of papers on the subject.

The business which is brought before the Council are questions which the Minister desires to refer for the advice of his Council, and, in addition, any matter upon which the Member charged with the administration of such matters may wish to obtain the opinion of Council and the decision of the Minister. Members send to the Secretary, not later than two days before the Council meets, the papers relating to the subjects to be brought up in Council by them, together with a brief statement of each case.



COL. BEAUFORT HENRY VIDAL
Adjutant-General



DRILL HALL AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

The Personnel of the Council



HE personnel of the Militia Council must always be of great importance to the country and of considerable interest to all those concerned directly and indirectly with the service.

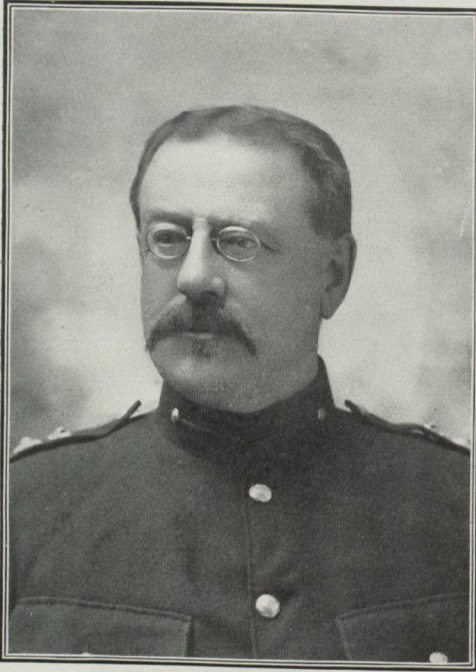
Sir Frederick W. Borden, Minister of Militia and Defence, has been long enough in the position to see the militia of Canada transformed and brought into a fair state of efficiency. A medical man by profession, he has been connected with the service since 1869, when he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the 68th Regiment, having previously to Confederation served in the Volunteer Service of that province from 1863 to 1867 inclusive in the University Rifles of King's College, Windsor, N.S. Ten years later he became Surgeon and, in 1893, Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel. He is now Honorary Colonel of the Army Medical Corps. His parliamentary career is nearly as long as his military. He was first returned to Parliament for King's County, Nova Scotia, in 1874. He became a member of the Privy Council and Minister of Militia on the formation of the Laurier Government in 1896. At the time of the Coronation, he was made a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George.

Brigadier-General Percy Henry Noel Lake, C.B., the Chief of the General Staff, is the only member of the Council who is not Canadian-born, though he

also is Canadian on his mother's side. He was twenty-nine years of age when he passed through the Staff College in 1884, but he had already seen active service in the Afghan War. The Soudan expedition of 1885 brought him at once into prominence. From 1887 to 1890, he was



COLONEL D. A. MACDONALD
Quartermaster-General



COLONEL W. H. COTTON
Master-General of the Ordnance

Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at army headquarters in London. He served also in India and in South Africa. His experience in the Intelligence Department in London, and also as head of the Mobilisation Division at the War Office throughout the South African War, should have furnished him with the experience needed in Canada at the present moment. Neither is he a stranger to Ottawa or the Canadian Militia; from 1893 to 1898 he was Quartermaster-General here. It is a high compliment to him that he has been asked to return, because he is probably the only British officer who was ever tendered a second invitation by the Canadian authorities. It is to be hoped that his success in the new position of Chief of the General Staff will prove that a solution of Canada's difficulties with regard to a Commander-in-Chief has been discovered.

Colonel Beaufort Henry Vidal has seen service in the British army. He entered as ensign in 1863, and became lieutenant of the 4th, now the King's Own Royal

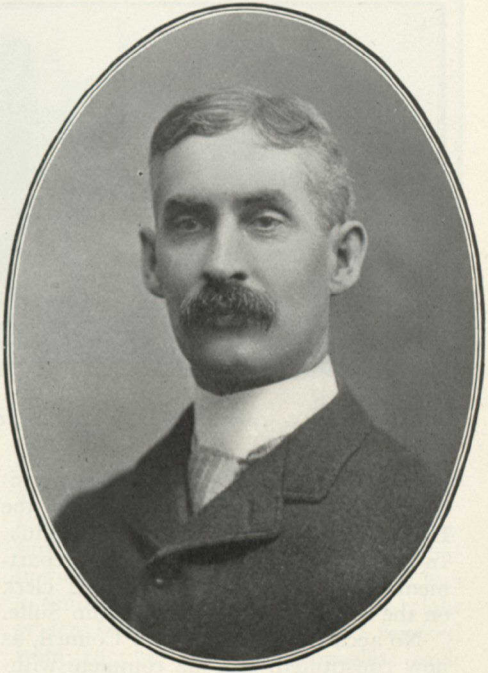
Lancashire Regiment, in the following year. He served with that corps throughout the Abyssinian Campaign of 1867-8, for which he received a medal. He shortly retired from the army and took up the practice of law. For a time he was major of the 12th York Regiment (Ontario), and became a captain in the permanent corps at its foundation. He has worked steadily up through the various grades of the service, being Commandant Royal School of Infantry at St. John's, and for a time in command of No. 8 District. He became Deputy Adjutant-General in 1901, and Adjutant-General in November of last year. His father was a vice-Admiral in the Royal Navy.

The law sought to claim the present Quartermaster-General, but early lost its opportunity. Colonel D. A. Macdonald, I.S.O., was born in Cornwall in 1845. He was a volunteer at the time of the Trent affair, though only sixteen, and an officer at eighteen. He served during the Fenian Raid as captain and adjutant of the Cornwall Administrative Battalion. In 1870 he served under General Wolseley as adjutant of the 1st Ontario Rifles. He was brigade-major on the Staff in the Rebellion of 1885, and has therefore seen all the military episodes in this country in the last half century. For the past seven years he has been Chief Superintendent of Stores, and it thus fell to him to equip the various contingents for South Africa. He is now Quartermaster-General. Besides his 1866, 1870 and 1885 medals he has a long service decoration, and is a Companion of the Imperial Service Order.

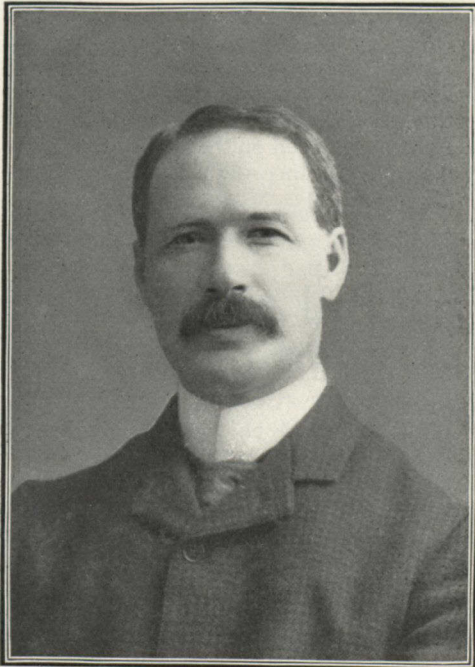
Colonel W. H. Cotton, Master-General of the Ordnance, began his military service in 1866 as a lieutenant in the Quebec Garrison Artillery. In 1871, on the formation of the Royal Canadian Artillery, he was selected to command A Battery then forming at Kingston. Since then Colonel Cotton's service has been continuous in the permanent corps and in various staff appointments, such as Commandant of the School of Artillery, Inspector of Artillery, District Officer Command-

ing in No. 3 District, and Quartermaster-General at Ottawa. This officer's new position is an important one, as the question of armament must always be a serious problem in a country that does not manufacture its own. Military men are watching to see if Colonel Cotton can convince the Council that a courageous and aggressive policy is needed in this branch of the service.

Colonel Louis Felix Pinault, Deputy Minister, is a worthy representative of the French portion of the population. He entered the service as a private in the Provisional Battalion of Rimouski in 1868, and saw active service at the time of the abortive Fenian Raid of 1870. Later he became an officer of the 9th Regiment, Voltigeurs de Quebec, and was on service in 1885. Law and politics claimed this Laval graduate for their own until 1898, when he was appointed to the office he now holds. He became lieutenant-colonel in 1899, and was made a colonel in the following year in recognition of his services in connection with the South African



J. W. BORDEN, ESQ.
Finance Member, Militia Council



E. F. JARVIS, ESQ.
Secretary Militia Council

contingents. In 1903, Colonel Pinault was made a Companion of St. Michael and St. George.

Mr. J. W. Borden, finance member, is a Nova Scotian from historic Grand Pré. His early life was spent principally in the service of railways and banks. In 1882 he was appointed to a position in the Canadian Pacific Railway offices at Winnipeg, but a few years later he was obliged to return to Nova Scotia on account of ill-health. In 1890 he entered the service of one of the Halifax banks, and in 1894 he was appointed manager of the Union Bank of Halifax at Kentville, N.S., which position he resigned in 1897, to accept the position of Accountant in the Department of Militia and Defence.

Mr. Ernest F. Jarvis, Secretary of the Council, is of U.E. Loyalist stock. He was born in Prince Edward Island in 1862, and entered the civil service at nineteen. For three sessions he was private secretary to the Hon. Edward Blake, and for two sessions to the



DRILL HALL AT LONDON, ONT.

present Premier, as leaders of the Opposition. Later he became secretary to the Hon. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia. In 1892 he was transferred to the Department of Militia and became chief clerk on the retirement of Mr. Benjamin Sulte.

No account of the Militia Council, as now constituted, will be complete without some mention of the Inspector-General. The Council has succeeded to all the duties hitherto performed by the General Officer Commanding the Militia, with the exception of that of executive command. This command will, for the future, lie with the military officers commanding districts, who will be directly re-

ached. Such an official is the Inspector-General, who is charged with the duty of inspecting the military forces of the country, and of seeing that they are properly equipped, in accordance with the instructions of the Militia Council.

The officer who is charged with these high duties is Brigadier-General Lord Aylmer, the present Inspector-General. He was primarily an officer of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, of His Majesty's Imperial Service, and whose ancestor was at one time the Governor of Canada. Lord Aylmer has been on the staff of the Canadian Militia since 1871.

ponsible to Council for the manner in which they carry out those duties. The Council is, in its essence, an administrative body, and is therefore required to have at its disposal an official who shall, so to speak, in the eyes of the Council, see that their directions are carried out and that the results which are aimed at are

Before the Militia Bill of 1868

By BENJAMIN SULTE, F.R.S.C.*



WHEN I was a boy, the 29th of June always brought to me a day of excitement, because of the parade of the Militia which took place invariably at seven o'clock in the morning on the public square of our little town, in the Province of Quebec. This is more than fifty years ago. The quaint line of the men, tall, small, round, flat, with everyday's working dress on, is still before my eyes. I remember also how the soldiers

of the garrison enjoyed smiling at the curious turn-out.

The parade was a time-honoured institution, dating as far back as 1649, and we were then in 1849. Its object was to have a roll-call of all men between eighteen and sixty. They were the militiamen, but they had no uniforms, no guns, no knowl-

*Mr. Sulte entered the Civil Service in 1867 and retired in 1903. During that period, he was thirty-two years in the Militia Department.

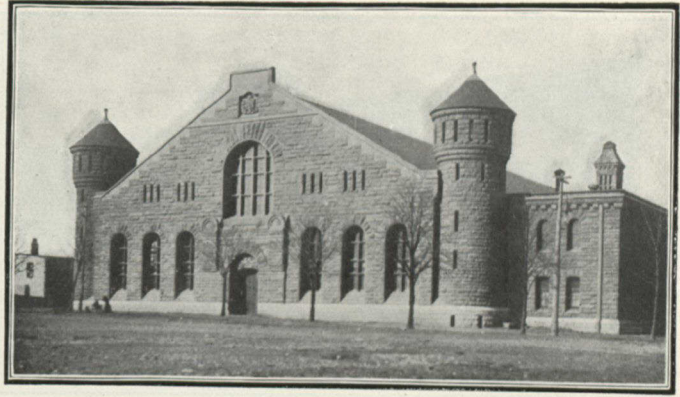
edge of military movement. All that was expected from these good folk was to answer their names as subjects of the Queen.

Of course there was a Colonel, or a Major, or a Captain, ready to address the phalanx after the sergeant had settled the Roll and reported things all right. That speech required a certain operation of the brain to make it suit the dignity of the circumstance. In full peace with our neighbours, with no internal trouble and having amongst us a few thousand regular troops, what could a son of Mars say to stimulate the courage and patriotism of his would-be heroes? Well, he did not forget the forefathers, who had done marvels in their days; he would dwell upon the good reputation of the people of the locality and vouch for their zeal in the defence of the country, if ever the wars of old were to be repeated. This was quite enough, considering the military is not talkative generally.

As I refer here solely to a French community, I must add that the senior officer in command closed the performance by raising his hat and shouting *Vive la Reine!* The whole line waved hats and yelled *Vive la Reine!* The officer, with head uncovered, then asked: *Trois hourrahs pour la Reine.* The crowd, including myself, joined in the cheer, and the "thin line" of future defenders of the soil is broken—the parade is over.

All those who acted as officers on that day dined together and the "Independent Band" of the place paid them the compliment of a serenade. There was no end to gossiping through the town about the parade. All the boys played soldiers.

In 1854 I saw the regiments leaving Canada for the Crimean War. Soon after I heard grown-up people asking what should happen in the case of a riot,

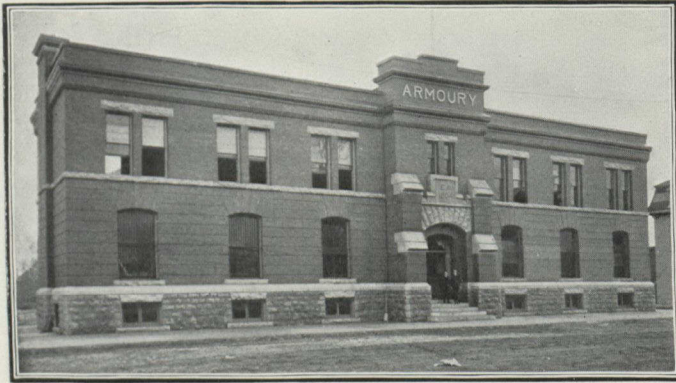


DRILL HALL AT HALIFAX

a disturbance of any kind, in the absence of the British Forces. The reply came: Organize the Militia. So our Legislature set at work to frame a law with that in view, but it turned that the matter was a difficult one to manage. Some eight or ten bills were proposed and rejected from 1855 to 1867. Nevertheless each year saw a corps or two, more or less equipped, more or less drilled, trying and doing the best they could in order to deserve the name of "Active Militia" bestowed upon them by the public voice. The newspapers published articles, correspondences and commentaries with the continuity of gatling guns.

Some wise men predicted that after the fall of Sebastopol, the Imperial Troops were to come back and render the Militia useless. Nobody knew that the India Mutiny was close at hand, and that caused also a sensation when we understood that the prolonged absence of the Regulars left us with the Militia as a unique resource for public safety. Therefore we went on scribbling new bills for the Legislature and articles for the newspapers. By that time I was a sergeant in the Militia, and already a pen-dragger as at present.

We had had no time to think of the return of the troops from India, when the United States Civil War broke out in 1861. Decidedly it was time that the Militia should be made effective, but how was it to be done? No one knew. And we boys drilled every second evening after the style of the Wellington veterans, who



DRILL HALL AT COBOURG, ONT.

were our instructors, with the Snider rifle and all the parade steps and formations of that period.

By the 20th November, 1861, there came a bit of news not at all pleasant: The federal steamer *San Jacinto*, Captain Wilkes, had boarded the Royal British mail packet *Trent* and carried off Messrs. Mason and Slidell, confederate commissioners. It looked like war between the United States and Great Britain. The shock was felt amongst us like an earthquake. Every little town in Canada had a public meeting; all the speakers of the occasion mentioned the Militia and the necessity of a proper organisation of the same; it was becoming a national question. The result showed a couple of new bills submitted to the Legislature, some money voted for Militia purposes, and the commencement of Military Schools. A number of British troops soon gathered here and many wise fellows supposed that there was no need of the Militia any more.

Now listen to this: On the 19th of October, 1864, (the Secession War was still

going on) a gang of Confederates from the South entered a bank in St. Alban, Vermont, robbed the safe and took refuge in Montreal. The United States Government charged the whole affair upon our shoulders, for political calculation, of course, but the annoyance was not a slight one. Finally we paid \$75,000 to pacify the American mind. It was an humiliation for us. During that time the Militia garrisoned the Vermont frontier and thus did actual service for the first time.

Another bill drew the attention of the Legislature, but before any definite agreement could be arrived at the Fenians appeared (1865) from Detroit to Frelighsburg, threatening the country people on our side of the boundary line. It was immediately decided to form camps of instruction at Amherstburg, Niagara and Laprairie, where corps of the Militia concentrated during three months. There we drilled in battalion shape for the first time and we learned something of Interior



DRILL HALL AT DUNDAS, ONT.

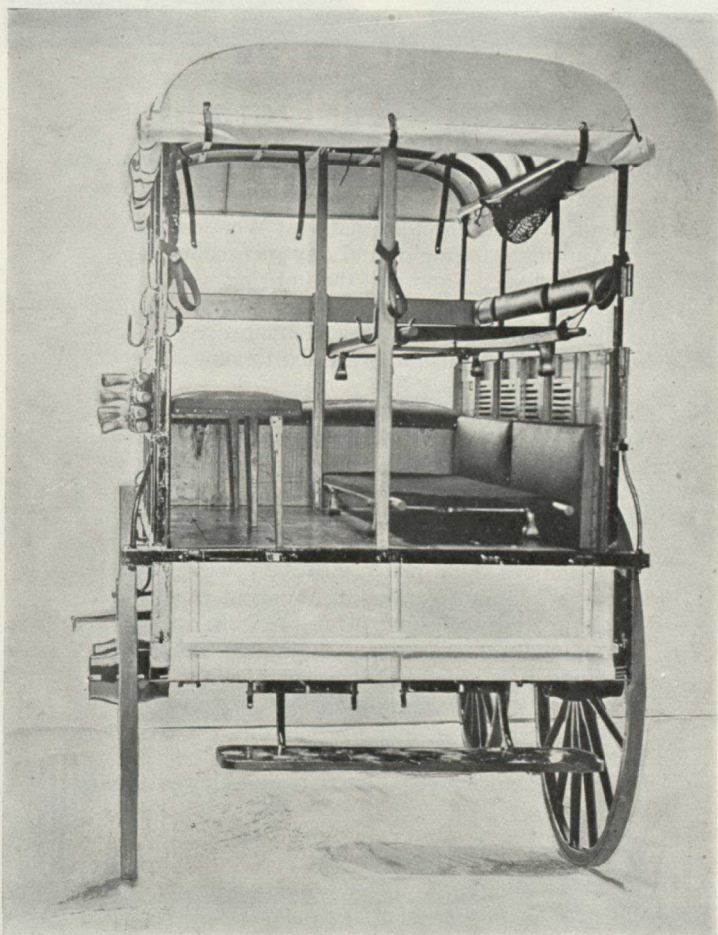
going on) a gang of Confederates from the South entered a bank in St. Alban, Vermont, robbed the safe and took refuge in Montreal. The United States Government charged the whole affair upon our shoulders, for political calculation, of course, but the annoyance was not a slight one. Finally we paid \$75,000 to pacify the American mind. It was an

Economy—but I had seen all that at the Military School before.

The Militia Question had taken a firm hold of the Legislature and, as Confederation had just been adopted in principle, there remained the important matter of the active Militia to put right. Who can frame a bill for that purpose? Before any reply could be made the Fenians

were plundering the Canadian farms along the frontier (March, 1866) and the Militia had a lively time of it until September following.

At this junction, I entered into the public service and I will say no more about the Militia—but I am not the author of the bill that was sanctioned in 1868—take my word for that.



TYPE OF CANADIAN ARMY AMBULANCE WAGGON



Britain's El Dorado

Lines suggested by a journey from Vancouver, September, 1904

BY RUSSELL ELLIOT MACNAGHTEN

SO all day long through that vast Wonderland,
And night on night, and day succeeding day,
We onward sped—and still the untiring wheels
(Whose ceaseless energy an emblem seemed
Of those who dared that task Herculean)
New glories, new delights revealed to view.

First through a land with giant mountains crown'd
We passed; and scarce could bear to pass away—
So exquisitely, wildly fair the scene.
It was a land of lordly cataracts
And mighty rivers rolling to the sea
Resistless and majestic. Every way,
Far as the eye could reach, gigantic peaks
Snow-crown'd and piercing to the azure sky
Uprose in wild profusion; while, beneath,
The mountain torrent, dower'd with the strength
And fulness of the everlasting snows
Onward and downward through the narrow gorge
Swept in its joyous course invincible.
And still with ever-varying delight
The landscape changed, and changing glowed to view:
Till twilight falling steep'd the world in peace,
And veil'd the beauty of the fairy scene,
Save that, above, the everlasting peaks
Still in serene and icy splendour showed.
And once again the unforgotten stars,
The kindly heralds of the northern sky,
Shone with the glory of my boyhood's days,
To welcome me to friends and home again.
And yet behind me lay another home,
And other friends whose memories were dear,
Within the vast and lonely southern isle,*



Where all a continent is Britain's own;
 And there, as here, the common mother-tongue
 Resounded, and the Saxon face revealed
 The presence of a great imperial race.
 And so I mused, the while we onward sped,
 And dreamt a dream of empire; free, yet one
 In commerce as in kinship.
 The spirit of the mountains filled my soul
 And made me strong to hope. For who could gaze
 On such a scene of majesty as this,
 And not receive within his inmost breast
 Some thrill of that serener influence
 That from these solemn sanctuaries breathes?

And so at length we came unto the Plain,
 That wondrous plain, of which our ears had heard,
 And doubted as they heard; so fabulous
 And so incredible had seemed the tale.
 But now that we beheld it with our eyes
 In all its bright reality, we knew
 (Like that renowned queen of ancient days)
 That all was true, though half had not been told.
 For here at last, in splendour visible
 And unimagined, stretched the Plain to view,
 A panorama, vast, illimitable,
 A rolling ocean of fertility,
 To gladden and amaze the mind of man.
 Full many a wondrous and majestic scene,
 But lately viewed, still lingered in our hearts;
 But this for wonder far surpassed them all.
 For no such plain as this, so infinite,
 So bless'd with Plenty's overflowing horn,



Has ever yet rejoiced the Saxon's heart,
 Or showed such dower of fortune for the race,
 Since first the roaming Briton crossed the wave,
 Leaving the narrow limits of his home
 To gain the over-lordship of the world.

League upon league the vasty prairie spread,
 And seemed to spread for ever as we passed.
 Here, Calgary, upon thy boundless sward
 We saw the countless herds in peaceful ease
 Roaming those rich, unmeasured solitudes;
 And there, resplendent in the morning sun,
 Fairest of all, the great Regina plain
 Shone with its harvest of perennial gold,
 A land of promise, and the very shrine



And granary of empire yet to be.
 For other forms of wealth must pass away:
 But here till labour and till time be done,
 The seed-time and the harvest shall return,
 Yea, and returning, yield their royal store
 Unstinting and unstinted. Not in vain,
 Queen of the golden West, for evermore
 Thou bearest that for ever-honoured name
 Of her, whose tongue the law of kindness spake,
 Who stretched her hands in bounty to the poor,
 And brought her people increase from afar.
 And still, while winter's pall about me lies,
 And chill monotony shrouds the lifeless earth,
 I see that joyous dayspring once again,
 When all thy ruddy corn-fields round me glowed,
 I see—and hope and gladness fill my heart.

Banking as a Profession

By J. H. WILSON



O a man with a family, the question of how he is to give his sons a fair start in life, must, in these days of keen competition in every department of human activity, prove not altogether easy of solution. Not everyone can afford his children the benefit of a university education; nor given that, are its ultimate results always in keeping with the time and money spent in its acquirement. How then may a young man of good family and average intelligence, but with no decided inclination for any of the so-called learned professions find congenial employment? If one may judge from the numerous applications continually pouring into the head offices of our larger banks for positions in their employ, it would appear that here at least lies a partial solution of the problem. That Canada may justly pride herself on her system of banking, and on the class of men to be found assisting in its administration, is an assertion which will hardly be gainsaid by anyone at all familiar with the financial institutions of the country. Let us consider then briefly what inducements a banking career has to offer to a young man, and get a slight insight into the general life and prospects of the average Canadian bank-clerk.

Beginning with the individual. We shall suppose that a man of wealth or position in the community has applied through the local Manager or one of the higher officials, for a position for his son; that after a greater or less delay the boy's application has been favourably entertained, and that the young man, having passed a somewhat rigorous medical examination, has been ordered to report for duty at whatever branch of the Bank to which he may have been assigned. His first disillusionment will probably occur when he learns that he will be expected to be down at the office every morning at nine o'clock; and later, that it is generally after

four before he is able to leave in the afternoon. Although the hours during which a Bank is opened to the public are usually from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., there is always much to be done in preparation for each day's work, besides the calling over and checking of that done the day previous; while in the afternoon the balancing of the teller's cash, and the various books in connection therewith, has of course to be effected after the doors are closed.

A few months having been spent in the rather trying position of "Junior," our friend will, if he have shown himself competent, be promoted to the position of Ledger-Keeper, and from thence, if he be in a small office, to that of Teller, Accountant, and finally Manager. Promotion in a large city office is necessarily much slower owing to the indefinite number of subsidiary posts, in all or any of which a man may at any time be called upon to serve. Success will naturally depend largely on the ability and good conduct of the clerk himself, more scope of course being afforded by a large Bank than a small one. In some banks men may become Managers before they are thirty years of age, their salary being usually more in keeping with their years than with their position. The larger and more conservative institutions very seldom place a man in charge of a branch much under forty.

A "Junior" on entering will probably receive \$200 per annum, and an annual increase of \$100 till his salary is \$800 or \$900, when ability (or occasionally "pull") will determine more fully his subsequent advancement. It may here be mentioned that some of the larger Banks, realising the special and peculiar risks run by tellers of losing money, allow them \$100 to \$200 a year "Risk Fund," which is put to their credit at head office annually, and is available against any large loss; the balance remaining being paid over to them on leaving the teller's "box" for good;

usually to fill a higher position. Certain living allowances are also granted by some Banks to their clerks in the larger cities and in the Northwest, but form an addition to, and are not a part of, their regular salary. A Manager's salary will vary greatly, according to the size of the town he may be in and the Bank which he represents, but \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year and a house, together with light, heat, and various "pickings," may be put down as a fair average, though \$5,000 or \$6,000 and upwards would not be considered out of the way in a large city. It will thus be seen that banking, considered from a business point of view, may be said to afford a sure if modest living. It has this great advantage, that while ranking as a profession, it requires no preliminary knowledge when entering, beyond that acquired by a good general education.

There is, however, another phase of the question which doubtless is largely responsible for the lengthy waiting-lists to be found in most banks; namely, the social prestige enjoyed by bankers as a class. People who have always lived in large cities have probably little idea of the social prominence accorded, in a small town, to anyone in any way connected with a Bank, from the messenger up; and when to this we add the extension by the townspeople of almost unlimited credit, it is not remarkable that the eligible youths of the locality look forward to the time when they shall have set upon them the mint mark of the social elect. Nor is a position in one of our first-class Banks to be despised. When it is reflected that under our system of branch offices a man may be moved almost anywhere in the Dominion, and will probably live in places far apart, and of various sizes, the knowledge of men and of the world which he will acquire both in and out of the office, not to mention his opportunities for business and social advancement, must prove of inestimable value.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that there are certain drawbacks for which the peculiar conditions of such a life are responsible, such as the uncertainty of

one's stay in any one place and consequent feeling of unrest, the severing of ties of friendship perchance but lately formed, and the taking up of one's abode, it may be among uncongenial people, for another indefinite period; to which may be added, in the case of married men with families, the discomforts of moving and the difficulty of making suitable arrangements for the education of their children. That young "Juniors" in small towns and villages, living probably at one of the local hotels for lack of a decent boarding-house, and owing very often to the total absence of refined society, thrown entirely on their own resources for amusement, or worse still, in the company of their elders, are frequently led into drinking and card playing, besides other extravagances is, alas, only too true. It certainly speaks well for the profession as a whole that dishonesty and other deviations from the paths of virtue are so rare.

Speaking generally, and apart altogether from their purely business activities, it is apparent that the influences exerted directly and indirectly by the banks throughout the country must be enormous. Ever in close touch with each of its various branches and with what is going on in their respective localities, the head office of each Bank may be said, through the medium of its local officials, to give tone largely to provincial public opinion, and to shed a refining influence over the more scattered centres of population, which can only be effected by contact with those who come from a more prosperous and up-to-date community. When one considers that there are now about twelve hundred banking offices scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country, that members of their staffs are constantly being transferred, that new acquaintances are being made, old friendships strengthened, and intermarrying going on between families widely separated, it cannot but be conceded that we have here a mighty force, binding together in a closer and more subtle union than any politician ever dreamed of, the scattered portions of our land.

Eye Strain

As a Factor in Producing Disease of the General System

By FRANK D. W. BATES, M.D.



HERE are scores of new theories coming up in medicine every year. Comparatively few physicians go through life without conceiving some theory. Some of these come before the general profession, being discussed in medical journals; others are confined to experiments in the private practice of the physicians conceiving same, and whether there is anything in them or not die with those physicians. Of the theories that come before the medical profession, occasionally there is one that there is something in; but the vast majority are unsound, which accounts for the conservatism of physicians in general.

But while physicians cannot be blamed for being conservative, I think there is such a thing as being too much so, and thereby failing to investigate theories which are very important.

There is one theory that has come up within the past few years in which I think physicians have made a great mistake in not looking into, and that is the theory of Eye Strain as being a factor in producing disease of the general system. The theory was first introduced about twenty years ago by Dr. Geo. T. Stevens, then living in Albany, N.Y., but now of New York City; it has very few advocates even to-day, there being only three or four of prominence in the United States, and one or two in Canada. At first sight one would think there could not be much in the theory when it had made so little progress in twenty years; but when we come to think that it was over twenty years after William Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood (a thing that we would imagine so easy to demonstrate) before it was generally accepted by the profession, it is not surprising that this

theory of Eye Strain should be so difficult to introduce.

It certainly is difficult to understand how strain upon the eyes can be a factor in producing such diseases as consumption, diabetes, St. Vitus' dance, insanity, neurasthenia, stomach and liver troubles, and various other derangements of the general system; and still such is the case. It is also difficult to understand how there can be strain upon eyes which have perhaps perfect vision, and which cause the person very little if any discomfort; and still such is the case: a person may have perfect vision with a tremendous strain upon the eyes, or may have very poor vision with no strain at all.

Another thing that makes the theory difficult to understand is that certain persons have been known to have strain upon their eyes all their lives, and still have lived to a good age. It is not taken into consideration that in those cases, notwithstanding the persons lived to a good age, they would undoubtedly have lived longer had it not been for the amount of nerve force used up through that strain upon their eyes.

Dr. Ambrose L. Ranney, of New York, likens the using up of nerve force to a child being born into the world with a capital of \$100,000, saying that if he does not encroach upon that capital at the rate of more than \$1,000 a year, he will live to be one hundred years old before he becomes bankrupt; but if he encroaches upon it at the rate of \$5,000 a year before he reaches his majority, bankruptcy will be staring him in the face. It will be asked how we use up nerve force through the eyes? It is in the effort made by nature in overcoming, or endeavouring to overcome troubles with the refraction or muscular equilibrium of the eyes. For

instance, suppose the eyes have a tendency to turn outward, on account of a slight shortening of one or both of the external recti muscles—or the muscles which turn the eyes outward. I suppose this case because it is more easy to demonstrate than a trouble of the refraction would be. If there was very much shortening nature could not overcome it, and one of the eyes would turn outward, and the person would have what is called divergent strabismus, in which case there would be no strain upon the muscles, but, unless it was alternating strabismus (in which the person used first one eye and then the other), the person would gradually lose the sight of the eye which turned outward. But in the case supposed, where there is slight shortening, nature can overcome it and does so; and in order to overcome it there has to be a corresponding contraction of the opposing muscle or muscles. That contraction has to be kept up from the time we open our eyes in the morning until we close them at night, day in and day out, month in and month out, year after year.

If it were not for that corresponding contraction of the opposing muscles the person would see objects double, and it is to avoid the double vision that nature intervenes. Now, in order to keep up the contraction of those muscles an extra amount of nerve force must be sent to same, and that extra amount of nerve force must be drawn from the capital stock of nerve force possessed by the individual. If the person happens to be a robust, healthy person with a strong constitution, who is manufacturing more nerve force every day than he uses up, that strain may go on for years and apparently produce no bad effects; but sooner or later, I believe, in every case of strain upon the eyes there are bad results. If the person happens to be of weak constitution, having a small capital stock of nerve force or vitality, manufacturing little if any more than he uses up day by day, he will see the effects of eye strain early in life—though it may not be recognised as such. Take, for instance, a person predisposed by heredity to consumption. I do not believe it is necessary for a person to die of consumption

because he is predisposed to it; for if he has a large capital stock of nerve force his resisting power is such that the germs of the disease cannot affect him. But let him in any way use up his capital stock of nerve force to a sufficient extent and the germs of same will take root and the disease will develop. That is the reason we often see two children of consumptive parents, one succumb perhaps early in life to the disease, and the other go through life without showing any symptoms of it whatever. I do not claim that all such cases result from eye strain, and perhaps not even a large percentage; for I do not claim that eye strain is responsible for the development of all diseases resulting from hereditary predisposition, nor that the relief of eye strain is a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to; but it is certain that a percentage of these do result from that cause.

There are various ways of using up the nerve force and thereby undermining the system. We may use it up by overwork, dissipation or excesses of various kinds; but where we are using it up through our eyes it is going on continuously, and the worst feature about it is we do not know that we are using it up in that way. The eyes do more work than any other organ of the body. Even the heart has a period of rest in its labours; but there is no rest for the eyes from the time we open them in the morning until we close them at night. If the refraction is perfect and the muscles well-balanced, there is no nerve force used up through them, and the eyes will not even tire, no matter how much they are used either for close work or for distance; but if the muscles are not properly balanced, or the refraction is imperfect, being hyperopic (long-sighted) or astigmatic, there is a certain amount of nerve force being used up all the time. There is only one form of trouble with the refraction in which there is no nerve force used up and that is simple myopia (or near-sightedness) unassociated with astigmatia; but if there is astigmatia associated with it we have strain upon the eyes, and a certain amount of nerve force used up even in myopia.

I cannot write upon this subject as fully as I would like to, being limited as

to space; but I want to say that a great many obscure troubles of the system, I believe, are due directly or indirectly to eye strain. Take, for instance, the so-called "brain fag" that the papers have been exploiting so much of late; it is undoubtedly the result of eye strain, as can easily be ascertained by correcting the eye troubles with persons so affected. I do not believe you will ever find a person with perfect eyes so affected.

Now it seems to me that it would be well if this theory of eye strain as being a cause of disease was recognised by the profession. There would be nothing to lose, but much to be gained by it. Where

the nerve force is being used up in any direction the recuperative powers must be lessened to a certain extent, and remedies will not have the effect that they otherwise would; and especially in the treatment of chronic or obscure diseases where their remedies do not have the desired effect, or give only temporary relief, I think it would be well if they would take means to find out if there was not sufficient cause for the same in the eyes. If this brief article has the effect of making physicians, before whose eyes it may come, consider the matter more fully than they have heretofore, it will have accomplished its object.

Tanaka the Coward

A Story of the Russo-Japanese War

By J. GORDON SMITH, *Lately Correspondent with General Oku's Army*



VER the mountain track the ever-lurching kuruma had jolted me down to Chuzengi; the untiring kurumaya had jogged mile after mile, his brown skin glistening with moisture and caking with dust. His mushroom hat had bobbed before me, and, winking in the pitiless glare, I had seen dimly a ghostly landscape beyond a screen of dancing hats. The open shojis of the lake-side tea-houses, revealing the lake, cool and blue beyond the matted verandahs, had been so inviting—and I had not resisted the invitation.

