

SEPTEMBER
1909

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

Vol. 33

No. 5

THE WHALE AND HIS HAUNTS
BY STURGEON STEWART, Ph.D.

NOVEL READING AND RELIGION
BY REV. J. PATERSON SMYTH

GABRIEL OF LAKE ST. CHARLES
BY SIR JAMES M. LEMOINE

THE ORCHARDS OF ONTARIO
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WINNIPEG: THE MELTING-POT
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MACKLIN, the celebrated actor, one evening made "The Cultivation of the Memory" the subject of a lecture, during which he said that to such perfection had he brought his own, that he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it. Foote, another actor, was present, and handed up the following sentences, desiring that Macklin would read them once and repeat them from memory :

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! No Pears Soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picinnies, and the Joblilies, and the Garcelies, and the Grand Pandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

It is needless to say that Foote had the laugh of old Macklin, and that Pears' Soap is matchless for the Complexion

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIII.

No. 5

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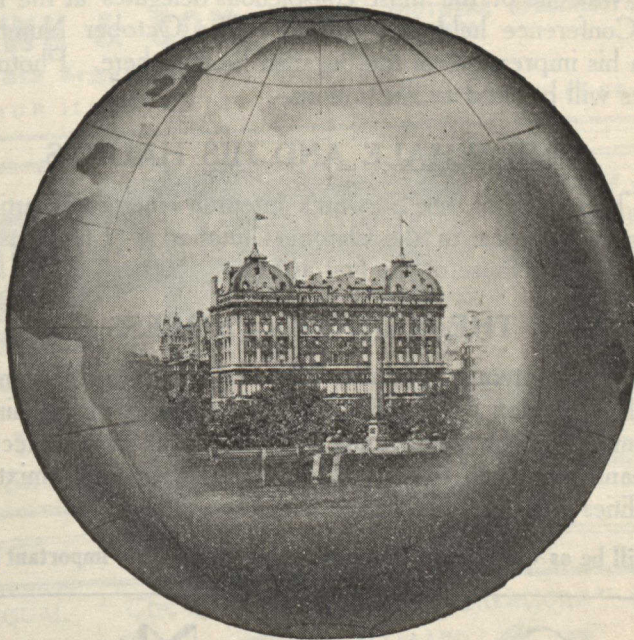
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The Canadian for October

THE LAST GREAT ROUND-UP

Mr. Newton MacTavish witnessed in Montana the round-up for the Canadian Government of the Pablo herd of wild buffaloes. As a result, he has written for the *Canadian Magazine* two articles, the first of which will appear in the October Number. He gives a vivid and picturesque account of this remarkable undertaking, and illustrates the text with a number of unique and unusually interesting photographs.

PERSONALITIES AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE

Mr. J. A. Macdonald, LL. D., Editor-in-Chief of the *Toronto Globe*, was one of the most conspicuous delegates at the Imperial Press Conference held in London. The October Number will contain his impressions of the big men he met there. Photographic portraits will be used as illustrations.

THE WHALE AND HIS HAUNTS

The second of Dr. Stewart's intensely interesting articles on whaling will appear in the October number. The illustrations will be equal to those of the first article.

THE REFINING PROCESS

In the September Number Mr. George Fisher Chipman tells about the polyglot population of Winnipeg and its meaning as a community. In the forthcoming number he will give an account of the means that are being used to transform this mixture of nationalities into good, intelligent Canadian citizens.

There will be as well a good selection of short stories and important articles.

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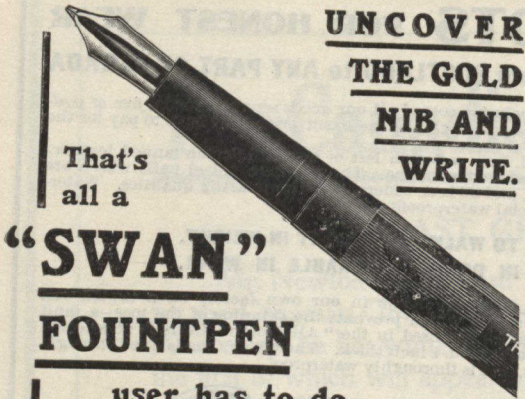
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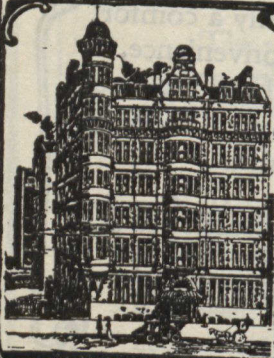
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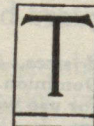
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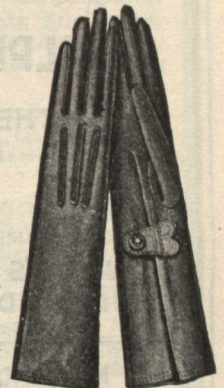
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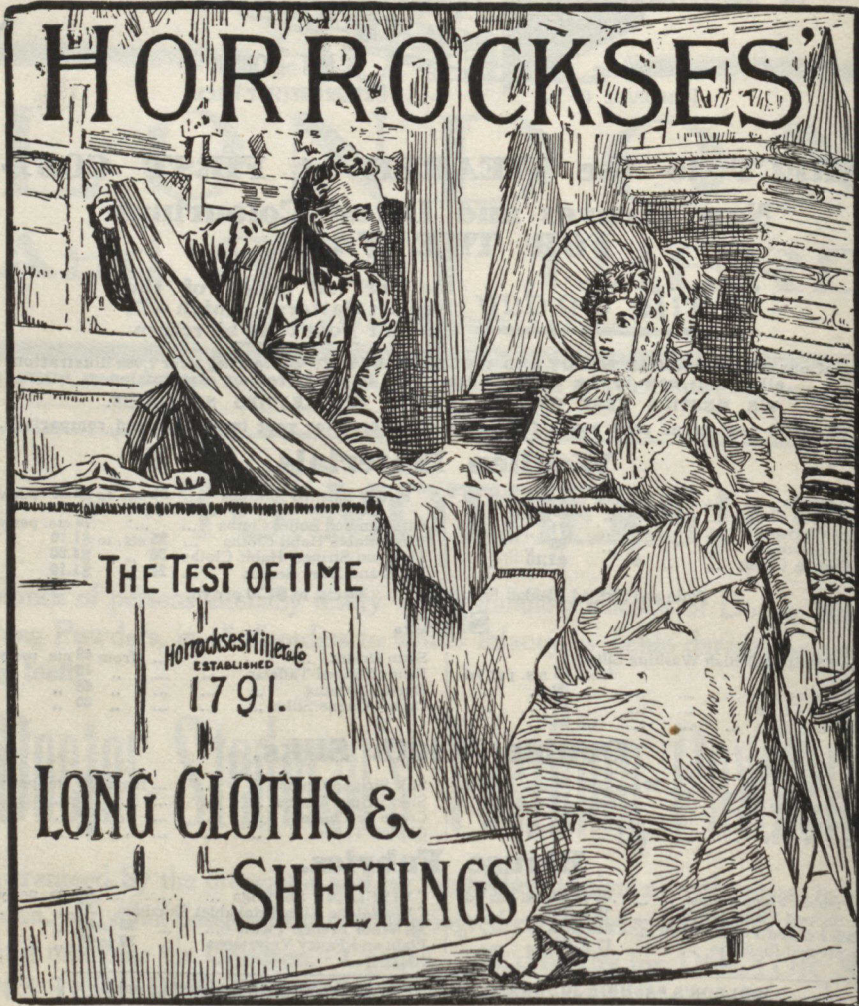
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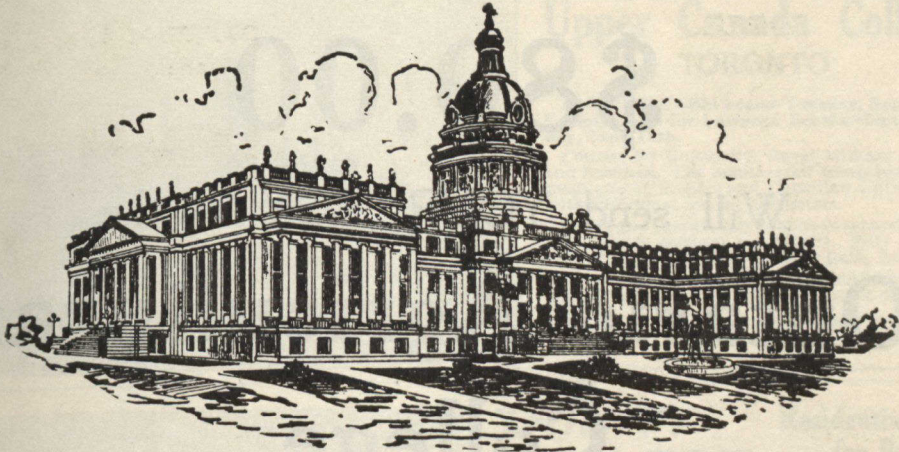
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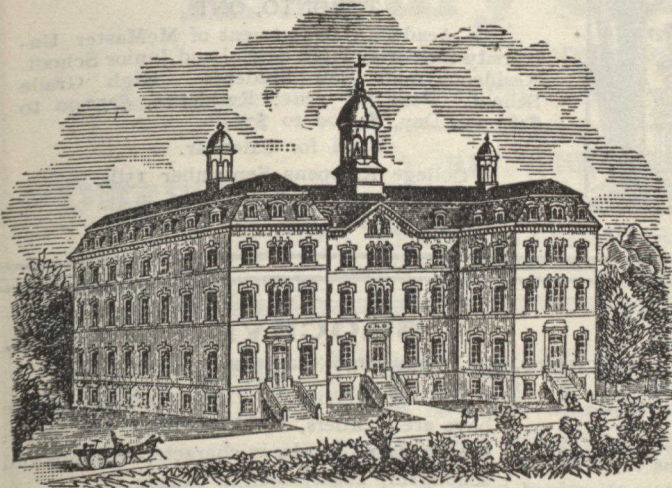
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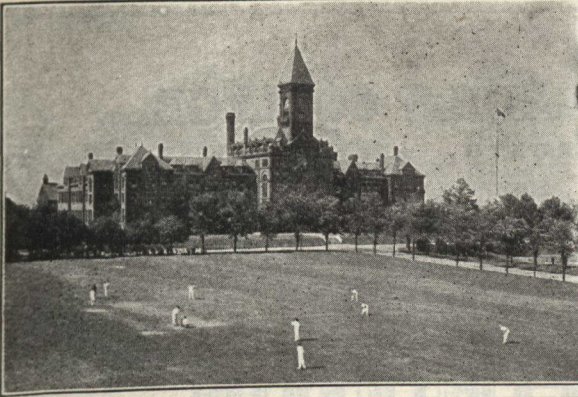
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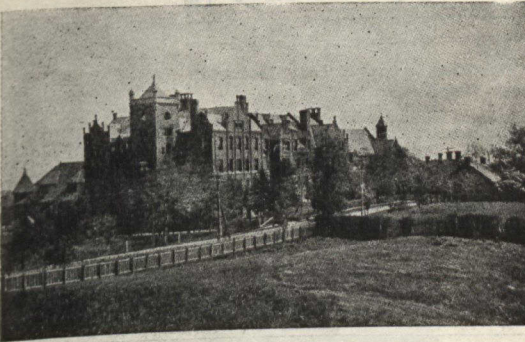
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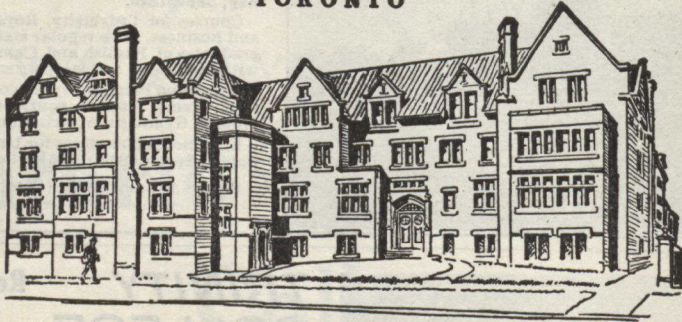
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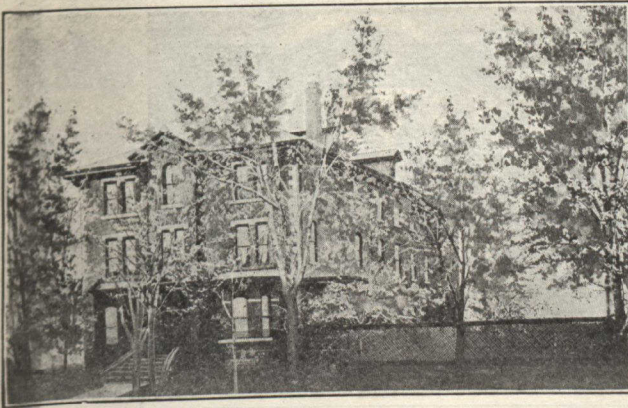
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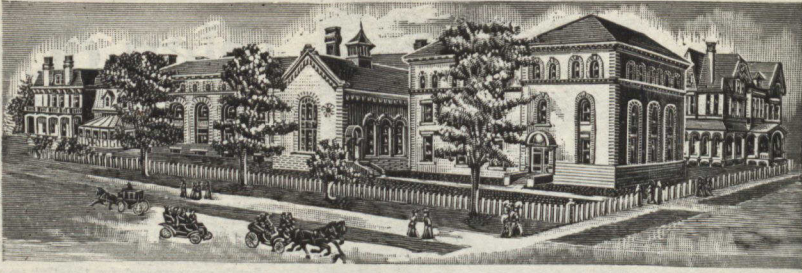
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Every year one in the Infantry; and each alternate year:

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For full particulars of this examination or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible to the secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont. : or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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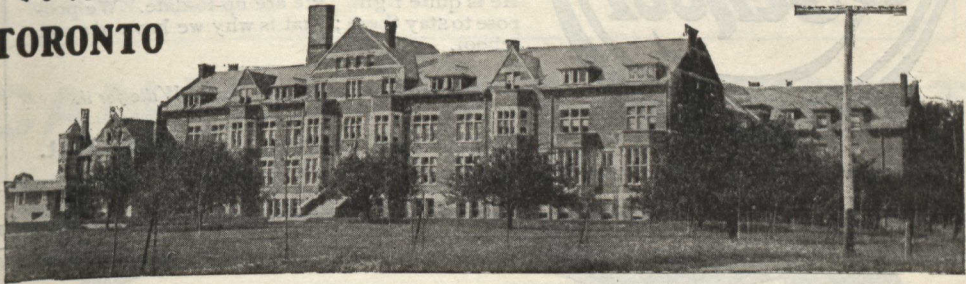


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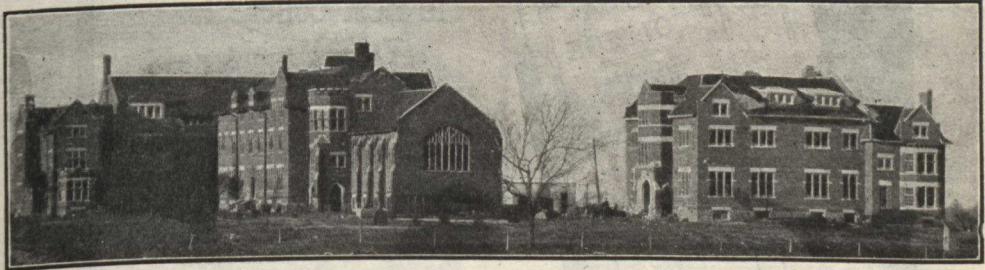


AUTUMN TERM COMMENCES SEPTEMBER 13th, 1909

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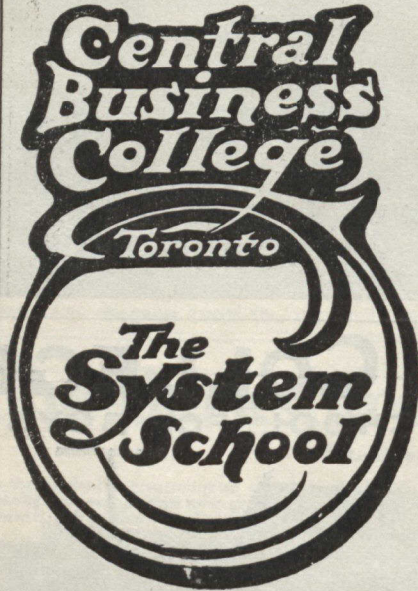
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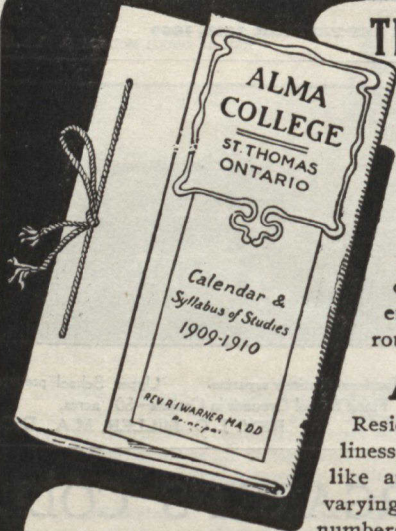
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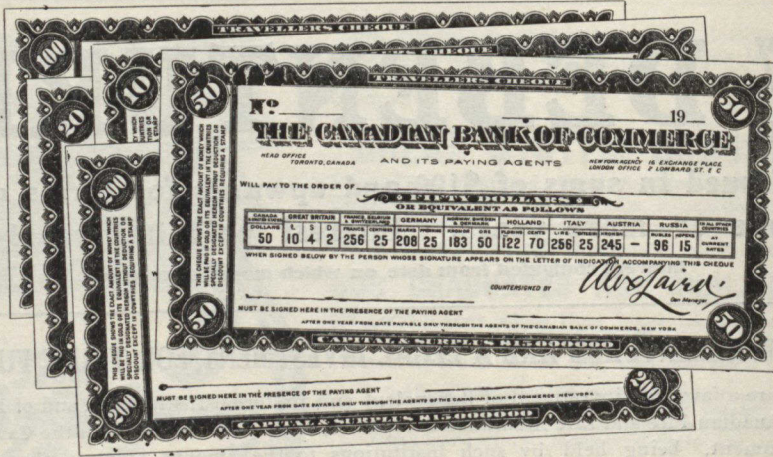
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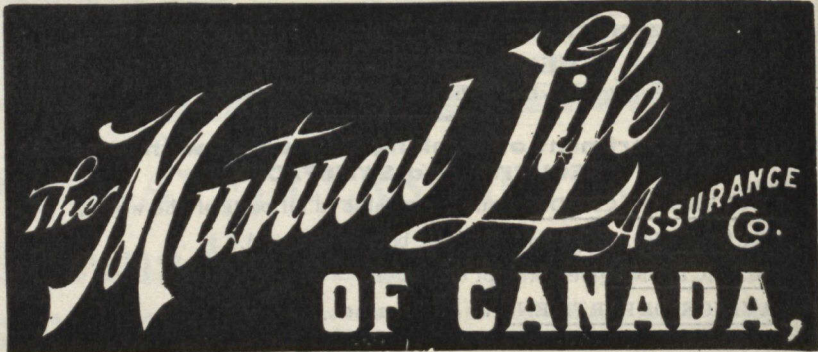
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From a drawing

HARPOONING A WHALE BY THE MODERN HARPOON-GUN METHOD

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1909

No. 5

THE WHALE AND HIS HAUNTS

BY STURGEON STEWART

THE wonders of its dwelling place, the impossibility of knowing it as we know other animals, the mystery of its life, and its marvellous physical structure have made the study of the whale* a subject of peculiar interest. This interest has been increased by the conviction that the whale, including the various members of the cetacean family, is one of the most wonderful, and at the same time the least understood, of all the larger animals. This interest is perhaps added to because of the fact that there are strong evidences that it is a last remnant of the great animals that marked this world's earlier history and links the present with the past. There is much in its habits, structure and life that has set scientific men speculating as to its relation to mammals of prehistoric ages. It had not been our good fortune, however, until within the last few months to have our desires gratified regarding this animal and to enjoy the opportunity of a personal study of these

interesting creatures at close range and in their natural element.

