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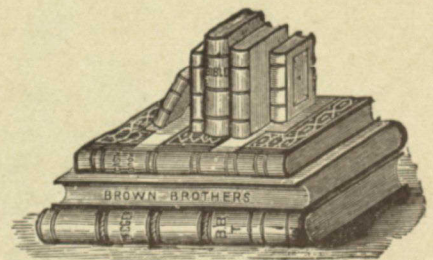
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX.

No. 5

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The Dufferin Family

¶ The leading article in the October number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will deal with the Earl of Dufferin and the Dufferin Family, giving particular attention to the part they have taken in Canadian affairs. It is written by Margaret Eadie Henderson, and will be illustrated with photographs of the various members of the family. This will prove to be an extremely interesting contribution. ¶ Prof. Adam Shortt will contribute an article entitled "A Personality in Journalism," being an appreciation of J. A. Macdonald, Editor of *The Toronto Globe*. ¶ Mr. J. A. Radford has prepared an illustrated article entitled "Canadian Art and its Critics." He handles the artists without gloves. ¶ A timely article will be "The Deer of British Columbia," by Allan Brooks. ¶ An article that will arouse a good deal of comment and undoubtedly much resentment will be by Saint N. Sing, a native of India, who openly denounces British tactics in that country.

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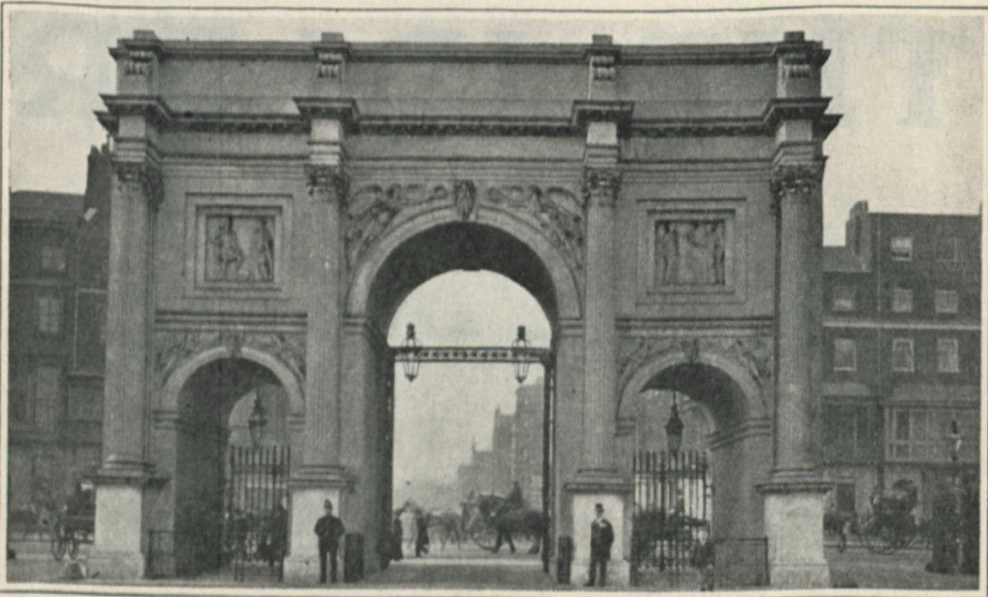
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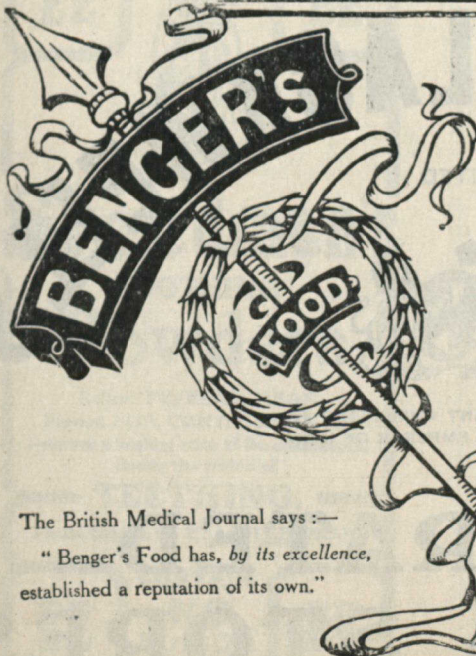
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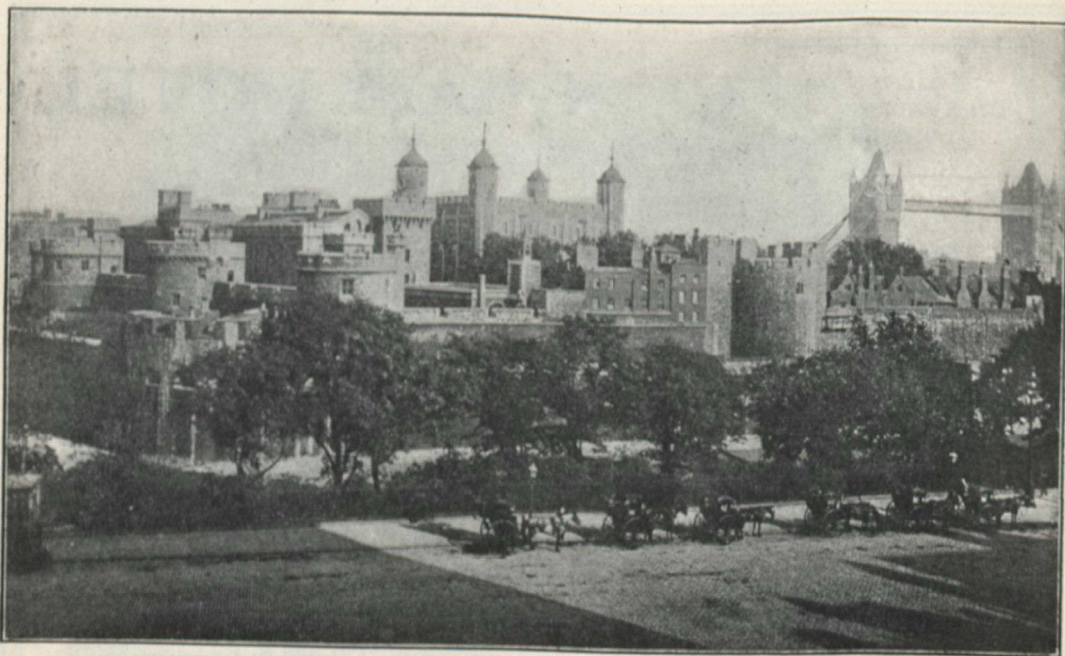
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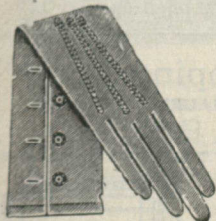
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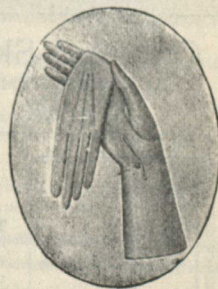
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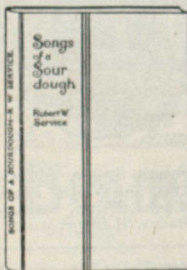
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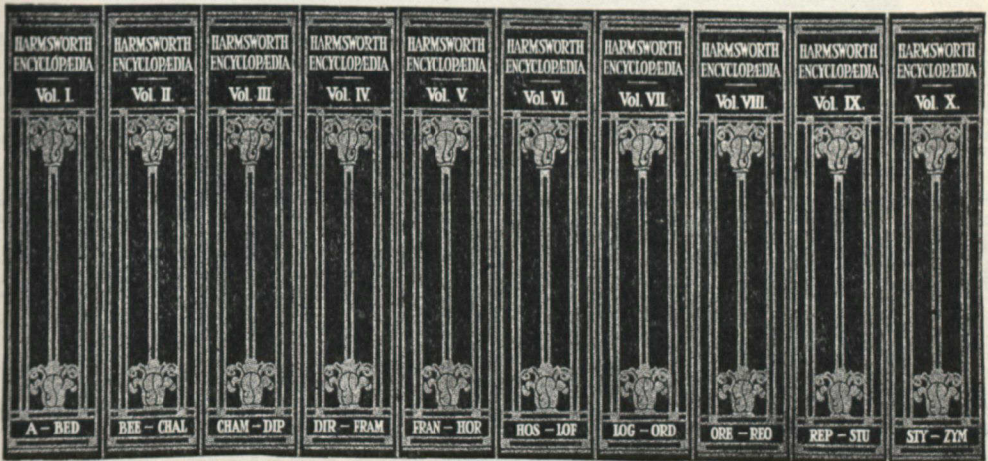
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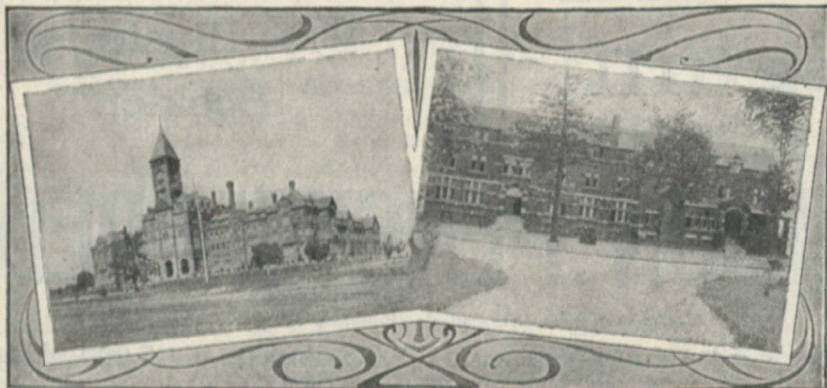
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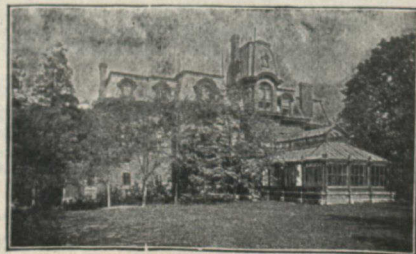
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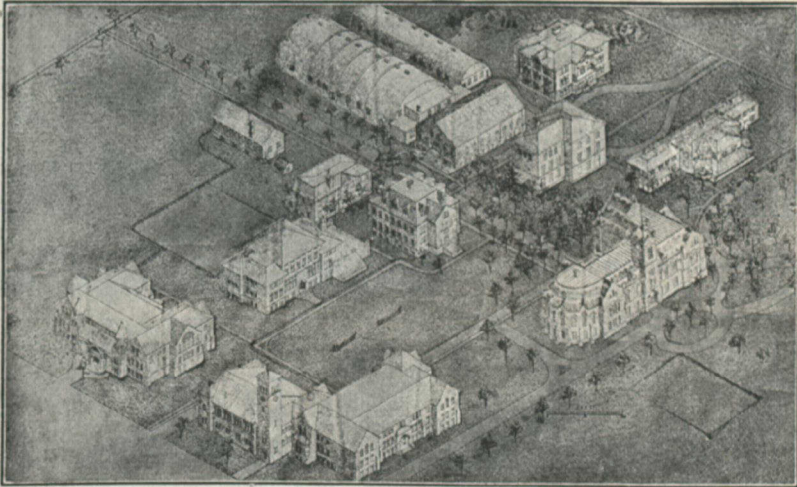
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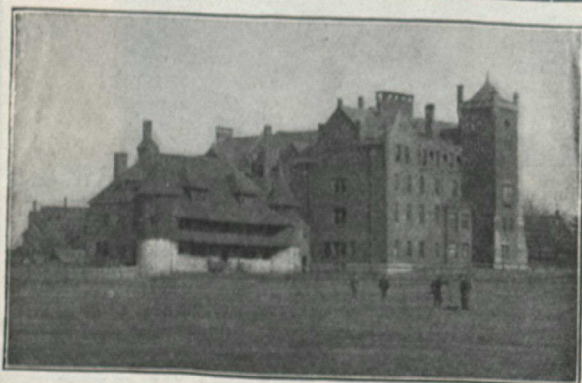
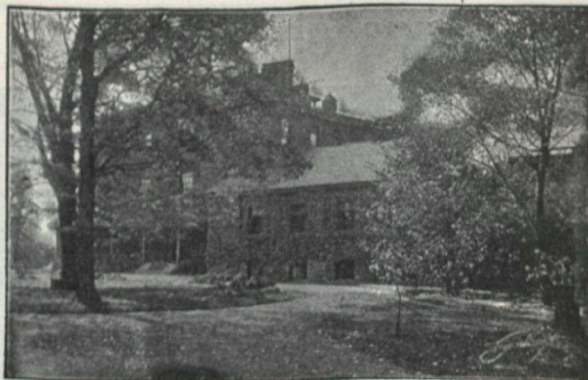
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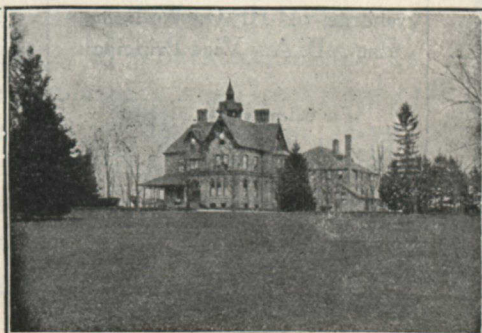
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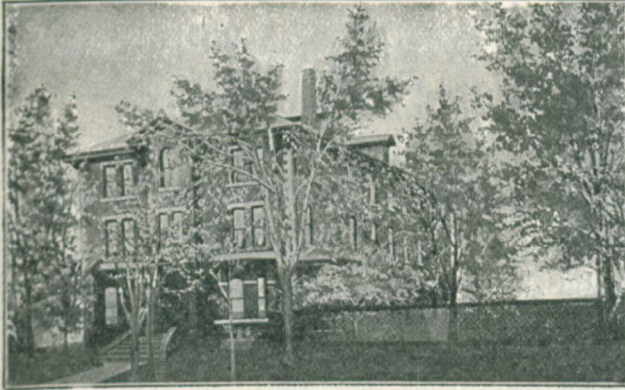
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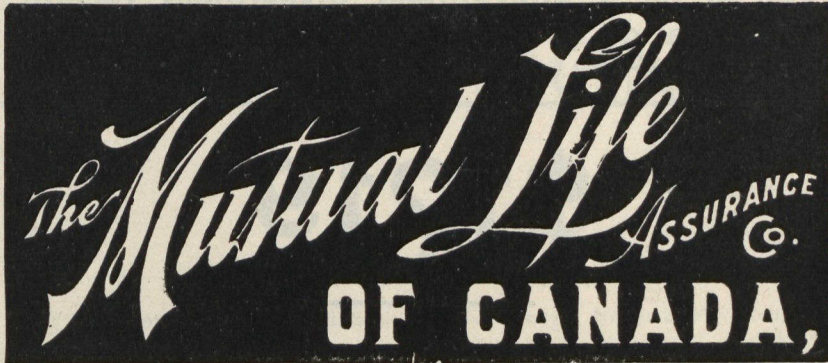
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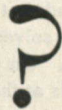
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Fifteen-Minute Meals for Midsummer

MARY JANE McCLURE



When meal-time comes in midsummer, the housewife is seized with a languorous disinclination to go into the hot kitchen and cook. The mere thought of preparing the meal drives away the appetite. The up-to-date, commencement de siècle housewife is prepared for occasions of this sort. Her larder is stocked with materials which make it possible for her to prepare an appetizing meal on short notice, with never a thought of sweltering and broiling over a hot kitchen stove.



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more effectually than a massage roller, and replaces them with smiles of happiness which transform the woman before the stove into a laughing Hebe.

American women do not place a proper value upon Extract of Beef. They consider it merely a part of invalid diet. They will cook a shin of beef for hours in an effort to secure the essence of it, when they could buy the soul of the shin ready to be transmuted into delicious dainties with the mere addition of hot water. Italian, German and French women give Extract of Beef the place of honor in their kitchen closet. They know that it doubles the resources of the woman who desires to have things taste a little better than "Mother used to make." A jar of Extract of Beef (if it is Armour's) is a necessary concomitant of things culinary—soups, entrees, roasts or vegetables. It is so concentrated from the richest and best of beef that it is spicy with the absolutely pure beef flavor. Just a bit of it on the tip of a spoon trans-

forms an insipid dish into a gastronomical delight.

I have found that Armour's Extract of Beef solves the summer soup problem. On a hot day the stomach rebels at the very thought of steaming dishes. One eats more from a sense of duty than because of real hunger. Iced bouillon or consomme teases the flagging appetite into activity and satisfies that gnawing feeling in the pit of the stomach which is at the same time hunger and disgust. The bouillon may be made in the morning and set away until dinner time is at hand. Make it this way:



ICED BOUILLON

Three teaspoonfuls of Armour's Extract of Beef.

Two quarts of hot water.

One sprig of parsley.

One tablespoonful of salt.

One-half bay leaf.

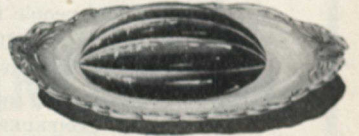
One-fourth tablespoonful of whole pepper.

One tablespoonful of butter.

One-fourth cup each of carrots, onions and celery cut in dice.

To the boiling water add the Extract, vegetables and seasonings;

cook 30 minutes. Strain, and when cool add a small quantity of sherry or Madeira wine. Chill and serve cold. If the wine is not desired it may be omitted without detracting materially from the palatability of the bouillon; but it will



be found to give a tantalizing flavor which will add greatly to its merits as a hot weather appetite-tempter.

Frozen Beef Tea is another novel mid-summer tit-bit. Make it in the proportions of one-fourth teaspoon of Armour's Extract of Beef to each cupful of hot water. Season it with salt and pepper to taste. Add to it a small quantity of gelatine previously dissolved in water, and set the mixture on ice until it is jellied. Serve very cold in place of soup.

Aspic Jelly seems peculiarly a part of hot weather cookery. To make it, take:

One teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef.

One-half package of acidulated gelatine.

One pint of hot water.

One cup of cold water.

One-half cup of sherry wine.

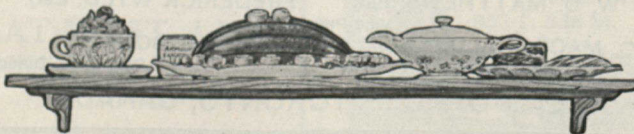
Two teaspoonfuls of sugar.

Cover the gelatine with cold water; let it stand for five minutes,

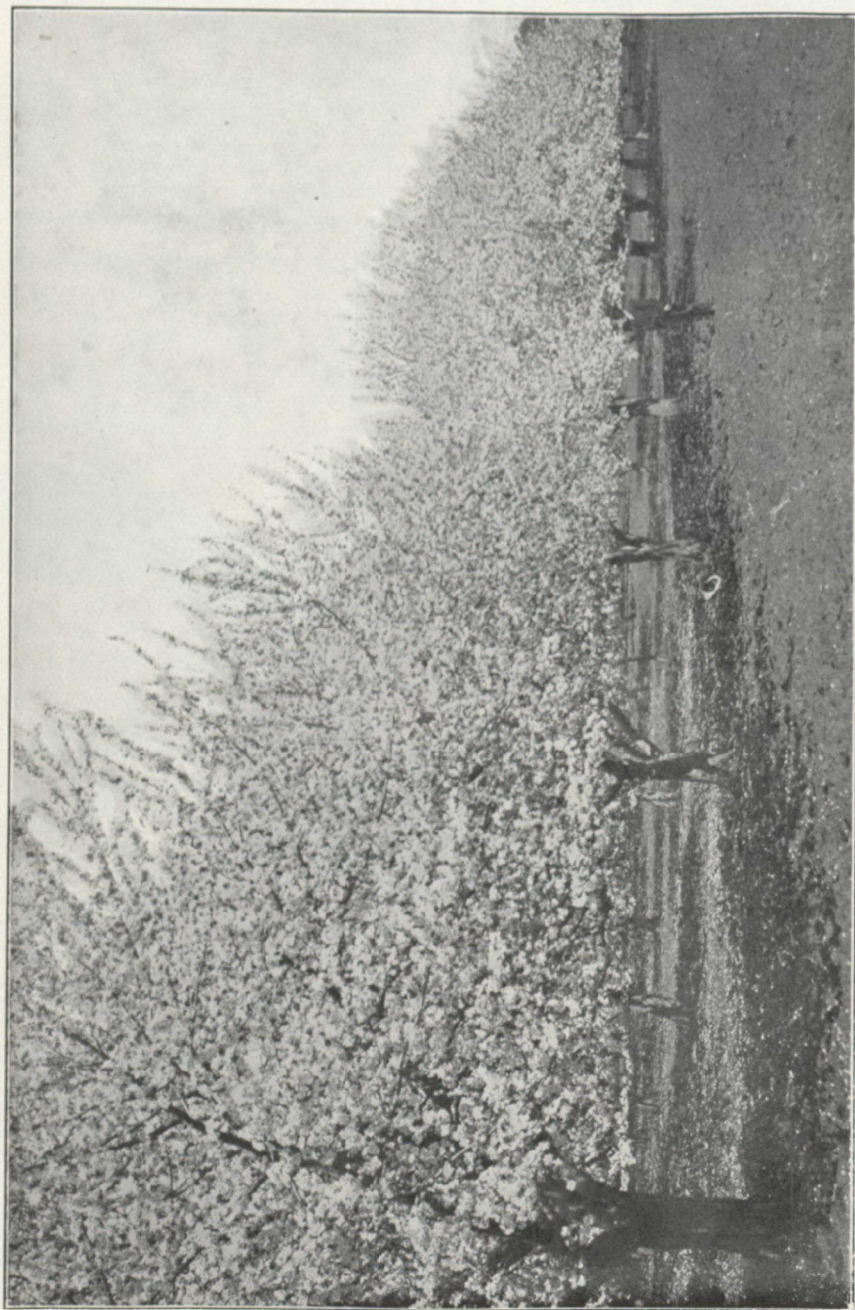
then add the hot water, sugar and wine.

Strain and put into a mold until cold.

Use as a garnish for salads or entrees.



ARMOUR LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA



A ROW OF GRAVENSTEIN TREES IN BLOOM

For descriptive article, see page 441

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The Genius of the Canadian Club

By J. S. WILLISON, *Editor of
The Toronto News*

*A trenchant, comprehensive consideration of a movement
that has attained national importance.*

IT is now eight or ten years since the Canadian Clubs of Toronto and Hamilton were organised, but perhaps it is only within the last three or four years that the movement has become seriously influential in the public life of the country. For a time it was uncertain what character the Clubs would develop and just how their work would be performed. In some cases there was a disposition to make the Clubs a medium of propaganda and to undertake the prosecution of certain definite municipal, provincial or national reforms. It was discovered, however, that this would tend to division on the lines of party, and certainly there was no need for greater accentuation of party opinion or of fresh opportunity for partisan debate. The aim of the founders of the movement was to stimulate Canadian sentiment and to unite the people in a common loyalty to the country and its institutions. It has developed, therefore, that generally the programme of the Clubs is concerned only with public addresses by representative Canadians or dis-

tinguished visitors from Great Britain and other countries. In most cases the speakers deal with subjects on which they have become experts and thus the outstanding effect of the movement is to stimulate mental activity and to broaden and deepen the popular intelligence. Moreover, all political and sectional differences are set aside; west answers east; the creed of the social or religious minority is frankly declared; the resources and characteristics of various divisions of the country are described by men of eminence in politics and in commerce, in the churches and in the universities; prejudices are softened and ignorance dispelled; men speak the thing they will, so long as they speak with courtesy and dignity; and the whole intellectual atmosphere is invigorated and the national spirit stimulated and strengthened.

The movement has taken very much the form of the old Lyceum Lecture Courses, which were a distinguishing feature of American life thirty or forty years ago and by which men were brought

to seek knowledge, to love books, to cherish ideals, and to honour public service. No one can doubt that the new movement, like the old, has great social, political and national value. It is in its national aspect that it is chiefly distinguished from all other movements which have taken form in our community. It is bound to have far-reaching effects in determining the temper and the character of the Canadian people. It will develop national spirit, breadth of mind, and a liberal and tolerant disposition. No sect, no school, no party has all the truth, and it is only by keen debate, by the clash and conflict of opinion, by frank speech and fearless action, that our institutions will be wisely fashioned and established upon sound and enduring foundations. The pioneers of the world's progress have been the men who would not conform, who had the courage to attack abuses, who dared to plough the lonely furrow and to face coldness, suspicion and misunderstanding for the faiths which they cherished and the causes which commanded their enthusiasm and their devotion. For all such the Canadian Clubs are an open forum, and any movement which encourages free speech and independent thinking must make the masses of the people more tolerant and more robust, must tend to steady the public judgment and must give character to the nation and stability to its institutions.

Not in party, but in the madness of party, lies the danger to free institutions. It is clear that the madness of party must be checked and moderated by a movement which ranges men of all parties and of all creeds around a common table and disposes them to listen to diverse views on the vital issues which constitute the complex life of the community. It is thus that the air is clarified, convictions settled and the truth established. To love truth is better than all blind sacrifices. To be jealous for the country's honour is the crown of citizenship. A few years ago Mr. John Morley, a great unorthodox lover of truth, received an honorary degree from the University of Toronto. In the speech which he addressed to Convocation he said, if memory serves me,

that he had known only four sincere lovers of truth. No doubt he meant that he had known only four men who would follow the truth as they saw it, regardless of all preconceived notions and prejudices, and however utterly the light on the way should put their most cherished illusions in the shadow. There was much speculation as to who these four men could be, for Mr. Morley did not gratify the curiosity of his audience. There is reason to think, however, that he had in mind Sir Leslie Stephen, Charles Darwin, John Stuart Mill and Henry Sedgewick. Such men are rare, and Canadian Clubs are permitted to hear few, if any, of the type. But we get near the truth by such frank and honest discussion as the Clubs encourage, the arrogance of ignorance is restrained and men are driven to the books where is fulness of knowledge, and so grow clearer in vision and become more amply and more solidly instructed in many of the subjects upon which they must pronounce in the orderly and regular discharge of the functions of citizenship.

The Clubs have no primary concern with questions of destiny. They carry on no propaganda for federation within the Empire, or independence outside the Empire. They are schools of citizenship, not agents of revolution. They are not looking for a new flag, but aiming to inspire a deeper and truer reverence for the flag which now claims their allegiance and which represents the splendour of British achievements and the glory of British traditions. If the movement means anything it means love for Canada, pride in its institutions, concern for its future. It is breeding a temper which will be intolerant of corrupt administration, and critical of dishonest party manoeuvres. It is breeding a temper which will flame up at any diplomatic sacrifice of treaty rights or territorial interests. It is breeding a temper which will be impatient of sectional quarrels and superior to mere provincial considerations when great national questions arise for settlement. May it breed likewise a temper which will prove a bulwark against haste and panic when international peril impends and the whisper of peace is silenced by the shrill

screaming of demagogues and the loud clamour of passion.

The national spirit grows slowly and often feebly in a federal commonwealth. It was so in the United States, as witness the State jealousies and faction quarrels of the first years of last century, the southern nullification movement, the awful tragedy of the civil war. It is so in Australia. It has been so in Canada. It will be so in South Africa. Here, too, as in the United States, we must assimilate an enormous foreign immigration, and moreover we have two races and two religions of not unequal strength. There is, too, a great physical gap between the east and the west, and serious natural barriers to close community of interest. In face of these difficulties the harmonising and unifying influences which proceed from the Canadian Clubs have profound national significance. Already these Clubs stretch all across the continent. They are planted at Victoria, at Vancouver, at Winnipeg, at Toronto, at Ottawa, at Montreal, at St. John and at Halifax. Speakers from old Canada go east and go west. The men from the outposts come into Ontario and Quebec.

They all speak the common tongue of Canadian patriotism. They contribute mightily to the unity and stability of the commonwealth. Thus we are fashioning leaders for emergencies of the future and welding the whole people into a common nationality. It may be said that a Canadian Club in Canada is as irrational as would be a British Club in Britain, or a French Club in France. But there is a difference, and a difference great and far-reaching. This is a nation in the making, with racial and sectional problems, and a great mass of new-comers from other lands, not a few of them wholly untrained in the privileges, duties and responsibilities of citizenship in a democracy. It is therefore of tremendous importance that a national spirit should be nourished, and devotion to this land and its institutions burned deep into the souls of its citizens, whether they be native born, the offspring of our mighty neighbour to the south, or the progeny of European countries. The Canadian Clubs have not come too soon, and whatever may be the future of the movement, the results of the moment are altogether [healthy and beneficent.

Farewell

BY WILLIAM WHITNEY

FAREWELL! We breathe it soft and low,
 The while our hearts are riven with their grief;
 Our aching senses yearn as loved ones go
 For earnest toil to find relief.

We think of all whom we hold dear,
 Whose partings were to us so fraught with pain.
 There's comfort in the fancy they are near,
 E'en tho' the thought we know is vain.

Farewell! My heart goes out to thee,
 My lips frame words that are too hard to tell.
 It may be that the cruel Fates decree
 We may not meet again. Farewell!

The Spectator Experimental Company

By MRS. CLARE FITZGIBBON

An experiment in soldiering that promises beneficial results even in time of peace.

“WHAT on earth is *The Spectator* Experimental Company?” was the remark of a friend of the writer, when she spoke of a proposed visit to see this corps at Hounslow.

“Is it a new Canning Company, or is it something in the way of promoting education by means of demonstrational methods?”

As a matter of fact, *The Spectator* Experimental Company is neither one or

the other. It is the endeavour of the editor of the London *Spectator* to demonstrate by the experiment in question that modern industrial conditions need not necessarily interfere with the systematic training of the industrial population in the art of defence, if this system is so adopted that it meets the needs of the urban as well as the rural population of the kingdom.

The workman in the large factory who is asked to leave his occupation for one month during the year—and this would occur for five or six years in succession—is not looked upon favourably by the employer of labour, and *The Spectator* experiment is calculated to show that if a youth, say at the age of about eighteen or twenty, would give up six months in the first place to acquire a thorough knowledge of military exercises and military practice and theory, he would only need one week in the year, for five or six successive years, to keep in a proper condition to serve his country when called upon to do so.

The idea is that almost every man working under modern industrial conditions could, with ease, spare a week out of his working year, and with his company keep up the knowledge and practice of military affairs that he had acquired during the first six months of training.

Colonel Pollock, who has charge of the hundred young men in the company at Hounslow, undertakes to turn them out after six months' training in a condition



MR. ST. LOË STRACHEY

Editor of *The Spectator*, and originator of *The Spectator* Experimental Company.

to be matched against any one of the best infantry companies of the line. No men who have had a previous military training are allowed to join; they must be raw recruits in the truest sense of the word. While this experiment has been inaugurated by the editor of *The Spectator*, the money necessary, amounting to several thousand pounds, has been subscribed by individuals interested in the scheme. The idea is one which Canadians should be well able to understand, for the militia regiments in Canada are largely composed of men whose civil employment is in cities rather than in country districts.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of *The Spectator*, believes that the whole military system of the United Kingdom must hinge upon a body of men, which we would designate in Canada as a citizen army—men who are civilians during the greater part of their existence, and only full soldiers in time of war and national emergencies. When one looks at the question dispassionately, it seems incredible that Canada has an elementary system of education for either the classes or the masses of the people which does not include a certain amount of military training, especially for boys from the age of eight to fourteen. Every system of education that might be considered thorough must be founded upon the knowledge of responsibilities as well as the privileges of citizenship.

It is of little use for a man to become a factor in the mighty force of a nation's commercial production, if he is a useless individual when he is called upon to protect that which is the result of his own energy and skill, in the event of that production being threatened by invading forces from hostile countries.

The rights of the labouring man are protected by organisations and labour unions, but legislative measures alone will not protect the population of labour when it comes to a struggle between nations. There has always been, if one reads the history of England aright, a certain regrettable distinction and barrier between the civilian and the soldier in the regular army. Over-militarism in communities is apt to produce friction, but every Canadian can testify as to the



LT.-COL. ARTHUR A. W. POLLOCK

Editor, *United Service Magazine*, Commander of the Experimental Company at Hounslow.

consolidation, the good comradeship, and the increased intercourse between the classes which militia regiments have brought about in urban as well as rural communities. There is a call for higher efficiency in the militia forces, as there is a call for efficiency in all branches of labour in the civil world.

This is the outcome of the education of the masses of the people who are gradually learning to appreciate what efficiency means. Business men who become part and parcel of the citizen army bring business principles into organisations which may have been conducted in former times upon anything but a business basis. They should be able to detect where lies the waste of energy and effort, as well as the waste of funds; and the inability of the War Office officials to reduce the expenditure of money and to re-adjust the system of military defence to the needs of the hour is perhaps due to the fact that, as a class, they have had



A VIEW OF THE CAMP OF *THE SPECTATOR* EXPERIMENTAL COMPANY

but little training in true economic principles, and are able to understand but little of the industrial revolution which is changing the whole social system of the civilised world.

The Spectator experiment aims at the substitution in the ranks of the militia of the highly skilled labourer, in place of the casual labourer; the idea being that if the militia system were so readjusted as to meet the conditions of the industrial population it would prove the pride and joy of the men who are already skilled in civil employment. Therefore the question at issue is, Will six months' training between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, with the addition of a week's drill in camp every year for five or six successive years, and the aid of steady practice at the rifle ranges between whiles, take the place of the one month's annual training which is exacted at the present moment?

All those who have had any experience in training in any branch of work will unhesitatingly assert that six months' continuous training, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, is worth treble that of the one month annually for six successive years.

An analysis of the trades of men who now form *The Spectator Company* is interesting reading. There are ten under the head of labourers, three with no trade or calling, twelve clerks, four electrical engineers, and a certain number of footmen, engine-cleaners, barmen, butchers and waiters. One finds only one carpenter, two fishmongers, a lonely tailor, and but one surveyor. Nevertheless, almost every trade one has ever heard of is represented in the corps. Out of the hundred men thirty-three of them go back to their trades; thirty-seven are undecided; ten join the police; but only eleven intend to join the army; two go to sea, and two abroad.

A list of questions submitted to the men received answers from each individual. One of the questions was as to the object of each in joining the company. The majority of the answers given seems to prove that the greater part of the men considered their "chances" of getting good civil positions would be improved by giving up the six months to military training, as they say there is a desire on the part of employers in many branches of work to have well-set-up men. The

answers as to why they did not join the militia tend to show that they are inclined to look upon that body as being filled with loafers and roughs, and a lowering of their social prestige is the usual obstacle to their joining. Others say that it would be impossible to work at their trades if they were to devote a month's time to the militia training.

No weaklings were accepted by Colonel Pollock, yet there were many men who gave their reason for joining as the belief that it would benefit them physically. This is rather interesting, having regard to the fact that they have a far harder training to undergo than that of recruits or the militia in the line regiments.

To any one who has studied, even in a slight measure, the problems of finance, such a training appears likely to be of immense value to the small wage-earner in large cities. There are thousands of lads who, from one cause or another, leave school before they have reached the highest standard, and who are more often than not mentally and physically unfitted to take positions which would bring them in a real living wage. They become tail-board lads, hanging on to the ends of vans, frequently subjected to the roughest treatment, working from dawn until well into the night, lifting weights heavy enough to send them into the public ward of a hospital, and at the age of seventeen they are too heavy for their work. Thrown out of employment, without a trade, they naturally go to swell the ranks of casual labour. Six consecutive months of training, where food, clothes and board would be theirs, where they would enjoy mental, as well as physical exercises, might probably be their salvation, and they would return to work and labour with their foot a step higher on the rung of the social ladder.

One is perfectly aware, however, that the question will be asked, When are those men who have their training from seventeen to eighteen, or from eighteen to twenty-four, to learn their trade? What of the six months spent in military training? Is it not more important that they should spend their time in acquiring knowledge of a trade or occupation which is to bring them steady employment?

The question is a difficult one, but the writer is inclined to feel that were the elementary school curriculum to include a certain amount of drill and target practice, as the six months' training would do, it would have an additional value, giving to the sons of labouring men what the scions of wealthy houses acquire in their university career—that rounding off in both physical and mental growth which is of enormous importance in ensuring the best results in modern life.

But to go back to the subject of the *Company* at Hounslow, which the writer saw on the first field-day—a rather rainy afternoon in June. The khaki-clad soldiers were drawn up in the square formed by the ten huts in which were their temporary quarters. A small group of the subscribers to the fund for the experiment, several of the authorities from the War Office, and a few ladies who had braved the rain were present. There is little that a rank outsider is able to gather from a function of that kind, with the exception of the fact that the men were undoubtedly keen, and went through their evolutions with the greatest possible enthusiasm.

The weather cleared slightly, and there was an assault upon the barracks by an invading party, which attacked with vim and dash, while the defenders lay prone in shallow ditches or sniped from behind half-open doors and windows. This mimic battle seemed to delight the men taking part in the defence, but, to tell the truth, in the back of one's mind came the recollection of paragraphs, disturbing in their character, about lamentable mistakes made in serving out ball instead of blank cartridge, and one longed to crouch down beside the *pro tem* Tommy stretched in the shelter of the shallow ditch. It was interesting to watch the faces of the men during the march past, which took place at the conclusion of the field-day.

Colonel Pollock was reported to be greatly delighted at ultimate results of the musketry practice of the men; thirty-one marksmen, and fifty first-class shots are the proportion in that company of one hundred men, and he asserts that the figures of merit, 194.84, exceed his most sanguine expectations.

The Commandant of the School of

Musketry has pointed out that 180 is considered good as an average, and while one-third of the men of *The Spectator Company* have not qualified, they have made 194.84. Colonel Pollock mentions as an interesting fact that the best scores have been made in snap-shooting. The Wilkinson sub-target, and Bar-Stroud range-finder have been used almost exclusively in the musketry course.

The meaning of *The Spectator* experiment is one that goes much deeper than the training of men for warfare. It strikes at the weak point in our system of public education. It aims at a standard of efficiency, at the just balance between the development of the mental and physical alertness of the rank and file of youths throughout the kingdom. It presents a chance for the average youth which today does not otherwise exist for him. If there is one thing that strikes the Col-

onial from over seas in the department of the average British lad, it is this lack of alertness of movement and expression. Climatic conditions may have something to do with it, but if this is the case, all the more reason that education and military training should be arranged so as to counteract the defect.

A man foremost in the world of journalism has inaugurated this experiment, and without taking undue credit for the profession of which the writer is a humble member, one may safely assert that all great educational upheavals have been inspired by the men who keep in touch with matters which affect, in some particular, every class in society; and the underlying motive of this experiment is not only the defence of the kingdom by the rank and file of its people, but the defence of the race from the forces which threaten its degeneration.

Spoken in Jest

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

IT is held that the older a fool has become,
 The bigger the fool he will be;
 The which I surmise has occurred to the wise,
 Because practice makes perfect you see.

We are told it is money that moveth the mare,
 And maybe the saying is so;
 But the absence of speed in the said Mistress Steed
 Can make any bank account go.

That a bridge is not meant to be crossed it would seem
 Until to the bridge we have come;
 But the ethical lore of crossing before,
 Is a subject on which all are dumb.

That the finest of feathers make very fine birds,
 Was evolved by the wisest of heads;
 But I would remark, just by way of a lark,
 That they also make very fine beds.

In reading these sayings, though silly they seem,
 I would have you recall the behest,
 That words not a few, undeniably true,
 Have sometimes been spoken in jest.

Ronny

By H. N. DICKINSON

*An impression of a great struggle between fraternal love
and duty to a cause.*

WE left school in 1899, and he was shot in South Africa two years later.

He, Ronny, my old chum and school-fellow, bore a name famous in Scotland and in England, too. He and his brother were orphans. I have often stayed with them in their Scottish home where they and their mother lived together. She would talk to me—she still does—of the happiness of their home and the delightful affection of the boys. She did not know, as I did, how much more than mere affection bound the brothers to each other. Ronny used to call his brother and himself "The Firm." He was the elder, and knew himself to be the senior partner. His heart's longing and desire, known to me and to young Duncan, native in his blood and with him from the mistiest days of childhood, was for the Firm to win success and build up anew the great name it carried. I could tell stories—to their mother I tell them still—of the many wondrous things they were to accomplish in the world. Ideas took shape. Ronny was to fight on land, and Duncan on the sea, till a field-marshal and an admiral could gaze upon a splendid past and rejoice in the light of glory that they had thrown round the name of their fathers.

But this is a story of school-days. We were seventeen, Ronny and I. The time is strangely little distant from the present, when one thinks of the many things that have happened since those days.