The flutter of a gay kimono, the twang of a samisen, the sight of dainty musmees flitting like the butterflies they so much resembled, and I capitulated. Vainly the kurumaya said, "Honourably pardon, the august hotel is but one ri more." Whatever I had thought when the jinriksha stopped before the open door, now I knew my destination was here at the "August tea-house of the Honourable Stork."

There, as the sun sank, I drank tea,

kneeling the while on a balcony that looked out upon a lake beyond which a dull brown hill showed hazily; beyond that hill was the world. Plaintively attuning the old song to her tinkling samisen, O Haru San, the fairy sprite of this lake-side Elysium, sang for me:

"Time never changed since the Way
of the Gods,
The flowing of water; the path of
love."

I heard many songs as the day waned, and I listened, reclining on the cushion the maid brought me, while the geisha told me of her lover; together we looked out across the waters watching the bamboo-ribbed sails that were filling in the evening wind—and one of those junks whose sails glowed red and gold in the fading sunlight, held the man who was loved by the dainty O Haru San.

When the paper lanterns glowed mellow and the high-pitched voices of geisha mingled with twang of samisen and tinkling of koto; when the rice-paper panels of the hamlet homes silhouetted the feasting

villagers who sat behind them, the fisherman would come. And O Haru San would be glad. Together we tossed broken biscuits to the gold-fish which swam in the pool below the balcony, a pool bounded by quaint grottos and crumbling stone lanterns, lilliputian hills and tiny shrines like miniatures of temples—a little world with minute landscape cramped into the smallest space. What a land, this of Japan, this dreamland where colours fade only to blend with those more beautiful, where art lives unalloyed by the cankers of modern vulgarism!

How we dreamed! The temple gongs had resounded hollowly over the water, but they were lost in the common sound of song, music and laughter. There were no temples; there was no world beyond that blue-grey hill across the lake; there was naught else but the Tea-house of the Stork—and O Haru San.

Night came, moonbeams danced on the lake, fires showed faintly on distant shores and glimmering lights shone dimly like distant fireflies to warn the junkmen to steer clear. The dream was ending, for with the night came the villagers, young men whose fathers had been lords in the recent feudal days, Samurai whose two swords were laid away, farmers and storekeepers—all speaking of one thing, the war just begun. There were various rumours to tell. One said the Rokoku from the dewy land were coming to Korea in millions, another that more warships had been sunk by torpedoes, still another that the entrance to Port Arthur—Rio-junkou—was now securely blocked; one told of the Tenshi Sama's dream of victory, others of omens the priests had noted, of how the doves had flown from the temple of Hachiman as they did when the war against China was begun. The conversation of the habitués of the House of the Stork was all of the war; the conversation of all this quiet land was of war, and excitement had no part in that conversation. From the balcony I watched them and the butterflies flitting among them with loaded trays; and, as I watched and listened, a sword policeman, quaint with his white-braided uniform and brass buttons, came seeking several of the younger men. To those he sought he

gave pink papers—the “doinrei” which called them to the colours to give their lives for the Mikado.

Alone, looking over the still lake, watching its inky sheen and the shimmer of the lights, I sat smoking, reminiscently searching in memory's picture-book for a face, when, in the dull glow of the paper lantern that swung some yards away I saw O Haru San and her lover. In his hand he held a pink paper.

The railway station was thronged. Its cemented pavement clacked loud with the clatter of thousands of stilt-like geta; bands flared noisily, brassily, as imitative musicians played a jerky air; crowds surged with lofty banners swinging from tall bamboos, banners that were many-hued and oddly-inscribed with parting greetings to the soldiers; bright red-streaked standards and the Hino-maru, with its blood-red ball on a snow-white field, fluttered gay in the noon-day glare.

“Banzai—banzai. Nippon Teikoku Banzai—... Banzai... San-ju-shi Rentai Banzai.”

Again and again the thousands took up the cry. Japan, Imperial Country for Ten Thousand Years—His Majesty—The Thirty-fourth Regiment for Ten Thousand Years. The bands were noisier, and, how odd, they were playing “The Battle Hymn of the Republic.” A whistle sounded, and hundreds of khaki-clad soldiers with thirty and three pounds of impedimenta, which included everything from tent-poles to spare boots, from a paper fan to a rice pannier, bowed stiffly among little groups of equally ceremonious relatives, and scrambled into a train whose porters were even then slamming the carriage doors. A final toot, a re-echoing “banzai” and a forest of waving arms and fluttering flags, and only the rear-end buffers of a military train were seen at the platform's end. The Thirty-fourth Regiment had started for the front.

The House of the Stork was quiet when I returned—it is a dusty ride from the station. The samisens were laid away and the geisha, who had seen their dear ones go dry-eyed, wept behind the paper-screened partitions. O Haru San was saddest of them all.

"Honourably pardon," she said, when I asked her why she wept. "It is for shame; Tanaka San is a coward."

From O Toyo San I heard all. In this land of bravery and fatalism, of duty and death, of a patriotism that is the embodiment of self-sacrifice, who would have thought to find a temple so prostituted as this disgraced Nakao-mura on Nakao hill? In all this land there was, doubtless, but one other such abhorrent place—that shrine near Kyoto, where the cowardly Heimen of Osaka prayed to the gods of peace to aid them evade the conscription. Nakao-mura is a lonely temple, deserted and with high-grown weeds hiding its once pretty court-yard, with the rows of well-made, but now crumbled, lanterns; its gratings, age-worn and covered with dust, were thick with papers and offerings—amongst which was the prayer-paper with the written plea of Tanaka San, the deserter, who called upon the gods to save him from the army which sought him. He had deserted from the regiment I had seen leaving, even as it was being entrained. He had, in his ignorance, gone to the temple in the woods of Nakao hill, where the gods of his fathers would save him, and he would go back to O Haru San.

Toyo San told me of how he came back, at dead of night, and of how, with lashing tongue, O Haru San had told him she would have none of a coward.

The rest I did not hear until long afterward, when I sat at the edge of the kowliang on a Manchurian field watching the guns coming up for the battle of the morrow. It was Tanaka the coward who told it to me. He had fled from the police who sought him, hid in the confines of a city's yoshiwara with the courtesans, until, remorseful and sad, he put on the uniform they had given him and went to the barracks at Aoyama to rejoin the colours, if a returned deserter was acceptable. He was a coward no more, he said, and he cursed the fisherman who had told him of the temple on Nakao hill as he waited the word of they in command, dreading the expected punishment.

All these things he told me and more. He had snatched the captain's sword from its scabbard when the officer berated him

for his desertion, and he would have committed "seppuka" and let his life's blood wash out his offence, but the officer stayed his hand.

"No, not thus," the captain had said. "Your life is forfeit; you should give it, but give it to the Emperor in battle, not worthlessly."

He would give it, and O Haru San would see that he was no coward; that is, if she cared, for though letters came for Iwase San, none had come to him, and it cost but a few rin to have a letter written.

I had given him a tin of corned beef; he had given me rice, and we ate as he told me these things. Then I left him, for the camp of the correspondents was afar, and it was night.

The battle had been waged for two full days and it was eventide. Scattered over five hills, serried with trenches and covered ways, broken with gun pits and shelter galleries, were eighty thousand Russians, and a hundred thousand Japanese were hidden in a great plain grown thick with giant millet. From the millet, as day dawned on August 29th, a party of engineers crept into wire entanglements at the foot of a grassy hill and sought to cut the wires in the face of a rain of lead. Only a score returned; the others lay twisted and inanimate among the wires. Battery after battery threw shrapnel and common shell, howitzers shrieked and their missiles whirled with a heart-rending twang, mortars hurled common shell and Shimose explosive to the parapetted trenches on the hill crests; the sky was thick with flashes and little smoke-clouds which dissolved quickly after the shells broke in air to hurl their splinters on to the soldiers and their works. The whip-like smack sounded loudly at hand and, dully along the distant line, little geysers of earth were lifted, and the whole welkin was discordant with the tumult of war.

At times a broken line of brown, with sun flashes showing on the steel, ran from the tall grain and a rattling inferno echoed as the rifles and machine guns on the parapets swept down a cloud of missiles that cut swaths in that rushing line of men. There were cheers and shrieks

and groans as the cruel barbs of the wire tore the flesh, heart-stirring cries as unfortunates tumbled into the pits to be impaled on the stakes therein.

For two days these things had been recurring; seven times a whole line assault had been repelled and the defenders were still in the strongholds on the hills. The balloon of the enemy still ascended and descended, giving ranges to unseen batteries that fired indirectly from the back of the hills; the long lines of ponies carried ammunition cases from the south; blockades of thousands of lumbering Chinese carts with the stores of an army waited at the edge of the plain; orderlies galloped about; busy wiremen strung lines of shiny copper on little bamboo poles; bearers hurried up to relieve overworked men. How busy they were, these bearers; how busy were the surgeons with their knife and scalpel in the usurped Chinese houses from whose tiled gateways red-cross flags drooped down!

Two days ago I had tied a Chinese pony to an altar in the courtyard of a lama temple and had eaten fish and rice in a long-suffering battery, diving to the shelter-pits as the gunners did; had trudged, foot-sore, with relief ammunition carriers; jolted over routes that were even worse than China's roads on lurching caisson carts; marched, singing as I went, with intrepid infantrymen, and wound tight my lint on the sore, torn arm of a comrade; and, when we sat in a hastily sapped trench at eventide, awaiting orders, discussing the calls that Kuroki had sent for assistance that could not be given, Tanaka San came and offered me cigarettes.

As he left, he shook hands; he intended to give his life for the Tenshi Sama that night.

It was a sight never to be forgotten. From the shelter of a Chinese burial mound near the base of the hill the flashing tongues of fire were seen plainly. The blue-black of the summer night was lit by the occasional flash and flame of breaking shrapnel. Machine guns rattled and rifles rolled, their line of flashes showing like the serrated sides of a massive comb of fire; and, beyond, a column of light was lifted into the dull blue as the far-away

searchlights of Liaoyang were turned skyward. Dull, shadowy shapes moved at the hill-top, and from the hiding places of the millet field came crowd after crowd, crouched and irregular, of rapidly-moving soldiery. They were like an army of gnomes coming from a mysterious blackness. Across the open space to the entanglements the shadowy gnomes ran, and from the hills came flash after flash. The noise became deafening. But soon the ear became accustomed to the roll. The noises which pierced the sore-ried drums were the shrieks, blood-curdling cries, of the soldiers caught in the tangled wires and the barbarous pits. The clustered entanglements were thick with struggling men; no longer gnomes, but humans whose loud-voiced cries of pain stirred the heart.

Now, see! There were accumulating groups on the grassy incline beyond the wires. More joined them. How they passed the thick-strewn wires and the rows of closely sunken pits is more than I can tell. They were surging up the hill.

Oh the horror of it all! With wildly swaying arms men staggered and fell, clutching madly at the grass roots in the agony of death; rifles and swords were thrown aside and men rolled down the slope, tripping those who came behind. From the trenches above poured a rain of lead, the seemingly unbroken line of flashes showing the fierceness of the fusilade. And ever the din of human voices seemed to rise above the roll of musketry.

"Banzai.... Banzai.... San-ju-shi Rentai.... Banzai." It was the Thirty-fourth Regiment, waving its regimental banner, that was surging irresistibly into the trenches, regardless of the gaps the enemy's rifles made.

Where did they come from, these onrushing forms which went onward and upward and would not be stayed? To the stolid Siberians on the crest they must have seemed like demons who would not die. But they died.

Even as I looked, the Thirty-fourth Regiment was being led by a soldier who had sprung out from among his comrades. It was Tanaka, the fisherman. The officers were all dead on the grassy incline. Waving the flag he had snatched from

where it fell to the ground with its slain bearer, its broken pole thrown aside, Tanaka scrambled on into the enemy's trenches, and a shrieking, cheering, howling horde of demons surged in behind him. The Siberians fought, giving thrust for thrust, blow for blow, bite for bite and scratch for scratch; dying, even as did the assailants, with their teeth sunk in the throats of their foe, until those that remained scurried to the trench above, whence death had been raining on friend and foe as the maddened horde struggled with berserker rage in the broken trench.

On, over the groaning forms, bayonetting the prostrate, the Thirty-fourth Regiment surged in the wake of the fisherman to renew death's carnival in that narrow gully on the hill-crest.

What they did that night showed horribly in the morn. Then the sun rose on trenches glutted to the parapets, and glacis and approaches that were carpeted with mangled dead. It was a terrible place.

But the hill was carried as were the others. The Regiment had lost two-thirds of its number, but it was proud—especially Tanaka San. How he survived surprises me. As the scavengers of the army, the burial parties and the bearer companies came to the hill followed by the flocks of carrion crows and the pariah dogs, and the field-guns were moved to the plain beyond to batter the way into the city of Liaoyang, I met the remnant of the Regiment, marching out of the hill. I will not forget that scene.

The pathway was through a lane of dead, but the Regiment was singing a gay marching song. Before it a betto led a riderless horse and carried a broken sword; he was the Major's servant. Behind the led horse was a litter of branches, raised high on the shoulders of four soldiers, and on it sat Tanaka San, nursing a new-

bandaged arm and wearing a blood-soaked bandage about his head. He sang, as did those who carried him. The bearers of another litter also sang, although they carried the dead body of the Major, the mud-stained corpse hidden under the ragged regimental flag. Tired, hungered, but glad, the Regiment trudged wearily yet with a certain jauntiness, behind the litter of the Regiment's hero and its dead commander, the wounded with their unsoiled lint, new-bound, staggering in the wake of the column.

I joined them, for I wanted to tell Tanaka San how pleased O Haru San would be when she heard of how Green Hill was taken.

In the field dressing station I found the fisherman, and together we drafted a letter to a geisha at the "Honourable Tea-house of the August Stork."

Two months later the kurumaya set me down at the open shoji of the Tea-house of the Stork. O Haru San and her sister geisha knelt low on the mats to welcome me, as O Toyo San untied my boots and the neisans—the elder sisters—brought me slippers. How beautiful the lake seemed now; how gay the passing junks! What a place this to sit and smoke and dream!

But dreams must vanish when the samisen sounds, when O Haru San sings.

O Toyo had brought me tea, and I told her, as she sank down on to the cushion, that the song was pretty; that O Haru San sang well.

"The heart that is happy is full of song," said O Toyo San quickly; "she is to be the wife of Tanaka, who comes, wounded, to escape the fighting."

"Bah," she said, "Tanaka is a coward."

But I knew different—so did O Haru San.



Electoral Management

By H. B. AMES, M.P.



IN these days, when charges of electoral corruption are so frequently made, when the retort generally deemed sufficient is the *tu quoque* argument, it is little wonder that the average citizen—who votes on occasion and at other times is immersed in his own affairs—should be strongly tempted to conclude that illegal election methods are a necessary evil attendant upon free institutions; indeed, that they are an inseparable adjunct of popular government. Of such vital importance is it, especially at the outset of this era of great national promise, that so dangerous a heresy be not allowed to go unchallenged nor be permitted to find permanent lodgment in the minds of our people, that it is incumbent upon every one, willing and able to defend the contrary proposition, to let himself be heard, lest we lose faith in ourselves and in the value of the constitutional liberty which we enjoy.

In this spirit the writer accepted the invitation of the Editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to contribute an article upon the topic of organisation in city elections. It will be his contention that business-like preparations and thorough organisation are, not only from a moral point of view, unquestionably preferable, but are also, from a practical standpoint as a means of vote-winning, decidedly more effective than the less scrupulous methods, so often for this end substituted.

The municipal experiences of the City of Montreal, during the past twelve years, may be cited in proof of the assertion that it is possible to carry through *successfully* a series of hard-fought election contests with dependence only upon honest and honourable means. Of this "Seven Years' War" the writer can speak with a knowledge born of actual participation. The years from 1894 to 1900 witnessed a bitter struggle between two elements for the control of the Montreal City Council. An extravagant administration, long condemned

by good citizens, yet strongly entrenched in the exercise of power, did not hesitate to defend itself by every means at its command, no matter how unscrupulous. Opposed to this a citizens' organisation through careful and effective work, by a sort of electoral sapping and mining, so to speak, secured with each successive election during this period, the return of a greater number of reform councilmen, until, at last, in 1900 a majority of such were elected and a new administration inaugurated.

The Montreal system of election organisation has received high praise even from those who were worsted by it. It was admittedly a triumph of clean methods. Those who took part in this work are, therefore, glad of an opportunity for describing even the details of the system, in the hope that there may be found ideas which, *mutatis mutandis*, can be developed in other cities, and may aid in securing similar triumphs for the cause of electoral purity.

How then may elections be honestly and honourably won in large city constituencies? This is the subject under review, and in the development of our theme we naturally take up its consideration under four heads:—

1. The character of the preparations which must needs be made between contests;
2. The methods which may be rightfully employed to reach the ear of the electorate;
3. The activities to be set in motion in order to bring out the maximum favourable vote;
4. The precautionary measures necessary for the protection of an honourable candidate against corrupt practices on the part of an opposition less scrupulous.

PREPARATORY WORK.

Foresight is nowhere more necessary than in preparation for an election. No sooner are the returns of to-day's battle announced than it is time to commence

the preliminary arrangements for the next contest. To this end should be established in every city constituency a political club. In Great Britain such clubs are permanent institutions, with central headquarters and a paid clerical staff. In this country, however, we depend almost entirely upon volunteer service. Young men believing in the tenets of a particular party and genuinely desirous that its principles should triumph, are suitable material out of which such associations may be formed.

Of the duties naturally devolving upon a political club, one of the most important is the surveillance of the electoral lists. Although no two Canadian cities follow precisely the same procedure in the preparation and revision of a parliamentary voters' list, nevertheless, the general method is the same. It is customary for the municipal assessors to prepare the preliminary list, entering upon it the names of all rate-payers. An opportunity is then afforded for such as are entitled to qualify in respect of revenue (manhood suffrage). Here is work for the young men of an active political club. By careful canvass the names of all the "eligibles" residing within the limits of the division under the club's charge can be secured. Such a list prepared, it is not difficult with a knowledge of family history and surroundings, to determine the probable political leanings of most of those who have yet to cast their first vote. All regarded as open to subsequent conviction are urged, by notification, by appeal and by persistent personal effort, to take the necessary steps to register and thus have their names placed upon the new list. It is left to the opposing party to look after their own supporters. Conservatives can hardly be expected to register Liberals, nor the reverse. With the party which excels in this activity lies, from the outset of the campaign, a decided advantage. Many a contest has thus been won or lost at time of registration.

When the names have all been entered on the preliminary list a revision follows. There again is opportunity for valuable service. The lists may have been "stuffed," that is to say, names having no legal justification may have been intentionally added; or they may contain names incorrectly entered which require amendment;

or there may yet remain upon them names of persons who have died or moved away since the assessors performed their work. The collection of the necessary evidence on these points and its submission before the Revisors is therefore imperative. Every name, that cannot be legally voted upon and yet remains upon the list, is a temptation and a danger. The party of honesty cannot use such names, while for their unscrupulous opponents opportunity for personation is offered. The more accurate and recent are the lists upon which an election is held, the better the chances of those who employ only fair means. In attending to the revision of the list the club can render most valuable service.

But, even after the lists are completed and signed the work connected with their surveillance is not ended. In Montreal, for instance, it is possible for two years to elapse between the preparation of the lists and their use in a parliamentary election. Each succeeding day brings some alteration which should be taken note of. Every change of residence or employment, every death, every permanent removal, should be recorded at club headquarters, in order that when election day arrives, it may be possible, even in a great city of several hundred thousand inhabitants, to find quickly, surely and easily each voter entitled to poll. A militant political club possessed of full, up-to-date information regarding its voters' list, ready whenever the call comes to take the field on behalf of the chosen candidate, is the first requisite if a political party would win a close city constituency. With such preparation their candidate will be able at all times to give a good account of himself. With such an organisation in the field the battle is already well-nigh won.

INFLUENCING PUBLIC OPINION.

Let us next consider the methods employed in reaching the public ear, more especially those resorted to when an election is imminent. The fact is too often lost sight of that an election is won by the party which captures the non-partisan vote. In every constituency it is safe to assume that a considerable proportion of the voters have permanently made up their minds; so it is usually not difficult

to ascertain, with a fair degree of accuracy, who are the "stalwarts" on both sides. As far as a campaign of persuasion is concerned, these only need to be discovered, properly labelled and eliminated from the problem. The remainder, however, whose sentiments are undisclosed or who declare themselves to be as yet undecided, are the electors for whose capture the most careful siege operations, the most powerful batteries are necessary.

It is customary for railway companies, for the owners of proprietary medicines, for large retail storekeepers and others to employ specialists, whose life-work it is to attract public attention to the virtue and value of the offers they make and to reach those who may become patrons. So, too, in an election campaign, there is ample scope for the highest ingenuity and organising ability in the effort to reach and convert the doubtful voter. Tons of literature are at every election uselessly printed and circulated. Much of this finds its way to the waste basket and to the ash-heap. And why? Because of lack of appreciation of the fact that men cannot be influenced *in masses*. Every individual has his personal characteristic, and it is "hand-picked fruit" that constitutes, in most instances, the successful candidate's majority. It is, therefore, necessary to carefully classify the "doubtfuls." This list must be divided and sub-divided and then it must be ascertained from what point each group can best be approached. For example, if an editorial of special aptness, say to importers,—setting forth the annoying incidents attendant upon the operation of the Dumping Clause and holding the government responsible,—appears in the daily paper, it is good tactics for the opposition candidate to see to it that this article, in attractive, readable shape, reaches every importer on his "doubtful" list. If a public meeting has been arranged for, at which a speaker particularly successful in convincing workmen is to deliver an address, every artisan and industrial labourer on the doubtful list should have a card of special invitation and a reserved seat, that he may hear the questions at issue discussed by one who views them from the same standpoint as himself. The strong partisans

will, in any event, come to the meeting; the man who is wanted most is he who, had he remained at home, might have voted the other way. If a series of pamphlets is being prepared for distribution, let them each view the issues from a different plane. Send to French electors literature not only French in language but French in spirit; to property owners, that which will cause a man who has a stake in the community to think of imminent taxation; to the Trades Unionist that which will coincide with his mode of thought; to the cotton mill worker and the woollen mill employee the argument for adequate protection;—one might particularise *ad infinitum*—in fine, send to each that which he will read.

In the St. Antoine division contest, one of the most successful features of the Conservative organisation was a Central Bureau of Distribution. Here was installed a competent staff of stenographers, in whose hands were placed the address books for the division. The names of the electors were numbered consecutively from 1 to 8,500 and there were specified the residential and business addresses, the language and class. A complete set of envelopes was always on hand in anticipation and were of four colours, in conformity with distinctions above referred to. From this room was first issued, and delivered to every elector, a card asking support for the Conservative candidate. Next followed a notification of the location of his committee rooms with a polite invitation to call if needing information. As the contest grew warmer, editorials, pamphlets, circulars, letters—some 20,000 in all—were distributed from this centre. These were never scattered broadcast; they were always personally addressed and delivered by hand, and reached those who, it was believed, would read them. Just prior to election day there was sent to every elector, at his residence, a notification of the location of his polling booth, and if he succeeded on the day of election in reaching his office without having voted, on his desk with the morning mail he found a final reminder with the words, "Remember that this is election day." Of great service, too, was this bureau in counteracting false reports.

No story could gain headway before a contradiction or an explanation went to every house in a district where the rumour unchallenged might have altered votes.

But after all, the most powerful vote-winning influence is personal solicitation. Happy the candidate who has a band of friends ready to undertake for him this service with the list of "doubtfuls." After you have reduced your undeclared vote to its minimum, these names, divided among a score of friends, each taking those known to him, may be subjected to a final interview. Misapprehensions can be explained away, prejudices removed, and few there are who, in a quarter of an hour's conversation with a man whom he knows and respects, will not make his final preference manifest. When this last resource has been exhausted, your campaign is at an end. You know whether your candidate has the majority with him or the reverse; it remains but to crystallise into actual votes the favourable sentiment.

GETTING OUT THE VOTE.

The supreme test of electoral organisation is its success in bringing out the vote. The recent Montreal election in St. Antoine division is noteworthy in this respect. In 1900 there were 9,291 names on the list, of which 5,706 voted, or slightly more than 61%; while in 1904, with only 8,527 names on the lists, a total vote of 6,046 was cast, or almost 71%. The Liberal vote of 1904 was only 105 less than in 1900, but the Conservative vote of 1904 exceeded that of 1900 by 452. So smoothly did the Conservative machinery of the election run, that many during polling day, mistaking lack of confusion for absence of activity, prophesied defeat. Quite the contrary was the case, for the Conservatives who in 1900 had carried the constituency by a narrow majority of 57, had the satisfaction of seeing their candidate elected in 1904 by 614 more votes than his opponent.

As an example then of successful organisation the *modus operandi* of this election may be described. The electoral district had been divided into eleven parts. For each division there was a committee room with its chairman, its secretary, its telephone and corps of

workers, a committee room having charge of from six to eight polls. To every polling booth on election day was assigned a corps of volunteer workers. They numbered from four to ten, according to the anticipated favourable vote. Within the poll sat the scrutineer. Thoroughly trained as to his duties and quite competent if need be to direct the returning officer, he was provided with a list of those entitled to vote at his poll and also with a packet of identification cards. It was the scrutineer's duty to see to it that none but those so entitled should vote at that poll. Should he require to order an arrest, he had with him information and warrant forms, while at the door stood a special constable. The identification card used in this election was invented to prevent impersonation. The information it bore had been twice checked in the previous canvass, and consisted of an accurate description, giving particulars as to height, build, complexion, colour of eyes and hair, colour and style of beard, nationality and certain noticeable peculiarities of the voter. As there was one such descriptive card for every elector, no man, who did not accurately correspond with his description, could vote in that poll. Near the poll at the house of a friendly neighbour was stationed the "telephone man." It is remarkable how many city electors can be reached during business hours by telephone. The necessary 'phone numbers of all presumably favourable electors had been ascertained prior to the day of election, and entered alphabetically upon a convenient card for the use of the "telephone man." From 9 a.m. till 4 p.m. his telephone was never idle. "Have you voted, sir?" "When will you come up to vote, sir?" "Shall we send to fetch you?" Such were the invariable questions. And these constant reminders had their effect. Business men, realising that work would be rendered impossible until they had performed their duty as citizens, came early to vote. In many instances by three o'clock the telephone man had exhausted his list.

At the door of each polling booth stood the "poll captain." Upon him rested the responsibility for getting in the entire favourable vote. In his hand he held his

poll-pad, containing detachable slips of paper with business addresses and polling place, one for each presumably favourable voter. As one by one the electors presented themselves at the door of the poll, a courteous question from the poll captain elicited the name, and the captain detached and destroyed the corresponding slip, inasmuch as that name no longer required his attention. At the captain's elbow were his "hustlers," each with a carriage, loaned for the occasion, ready when given a slip to go in search of a dilatory or indifferent voter and invite, indeed almost compel him, to come and vote. Thus the poll was guarded, the dilatory elector reminded and the forgetful sent for, and St. Antoine division, which bears the reputation of being a sluggish district at election times, polled the largest percentage of votes in its history.

PROTECTION AGAINST CORRUPT PRACTICES.

When a candidate sincerely determines to carry through an election contest in an honest and honourable manner, to play the game, both in letter and spirit, according to the rules, should his opponent be not like-minded, the fair-play candidate is certainly entitled to take what precautions may be necessary to prevent and to punish corrupt practices. It is not to be expected that he will allow himself to be beaten by illegal means and then simply content himself with crying "foul." He is bound to defend his own cause and at the same time protect his constituents against fraud.

Different methods will need to be employed in different constituencies to combat corruption. If bribery is likely to be attempted, the fair-play candidate must needs make such arrangements, even to the employment of detectives, as will enable him to secure conclusive evidence to unseat and disqualify his opponent and to punish his corrupt agents.

In large cities, where there is a considerable floating population, personation is the most deadly method of stealing an election. When 25% of the names upon a voters' list are those of persons whose whereabouts is at election time no longer known even to the local residents, the

difficulty of preventing personation becomes apparent. There is so little likelihood of detection, the attendant risk is so insignificant, the price paid for passing false votes is so tempting, that unless severe measures are employed, there will always be many persons ready to undertake this business. But the practice has been effectually put an end to in Montreal, at least in so far as the western portion of the city is concerned, by the method already alluded to, of descriptive cards.

When the electoral list comes into force, a competent man is employed to call upon every elector whose name appears thereon. At that time nearly all can be readily found. The canvasser during his visit asks some unimportant question, but, before leaving, takes an accurate written description of his man. The descriptive cards become, henceforth, part of the archives of the political organisation which sent him forth. Every time it becomes necessary to canvass this man, the person detailed for this work is required to fill out and bring back a new descriptive card. Thus the accurateness of every canvasser's work is carefully tested. Thus also the original description is verified and improved upon. After this description has been established by several visits it is copied upon the card which upon election day is (as has been previously shown) placed in the hands of the scrutineer.

Anyone who has had experience in city elections knows how difficult it is to get good men to act as scrutineers in certain city districts. The old practice has been to always employ local men, but these are often susceptible to corrupt influences. By employing the Montreal system of cards it is not necessary that the scrutineer be a resident of the district. He needs only to be intelligent and trustworthy. With the descriptions in his hands he can effectively prevent personation, even in a poll where he is not personally acquainted with a single elector. This system will put an end to personation in any city. It enables a candidate, who will not permit fraud to be practised on his own behalf, to render it impossible for an opponent to take mean advantage of him.

In order to stamp out political corrup-

tion it is necessary in all cases that election crime, when detected, should be severely punished. It so often happens that a candidate who has been successful, who may have secured the arrest of bribers or personators of the other side, in the hour of victory is appealed to for the exercise of mercy and consents not to prosecute the prisoners. It is the expectation of this clemency which is mainly responsible for the continuance of these acts. Was it understood that electoral crime would be unflinchingly punished, cost what it may, we would soon have little or none of it.

In the recent St. Antoine election what purported to be an attempt at wholesale personation was discovered and frustrated. Six men were arrested in this connection. As their case is yet to come before the Court of the King's Bench for adjudication, it is not pertinent to discuss the incident in this article. Suffice it to say that the return of the successful candidate (it is believed, because he would not secure the abandonment of this criminal prosecution) is now being contested, but the case will be pushed to a finish.

In conclusion the writer once again reaffirms his belief that it is not only possible to win elections by honest means, but

that, from a practical point of view, careful preparatory work, good judgment in influencing public opinion, thorough organisation in bringing out the vote and effective protective measures against corrupt practices, are more effective in winning votes than the lavish expenditure of money so often resorted to, and so frequently resulting in general corruption. The political party that resolutely sets its face against every form of electoral corruption, that absolutely refuses to consent to compromise, that prosecutes without flinching those guilty of fraud and that, keeping from guilt itself, forces its opponent to do likewise, that party—if there ever be such a one—will sooner or later come to power. A party thus elected, untrammelled by promises and obligations which it cannot with honour fulfil, free from the necessity of providing at the public expense for men whose claim for consideration lies in the immorality of the services they have rendered, will be in a position to claim the services of the noblest men, will have and will hold the confidence of our people and will be able to give to Canada that pure and honest administration of which this nation, now entering upon the grandest period of its political existence, stands most in need.

The Heart

From the German of Neumann

BY MARTHA MARTIN

Two chambers hath the heart,
Where dwell
Both Joy and Pain apart.

When Joy wakes in the one,
Then sleeps
Pain calmly in his own.

Oh: Joy thyself restrain—
Speak softly,
Lest thou awaken Pain.

The Beautiful Maple Leaves

BY ANNIE L. GOURLAY

WHEN spring was young, the maple hung
 On high her garlands gay,
 And dress'd in green, like a fairy queen,
 She decked the woods of May.
 But now they fly, 'gainst a cobalt sky,
 While autumn sadly grieves—
 Fluttering down, her golden crown
 Of Beautiful Maple Leaves.

In summer fair they rustle there,
 And drink in the glad sunlight,
 Or gently croon their lullaby tune
 To the nestling birds at night.
 Now the birds are flown to a warmer zone,
 And gathered are all the sheaves;
 While softly fall, at the south wind's call,
 The Beautiful Maple Leaves.

The forest's pride was the Frost King's bride
 In September's golden days,—
 She blushed when he came, in his robes of flame,
 Thro' all the woodland ways;
 In the moonbeam's light, her garments bright,
 All scarlet and gold she weaves;—
 Now they're falling like showers of crimson flowers—
 Her Beautiful Maple Leaves.

In the smoky haze of October days
 The maple was fair to see,
 As she stood by the stream, like a glorious dream
 Of our young land's destiny!
 Ah! the stream rushes on, as in years ago,
 While he all her gold receives;—
 They are tossing wide on his silver tide—
 Her wealth of shining leaves.

What dreams are here of the faded year,
 Old tree I pray thee tell?
 Of spring's glad showers, and the wild, sweet flowers
 Deep in the greenwood dell.
 Of the robin's song, and the happy throng
 Of beast, and bird, and bee,
 And the children fair, with their sunny hair,
 Who played 'neath the maple tree!

Loved tree! dream on though thy leaves are gone,
 Strong life is within thee still!
 For thy roots lie deep, in a solemn sleep,
 Where no wintry frosts may chill.
 And tints of rose lie beneath the snows
 For him who only believes;—
 We shall see again, after storm and rain,
 Our Beautiful Maple Leaves.

RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR PICTURES.



THE JAP IN THE FIELD

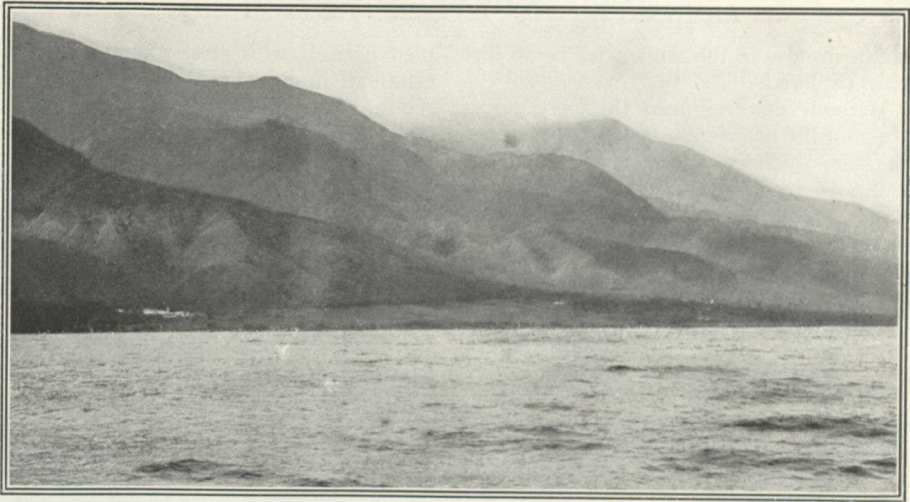
The victorious Jap continues to electrify the world with exhibitions of his magnificent fighting qualities. The recent fighting at Mukden and Tie Pass was simply a weird and awe-inspiring reproduction of the marvellous persistency exhibited at the Yalu, at Port Arthur and at Liaoyang. Science and daring are the keynotes. The general is great, but he is no greater than the private soldier. Here is a genuine picture of the Jap in the field—a photograph taken about three months ago by a man who risked his life time and again to give the world accurate pictures of this great war. This series, commenced in the March CANADIAN MAGAZINE, is the only series of genuine photographs from this campaign yet published in this country.