This opportunity came to us through the kindness of Captain Balcom and Dr. Rissmuller, of the Pacific Whaling Company. These gentlemen, learning that we took a special interest in this subject, generously placed at our disposal any information in their possession, including an invitation to visit the whaling stations of the com-



From a photograph

NO. 1—AN EXPLODING HARPOON AND GUN

*To those who are desirous of studying some of the too little known wonders of marine animal life, we have to say that the observations contained in this article are reliable in every particular, having been submitted to the criticism of the best living authorities on such matters, and compared with the records of the most advanced scientists, pre-eminent among whom we may name Charles M. Scammon, to whom, with the Pacific Whaling Company, we are indebted for several of the accompanying illustrations. These observations are, in all matters of fact and detail, in perfect harmony with the authorities named.—*The Author.*



From a drawing

NO. 2—DEEP-SEA WHALING IN THE PACIFIC

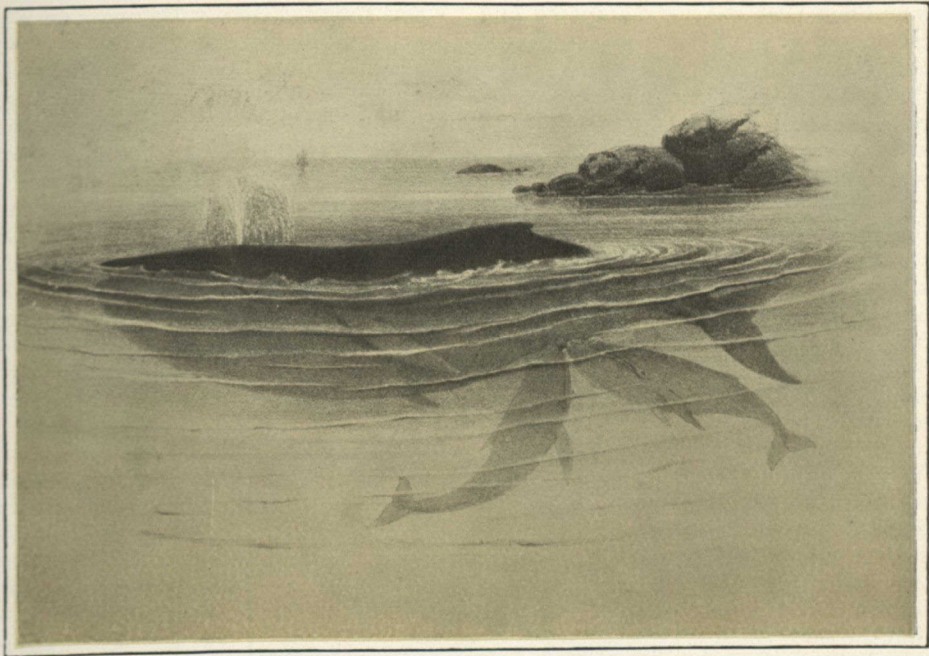
pany and see the great cetacean captured and brought in, and witness the final disposition of this animal. It did not take long to accept such a welcome invitation, and the second day following found us heading for the Company's principal station at Sechart, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and for the whaling grounds in the Pacific, with letters of introduction to Captain Macaulay, the skipper of the Company's new whaling ship *St. Lawrence*.

This vessel is one of the two staunch whaling ships of the Pacific Whaling Company. It was built in Norway. The Norwegians are particularly expert in the construction of such craft. They are familiar with what is required in whaling vessels, and they spare no expense to make them reach the high standard of perfection necessary to endure the severe tests to which they are frequently put. In addition to sea-worthiness and great motive power, they must possess a high degree of speed and the ability

to turn or swing into any desired position with rapidity and ease. The heavy weather and the tremendous seas and violent storms that frequently lash the rocky western coast of Vancouver Island and the Northern Pacific require the utmost of all the qualities that make for absolute safety in a vessel. These vessels are built low with rather graceful lines, which at first sight puzzle the observer as to what they are designed for, but the big gun on the bow and lookout barrel in the rigging near the mast-head brands it as something intended for either offensive or defensive attack.

The whaling industry is divided into two branches—deep-sea whaling and off-shore whaling. The former is still carried on practically as it has been for centuries, since the days when the Basques first introduced it on the waters bordering on the western coasts of France and Spain in the tenth century. Later, Norway, Greenland and Newfoundland introduced it.

Deep-sea whaling was introduced on



From a drawing

NO. 3—A COW WHALE SUCKLING HER YOUNG

the west coast of America more than half a century ago, and is still carried on to some extent (See illustration No. 2). The implements used in deep-sea whaling rendered it impossible to take sulphur-bottoms or finbacks, which are too swift and active to be hunted in sailing vessels. The right whale and the bowhead are not so active or hard to take, hence they are the ones sought after by this somewhat antiquated method.

Modern off-shore whaling was introduced into Norway in 1876, when Suend Foyn invented the exploding harpoon and gun to be used on a ship built for that purpose (See frontispiece and illustration No. 1). For many years the Norwegians alone had mastered the art of using this method of capturing these leviathans of the deep, and to-day they are the most expert whaling gunners in the world.

This harpoon is a powerful piece of artillery, built much on the principle of regular ordnance guns, but adapted to its special purpose, and would

be capable of throwing a shell of one hundred pounds very effectively. The harpoon is constructed to fit into the bore of this gun, and in addition to its hinged spreading barbs to hold it when shot into the body of the whale, it has constructed in it an explosive bomb which is regulated to explode in the animal about three seconds after it is fired, or as soon as the harpoon has penetrated its full depth, thus producing almost instantaneous death when the shot lodges in or near the vitals. The harpoon weighs about 100 pounds, and has attached to it a very long, powerful line, which can be reeled out a sufficient distance to allow the animal to "sound" or go to the bottom of the ocean without endangering the vessel.

A number of species of whales, including sulphur-bottoms, finbacks, and humpbacks, are to be found off the coast of Norway and Newfoundland, where modern off-shore whaling was introduced about 1900. It was some time after its introduction into New-

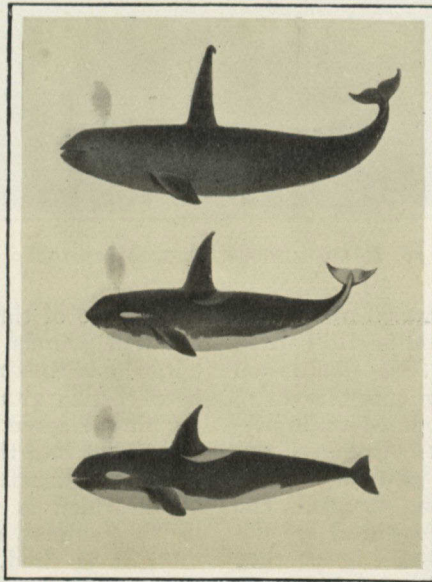
foundland that the very amusing and ridiculous story went the rounds of the Canadian and American press that a new industry had been discovered, and that a great scientist and expert had succeeded in taming and milking a number of cow whales (the males are called bulls), and that the milk contained wonderfully rich and health-giving qualities. Its analyses were given and the details of how the milking was done; and it was further stated that a strong company had been formed in New Jersey to carry on this industry on an extensive scale, to secure and to can this wonderful milk product, to be shipped to all parts of the continent. Coupled with this story was the further statement that the same scientist had also developed a process for making a marvellously strong and unbreakable leather from the entrails of the whale, suitable for heavy machinery belting, many of the single pieces being three to four hundred feet in length. Of course, many people believed these statements, as the press is never supposed to tell anything but the truth.

As it has been our privilege to enjoy a personal acquaintance with this great scientist, unquestionably one of the greatest of the present age in his special department, many a humorous smile has been observed flitting across his good-natured countenance when reminded of the ability and resourcefulness of some newspapers to gather "reliable news."

Modern off-shore whaling was introduced off the Pacific coast in 1905,

when Captain Sprott Balcom, an expert from Nova Scotia, organised the Pacific Whaling Company, with headquarters at Victoria, B.C. The first whaling station was established at Sechart, on Barclay Sound, west coast Vancouver Island. Later, additional stations were opened by the Company at Kyuquot, one hundred miles north of Sechart, and at Nanaimo on the east coast of the Island, where whaling is carried on in the season when the heavy weather and storms of winter will not permit its continuance on the open waters of the Pacific.

The Canadian Government, which exercises control in matters of this kind, requires that every portion of the whale must be utilised. The company had considerable difficulty in meeting this requirement until they secured the patented process of Dr. Rissmuller, an eminent scientist who had attained remarkable success in the treatment of whale products in Newfoundland. The work of the company is now carried on under



NO. 4—THREE VARIETIES OF ORCAS

his personal supervision, and each season's increased business proves that there is an excellent field for its operations. During the last season between 250 and 300 whales were captured by this company.

The principal products are whale oil, whale bone and fertiliser. The high grade oil of the ordinary whale, secured from the blubber, is worth twenty to twenty-three dollars a barrel, while that of the sperm whale brings \$1.50 a gallon. Whalebone has recently been quoted by a Dundee,



From a drawing

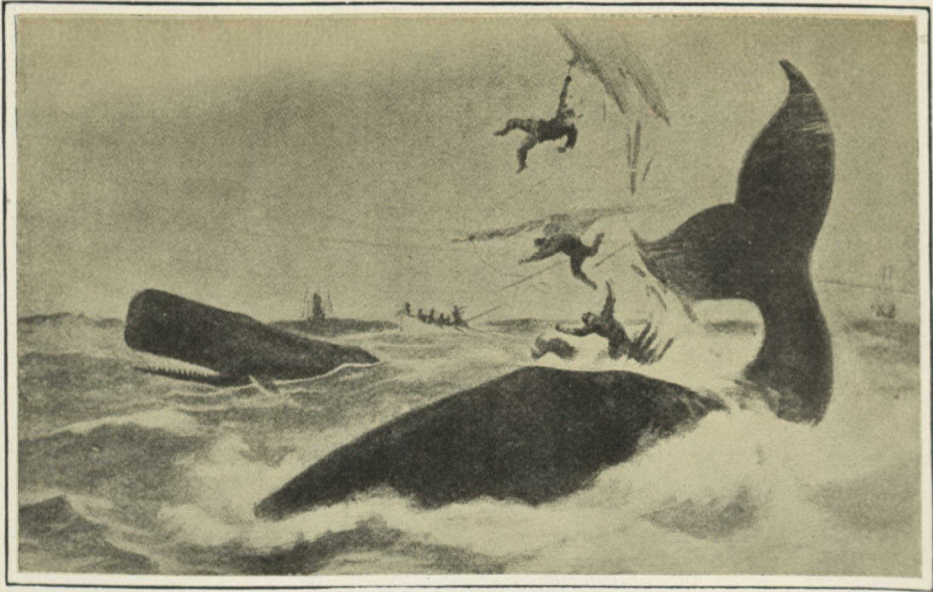
NO. 5—ORCAS, OR KILLERS, ATTACKING A WHALE

Scotland, paper, where it finds its principal market, at £2,750 a ton.

A new company has been organised, with headquarters at Seattle, Washington Territory, with San Francisco and Seattle capital, to carry on off-shore whaling on the Alaskan coast, the Barnison-Hibbert Company, of Seattle, being the prime movers in the organisation. They, too, have secured the rights to use the Rissmuller process of treating the whale products.

The old idea that the whale belongs to the fish tribe is still existent in the minds of some people; but this is wholly incorrect. While it has the form of a fish, because it lives in the same element, scientists now universally agree that it belongs to the mammalia, as it suckles its young

(See illustration No. 3), has warm, red blood, and possesses all the characteristics of this class. There are also evidences that the whale was at one time, how remote it is impossible to say, a land animal. It has been demonstrated, which fact has been verified by the writer, that the flippers or forward fins, which are frequently called "pectorals," just where the forward legs of a quadruped would naturally be, contain all the bones, joints, arteries and nerves of the human arm and hand, while deeply seated in the interior of the hinder part of the animal are found joints and rudiments of hind leg bones, of no apparent present use whatever, but which are considered by eminent naturalists who have studied the subject



From a drawing

"IT IS ONLY OCCASIONALLY THAT A WHALE WILL DEFEND ITSELF AGAINST ATTACK, EXCEPT THE SPERM-WHALE OR CACHALOT"

as strong evidence of the fact that the cetacean was at one time an inhabitant of the land. These scientists state that it may have resembled a huge lizard, but that its feeding habits and proclivities for the water gradually caused a process of evolution to take place until nature gave it its present form adapted to dwell entirely in the water. There are also evidences that it was at one time probably covered by a hairy skin. There are still bristles about its mouth and nose and the very young whale calves have distinct evidences of hair, which, however, disappear as they grow older.

Leaving the splendid inner harbour of Victoria on a charming day in September last, we swung into the outer harbour and out through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, round the south-westerly point of Vancouver Island, leaving Cape Flattery, Washington Territory, to the left, in one of the speedy coasting vessels that regularly ply the waters of the Pacific coast. Northward we steamed, past the magnificent Esquimalt Harbour, the great

land-locked naval station with its elaborate and costly equipment and splendid naval docks now lying mostly idle since the withdrawal of the British men-o'-war which formerly occupied it.

Still northward over the then placid waters of the Pacific, continually within view of the bleak, rugged and defiant coast of that wonderful island whose untold wealth in minerals, timber and game cannot at present be accurately estimated, every moment revealing something of new and surpassing interest for one who had not before sailed up the Pacific coast or witnessed its constantly recurring surprises, so entirely different from anything to be seen elsewhere.

The vast number and variety of sea-birds that hover and screech and careen wildly over the ship, an occasional one lighting on the rail, the bridge or the bow of the vessel, vainly hoping to capture some prey or find some morsel of food, and the sight of schools of lazy porpoises floating in the surf and an occasional sea-lion

caring for its cub, or basking upon some lonely rock, or hippity-humping itself along the shore of some secluded cove, or an occasional hammer-headed shark, with its immense dorsal fin standing several feet out of the water, seeking its prey, kept us alert, as we wished to learn as much of the habits and modes of life from personal observation of these interesting animals as possible.

Passing rapidly northward we come to the spot where on that awful night three years ago the *Valencia* was dashed to pieces on the relentless rocks, and where its cargo of human freight still lies buried five hundred fathoms below the ever-echoing moans of the surging billows, breaking with deafening roar on the submerged mountains of stone and reverberated from one precipitous cliff to another, until they die away on the distant mountain slopes or over the limitless ocean swell.

This awful calamity, followed more recently by the wreck of the *Jeanette Cowan*, between Cannon Lighthouse and Pachenia, on the same coast, in which, though most of the passengers succeeded in reaching shore, they nearly all perished in consequence of the awful privations and sufferings through which they passed, led the Government to decide that immediate steps must be taken for the protection of human life on this rockbound and dangerous coast. A trail is therefore now being built along the coast line for the purpose of taking up Lyle guns, a splendid modern appliance for shooting lines to wrecked vessels, as it is impossible for landings to be effected along the greater portion of this coast, except in the very calmest weather and then attended with much difficulty and danger. Life-saving stations are also being built at Banfield Creek, one hundred miles north of Victoria, at Barclay Sound and at Cape Beale, which is the worst point on the coast. Life-saving boats, splendidly constructed with forty horse-power gasoline engines, equipped with all the

latest and most modern appliances, are also being placed at suitable points along the shore.

After an intensely interesting sail, we reached the principal whaling station at Sechart, on Barclay Sound, located in a cove on a rocky coast, with mountains almost entirely surrounding it and sheltering it from the wild gales which frequently sweep that coast, especially in the autumn and winter seasons. Here live in rather primitive fashion the several hundred employees of the Pacific Whaling Company. These consist of a few intelligent and educated men, principally Canadians from the Atlantic whaling stations, who are the skilled men in charge of the various operations of the company at this station. These, together with a peculiar admixture of Siwash Indians, Japs, Chinese, Hindus, Swedes and Norwegians, form the working force of the station.

The immense modern and up-to-date plant and machinery of the company for handling the enormous carcasses weighing many tons, was a feature of great interest and instruction, giving evidence of the advanced methods of the present day.

Having presented our letters of introduction and authority to join the whaling crew to the genial Captain Macaulay, skipper of the whaling ship *St. Lawrence*, and having visited the various points of interest in connection with the whaling station, arrangements were completed for an early start the next morning for the whaling grounds. In order to do this, we were assigned for the night a comfortable little state-room next to the skipper of the vessel.

The following morning at daylight found us well out on the rolling waters of the Pacific, and we began to realise that while every member of the well-trained and thoroughly efficient crew of between fifteen and twenty intelligent and happy-hearted seamen was thoroughly familiar with his duty and work, there was an undercurrent of

expectation and excitement which was difficult for a freshman who knew nothing about the perils, the difficulties, the peculiar situations that would arise, and the bravery and courage that were required to meet them to understand. We began also to realise that it needed good sea-legs to follow the trail of the sulphur-bottom and the finback, and that scaling the eternal slopes of the Rockies had far less of a tendency to *mal de mer* than mounting the choppy crests of the Pacific.

Breakfast over in the mess-room, the jolly happy-hearted skipper, realising that the new member of his crew was an entire stranger to the situation, and leaving the sturdy mate in charge of the bridge, showed us through the snug, solidly built and seaworthy but strangely equipped little vessel that had weathered many a wild Pacific storm, and oftener been the floating toy of mighty cetaceans, towed hither and thither at the will of these struggling monsters of the deep.

After visiting the bridge and decks, we examined with much curiosity and some thoroughness the magnificent harpoon gun on the bow of the ship in company with the Captain and the expert gunner, who was a big-souled and educated Norwegian by the name of Franz Narroda. So many questions were asked by the new member of the crew that the big fair-haired Franz had to be repeatedly assured that the new-comer was not an expert on guns and ship armour. After wondering and puzzling how a greenhorn understood so many things about guns and gunnery, we had to explain that we had spent some time very recently and profitably on board the British warship *Monmouth*, which had just left Esquimalt naval docks for Japanese waters, and still more recently on the *Algernon*, the powerful war sloop belonging to the British navy, heavily armed and manned by genuine British jack-tars, whose duty and work it is to see that the fishing

and sealing laws are observed on the Pacific coast, and, especially in the vicinity of Vancouver, Queen Charlotte and Pribiloff Islands and in the Alaskan waters.

And in passing we may be permitted to interject the statement that these laws operate very unfairly and unjustly against Canadians in favour of the United States and Japan, almost to the entire wiping out of these industries so far as Canada is concerned. On this subject, however, we may have something further to say in another article.

After examining the gun, we examined and had explained to us many of the strange and peculiar features of construction and equipment of the vessel, and while viewing the powerful engines we were startled by a cry from the man in the look-out barrel on the mast "Larboard, Ahoy! Larboard, Ahoy!" The Captain quickly said "Come with me on deck, we have sighted something." In a moment we were up on the orlop or cable deck, when to our left in a south-westerly direction, at a distance of about eight furlongs, there appeared a great number of what the writer, in his unfamiliarity with the sea, concluded were whales, this being the uppermost subject in his mind. The appearance was strange and not only exciting but nerve-thrilling to one who had not witnessed such a sight before, though we had seen such very remarkable and striking exhibitions of the illimitable amount of marine animal life, that it had given us new views and thoughts regarding the denizens of the sea.

We were sailing at a good rate of speed directly in the teeth of a brisk nor'-wester which was hourly increasing in velocity. The great school of what we had mistaken for whales, and which at first appeared to be about a mile away to the southwest, was rapidly coming nearer to us, as they too were leisurely and playfully, though at a fair rate of speed, steering a slightly more north-

erly course than was our vessel, and to all appearance unless they or us either increased or slackened speed, our ship would soon be in the very midst of a vast number of what turned out to be orcas, or killers, the most dreaded and dangerous of all marine animals.

The orca gladiator is the largest of the many species of the dolphin family, which are found in such large numbers in the Pacific, and which are closely related to the cetacean family. We had seen quite a considerable number of the smaller species of dolphin near the coast, including the striped porpoise, Baird's dolphin and the cow-fish dolphin, as well as several species of sharks and octopus, but none of these dolphins exceeded more than six to ten feet in length. We had not seen anything so large or in such vast numbers or so strange as the sight which now met our vision.

The great school, beginning about two furlongs from our vessel, stretched away in the distance anywhere from fifteen furlongs to a league, the water for miles and miles being dotted with thousands of rapidly-moving objects. The exact size of these animals we could not at first determine, but they showed in many cases protruding above the surface of the sea a singular object broader at the base and reaching a point at the top of a very dark bluish-black colour standing from three to five or six feet out of the water, while in many others the backs showed for ten to fifteen feet. These protruding points were the peculiar dorsal fin which distinguishes the orca from all other species of the dolphin, except the grampus, which has a similar fin on its back, but very much smaller. While occasionally the backs of these monsters, whose size averaged for the males about eighteen or twenty feet in length and the females about fifteen feet, would appear above the water, especially as the strong wind that was blowing produced considerable sea, the passing waves not only

revealed their size but showed their special enjoyment of the rougher waters by their playfulness manifested by darting hither and thither, around and over each other, leaping many feet clear out of the water and tumbling about like kittens in lithe-some and blithesome frolic. It was a sight never to be forgotten by one who witnessed it for the first time. Little would one dream that these apparently good-natured and playful animals are without exception the most dreaded and feared of all the inhabitants of the great deep by all dwellers in the sea, from the great whale, the walrus, and the sea-lion down to the smallest fish or water animal.