On a summer morning I went to him in his room to discuss the affairs of that

famous day. I saw him slam the drawer of his table. In his customary way he drew himself to his full height, threw up his head, and put his hands in his pockets. His eyes met mine aggressively as ever, and he made some facetious speech. But he was pale. His cheeks and lips were white, and I was annoyed at this, though not surprised. Pale he might well be on this day of crisis, yet it was not usual for him to show emotions of that kind. This was the day when the final of the house fours were to be rowed, when our house was to head the river, the first time for years. We had won in the heats, and to-day we were to win the final race. Upon Ronny was the strain of it, and upon him would be the glory. He stroked our boat. He was its life and soul, and the critics found him unassailable. He set a stroke that was the wonder of the school. All this he did for the honour of his name, while Duncan was a midshipman far away, and did it, though his form was spare and slim, his weight small, his whole appearance widely different from that of the typical athlete or rowing man. If he were pale and tense to-day, it was natural. Yet I was annoyed. I did not tell him of it, for I was ever a wise guardian where he was concerned. I gave him chaff for chaff, nonsense for nonsense, till the fire of his spirit reached my heart, and in spite of anxiety and painful excitement I was gay and merry like himself.

We were nearly due at dinner. Now, as usual, his mind was wildly active. From

genial chaff he passed lightly to business, and shot out his instructions. Like King Richard in the play, he deluged me with last commands before the battle. I was to say this thing to one, that to another; to watch the conduct of persons A and B, give messages to B and D, tell Johnny Long that Ronny could not possibly have tea with him to-morrow. Those things on the table I was to put in Fournier's letter-box on my way to cricket.

We walked together into the dining-hall, late and dignified. Mine was the dignity of age and standing, but in him was the added magnificence of a light, slim figure, wondrously erect, and an uncompromising insolence of bearing. From the stiffness of public life he melted, as we sat down, to a beaming graciousness, idiotic merriment, pure human liveliness of a boy among boys. I thought the race was on his mind, but it did not check his concentrated flow of nonsense. It happened once that they talked of something that did not catch his interest, and I said to myself, the race, the race. For he was pale again, and anxiously strained in his expression. "The Poet," our good housemaster, was looking at him then, reading anxiety, like me. Next it was of the Poet that they talked. It was no good, they said, this playful plan of the bright youth next to Ronny. He could never do it. Did not the poet sleep with the key under his pillow? "Under his pillow! No," said Ronny, suddenly aroused, leaning forward and flashing with his teeth, smiling his most engaging of smiles. "No; he ties it on to his big toe!" Let no one criticise the humour who did not know the humorist.

Our ways parted, for even on me, a *dilettante* cricketer, duty had some call that afternoon, and so my narrative breaks off. But I am sure that Ronny carried himself as usual, that he swaggered down to the river like a conquering highland chieftain, defiant of the outside world and frolicking like a spoilt pet among his friends, mocking at authority, perhaps, or spouting impromptu parodies of certain gems of verse and prose. I never heard anything to the contrary, and there were more than one who would have marked it had his spirits lacked their buoyancy

or his legs their majestic strut. Appearances and the honour of the Firm were saved; yet I was certain that an unaccustomed stress had hold of him.

The Poet thought so, too. With the Poet I walked down to the river later in the day to see the race, and he talked of Ronny. "Was he over-anxious?" he asked. "Was he well? Was he sleeping properly, in good spirits, free from any trouble?" I asked the cause of these inquiries. "The boy is living on his nerves," he answered, "and were the race not coming off to-day I should be anxious for his health. Mind you keep a sharp watch on him for the next day or two."

I left the Poet and went on with other fellows from the house. We crowded to the starting place, and who can say what excitement we were in. There is the feeling of the seconds growing fewer and fewer, the sound of the crisp voice calling out their number, the inevitable approach of the signal, the certainty of the moment when it is to come, and the shock which its arrival causes, nevertheless.

But I am not concerned with the circumstances of the race. There was excitement for us all, but there was an added thrill for me. There were, all around me, as we stood, and as we ran, faces of boys in great eagerness, faces ugly and handsome and dark and fair. There were others besides Ronny rowing their hearts out, and worthy to be watched. But I had eyes and thoughts mainly for him. With sufficient knowledge to appreciate the matchless prettiness of his style, to delight in the extraordinary pace he set, I was principally occupied in marking how he seemed different from the others, far slighter in build, lighter, less muscular, carrying on with a strength that was more of will and nerve than of sinew or physical power. We won, of course, and of course it had been Ronny's doing from beginning to end. Everyone knew that, had known it for weeks past.

The end of a boat race is certainly not a very alluring sight, though it has something that is interesting to anyone who cares for the points and mettle of the human animal. It distressed an old gentleman who was near me as we stood

yelling and cheering on the bank. He spoke to me, when he could be heard, about ten years coming off one's life and other similar misfortunes. He pointed to Ronny as an instance, among others. He said he did not look fit for these exertions. He remarked on his attitude of collapse, the distressing heaving of his body, the discomfort, to say the least, of his expression. Some others had thrown their heads right back, and some had fallen forward on their oars. But I triumphed over my lugubrious friend when our four suddenly drew themselves up and paddled off amid fresh cheering.

I went presently to the rafts, wishing to find Ronny and the others and scatter congratulations. The four were changing their clothes, and Ronny was in tumultuous spirits. Clearly the race had not been too much for him. As the Poet was loitering outside, I went and told him of this, and for some time we stood together talking of the victory. We discussed the house supper there was to be in celebration of the event, and presently I returned to the four. I was puzzled.

Ronny, already changed, was standing apart from the others, with his hands in his pockets, looking absolutely blank and dazed. His eyes were fixed on nothing. His mouth hung open. It was the expression that I had seen for a moment at dinner. I spoke to him, and instantly he woke up and swung round on his heel and said something cheery enough. He looked through the doorway and saw lots of people coming in. He was altogether himself again.

On our way back to the house—and it was a real triumphal progress—he carried all before him. Everyone's congratulations he met with the serenest graciousness. He expected applause; he got it; he accepted it; he obviously liked it. He did not attempt to say that the success was everybody's doing but his own. We overtook a couple of little fellows of the lower school, one of whom was a cousin of Ronny's, and Ronny took hold of his elbow and brought him along with us in the face of the world. I think that small action will not fall into oblivion this side of the grave.

Just before the house supper, I found

him alone in his room, with his face very clean and his hair very carefully brushed.

"Ronny, you are absolutely dead-beat," I said.

"Am I?" he muttered, dazed and abstracted.

The next instant he burst into a torrent of furious abuse that astonished even me. He was a great master of abuse. Give him the occasion and he would level it at high and low with all his sporting energy. So much had my observation annoyed him that he marched out of the room as though I had been a presuming junior master daring to rebuke him, and he was still a picture of insolent defiance as we went in to supper in the hall.

This was the zenith of his career at school. He was central figure and distributor of honour and the focus of all eyes. If an ambitious schoolboy wanted a glorious part to play, I suppose he could not have found a better than Ronny's. It would have been a terrible pity if he had been weary, or sulky, or contemptuous. But he certainly was not. Among my speculations I gave most credit to the idea that he had had severe toothache all day long, and did not want to show it. He was just as wildly gay and fatuously imbecile as I could wish. His wit was well up to its own mark. He kept us laughing at his mimicry, expostulating with him about his imprudent remarks, howling down his observations on the Poet's guests, yet egging him on to more and worse excesses. This was all as it should have been, but what I noticed was the ceaselessness of it. He never stopped or rested. If he found himself for one moment unemployed, he seemed to be itching to be off again. It was not natural.

At the end of the meal the Poet proposed his health. Ronny made a little speech in reply, quite regardless of the low mockery which was unkindly levelled at him by us who were sitting near. I am afraid he had little of the ingenuous modesty of youth. He spoke without the slightest diffidence or hesitation. He said the house had had a great triumph. It had not had such an honour since the new bathrooms were put in last year. He alluded to the Poet's kindness in provid-

ing this banquet. We had a very good sort of housemaster, he said. If he would use his influence to procure more whole-holidays we should think him better still.

We sang songs, gleefully followed the Poet's example in smashing our glasses, and the party broke up. There was then a merry gathering in Ronny's room, and his spirits here again were splendid. There were others present, not of our immediate circle, and to them he was engagingly gracious, as was always his way when he met them face to face. We made a tour round the house collecting bits of paper, unbending our dignity to great and small alike. All the house knew then what it was to be near our hero. They could see him in his mood of effusive geniality and perhaps that night some jealous ones forgave him for the arrogant insolence of his week-day bearing. Returning to his room, we piled the paper on the table and made a bonfire of it, dancing round it hand in hand.

That was the end of the day of Ronny's greatness. The crowd gradually dispersed. Some half-dozen fellows stayed for a time, and if they were lively, if they were cheerful and boisterous and loud, they were not more so than he. But it was time for them to go to bed, and one by one they went away.

Surely the venerable timbers of that house have never cracked and shaken to a scene more splendid. If future generations have it in them to acquire something of the joy and spirit we let loose that night on the atmosphere of the place, they will do well.

The last of the boys had gone, and they would be in bed more or less within the time-limit set by authority. But my part was to stay a little longer. Ronny's chum was obliged to put other claims before those of school rules, if he would have peace and satisfaction. He must also take the consequences with Ronny's unfailing equanimity. I remained sitting in the window, and I watched him leaning his straight back against the mantel-piece—the hero whose rest was won. He was flushed and had an unnatural blazing brightness in his eyes. How tired he would be to-morrow! Excitement had kept him going, but I saw that his physical

exhaustion was terrible. I wondered at his splendid nervous energy.

My heart beat hard, my blood surged, as I watched him, victorious not only over his rivals on the water, but over every circumstance of the day. All along a blatant personal pride had possessed me as I thought of him, and of what else had I thought that day? Was I not the friend of the hero, and was not pride my portion? But now I was humble, and from pride I melted to utter admiration. I was sorry for his obvious exhaustion; I could not see a reason for it, and yet it madly pleased me. For I asked myself what thing it was upon earth that would cause those eyes to flinch, or bow that head, or make those lips say die. Lord! what scenes imagination used to fashion in my lonely hours with my hero in the midst!

But I was not altogether a heartless sentimentalist. He would hate it if I spoke about his health again. But there were other things. I knew that a word from me would give more pleasure—a different sort of pleasure—than all the plaudits of our little world. There was the family, the Firm, and the sailor boy Duncan, who was far away. Of Duncan I would speak last of all, as I left the room, and Ronny should go to his bed to the music of that dearest name under the sun.

All this I did, while he answered shortly and crisply. Was he pleased? Was he too tired to enjoy congratulations from his chum? Why, his exhaustion was increasing every minute. I was alarmed. The brightness was quickly vanishing from his eyes. Pallor came on his cheeks. Heavy dulness overspread his face. He sat down on the round-backed chair and crossed his arms on the table in front of him. My hot imagination seemed to see lines marking themselves on his face, yet still he held up his head and clearly and steadily watched me as he listened. Gaiety had deserted him, though sheer endurance lasted. I resolved to leave him quickly, and let him go to bed. I had thoughts of the matron and of brandy.

"To-morrow," I said, "I'm going to write and tell Duncan all about it. I'll make a better story of it than you would, you know."

His head had drooped a little, but as I mentioned Duncan he tossed it up again, and again there was a spark of brightness in his eyes. He roughly opened the drawer of the table—the drawer I had seen him shut as I entered the room that morning. He brought out a letter in his mother's writing, and threw it to me. And he watched me, pale, grim, defiant, as I read it, till the last fragment of its meaning was beaten on my mind, and I looked at him again.

Then, when indeed night had fallen and the last echo of the battle was silent,

when he had won fame for the family, honour for the Firm, victory for his house, and glory for the Being who rejoices in the strength and spirit of his master-works—then, having held out until this utmost limit, his back was bowed and his eyes flinched at last, his lips parted in silent misery, and his head fell forward on his arms.

Duncan, too, had had his day of greatness. He had led a little slave expedition on the coast of Africa, so their mother's letter told me, and had done no less well than Ronny, and had been killed.

A Song of the Woodland

BY LOUISE C. GLASGOW

OH! a song of the woodland shade,
 And a dream of a woodland maid.
 In the golden summer weather
 Youth and Love will rove together—
 Heigho! for the woodland shade.

Under the trees a little tent
 Deep in the woodland shade.
 Here's a lilt, here's a song for the days so long,
 For the soft-scented breeze, and the whispering trees,
 And hey for the woodland maid.

Under the tent a dream of bliss
 Deep in the woodland shade.
 Shy brown hands whose impress is a soft, warm caress;
 Ling'ring glances that meet, and a kiss thrilling, sweet—
 And ho for the woodland maid.

Folded and gone the little tent
 From out the woodland shade.
 Here's a sigh, here's a song for the days so long,
 For the eyes' mist of rain and the heart's mead of pain—
 Heigho! for the woodland maid.

Oh! a song of the woodland shade,
 And a dream of a woodland maid.
 In the golden summer weather
 Youth and Love will rove together—
 Heigho! for the woodland shade.

Civil Service As It Was

By J. E. B. McCREADY

*Personal reminiscences of a time when the "axe" hung
over every man subject to the spoils system.*

THE civil service as it was at the beginning of things in the Dominion was the civil service of old Canada, and it seemed to the Maritime representatives that the three big buildings at Ottawa were packed full of highly paid officials and clerks, very few of whom were from the East. An elderly messenger down stairs and I were the only permanent employees from New Brunswick in the large staff of the House of Commons. Maritime ministers and members alike felt that this was a hardship. Some of them set up a claim that the entire official staff at Ottawa should be apportioned on the same basis as the Senate, one-third from Ontario, one-third from Quebec, and one-third from the Maritime Provinces. A number of the New Brunswick members made my room, Number 33, their headquarters, and there was much talk among them over the inequality which prevailed in the distribution of offices. Charles Connell, M.P. for Carleton, N.B., had made the tour of all the offices in the Commons and questioned each occupant as to his official duties, his pay and other particulars, which attention some of the persons visited were rather disposed to resent as an intrusion. Others took it jocularly and laughed over the strange catechism to which they had been subjected. D'Arcy McGee came in one day while the matter was being discussed, and rather agreeably surprised us by admitting that the Maritime Provinces

were entitled to one-third of the offices. "We want to treat you generously," he said, "but vacancies cannot be made all at once. As vacancies occur they ought to be filled from your Provinces." He had a copy of the *St. John Telegraph* in his hand, in which this topic was discussed, and had been reading the Ottawa correspondence. As a newspaper man he was also interested in others of the craft. He called my attention to the Ottawa letter. "I am told you wrote that," he said, and on my admitting the fact, he laid his hand upon my shoulder and smilingly said, "Keep on writing." Two weeks later he was dead. Many times since I have recalled that friendly touch and those kindly words.

Mr. Tilley had been able to place some of his friends in the Customs Department, of which he was now the head. Mr. Mitchell had a freer hand in the new Department of Marine and Fisheries. But, as I have said, the civil service was that of old Canada, and the new men from the East were not in all cases made very welcome in the official *preserve*. From the first, however, I found my new chiefs and fellow-clerks as cordial and friendly as could be desired. W. B. Lindsay was Clerk of the House, and a very capable and considerate chief he was. He was short and stout in physique, and of an imperious will but kindly heart. Alfred Patrick was Clerk Assistant, afterwards Clerk; Dr. G. W. Wicksteed, the Law Clerk; Frank Badge-

ly, his assistant; Dr. Alpheus Todd, the Librarian; his brother Alfred Todd, Chief Clerk of Committees; Henry Hartney, Chief Office Clerk; Dr. Wilson, M. Dorion, and F. B. Hayes, in the Translator's branch; W. B. Ross and A. G. D. Taylor, Clerk and Assistant Clerk of Journals; Farquhar McGillivray, at the head of Routine and Records; Messrs. Poetter and Fanning, over the Votes and Proceedings; the venerable Thomas Vaux, Accountant; H. B. Stuart, Chief Writing Clerk; and so on. Among the juniors, beside myself, were Harry Smith, now Sergeant-at-Arms and a full-blown Colonel; W. C. Bowles, Harry Lindsay and Charles Panet. At my last visit to the House a few years ago, I was saddened to go over the list and find how many were dead. All those who were living were also "something far advanced in state." Let me say here, after the lapse of a generation since I served with them, that a more capable, genial, kindly and courteous body of public officials could not be desired. The work of the sessions is very trying upon the Commons staff, during the long hours and late night sittings, and it ought to be generously paid for.

There were evening entertainments in those days about town, in connection with various church and literary societies, and at these the entertainers, readers and vocalists were sometimes supplied from one of the learned professions, or from one of the public departments. At one of these, called a "House of Commons night," Sir John Macdonald presided, and had about him on the platform the heads of the Commons staff. Sir John made a little introductory speech in which he spoke very appreciatively of the civil service in general and of the parliamentary officials in particular; said he was proud of them all for their ability and fitness; that with their great responsibilities there had been no case of default among them; that he felt they were the equals of any like body in the world, not excepting the civil service of the mother country; and finally that he was the more proud from the fact that he had been responsible for the appointment of so many

of their number. Then turning to the men about him on the platform he addressed each one in a complimentary sentence, and as each arose one after another in acknowledgment, the tableau was a very effective one. He endorsed Mr. Lindsay as a master of two languages and of parliamentary procedure; Dr. Wicksteed as "knowing all the law"; Dr. Todd as having "not only an American but a European fame"; and so on. Such praise from so high a source, spoken so heartily, and with so much discrimination, went straight to the hearts of those addressed, and in some cases brought tears to their eyes. In the civil service Sir John always had a devout body of worshippers. Who was not proud on that night to belong to the Commons staff?

The Committee on Fisheries and Navigation was my first committee. It was got up by "Commodore" Fortin, also called Dr. Fortin, the giant member for Gaspé, and was composed of some twenty-five members, chiefly from Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Mitchell, the Minister of Marine, had intimated to me that the Commodore was himself ambitious to be Minister of that department, and failing in that ambition had set up this committee as a side-show. Be that as it may, perhaps I shared a little of Mr. Mitchell's prejudice. Moreover, I had been warned by some of my fellow-clerks not to undertake committee work if I felt in any way uncertain of my nerves, as members of the House were very exacting at times. "The fear of man which bringeth a snare" is not usually the particular weakness of a newspaper reporter, and I rather relished the approaching meeting with the great men at close quarters. Mr. Todd, the Chief Clerk of Committees, instructed me in my duties, and also feared that I might find the members hard to please. He admonished me to keep them to the rules as closely as practicable, and to report to him as soon as the meeting was over. So the members of the committee were called together and the new clerk was there to receive them. Half a dozen of the Quebec members were the first to

come in—Premier Chauveau, Dr. Fortin, Dr. Robitaille (later Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec), Mr. Simard, of Quebec County, and others. They nodded to me and went on talking in French. I knew little of that language, but soon made out that they wanted and must have a French clerk. This decided the acting clerk to be very insistent on the procedure.

Up rose Dr. Robitaille and, seconded by Mr. Chauveau, nominated Dr. Fortin to be chairman. He was about to put the question, when I reminded him that there was not a quorum present. Three or four at once called out that seven was a quorum. I told them that until the committee was organised it required a majority of its members to constitute a quorum. They had apparently never heard of such a rule. I quoted the authority, and then sent a messenger with a list of the members to bring in the tardy ones. Then Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Anglin and others came in and wanted to know what was the matter. Dr. Robitaille repeated his motion, and was again about to put the question, when I told him the committee could not properly proceed to business till the order of reference had first been read. I proceeded to read it, and then added incidentally that I was instructed that until the committee was organised, it was the duty of the clerk to preside. If now they had any motion to make they would please to address it to me. I half expected that they would not submit to this, but had in mind a certain meeting with the New Brunswick Government, before recited in these sketches, in which a little audacity had proved moderately fruitful. But Dr. Robitaille proved patient to a degree, and rising for the third time and addressing "Mr. Clerk" with mock deference, proceeded to nominate "Pierre Fortin, Esquire, Member for the County of Gaspé, to be the chairman of this committee." I put the question and declared Mr. Fortin duly elected.

Before the meeting was through Premier Chauveau came over to my desk with a resolution that he was about to move, and which he had written in rather

circumlocutionary English. He asked me to make it read right, and I edited his copy for him. Thereafter I served that committee for five years without a word of difference between us, and never heard any more about them wanting a French clerk. And a more pleasant and agreeable company of gentlemen one need not hope to meet than those whom I had first encountered, as related. When I reported to Mr. Todd, he was much interested, interrupting the story with frequent ejaculations such as, "Did you do that?" "I am so glad you did that," "I would not have dared to do that," and so on. Mr. Alfred Todd was an excellent man, a capable and painstaking official and a good friend to me always, but he had more reverence for members of Parliament than is common among newspaper men. When he met a member he always saluted him with great deference, and he expected like observance from a messenger.

Mr. Mitchell, too, was much amused with my account of the first meeting of "Fortin's committee," as he called it. But later when that committee began to send him all sorts of memorials and recommendations on pilotage, and the protection of oyster beds and technical remonstrances against the use of "bultows," and purse seines, he grew weary. Once I had to send out a long series of questions to the leading fish merchants and fishermen all over Canada, asking them all sorts of questions about the fisheries, and to compile their answers with other matters in a report. When I asked my chairman for instructions in regard to the scope and nature of the report he gave a suggestive shrug of his shoulders. "Make it voluminous," was all he said. I did so. There were 600 pages of foolscap in that report. The Commodore spent laborious days in perusing it. He, the writer, and the proof-reader were, I think, the only persons who ever went through it all. When the proposal to print it came before the committee, the chairman strongly insisted that it should be published in full. Prudent Alexander Mackenzie had asked my opinion privately as to whether it was not rather bulky, and I told him

there was four times too much of it, but that I had followed instructions. So the voluminous report was printed as an appendix to the journals of 1869—that “new set of journals” which D’Arcy McGee had eloquently told us “were to form the noble records of a great people.” My next committee was called to inquire into the administration of justice in the judicial district of Ottawa; in other words, to take the initial proceedings in the impeachment of Mr. Justice Lafontaine of the Superior Court of Quebec. He had in his time been a land agent, later a politician and then a Judge. The charges covered a good deal of ground and were intended to show that his lordship ought never to have been appointed to the bench, and had done some things as a judge for which he ought now to be removed from office. The proceedings were altogether new to a Canadian Parliament, no judge having ever been impeached in this country. A committee of the greater lawyers and others, Sir John Macdonald, John Hilyard Cameron, Edward Blake, Lucius Seth Huntingdon, Stewart Campbell, Alexander Morris, Luther H. Holton, John Henry Pope, A. W. Savary, and half a dozen Quebec members, with Alonzo Wright, the King of the Gatineau, had been named to investigate the charges. By instruction I called them together for organisation, but had no expectation of serving as clerk to the committee during the investigation. Of course, I must remain in attendance until relieved by another clerk. They organised forthwith by appointing Mr. Cameron chairman.

Then, after a brief consultation together, Mr. Blake came over to my desk and courteously inquired whether I was a professional man. He was informed in the negative, and that I was only waiting to be relieved, but that I fully concurred in the opinion of the committee that in view of the nature of the inquiry they ought to have a lawyer for a clerk.

“Send for the Clerk of the House,” said the chairman. I despatched a messenger to call him. Presently the messenger returned, reporting: “He is

at his luncheon, sir, and can’t come.’ This for the moment ruffled the serenity of the great men. “Will you go, Mr. McCready, and tell Mr. Lindsay to attend the committee at once.” I went to his office, pushed into the inner room where he was eating, and briefly delivered the peremptory order, at the same time explaining the circumstances as well as I could. Mr. Lindsay with a frown dropped his knife and fork, and as we went up the stairs together his anger was also mounting higher. He entered the room erect, almost defiant. Oh, the things we do and say when we are angry! He bowed in silence to the chairman, who broke out: “I want you to know, Mr. Lindsay, that when a committee of the House sends for you they don’t propose to wait till you eat your luncheon. *We* have not had *our* lunch as yet. You knew the nature of this inquiry, and that it is to impeach a judge. You have half a dozen lawyers on your staff. Mr. McCready may be a very good man, but he tells us he is not a lawyer. Why did you not send a lawyer to serve the committee?”

Thus sternly rebuked, Mr. Lindsay hotly replied: “I have given you the best man I have. If you will go on with the clerk you have and he fails you in any particular, I will be responsible.”

“That will do, Mr. Lindsay,” retorted the chairman, and the irate Clerk of the Commons strode out of the room. I was amazed, astounded. With my very little experience, almost any member of the staff was more fit than I to undertake what seemed a difficult task. I knew that it was not Mr. Lindsay, but his momentary anger under trying circumstances, that had spoken thus, and had put me in a position where now the chairman, if not the entire committee, would feel like making me seem less capable than I was. But sometimes courage rises with an emergency.

The chairman turned to me stiffly: “You will go to the library and bring us forthwith the authorities upon proceedings in impeachments.” The librarian, good Dr. Todd, helped me. We had soon loaded up two or three messengers with books, and they quickly deposited

them on the committee table. Sir John Macdonald calmly took from the pile Mr. Todd's work upon Parliamentary Procedure, and turning to Mr. Blake said pleasantly: "Blake, we think we know a little law, and yet in the present case I should be quite at a loss without this book, written by a layman." It was nice of him to turn to me and smile as he said that last word, "layman." Mr. Blake assented. All others now seemed quite mollified except the chairman. After arranging what was next to be done the others went out, he alone remaining bent low over the table and writing rapidly that small, crooked hand which was one of his characteristics. At length he straightened up, and beckoned me to him. "Here are a list of witnesses," he said, speaking rapidly (there were about a hundred names). "Deputise whom you choose to serve them. This is the summons for the Judge. Have copies made of it in English and French. Make personal service upon the Judge as speedily as possible, and attest the return of service."

He rose to leave. I had never served a legal paper in my life. I must needs gain time, get some information or explanation. "Attest the date of service?" I began, rather lamely.

"The hour, the minute!" he called back over his shoulder, and he was gone. The next half-hour belonged to the translator and the copying clerks. The papers ready, compared and signed, I drove to Aylmer and called at the Judge's residence. He led me into his sumptuous parlour where I handed him the duplicate summonses. He glanced at them and naively inquired, "Is that all?" It was then twenty minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon, and in my sworn return of service I was particular to note the exact time to the minute.

When next the committee met that return was before them. A smile went round as attention was called to this seemingly unnecessary detail.

"I ordered that," said Mr. Cameron.

Judge Lafontaine did not attend the committee in person, but appeared by counsel. There were a number of lawyers on each side. Mr. Blake took down most of the minutes of evidence, writing rapidly in half-inch letters. I remember that once he began a line on the foolscap page with the word "investigation." All that he put down on that line was "investiga—" and the "tion" went over to the next line. Memory here recalls the autographs of some of the eminent men of the time—the copperplate beauty of the Old Chief-tain's "John A. Macdonald"; the diminutive signature "F. Hincks," which a dime would cover; the clear-cut letters, all neatly formed, that made up "Alexander Mackenzie," as he wrote it; the bold, fragmentary "R. J. Cartwright"; the "Charles Tupper" that seemed as if scratched with a nail upon a slate; "E. Blake," that might have been traced with a small crowbar dipped in ink, and the graceful flowing lines which bespeak the "Wilfrid Laurier" of to-day. But this is a digression.

To return to the committee. We got along smoothly, even pleasantly, after that first day. As prorogation drew near, Mr. Cameron called me to his side one day and, remarking that we had begun "in rather stormy fashion," handed me a slip of paper certifying that I had served the committee quite to the satisfaction of its members and of himself as chairman. And Judge Lafontaine was not impeached after all. Before the next session he was comfortably superannuated which was no doubt much more agreeable to him and also more politic otherwise.



Holiday Halifax

By A. MacMECHAN

Affording a glimpse at an English-Canadian city as it shuts up shop and jares forth to make merry.

HALIFAX knows how to take a holiday, whereof some hostile critics would make a reproach. There be some who hold that our city lacketh energy, enterprise, all sorts of modern commercial virtues, virtues which bring their own reward of fat balances at the banker's. In other words, Halifax is a haven of quiet in a noisy, bustling, rushing continent; it has discovered the value of leisure; it is a refuge for such as rate life above dollars.

Every city has a face, a body and a more or less imperfect soul of its own. Some are of a set pattern. Know one, know all. But Halifax is unlike any other city I know. The best time to get close to its heart is on a Saturday in summer.

Saturn, the gloomy planet, has little influence over his day in this city. The seventh is usually the brightest day of the week. If it should happen to dawn overcast, the unwonted bustle and stir of the population seem to dispel the sea-mist or the cloud. Besides, in this latitude, a dull morning is no bad sign of a fair afternoon; and with us the afternoon is the better portion of the day. The half, contrary to Euclid, is greater than the whole.

Cities differ much in their customs. In a southern city I know well the housewife, attended by her black cook, with ample basket on arm, sallies forth on Saturday evening to do her marketing for Sunday. There are long processions of her, passing up and down those endless

arcades of busy stalls that stretch from street to street; and there is reason in the custom. Here our thrifty northerner performs this duty in the morning; for the market-folk bring their butter and eggs into the city at dawn, or earlier; and the first to come is first served. The market—our famous Green Market—is held in picturesque mediæval fashion upon the open street. Wares are displayed along the curbstone, while the vendors stand behind them in the gutter. Three races are represented; beside the white Caucasians, you will find in their own place, black Africans, descendants of the slaves of Loyalists; while near them red Indians, whose ancestors made a step "outside the pickets" of old Halifax as much as a man's life was worth, squat peaceably against a wall, behind piles of cleanly baskets. On one side, a red-coated soldier, with his lethal weapons, is on perpetual guard, standing in his little sentry-box, or pacing up and down his apportioned promenade. Here you can buy in season moose-meat and ducks and partridges and lobsters and trout and grapes, as well as the usual staples. Hither repair Haligonian housekeepers, before breakfast even, with bag and basket. All morning they are coming and going in a thick, slow-moving, *not* pushing crowd, up and down the market, around the Post-office, and in front of the venerable Province Building. You will meet everyone you know down town on a Saturday morning. The men are busy, too, in

banks and offices, cramming a day's work into four hours. Many are concerned with letters for England; for Halifax has always been nearer the motherland than the rest of Canada; and the "English mail" bulks large in our eyes. Grocers' waggons and butchers' carts rush to and fro in fierce career, with materials for a thousand Sunday dinners. The Saturday forenoon is the most *visibly* active part of the week in this, our city.

In the afternoon, the city makes holiday and devotes itself to various forms of athletic sport, either actively or vicariously. At two o'clock, there is much stir about the Yacht Squadron. The club-house on its high wharf has the aspect of a little man who has drawn his cloak close around him against the wind. The white-railed companion-way and balcony produce, also, the impression of a ship at sea. The swift, new-fangled boats have their moorings directly opposite; they are hovering about, ready to start at the firing of the gun. At the signal, they dart off on long stretches to the harbour-mouth, past Steele's Pond and Point Pleasant and McNab's, and Thrum Cap and York Redoubt to the open sea, or, if need be, they can find ample courses within the great land-locked haven. Every summer Saturday there is a breeze; and every summer Saturday there is a race. The blue water is alive with white skimming sails. An hour later the ladies begin to arrive in gala dresses, to listen to the band, drink tea, talk to their friends, and watch the races finish. It is entertaining, if a simple pleasure, merely to watch the water from a chair on the wide verandah of the second story.

About the time that the yachts begin their races, the first arrivals appear at the tennis-grounds. They are young business men, who want to make the most of their one good chance in the week to practise. The lady players, the enthusiasts, are not long behind them. By three o'clock, all the courts are busy, and the blackboard is covered with a waiting list of those who may console themselves with Milton's famous anticipation, "They also *serve* who only stand and wait." From the little pavilion on the terrace, the five nets

make one white line down the green sward, and the twenty active combatants, advancing and receding so swiftly, seem to be engaged in the figures of some complicated dance. On Saturdays the "tea members" visit the grounds, chiefly those who are past their dancing days. To them and to the thirsty players tea is dispensed from the pavilion at five o'clock, tea being almost as much a universal lubricant in Halifax as in China. If you do not play, you may sit on the benches at the side, and look on. A great elm frames part of the blue harbour within the curve of its lower branches; the white sails are constantly passing and re-passing. Play will last far into the long northern twilight, as long, in fact, as the ball can be seen or felt.

Not a pistol-shot away are the golf links. They are not upon the sea sand, nor are they famous for extent; but they suffice. Some thirty acres of rolling ground, just on the outskirts of the city, readily accessible from any quarter, they make a playground not easily bettered. This afternoon, there is a large attendance of men, "two-somes" generally, with attendant caddies. The new club-house, with its wide verandah, is at the entrance of a drive of an old estate at the edge of some wood. Old stone walls, a grove of pines, the new road running through the grounds of an old privateersman, delimit the links, and give them a character of their own. You can see over the gentle hillocks the blue harbour. The links are picturesque, if golfers care for the picturesque, or have an eye for anything but the small white sphere they unceasingly pursue.

If you walk up the street for three minutes from the first hole of the links, you will come to an old-fashioned house standing back from the road. It bears the name of a family seat in England, and was built and christened by a graduate of Oxford nearly a century ago. He was a judge and a classical scholar, whose fame is preserved in the Dictionary of National Biography. He left his mark on the history of Nova Scotia and rather a black mark it is; but the local fame of the old mansion does not depend on the character of Sir Alexander Croke. In a

small enclosure, fenced in, and not unlike a pound or a lot in a cemetery, the Studley Quoit Club meets every Saturday in the season to hurl the discus, possibly "in the high Roman fashion," I cannot say. Two "pitches" are sufficient for the players, and, for good reasons, there are always onlookers in the shade of the whispering pines. Under this pleasant shelter, admirals and generals, viceroys and princes of the blood have been proud to sit as guests of the club. Silver cups and wooden spoons are here contended for, and without dust and heat. A strange and famous refreshment called "hodge-podge" is served at Studley once a year, when members bring their friends to share their pleasures. Sometimes it is apparently as fatiguing to watch the play as to stand in the sun and hurl the massive quoit.

But Saturday afternoon is passing away, and half our pastimes are unreviewed. Northward lie the spacious and beautiful grounds of the Wanderers Athletic Club, an institution of which Haligonians are justly proud. As likely as not, a cricket match is going on, watched from under the elms by a small assembly of the fashionable and the *connoisseurs*. In the corners, there is ample room for quoits, bowls and tennis. Some members, in costume almost Greek or Fiji in its simplicity, are practising for coming struggles on the cinder-track or on the football field. In October, the city goes mad over football. This field is then the scene of Homeric contests between Army, Navy, Dalhousie and Wanderers, and is black with throngs of partisans. Across the way the soldiers are at cricket, at the foot of the *glacis*. On the Common, the sons of the people are busy with baseball, for the necessary apparatus is cheap, and neither uniform nor level ground is needed. If you push on farthest north till you reach the inner end of the harbour, you will find that many boats have been hired, and are pulling about among the wonderful warships at anchor before the dock-yard. The lean out-riggers of the rowing clubs are out for practice, as well as the gigs and cutters of the men-o'-war. From the floating bath comes a perpetual

uproar of boyish shrieking, laughing and splashing.

But you could not see all this in one day, with comfort. It would be wiser to turn south from Studley and walk to the pride of Halifax, the three-mile fiord we call the "Arm." By almost joining the "Basin," it makes the peninsula of Halifax. From the landward end, you can look out to the harbour-mouth, where the squat little lighthouse made out of a razed martello tower shows the way to hesitating ships. The banks are rather steep and wooded, and along the northern bank, each in its own extensive grounds, are the stately homes of Halifax. Each has its distinctive name, "Fairview," "The Dingle," "Belmont," "Winwick," "Oaklands," "Maplewood," for we have a pretty knack of christening places. The "Arm" is as safe and pleasant a place for boating as can be well imagined; and so it is a favourite haunt of those who affect the frail canoe. Two large boat-houses are scarcely sufficient to supply the demand for boats. Except where commercialism has stamped its ugly hoof, the "Arm" is a perpetual delight. Even if you have known its every feature from childhood, water and especially tide water has a subtle way of seeming to change the face of the earth beside it. It is a mirror that varies not only with the march of the seasons, but with hourly, momentary variations of light and shade, cloud and sunshine, wind and calm. These boat-houses will be empty on a Saturday afternoon, but the floating bath will be crowded. The platforms and spring-boards about the swimming-pool are rich in anatomical studies. On the farther side, many picnic parties are making fires on the shingle, and boiling the kettle for tea. When night falls, there may be bonfires along the bank, with boys and girls singing to the tinkling of a mandolin; and the boats on the water will draw near the blaze to listen.

Such is the city of Halifax on a Saturday afternoon in the pleasant months of the year. It is the one city of its size on the continent possessing a summer climate which permits white people to work and play with comfort. Halifax in its wisdom

chooses to play and to make time for play. Almost every citizen has his rod or gun, which he uses in due season, or leaves in case, and thinks of the days spent along the streams or in the woods. Winter brings skating, hockey, tobogganing, snowshoeing. Chess, the king of games, the unfailing resource of the long winter evenings, has many devotees. It has been cultivated in Halifax for over a century. Cards we have always with us. In short, Halifax is resolved to live

in a rational way and to find a space for healthy recreation among the fleeting days.

This is not our city's only virtue, this love of sport. There is no hospitality like the hospitality of Halifax; there is no kindness like her kindness, when you are sick or in trouble. Few communities care for their poor, their unfortunate, their afflicted, so wisely or so well. Perhaps, love of sport is not a virtue at all; but it is certainly a charm.

The Toilers*

BY S. MORGAN-POWELL

TO nurse the gifts that Nature gave;
 To tend with painful toil,
 Nor deem it e'en too much to slave
 For our Canadian soil;
 To hold the land our closest friend,
 Our heritage and pride,
 Enduring aught that Heaven may send,
 Smiling, whate'er betide.

To give no thought to prideful boast,
 Or lust for grasping power;
 To know our land from coast to coast;
 To guard against the hour
 When lawless dreams may lead to strife;
 To keep our people true
 To manly toil and simple life,—
 Canadians through and through.

So shall Canadian history be
 Of great examples made;
 A history of work well done,
 Whate'er the price we paid.
 What matters it if other lands
 A nation's greatness gauge
 By records made with bloodstained hands,
 And war on every page?

Our greatness is where wheatfields are,
 Where foundry hammers swing;
 In groaning dray and falling spar
 Our land's awakening.
 In axe hard-hewing some new track,
 In pick the miner plies,
 In out-thrust rail and lonely shack,
 In hearts that fight the forest back,
 Canadian history lies.

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Lower Fort Garry

By BARLOW CUMBERLAND (*President, Ontario Historical Society*)

An historical sketch of an ancient centre of a mighty realm (the Stone Fort), with a striking comparison.



THE CHIEF FACTOR'S HOUSE

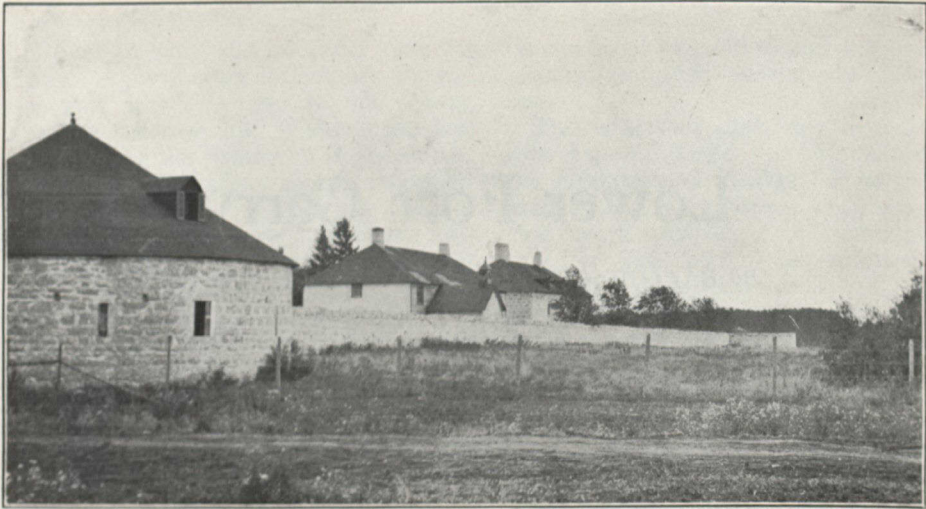
At one time the centre of affairs of the whole Northwest and North.

THE old saying, "that history repeats itself," has scarcely a better example than the progress of past and present events upon the banks of the great rivers of the North. There are on this continent two Red Rivers, named by the French *voyageurs* on their earliest explorations. These are the Red River of Louisiana, whose waters descend southwards by the Mississippi to the Gulf of New Orleans; the other, the Red River of the North, carrying its currents into Lake Winnipeg and the Hudson's Bay. It is with this latter that we are concerned.