A SIEGE GUN IN ACTION

The photographer who took this picture of a Japanese siege gun in action nearly lost his life. A few minutes before this a Russian shell burst a few hundred yards away. A few moments afterwards another shell passed close to the operator's head and fell within a hundred feet of the Jap gun. It so disturbed the cement foundations that this gun was put out of action. Away up near the top of the picture is the image of the huge missile which has just been discharged from this powerful weapon. It is an 11-inch shell, weighing 500 pounds. The gun is firing at an angle of 40 degrees. This is probably the first time on record that a photograph of a flying shell was ever taken under service conditions in time of war.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



VENEZUELA—THE COAST MOUNTAINS AT MACUTO

Macuto is Venezuela's watering place. No other cliffs in the world rise so high from the ocean shore

The United States of Venezuela

A Brief Description of the Country and of the Political Evils
that now Threaten the Very Life of the Nation

By G. M. L. BROWN

VENEZUELA is in many respects the most favoured country in South America. In size it appears quite insignificant compared with either Argentina or Brazil—though its area is two and a half times that of France, or more than the provinces of Ontario and Quebec combined—but its varied climates, its wealth of tropical and sub-tropical products, and its excellent position at the extreme north of the continent, ought to make it one of the richest and most populous nations in all Spanish-America. On the contrary, Venezuela's trade and population have in recent years actually declined, while her reputation abroad has sunk so low that neither capital nor immigrants can be attracted to her shores.

The reason for this retrogression lies, of course, in her corrupt government and in the fifty odd revolutions that have

taken place since Bolivar drove the Spaniards from his native soil, and unfurled what he fervently believed to be the banner of freedom. Bolivar, to be sure, has been honoured as have few other patriots the world over, and the word liberty is used almost as frequently as is "mañana," the true watchword of South America; but the Venezuela of to-day is an insult alike to the memory of her heroes and to the principles for which they fought.

Bolivar at the last clearly foresaw the impending vicissitudes of the nations he had founded, and wrote: "Our constitutions are books, our laws papers, our elections combats, and life itself a torment. We shall arrive at such a state that no foreign nation will condescend to conquer us, and we shall be governed by petty tyrants." A truer prophecy was never uttered, though the impartial historian might point out that the prophet himself, in the role of dictator, gave no

slight impulse to the tendencies he so bitterly deplored.

Without entering into the race question and the heterogeneousness of the people, for which one must make great allowances in judging Venezuela, let us glance briefly at the three periods which succeeded the era of the "Libertador."

The first, which might be called the period of political anarchy, lasted until 1870. Numerous dictators succeeded one another; but no commanding figure arose, and as the people were about evenly

pieped himself with strengthening his government, and succeeded so well that he remained master, though not president continuously, for nineteen years. Having established law and order, Guzman-Blanco invited foreign capitalists to construct railroads and other public works, to found banks, to exploit the vast mineral resources, and to engage in any commercial pursuit that would contribute to the national welfare, and, incidentally, to his personal gain. The invitation was accepted: capital from England and the



VENEZUELA—A COUNTRY STORE

The "village grocery" is also a drinking-place and a wayside inn

divided into the so-called "Unitarian" and "Federal" parties, it was rarely that a government was able to control the whole country. The agricultural resources, during this period, received little development, trade was spasmodic, the mines lay untouched, the forests unexplored—except by bands of guerillas, progress could hardly be detected.

In 1870, however, the destinies of the nation fell into the hands of General Guzman-Blanco, a man of remarkable ability and force of character. He first occu-

continent began to pour into the country, scores of important enterprises were started simultaneously, liberal concessions—too liberal, his enemies say—were fairly lavished upon those he favoured, and Venezuela started forward with such a bound of prosperity that the people could hardly believe their senses.

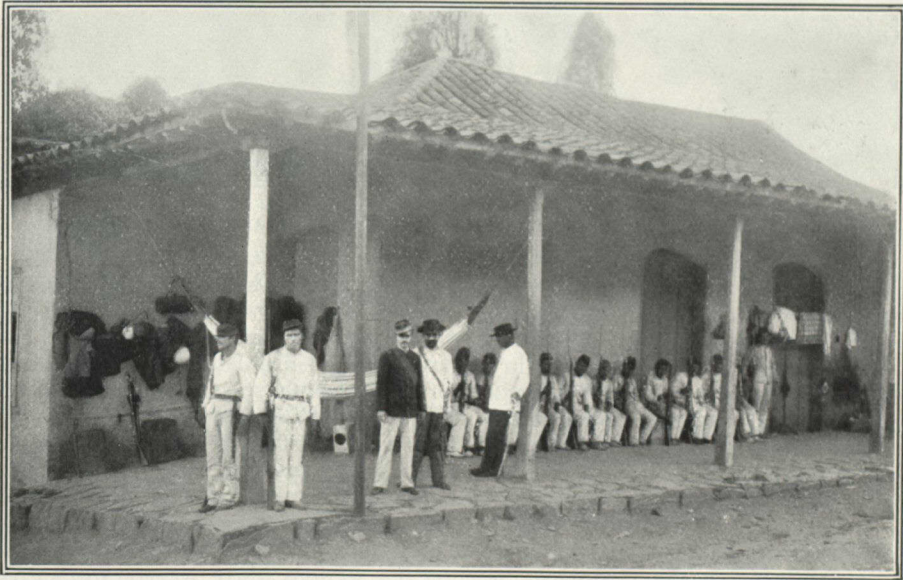
Not content with mere material advancement, this "Illustrious American"—for so he styled himself, with more justice, perhaps, than modesty—established schools and colleges, and made education

compulsory. Furthermore, he endowed libraries, scientific and art academies, hospitals and various charitable institutions—nothing, seemingly, escaped his attention; and though he diverted a considerable portion of the revenues into his private exchequer, the nation was so prosperous and optimistic that little dissatisfaction arose, except among disappointed office-seekers, from this course.

Few dictators in South America, however, or elsewhere, for that matter, have succeeded in ending their days in power. Guzman-Blanco's régime ended in 1889,

the nation wished in vain for his iron hand to control the elements of discord.

The last period, therefore, may be called—and is so spoken of in Caracas, as "the time since Guzman-Blanco!" It cannot be regarded so much a period of anarchy, though a number of disastrous revolutions have occurred, as one of "graft." Guzman-Blanco in his nineteen years of power is credited with having appropriated twenty-three million dollars. General Crespo, in a third of the time, took twenty-four million, and did little or nothing to advance the country beyond pre-



VENEZUELA—A TOWN GUARD-HOUSE AND BARRACKS

while he was in Paris occupying the position of Ambassador-Extraordinary to Europe, and at the same time conducting the internal affairs of Venezuela by cable. It was a humiliating finale to his really useful public career to hear of his statues being thrown down in the plazas he had beautified, his portraits torn from the walls of the public buildings he had erected, and that even his residences and plantations were looted or destroyed by the fickle populace. But Venezuela suffered more, perhaps, than the aged exile; and the time soon came, as he foretold, when

serving order. General Castro, however, who now holds office, bids fair to exact a sum as great as these two amounts combined; and to show his gratitude, is apparently doing everything in his power to ruin the nation. Not content with defying the Allied Powers that blockaded the Venezuelan coasts in 1903, he has forced the United States to take action to protect the rights of her citizens and, so far from fearing a rupture with one or all of these powers, seems almost anxious to renew hostilities.

In describing the wretched conditions



THIS SCENE IS TYPICAL OF MARKET-PLACES IN ALMOST ANY PART OF SOUTH AMERICA

that now prevail, one could hardly exaggerate; the outlook appears as dark as it could possibly be, and only by a miracle, it would seem, can the country regain its lost prestige and prosperity. Yet it must be remembered that such miracles have been witnessed more than once in South America, and one can only hope, for Venezuela's sake, that history may repeat itself.

Venezuela's main source of wealth is coffee, which is cultivated in the upland valleys adjacent to the Caribbean Sea. Were this product not of a much superior quality to that of Brazil, the Venezuelan planters could not compete for a moment with their southern neighbours; the reasons being that wages in Venezuela are very high, due, of course, to the cost of living, and the means of communication, as a rule, as primitive as they were a century ago.

There are railways, of course—who has not heard of the claims of the German and English railways?—but though several of them show remarkable feats of engineering, they are so insignificant compared with the railway systems of North America, that one can hardly consider them when speaking of the internal com-

munications. The fourteen railways combined—some of which are scarcely better than tramways, and all of which are narrow gauge—are less than six hundred miles in length, scarcely a thirtieth of Canada's railroad mileage, with a hauling capacity, I should say, probably one-three-hundredth or less. The merchandise of the interior goes and comes, as in the days of Losada, the founder of Caracas, on the backs of pack donkeys or, in a few sections where waggon roads exist, in small mule carts. How wretched some of these roads are can be judged by the following: A gentleman who had been at the important gold mines of Callao, and was riding back to the Orinoco—a level country, by the way, where a railway could easily be constructed—tells me that he encountered a waggon loaded with mining machinery which was stuck fast in the mud, and had been so for five days, notwithstanding the efforts of fifteen yoke of oxen to haul it out.

With coffee bringing high prices, the expenses and difficulty of shipment, and the export tax that the government has imposed, did not weigh so heavily upon the planter; but in these years of abnor-



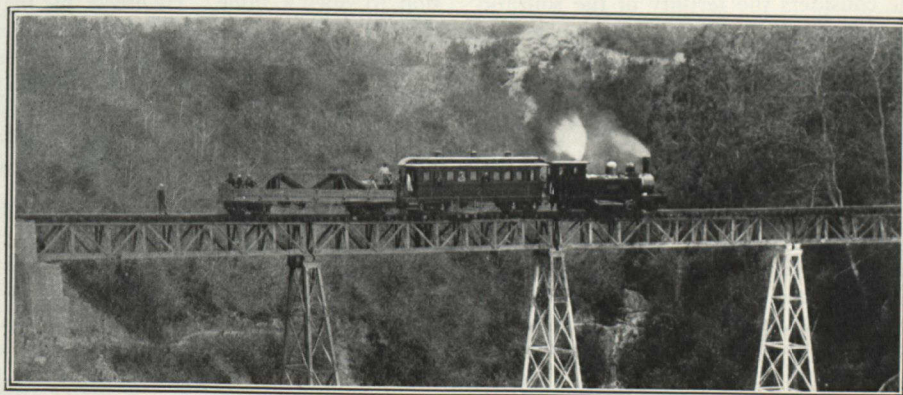
VENEZUELA—A SCENE NEAR THE LAKE OF VALENCIA

mally low markets there are few plantations that have not shown an absolute loss. Indeed, the present season marks a still lower ebb in the industry, for the crops have turned out badly and promise only half the usual yield.

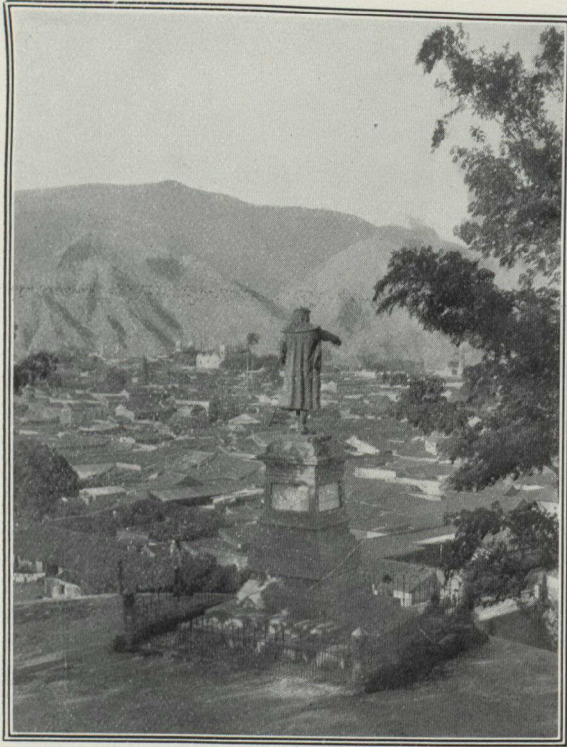
Cacão is also an important export, but, owing to the limited areas that are suitable to its culture, will never rival the coffee crop, unless, indeed, the Venezuelans give up coffee raising altogether and devote their highlands to sugar or maize and other cereals. With all her products, with the exception of cacão which commands a high price in the European markets, Venezuela will always have great difficulty in competing with other countries, not only from the drawbacks I have mentioned, but

from an absolute lack of modern methods of agriculture. One need only go a mile from Caracas to see the earth ploughed with a pointed stick; but to find a steam thresher, a cream separator, or an up-to-date sugar mill, would be a fitting pursuit for the Wandering Jew. There are, I am told, a number of modern farming implements lying in the Caracas freight-sheds, which were imported by the late President Crespo for one of his estates, but were never called for, and have evidently not impressed the railway company as of sufficient value to be put up at auction.

The high wages demanded by the "peon" is due partially, no doubt, to his shiftlessness, and this is caused as much by the periodic revolutions, which invariably re-



VENEZUELA—THE PRIMITIVE RAILWAY BETWEEN CARACAS AND VALENCIA



CARACAS AND THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS

quire his services on one side or the other, as by the genial climate. The other reason, already referred to, is the cost of living, which I believe to be greater in Venezuela than in any other country in the Western Hemisphere. Nothing is really cheap, not even yams and bananas, when one considers the fertility of the soil and the unlimited quantity of vegetables and fruits that could be raised. Sugar and salt bring an exorbitant price; bread is such a luxury that only the well-to-do can afford it; meat, owing to a monopoly in which both the President and Vice-President have a hand, is very high, though cattle-raising is one of the principal industries of the country. Wearing apparel, hardware, imported building materials, furniture and all manufactured articles pay so many duties and special taxes that frequently they sell for from three to ten times what they would bring in the United States or Canada. One simply marvels that the people endure it.

The writer has been asked by both Canadians and Americans what "opportunities" there might be for them to engage in business in this country. The answer is simple: there are, at present, absolutely none. In cattle-raising one finds that so many different taxes have to be paid on each animal that the profits would be meagre enough, were it possible to get the market price abroad. The export trade is so entirely monopolised by a "ring" of government officials that the breeder is forced to sell to them at any price the latter set, often less than the cost of raising the stock.

The planter contends against just as great disadvantages. Indeed, between the scarcity of labour, the frequency of revolutions, and the constant demands of the tax gatherer, few estates are paying more than current expenses at present, and many not doing that. An enterpris-

ing landowner sometimes introduces a new fruit or cereal, cultivates it carefully, arranges for his market and the means of transportation, only to be confronted with a tax so exorbitant that the new industry is crippled if not ruined in the first season.

A trusting foreigner receives a concession to open a mine. He erects his machinery, employs skilled labour from abroad, and has begun operations when a new issue of the mining code suddenly arrives. He opens it, and learns to his disgust that a higher tax has been levied upon the output, and perhaps the very port of shipment changed.

The merchants and importers do not know from day to day what modifications in the tariff may be forthcoming, or what subterfuge introduced to enable some government official to undersell them at their very doors. For instance, a house that imports candle wicks pays the duty upon a large consignment of goods only to find that the match monopoly, which import



VENEZUELA—THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE AT CARACAS

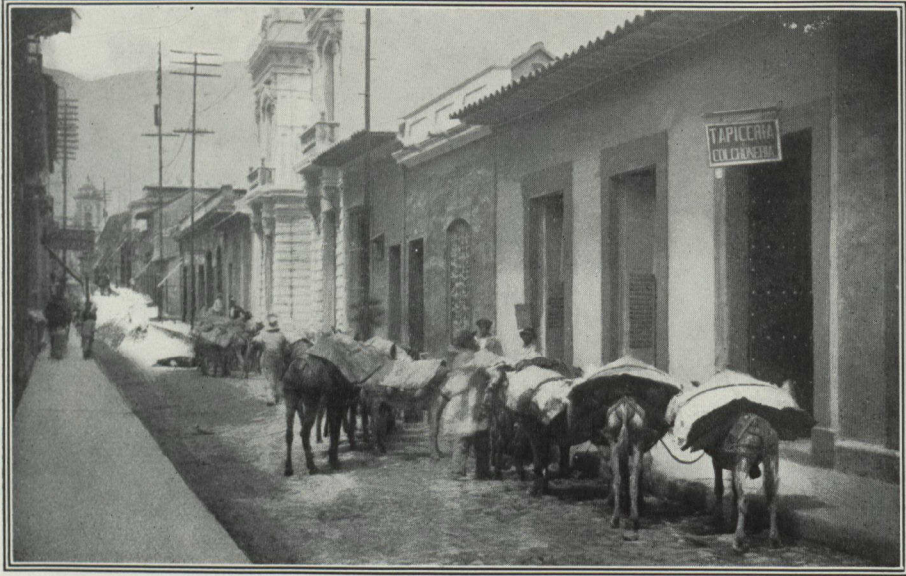
their materials for the manufacture of wax matches free, are able to sell their surplus of cotton wick to the candle maker at a price that the importer is utterly unable to meet. And so it is—or may be at a moment's notice—in all branches of business. The only case I know of where a foreigner has established a lucrative business, sold out, and departed unmolested, is that of Mr. Jos. M. Williams, a photographer, formerly of Goderich, Ontario. Mr. Williams—to whom I must credit most of the views used in this article—has already made a similar excursion into Mexico, and is now making a descent, I believe, upon Peru. His record in thus escaping the vigilance of the Venezuelan officials is as remarkable as his work is excellent.

When Venezuela finally emerges from her long sleep—nightmare, I suppose, would better express it—she ought to be a good neighbour to us. She will want our flour, our lumber, our dried fish, our dairy products, and various manufactures, and will offer in exchange the best coffee

to be had in the Western Hemisphere, much of which we now buy as Mocha or Java; her chocolate, the finest product known to commerce; besides cocoanuts, tropical fruits, dyewoods, and a great variety of hardwoods, rubber, and possibly, sugar and tobacco.

A few Canadian products are now to be found in Venezuela, and Canadian ships may frequently be seen at Caribbean ports, but generally with American cargoes. When the absurd surtax upon all goods trans-shipped in West Indian ports is abolished—an enactment that the writer has already referred to in his article upon Curaçao—the Venezuelan market will be found the easiest of access in all Spanish America, excepting, of course, Cuba and the adjacent islands.

But Venezuela is not thinking of new commercial relations at present; the better element of the nation is in a death grapple with despotism, and has by no means given evidence that it can "win out." The



VENEZUELA—A TYPICAL STREET IN CARACAS

writer, after a five months' sojourn in the delightful capital, leaves with the heartiest wishes for her regeneration; but the discouraging example of Santo Domingo is

so near that one is inclined to shake his head. As the Venezuelan himself would say, "quien sabe" what the outcome will be?

The House's Setting

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

"Trees be pleasante, and therewithall shall my house be sette about."

Here is no hedge of yewe to hold in grief,
 No cypresse nor long willow for despaire;
 But the young birch displayes his cheerfulle leaf
 In tracerie most faire.

Where the sunne falls at morn stand poplars seven,
 Where freely I of all sweet joys may borrowe,
 An elm that lifts his prayerfulle arms to heaven
 And three tall pines for sorrowe.



A READING TENT IN A RAILWAY-CONSTRUCTION CAMP, ONTARIO

The Neglected Citizen in the Camps

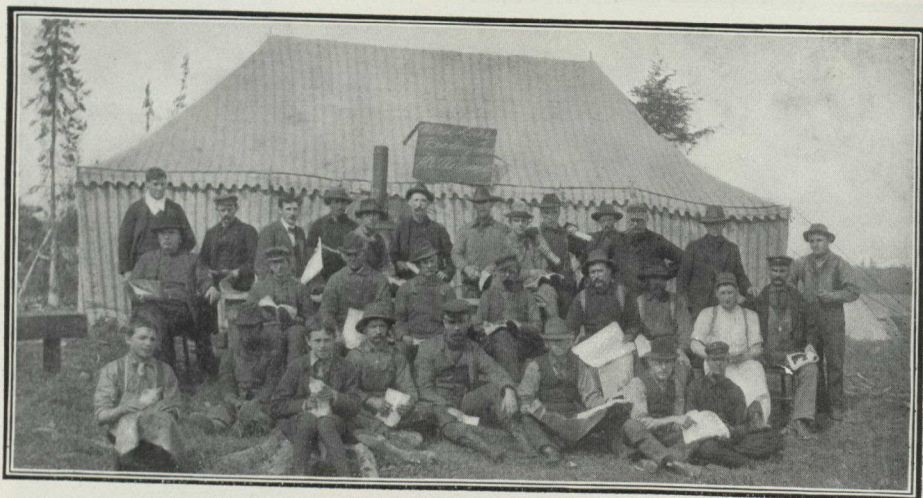
Being Some Observations on Certain Features of Lumbering,
Mining and Construction Camps

By ALFRED FITZPATRICK.

LIFE in the frontier lumbering, mining and railway construction camps is fraught with many dangers and great privations. The hardships and the accidents are known only to those who visit these newer places, and the conditions under which this portion of our people labour are too little considered. Some of these things are inevitable because there must always be a frontier, but there could be a considerable improvement were the state and the people just a trifle more just. These men by their labour contribute to the wealth of the older parts of the community, and to the revenue of the state. Yet they are living, in a great measure, with little opportunity for the development of soul or mind. They work, eat and sleep, but seldom think of worship. The state takes much from them and gives little in return.

Even labour reformers so often miss the great test of all work—the develop-

ment of character. The question asked is, "What do they produce?" when it should be, "Is this labour beneficial to the labourer?" Without character, there cannot be happiness, contentment and mental and moral progress. A prominent lumberman in British Columbia, about a year ago, said to the writer: "It is a conservative statement to make, that one-third of the loggers in British Columbia are either now drunk, on the way from camp to get drunk, or on the way back to camp after being drunk." Others asserted that not more than five per cent. of their men saved their money. This is an awful indictment. It is not true of the farmers, mechanics and their sons in the older communities, from which this class of labour is mainly recruited. Why should it be true of the miners, navvies and woodsmen? It cannot be due to the nature of their work. No honest labour in the open air is in itself degrading, but, on the contrary, ennobling. It must be



A READING TENT IN A RAILWAY-CONSTRUCTION CAMP, ONTARIO

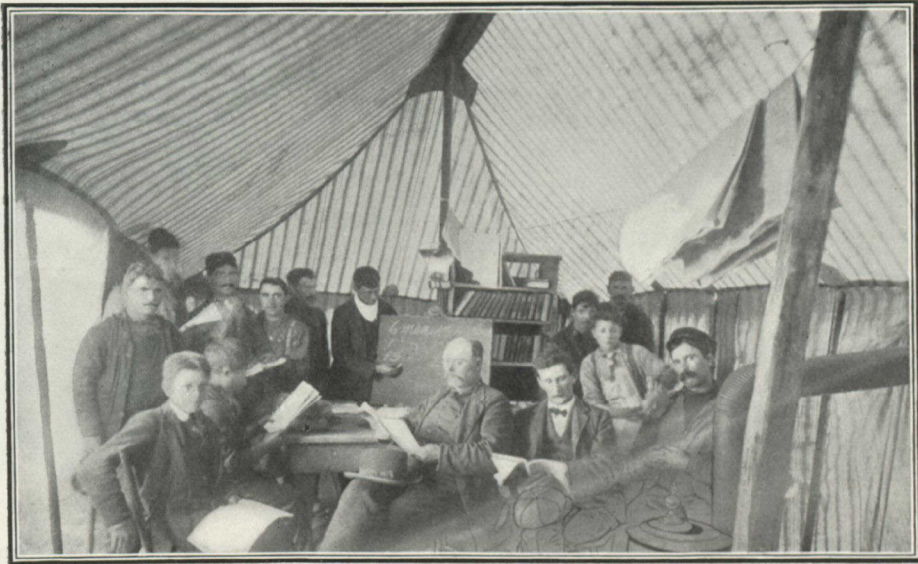
due to the conditions in which these men live when not at work; to the lack of mental and spiritual uplift; to cramped, badly ventilated and, therefore, necessarily filthy quarters, and the consequent loss of self-respect.

Readers of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* have heard of an effort to improve the condition of these men, by establishing reading rooms, libraries and an elementary system of education at the camps; the object is to experiment, to hit upon some practicable method, and then urge its adoption by the various provincial governments. Very commendable steps have been taken in this direction by British Columbia and Ontario. The former has had a system of travelling libraries for use in the rural districts and mining camps since 1898. Manitoba and New Brunswick have the establishment of a system under consideration. To Ontario belongs the credit of endeavouring to devise a feasible method of instruction in the mining camps, and assisting a similar effort in the lumbering and railway-construction camps. For several years representatives have been sent in the summer months from The School of Mines, Kingston, and The School of Practical Science, Toronto, to give lectures and practical demonstrations to the men actively engaged in the mining industry. A

system of camp libraries has been initiated, and a small annual grant given for instruction in the lumbering and railway-construction camps; and recently a box car has been placed at the disposal of the reading camp association, with the promise of another when required. The first car has been fitted up with a library, magazines, newspapers, organ, games, blackboard and text books, and placed in charge of a competent instructor. It will be used as a reading room and social centre for the men. A little elementary instruction will be given and literature will be distributed all along the line. The car for the present will be moved from camp to camp, remaining about a week at each. If this is insufficient or impracticable, it will be left at one of the larger camps permanently and, if required, another car placed at the second largest camp.

THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH.

The church, which might be expected to lead in the movement, is divided, and this is its great weakness in attempting any work of this kind. No doubt some good is accomplished by the spasmodic visits of clergymen of all denominations, but the missionary is never known by the toilers. His life does not come in close contact with theirs, and the moral incen-



INTERIOR OF A READING TENT IN A CONSTRUCTION CAMP, ONTARIO

tive of the personal touch that "makes the whole world kin," is wanting. In this field the churches' effort to preach the Gospel are few and very irregular. Each branch of the church that makes any attempt in this direction, does so entirely on its own initiative, without consulting other churches and endeavouring to co-operate. This hopeless division of the church precludes the possibility of providing separate buildings for public worship. No foreman or employer will encourage more than one building for the purpose in a temporary camp. The consequence is, no building is provided. The church does not realise that she will accomplish little in such a heterogeneous field without unity of action, and without buildings.

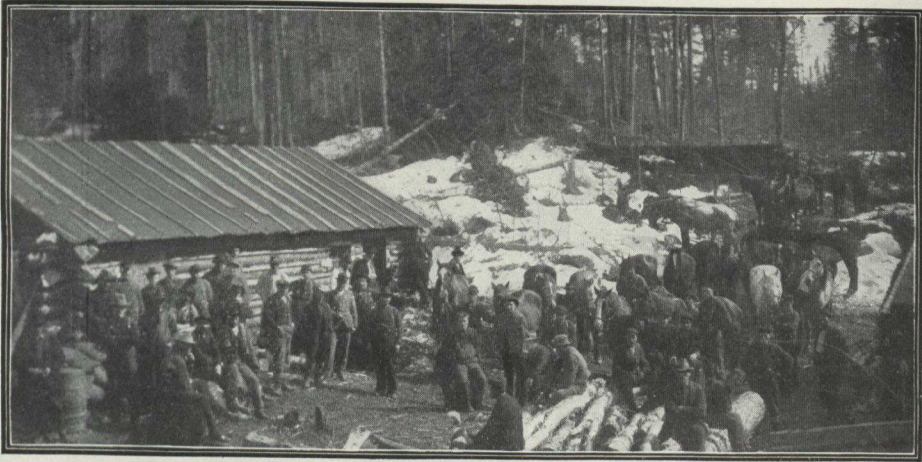
But even if she were united and succeeded in furnishing every camp in the land with a separate building and regular public worship, the problem would not be solved. Churches that are closed during the week do not meet the need. The mere oracular expression of God's love is not the whole Gospel. To teach men that it is criminal to be filthy, that chloride of lime is a good disinfectant, that

germ-laden excreta, such as saliva, should not be left exposed, but neutralised; that in this way tuberculosis, smallpox, fever and other contagious and infectious diseases are propagated, this is a part of preaching the Gospel. It is just as important and inspiring to tell men who are huddled together in an atmosphere stifling with air breathed a thousand times, and a moral atmosphere equally impure with blasphemy, filthy song and story, that there is a bright, cosy room ten yards from the bunk house ready for their use *now*, as it is to tell them that there will be a house of many mansions ready for them ten thousand miles away after death.

THE STATE'S DUTY.

As a matter of fact, the problem is in the main educational, and its solution must be undertaken by the state. No organisation other than the state can cope with so gigantic an undertaking. Nearly a quarter of a million men are employed in Canada in the three industries named.

Education is the God-given right of every man, not the exclusive privilege of a few favoured persons. When the education of the masses is spoken of, some



A TYPICAL RAILWAY-CONSTRUCTION CAMP

say: "You are on dangerous ground. Education breeds discontent. If educated, the masses will become lazy and lawless. No educated man will work in the woods, or handle the pick and shovel in mines and on railway construction." There are two kinds of discontent, worry and an honest longing to realise the ideal. The latter is the beginning, the former the end of wisdom. It is no doubt true that the man engaged in sordid toil, who acquires even a smattering of an education, either frets impatiently, or tries more or less good-naturedly to better his condition. But why? Simply because these conditions in which he is compelled to labour do not permit of his retaining his self-respect. The remedy of this discontent does not lie in keeping the masses in ignorance, but educating them, and at the same time improving their environment. This longing after the ideal is one of God's best gifts to man, and differentiates mankind from the brute creation. The kindness and love of an all-wise Creator are also manifest, in that He has bestowed this longing, to some slight degree at least, upon the latter. Even the brute beast prefers shelter to storm and green pastures to barren earth. A perfect condition—the Kingdom of Heaven—is the ideal condition Christ Himself commanded all men to seek. Canada ought to have long since outgrown that ancient and mediæval

conception, that in order to control a man you must keep him in ignorance. He should be educated in order that he may be more easily controlled, and controlled to some wise purpose. The only remedy for the failures of education is more and better education.

In ancient Athens, a select few were educated, most of whom, because their education was one-sided, degenerated into effeminate, refined gossips. On the other hand, 40,000 men did the manual labour, who, because the other side of their nature was not developed, became low-browed, ignorant, brutal slaves, mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The world has advanced somewhat since then, and the ultimate goal is the diffusion of education, not the education of a privileged class alone.

WHERE TO BEGIN.

Some of the difficulties to be overcome in initiating work of this kind, are long hours, over-time and Sunday labour, all of which, it is to be feared, may be traced to the self-interest of the employers, of the men themselves, and of the people's representatives. While it is true the employer often overlooks the interest of his men, it is equally true that the average labourer is seldom interested in his employer's welfare. So far as lumbering is concerned, the hours of labour are long



BALLASTING A BIT OF NEWLY-LAID TRACK

in the hauling and driving seasons, but lumbermen seldom ask their men to work on Sunday. However, Sunday labour in mining camps and on railway construction is not uncommon.

At a Western railway camp a couple of years ago, the writer saw a large crew of men at work at a cutting on Sunday, and he remarked to a friend: "Poor fellows are at least away from the temptation of the saloon and worse. Is it my duty to inform on this contractor?" But concluded *cui bono*, to what purpose? The church and the state may fine here and warn there, but this problem will never be solved until these men are given something positive in place of their negative life, something to take up their attention when their muscles are relaxed and their minds inactive.

Whether public works such as the cutting of timber, the building of railroads, the mining of ore, etc., are undertaken by governments through their agents and commissioners, or let to contractors, such conditions as are calculated to develop self-respect in the men, to ennoble and improve their minds should be exacted and rigidly enforced. At present, it is to be confessed with shame, the sweating system is not unknown in the development of our great natural resources. The remedy will be found in prohibiting sub-

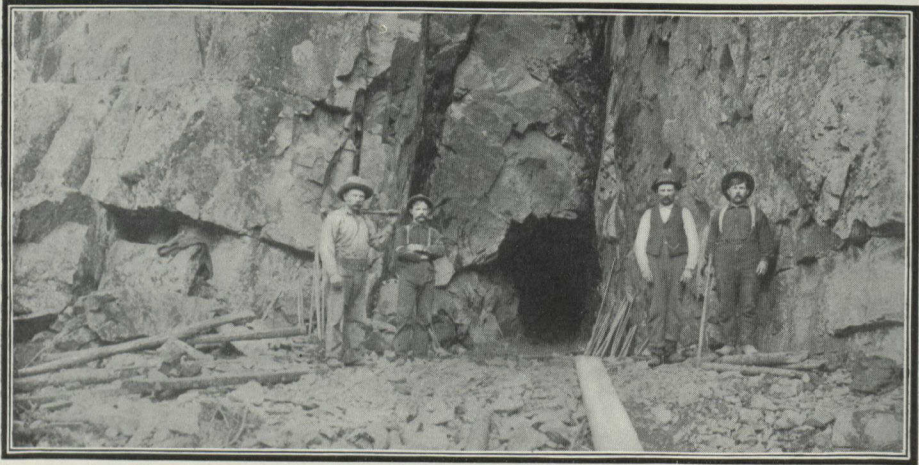
letting, or in any case appending to the contracts humane conditions, as provision for better sanitation, ample sleeping accommodation, in preventing doubling up, and in general providing for the self improvement and education of these frontier workers.

It is not too much to say: If governments were to operate all public works they could afford to pay experts and unskilled labourers fair wages, and the amount saved to the country by the abolition of rake-offs for the campaign funds would furnish the expense necessary for the provision of ample educational facilities for the labourer.

The old argument that the camps move too often is not tenable. They are not moved too often, nor are they too isolated to be supplied with food. Literature will stand transportation as well as pork and beans, an instructor is as available and portable a person as a cook, and a reading shanty or tent is as easily run up as a cook-camp or bunk-house.

If there is not too much money spent on the higher, there is too little spent on the broader education.

I am sometimes told, "The employers are able to provide educational facilities for their men." That is quite possible, but by no means excuses any of us who profit by our richly endowed public edu-



A NATIVE SILVER MINE—COBALT LAKE, ONTARIO

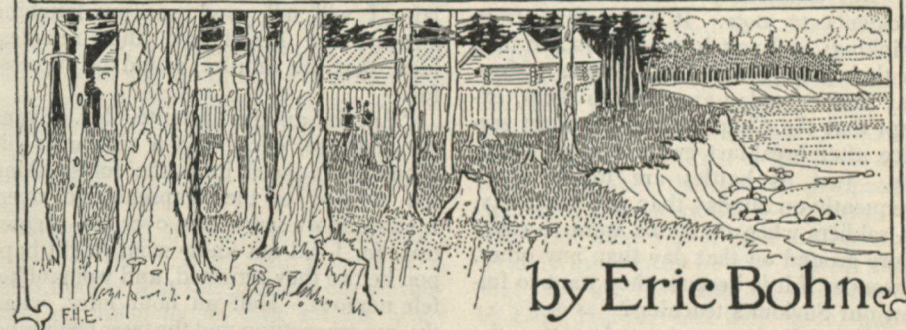
cation systems. It is because the much despised shantyman's, miner's and navy's backs are bent, their hands callous, their minds dwarfed, and their spirits benighted that the rich and poor alike are enabled to send their sons and daughters to the public, the high school, college and university for a fraction of the cost.

These toilers of forest, mine and railway construction are being robbed. There is no necessity for it. Each province can well afford to provide for their social, moral and intellectual needs. The present treatment of them is nothing short of criminal. Canada's natural resources would be valueless without their toil.



INTERIOR PERMANENT READING ROOM

THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohn

Author of "How Hartman Won."

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region.

CHAPTER XVI

HELEN'S DIARY CONTINUED.

"Restigouche River, Feb..., 1814.

FOUR more days' journey without writing a line; and then the long, long nights. The same old story, riding all morning, helping the women to fix things for dinner in the woods; then riding all afternoon till nearly sundown, followed by the excitement and turmoil among the men in building camps for the night. It is a strange life to lead. Two weeks since we left Halifax and only once inside a house during all that time. Just think of it. Camping in the woods among the hills every night, no matter how it snows or how it freezes. Still, as long as it has to be, the woods are better than an open plain; and the denser the kinder, for they break the cold winds from the icy north-land. There is always a big fire before each shanty when we retire for the night, but after you get into bed, the souging

of the winds through the trees of the forest sounds very weird. Down in the valley where the men pitch the camp it may be still; but away in the tops of the tall pines, a whole legion of elves are sounding their harps and scampering through the branches. How often when you lie still with eyes wide open, waiting for sleep that will not come, you can see the glittering stars through the chinks above you, while the fairy imps go by in myriads, blowing their tiny whistles and twanging their lutes in tune to the elfish music of the night! By-and-bye, tired nature whiles you to the silent land; but the dirge goes with you even to the world of dreams.