The orcas, like the whale, are not a fish, but animals of the mammal class. They are marine beasts that roam over every ocean, but they are particularly abundant in the Pacific. They enter bays and lagoons, where they spread terror and death among the mammoth balaena and the smaller species of dolphin. They pursue with deadly and relentless purpose the seal, the walrus, the whale, the sea-lion, and never give up until they have secured their prey (See illustrations Nos. 4 and 5). In their swift marauding expeditions up the larger rivers of the western coast of the continent they tear and devour an inconceivable number of large fish or water animals or anything having life.

In further likeness to the whale, the orcas have to come to the surface to breathe, and they blow, whale-like, through an aperture in the top of the head, but instead of sending an immense amount of water and thick breath high into the air, the water and spray are blown in a low, broad spreading area only a few feet above the surface of the ocean. Unlike the whale, the orca has a complete and most dangerous jawful of long, strong, sharp, conical teeth, which interlock into each other by a peculiar sliding, sawing action of the jaw, and which

indicate its terribly voracious nature.

The appearance of this great school of sea animals, which when they were not frolicking and playing, resembled a vast military parade, as they lined up somewhat irregularly into great squads, was strange by reason of a peculiar rolling motion while swimming, giving the projecting dorsal fin the appearance of first tipping to the left side and then to right, like a small sail-boat rolling from side to side in a boisterous sea.

While studying these monsters through powerful glasses and listening to the scientific and interesting explanations of the gunner and captain, we observed the speed of our ship slacken and its helm turn a little to starboard, bringing our course almost parallel with that of the orcas, and the army of killers was allowed to keep on its course. Many times we could see them pursuing thousands of the calamaries, or flying sea-squid, during which they would leap out of the water many feet. These calamaries are a species of octopus or cephalopod, some of which reach a very considerable size and which, by a powerful stroke of their long tentacles on the surface of the water, are able to propel themselves for several hundred yards through the air. They are what is commonly known as devil-fish, but they are not nearly so large in the Pacific as in the Atlantic.

There are many species of this octopus or devil-fish, but the larger species are the strangest and most hideous of all marine animals or fish. They anchor to a rock, and, stretching out their powerful arms or tentacles, which in the Pacific species are four to five feet long, they strike any living object that comes within their reach. Great suction nerves cover these tentacles from the body to their extreme point. The largest of these suction nerves are about the size of a silver dollar, and the smallest about the size of a pin head, and no power can free whatever it touches from its grip, unless the tentacle or

arm can be severed. They are almost entirely arms without much body. The Atlantic octopus is much larger. The museum at St. John's, Newfoundland, has two arms of one of these monsters cut off by occupants of a boat which it attacked and around which it flung its tentacles on the Newfoundland coast. One is nineteen feet long and the other eleven feet. This does not represent the full length of the tentacles. The animal was estimated at fifty to sixty feet in length. These are more dreaded than the man-eating sharks by the natives of the West Indies when diving in the clear waters for conch shells. These people will successfully fight the shark by dodging its rush and then climb on its back and rip it open with their long knives, which they always carry; but they seldom succeed in a fight with the terrible monster octopus.

Soon the orcas were out of sight. These wolves of the ocean for ferocity and greyhounds for agility, the fleetest of all ocean swimmers, soon crossed our course without any attempt being made to molest them. Whalers do not prize them, as they do not produce much of commercial value when they are taken, and they are hard to kill.

It is not an uncommon thing, these whalers inform us, to see tens of thousands of snakes of various sizes and colours, and some of them very poisonous and hideous in appearance, several hundred miles from land; but we saw only a few of these reptiles.

By this time the September sun had passed the meridian and was speeding toward the western horizon, hidden now betimes by those threatening tumultuous clouds that portend a gustful outburst of the elements. The wind had already increased to a terrific gale. The staunch little vessel, though in the hands of the best seamen that ever flung defiance in the teeth of a wild Pacific hurricane, was now pitching considerably forward and aft.

The captain and crew maintained their jolly and mirthful state of mind and watched the disappearance of the school of orcas to our right as they still careened and leaped from wave-crest to wave-crest in their unbounded and increasing delight as the waves grew higher and higher.

One member of the crew alone was conspicuous for his solemn face and long-drawn countenance, as the on-coming billows grew in number and increased in force and flung themselves with angry and insolent menace against our prow with splash of spray that came in sheets over our decks. Soon the waves had assumed mountainous proportions, reminding one of the majestic and awe-inspiring peaks of the Rockies and Selkirks, recently visited by the new member of the whaling crew. The awe and inspiration produced by these mountains of the deep were, however, of a very different character from that produced by those mighty uplifts where the eternal rocks bid defiance to the storms of the ages; and the quest of the cetacean had a different effect from that of the big horn, the Rocky Mountain goat and the cariboo.

Trying to follow the example set by the imperturbable skipper, and taking his statement that all was well, and thus feeling re-assured, we had just settled down amidships to the acceptance of the situation when a mighty billow too vast and angry to allow our ship to mount its foaming crest, struck the starboard side of our bow with awful force, causing the vessel to stagger and quiver and tremble in every timber. With a mighty lurch forward under the impulse of her powerful engines, she cut a tunnel clean through this mountain of water which swept the decks clear of everything that was movable. Then, wave after wave and billow after billow swept over the vessel, which appeared to enjoy the rapid onslaughts just about as much as did the army of orcas; but the brave crew, whose spirits were never for a moment

dampened by the surroundings, stood nobly by their posts, heeding not the tumult of waves. Indeed, our vessel and crew appeared to have made up their minds that it was too much trouble to mount the crest of the seething billows of foam, and with an eagerness and zest they ploughed direct through them, while the fleck and fleece of foam cut from the crest of the billows by the gale were driven high above the masts of the vessel.

The calmness and courage, the daring, skill and prowess with which these seamen become endowed after years of life upon the billowy deep is truly wonderful.

During all this storm we were besieged by sea fowl of indescribable variety, and in vast multitudes, many of them seeming to be anxious to find shelter on our decks. Occasionally we witnessed, when the windows of the cabin were not darkened by the waves dashing against them, marine monsters disporting themselves gleefully in the tumultuous sea, in the description and history of which the captain, the mate and the gunner seemed to vie with one another and never grow tired of narrating their experiences.

After several hours, when evening was approaching, the gale slackened, and a few glimpses of the sun gave promise of an early cessation of the tempest. The wind had calmed almost as quickly as it had risen, though it took many hours for those mighty ocean swells to subside. As the storm abated, the captain was asked if the Pacific was often so recalcitrant, that it forgot the significance of its name and assumed such a bellicose attitude. He replied that, while the occasions were not very frequent, it was an experience they looked for in certain longitudes and at certain times of year, and sometimes much more severe than on this occasion. He further stated that for a really belligerent and angry sea, that blanched the cheeks of the best sea-dogs that roam the ocean, the

Pacific far surpasses any other waters on the face of the globe. The Pacific mariner is ever on the alert for tidal waves, waterspouts and typhoons, all of which strike terror to the stoutest-hearted seamen.

Though off-shore whaling ships do not commonly go out so far that they cannot return at night to the stations, and usually with one or two catches, on this occasion the unfavourable conditions and the necessity of cutting directly in the face of the gale for so many hours rendered it impossible to return that night. As we were heading for the great feeding grounds of the whale, we were content to spend the night on the swelling bosom of the not over-tranquil Pacific.

Evening was fast approaching, and the indescribable glories of a wonderful Pacific sunset had drawn the attention of the skipper and crew from the unpleasant experience of the earlier hours of the afternoon. And such a sunset! Italy, with all its boasted sky-bedecked evening glories flinging themselves in reckless abandon across the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, or the most gorgeous conceptions of the splendours of the Orient would appear commonplace and dead when compared with that wonderful sight that presented itself to our enraptured vision. Mountains of crimson and gold piled tier upon tier, battlement above battlement, turret overtopping turret, with buttments of molten silver and lead and brass, the tossing sea of sapphire, amethyst and beryl stretching itself far away, as it were, to the shores of infinity, in the foreground; and a heavy sullen over-arch of gray lined with diamonds and rubies, partially concealing, partially revealing the mighty orb whose radiant face shed its lambent beams of luminous lustre athwart the whole, combined to make a picture that even an archangel with his brush ethereal dipped in the magic tints and colourings of the immortal Raphael or with the realistic and sublime imitation of an Angelo, would

find it hard to transfer to canvas.

While the ship's company was eagerly drinking in this wonderful sight from larboard, a sudden surging, splashing commotion accompanied by several short, sharp, yelp-like barks, each ending with a somewhat musical but heavy prolonged whistling, then followed by a great bellowing as of a monster, infuriated bull, drew the attention of skipper and crew to starboard. A simultaneous rush of all on board was made, and there, within a few hundred feet of our vessel, was another never-to-be-forgotten but vastly different sight (See illustration No. 5). A mighty battle was raging between a monster whale and several orcas. These rapacious, devouring wolves of the sea were attacking the whale from every quarter. The captain, who well knew what the result might be if we approached too close to the battle ground, ordered the mate on the bridge to "stand to," and our gunner quickly prepared to "draw a bead" on either the whale or the orcas. Before he was ready, however, the whale, with a great roar and mighty churning of the sea "sounded," and with him the orcas disappeared. In about fifteen minutes they all reappeared at the surface several hundred feet away, it being necessary for the whale to spout or blow, the mighty struggle still going on as before. We could plainly recognise five or six orcas in the attack, with every probability of others attacking from below. These ferocious brutes would fling themselves high into the air (See illustration No. 5), and, while out of the water, swiftly turn on their backs, and drop with their powerful spear-like dorsal fins on the head or tail of the whale, these being the two most vulnerable points. If they could pierce an artery leading to the tail, it would quickly bleed to death, or if they penetrated a certain caudal cord, the tail, its greatest weapon of defence, would be rendered useless. If they could strike the spearlike fin into the spiracles or spout-holes the

battle would soon be over, as the whale would then have to rise and breathe through the mouth, and the orcas would instantly grab the tongue and tear it to pieces. Others of the orcas would make a dash for its lips and tear great pieces from them in their brutal ferocity; others tore its flippers or forward fins, or tried to fasten themselves on its head to close the spiracles to prevent its breathing. There were also evidences of its being attacked from below by its bellowing and furious lashing of the sea. Each time it would sound, it came up farther from us. We followed it for some time, watching the mighty trail of blood one hundred or two hundred feet wide in places, broken at the points of its sounding.

One of the peculiar features of the sight just recorded, was the almost entire absence of attack or even attempt at defence on the part of the whale, which was of sufficient size to have swallowed several of its antagonists without difficulty. It is only occasionally that a whale will attempt to defend itself against attack, except the sperm whale or cachalot (See illustration No. 6), of which we shall speak hereafter. And it is not because it is a cowardly animal, but it does not seem to possess much of the element of combativeness, and the *Balaena* has no teeth with which to attack its enemies and inflict injury on them.

From the time darkness came upon us, during the entire night, when we looked out over the intense sullen overhanging gloom of a moonless sky dotted here and there with the diamond twinkle of an occasional star, which served only to intensify the surrounding darkness, we were witnesses of a strange natural phenomenon. In every direction, sometimes quite close to our vessel and at others at a considerable distance, sometimes

reaching far away to the horizon, were to be seen great lambent streaks or flames of light intermingled with brilliant globe-like balls of fire moving in every direction and rapidly interchanging their positions. These gave the night a strangely weird and uncanny appearance, which at first made us feel that we must be in haunted quarters or that we could not be far from the home of the spooks. This feeling soon fled when the skipper explained that it was the phosphorescent light produced by great bodies of small animals in the water, chiefly crustacea, which often follow a ship for days in vast numbers. The globe-like lights were produced by the medusæ or jelly-fish, a peculiar animal, sometimes of considerable size and a variety of formations, often almost the shape of an umbrella with half-a-dozen to a dozen pedunculations or peculiar stems hanging from it, sometimes of great length. It has no definite organism, being nearly all stomach. It emits a strong phosphorescent light, and if touched stings like a poisonous nettle. The extremely brilliant and dazzling, everchanging streaks of flame of phosphorescence were produced by the *pyrosoma*, a jelly-like cylindrical mass, measuring from two to ten inches in length and one to four inches in diameter. These small animals gather in immense shoals in some parts of the ocean, and, floating near the surface, emit miles and miles of phosphorescent flame, giving one the uncomfortable feeling of being completely surrounded, without apparent possibility of escape, by a vast prairie fire extending to the horizon on every side. The brilliancy is determined by their depth in the water, the intensity being greatly increased when they are near the surface. They are the meteoric lights that illuminate the caverns in the bottom of the ocean.

In the October number Dr. Stewart will give a vivid description of the actual experiences of sighting, capturing and disposing of the whale.

GABRIEL OF LAKE ST. CHARLES

BY SIR JAMES M. LEMOINE

UNTIL the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway had unlocked the portals of our North, bringing within easy reach of the outer-civilised world the wild, picturesque streams, countless lakes and beautiful waterfalls of that wilderness, two lovely inland sheets of water, Lake Beauport and Lake St. Charles had the privilege of engrossing in a high degree the attention of the sporting gentry of Quebec.

The first lake, prized for its bracing air, mountainous surroundings and luscious red trout; the second endeared to the disciples of old Izaak, by its rare facilities for fly-fishing and shooting; and to pleasure-seekers in general, by its proximity to Quebec, the charm of the landscape and the healthfulness of the site. The attractions of this cool retreat were such that several well known citizens of the Ancient Capital, without any special vocation for piscatorial pursuits, but merely to escape the dust of St. John and St. Peter Streets, were in the habit of leasing for the summer months cottages, "on the margin of fair Zurich's waters."

I might recall among others, Judge Charles G. Holt, Sheriff Sewell, Lieut.-Col. L. C. Fitzgerald, R.A.; C. Gethings, manager of the Quebec Bank; J. J. Foote, J. S. Fry, Samuel B. Foote, Daniel McPherson, S. Raymond, W. H. Jeffery, J. E. Eckhart, A. J. Maxham, W. D. Campbell, and M. Stevenson. Fly fishing for trout, yachting and boating during the leafy months were followed by the younger

frequenters of the lake, during the bright, frosty days of winter, with cariboo hunting, trapping bears, foxes, hares and setting night lines under the ice of that and the neighbouring lakes for the huge gray trout, known as *tuladi* to the Indians and better known as *queue fourchue* to the French.

Lake St. Charles is an old settlement; the indigenous population is of a slightly mixed character. The Huron reserve at Indian Lorette counts several representatives and half-breeds. For half a century and more, nothing was more *en règle* for Quebecers, than a Saturday excursion "in the season of the year" to Lake St. Charles when a cold collation *arrosée de medoc*, or with McCallum's prime pale ale, closed the *fête*, under the good roof of old Verret's rustic hostelry still flourishing amidst the green fields encircling the famous old lake.

One sultry June afternoon I formed part of a squad of noisy law students resting under the shade of an umbrageous elm, on the eastern shore of Echo Bay, waiting all of us impatiently for Old Sol to go to rest behind the summit curtain of Côte à Bonhomme to the west. The fish would not rise; our gaudiest fly had failed to draw them from the deep, cool caverns of the lake. At sundown, we would have sport, not before. So said our trusty guide, old Gabriel. A lively camp-fire was blazing on the shore; its dense smoke kept away the myriads of

mosquitoes and black flies, which at this season usually lay in wait to pounce on those audacious mortals who dare invade their liquid domain.

Old Charles Panet, reclining on the turf, had just exhausted his store of choice anecdotes, closing with a graphic account of how his respected great-grandfather, Dr. Badelard, had been made to deliver his short regulation sword as surgeon to the *Regiment de la Reine* to one of Fraser's Highlanders on the 13th of September, 1759, on the Heights of Abraham. Tough stories of the catch of gigantic *tuladi*, in winter, under the ice of Lake St. Joseph, had succeeded, followed by a thrilling account of the fatigue and danger encountered in a winter trip far north, to Snow Lake, at the breaking up of the ice towards spring. An elderly angler, wearing heavy gold spectacles, which gave him a thoughtful, scientific look, sententiously asked in vain for the reason why the flesh of the trout of Lake Beauport was redder than that of other trout. Genial Charles Panet, resting his rod securely on the gnarled trunk of the big elm tree, broke in with a joyous laugh. "*Messieurs*, no fishing until 7.30 p.m. at least! What are you going to do, to kill time—*pour tuer le temps*? That is the question, *Mes braves*!"

"Did you ever hear the story of Gabriel's miraculous escape from starvation, through the kindness of a bear, and how he discovered the difference between St. Pierre 65, O.P. Whisky and Ontario toddy? You are aware doubtless that the vile spirit smuggled in enormous quantities from the French Islands of Newfoundland is known over the Province of Quebec, as *du Saint Pierre*."

It is quite a touching narrative.

"No! No! No!" was ejaculated all round. "Let us have it!"

An earnest appeal to the old trapper was thus made, and Gabriel, who until then had been silently smoking a short *dudeen* in the stern of his

canoe, put down his pipe, hitched up his pants and pushing his canoe close in shore, said: "*A vos ordres, Messieurs*. I shall tell you, in a few words, the story of the bear who saved my life and also how I discovered the difference between *du Saint Pierre* and Ontario whisky. Well, it occurred in the first days of April; the squirrels and the bears were just leaving their winter quarters—the spring sun was getting to be quite hot at midday, on the mountain, though the nights were still frosty. I was just thinking of closing up operations in my *sucrerie*, as the sap was becoming tainted with *la sève*. A fellow, whom I took for *un gentilhomme*, called at my *cabane*, wet, tired, but a trifle under the weather from the effect of *ardent*, I thought. He had, he said, got wet accidentally falling in the lake through a hole in the ice. I lent him a pair of socks; he dried his clothes at my camp-fire, and then pulled out of his pocket a large metal flask, saying it contained something extra good, poured out for me a very stiff horn, adding that it was as mild as pigeon's milk—*du lait de pigeon*. I hesitated before taking such a dram; how my usual caution forsook me I cannot tell. He persisted, saying that no such spirit ever came from the whisky country in Canada, Ontario, and that one had to go all the way to the French islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, off Newfoundland, to get it. I always thought since the fellow must have been a smuggler or a *coureur de bois*. There was a sly, furtive look in his eye.

"Soon after I left with a tin can to collect the sap from the maple. On coming out in the cool air, everything seemed to swim before my eyes. My course was in the direction of the lake. Walk I could not without much trouble; my legs, usually so strong, refused to carry me."

"A clear case of tangle-legs," joyously chimed in old Charles Panet.

"I never heard it called by that name, *monsieur, le membre pour le*

comté," tartly replied old Gabriel.

"Though I could hardly walk, something impelled me to run; this also was a failure. In fact, completely nonplussed, I laid down my tin can. What shall I do next? I repeated to myself. I shall catch my death of cold from this night wind blowing across the lake. I felt I could not reach my *cabane*, and looked round for a shelter, as night was fast setting in. I had, 'twas clear, been made the victim of a practical joke. 'Saint Pierre,' I discovered, was strong *comme le diable*, too much so for my nerves. I shouted to keep my spirits up; I even swore at *le St. Pierre* (St. Peter, I hope, will forgive me, as no offence was meant). I spied on the edge of the lake a monstrous pine, which looked as if it had been cleft in twain by lightning. Towards it I tried to make a bee-line. I have strong doubts that I did. My legs had given out, not my arms, however. My salvation, my only salvation, rested, I thought, in climbing that tree. I succeeded in wedging myself firmly, as I thought, in the rent in the tree, without looking below me. Sleep soon overpowered me. All at once, and without one moment's warning, I slid down in the cavity about twelve feet and landed on a soft bed of leaves. Here I felt helpless, a doomed man. Realising my desperate position, I was just yielding to despair, when it occurred to me to invoke my patron saint. Taking a hasty but unsatisfactory retrospect of my whole life, I tried to kneel down to say my prayers. I found my memory failed me. The only prayer that I could recollect was "*ora pro nobis*," which I hurried to repeat in a loud voice, when a strange

sound caught my ear, as if something was scratching on the outside bark of the tree. Then there was some rustling above and a fluffy ball of fur struck my head, nearly crushing me to a jelly. I gasped for breath and then yelled with pain and fright. A snort and horrible growl were the only response. Terror sobered me entirely, for I realised my position. I had unwittingly invaded the winter quarters of a bear absent from home, in quest of his supper, no doubt. Bruin on his return had, according to his well-known practice, let himself down in his lair, tail first, on top of me. Which of the two felt the most awkward I cannot pretend to say. Startled, he stood a second or two, staring at me; then turned and took to climbing the wooden walls of my prison, while I shouted at him. My presence of mind had not left me. One chance of escape then remained. I laid hold of the animal's tail in the ascent, but soon found there was nothing to hold on. Letting go my hold, I instantly took a firm grip of the long fur growing on his haunches. Never did I travel faster by train. In a trice I found myself landed at the front door of my prison.