Great and wondrous are the changes which are taking place to-day in the vast inland country of the plains to which Canadians have fallen heir since Confederation brought the widely-separated Provinces on both sides of the continent into National Union. Yet they are but

following on ancient lines. The very name North-West which, by common usage we apply to this great sphere, is becoming a misnomer, for it is fast building up into a centre, and the modern centres of influence are but reverting to the ancient centre of the realm. To this great haven for scope and for broad energies are turning not only the sons of Canada herself, but men from the stoutest-hearted nations of the world. Where once the nomad Indian wandered, careless, if but the grasses grew undisturbed and the buffalo surged in plenty, myriad settlers are to-day building up their permanent homes and the wide plains are colouring into golden grain. The ancient river banks are again the focus of the white man's endeavour, but in a different method yet for a similar end, the formation of a mightier centre of influence and trade.

The pathfinders of the interior of North America were the adventurers of oldest Canada over which the *Fleur-de-lis*, and *Cornette Blanche* of France, then flew as sign of fealty and ownership. Urged on by the expansion of their nationality or for the spread of their faith they left their guardian Citadel at Quebec, pierced the wilds, followed the known rivers upward to their sources, and finding other rivers, voyaged them from these new sources downwards to other seas. How the names of Montreal, Frontenac, Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Réiné River, Duluth, Fond-du-Lac, St. Louis, New Orleans, are set like beacons on the waterways to mark



THE SOUTH-WEST BASTION AND WALLS OF THE FORT FROM THE OUTSIDE. THE ROOF OF THE SOUTH-WEST BASTION NEXT THE RIVER HAS BEEN REMOVED

the right-angled course of their route of discovery from the North Atlantic to the Southern Gulf! An inner French realm, sweeping far into the interior behind the English settlements then existing between the Alleghennies and the Atlantic coast, and encircling them within its widespread areas from ocean to ocean. Theirs was a glorious conception magnificently carried out. These names remain as records of their prowess, but other peoples have entered into much of the profit of their toils.

At the apex of the right angle of this realm is their Riviere Rouge du Nord, and through the efforts of these *voyageurs* our Red River became the highway to the then northwestern world, and later on to the ocean at Hudson's Bay. Although the southern portions have passed from the control of their descendants, yet in this great north realm our British-Canadians, born with French or English-speaking tongues, still join in fealty and occupation to exploit and to enjoy, under the Union Jack, the signal of our united liberties.

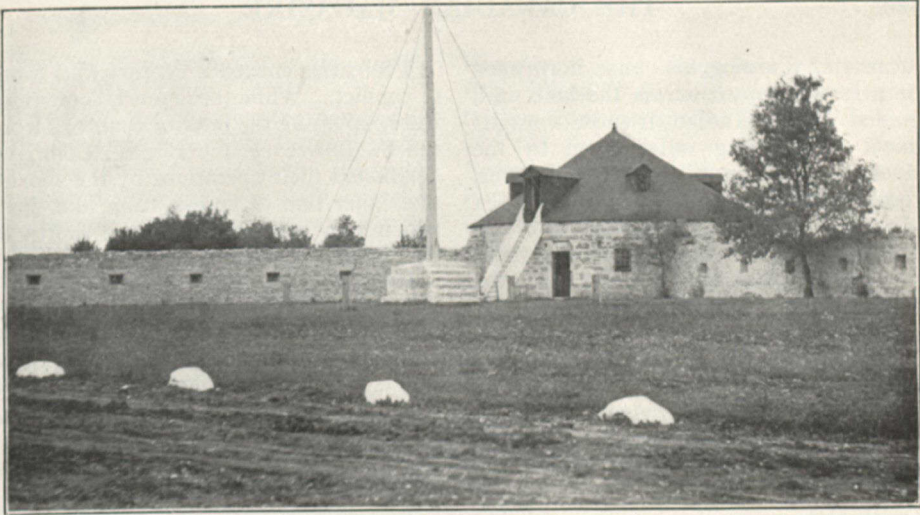
The ancient place and centre of this North-West realm still remains, an historic relic worthy of a pilgrimage and carrying the memories far back into the centuries before the stones that mark this spot were first set in place.

On the banks of the Red River, not far

from Selkirk, stands "Lower Fort Garry," one of the few remaining forts of the Hudson's Bay Company. From the Fort the great river sweeps downwards, twenty-five miles, in full width and uninterrupted to Lake Winnipeg. Three miles farther up are the turbulent St. Andrew's Rapids, a block to further progress for large boats or without transshipment. The Fort thus practically stands at the head of lake navigation. Twenty miles still farther up is the junction of the Assiniboine with the Red River, where was the site of the Upper Fort Garry and is now the enterprising City of Winnipeg.

At Selkirk it was once thought that the Canadian Pacific Railway would make its crossing, and a city, magnificent in its amplitude on surveyors' plans, and a feature in many an eastern auction room was laid out. To-day, it is principally the centre of the lumbering and fisheries of Lake Winnipeg and the site of the Dominion Fish Hatchery, which is vainly endeavouring to keep pace with the reckless depletion of the lake by the American fishing companies which have taken possession of the waters. As well turn a house-tap on Niagara, for nature once outraged by greed can never be restored.

A travelled road follows the river, winding along the banks which here, as with all North-West streams, are fringed with a



THE SOUTH-WEST BASTION AND THE LOOPHOLES IN THE WALLS TAKEN WITHIN THE FORT

belt of trees—tawny, gnarled, scrub oak, quavering poplars, and the ash leaf maple. In some of the broader and lower flats, where have been eddies of the river, are met a few fine upstanding elms, throwing their branches high as the river banks, their trunks wound with wreaths of dried herbage and deeply scored by the ice floes and wreckage of the spring floods. Around these banks and along the narrowed river the tree fringes wind at the level of the surrounding prairie. From this level suddenly, like some huge ditch cut through the plain, the steep mud sides, seamed and water worn, slope sharply downward some seventy feet to where the turbid waters heavy with soil, gathered during its course of a thousand miles from the south, move slowly along.

Coming around a bend, one's eye is caught by the red ensign floating bravely on the flag-staff and the gray stone walls and bastions of the Fort, an apparition in the midst of nature's solitude.

The Fort is perched on the edge of the west bank at the apex of an "Oxbow" curve which the broad river here makes, giving a full mile of view in either direction and commanding the approaches from up or down the stream, a regal position both for residence and defence. Seen from here, it rests in retirement, hedged by a background of green foliage, seemingly an oasis of quietude. But beyond those trees stretch westwards two

thousand miles of noble prairie, and in front runs the river which was the avenue of access from all the rivers from the Southern Plains and onward to those still farther northward to the Arctic seas. Of all this Empire, the Empire of Rupert's Land, this little spot was once the radiating centre of effort and ancient seat of power.

All this did not come at once, not even by decades, but in centuries of stress and endeavour. The early French inmates of oldest Canada, having established themselves upon the shores of the Lower St. Lawrence, reached farther inland for the expansion of their exchanges in merchandise and furs. Having achieved Lake Huron they passed onward to Lake Superior, and by the inflowing rivers had brought the far inland countries tributary to their French ports and trade routes to Quebec. In possession of the portal, far away though it was, the whole trade of the interior was theirs.

Radisson, one of the earliest explorers, leaving Lake Superior, had threaded the interlacings of the Kaministiquia and surmounting the height of land had, by the Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River, reached Lake Winnipeg itself. Most probable it is that he visited the position of this Fort as being the head of navigation and a splendid point for Indian trade.

In Radisson the spirit of adventure was

incarnate. Turning his canoe northward he pressed forward across the lake and, guided by his Indian friends, voyaged down the running waters, and by the river, now known as the Nelson River, reached the great inland sea in 1666, a voyage of perilous exploration and untravelled mystery. How his heart must have bounded, when emerging from the dark intricacies of the portages and the winding of the rivers and rapids, his eyes first opened on the broad waves of the wide, open sea!

He had found the shortest line of access to all this great inner land! Here, again, was the same salt water that he had left behind when he had started from Quebec. On the other side of this sea was his beloved France; behind him an untouched sphere for fur trade, the most unbounded that ever yet he had encountered, and now by his discovery brought close to ship's side direct to European shores, instead of by many a thousand miles, and weary months, of arduous navigation to the far-off port of Quebec.

Fervid with the great opportunities he hid to France, but meeting with no encouragement, transferred the good news to England. Obtaining co-partners, some trial voyages were made to the bay with varying success.

In 1668 the first ship sailed for Hudson's Bay and trading posts were established at York Factory on the main shore, and at Moose Factory in James' Bay.

At length, in 1670, in the same lordly way as his predecessors had made grants to other Companies of the Indian shores of the Atlantic, from the Carolinas to Acadia, Charles II granted to Prince Rupert and his companions the sovereignty of this great northern domain.

So was formed "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, trading in Hudson's Bay." To them were thus given the sovereignty and exclusive rights of trade and ownership over a territory more than half as large as Europe, extending from the Hudson's Bay to the Rocky Mountains, and to be further extended as their energies expanded. This domain they named "Rupert's Land," after their first Governor and leader.

Thereafter ensued a century and more of conflict. While the French companies were exploiting the interior countries from the St. Lawrence, the English Company conducted their operations by the shorter and inner line of access from the forts which they established on the shores of the Hudson's Bay.

From these they gradually forged their way inland. Nearby the position of this old Fort and close to the St. Andrew's Rapids (Sault la Biche), Henry Kelsey, one of the early explorers of the Hudson's Bay Company, records a great trade gathering in August, 1692, of Crees, Assiniboines, and Indian tribes from the far western plains, whom he offered inducements to take their furs to James' Bay.

For a century fierce struggles for supremacy ensued. Acts of war were engaged by the contestants in these western wilds unhampered by, and irrespective of, the diplomatic relations of their respective nationalities in Europe.

The cession of Quebec in 1759, and the transfer of Canada by the Treaty of 1763 from the French to the British Crown, had ended the conflict as between the rival nationalities, but the warfare for the trade as between the St. Lawrence and the Bay continued, and the palisades of Fort Douglas, the stronghold of the North-West Company, who claimed possession as the successors of their French predecessors, frowned from the opposite side of the river upon the Hudson's Bay Company's new outpost. There were internal wars and incursions throughout the territory, the Indians, won by conciliation and *largesse* or influenced by intermixture of races, ranged on either side, and bloody and fierce reprisals, with all the attendant woes of torture and treachery, devastated this period.

In 1774, Cumberland House on Sturgeon Lake was established, the first trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company opened on waters flowing into Lake Winnipeg, to be followed by the Norway House at the north-end of Lake Winnipeg in 1799. These were the outposts of the general advance. At length the centre was reached and the first Fort Garry was planted by the Hudson's Bay Company

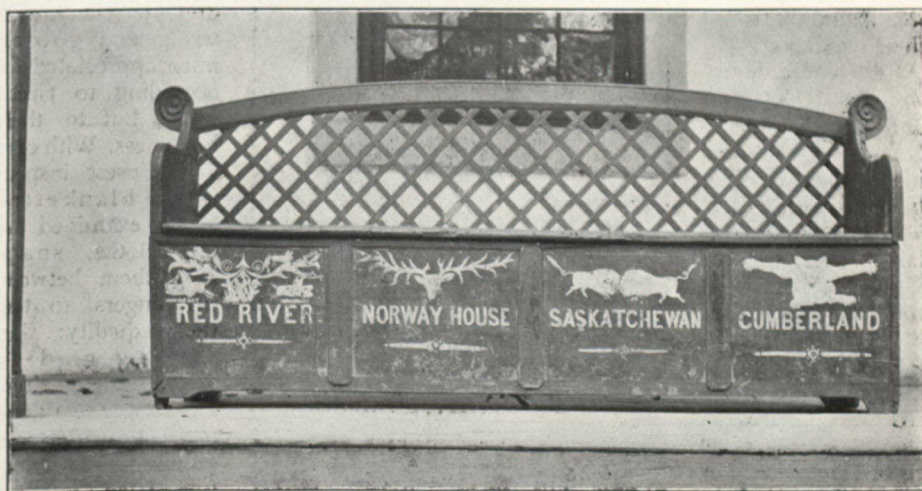
in 1799, at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers.

Urged on, perhaps, by the hampering of the St. Lawrence route throughout its length by the war of 1812, the Hudson's Bay Company redoubled their energies and became still more aggressive. At length the outburst of the battle of 1816, fought on the present site of Winnipeg, when Governor Semple lost his life, and for the commencing of which each blamed the other, brought the rivals face to face with the suicidal folly they were engaged in.

Consolidation was foreshadowed. In 1820 there arrived upon the scene, under

Here, in 1831, buildings for the Hudson's Bay offices had been erected, being farther from the ancient scenes of strife, and four years afterwards, as the *Bois Brûlés* or French halfbreeds at the Upper Fort were still showing signs of being troublesome, the buildings were enclosed with walls, and the battlements of this Lower Fort Garry were raised.

To-day, while palisades of the older Fort Garry have been swept away with the growth of the modern city which surrounds its site and naught is left but its old north gate, this Lower Fort Garry remains in practical preservation as when it was first constructed.



OLD SETTLE IN THE CHIEF FACTOR'S HOUSE

The seat is pierced with holes, and the compartments serve as letter-boxes.

the influence of Lord Selkirk, the redoubtable Sir George Simpson. The next year the hatchet was buried between the contestants and union between the companies effected. For forty years this masterful man reigned supreme, controller of half a continent, voyaging incessantly, bringing peace out of turmoil, dominating with energy and tact both red skin and white, the very embodiment of personal power.

After the time of the great flood in 1820, when the rivers had risen and the Fort and all the surroundings of Upper Fort Garry had been submerged, the Elbow below the rapids had remained unharmed.

To modern eyes the walls might seem insufficient in height. It was not a military fortress, but a protection for the goods and persons within from the incursions of marauding Indians, armed with but primitive weapons and making their attack by stealthy advance and surprise. Walls three feet in thickness and sixteen feet in height, of massive, well-constructed stone work, made it, in those days, exceptionally formidable and, as compared with the wooden palisades of the other posts, won for it the name by which it is still best known, the "Stone Fort."

In form it is a quadrilateral with projecting circular bastions at each corner

enfilading the approaches. Loopholes, wide within, narrowing outwardly to a narrow slit, suffice for a musket barrel to pierce the walls and protect the defence. There are two gateways, one opening to the river bank, the other towards the west, closed with massive oak and nail-studded doors.

Here within these gray stone walls power, though so far separated from its European base, rested secure. The unsatisfied Metis, the Indians from the far-off plains and the forest fastnesses of the North, must have seen in them the visible evidence of the great Company which possessed what was to them immeasurable wealth and controlled their livelihood.

Sir George Simpson, as "Governor and Chief of Rupert's Land," established his headquarters in this Lower Fort, which was four times larger than the old Upper Fort. Here, too, was the office of the "Recorder of Rupert's Land," as created by the original Royal Charter, the sole office of record of the law and real estate of the wide domain.

The centre of the inner square is occupied by the house of the "Chief Factor," its wide verandahs, French gabled roof and huge chimneys, giving evidence of comfort and hospitality. What odours of venison and good cheer seem to hang about these tall shafts, how the big logs must have sputtered and crackled in the great fireplaces when the Factors came in from their solitary posts to make their annual reports and talk with their chief of the prospects of the prices of fur, the incidents of adventure, the conduct of their Indian charges, to the accompaniment of pipe and toddy around the cheerful hearths! To them it was a short return to the pleasures and latest news of civilisation.

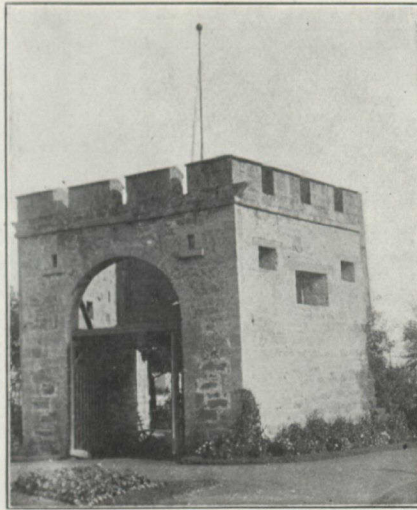
The warehouses are arranged in line between the Factor's square and the other walls. Massive stone buildings with iron-barred windows, citadels of wealth in fur and flour. In the store is the usual omniscient collection of a Hudson's Bay store. The counters laden with cloths of varying hue, blankets red, blue or white, the best in the world, bearing upon them the Hudson's Bay mark of one, two or three "points," according to their excellence. The posts and low ceilings hung with every variety of pot and pan, tinware and hardware, guns, hatchets and axes, such as a camping people would require.

In glass cases some specimens of wondrous jewellery, glittering and golden hued, appreciated not according to their value, but to their gaudiness. With care and closest inspection, a blanketed squaw examined the broadcloths, snapping them between her fingers to test their quality; her daughter, clad in flowered print dress and frowzy-feathered hat, taking a languid interest in the selection of the beads for the embroidery, while the old man sat on the door-step and

gravely smoked his pipe. Be it noted that the women had as many articles brought down for their inspection as any city woman in a city store. The aboriginal has acquired the delectation of "shopping," or is it innate in the female sex?

Above the little guard-house, with heavy iron windows of the prisoners' cell, hangs the old Fort bell, once the alarm of the garrison, listening for the "All's well" of the guardian watchmen as they paced around the walls.

The river gate and walls stand about forty feet back from the edge of the high bank, with the green sward intervening.

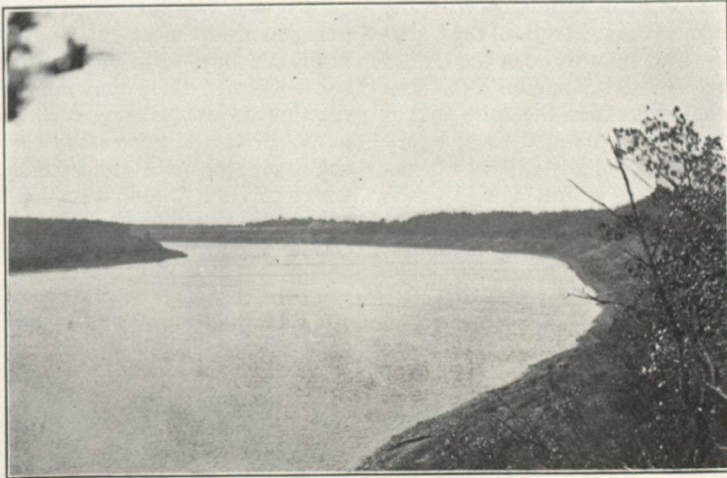


ALL THAT REMAINS OF OLD UPPER
FORT GARRY

From here a clear view is given up and down the long vistas of the river. It must have been a pleasant place whereon to sit out in the cool of the day watching the passers-by. In the olden time, when this Red River was the highway for all routes of travel, there would be a constant succession of canoes of Indians or of traders slipping by, either laden with great bales of furs or carrying the families migrating from point to point.

When the watchers reported that Sir George Simpson's canoe and his accompanying brigade was coming around the bend, how the population of the Fort

ing districts. In the lids of the four compartments are slits for dropping in the letters and on the front the names and emblems of the great centres: RED RIVER, the country far away to the south, with grouped blades of grain and the words "Old Settler," "Script Holder," indicative of its settlement. There are also two large locusts or grasshoppers, under each of which is put the word "Immigrant," pointing out with much quaintness that they came from the States Country south of the boundary line. These visitations of grasshoppers, though prevalent in the early days, have all now been merged in



ELBOW OF THE RED RIVER

Faint outlines of Lower Fort Garry, one mile distant.

would pour out through the river gate and watch their advent! The great North-West canoes with twenty paddles in each, the high curving prows decorated with Indian emblems, the boat flags fluttering out their colours, the rush and glistening of the paddles, the straining energy of the boatmen accompanied by sharp exclamations of effort as they raced for the landing place, must have made a great and stirring scene—the Master had arrived.

In the Factor's house there still is kept one of the old settles which gives some reminiscences of the wide range of influence of the Stone Fort. It formed a post-box for collecting the orders and correspondence for forwarding to the outly-

the larger cultivation. NORWAY HOUSE, to the north with the Elk Head; SASKATCHEWAN, far far away to the west, where the buffaloes roam for many a thousand mile on the branches of the great river; CUMBERLAND, with the great white bear of the still farther north. It was the radiating centre of a little world.

At this "Stone Fort" was concentrated the business of the Empire of Rupert's Land, then maintained throughout its vast extent as a close preserve for the production of fur and of trading with the Indian tribes; its wealth of capabilities for civilised development and occupation being kept hidden from the outside eye.

In 1869 the new-formed Dominion of

Canada acquired by purchase all the sovereign rights of the company, leaving it in possession of the lands in the vicinity of its ancient posts and one-twentieth of all lands in the "Fertile Belt." Since then, the interests of the company, although still largely concerned in the trade in furs, have become more particularly those of a Land and General Trading Company, throughout the cities and centres of the incoming population. The "Stone Fort," thus losing its importance, is maintained as the summer home of the Land Commissioner.

A new phase is now again rising in the realm of Rupert's Land. As the sources of its trade took their beginnings from the St. Lawrence, so the steel rails of the Canadian Pacific, and soon those of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways, have threaded the same lines of route, but changing the months of weary portages and canoeing into days of express travel and unbroken trains.

The great City of Winnipeg, with its 100,000 people and *entrepôts* of merchan-

dise and manufacture, has risen where the old Fort slumbered.

Instead of radiating slowly by the thousands of miles of the Red, the Assiniboine, the two great Saskatchewan Rivers, the Athabasca and their waterway connections, this old centre of distribution is brought by branching railways to all parts of the far plains and even to the Peace River and the Pacific.

The Radissons of to-day are seeking northward with rod and level, and the railway rails and engines are following them, to the shores of the Hudson's Bay.

The pathfinding of centuries back is repeating itself.

May it not be that when steam of train and steamship meet on the shores of the Hudson's Bay, as in old times canoe and sail once met, there may come from that meeting an upspringing of influence and of power to the centres on the banks of the river, still more wondrous than that of which this old "Stone Fort" is the record and present memorial.

The twentieth century will tell.

The Peace of Service

BY CYRUS MACMILLAN

BENEATH the world's care-burden'd load
 I moved and paid the toiler's tears—
 Along life's parched, thorn-strewn road,
 Harass'd by doubts and dragon fears.
 No guide was with me in the night,
 To lead the way to couch of ease;
 No comrade pointed to the light;
 No angel spirit whispered peace.

I wandered far to softer fields,
 To books, friends, music, Thespian art,
 In search of balms false pleasure yields
 To dupe in vain the toiler's heart;
 In fickle luxuries I sought.
 But none of these my cares beguiled;
 Till, lo! peace came through service wrought—
 The laughter of a happy child.

The County Warden

By OLIVE MAUDE PEW

An admixture of love and politics, in which love finally triumphs.

MARY wandered down the long platform and sat among the baskets of fruit awaiting shipment. A pretty girl coming from the station-room elicited a passing glance, and was forgotten. Bees hummed lazily about, settling from time to time on the open spaces in the fruit baskets. Suddenly, Mary sat up erect, listening. A firm tread came echoing along the boards. Norman Pomeroy was coming straight toward her. Her face flushed. He had not seen her yet! How could he have known? She half rose. But now he was speaking to that girl—shaking hands.

The pretty girl, Mary had forgotten, had been standing behind the baskets.

"So, you've come, Mr. Pomeroy," said the girl.

"As always," he answered politely. "But why are you leaving? There's nothing like staying on the ground. You never can tell what may happen."

"Oh, that's all right; but what I want to know is, have you found out how much Uncle Josh is really worth?"

"I have."

"How much?" she asked eagerly.

"Half a million."

"Is that straight?" she demanded, intensely direct.

"Yes, without a doubt."

"And the will?"

"You get it all, if you are 'engaged to some decent fellow.' That part may possibly be changed to 'married to some decent fellow.' Of course, the old chap

wouldn't stand for me. So I strongly advise you to marry the man. Whoever he is, you are engaged to him, as you said?" he added inquiringly.

"Yes," she snapped; "I am. You keep your eye on that will, and you'll get your money—never fear. He's promised to marry me, and he's as safe as the bank. He'll never break his word. Why, he's thirty years old, and was never in love with a girl before. And he's so green! He thinks all women are so good, like angels, I suppose he thinks, 'though he never said so. Doesn't know enough. He is so horrid looking! His nose is so big, and his face is so red. And his hands—I never saw such big, red hands. And his feet. Well, he's just a great, big, country gawk like the pictures in the Sunday papers. And, see here, Mr. Lawyer, if I can get my uncle's money without getting married, I guess with half a million I can do better than him. Why, I guess you'd have me quick enough then, instead of that white-faced school-teacher—"

This direct reference to herself caused Mary to realise what she was doing. Silently she picked up her suit-case, stepped behind the freight shed and fled back to the waiting-room. A stealthy glance from the window showed her the pair by the fruit baskets still undisturbed.

After a weary wait the train arrived. Things had happened so differently for Mary. With downcast eyes she made her way toward the coaches. Norman's

familiar voice came in tones of astonishment, "Mary! What are you doing here?" his own surprise not noticing the lack of hers.

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "Got on the wrong train," she said tersely.

"I was disappointed in not being able to see you off. I had to come down here to meet a client."

"A client!" exclaimed Mary in a very expressive tone.

He laughed. "Is a client so very surprising, Mary?"

The conductor was giving his final summons. Pomeroy, taking her suit-case, helped her to a seat in one of the coaches. Then he went back to the platform.

The train began slowly to move. Mary leaned from the open car window. Her handkerchief fluttered toward the ground. Norman caught it, held it toward her, then drew it back. "May I keep it, Mary?" he asked in a soft, suppliant tone.

She hesitated. He kept it.

The train quickened. Mary smiled at him in farewell. He raised his hat, holding her tiny bit of cambric on the palm of his hand as if it were a dainty, breathing thing like a bird.

Mary sat back in her seat and sighed. He was so very perfect. His action expressed so much, yet—of course, he was a lawyer and had a lawyer's training.



Southdale proved to be a lonely flag-station in a deep cut. A country youth was awkwardly standing outside the shanty that served as a waiting-room. As Mary furtively observed him, she could hardly repress a smile; he reminded her so much of the description given by the girl at the *Junction*. He was a great, big, country gawk.

At last she began to grow uneasy. It was getting late. She raised her eyes to find the uncouth countryman advancing toward her with a look of grave determination on his face. His large hands were plunged resolutely into his pockets.

"Ain't you Miss Prentice, the new schoolma'm?" he asked, with reddening face, looking down at his feet.

"Yes. I suppose I am. I expected Mr. Strong—"

"That's me."

"You! you're not the County Warden?" said Mary in the same tone in which she had said "a client" a short time before.

"Yep," he answered unconcernedly.

A short drive along the country road brought them to a low, rambling, stone farm-house. Two women, an older and a younger, came out on the verandah. Mr. Strong led the way up the stone walk to the house. He introduced Mary by indicating the older woman as his mother. Mary shook hands with a pleasant-faced old lady; then she turned to the younger one: "And this is your wife?" she said simply.

At that the three laughed, much to Mary's discomfiture.

"No, no," said the mother; "that's my daughter Lizzie. John has no wife; he's but a lad yet."

Mary looked at John with a gleam in her eye. She knew he was no lad. Much to her surprise, an answering gleam came into his. Then he dived down the stone walk towards the gate, muttering something about her trunk.

Mary followed the two women inside, and was introduced to "Pa."

And thus began the new life in the country. She soon learned from the common gossip of the neighbourhood that John Strong was engaged to be married to a young woman named Nellie Bright. The young woman had worked but a short time at a neighbouring farm-house. When questioned, some of them admitted that she was pretty, but they added in justification that Mrs. Strong and Lizzie were very much opposed to the match.

Somehow, to Mary, John was more interesting as an engaged man. The impossibility of the thing fascinated her. And it soon came about naturally, that old Mr. Strong, Mary and John fell into the habit of talking politics at the supper table every evening. Then John was himself.

One night he followed Mary into the sitting-room to finish their argument, as Mrs. Strong laughingly had driven them

from the table, because Lizzie wanted to wash up the dishes before going to singing-school.

They continued their discussion; and at last John relentlessly had laid bare her last oratorical ambush and showed the weakness of her position. She laughed. Then she looked at him with kindling eye.

"If I were a man," she said, "with the keen, logical mind and the turn for politics that you have, I'd be a member of Parliament, where I could be of more use in the world."

He looked at her at first, as though not realising what she had said. "I?" he said at last, in his forceful way when not embarrassed. "Mary Prentice, what did you think of me when you first saw me at the station?"

She crimsoned.

"You dare not say," he went on; "but I know. You laughed at me then, and you are now. I—stand in Parliament? Mary Prentice you are laughing at me."

"I am not," declared Mary convincingly. "I have noticed that you can speak correctly when you wish to. With your keenness of mind and study, I mean hard study, you can acquire an education along your line in one-quarter the time it takes through the schools. Think of the long evenings spent to no particular advantage."

"Mary," he said, leaning forward in his earnestness, holding her eye to eye, "do you mean that at my age I can get the education that I should have had when I was younger?"

"Yes, with hard work, you can."

"Latin and Greek?"

"Yes. I'll teach you all I know. And when you have that, you can go on without a teacher. What you learn without a teacher has more of an educational value than that acquired in schools. Of course, you must be in earnest and work hard."

"You mean that if I have the will to work hard I can serve my country in Parliament and be a credit to myself and family?" reiterated John, still seemingly unable to grasp her meaning.

"You are a credit to yourself and family; but you can be more so." She fingered

her gown nervously. Something gave her the feeling of being carried beyond her depth.

"Do you—do you think me a credit to myself?"

"Indeed I do, and more. I know that you have it in you to be a great and good man."

"Mary," he said, leaning forward, hardly breathing, "do you mean it?"

"Yes," said Mary in a breath, returning his steadfast gaze.



So the sitting-room was turned into a study; and almost every evening found John and Mary hard at work. He made vast strides with the work. She marvelled at him.

Mary went home for Thanksgiving. It seemed good to get back to town; still she had not minded the country like she had expected to.

In the company of Pomeroy, she went to the *matinee*, and he came in afterward and spent the evening.

"I am told," he said teasingly, "that in the country you have pupils at night as well as through the day."

Mary was surprised. "What do you mean?"

"You know very well, Miss Mary, that you are teaching the Warden."

"Well, since you are so plain, I suppose I am; but I am surprised at your knowledge."

"Oh, it's common neighbourhood talk," he said slightly.

She wondered; she did not believe that the Strongs had told it; it did not seem possible.

"What does the Warden think about the election?" he queried, changing the subject.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she exclaimed, forgetting her momentary displeasure. "But aren't you going to try for the nomination? It's just the chance for a beginner; and the opposition hasn't a strong man in the county. Why don't you try?"

"I should like to, my Mary," he said, laughing lazily at her enthusiasm; "but the state of my finances will not admit. I must stick close to the law until next

election; then if there is a chance, I promise you I will try."

And soon they fell to talking of other things.

She went back to her school early the next morning. That night, instead of taking up their studies with the old ardour, she sat musing.

"You're wishing yourself back in town," said John brusquely; "and you're tired of helping a poor old country hayseed."

She gave him a look that belied his words. "Stop working; I want to talk," she commanded.

He sat back in his chair, smiling at her. He always enjoyed her imperative moods.

She leaned forward with both elbows on the table and her chin in her palms. "John," she said in a tone that unconsciously made her heart jump, "I want you to drop county politics at the end of the year and run for member at the coming election."

A dull red crept slowly into his cheeks; he shifted his hands awkwardly. "Mary, you know I'm not fit."

"You are. John, do you know I never saw anyone devour knowledge the way you do."

"Then, you'd not have me drop that?"

"No, indeed."

"But, how do you know I could even get my party's nomination?" He leaned forward on the table, smiling at her.

"I don't; but what I want you to do is to try for it."

He dropped back in his chair and mused. "Mary, do you really believe I could do it?"

"Yes, I do; or I should not want you to try."

"Would you mind very much if I were defeated?"

"Yes, I should; but we'll leave defeat out of our vocabulary. And you'll do it, John, won't you?" she said coaxingly.

"Mary, what'll you lead me into next?"

"But you'll do it, won't you?"

"Yes, Mary, I will." Their fingers met in a warm handclasp.

"And, John, mayn't I help you with the nomination speech and everything? I just love all that sort of thing."

He smiled at her one of his rare, genial smiles. "Mary, I fear a country school-house must be rather confining to you."

"No, indeed, it isn't. My life was never so full and perfect as it has been since I've been in the country. And I like it too."



It still lacked but a few days before the time set for the party's county convention to appoint a candidate.

Coming out of school one afternoon, Mary was surprised to find Norman Pomeroy waiting for her at the stile, which served as a gate to the school-yard. She was much pleased. And she showed it. He walked beside her along the country road. The air was keen and bracing; her blood fairly danced.

"Of course, you know all about the Warden's trying to get the nomination from our party," said Pomeroy, after their mutual inquiries of common interest.

"Yes, of course," Mary admitted.

"Well, I haven't much time, and I'll come to the point at once. I want the nomination myself; and I want you to persuade Strong to change his mind and keep out of it."

"Why, I thought you *didn't* want it!"

"Well I thought so too, at one time; but I think I can get it, if it were not for him. And I can make money out of it."

"Make money out of it?"

"I mean—er—it will give me *prestige*, you know, in my profession. And surely, Mary, you'll do that much for me. He isn't fit for the place, anyway. He might better wait awhile, if he ever should try. I shall depend on you, Mary. You know what it will mean to us."

"Oh, but how can I?" she almost wailed.

"You know very well he'll do whatever you say. After all he's nothing but a country gawk. Let him wait awhile. It won't hurt him." He pulled out his watch. "I've but a few minutes before I must be at the station." The faint whistle of a train was heard from the far distance. "Ah, that's it. Good-bye, my—my love—I know you'll not fail me." Even in his haste he took time to bow

graciously over her nerveless fingers before he was gone.

She stood at the corner where he had left her, trying to collect her thoughts. He had overstepped his usual cautious, legal way and called her his love. And "country gawk"—where had she heard that before? And *would* John Strong do whatever she said? She wondered.

As she mechanically turned toward home, a horse and buggy came rapidly along the road toward her. The horse and the driving she recognised at the first glance. No one but John drove in that way. Beside him was seated a young woman; and it so happened that Mary looked straight into her face as they turned the corner toward the station. That young woman she had seen long ago at the junction; in fact, she was the "client," she—what had she said? She had talked about a "country gawk." In a flash it came to her. She knew the girl was Nellie Bright.

That night, Mary finally decided that John tied to such a woman was out of the question.

The singing-school met in the school-house the night before the convention. Mary intended that she and John should go. And coming home, under cover of darkness, she would tell him. She did not want to see his face. Too well she remembered the way it had looked the night she opened to him the world of books and study.



Singing-school at last was over. Coming from the lighted room, the darkness outside seemed intense. John stumbled among some logs that had been carelessly left in the path. Mary who had come through them often in daylight, caught hold of his arm just above the elbow and steered him safely through in zig-zag fashion. But as she dropped her hold, he crumpled her arm against his side in a vise-like grip. He walked along with vast strides, while Mary trailing at his side could feel his heart pounding against her imprisoned hand. It was beyond her to utter either sound or protest. He seemed unconscious that she hung following at his side. Nor did he pause until he

stood with her in the front hall at home, where a lamp had been burning for them. Inside the door he dropped her arm as suddenly as he had taken it. His face was white. "Well, I am a brute," he said hoarsely, at last. "I didn't know it was in me. Mary, why don't you roundly tell me so?"

But she only shook her head. For some unaccountable reason she dared not venture a single word.

"Mary, I've been idly dreaming. Hampered as I am, and unfit, it's simply vanity on my part to think of representing this county in Parliament or of ever being any good in the world. If for no other reason, I, through my own ignorance, have made it impossible. Haven't I, Mary? You know I have."

Without her volition, words came to her. "I have always thought you a man, strong enough, not only to uplift yourself, but others with you. This is a question you must decide for yourself. I have nothing to do with it," and she took up the lamp and went from him up the stairs, leaving him alone. On returning from school next day, she learned from Mrs. Strong that John had received the nomination of his party.



Mary, coming suddenly in from school one day, found mother and son in close conversation; she blushed. Somehow she knew that they had been talking about her. Ever since that night after the singing-school, she and John had experienced an estrangement so marked that even his election campaign, or subsequent going up to Toronto for the session of Parliament, had failed to reconcile them.

"I'm going out to pick strawberries for tea," she announced, awkwardly picking up some baskets.

"John, you go along and help," said his mother; and he obediently followed Mary out to the berry patch.

He lounged lazily in the long grass, watching Mary pick the fruit. She threw him a handful of berries. "See here, John Strong, you're lazy. You've changed. What's the matter with you? Where's your old ambition?" she bantered, with the school-teacher's facility for putting

searching questions. "Since they sent you up to Parliament you seem to have no ambition. You seem to be worrying."

"Ambition! What's the use of all that we've talked about, Mary, when the dearest hope in life is denied a man?"

Mary's lip curled. "There can't be any real manhood about you. That girl was worthless; and the way you act about her makes one almost despise you."

"What girl?"

"Why that Bright girl."

"Bright girl! It's you I'm talking about. You're the woman I've loved and longed for until my heart is sore."

Mary went white. "Oh, John," she breathed, "how could you?" Then she turned from him, and the next minute she found herself flying wildly toward the house. There she found Mrs. Strong and Lizzy in such great agitation that they failed to notice hers.

"Mary," they both talked at once, "there's been a train wreck, and that Bright girl has been killed—and they've brought the body over to her uncle's house for the funeral."

Mary could only stare. "Old Josie Ann White was over there fixin' up things," they went on, "and she stopped in on her way back to tell us."

When Mary could get away unnoticed, she went into the front part of the house. She could realise nothing. Mr. Smith, one of the school trustees, was coming up the walk; and she waited for him at the open door. He, too, told her the strange news before the real errand on which he had come.

It lacked but a few days of vacation, and the school was to be closed on account of scarlet fever, which had broken out in several families.

When, finally, Mr. Smith had made his last joke and was gone, Mary went back to the kitchen and told them about it. "I'm going home on the six o'clock train; and, Lizzie, I want you to hitch up a horse and drive me to the station. We have three-quarters of an hour."

Lizzie protested, but Mrs. Strong somehow understood, and insisted on Lizzie's doing as Mary wished.

Mary resigned the Southdale school and took one at home in town. A few

months later Norman Pomeroy again made his home in the county town also. He was the rich man of the place. And Mary's friends encouraged him in the quiet attentions which he began to pay her.

A year and a half passed by, and she heard no word of the Strongs, except of John, as she read it in the newspaper. He was making himself heard and felt in Parliament. There were also certain rumours connecting his name with a rich Cabinet Minister's daughter. Mary, remembering the past, was sore with chagrin.

At last they met, as Mary instinctively knew they should. It was at the Claypole's dance. At the door of the library, John paused and led her within.

The room was deserted, as it had been used only by the host for a chat with his political friends. John, being among the privileged few, now found seats for them in the inglenook, beside the open fire.

"It's a long time since we met," he said sententiously. Mary sat silent, gazing into the fire.

"And perhaps it would be just as well for me to explain myself at once. Mary, I feel that I owe you a great deal; and I wish to repay you. I see how it is with you and Pomeroy; but, naturally, you hesitate, knowing as you do that his money legally belongs to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Surely you have heard."

Her expression of wonder told him that she had not.

"Then read this," he said, quietly, yet nervously, as if from an effort, taking a letter from his pocket.

Mary took the letter and read:

MR. STRONG,—You'll see by the paper I have married the lawyer. Course I know that legally I am your wife. But that was no kind of a marriage. You was awfully green, and I just roped you into it. I was bound to have the money. I always intended to get a divorce afterward, anyway. You can bet Mr. Pomeroy doesn't know anything about that marriage. And you ain't to say one word about it. You can bet I won't. It was so far away, I guess no one will ever hear. I'm goin' to get a divorce down in the States or somewhere on the sly, if I can.

You see Uncle Josh was dying; and we had to hurry. The old man thought you'd

get his money, and would take care of it for me; but you can bet you'll never get any of it after a lawyer has it in his hands. So mum's the word. I'll give you enough to get a divorce, if you'll do it on the quiet. I suppose you'll marry that white-faced school-teacher. Well, you're welcome to her; but mind you don't tell. You wouldn't be so mean as to disgrace me, would you?

NELLIE POMEROY.

P.S.—Be sure you burn this letter.

Mary dropped it as if it had seared her fingers. Then she spoke.

"Of course, I knew that Mr. Pomeroy had married this girl, but I hadn't known that—"

Her hesitation caused John to intercept: "That she had already been married to me? It is only too true, fool that I was. Now I'm going to make that all straight for you. It shall be my wedding gift to you. You can tell Pomeroy or not, just as you please. I shall say nothing. Here, Mary," he said, carefully drawing a bundle from an inner pocket, "these papers deed over to you all my rights in his property."

He pressed the papers into her hands. Her fingers mechanically took them.

"And I wish you many years and much happiness," he added, bowing profoundly.

But Mary was on her feet. She tossed the papers back at him.