"Then by the break of day the bugle sounds. Up you start to make a crude toilet. You stow away your little bits of goods and chattels, eat your breakfast of biscuit and bacon and tea, and while men are tearing your bunk to pieces, and packing it for the journey, you in turn

take your place in the caravan, counting the days of the fathomless past and the inevitable days of the future.

"But how lucky it is that there are incidents to note. It keeps one from thinking; so I watch the officers and men in their strange methods. Sunday, Monday and Saturday are alike to them, except that the Chaplain holds a short service after breakfast every Sunday morning. Just as battles are fought more frequently on Sunday than any other day, so soldiers when marching want to cover more ground on that day than any other. I wonder if it is because they want to follow our Saviour's teaching?

"Then all seem to have forgotten the past. They live in the actual present. Even the Chaplain, whom one would expect to find as grave as a judge, is, I verily believe, the jolliest man in the whole party. He doesn't seem to have a single care. One day as we halted for dinner, a big black squirrel got cornered among some logs; and he was the first to jump from his sleigh to try to catch him. Of course, others followed to join in the chase. But the squirrel was not to be caught; and he chirped merrily as he scampered up a beech tree. Captain Cummings was for shooting him.

"Let the poor beggar alone," cried the Chaplain, with a hearty laugh. 'When we run it's our fun, when he runs it's his.'

"Another time when it was his turn to ride in our sleigh, I happened to say as we neared the camping ground that I would dearly love to have venison for supper again.

"Do you hear that, Bateese?" he cried to the driver, giving him a punch in the back. 'Madam says she won't eat a bite of supper unless you provide her with venison steak.'

"I looked at him in astonishment; but before I could speak, Bateese exclaimed:

"All right, Padre, we'll get it, me and you. 'Alf hour early dis time. Bateese know place well. Pat tend horses, you bring rifle an' come wid me. Sacré! Big fonne.'

"It's a go,' replied the Chaplain, and jumping from the sleigh, he had a word with the Colonel. In another minute he was back again.

"And what shall be your choice, Madam?" was his question. 'Rump steak, devilled kidneys, or sirloin?'

"When you shoot your deer, Chaplain, I will tell you,' was my laughing answer, for I had not the remotest idea that the venture would be successful.

"But in another minute, Mr. Evans and Bateese, each with a rifle over his shoulder, plunged into the forest along the winding of the Wapsenheden river. I was almost sorry now over my suggestion, for I did not know what might happen before they returned, and womanlike, felt nervous. Half an hour later, when the sun was setting and the trees beginning to snap and crack with the frost of the coming night, we heard a couple of shots, but they were far away.

"They've found their game at last,' cried Sir George. 'I suppose Bateese is a good shot, though I never heard of the Chaplain distinguishing himself in that line.'

"He was one of the crack men of the grst, before he was transferred to the rooth,' said Captain Payne, who, with Harold, joined Sir George and myself as we stood by the fire.

"It was pretty dark before the hunters returned. When within hailing distance they shouted for help. Then all came in together dragging a big buck by the horns.

"Who shot him?" was the general question.

"Oh, de Curé, he be goot shot,' said Bateese.

"I hit his shoulder, but Bateese put a bullet through his heart,' said the Chaplain. 'Now, Madam,' he continued, turning to me, 'what is your answer to my question?'

"Venison steak from the breast,' I answered at random, not knowing one part from another.

"Because it is nearest the heart and deer heart at that. But I think you'll try the rump, too'; and he went off to give his orders to the cook.

"One gets one's eye strangely opened on a trip like this. I don't know that meeting so many men, and none but men, is good for one, either. When you come in such close touch day after day, you

find them so different from each other; and so different, too, from what you expected them to be. Sometimes I feel startled, turning with open arms to Harold, my one rock of defence. And yet it is needless and foolish to feel so. They are all so good and kind, and yet so free and easy, that I feel like drawing myself together and being alert for hobgoblins that never come. They say: 'The witches we dread most are those we never meet.'

"Still there is one man in Harold's company that I don't like, even if he is his Captain; four times during our journey has he ridden by my side for the afternoon drive; and each time I liked him less. He is a bachelor; and it is not that he does or says anything that is offensive, but there is an insinuating way about him that I cannot bear. There is not a more courteous or polite man in the two companies; but there does not seem to be any sincerity in what he says. He laughs at religion, and in a cynical way scoffs at what he calls the mock pruderies of the world. I never went a great deal into society, the sorrows of my girl life prevented me; but I don't like to have my respect for what I do know, dragged in the dust. I do wish the Colonel would not put him with me again. Still I would not have it known that I dislike him. It would make my position more uncomfortable, and, what is more, might do Harold harm. A feud between the captain and lieutenant of the same company over the wife of one of them, might be romantic, but could never be pleasant. What is more, we have a long future before us, five or six weeks or more before we can arrive at our journey's end. I almost shiver at the thought of it. But that won't do, I must brave it out. If faint heart never won fair lady, neither did timid woman ever bring a villain to her feet. Fortunately no one will ever see this screech but Harold, and not even he, till we get to Penetang, unless my position becomes unbearable. Perhaps if I had a female friend with me I would not even have writ it down."

"Lake Temiscouata, Lower Canada, Feb.

"For the last two days we have been

travelling due west, almost close to the northern limit of the States. On this account Sir George has kept the troops and sleighs together. Indian scouts have been sent to the south and front, and we have been travelling more slowly, to be prepared for any surprise from the enemy. Runners came in yesterday from the border with the message that the American forces are at least a hundred miles away, and that there is no prospect of fighting again before the spring opens. I think our men were a little disappointed. This is the nearest to the United States that they will be during all their journey to Lake Huron; and they would like to have at least one fight just to show their pluck. I believe Harold, in his heart, is as keen for action as they are; but on my account he expresses himself the other way. For my part, I am glad to hear that the Yankees have the good sense to keep to their own side of the line.

"For the last three nights, we three women, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Hardman and myself, have had houses to sleep in—actual houses. Settlers' log shanties with board floors. Each time with a big log fireplace at one end of the living room. Oh! it was a luxury to sit down on wooden chairs at clean pine tables again; to eat our supper of mush and milk and buckwheat pancakes; and our breakfast of pork and potatoes, wheaten cakes and molasses. Then we sat down together just like sisters. There was no distinction in the backwoodsman's shanty. We were too thankful for a glimpse of civilisation again to think of hair-splitting distinctions; and whether we did it outwardly or not, I am sure we inwardly thanked God for supplying our wants so comfortably on these two happy nights. There is a strong resemblance in the cabins, although they are more than twenty miles apart; each has the Scotchman's 'ben-place' to sleep in, partitioned off from the ordinary living room. On the first night the two beds occupied by the settler, his wife and children, were vacated for our use, while the family with generous hospitality slept on the floor in the larger room. Last night the conditions were very similar, and again I had a bed by myself. These homely people have a

warm place in my heart, and I shall never forget their unselfish kindness.

"This must be a pretty spot in summer time. Our officers' and soldiers' camp is on the banks of the Temiscouata. High hills all around you and little lakes throughout the region. They say they are full of fish; and through holes in the ice our men this morning caught a lot of pickerel and bass for breakfast. But we women in the cabin were quite satisfied with the good things that the Scotch housewife provided for us.

"To-day, as well as yesterday, I left some silver behind me, but it was interesting to see the perversity with which the good housewife persisted in declining it. If her husband had been present, his canny Scotch nature would no doubt have been more reasonable.

"Guid sakes, missis,' said our hostess, 'I dinna want no siller. Ye are aye welcome to the bit I gie ye, an' tho we never see the colour o' English shillins in these parts, I willna tak them frae ye for the wee pickle ye've taen.'

"Notwithstanding all my urging, the woman kept her hands behind her back. So I rolled the money up in a piece of paper and laid it on a little shelf by the wall. This time there was no demur, and with a friendly smile she bade me 'good-bye an' a safe journey through them awfu' woods.' While I was speaking to our hostess, the women slipped away to be with their husbands for a minute before starting; and Harold came for me as I left the house.

"It is my turn to march this morning, dearie,' he said, 'so Captain Cummings will take my place.'

"But in the afternoon I will have you to myself,' I returned, restraining my annoyance as much as I could. 'Still, why Captain Cummings this time? He was with me only day before yesterday.'

"You see, dear, you have the officers in regular order.'

"Scarcely that; I have had neither the Doctor nor the Chaplain for four days,' I replied in a low voice. I felt like rebelling but was afraid of arousing Harold's suspicion.

"I did not think of it in that way, sweetheart,' he exclaimed, while he laugh-

ingly raised my chin. 'Possibly as Captain of our company he expects greater privileges. You don't dislike him, do you?'

"Why should I?' I replied, while carefully buttoning my fur coat. 'He is always polite. Perhaps I am getting a little bit tired of these long drives. But I mustn't grumble. How long will it take yet to reach Quebec?'

"Several days, but Sir George has promised to give us two or three to rest in when we get there. Keep your heart up, dearie. I expect we can secure houses for you to sleep in after this all the way through to Montreal. Good-bye, till I see you at noon.'

"The sleighs were drawn up near the door and the next minute Captain Cummings joined me.

"This is an unexpected pleasure,' he remarked, as he tucked the robes around me. 'Sir George wanted to have a special talk with Beaumont this morning about surgical appliances, so he requested me to take his place. There, are you quite comfortable?' he asked, solicitously.

"Yes, thank you,' I replied. 'Do we march with the men to-day, or go ahead?'

"On ahead,' was his answer. 'We shall be close to the Boundary Line for another day yet; but as they have never had troops in this region, the Colonel thinks we are safe in leading the way. We are off on the trot already.'

"The road here was smooth and Sir George's sleigh was spinning ahead of us.

"Still, it would be alarming to be attacked, with the soldiers miles behind us,' I remarked.

"Even if they did,' said the Captain, 'unless the forces are very strong, we can defend ourselves until the men come up. Every man of us is well armed.'

"That may be,' I volunteered. 'But what of the women?'

"Oh! the chivalrous Englishmen will always protect them,' was his laughing rejoinder, as he extended his gauntleted hand, seemingly with the intention of placing it over mine. But suddenly, feeling the chilliness of the air, I withdrew it beneath the buffalo robe.

"It is good of you to say so,' I said.

'Our officers are always both gallant and brave.'

"I am glad you have such infinite faith," he returned with a light laugh.

"Why shouldn't I have? They say there are none truer than the men of the Hundredth in the whole of the King's brigades.'

"Quite true, and pray God that their record may never be tarnished.'

"Then with a piercing look he relapsed for a time into silence. The road was well beaten, winding in and out among the hills, and occasionally stretching in a direct line over the frozen surface of a lake. Sometimes a ravine would be crossed or a steep hill climbed; and as we neared Temiscouata, Mounts Lennox and Paradis loomed up before us. More than once smoke was seen curling upward among the distant trees, indicative either of the wigwams of Indians or the cottages of settlers.

"Little of interest occurred, however, until near noon; when suddenly an Indian, whom Bateese said belonged to the Ottawa tribe, bounded out of the woods and rushed up to the Colonel's sleigh. Calling a halt, Sir George signalled for Captain Cummings to join him. I could see from the faces that something serious had occurred, and that the discussion was one of more than usual import.

"But I must break off here, for I have not the heart nor the time to tell the rest of the happenings of that terrible day. Perhaps I can later. We shall see!"

CHAPTER XVII

"THIS Indian brings a bit of genuine news," said the Colonel to Cummings. "An attack is to be made upon us at what they call Chestnut Hill, a mile west of here."

"An attack by whom?" the Captain asked.

"By a company of recruits made of Yankees and disaffected Canadians from the lumber camps. They have heard that we are a squad of soldiers taking supplies to Quebec, and have undertaken to surprise us and capture the booty."

"They will have their hands full," said Cummings.

"That's what they are aiming at," chimed the Chaplain with a smile.

"We'll fill more than their hands," sternly responded the Colonel as he turned to Cummings. "You had better send orders to Captain Payne to join us in full with all force possible speed."

In the meantime Sir George called a halt where they were. The place was well sheltered and could readily be protected against attack. He also sent scouts forward to ascertain the strength and equipment of the invading force, with instruction to report as soon as possible.

But another Indian runner had carried the news to the marching force as well, and very soon a messenger arrived from Captain Payne. The soldiers were crossing Pecktawick Lake, only a mile away, and would be with them immediately. In a few minutes the men of the two companies were in sight, coming out on a double-quick from a turn in the road.

Sir George acted with alacrity; not a minute was lost. In a few brief words he explained the situation and gave his orders. Then the men marched ahead—a small, well-stationed force being left to protect the women and the sleighs.

On their way they met the returning scouts with the news that the enemy numbered about a hundred rough-looking, but well-armed fellows.

It was a bold move for a company of recruits to attempt to arrest the march of double the number of veterans, notwithstanding the rich booty at stake. Presumably, however, they did not know the strength of their opponents; and the prize that might be obtained was a tempting one.

Sir George now divided his force into right and left flanks with central attack, Payne to take the former and Cummings the latter; each to push his men quickly over the hard snow, while Sir George himself led the main force over the beaten road.

After arranging details, the Colonel gave the final order:

"We must carry the hill no matter what it costs. The centre to do the first firing, then the flanks. Now, right and left, march."

The men had been under steady tramp

for three hours, the last half mile on the run, and were going into action without food; but they were eager for the fray. Allowing the flanks some minutes start, on account of the density of the woods and the unbroken snow, Sir George led on his men.

A quick march brought them to the foot of the hill. On the top could be seen a number of blue coats and peaked hats bobbing among the trees. Sir George at once widened out his men, but it was none too soon, for a volley of bullets whistled through the air. Two or three men dropped, among them Corporal Jenkins; Lieutenant Smith, too, had his arm disabled.

"By heaven, this is too much!" exclaimed Sir George. "They shall pay for it. Double quick; but not a shot must be fired till I give the order."

The men, scattering wide of each other among the trees, hurried on; while orderlies took charge of the dead and wounded.

The Americans, stimulated by the success of their first shot and meeting with no response, hurried to the edge of the hill to fire again. Then came Colonel Head's order:

"Halt! Prepare to Fire."

The aim was well taken. The heavy storm of bullets riddled the men of the attacking force. Several of them fell. Almost at the same moment a volley was fired from the right flank and another from the left. The combined attack was a surprise and staggered the invaders.

"Quick, charge!" cried the Colonel. Then the men bounded forward. The irregularity of the ground, the uphill work, the trees and the snow prevented precision of movement, but with a shout the order was obeyed. Finding themselves hemmed in on either side by a larger and better equipped force than their own, the enemy fired another volley and, picking up some of their wounded, beat a retreat.

It was Captain Cummings who commanded the left division and, seeing the direction the enemy were taking, he tried to head them off. But the ground being uneven, he contented himself with a parting fusilade.

By this time Sir George had reached the summit of the hill, only to find it

vacated. On it, however, were several dead bodies, as well as a couple of wounded men left behind in the hurry of retreat. Soon the main body was joined by both the flank divisions, and the order given to return to the improvised camp.

In the list of casualties, Corporal Jenkins and a private were killed, while several others, including Lieutenant Smith, were wounded; but it was the loss of Jenkins that was felt most, for his comrades had not forgotten the death of his wife on the *North King*.

With the bodies of their own men waiting for burial, there was not much mirth at mess that day. Still all were glad that the fight was over, and after the Chaplain had consigned the bodies of Jenkins and the dead soldier to their last resting place, they were ready to continue the march.

"What about the dead on the hill?" Captain Payne asked of Sir George.

"That's for their comrades to say when we are gone," was his answer.

"But about the prisoner with the compound fracture of the leg?" asked Dr. Beaumont. "He is not in a good condition to travel even by sleigh."

"Oh, but he must," exclaimed Sir George. "The man's alive and we've got to take him, whether we will or no. What of the other fellow and of our own men?"

"Lieutenant Smith is the worst; he has a serious flesh wound of the forearm, but no broken bones. The other Yankee is suffering more from loss of blood than anything else; and able to travel if we can find room for him."

"Well, arrange them as best you can, Doctor. But we must start at once. Bateese tells me that there is another lumber camp, twelve miles from here, on our way. Perhaps we can reach it to-night."

"Excellent," returned the Doctor. "We can leave our wounded prisoners there, *et maintien le droit*."

The idea was well received by Sir George and, late as it was, they started again on their journey. The sun was already sinking in the west, and it would take hours after dark to reach the camp. Still the march could be accom-

plished, for the moon was in its second quarter.

Soon Indian runners reported that danger of renewed attack was over. The surprised party of untrained invaders already regretted their rashness; for they realised the strength of their opponents, and the inability of following them, as every mile now carried them farther into Canadian territory.

So the order was given for the sleighs to take the lead, and to report as quickly as possible at the lumber camp the prospective arrival of the troops.

CHAPTER XVIII

HELEN'S DIARY.

"The Citadel, Quebec, Feb., 1814.

"WE arrived at Point Levis two days ago. What a delight it was to be in the vicinity of civilisation again! On the other side of the great St. Lawrence was the famous old city. And how glad I was to drive over the frozen river to this haven of rest. The air was keen, for the smooth ice stretched up and down as far as the eye could reach. The wind from the east was very piercing, but we didn't mind that.

"Now we are all, officers, men and women, as well as horses and baggage, comfortably lodged and quietly resting. Still, although tired, I am already getting glimpses of this historic and venerable place. What a fortress, with its massive walls and many gates! What steep ascents! What quaint churches! What a mighty river, stretched though it be in ice!

"Then to think as I sit here by this high window, far above the crowds and tinkling sleigh bells of the lower town, that I am just resting on an oasis for a day or two, before setting out over the desert of ice and snow again.

"Harold tells me that the officers of the Citadel say we have made one of the quickest winter marches on record. There is satisfaction in that, even if we did take a month to do it in. I hear, too, that the Commandant of the Citadel has been congratulating the Colonel on the despatch with which he defeated the invaders at Temiscouata. For my part, I think the

less said the better. It would be a poor thing, indeed, if two companies of regulars could not put to flight one of raw recruits. It was too bad though to lose two of our best men. Poor Jenkins! What a sad fatality! The mother to die and the father to be killed. The silver lining to the terrible thing is that the children were left at home.

"Oh, I must say a word about Lieutenant Smith! He is such a retiring fellow that I knew little about him, although we had travelled together all the way from the London docks. But after he was shot, our sleigh being very comfortable, I proposed to Harold that he should have a seat with me, whenever it was not occupied by himself. The consequence is that I have only had an occasional word with my particular friend, Captain Cummings, since the day of the battle, and not a single drive. I was quietly killing two birds with one stone, though nobody knew it. But Mr. Smith's arm is better now—and forsooth, we may return to the old order of things—unless some other member of the staff should be similarly unlucky!

"Smith is so young a fellow that I felt like mothering him. Fortunately, it was his left arm, and as I sit on the left side of the sleigh, the sore arm was between us, protecting it from the pressure of the buffalo robe and also from the cold. The boy is of good family, has high ideals, and wants to win his way to fame. Just the kind of fellow I would like for a friend—and if I am to make my home in Penetang, without a single woman to stand by me—and without relatives either, except my dear husband—I may need a true, disinterested friend sometime. Who knows? Yes—and guileless, gentle, brave Lieutenant Smith—the man who was wounded in our first battle—shall be the man.

"Talking of men, there is someone else I want to take right through with us, and that is Bateese, the jolly, genial, conceited, whimsical, but reliable habitant. But if we take him we must take his wife also. For days before we arrived here he could talk of little else than his *femme*, but there was a sad tone about his musical jargon that was unusual.

"'Madame,' he exclaimed, one day after

a long silence. 'You not know Emmiline, mine vife. She live wid me in Kebeck.'

"I didn't know you had a wife, Bateese.'

"Oh, oui, married dis two year.' His tone was persuasive.

"I would like to know her,' I replied.

"Vell, I will bring her to you. She vas ma fille, bootiful, petite, so young. Den de Curé at Kebec marry us—seem long tam—still only two year. Den she grow into grand jolie femme. Bi'mby she have twins—won garçon, won wee little gal, petite an' putty as you nevare see. Mus' I tell you de story? Eet no laughin', eet sad.'

"Yes, tell me,' I could not but acquiesce.

"Oh, sacré! he exclaimed, giving the lazier horse an extra touch of the whip. 'When de hot summare com, an' Bateese was away drivin' de carryall along de revare down by de sea, de leetle Emmile go sick and die. An' Emmiline was full of broken heart. Den when de fall cam, scarlet fevare steal like de diable after ma leetle Henri—ma cher fils—he die too. Ah Mon Dieu! Et nearly kill ma femme an' it drive Bateese clean crazee. Didn't care a sacré if Yankees lick Cannayans—didn't care how soon I die—didn't care for nuffin! But dat no do. Poor Emmiline lay sick four week in bed—Doctor said nevare get well no more. So Bateese shakes hisself, and forget de dead babies to tend his leetle wife—say his patre nostra ten times a day—go to church every tam de priest tell him, give medicine all de whole tam. And, by gar, she get well at last. Den Bateese had to leave her an' go on dis long trip to Halifax—an' has not seen her again sence wintare cam.'

"It is a sad story, Bateese, but you will soon see her now. Where does she live when you are away?' I asked.

"She stay wid her modare, close by de Abraham plain, where de French General de Montcalm licked de Engleese.'

"He said this with a sly glance out of the corner of his eye, but with a very grave face.

"I thought it was General Wolfe who whipped the French,' was my mild rejoinder.

"Vas eet? mauvais memoree,' he re-

turned, gently tapping his forehead. 'Vell, dey both die anyway, and bury in de same grave. Et not much mattare which win. French Cannayans steel have Lower Canady, and by gar dey always vill.' And spite of his grief for his dead babies he concluded his narrative with a long, low chuckle to himself.

"It was on this occasion the thought came to me, that if Bateese went with us to Penetang, Emmiline might go in place of the Corporal's wife. That would give us three women besides myself. Only a small number at best and, if necessary, I would be willing personally to bear the expense.

"Well, to-day she came up to see me, and I was quite taken with the little French woman. She has a sweet face, with a wee touch of sadness in it, owing to the loss of the children. But it is not a face to retain its melancholy. She has a little turn-up nose, rosy lips and bright black eyes; and like most of these habitant women, an abundance of dark hair. She looks as though she might be very devoted to any one she liked, and I will speak to Harold about it to-day."

"Quebec, Feb. . . . , 1814.

"Last night a large party was given in honour of Sir George, at the Commandant's residence. Harold and I, and all our officers were there, the Chaplain as well. What a handsome old place it is, just like an old European castle suddenly planted in the new western world!

"The first person that interested me there was Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General of Canada—the most talked of man in the whole country. He seems to be such a strange combination of weakness and strength—and, little as I know about such matters, the two opposites seemed to be vividly impressed upon his face. His kindness and courtesy make a favourable impression upon the social life of which he is the leader; but the weak chin and irresolute mouth tell a different tale, when fighting his country's battles, and, lackaday, this has been proved over and over again, it is said, already.

"But this is something I suppose I have no right to talk about, even to you, my little diary. So I will chat of the old place instead, of its lofty halls, and tap-

estried boudoirs. What rare old paintings are on the walls—so many of them French, too! It was in fine spirit for the English conquerors of this old aristocratic colony to retain so many of the portraits of the nobles of the French Régime.

"While on our voyage I read a good deal about the country that was to be my home; and seeing the names of the old French Governors under their pictures, only impressed their history more vividly upon my memory. The strikingly handsome portrait of Baptiste Colbert, Louis the XIV's minister, was there too—the man who a hundred and fifty years ago did so much for New France. How well his picture sets off the east hall near the main entrance! The long, wavy locks of his court head-dress well suit the keen, dark eyes and clear-cut features; while the ruffles and sword and gaiters depict him every inch the courtier as well as the gentleman.

"De Mezy, De Tracy, De Courcelles, and Count de Frontenac, the daring discoverer and bitter opponent of the English, were all there. What tales they could tell of the days of the old régime, and of the strife which lasted for years, until Wolfe and Montcalm fought it out at the cost of their own lives and buried the hatchet between the nations!

"The old armour and Indian trophies hanging on the walls of room after room in this old seigniory are very curious. The peculiar windows, too, quite took my fancy. They are deeply set within the massive masonry, the sills standing three or four feet from the floor, with cushions placed on them to serve as seats, while benches below the sills act as stools for the feet to rest upon.

"How well the élite of Quebec filled the old house that night, and with what pleasantry they greeted us! All seemed desirous to do what they could to help us to forget for the time our journeyings. And they were just as handsome as they were jovial, from our host and hostess down to the youngest of the beaux and belles of New France. The Quebec girls are even prettier than those of Halifax. For one thing there are more of them, and another, there is a larger French element from the old noblesse; and to me

the educated Canadienne has a charm of her own that is very fascinating.

"Dr. Beaumont seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. I wonder how much he really cares for Maud Maxwell? Several times he has sat by my side for half a day in our drives, but to my surprise he rarely mentioned her name. Being half French I expected his Teuton nature would express itself more freely. Perhaps it was the canny Scotch overshadowing the Southern blood that kept him silent.

"This time he seemed absolutely to have no care. He talks French beautifully, and several times I heard him in animated conversation with one or other of the smiling demoiselles in their mother tongue. But he seemed enamoured with Louise de Rochefort. Several times he danced with her; and, as she talked the purest English, sometimes they used the one language and sometimes the other. She was quite different to Maud Maxwell. Although not fair, her face shone with a clear transparency; and her brown eyes and exquisite mouth, when wreathed in gentle laughter, made her expression very winning. She seems to have many admirers, but none were so attentive as he. Late in the evening, when the Commandant took me in to supper, they were tête-à-tête in a corner over salad and ice.

"Harold noticed the little flirtation, too, and said, afterwards, that it would have a good effect upon the Doctor in compensation for the coolness of the winsome Maud.

"The Commandant's wife was very kind to me. She did not try to dissuade me from completing the journey to Penetang; but it was evident that she was astonished that I had undertaken it, and hinted that it would be a wise thing to remain in Quebec until the war was over—almost another Mrs. Mason.

"If she had known how determined I am, she would have said less about it, I am sure.

"Perhaps one-third of the ladies present were Anglo-Canadians. I believe I was introduced to all of them. They are charming—not so stiff and stately as society ladies in England—but just as courteous and perhaps kinder in manner. I like them, and wish there was a prospect

of having at least one for a neighbour in my new home in Penetang.

"These Canadians, both French and English, take great interest in the war. What is more natural? Is it not at their own doors? When not dancing they continually discussed it. Still, dancing was the feature of the evening, and I must have been specially honoured, for I never danced so much in my life before. My first waltz was of course with my husband. Then, who should ask me for the next but Captain Cummings. It was odious to dance with him when my aversion was so strong. I hope I did not show it; and with all my heart I wish I did not dislike him so much, for he is very graceful and dances beautifully. Still he looks at you with those great black eyes of his, as if he could read your very thoughts. I wonder if he influences other women as he does me. Of this I have no chance of knowing. Oh, those eyes! How you have to fight them with all your might and yet never say a word! Somehow, the fates have given me a hint to beware, and I pray God to have me take it. I wonder if Harold would laugh at me if he saw what I was writing?"

"It is an exquisite pleasure to waltz with you again," said the Captain, in his low, penetrating tone, as we made our second circle round the room. I had heard it said that he was always chagrined when he had a poor partner, so I purposefully made a misstep while I replied:

"You flatter me. I never was a graceful dancer and, as you see, I am out of practice."

"Pardon me, but that was my clumsiness," was his comment. "It will not occur again."

"And if anything he held me closer. I did not dare to repeat the step."

"Not so tight, please," I whispered, scarcely a minute later.

"They have waxed this floor so confidently that one cannot help it," he returned smoothly, and with a smile that rivalled Mephistopheles: "We must not let these French Canadians surpass the English in their own waltz!"

"In a matter of competition they would be sure to win," I replied coldly.

"Why so?" he asked.

"They are more graceful than we are."

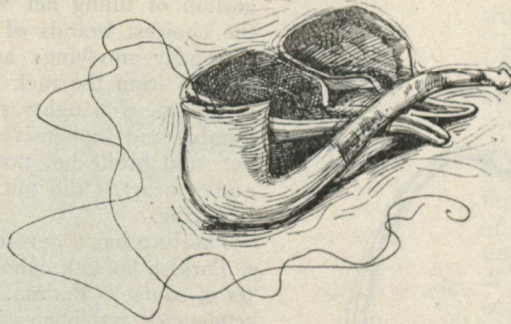
"Free and easy you mean. They have an abandon which the English girl does not possess. No, no, Mrs. Manning; I would not exchange a dance with you for a hundred with these Canuck maidens."

"Again you are flattering."

"Not in the least. You remember our waltz at the Halifax ball. Well, the one I had with you was worth all the others put together. It will be so to-night, even if this is the only one you honour me with. Ah! it is over now; and here comes that tall Frenchman to claim you for the next. Bah! I could see him in Halifax. But never mind, I shall remember that to-night you have blessed me with a few minutes' exquisite pleasure." Again his eyes opened wide and, with a quick flash, seemed to penetrate my soul. An unpleasant thrill passed through me, and, turning away, I accepted the arm of Colonel Joquelein for the minuet."

TO BE CONTINUED





MISS BEAUCHAMP-CHOLMODELEY

Pipe Types

By G. F. McFARLAND

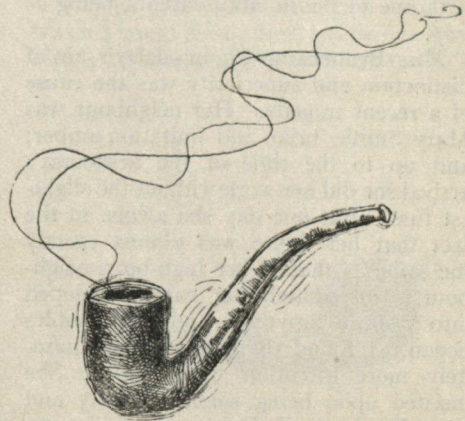
DID it ever occur to you, oh worshipper at the shrine of "the great god Nicotine," what a striking resemblance exists between the pipe which you smoke and the woman whom you meet on the street or in the drawing-room? Kipling extols the beauty and worth of his—

"—Harem of dusky beauties,
Fifty tied with a string."

but it would seem that even a cigar does not present so many points of similarity to a woman as does a briar, a meerschaum, or even a clay. I myself possess a harem of six fairly representative types.

Miss Beauchamp-Cholmodeley is an aristocratic meerschaum. *Noblesse oblige* is suggested in every curve of her sinuous figure, and she has preserved the traditions of a long line of noble forbears. Having been "born in the purple" (the plush lining of the case is of that colour), she is somewhat delicate and fragile, and the slightest violence or sharpness in one's treatment of her is almost certain to leave a permanent mark. The attempt to make her acquaintance was a long and trying experience, although by reason of the uncertainty it never became monotonous. It was necessary that the first advances should be made very gingerly. It would never have done to brutally seize

her, fill her with tobacco, and commence smoking. That would have caused such an outburst of indignation on her part as to preclude forever the possibility of our relations becoming smooth and harmonious. On the contrary, it was necessary that she should be carefully prepared for the ordeal, and that the successive steps in the process should be taken without undue haste. At first my efforts towards a *rencontre* were most unsatisfactory. I was treated alternately with cold disdain and scorching irony. But gradually I began to notice a change coming over the aristocratic features—a softer glow seemed



MARY SMITH



FATIMA

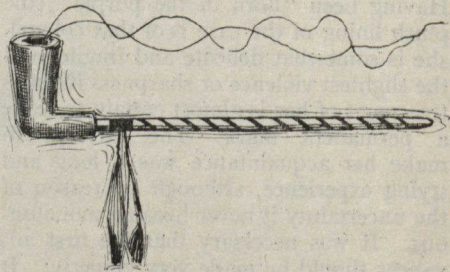
to be slowly displacing the cold whiteness of her earlier countenance, and I knew that my efforts to draw her out were not to be altogether unrewarded. Since then we have continued to approach a perfect understanding of each other. It is true that I occasionally forget some one of her many peculiarities, thereby provoking an exceedingly unpleasant exhibition of her indignation, but these occasions are becoming less frequent, and I hope shortly to be able to feel that I am associating with one of the nobility without being *de trop*.

Miss Beauchamp-Cholmodeley's air of distinction and superiority was the cause of a recent tragedy. Her neighbour was Mary Smith, briar and imitation-amber; and up to the time of the aristocrat's arrival she did her work without the slightest fuss. But one day she awoke to the fact that her figure was almost exactly the same as that of her high-born neighbour. Immediately her name developed into "Marie Smythe," and my troubles began. I found that she required infinitely more attention than before. She insisted upon being smoked calmly and smoothly, and rebelled at the bare sug-

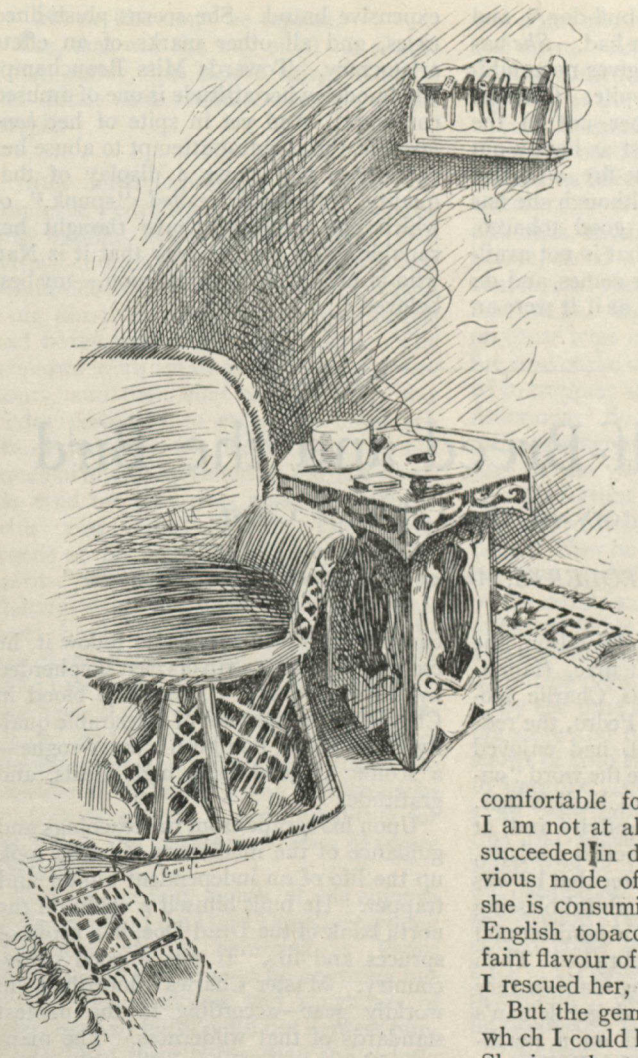
gestion of filling her with anything but the choicest brands of tobacco. It was extremely annoying; and when one day she fell from the rack in a vain attempt to assume a haughty manner towards a humble and inoffensive "corn-cob" near her, and broke her poor little imitation-amber heart, I did not consider it worth repairing.

Fatalism has a devotee in the person of a Turkish hookah, whose name as a matter of course is Fatima. All her inherited tendencies and her early training fit her for the station in life which she now occupies,—it is her destiny. Consequently she sees no cause for worry or ill-temper in the fact that for weeks at a time she sits in a corner, neglected and almost forgotten, while some one of her companions occupies the position of favourite, which was unquestionably hers for some time after her advent. She is a member of that large class who would be spoiled by too much attention. If I were to smoke her for a week, completely neglecting the others, she would become altogether too demonstrative—"slobbery" in fact (if an expressive vulgarism may be used). That is her nature.