"The conductor seemed in such a hurry, that he heeded not a 'dead head.' Not even stopping to look after his fare, he slid down tail-end first along the tree, ran like a cariboo towards the frozen lake, and might be running on it yet had not the ice melted on it last spring."

"Gabriel," said Mr. Panet, "I have heard something like this before?"

"*C'est possible, mon bon monsieur*, but that was how I found out the difference between *du Saint Pierre* and Ontario whisky."



CANADA AND GREENLAND

BY ROBERT STEIN,

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THE area of Canada is now 3,745,574 square miles; that of the United States, including Alaska and the insular possessions, 4,340,677 square miles; that of Europe, 3,627,000 square miles. By acquiring the 837,740 square miles of Greenland, Canada's area would be increased to 4,573,314 square miles, which would make her 242,637 square miles larger than the United States and 956,314 or nearly a million square miles larger than Europe. Of course, mere size counts for little. Were Canada to claim the 14,500,000 square miles of the moon, nobody would object. A good many people will say that a block of ice like Greenland is not of much greater value than the moon, as a colonial possession. Let us see.

The summer of 1912 will probably see the first fleet of transatlantic steamers loading wheat from the elevators on the west shore of Hudson Bay. With the extension of the wheat fields of the Northwest, the annual procession of steamers from Hudson Bay to Liverpool and Glasgow will rapidly lengthen. It is safe to say that the commerce of Hudson Strait during the summer months will not fall far short of that of the St. Lawrence ten years hence and may eventually equal it. Montana, North Dakota and Minnesota will probably be glad to swell the traffic, so far as Canada will let them. Now take a globe and stretch a string from Cape Chidley, the southern gatepost of Hudson Strait, to the southeast and

northeast capes of Ireland, which would be the objective points of steamers making for Liverpool and Glasgow. In either case the straight line cuts a slice off the southern end of Greenland. In other words, vessels going from Hudson Strait to Liverpool or Glasgow and wishing to take the straightest possible course will have to sail as close as possible past Cape Farewell, the south cape of Greenland. A stream of drift ice usually moves southward along the east coast of Greenland and may force vessels to take a more southerly course, but when there is no ice, or only loose ice, masters will, of course, try to shorten the trip as much as possible by following the great circle. A cable from Ireland to Cape Farewell and thence to Cape Chidley and York Factory will soon become a necessity. With a vast fleet passing in sight of it every summer, Cape Farewell is bound to receive many calls and develop into an important station, rendering valuable service to the new line of traffic. Of course, it would do so even if it remained in Danish hands, but it is safe to say that, if Canada had the choice between asking this service of foreigners and performing it for herself she would unhesitatingly choose the latter.

There is a disposition, for which perhaps certain narrators of Arctic explorations are to blame, to assume that there is nothing worth having within the Arctic circle. American statesmen grugged the seven millions

paid for Alaska, "Seward's snow farm." The millions of dollars' worth of gold exported from Alaska, the vast deposits of copper and coal just opened up, ought to serve as a warning against condemning any land as worthless, even if situated at the Pole. The ice-free portion of Greenland under Danish control is estimated at 46,740 square miles, larger than Ireland, and the ice-free belt in East and North Greenland is probably quite as extensive. What minerals may be revealed in such an area by close prospecting, no one can foretell.* Nor are mineral resources the only ones to be found. Formerly the trade in reindeer skins was highly lucrative, and with judicious protection it could doubtless be revived. With an initial expenditure, South Greenland could be converted into a highly remunerative game preserve, where the musk-ox, chamois, alpaca and other fur-bearers could find a congenial *habitat*, undisturbed by the carnivora of the mainland.

The main wealth of the Arctic, however, is not on the land but in the sea. It is curious how completely the present kerosene-burning generation has forgotten the fact that their fathers, over the length and breadth of the land, performed their evening tasks by the light of the whale-oil lamp. The oil kings of those days were whalers. It is estimated that the whaling industry contributed yearly \$700,000,000 to the wealth of Holland, Scotland and America—most of it derived from within the Arctic and Antarctic circles. One hundred and fifty vessels were employed at one time in this industry in Baffin Bay, where three or four at present catch barely enough to pay expenses. Still, so long as the whale is not completely exterminated, it is merely a question of time and ju-

dicious protection when he will regain his former numbers and become once more the basis of a great industry. An agreement for his protection might indeed be made with Denmark even now but, it would not be easy to give it international sanction, so long as the shores of Baffin Bay are owned by two different nations. Were Greenland a part of the Dominion, it would be easy, in the present moribund condition of the whaling industry, and with the present universal demand for "conservation," to obtain international consent to the closing of both Baffin Bay and Hudson Bay to all but Canadian ships. The whales in both bays would then be the property of Canada, and she could afford to give them such protection as to make them yield the maximum returns compatible with the permanence of the industry. It must be remembered that the \$700,000,000 yielded by the whale fisheries represented only "bone," spermaceti and blubber, and that besides these there was an immense amount of waste, in carcasses abandoned and in wounded whales lost. Often, in the eagerness for quick profits, not even the blubber was taken but only the "bone" and spermaceti. With ice for cold storage close at hand everywhere, such waste would in the future be unpardonable. The Norwegian method, which consists in towing each captured whale to a factory on shore and there turning every scrap of him into marketable goods, would be the only one permissible. If the whales were Canadian property and the Eskimos Canadian subjects, the Canadian Government would take good care that the stomachs of these subjects should not remain empty for lack of whale meat, even if the increasing meat famine in Europe and elsewhere did not create a market for

* "The Gronlandsk Minedrift Aktieselskab, of Copenhagen, has begun work on a copper mine south of Upernivik, North Greenland. The vein occurs in an eruptive formation, and it is supposed that it widens downward. The ore shows 20-45 per cent. copper. The first year's output was 900 tons of ore."—Letter from Mr. C. E. Krarup to the *Afdelingschef vid Telegrafvaesenet*, Copenhagen.

that article, which, the writer was told by an old whaler, is not much inferior to beef.

Suppose that under a system of complete utilisation and "conservation," only forty Canadian ships, each with a crew of fifty men, were eventually employed in this industry. That would make a total of 2,000 men passing each year through a splendid school of seamanship. At the present time, when Britain finds such difficulty in manning her navy, such an accession of possible British recruits would be highly welcome.

The whale, though the most important, is not the only useful denizen of Baffin Bay. In the far north, the walrus is present in vast numbers, and its meat, hide and ivory would add considerably to the trade of the future whaling stations. The numerous species of seals, the narwhal, white whale, polar bear, fox and hare, and myriads of birds, could be made to pay tribute. In Japan, the seaweed industry yields marketable products to the value of \$2,000,000 each year, besides vast quantities consumed on the spot. Both in Japan and in the Hawaiian Islands, seaweeds are actually cultivated. Many parts of Baffin Bay are veritable forests of seaweed, and Eskimo labour is probably cheaper even than Japanese. None of these minor industries might by themselves be sufficient to bear the cost of transportation, but in combination with whaling, mining and the fur business they would swell the volume of trade.

Thousands of Americans flock to Switzerland each year to view the tiny glaciers and ice caps of the Alps, regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It ought not to be difficult to direct an even greater stream of tourists to the world's greatest wonder, the ice cap of Greenland, nearly as large as the entire United States east of the Mississippi. Hansen has shown that travelling on the surface of this great ice pavement, nearly as level as the surface of the ocean, is in many

cases as easy as over the floor of a dancing-hall. If regular and commodious communication were established between Greenland and the great American ports, thousands of tourists would take advantage of the opportunity to enjoy the unique sensation of a cruise on this great white frozen ocean, in many places probably a mile or more in depth. A dozen hotels would soon spring up, and half a dozen steamers would make the circuit of Baffin Bay several times each summer. It has already been suggested that Greenland, with its absolutely pure air and water and its three to four months of perpetual daylight, is bound to become the world's greatest sanitarium.

In brief, the possession of Greenland by Canada would render the entire Arctic archipelago adjoining Baffin Bay more accessible and promote its exploration and development. If Newfoundland joined the Dominion, she would doubtless get the lion's share of all this trade, and it seems hardly conceivable that she would care to forego that advantage.

*

The question now arises, At what price can Canada get Greenland?

While formerly the Greenland trade was a source of considerable profit to the Danes, in recent years it has been carried on at a loss. The writer was assured by one of the Danish governors that Denmark would only be too glad if some other nation would take Greenland off her hands; that she kept it solely for the sake of the natives, who would starve if the Danish stations were abandoned. It is practically certain that if Canada cares to acquire Greenland she can get it for nothing. Doubtless the Danes are as anxious as any other people to get as much money as possible, but there is one thing for which they care still more—their national unity. In this respect, Canada has it in her power to render them an essential service.

In 1864, as everybody knows, the

Danes lost Schleswig-Holstein. They have long since recognised that it would have been wiser to surrender Holstein voluntarily, since that province was historically a part of Germany and was thoroughly German in language and sentiment. Schleswig, on the other hand, had always been Danish, and the larger part of it, the one adjoining Denmark, was in 1864, and is now, overwhelmingly Danish in language and sentiment. At the present moment the Danes limit their ambition to the recovery of the Danish-speaking district. So long as that district remains under German rule, there can be no friendly relations between Germany and Denmark. Were it restored, the two nations would at once be friends.

Since North Schleswig is essentially Danish, the Danes claim that, as a matter of equity, it ought to be restored to them without compensation. However, being an essentially sober people, they recognise that Germany, whose main trouble is lack of land, is not likely to surrender any piece of land either gratuitously or for money, but only in exchange for some other land. If Denmark owned colonies that were a source of revenue to her, she might hesitate to surrender these for what she regards as part of her rightful domain. But Greenland and the West Indies are not a source of revenue but of expense to Denmark, and hence it is fair to presume that she would gladly surrender them to Germany in exchange for North Schleswig. Fortunately or unfortunately, the Monroe Doctrine prevents the acquisition both of Greenland and of the Danish West Indies by any country except Britain or the United States. Evidently, then, Denmark will never have anything to offer to Germany as ransom for her captive province, unless Britain will consent to accept Greenland in exchange for some British colonies not covered by the Monroe Doctrine, especially Walfish Bay and Zanzibar, most coveted by Germany. It is safe to say that

Britain would gladly do this, if she knew that Canada wanted Greenland, especially now, after Canada has offered to build a navy as an adjunct to the British navy. In brief, Canada can get Greenland for nothing, by simply expressing a wish to own it.

Bismarck declared on several occasions that he was merely waiting for the opportune moment to begin negotiations for the restitution of North Schleswig to Denmark. The Alldutsche Verband, the most intensely nationalistic organisation in Germany, declared, in an official publication by its late President, Prof. Hasse, that the restitution of North Schleswig, for an equivalent, should be regarded as an open question. Thus there is good reason to think that in this triangular bargain, two parties, Germany and Denmark, are willing. It remains to examine the situation from the point of view of the third party, Britain.

The friendship between Britain and Denmark, already intimate, would be further strengthened if Britain aided Denmark to ransom her captive province. At the same time, Denmark being reconciled to Germany, would become the natural mediator between Britain and Germany, so that the relations between these two old friends, now somewhat estranged, would also resume some of their former cordiality. This of itself would lessen the pressure of naval competition and tend to ease the burden of naval expenditure for both nations. To aid the mother country in bearing that burden, Canada, like Australia and New Zealand, has been deciding to spend a large sum to build a fleet of her own. That expenditure is probably beyond recall, but the evident concern with which it was made suggests that Canada would be glad to know of a means to avoid its continuance, perhaps even the increase of that expenditure. Such a means is at hand. All that Canada has to do is simply to express a desire to own Greenland. This may seem a

startling statement, but a brief consideration will show its truth.

The motive which prompts Germany's naval movement is the belief that Britain is determined not to permit any further colonial expansion of Germany and that she will profit by the first opportunity to take away Germany's colonies and destroy her commerce. The writer has before him a letter from a distinguished German in which this belief is plainly expressed. It must be confessed that the British press is sadly replete with utterances tending to strengthen that belief, which, of course, is sedulously fostered by the advocates of German naval expansion. With a population of sixty-three millions and a colonial domain of barely one million square miles, mostly unfit for white colonisation, Germany feels it to be not only her right but her duty to her own future to win for her people a "place in the sun;" and if Britain is unalterably opposed to such expansion, Germany really has no choice but to build such a navy that Britain will no longer deem it safe to continue her opposition.

Responsible British statesmen have repeatedly declared the alleged British policy to be a myth; that Britain has no intention of occupying any of Germany's present possessions or of preventing her from acquiring others, should any colonies hereafter be on the market. "Words are cheap," the Germans reply, and it must be confessed that there is ample justification in history for scepticism in such matters. British statesmen now have the opportunity to prove the truth of their words by a *deed*. The German argument based on the alleged British policy of opposition to Germany's colonial expansion would be completely refuted if Britain of her own accord surrendered to Denmark, in exchange for Greenland, some African colonies, knowing beforehand that they were afterward to be transferred to Germany. With this substantial proof of friendly in-

tentions on the part of Britain, the Reichstag, always in trouble about the budget, would promptly question the need of additional *Dreadnoughts*. A tacit, if not a formal, limitation of armaments would be the result. Canada herself could keep her millions for works more profitable than warships. A better bargain cannot be conceived than one in which, instead of paying for the goods, you get them for nothing and save money besides.

Canada has every reason to promote friendly relations between European powers, especially Britain and Germany. What the future course of development in the Pacific will be, nobody knows, but it is evident that Canada even now could not alone withstand an attack from Asia, much less in the future, when the 600,000,000 of Eastern Asia shall have navies commensurate with their numbers. She has to rely on the protection of the mother country. Her vital interest, therefore, requires her to make sure, so far as possible, that the mother country shall not at the moment of Canada's danger be compelled to face other enemies, but shall on the contrary have so many allies as to preclude the possibility of attack. A truer word was never spoken than that of the Kaiser: "Only those powers that have great fleets will be treated with respect when the future of the Pacific comes to be decided, and, if for that reason alone, Germany must have a strong fleet. It may even be that England herself will be glad that Germany has a fleet, when they speak together on the same side in the great debates of the future."

For the same reason it is the duty of the United States, in the writer's humble opinion, to aid the proposed compromise by exchanging a part of the Philippines for the Danish West Indies; and the colony thus acquired by Denmark should be retained by her and developed as Java was developed by Holland. Denmark has large interests in the Pacific, and for

their development a good-sized colony would be a great convenience. The advent of a viking squadron in the Pacific would be welcomed by every white power having possessions in that part of the world. But that is another story, which, if told at full length, might overtax the reader's patience.

*

Students of economics are familiar with the problem of the *parcellement* of rural property in Europe. Owing to continual subdivision, it often happens that a farm of say twenty acres consists of ten different fields, each a mile or more from the next, so that the farmer is compelled to spend half his time in transit from field to field. When the evil becomes intolerable, the community finally agrees to a redistribution, called in Germany *Verkoppelung*, by which each man, in exchange for his scattered fields, gets an equivalent in a single block adjoining his house. It is about time that European powers undertook a similar *Verkoppelung* with some of their colonies. By the arrangement here proposed, Canada would gain Greenland, adjoining her house; Denmark would gain North Schleswig, adjoining her house; Germany would gain Walfish Bay and Zanzibar, adjoining her house. Each country would acquire that which is nearest to it and most needed, in exchange for what is far away and least needed. There would be a gain all around and no loss anywhere. The greatest gain of all would be in mutual goodwill and confidence, and in the saving of the huge expenditures due to mutual distrust.

To nations, as to individuals, the opportunity to perform a noble deed

comes but rarely; and nations, like individuals, are rarely alert enough, in their warm bed of routine, to perceive and grasp the passing opportunity. If the arguments here advanced are sound, Canada has at this moment an incomparable opportunity. In the July number of *The Canadian Magazine*, commenting on the sending of a *Dreadnought* by Australia to England, the editor wrote: "Would it not be much cheaper and better, and at least worth the experiment, for the Government of Australia to send a message to the Kaiser, deploring the hostile attitude of England and the warlike preparations of Germany, and expressing the hope that the statesmen of both countries make a determined effort to offset the animosity that the jingoes and a large section of the English and German press seem bound to arouse?" Much more "worth the experiment" would it be for Canada to do the same not by a few cheap words but by a *deed*. Without sending a message to Berlin, she can furnish substantial proof of Britain's pacific intentions and thereby put Germany's pacific professions to the test. Without spending a cent, by simply expressing a wish to own Greenland, she can gain that colony, the control of Baffin Bay, a monopoly of its whale fishery, most likely the accession of Newfoundland, hasten the development of her present Arctic possessions, cement the friendship between Britain and Denmark, largely restore the former cordiality between Britain and Germany, and, by thus lessening the naval competition, effect a saving of millions in her own budget and in that of the mother country. Will she take her place among those that know the right and do it not?



WINNIPEG: THE MELTING POT

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

NO other city of its age and size has been advertised throughout the world as much as Winnipeg, the gateway of the prairie region, which has added so greatly to the wealth and prestige of the Dominion. For years its name has been on the lips of men in all parts of the universe who think that a change will better their condition. Its history has been interwoven with romance that has cast round it a sort of halo, which in itself has proved to be a great lodestone of the vast western country.

In the short space of one generation this "Prairie City" has risen to third rank in population and wealth and is pushing hard for premier honours in importance. Through its portals have passed the land-hungry and wealth-seeking people who have settled farther west. Steadily the human stream has poured through, and as it flows by there continually drops out numbers who see better opportunities at the threshold than in the field, and they are building up a great city.

The process is still going on. Hundreds of thousands of people from every country on the globe are coming every year, and Winnipeg gets a share of each contingent. The rush is mainly for land; and the manless land is still extending the invitation to the landless man.

Up to the present time the immigrants have not all been of the hand-picked variety, but an improvement is now apparent. Men of the old lands in whose bosom there is the spark of hope or ambition are still stirred by the thought of homes in

Canada free for the asking. Many of these hopefuls become wealthy landlords, and tower in wealth and respect among the people—in their imagination. Their imagination is broad in an inverse ratio to their knowledge and experience in agricultural pursuits. Of all classes, all nationalities and descriptions, men have rushed to the Canadian West, determined to erect homes and firesides which they might call their own.

To a practical farmer, particularly with some financial support, the land is the greatest of blessings, to the truth of which thousands can testify. Of course, business men turn to the cities naturally as their proper sphere. From the rural communities the decided successes and the decided failures look also to the cities, and many turn that way, the failures probably predominating in this influx. The successful city man must consider that he has not only himself to support but also his brother man who has failed to make good. The cities are composed of three classes: those who have made good, those who are making good, and those who will never make good.

Largely through her geographical position in relation to the prairie, Winnipeg has forged ahead faster than the surrounding country, until now it is estimated that one-third of the population of Manitoba is located in the city and suburbs. From a commercial standpoint this fact is the cause of much pride. Studied from the standpoint of an agricultural province and considered along with the



IN THE "FOREIGN" QUARTER OF WINNIPEG

other cities and towns in the Province, it is a matter of some seriousness. Manitoba, the great agricultural Province, has forty per cent. of its people living in cities and towns. The percentage is steadily increasing. Thus it will be seen that with the growth of a city there is also vast increase in its responsibilities. There is little need to force the population of Winnipeg, for it will grow faster than the Province which supports it. If the greater stress is laid upon the Province the city will take care of itself.

Winnipeg holds a place by itself among Canadian cities. Less than half its people are Canadians, while one-third are either foreign born or the children of foreign parents — which in many instances means the same thing. The rapid influx of immigration during the last fifteen years has been the cause. In the great Republic to the south immigration in proportion to the population never has been one-third as great as it has been in Canada. Yet the people of that glorious nation have failed miserably in the problem of the cities. Hardly a writer or public speaker of the present day touches on the subject of

American humanity without deploring the fact of the poverty and suffering in the big cities

Two causes contribute largely to these conditions — immigration and business competition. Canada has both of the causes and is on the high road towards the condition. Proper precautions taken now will do much to avoid a repetition in Winnipeg, where to-day is being worked out the greatest problem of assimilation ever cast upon a city of the same size on the continent. The fusion of races in the melting-pot is unceasing. The blast furnaces are developing the new Canadian—but there is something defective in the system. The product is not satisfactory nor is the process sufficiently rapid and sure.