"Oh, you farmer John," she said hotly, "you couldn't stand a little success. You're worse than I thought you. You'd buy me a husband, would you? Thank you. Keep your cash; you'll need it to buy the Cabinet Minister's daughter. I tell you, that with all your fine manners, you are not the man of sterling worth I once thought you." Mary turned to flee from him, as she had done the last time she had seen him. But he caught her as she poised for flight. He pressed her face against his bosom, speechless.

"Mary, Mary, so you love old farmer John after all." She struggled. "Be still, Mary—you know you do." He drew her face from his breast and passionately kissed it.

"Oh, *why* have you treated me so?" she said tremulously.

"I was determined that Pomeroy should have his chance. I couldn't afford to make any more mistakes. But, Mary love, it was the hardest work I've done yet."

"So you doubted me?"

"No, I didn't—not for a moment. I expected nothing less than you'd cram those papers down my throat."

"Oh, *John*, that sounds like your old self."

"It is," he said, bending upon her the fondest look she had ever seen.



British Columbia: An Eldorado

By ALBERT E. GREENWOOD

A glowing account of the commercial and industrial progress of the Pacific Province, with an optimistic forecast.

SEVEN hundred miles long and four hundred broad, larger than Great Britain and Ireland, Switzerland, Denmark and Italy combined, and equal to Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Manitoba, British Columbia cannot boast of even the population of Toronto. Yet, with the exception of Holland, her trade is to-day larger than that of any other country in the world per head of population. With the courage of the miner, the strength of the lumberjack, and the patient determination of the fisherman, she is at last the factory of practically every industry but one. For some years she must continue to import her clothes.

This will seem an exaggeration, particularly to the Knights of the Grip Sack who yearly visit the far western Province, willingly paying the tax of one hundred dollars when it is impossible to dodge it. To these this will come as a surprise, because they meet with little serious local competition.

But this is also true, for while British Columbia now boasts of the various industries she is only on the ground floor. When she builds the first storey or two, and that is now certain in a few years, then the rapidly growing industrial West will compete with the industrial East not only for the local trade, but for that of the Prairie Provinces.

Having always had the raw material for other industries than the three which

have made her famous where other parts of Canada are even yet but little known, it is no over-statement to say that the Pacific Province, with her mere sprinkling of skilled labour, can now supply herself with almost everything she needs. But the stubborn mountain goat still declines to be a sheep, and the skilled weaver is not among the latest settlers of "The Slope."

It may even be a surprise to many residents in British Columbia that manufacturers down here under the Rockies, Selkirks and coast mountains, are now milling flour, making biscuits, candy and syrup, refining sugar, building ships, motor boats and gasoline launches, making stoves, furnaces, paints, oils, cement, chemicals, powder, dynamite, carriages, waggons, ornamental bricks and tiles, street cars, soap, caps, brooms, boots and shoes, furniture, wire nails, circular saws, cigars, ale and beer, aerated waters and real ice—the only way ice is to be had in this eternal summerland, a climate that many travellers say excels even that of Devonshire.

British Columbia must still import, as well as clothes, carpets, motor cars, whiskies, the finer carriages, and practically all agricultural and musical instruments. There is fair promise that these too will be made in the far West within the next five years, when Vancouver's 100,000 Club assures this industrial capital of that population—as well as an Occidental-Oriental Exposi-

tion—and the rest of British Columbia will have shown a like advance in population.

"All that this wonderful Province needs," said Earl Grey in a recent address in Vancouver, "is population, for I understand there is abundant capital ready for investment here as soon as there is an available supply of labour. This seems to be the only difficulty which prevents your Province from becoming, not only one of the most prosperous parts of the British Empire, but also the finest orchard in the world. It is also an ideal dairy country, and it seems to me that it will be your fault if you are not able, when you have cleared sufficient ground, to export to Japan all the jam, butter and cheese she may require.

"No other part of the world should be able to take more profitable advantage of the increasing foreign trade of China and Japan than British Columbia, both from the quality of its climate and its land, and from its comparative proximity to Japan. The foreign trade of the Orient would then appear to be a natural asset, always available, like a balance at the bank, whenever you may desire to realise it."

The whole address—it was given at the recent Forestry Convention and heard by many eastern manufacturers, over 130 making the trip to the coast after their convention at Winnipeg—was a prophecy of future industrial greatness for British Columbia, a greatness which in time may equal her mining, lumbering and fisheries.

It may be interesting to note that the three last-mentioned industries, with the products of the farm and orchard, produced \$50,000,000 during the year ending June, 1906. Of this \$22,500,000 represented the value of the mineral output alone, British Columbia in mining still beating every other Province of the Dominion and some of them combined. The value of the timber cut was nearly eight millions, the fisheries over seven millions, agriculture, fruit, dairying, and other like industries representing the rest.

The Provincial Minister of Finance,

Hon. R. G. Tatlow, declared this wealth of one year to be equal to \$1,250 for every white man in the Province, placing their number at 40,000, or one-fifth of the population, the other 160,000 being women and children, Orientals, Hindoos and natives, the slowly passing race of redmen still numbering nearly 30,000.

The twenty-five industries already named, though most of them are in their infancy, probably increased that estimate of \$1,200 to \$1,500 for each white man in this largest, and in potential wealth, richest Province in the Dominion.

Two years ago British Columbia's total trade was a little over \$28,000,000, of which twelve millions were imports and sixteen millions exports, chiefly of the three great industries. For 1905 the figures were \$29,242,800, and for 1906 they were roughly \$30,000,000.

Who will say what it will be when in ten years its present 200,000 of population, or to be more nearly correct, 220,000—will have become a million, as it undoubtedly will. Every observant traveller to "The Slope" agrees with Earl Grey in his prediction regarding the destiny of this "Britain of the Pacific," of the land which Hon. Edward Blake, when debating in the House of Commons twenty-five years ago "that absurd proposal of building a transcontinental railway to be known as the C.P.R.," described as "A Sea of Mountains." "Rather would I call it a 'World of Valleys,'" said Mr. Byron E. Walker, in addressing Vancouver's Canadian Club—"valleys teeming with the possibilities of life, and capable of supporting a denser population than any other country in the world."

The very year, perhaps the very month, that Hon. Edward Blake made use [of his unhappy metaphor, Earl Grey, long before beginning his diplomatic career, visited Fort Vancouver. "Then, I could have bought the site of your entire city for a few dollars," as he said to the banquetters in that address.

A fairly accurate idea of the rapid growth of Vancouver, and significant of the advancement of the whole Province, may be gained from this statement and the sale a few weeks ago of prop-

erty on Hastings, Vancouver's main street, at \$2,000 a foot.

So it needs no inspired prophet to foretell the commercial and industrial future of this recognised gateway for the shortest trade route to England and the Orient and Australia, nor of British Columbia, with two more "transcontinentals" now entering the fertile North with the certainty of an early extension of the G.T.P. and ultimately of the Canadian Northern south to the Liverpool of the Pacific.

But the competition for the commercial prize of British Columbia and the adjoining Canadian West here only begins. The C.P.R., its ally the Northern Pacific, and its active rival the Great Northern, will make five great railways, practically all transcontinentals, soliciting the trade of British Columbia, reaching out to the rich Kootenay on one side, to the prosperous and promised Pacific ports on the other.

As is well known, James J. Hill to-day has many miles of his own railroad in British Columbia, running daily trains from Spokane and Northport to Rossland, and from Portland, Tacoma and Seattle to Vancouver, where a few weeks ago he acquired an extensive site on Burrard Inlet—this little arm of the sea two miles wide and twelve long, capable of holding the whole British fleet, and reputed to be the third best harbour in the world, Sydney, Australia, and Rio Janeiro being better. Upon this site, which almost adjoins that of the C.P.R., Great Northern steel will, in a few months, meet Great Northern keel in an extensive terminal and wharf.

In Vancouver this is regarded as the first important step towards an alliance with the G.T.P. in Hill's onward march from Oregon and Washington to Uncle Sam's Alaska. But the C.P.R. is closely watching every movement of its rival, and in addition to running daily trains to Seattle in alliance with the Northern Pacific is extending its lines in British Columbia north and south.

For the trade of British Columbia ports fourteen steamship lines are now competing, the vessels entering the port

of Vancouver last year alone numbering more than 3,000.

Last year saw the first shipment of wheat from a British Columbia port, the C.P.R. steamship *Athenian*, which sailed from Vancouver on October 16th, carrying 10,000 bushels brought from Alberta. This leads to the latest, and in a provincial and national sense, greatest, of British Columbia's new industries—the wheat shipping and flour milling business.

While British Columbia has had flour mills at Armstrong, Cloverdale, Vernon, Enderby and Eburne, supplying the three Coast Biscuit and Candy Works, with the help of shipments from Alberta's mills, the finer grades of flour being brought here from Oregon, this fall has seen, as well as the first export of wheat, the first combined grain export and flour milling business in the Province. This change marks a new era for the Far West, and approaches towards the fulfilment of the recent prophecy of Earl Grey to capture a part of the trade of the Orient, particularly of that with Japan, which is slowly but surely substituting bread for rice. And as last autumn saw the first shipment of wheat, so this spring will see the first shipment of Vancouver flour joining the shipments of other British Columbia, Alberta, and Manitoba flour to the Orient, which last year reached the value of \$76,480. Of this, \$62,000 was sent to Japan.

Last year's shipments of flour ran about the \$100,000 mark, and they are expected soon to reach a quarter of a million in value. They will reach this and go beyond it if western Canadian millers will accept the advice of Mr. Alexander McLean, Canada's Commercial Agent at Yokohama, and send their representatives to Japan, for in his view, until direct representatives are sent, the Dominion cannot hope to become a large contributor of flour to Japan.

With the rapid increase in Alberta's grain output comes the opportunity to infant millers and capitalists to make to this port the trade of the Orient available. Three years ago Alberta raised

but a quarter of a million bushels of wheat. Last season her grain crop was placed at 3,500,000 bushels. With the rapid immigration and increase in acreage Alberta promises a crop next year of close to 5,000,000 bushels, and it is the hope and expectation that 2,000,000 of this will pass through Vancouver to China, Japan, Chili and Peru.

It is the hope and expectation at least of Mr. Charles E. Hall, head of Vancouver's latest, and no doubt in time one of its greatest, industries. The company's Vancouver elevator was erected a year ago, while its flour mill will have a capacity, at first, of 250 barrels a day, which will be increased to 500 a day when high-grade British Columbia flour from Alberta wheat shall have become as well known, locally at least, as high grade ore.

Then flour will be nearly one dollar cheaper per barrel in British Columbia than it is to-day. Now one milling company outside the Province has perhaps the monopoly of the trade of British Columbia, although each of the present five mills in the Province promise early and extensive additions to their plants.

Of the pulp and paper industry, in which two large companies have just entered, it was the view of the recent Forestry Convention that British Columbia offers the greatest field in Canada, having more spruce than any other Province, while the giant Douglas fir, in the opinion of some botanists, is also a pulp wood.

The only business that is not likely to flourish in the Pacific Province is that of the assignee. Last year the commercial agencies recorded only seventy-six business failures in the whole Province, with liabilities of only \$612,000 and assets of \$488,000. The rest of Canada had 1,275 business failures.

In the optimistic West it is not business failures but commercial success you see and read and hear about, particularly in Vancouver. Another evidence of the steady advancement of Commercial Vancouver, which is indicative of that of the Province, is the record of bank clearings, now averaging \$3,000,000 a week, and the exports to the Unit-

ed States which for the year ending May, 1906, reached \$2,434,200, an increase of half a million over the figures of the preceding year.

So the Province is seeing the fulfilment of the prophecy made by Queen Victoria half a century ago—"In British Columbia the commerce of the Pacific and the Atlantic will meet, the produce of the one for transmission to Europe, the goods of the other for dispersion over the Pacific."

Of the three great industries, so well known, it is only necessary to say that at the age of forty-two—British Columbia's first Legislature having been called in 1864—this Province has produced in mining, lumbering and fisheries, over \$500,000,000. And that is only what the records show.

The tribute of the land and sea is not known from that date, which is less than half a century ago, at a time when British Columbia was shown on the map as "New Caledonia," and held as a fur preserve by the Hudson's Bay Company, under lease from the British Government, back to July, 1795, when Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the first white man to make the overland passage through the Rockies to the Coast, reached Bella Coola Bay and found the Indians with gold, iron and copper weapons. Nor is it known that still further back eleven years, when Captain George Vancouver, in making the survey of the island which bears his name, found whale steak and salmon on the Indians' bill of fare.

Someone has said that an acre of the sea off the coast of this Province is more productive of food than the most fertile acre of land. That is debatable. Certain it is that although the sea has given to this Province over \$100,000,000, it is still as productive as in the days of Captain George Vancouver, and, although the land has given up \$150,000,000 in lumber and \$250,000,000 in minerals, it is practically the same virgin forest, earth and rock as when Mackenzie bartered with the Indians of Bella Coola Bay for souvenirs of British Columbia's big trees, copper and gold. To-day British Columbia has seventy-five canneries, 150 lumber and shingle mills,

and 628 incorporated mining companies, yet the sea is as productive as ever. The Province has the greatest area of merchantable timber in the world, while the rich mineral deposits, in the opinion of authorities, have merely been discovered.

Such is the potential wealth of this largest and naturally wealthiest Province of the Dominion.

Then from an agricultural and horticultural standpoint, infant British Columbia has developed into a like lusty youth. Although less than one-tenth of her evergreen farmlands have been taken up and much less cultivated, the agricultural products of last year will exceed six millions, while in fruit British Columbia excelled the Niagara district, and is ranking with California, being able to produce all the fruits of the temperate zone.

For the best collection of fruit at the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition in London, British Columbia won

the gold medal against the world in 1904, and again in 1905, as well as eight individual medals for the finest and largest apples ever grown. In the hope of repeating this success, Mr. R. M. Palmer, Provincial Horticulturist, sailed from Montreal on the *Empress of Ireland* with a shipment of two carloads, or twice as large as the prize shipment of 1905. Last October Earl Grey, following the lead of Lord Aberdeen who is still a fruit farmer, by proxy, in the Sunny Okanagan, bought thirty acres near Nelson, where the yearly profit per acre has reached as high as \$600.

This is commercial and industrial British Columbia, a land with more opportunities for a larger number of people than any other part of Canada, from the most easterly cliff of old Scotia "which blushes with the kindling dawn," to the highest peak of this Rocky Mountain border "which catches the parting kiss of the setting sun."

The Sea-Gull

BY W. A. CREELMAN.

THE sea-gulls drift along the darkened sky,
 And o'er the foaming rollers wildly call;
 Or, perched like burghers on a leaguered wall,
 Their long white lines are seen on aeries high,
 Where down the crags resound that raucous cry.
 Within their breasts of snow the restless sea
 Her very soul hath passed, so grand and free,
 Glittering fiercely in the red-rimmed eye.
 Far o'er the billowed wastes they wheel and scream,
 And plunge in sea-green depths, and from the tide
 Drag forth the struggling life of ocean's stream
 For fledgelings which on cold wet cliffs abide.
 Hungered, yet mindful of their clamouring brood,
 They cry for food—O, Mother Ocean, food!

A Brindle Burglar

By FRED. H. STEVENS

How a simple silhouette caused unbounded terror to a bank clerk, and was followed by a ridiculous disclosure.

WHEN I was about nineteen I had arrived to the position of teller in the bank at Mapleton, which then, as now, was the seat of quite important lumbering operations. The millmen paid their operatives every two months, and at this particular time an unusually large crew, which included many strangers, had been employed; and as pay-day approached, the bank, in preparation for it, had in hand a much larger amount of cash than was usually carried. One afternoon, at the close of work, the manager said to me:

"Mead, I shall ask you to remain at the bank to-night, as I do not feel like having the premises, with so much money, left alone. You may stay in my office, and you had better keep awake as much as possible. Take this," handing me a huge, long-barrelled Colt's revolver. "These are your instructions. If anyone whatever makes any attempt to enter this building to-night, *you are to fire point-blank*. You can depend that the law is on our side."

His words gave me a thrill, and withal, a rather chilly sensation along the spine. However, I was rather an adventurous-spirited youth, and at the time thought I was brave. There certainly seemed enough of the unusual in my long and lonely vigil to give a prospect of sufficient interest in the experience to keep me well awake.

Along about half-past nine I returned to the bank. The building loomed

darkly, its black windows reminding me of the hollow eyes of a human skull, as the dark windows of a building at night always do. Letting myself in at the door, I shot the bolt behind me, and, without striking a light, groped my way to the manager's office, and threw myself down on the leather-covered couch that for some reason had long before been placed there.

This room was at the side of the public office, a door connecting the two, and a door also opened into the apartment where was the teller's—my own—"cage," and the vault. There was a front window, and another at the side, which opened out upon a vacant lot, a sort of common ground which at the time was used largely for piling lumber from the mills.

The night was dark and cloudy—just the night, I thought to myself, for a burglary. The loaded revolver was placed on the desk near at hand. As I half reclined on the couch gazing at the window—a square of lesser dark than that surrounding—I felt almost a welcome for any kind of adventure.

Noises of the town died away, and all was still except that a soft stir among the leaves outside denoted a gentle, summer rain had begun.

The air growing close, I arose and let the sashes down from the top, and the fresh summer air laden with the balsamic odour of the newly cut spruce lumber came freely in. I must confess to feel-

ing something of a lonesomeness, if nothing more, as a weird obsession came to me. It was a relief to move away from the windows, and I hastily sought the couch again. Reaching out I felt for the revolver and made sure the gruesome death-dealer was pointed away from me. Then, feeling rather ashamed at my timidity and thinking of the long hours yet to pass before morning, I tried to compose myself to thoughts of everyday topics.

The silence was intense but for the soft patter of the raindrops, and my mind becoming settled I soon dozed.

I must have slept an hour or more, and awoke with a strange heaviness I cannot describe. Mind and body alike seemed oppressed. I tried to shame myself into an easier state of mind, and started to whistle softly a popular air, but was startled at the sound.

I was thoroughly wide-awake, and sleep seemed unlikely. I wondered what time it was, but dared not strike a match to see, why, I cannot tell. Then I frankly acknowledged to myself that I was really good and frightened. Lying on my back I closed my eyes, and disregarding the manager's instructions, tried to compose myself to sleep again.

Then it was that I heard the first sound. Half rising, I fancied, in fact did, hear the sound of feet tramping on the ground near the side window. I discovered then that I was coward all through, for I shook like a leaf and my heart for an instant seemed to stop still. I don't believe I could have stood erect if I had tried; but reaching out I laid a trembling hand on the cold grip of the revolver, the very feel of it sending a chill to the marrow. Tremulously I rested the long barrel across the back of a chair which chanced to be just in front of me, while I trained the gun on the window, the little light that came in concentrating in a long, narrow, faint gleam along the barrel.

Again, and near, I heard the dull tramp of feet on the damp earth. Though I shook like a leaf, I was able to hold the revolver fairly steady with the use of both hands and the chair-back.

I fancied I distinctly heard the sound

of pliers, or shears, at work on the heavy wire lattice before the window, but I could see nothing. My pulses rang like bells in my ears, and for a moment I pressed my forehead, and felt its cold dew, upon my hand. My breath came quiveringly, while my heart seemed almost as though it must burst.

Raising my head, I saw it—saw the outline of a head silhouetted in the window. "My Lord!" I breathed heavily, and my scattered wits recollected the manager's instructions to "fire point-blank." Holding the revolver with both trembling hands I shut my eyes and pulled the trigger.

The loud report of the 38-calibre cartridge deafened my ears, and I dared not open my eyes.

There was a wild scuffling of feet, the sound of a body falling heavily, and a deep, shuddering groan. I tried to shout, but no sound issued from my lips. My throat was parched, my head bursting. Raising slowly on my trembling limbs, I shivered with a ghostly ague, spots of fire seemed to dance before me, and the rank odour of the powder came to my nostrils like fumes from the infernal. Only a moment thus, however, and I felt myself wilt and knew no more for a long time.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying prone on the floor. Dazed, bewildered, I stammered "Wh-what!" then memory came like a flash, and I groaned in an agony. Feeling horror-stricken as I did, I was sick at heart for having lost my nerve and firing when I had. "Oh, why didn't I wait a moment; why didn't I light a match! Fool, fool, cowardly fool!" and tottering on my knees I bowed my head on the couch and burst into tears, sobbing aloud. My face touched the leather covering of the couch and I gasped, as the touch was like that of a cold corpse.

Slowly I raised my head and turned toward the window. Ah! hail glad day! Never have I welcomed dawn as I did the faint glimmer of red showing under the clouds away in the east. The rain had ceased, and the clouds were drifting away. Dawn came quickly, and struggling slowly to my feet I ventured feebly

across the floor and cautiously peeped out the window—where I felt sure lay a stiffened corpse, I knew not whose.

Well, at the first look I rubbed my eyes, and while a strange, sweet joy thrilled me, I looked again and walked, boldly, close up to the window. There, prone on the grass and dead as a door-nail, lay a fine brindled cow, a crimson spot on her forehead showing where the bullet had entered.

It all came to me like a flash. The innocent beast had been peacefully nipping the grass that grew along the side of the

building; the footsteps I had heard so plainly were hers; the wire-cutting process I had listened to was the cow's horns now and then striking the lattice. Evidently having eaten her fill, she stood before the window with head thrust forward complacently chewing her cud, when I fired. Great Scott! how foolish and sick I felt!

It turned out to be Widow Jones' only cow, and—well, paying for the animal was a small part of the price I paid for the affair, for, of course, the story got around, and you can imagine the teasing I suffered.

In An Old Garden

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

TO-DAY I walked in dreamful mood adown
A garden old, where westerling shadows lay
Athwart the tawny sward. The maple's crown
Was crimson, the winding paths were brown,
And past me drifted on their airy way
White fleets of thistledown.

There was a brooding and a mild content,
A gentle loveliness about the close;
The purple hazes of October blent
With rip'ning air, and branches downward bent
To touch my hair: but there was not a rose—
The way I went.

The bleached vines clung where roses used to blow
In liting June, and all the leaves were sere,
But sumacs tried to counterfeit their glow,
And pale-hued asters wavered to and fro,
The cherished darlings of the waning year,
Reluctant still to go.

And, listening there, I heard all trem'lously
Footfalls of autumn passing on her way,
And in the mellow silence every tree
Whispered and crooned of hours that used to be,
And a lone wind like some lost thing astray
Went moaning fitfully.

But not a note of laughter rang to-day
In all the garden alleys still and sere,
There where our lingering footsteps used to stray,
And ever sought and found some dear delay,
For those who laughed when roses crowned the year
Were all now far away.

The Over-Song of Niagara

BY J. D. LOGAN

WHY stand ye, nurslings of Earth, before my gates,
Mouthing aloud my glory and my thrall?
Are ye alone the playthings of the fates,
And only ye o'ershadowed with a pall?
Turn from this spectacle of strength unbound—
This fearful force that spends itself in folly!
Turn ye and hark above the organ-sound
My Over-song of Melancholy!

*'I rush and roar
Along my shore,—
I go sweeping, thundering on;
Yet my days, O man,
Are but as a span,
And soon shall my strength be gone!
My times are measured
In whose hand I am treasured,
(Think not of thy little day!)
Though I rush and roar
Along my shore,
I am passing away—
Passing away!'*

*'The sun and the moon
They too shall soon
Sink back into eternal Night:
All earth and the sea
Shall cease to be,
And the stars shall melt in their flight!
Their times are measured
In whose hand they are treasured,
(Think not of thy little day!)
The celestial throng
Chant my Over-song,—
Passing away,—
Passing away!'*

Then stand not, nurslings of Earth, before my gates,
Mouthing aloud my glory and my thrall:
Not ye alone are playthings of the fates,
Nor only ye o'ershadowed with a pall!

But hark to my song
As I sweep along,
Thundering my organ-tone—
*'O vain is all Life,
O vain is all Strife,
And fruitless the Years that have flown!
As the Worst; so the Best—
All haste to their rest
In the void of the primal Unknown.'*

Fruit Growing in Nova Scotia

By F. C. SEARS

A picturesque business in Evangeline's Land, the home of the Gravenstein.

ASIDE from those few who habitually confound Nova Scotia with Nova Zembla, and who therefore think of it as a region of perpetual ice and snow, almost everybody knows that Nova Scotia grows the finest apples in the world.

I have often speculated on why this was. I remember once hearing an eminent authority on fruit growing say that it was a well-recognised fact among those who had studied the matter that the farther north fruit would come to full maturity the finer it was likely to be. And my friend, Mr. R. W. Starr, of Wolfville, once showed me a letter from the late Charles Downing, in which he acknowledged the receipt of some Nova Scotia Gravensteins, and remarked, among other interesting things, that from only one other section of the continent did he receive apples of such generally high quality as from Nova Scotia, and that other section was the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. And he attributed this excellence to high latitude in the one case, and high altitude in the other. But that doesn't explain the matter. It merely shifts the speculation from "why Nova Scotia grows fine fruit" to "why northern climates in general do." And as Lawson has rather given speculation a black eye of late, we will go no further than to say that it has seemed to me the extreme shortness of the growing season in Nova Scotia has at least something to do with it. And when I compare the

way apples grow up here in Nova Scotia with the way they grow in some parts of the west where I have lived, I'm like the politician, I convince myself that I am right whether anybody else is convinced or not. In Nova Scotia apples do not come into blossom until about the first of June, and we are picking them (*some* of them) the last of August. In order to come to maturity in that time they have to rush things, and their tissues are crisp and juicy and fine. But out in the west they have two or three months longer in which to grow, and as they mull along through the hot days of July and August, putting on an occasional extra cell, is it any wonder that they incline to get "set in their ways" and are a bit tough and leathery?

I well remember my first introduction to Nova Scotia fruit growing. It was one of those bright, cool days of early autumn, which I think are another factor in the quality and appearance of Nova Scotia apples. A friend had asked me to take a drive from Wolfville over to Starr's Point, one of the finest fruit sections of the whole Annapolis Valley. And as we drove across the wide dykelands, then covered with innumerable cattle; over the Cornwallis River with the tide rushing out to sea; past old French relics in the way of ancient apple trees, still apparently healthy though a hundred and fifty years have passed since they were planted; old French willow trees of equal age, and old French

"trails"; with Blomidon and the North Mountain always in sight as a background to the whole scene, I thought to myself (and said to my friend) that no industry ever had more beautiful and interesting surroundings.

We met numbers of teams laden with barrels of apples which they were taking to the railway station for shipment to Halifax, and thence to England. And I noticed at once the, to me at least, peculiar type of waggon which they used. It is called a "sloven-waggon" (doubtless for some good reason), and while the wheels are of ordinary size, the axles are bent so as to bring the bottom of the bed within a few inches of the ground. And as the sides are removable this does away almost entirely with the lifting of apple barrels in loading.

When we finally arrived at the particular orchard which we "had in view," we found things all activity. The early apples, Gravensteins, Ribston Pippins, and the like, were being gathered, and either packed immediately in the orchard or taken to the warehouse and there allowed to stand for a few days

until wanted for shipment, which gives them time to become thoroughly cooled, a very important factor in their arriving at their final destination in good condition. The pickers used long ladders of a type then new to me, the two side pieces coming together at the upper end, which allowed of their being placed in the crotch of a limb and staying firmly where they were put, instead of tipping about as the ordinary ladder with straight sides will often do. Baskets with swing tails were used, each basket having an iron hook on the tail which could be hooked over a limb of the tree or a rung of the ladder, thus allowing the picker to have both hands free for picking. And the apples as gathered were *placed* in the baskets, not dropped or tossed into them. The rule there was that no apple was to be let go of until it was in contact with those already in the basket; and a very important rule it is too, with fruit like our Nova Scotia Gravensteins. A Ben Davis, or even a Baldwin, will stand a good deal of buffeting and still turn up smiling, but the feelings of a Gravenstein are too easily hurt for that



A GRAVENSTEIN ORCHARD IN BLOOM



THE SPRAYER AT WORK

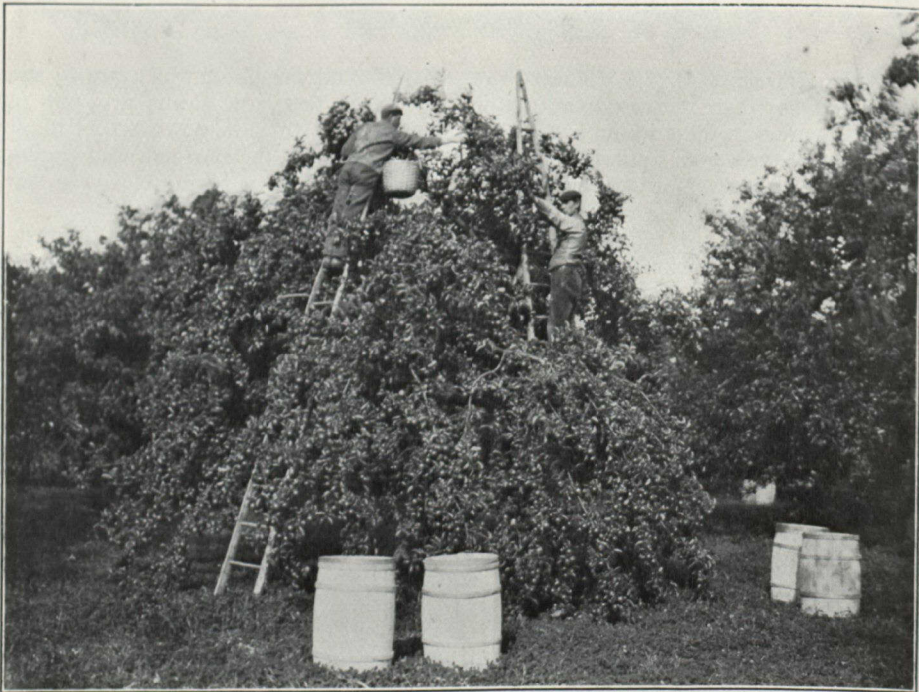
sort of treatment. I have heard of fruit sections where the usual salutation among growers in the autumn is—"Well, have you shaken your apples yet?" But if that place is in Nova Scotia I have yet to see it. And the almost equally barbarous custom of piling the apples on the ground as picked is never practised here. It may do very well where one wants an impressive picture for a magazine article to be labelled "Ten thousand bushels of apples from one orchard," but to me the impressive feature of such a picture is not the large quantity of apples shown, but the small quantity of sense. Here in Nova Scotia the apples are poured into the barrels by the pickers (which is done by lowering the basket into the barrel and then inverting it so as to reduce bruising to the minimum), and they are not again disturbed until they are packed for market, which may be the next day or the next week, or not until the following April. With the winter sorts (Baldwins, Northern Spies, Golden Russets, Non-

pareils and the like), which are to stand for some time, the heads are put into the barrels (upside down so as to give more room in the barrels), and they are then stored away in the cellar or warehouse till wanted.

But to return to my story. The packing was being done in the orchard by the owner, assisted by a few of his best men. They used a packing table somewhat like a large wheel-barrow with a flat top, which could be wheeled about from one part of the orchard to another, as the picking progressed. Over this was spread a heavy blanket as an additional safeguard against bruising. Of course they had, as every packer who *thinks* has, a lot of little peculiarities of their own, but the points which interested me particularly were: 1st, that every barrel was labelled "Nova Scotia," not "Canadian" or "N.S.," but "Nova Scotia." They knew their apples had a good reputation, and they were going to take full advantage of it, and let everyone know where the apples were grown;

2nd, the use of the "pulp head" in each barrel. This is a piece of light paste-board made from wood pulp and cut just the size of the head of the barrel. On it is printed something of this sort—"Choice Nova Scotia Apples, Grown and Packed by John Moon & Son, Starr's Point, Nova Scotia, No. 1 Gravensteins." When the empty barrel is placed head downward ready for packing, this pulp head is placed in the bottom of it with the letters down so that when that end of the barrel is opened in the London market, the first thing seen is this pedigree of the fruit contained. The pulp head, therefore, acts as an advertisement for the growers of the fruit, and it also serves in some slight degree as a cushion to keep the fruit from being bruised, and lastly it keeps any dust, etc., which might by any chance get into the barrel, from coming in contact with the face of the fruit, so that the face turns up as clean and bright and smiling in Liverpool or London as it was the day it was packed.

The removal of the stems from the first or "face" layer of apples was new to me. This is done with a peculiar pair of nippers, the object being to prevent the stem from bruising the fruit and thus causing decay. The fruit was sorted into three grades, which were branded "No. 1," "No. 2" and "No. 3." (Many growers in the Province use X's to denote the grades, "XXX" being equivalent to "No. 1," "XX" to "No. 2," and "X" to "No. 3," but the plain figures are gaining in popularity.) In some varieties of apples they made a special grade of the largest and finest, which were labelled "Extra." This was done partly with the hope of getting an "extra" price for them, but more largely with the idea of making what remained more uniform. The owner explained that what were left would actually look better and therefore *sell* better when the few over-large specimens were taken out. Grades 1 and 2 were sent principally to England, while grade 3 went to some local market, to Halifax, St.



PICKING APPLES IN NOVA SCOTIA

Note the point of the ladder, which enables it to be pushed through the branches.



SORTING AND PACKING

The table can be pushed about like a wheelbarrow, the legs being movable.

Johns, Newfoundland; Sydney, Cape Breton, or to some of the smaller towns, or was made into vinegar or canned. This last method of disposing of the lower grades is increasing, and it will be a grand thing for the fruit industry of the province when everything under a No. 2 is used in some such way.

Since the passage of the "Fruit Marks Act," methods of packing have materially improved with the average grower. There is less tendency to "over-face" the barrels and more certainty that the centre of the barrel will consist of edible fruit. I quite agree with those who hold that you "can't legislate a man honest"; but in this case the very few packers who wilfully and intentionally packed their apples fraudulently, have been "legislated" so that they *act* as if they were honest, which, in a sense, is quite as good. With the great majority the improvement has come as a matter of education. The law has prompted them to give the matter more thought, and the inspectors have been quite as willing to show how packing *ought* to

be done as to condemn that which was packed as it ought *not* to be. And, as every barrel *must* be branded with the grower's name, no matter where the fruit is marketed, whether just around the corner, or in Boston, Berlin, or some other place, the grower can still be held responsible if complaint is made to the Canadian Department of Agriculture.

But I am wandering again from my Starr's Point orchard. Many other things than the actual work going on in the orchard were of interest as showing what *had* been done and how. The large apple warehouse where the apples are stored and where all the packing (except the very earliest varieties) is done, was a model in construction and convenience. The cellar walls and floor of cement concrete, and the superstructure of lumber (with laths and plaster and building paper used freely to secure air-tight spaces), gave a building perfectly frost-proof, where apples might be stored safely in any weather. Aside from these private warehouses on the farms, practically every station on the

railway throughout the whole length of the Annapolis Valley, has its large apple warehouse for storage and shipment. Many stations have two or three. They are built by co-operative companies, by private speculators, and by English commission firms. In them the barrels of apples are stored as they are brought from the farms ready for shipment to Halifax on the arrival of an English steamer. And whereas, before the advent of these railway warehouses farmers had only a few hours' notice, or at most a day, of the steamer's arrival, and were obliged to haul their apples to the station no matter what the weather; *now* they may choose any time within a week and get them in comfortably even in winter. Of course, some fruit is stored in these houses in the autumn, but as the packing is done only a short time before shipment, it is generally found most convenient to store the fruit on the farm, as in the case of our Starr's Point grower.

The oldest part of his orchard was at that time some forty years set; clean,

healthy and vigorous; just in its prime, and good for another century at least, while the subsequent plantings ranged all the way down to the previous spring. These plantings have gone on since then until, in the spring of 1905, the last piece of upland, six and one-half acres, was set, "just to even things out," making between sixty and seventy acres of orchard, principally apples. And most other growers of the province have done the same, till the fruit industry is very largely confined to apple growing; with many men entirely so. And while this collecting of our horticultural eggs so largely in one basket may be bad on general principles, yet when we consider how seldom anything has happened to this basket in the past, we are forced to the conclusion that Nova Scotia growers are not foolhardy in risking the very few upsets which occur.

About twenty-five cows were kept in the barn and fed there practically the year round. They were principally Jerseys, and the milk sold at the creamery



A SPLENDID APPLE BARN

gave a good profit on their keep. But the prime object for which they were kept was the manure, for sixty-five acres of orchard consumes a large amount of fertiliser. The barn manure is supplemented by bone meal and muriate of potash, the latter especially being used liberally, from 200 to 500 lbs. per acre each spring.

A rank crop of crimson clover was growing in a part of the orchard, and I was told (and subsequent experience has confirmed the report) that it was most satisfactory as a cover-crop. But whatever may be used for the purpose, some kind of cover-crop always forms a part of the yearly programme for the orchard. Another part is spraying, and we saw the large force pump mounted on a hundred-gallon cask which was then used for the purpose, but which has since been replaced by a gasolene power sprayer, which does the work more quickly, more easily, better, and just as cheaply.

We were asked to stay to dinner and accepted (everyone *is* asked, and after one experience *always* accepts if at all

possible); we rang up the folks at home on the telephone and told them what we had done (and we *might* have telephoned to Halifax or Annapolis or anywhere else in the province, had we wished to); we read the day's paper, which arrived while we were there by the mail which is brought to the door; we were shown upstairs to prepare for dinner, and found there as pretty a little "Delft" bathroom as one would see in a week's journey anywhere; we saw the fine driving horse in the barn waiting only for a little lull in the rush of business to be given some exercise (in fact, he didn't have to wait that long, for the ladies drove him to Wolfville that afternoon); we saw the beehives, and the tennis court and the croquet ground, and the rose garden and the kitchen garden. And as we drove home through the twilight and I thought of all that I had seen and heard during the day, I again thought to myself, and again said to my friend that such a life would be good enough for me. And after seven years of added observation I think so yet.



By Way of Preface

By W. EVERARD EDMONDS

Lamenting the disappearance of the preface, a part of our literature that is of great importance.

I HAPPENED to pick up a volume the other day written by a Canadian, Ralph Connor, and entitled "The Doctor." I wondered what manner of man the author might be, and so I turned to the preface to read what he had to say there. But, alas, there was no preface! Is this then the latest fashion in fiction? Is the preface, like its old companion, the dedication, now relegated to the limbo of the obsolete? But let us not generalise too hastily? We must collect further evidence. Ah! here is Richard Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street." The date is given, 1899, but there is no preface.

One more trial. What is this? "The Splendid Spur," by "Q," written ten years earlier. Surely here we shall find what we seek. No, but *Mirabile dictu!* there is, will you believe, an abbreviated dedication. But to the case in point. Here are three representative works of present day fiction, and not one has a preface. It may be that our modern writers consider prefatory remarks too egotistical. No artistic worker is as self-conscious as he used to be; talent and genius mix more and more on equal terms with the common run of mankind.

But there is such a thing as over depreciation of genius, and there are worse things than egotism in literature. By many, I am sure, the absence of the preface will be regarded as a distinct loss. In a certain way there is nothing equal to it. Avowed autobiography tends to attudinising, but

in dealing with his literary convictions, or with those psychological experiences that express themselves in his book, a man generally sticks to the truth.

Here is "David Copperfield." Does not that modest preface lend force to my argument:

I do not find it easy to get sufficiently far away from this book, in the first sensations of having finished it, to refer to it with the composure which this formal heading would seem to require. My interest in it is so recent and strong; and my mind is so divided between pleasure and regret—pleasure in the achievement of a long design, regret in the separation from many companions—that I am in danger of wearying the reader whom I love, with personal confidences and private emotions. Besides which, all that I could say of the story, to any purpose, I have endeavoured to say it.

It would concern the reader little, perhaps, to know how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the close of a two-years' imaginative task; or how an author feels as if he were dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world, when a crowd of the creatures of his brain are going from him forever. Yet, I have nothing else to tell, unless, indeed, I were to confess (which might be of less moment still) that no one can believe this narrative in the reading, more than I have believed it in the writing
.....

So much for Dickens. Let us now have the masterpiece of another writer of the last century. Here is an illustrated edition of "Vanity Fair." Surely the great satirist's soul is laid bare to us in that whimsical preface which introduces his *opus magnum* to the public:

As the manager of the Performance sits before the curtain on the boards, and looks into the Fair, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over him in his survey of the bustling place. There is a great quantity of eating and drinking, making love and jilting, laughing and the contrary, smoking, cheating, fighting, dancing and fiddling; there are bullies pushing about, bucks ogling the women, knaves picking pockets, policemen on the look-out, quacks (*other quacks, plague take them!*) bawling in front of their booths, and yokels looking up at the tinsel-dancers and poor old rouged tumblers; while the light-fingered folk are operating upon their pockets behind. Yes, this is Vanity Fair; not a moral place certainly; not a merry one, though very noisy. Look at the faces of the actors and buffoons when they come off from their business, and Tom Fool washing the paint off his cheeks before he sits down to dinner with his wife and the little Jack Puddings behind the canvas. The curtain will be up presently, and he will be turning over head and heels, and crying, 'How are you?'