Kitty O'Brien is a short, chubby briar, with a vulcanite stem. She is always in good-humour. It must be admitted that for a person of her dimensions her appetite is somewhat abnormal, but who would begrudge her all the tobacco she can consume, when she is such a jolly little soul? No beating about the bush was necessary in becoming acquainted with *her*. Ten minutes after her arrival she was purring and bubbling contentedly, evidently appreciating to the full the excellence of my pet brand of the weed, and utterly obliv-



MINNEHAHA



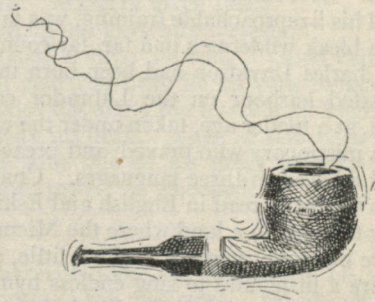
continually stuffing her with a vile mixture of "kinnikinnick" and "black-strap" and blowing her up to no end when her delicate nature rebelled at such treatment. I bought her for the price of a drink, and, after carefully eliminating all outward traces of her horrible experience, tried to bring her gradually to a state of utter forgetfulness of her past. I suppose you think that her gratitude is unbounded, and that she seeks to show it by her works. Far from it! She is the most obstinate and sulky member of the whole harem. Her temper is simply awful, and when smoking her I am never certain that the next instant may not witness a flare-up which will be, to say the least, decidedly un-

comfortable for one so near. Moreover I am not at all certain that I have quite succeeded in divorcing her from her previous mode of life, for sometimes when she is consuming the very best brand of English tobacco I fancy I can detect a faint flavour of the old mixture which, until I rescued her, was her sole article of diet.

But the gem of the collection—the one wh ch I could least afford to lose—is Nan. She is a short, straight-stem briar, of the

ious of the fact that according to ordinary standards she was a stranger. I fancy that her unflinching good-humour might become monotonous if one were to be constantly brought into contact with it, but as a remedy for the irritation and worry caused by the vagaries of the aristocratic Miss Beauchamp-Cholmodeley, Kitty is absolutely infallible.

There is a romance connected with a brown-clay and reed Indian pipe, which, with rare originality, has been christened "Minnehaha." I rescued her from a disgusting old Piegan brave, who was



NAN

form commonly called "bull-dog," and the truest friend a man ever had. *She* has no foibles or fancies; *she* gives no exhibitions of temper or petty spite. Changes of circumstances affect her not in the slightest degree—she is just as happy out in a storm as before a grate-fire, and does her work equally well. Although she has a decided preference for good tobacco, yet when for any reason that is not available, she will take whatever comes, and do her very best to consume it as if it were an

expensive brand. She scorns plush-lined cases, and all other marks of an effete aristocracy. Towards Miss Beauchamp-Cholmodeley her attitude is one of amused contempt. And yet in spite of her *bon-hommie*, the slightest attempt to abuse her confidence will cause a display of that quality colloquially called "spunk," of which one would not have thought her capable. Do you wonder that it is Nan who is my constant companion,—my best beloved?

The Half-Breed and the Bird

A Story of the Labrador Coast

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Hemming the Adventurer"

BOTH Charles Davidson, the half-breed Micmac, (familarly known as Charlie Noli-like-um) and Pedro, the red-headed parrot, had enjoyed religious upbringing. I use the word "enjoyed" with reservations in Charlie's case. Pedro had been born in captivity and, at a tender age, sold to a Methodist minister, along with a written guarantee that he was capable of acquiring the doubtful blessing of speech. He lived with the minister and his family for a matter of eight years. Then he was presented to a young man—a very dear friend of the reverend gentleman's daughter—who was bound on a northward trail and the quest of the Rainbow's foot. So Pedro, with his love of comfort and his irreproachable training, was taken to a bleak wilderness in a far, far country.

Charles Davidson had been born in an isolated harbour on the Labrador coast and, at a tender age, taken under the wing of a missionary who prayed and preached and advised in three languages. Charles was taught to read in English and Eskimo (for this was in a land where the Micmacs were but sojourners), to write a little, and figure a little, and to sing endless hymns. Also he was taught to earn his daily bread with trap and gun. As soon as he was big

enough to choose a trail and follow it, he escaped from that strip of coast shepherded by the missionary. The white blood in Charlie's veins was not of a desirable quality. His father had been a sorry rogue—a scoffer at good men, high ideals, and gratitude.

Upon his escape from the teachings and guidance of the missionary, Charlie took up the life of an independent hunter and trapper. He built himself a cabin on the north bank of the Dead Doe, in a grove of spruces and firs. It was a good game-country. Master Charles flourished in worldly gear—according to the modest standards of that wilderness. The manner of his acquisition of the title "Noli-like-um" came about thus:—He was acting as guide to a party of salmon fishers. A brown stone jug attracted his eye. One morning, believing his employers and the other guides and packers to be still asleep, he uncorked the jug and eagerly swallowed three tremendous gulps. Then, dropping the jug, he rolled about on the ground, groaning, kicking and gasping. When he sat up at last he found two guides and one of the sportsmen gazing down at him.

"Well, Charlie, how d'ye like my pure, unadulterated West Indian lime-juice?" enquired the sportsman.

"Me no like um," he replied.

Yes, that was the way of it! A simple thing, surely, but simple things stick in the minds and reminiscences of simple people.

II

After much journeying and many discomforts, Pedro was installed in a square, gray building at the mouth of Dead Doe River. For days he was disconsolate, and would not say a word. His perch was in a big, dim room in which packages, barrels and boxes were piled and ranked. The windows were small and for only a few hours, and then only on fine days, was Pedro permitted to enjoy the outer air. He decided that the out-of-doors was not much of an improvement on the dim room. He eyed the gray river and gray harbour with vast dissatisfaction. The black woods on the climbing hills depressed his spirits. Of course, it all looked more cheerful when the sun was shining at his best; but to the bird's homesick heart the sun of this desolate land was not so bright at its best as the sun of that far-away town had been at its worst. So, at first, he was almost glad to return indoors and warm himself at the fire in the square stove. He considered the society and ministrations of Jack Hammond a poor substitute for the sweet, lost devotion of Miss Margery Twining.

During the first month of his sojourn at the mouth of the Dead Doe River, young Hammond was as homesick as Pedro whenever he had time to be anything but busy. The bleakness and roughness of river, sea and hillside did not depress him, for he liked them better than the orderly charms of more civilised outlooks; but the distance that lay between the white house in the New Brunswick town and his gray store weighed on him in the intervals of his work. But he was working for Margery! He was exiled from the right and touch of her, for the sake of a future reward in mutual happiness. Then why should he mope? He found it easy enough to ask himself the question, and not hard to answer it. He moped because his surest chance of earning money lay so many hundreds of miles, and by such unfrequented trails, from the girl he loved. All these things he confided to Pedro, after the day's work

was done, and his supper had been cooked and eaten. And Pedro drooped a yellow lid and ruffled his gaudy plumage toward the glow of the stove.

Jack Hammond enjoyed "roughing it." This was not his first visit to the region of Dead Doe River. He had fished the lower waters of the river on two former occasions and once, in his undergraduate days, had accompanied a party of explorers to its source, and thence still further inland and northward. He had learned something on those trips of the wealth of the hills in fur, and of the coast in fish. He had listened to trappers and hunters and traders and fishermen. So what more reasonable than the investment of his little capital in a venture of the wilderness, on his discovery that his fortune was a matter of hundreds of dollars instead of tens-of-thousands of them? Now he was a frontier trader, with the best stock for thirty miles either way of the coast, and with thousands of miles of barren forest and fresh water at his back and a good chance of handling some of its output of pelts.

By the time things were in order in the big store and the living room behind, the spirits of both Hammond and Pedro began to improve. On the deal shelves in the store were hundreds of brightly labelled tins and packages. Pedro considered it thoughtful of Jack to put them there for his delectation. The colours were charming—yellow, red, green, and blue. They stirred some inherited memories in the back of his glowing head. He made a close inspection of them, shelf after shelf. Then he drooped a lid in his master's direction, "Margery, Margery," he screamed. "Dear, dear little Margery. Margery loves Pedro. Margery loves Jack."

Hammond gave him a raisin.

"Good Pedro," he said. "Good Pedro. I am glad you have found your tongue."

Pedro felt along the top of a package of tea with his beak. Then he scratched his head with one of his great blue claws. "Let us pray," he whooped.

III

Charlie No-like-um soon made his appearance at the new store. He brought a few lynx pelts and red fox skins along with him. He admired everything—the store-

keeper, the strange bird, the goods and the view from the wooden stoop.

"Fine," he said. "Heap fine, anyhow. Got some tobac, yes?"

"Plenty of it," replied Hammond, tossing a few plugs on to the counter.

"More," said the half-breed. "Heap more. Nuff for two mont', t'ree mont'. Charlie live hell-uv-way back. Plenty uv a two-day trip."

Hammond weighed out three pounds of tobacco.

"Pipe," said the trapper. "Tea, bacum, blanket, prune. Them pair suspenders. Them knife. Lemme see him no good or not. Heap dull, yes. Got some flour? Sugar, too."

Hammond worked quickly at weighing, measuring and tying up the articles named by his seemingly reckless customer.

"Got good gun?" enquired Charlie. Hammond laid a short-barrelled sporting Snider on the counter. The 'breed examined it with critical eyes and investigating fingers. "Want traps, too," he said, "and heap ca'tridge."

"Let me have a look at your pelts," said the trader.

Charlie No-like-um grunted, and heaved his meagre pack of skins to the counter. "Charlie heap poor," he whined. "No luck. No traps. No powder."

"Is this the whole of your winter's catch," asked Hammond, in surprise.

Charlie nodded. "No luck," he repeated. "No traps. Poor Charlie not much to eat, too. Heap hard winter."

"Where do you live?" enquired the trader, with shrewd eyes on the 'breed's dark face.

"Way up Black Brook, off Dead Doe. Forty mile, fifty mile back. Poor country for fur anyhow. Heap cold, too," repeated Charlie, with his gaze flitting from one article of merchandise to another, but never for a second encountering the face of his questioner.

"This all good country," replied the other. "Plenty of fur. Plenty of beaver and mink, too. Charlie must be a no-good trapper." He had fallen into the 'breed's way of speech unconsciously.

"Good trapper, Charlie," cried No-like-um; "but heap bad luck, an' heap poor, too."

"Where did you come from? Are you a Canadian?" asked Hammond.

"Me one uv Parson Donelly's boys," replied the trapper. "Me baptise an' confirmed. Me heap good Sunday-school teacher, too."

"Let us pray," remarked Pedro, suddenly and shrilly.

Charlie leaped a yard from the floor.

"Who talk?" he cried, staring about the big room. "Who say let-um-pray?"

Pedro eyed him enquiringly, but made no reply.

"Did anyone?" asked Hammond, who had a heart for a joke. "Sure it wasn't a spirit, Charlie?"

"Sound heap like good, dear Parson Donelly," faltered the trembling child of the wilderness.

During the rest of the trapper's stay Pedro remained silent. It was his usual state when strangers were within ear-shot.

When Charlie took his departure, his bateaux was freighted to the gunnels with provisions, blankets, steel traps and a new gun. Hammond looked after him with a tinge of misgiving. On the counter, in the dim store, Pedro eyed the little pack of cheap furs with a cynical regard.

Half an hour after Charlie No-like-um's departure Hammond missed his cigarette-case. He was sure that it had been in one of the side pockets of his coat at the time of the trapper's arrival. He remembered having taken off the coat and having laid it over a barrel of flour while Charlie was making his purchases. The cigarette-case itself was not of much value in Jack's eyes, though he had paid a pretty sum for it in the days of his opulence. It was of gun-metal, decorated with a monogram in blue stones. But where an ordinary man would have had his cigarettes, Jack kept a photograph of Margery, a lock of her hair, and two fifty-dollar bank notes.

"Hang it all," he cried, as he pulled boxes and barrels about, and held a smoking lantern toward every corner and crevice—"hang it all, that comes of smoking a pipe."

With Pedro under his coat (for by this time the bird objected to being parted from him for even five minutes) he went down to the little settlement in the bay, with news of his loss. He told it from cabin to

cabin. Pat Doyle, who trapped in the winter and fished in the summer, and had sold Hammond some fine pelts of beaver and mink, grinned broadly when he heard all about Charlie's visit, the small pack of skins, the newly-opened account, and the loss of the cigarette-case. "Begobs, sir," said he, "if I hadn't bin out on t'e bay I wud a' gone up an' looked arter ye. Charlie be t'e cham-peein lier o' t'ese parts. He kills plenty o' fur an' sells it to Skipper Nick Walsh, down to Burnt Tickle, an' no credit, ye kin lay to t'at."

"What'll I do about it?" asked Hammond. "The cad lives fifty miles up Black Brook."

"Charlie wud be after tellin' ye t'at, himself?" remarked Pat.

"Yes, he told me."

"Well, sir, I'll tell ye t'at his camp aint t'ree hour from here, straight up Dead Doe. An' sir, five pound o' baccy is all I'm askin' ye for landin' ye fair on his doorstep afore daylight to-morry."

When they started up the river in Pat Doyle's dory the moon was high overhead, sailing behind streamers of thin cloud, and the air was nipping cold. The wind was from the northern bays, and was freighted with the breath of the southward journeying ice. Pedro slumbered in the bottom of the dory, warmly wrapped in a blanket. Beside him lay a rifle, and a trout-creel well packed with provisions. Doyle and Hammond pulled easily on the oars.

IV

Dawn was stirring a yellow lid along the East when the dory, which had been creeping noiselessly up the north bank of the river, ran her nose among the roots of the tangled alders. Doyle and Hammond stepped cautiously ashore. Hammond carried Pedro in the breast of his loose woollen coat. Doyle led the way, and presently the squat, log camp showed in its tiny clearing. The door was open. They passed into the single room. A newly-lit fire crackled cheerily on the hearth. The bunk was empty. A lantern burned dimly on the table by the window.

"Gone to t'e spring for water," whispered Pat. Hammond released Pedro from the front of his coat, and felt in his

pocket to see if his revolver was handy. Pedro ran across the floor and climbed to the edge of the bunk. From there, with beak and claws, he ascended to the top of the log wall. In that dark retreat he set about the straightening and smoothing of his disordered plumage. Suddenly came the steps of a soft-shod foot to the door, and Charlie No-like-um appeared with a can of water in his hand. He set the water down by the hearth.

"Good morning, Charlie," said the trader. No-like-um turned upon the intruder with marvellous celerity and a gesture of menace. But he did not make an attack. He glared at the two men, and breathed like one who has run a mile.

"You've had fine luck since yesterday," said Hammond, indicating a heap of cured pelts beside the door. "Pat and I have just come along to look at them—and take back a hundred dollars' worth. I don't think I'll keep Charlie No-like-um of Black Brook *and* Dead Doe on my books any longer."

The barest suggestion of a look of relief flitted across the half-breed's sullen face. Both men noted it. They had been watching for it. Then Charlie began to lie. He assured them that the skins in the corner had been brought to him late last night by a Micmac named Bill Sacobie, from away up at the head waters.

"Sacobie, him no stay. Him heap busy wid sick squaw, so go right back. Sacobie new Injin from Quebec. So Charlie sell catch for him to Mister Hammon'."

"Quit your lying and show me the skins," said Hammond.

After much haggling Pat separated a number of splendid furs from the heap and fastened them around with his belt.

"Now," said the trader, "our account is pretty near closed."

"All close," cried Charlie. "All close. You take heap good hunder-tollar."

"Not quite closed, Mr. No-like-um," replied Hammond, with a clanging drawl in his usually pleasant voice. "I must have my cigarette-case, a picture, and two fifty-dollar bills first."

"Who got um?" enquired the half-breed, innocently.

"You."

"Me, Charlie? Me no got um. Me

heap good Sunday-school teacher," cried the trapper.

"Kape yer face shut, an' give t'e skipper his t'ings," snarled Pat Doyle.

"Charlie no t'ief! Charlie damn good boy! Me no see cigarette what-you-say. Me no see fifty tollar," sputtered the accused, with violent wavings of his hands.

"Oh, Lord, keep our lips from falsehood and our hearts from deceit! Let us pray!" cried a harsh, wailing, careworn voice from the shadows above and behind.

Charlie threw back his head with a suddenness and violence that must have nearly broken his neck. His eyes rolled. His fingers clutched at the air. He reeled a step or two backwards and then fell against the table with a crash. From there, with a terrific shriek, he rolled to the floor.

"T'at parrot has kilt him, for sure," remarked Pat, seating himself calmly upon Charlie's chest. "Now, me son, where be t'at little box filled wid money?" he enquired.

Charlie opened his eyes. "Pat," he whispered, "you hear Parson Donelly?"

"Sure," said Pat.

"Tell him Charlie turn good agin. Charlie teach who-swallow-de-whale agin. Tell him quick, quick."

"Oh, it be just Parson Donelly's speerit," replied Doyle. "He says if ye don't tell me where t'at money lays, he'll have an-oder word wid ye."

"Under me blanket! Under me blanket! Look quick!" screamed the half-breed. Drops of sweat glistened on his narrow forehead and trickled down his cheeks.

Hammond stepped over to the bunk and turned back the lower blanket. There lay the cigarette-case. Opening it, he found its contents entire. He placed it safely in his breast pocket. Then he whistled for Pedro. The bird descended from his perch and ran to his master. Hammond lifted him to his wrist and pressed his lips against the glowing head—where other lips had often pressed the bright feathers.

"Pedro, you are a good preacher," he said.

"Call Margery to prayers," screamed the bird, with a flutter of his green wings.

Charlie No-like-um's eyes rolled horribly.

Dream River

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

WIND-SILVERED willows hedge the strear
 And all within is hushed and cool.
 The water in an endless dream
 Goes sliding down from pool to pool.
 And every pool a sapphire is,
 From shadowy deep to sunlit edge,
 Ribboned around with irises
 And cleft with emerald spears of sedge.

O, every morn the winds are stilled,
 The sunlight falls in amber bars.
 O, every night the pools are filled
 With silver brede of shaken stars.
 Here every morn the sparrow flings
 His elfin trills athwart the hush,
 And here unseen at eve there sings
 One crystal-throated hermit thrush.

The Hurrying of Ludovic

By L. M. MONTGOMERY



JULIET SHERMAN was curled up by the window of Theodora Dix's sitting-room on Saturday evening when she saw Ludovic Speed coming down the lane. He was yet far from the house, for the Dix lane was a long one, but Ludovic could be recognised as far as he could be seen. No one else in Deland River had such a tall, gently-stooping, placidly-moving figure. In every kink and turn of it there was an individuality that was all Ludovic's own.

Juliet thought it would be only tactful to go home. Ludovic was courting Theodora. Everybody in Deland River knew that, or, if anyone were in ignorance of the fact, it was not because he had not had time to find out. Ludovic had been coming down that lane to see Theodora, in the same ruminating, unhastening fashion, for fifteen years!

When Juliet, who was slim and girlish and romantic, rose to go, Theodora, who was plump and middle-aged and practical, said with a twinkle in her eye:

"There isn't any hurry, child. Sit down. You've seen Ludovic coming down the lane, and I suppose you think you'll be what Aunt Martha up the river calls, with a good English pronunciation, 'de trop.' But you won't. Ludovic rather likes a third person around and so do I. It spurs up the conversation as it were. When a man has been coming to see you straight along, twice a week for fifteen years, you get rather talked out by spells."

Theodora never pretended to bashfulness where Ludovic was concerned. She was not at all shy of referring to him and his dilatory courtship. Indeed, it seemed to amuse her.

Juliet sat down again and together they watched Ludovic coming down the lane, gazing calmly about him at the shorn harvest fields and the blue loops of the river as it wound in and out of the autumnal valley below.

Juliet looked at Theodora's placid,

finely-moulded face and tried to imagine what she herself would feel like if she were sitting there, waiting for an elderly lover who had, seemingly, taken so long to make up his mind. But her imagination failed her.

"Anyway," she thought, impatiently, "if I wanted him I think I'd find some way of hurrying him up. Ludovic *Speed*. Was there ever such a glaring misnomer?"

Presently Ludovic got to the house and stood so long on the doorstep in a brown study, gazing into the tangled russet bosage of the orchard, that Theodora finally went and opened the door before he knocked. As she brought him into the sitting-room she made a comical grimace at Juliet over his shoulder.

Ludovic smiled pleasantly at Juliet. He liked her; she was the only young girl he knew, for he generally avoided young girls—they made him feel awkward and out-of-place. But Juliet did not affect him in this fashion; she had a way of getting on with all kinds of people and, although she had not lived in Deland River very long, both Theodora and Ludovic looked upon her as an old friend.

Ludovic was tall and somewhat ungainly, but his unhesitating placidity gave him the appearance of a dignity that did not otherwise pertain to him. He had a drooping, silky, brown moustache, and a little curly tuft of imperial—a fashion which was regarded as eccentric in Deland River, where men had clean-shaven chins or went full-bearded. His eyes were dreamy and pleasant, with a touch of melancholy in their blue depths.

He sat down in the big, bulgy, old arm-chair that had belonged to Theodora's father. Ludovic always sat there and Juliet declared that the chair had come to look like him.

The conversation soon grew animated enough. Ludovic was a good talker when he had somebody to draw him out. He was well read, and frequently surprised Juliet by his shrewd comments on men

and matters out in the great world, of which only the faint echoes reached Deland River. He had also a liking for religious arguments with Theodora, who did not care much for politics or the making of history, but was avid of doctrines, and read everything pertaining thereto. When the conversation drifted into an eddy of friendly wrangling over Christian Science between Ludovic and Theodora, Juliet understood that her usefulness was ended for the time being, and that she would not be missed. She went away quietly and had to stop to laugh when she was well out of sight of the house, in the thick grove of birches that grew between the Dix establishment and the "old Seawell place" now belonging to the Sher-mans.

Juliet leaned against a birch tree and laughed heartily, as she was apt to do at thought of Theodora and Ludovic. To her eager youth this courtship of theirs seemed an amusing thing. She liked Ludovic, but she allowed herself to be provoked at him.

"The big, dear, irritating goose!" she said aloud. "There never was such a lovable idiot before."

The next time Juliet went over to the Dix place she and Theodora drifted into conversation about Ludovic. Theodora, who was the most industrious soul alive, and had a mania for fancy work into the bargain, was busying her smooth, plump fingers with a very elaborate Battenburg lace centrepiece. Juliet, who never did anything when she could avoid it and hated a needle, was lying back in a little rocker, with her slim hands folded in her lap, watching Theodora. She discovered again that day that Theodora was very handsome in a stately, Juno-like fashion of firm, white flesh; large, clearly-chiselled outlines, and great, cowey, brown eyes. When Theodora was not smiling she looked very imposing. Juliet thought it was likely that Ludovic held her in awe.

"Did you and Ludovic talk about Chris-tian Science *all* Saturday evening?" she asked.

Theodora overflowed into a smile.

"Yes, and we even quarrelled over it. At least, I did. Ludovic wouldn't quarrel with anyone. You have to fight air

when you spar with him. I hate to square up to a person who won't hit back."

"Theodora," said Juliet coaxingly, "I am going to be curious and impertinent. You can snub me if you like. Why don't you and Ludovic get married?"

Theodora laughed comfortably.

"That's a question Deland River folks have been asking for quite a while, I reckon, Juliet. Well, I'd have no objection to marrying Ludovic. That's frank enough for you, isn't it? But even in this century a woman can hardly marry a man until he asks her. And Ludovic has never asked me!"

"Is he too shy?" persisted Juliet. Since Theodora was in the mood she meant to sift this puzzling affair to the bottom.

Theodora dropped her work and looked meditatively out over the dull slopes of the sere world.

"No, I don't think it is that. Ludovic isn't shy. It's just his way—the Speed way. The Speeds are all dreadfully deliberate. They spend years thinking over a thing before they make up their minds to do it. Sometimes they get so much in the habit of thinking about it that they never get over it—like old Alder Speed, who was always talking of going to England to see his brother, but never went. They're not lazy, you know, but they love to take their time. Ludovic is an aggravated case of Speedism, so to speak. He never hurried in his life. Why, he has been thinking of getting his house painted for the last six years. He talks it over with me every little while, and picks out the colour and there the matter stays. He's fond of me and he means to ask me to have him some time. The only question is—will the time ever come?"

"Why don't you hurry him up?" asked Juliet impatiently.

Theodora went back to her stitches with another laugh.

"If Ludovic could be hurried up I'm not the one to do it. I'm too shy. It sounds ridiculous to hear a woman of my age and inches say that, but it is true. Of course, I know it is the only way any Speed ever did make out to get married. For instance, there's a cousin of mine married to Ludovic's brother. I don't say she proposed to him out and out, but

she certainly helped the lame dog cannily over the stile. I couldn't do that. I *did* try once. When I realised that I was getting sere and mellow and all the girls of my generation were going off on either hand, I tried to give Ludovic a hint. But it stuck in my throat. And now I don't mind. If I don't change Dix to Speed until I take the initiative it will be Dix to the end of life. Ludovic doesn't realise that we are growing old, you know. He thinks we are giddy young folks yet, with plenty of time before us. That's the Speed failing. They never find out they're alive until they're dead."

"You're fond of Ludovic, aren't you?" asked Juliet, detecting a note of real bitterness among Theodora's paradoxes.

"Laws, yes," said Theodora candidly. She did not think it worth while to blush over so settled a fact. "I think the world and all of Ludovic. And he certainly does need somebody to look after him. He's neglected—he looks frayed—you can see that for yourself. That old aunt of his looks after his house in some fashion, but she doesn't look after *him*. And he is coming now to the age when a man needs to be looked after and coddled a bit. I'm lonesome here, and Ludovic is lonesome up there, and it does seem ridiculous, doesn't it? I don't wonder that we're the standing joke of Deland River. Goodness knows, I laugh at it enough myself. I've sometimes thought that if Ludovic could be made jealous it might spur him along. But I never could flirt and there's nobody to flirt with if I could. Everybody hereabouts looks upon me as Ludovic's property, and nobody would dream of interfering with him."

"Theodora," cried Juliet, "I have a plan!"

"Now, what are you going to do?" exclaimed Theodora.

Juliet told her. At first Theodora laughed and protested. In the end she yielded somewhat doubtfully, overborne by Juliet's enthusiasm.

"Well, try it, then," she said, resignedly. "If Ludovic gets mad and leaves me I'll be worse off than ever; but nothing venture, nothing win. And there is a fighting chance, I suppose. Besides, I must admit I'm tired of his dilly-dallying."

Juliet went home under the birches tingling with delight in her plot. She hunted up the uncle whose housekeeper she was, and told him what was required of him. Arnold Sherman listened and laughed. He was an elderly widower, playing at farming after a more strenuous life elsewhere, but more interested in books and out-of-the-way hobbies than in crops and stock. He was handsome in a mature style, and he had a dash of mischief in him still, so that he entered readily enough into Juliet's plan. It amused him to think of hurrying Ludovic Speed, and he knew that Theodora could be depended on to do her part. The comedy would not be dull, whatever its outcome.

The curtain rose on the first act after prayer meeting on the next Thursday night. It was bright moonlight when the people came out of the church, and everybody saw it plainly. Arnold Sherman stood upon the steps close to the door and Ludovic Speed leaned up against a corner of the graveyard fence, as he had done for years. The boys said he had worn the paint off that particular place. Ludovic knew of no reason why he should paste himself up against the church door. Theodora would come out as usual and he would join her as she went past the corner.

This was what happened: Theodora came down the steps, her stately figure outlined in its darkness against the gush of lamplight from the porch. Arnold Sherman asked her if he might see her home. Theodora took his arm calmly, and together they swept past the stupefied Ludovic, who stood helplessly gazing after them as if unable to believe his eyes.

For a few minutes he stood there limply; then he started down the road after his fickle lady and her new admirer. The boys and irresponsible young men crowded after, expecting some excitement; but they were disappointed. Ludovic strode on until he overtook Theodora and Arnold, and then fell meekly in behind them.

Theodora hardly enjoyed her walk home, although Arnold Sherman laid himself out to be especially entertaining. Her heart yearned after Ludovic, whose shuffling footsteps she heard behind her. She

feared she had been very cruel but she was in for it now. She steeled herself by the reflection that it was for his own good, and she talked to Arnold Sherman as if he were the one man in the world. Poor, deserted Ludovic, following humbly behind, heard her, and if Theodora had known how bitter the cup she was holding to his lips really was, she would never have been resolute enough to present it, no matter for what ultimate good.

When she and Arnold turned in at her gate Ludovic had to stop. Theodora looked over her shoulder and saw him standing stock still on the road. His forlorn figure haunted her thoughts all night. If Juliet had not run over the next day and bolstered up her convictions, she might have spoiled everything by prematurely relenting.

Ludovic stood still on the road, quite oblivious to the hoots and comments of the vastly amused small boy contingent, until Theodora and his rival disappeared from his view under the firs in the hollow of her lane. Then he turned about and went home, not with his usual leisurely amble, but with a perturbed stride which proclaimed his inward disquiet.

He felt bewildered. If the world had suddenly come to an end or if the lazy, meandering Deland River had turned about and flowed uphill, Ludovic could not have been more astonished. For fifteen years he had walked home from meeting with Theodora, and now this elderly stranger, with the glamour of the outside world still hanging around him, had coolly walked off with her under Ludovic's very nose. Worse—most unkindest cut of all—Theodora had gone with him willingly; nay, she had evidently enjoyed his company. Ludovic felt the stirring of a righteous anger in his easy-going soul.

When he reached the end of his long lane—all the lanes were long in Deland River, whose early settlers had a passion for solitude—he paused at his gate and looked at his old house, set back from the lane in a crescent of leafless white birches. Even in the moonlight its weather-worn aspect was plainly visible. He thought of the trimness of the old Seawell place since the advent of the Shermans, and stroked his chin nervously with his

sun-burnt fingers. Then he doubled up his fist and struck it smartly on the gatepost.

"Theodora needn't think she is going to jilt me in this fashion after our keeping company for fifteen years," he said. "I'll have something to say to it, Arnold Sherman or no Arnold Sherman. The impudence of the puppy!"

The next morning Ludovic drove to Delandville and engaged Ewen Matheson to come and paint his house. And that evening, although he was not due until Saturday night, he went down to see Theodora.

Arnold Sherman was there before him and was actually sitting in Ludovic's own prescriptive chair. Ludovic had to deposit himself in Theodora's new wicker rocker, where he looked and felt lamentably out of place.

If Theodora felt the situation to be awkward she carried it off superbly. She had never looked handsomer, and Ludovic perceived that she wore her second best silk dress. He wondered miserably if she had donned it in expectation of his rival's call. She had never put on silk dresses for him. Ludovic had always been the meekest and mildest of mortals, but he felt quite murderous as he sat mutely there and listened to Arnold Sherman's polished conversation.

"You should just have been here to see him glowering," Theodora told the delighted Juliet the next day. "It may be wicked of me, but I felt real glad. I was afraid he might stay away and sulk. So long as he comes here and sulks I don't worry. But he is feeling badly enough, poor soul, and I'm really eaten up by remorse. He tried to outstay your uncle last night, but he didn't manage it. You never saw a more depressed looking creature than he as he hurried down the lane in the moonshine. Yes, he actually hurried."

The following Sunday evening Arnold Sherman walked to church with Theodora and sat with her. When they came in Ludovic Speed suddenly stood up in his pew under the gallery. He sat down again at once, but everybody in view had seen him, and that night folks in all the length and breadth of Deland River dis-

cussed the dramatic occurrence with keen enjoyment.

"Yes, he jumped right up as if he was pulled to his feet when the minister was reading the chapter," said his cousin, Lorella Speed, who had been in church, to her brother, Chalmers Speed, who had not. "His face was as white as a sheet, and his eyes were just glaring out of his head. I never felt so thrilled. I declare, I almost expected him to fly at them then and there. But he just gave a sort of gasp and sat down again. I don't know whether Theodora Dix saw him or not. She looked as cool and unconcerned as you please."

Theodora had not seen Ludovic, but if she looked cool and unconcerned, her appearance belied her, for she felt miserably flustered. She could not prevent Arnold Sherman coming to church with her, but it seemed to her like going too far. People did not go to church together in Deland River unless they were next thing to being engaged. What if this filled Ludovic with the narcotic of despair instead of wakening him up? She sat through the service in misery and heard not one word of the sermon.

But Ludovic's spectacular performances were not yet over for the night. The Speeds might be hard to get started, but once they were started their momentum was irresistible. When Theodora and Arnold came out Ludovic was waiting on the steps. He stood up straight and stern, with his head thrown back and his shoulders squared. There was open defiance

in the look he cast on his rival, and masterfulness in the mere touch of the hand he laid on Theodora's arm.

"May I see you home, Miss Dix?" was what he said, but what he meant was, "I am going to see you home whether or no."

Theodora, with a deprecating look at Arnold Sherman, took his arm and Ludovic marched her across the green amid a silence which the very horses tied to the storm fence seemed to share.

Juliet ran over to the Dix place early in the morning. Theodora smiled consciously.

"Yes, it is really settled at last, Juliet. Coming home last night Ludovic asked me plump and plain to marry him—Sunday night and all as it was. It's to be right away, so I'll have to do some hurrying. And you must be my bridesmaid."

"So Ludovic Speed has been hurried up to some purpose at last," said Arnold Sherman, when Juliet went home brimful with her news. "And you are all delighted, of course, and my poor pride must be the scapegoat. I shall always be regarded in Deland River as the man who wanted Theodora Dix and couldn't get her."

"But that won't be true, you know," said Juliet comfortingly.

Arnold Sherman thought of Theodora's ripe beauty and the mellow companionableness she had revealed in their brief intercourse.

"I'm not so sure of that," he said with a sigh.



Militia Badges

By CAPTAIN H. F. WYATT.



LIKE the military badges of the British Army, those of the Canadian Militia show a wonderful and bewildering variety. The former have had their origin in various sources, events and reasons arising during several centuries. Sometimes they were adopted from arms or crest of the nobleman who was responsible for the creation of the corps; sometimes they were given by a sovereign to mark an event or occasion; sometimes they were created or modified because of a particular service rendered by the corps. In Canada, they have been adopted in a more arbitrary manner, with less reason, but with as great variety of taste. Some of the Canadian badges are adaptations of British badges; some are entirely a product of the country; while some are so obscure in their origin as to be inexplicable.

In the matter of the badges the Canadian military authorities have been very lax. They allowed any regiment or battalion practically to choose its own badge. No system of control of these badges has yet been organised. It is stated that even at headquarters there is not a complete list of drawings or photographs of them, so that different corps have in several cases received permission to use crests or mottoes that were already in use. There are several maple leaves, several Maltese crosses, several "*Semper Paratus*," and so on. In one case some genius has designed what looks like the crest of a successful brewer—a beer barrel with a triple X, surmounted by a standard.

The whole system of issue, supervision and designing of these has been unnecessarily faulty, since there are many historical names in Canada whose coats-of-arms might have furnished better designs as well as perpetuating historical material. For instance, the arms of Wolfe, Brock, Lisgar, Elgin, Kent and others might reasonably have been used. The crests of

counties and cities might also have been utilised. The buffalo, the moose, the deer and other purely Canadian emblems might reasonably have been adopted.

A common-sense system would be to have a national cap or helmet badge for each branch of the service, with the regiment, battalion or 'company number plainly placed. Then the corps might have a regimental collar badge bearing their crest. The German army uses badges in which the battle honours are shown in black enamelled letters. This is effective. In the Canadian badges there is a great lack of "honours" where these might reasonably be expected, especially in the case of rifle regiments. The latter can show these honours only in such way, since they are not entitled to have colours as the infantry regiments are.

If some such method were adopted there would be different general designs for

PERMANENT UNITS

- Dragoons.
- Artillery.
- Mounted Rifles.

OTHER UNITS

- Artillery.
- Engineers
- Mounted Rifles.
- Infantry.
- Rifles.
- Army Medical Corps.
- Army Service Corps.
- Corps of Guides.

In the Permanent Units, only one design of badge for each of the three classes is required. In the "Other Units," the Cavalry would require some variation of the general crest adopted for this branch according as a corps is classed as hussars, dragoons or guards, and in the artillery, a slight difference to distinguish field and garrison corps. All the other classes would require but one general design for each, with such variation as would

meet local tastes and circumstances. Furthermore, the size of a badge should be regulated; some of the present badges are too large to be pleasing in appearance.