The main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, passing through Winnipeg, is generally accepted as a division, the foreign section being to the north. The "north-end" has become a significant definition in the city. Not all the "north-enders" are foreign, but the majority converse in other than Anglo-Saxon speech.

The linguist who visits Winnipeg may have the choice of conversing in



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upwards of two score tongues if he is anxious for such exercise. Should he enter the houses of the different persons with whom he speaks his experience will be materially widened and his nose will detect odours as cosmopolitan as the people. With all its great and polyglot population, Winnipeg has comparatively little voice in the affairs of the Province or the Dominion. With a sufficient population for four members in the House of Commons and ten in the Legislature, it is represented by one in the former and four in the latter. Alexander Haggart, M.P., therefore, has the honour of speaking for a greater number of people than any one member in Parliament. Should he speak for all in the various native languages he would demoralise the House of Commons and lead the world in linguistic accomplishments. It is no doubt well for the interest of the country at large that urban representation is held down, but there is such a thing as holding it too low. The only legislator from the city whose mother tongue is not English is T. H. Johnson, M.P.P., a native of Iceland, but a master of polite English

and a prominent barrister.

To the student of human nature and sociology Winnipeg offers a field unrivalled on the continent, where he may roam at will and find study for a lifetime. What has happened and what is bound to happen under the wheat-driven high-pressure rate of living will furnish thinking pabulum for theorists as well as practical-minded persons. The great majority of Winnipeggers work for a living. There is, however, the customary leisure class whose complaints are silenced only when dodging work. There has never yet been good reason for many men to steadily be out of employment, though that class during the last winter was too numerous. Scores of them when offered work turned up their noses at the thought of making an honest living and being no longer a public charge. They would refuse a "job," but wanted a position. They were practically recruited from the immigrant class, and that largely from the great nation to which Canada owes its greatness to-day. Somebody has to be pestered with them, so probably it is well that Canada has



A COSMOPOLITAN GROUP IN A WINNIPEG STREET

her share and Winnipeg a taste of what real metropolitanism involves. Then again there is hope that they will improve in the midst of opportunity. The man who will beg meals and refuse to cut wood is useless anywhere and always lands in the city at last.

In the melting process Icelanders have taken the foremost place among the adopted peoples. In the colleges and university they have forged to the front and have asked favours of no one. They have a long line of hard-working and thrifty generations at their back, which is bound to develop men of value. It was an Icelandic student, Skuli Johnson, who this year was chosen as the Rhodes scholar from Manitoba. The Scandinavian races have proven to be the best of the foreigners in Canada, and in Winnipeg they retain the prestige of their traditions, though in the intellectual world they have not all

scored so prominently as the Icelanders. The Jews are as they are in all cities. Mostly they mind their own business. The Chinamen restrict their activities largely to soiled linen, with an occasional restaurant, but this is more common farther west. Japs are few in the city, but on Portage avenue they are in the front row with two large commercial establishments.

When to a bunch of twenty thousand Galicians (Poles, Ruthenians, Russians, etc.) there is added five thousand Germans and as many more assorted foreigners born in the United States, the resulting compound is much the same as is found in the "north-end." The exact figures on the foreign peoples are not available, as the land of their birth only is recorded. Technically a so-called Galician may be either a Canadian or an American by birth, but the Anglo-Saxons make a broad classification that is right for all practical purposes.



A CHANCE GROUP OF FOREIGNERS LINED UP TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED

The children of foreigners are usually considered to be more criminally inclined than their parents. Possibly modern ideas when led by mediæval customs and traditions develop too rapidly in the wrong direction.

The Galicians are the cause of much concern where they are located in Winnipeg to stay. Many own their own houses and other property, and their numbers are increasing rapidly both naturally and by immigration. There is also a steady influx from the country communities. Practically all of them are labourers, and they don't get to the front rank rapidly. On account of their ability to live cheaply, they militate against the wages of natives. The more of them there are to reduce the price of labour the greater becomes the tendency to Anglo-Saxon race suicide. Again, the population is shifting. A Galician with a thousand dollars is considered a prince among his compatriots at home, and it is a strong temptation to go back and lord it over them. Ga-

licians send a pile of Winnipeg money back to the homeland. Though many of them return to their old homes, they are not missed, and those who want advantages for their families stop in Canada.

The problem in Winnipeg is more serious than even the majority of people in that city appreciate, and the improvement is not as fast as present-day methods would warrant. The mixed races were brought to the country by the Government, and once in the city the municipality has to deal with them. They are the unfortunate product of a civilisation that is a thousand years behind the Canadian; but nevertheless they are what they are, and that thousand years is a wide chasm to bridge. A generation seems a long time to transform a people, but if Galicians can be made into representative Canadians in one generation it will be a good work. The hope lies with the younger members. The training of centuries cannot be cast off like a mantle and a new one

taken on. So long as brain marks are indelible this will be true. The elder generation can only be pitied, regulated, aided, and endured, while the younger ones can be watched, fostered, and developed into Canadians through the regular channels. Anarchism and so-called Socialism is rampant among people who have been ground under despotic heels.

The Galicians who come direct from the old land were mostly born in ignorance and from force of circumstances will die in ignorance of the blessings of a free country. Not only were they down-trodden by government, but priest-craft laid heavy hand upon them at home. In Winnipeg, fakir priests have sorely imposed upon the poor Galicians. In various guises the wolves have approached, but many have been quickly exposed while others have flourished for a long time. A number of these priests who have preyed upon

the superstitions of their people have been discovered to be criminals who fled from their own country and become self-styled ambassadors from Above. Such impositions on the part of their own people render the Galicians suspicious of anything in the garb of religion. There are, however, a number of faithful native workers among them and the evangelical churches are also working with them. There is room for much missionary work yet. A number of the church organisations are doing institutional work among the Galicians, and beneficial results of a tangible character have been secured. Potent influences, however, of the most undesirable nature handicap those who might otherwise do a great deal of good for these

people.

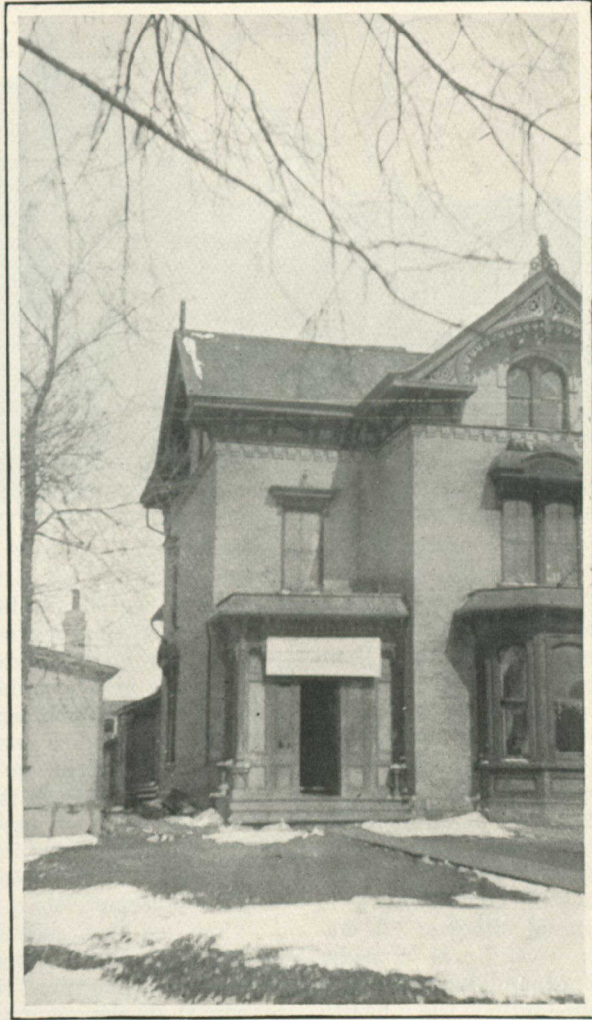
Political influences were no doubt fraught with danger in the homelands, but party politics is without doubt one of the most potent influences to their detriment in Winnipeg. The great gift of democracy, where each citizen has a voice in the affairs of the nation, is not the boon that it might be to the formerly down-trodden foreigners. As a whole, the illiterate ones would be far better off if the privilege of the ballot were withheld from them. But it is not the political candidates who are the demoralising elements among them. It is the agents and the heelers. There are native-born Canadians who, though able to read and write, are ignorant of Canadian affairs. How much less then must people know of

the meaning of their ballot who have grown to maturity without ever seeing such an instrument. Add to this illiteracy even in their native language and being



A CARLOAD OF IMMIGRANTS PASSING THROUGH WINNIPEG

unacquainted with English, as is often the case, the ballot is a dangerous weapon rather than a sacred gift. The political agencies are used to "educate" the Galicians on the proper method of casting a vote. Drunken debauches are more common in election campaigns than at other times and many a foreigner is naturalised before he has spent the required three years in Canada. Politically the majority of the rank and file of the city Galicians are reckoned as worth so much a head at the polls, and the party that pays last is supposed to secure results. It is hard sometimes to believe the world is improving morally when such scenes are witnessed. The members of the House of Commons had a



ONCE ONE OF WINNIPEG'S FINEST RESIDENCES. AFTERWARDS
IT BECAME CRAMMED WITH GALICIAN LODGERS

sample of the value of Galician affidavits last session, when for a few days they formed the chief interest. They seemed to be easily secured and to any required end. The foreigners are little to be blamed, but more to be pitied that they are puppets in the hands of cunning schemers.

The police courts and the criminal assize courts at Winnipeg form a strong indictment against the foreign peoples, the Galicians particularly. The morality of the immigrant from

continental Europe is thrown into sharp relief in the courts of justice. They have not the Canadian regard for life, liberty and sanitary surroundings, and have to be regulated accordingly. "A Galician wedding has come to mean a calamity," said one of the most eminent judges of the West while presiding over an assize court. These weddings too often mean a carouse ending in a fight and frequently murder. Now the police are usually guests at such functions, and the



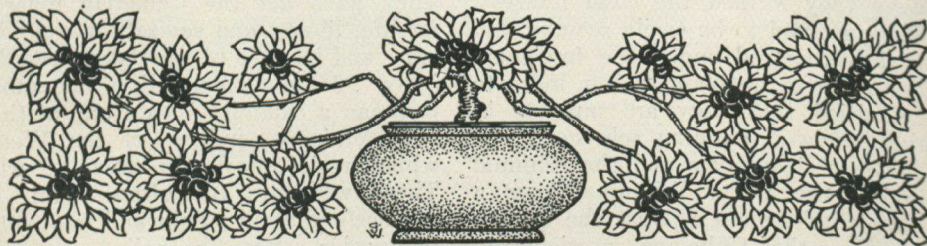
WHERE MANY FAMILIES CONGREGATE

casualty list is becoming lighter, though when a score of kegs of beer are emptied during the evening there is sure to be trouble before morning.

Fear of the police is all that keeps down the trouble in the foreign districts of the city, but it cannot be kept entirely under control. The police court daily sees a number of foreigners in the dock for keeping filthy premises, overcrowding, and other infractions of city by-laws in addition to criminal charges. A Galician with two rooms will consider himself a landlord and accommodate a dozen lodgers—until the health authorities land on him. One Galician landlord owned a large two-storey house. He, with his wife and child occupied a dirty room in the base-

ment and rented all the rooms above to more men than it would be thought possible to crowd into the space. Lodgers are also accommodated in the same room with the family. In such filthy and crowded surroundings immorality is certain to prevail; but, what is worse, it is in this atmosphere that many children are being reared. If the children escape immorality they will become incorrigible and be more trouble in future than their parents.

What has been said does not apply even to all the Galicians in Winnipeg, but it finds more than enough to leaven the entire colony in the city. Much good and hopeful work is being done among them, a work that might well have especial consideration were space available.



NOVEL READING AND RELIGION

BY REV. J. PATERSON SMYTH, D.C.L.,

RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S, MONTREAL.

WHEN a clergyman writes an article on novel-reading he almost inevitably provokes the remark, "Much fitter that he should write about Bible reading." That is quite true, and yet it points to a widespread misapprehension, a lack of appreciation of the wide influence which novel-reading exerts in our day in the field of morals and theology. He would be a very foolish clergyman who did not see that there is more novel reading than Bible reading going on in the world. That some of such reading is good and some of it is evil and that whether good or evil it is exercising a vaster influence than is generally recognised in forming men's opinions and moral tone.

An intelligent foreigner recently said about the influence of novels and magazine articles in forming the views and moulding the character of the general public: "The novel in England is pretty much what the priest used to be in France before recent days of scepticism—the intimate of the home circle, the advisor, the tutor, the mentor, the family moralist and the family chaplain subtly influencing the moral and religious views of the people in a thousand unperceived directions." To a great extent I endorse this opinion and I don't think people at all realise how much their general notions of conduct and religion are thus unconsciously influenced.

We boast that we live in the days of the open Bible and the teaching pulpit. But the open Bible is very often unread, and the teaching pulpit is very often dull and there is a stronger tendency than is generally noticed to pick up our notions of life and conduct in an interesting amateur way from novels and poems and essays and review articles. The author of a clever popular novel has an enormous audience — editions sometimes of 100,000 copies. No preacher, however great and famous, has any chance of influencing opinion to such an extent as that. Therefore it becomes a very important matter what tone is taken by these novelists and magazine writers. It becomes a problem worthy of grave consideration for parents what novels and magazines should be admitted into their homes. And it becomes a matter of grave importance for the clergy in every educated community to utter sometimes words of advice and warning on these matters.

II.

Now first note this. The object of the novelist is not necessarily to teach religion any more than it is the object of the writer on history or travel. His object is to interest and amuse, to hold the mirror up to nature and picture to us the ordinary interesting throbbing life of humanity about us as it is. If anyone thinks that interest and amusement and sympathetic

watching of human life is too low a purpose for a religious man I cannot. I think in this world of tired, dull people it is part of God's will that we should be amused and refreshed. I think with this sympathetic nature that God has given us it is only natural that we should be interested in the pictures of life as it is lived.

It is a great mistake to try to divorce from God the many innocent things which make life happier. It is a great mistake for religious people to deny what ordinary human nature strongly feels, that other things besides morality and religion are good and according to the will of God who made human nature. To say this does not make less of religion. Religion is like God's sun in the heavens. It should shine on and irradiate all the good things of life and make them better. But these other are good things too. The romping of merry children is a good thing. A well-played game of football or cricket or baseball is a good thing. The eager ambition in business is a good thing. Art and poetry and painting are good things. A splendid exciting drama is a good thing. And a stirring high-class novel is a good thing. The pleasure that people instinctively feel in these suggests at once their connection with that human nature which God has made. I think they are according to God's will. Nay, more, I think even Shakespeare and Dickens were better employed in writing their plays and novels than they would have been in trying to preach the Gospel. God gave them a great gift of doing the one, they would probably have done very badly in attempting the other.

The power to write a great novel is a great gift from God for the sake of a world of tired people.

III.

But you say, some writers write very bad novels. Yes, and some butchers sell very bad meat. But a man should not argue from that that

all novels are bad any more than he would argue that all meat is bad unless he happened to be a vegetarian. Some are harmless, innocent, amusing, and that in itself is a valuable thing, even though they may have no higher value, and some have very far higher value. Some present to us beautiful ideals of what noble lives should be. In the book world as in the real world we meet God's saints and kings. We meet many a prophet who points us to high things, many an inspiring personality who gives life an upward bias and lifts us an inch or two nearer heaven. Thank God for all such help in this poor human struggle. When one thinks of the pleasure to tired workers, of a good novel or a beautiful poem—when one thinks of the enormous circulation such literature gains—one feels very thankful for the help that some of them are giving to the cause of righteousness in the world, for Browning, for Tennyson, for Dickens, for George Macdonald, for Edna Lyall, for Ian MacLaren with his beautiful Scotch character sketches. Their work is not merely harmless, innocent, amusing, it is helping the great building of the Kingdom of God.

Let me say to godly Christian people who feel that fiction must be evil—let me say it with deep reverence, that there are works of fiction which even the poor careless world will never let die—given to us by the Lord himself, *e.g.* the story of the Prodigal Son and the story of the Shepherd and his lost sheep. Surely these are works of fiction given by Christ for the teaching of the world.

IV.

Let me emphasise one or two points before I go on.

Notice what I say, "God's gift to tired people," tired people, people who work. Let no self-indulgent idler who merely gets through life killing time claim that this relaxation is a gift of God for him. That sort of person has no claim on God. His

novel reading is as much a sin as all the rest of his life.

Notice too that I say that the novelist's business is to picture and study human nature as it is. If he be a true man he will make you feel that human nature as it is is not always human nature as it ought to be. Without any sermonising on the subject, he will make you admire the good and hate the evil in his characters. And I think in the main most of them do that in some degree at least. But some novelists have no high ideals and so their pictures of life have no elevating power. Some have low ideals and so their pictures of life are low and cynical. I think it only fair to say that these are not many. But the whole position makes it necessary to advise and to warn.

And here let me add just this—that the best possible antidote to any mischief from low ideals in stories that you read is to keep in touch daily with God's high ideals by the daily reading of even a small portion of His holy Word.

V.

Now, let me speak of the evils to be guarded against.

Let us begin at the lower end of the scale, the "Modern Novel" as it is distinctively designated. I once heard a smart definition of the modern novel as "a book that no nice girl would allow her mother to read." This book deals openly with problems of sex, and is in the main a very mischievous addition to modern literature, breaking down in a most undesirable way the reserve which ought to be kept about such subjects. There are many books of this kind which cannot but foster thoughts of impurity and evil.

Such novels are written shamelessly in our day—and I am sorry to say quite as often by women as by men. We get things put in print for our young people to read, for which instead of fame and money the writer deserves whipping at the cart tail.

But let me add that a book is not necessarily immoral because it deals with certain forbidden things in the relation of the sexes. The story of Adam Bede does so without hesitation. But it leaves in the readers' mind a sense of shrinking and pain, a sense of sin and its inevitable consequences which cannot but emphasise for him God's attitude against evil. There is no danger in such books. No! The real danger is in the tendency of much modern literature of this kind to adorn sin, to veil its intrinsic hideousness, by surrounding it with the charms of literary romance. The sacred beautiful word "Love" has been prostituted to a shameful meaning. Lust and unfaithfulness to the marriage vows have, by dramatic skill, been shorn of their repulsiveness and made half excusable. The hero and heroine are made quite attractive. He is a dashing young fellow with certain generous qualities. She is a beautiful sentimental girl who fails to find happiness in her married life, whose happiness is more important than her duty and her purity. Your sympathy is stirred. You can scarce help admiring them and condoning their sin.

And so you half unconsciously learn this modern gospel which John Ruskin so sternly attacks, this gospel which is forever suggesting to you that evil things are pardonable and you shall not die for them, and that good things are impossible and you need not live for them.

Such books have a paralysing effect on public opinion. They blunt the conscience and lower the whole moral tone. Never let such books enter your house. If they should get in put them behind the fire as you would put dangerous poison.

VI.

Next comes the danger from books with no directly vicious tendency, with no more fault than that the author himself seems to have poor, low ideals of life. If, as

very frequently happens, a man never raises his life ideals by study of his Bible, if his only reading outside the newspaper is in novels of this kind, which unfortunately is the case with very many, he will insensibly get low ideals himself. The general impression left by many widely read novels is something like this, that life is a certain brief span of existence to be idled away or sported away or sinned away, as seems good to the liver of it, no sense of duty, of responsibility, no feeling of solemnity with regard to this world or the world to come. Life is a mere tournament of worldly ambitions. Life is a mere picnic or pleasure party, an affair of dressing and promenading and gossiping and tea drinking and tennis and cards and billiards and theatres. While the author seems quite satisfied with this ideal for his heroes, the reader of such stuff is likely to be satisfied with such ideals for himself. And surely the religious life must suffer by such teaching.

And then so many writers seem to have failed to grasp the simple truth, that happiness has its seat and centre within and depends not on birth or riches, or change of scene or such things. They seem to go on the famous saying of Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair:" "I think I could be a good woman if I had £5,000 a year," as if our Lord had never taught that "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Human life needs nobler ideals than that. True happiness depends on what we are, not on what we have—on the beauty of our character, not on the riches of our possessions.

VII.