A man with a reflective turn of mind, walking through an exhibition of this sort, will not be oppressed, I take it, by his own or other people's hilarity. An episode of humour or kindness touches and amuses him here and there—a pretty child looking at a ginger-bread stall; a pretty girl blushing whilst her lover talks to her and chooses her fairing; poor Tom Fool, yonder behind the waggon, mumbling his bone with the honest family which lives by his tumbling; but the general impression is one more melancholy than mirthful.....

Pass we now, as one of its exponents would say, to the great romantic school. Scott's prefatory remarks, I fear, are too long to challenge our attention now. But here is Bulwer Lytton's "Eugene Aram." Is not this preface almost as good as an autobiography?

Since, dear Reader, I last addressed thee in 'Paul Clifford,' nearly two years have elapsed, and somewhat more than four years since in 'Pelham' our familiarity first began. The tale that I now submit to thee differs equally from the last as from the first of those works; for, of the two evils, perhaps it is even better to disappoint thee in a new style, than to weary thee with an old. With the facts on which 'Eugene Aram' is founded, I have exercised the common and fair license of writers of fiction; it is chiefly the more homely parts of the real story that have been altered; and for what I have added and what omitted, I have the sanction of all established authorities, who have taken greater liberties with characters yet more recent, and far more protected by historical recollections. The book was,

for the most part, written in the early part of the year, when the interest of the task created in the author was undivided by other subjects of excitement, and he had leisure enough not only to be *nescio quid meditans nugarum*, but also to be *totus in illis!*

I originally intended the story of Eugene Aram to the Stage. That design was abandoned when more than half completed; but I wished to impart to this Romance, something of the nature of tragedy—something of the more transferable of its qualities. Enough of this; it is not the author's wishes but the author's books, that the world will judge him by. Perhaps, then (with this I conclude), in the dull monotony of public affairs, and in those long winter evenings when we gather round the fire, prepared for the gossip's tale, willing to indulge the fear, and to believe the legend, perhaps, dear reader, thou mayest turn, not reluctantly, even to these pages, for at least a newer excitement than the *cholera*, or for a momentary relief from the everlasting discussions on "the Bill."

Lytton's closing words suggest another reason for the decline of the preface:

"Those long winter evenings, when by the fire the gossips' tale went round, are now past and gone. We live in a different age; the hearth has disappeared, and families no longer spend their evenings at home; modern readers are too busy to read prefaces and modern authors are too busy to write them. They consider the time more profitably spent in writing the opening chapters of the next book."

It was vastly different in former days. Then the popular writer was an artist, not an artisan. Pride in his own peculiar talents, as well as the respect and admiration of his contemporaries, precluded a large output from his pen, but what *was* written, was written with the utmost care. A book therefore usually represented the labour of years. It was a brain child whose birth betokened long months of seclusion and great travail of soul to the loving parent. Others were inspirations. And here surely is one such, one which has been translated into more than eighty languages, its author, John Bunyan; its name, "The Pilgrim's Progress." How came this wonderful child to see the light? Ah! here it is, "The Apology of the Author":

When at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book

In such a mode; nay, I had undertook
 To make another; which, when almost done
 Before I was aware, I this begun.
 And thus it was; I writing of the way
 And race of saints, in this our gospel day,
 Fell suddenly into an allegory
 About their journey, and the way of glory
 In more than twenty things which I set down.
 This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
 And they began to multiply,
 Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
 Nay, then, thought I, if that you breed so
 fast
 I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
 Should prove *ad infinitum*, and eat out
 The book that I already am about.
 Well, so I did, but yet I did not think
 To show to all the world my pen and ink
 In such a mode; I only thought to make
 I knew not what; nor did I undertake
 Thereby to please my neighbour; no, not I,
 I did it mine own self to gratify.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends to-
 gether,
 I showed them others, that I might see
 whether
 They would condemn them, or them justify;
 And some said, Let them live; some, Let
 them die;
 Some said, John, print it; others said, not so;
 Some said, It might do good; others said, no.
 Now I was in a strait, and did not see
 Which was the best thing to be done by me;
 At last I thought, since you are thus divided,
 I print it will, and so the case decided.

And now, before I do put up my pen,
 I'll show the profit of my book; and then
 Commit both thee and it unto that Hand
 That pulls the strong down, and makes weak
 ones stand.

This book, it chalketh out before thine eyes,
 The man that seeks the everlasting prize.

It shows you whence he comes, whither he
 goes;

What he leaves undone, also what he does;
 It also shows you how he runs and runs,
 Till he unto the gate of glory comes.

It shows, too, who set out for life amain,
 As if the lasting crown they would obtain;

Here also you may see the reason why
 They lose their labour, and like fools do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,
 If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be;

It will direct thee to the Holy Land
 If thou wilt its directions understand;

Yea, it will make the slothful active be,
 The blind also delightful things to see.

Bunyan, unconscious as a child, does
 not know in defending and explaining
 his work, how much he is talking from his
 own inner being. This is the value of
 the preface, and for this reason its loss
 will be deplored and deeply deplored,
 for there was never invented a better
 way of getting close to that elusive, yet
 most fascinating of mysteries, the hu-
 man soul.

Work

BY OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

SO stern he seemed and grave and sober-wise,
 This friend of serious mien and patient eyes;
 I teased him oftentimes by jest and smile,
 That he should be so earnest all the while.

Yet, now, when life grows harsh and sad and drear,
 And quondam friends grow laggard, insincere,
 With him alone I find my blest release
 From care—in deep forgetfulness and peace.

The Queen of the Netherlands

By MARY SPENCER WARREN

An intimate account of the domestic life of the only woman ruler in Europe.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN WILHELMINA of the Netherlands—tall, stately, fair-haired, eyes of blue, and clear complexion, with animated, kindly, yet resolute expression—is the only woman ruler in Europe. She is very much beloved by her subjects, and little heard of outside her own kingdom.

Her Majesty was at an early age called upon to reign over a hardy, independent, and tumultuous people; but she who is a child of heroes, a descendant of William the Silent, the nation's idol, has proved herself fully equal to the task; for the Queen and her subjects have the same patriotism, the same ideals and beliefs, and the same love of freedom. The good of the people is Queen Wilhelmina's first care; the happiness and well-being of the sovereign is the people's solicitude; and to each the Netherlands is the first country in the world; and its history—which records splendid fights for right and freedom—is such as cannot be surpassed.

It is now nine years since Queen Wilhelmina took the Oath of Inauguration—a ceremony equivalent to a Coronation—and took the reins into her own hands, her mother having acted as Queen-Regent from the time of Wilhelmina's accession at ten years of age. Already Queen Wilhelmina was a familiar figure to her people, as for years she, accompanied by her mother or governess, had been in the habit of taking daily rides or drives in public, regardless of the weather.

The Coronation, however, was, of course, her first *public* appearance as actual Queen of the country. The ceremony took place at Amsterdam, the old capital, in September, 1898. The entire city was lavishly decorated with Venetian masts, garlands of evergreens, floral crowns, and everywhere orange streamers. A picturesque effect was made by the large numbers of barges which took up their positions in the canals, and formed endless grandstands from which thousands of people watched the processions. The passion for orange, the national colour, was carried to quite an alarming extent in complete dresses for the ladies, large ties for the gentlemen, huge rosettes and button-holes for everybody, and even coats for dogs of all sorts—from the pet pug to the huge animals utilised for drawing milk and grocery-carts.

Queen's weather favoured the day, and at an early hour vast numbers of people assembled in the neighbourhood of the Dam, which is the principal square of the city, in which the palace stands. This, known as Het Paleis, is one of the most remarkable palaces in Europe, inasmuch as it is built, not on solid ground in the ordinary way, but on 13,659 stout wooden piles driven into the ground. The entire city is constructed so, for the soil is such that there is no other way of putting up structures; while it is a curious fact that the inhabitants of the city are really living below the level of the sea, which is stoutly dammed out.

For the auspicious occasion the route from the palace to the adjacent State Church was railed off and covered with scarlet carpet; and the pick of the Dutch troops were on duty, as well as the naval and military cadets, who were, indeed, a bodyguard to the Queen. The Queen-Mother and other royal personages drove to the church, but Queen Wilhelmina herself walked the whole way, the procession being headed by gorgeously attired heralds, and the principal officers of State and of the Public Services. The Queen was, of course, the centre of attraction, and very beautiful she looked in her white satin dress embroidered with pearls and diamonds, the yellow cordon of the Orange Nassau Order, and her Royal mantle of rich ruby velvet, which was carried by four aides-de-camp.

The ceremony in the church, or Nieuwe Kerk, as it is called, was regal yet simple, and was really nothing more than the solemn exchange of oaths between the Queen and her Parliament in the presence of the most distinguished people of the country. The Dutch have a saying, "No one can crown the King of a free people!" and so there is no actual crowning. The crown of William II was really in the church with the rest of the regalia, but the Queen, in fact, wore a diamond coronet on her way to the church and throughout the ceremony. A throne was specially erected, and Her Majesty, seated thereon, read a part of the formula from the book of the Constitution, and took the Oath of Fidelity with her right hand raised aloft. Then the oaths of allegiance were taken by the chiefs of the Chambers, Services, and orders of nobility in the usual way; at the end of which the King-at-Arms raised his sceptre, exclaiming: "Her Majesty the Queen is solemnly inaugurated. Long live the Queen."

Then Her Majesty passed from the church, to be greeted by the enthusiastic plaudits of the people, mingled with the strains of the regimental bands. She walked very slowly, bowing at each step and visibly moved by the warmth of the greeting accorded; and a pretty feature after the return was when the young Queen took the Queen-Mother by the hand, and led her to the balcony, where together

they faced the vast concourse, Queen Wilhelmina repeatedly waving kisses to her loyal people. Under the Constitution, The Hague and other cities of the Netherlands had the right of royal presence for Coronation festivities, and so, after the Amsterdam celebrations, her Majesty journeyed to other places—the festivities thus being continued many days.

For a little over three years the young Queen reigned somewhat uneventfully; gossips of every country meanwhile apportioning various Princes as the future Prince Consort of the Netherlands. Also, much sage advice was administered by Her Majesty's counsellors as to the suitability of one and another for the coveted position. But Her Majesty—who has always been celebrated for having a mind of her own—was extremely firm on this point, and emphatically announced her determination to choose her own husband, and to wait at least three years from the time of her Coronation ere she married anyone. Queen Wilhelmina's choice ultimately fell upon Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was in reality a relative many times removed, and the engagement came about in this wise. Her Majesty and the Queen-Mother were staying in the summer of 1901 in the Thuringian Forest, near the estate of Rudolfstadt, where Prince Henry's mother lived. The young people were mutually attracted at their first meeting, and spent much time together, the Prince showing the youthful Queen the beauties of the forest. Her Majesty's own words to her mother on her return from this visit were somewhat significant. "This has been the happiest period of my life," she said. But nothing was really arranged until the autumn, some three months subsequently. Then the two Queens went again to Germany, and the young couple became engaged. Prince Henry, who is four years older than Her Majesty, is the son of Duke Frederick Francis II; he is a great traveller in many lands, India included. He is tall and fair, with clear gray eyes, a firm mouth, and of somewhat retiring manner. Until the betrothal, which took place on the 3rd October, nothing whatever had leaked out to the general public. As a matter of fact, Her Majesty only apprised the Chief

of the Cabinet of the event some three weeks before the public announcement.

This engagement gave general satisfaction throughout the country, and when the young Prince came to The Hague to visit his betrothed, a very enthusiastic welcome was accorded by all classes. The young couple were seen much in public, and the Prince became a general favourite, as he had many qualifications endearing him to the heart of the Dutch. In the first place, his lineage was ancient, going back to Niklat, Prince of the Wends, who flourished in the twelfth century. Next, he was a keen soldier, a first-rate sportsman, and an enthusiastic farmer. These were just the attributes the people admired, and so the Prince was at once an established favourite.

The people looked at each other and smiled when the royal couple drove through the streets of The Hague with a spirited pair, or team, of steeds, each handling the ribbons in turn, like children; or when they rode through the avenue of the beautiful wood near the palace, each emulating the other's pace. Truth to tell, the Prince was far more at home thus engaged than when receiving the plaudits of the crowd.

Of his manly qualities every Dutchman has always been assured, and the splendid gallantry of the Prince at the time of the wreck of the *Berlin* will still be fresh to memory; while the magnificent ovation accorded him on his return to The Hague by the thousands of Hollanders, usually stolid and unmovable, was one of the most remarkable manifestations ever witnessed in that city. When the Queen and the Prince came out on the palace balcony in response to the deafening cheers, the few words spoken by the latter went straight to the hearts of the people: "I did what I could—but I can never do enough for my nation."

Vast preparations were of course made for the wedding, and costly presents poured in from every quarter. These were duly displayed in the palace of The Hague, and consisted principally of beautiful jewels, paintings, pieces of antique furniture, and services of plate from the relatives on either side; while Dresden porcelain and French tapestry were sent respect-

ively by the German Emperor and the President of the French; and diamonds, blue Delft ware, some exquisite needlework, and a suite of Louis XIV furniture, were contributions from the ladies and Town Councils of the principal Dutch cities. Nor must I omit mention of the beautiful Bible, bound in white vellum, with clasps of pure gold, which was given by the seven churches of the Dutch Reformed Faith at The Hague.

Her Majesty's trousseau was nearly all prepared in her own country, and was naturally of considerable magnitude. Queen Wilhelmina has a decided liking for pretty clothes, and when the various patterns were sent to the palace for Her Majesty's choice, her mother made a selection of some plain materials of somewhat sombre hue. But the youthful Queen absolutely rejected them, suggesting that the Queen-Mother might use them if she thought proper, but she herself intended having everything quite pretty. Just a few things were purchased in Paris, the two Queens repairing thither incognito, and doing the shopping in quite an ordinary way, much to her young Majesty's delight.

On the 4th February, the night previous to the wedding (which took place on the 5th of that month, 1902), a choir of 400 persons serenaded the Queen in front of her palace of The Hague, and there was a procession in Her Majesty's honour such as could not be seen in any other country. This was made up of about four thousand persons, consisting of delegates from clubs, syndicates, and trades, dressed in the quaint, somewhat old-fashioned evening dress which Holland affects, accompanied by emblematical cars typical of the fishing and other industries. All these, escorted by cavalry, and played by to the strains of regimental bands, filed past the palace, where the Queen and the Prince stood on a balcony to watch them. On the same evening all sorts of gratuitous amusements were given in the two capitals in honour of the coming event.

The ceremony was celebrated on the following day in the Groote Kerke, or Church of St. Jacob; Prince Henry, in celebration, being created by his future wife Prince of the Netherlands. The day

was a public holiday throughout the country, and the weather, though extremely cold, was brilliantly fine. The civil marriage had first to be celebrated, and this took place in the White Saloon of the palace, in presence of the Minister of Justice, the Recorder of the city, and six witnesses, these consisting of principal officers of State and of the Services. This ceremony consisted in reading certain articles from the Civil Code, which pledged the high contracting parties to mutual fidelity and assistance. The clauses asserting the supremacy of man as the head, and the provision for the administration of property, were retained, contrary to what might have been expected.

Speaking of property, it may be mentioned that Prince Henry was already possessed of considerable means, but Queen Wilhelmina—who is really immensely rich, her income from the Exchequer, Crown Lands, and Dutch East Indies totalling nearly £1,000,000 per year—settled on the Prince a sum of £1,000,000 sterling, the *interest* alone of which would form the allowance, with a proviso that, should Her Majesty predecease him, one-fourth of the million was to be immediately paid in bulk.

By special Act of Parliament, a few words from the Civil Code were omitted, such being: "She is to follow him and to live with him wherever he thinks it good to live." In the eyes of the law the young couple were legally man and wife, but the magnificent ceremony at the church followed. The procession was highly picturesque, and consisted of a series of State coaches and numbers of dignitaries on horseback. The golden and crystal coach, presented by the City of Amsterdam—which was the State conveyance of Queen Wilhelmina—can hold its own for beauty and worth with any State coach of Europe. On this occasion it was drawn by eight magnificent bays, with the State harness decorated with white satin ribbons and orange blossoms, similar favours being worn by the postillions and walking footmen. In accordance with the Dutch fashion, the Queen, her mother, and Prince Henry all rode together in this State coach, Her

Majesty being dressed in pure white silk and cloth of silver, and carrying a bouquet of lilies and orange blossoms, and wearing her illustrious Orders; Prince Henry being in naval uniform.

The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with palms and lilies of the Annunciation, and drapings of royal blue embossed with the Golden Lions of the Netherlands. Just at the spot where the bride and bridegroom took up their positions was a splendid carpet, embroidered by Court ladies specially for the occasion, on it being two white cushions, handsomely worked by the ladies of The Hague.

The Queen entered leaning on the arm of the Prince, the entire congregation, which included all the diplomatic representatives, as well as many princely personages of the House of Orange, rising to their feet. The Court Chaplain performed the ceremony, and the rings of the bride and bridegroom, together with a handsome Bible, were placed on a silver salver on the plain altar table. The Dutch marriage service, for Queen or peasant, is simple in the extreme. The bridegroom places the ring upon the finger of the bride, and the latter places one upon the finger of the bridegroom; vows are exchanged, an address given, a psalm and a hymn are sung, prayers are offered. Practically that is the entire service, but in the case of a royal bride and bridegroom the music for the entrance and exit is highly elaborate. This was rendered by a large choir of ladies dressed in pure white. It was noticed that during the singing of the hymn the Queen joined in most heartily, the Prince holding the paper containing the words in a convenient position for Her Majesty to read from. At the conclusion of the service the members of the congregation were delighted when the Queen took the initiative, and, turning to her husband, kissed him in sight of all.

The registers were in the usual way signed in a drawing-room at the palace, the wedding breakfast being served in the State dining-room, which was hung with white lilac, ferns, and lilies, and during the afternoon the young couple left for Het Loo, the Queen's favourite country

seat near Apeldoorn. They were escorted by a special guard of honour, splendidly mounted, drawn from the Dutch nobility; this specially improvised guard really attending the Queen in all the festivities connected with her marriage. To celebrate the glad event, Queen Wilhelmina distributed large sums of money amongst the poor, the adults receiving gifts in kind, and the children everywhere being invited to wedding feasts.

There was one fact connected with the Queen's wedding which must not be lost sight of. Her Majesty from childhood had enjoyed—or otherwise—an almost splendid isolation. By virtue of her exalted position there had been no one of her own years, of equal rank, for her to be on anything like familiar terms with. It was only very occasionally that her cousins of Albany paid visits, and when the children of the Dutch grantees attended periodical entertainments at the palaces, it was of course as the subjects, and not the equals, of the Queen. This isolation from friendship continued after Her Majesty's Accession. At State banquets she generally dined with gray heads, and at State balls danced with aged diplomats. So that when Her Majesty was betrothed and married, she for the first time enjoyed youthful companionship on an equality with herself.

Her Majesty's marriage brought about some considerable changes in her life, for from henceforth she had a helper in her onerous task of government, although, of course, the Prince Consort has no right of sovereignty and no political influence. At the same time Her Majesty is wont to consult him on occasions, and there are many questions on which the Prince can give valuable advice. On the whole, the Dutch royal life has been somewhat uneventful, for the Sovereign does not visit other countries in the manner of some monarchs, and it is seldom that a European ruler visits the Netherlands. Her Majesty has had one or two severe illnesses since her marriage, one of which it was feared might prove fatal. But her splendid constitution pulled her through to the relief of all her subjects.

There is a somewhat severe etiquette at the palaces of the Netherlands, the

officials of the State and Household having practically no share in the royal life. Of course, there are periodical functions to which these personages are bidden, such as banquets, gala balls, levées, garden parties, and small Court theatrical performances—some given at The Hague, some at Amsterdam, and the garden parties always at Het Loo, the only palace which has grounds sufficiently extensive for the accommodation of the large number of invited guests.

The Palace of the Loo is a fine-looking and imposing building, standing back in a quadrangle, resplendent with gaily-coloured flower beds. In the rear are immense gardens, and the whole is situated in the midst of the most beautiful forest. No more charming and secluded spot for residence could be obtained, and it is no wonder that it is the favourite abode of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. Here the royal couple lead a life of comparative retirement, following the respective tastes and hobbies to which they are partial. Both the exalted personages are of a particularly active disposition, and seldom indulge in idle moments.

Queen Wilhelmina gets up very early in the morning and dresses quickly; then descends to breakfast, during which she opens her letters, a duty which so far Her Majesty has not relegated to a secretary. With respect to her correspondence, Queen Wilhelmina is most conscientiously particular. She gives her earnest attention to minute details, insists on every letter being answered; and where possible grants petitions to even the poorest of her subjects. She decides quickly, for she thinks quickly, and people who are brought into personal contact with Her Majesty are soon rated according to their merits, for no one is a more shrewd judge of character than is the young Sovereign of the Netherlands.

When Her Majesty was quite a child, she was thoroughly instructed in cooking, exactly as is the usual good fashion amongst the Dutch aristocracy; so she perfectly understands what composes a good dinner, and scans the menu prepared by the *chef*, striking out or putting in dishes which she may not or may prefer. As I have already mentioned, Her Majesty's health has not

been of late years exceptionally good, and the large amount of horse exercise in which she formerly delighted is now somewhat curtailed; but still, on most mornings, the Queen rides, accompanied by her husband or the Master of the Horse.

Luncheon is partaken of at a quite early hour, and in the afternoon it is usual for the Queen and Prince to drive out together, Her Majesty more often than not taking the reins. Mere weather never interferes with this open-air exercise. It never has from the Queen's childhood, and one of her first acts after her Accession was to attend some military manoeuvres on horseback, with the rain descending in torrents and the water literally pouring from Her Majesty's hat and cloak. Large numbers of people were deterred from being present by the drenching downpour, but it made no difference to the Queen.

Cycling Queen Wilhelmina has never taken to. As a child she was rather anxious to possess a machine, but her mother and the heads of the Government were fearful of accidents. So much hung on the life of the small Queen that her wish was not acceded to, and since she has grown up she has wondered that anyone cares to ride a bicycle when good horses can be had. She takes occasional motor rides, but she is never so happy out of doors as when behind some of her one hundred odd brown or gray thoroughbreds. Her Majesty is very fond of dogs, of which she has a large number; her favourites being an Irish setter and a white terrier. Also she has numbers of doves, and loves to feed the deer, which come to her.

Her Majesty is an exceedingly good walker—has been accustomed to walking all her life—plays a good game of tennis, and is a most expert skater—as, indeed, are the majority of Dutch ladies, for it is one of the national pastimes. Queen Wilhelmina is also very clever with her pencil and water-colour work, but despite statements to the contrary, she is not musical. Of course, she has been thoroughly trained, can both play and sing, and perfectly understands the merits and demerits of the various artists to whom she from time to time listens; but Her Majesty does not love, she simply endures, concerts. She is

exceedingly fond of reading, and peruses all the best writers in Dutch, German, French, Italian, and English, political economy being one of her favourite studies.

Queen Wilhelmina is naturally of a most affectionate nature, and has the happy faculty of retaining her friends, never forgetting those of her childhood's days. As a matter of fact, her two former governesses are still honoured with annual invitations to the Court.

Although Her Majesty has Russian blood in her veins on her grandmother's side, and is autocratic in some directions, yet she is democratic in others, and has an utter abhorrence of undue ceremony and statecraft. She loves the patriarchal simplicity of the inhabitants of the old Dutch villages—the costumes of which she often wears—and is fond of paying visits to such, Scheveningen more especially being honoured in this respect. This is an exceedingly quaint place, within three or four miles of The Hague. The Queen played on its sands in her childhood and it is a favourite drive when she is staying at The Hague palace. On the other side of The Hague, Her Majesty has a small palace known as "The House in the Wood." This was built in 1647, and has been made famous for all time as the scene of the first Peace Conference.

The Hague is, of course, the political capital, and in the city is the winter palace, where the majority of the Court ceremonies are held. Whatever be the occasion, the company always take up their position in the ball-room or other saloon before the Queen appears. Then Her Majesty is ushered in by officials, walking backwards and making genuflections as at our Court, the guests curtseying and bowing as the royal procession passes. Afterwards the Queen mingles somewhat freely with her guests, pausing to speak to such as are known to her, these forming the major part of those present. On the occasion of a ball at The Hague, Her Majesty dances three or four times during the evening, the Great Ministers of the Powers being selected for partners.

At Amsterdam, however—which is the commercial capital and rejoices in an eight days' Court every April—the Queen does not take part in the balls. She

merely sits on the dais at the end of the room and watches the others. Here, too, there are Court dinners, levées, and receptions, but the formula of appearance is much simplified. Persons wishing to pay their respects, for instance, or to present a petition, call at the palace about five days prior to a specified date, write their names in a book kept for the purpose, then can be sure of admission, providing, of course, no good reason exists for their exclusion.

Whatever ceremony or function Her Majesty may be attending in any place, she is most punctual in her coming and going, and she brings this to bear upon all

her State business. She insists upon everything being placed before her regularly and punctually to be dealt with at once. She signs nothing without thoroughly understanding it, and her firm will and decided judgment have more than once brought her into conflict with her Ministers, but she generally has her way, and the people say the country does not suffer in consequence.

Everyone knows that Queen Wilhelmina is much beloved by her subjects, and it only needs the birth of a son and heir to the throne to complete the satisfaction of Queen and subjects alike.



QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

The Outlook for Church Union

By FRANCIS ASBURY CARMAN

An account of the movement that aims at uniting the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational denominations.

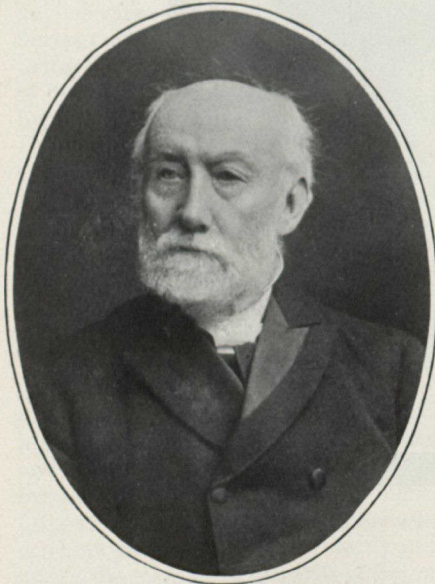
IS union among the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregationalist Churches of Canada "practical politics?"

This is a question that is being asked more and more frequently and with more urgency these days. There are enthusiasts who answer with an emphatic affirmative that brings the united church into the immediate foreground. There are cynics who disdainfully smile the question out of court. I think, however, after having had the advantage of listening to

the most recent debates on the question in the chief courts of two of the negotiating churches, and having talked the situation over with influential and well-informed members of all three denominations, that a "middle way" answer would be nearer the truth.

The present time lends itself admirably to a summing up. A new stage has been reached in the negotiations. Two of the churches concerned have decided to formally send down to their lower courts the result of the deliberations of the Joint Union Committee, and the third will probably do so after the next meeting of that committee.

The terms of the resolutions passed by the two bodies—the Presbyterian General Assembly and the Methodist General Conference—which have made formal references of the report of the negotiations to their lower courts, are in themselves an index, to a limited degree, of the attitude of the two churches. The Methodist supreme court has renewed its approval of the negotiations and has sent the report down "for information." The Presbyterian General Assembly uses the same form with the addition of "and suggestions." Criticism has so far been more prominent, or at least more outspoken, in the Presbyterian Church than in the Methodist, and the Presbyterian Union Committee is giving the critics an opportunity of making their objections known. Another indication of greater enthusiasm in the Methodist body is the



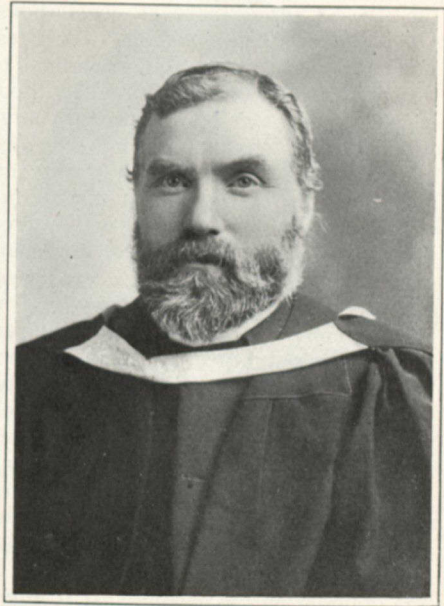
REV. DR. CARMAN

Chairman of the Methodist Committee on Church Union.

clothing of the executive of that church with power to call a special General Conference within four years, should the union negotiations mature sufficiently within that time to justify such a step. This is recognised, however, as distinctly provision for an emergency. It does not imply that the General Conference expects union within four years, merely that it had to make provision for a full quadrennium while the other negotiating churches assemble in their supreme courts annually.

Since the negotiations between the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists were opened, steps have been taken to broaden their scope. On the suggestion of the Presbyterian General Assembly, the Joint Union Committee communicated with the bishops of the Church of England and with the Baptist Unions. So far, however, no practical result has come from these communications. The Church of England is unable to take any official action until the General Synod meets in 1908; and though some of the leaders in that communion have announced themselves in favour of union on certain terms, it is not thought likely that common ground could be reached at present between them and the three bodies now negotiating. The Baptists of the Maritime Provinces have frankly informed the Joint Union Committee that they would consider nothing but federal union, and it is understood that the Ontario and Quebec Baptists occupy much the same position. In the meantime Baptist attention is concentrated on the formation of a union of all the Baptist communions within the Dominion.

A common policy has been followed by the Union Committees in the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational denominations. That policy has been not to precipitate a debate in the churches until some definite basis of union has been drawn up. Of course, if no such basis can be reached, that would settle the question. But the leaders in the movement, in all three bodies, have steadily and consistently taken the position that to ask a judgment on the general issue of church union without regard to terms, would be sheer folly. It has been ob-



REV. PRINCIPAL PATRICK
Chairman of the Presbyterian Committee
on Church Union.

jected, on the other hand, that the negotiations of the Joint Committee of the three churches might place the churches themselves in a position whence it might not be easy, or even safe, to retire. Again and again, however, it has been declared in all three chief courts that none of the negotiating parties was bound in any regard.

Only one debate on the subject of union has been held in the chief court of the Methodist Church, owing to the fact that that body meets but once in four years. During that debate the policy of waiting for a basis before discussing the issue was accepted enthusiastically. The tone of the debate, indeed, was reminiscent of that characteristic Methodist institution, the Love-Feast. The very criticisms that were made—and they were few—were directed against details and inspired by enthusiasm for the general plan. Dr. Alexander Langford, of Western Ontario, accused the Presbyterians of unjustifiable action in extending the scope of the negotiations to include the Anglicans and Baptists; he opposed the extension because he feared that it might endanger

the success of the present negotiations. Dr. Langford maintained that the Presbyterians had issued the invitation to the Anglican and Baptist churches without consulting the other bodies, but this charge was formally repudiated by Dr. Alexander Sutherland, missionary secretary and leader in the councils of the Methodist Church. This criticism was uttered on a side-issue before the main debate opened. During the general discussion two amendments were proposed. One affected merely the number of representatives on the committee, but it was at once voted down as possibly implying a reflection on the wisdom of the committee's action. The second, though proposed by the committee itself, met strong opposition and was withdrawn. It declared that the extension of the scope of the negotiations should not be allowed to influence those at present in progress; it was opposed on the ground that it might be construed as implying distrust of the Presbyterians who had proposed the extension. Dr. W. S. Griffin expressed a common sense of the seriousness of putting any obstacles in the road of union, when he said that he was not clear on the question of doctrine, that it would be a wrench to give up Methodism's special



REV. HUGH PEDLEY

Chairman of the Congregational Committee on Church Union.

characteristics, but that he was afraid to oppose the movement, lest it should be of God. Throughout the whole debate the feeling in favour of union was evident in a power that silenced all direct criticism. The amendments proposed had short shrift and there was at no time the slightest doubt that the Conference would approve the whole course of the committee.

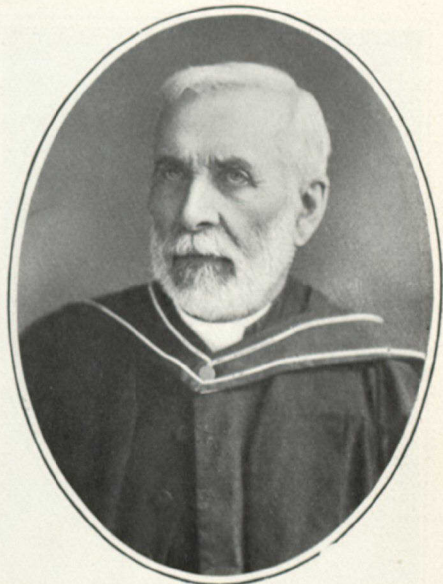
Neither this year nor last has the tone of the Presbyterian General Assembly been so strongly favourable. Last year the feature of the discussion was the suggestion for the admission of the Anglicans and Baptists into the negotiations. This year there was direct criticism. It was led by Rev. John Mackay, of Montreal, and Rev. W. A. J. Martin, of Brantford, Ontario. The committee had proposed to send down the report of the negotiations for "information and suggestions." Mr. Mackay and his supporters desired to ask the lower courts for a judgment "on the whole question of union and especially on the desirability of union in principle." Rev. James Barclay, of Montreal, seconded by Rev. C. W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, suggested a compromise in the form of a request to the lower courts "to fully consider and express their judgment upon this whole question."

Both opposition parties argued that the church was being led blindly into a situation whence it might not be easy to withdraw, and Mr. Mackay went so far as to declare that he did not believe the people in the pews were in favour of union. The discussion was at times heated, but Principal Patrick, of Winnipeg, chairman of the Presbyterian Union Committee, led his forces with a masterly hand, declined all compromises, and the Assembly finally accepted the recommendation of the committee in its original form and by a large majority. The debate, however, occupied parts of three sederunts and there was a respectable vote in favour of the *via media* amendment.

Still more candid language was used at the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec which met this summer at Hamilton. The convention as a whole was distinctly favourable to the general proposal

for union, but was deeply interested in what the terms might be. This was recognised by the Congregational Union Committee and the resolutions presented gave free expression to it. One delegate, Rev. Charles Pedley, of Brantford, however, wanted to go further on the same road, and proposed an amendment declaring that the provision for the liberty of prophesying was absolutely necessary if a number of valuable men were to be carried into the union. His special object was to warn the Methodists that their confidence, of which he had been told, in the case of reaching a basis of doctrine, might be mistaken. Rev. Hugh Pedley, of Montreal, chairman of the committee, was opposed to throwing down the gauntlet to the Methodists at this stage, however, and the amendment was withdrawn. Outside of the discussion of terms two discordant notes were struck. A Quebec clergyman (Rev. J. S. Alexander, of Granby,) declared that his congregation was opposed to union. Rev. John McKillican, of Montreal, though supporting the resolutions of the committee, uttered some pungent criticisms of Presbyterians. For Presbyterians as a whole he expressed high esteem, but declared that some of them "had tried to drag Congregationalism in the mud." The chairman of the convention felt it necessary to express publicly his regret for the utterance of Mr. McKillican and to state that it did not represent the general view of the delegates. Finally the convention adopted, without amendment, the report of the committee providing for the continuation of the negotiations, but that report in itself was more radical than that presented to any other of the three supreme church courts.

Three conferences of the Joint Committee have been held. The first, which met in December, 1904, was confined chiefly to laying down the lines of discussion and organising the sub-committees to which were referred the questions of doctrine, polity, administration and law. After the second conference an official statement was issued, laying down a tentative basis of union and at the third this was further revised, some of the changes being of great importance.



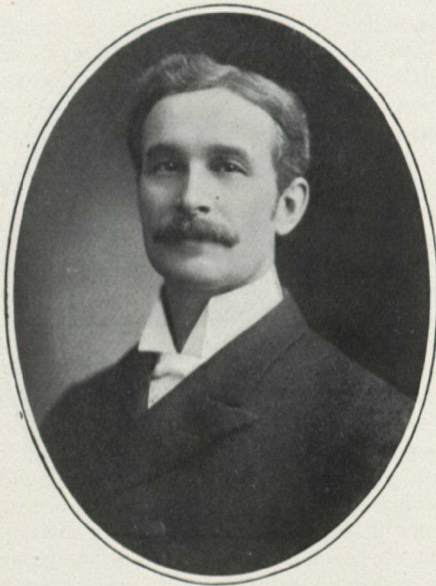
CHANCELLOR BURWASH

Who signed the Report on Doctrine for the Methodists.

From the historical point of view the two great problems which the committee had to solve were the reconciliation of free-will with foreordination, and of connexionalism with independency. In practice the second has caused much more difficulty, and new theological problems of later origin have usurped the traditional place of predestination in the doctrinal discussions.

The centuries-long quarrel between Arminius and John Calvin was settled—tentatively at least—at the second conference and has not since been re-opened. Article III of the doctrinal basis covers this point. It is entitled, "Of the Divine Purpose"; and reads as follows: "We believe that the eternal, wise, holy and loving purpose of God embraces all events, so that while the freedom of man is not taken away, nor is God the author of sin, yet in His providence He makes all things work together in the fulfilment of His sovereign design and the manifestation of His glory." This statement was accepted, of course as tentative, by both the sub-committee and the full session of the Joint Committee.

In fact the revision of the basis of doc-



REV. T. B. HYDE, TORONTO

Who signed the Report on Doctrine for the Congregationalists.

trine touched, for the most part, only minor points, and though a serious theological issue has arisen in relation to some later developments of theological thought, the issue has been raised not directly on doctrine, but in connection with the relation of the minister to the creed. This issue has been raised frankly and clearly, fearlessly and calmly, by the Congregationalists, both in the Joint Committee and in their own chief courts.

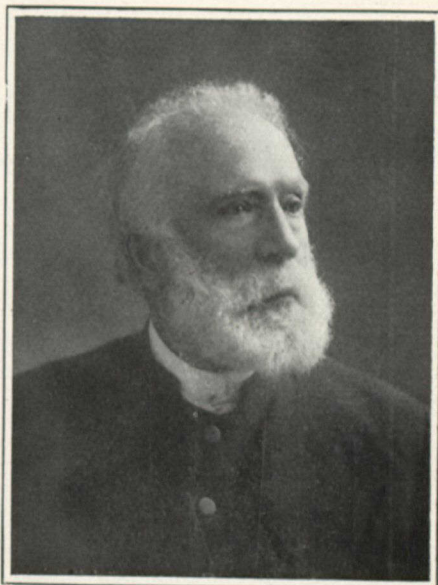
Two paragraphs of the resolutions adopted by the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec at Hamilton in June bore upon this point. The first was a general declaration in favour of a doctrinal statement which should be "simpler and lay greater emphasis on Christian experience and conduct." This resolution was a renewal of a declaration made a year earlier, and it carries also the approval of the Union of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The most striking changes made in the doctrinal basis during its revision may be interpreted as giving some indication of the lines along which the Congregationalists desire to see the creed simplified. This is in relation to the doctrine of the Atonement, the very centre of theo-

logical Christianity. The first statement adopted on this subject spoke of the work of Christ on Calvary in these terms: "For us He fulfilled all righteousness and satisfied eternal justice, offering Himself a perfect sacrifice upon the cross to take away the sin of the world." As revised this reads: "For our redemption He fulfilled all righteousness, offered Himself a perfect sacrifice on the cross, satisfied Divine justice and made propitiation for the sins of the whole world." The difference is not great, but such as it is it tends to smooth down the "judicial" nature of the Atonement and leaves more room for interpretation. The introduction of the term "propitiation" is an adoption of Biblical language, and the change from "sin" to "sins" is a step from the formal towards the actual. In addition to the desire among the Congregationalists for greater simplicity of creed in this direction, it is known that Methodist members of the Joint Committee have given expression to similar wishes, while a considerable section of the ministry in the latter church has strong leanings toward freer interpretation of the Atonement.