The following is a list of the badges shown in the frontispiece to this number:

1. British Columbia Garrison Artillery.
2. 27th St. Clair Borderers.
3. Royal Canadian Dragoons.
4. Royal Canadian Artillery.
5. Medical Staff Corps.
6. 73rd Northumberland.
7. Canadian Artillery.
8. 93rd Cumberland.
9. 9th Voltigeurs de Quebec.
10. 53rd Sherbrooke.
11. 71st York.
12. 45th Victoria
13. 34th Ontario.
14. 25th Elgin.
15. Royal Cypher.*
16. 30th Wellington.
17. 1st Prince of Wales.
18. Royal School of Infantry.†
19. 32nd Bruce.
20. 44th Lincoln, Welland.
21. Mounted Infantry.†
22. 91st Manitoba.*
23. 48th Highlanders.
24. Upper Canada College Rifles.
25. South African Contingent.
26. 22nd Oxford.
27. 13th Hamilton.
28. 12th York Rangers.
29. 42nd Lanark and Renfrew.
30. 83rd Joliette.
31. Charlottetown Engineers.
32. Canada Militia.†
33. Rocky Mountain Rangers.
34. Governor-General's Foot Guards.
35. *North-West Mounted Police.*
36. 90th Rifles.
37. 5th Royal Scots.
38. 29th Waterloo.
39. 78th Colchester, Hants and Pictou Highlanders.
40. 23rd.
41. Mounted Engineers.
42. 63rd Halifax.
43. 90th Winnipeg.
44. 20th Halton.
45. 38th Dufferin.
46. 43rd Ottawa and Carlton.
47. Oxford Rifles.
48. 37th Haldimand Rifles.
49. Canada Volunteer Rifles.*
50. 96th Algoma.
51. 3rd Victoria Rifles.
52. 14th Princess of Wales Own.
53. 49th Hastings.
54. 65th Carabiniers Mont Royal.
55. 17th Lévis
56. Royal Military College.
57. Governor-General's Foot Guards.
(Cap.)
58. 15th Argyll Light Infantry.
59. Peterboro' Rangers.
60. Infantry School Corps.*
61. 62nd St. John Fusiliers.
62. 2nd Queen's Own Rifles.
63. 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers.
64. 39th Norfolk.
65. Toronto Engineers Company.*
66. 19th St. Catharines.
67. 1st Prince of Wales Fusiliers.
68. 46th Durham.
69. Royal Canadian Regiment Infantry.
70. Governor-General's Foot Guards.
(Collar.)
71. 7th Fusiliers, London.
72. Strathcona Horse.
73. Royal Canadian Regiment Infantry.
(Collar.)
74. 36th Peel. (Collar.)
75. Governor-General's Body Guard.
(Collar.)
76. 8th Royal Rifles.
77. 31st Grey.
78. 67th Carlton Light Infantry.
79. Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.
80. 33rd Huron.
81. Royal Military College.
82. 6th Fusiliers.
83. 10th Royal Grenadiers.
84. 21st Essex Fusiliers.
85. 8th New Brunswick Regiment
Cavalry.
86. 2nd Dragoons.
87. 35th Simcoe Foresters.
88. Governor-General's Body Guard.
89. 77th Wentworth.

* Extinct.

† Not in use.



Current Events Abroad.

IN the earlier part of the month the prospects of peace between the contending powers in the Far East were widely discussed. The battle of Mukden convinced the most stubborn of the Russian war party that further resistance was a desperate course to advocate. Contemporaneously with this situation, however, there was still an appearance of feverish activity in the forwarding of men and supplies to the East and a great deal of assertion about the necessity of raising another army of three or four hundred thousand men. All this was to be expected, for even if Russia was ready to consider peace terms it would be the part of wisdom to convey the impression that she was still a doughty opponent and by no means ready to accede to whatever conditions her triumphant foe was desirous of imposing on her. Japan, in the meanwhile, is actively prosecuting the campaign towards Harbin. Her Minister in London, Baron Hayashi, who has throughout the war endeavoured to counteract European misrepresentations, stated that if Russia wishes for peace she must sue for it, not through some intermediary, but directly, and she will find Japan quite prepared to treat. The stumbling block will undoubtedly be over the question of a money indemnity. Russia will be mortally unwilling to finance her rival, while at the same time depleting herself, but so long as Japan continues to pursue her victorious career, the Mikado and his advisers, we may be sure, will be satisfied with nothing less.

Towards the middle of April, however, all talk of peace was suspended in view of the renewed advance eastward of the Russian fleet under Rojestvensky. On the 9th of April it was announced that a

part of his fleet had got into the China Sea, having entered by the common sea highway, the Straits of Malacca, instead of by some more hidden way between the islands of the Javanese group. A good deal of *blague* was telegraphed from St. Petersburg over this feat. Admiral Togo had been "trapped," was one of the words used, while others said he had been outmanœuvred, and that he was now "between two fires." This latter phrase had reference to the fact that there is a Russian fleet at Vladivostock. If an admiral can be regarded as between two fires, when the said fires are 3,600 miles apart, it only illustrates how vaguely words may be used and how greatly the point of view influences the judgment. One would have thought that the most extreme partisan would have been able to see that the concentrated fleet which might be unable to meet the Russian fleets combined, might be quite strong enough to destroy the two fleets one after the other. This has been the weakness of the Russian marine position from the beginning, and it certainly requires a grandly optimistic mind to discover an advantage in having Admiral Togo between two fires 3,600 miles apart.

Is there not something typical about this. Is the swollen oligarchy in control of Russian affairs capable of looking facts straight in the face? There has been no evidence of it during any part of this war. Russia's stock-in-trade has been an arrogant and domineering spirit, which has been shown to be absurdly empty and vain. Whether on land or sea nothing but inefficiency and helplessness have been manifested, with an ominous infusion of pusillanimity. From the time that the egregious Alexieff held such haughty airs towards Japanese protests,



POOR BEGGAR!

BEAR—"Oh, I say, ma'am, don't be so hard—"

MADAME LA FRANCE—"Sorry,—but not another penny!"

—Punch

till now, when the whole of St. Petersburg is rejoicing in Rojestvensky's "strategy," there has been little else than boasting and swaggering, ending invariably in defeat and humiliation.

Events have undoubtedly now arrived at a crisis. A decisive Russian victory in the China Sea would change the whole face of the war. It is only necessary to consider the plight the Japanese armies would be in if the sea road between Japan and the mainland were blocked by a hostile fleet. All Oyama's resources would be insufficient to meet such a dis-

aster. The importance of sea power has never been so strikingly illustrated. Russia may well, therefore, watch the fate of her fleet with strained eyes. It is a time for seriousness, not for brag and bluster. An overwhelming victory at sea would enable her to regain a great part of the ground she has lost; indeed, if she could retain that supremacy it would only be a matter of time when she would recover all she has lost. Japan's utter dependence on uninterrupted communication between the home land and her armies abroad is the key to the whole strategic situation, and it was typical of Russian official methods that they walked up to



A HURRIED PARTING

KUROPATKIN—"Good-bye, Linevitch, I relinquish my command to you. I'm going to St. Petersburg."

LINEVITCH—"Well, where do you suppose I'm heading for? Tokyo?"

—Detroit News

the brink of war 14 months ago, bluffing and bullying, not only with their fleets exposed, but also separated, one-half being in Port Arthur and the other in Vladivostock.

The fate of Japan is therefore again in the hands of Togo, and from the record that the two nations have made at sea, the odds are decidedly in his favour. It is difficult to think that Rojestvensky's powerful, although miscellaneous fleet, will have any chance of holding its own with the seasoned sea-dogs who have for a year carried the broom through the Yellow Sea. Indeed, it may be said with some confidence that there is not afloat to-day, anywhere, a flotilla of equal strength so capable, so experienced, so trained, so judiciously daring as the tough little tars that are now following the pennant of Togo, with the fate of their country in their keeping. One cannot help but think that the Russians are sailing

to their doom, and as it is not at all unlikely that that very thought is prevalent in the fore-castle of every Russian ship, it will be acknowledged that they will enter the struggle with a heavy handicap.

It is Russia's last throw of the dice. Should it fail, peace negotiations must come. Even her other resource, namely, greater financial stability, has proved quite illusory. At an early period of the war, M. de Witte pointed out that Russia could beat Japan by a process of financial exhaustion, if by no other method. This idea has been woefully upset during the past week or two. When Russia desired to float a fresh loan in Paris, the French financiers, friendly as they are, intimated that the time was inopportune, and the loan has not yet been raised. Japan, on the other hand, offered bonds to the extent of \$300,000,000 in London, New York and Montreal on March 28, and the amount was subscribed on the first day many times over. Orders for the London portion of it came from Paris and Berlin, an indubitable sign of Continental confidence in Japan's ability to meet her obligations. On the same day Russian fours fell two points. So alarming does this lack of confidence in Russia's finances appear, that the Russian officials took notice of an article in the London *Times*, doubting the magnitude of the hoard of gold held in St. Petersburg for war purposes. They invited the *Times* to appoint a representative to whom positive proof would be afforded of the existence and the extent of the war-chest. The *Times* declined to accept the invitation, but the *Daily Mail* did on behalf of British journalism, and

its representative reported that the war-hoax was a reality.

The incident is all the more noteworthy when we consider the history behind it. St. Petersburg officialdom has long been incensed at the *Times*. Dr. Morrison, its Peking correspondent, is particularly obnoxious to them. He is continually discovering some of their intrigues in the Far East and giving them publicity in the columns of the most influential newspaper in the world. The St. Petersburg bureaucracy could not very well get at Dr. Morrison, but they could at the *Times* correspondent at the Russian capital.

Umbrage was taken at his accounts of the massacre of Jews, which created such a sensation two years ago, and he was requested to leave Russia. Naturally that did not improve the feeling in the *Times* office towards the Czar and his Government. The *Times* became positively an anti-Russian paper, and if it were complained that so far as things Russian were concerned it departed from its well-known character for reliability and fairness, there was the shrewd answer that if there was any failure in these respects it was due to the action of Russian officialdom, which, in expelling the *Times* correspondent, had made it impossible to verify news obtained in the roundabout ways which were necessary in order to obtain news at all. It was a sign that the great journal had brought the bear to his knees when he offered to submit the contents of his war-chest to the inspection of its representative, and when it politely declined the offer.



CRUEL AND UNKIND

"A Letter from Home"—Detroit Journal

The Kaiser's journey to Morocco, and his speech at Tangier, created some irritation in London, and a great deal more in Paris. In both cities it was regarded as an intimation that Germany did not recognise the understanding with regard to Morocco which was arrived at some time ago between France and England. Whatever the Emperor's purpose was this is what he succeeded in doing, and the net result of his somewhat Quixotic journey was to strengthen the popular approval in both England and France of the rapprochement between the two Governments. It is understood that Germany has made advances to Washington with the object of obtaining support for the application of the open-door principle to Morocco. Mr. Hay does not appear to have been very responsive. He may have felt that Germany, which keeps her own colonies hermetically sealed with high tariffs, is hardly a suitable apostle of the open-door creed.

John A. Ewan.



Fair Eve knelt close to the guarded gate in
 the hush of an Eastern spring,
 She saw the flash of the Angel's sword, the
 gleam of the Angel's wing—
 And because she was so beautiful, and be-
 cause she could not see
 How fair were the pure white cyclamens
 crushed dying at her knee,
 He plucked a Rose from the Eden Tree where
 the four great rivers met. . . .
 And though for many a Cycle past that Rose
 in the dust hath lain
 With her who bore it upon her breast when
 she passed from grief and pain,
 There was never a daughter of Eve but once,
 ere the tale of her years be done,
 Shall know the scent of the Eden Rose, but
 once beneath the sun!
 Though the years may bring her joy or pain,
 fame, sorrow, or sacrifice,
 The hour that brought her the scent of the
 Rose she lived it in Paradise!

—Kipling.

WOMEN IMMIGRANTS

THE immigration offices of our larger cities were never busier than during last month, and the crowds of farmers who came down to engage labourers found groups of East Londoners ready for almost any class of work. Judging from the letters received by officers of the

National Council of Women, householders throughout the Dominion are eager to obtain the services of Old Country domestics, who are coming out this year in larger numbers than ever before. The fact needs to be borne carefully in mind that most of the women immigrants of this class now entering the country are not from the slum districts, nor of the pauper order, but are, in many instances, respectable servants of some experience. The heavy taxation and the recent depression in Great Britain are sending to this side of the Atlantic hundreds of immigrants who are anxious to avoid the poor-house, and to continue to support themselves in some part of the Empire. Neither Australia nor South Africa offers, at present, the inducements to domestic servants which Canada can extend, and the distress in the Mother Country will have a silver lining if it makes Canada's domestic situation any more comfortable. The servant of Canadian birth is for some reason not so desirable as the trained servant from the older countries. Some will dispute this statement, but there are hundreds of housekeepers throughout the land who can arise and from a full heart confirm what has been written.

It is the very nature of a new country to find some difficulty in arranging the matter of domestic service. The crudeness of a bright young democracy leads many of its citizens to forget, as some wise man has told us that the true democrat says not "I am as good as you," but "you are as good as I." Hence it is not surprising that the "maid" of Canadian birth does not take kindly to wearing a cap, and has not the deference of the best

soft-voiced, rosy-cheeked servants from across the sea. The latest scheme in connection with women immigration is the project of establishing a Receiving Home in Toronto, where the newly-arrived strangers may have twenty-four hours' rest before taking positions, and where they may learn something about domestic conditions in their new home. Eventually this Receiving Home may become a kind of training institute, but in the meantime those who ought to know about the matter say that it is sorely needed. A meeting was held at Government House, in Toronto, during March, at which the matter was thoroughly discussed, and a committee was appointed. The immigrants received are those sent out by the British Emigration Association, Imperial Institute. It may be asked if there are not institutions already flourishing in Toronto where these new-comers might be received. Experience of the last year, especially, has shown that not one of these institutions can be relied upon to receive a band of twenty or thirty immigrants on short notice. In fact, the whole immigration movement, particularly as it relates to domestic servants, has assumed such proportions that it must be met separately as a department of women's work and interests. There could not be a greater boon to the many distressed home-makers of Canada than the advent of capable and respectful domestic servants from the British Isles. A Canadian woman, Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, described all too truthfully the condition of many of us in her clever "Omar For Housewives"—

"To-morrow a new Cook will come, you say.
Yes, but where leaves the Cook of yesterday?
And this sweet summer day that brings me

Rose,
Shall take Irene and Mary Jane away. . . .

So when the Angel of the Muddy Drink
Called Coffee, throws the Grounds into the
Sink,
And taking her departure leaves you there
Alone to Clean Things Up, you shall not
Shrink."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

YES—we have all heard about them—the "rare old, fair old, golden days," when our forefathers led the simple life

and our foremothers devoted themselves entirely to providing domestic comforts, even to the extent of making cowslip wine. Mrs. Lynn Linton deploras the fact that such a beverage is not manufactured by the modern matron, but it could hardly have been a delectable drink. After reading "Vanity Fair" for the twentieth time, it may occur to one that we are quite as good as the people who lived a century ago. We play bridge, it is true, but the dames of 1805 played longer and more dearly than we, if Mr. Thackeray is to be believed. In fact, the perusal of fiction depicting the manners and morals of the old days leaves us with the conviction that the modern man drinks less punch than did Jos. Sedley and his intimates, and the modern woman is quite as tender as Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, while it is to be hoped she has none of the tearfulness and penchant for fainting which distinguished the meek and unbearable Amelia.

THE FASHIONS

IN the shops, in the press and at afternoon tea, women of all sorts and conditions are deploring the ugliness of the spring and summer fashions, declaring in the time-honoured expression that probably originated with Eve herself—"We shall be perfect frights." Whatever powers mould the shapes of hats and decree the "flowing" of skirts, were in an angry mood when this year's fashions were set forth. Some of them look as if they were the outgrowth of nightmare visions, but they are the "fashion" and consequently will be worn by every member of the protesting sisterhood. The few brave creatures who dare to appear in plain skirts, when shirred and frilled and pleated monstrosities are the vogue, will be voted queer, and it is better to be dead than to be "different." As for the hats, they are beyond description and redemption. One and the same article of headgear will be turned up at the left side, wonderfully curved at the right, with a long downward scoop at the back which almost lodges a bunch of sickly green grapes on the nape of the neck. One of

the disastrous results of the Russo-Japanese conflict is the number of battered hat-shapes named after instruments of warfare. Last year brought us the torpedo hat, and this season it renews its deadly activity. The day seems as far distant as ever when woman will choose what is becoming, regardless of its being "worn" by the rest of the sheep-like community.



MRS. WARD'S HEROINES

CERTAIN critics of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Kitty" are decidedly astray when they declare that such characters as Julie, "Lady Rose's Daughter," and Lady Kitty are a departure from Mrs. Ward's early types. Surely they have forgotten wayward, lovable Rose, who nearly made Langham, the friend of Robert Elsmere, forego his devotion to Oxford. Then there was David Grieve's bewitching little French love, who was more of artist than woman. Mrs. Ward seems to delight in these irresponsible, thistledown young persons who are so delightful to read about and so impossible to live with. She has probably reached the climax in Lady Kitty, whose charming fits of wilfulness are uncomfortably close to insanity. Mrs. Humphry Ward's versatility is severely strained in the interpretation of a womanhood so entirely un-English, but it is equal to the test, and probably no heroine of her former novels has elicited the sympathy bestowed upon Lady Kitty, the bewildering child-woman, whose temperament spells tragedy.



CONDESCENSION TOWARDS COLONIES

ONE does not expect the yellow journalist to know much about history or literature, and therefore the opinions he expresses on matters in which knowledge of such subjects is involved are not to be regarded seriously. Whenever such a writer refers to a "colony" it is with an implication of contempt, as if such a community could be nothing but insignificant. But we have a right to expect better things from Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who puts the following reflections into the mouth of one

of his favourite characters in such a fashion as to give the reader to understand that the author is expressing his own views:

"No colony ever comes to anything in letters, arms or invention. It has no individuality as a nation. Look at Canada, older than we. What has she to show? Colonies have no adult life. They are overgrown children. They are simply imitative, and imitation implies weakness." Perhaps the best answer to the question concerning Canada—"what has she to show?" would be "come and see."

However, the first charge that "no colony ever comes to anything in letters, arms or invention" is worthy of historic reminder. Had the writer forgotten those wonderful colonies in Greece, those islands "lily on lily that o'erlace the sea?" What about the deeds of arms, what of the glowing literature that make these islands forever memorable? There is not a state in the American Union—not even Texas, with its spreading acres—that means to the world what the sparkling speck called Samos has meant for centuries. So great and significant was the work done by these ancient colonies that one writer is of the opinion that "the colonies of Greece did more for Western civilisation than she herself had done." But we may be reminded that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has spoken slightly of Homer. What is to be said? As the East Londoner remarked, it is "'ard on 'Omer."

This tone of condescension towards a colony, and towards Canada in particular, arises from ignorance of our real conditions. It is almost impossible to convince the citizen from the United States that Canada is not severely and outrageously taxed by Great Britain. Professor Goldwin Smith has recently told us of Americans who asked if British Columbia were in Canada, and if the French had become naturalised.



A WOMAN OF WILL

A STORY comes from the West that is good enough to be true. In the Autumn of 1901, when the royal tourists, then known as the Duke and the Duchess of York, were passing triumphantly

through a loyal Dominion, they came to a small town not far from the Rocky Mountains, of which Alexander Guthrie was Mayor. Of the Mayor and his wife, be it remarked, in the words of Mrs. Jean Blewett, "he was Scotch and so was she." There was a change in the plans of the royal party, and the Mayor received word that they would arrive at ten o'clock on Monday morning instead of four hours later. Sunday afternoon was a period of excitement. The Mayor surveyed his "Sunday suit" with feelings of pride and anxiety, and assured his wife Margaret that her black silk would be the proper garb for the occasion. He arose betimes and saw that the station platform was properly decorated. But what was his horror to discover after nine o'clock that Margaret was out in the backyard bending over a washtub and perspiring with honest toil.

"Woman," he exclaimed aghast, "ye'll be late for the Duke."

"Alexander Guthrie," said Margaret solemnly, "ye're Mayor of the town and may have to make a fool of yerself. But Monday's the day for the wash and it's going to be done, duke or no duke. Queen Victoria was a sensible body, and it's likely that the Duchess of York would think far more of a woman that did her week's wash at the proper time than she would if I were to put on my best gown at this hour of the morning. Now, off with ye to the station!"

Alexander (as we may call him) departed in sadness, for he knew the quality of his wife's "nay." So it happened that when Prince George and Princess May stepped on the station platform at Clyde they were greeted by a Chief Magistrate whose welcome had a subdued and chastened note. But from the rear platform of the departing train could be seen the broad back of Margaret Guthrie as she



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

The English actress who visited Canada again last month

stood in the backyard hanging out the clothes of the household. *Jean Graham.*

BEYOND LAWS

"There are relationships too subtle and too tender to admit of rules, friendships too delicate for regulation, bonds of obligation which, if not felt, can never be even suggested by another. Who could make laws for a mother's obligation, or set bounds to her fidelity? Her own heart, filled with love and longing, would transcend them all. Or who could form a code that would suffice for the holy obligations of marriage? If each party does not feel a tenfold stronger bond of duty than any one else could teach them, there is little hope of the real happiness of married life. It is the inward fidelity that far outstrips all requirements, that is the root of all true fellowship."—*Selected.*

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER, who shortly takes up his work as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, has become an interesting figure in the life of the present generation. It is not given to many men to climb so quickly through the various grades of medical service to the highest position in Anglo-Saxon medicaldom. From a Canadian farm to the chair at Oxford seems a long cry, yet Dr. Osler has accomplished the distance with ease. His services at McGill and at Johns Hopkins have been excellent preparation for his work in Great Britain. His promotion also indicates that the prejudice against colonials is not insurmountable.

Dr. Osler's remarks concerning the age limit of usefulness were probably intended to draw attention to the increasing opportunity of the young man. The individual who has not found his work or his position before he is forty is unlikely to make a great success. Up to forty, the average man has almost unbounded energy, enthusiasm and initiative. After forty, he works along more conservative lines. More than this Dr. Osler did not establish.

Of the 6,983 men mentioned in *Who's Who* (American edition), only 1,118 are below the age of forty years. That is, of the public men of the continent, eighty-four per cent. are over the age limit. This shows that men do not make great names for themselves much before forty, but it does not prove that the work performed by them before that period was reached was not all important. It does indicate this, moreover, that a man's usefulness does not end at forty nor even at fifty. The average ages of the 6,983 men is about fifty-four years.

Dr. Osler's fame will not, however, rest on his whimsical suggestion that it might be economically wise to destroy men when

they reach the age of sixty, or on his emphasis of the period when men possess the most initiative. His reputation was built up by his work in the field of medical research and experiment, and because of his ability as a leader and teacher.

In connection with the recent function at McGill, where Dr. Osler was the chief guest, a writer in the *Montreal Gazette* recalls a similar function at McGill, when Dr. Osler and Dr. William Benjamin Carpenter, F.R.S., met. The latter was a British Physiologist of international repute then nearing the allotted three score and ten years; the former was a young man just setting out on a brilliant career in the same line of study. To-day Dr. Osler stands where Dr. Carpenter stood in 1882.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

IN November, 1899, I wrote in this department as follows:

It is said that a small Catholic educational monthly in Ottawa has suspended publication for the reason that it advocated adopting the rule that all Catholic teachers should possess regular certificates from the different provincial departments of Education. The Church has, of course, a right to do as it sees fit in the matter, but a move of the kind suggested by the unfortunate monthly would certainly decrease Protestant opposition to separate schools.

In July, 1900, commenting on the declaration of the Archbishop of St. Boniface that the Manitoba School settlement was unsatisfactory, I wrote thus:

"In Toronto there is an energetic lawyer, a member of the Church of England who entertains views concerning religious teaching in the public school which are very similar to those held by the Archbishop of St. Boniface. The other day he, with two other prominent Episcopalians, went before the Toronto Methodist conference and explained his views concerning voluntary schools. He desires to have state-aided schools in which religious

instruction may be imparted instead of the present undenominational, state-supported public schools. The Methodists appointed a committee to consider the question with the Anglican committee.

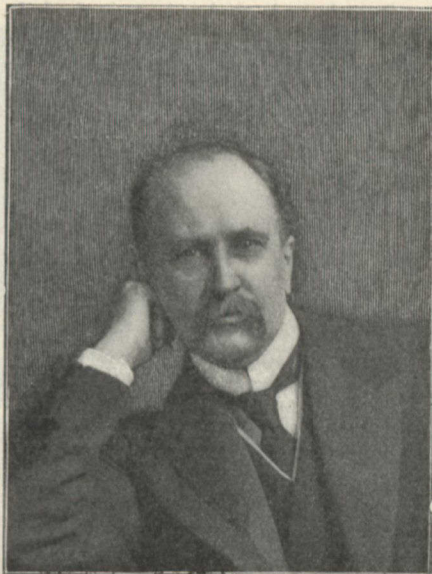
"Any reasonable person can see at a glance that if a township now possessing ten public schools should reorganise and decide to have Roman Catholic schools, Anglican schools, Methodist schools, Presbyterian schools, Baptist schools, Christian Science schools and others, the system would be unwieldy and insufficient. In towns and villages the objections would be equally apparent. In cities they would be less noticeable."

I make these two quotations to show that I have been a steady advocate of undenominational schools. Not that I do not believe in religious training; but it seems quite clear to my mind that such teaching as is required can be given in public schools. Where there is a Roman Catholic majority, the teacher and the religious instruction will likely be Roman Catholic; where there is a Protestant majority, the Protestant teacher will give Protestant religious exercises. This is practically the situation in all the provinces and territories to-day, with the exception of Quebec and certain parts of Ontario.

I do not believe that either the Roman Catholic or the Protestant clergy should lose interest in the schools, since irreligious schools would be offensive to all classes of Canadians; at the same time, separate schools weaken our educational system and have an influence which does not tend to national unity and national progress.

I hope that the time will come when the people of Ontario and Quebec, Protestant and Roman Catholic, will see fit to have only public schools, leaving it to the trustees to decide as to the religious faith of the teacher and the character of the religious instruction. There should, however, be one set of regulations, one set of inspectors, one set of certified teachers, and one set of text-books.

The present controversy does not deal directly with these points, therefore I feel at liberty to express my opinion on the subject. Whatever may be accomplished by the present discussion, some good may come of it, if it is clearly shown that there must be more or less religious teaching in all public schools, and that at the same time there must be such uniformity as will



DR. WILLIAM OSLER

tend to foster national unity and national progress.



CANADA'S HEGEMONY

MR. RICHARD JEBB, an observant and inquiring Englishman, was recently led into taking a trip through the Empire to investigate for himself its needs and its desires. He has embodied the results of this trip in a book entitled "Studies in Colonial Nationalism." The chief point he makes is that if the British Empire continues at all it will be as "a galaxy of independent nations," not as a closely-welded legislative unit.

He sees the national idea in different degrees of development in Canada, Australia and New Zealand. The filial colonial loyalty of the past is being displaced by a newer national patriotism. The Empire is valued less for its own sake and more "in proportion as it subserves the interests and ideals of separate nationalism."

This is a frank statement from a sympathetic observer. If Professor Goldwin Smith had made a similar statement, he would be accused of again talking annexation. Yet, this newer writer holds this view and yet says there is little likelihood of annexation. Can it possibly be true

that Canada is slowly but knowingly drifting towards independence—or at least to such nationalism as may be implied by independence of the British cabinet and the British Parliament?

Mr. Jebb's first chapter is labelled "Canada's Hegemony," and this country is thus accused of being the leader in the nationalist movement—in the movement which is to decentralise the British Government and transform the Empire into a loose collection of independent units. The units will be bound together only by an alliance. Canada sought by Confederation to bind together the scattered British units in North America. She has since endeavoured by transcontinental railways and protective tariffs to bind these units together into a powerful and independent nation, controlling half of the North American continent. If she has contributed to the Pacific cable, and has introduced cheaper Imperial postage it is because she has no idea of leaving the Empire entirely. She believes in the Empire and in imperial co-operation. She has adopted preferential trade because this "furnishes the economic basis of political alliance." When the question of allowing the Transvaal to import Chinese labour came up for discussion the Australian Government protested. On the other hand, Canada again exhibited her hegemony by refusing to follow Australia's practice. Canada declared that this was a domestic question, and that in the new British Empire there must be mutual independence in domestic affairs.

Mr. Jebb does not trace this principle to its source, but it is clear that much of its popularity in this country is due to the federal system which obtains here, and which has clearly indicated that provincial affairs must be treated by provincial legislatures. Provincial rights, under a Federal system, are but the prototype of national rights in an imperial union.

Mr. Jebb also deals with the Alaskan Boundary; the national development of Australia, of New Zealand, and of South Africa; the Colonial Conference of 1902 and its results; the contrast between journalism in Canada and Australia; nationalism in tariffs and imperial partnership. His volume is one of the most interesting

and valuable of the recent contributions to the writing of colonial history. The attitude of the writer will offend neither Chamberlainites or Cobdenites, neither imperialist nor nationalist, because at all times it is plainly seen therein that Mr. Jebb seeks only the truth.

A BIT OF HISTORY

THE annual reappearance in the British House of Commons of the bill legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister brings to mind Walter Bagehot's account of the history of the act preventing such unions. Its originator was the famous Lord Lyndhurst, the Tory leader during the long period of Whig supremacy at the beginning of the last century. Lyndhurst was a great lawyer and a great special pleader, "but," says Bagehot, "he had no principles; he did not care to have opinions. He regarded politics as a game to be played first for himself and then for his party."

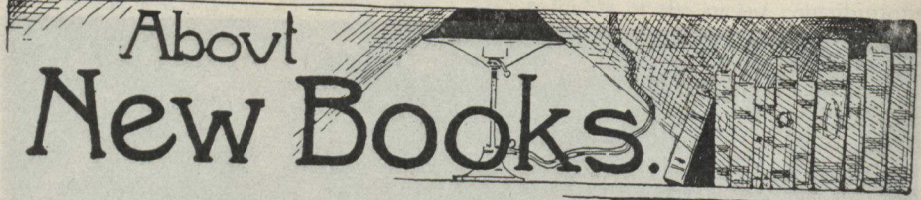
Bagehot was very accurate in his historical tracts, and there doubtless is no reason to disbelieve his account of the deceased wife's sister legislation. The real object of the act, he says, was to please certain particular people who had married their sisters-in-law, and as it stands to this day it legalises all antecedent marriages. As it was originally brought in, it legalised subsequent marriages also. Persons conversant with the clergy and other strict people represented to Lord Lyndhurst that there would be an outcry against this. He replied, "Put it the other way then; forbid the future marriages. I am sure I don't care which way it is." He wanted to serve a temporary purpose, and he did so always, as is to be seen by reading many of his speeches quoted in his "life."

It seems curious that a law, which by its advocates—notably Lord Hugh Cecil—is regarded as being both doctrinal and sacramental should have been originated thus to serve the interests of a few particularists. The King, when Prince of Wales, voted for its repeal, and most Canadians will hold that his Majesty was on the side of common-sense, morality and social progress.



IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

About New Books.



SUMMER TRUCK

SUMMER truck is not proper English according to the grammarians, but truck is a word used a great deal on this continent. There is scarcely another word quite so suitable to the occasion—when a modern writer of book notes sits down before the monthly collection of summer books. The table is piled high with a motley collection which much resembles the vegetables on a hawker's waggon. If the reviewer be honest he will possibly be unpopular with the authors who are trying to earn a penny, with the publishers who are endeavouring to make a dollar, and with the editor whose salary depends on the amount of advertising which his publication contains. Nor is he likely to be very popular with the average reader of books—since that person is interested in stories, not literature or information.

A Canadian librarian recently called my attention to the annual report from a leading Japanese library, showing the class of books read in Japan. He remarked especially on the fact that there was no fiction in that library, and said sagely: "The Japanese do not believe in wasting time on fiction." The burr thus thrown stuck in the fabric of my mind. Is it, or is it not, a waste of time and money to read fiction—especially the fiction that is found on the counters of Canadian book-stores and the shelves of Canadian public libraries? Is it true that the public, which has learned to read but has not yet learned to think, is better reading interesting truck than not reading anything but the newspaper? Is the fact that there are some "big-sellers" born every month a sign of educational progress or educational retrogression?

These questions must be answered by the individual reader, and he would be an

unwise man or an all-wise being who would answer them in the negative or the affirmative. Nearly every Canadian is anxious to read the latest novel from the pen of Sir Gilbert Parker, W. A. Fraser, Ralph Connor, Norman Duncan or any other of the leading Canadian writers—because it will probably depict some scene from Canadian life or history which will be pleasing and perhaps educative. That seems reasonable. But why read the truck from the writers of New York and London who have not proved their knowledge of any particular phase of human life? For example, why read the "Red Cravat," by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, which purports to be a study of the manners of a queer German court and people, two or three centuries ago? Why waste time on "The Lodestar," by Sidney R. Kennedy, a Connecticut story of doubtful merit? Why take up "Shining Ferry," by "Q," which reflects no notable phase of English civilisation? There is little to be gained from "The Black Barque," by T. Jenkins Hains, who has assumed to tell once more in a watery form the story of a pirate slave-ship on an African cruise in the early days of the century. There is positive historical loss in perusing "The Sign of Triumph," by Sheppard Stevens, because the story of the children's crusades is better told in historical volumes. And so one may go through the list of attractive covers and find only here and there slight justification.

The Canadian publishers of these books know nothing of the authors and very little about the stories. They buy their novels from the sample covers and illustrations made by the New York or London publishers. They are not looking for literature, but for "big-sellers," for the books which will attract the eye of the passing buyer, who is so ignorant as to think that a bright cover betokens a bright book.

Of course, so long as the people part with their hard-earned cash for this sort of book so long will they find it set before them in tasty array. So long as they prefer trashy fiction to history, biography and travel, so long will the publisher seek the sensation which will most attract.

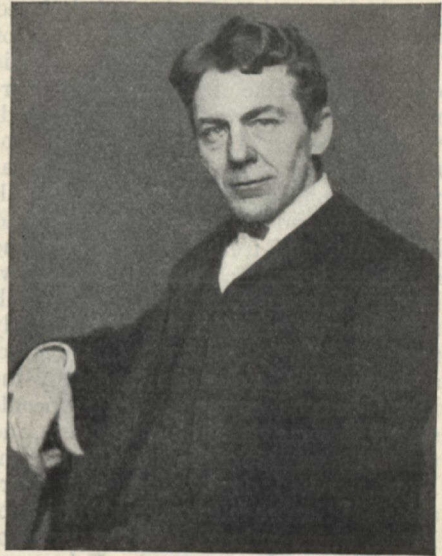
One truly remarkable feature is the carelessness which is displayed by members of the public library boards in making their selections. These butterflies of summer are purchased by them to be placed on their shelves where there should be only books of permanent benefit. The Canadian practice is so different from the Japanese, and the effect upon the youthful mind is apparently in equal contrast. How many novels would be required to do as much for a youth's permanent pleasure and profit, as Hannay's "War of 1812," Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," a volume from "The Makers of Canada," Hanbury's or Tyrrell's volume on the Northland, or a volume of stories by Fraser, Roberts or Thompson-Seton?

Perhaps the reader may smile and answer that young people do not read serious books. The reader is wrong. Boys can be taught to take pleasure in these just as they can be taught to take pleasure in the problems of algebra and geometry. A friend of mine took his little girl of ten years of age to see "As you Like It." He explained the play to her and told her he had it in a book at home. Afterwards she asked for it and read it every line. Much depends upon the parent.



THE BASIS OF OUR FAITH

An able Toronto clergyman has recently drawn attention to the fact that during the last twenty years the Christian theologians and investigators have discovered that there is more noble life and thought in Paganism than had been supposed. He affirms that the first great school of Christian thought believed that God cared for the heathen. The present conclusion seemed to be that, if we believe God is everywhere, we are compelled to concede that he must have been working among the heathen of all ages, and that if the Christian religion is superior to all others



CHARLES D. STEWART
Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith"

it is only because the Jews listened more closely to Divine revelation and obeyed more faithfully.