I notice, too, even in better books, a complete and determined ignoring of religion. Do not misunderstand me. I don't expect them to be full of sermons and passages of Scripture. That is not the function of a novel. As I

said before, its legitimate purpose is not to preach religion, but to interest and refresh the weary mind. You ought not to blame a novel for not teaching religion any more than you would blame an arithmetic for not teaching religion. But when the book persistently shuts out all high thought, when the whole tone of the book shows you that religion has no place in the writer's scheme of life, it must have an evil influence. We are told of a great Frenchman when some one spoke to him one day about religion and the hereafter, he waved him off impatiently, "One world at a time, please." That is the tone, one world at a time. Live as if there were no other world, no God, no Christ, no divine law, no responsibility. God is never mentioned, not even in an undertone. The whole book is carefully guarded against the inroad of any higher ideals from another world like the inhabitants of Holland guard against the inroad of water from the sea. And to the man or woman who habitually occupies his mind with such books life must grow very mean. Cut off habitually from the vast unseen life, thought must lose its upward look, man must become shorn of his dignity, the world must gradually become to him only what his kennel is to the dog. It is no harm to read novels picturing life as it commonly is. But you see the need of higher reading to keep you from acquiescing in this idea of life.

VIII.

Now, I want to speak of the class of novel so popular of late, that is not thoughtless and worldly, but serious and thoughtful in tone and often dealing directly with some of the most important problems of theology. The religious novel it is called. Sometimes it is so, sometimes it is the very opposite. I think it is a hopeful sign that so much of modern literature is theological in its tone and that the clever religious novel is so widely in demand. It

shows the trend of the public mind, the vague craving after higher things, the dissatisfaction with mere material standards of life. So far it is good. But this religious novel, as it is called, may be very dangerous. In dealing with theological questions, it often deals with them from the point of view of the sceptic, and when the writer is a good man with high ideals, and very shaky beliefs, he may do grave harm to the faith of young people, especially if he be a novelist of great literary reputation. Unconsciously people will be impressed by his position in the literary world. So clever a man seems so likely to be right. That is the danger.

You see there are now before the public two rival teachers of religion, the preacher and the novelist. The novelist has the advantage of the larger audience and the more attractive way of putting his views. The people are more inclined to listen to him, and therefore if he be a well taught, spiritually-minded man his influence must be enormous for good. Owing too to the power of imagination and the wide sympathy which makes him a successful novelist, he is often more in touch with the throbbing heart of the world, with its cravings and longings and aspirations than many a learned theologian.

But for the most part he has one great disadvantage in teaching theology. As a rule he knows very little about it. To teach the things of God requires a lifetime of study. If you knew the feeling of shame and incompetence with which some of us clergy address people on Sundays, you would understand my statement. After a lifetime of thought and study, one feels like a little child gathering pebbles on the shore of the infinite ocean of God's truth. We know God's truth so little. We see it so imperfectly. We teach it so stupidly. We know that after twenty years more we shall be but a little more competent—just a little.

Now, when you meet a novel with

high ideals but suggesting doubts about Christianity, don't let the reputation of the novelist carry you away. Remember that the brilliant novelist can claim no exemption from the common lot. He must remain ignorant on subjects which he has not carefully studied. When you meet a novel like "Robert Elsmere," showing how easily a good clergyman had all his deepest beliefs shattered by sceptical arguments, it may frighten you. And when you meet another well-known novel where clever people talk pathetically about the sweet sadness of poor humanity's mistaken fancies about a life to come, it may disturb you. But always remember that a man may be a brilliant novelist and yet have a very superficial acquaintance with Christianity and Christ. Many men's faith has been shaken by forgetting this. Because the writer has a great name as a novelist they forget that he may know very little about Christianity.

IX.

Once more. It seems a shame to criticise the great noble novels, yet I fear that even the high type of religious novel which touches our heart with the deep sense of the eternal Fatherhood of God, and which helps to lift us up to a higher life, even this has frequently one great defect, it does not realise the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." There is a tone as if we could hardly help sin—as if it were but a discipline through which we had to pass to make us good and that God looks very leniently on evil in us. Do you know the prayer of Martin Elginbrod?—

Be merciful to me, Lord God,
To me, poor Martin Elginbrod;
As I would be if I were God
And thou wert Martin Elginbrod.

You see the mixture of good and evil there. The beautiful trusting faith in God as the kindly sympathetic father—the feeling that we are to judge God by the best in ourselves, all so touchingly true; and yet the

feeling too that God ought to judge us by our own low standards of life.

You see the novelist is writing from the point of view of human nature, not from the point of view of the Bible with its deep horror of sin. He judges the strength of God's displeasure against sin by the weak, languid, moral displeasure of our own hearts. You know that you and I do not think so very badly of our sins. So often your novelists, even the noblest of them, make you feel not merely that God is infinitely compassionate with the repentant sinner, but that God is as lenient toward sin as we are, and that he ought to be.

It is a great blessing when a widely read novel is suggesting to hundreds of thousands the deep, touching tenderness and forgiveness of God. Yet there is so often the danger of making us lose the horror of sin and thinking of the loving God, as a mere good-natured indulgent father, to whom sin is not exceedingly sinful, whose chief thought is to make his child stop crying and be happy.

X.

This, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter. Do not hesitate to

accept as God's gift to tired people a good novel. I am not afraid to say that the English novel, though written with the object of giving pleasure and amusement, is in the main largely helping public opinion by its rough common sense ideals of right even if they be not always very high ideals.

But don't let yourself go. Don't acquiesce in low ideals. Keep yourself safe and keep your ideals high by contact with God's high ideals in His word.

Some time ago I read a famous novelist's autobiography, and it was deeply touching to see her high ideal of the office God had called her to and her prayerful hope that she might lift men by her work. It all brings us back to religion after all. If real love and service of God were in our hearts the clergyman and the merchant and the lawyer and the doctor and the writer of plays and the novel writer would all feel they were in their separate provinces God's ministers for the helping of humanity, and the words of His apostle would ring out equally to all: "Brethren, let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God."

THE HARVEST MOON

By EDGAR E. KELLEY

The last tall sheaf hath yielded to the blade,
Soft falls the dusk-cloak of the autumn night;
Along the upland and within the glade
The wheat-stocks shimmer 'neath the waning light.

God's curfew-bell, the bittern's plaintive cry,
Re-echoes: all is still, and Nature sleeps;
While, lo, from out its watch-tow'r in the sky,
A disc of ruddy gold night-vigil keeps.

WITHIN SOUND OF THE BUGLE

BY W. E. ELLIOTT

Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're
dead;
But you won't get away from the tune
that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over 'ead.

—Kipling

THE awful sound of jarring steel, of stout timbers split like match-wood, the hissing of steam set free, rang in Burton's ears still. The cars of the freight on which he was brakeman lay behind him, telescoped and crushed. The locomotives, locked in a desperate grip like strange monsters, victims at once of one another's hate, cast huge, sombre shadows on the snow. It was three hours since the trains had met, head-on, with a crash that was heard down in the city; the undamaged cars had been already hauled away.

As nearly as the edge of a great city could be, all was silent. Over the tracks, in the roundhouse, a solitary engine panted a deliberate pah! pah! pah! Now and again a far-off whistle marked the crossings with its wailing crescendo. The through Express rumbled past with a shriek of the siren, a little slower than usual, and the driver leaned from his cab and looked at the heap of wrecked rolling stock, silently. A million stars blinked inscrutably at Burton, toy of fate, as he glanced upward.

Men came now and again, two or three at a time, snow creaking under their feet with the frost, and looked at the demolished engines, the piles of splintered wood burning by the track, and the boxes of merchandise,

some of them burst open, over which Burton for the time kept guard.

More and more into the watcher's thoughts grew the significance of the long, towered building on the hill to the north of him. Five years ago the great, stone barracks of the Royal Canadians had been his only home. The warm, steady light from a window on the east side shone with a homelike gleam to him still. He picked out and identified some of the windows from which light streamed. In front were the officers', to the left those of the Colonel's quarters; the dark corner must be the orderly room, and those windows on the far right were the first of the married quarters. At the far end of the rectangle the men's canteen, pool-room and reading-room were lighted up. Even from the stable in the rear a yellow square of light showed that the Major's orderly was bedding down the tall bay team, or their successors. But in the dim starlight the great common, alive on a June day with five thousand men, now stretched away into the darkness with only scattered tracks in the snow.

Burton struggled with a hundred tormenting memories, as he stood by the flickering fire. Five years back he had taken his discharge from the company because the life was monotonous, the pay small, and he wanted to see life, a little. Well, instead of rising at *réveille* in a warm barrack-room, to the sound of merry chaffing all around him, he obeyed now a noisy alarm-clock which spoke to him an hour earlier than the bugle did, two

days out of three, not excepting Sunday.

The pay?

None of the increase had stuck to his fingers; only his share in the benefit fund of the Brotherhood remained.

Life?

He had seen it from the observation window of a caboose, from the narrow plank path on the top of a freight car, and he had seen death—red, horrible. And Marian Blake, the sergeant-major's only daughter—she must have forgotten him; McCrimmon had said she was to marry a warrant officer she had met in Halifax. Why not? Burton told himself he had never dared to hope. Anyway—

By and by came soldiers, swinging back from town, two and three at a time. They returned by the railway track, to have a look at the wreck. A few of them Burton remembered well, others but slightly, many he knew not at all. But as he watched them in the familiar khaki great-coats and stiff seal-caps, and caught the talk that came from them, a strange feeling snatched at his heart and made him breathe hard. The shining brass buttons and glossy long boots, the men's straight, trim figures, woke again the longing that had made him a recruit years ago, and Burton realised that he was homesick—for the Regiment.

"It reminds me strongly of the Colonel's woodyard after old Mac's third day of C. B. with hard labour," said one.

"More like the quarter master's store-room on the day the 'attached' go home." This from a man Burton remembered as the company carpenter.

"Or old 'Sixty Cents' tailor-shop when the June camp's on," said a tall sergeant-instructor. Burton didn't know.

"Who wouldn't be a train man?"

"Only a soldier-boy, that's all you know," hummed a short, stout corporal, and Burton recognised the bugle-instructor.

The corporal was looking over the piles of canned fruit and fish, pork and beans and other groceries that had fallen from the cases burst open in the wreck. The odour of that which had been crushed filled the air.

"Come on home, me gallant soldier lads," said he. "I can't stay here and be an honest man."

"Nor anywhere else, you old thief," someone retorted cheerfully, and the group turned barrackward.

Burton gnawed reflectively at a finger-end of his glove.

"Wait, you soldier-men," he said.

"It is a long stretch between now and breakfast. If you will take that car door and put it on a couple of boxes for a table, I will find some rations to put on it."

They did. And he did. Biscuits, canned meats and fish, tinned fruit, and relishes he spread in profusion on the unpainted side of the door-table. The hour was now late; visitors had ceased to come to the wreck. The warm firelight danced merrily along the banqueting board.

The man at the head of the "table" broke a somewhat awkward silence.

"Morrison," said he, "you're mess-hog to-day; get up and assist the gentleman in his work of mercy."

And Morrison helped.

"While me capable helper here heats some of those tins of pork and beans over the fire I'll go and look for something to drink," Burton announced.

The car-door table was the centre of a jolly group when Burton came back with a couple of long bottles. Tongues loosened by the meal were moving more freely. Deep laughter echoed across the common, while the yellow barrack lights blinked in astonishment.

"The King," proposed the man at the end, without preface, when Burton had poured some of the bottles' contents into the bent tins that served for glasses. They were in the middle of "The Army and Navy" when the long-drawn dee-dee-e-e of Last Post

sounded from the hill. Most of the group were apparently not on pass, for they hurriedly shook Burton's hand or waved a good-bye and disappeared up the narrow path to the barracks. On those who left more leisurely Burton pressed canned meats and fruit, bottles and jars of table relishes and delicacies.

"Accept these," he said, "not for their intrinsic value, but as a small token of the appreciation of the railway company for the—the—oh, the intense patriotism of the permanent militia of Canada, or something!"

Then there entered Burton's brain a mischievous idea such as came to Joseph of old when he hid the silver cup in Benjamin's sack of corn, on the departure of his brethren from Egypt, and sent after them, saying: "Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good?"

When "cookhouse" and "Tom Pepper" blew next morning, ex-Sergeant Arthur Burton sauntered across the barrack square and down the steps into the kitchen. In the dingy hallway he paused a minute till the orderly officer and his attendant non-com. passed out of the sergeant's room and on toward the men's mess, on the morning visit. Then he entered the room where the sergeants and corporals sat at breakfast. All glanced up in astonishment at the figure in trainman's garb. As Burton had surmised, the barrack table was adorned with unaccustomed delicacies from the wreck, though none of the men before him had been in the party of the night before.

"I came about some merchandise that was taken from the C.P.R. wreck down here last night," Burton began. At the expression of annoyance, disgust and defiance on the faces of the men he longed to laugh aloud.

"I see you have some of it here," he went on. The men stirred uneasily, and the "Quarter-bloke" half rose and began, "You'll have to see—"

"I have several names here," Bur-

ton went on, ignoring him. "I am told that information should be laid against the following: Sergeant-Instructor Laporte, described as the man who makes the recruits 'do everything in one motion,' and drills clothesline battalions in his sleep; Hospital-Sergeant Armour, who dopes out little bottles of *aqua pura* when the men go sick on wet-scrub day—"

Burton lifted his eyes in a swift glance from the paper he held and noted that in the row of faces on which blank astonishment were depicted one or two were staring at him very hard. He hurried on—

"Corporal Williams, alias 'Pork Pie,' who came home one night with a string of *weiners* around his neck and broke half the dishes in—"

"Burton,"—Laporte had guessed it first—, "You old defaulter, Shake!"

Then the mess yelled and ran at Burton, and the men heard the shout and sent a delegation in, and the cooks stopped work to see, and the sentinel in the archway looked across the square wondering what the noise was about.

Then the old sergeant-major dropped in. He had heard the row in the mess-room and had come across the square to investigate.

"Well, well, well, well!" he observed, very appropriately.

After that there was an awkward little pause, for Burton had been a frequent caller at the sergeant-major's home in the old days, and no one ever quite found out why he went away as he did—whether it was Marian's fault, or Burton's, or both.

"Will you be up to the house?" the sergeant-major was asking.

"I think not," Burton said. "I'll have to be going out again soon. How is—Marian?" he asked, after a pause. "I suppose she is married now. I saw McCrimmon and he said she was likely to be soon.

"She is not—yet! McCrimmon!" the old man snorted. "No, I don't believe she has forgotten you, Burton; she—"

Burton did not hear the rest, if there was any more said. The blood ran very swiftly in his veins; the bugle sounding the "dress" across the square was suddenly changed from a blare of brass to the sweetest of music; life itself was changed.

"Sit down, old man," someone called, "and have something to eat and something to wash the engine smoke from your gullet."

Burton hesitated. "I guess I'll be taking on, men," he said. "I'll be a private, you see, and—"

"Oh, sit down, you chump. You're a civilian and a guest just now, anyway. And you'll soon get your stripes; there's a draft going to Hali-

fax within a week, and we'll be under establishment in the n.c.o. ranks."

But the mess shouted: "He's taking on!" and pounded on the table with fists and bayonet butts.

"Then I'll scare up a cot and straw-tick and blankets as soon as you see the Colonel." This from the quartermaster's sergeant.

Burton glanced through the window and across the square to the "married quarters."

"I don't know, Quarter," he said, flushing red, "I'll have to let you know later."

And again the mess shouted and laughed and hammered on the white table till the granite dishes danced.

FEAR

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

I heard a sound of crying in the lane,
 A passionless, low crying;
 And I said, "It is the tears of the brown rain
 On the leaves within the lane!"

I heard a sudden sighing at the door,
 A soft, persuasive sighing;
 And I said, "The summer breeze has sighed before,
 Gustily, outside the door!"

Yet from the place I fled, nor came again,
 With my heart beating, beating!
 For I *knew* 'twas not the breeze nor the brown rain
 At the door and in the lane!

THE INCIDENTAL PERCY

BY R. M. EASSIE

IN the series of dull stares which the unkempt stranger cast upon his surroundings there were but faint glimmerings of sanity. He had slouched timidly into the saloon of the *Hotel Manitoba*, and presently had come to a limp standstill in the middle of that cheerless apartment.

The tolerant smile of Mr. Nicholas Flynn, the "Manager" of the establishment, gradually gave way to an expression of incipient anxiety.

"Say, friend," he asked, not unkindly, "wher er you loose from?"

"Eh?" muttered the newcomer blankly.

The third occupant of the bar-room, known to his intimates as "Flunkey Jim," regarded the stranger critically.

"He ain't full," he declared, authoritatively. "No, sir, I don't calkulate he's been drinkin' any."

The stranger advanced a step or two towards the bar-counter, and passed his hand across his eyes.

"Where am I?" he articulated, clearly enough.

"Guess you're in Adasville, feller," replied Flynn.

"In British Columbia, in North America, in the western hemisphere, in the world," supplemented the Flunkey, facetiously.

The stranger wrinkled his brow as one in the process of working out a mental problem. "Kinder knew this wasn't my home," he observed, slowly.

"Did yer so?" laughed Flynn; "then let me tell yer, sonny, you're a darned sight cuter'n yer look."

The man sniggered inanely at the witticism. "Guess yer've never seen me before, have yer?" he ventured after a pause.

Flynn and the Flunkey shook their heads simultaneously.

"Thet's a pity," commented the stranger, sadly. "Then yer can't tell me who I am?"

"Geel!" exclaimed the astonished Flunkey. "Don't yer know yerself?"

"I don't know nothin'," replied the other, on the verge of tears. "I've forgot everythin', every blamed thing."

"When did yer start losin' yer tally?" queried Flynn, interested.

The derelict shrugged his shoulders helplessly, and was silent.

"Wher did yer bunk las' night?" persisted the Flunkey.

"Ain't got a notion," returned the stranger.

"Hev yer had a bite ter-day?" pursued Flynn.

"Couldn't say fer me life," came the answer in weary tones.

"Waal," summed up the Manager, "this beats four of a kind. What er we goin' ter do with him, Jim?"

The Flunkey stroked his chin meditatively.

"Guess it ain't much use searchin' him fer his visitin' card," he observed presently. "Still, ther might be a scrap o' writin' on him somewhere thet might help us some."

No diplomatic pressure was necessary to induce the stranger to turn his pockets inside out. From the only sound one he produced a torn and soiled red handkerchief, an old

pipe, a few loose matches and the remnant of a plug of tobacco—his sole possessions.

"Sense enough to stow all his property in the only pocket that hasn't a hole in it," remarked Flynn, with a grin.

"On the other hand," observed the Flunkey, sarcastically, "p'raps the blamed idjut has lost his birth stifferkit an' a lot o' vallerbles through fergettin' that his coat linin' ain't as safe as it was twenty years back."

"Reckon we'd best telephone ter Fort Hugh fer the p'lice," said Flynn after a pause.

"I'd keep him here on show fer a while if this was my racket," suggested the Flunkey. "There's consid'erable more dollars than a travellin' circus in that ther hobo. It's a cinch; he'll fill yer bar for yer with his funny games all the time."

"Adasville ain't had much ter liven it lately," mused Flynn, thoughtfully. "Reckon you're talkin' sense, Jim."

"You betcher," agreed the Flunkey.

"If you were ter go and fetch Luke Barnard," ventured Flynn, "the fun 'ud start right now."

In a moment the obliging Flunkey had departed upon the errand; in five minutes he had returned with the storekeeper and most prominent citizen of Adasville.

"I kinder thought it was up ter me ter git your advice about this proposition before sendin' over ter Fort Hugh for Constable Cassidy," explained Flynn, with a queer show of deference.

"Quite right, Flynn," said the storekeeper, gravely. "This is a case that we should investigate ourselves for the honour of Adasville and the protection of the public. If we can't make anything of the man, then let the magistrates at Fort Hugh be consulted."

"Pity you ain't one, Barnard," sighed Flynn, cleverly.

The storekeeper, whose great and widely-known ambition was a summons to the ranks of the unpaid

magistracy, shook his head agrievedly.

"I consider," he said, "that in this matter the present company should form themselves into a citizens' committee and examine the man for clues. The first thing to do is to elect a chairman."

"I propose Mr. Luke Barnard," said Flynn, solemnly. With no less gravity the Flunkey seconded the motion, and suggested a drink.

The storekeeper gracefully accepted both the nomination and the refreshment.

After emptying their glasses, the trio turned their attention to the unknown, who, straddled across the only chair in the bar-room, had betrayed no sign of intelligent interest in the committee's preliminaries.

"There was a murderer in Europe when I was a lad," began Barnard, suddenly, "who was traced by his trouser-button, and caught and hanged."