The strongest appeal for freedom of belief—or as Rev. Hugh Pedley, chairman of the Congregational Union Committee, has well called it, "liberty of prophesying"—has, however, been made in connection with the relation of the ministry to the doctrinal statement. The Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, at its last session, put the matter thus: "We consider that it will best safeguard the intellectual integrity of ministers, and at the same time preserve the church from formalism, if at the ordination of candidates to the ministry, they shall not be compelled to give an absolute subscription to a creed, but having before them the doctrinal statement of the church, may frankly and in their own language indicate their relation thereto. It shall then remain with the ordaining body to decide as to the acceptance of the candidate, great importance always being attached to his general spirit and character." This raises the issue clearly. Should this proposal of the Congregationalists be accepted, it would mean that the "Annual Conference, Synod or Union," the or-

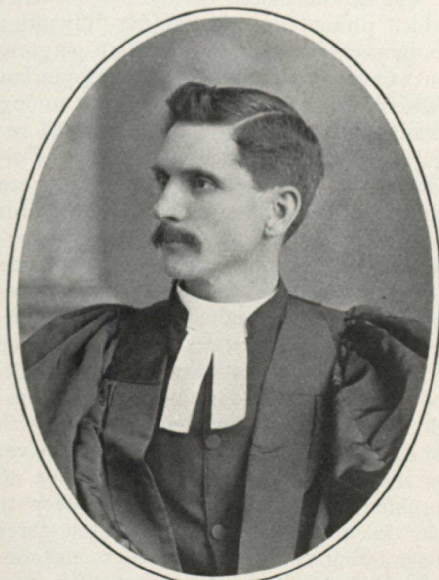
daining body in the United Church, would have the right to admit to the ministry without regard to whether the candidate believed or taught the doctrines laid down in the basis of union. It would, in fact, relegate doctrine to a distinctly subordinate position in the church and provide a ready and easy means for the development of the living creed. So radical is the proposal considered, however, and so earnest are its advocates, that the whole section of the report of the sub-committee on the ministry dealing with the relation of the minister to the creed was laid over for further consideration at the last conference of the Joint Committee.

These deferred clauses throw additional light on the attitude of the members of the Joint Committee, and presumably on the attitude of the negotiating churches, towards doctrinal issues. In the first draft, as agreed to by the members of the sub-committee, it was provided that the candidate for the ministry should be asked these two questions: "(b) Are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently all doctrines required for eternal salvation in our Lord Jesus Christ? And are you resolved out of the



REV. JOHN MCKILLICAN, MONTREAL
(Congregationalist)

An outstanding figure against Church Union.

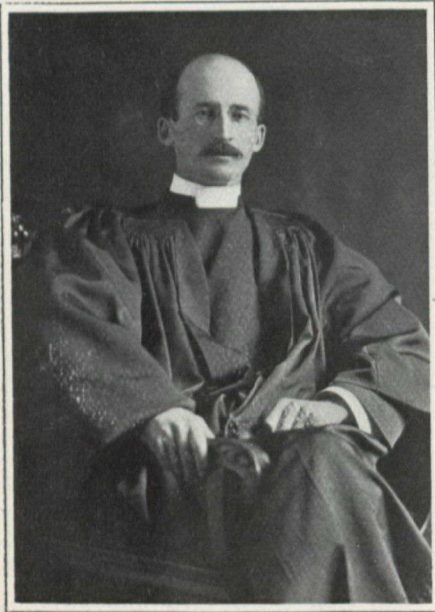


REV. DR. D. M. RAMSAY, OTTAWA

Who signed the Report on Doctrine for the
Presbyterians.

said Scriptures to instruct the people committed to your charge and to teach nothing which is not agreeable thereto? (c) Do you believe the statement of doctrine of the United Church, as you understand it, to be agreeable to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, and is your own personal faith in essential agreement therewith; and as a minister in this Church do you pledge adherence thereto?" These are the questions which the Congregationalists have asked to have omitted from the enquiry into the character and belief of candidates for the ministry. Apparently they are acceptable to the Presbyterian committee, while the Methodists desire that the words, "as you understand it," be omitted from the second question, a desire which, seemingly, indicates a wish to narrow the scope for private interpretation. The whole circumstance is a further evidence of how vital are the questions in relation to which the demand for greater simplicity of doctrine is made; they touch both the Atonement and the infallibility—a narrower term than inerrancy—of the Scriptures.

As the chief doctrinal problem which



REV. JOHN MACKAY, MONTREAL
(Presbyterian)

An outstanding figure against the principle
of union.

has arisen has been brought to the front by the Congregationalists, so it is the Congregationalists who have made necessary the reconciliation of independency with connexionalism—the second historic problem previously mentioned. This problem became acute at the third conference of the Joint Committee. At the second conference a report was adopted in sub-committee whereby the “local affairs of the individual church, charge, circuit or congregation” were to be “managed by local boards, sessions or committees, subject to the general legislation, principles and discipline of the United Church.” When this report came to be sent over to the Congregationalist leaders in England, with whom the Canadian Congregationalists have been advising throughout, the verdict was that the case of independency had been given away. Consequently at the third conference this committee re-drafted its report, radically altering its form and matter. Under the new draft a sharp distinction is drawn between “charges existing previous to the union” and “charges to be

formed subsequent to the union.” The former “shall be entitled to continue the organisation and practices enjoyed by them at the time of the union, subject to the general legislation, principles and discipline of the United Church.” Further, any property owned by such charges “shall not be affected by any legislation of the United Church without the consent of the charge for which the property is held in trust.” In charges formed subsequent to the union “the liberty of the individual charge shall be recognised to the fullest extent compatible with” oversight by the ministers, efficient co-operation within the charge, and “the hearty co-operation of the various individual charges, circuits or congregations in the general work of the United Church.”

In this re-drafted statement, which has now been accepted, again only as tentative, by the Joint Committee, the Congregationalists, here and in the Mother Country, believe that they have secured recognition of their substantial claims. The satisfaction expressed with it at the Congregational Union in Hamilton was, however, coupled with a plea for more liberty for the new charges.

These, then, are the chief problems which present the outstanding difficulties in the way of union. The negotiations grew out of a proposal made by the Presbyterian Assembly in 1899 for a conference among evangelical churches with a view to reducing over-lapping in new fields. Following out this policy, conferences were held and mutually self-denying measures were taken by the Methodist and Presbyterian churches in some fields. In 1902 these conferences led up to a formal proposal from the Methodist General Conference for organic union among the three churches now negotiating, and throughout the negotiations the need of co-operation in the face of the tremendous growth of the Dominion has been the great solver of difficulties. Whether it will solve all problems, it would be idle prophecy to say in advance. But in all the three negotiating churches the leaders are convinced that only the most vital differences will any longer justify the waste of money, of men, and of moral power which the present situation entails.

The Heart of Kerry

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

How an appeal of human interest played upon opposing parties and brought about the settlement of a great strike.

SO she dared. Again he held before his unbelieving eyes the great, green bill whereon her name was flaunted in tall, black letters. Then, while he still struggled with his incredulity, the girl who had dared came in. There was a slightly defiant arch to her proud, black brows, as if she knew that he knew she had dared. Ostentatiously she flung off her gloves, rustled over to the window, and gazed down into the foggy street.

"I thought I should never get here, Mr. Phillips!"

He folded the green bill leisurely. "I was not expecting you," he replied.

"King and Main streets are blocked with an idle, yelling horde. Ugh! They are loathsome, though they are your dear, dear workingmen, Mr. Phillips. How this strike must rejoice your democratic soul!"

He accepted the thrust without a quiver, for a half-turn of her face was revealing a malicious gleam of ivory between the scarlet threads of her lips. She was wilfully misunderstanding him, so he would not take the trouble to explain that he had been holding the street railway men in leash for a month, while he proclaimed from every available platform the advisability of enduring their grievances a little longer, before trying the last, desperate expedient of a strike.

In lieu of explanations, he unfolded the green paper, and opened fire abruptly on the subject that claimed both their

thoughts. "Under the patronage of the Mesdames Chesterfield and Conway-Moore, your charity concert should be a decided success." His large, homely features were screwed into innumerable sarcastic curves and wrinkles, as he mentioned the names of the society leaders under whose wings his favourite pupil was about to make her *débat*.

His favourite pupil nodded.

"I see your programme includes *The Heart of Kerry*." He was wont to say of *The Heart of Kerry*, that it was his masterpiece; that if he lived to be a hundred and strove to earn fame every day, he would still be remembered solely as the author of *The Heart of Kerry*. It was only a simple poem, depicting the struggles of a workingman and his family against poverty, sickness, and abuse. Perhaps because Phillips was himself poor, struggling and abused, was the reason it played so wonderfully on the feelings of the public.

"I see your programme includes *The Heart of Kerry*," he repeated, giving her a compelling look, under which she flushed rosily.

"Confess, Professor, that you were flattered to have your favourite poem so ably handled, before a critical audience, by your favourite pupil."

He made a bitter gesture. "Is it from the generous notion that you can make them subscribe a large charity fund?"

"Partly. A thousand dollars is a

donation the Kerrys of this city will not despise."

"Donation! Charity! Rank words! Let them pay Kerry his wages. Good Heavens, he asks for a chance, not charity."

She hummed a frivolous air.

"I had hoped," he continued, more calmly, "that you would recite *The Heart of Kerry* for me sometime—at one of our great mass meetings, before men and women who would understand. Will you cast my pearl before swine?"

"In behalf of the Chesterfields and the Conway-Moores, I thank you."

"You will never read *The Heart of Kerry* until I give you permission. I will prevent it."

"But how?" she laughed.

"Gracious, girl, the poem is mine!"

"It is also mine. You have poured it red-hot from your soul into mine."

Clearly, compulsion did not answer his turn. As a master-strategist, he allowed a mellow tone to creep into his voice. "Lally, truly now, why do you want to tell the story of Kerry to those people who can never understand Kerry's heart?"

Evading his eye and hand, she sprang up like a queen of tragedy. "Why? Oh, because of its room for fine shades of inflection, because of its pathos." She began a semblance of shivering, and her voice iced the room as she recited:

Ever the storm-wolf howled and raved
abroad,

Nosing the battered door for toothsome prey.
Within, a little, dolorous, human shape,
Upon his bed the sick child lay; and all
Above lay heaps of rags, this coat, that
shawl,

To coax the heat within the wasted frame.

Then raising her arms tragically:

He died! Hear me, O smiling, plenteous
earth!

For one so young has little need to die
He died for breath withheld—

"Stop! Do not tell us how he died.
That requires soul."

She stopped, bit her lip in chagrin, while her black eyes flashed menace on the thousand hapless Kerrys thronging in the street below. Then, when her voice was steady, she said irrelevantly:

"I see your *protégé*, Patsey Quin, looking up at me with his ridiculously solemn eyes. I say, what makes him look like that?"

"Hunger," said Phillips promptly.

"Nonsense! He doesn't like me, and therefore my best smile is frozen in his icy frown of disapproval. Oh, look! Quick! That horse! Mercy, will the boy be killed?"

When Phillips reached the window, he merely saw Patsey riding on the bridle of a restive and powerful horse, whose owner was pushing into his left hand a coin. The man had a thick face and muddy eyes. He was on the stairs. He stood in the door in their very midst, like a ponderous cat, crouching with claws concealed. From mere repulsion Phillips went pale as paper.

"Is Miss Van Allan here?" A pipe being the constant adornment of the left side of his mouth, he had learned to talk out of the right side, which conveyed the expression of an habitual sneer. "Ah, Lally, is your lesson over? The streets are no longer safe for pedestrians. A pretty turmoil you have stirred up, Mr. Phillips, with the devil knows how much bloodshed before it receives its quietus."

Again Austin Phillips smilingly laid bare his bosom to the stab, but he turned appealing eyes on Miss Van Allan with the unspoken entreaty in them that she should send this man about his business.

"Lesson!" exclaimed Lally, coming out of the shadows; "I have had no lesson to-day—except one in deportment. Mr. Phillips has been so horrid; at least, I mean we have both been quarrelling. My gloves! There, dear Dick, I believe I am quite ready." Moreover, because the stairs were dark, she took "dear Dick's" arm to the street.

Phillips strode to the window. The violent bay was making nasty plunges, with Patsey Quin still riding on his bit. They laughed and chattered an unconscionable time while tucking in the robes, and when they were ready, the audacious girl looked up and waved her hand. "There, I'll leave him on the rack for a while," she murmured. Unluckily,

she knew Austin Phillips to be a very fit subject for torture.

How long had she been calling Richard Haliday "dear Dick?" Phillips wondered. "Dear Dick" was the man who had spoken of her before a crowd of men as "the charming little Van Allan, by George!" He was the man who opposed his heart interests at every turn, whether in the complex game of love, or as a leader of capital against a leader of labour, or as a rich rogue against an honest man. Stop, he must consider it was pure jealousy swishing the lash across his feelings, and blinding him to Haliday's better qualities. "Lally!" "Dear Dick!" It was unbearable. It must be stopped. Then he braced up, laughed shortly, and called Patsey Quin. There was still left to him—his work.

Austin Phillips had turned his genius for rhetoric into two channels. As a teacher of elocution, he had directed the voices of youth to sweeter speech, purer accent, nobler thought; also he used his own silvery logic from the public rostrum to swing men around to broader views on public questions. Gradually becoming identified with the great labour movements, he stood in the city for personal liberty, the champion of the workingman everywhere.

"Can you get over to Camden Crescent?" he asked of Patsey Quin.

Patsey bent on him great caressing eyes. "Yes, sir," he replied, promptly.

"I believe you can. You will avoid King street."

"Yes, sir."

"Find out whether the Haliday, Toone and Tompkins bunch have made any concessions to the men or whether the strike is to continue."

Patsey grunted at the mere mention of concessions coming from the company. He was a well-informed unionist for one of only ten years.

"Say to Merriman I will speak to the men in the armoury to-morrow night."

"Yes, sir." Patsey was off with a bound, Phillips watching him skilfully thread his way around the corner until he was lost in the side street.

Ever through the street rolled the

angry surges of humanity. Crash! A plate-glass window went shivering in, and a wooden-headed policeman was belabouring a couple of innocent boys who had ventured too near. Down the street came the tramp, tramp of the soldiery, who held the city under martial law. On the very sidewalk they rode their horses, driving men, women, and children before their merciless steel. The crowd took refuge, momentarily, in alley and lane, but surged in again behind the troops with hisses and groans. It was to these people Phillips must speak, to these frenzied workingmen, these Kerrys, who demanded for their families the decent comforts of life, and demanded it from the adamant Haliday, Toone and Tompkins combine. What should he say? Should he tell them to be calm, to wait? He clenched his hand. No. Just God! The day of patience was past. He would tell them to fight tooth and nail.

But ever over his ponderous and weighty plans fluttered the remembrance of a green concert bill, like a bee teasing a bull. He knew that Lally's act meant more than appeared on the surface. It meant that she had gone over to the opposition, body and soul. She was tired of his hopes, his promises, his wonderful plans that only soared to fall. He was an idealist, a visionary, he had so little money, and possessed so few of the luxuries that women regard as essential. Conscious of the fact that he was being burned at the stake of public opinion, he had risen manfully above the ordeal to a height where he could look down on his tormentors, but this last wound bled beyond the power of staunching, because he had been coddling himself with the belief that she was different, that she understood.



When Austin Phillips emerged into the street on the night of his engagement at the armoury, he realized that the reading of the *riot act*, and the subsequent wounding of several citizens, had had no effect in quelling the mobs. A brick, clumsily aimed at his head, stirred in him the lust of battle. He pushed

forth like a war-horse scenting smoke. An unusual uproar raged about him, for which he searched the cause. He was not long in finding it. A battered street car, run by two sullen strike-breakers, pushed its way up King street; while Tompkins, the most intrepid of the company, strove to look at ease as he rode.

"He will be killed!" screamed women's voices, as a very shower of stones descended on the hapless car. Phillips ducked his head, sprang from under the feet of a rearing horse, and turned to encounter—Lally Van Allan! She sat in Richard Haliday's buggy, whose owner had left his seat for one precarious moment. He noticed that she was richly dressed, and the thought flashed through his mind that she was on her way to the charity concert, there to amuse the Chesterfields and the Conway-Moores with tales of poverty which held all the charm of novelty for their dainty ears. Was she gathering inspiration from the real story hissed into her ears, prefaced with curses and punctuated with stones. In a moment he had realised her danger and was fighting toward her.

Her danger lay chiefly in her proximity to Haliday. The hated manager had been greeted with hisses as soon as he appeared in the street. He, too, was fighting toward the buggy, and the girl, frightened at last, cowered in the corner and raised appealing arms to the mob.

Phillips reached the wheel and sprang upon the hub, intent on one purpose—to get between the girl and those mad stones. His loosely-knit figure, and homely, well-beloved face might have had the effect of subduing the rioters had he been seen in better light. In the darkness, however, someone mistook him for Haliday, and a cruel stone, surely aimed, crunched against the side of his head. He dropped between the wheels without a groan; while Haliday, seizing the moment of dire consternation, leaped into the rig from the opposite side, urged the horse over the prostrate figure, and cleared the curbing at a bound.

Meanwhile, through the doors of the armory surged a motley throng of

wild-eyed, dishevelled workingmen, relieved here and there by capitalists of wealth and influence; for all men questioned in their minds what *he* would say in the face of the crisis. Little knowing that a tragedy had been enacted without, they waited patiently, with expectant faces turned toward the platform. Eight o'clock came and half-past eight. Some went out, but more came in. Eyes riveted on the side-door became strained, breathing became tense and audible. Presently the lights were turned on brilliantly, a door clicked sharply, and profound expectancy reigned in the vast hall.

The crimson curtain quivered and was thrust aside, disclosing, not the stalwart figure of Austin Phillips, but that of a rarely graceful woman. Her sparkling face was surmounted by a coronal of hair, braided in subtle, serpentine curves around her head, and void of all ornament save its own mystic, blue-black gloss. There was a dash of wine-red in her dress, which harmonised with the vivid curves of her lips. Her dark beauty almost suggested the warmth of an Oriental sun.

It was plain that she had a message for them. Her lips parted for speech, but rich and poor, bending together, caught only the strange words, "The Heart of Kerry."

Then it seemed that she held up a great mirror, and invited every man to look in and see himself. It was not Kerry who struggled, raved, prayed, and waited; it was each one of them, portrayed with marvellous faithfulness. They wept for his hunger, shivered for his cold, wondered at his patience, recalling each his own like experience. Perhaps it was Lally Van Allan's finest triumph that they forgot her. She was only a vibrant, all-pervading voice. Even her master could, now, hardly have accused her of soullessness. In truth, she, too, had forgotten Lally Van Allan. In those intense moments, her soul fled to theirs, and she loved them, as he had vainly tried to teach her to love.

When she stopped speaking, the silence was oppressive, until, like a great sob, the audience took its breath. Then

arose groans, and shouts, and stamping of feet, while the girl stood helpless before the *furor* she had created. What had she done but raised the tiger in them? It was as if there had been communicated to her soul the decision reached by Austin Phillips when he said: "The day of patience is passed! I will tell them to fight tooth and nail."

"Now, what are you going to do about it?" muttered a deep voice behind her, and, turning quickly, she saw that Richard Haliday stood at her elbow. She had not known that he followed and protected her steps from the house of mirth, when she ran away into darkness and danger; her eyes looked her thanks. But he was going forward, lifting his hand to enjoin silence. The crowd halted sullenly, for wrath and murder were stirring in their hearts, and he was the object of their deepest malevolence. But Haliday was no coward. His bold, full eye, which had cowed many a slinking delinquent into submission, compelled them to his mood; and when from mere curiosity he had them hanging on his words, he said:

"I beseech you, men, for God's sake, do not go out and do useless murder. Some of you (he waved his hand toward the door) know that Tompkins, the intrepid leader of capital, lies dead at this moment from the madness of the mob. Some know, too, that Phillips, the equally brave leader of labour, is also dead." Lally sank into a chair, and a deep groan rose from the stricken audience. "Kerry, who has trumpeted his message into your ears, has also brought his message for mine. It means that this present illicit condition of affairs must cease. And as there has been wrong on both sides (for the first time they saw it), so both must unite to bring about a more satisfactory state of affairs. Let each right-thinking man go quietly home. Send your leaders to us, at our office in Camden Crescent, at twelve o'clock to-night. I promise you, if Kerry behaves as wisely and patiently as we have reason to expect, we will see that he gets his rights."

Then Haliday noticed and pitied the abject misery of Lally. "Come home," he said gently.

"To him! Oh, to him!" she panted, catching his arm. Haliday turned away, and, in the one brief moment allowed him, swallowed his bitter cup. Then he took her hand and led her away, while she, torn as she was with grief for her master, wondered why his arm trembled.

Bravely he led her to the man she loved, away, ever away from himself. When she knew for a certainty that he was dead, she might, sometime, in the dim future, think of him, though Lally was one to live her life on a memory. Had he not in life ridden over Phillips? Was it not meet that, in his death, his antagonist should crush him to the ground?

Silently they turned the corner of King street. A strange, funereal silence held the block. The hoarse-throated cries at the armoury sounded faint and far. In a moment Lally knew what they had done. Ropes were stretched around the house, and straw laid down; while a hundred of his chosen devotees stood guard to ward off noise and disturbance. Now, she knew why he loved them. They were turned into very angels at his inspiration, ministering angels, tireless in endurance, undaunted in danger. She took them all to her heart by leaps and bounds.

By permission of the guards, the two passed noiselessly over the straw-strewn pavement, guided by the feeble light that shone from his window. At the stair, entrance was barred by Patsy Quin.

"Let me pass!" cried the woman, flinging him to one side. The child threw his wrathful eyes on her from the darkness.

"You can't go in!" he whimpered in petty fury.

"Why not? Speak, boy! What do you mean? What does all this mean, anyway? This deadening of sound? These guards? Do men so guard the deaf ears of a corpse? O merciful heaven, maybe he isn't—tell me, is he—is he—"

"Naw," said Patsy Quin.

"Oh, great mercy of God!" breathed the woman, rushing up the stairs, while the man turned and retraced his footsteps into the city.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE Americanisation of the British press has received a severe check in the British law courts by the finding against Lord Northcliffe and his associates of the Harmsworth syndicate in the action for damages brought on behalf of the big English soap firm of Lever Bros. Lord Northcliffe thought to take a leaf from Mr. Labouchere's journal and to essay some sensations in the realm of financial journalism, but he had not sufficiently guarded himself, and the sensation is provided in a way entirely different from his expectations. The charges preferred were to the effect that the big soap boilers of England were forming into a combination on American lines, and that the proceedings in this direction should be checked by legislation. As a result, Lord Northcliffe, being unable to make good his charges in court, was mulcted in £50,000 damages, besides enormous costs; and this with reference to one only of the firms alleged to be implicated in the combine. No wonder the proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and of the other associated newspapers in the Harmsworth journalistic combine made haste to settle with the remainder of the firms, though at a cost which, it is believed, will bring his total outlay in this connection up to over half a million dollars. Decidedly, Lord Northcliffe burnt his fingers. He has become so enriched by the proceeds of sensational journalism that the settlement will not embarrass him, but it may exert a salutary influence on his journalistic methods for the future. As to the alleged soap combine, the Harmsworth papers in a grand chorus express "profound regret that we were led into making these allegations, which we are convinced were unfounded."

It would not be unreasonable to expect a considerable growth in the Western Mining Federation and its allied trade organisations as a consequence of the acquittal of William D. Haywood, Secretary of the Federation, at the trial at Boise, Idaho. Since the courts have declared Haywood innocent after a trial of a most searching character, during which public opinion was certainly not excited in favour of the accused, there is no more to be said on the score of the murders in which the State law sought to involve the officials of the organisation. The reaction of sympathy that will doubtless follow in the wake of the acquittal will strengthen an already powerful organisation so that it may play an important part at the next Presidential election, as Mr. Bryan seemed to have taken into account. The Western Mining Federation is, as everybody knows, avowedly socialistic, and glories in its policy as such. Socialism is a dreamy and insubstantial doctrine to most of us, but once inscribed on the banner of the organised working classes, or a considerable section of them, it may become a very tangible factor in the politics of the Republic, as it has already become in the politics of France, Germany and Belgium.

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The tiny community of Iceland seems likely to achieve legislative independence after a struggle lasting for generations. King Frederick of Denmark has announced, at least, the appointment of a commission "to arrange for legislation to define the constitutional position of Iceland in the realm, and to find a form under which the freedom of Iceland may be built up and protected, while at the

same time the unity of the realm is preserved and ensured." No doubt the result will be an increased measure of independence for the island. To so tiny and remote a community, in a barren land, concessions may be safely made that are not practicable in the case of a larger community in a fruitful country, situated in close proximity to a sister island—the case of Ireland to wit. Icelanders may well be allowed this small compensation for the hardships inseparable from life in their country. It cannot well weaken Denmark, and can hardly bring danger to Iceland. One can hardly imagine an enemy of Denmark landing an army at Reikiavik, or see how anything but a weakening of the enemy would result if it took such a step. There is a vital difference in all these respects between Iceland and Ireland.



As to the existing relations between Denmark and Iceland, it might have been supposed that the present measure of home rule would have been regarded as sufficient, unless Iceland seeks entire separation. Iceland has had its own legislature since 1874, when it received a constitution from Denmark. The Althing is an assembly of thirty-six members, thirty of whom are elected by household suffrage and six nominated by the King. This assembly meets every second year and sits in two separate divisions, the upper and the lower. The upper division consists of the six members nominated by the King and six others elected by the representatives of the people from their own body; the lower division consists of the remaining twenty-four representative members. There is a Secretary for Iceland who resides in the Danish capital, and is responsible to the King for the maintenance of the constitution, and who submits to the King for confirmation all legislative measures proposed by the Althing. This is presumably the check which Iceland would now be rid of. There are, besides, a governor-general, appointed by Denmark, and two under governors, one for the south and west, and one for the north and east, so that on the whole Iceland could appear to be sufficiently governed. The popula-

tion is about 80,000, of which about 4,000 live in the capital town of Reikiavik. One delightful condition exists in Iceland which is found in no other community; there is one church, a State institution, to which all Icelanders, without exception, belong, so that from church feuds, at least, it is free. It is to be presumed the Icelanders seek absolute separation from Denmark, subject only to the King, though this would not greatly extend the privileges they now enjoy. Such a measure would make Denmark and Iceland a dual sovereignty, similar to that which existed until the other day in the case of Norway and Sweden, an unhappy arrangement, from which Norway angrily broke away. No doubt Icelanders feel very warmly on the subject, but it is difficult for outsiders to become violently agitated on one side or the other. It may be added, however, that after Iceland Canada is perhaps more interested than any other country, seeing that some ten thousand Icelanders are already numbered among our western population.



"We all want to abolish war," said M. Nelidoff, the other day at the Hague Conference, in reply to a deputation from the International Council of Women's Federation of National Councils, "but as that is unhappily impossible, our duty is to do all we can to prevent it and to reduce the sufferings brought by it." The ladies had come, of course, calmly to ask that the conference decree that war should cease, but practically the conference has set about the work M. Nelidoff described. All war must continue, nevertheless, to be terrible, and nations that have risen to dignity and greatness will enter on it only as a last resort. That is the greatest safeguard we can have. All that tends to bring the nations together in amity and friendship will act as a deterrent to war; all that tends, on the other hand, to create bitter commercial rivalry, tariff wars and individual ill-feeling between the citizens of one country and those of another, is an incentive to actual strife with the sword, and a glance around at the nations of the world and their policies to-day, will show which are the methods most commonly

pursued. As Capt. Mahan admirably says in his recent article in the *National Review*: "These holy names (race and country) while facilitating and intensifying local action, by the same means separate nation from nation, setting up hearthstone against hearthstone. Hence implicit war is perennial; antagonism lurks beneath the most smiling surface and the most honest interchanges of national sympathies." And none know this better than the ladies who waited on M. Neli-doff, and perhaps none are more responsible at the root of things for these conditions.



Capt. Mahan, the American sailor-man of letters, looking calmly at the organisation of society and being given over neither to hysterics or ideals on the one hand, nor to foolish imperialism and military glory on the other, sees the naked facts freed from all imaginative glamour and comments: "War now is, and, historically speaking, long has been, waged on basis of asserted right or need; and what it does help to determine is that which is known in physics as the resultant of forces, of which itself is one; the others being the economical and political necessities or desires of the contending parties. The other forces exist, aggressive, persistent; unless controlled by the particular force we call war *in posse* or *in esse*, they reach a solution which is just as really one of force and may be as unrighteous, and more so, than any war. For instance, except for war, Southern slavery probably would still exist. This is actually the state of the world at the present moment; and while a better balance wheel than war may be conceived, it is at present doing its work fairly well. The proper temper in which to approach arbitration is not by picturing an imaginary political society of nations and races, but the actual one now existing in this tough old world." Again, in the same article we read: "Upon organised force depends the extended shield under which the movements of peace advance in quietness; and of organised force war is simply the last expression. . . Europe has well-nigh reached a condition of internal stability, but she has reached

it by war and she maintains it by preparation for war. The wants of mankind have been the steam of progress; they have not merely turned the wheels of the engine, they have burst the bonds of opposition and enabled the fitter to enter upon the unimproved heritage of the unfit. Where such bonds still exist, there must be a conflict of forces, and it passes the power of mere intellect with legal theories of justice and injustice, of prescriptive rights, to keep the contest within bounds, unless it can bring to its support physical aid. The one practical thing to hold it in abeyance is that the several forces, including military power, should show what is in them by the adequacy of their development."



An excellent example of the incidents tending to promote a better understanding among nations, and consequently to secure peace, is that of the recent inter-changing visits between English and German journalists. Two of the party of English journalists who recently paid the return visit to Germany, describe their experiences in the *Contemporary Review*, and show how greatly such an experience tends to broaden the view on both sides, and how superficial and limited after all is the actual national animus on either side, if one could only restrain the agencies, chiefly the tongue and the pen—the latter becoming through the press the tongue of the nation—which work continually to excite this animus to fever heat. It is the newspapers of the two countries that have to bear largely the responsibility for the misunderstanding, and so it is reasonable that newspaper editors should seek in a thoroughly practical way to learn the truth about their respective countries as a means of setting things straight. Not that newspapers can altogether help themselves in the matter. The editors are human, and, like the rest of the world, find it easier to say and write things that are flippant and dangerous than things that are wise and safe. Besides the public palate likes to be tickled, and the average editor, no more than another, can be expected to forego his opportunity of gaining momentary popularity and per-

haps profit for the sake of the remote welfare of a nation.



Canadians generally will be sympathetically interested in the retirement of Hon. Edward Blake from the political arena. Practically he retired from general politics when he left the Canadian Liberal party and merged his personality in the Irish Party at Westminster. Since then he has been no more than a shadow in politics. Happily for his name, he had already established himself as a great Canadian; an orator of the first rank and a jurist of renown. He retains these laurels, but has not added to them, unless it lies in a measure by the sacrifice his course since 1892 has involved. Had Mr. Blake identified himself with the English Liberal party he would not improbably have secured a place in the Campbell-Bannerman Government, and might conceivably have been in a better position than he had actually reached to benefit Ireland. On the whole, most Canadians will be inclined to feel that Mr. Blake's course in confining his energies to the narrow circle of Irish politics during the last fifteen years was quixotic and as fruitless as the most unlucky enterprises of the immortal hero of Cervantes.



Some comment has been occasioned during the last month or two, by reason of the fact that Canadian imports have increased so greatly that they now outstrip Canadian exports; the latter have, in fact, actually shown some decline. Here and there a journal, looking at the matter superficially, has inferred that, in spite of appearances, the country is "going to the dogs." So much gold going out of the country is detrimental, it is urged, as it has been urged in the case of Great Britain, where for so many years the same phenomenon has existed and continues to exist, without the country becoming perceptibly poorer; in fact, in face of the country becoming yearly richer, as the income tax returns and death duties show. England, however, is a great creditor nation and, moreover, the great sea carrier for other

nations, so it becomes clear on reflection why, with these great sources of revenue to its credit, not to speak of others, it may not only be able to continue indefinitely to have its imports heavily outweigh its exports, but may even grow richer yet by such a process.



The same reasoning does not, of course, hold good in the case of Canada. Under ordinary conditions our imports must be less than our exports, because with the latter we have not only to pay for our imports, but also to pay interest on foreign money invested in the Dominion. But at the present time Canada is in very exceptional circumstances. The country is expanding in the most remarkable manner. Immigrants last year numbered a quarter of a million; this year the figures will reach 300,000. Many of them, particularly those from over the border, bring with them substantial sums of money. Thousands of miles of railway, too, are being built. The actual material for all this construction work, for the homes and industries, too, of the hundreds of thousands of new settlers, and for the enterprises that are springing up in every part of Canada, is needed at the moment. Our own factories are, with few exceptions, working to the uttermost, yet cannot supply the demands of the swelling population, so much of it with money in its pocket to spend, and of the increased necessities of the country in the way of transportation and otherwise. Hence ensue vast outlays for machinery, locomotives and supplies of all kinds for the industrial world, not to speak of the enormous increase in the personal wants of the people, much of which—far more than in the past—must come from abroad. Canada, with a present population of 6,500,000, has grown as much by actual count in the past six years as it grew in the preceding 25 years, and such a reversal of the normal condition of growth does not take place without a corresponding change in the economic situation. On the whole, therefore, we may well be satisfied for a time to see our imports overtop our exports.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



MOTHER MAGIC

In days of childhood, now long-lapsed and dim,
Often I sat within a holy place
Where mystic word and solemn-rolling hymn
Touched the tranced souls of men to thoughts
of Grace.

Too small to comprehend, yet happy there
I lingered, since beside me, close and dear,
Sat the sweet mother with her rippled hair,
Her smile of angels and her colour clear.

And she would hold my hand, and so express,
In some deep way, the wonder of the hour:
Our spirits talked, by silent tenderness,
As easily as flower nods to flower.

And to this day, when so I creep alone
Into some sacred corner, list the choir,
Hear some great organ's most melodious
moan
And watch the windows flush daylight with
fire,

Over me once again those memories steal:
I sit as in a dream, and understand
God's meaning; for, across the years, I feel
The meek, sure magic of that spirit-hand.

Richard Burton in Atlantic Monthly.



THE MODERN GRANDMOTHER

THERE is a certain twilight pleasure to be obtained from abusing the present and praising the past. One of the most common matters of criticism in connection with the social life of to-day is the disappearance of the dear old grandmother who used to wear rusty black gowns and spotless caps, and who sat in a chimney corner knitting for the household.

She is gone forever, lament the latter-day censors, and she has taken feminine decorum and wisdom with her.

The modern old lady, they say, is an artificial creature who irons out her wrinkles and dyes her hair, in dread of the very appearance of age. She refuses to patronise the chimney corner and actually spends a good deal of her time out of doors, and has even been known to enter an automobile and enjoy a record run. She may go to the horrible length of becoming an elderly aeronaut and trying a trip in a balloon.

Why should not a grandmamma keep wrinkles away if she does not like them? There is nothing distasteful about her use of hair dye, so long as she does not resort to the cheap variety that gives a magenta tinge. In fact, it is a wise woman who makes the "Osler era" as attractive as possible. So long as she does not try the kittenish act, she may remain as youthful as she likes, and her friends will only appreciate the cheerfulness of her eternal girlhood.

The grandmother of the past was by no means always a serene and amiable old lady. Nor is the grandmother of to-day always wise in her brisk activities. A *Contributor*, writing some weeks ago to the *Atlantic Monthly*, made a trenchant attack upon the modern old lady, but in the August issue of that magazine a defender arises who writes thus of the grandmother of the twentieth century:

"It seems to me to be one of the great

blings of modern life that in retaining their physical vigour longer than of old, women also retain their independence and cultivate their own pursuits. I am not fonder than other people of seeing an old woman with her cheeks and her hat covered with artificial roses, and I readily admit that an active old woman with a fad and a figure (the *Contributor* seems to object to her erectness and especially to resent her occasional slenderness) is less picturesque than the capped and kerchiefed ornament of the domestic fireside, but it is my impression that she is far happier. She has her own affairs to occupy her mind and is not on that account less sympathetic or wise or philosophical—or any less prepared for her final departure from this earthly stage.”



DO MEN DESPISE WOMEN?

MISS CORELLI is on the war-path once more and mere man is fleeing to the woods. In the preface to her very newest book, sweet Marie asserts that the conventional attitude of man towards woman is one of contempt and maintains that “whatever woman does that is higher and more ambitious than the mere act of flinging herself down at the feet of man and allowing him to walk over her, makes her in man’s opinion unworthy of his consideration as woman.” Really, the modern Englishman must be a hopelessly caddish creature, if the half that Marie says be true. The lady novelist is especially severe on the man who marries for money and then ill-treats his lucre-providing spouse. Wouldn’t it be delightful if Bernard Shaw were to marry Miss Corelli? They could scold and “egotise” each other to death. They might even collaborate, and a Corelli-Shaw play would set the Thames and every other respectable British stream ablaze.

However, several writers are almost taking the subject of Miss Corelli’s latest remarks with seriousness. Mr. James Douglas, of M. A. P., says, plaintively: “You cannot make men respect women by Act of Parliament, for the machinery of law is too clumsy to affect the little things which are the most important things in life. The law can punish a man

for beating his wife, but it cannot compel him to treat her as an equal. If I were a woman, I should prefer to be severely thrashed every Saturday night rather than to be amiably regarded as a pampered nonentity all the rest of the week. Physical cruelty is less galling than mental cruelty, and I can conceive nothing more intolerable than the blandly indulgent tolerance of the normal husband for the normal wife.”

This is a rather melancholy paragraph—but surely English husbands cannot be so insufferable as all that! Miss Corelli and Mr. Douglas are probably dealing with the exceptions who regard a wife as a convenient door-mat. On the other hand, a woman who will submit to a beating or any other form of bullying, deserves to get it. Patient Griselda was a poor fool who must have bored exceedingly her unfortunate husband. In Canada the cad husband is rarely found. The head of a Canadian household is usually an urbane and respectful husband, who gives his wife the desired allowance and is well-fed ever after. It is all nonsense, Mr. James Douglas, about man despising woman. If he does, it is the woman’s fault. As for his disliking the clever woman, the masterful Marie is misleading. The clever woman is she who may know something of music and mathematics, but who is certain to know the moods of man and to be able to appeal to him, either by way of chicken salad or gentle sympathy. We are not by any means a down-trodden sex. Most of the time we have our own way and man meekly lets us have it. We could even have votes if we really wanted them. Dear little woman is not at all defenceless and does not need the journalists to take her part.



THE QUEEN’S COLOURS

IT is well known that, in dress material, Queen Alexandra is extremely fond of mauve or violet. But in house decoration, she has a decided preference for light and cheerful hues. Miss Constance Beerbohm, in “The King’s Housekeeping,” an article in the *Grand Magazine*, writes interestingly of this matter:

“When people are noble, they love colour,”—so said Mr. Ruskin. Well, the Queen loves colour, and those best in combination praised by Francis Bacon, who in one of his essays opines that there is nothing to compare with the mingling of white, carnation, and sea-green. At any rate, when making out a scheme for her living-rooms these are the colours to which she flies. At Windsor her boudoirs, hung with soft rose-colour and panelled with white, are a dream of prettiness. Dim and ancient Oriental embroideries are a special weakness of hers, and acquired whenever they can be got. One particularly beautiful, of crimson, covers the grand piano in the principal drawing-room at Buckingham Palace.

“The Queen is a very deft arranger of flowers, and when any State function is coming on she gives exact orders as to how the tables shall be furnished. It was a charming idea of hers at one of the Coronation banquets at Windsor to have with the wonderful gold plate, flowers chosen to enhance its beauty, all light pink and red geraniums—a daring venture, but wholly successful.”



A DISTRESSED NOVELIST

SOME years ago, “Ouida” was a popular novelist with those who are fond of melodramatic fiction, and even yet some of her sixty novels are in demand at public libraries. The announcement that the aged novelist, who is living in Italy, is in abject poverty, has aroused general sympathy and the British Government has granted her a pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. “Ouida” has indignantly declined individual cheques and is said to resent the publicity given to her poverty. Of her many books, “Under Two Flags” is probably the best known, but such short stories as “Two Little Wooden Shoes” will be long remembered.



LITTLE TOILERS

MANY years ago, Mrs. Browning’s poem, “The Cry of the Children,” aroused English humanitarians to the deplorable conditions in most of the factories where little children were allowed

—nay, forced—to work. That poem should be re-published, not only in Great Britain, but in the United States, and even in our own Canada, where boys and girls are supposed to be given every chance for both freedom and fun. In the Southern States, hundreds of little lives are crushed out every year by factory toil. A year or two of this hideous slavery stupefies the brain so that the child is practically incapable of acquiring information or even of enjoying relief from drudgery. In Nottingham, England, the pale little labourers form a host. We shudder at the monster who murders a child, but he may be merciful in comparison with the mercenary monopolist who gradually and torturingly crushes out the young life in order that he may pile his gold an inch higher.



THE WHITE PLAGUE

AMONG the stirring addresses to which the members of the National Council listened, was one delivered by Dr. Fagan, of Vancouver, in connection with the report of the committee on the prevention of tuberculosis. “Through the recent efforts in England, the death-rate from the disease has been reduced fifty per cent., and in Germany, where a similar crusade has been inaugurated, it has been brought down sixty per cent. In Ireland, where no preventive measures are taken, it has been increased fifteen per cent. The disease arises from a germ that thrives and does its deadly work under certain contributory conditions. Remove these conditions while the germ is in embryo, and the bacilli die. Consumption, someone has said, is the price we pay for a home. It was unknown to the aboriginal Indian in the forest primeval. It threatens to exterminate the present-day Indian in the filthy hovel to which he has betaken himself on the borders of civilisation. The dwelling that shuts out the sunlight and fresh air, and harbours the dust and the musty damp, is the germ’s happiest lurking place. The accident which incurs the death of several persons, institutes a speedy and limitless inquiry to prevent its recurrence. The whole history of consumption is known,

and yet less is done to hinder its ravages than to protect the city or the citizen from countless imaginary perils."