It does not seem impossible that our Christian faith should be strengthened by this admission. The comparison of our religion with those of other peoples, while bringing to light many excellencies in the opposing faiths, is likely to strengthen our confidence in what we have. According as Christ is superior to Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed and the Greek philosophers, so must our belief in His divinity and the wisdom of His teachings be based on a sounder foundation.

Canadians interested in the subject will find Mr. McMullen's recent work "The Supremacy of the Bible"* of considerable value. He deals with the history of the Jewish religion and of all ancient religions, and while avoiding no portion of modern investigation, professes to find only confirmation for his belief in the Book of Books.

Zoroaster was a religious reformer of the fourteenth century before Christ. He

*The Supremacy of the Bible, by J. Mercer McMullen, author of "The History of Canada." Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

preached in ancient Persia, and declared that there existed at the beginning of Things two spirits antagonistic in their characters. "One of these, named Hormuzd, represents everything that is good, while the other, Ahrinan or Satan, represents all that is bad. In the spiritual world, Hormuzd is light and life, and all that is pure and good; in the ethical world law, order and truth. Ahrinan, on the other hand, represents filth, death, lawlessness, falsehood, and all that is evil; from all which Hormuzd is to eventually free mankind." Eventually this abstract and spiritualistic doctrine taught by the Magii became corrupted. The people sighed for some visible object to adore, and took to the worship of the sun as the ancient Egyptians had done. Eventually there arose the Guebre faith or Fire Worship of Persia, which endured until the period of the Mohammedan conquest. Driven out of Persia, the Fire Worshipers, or Parsees as they are now called, eventually found refuge in Bombay. The modern Parsee maintains that an original principle, analogous to eternity, created light, water and fire. Hormuzd is adored for his benevolence and Ahrinan held in detestation for his malevolence. According to their sacred writings, the holy fire should be found in every town and settlement, and must be preserved unextinguished in absolute purity. "In the temples the fire burns in a vase within a grating, which none may approach but the priests who keep it alive and watch perpetually over it day and night. The light of the sun, owing to its superior brilliancy, is carefully excluded." There are about 150,000 of these Parsees, many of them extremely wealthy. They are very prosperous merchants and enterprising traders. Their loyalty to the British Crown is of the most intense description.

The chief starting point in Phœnician and Carthaginian mythology was the sun, who has the moon for his wife, or occasionally the earth. Its pantheon was limited to about twenty names. Baal, so frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, is their greatest god. Ashtoreth was their great female divinity, resembling the Greek Aphrodite and the Roman Venus. Her worship was essentially licentious. Human

victims were publicly offered to expiate national sins, and occasionally private sins. This was suppressed after the Roman conquest.

Mr. McMullen deduces from his review of the religious systems of Egypt, Babylon, Persia, India, Phœnicia, Greece and Rome that the religion of the Hebrews did not originate from any of them. "The Israelites, at different periods of their history, were placed under Egyptian, Babylonian, and Persian authority and influence and sceptical writers have endeavoured to prove that Judaism was only a mere offshoot from the religion of one or the other of these nations." He says there is not a particle of evidence to support this. None of them ever reached the grand conception of one only Supreme God. Idolatry and polytheism tinged all other religions. "Judaism stands out from all other ancient religions as a thing *sui generis* . . . that its origin must have been entirely distinct and separate in every way."

Moreover, the sacred books of the Hebrews could not have been derived from those of other nations. "No contrast can be greater than that between the Pentateuch and the Egyptian 'Ritual of the Dead,' unless it be that between the Pentateuch and the Hindoo Vedas or the Zendavesta of the Guebres or Parsees." The Buddhist scriptures ignore altogether the existence of God and of the human soul, that there are twenty-four heavens and eight great hells. "The Buddhism of Thibet, the headquarters of Buddha today, is a mixture of witchcraft and Hindoo philosophy." The sacred books of the Hindoos, the Vedas or Rig Vedas, teach polytheism in the widest sense. In India to-day, the temples are full of monstrous representations of deities. "The Hindoo creed is one of the most repressive, as regards human progress, it is possible to conceive." The Mohammedan scriptures, the Koran, is manifestly an absurdity. It is supposed to embody transcript records of the Divine will, given by the Angel Gabriel, from time to time. In addition a number of precepts casually spoken by Mohammed were collected into the Shemite or Oral Law. Mohammed was an impostor, unable to read and write, but with an excellent memory. He learned much

of various religions, grasping certain portions of each for his own, and adding "There is but one God and Mohammed is His prophet." Its sensuousness made it appeal to Easterners. For example, every true believer is to have in heaven all his wives, restored to youth and beauty, and seventy-two Houris. As a consequence there are now over two hundred million Mohammedans, of whom about forty-three millions are British subjects, resident in India.

Buddhism was introduced into China from India during the first century of the Christian era, and has more adherents there than any other creed. Taouism, founded by Taoutaze, a contemporary of Confucius, has numerous followers among the lower classes. His book, "Sutra of Reason and Virtue," is not important. The doctrines of Confucius are. Confucius is usually accredited to the sixth century before Christ. He was a reformer of noble family, with great accomplishments and ambitions. He left no writings. "The Doctrine of the Mean" by his grandson, and "The Great Learning," by a disciple, give the fullest information of his teachings. He laid no claim to Divine revelation. "Man as he is, and the duties belonging to him in society, were all that he concerned himself about. The vague, impersonal word heaven took the place of the Divine name with him, and he had little piety. He preached more a mode of life than a religion of worship."

Mr. McMullen, after reviewing all these religions and their text-books, declares that there is no religion to compare with the Christian religion, and no sacred writing with the Bible. It may be mentioned, though it is not of great importance, that Mr. McMullen is much less enamoured of the idea that the Divine influence was working in Confucius, Buddha and Mohammed though hampered by racial weaknesses and tendencies. In this, he differs somewhat from the authority first quoted.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR

The citizen interested in the constitutional aspect of the Autonomy Bills now before Parliament will find much assistance in Hon. John H. Gray's "Confeder-



ALICE MCGOWAN
GRACE MCGOWAN COOKE
Authors of "Return"

ation" (Toronto, 1872); Pope's "Confederation Documents"; Dent's "Canada Since the Union", and in the "Confederation Debates." The Hon. R. W. Scott has issued a pamphlet which upholds one side of the question and Professor Cappon, of Queen's, has issued one which gives the arguments on the other side.

RETURN

AMONG the novels of the month, none is worthy of higher commendation than "Return," by Alice McGowan and Grace McGowan Cooke.* Why a baby should have such a peculiar name as "Return" is to explain the whole story of Diana Chaters, who lived in the days when the English settlements were pushing beyond Charlestown, in South Carolina, and were edging up against the Spanish settlements on the Gulf. The conflicts of the time are ever near in the tale, yet skillfully kept subservient to the love story which is the real feature of the book. It is a sort of land sea story. Of the heroine's family the authors write:

"The smack of the brine was all through the extended—and illustrious—history of the Chaters family. From the sea had come its

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

wealth and honours, and to the sea its best and bravest had gone back. The long green wash of tropic tides covers many a proud Chaters head; the foaming white and steely blue of northern breakers, howling along coasts inhospitable, had beaten to pieces many a tall Chaters bark. It was give and take between the gallant, intrepid race, and the great groaning, asking, wallowing creature, turning from side to side, reaching, reaching, now east now west, to its despair—the moon; crying out for lost things and things desired, swallowing all and wailing unsatisfied, un-filled.

"They had held fitful and unsure empire over the sullen, bidden thing, which for a season will do man's labours, rebellion swelling big in its bosom. Anon it revolted; it rose as the slaves rise, clapped its hands, whooped, yelled, slew, devastated, drunk on freedom and on fury. It tossed giant arms to heaven; it found out these insolent Chaters upon their unavailing decks; it plucked them with its long watery hands from out their silly ships, and dashed them back upon its rocks and swallowed them down.

"O, there were widows—and enough—in the Chaters family, and these widowed mothers brought up the infant sons that were left in their arms—to follow the seal since the voice of it called them from their cradles, and no man or woman may be wiser than fate."

This is near to being literature. The style of the authors is excellent and yet simple. The selfishness, the false and overblown pride of the heroine are described in their rising and falling with artistic feeling. The conversations are bright though natural, and occasionally rise to philosophic heights, as when vain Sir Paris remarks: "After all, the wisdom of the old is a sort of mental indigestion. We know what dishes have disagreed with us, and we are ever fain to keep the young from eating their fill of them."

THE WAR OF 1812

MR. MORANG is achieving a reputation for well-printed books. In fact, without flattery, it may be said that he has inaugurated a new era in Canadian publishing. His edition of "The War of 1812,"* by James Hannay, which ran serially in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, is

*The War of 1812, by James Hannay, D.C.L. Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, illustrated, gilt top, \$2.50.

a beautiful production. It is a book which any Canadian may be proud to have in his library.

So far as the historical value of the book is concerned, there is but to say that it must for many years remain the authoritative book on this subject. When the war of 1812 is spoken of, James Hannay's work will likewise be mentioned. Besides its historical value it possesses the charm given by a simple style and a smooth narrative form. Dr. Hannay has told a story—a wonderfully dramatic story; and he will be a clever man who paints a more vivid and striking series of Canadian war scenes.

NOTES

"The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs" for 1904, written by J. Castell Hopkins, is now in the press and will be issued shortly. This is the fourth year of publication and, judging by the table of contents, the work grows increasingly valuable. The new volume devotes nearly 100 pages to a history of the general elections in Canada—including full details of such matters as the Dundonald affair, the Grand Trunk Pacific project, the Blair-Russell incident, the question of North-West Autonomy and the tours of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden. There is an elaborate study of the Ontario Provincial elections and of Imperial questions such as Defence and the Chamberlain movement, the Canadian Preference, the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the change in the Governor-Generalship, the Treaty-making power and the Newfoundland elections and Confederation. Relations with the United States and varied phases of material, educational and religious development are also dealt with.

Mr. Neil Munro's many admirers will be glad to hear that Messrs. Blackwood are to issue a three-and sixpenny edition of his novels. Nobody can interpret the Highland temperament as he can, and his charm of style is another appeal to readers. This new edition will consist of six volumes—"John Splendid," "Children of Tempest," "Shoes of Fortune," "The Lost Pibroch," "Doom Castle," and "Gillian the Dreamer."



Idle Moments.

INTERVIEW WITH THOMPSON-SETON

"I CANNOT talk to interviewers," said Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson-Seton. Sadly I left the room.

Suddenly an idea struck me a heavy blow. Bending down to the keyhole I made a noise like a hyphen.

Quickly the door opened, and Mr. E. S.-T.-S. appeared.

"Come in," he said; "I am always glad to add to the list of Wild Hyphens I Have Met and Made Mine."

"You know," continued the great medicine man, "I can't bear human beings. The only kind I can stand are the Boy Woodgrafters, as they have been called. Now, a wild animal is so respectful—distant, as it were—whereas men! Well, some men actually think that animals don't think! If such an idea became com-

mon, what would become of me, the great animal psychologist? Men are insufferable creatures. To think that they should think they can think about animals thinking, when I do all the thinking the animals think!"

And with a wild, loon-like cry Mr. E.-S.-T.-S. tore his mane with his claws.—*Portland Oregonian.*

ARITHMETICAL

A new story that comes from Germany is that of a Christianised Jew, who, returning to his native village, went to the rabbi and said that he had been seized by a strong desire to be buried in the same plot with his parents. The rabbi informed him that, as he was now a Christian, such a thing as burial in a Jewish cemetery was impossible. The Jew said that he was



AFTER HER VISIT TO A DAIRY FARM

"Mamma, is there milk in the cocoanut?"

"Yes, dear, I suppose so."

"Then, mummy dear, how do you milk it?"—*Punch.*



AN ECHO FROM EAST LONDON

'ARRIET—"I will say this for Bill, 'e do look the gentleman!"—*Punch*

willing to pay well to have his wish gratified.

"Well," said the rabbi, "there will be a meeting of the directors of the synagogue to-morrow, and I will see what I can do for you."

He informed the Jew the next day that the directors, after a hard struggle, had given in, but that it would cost him forty-five thousand marks.

"That's a terrible price," said the Jew, after he had reluctantly paid it. "Now, tell me how you happened to fix upon exactly that sum."

"Well," said the rabbi, "the reason was this: When the Messiah appears, and calls all the Jews to heaven, you, as a Christian, could not go with them and, therefore, would be left in possession of the entire cemetery, and as there was room for three thousand plots at fifteen marks per plot (the regular rate), we concluded it was nothing but just that you should pay for them all."—*Argonaut*.



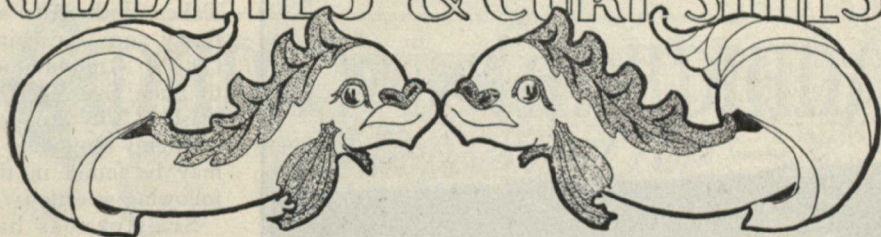
A BURNS STORY

A story is told in Thornhill about Burns in his capacity of exciseman. Old Jean Davidson kept a small whiskey shop, and

was suspected of putting more fresh water into her liquor than was needful or lawful. Burns accordingly came with his apparatus, and at once detected the irregularity. "Now, Jean, ma woman," he said, "I canna tak this to Dumfries this nicht; 'tis ower late. But I'll seal it wi' the King's seal, and return to lift it in the mornin'." When he had gone to his lodging Jean fetched the village cooper, who removed a hoop from the barrel and bored a hole through which the adulterated liquor was drawn off, and stuff of regulation strength poured in. Then the hoop was refixed, and Jean, with a brave heart, awaited the gauger.

In the morning up came Burns to claim the keg. "One minute, Mr. Burns," said Jean, sweetly. "Ye might jest test that whiskey to convince me; since I canna see how I could have been makin' sic a mistake." "It means breaking the King's seal," said Burns, "but I'll just fix on another." So the sample was taken and tested, and, of course, was found to be all right. Burns was bewildered. "Was there aught wrang wi' me, Jean, last nicht?" he asked. "Weel, Mr. Burns, 'tis na for me to say—weel, I just thocht ye were fully smert wi' your wee tester."—*Selected*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



AN INDIAN CUSTOM

THE Cree and Nascoppie Indians of Ungava in the Hudson's Bay, have a peculiar custom in regard to their dead. As soon as the soul has passed away, the relations beg from the Hudson's Bay Co. an empty box, the size being of no account. Frequently an infant of a few hours old is laid to rest in a box five feet by four feet. The nearest relative will then dress the body, if a man, in all his outdoor garments, and placing him in the box, lay beside him his loaded gun, powder horn, tobacco, flint stone, snow shoes, and axe. The cover is then laid on but not nailed down. The relatives will generally ask the Great Spirit to pardon the sins of the departed one.

It falls to the lot of the women of the family to carry the coffin, generally to the top of the nearest hill, and thereafter placing some stones upon the lid, leave the dead to rest. Ten days later some of the mourners will return and remove the guns and other valuable articles, believing that the departed has then no further use for them. They firmly believe that the dead would never reach the Happy Hunting Ground without their snow shoes, gun and pipe. The women are provided for in the same manner.

Lying under the hills open coffins are frequently seen, having been blown down from their resting places, and broken on the

sharp rocks beneath. Perfect skulls, long tresses of black hair, bead necklets and rings are often found lying near.



PROBLEMS FOR YOUNGER READERS

LEWIS CARROLL is said to have imitated a word-puzzle which is represented by "change 'heat' to 'cold' one letter at a time, using only good English words and making as few changes as possible." Here is the answer:

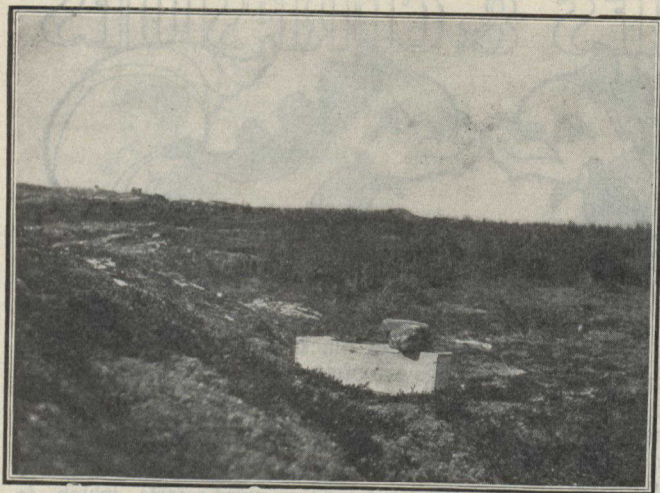
Heat	} Four Changes
Head	
Held	
Hold	
Cold	

Here are two similar problems and the CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be glad to have



INDIAN GRAVES IN NORTHERN QUEBEC

The bodies are placed in large boxes but not buried



AN INDIAN GRAVE IN NORTHERN QUEBEC

solutions from readers not more than fifteen years of age. A handsomely bound book will be given to the best and neatest set of answers:

- I. Change "Black" to "Green."
"Green" to "White."
"White" to "Black."
- II. Change "Wrong" to "Grown."



ANOTHER DIVISION PROBLEM

HERE is another division problem similar to the one explained in April. Readers are invited to send solutions, of which the best will be published.

Here is an example in long division in which all the sevens are given; fill in the missing figures and show how they are obtained:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 7xx) x77xx7(xxx \\
 \underline{xxxx} \\
 \\
 \underline{xxxx} \\
 \underline{xxxx} \\
 \\
 \underline{x777} \\
 \underline{x777} \\
 \hline
 \end{array}$$



A CANADIAN EPIGRAMMATIST

Mr. Peter McArthur, who was at one time a Toronto newspaper man and has since distinguished himself in New York, is trying to take the conceit out of the Mother Country. He has published a

work entitled "To be Taken With Salt; an Essay on Teaching One's Grandmother to Suck Eggs." The reasons why London is highly enjoying it may be found in the following selections:

Sea-sickness has kept more enemies out of England than her prowess in war.

London takes more for granted than the rest of the world knows.

The great trouble with the English is that they are trying to repel the American invaders with business

methods that came over with William the Conqueror.

Good form appears to be the accumulated weariness of centuries expressed in a general air of boredom.

One of the blessings of being a humorist is that all your mistakes pass off as jokes. Conservatism and laziness are hard to distinguish.

In order to carry on an argument you must descend to the other man's level.

One should never spoil a good theory by explaining it.

Let me make the jokes of the Empire. I care not who makes its blunders.

London is full of clever people who expect to get salvation in a moment and spread the luxury of being damned over a lifetime.

The cuckoo of philosophy has successfully laid her egg in the nest of theory.

London is overcrowded with serious-minded people who stand in awe of their own ignorance.

An Englishman's social standing seems to depend on the number of people he can afford to despise.

The average Englishman has so deep a reverence for antiquity that he would rather be wrong than be recent.

This country is full of people who are starving up to their positions.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —
Business Men.

BOUNTY ON COPPER

IN the February issue, in this department, it was pointed out that the copper miners of Rossland had asked the Dominion Government for a bounty. The opinion was expressed that the giving of bounties was a dangerous practice and should be used sparingly. Mr. John Dean, of Rossland, writes in reply to say that this bounty is necessary and justifiable. In the first place 79 per cent. of the copper produced in Canada is mined in British Columbia, and hence the view of that province is of supreme importance. In the second place British Columbia is entitled to consideration at the hands of the Dominion since she contributes more largely to the Federal revenues than any other province. In 1901, her contribution was \$14.16 per head, as compared with \$6.48 for Quebec, \$5.00 for Ontario, \$4.56 for Nova Scotia, \$3.99 for Manitoba, \$3.48 for New Brunswick, and \$1.43 for Prince Edward Island. Although only one-thirtieth of the population, they contribute one-eleventh of the revenue. In the third place, the people of the other provinces are benefited by tariff protection. The farmer, the manufacturer and the tradesman gets his bounty in that way. The producer of copper has no protection; and no customs duty would be possible because there are no refineries in Canada where the copper may be marketed. When in the nature of things a customs duty cannot be imposed to protect an industry, it is a question of seeking some other means, if protection be necessary. In the fourth place, protection is necessary, because of the higher cost of machinery, wages, food, clothing, distance from market, newness of general conditions, and so on. As protection cannot be given

by the tariff, therefore a bounty is necessary and justifiable.

Mr. Dean says:

The Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, if correctly reported in his interview with the lumbermen from this province, who are asking for the protection they are entitled to, expressed in a few words the exact position of the gold copper miners and the lumbermen when he said that he was particularly impressed with the statement that they were being taxed for what they purchased and got no protection for what they sold; no one realises more than this statesman the burdens imposed by the tariff, and the impossible task of attempting to wipe it out. Besides it can be defended on the ground of self-preservation and self-defence as can the bounty as a means of equalisation, when the imposition of a tariff in the case of a new or struggling industry is found to be inexpedient.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS

THE report of the Inspectors of Penitentiaries of Canada for the last fiscal year states that the average daily population of the penitentiaries during 1903-4 was 1,286, an increase of five per cent. compared with the previous year, but a decrease compared with each of the seven years prior to 1902-3. A comparative statement of the number of paroles and pardons granted since 1898-9 shows that the operation of the parole law tends to reduce the number of pardons granted, which have steadily decreased from 80 in 1898-9 to 31 in 1903-4. The number of paroles granted increased from 71 in 1899-1900 to 122 in 1903-4. The number of convicts in custody on June 30, 1904, was 1,328, of whom twelve per cent. were under twenty years of age. The cause of crime is attributed to idleness and improvident habits rather than to other conditions such as intemperance, illiteracy and heredity. With regard to the nationality of criminals,

881 were Canadian, 134 were from the United States, 125 were from England, 53 from Ireland and 20 from Scotland. There were less than 20 from each of a number of other countries. There were 863 single persons, 426 married and 39 widowed. Abstainers from intoxicants numbered 223, the temperate numbered 619, and the intemperate 486. There were 213 convicts who could neither read nor write, 99 who could read only, and 1,016 who could both read and write. With regard to their religious beliefs, 662 convicts were Roman Catholics, 251 belonged to the Church of England, 139 were Methodists, 116 were Presbyterians, 84 were Baptists, 28 were Lutherans, and 11 Buddhists. There were 30 others professing various other creeds, and 7 belonged to no church.—*Labour Gazette*.

PUBLIC ACCOUNTS OF CANADA

Public Accounts for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1904. Ottawa: King's Printer, 1905. Pages, 253. Price, 15 cents.

THE Report on the Public Accounts of Canada for the last fiscal year shows that the receipts on account of consolidated fund for the year amounted to \$70,669,816.82, and the expenditure amounted to \$55,612,832.70. The sum of \$2,046,878.45 was paid on account of railway subsidies, and \$1,130,041.29 on account of bounties. The net debt of the Dominion at the close of the fiscal year was \$260,867,718.60, being a reduction from the previous year of \$739,270.27. The actual reduction of the debt, however, amounted to \$6,136,773.40, the difference being due to an allowance to the provinces of Ontario and Quebec erroneously deducted in the previous year. The balance at the credit of depositors in the post office and government savings banks at the close of the fiscal year amounted to \$62,158,449.90, an increase of \$1,387,320.65 over the balance held on June 30, 1903. There has been a great increase in the amount of money orders issued by the Post Office Department and payable in other countries. In the last six years the amount of these orders has trebled, and in 1904 they reached the value of nearly \$8,000,000.

MARITIME UNION

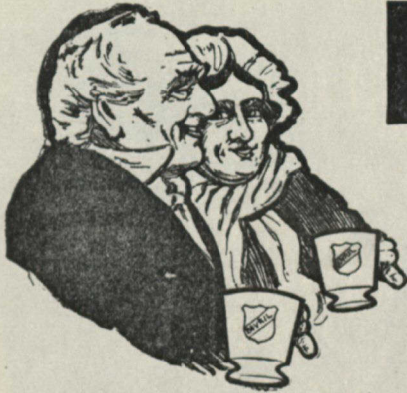
IN a recent issue, the *Montreal Star* says editorially:

"We are told that 'nearly all the members of the Legislature' were present at a mass meeting at Charlottetown, P.E.I., to receive the delegates who lately visited Ottawa, with the request that a tunnel be built from the mainland to Prince Edward Island. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and resolutions of thanks to the delegates and of endorsement of the tunnel scheme were passed. Still these 'nearly all the members of the Legislature' could have done something much more effective. If they had pledged themselves to support a union of their Province with Nova Scotia or New Brunswick or both, and thus do away with the expense of keeping up their separate legislature, executive and lieutenant-governorship as a partial contribution to the expenses of the tunnel, that Charlottetown mass meeting would have had a far greater effect on the progress of the movement."

THE BEST COLONISTS.

CANADA desires good colonists from Great Britain, while Great Britain desires only to lose her more shiftless citizens. Hence, there is a different view of the present migration. Canada thinks the quality should be improved, while the *London Morning Post* says the colonies are rather too exacting in their desire to be populated by the best of the race. There is no sentiment on either side. Canada wants the colonists because they will help her development; Great Britain wants to get rid of certain classes because they are a nuisance and an expense.

The proper method for America is to decide to accept only such colonists as have been "selected." These should be taken in hand and distributed where they will do best for themselves and best for the country. Moreover, their initial efforts should be directed and guided by the Government, capital being advanced where necessary. This is the only sane and successful method, and New Zealand is the only colony which has yet adopted it.



BOVRIL

There is a quality in **BOVRIL** that promotes digestion and makes the delicate person

HALE AND HEARTY

Old and young alike are benefited by the use of **BOVRIL**, as it is not only palatable, but exceedingly nutritious and invigorating.

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A Girl's Problem

Food that Restores and Makes Health Possible.

The nervous strain of modern office work will undermine and break down the health unless Nerve and Brain cells are rebuilt daily by proper food.

There are stomach specialists as well as for eye, ear and other organs.

One of these told a young lady of New Brunswick, N.J., to quit medicines and eat Grape-Nuts. She says:

"For about 12 months I suffered severely with gastritis. I was unable to retain much of anything on my stomach, and consequently was compelled to give up my occupation. I took quantities of medicine, but I continued to suffer, and soon lost 15 pounds in weight. I was depressed in spirits and lost interest in everything generally. My mind was so affected that it was impossible to become interested in even the lightest reading matter.

"After suffering for months I decided to go to a stomach specialist. He put me on Grape-Nuts and my health began to improve immediately. It was the keynote of a new life. I found that I had been eating too much starchy food which I did not digest. I soon proved that it is not the quantity of food that one eats, but the quality.

"In a few weeks I was able to go back to my old business of doing clerical work. I have continued to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meal. I wake in the morning with a clear mind and feel rested. I regained my lost weight in a short time. I am well and happy again and owe it to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg. of

Grape-Nuts.

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The Holes in Your Clothes

are EATEN IN or RUBBED
OUT in the wash

Easy Washing Soaps EAT the
clothes

Safe Soaps require RUBBING
and rubbing means HOLES.

PEARLINE

DOESN'T eat clothes.

Washes WITHOUT rubbing.

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(A LA QUINA DU PEROU)

is a palatable Tonic Wine, represent-
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Debility, and all cases of Over-
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BIG BOTTLE, - - \$1.00
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ALL DRUGGISTS

EVERYWHERE



HIGHEST GRADE

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MAGNUMS

PURE EGYPTIAN

Cigarettes.

Dr. Deimel Underwear

Ordinarily Underwear is manufactured with but one purpose in view—to sell. The Dr. Deimel Underwear owes its existence to a higher purpose. It is the outcome of a sincere endeavor to produce a garment, which all people who are careful of their health, solicitous of their comfort and sufficiently self-respecting to be discerning, can afford to place in touch with their skin.

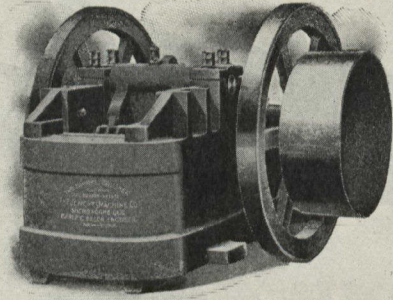
When the Dr. Deimel Underwear was introduced in 1894, there were mainly two kinds of garments in the market—one, cheap in price and of common material, dyed in all shades so as to cover its inward worthlessness—the other, more costly, mainly of wool, which though excellent for outer clothing, is the most prolific cause of all kinds of external and internal diseases when placed next to the skin.

Dr. Deimel restored Linen to its rightful place as a body garment. Not ordinary Linen, which had been discarded as too chilly, but a special fabric, named by him "Linen-Mesh," embodying such improvements as to remove the chilliness, increase the yielding quality and enhance the absorbing power of the garments. Its wonderful qualities have found most generous appreciation on the part of its wearers. No other Underwear has as many friends as the Dr. Deimel.

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☐ We build them in all sizes — from 7" x 10", weighing 6,000 pounds, to 30" x 42", weighing 120,000 pounds.

☐ The capacity of the former is 50 ton to 2" size in ten hours; of the latter, 1,400 ton to 8" size. The size of the product can be varied at will.

☐ The frame is made of semi-steel cast in one piece; the pitman is made of cast-steel; the jaw plates of chilled iron or manganese steel, as desired.

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Mr. R. McClelland, Queensland, writes: "Once people try your Pills they will take no other medicine for Rheumatism. I consider they are worth a pound a box."

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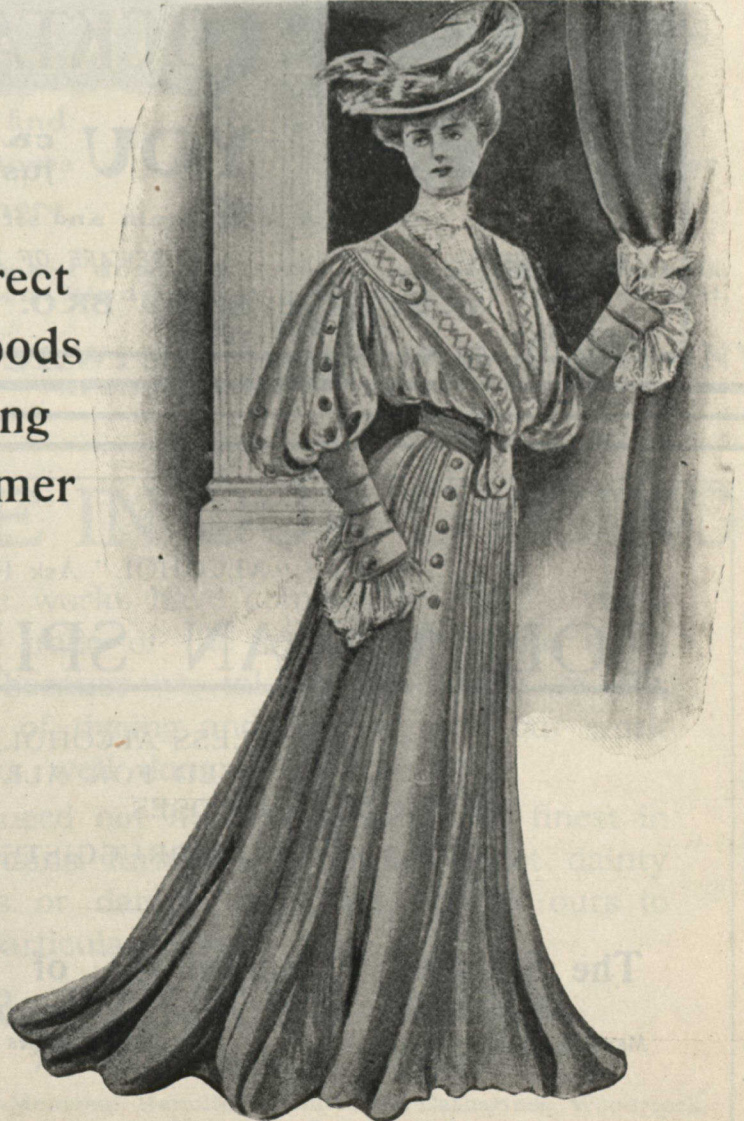
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Dress Goods
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FOR SALE AT
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*"Master thinks I'm a dandy
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YOU can do it
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS

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When Requiring "ALCOHOL" Ask For

COLUMNIAN SPIRITS

IT IS AN ODORLESS ALCOHOL
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FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

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THE RUSSELL

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Car.

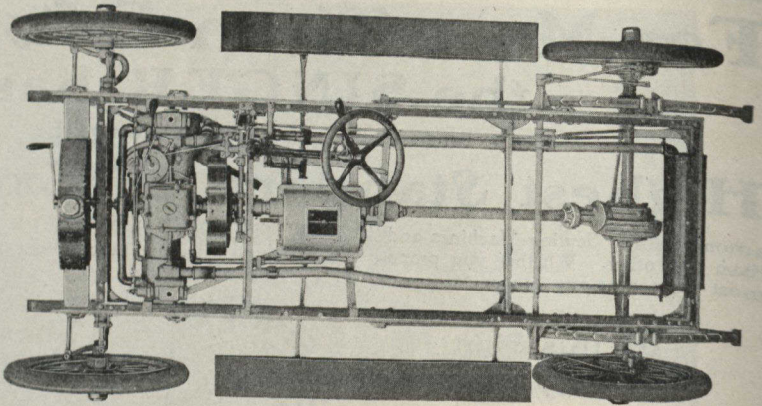
Canadian Roads and Canadian weather conditions are items to be considered. We have been asked thousands of times the question: "Have you a Car built

to meet the requirements of Canadians?"—we have answered in the affirmative by putting on the market the "Russell." It's a Made-in-Canada Car and embraces all the good points of all good automobiles and has some special ones of its own.

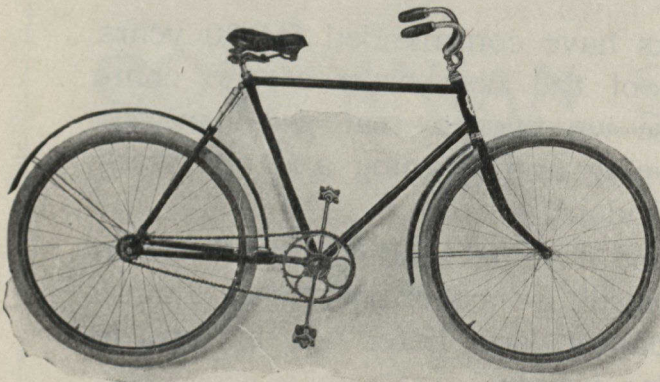
12 to 14 horse power, double cylinder opposed engine. Three speeds forward and one reverse. Bevel gear drive direct to rear axle. Body of handsome design, with side entrance. Two oil lamps, tail lamp, horn, and ten thousand mile odometer.

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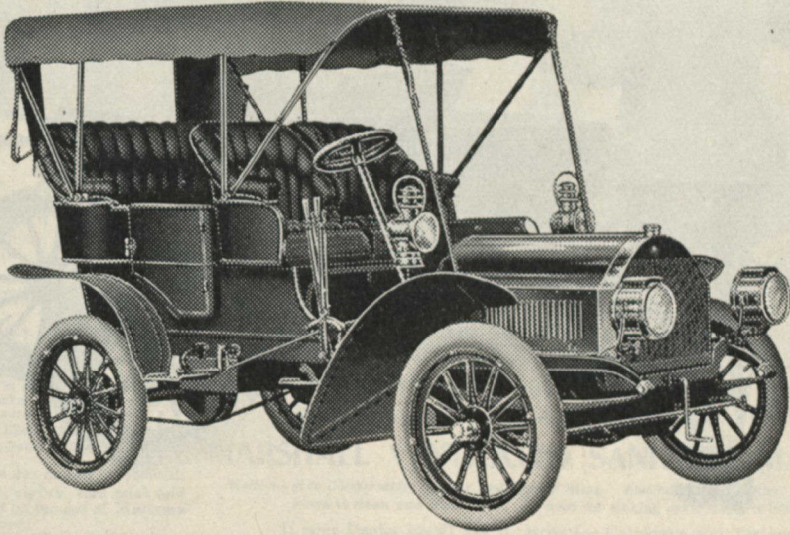
WE'VE been watching for the bicycle revival for over two years—and it's here at last. There is a voice from every quarter of the globe to tell us of it, and to support this in Canada we can say that to April the 15th (this year) there have been four times as many bicycles sold as during the same period for four years back.