The Flunkey advanced upon the helpless stranger, and presently reported that the few buttons remaining on his nether garment were of a plain pattern and useless as evidence.

At Barnard's suggestion, a more or less complete examination of the various details of the stranger's attire followed. The results were disappointing inasmuch as no single article gave up the secret of its place of origin.

Yet the Flunkey had a theory.

"Them ther blue pants," he declared, indicating the unknown's trousers, "are Pride o' Columbias. Yes, sir, I'd go me pile on that, even though the maker's tag is missin'. Now, yer can't buy Pride of Columbias in any store east o' Winnipeg. I guess that kinder proves this joker is a Westerner, don't it?"

His chairman, ignoring the deduction, called pompously for the property found upon the man's person and set himself to examining it carefully.

"You notice this handkerchief is red," he remarked. "Most criminals

use them because blood-stains don't show on them. I daresay if that rag were analysed it would tell this man's story."

"Sure thing," agreed Flynn, slavishly.

"'Nuther disquieten' propersition," argued the Flunkey is this: "thet hobo hez pipe an' plug, but no knife. Thet's a sign he ain't smoked—"

"Barrin' he chews," interrupted Flynn.

"Thet ain't chewin' tack," declared the Flunkey, pointing to the plug. "Thet's 'Jupiter'. 'Yer can't buy thet east o' Winnipeg neither. Guess thet kinder proves—"

The storekeeper held up his hand for silence, and, with the air of one struck with a brilliant idea, approached the stranger, whom he touched gently on the shoulder.

"Do you think, my friend," he began coaxingly, "that, if I was to call out slowly all the Christian names I know, you could remember yours when I came to it?"

"Jest might," replied the unknown, with a feeble show of interest.

The storekeeper began to draw upon a singularly retentive memory. The thirty-seventh name mentioned was Percy. At the sound of it the stranger found speech at last.

"Thet's it, boss," he exclaimed, excitedly. "I'm Percy all serene. Yehp, I'm Percy fer sure!"

"Now, for his surname," said Barnard with the air of a conjurer who has performed a trick successfully.

He touched Percy's shoulder once more. "Do you think you are a Canadian?" he enquired.

Percy hesitated.

"I guess not," he answered, after the pause.

"Are you American?"

"Kinder think not."

"English?"

"Scotch or Irish?"

"I reckon not."

"Then, you must be Welsh," decided Barnard.

"Thet's it," replied Percy, after a

short bout with his memory. "Yehp. I'm Welsh. Ye've fixed me right there."

The indefatigable Barnard hereupon began to recall several of the most prominent Welsh patronymics, but Percy repudiated the suggestion that he was either a Llewellyn or an Evans, a Davis or a Griffiths.

"Is it Morgan?" queried the storekeeper.

The stranger half-rose from his chair, excitedly. "Sure thing it is," he cried. "I'm Percy Morgan! That's who I am! I'm Percy Morgan, all right! You bet I am!"

Flynn and the Flunkey, who had been watching their chairman's methods in dumb excitement, gave tongue to expressions of astonishment at his success.

"Gee Whiskers!" exclaimed the Manager.

"Jeehoshophat!" murmured the Flunkey.

In the course of the interval for refreshment that followed, Flynn alarmed the company by suddenly putting down his glass so heavily that it was smashed to pieces upon the bar-counter.

"Great Thunder!" he cried. "Didn't Sam Morgan o' Cottontail Crick advertise las' month in the Vancouver papers for his missin' relations?"

"Sure thing," recalled the Flunkey, "fer his long lost brother Percy."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Barnard. "This poor tramp must be the very man! Tell me, Percy," he went on, turning to the stranger, "did you ever have a brother called Sam?"

Percy scratched his head lackadaisically. "What kinder guy wuz he?"

"Surly ol' man," put in the Flunkey, "pretty derved mean, an' blamed homely; stric' temperance; used ter be handy with his fists."

"Lost his missus some time back," supplemented Flynn, "an' went an' adopted a young feller an' his wife. Folks all reckon round here he'll leave them his pile."

Percy sat and wrestled with his

memory. "Reckon I did have a brother Sam years ago," he said at last.

"He's the man, sure enough," declared Barnard.

After a brief consultation, the committee decided that the best course was to despatch a rider to acquaint Sam Morgan with the fact that his missing brother Percy was in Adasville.

"I'll send my boy with the message," said the storekeeper, "and Sam will be sure to return with him. It will be a joyful sight to see the meeting of these two men after so many years of separation."

"You betcher," agreed the Flunkey. "Pity Sam don't touch nothin'."

To the disgust of all Adasville, young Barnard returned alone. It was, indeed, late the next day before the gaunt and grizzled old-timer reined up his horse at the *Manitoba* and demanded to be confronted immediately with the person calling himself Percy Morgan.

In the meantime, the Flunkey's prediction that the affair would bring trade to the hotel was being fulfilled. At the time of Sam's arrival, the lobby and bar of Flynn's establishment sheltered at least two-thirds of the adult male population of the township. Furthermore, the somewhat artificial nature of the crowd's excitement was illustrating the truth of another dictum of the worldly-wise Jim, that "nothin' sets a man drinkin' like bummin' around waitin' for fireworks."

Despite the misguided efforts of the citizens of Adasville to intoxicate Percy with free refreshment, he sat soberly in his corner beneath the vigilant eye of Flynn himself.

There were faint yet hopeful signs of returning sanity upon his countenance. A proposal to wash, shave and reclothe the unfortunate man had been ruthlessly vetoed by the autocratic Barnard, who vowed that the sight of Percy in all his abject poverty could not fail to bring tears of pity into the eyes of his reputedly wealthy brother.

It was, of course, the storekeeper who met Sam upon the steps of the hotel verandah, and led him pompously into the immediate presence of the forlorn Percy.

"There, Sam Morgan," he began theatrically, "there, thanks to Providence and myself, is the poor, long-lost brother that you have sought for all these years in vain. How I envy you the joy of meeting him once more, even under such sad circumstances!"

Sam surveyed the stranger with contempt.

"By thunder," he growled presently, "you've got a nerve all of yer ter fetch me eleven mile ter try ter josh that dirty hobo on ter me as Percy."

"Do you mean to say that that man is *not* your brother?" asked Barnard, disappointedly.

"You go your pile on it," answered Sam, decisively.

"Percy was a fine tall feller, not a derved, half-baked, under-sized tramp like you're givin' me."

"Mebbe, Sam," interposed Flynn gently, "hard times has kinder changed him some."

"Derved hard times ter take a foot off a man's height," sneered Sam.

"How long is it since you saw Percy last?" queried Barnard.

"Reckon that's no business of yours," replied Sam, "still, I make it forty year, mebbe forty-five, mebbe fifty, mebbe—"

"I believe that is the man you advertised for," interrupted the storekeeper, testily.

"Gee, this is fierce!" exclaimed Sam. "D'you reckon *Mister* Barnard, that jest because I buy yer blamed pickles, it's yer call ter fix me up with a fam'ly? See here, I'll straighten this out right now."

He cast a terrifying glance upon the unfortunate Percy.

"What was yer mother's name, ye worm?" he demanded, gruffly.

"Mother's name?" repeated Percy, feebly. "It hurts my head ter think sudden."

Sympathetic murmurs came from the crowd.

"Take your time, my poor man," said Barnard, soothingly.

"Don't be scared by him," added the Flunkey.

"Began with M, I think," hazarded Percy, at last.

"My mother's name started with a B, because it happened ter be Bess," sneered Sam triumphantly.

Percy smiled, almost intelligently. "So it did," he simpered, "I remember it now. I only want ter be told a thing kindly."

"Thet sounds fair enough," observed Flynn.

"I kinder call yer ter mind, Sam," whined Percy, "when we was boys tergether goin' ter school, an' robbin' orchards."

"Here," roared Sam, "quit that chin-music right now, or I'll punch yer."

"You are a heartless man, Sam Morgan," declared Barnard, "disowning your poor relative after searching the world for him for years."

Sam ignored this gross exaggeration of the activity of his quest, but he was provoked to retort by the Flunkey's suggestion that he was repudiating his kinsman solely on account of his poverty.

"Guess you folk make me dead-tired," he said in a calmer voice. "If thet derved hobo was my brother Percy, I reckon I'd git him home an' wash him quicker'n any one. But I don't jest happen ter have no brother Percy at all. I was the only boy in our family, I reckon."

His listeners received this unexpected announcement with incredulous laughter, the majority of them declaring that the whole business beat the band.

"Then what the blazes did yer advertise fer him fer?" asked Flynn, reasonably enough.

"Waal," replied Sam, still maintaining a show of coolness. "P'raps I did it fer sport, p'raps I didn't; p'raps again I did it for private rea-

sons that it ain't your line o' bizness to find out, any way. You can take it straight from me: thet cuss ain't no brother o' mine, anyhow; yes, me interferin' outfit, yer can gamble on thet statement."

"Well, gentlemen," said the storekeeper, "I suppose there is no law compelling a man to help his brother."

"Barrin' the law o' decency," urged Flynn.

"It don't cut no figger," whimpered Percy. "I'm only a dead beat, an' my head aches. All I can remember, is thet ther was property when Aunt Jane died, an' me havin' run away ter sea, I didn't get my share."

"You're a thunderin' liar!" roared Sam. "I never had no Aunt Jane, and ther warn't no property."

"Oh, you can have it," went on Percy in a weary voice, "every blamed cent of it. I'll clean out. I ain't long for this world, anyway. Good-bye, Sam. Shake hands."

"I'll see yer ter blazes first!" cried Sam. "You're a crook! I'll have the police inter this bizness!"

"I wouldn't, Sam, not after thet fake advertisement o' yours," put in the Flunkey, sarcastically.

"P'lice?" muttered Percy, relapsing into idiocy once more. "Who's he? What's his other name? Never heard o' p'lice."

"Waal, I'm quittin' this racket right here," declared Sam, a moment later. "Before I start, is there any more of yer wantin' me private history?"

There was no reply until his back was turned and his hand upon the door-latch. Then cries of "Shame!" "Grafter!" and "Where's Percy's property?" came fast and furiously from the crowd.

Without condescending to reply, Sam slammed the door upon the baiters, mounted his horse, and rode off rapidly.

The collection for Percy amounted to over thirty dollars; he was more-over provided, at the public expense,

with a complete change of attire, and a generous supply of smoking materials.

For four days and nights Flynn sheltered him free of charge. Then realising that he was ceasing to attract custom, the manager paid his stage fare and packed him off to Fort Hugh.

Despite the taunts and sneers of his neighbours, it was some time before Sam Morgan stooped to an explanation of his conduct. Finally, however, he admitted that the rumpus was the outcome of a subtle yet innocent ruse to curb the rebellious aspirations of his adopted son and daughter. Presuming over strongly upon their influence over the heirless old man, the pair had provoked him into advertising for a non-existent relation to whom he might bequeath his wealth at any moment.

The plan had proved eminently successful in hoodwinking the dependent couple and converting the domestic atmosphere into one of sweet reasonableness, until the arrival of a totally unexpected claimant upset Sam's calculations.

It was not until a year after the meeting at Flynn's, however, that the diplomatic Sam was acquitted by all his neighbours of the crime of disowning a long-lost brother, after fleecing him of his patrimony. The instrument of Sam's rehabilitation was no less a person than the Flunkey, who, returning to Adasville after a visit to the States, gave the story to a select audience at the *Manitoba*, in the words that follow:

"Yes, sir, I met that ther hobo Percy in a lumber camp las' fall down Montana. He'd been bull-cookin' an' was jest hittin' the trail. He laffs like blazes when I mentions Adasville, an' sends yer his regards quite playful to all of yer, perticklerly ter Luke Barnard.

"They wuz an innercent outfit,' sez he ter me. 'My name wuz never Morgan, an' I never lost my mem'ry. Gee!' sez he, 'the only brainy son of a gun in the bunch wuz ol' Sam.'

"How did yer hear of him wantin' a brother?' sez I.

"Saw his blamed advertisement the very day I hit Adasville,' sez he.

"You never had no chance with Sam,' sez I.

"Mebbe not,' sez he, 'as things went. How wuz I ter know he hadn't got no derved brother? But, see here,' sez he, 's'posin' he had, an' s'posin' the guy had been my build, an' s'posin' Sam had been a bit soft-hearted or short-sighted. What then? Gee, he might hev 'dopted me fer life, an' kep' me in luxury all me days. anyway,' sez he, 'I cleared thirty dollars, an' a week's board, an' a lot o' clothes.'"

Barnard, the storekeeper, rapped the bar-counter indignantly. "The man was a low, unprincipled swindler," he exclaimed, loudly.

"That's your opinion of him, Luke," observed the Flunkey. "Would you like ter hear his idea o' you? He reckoned you wuz jest the fleeciest innercentest lamb he'd ever struck, an' he tol' me he'd done jest on ten years' butcherin'."





MISS GRACE GEORGE,
IN "A WOMAN'S WAY"

PLAYS TO REAPPEAR

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

ALTHOUGH the theatrical season of 1908-9 proved one of the most disastrous on record, a handful of plays survived with such distinction as to warrant another run and incidentally provide the new season with some substantial assets. "What Every Woman Knows," "The Third Degree," "The House Next Door," "The Easiest Way," "The Man from Home," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," "The Gentleman from Mississippi," "The Blue Mouse," "A Woman's Way," "Lady Frederick," and "A Fool There Was" will play, either in

New York or on tour, a considerable part in the early season's entertainment.

Of this handful it will be further noted that at least one or two realise some of those cherished ideals of dramatic art which, in the fickleness and insecurity of public taste, we seem now and then in danger of losing. When, for instance, a play of the tragic beauty of "The Winterfeast" has to be withdrawn for lack of public support, while an innocuous dramatic version of "The Vampire," which no informed critic could seriously enter-



ETHEL BARRYMORE AND BRUCE MCRAE, IN "LADY FREDERICK"

tain, plays on indefinitely, one is apt to view the situation with some misgiving. Fortunately, however, these are extreme instances, and between such extremes will always lie sanity and the way of hope. Besides, there are compensations—for authors if not for us. In all human probability, "A Fool There Was" will have a place in the new season, and then, in the fate of its kind, be forgotten; while the less successful "Winterfeast," paying too profound a compliment to contemporary taste, will be handed on to an envious posterity. A permanent place in the literature of the stage is at least assured Mr. Kennedy's fine tragedy.

Barrie, on the other hand, by a "trick" peculiarly his own, seems never to fail to strike the prevailing current note or capture the popular

fancy. His latest offering, "What Every Woman Knows," was not only the season's best play, but also its most successful—its one real triumph. This also is worth remembering in any attempt at generalisation, as are many other things not to be recorded here. In fact, mental confusion is about the only sure reward of the searcher after the laws governing public taste in things dramatic. And the medium of comedy does not explain all—does not explain *at all*, as that most excellent comedy, "The New Lady Bantock," can bear unhappy witness.

The strong personal following of Miss Maude Adams may have had something to do with the popularity of the Barrie play on foreign soil, although her most ardent admirers will hardly contend that her identifi-



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN, THE ACCOMPLISHED CANADIAN ACTRESS, AS "VIOLA"
IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"



MISS MAUDE ADAMS, IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

cation with the rôle of *Maggie Shand* is complete. One would say, rather, that she fits the part with some difficulty, though, fortunately, her own personality is always an agreeable substitute. If credit attaches to any individual performance in the American production, it would be that of Mr. Richard Bennett, whose *John Shand* seems a perfect realisation of the egotistical member of Parliament.

The story of *Maggie Shand*, the self-effacing little Scotch woman, without apparent charm, who obliterates herself on the altar of her great husband's fame, has been told all round the globe. But the elusive charm, the humorous insight, the shrewdness of observation and that quality of unreality which Barrie, alone among English dramatists, seems able to convey, are not to be gleaned from any narration of the story. On its surface, "What Every Woman Knows" is a clever, humorous domestic comedy compounded of certain simple ele-

ments of Scottish life and character that have become traditional. Below the surface it is a delightful satire on certain political and social conditions as they exist in England and of a good many other things in life that we have come to take seriously—in other words as real. For to this immortal humourist, the question of real and unreal is merely a question of perspective, a matter of distance. And it is his humour as well as his wisdom to show us some of our most cherished sentiments and opinions from the distance of fairyland, his adopted viewpoint. *Maggie*, the only sister of three devoted bachelor brothers, you remember, has arrived at the age of twenty-six without attracting any of the matrimonially inclined in the neighbourhood. This is the situation when a village rustic, *John Shand*, is surprised making a burglarious entry into the *Wylie* library for the purpose of stealing learning. The brothers become interested and



MISS FRANCES STARR, IN "THE EASIEST WAY"

agree to contribute three hundred pounds towards the rustic's education. With the Scotch instinct for a bargain, however, they make it a condition of their help that he shall marry *Maggie* when he has finished his course. *John's* subsequent career in Parliament, his sudden rise to fame, all due to *Maggie's* assistance—even to the writing of his speeches—which his colossal egotism never allows him to suspect, his temporary infatuation for a fair young aristocrat, which *Maggie* wisely allows to run its course, and finally the awakening to the part that *Maggie* has played in his career, make up the dramatic narrative. *Maggie* has still one boon to ask. A sense of humour has been left out of *John's* compound, and *Maggie* realises his incompleteness without it. This brings in the now famous *Barrie mot*, "Woman was not made out of man's rib but out of his funny bone." Even *John* sees the humour of this, laughs for the first time, and is saved.

"What Every Woman Knows" is likely to enjoy a longer lease of life than the same author's "Peter Pan."

"The Easiest Way," to which some exception has been taken by the moralists, is another unqualified popular success of last season that is likely to continue in favour for some time. The subject has to do with stage life—always a matter of curiosity and interest. It is treated in a popular manner; Mr. Belasco has staged it in his own effective way, and a very beautiful, graceful actress, Miss Frances Starr, is playing the stellar rôle.

The story concerns the fate of a young stage beauty, who, in the manner of successful stage beauties, we are to infer, is bestowing her very agreeable person on a wealthy young broken in return for luxury and success. At the time of the play, the emotional situation is complicated by the arrival on the scene of a lover—a frank young Westerner. Disclosures



THOMAS A. WISE,
IN "A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI"

follow, the net result of which is an understanding that the young woman will quit the broker and the gay life and win her way back to virtue and self-respect through hardship and privation incident to self-support. She struggles bravely for a time, but the odds arrayed against the virtuous in her profession, according to this author, prove too much. And the call to the old life, coming at the psychological moment of deepest despair and humiliation, finds her a not unwilling victim. All that is needed to complete the irony of her fate is the long-awaited news of the lover's success. This the dramatist has mercilessly provided, closing the door of her life with a loud bang.

The problem of the rehabilitation of woman has been a favourite theme among dramatists, great and small, in all ages—from Hagar to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." And the point of view of the dramatist has had something to do with her ultimate fate, as these and other noted examples have. Social and economic conditions have, however, not changed greatly so far as her status is concerned (Sarah representing organised society in her day) and her value as a dramatic *motif* is consequently unimpaired. For the problem is both social and economic, moralists to the contrary notwithstanding.

The author of "The Easiest Way," however (to come back to Broadway), evading the problem itself, has succeeded in projecting a new situation and provoking a conflict as interesting as it is unexpected. But artistic seriousness is painfully lacking throughout, and of the noble proportions and intellectual poise of, say, the Pinero play we have none. That it is a highly effectual theatrical vehicle, full of what the actor calls "situation," with strong gripping qualities, we have to admit, though we deny both premises and conclusion. The strong moral purpose that the author claims consists in exposing a condition of things which, if true, is in-

tolerable. In all probability the author's account is no more reliable than an account of society from the point of view of the servants' hall would be. For ourselves, we prefer another point of view for both.

"The House Next Door" arrived late, but met with immediate recognition. Most of the interest—certainly its artistic interest—is due to the superior acting of Mr. J. E. Dodson in the rôle of *Sir John Cotswold*, a familiar type of English crotchiness and conservatism. *Sir John* is a man of strong unreasoning prejudices, it would seem, of which, according to the play, the strongest and most unreasoning is his prejudice against the Jew. The incident of the bestowal of a title by a Liberal Government, on his particular *bête noire* and wealthy neighbour, *Sir Isaac Jacobson*, causes a fresh outburst of wrath and precipitates the action of the play. A part of that wrath has exploded itself in a letter to *The Times*, but only a small part, as his conduct at the morning breakfast table discloses. To complicate matters for *Sir John* and further excite his English wrath, the dramatist has arranged a dual love intrigue between the rival houses, a son and daughter on each side furnishing the necessary coincidence of age and sex. Of course, as the odds suggest, it is all up with *Sir John* and his race prejudices.