Such is the report of Dr. Fagan's remarks, to the importance of which the members of the National Council are fully alive. The work of preventing this dread disease should make an especial appeal to women. In the stress of modern business life, men have not the time to give to the details of such an undertaking, but in more than one community they have shown themselves more than willing to meet the financial demands of establishing a sanitarium. But the great and pressing need of fighting this evil has at last come home to Canadians and it will not be many years before the benefits conferred by the new movement will be apparent.



ALLEGED HAUNTED HOUSE

I MUST admit that ghost stories have an irresistible fascination for my fancy, and that I always read the most harrowing accounts I can find. The "maniac laugh" in *Jane Eyre* gave me delightful thrills, and my childish disgust was great when the perpetrator of this blood-curdling mirth turned out to be merely the crazy wife of that abominably rude *Edward Rochester*.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, who is an English poet and therefore possessed of much imagination, rented a house at Egham, in the year 1900. While his wife and family were residing in it, mysterious sounds were heard, especially during the night, and the handles of doors would turn, apparently without human agency. The result was that Mr. Phillips, on his return from abroad, preferred to pay the rent and go elsewhere. The owner of the house brought action against certain newspapers which had published the matter and was granted damages, but on appeal he lost his case.

The affair has aroused a good deal of

public interest and the poet is naturally asked to relate his spiritual experiences. This is the Twentieth Century and we have no belief in irresponsible door handles and weird noises, to say nothing of intangible spooks. But even in practical, every-day Canada there are houses which have been for a long time untenanted, all on account of an inconvenient ghost. It is curious how inhospitable we are to such a being. It takes up very little room, makes no demands upon the larder, and has never been known to keep the dinner waiting. But we do not care to have a ghost near the place. Perhaps it is its habit of coming in late to which we object. At any rate, a house which acquires the reputation of being haunted is shunned by the most matter-of-fact person, as well as by the fanciful. We don't believe in ghosts and, of course, those queer noises are made by the wind. But—it makes one nervous to think of having ghosts trotting in at all the witching hours of night and acting as if they own the place.

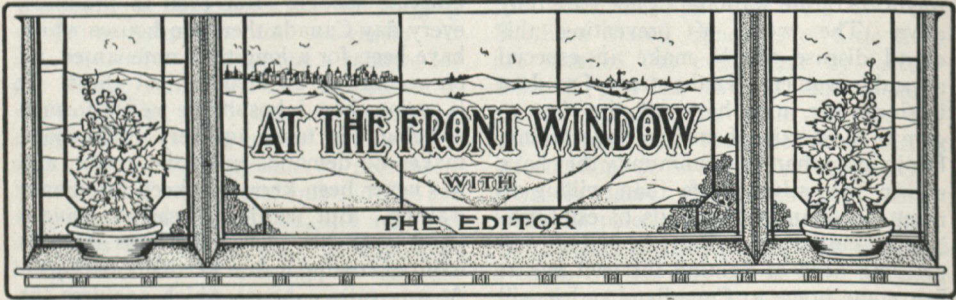


A GYPSY OF HIGH DEGREE

WHILE most of us may have known moments of longing for the gypsy life, few would dream of going so far towards the realisation of wandering joy as has Lady Grosvenor, who on May 27th started on her way by caravan through the lanes of rural Oxfordshire. To the villagers, who buy the baskets with which her van is festooned, she is only Sarah Lee, the gypsy. Lady Grosvenor and a woman friend are thus enjoying an unconventional outing, and declare that it is the true freedom—only the farmers have a horror of the caravan and refuse to give it a lodging for the night in field or meadow. There is nothing aristocratic about the van, which is of the ordinary type, painted brown, with baskets for sale hung round it, and with kettle, frying-pan and saucepan slung beneath it.

Jean Graham.





FROM the front window, as he came, he was not a marked man. Few persons, it is firmly held, would have singled him out as a poet, and yet poetry, if not his vocation, is at least his avocation. But to call him a poet would be misleading, just the same as if one were to say that a man who happens to kill a bullock is a butcher. Perhaps that comparison is too absolute. It would undoubtedly be more generous to say that he is a poet in the same respect as a young woman who takes a camera with her on a holiday is a photographer, as a little boy who fishes with a bent pin is a fisherman, or as the man who writes to his favourite newspaper about the bad smell in his neighbour's backyard is a journalist.

Nevertheless, to be true, he was a poet, for had he not written poetry, and did he not wish to submit some of it to the editor? It was not nature poetry. Almost every person who wrote at all was writing about nature—beautiful *stuff*, it was admitted, but there was too much of it. So he had chosen to write about humanity, about persons who do and have done things. He had a feeling that some day he would publish his poems in book form. First, however, he would like to see his work, some of it, in the magazines. To have his name attached to something in the magazines would break the ice, as it were—prepare the great reading public for the forthcoming book. In making that confession he was honest; and it was an honest aspiration.

He was hastily advised that a great many things intervened between an editor and a manuscript, affecting judgment, and that although the poems might all be worthy of a place in the book, but few of them might be found suitable for a magazine.

Of course, he had had no intention to impose all of them on the editor, but some of them, he thought, would be just the *thing*, particularly one that described the principal events in the life of a great Russian monarch who had saved Europe from the thralldom of Mohammedanism.

His enthusiasm was checked by the observation that doubtless the poem he had particularly in mind was too long for publication in a magazine, but he thought not. Certainly, it was as long as an average article, but no longer than *The Lady of the Lake*, or *In Memoriam*. Besides that, it was full of *action* and *go*. He seemed to see, however, that his enthusiasm was not contagious, and so he listened attentively to a few observations on the fitness of things, the while being importuned to believe that the publication of a poem in a magazine depends largely on whether it would fit in at the end of some article, taking the place of a tail-piece, or at least not exceed a page in length. He was astonished to hear that editors dread poems that stand a chance of turning over on to the next page, that to be most readily marketable a poem should be in some one of the stock sizes; that it should conform to certain rules,

just like a ready-made suit of clothes. He was told that some prose articles turn over so far that nothing longer than a quatrain could be used to fill up the rest of the page. Sometimes only couplets were available, but on the other hand, if the turnover should be short, a poem of four or five eight-line stanzas could be squeezed in. Frequently an otherwise acceptable poem had to be passed over simply because it contained perhaps only two or three lines more than could be put on one page.

But what most amazed the poet was the assertion that space was too valuable to be given over to long poems. Perhaps never before had he been invited to believe that prose should have precedence over rhyme. What were the people coming to? Had the cultivation of a taste for poetry been neglected? Were not the people as a whole more frivolous than they used to be and less inclined to patronise the higher muses? As a matter of fact, were they not becoming more and more all the time like the dogs and the cats and the swine? He was sure that the average person no longer reads verse at all, and takes no pleasure but in evanescent concoctions and induced deliriums.

The poet had drifted into a channel of genuine interest, but he was astonished to find that his audience was not in complete sympathy with him. With direct variance from his own opinion, he was told that more poetry, or verse, or whatever it might be called, was being published and read now than ever before, but the style of thought and treatment had changed. Present-day poetry, he was told, was generally simpler in treatment and lighter in theme. To most persons nowadays time was too precious to be used in a vain attempt to discover the meaning of a verse like this:

I looked unto the Plutonian shore, and more,
 Unto the world's gray mists looked I;
 Then in the purple store of mystic lore
 I heard Death's awful mortal cry.

It was urged that rather would they read a quatrain like the following, written by Owen E. McGillicuddy, a Canadian writer, and published in Appleton's Magazine:

TRIUMPH

The race is won! As victor I am hailed
 With deafening cheers from eager throats
 and yet—
 More glad the victory, could I forget
 The strained, white faces of the ones that
 failed.

It was observed that in those four lines Mr. McGillicuddy has almost epitomised the spirit of the time, that the stanza is full of significance, and is suggestive enough to start a person on a long line of serious thought. An endeavour was also made to score a point with the fact that the meaning is not elusive.

Still the poet was not convinced that the standard of humanity is not lower than it was fifty years ago. He had found that the theatres where singing and dancing prevail are now the ones that attract the crowds, while in literature the masses are looking for froth and frivolity. He could scarcely be persuaded to believe that serious, *legitimate* drama is more patronised than ever just now and that a genuine revival of Shakespearean productions is afoot. He rather believed that the *times are out of joint*, and that a ban had been placed on serious literary effort. So he came back like a true patriot to his long poem about the saving of Europe from Mohammedanism, feeling sure that, after all, it was the *thing*. As a parting salute he was advised to consider the fitness of things, particularly the length.



STUNTED POSSIBILITIES

IT was my fortune during the trout season to take tea with a farmer and his family in what easily might have been a most delightful home, having all the advantages of picturesque location and romantic environment. Wonder, and even amazement, was aroused by the lack of appreciation that was apparent on all sides. It was an old house, constructed of logs, but all had been done that could well be done with plaster and whitewash to remove the quaint attractiveness of the material. This home might have been peculiarly inviting, for nature had already supplied many advantages. The ground sloped charmingly behind, about two hundred feet, to a verdant valley,

through which meandered in riotous irregularity a brook of clear, spring water. Hard by stood a wood of enticing coolness, where violets grew, as I saw them, in unusual profusion—long-stemmed and large of head, with violet as the colour on one hand, and buttercup yellow on the other hand, although to class the latter as “violets” is really making use of a misnomer.

But instead of profiting by so alluring a setting, the good people who lived there actually strove against nature in the misjudgment that a touch of garishness here and a hint of *up-to-dateness* there would not permit of so otherwise glaring an indication that everything about the place was not so modern as the habitations of the neighbours. And in the hope, therefore, of appeasing the demands of a utilitarian age with the application of some plaster, some whitewash, a few boards and a small amount of paint, the picturesque possibilities of the place were sacrificed, while the attempt to modify the case failed lamentably.

Doubtless this instance of failure to properly appreciate an opportunity was largely the outcome of training or association, the occupants having unconsciously obtained a false conception of the fitness of things. And yet that false conception is more often to be met with than the true. It is difficult to say just why that is so. We are not all, or even the most of us, naturally inartistic, or indifferent to good arrangement, but it would seem almost true that the common desire is to astonish rather than to please. A piano, without consideration of the harmony of its setting, is generally regarded as a more desirable piece of furniture than other things that might cost much less and yet that might be in keeping with the surroundings. In many instances the piano in a room is always a glaringly false note, and in most instances it defeats its own end. The piano is bought oftentimes to serve the purpose of an ornament, to be an evidence of prosperity, or to observe a practice that has every chance of reaching the dignity of a custom. Music is really the last point considered, with, of course, outstanding exceptions. But when a piano is practically not used at all to

produce music, when it is impossible to make it harmonise with its surroundings, why should it be wanted in the house at all? It should not be wanted; but it is wanted, because of that false conception of the fitness of things.

If memory serves me well, there was no piano in the house where I drank tea, but even that omission was not a redeeming feature. There was so general a lack of evidence of artistic sense that it was almost impossible not to take advantage of excellent hospitality and wonder why. The reason was discovered sooner than expected. The table was being set in the living room, when the farmer's daughter, perhaps ten years of age, took a dish of violets that she had gathered in the wood and placed it in the centre of the table. The mother immediately upbraided the child and *guessed* that they could eat the meal without having to put “those things” on the table. At first the little girl displayed an inclination to disrespect the mother's opinion, but soon she was ordered to take the flowers away.

That mother's one act did more to dull the child's appreciation of the fitness of things than much care and cultivation could ever afterwards offset. The dulling of the senses to which that girl was then being subjected had perhaps been the unconscious experience of generations. And it was the key to the whole situation.



STAFF WRITERS ARE BEST

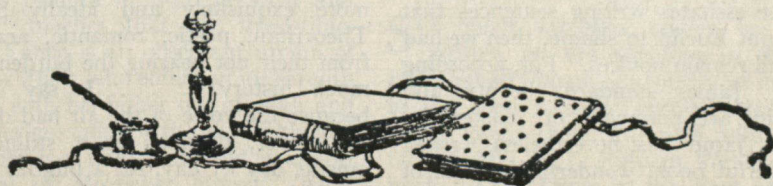
IT is gratifying to see groups of British newspaper writers still coming to Canada to observe at first hand conditions that prevail here and to sound the country's worth as a place for emigration. Lately a group of writers attached to metropolitan publications went through to the west over the Canadian Pacific Railway, and another group, composed of writers for English and Scotch provincial newspapers, by the courtesy of the Grand Trunk Railway, visited the most important points in Ontario, and afterwards left by the C.P.R. for the western wheat-fields. It is perhaps from the latter group that Canadians can expect the most result, for where writers are known, at least by repu-

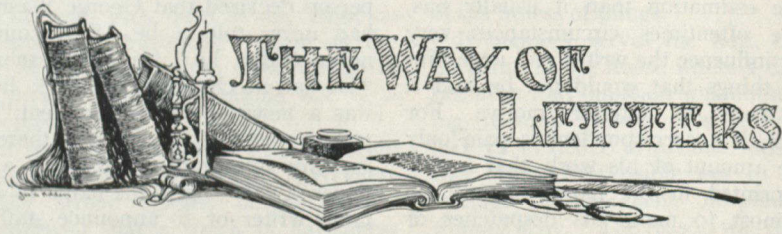
tation, to many of their readers the influence that they exert is more direct and more lasting than the ordinary newspaper article. The source of an article should have more importance in the average estimation than it usually has, because oftentimes circumstances very greatly influence the writer and urge him to say things that would not be said if there were no ulterior motive. For instance, if a correspondent is paid only for the amount of his work that is actually printed in the paper, he will do his utmost to make his despatches or letters so unusual or "newsy" that the news editor would scarcely feel like giving them to the waste-basket. If, for instance, forest fires happened to be raging in the ordinary way, but near Toronto or Montreal, a "space" correspondent could scarcely get more than a few lines in a New York paper, and it is doubtful that he would get even one line in. But if the correspondent possessed imagination he could write, say, half a column, mentioning that ashes were falling in the streets of the city, that thousands of dollars' worth of millinery had been ruined, that wild deer and moose ran frantic through the streets, some being run over by street cars, as a result of which citizens struggled violently for slices of venison. A story of that kind could be elaborated in very many ways, and it is being done every day. Of course it would be absurd to say that all space writers resort to that practice, but the temptation is there nevertheless. The importance, therefore, of staff correspondents who write on salary can be readily appreciated. But even the salaried man is frequently at the mercy of flights of imagination, because it is not possible at all times to observe for oneself or to obtain authentic information. But

the "story" *must* be sent, so the correspondent puts two and two together and takes chances. Some times the chances are rather long. One is here reminded of Mark Twain's remark when some person declared that George Washington had never told a lie. "Of course, he never told a lie," said the famous wit. "He had no chance to tell a lie: he never was a newspaper correspondent."

The source of an article is therefore of supreme importance, and when a newspaper is able to give the name of a reputable writer or to announce staff correspondence, the article may generally be regarded as authentic. The value, therefore, of writers attached to provincial British newspapers coming to Canada and telling their own experiences is not likely to be over-estimated.

The Government is doing a good work in inviting writers of this kind to come to Canada, and the railway companies deserve commendation for the unstinting manner in which they invariably rise to the occasion and exert themselves in order that visiting newspaper men may see the best things to be seen. The service that a stranger receives on a railway usually leaves a lasting impression, but it is safe to say that if every person with whom the visiting journalists come into contact would treat them as well as the railway companies do there would be no doubt about a favourable impression being made upon them. The mere fact that between Brockville and Kingston a run of more than fifty miles on the Grand Trunk Railway was made in considerably less than a mile a minute greatly astonished the group of journalists who were aboard, and that incident of itself will furnish them with something to boast about.





HENRY JAMES' ELUSIVENESS

PERHAPS the surest remark that can be made regarding Henry James' latest book, "The American Scene" (New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, \$3.00), is that it is extremely elusive. The claim for the author that he is the greatest living master of English is not strengthened by it. The book, it must be admitted, is a difficult one to appreciate, but that very difficulty will undoubtedly prevent it from attaining the distinction that it otherwise might attain. Mr. James, an American by birth, has lived for about a quarter of a century in England, where he has attained an excellent reputation as a man of letters. Recently he revisited the scenes of his youth, and the book he has just produced is supposed to be a reflection of the impressions he received, with an abundant supply of observations concerning them. Most of the reviews own to the uncertainty with respect to the real purport of the book, and some go so far as to say that the author has actually set out a puzzle for himself. To say that he is a master of English, according to the display he has made in "The American Scene," is, after all, perhaps only too true. But if mastership produces elusiveness, if its acquirement necessitates writing sentences that would put Euclid to shame, then we had better all remain novices. For, according to the James standard, beauty and simplicity are antonyms of mastership. But Mr. James has, nevertheless, written a wonderful book, wonderful because of the real wonder that it imparts; wonderful

because of the fact that a human being cared to produce so elaborate a thing, when there was apparently no reason for elaboration, and finally wonderful that so many will care to labour through it in search of the pure gold. Imagine an extremely intricate, elaborate, ponderous, expensive bicycle, very difficult to put together, and more difficult to propel. It requires much skill and study before it can be managed, and even then its speed is no greater than an ordinary bicycle, while the exertion in propelling it is much greater. Is a machine like that more desirable than the ordinary kind? The comparison is applicable in the case of "The American Scene." Here are a few of Mr. James' sentences, which almost defy the average understanding. (He is writing about New England):

"Why, in default of other elements of the higher finish, did all the woodwalks and nestled nooks and shallow, carpeted dells, why did most of the larger views themselves, the outlooks to purple crag and blue horizon, insist on referring themselves to the idyllic *type* in its purity?—as if the higher finish, even at the hand of nature, were in some sort a perversion, and hillsides and rocky eminences and wild orchards, in short any common, sequestered spot, could strike one as the more exquisitely and ideally Sicilian, Theocritan, poetic, romantic, academic, from their not bearing the burden of too much history. . . . I say 'silent' because the voice of the air had dropped as forever, dropped to a stillness exquisite, day by day, for a pilgrim from a land of stertorous breathing, one of the

windiest corners of the world, the leaves of the forest turned, one by one, to crimson and to gold, but never broke off: all to the enhancement of this strange, conscious hush of the landscape, which kept one in presence as of a world created, a stage set, a sort of ample capacity constituted, for—well, for things that wouldn't, after all, happen: more the pity for them, and for me, and for you." What a sympathetic ear a book of this kind would have found in Emerson and Browning! But how Emerson and Browning would have envied its maker!



CLOSE ON THE HEELS OF DICKENS

TO say that Dickens has at last been equalled in his own field would be merely a temptation to scepticism, and so it is perhaps safer to say that in "Joseph Vance" (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25) William De Morgan has produced a work of human interest that comes joyously close upon the heels of the great master of that department of English literature. Lovers of Dickens would perhaps not admit that "Joseph Vance" contains the magnificent contrasts that distinguish "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," and "The Christmas Carol," but many who simply admire Dickens would readily agree that De Morgan excels the master in spontaneity of humour and naiveness of expression. "Joseph Vance" is easily a long leader in current fiction, and it seems fair to say that it just missed being great. It has the misfortune to decline in strength and the power of conviction as the reader approaches the end, but withal it has sustaining interest. As it is a story of disappointed love, many readers will feel regret on that score; but, after all, there are enough laughs at the outset to prepare for the tears and sacrifice that follow. The book is written in the form of an autobiography, and it is brimful of little personal and "family" touches that are irresistible. "Joey" Vance is an observant urchin of Chepstow Flats, who enters on his seventh birthday with his father out of work and his mother gossiping with the neighbours. The father is a fine study, and is almost the equal of Micawber himself. As a

result of a farcical expedition, Joey is introduced into the household of a charitable old scientist, who has a daughter named Lossie, a few years older than the urchin. Between Joey and Lossie a mutual affection is aroused, but it is the affection of a lover on one side and the affection of motherly instinct on the other side. Thus in time we see the girl marry a distinguished gentleman, like many girls are induced to do, while her youthful lover grieves in silence. There is also Joey's great sacrifice, by which he saves Lossie from the heartache that knowledge of her beloved brother's sin would have caused. "Joseph Vance" is a book that fascinates and convinces. In the great field of fiction it is one volume that should not be overlooked. The author, Mr. De Morgan is fifty-seven years old, and the fact that this is his first venture, has caused endless comment.



RALEIGH ON SHAKESPEARE

ONE of the most valuable contributions to the *English Men of Letters* series is "Shakespeare," by Walter Raleigh, Fellow of Magdalen College, and Professor of English literature in the University of Oxford (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, 75 cents). The book is very comprehensive and thoroughly appreciative. It does not waste valuable time in vain speculations regarding the identity of the author of the works credited to Shakespeare, but rather deals with the works themselves, the circumstances in which they were written, and also with what is known about the author. The chapters are arranged as follows: "Shakespeare," "Stratford and London," "Books and Poetry," "The Theatre," "Story and Character," "The Last Phase."



A STUDY OF THE FAR EAST

SO much valueless matter has been written on the situation in the far East that all who take an intelligent interest in the great national problems that are being solved there will read with satisfaction Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale's new book "The Truce in the East and its

Aftermath" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$3.50 net). Mr. Weale is regarded as an expert on questions in that part of Asia, and as he has been on the spot and had excellent opportunities for enlarging his knowledge of the situation, his book may be accepted as authoritative. The work contains a comprehensive survey of the situation in China, Japan, Corea, and Manchuria, and it has the added merit of being written in an interesting and entertaining style. Mr. Weale knew the East well before the Russia-Japan War, but he followed the war closely and has been an incessant traveller in that part of the world ever since. The publishers have added to the value of the work by reproducing a number of important photographs and a good coloured map.



LECTURES ON PUBLIC MORALITY

PRESIDENT ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, of Yale University, delivered, during 1906, the Kennedy lectures in the School of Philanthropy, conducted by the Charity Organisation Society of New York. The lectures were recently collected and published in a volume entitled "Standards of Public Morality" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1). The chapters are as follows: "The Formation of Public Opinion," "The Ethics of Trade," "The Ethics of Corporate Management," "The Workings of our Political Machinery," "The Political Duties of the Citizen." A perusal of these chapters affords an excellent insight into American political practices.



QUIET TALKS ON PERSONAL PROBLEMS

AFTER all there is no subject which attracts the attention of so many readers as practical Christianity. Several years ago the religious stories from the pen of Rev. Charles Sheldon, such books, for instance, as "In His Steps," reached an enormous sale. A religious writer in the same class as the Topeka preacher is the Rev. S. D. Gordon, whose first popular work entitled "Quiet Talks on Power," and its successors, "Quiet Talks on

Prayer" and "Quiet Talks About Jesus," have already reached the amazing circulation of 200,000 copies. Such a popularity is a constant incentive to this author to indulge in more quiet talks. This time his title is "Quiet Talks on Personal Problems" (Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75c. net), and this collection of addresses will no doubt enjoy a very large sale.



LOVE IN A GONDOLA

IT is generally conceded that it is a pretty prosaic person that cannot respond in some way, at least, to the romantic environment of a seat in a Venetian gondola. Lucas Cleeve has taken advantage of the fascination that attaches to this picturesque means of locomotion, and has written a love story entitled, "Seven Nights in a Gondola," which is one of the latest additions to the colonial series of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, London. The action of the story is not actually confined to the seven nights upon the canals of Venice, but it is in that romantic atmosphere and during seven successive nights that the love-making takes place. A man and woman discover a natural attraction towards each other, but the man supposes that the woman is married. Nevertheless he gives way to the allurements and accompanies her night after night in a gondola, making love the while, with an ever-present conviction that it is wrong to do so and that it must be stopped forthwith. However, at the end of the seventh night he discovers that the woman is not married at all and that they are free to shape events to suit themselves. The story is not distinguished by depth of thought or absorbing interest.



A GREAT EVANGELIST

"DR. BAEDEKER and His Apostolic Work in Russia," is the title of an extremely interesting biography by R. S. Latimer (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25). It should be particularly interesting to preachers of the Gospel, because, in the language of his biographer, Dr. Baedeker is described as "unquestionably one of the greatest evangelical preachers

of this or any age." The scope of his work may be imagined in reading the paragraph of the first chapter, which is entitled, "His Mission and His Parish":

"From the banks of the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of which he was born, to the last desperate penal settlement of Saghalien, beyond the Gulf of Tartary, in farthest Asia; and from the princely homes of devout nobles in Stockholm, to the rough and bare settlements of Stundist exiles in the Caucasus at the foot of Mount Ararat, lived this apostle of two continents."



KEATS IN A NEW DRESS

THE work of few poets is more studied to-day than that of Keats, new editions of whose poetry are being issued by various publishers. Among these is a splendid volume containing the complete poetical works of Keats, with an introduction and textual notes by H. Buxton Forman, C.B. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1). It is interesting to note that in this edition sixteen lines of *The Eve of St. Mark*, found by Mr. Forman in a Keats scrap-book, and reprinted in the introduction, have never appeared in any other edition. The volume is printed in magazine type on good paper, and contains copious notes. In the frontispiece there is an excellent reproduction of a drawing of Keats by Joseph Severn.



NOTES

—"Practical Health" is the title of a volume by Leander Edmund Whipple (New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Company. Cloth, \$1.50). The work is a presentation in a practical form for every-day use of the principles and ideas contained in "The Philosophy of Mental Healing," which was published in 1893. The book purports to show the effect that the mind has on cases of sickness either for good or for bad.

—"Shakespeare, England's Ulysses, the Masque of Love's Labours Won or the Enacted Will," is the title of a peculiarly contrived drama by Latham Davis (New York: G. E. Stechert and Company). It is taken from the sonnets of 1609, and

there is argument to show that Shakespeare was merely a pen-name of the dashing Robert Devereaux, second Earl of Essex.

—"Stray Shots from Solomon," by S. Davidson, which has been a feature of a well-known trade journal, have appeared in book form (Toronto: The James Acton Publishing Company). The "Stray Shots" are addressed to business men especially, and they give in a clever way a modern and practical interpretation of the thought of the wise old king.

—Lewis Ransom Fiske, LL.D., is the author of a new edition of "Manbuilding," which is published by the Science Press, Chicago. It is written by a graduate of the literary school of the late Samuel Smiles, though the present author has not acquired the anecdotal distinction of that master. Young persons of a certain order may derive benefit from the excellent platitudes of which it consists and the delicate obviousness of the morals. It treats of psychology, physiology, and sociology, furnishing such definitions as "consciousness is a state of awareness," "imagination, in general terms, is the power of imagining," and is unlikely to overtax the youthful intellect.

—"The Thompson Country," is the title of a neat little volume by Mark S. Wade, M.D. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1 net). It is a history of southern British Columbia, particularly of the city of Kamloops. The chapters are as follows: "Aboriginal Times," "The Coming of the White Man," "Superstition and Tragedy," "The Reign of John Todd," "A New Outlet," "Dawn of a New Era," "The Search for Gold," "The Coming of the Railway," "From Fort to City."

—"Writing for the Press," is the title of a comprehensive volume written by Robert Luce (Boston: The Clipping Bureau Press. Cloth, 60 cents). Its purpose is to tell reporters, correspondents and all literary workers how to prepare "copy" and make it presentable both to the editor as well as the printer. Besides that, it contains many excellent lessons in grammar, composition, choice of words, formation of sentences, paragraphing. It is a volume to be recommended to all persons who write or wish to write for publication.

What Others Are Laughing at

MARY'S WARNING

OUR hearts are sad, our faces grave,
 We bear a common sorrow;
 We do not heed our work to-day,
 We're thinking of the morrow.
 We sit in listless attitudes,
 To hide our grief we're scorning;
 Come weal, come woe, what do we care
 For Mary's given warning.

But yesterday we played and sang,
 The whole house rang with laughter;
 We did not note the gathering gloom
 That's clouded our hereafter.
 We heeded not, poor blinded fools,



"Whatever are you doing to your new dolly, Marjorie?"
 "Cutting her hair like Pa's—with a little hole on the top."—*The Royal.*

Till mother in the morning
 Announced to all the dining-room
 That Mary's given warning.

But now the blow has fallen, we
 Our conversation flavour
 With various remarks upon
 Her ominous behaviour.
 Her sullen looks, those ill-washed plates,
 Her slowness in the morning—
 How could we be surprised to hear
 That Mary's given warning?

Now for a month the front door bell
 Will shake in agitation;
 Young persons will be coming for
 The vacant situation.
 And so we sit in attitudes,
 All occupations scorning,
 Since we all heard at breakfast time
 That Mary's given warning.

—*The Royal.*



COULD NOT KEEP THE PEACE

CASEY and Flannigan, who had not seen each other for two days, met in the bar of the Green Dragon the other evening.

"I hear it's moighty foine sport yez been havin' down your court, Casey," remarked Flannigan.

"Sport, is it?" chuckled Casey. "Bedad, an' we have had all that. The foineest foight yez ever saw! Tin of us hauled up before his worshup, an' Pat Branagan foined for contimpt av court."

"An' phwat was that for, Casey?"

"Well, Pat it was that bit half Mürphy's

ear off, so when his worshup was tellin' us we would all be bound over to kape the peace Patsy burst out laughin' an' said he couldn't. Thin his worshup got vexed an' said to Patsy, severe loike, 'Me man, why can't you promise to kape the peace?'

"An' phwat did Branagan say to that?"

"He said: 'Sure, your worshup, I can't kape the piece—it fell to the flure, and Murphy's dog swallowed it!'"

—*The Kazooster.*



THE BARTENDER'S STORY

"A COUPLE of fellows came in here the other night," said Wiggie, the bartender, to the bunch who were sitting round the stove, "and one of 'em said gimme a glass of whiskey. I gave him a drink and he asks his friend to have something. Then he looks at his drink and says to me: 'What's that?' I says, whiskey. 'Excuse me,' says he, 'but I'm a little absent-minded—change it and give me a drink of rum.' I gives him rum and he kind of smells it and says to me: 'I'm awful sorry, but I meant to say gin.' I could see that he was a little off, so I changes his drink again and gives him gin. He up and drinks the gin and starts talking to his pal, so I says: 'Here, mister, you didn't pay me for that gin.' 'I know I didn't, says he, 'I gave you the rum for it.' 'Well,' says I, 'you never paid me for the rum.' 'I gave you the whiskey for it,' says he. 'But you never paid me for the whiskey,' says I, gettin' mad. 'I didn't drink it,' says he, 'and what I don't drink I don't pay for.' Well, I didn't get mad—I thought it was a good joke and I told him so. Then I told him I would give him five dollars if he would go over and work it on Tim Hurler that keeps the hotel. He says why he just gave me five dollars to come over here and work it on you."—*The Kazooster.*



PRESSED FOR TIME

—*The Kazooster.*

STRANGER THAN FICTION

"You'll have to take off that mask," ordered the policeman, as he stopped the motor car. "It's frightening everyone who sees it."

"But I'm not wearing one!" exclaimed the man in the motor.—*Selected.*



HIS LAST CONVERSION

He went into a heathen land,
Of converts made a few,
And then the rest converted him—
Into a tasty stew.

—*Fred. Buckley, in The Royal.*



THE CHAUFFEUR

THE chauffeur is a flying animal new to our fauna. Its original habitat is France, but it is hardy, adapts itself to all climates, and multiplies rapidly, so that it now abounds in most parts of the world.

Its habits are as yet undetermined. It flies by night as well as by day, low toward the ground. It does not hibernate,



"The heroine flew from the room"

—*The Street.*

strictly speaking, although it shows some preference for warm regions.

Its reason for killing its prey is still in question. It does not feed upon its prey, but since increase of speed in flight accompanies each death some have supposed that the chauffeur draws vigour in some way from the victims.

The creature is difficult of capture and languishes in confinement, hence owners of rare specimens pay largely to protect them from the perils of capture.

No nest has yet been found nor any immature specimens. The chauffeur first appears full-grown, and may be taken in his haunt, the garage, about which they settle in flocks.—*The Naturalist.*



HOW JOSIAH FORESTALLED FATE

JOSIAH QUINCY, Assistant Secretary of State under Cleveland, was famed for the energy he showed in getting jobs for his constituents.

One day a labourer in the employ of the Department of the Interior was drowned while bathing in the Potomac. A Congressman who happened to be near when

the body was taken from the water, hearing that the dead man worked for the Government, rushed off to the Department of the Interior to secure the job for one of his followers.

When he reached the Department, however, Hoke Smith, who was Secretary of the Interior, told him that the position had already been filled.

"Filled!" cried the Congressman. "Why, the man hasn't been dead half an hour."

"I know that," replied Smith; "but Josiah Quincy heard the man was going in bathing, so he put in an application for the job by telephone."

—*Saturday Evening Post.*



A NATURAL DEATH

AN English tourist travelling in the north of Scotland, far away from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor." "Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've just to dee a natural death!"—*Argonaut.*



BREAKING THE SABBATH

THE late W. E. Gladstone was not a figure who suggested humour—unless it was to his great rival, Disraeli, who once described him as "a sophisticated rhetorician, intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity"—but there was humour in his comment when his house in Harley Street was attacked one Sunday by thousands of workingmen, who were only driven off by a double line of mounted police. Gladstone gazed upon the *débris* of his hall and then remarked wearily that "the mob has broken the Sabbath."—*Bellman.*



A MISUSED FIGURE OF SPEECH

From a Novel—"He called his son an immoderate spendthrift, and did not fail, as he had done before, to cast his recently purchased automobile, a hundred-horsepower touring machine, in his teeth."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

BOVRIL

is beef - nothing but beef, and it contains the whole of the valuable properties of beef. A cup of Bovril may be taken with advantage at any time. Iced Bovril is refreshing and highly nutritious.

A small quantity of Bovril added to Stews, Hashes, etc., greatly improves the flavour of the dish and adds very materially to its nutritive value.

Bovril contains a large percentage of those elements in beef which go to form Blood, Bone and Brain; it is therefore a particularly useful food for growing children, especially as it is always relished.

The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



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Labatt's

(LONDON)

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60c. Per Pound

Mail orders promptly and carefully filled.

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of Washing and Cleaning Perfectly—
Easily—in Hot or Cold, Hard or Soft
water Without the aid of other Soap—
Soda—Borax or Naphtha.

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It Washes Without Rubbing—Simply
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Easy, Quick and Thorough Rinsing is
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Harmless to the Skin and Delicate Fabrics
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with the Work and the Worst Wear
your Clothes receive.



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Rosy Children

Like Grape-Nuts and Cream.

A child's taste is often a reliable guide to palatable and nutritious food, and it is worth one's while to observe how the little folk take to Grape-Nuts, the famous breakfast food.

They eat it freely with cream, for it has the peculiar, mild but satisfying sweet of grape-sugar, and the natural taste of a child often intuitively recognizes a food that will agree with and richly nourish the system.

“There's a Reason” for

Grape-Nuts

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

WHERE
SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
 ARE
 MADE



A Remarkable Group of Buildings

☐ In its industrial life Montreal is growing fast, and keeping pace with the rest of the Dominion. The illustration shows a group of buildings recently completed, where manufacturing operations are now in full swing on a larger scale than ever before.

☐ These new buildings are remarkable from an architectural point of view, because they are the finest of their kind in Canada. Constructed entirely of reinforced concrete their solidity and strength is evident even to the casual observer, and they are a striking example of this modern method of construction.

☐ Another remarkable fact is that these buildings form the largest tobacco factory in Canada. Their erection on this extensive scale was rendered necessary by the immense demand for **SWEET CAPORAL** Cigarettes, which are now made there.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



The New
Nicked Box
Hinged Cover

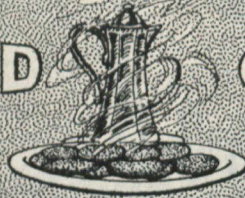
There is a peculiar quality in the lather of Williams' Shaving Soaps, a peculiar softness and creaminess, a soothing, refreshing effect upon the face found in no other soaps. That's one of the reasons why those who try other kinds almost invariably come back to Williams' Shaving Stick. Our new, handsome, heavily nicked hinged cover box is an added attraction to Williams' Shaving Stick.

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Williams' Shaving Stick can also be had in the leatherette-covered metal box, as formerly.

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MAKES LIFE EASY

The simple life in your country cottage or camp will be simpler and more enjoyable still, if you have a supply of "CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP.

"Crown Brand" Syrup, the new table delicacy, simplifies the making of delicious meals. Its delightful flavor improves everything with which it is eaten—Cereals, Puddings, Biscuits, Cookies, etc.

For convenience, cleanliness and purity it is put up in 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. and 20-lb. air-tight tins, with lift-off lids.

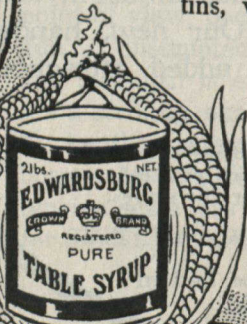
Order a supply from your dealer.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd.

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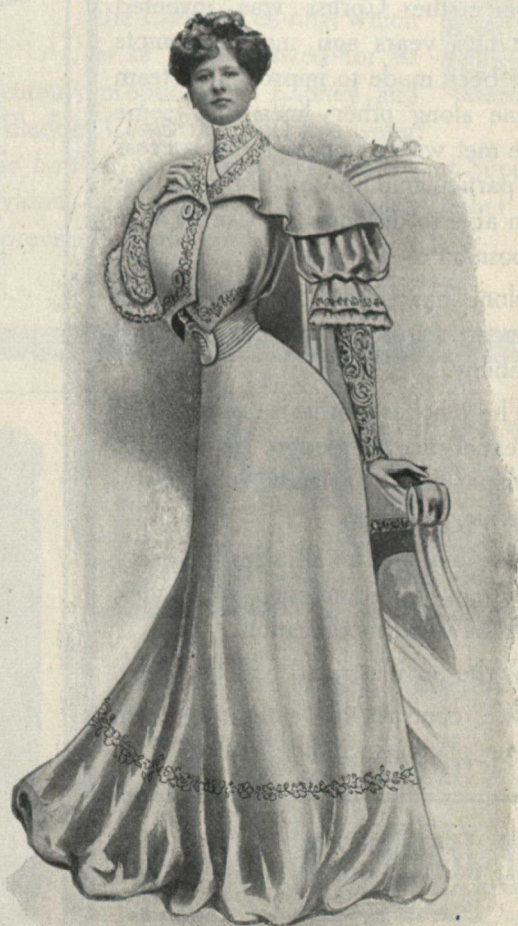
"HUGUENOT" CLOTH

PRIESTLEY'S unrivalled dyeing and finishing have produced a cloth sure of immediate appeal to the present day's demand.

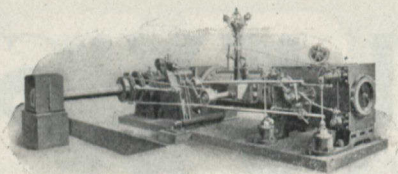
"HUGUENOT" Cloth contains all the durability and close texture of the old-time serge, with the soft, rich, draping qualities of a French cashmere.

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IN HOT WEATHER

AT THE BEST SHOPS



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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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CÉLESTINS.**

THERE is only one
Genuine "VICHY"
Water. It comes from
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is so highly prized for its
curative-properties in Kidney and
Bladder Complaints that the water
is bottled under French Government Super-
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ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS



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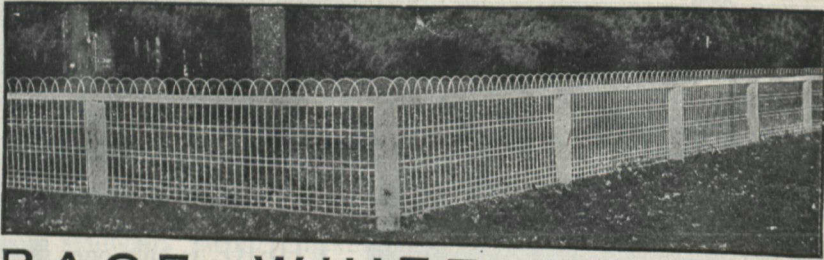
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Our book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," tells you how to plan and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject. FREE for six cents postage and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "GREEN and GOLD" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all our nickled brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

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PURITY FLOUR is made from the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat, rich in Gluten, the essential part of the wheat berry.

Some wheat contains twice as much gluten as others. Flour made from wheat rich in Gluten will make much more bread and much better bread. It's the high quality of the wheat, and the modern process of milling that gives **PURITY FLOUR** its superiority. It never varies. Try it next time you Bake.



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The critical eye of the business manager never fails to note the rustle of quality of a letter when written upon good stationery.