Massey-Harris and Cleveland Bicycles have the new Cushion Frame, Morrow Coaster Brake, and Sells Handle Bars. Everything new in bicycledom.

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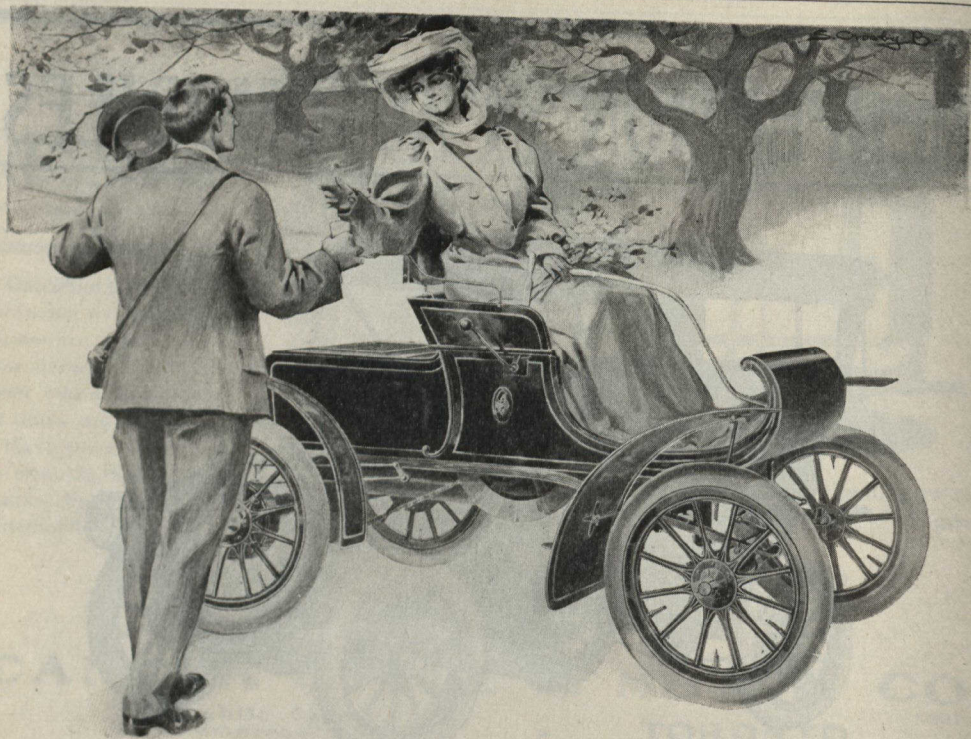
THE BEST YET FOR CANADIAN ROADS

STEVENS-DURYEA

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is your best help in both. To the business man it has become a necessity—it doubles the value of time. To the pleasure seeker it has become indispensable—it doubles the joys of existence.

Our cars possess efficiency without complication. Are the most thoroughly tested cars on the market—are held to higher standards of quality. This explains why they were the only light cars awarded a Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition.

Standard Runabout, 7 h. p., \$650	Light Tonneau Car, 10 h. p., \$ 950
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All 6 ft. 2 in. long. Extra width or length 50c. per in. In two pieces \$1.00 extra!

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DEAR SIRS,—Your mattress, from a sanitary point, is one of the best I know of for general hospital use, and from personal experience would say that it is most comfortable, as the springs in it prevent any continued depression in any part of its surface. Yours truly,

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Subject to 30 nights' free trial and money returned on receipt of Mattress if not satisfactory.

Charges prepaid East of Sault Ste. Marie.

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KELSEY COMFORT IN THE HOME



RESIDENCE OF HENRY PEDWELL, ESQ.
WHOLESALE LUMBER DEALER, THORNBURY, ONT.

ON MARCH 30th, 1905, MR. PEDWELL WRITES:—

"After four years' experience with one of your No. 24 Kelsey Heaters, it affords me much pleasure to give it the highest recommendation.

The Heater has given me perfect satisfaction from the first; at no time have I run it to its full capacity and it has never yet failed to comfortably and economically warm my residence, although standing in an exposed position and having an unusually large amount of glass surface. I find the air furnished *delightfully fresh and absolutely free from gas or dust.*

Two years ago I erected the new Postoffice and Bank building here and also put in a Kelsey Heater in the building which has given me entire satisfaction."

The Kelsey System provides Efficient, Economical and Healthful warming and VENTILATING for HOME, CHURCH, SCHOOL.

THE KELSEY is NOT a hot air furnace.

26,000 KELSEYS IN USE

KELSEY SPECIALISTS SUPERINTEND THEIR PROPER INSTALLATION.

IF INTERESTED WRITE FOR KELSEY BOOKLET 10

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY

WINNIPEG, MAN.

EXCLUSIVE CANADIAN
MAKERS

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

LIMITED



BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

MANUFACTURERS:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
 Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,
admirably adapted to the
wants of infants."

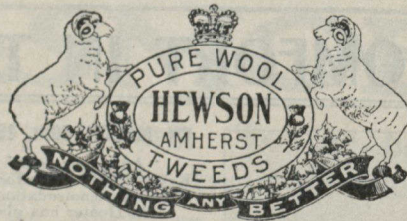
Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly
used in the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.



HEWSON PURE WOOL TWEEDS

MADE IN AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA

are SOMETHING NEW and STRIKING in Woolen
Fabrics. They have the OLD COUNTRY touch.

The best Canadian tailoring houses carry them in stock
and you can get them at any good store or tailor shop if
you only INSIST. Three Gold Medals in two years.

ASK FOR THE GENUINE HEWSON TWEEDS

HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited, Amherst, N.S.

COWAN'S

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S

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

ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE. 03

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin
 No other cosmetic will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 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.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stearn's, Ehrich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1.00 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

\$1.00 for 500 neatly printed Business Cards, Note Heads, Tickets, Bill Heads, Statements or Envelopes. Price list and samples free.

FRANK H. BARNARD, Printer
 77 Queen St. East, Toronto.

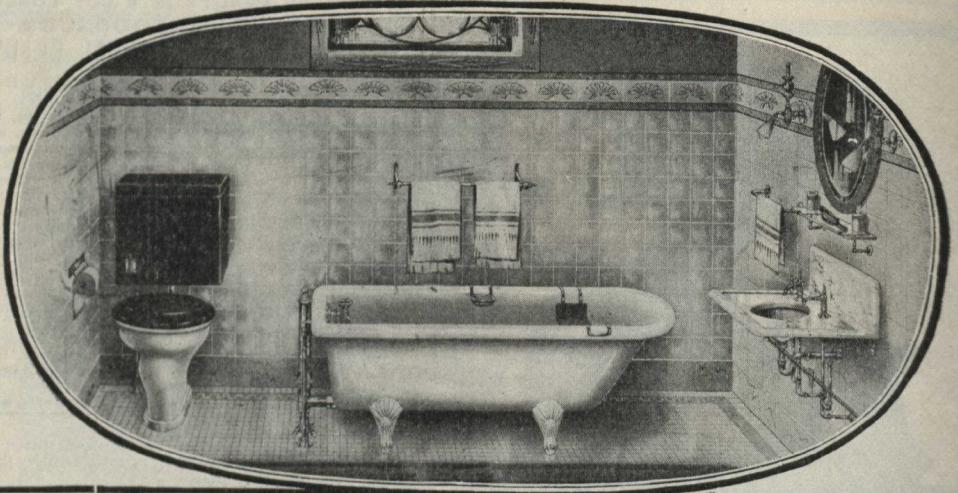
NO MORE
BALD HEADS
 OR
GREY HAIR



With the Prodigious

CHEVELURINE
 OF PARIS

A few applications of this great scalp food is sufficient to stop the falling out of hair and to promote the growth, remove dandruff, pimples, itch and restore all white hair to the original youthful colour. Ask your dealer to procure it for you from any of his wholesale druggists, and if he will not, address COOPER & Co., 425 St. Paul Street, Montreal.



This Bath Room Outfit \$55⁰⁰

**CLEAN—SANITARY—ODORLESS—NEWEST DESIGNS
—BEST APPLIANCES—FINEST NICKEL TRIMMINGS**

THE BATH TUB Seamless cast iron, heavy 3-inch roll rim, 5 feet in length and 30 inches in width, finest white porcelain enameled on the inside and over the roll rim. The fittings are extra heavy brass nickel-plated, consisting of Outside Standing "Roman" waste with china index button; Fuller double bath cock; off-set supply pipes; with floor flanges.

THE LAVATORY Countersunk genuine marble slab; solid porcelain 14 x 17 inch Patent improved Vitreous syphon wash-down bowl; seat and cover made of seasoned nickel-plated brass Fuller basin cocks; nickel-plated brass supply pipes; with air chambers; nickel-plated brass trap (both trap and supply pipes to the wall); nickel-plated chain and rubber stopper; basin clamps, screws, and nickel-plated flanges.

THE CLOSET Low tank pattern, thoroughly sanitary and modern in construction; latest quarter-sawed Oak with high polished finish; seat attaches directly to the bowl with post and nickel-plated hinges; tank is lined with heavy cover, and includes a high-pressure ball cock and float-valve syphon, and has nickel-plated push button action; two-inch elbow connection between the tank and the bowl, and nickel-plated supply pipe from floor to the tank.

QUALITY We guarantee every article used in this Bath Room outfit to be new and perfect. The enamel-ware is guaranteed for two years against grazes, chips or defects from ordinary wear. Any article proven defective within this time will be cheerfully replaced with perfect material. The outfit will be furnished with floor screws, flanges, clamps, etc., complete and ready to set up.

Connections easily made. Any ordinary mechanic can install with the aid of our comprehensive working plans and instructions. **Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.**

PRICE, as described,

We will furnish the additional trimmings—paper holder—two towel bars—glass shelf—bath seat and soap cup, for \$7.00

\$55.00

**Other Bath Room Outfits
from \$25.00 to \$125.00**

WRITE US Any one interested in Plumbing Material or Heating Apparatus of any kind will do well to write to us before buying elsewhere as we have the largest and finest selection in the world, and can save purchaser considerable money—all fully guaranteed.

ASK US FOR CATALOGUE NO. F 563 on Plumbing Material and Heating Apparatus.

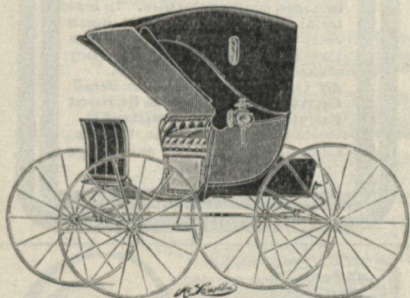
CHICAGO HOUSE W. CO., 35th and Iron Streets, CHICAGO

NOTE.—We furnish country homes with complete water works systems.

QUALITY COUNTS

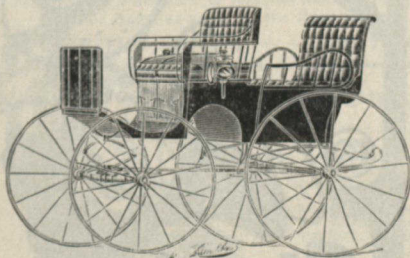
McLAUGHLIN VEHICLES

are living creations of the designer's skill, the artist's taste and the manufacturer's triumph in placing before the purchasing public, carriages of the most improved type, enduring qualities and easiest riding properties obtainable on wheels. Catalogue free to intending purchasers. Over 100 different varieties from which to select.



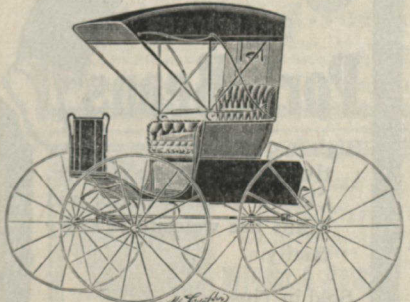
No. 410—Victoria Top Stanhope

A most attractive and pleasing vehicle for Physicians and Professional men.



No. 96—Two or Four Passenger Trap

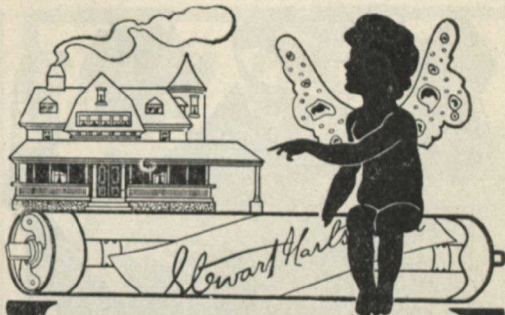
for Town or Country use, rear seat folds down when not in use, completely out of sight.



No. 403—Gibson Stanhope

A very useful and comfortable carriage for all purposes. Seat is extra wide and back is extra high and very comfortably upholstered.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LTD.
OSHAWA, ONT.



In well-ordered homes throughout every civilized land you find

Hartshorn Shade Rollers.

Look for the signature of STEWART HARTSHORN on every shade roller. It is there for *your* protection.



WOOD ROLLERS. The Improved Hartshorn
TIN ROLLERS. requires no tacks.

This "1900 Junior" BALL-BEARING WASHER FREE



We send it prepaid for a month's actual use, if you then wish to own it, a few cents a week will make it yours; if not, you return it at our expense. No risk to you.

IT DOES YOUR WASHING FOR YOU WHILE YOU SIT ON A CHAIR, IN ONE-TENTH THE TIME, and for less money than you can do it by any other method. The slightest pressure of the hand makes it work.

It makes you as independent on wash day as on any other day. A whole tubful of clothes, no matter how soiled, can be washed in six minutes. The washing of a family of ten can be done in an hour, better, cheaper, cleaner, easier and without work or trouble. A child of 12 can operate it. You scarcely have to wet your hands. It cannot get out of order, and cannot injure the clothes, whether you wash the most delicate fabric or the heaviest blanket.

No More

**Stooping Over a Wash-tub
 Steaming Up the House
 Backaches, Colds or
 Chapped Hands
 Wearing Out of Clothes**

Words cannot tell its usefulness: actual use is all that really tells the story of The "1900 Junior" WASHER. Therefore we say again: Send us your name and address and we will ship you the Washer, freight prepaid. Use it for thirty days. If you then are willing to be without it, return it to us, freight charges col'ect. If you want to own it, our easy payment plan will enable you to do so without missing the money. Do not delay, but write at once, addressing your letter to

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Careless
Navigation
Wrecks Ships
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Careless
Habits
Wreck Teeth

Insure against the
wrecking of the
teeth by using

Wampole's
Formolid
Tooth Paste

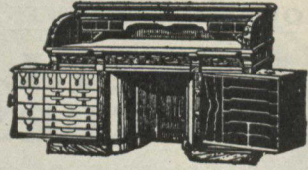
Antiseptic in
action and
Delicious
in Flavor

The toilet equip-
ment of ladies or
gentlemen is not
complete without
some of it.

Put up in Collapsible Tubes, which are on
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Price, Twenty-five cents (25c.) each

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Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable,
labor saving, economical, is found
in those we manufacture. In ma-
terial and construction, in finish
and utility, in durability and design
they lead all other makes. They
make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail.
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PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
Office, School, Church and Lodge
Furniture.



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DELICIOUS
Pork & Beans

High in quality and nutri-
tive value, yet low in price,
Clark's delicious Pork and
Beans are welcome in every
family.

Sold in Tins,

Ready to serve.

W. CLARK, Mfr.

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The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years.
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent
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SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING
Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.
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COTTAM'S famous food for birds, formerly only sold with COTTAM SEED. Now sold separately at 10c. the package, two large cakes. The high reputation enjoyed by BIRD BREAD has caused us to make this departure after refusing for years to sell it apart from COTTAM SEED.

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Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers, Advice FREE, about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail

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are produced only by pure rich colors.

Winsor & Newton

are artists' colormen to the Royal Family and their

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are the world's standard. Not dear. For sale at all Art Stores.

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Wholesale Agents for Canada.

TWO HANDS



AND A CAN OF

Andrew's Nukote

WORK WONDERS IN THE HOME

NUKOTE will please any housewife of refined tastes. It is a new, up-to-date coating and finish for floors, furniture, wood-work, metal-work, old or new. It stains and finishes in one operation and has hundreds of uses in every home.

Expert chemists have produced in Nukote true colors of wonderful brilliancy, richness and beauty. It is made in the following natural wood colors:—Light and Dark Oak, Walnut, Cherry, Mahogany, Rosewood, also Forest Green, Ox Blood, Dead Black, Gloss Black and Clear. These colors are absolutely permanent, and when applied do not cover up the natural grain of the wood.

Nukote is always ready for use and can be applied by any housewife with perfect and artistic results at small expense. It makes a smooth, lustrous finish of great durability, which will not crack, mar or turn white. Nukote makes house-cleaning easy.

We have given you a few of the many good points of Nukote. Now we want you to try it—practically at our expense. Send us 25 cents and the name of your dealer, and we will send you by express, prepaid, in the Clear or any color desired, a half pint can of Nukote sufficient to do several pieces of furniture.

Our illustrated booklet telling what one woman has done with Nukote free for the asking. Address Dept. H, Buffalo, N. Y.

PRATT & LAMBERT,

Varnish Makers,

New York Buffalo Chicago





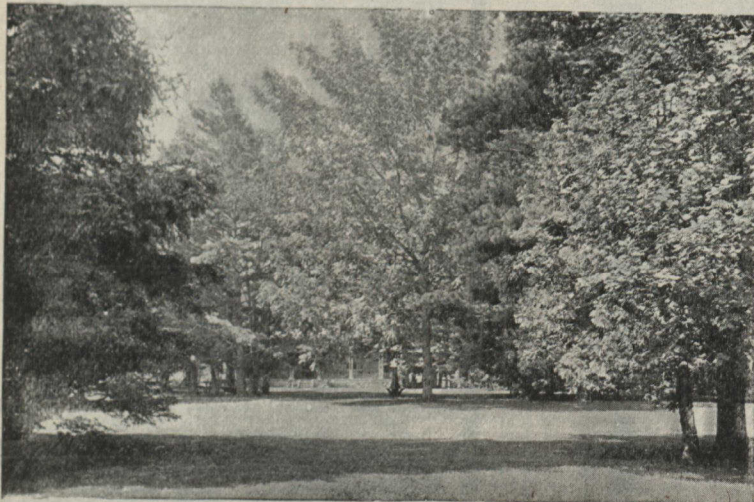
WAMPOLE'S
Yunora Perfume
Sweet Pea Blossoms

So true to nature that a bunch of the blossoms and a bottle of the perfume seem as one.

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Manufacturing Chemists,
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IN LAKEHURST GROUNDS

This Sanitarium, established some eleven years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

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SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED
UNDERWEAR

If you are looking for satisfactory Underwear do not fail to ask your dealer for "The Ellis" make, noted for its ease and comfort.

In combinations and two-piece suits—summer and winter weights.

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ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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These qualities are found in an eminent degree in our line of **Oak Mission Furniture.** It is designed on simple, direct lines, without glued-on ornament, and is finished either in the fumed or weathered finish. The selection includes—

Writing Tables
Centre and Side Tables
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We have marked every article at a reasonable price that should induce liberal buying.

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Gerhard Heintzman Ltd Pianos



GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

TONE—Upon no other pedestal can be reared that work of art, "The Perfect Piano."

Upon this pedestal the Gerhard Heintzman Piano looks down upon competition.

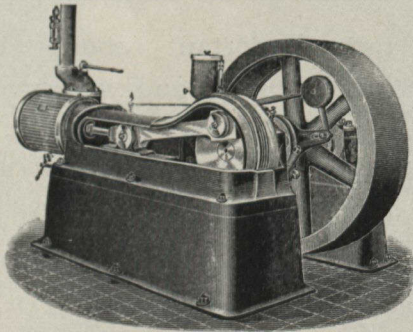
Sweet as a harp are its notes, and clear as a silvery laugh of childhood. For tone the piano "PAR EXCELLENCE."

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited, 97 Yonge St., TORONTO.

Hamilton Warerooms—127 King St. East.

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are all fitted with automatic governors and run at regular speed, whether loaded or light.

They use about 25 per cent. less steam than the best grade of engine with throttling governor.

They are built on the interchangeable system and duplicate parts, exact in fit, are kept in stock.

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"No Better Food." —Dr. ANDREW WILSON F.R.S.E., &c.



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CONCENTRATED**



Cocoa

**"I have never tasted Cocoa
that I like so well."**

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON. C.B. M.D. Ex-President Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

D. MASSON & CO. (326 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL
Agents (8 Colborne Street, TORONTO

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about flour, but the woman who does the family baking—she is the one who appreciates Royal Household Flour—made by the new electrical process—because when she tries it with the simple “Royal Household” recipes she finds it makes better, sweeter, whiter, lighter Bread, Buns, Rolls, etc., and more crisp and delicious Pastry than she ever made before, and she is not afraid to say so.

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(Signed.) MRS. ALEX. PORTER.

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a little time investigating the pedigree of varnish before he permits its use on his woodwork usually gets big interest on the investment.

An indifferent attitude towards varnish is responsible for many a spoiled interior.

The use of LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH and LIQUID GRANITE gives the highest results in the way of a finish attainable on wood.

Under its old name of Berry Brothers' Hard Oil Finish, LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH has been known for forty years. Use it on general interior woodwork.

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Samples of finished woods and interesting booklets on wood finishing sent free for the asking.



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ALBANY, N. Y., December 12, 1904.

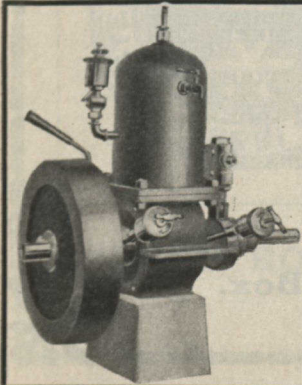
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REV. OSCAR KRATCH.



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NEW METHOD COMPANY, (Money-raising Plans for Church Workers,) 5572 South Park Avenue, Chicago.



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— MANUFACTURED BY —

CANADA LAUNCH AND ENGINE WORKS

LIMITED

TORONTO, ONT.

SOLE BUILDERS OF COMPLETE MOTOR BOATS IN CANADA

DYSPEPSIA CANNOT EXIST

where the stomach is entirely relieved of its work of digestion. When the stomach has nothing to do but rest, it gets well and



strong in a natural way. The perfect dyspepsia cure, therefore, is one that will digest the food and permit Nature to restore the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

do just this thing. No matter how much you eat or what the condition of your stomach is, your food is properly and perfectly digested and your stomach regains its strength and gets sound and well. . . .

All Druggists, 50 Cents a Box.

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And one especially meeting all requirements of the delicate organization of women is -

Hunyadi János

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER. TAKE IT FOR CONSTIPATION.

Constipation is known to be the cause of many diseases; its manifestations, especially in the delicate female organism, are annoying, distressing, disheartening. Why suffer all these miseries, why hesitate? Half a tumblerful of Hunyadi Janos Water, on rising, gives pleasant and prompt relief. It is a household necessity. BUY A BOTTLE AND TRY IT! The cost is small. But insist upon Hunyadi Janos, and firmly refuse substitutes; they are often harmful.

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Rodgers Cutlery



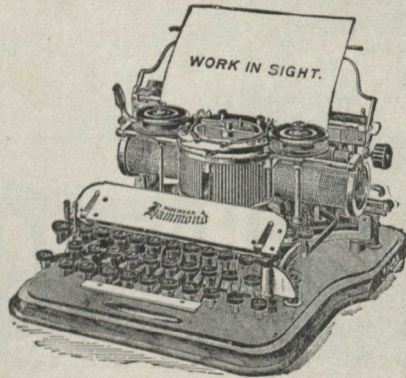
For over two hundred years Rodgers Cutlery has been the standard of excellence.

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For a Gift or your own use buy "Rodgers."

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FIRST PRIZE at all prominent exhibitions where awards were made according to the merits of machines.

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We challenge the Manager of any ribbon typewriter on the Canadian market to produce work on his machine equal to the work of the SUN Typewriter under a forfeit of \$100.00 to charity; clearness of lettering and neatness of writing to constitute a standard for adjudging.

**The Swiftest Writer—The Strongest Manifold—
Visible—Polychrome.**

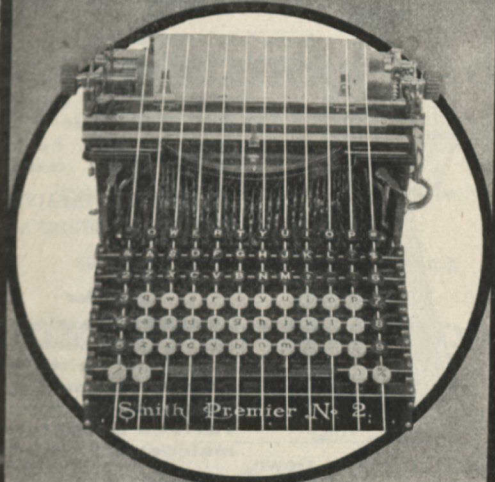
No. 2, \$55.00 No. 3, \$95.00

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All makes of Typewriters and Supplies.

Keys in Straight Rows
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Saves time—No double motions
**The Smith Premier
Typewriter**
Branch Stores Everywhere

On every Box this Woman in Red



Never take another instead.

“I am Charmed”

with its work, writes an enthusiastic hostess
of her first experience with

**ELECTRO
Silver Polish
SILICON**

To the uninitiated it is always a surprise.
At grocers and druggists everywhere.

Trial quantity for the asking.

Box postpaid 15 cts. (stamps).

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal,
Sole Agents for Canada.

NORDHEIMER PLANOS.



Typify the Piano
perfection of the
age and possess
the tone quality
that lifts them
into a class by
themselves.

NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO. LIMITED TORONTO ONT.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL LEADING CITIES IN CANADA.



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

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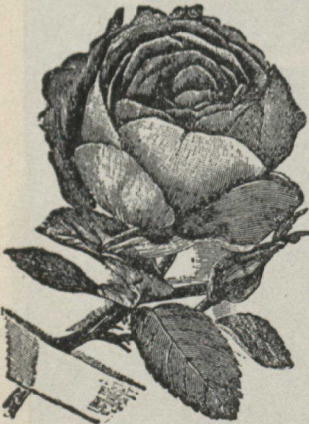


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Send for Illustrated Catalogue No. 2, with illustrations and prices of Dressing Gowns, Shirt Waists and samples of various weights of materials, mailed free.

DR. JAEGER'S Sanitary Woollen **SYSTEM** Company Limited
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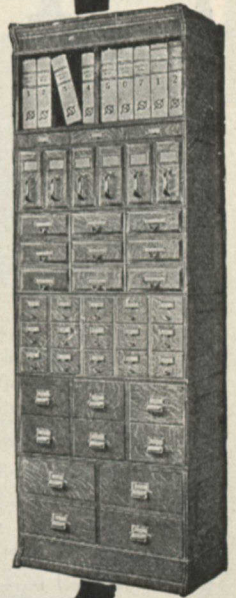
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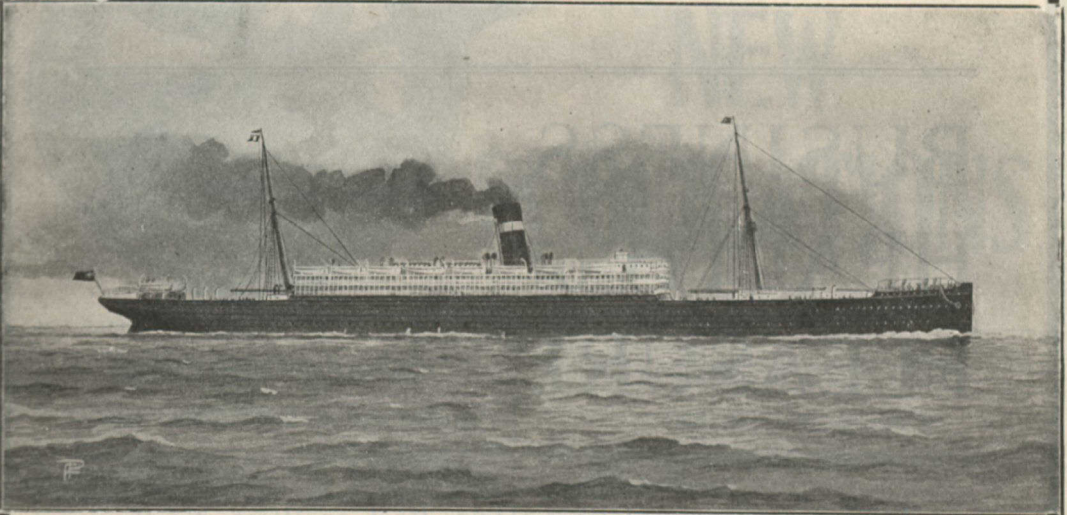
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1905

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1905

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20 April	IONIAN	Friday, 5 May
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4 May	BAVARIAN	" 19 "
11 "	VIRGINIAN, new	" 26 "
18 "	TUNISIAN	" 2 June
25 "	VICTORIAN	" 9 "
1 June	BAVARIAN	" 16 "
8 "	VIRGINIAN	" 23 "
15 "	TUNISIAN	" 30 "
22 "	VICTORIAN	" 7 July

From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL
29 June	BAVARIAN	Fri., 14 July, a.m.
6 July	VIRGINIAN	" 21 " 3.30 "
13 "	TUNISIAN	" 28 " 9.00 "
20 "	VICTORIAN	" 4 Aug. 4.00 "
27 "	BAVARIAN	" 11 " 9.00 "
3 Aug.	VIRGINIAN	" 18 " 4.00 "
10 "	TUNISIAN	" 25 " 9.00 "
17 "	VICTORIAN	" 1 Sept. 4.30 "
24 "	BAVARIAN	" 8 " 9.00 "
31 "	VIRGINIAN	" 15 " 4.30 "

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

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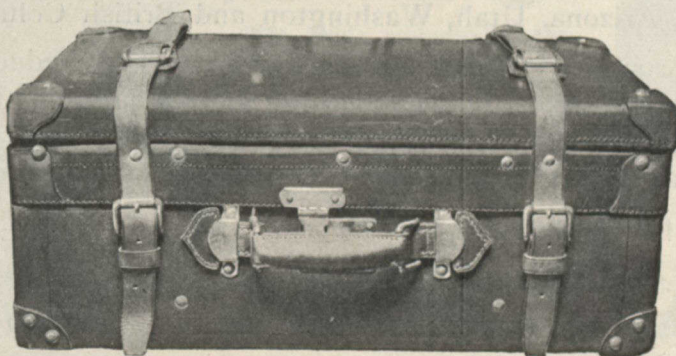
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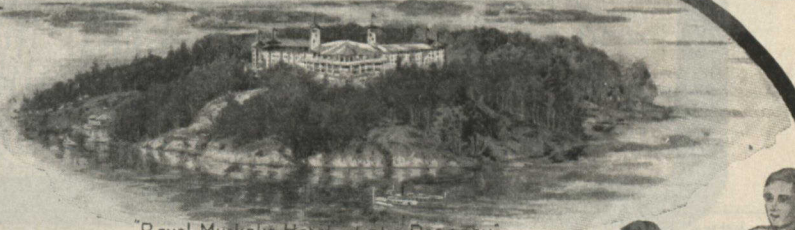


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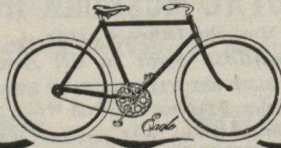
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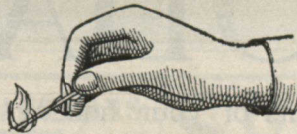
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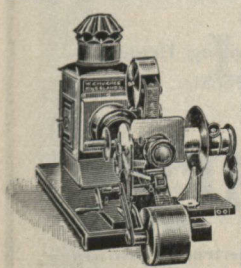
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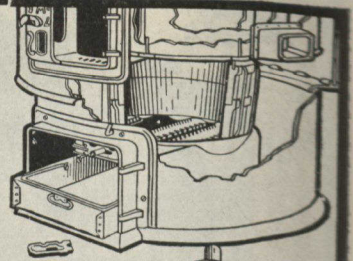
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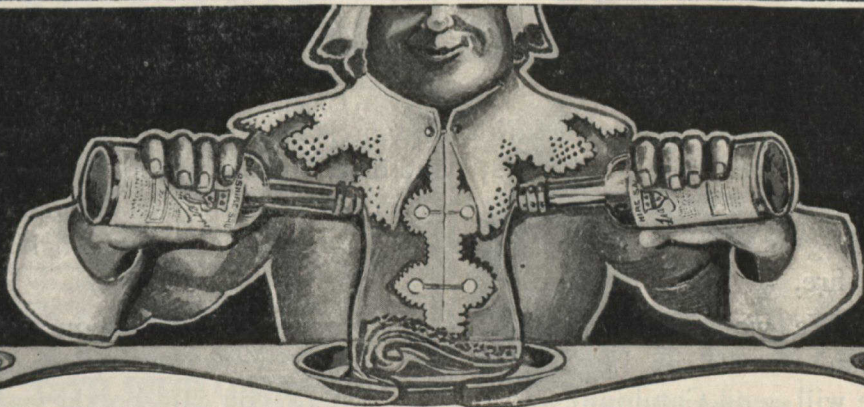
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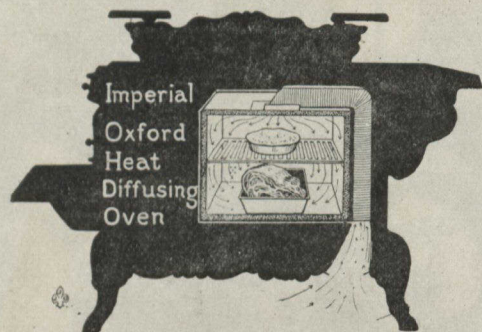
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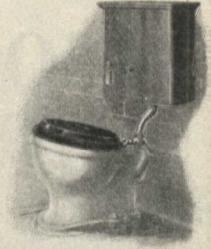
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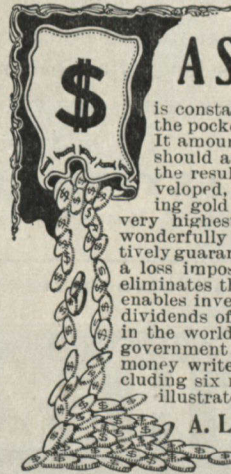
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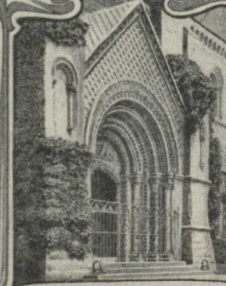
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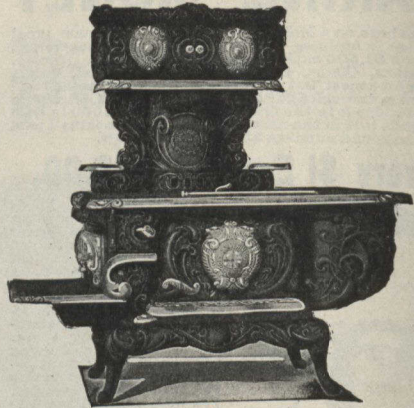


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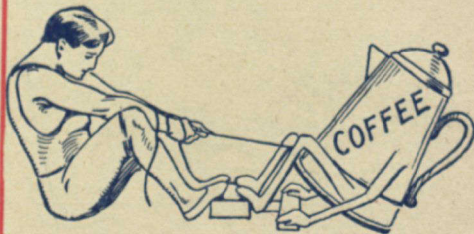
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