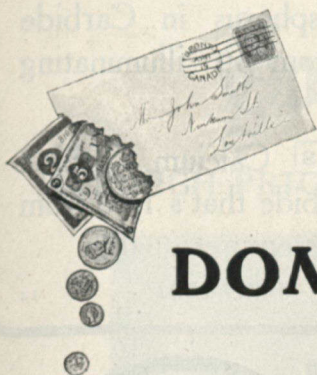
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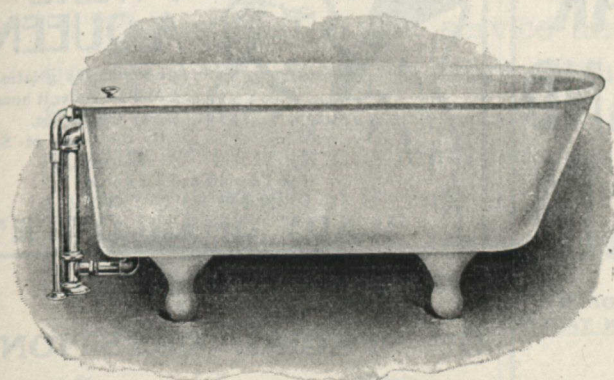
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for the bathroom, the kitchen or the laundry is within moderate means and saves in doctors' bills more than the expense of the whole outfit.

Durable, white and smooth, "STANDARD IDEAL" WARE will not only adorn the home but transform it from a dwelling place into an abode of comfort and happiness.

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in the making of ordinary coffee. Sometimes it's made too early—more often it's made too late. Sometimes there's too little of it—more often there's too much. These slips don't happen when using

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Ask for it at your Store.
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THE STANDARD OF EPIUREAN TASTE

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IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
 And I'd order it home
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 By the Cross of St.
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 But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
 Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

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This special expert service and consequent perfection of every detail in work distinguishes the Gourlay from all other pianos—accounts for their rich Grand-quality of tone and a touch sympathetic and responsive to every demand of the player. It further provides added durability ensuring to the user a lifetime of complete and enthusiastic satisfaction.

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Thus two dealers will sell the SAME job-lot machines under different names and at different prices

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ALSO
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The COUNTESS SHOE is the result of our determination to rival the best American shoes for women and save our customers the duty. We ask you to examine our production and tell us your candid opinion.

The COUNTESS is to sell at

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It embodies the best ideas in shoe-making current at the present time.

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A score of styles picked from over 100 different successful models from the United States, Canada and elsewhere. Made in the popular sizes and widths. Our own shoe, and we think it will do us credit.



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Confections are

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Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03



MOTHERS

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU

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Price 25c. and 50c.

At all first-class dry-goods stores



MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

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C. Turnbull Co.
Limited

TRADE MARK GALT - CANADA

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Such an extra large ash pan is provided with the Pandora that it will contain more ashes than will accumulate in one day.

All the ashes are in the pan, too, because they are guided there by flanges attached to either end of the fire-pot.

Easiest, cleanest, quickest, is the Pandora way.

With the scraper and pan provided with every Pandora it's merely a matter of a minute or so to clean out the dirt in the Pandora flues.

Less dirt accumulates in Pandora flues than in ordinary flues, because they are wider and deeper, with no bolts, projections or crevices to catch the dirt, consequently you need not clean them out so often.


Saves a lot of labor, does the Pandora.

If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora write direct for Free Booklet.




McClary's

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Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Hamilton

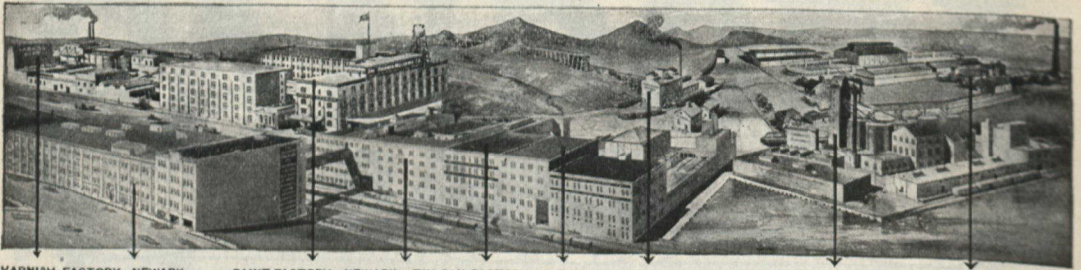


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MASON & RISCH
PIANO COMPANY
EXTEND A CORDIAL
INVITATION TO ALL
VISITORS TO THE FAIR
TO EXAMINE THEIR
INSTRUMENTS EITHER
AT THE EXHIBITION
GROUNDS -- OR AT
THE WAREROOMS 32
KING STREET WEST
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MANUFACTURING FACILITIES

In the groups on these pages, 24 distinctive factories are represented, in plants located in eight cities.



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 ADMINISTRATION OFFICES, CLEVELAND PAINT FACTORY, CLEVELAND VARNISH FACTORY, CLEVELAND ZINC SMELTER, COFFEEVILLE
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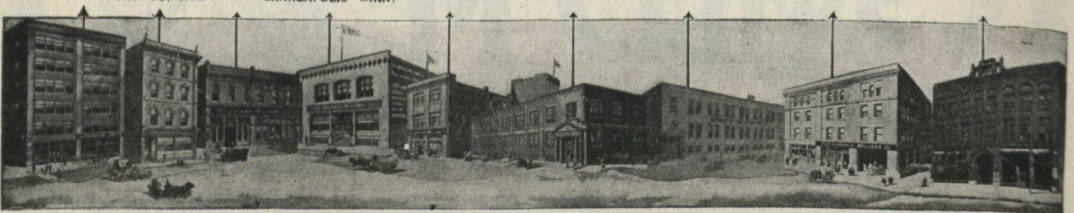
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

A GREAT INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRY

In every line of business there is always one largest, one best—and ONLY one. Some businesses become the largest without becoming the best. They are built on price. Quality is sacrificed to volume. The illustrations shown here represent the manufacturing and distributing facilities of the largest paint and varnish concern in the world. The success of this business is due to the merit of the products produced. Our unusual facilities, embrac-

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 TORONTO, CAN. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

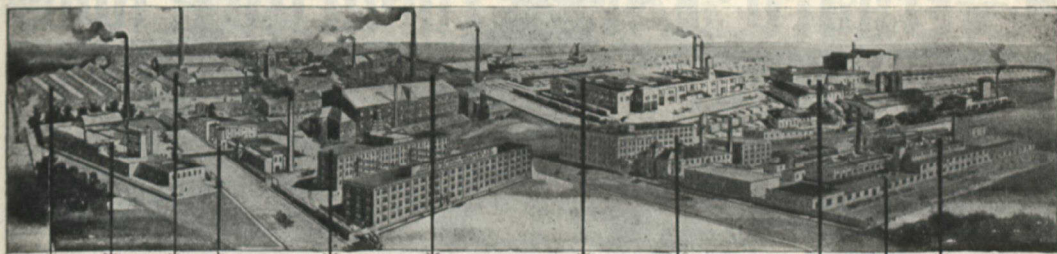


DISTRIBUTING FACILITIES

In addition to the offices and warehouses shown on these pages, we have sales offices located in the office districts of New York City, Chicago, and London, England. At our manufacturing plants in Cleveland, Chicago, Newark, Montreal and London, we have our largest sales offices and warehouses. Adding these to the pictures shown, makes a total of 25 sales offices and warehouses.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

All of the manufacturing plants shown on these pages are owned, operated and occupied exclusively by The Sherwin-Williams Company



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 VARNISH FACTORY, MONTREAL VARNISH FACTORY, LONDON PAINT FACTORY, CHICAGO DRY COLOR WORKS, CHICAGO
 PAINT FACTORY, LONDON LINED OIL FACTORY, MONTREAL VARNISH FACTORY, CHICAGO

PAINTS & VARNISHES

ing the control of most of our important raw materials, have been a great factor in building up and controlling **QUALITY**. That is why we show them here. Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes are made in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. They are sold all over the world. We believe we are stating the truth when we say they are the standard of excellence.

Everyone who believes quality is the most important thing about a surface treatment should write for our booklet, "Who Makes the Best Paints and Varnishes?"



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LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD

FACTORIES: CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, NEWARK, MONTREAL, LONDON, ENG.

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ALL SURFACES & PURPOSES

PHILADELPHIA BUFFALO KANSAS CITY BOSTON LOS ANGELES SAN DIEGO SAVANNAH, GA. DALLAS, TEXAS



THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

We occupy the entire space of all buildings shown on these pages, except in Buffalo, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Diego, Seattle, Portland, Omaha and Cincinnati, where we occupy only from one to three floors.

Gerhard Heintzman Ltd Pianos



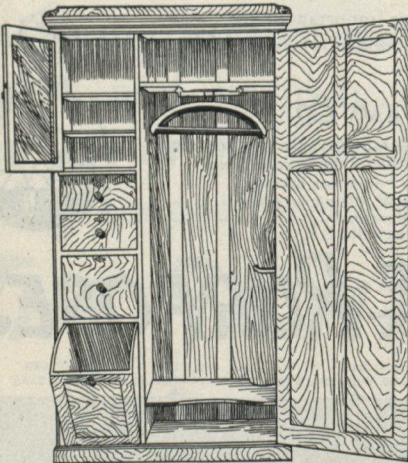
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"GERHARD HEINTZMAN"

In a progressive record of nearly 50 years it has reached the zenith of artistic excellence
 Inspect our display of pianos and piano-players at the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto

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ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

WEIR PATENT HOUSE WARDROBE COMBINATION



Showing interior of Wardrobe Combination
 No. 2.

The above is one of 20 different designs
 made by us and sold direct from factory to
 user. Write for Catalogue. (Illustrated.)

Fitted with Extension Slide and Hangers
 FOR MEN'S OR WOMEN'S USE

This style, made in Birch Mahogany or
 Kepple Oak. Each wardrobe has capacity
 for 10 complete suits or costumes and is
 also fitted with Bevel Plate Mirror in upper
 door of chiffonier with extension dressing
 slide, 3 large drawers and a soiled
 clothes bin. Price complete . . . **\$35.00**

F.O.B. MOUNT FOREST

**WEIR WARDROBE CO. OF
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MOUNT FOREST - ONTARIO



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Present day fashions require for the ideal figure an upright poise of the shoulder, long sloping bust with straight-front, tapering-waist lines, and a graceful curve over the hips.

D & A correct-form corsets will assist to secure this ideal, and providing a suitable model be selected, will fit comfortably to the figure, delightfully easy, and luxurious to wear.

1907 Brochure of styles, artistically illustrated,
free on request.

DOMINION CORSET MFG. CO., QUEBEC

Prices \$1.00 to \$6.00



ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

is undoubtedly the most reliable preparation to use for Infants and Invalids. No other barley is like it and the danger of accepting a substitute or so-called "just as good," cannot be too strongly emphasized.

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MONTREAL

Something New! Something True!

The latest example of the advance
in Canadian art and skill is the

Nordheimer

Baby Grand Piano

An ornament to any salon or drawing-room. A delight to the musician.

Produced by the notable house that has made known in Canada the great virtue and matchless quality of the

Steinway

The finest of all fine instruments.

Nordheimer Piano and Music Co.

Which Supplies all that is Best in Music

LIMITED

15 KING STREET EAST - TORONTO, CAN.

BRANCH HOUSES—Montreal, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Etc.



There is no "just-as-good" Cutlery

RODGERS is the Best

Insist on that name and look carefully for the above trade-mark on every blade. That **Trade-Mark** stands for quality. **Rodgers Cutlery** is used in the Royal Households.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS
LIMITED

Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, - ENGLAND

The Autonola

PLAYERPIANO

can be successfully played by anyone without any musical knowledge, and any musical composition can be rendered on it in a most artistic way.



(Ready for use with Music Roll)

SIMPLICITY AND DURABILITY

characterize the Autonola in its every part. The player mechanism is the latest and best, while the piano itself is the well-known **BELL**.



(The Autonola—closed—is a handsome Piano and may be played by hand in the usual way)

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GUELPH, ONTARIO

TORONTO, OTTAWA, and LONDON, ENGLAND

MAJESTIC METAL POLISH



MAKES WORK LIGHT.
MAIDS KNOW IT.
CLEANS QUICKLY
& EASILY.

See that
the name
"MAJESTIC"
is on
every tin.

**ASK YOUR DEALER
FOR MAJESTIC**

MAJESTIC POLISHES, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.



Dutch Artists & English Painters
use only the celebrated
WINSOR & NEWTON'S
Oil and Water Colors
acknowledged by all the standard in
the art world. Ask your dealer.
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Wholesale agents for Canada.



Many years of careful
study among birds pro-
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Bird Bread

That is why it can be
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is such an enormous
demand for it. 10c. the
pkge., 2 large cakes.

Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart
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For
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For Kitchen Use—
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Windsor Salt

is Best. Pure—fine
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Grocers'—
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130

The Simplicity of the Beck-Iden Acetylene Lamp



The light
from a Beck-
Iden Lamp is
obtained from
acetylene—the
best illumina-
nant in the
world to-day.

The Carbide,
from which
acetylene is
made, reaches
you in tin cans, which can be kept
anywhere, with perfect safety.

The top part of the lamp is un-
fastened from the base, turned
upside down, and filled with carbide.

The base is then filled with water,
the lamp is put together again and
is ready for use.

Acetylene is formed by the car-
bide dropping into the water.

The lamp works automatically
and can only generate the necessary
amount of gas, at any one time.

At each filling, the Beck-Iden
Acetylene Lamp burns for about
nine or ten hours.

Makes an ideal light for country
homes.

For full descriptions, cost of light
per hour, etc., write for booklet.

Beck-Iden Acetylene Lamp Co.,
86 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal. 13

Autumn with its round of calls, dances, theatre parties, and social functions suggests the need of good dress shirts.

Monarch

SHIRTS

in Coat as well as open front, or open front and back, are strong favorites with men who are particular about their dress.

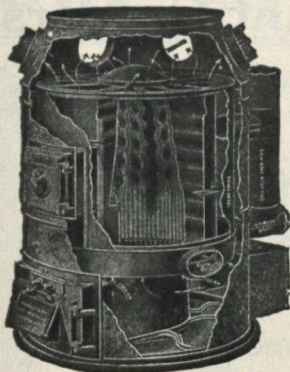
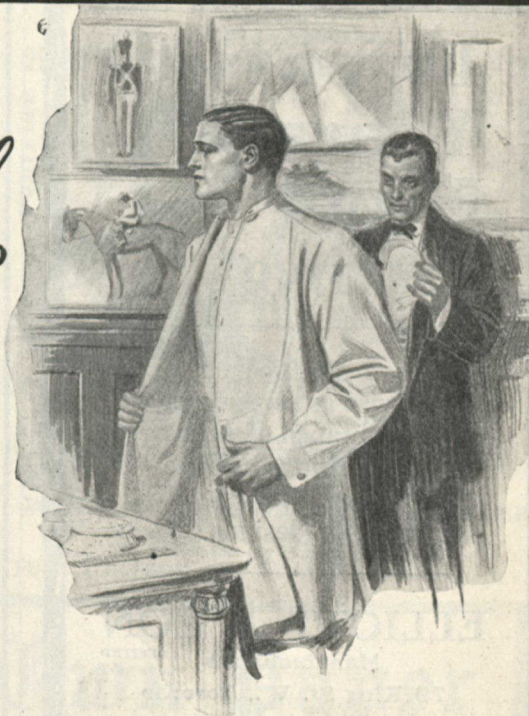
They embody in fabric, workmanship, and in style the highest attainments of the largest shirt plant in the world.

\$1.50

Insist on the Monarch label, it means shirt value and correctness. Send for the Monarch Shirt Book.

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LARGEST MAKERS OF COLLARS IN THE WORLD.



KELSEY WARMING

IS HEALTHFUL, EFFICIENT, ECONOMICAL

FOR THE HOME, CHURCH OR SCHOOL

The Kelsey System has been in successful practical operation for the past eighteen years, with largely increasing sales each and every year.

The Kelsey System assures the proper and even warming of every portion of every room at all times, and quite independently of outside atmospherical conditions.

The Kelsey System provides large volumes of pure, fresh, properly-warmed air, which means the most economical warming with good ventilation.

The Kelsey System is quite unlike any other, and any intending purchaser of a warming and ventilating apparatus cannot afford to decide without having first investigated the many special and valuable features of the "Kelsey Warm Air Generator" and the mode of installation and operation of "The Kelsey System." The Kelsey System is installed under the personal direction of experienced and competent "Kelsey Experts."

DIRECT CONTRACTS TAKEN—PROPER RESULTS GUARANTEED

The Kelsey Booklet will help you to decide. A postal card will bring a copy to you.

Sole Kelsey Makers for Canada: **The JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited**

Head Office and Works: BROCKVILLE, ONT.

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Twenty Years of Floor Laying

have qualified us to
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this branch of house
furnishing. Write
for our catalogue of
floor designs .

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Manufacturers LIMITED
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Fine China and Glass Art Pottery



A choice selection of the latest designs from the
best factories

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WILLIAM JUNOR
88 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO

We Hail from Hull and Want Grocers

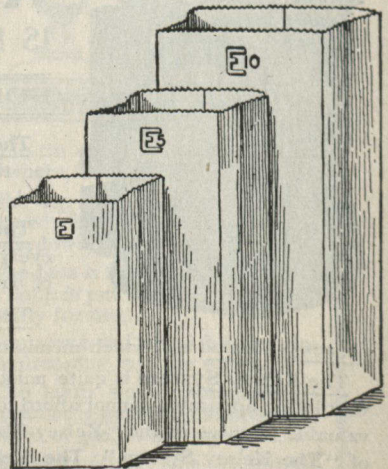
and all other users everywhere to
see that they are fully stocked with

EDDY'S

self-opening, square bottom

Paper Bags

the strongest and most perfect paper
bags on the market



Always everywhere in Canada ask for Eddy's Matches



ROOF for the Years to Come

Just one roof is GUARANTEED in writing to be good for 25 years and is really good for a hundred. That's a roof of

"OSHAWA" GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES

Put them on yourself—common sense and a hammer and snips does it. The building they cover is proof against lightning, fire, wind, rain and snow. They cost less because they're made better, and of better material. Write us and learn about ROOFING RIGHT. Address

The PEDLAR People (Est'd 1861).
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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 59 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 skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. At Druggists.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous Hair without injury to the skin. \$1.00 per Bottle by Mail.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults, exquisitely perfumed. Price, 25c. per Box, by Mail.

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

These two splendid monthlies are of the highest standard of juvenile magazine literature. They appeal chiefly to the young people of school age. The best writers of boys' and girls' stories contribute to their pages, and every issue is beautifully illustrated. They are full of good stories of school and home-life, adventure, travel, besides containing articles of a useful character—the kind in which boys and girls delight. Subscribe now. New volume begins in November.

Price for each, 10c. per copy, \$1.20 per year

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LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR

UPTON'S
Jams, Jellies and
Orange Marmalade

please
the most
particular
people.

YOUR GROCER
WILL SUPPLY
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UPTON'S
PURE
ORANGEMARMALADE

PURITY, BRILLIANCY
AND UNIFORMITY

CARLINGS

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PORTER
AND LAGER



How
About
Baby?

Build up your own
and your children's
constitutions by
taking the health-
giving and muscle-
forming tonic

Wilson's
Invalids' Port

All
Druggists—
Everywhere.



MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

"YOU'RE SAFE"

in the hands of the little
captain at the helm,— the
"complexion specialist,"
whose results are certain,
whose fees are small.

MENNEN'S
Borated Talcum
TOILET POWDER

protects and soothes, a sure
relief from Sunburn,
Prickly Heat, Chafing,
etc. Put up in non-refill-
able boxes — the "box
that lox"—for your protec-
tion. If Mennen's face is on
the cover it's genuine and
a guarantee of purity.
Delightful after shaving.
Guaranteed under Food & Drugs
Act, June 30, 1906, Serial No. 1542.
Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25c.

SAMPLE FREE

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Try Mennen's
Violet Borated
Talcum Powder
It has the scent of
fresh cut Parma
Violets.



The
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Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
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MINARD'S
LINIMENT

It Stands Every Test

“CHEMISTS prove *St. George's* a genuine Cream of Tartar Baking Powder—free of alum, acids and ammonia.”

“DOCTORS pronounce *St. George's* wholesome.”

“COOKS say that they can always depend on *St. George's* for all their baking.”

“HOUSEWIVES find that *St. George's* means delicious Biscuits, Cake and Pastry for their tables—better health in the house—and dollars saved for their pocketbooks.”

“ARE YOU SURE the baking powder you are using does not contain alum, etc? You can be sure if you use *St. George's*. Try it.”

Our cook book tells how to prepare dozens and dozens of dainty dishes. Sent free on request. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.



13

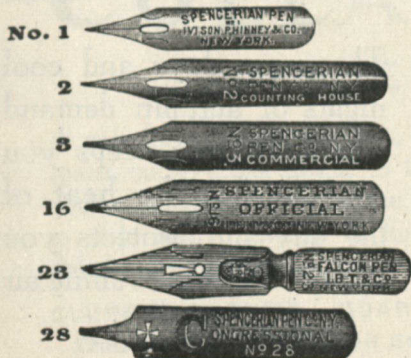
 An advertisement for Menzie Line Wall Papers. The background is a wooden wall with vertical planks. On the left, a man in a hat and a checkered jacket is painting a large sign on the wall with a brush. The sign is a dark rectangle with white text. The text on the sign reads: "WE SELL THE 'MENZIE LINE' WALL PAPERS ASK TO SEE THEM". Below the sign, more text is written on the wall: "IF YOU WOULD HAVE THE CHOICEST PATTERNS AND LATEST EFFECTS LOOK FOR OUR SIGNS IN BLUE AND GOLD. ALL RELIABLE DEALERS SELL 'MENZIE LINE' WALL PAPERS".

WE SELL THE **"MENZIE LINE"** WALL PAPERS ASK TO SEE THEM

IF YOU WOULD HAVE THE **CHOICEST PATTERNS AND LATEST EFFECTS** LOOK FOR OUR SIGNS IN BLUE AND GOLD. ALL RELIABLE DEALERS SELL **"MENZIE LINE" WALL PAPERS**

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years,
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent
postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.



SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING
Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.
For Samples apply to the Proprietors.
SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City

Your Stenographer
does not have
to do this

to give you the three kinds
of typewriting your work
requires—not if the machine
she operates is

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

Instead of constantly changing
ribbons, she simply touches a
small lever and writes:

Letters in purple ink that will copy.
Manuscript to be kept as records in
black ink that will not fade or offset.
Credits on bills and statements or
emphatic words in letters, in red ink.

Our booklet tells all about this
latest and greatest achievement
in typewriter progress. Our
branch in your city will show
you how it operates.

**THE SMITH PREMIER
TYPEWRITER COMPANY**
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
BRANCHES EVERYWHERE



Underwood

At the Canadian National Exhibition we will have the best exhibit of typewriters ever shown in Canada. It will be of unusual interest to business men who wish to have their office equipment a little ahead of the times.

The special feature of the exhibit will be the Condensed Biller, a machine which is indispensable in a business with a large number of accounts; the Retail Bill and Charge machine; and the Unit Biller.

Be sure to come and see us, and have our demonstrators put you in touch with these great systematizers of office work. They are economizers—of time, labor, money.

United Typewriter Company, Limited

7-9 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO



ART BY CANADIAN MAGAZINE

The Hostess Knows



that she has the best of Silverware when it bears this trademark. The beauty of the designs add to the character of the whole entertainment.

Every article of Silverware made by the Standard Silver Co. is easily and positively identified by the well-known trademark which guarantees its quality.

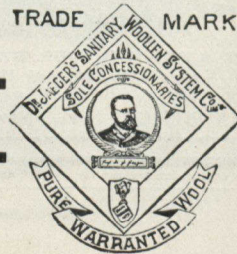
Standard Silver Co., Limited

35 Hayter Street, Toronto

You Need **JAEGER** PURE WOOL This Autumn

The warm days and cool nights of autumn demand underwear that keeps you cool during the heat of the day and protects you against the cool evening air

TRADE MARK



Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear keeps the body at an equable warmth at all times. It conserves the natural heat of the body and thus prevents you from becoming chilled by sudden changes in temperature. It is the most comfortable and healthful underwear for autumn

Made in all sizes and styles for men, women, and children

Write for our Illustrated Catalogue

DR. JAEGER COMPANY
Limited

316 St. Catherine Street West, MONTREAL
286 Portage Avenue - - WINNIPEG

"THEY LOSE NOTHING IN THE TUB"

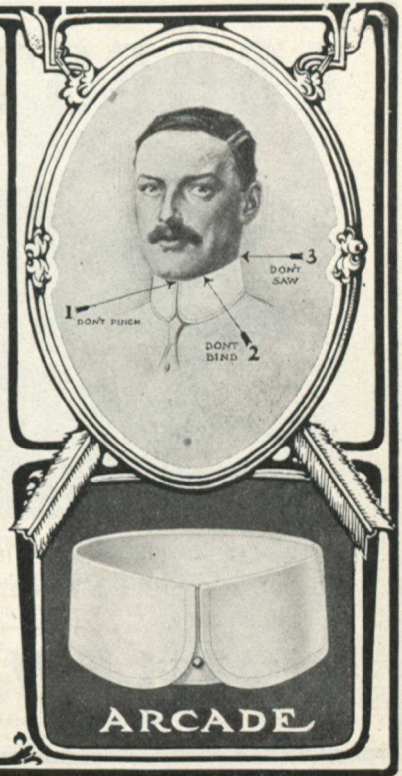
ARROW COLLARS "ARCADE"

A new form in folded collars, with narrow space, cut so it sits closely to the neck, yet affords sufficient room for the cravat band to slide easily. Made of the best materials by the most skilled hands.

CLUPECO SHRUNK. QUARTER SIZES.
20 CENTS EACH—3 FOR 50 CENTS.

Send for "Proper Dress," a booklet by an authority.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 471 River St., Troy, N. Y.
MAKERS OF MONARCH SHIRTS.



SKINNER'S SATIN

☐ The Best
Lining for
Furs, Coats
and Suits.

☐ Guaranteed for
two seasons' wear.

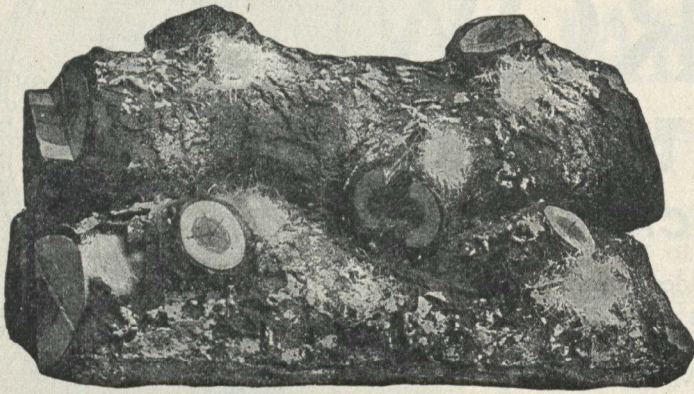


☐ Genuine goods
have 'SKINNER'S
SATIN' woven in
selvage.

☐ Skinner's Pure
Dye Black Taffeta
is the best manu-
factured.

FOR SALE BY LEADING CANADIAN DRY GOODS STORES

ASBESTOS GAS LOG



☞ This is far superior to any other gas log previously shown, hand made, of asbestos on wire foundation, warranted not to crack nor burst.

☞ The extra good appearance as well as the economical

advantages through the perfect principle of combustion embodied in its construction make this a favorite in every home.

— SOLE AGENTS —

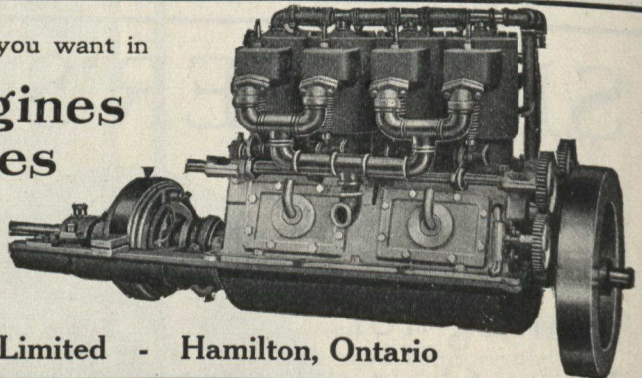
RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited

TORONTO

We can give you anything you want in

Gasoline Engines or Launches

We build the most up-to-date engine on the market.



Hamilton Motor Works, Limited - Hamilton, Ontario

WEIGHT AND POWER

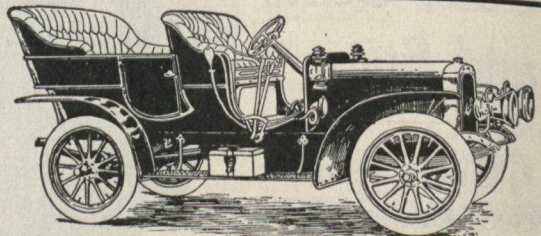
The CHATHAM 4-cylinder 25-H.P. Motor Car, at \$2,500, is a bargain—better than the average \$3,000 car of any power. We consider weight of car in relation to power of engine. Many cars are either over or under powered, costing more to operate in one case, and breaking down frequently in the other.

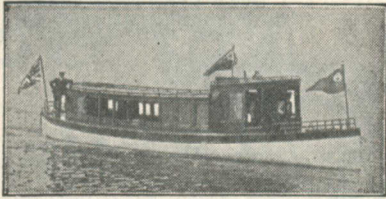
THE CHATHAM (A Canadian Car)

is built to last and to run economically. It is a handsome car, too. Introduce the first one in your town. It will "make good" to you and be the admiration of your friends. It will be WORTH

WHILE to write us for Catalogue giving full particulars. Manufactured by

THE CHATHAM MOTOR CAR CO., Limited, Chatham, Ont.





HIGH-GRADE
**GASOLINE
LAUNCHES**

With or Without Engines

Rowboats and Canoes

H. E. GIDLEY & CO.

PENETANGUISENE, ONT., CANADA



It is now positively known that falling hair is caused by a germ, hence is a regular germ disease. Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs which produce this trouble. It also destroys the dandruff germs, and restores the scalp to a healthy condition.

Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume. Ask your druggist for "the new kind." The kind that does not change the color of the hair. R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.



Beauty Draws
By a **Single Hair**

Remember the unexcelled quality, the fashionable style and moderate price secured us the first place on the list of Hair Goods dealers. Our **Parisian Empire Curls, Pompadours, Transformations**, cannot be duplicated. We carry the largest stock of **Wavy and Straight Hair Switches**. Quality *non plus ultra* and prices lower than anywhere else. Call or write for catalogue.

Our Gray Hair Restorers, **Capilline** (for superfluous hair), Creams and other Cosmetiques are the best obtainable. SENT BY MAIL.

The "Maison" **JULES & CHARLES**

431 YONGE STREET

TORONTO, CANADA

HAIRLENE is the Tonic for the Hair



Not So Much

Please do not put quite so much Red Rose Tea in the teapot as you do of

other kinds. If you do the tea will be too strong.

Red Rose Tea combines strength with that rich, fruity flavor which has made it famous. You are sure to like it.

Will you order a package from your grocer?

RED ROSE TEA

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM

OAKVILLE, ONTARIO

This Sanitarium, established some sixteen years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug Diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating, Bathing.

FOR TERMS, ETC., ADDRESS THE MANAGER

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE

**CHILDREN
TEETHING**

THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

"The Universal Perfume"



Most delightful,
Most refreshing,
Most lasting,
Most popular.

**MURRAY
&
LANMAN'S
Florida Water**

FOR THE
HANDKERCHIEF
DRESSING - TABLE
AND BATH.

More Sprightly and
Invigorating than Cologne.

Ask your Druggist for it!

- LADIES' Stanhopes and Phaetons.
- GENTLEMEN'S Bike Wagons and Road Wagons, Pneumatic, Solid or Cushion Tired.
- FAMILY Surreys, canopy top, extension top or open.
- FARMERS' Buggies, Democrats or Carriages.
- RANCHERS' Ranch Wagons.
- MOUNTAIN Buggies and Wagons (specially built for Western Trade.)

THE ARMSTRONG MFG. CO. LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1834

INCORPORATED 1876

MAKERS OF HIGH CLASS CARRIAGES.

ARMSTRONG STANDARD BUGGY

ARMSTRONG STANDARD BUGGY

GUELPH, CANADA

CATALOGUE DESCRIBING MAILED FREE ON REQUEST

MONTREAL BRANCH
120 Craig St. West.

WESTERN REPRESENTATIVES
Cockshutt Plow Co., Limited, Winnipeg

MARITIME BRANCH
Oxford, N.S.



That Camp Appetite

Nothing like Clark's Cooked Meats in tins for satisfying that desire to eat and eat, bred of life out-o'-doors.

No trouble of preparing, or no need of cooking with Clark's Cooked Meats.

Here are just a few of the substantial and dainty, appetizing, satisfying and economical dishes that Wm. Clark prepares:

Sliced Smoked Beef
Lunch Tongue
Veal Loaf
Corned Beef
Ox-Tongue

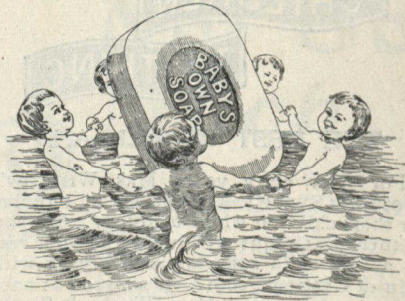
Potted and Devilled Meats
for Sandwiches

Now don't just get canned meats, but ask for

Clark's Meats

Guaranteed by the name of
Wm. Clark.

WM. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL



For skins made
sensitive by sun
or wind or by
bathing there is
no "just as good"
soap

"Baby's Own" Is the Best

Use
It
Daily

Beware of Imitations

ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED, MFRS.
MONTREAL



THE DESK OF THE AGE.
Every Device
 necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office.
 Our Catalogue goes in detail. **Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.**
 PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
 Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.



GOES LIKE SIXTY
 SELLS LIKE SIXTY
 SELLS FOR SIXTY **\$65**
GILSON
 GASOLENE
ENGINE
 For Pumping, Cream Separators, Churns, Wash Machines, etc. **FREE TRIAL**
 Ask for catalog—all sizes
GILSON MFG. CO. LTD. 106 York, Guelph, Ontario.



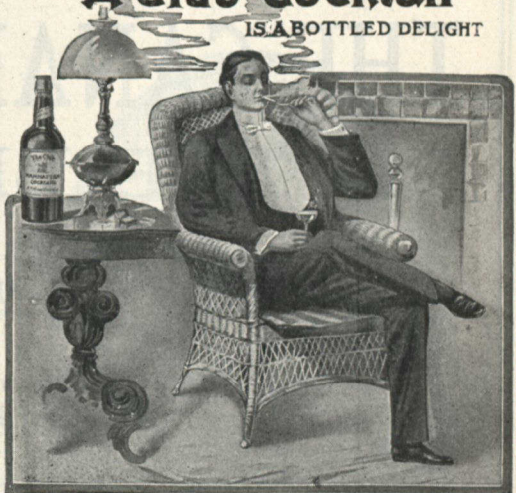
Teaberry

A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentifrice in a powder form that exercises a decidedly preservative influence on the teeth, as well as keeping them free from all tartaric deposits, germs, etc. The fresh, grateful aroma of the Teaberry leaf is an agreeable finish for your ablutions. "Teaberry" is a favorite Dentifrice of many years' standing—if you once try it you will use no other.
 At all druggists, 25c. per bottle.

FOR THE TEETH.

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once **IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 910, WINDSOR, ONT**

A Club-Cocktail
 IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails,—all will after giving the **CLUB COCKTAILS** a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

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Brain, Brawn and Capital can all be Utilized

THE magnificent development of Western Canada since the opening of the Twentieth Century has attracted the attention of the world, and every year since 1900 has been an improvement upon its predecessor, in so far as immigration and general progress are concerned.

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to every young man over 18 years of age who is able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

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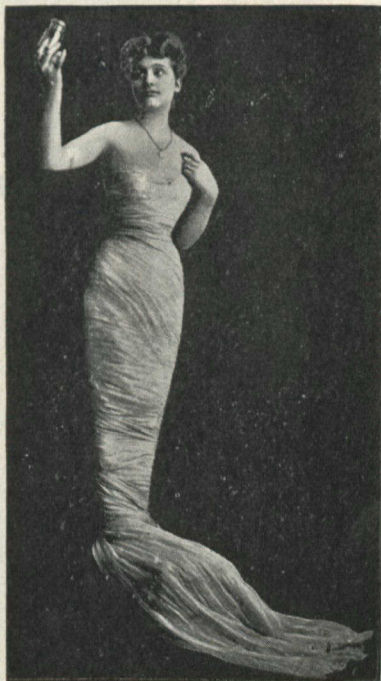
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GENUINE SEA-LION
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All Julian Sale Bags are made from No. 1 skins, and are absolutely natural grain—not embossed. We make these bags with or without fittings in a great variety of styles.

We have several agents for our fine bags from Winnipeg west, and if you are interested we will give you the names of dealers where they can be bought, or our large illustrated catalogue will be sent to you on request.

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Leather Goods Company, Limited

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DRAWING ROOM—ROYAL MAIL STEAMER VIRGINIAN

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are found in their native woods along the North Shore, the Soo branch, main line between Sudbury and Fort William—broad tracts of forest and lake—all within easy and inexpensive reach.

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on the backs of handles of spoons and forks and on
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This name represents quality so thoroughly tested
for three generations as to well merit the title

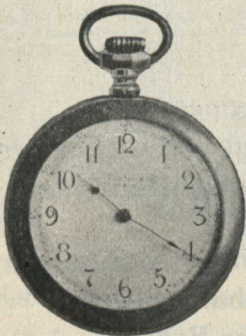
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20 minutes



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The Maid—"W'y?"

The Cook—"Becos ye're both the best ever."



Lea & Perrins' Sauce

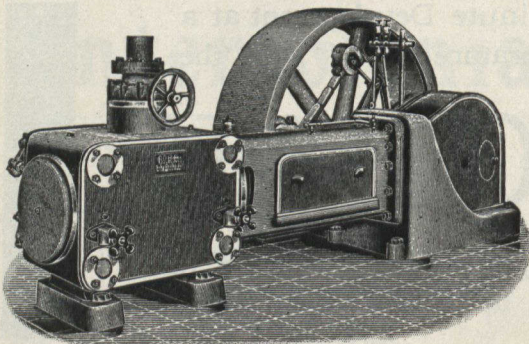
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WE have not put one piece of unnecessary nickel on this range—but we have put into it the accumulated knowledge of years of construction.

Here are some of the reasons why the Imperial Oxford "100" Series does better broiling, baking and roasting than any other range.

The oven is square and roomy, accommodating four ten-inch pie plates, and is well ventilated by the adjustable ventilator in the back of the oven.



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It has an oval fire-box, which prevents accumulation of ashes in the corners and is fitted with an Oxford reversible draw-out grate.

IMPERIAL OXFORD "100" SERIES

It has a lifting hearth held out of way by an automatic catch. The ash-pan is large enough and so perfectly fitted that it catches all the ashes.

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We know that the IMPERIAL OXFORD "100" Series is the range that will best do your work. If your dealer cannot show it to you, write us—we'll tell you who can.



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grow up into sturdy, robust and happy youngsters, with every function naturally nourished and with no craving for unnatural or improper foods. Being rich in the proteids Shredded Wheat not only builds healthy tissue and good brain but replenishes all the energy expended in study or play.

A breakfast of **SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT** with hot or cold milk or cream will supply all the energy needed for work or play. **TRISCUIT** is the same as the Biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer and is used as a **TOAST** for any meal, instead of white flour bread. At all grocers.

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All Souvenir Ranges are fitted with the celebrated **Aerated Oven** by which fresh air is constantly being heated and admitted into the oven, carrying all impurities up the chimney. This particular **Aerated** feature always keeps the interior of the oven sweet and wholesome.

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Just Think How Easy

it is to serve Libby's ready-to-eat foods. No work—no worry—no cooking. Turn the little key, open the can and "presto!" your luncheon or dinner is ready.

Libby's Corned Beef may be sliced and served cold, made into hash, or used in sandwiches.

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Libby's Peerless Dried Beef, served with bread and butter, or creamed and served with baked potatoes.

Libby's Potted Ham, makes appetizing sandwiches, or may be served cold with Libby's Mixed Pickles.

Libby's Veal Loaf, slice thin and serve with sliced tomatoes or head lettuce; it also makes dainty sandwiches.

The book, "Good Things to Eat," sent free on request, gives many delightful ways of serving Libby's Natural Flavor Food Products.

Ask your grocer for Libby's and, insist upon getting Libby's.

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