A New York presentation would make this a necessary condition, if Christian forbearance did not. And, as Mr. J. Hartley Manners is not an author we would willingly accuse of sacrificing the spirit of comedy to sentiment, even Christian sentiment, local considerations must have prevailed. Concessions that are good for the soul are not always good for art, and "The House Next Door," in its original form, was no doubt a much better balanced comedy than it is now. Fortunately, the character of *Sir John* has not been tampered with, else the result would have been fatal to the entire comedy. This the author



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON,
IN "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"



MISS MAUDE ADAMS AND MR. RICHARD BENNETT, IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

has clearly foreseen, and has left the drawing entirely consistent and humorous. Mr. Dodson has aided the author's intent with a wholly delightful and amusing characterisation. The grace and charm of his work remind one at times of Sir John Hare, although he falls below the distinguished English comedian in certain qualities of finish. That he should remind us of Mr. Hare at all proves the quality of the work and its superiority to American comedy in general. We fervently hope that Mr. Dodson's return to the stage will be permanent.

"The Dawn of a To-Morrow," with its gospel of cheerfulness, pleasantly compounded of dramatic incidents, romantic and melodramatic, held its own to the close of the season and will no doubt play an important part in the present. Miss Eleanor Robson,

in the part of the cheerful waif, *Glad*, adds another to her large gallery of winsome and successful portraits.

"A Woman's Way," with Miss Grace George and Mr. Frank Worthing in the leading rôles, also continued in favour to the end of the season. Much of the interest was, no doubt, due to the excellent work of the principal performers, although the comedy itself is very bright and refreshing. Miss George, whom we have before remarked as a *comédienne* of real distinction, has hardly been seen to better advantage. Her work is clean-cut, dainty and refined and constantly charged with a fine verve and spirit. Mr. Frank Worthing, as the gay philandering husband of the play, was admirable, although a part as farcical as this held no opportunity for the display of certain subtleties of acting with which we usually identify him.

The present season will witness his apotheosis as a star, if reports are to be credited. If it means that we are to have more of this graceful actor, the news is welcome. Next to Mr. Arliss, Mr. Worthing is probably the actor of most distinction on the American stage.

"Lady Frederick," by William Somerset Maughan, is a more or less brilliant comedy of the retort courteous, with lines that frequently sparkle and epigrams that are both terse and pointed. It is a duel of wit, conceived in a vein of entire good humour, in which the verbal foils are handled with considerable dexterity and skill. The verbal duelists are an Irish beauty, *Lady Frederick*, who in spite of a certain moral obliquity to debts, is a perfectly adorable creature, and *Paradine Foulder*, a cynical bachelor, man of the world and former suitor. Miss Barrymere has not for many years had a part that fitted more precisely into her own charms of person and acting. The portrait is drawn with all that delicate lining and subtle feeling for light and shade that distinguish this artist's work. Grace, charm and breeding are always present, but never to better purpose than in this characterisation. Mr. Bruce McRae, equally good as the refined and agreeable *Paradine*, and Miss Jessie Millward shared the honours in an unusually fine cast.

"The Third Degree," by Charles Klein, is one of the strong dramas of last season, and at this moment its popularity seems likely to out-rival the same author's "The Lion and the Mouse." It has already entered on its second run. It is a gripping play of the melodramatic order, with a story based on those inquisitorial methods of the police known variously as the "Sweat-box" and "Third Degree." The plot is more or less conventional but there are acting opportunities that an excellent company have not overlooked. Miss Helen Ware comes in for highest praise in this respect, her work demonstrating

conclusively that she is an emotional actress of quite unusual powers. In scene after scene she demonstrates her complete hold on the audience and her power for the perfect illusion. The variety and sincerity of her methods, too, can hardly be over-praised. Altogether, it is a long time since we have had emotional acting of so high an order.

"The Blue Mouse," a comedy of situation, the most humorous and involved since "Charley's Aunt" or "Thirty Days in the Shade;" "A Gentleman from Mississippi," thanks to the delightful characterisation of Mr. Thomas A. Wise, and "The Man from Home," all reviewed last season, have entered on their second year with apparently unabated popularity.

Among the early new offerings announced, that of Miss Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" will be of most interest to Canadian readers. This will also mark her re-appearance on the American stage after a year's absence spent in the conquest of a new continent. The reception accorded Miss Anglin in that distant colony seems to have more than justified her ambitions and confirmed the estimate formed on this side of her splendid talents.

"Salvation Nell," the best of the many reformation plays that made their appearance last season, is a frank melodrama, distinguished among other things for keen observation and close character study. Its great claim to attention, however, was the superb acting of Mrs. Fiske in the rôle of the Salvation Army woman *Nell*. A more perfect and satisfying illusion, or an emotional appeal of more apparent sincerity and conviction, we have seldom seen. Conceded the most intellectual actress of America, Mrs. Fiske in this play rose to emotional heights altogether unsuspected by her most ardent admirers. Mr. Holbrook Blinn's vivid realistic portrait of the Bowery tough was another feature of the performance.

THE DOCTOR'S RIVAL

BY HATTIE E. CRAGG

I TRUST I am not inhospitable, but I admit that I do not rise up and rejoice when I see Charlotte Lavina Pond turn in at my gateway. I would hesitate to say that Charlotte Lavina is a gossip, since the word is given such unsavoury significance nowadays, but she certainly takes a very strong interest in her neighbours' affairs. Family secrets are as meat and drink to her; and if she comes into our houses empty she usually goes away filled. However, one's loss is another's gain, for, while Charlotte Lavina is busily dispensing the information she has acquired from one person she cannot devote so much attention to worming fresh news out of another.

It is for this reason that I always take anxious note of Charlotte Lavina's manner as she comes up the gravel path. If she walks fast and looks straight ahead then I know that she has come to unload, and that my own small secrets are safe for the time. But if she comes leisurely, giving quick glances from side to side, then, indeed I tremble.

There are times when Charlotte Lavina reminds me of a hen—though I suppose it is not a proper thing to say. She has the same inquisitive peering ways, and when she sees anything unusual she loses no time in attracting the world's attention to it.

So when I caught a glimpse of that green hat Charlotte Lavina wears bobbing along by the top of the fence I stood back from the window, so she could not see me, and watched with

a quickening heart. I was greatly relieved to see her hurry up the path without a glance to right or left, and I was able to go to the door and greet her cordially—all the more because I had heard faint rumours of strange happenings down on the "North Road," where Charlotte Lavina lives, and I knew she would have the whole history at her finger-ends.

Charlotte Lavina was brief in her opening remarks, as she always is when her mind is full of more important matters. Merely remarking that we were having a "sing'lar winter" (it was raining a little), she removed her wraps, and, sitting down beside the stove, drew a handful of carpet-rags out of the black velvet bag she always carried, and commenced to sew at a great speed.

I replenished the fire and got out my own sewing.

"Have you heard what's come of the carryin's on up our way?" asked Charlotte Lavina, merely as an introduction.

"I have heard very little about it," I said; "but before you start, Charlotte Lavina, I want to tell you that I cannot, and will not, believe any wrong of Zorra Glover, whatever you may have seen with your own eyes or heard with your own ears." (That is a favourite expression of Charlotte Lavina's.) "If Zorra has done anything foolish or wrong it is because that shrewish aunt of hers has driven her to desperation. Zorra is so high-spirited; Ellen Glover's nagging just makes her obstinate."

I spoke with some heat, for Zorra is a favourite of mine—and her Aunt Ellen is not.

"All right, when I get through you'll know more about Zorra Glover than you do now," said Charlotte Lavina, twisting her mouth sideways and biting off her thread with a snap. But there was a satisfied expression on her face that reassured me, for after all, Charlotte Lavina is not malicious; she would take no pleasure in confirming the ugly things scandal had been saying about Zorra Glover—although she would do it, from a mistaken sense of duty, I suppose.

I settled myself back in my chair and prepared to listen patiently, for Charlotte Lavina always begins at the beginning of a story instead of telling the end first, as many do.

"You're right when you say that Zorra is high-spirited," began Charlotte Lavina. "She's awfully like her mother's folks, an' the Herrialds' were a desp'rate proud family. They do say that old Squire Herriald came of reg'lar blue-bloods in the Old Country. Then, Zorra losin' her mother when she was just a little thing, an' her father lettin' her have all her own way, an' sendin' her to ladies' college an' what-of-all, helped to make her a leetle mite heady. Still I allus have maintained that Zorra is a fine girl, fine as she looks, an' real manageable too, if you go at her the right way.

"There's one thing dead sure an' certain, Zorra's Aunt Ellen never went at her, or at anybody else either, the right way. Whenever I've been with Ellen an hour or so my mouth allus feels all curled up, like I'd been eatin' green crab-apples, she allus seems that sour and suspicious, an' foreverlastin' haggin' and naggin' about something. Of course, she was the proper person to keep house for Abe Glover after his wife died. I've heard her tell him so, time an' time ag'in, but 'twas pretty tough lines for both him an' Zorra.

"Abe Glover is that easy-goin' he'd do most anything Ellen wanted for

the sake of peace an' quietness; but Zorra, havin' the Herriald blood, is different. Nobody can make her do anything she don't want to by peckin' at her, she just takes the bit in her teeth an' goes plumb in the other direction. Ellen says Zorra is a great trial to her, being so stiff-necked an' rebellious.

"Ellen is one of these restless kind of folks that thinks they ain't doin' their duty less'n they're makin' improvements, an', not havin' any judgment, she is contin'ally changin' things that hadn't ought to be changed. Now, the idea of her takin' it into her head to coax Abe to sell that old Sunshine horse! Why, he's twenty-five years old if he's a day; an' Zorra's mother broke him to the saddle herself. You mind what attention she used to attract—around here, where so few women ride a-horse-back; an' how handsome they looked, like the reg'lar thorough-breds they were, both the woman an' the horse. Then, Zorra has rode him an' played with him ever since she was knee-high to a grasshopper. Seems pret' nigh impossible to think of Zorra without thinkin' of Sunshine, too. Then to think that he was sold to old Josh Mosely, an' him so hard an' rough with horses.

"Zorra was puttin' in her last term at college when he was sold, but when she come home, I tell you the cyclone broke loose! I happened to be over there at the time, havin' dropped in to borry a nut-meg. There was Zorra standin' in the middle of the floor with her eyes flashin', an' stormin' like an angry queen—that is if queens look like a body'd expect 'em to when they get mad. Anyhow, Zorra looked mighty handsome, but very scareful. Abe just sit there lookin' sheepisher an' sheepisher all the time, an' Ellen cried. Zorra's passion wore itself out after while, but Ellen didn't quit talkin' about it for weeks. She felt she ought to justify herself, an' she kep' sayin' that Sunshine was gettin' so old they'd

a' soon lost on him; an' that it was sinful for Zorra to set her affections on a beast of the field, an' so on, until she near drove poor Zorra frantic.

"The worst of it was that sometimes she would see old Josh Mosely goin' by with poor Sunshine hitched to a heavy load, his poor head hangin' down, an' his old legs tremblin' with weakness. I used to feel so sorry for Zorra at such times. She feels everything so keen, an' she was just torn to pieces between pity for Sunshine an' anger at her aunt.

"Well, one Sunday morning a few of us was standin' out in the church lobby after service was over. Byron Sneth was talkin' to Zorra, an' she was listenin' with a kind of half smile on her face, like as if it amused her to hear what a Thing like Byron Sneth could possibly have to talk about. He had his hat on the back of his head, and his hands in his pockets, an' a cig'rette in one corner of his mouth. Yes, a cig'rette, right in the church lobby! An' he smelled that strong of liquor an' tobacco an' perfume so's you dassn't go a-near him hardly. An's as sure as I'm a livin' woman, he had on purple socks! That's the petrified truth — bright purple, with a green hair-stripe. Now, what can a body expect of a man that wears purple socks?

"I was just standin' there, thinkin' what a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing he is, when I happened to glance over at Ellen. Her eyes was starin' an' her thin lips twitchin', like she'd seen something that give her the horrors. I wondered what ailed her, so I stepped over beside her, knowin' she would speak her mind — Ellen has spent her whole life in speakin' her mind.

"'Oh, Charlotte Laviny,' she says, with a gasp like a fish, 'wouldn't it be just awful if Zorra should take up with Byron Sneth!'

"Well, I just burst right out a-laughin', it was so ridic'ulous. I said I thought Zorra had a'ready took up with young Doctor Graham, but El-

len shook her head doleful. That would be a perfectly satisfactory match an' would give Ellen nothing to fuss over, so she refused to believe it.

"Just as I expected, Ellen served up Byron Sneth to Zorra for breakfast, dinner an' supper after that; pointed out his worthlessness, an' warnin' her ag'in him. As if there was any need of such a thing! But when a woman like Ellen once gets hold of a suspicion they never let up. It was all so silly that Zorra just laughed at her like I did, until one day when Ellen took a notion to enjoy poor health an' sent for Doc Graham. I happened to be over there at the time he come, havin' just run in with their mail. What do you think? Ellen up an' told him, right before Zorra, that she believed most of her trouble was worryin' so about Zorra givin' such encouragement to Byron Sneth!

"Doc Graham looked up, quick an' sharp, an' I just wanted to shout at him to be careful. I knew it would cook his chances with Zorra if he paid any attention to such nonsense. But, of course, I had no chance to warn him, an' he don't know Ellen, nor Zorra, nor Byron Sneth as well as we do, an' he swallowed what Ellen told him, and showed that he did, too.

"Then, you bet, the fat was in the fire!

"Zorra drew herself up, very cold an' grand. 'I must request you not to say anything against the character of Mr. Sneth in my presence, Aunt Ellen,' she said.

"I saw Doc's fingers shake as he mixed up some med'cine for Ellen. I hoped he'd make it good an' bitter, an' he did. When he left he just bowed, very stiff, to Zorra, an' she let on she didn't see him. When I went home I felt like kickin' a panel out the door, I was that mad.

"Well, the very next Sunday night after church Doc stepped out from the crowd to walk home with Zorra as usual—havin' got ashamed of his

jealous fit—an' I'll be blest if she didn't give him the go-by, right there before half the village, an' walk off arm in arm with Byron Sneth! I got my breath back in time to strike off after 'em. It was kind of like company home, you know, to walk a ways behind 'em; besides I wanted to see how they got along.

"They hadn't no more'n got out of sight of the church than Zorra jerked her hand out of Byron's arm. Then she begun to walk fast, an' you know Zorra's a clipper to walk when she wants to. Byron had to go on a kind of a jog-trot, an' take a little hop every now an' ag'in, to keep up. I lay claim to bein' a pretty smart walker myself, but I'll tell you it kep' me hustlin'. Byron hadn't any breath to spare for talkin', an' I'll stake my Bible oath that Zorra never said a word to him from the time they left the church until she was home, an' then she just said, 'Good-night,' an' shut the door in his face.

"I felt kind of sorry for Byron, good-for-nothing that he is. He must've seen that Zorra was on'y usin' him for a tool to work out her spite on Doc Graham with. Still, maybe there's no call to feel sorry for him, after all. He's so conceited, like as not he didn't see it.

"Well, a night or so after that I was helpin' Marthy Johnson sit up with one of her young ones that had the croup. Along about one o'clock the youngster seemed so much easier that I started off home. It was a mild, cloudy night an' was rainin' a little—what a lot of rain we've had this winter—an' I was splashin' along in slush up to my boot-tops. When I was near home I run slam-bang into somebody in the dark, an' I knew by the smell an' the way it swore that it was Byron Sneth. Just as I got up to my gate the clouds slipped off a little an' the moon come shinin' through all damp an' misty, an' here come somebody splashin' down the road behind me. I turned round to look, an' then I let a yell

out o' me that you might ha' heard up here. I don't believe in ghosts, of course, but just for a second I thought it was young Geoffrey Herriald come back from the dead, an' him been buried these thirty years! Then I saw that it was Zorra Glover, all trigged out in her father's rain-coat an' cap an' long rubber boots, an', upon my word, she just looked like a boy, a slender, delicate, black-eyed boy, like Geoffrey Herriald was. She was cryin', not with fright or grief, but with sheer down-right mad.

"'The nasty drunken little brute tried to kiss me!' she said; an', my, she was mad!

"'Well, if you go trapesin' the roads with Byron Sneth you can't expect but he'll kiss you,' I says, knowin' she'd just met him same as I had, but thinkin' if I spoke like that she'd be sure to tell me where she'd been, to prove her innocence. But not she. She broke right away from me, like a spoiled child.

"'Oh, you're as bad as Aunt Ellen,' she said, an' run off home.

"Well, I didn't know what to think then, but I intended to be pretty cool to Zorra for a day or so, to see if she wouldn't repent an' tell me where she'd been. But the next morning I heard some news I thought would interest her, so I went over to tell her. I had met old Josh Mosely, an' he told me he'd sold old Sunshine to a stranger the night before. I ast him what sort of man the stranger was, thinkin' Zorra would be anxious to know whether poor Sunshine would be likely to profit by the change. But the old man said he'd never noticed what the stranger looked like, an' it was night anyway an' dark; then, he was so tickled because he'd got more for the horse than he give that he couldn't think of anything else. I expect the old villain lied something awful about Sunshine's age. Old Mosely had thought to ask where the man come from, an' he said from the West an' was goin' back there. I was glad of that, because Zorra would

never see the poor thing abused.

"I thought Zorra would be pretty excited over it, but she didn't seem to pay much attention. I concluded her love affairs must've got into an awful mix-up when they'd make her forget old Sunshine.

"A few days after that Ellen told me that every night, after all the rest was gone to bed, Zorra would creep out of the house an' 'be gone an' hour or so. Before Ellen I pretended I didn't think anything of it—though it kep' me jumpin' to invent any reasonable excuse for Zorra's carryin's-on. But when I got home I sot down an' looked the thing square in the face. I'll own it looked mighty queer to me. There ain't nobody in the neighbourhood that Zorra would need to meet on the sly—if she wanted to meet him at all—except Byron Sneth. Abe Glover is an easy-goin' mortal, but he'd draw the line at havin' Byron Sneth in his house.

"It was clear that Zorra was havin' clandestine meetin's with somebody. Such things seem all right in books, but in real life very few of us approve of 'em. Well, I thought an' thought about the thing till I was pretty near addle-brained. One minute I'd think Ellen had been right all along; an' then I'd think of the kind of a girl Zorra is, an' the kind of a man Byron is, an' it didn't seem possible that she could care for him. But the memory came up an' slapped me in the face of marriages I've known where the two didn't seem to have no more in common than a princess would have with—Oh, with a pill-agent, for instance.

"But the very idea of Zorra takin' up with a two-legged piece of conceit an' folly like Byron Sneth an' passin' by a real man like Doc Graham!

"I remember when I had my brother's little girl visitin' me last summer, one of them rich Amurricans that was campin' down by the river come along an' stopped to play with the child—she's a takin' little thing. He took the charm off his watch chain

an' a piece of shiny tin—a badge or something—an' held them out in his hand for her to take whichever she liked. She looked from one to the other for quite a spell, an' then I'll be blest if she didn't take the piece of tin! The Amurrican waved his arms an' raved something about 'Maidens like moths ever caught by glare.' A reg'lar crazy-brain he was—wrote poetry. I saw a piece of it in a magazine with my own eyes. Real scand'lous kind of poetry, too; all about a woman's eyes; an' his own name signed to it! A body'd think if he hadn't no respect for himself he might'a' had for his family!"

I detest interruptions, but at this point I felt it to be almost a duty to interrupt Charlotte Lavina. I had an uncle who had a book of poems published—he published it himself—and there are several hundred copies of it up in my attic. There seemed to be something personal in Charlotte Lavina's comments.

"What has the American and his poetry to do with Zorra Glover?" I asked with quiet dignity. "I am afraid you are wandering."

"No, I ain't wandering," retorted Charlotte Lavina. "Zorra put me in mind of the child. She was passin' by the gold an' takin' the tin because it was the shiniest. Byron is sort of pretty in his flashy silly fashion, you know, an' his hair is curly—he does it with the tongs.

"I was disappointed in Zorra, an' had give up hopes of her, though I wouldn't own up to Ellen that I thought Zorra cared a snap of her finger for Byron. It was hard drove to find an excuse for her the day Ellen told her to show me the gold sovereigns her Uncle John Herriald had sent her, an' Zorra, after puttin' her off a time or two, said she couldn't show 'em to me because she had spent 'em. She was so defiant about it that Ellen didn't ask her any more questions, but looked over at me very triumphant, though sad. It is pretty hard to tell where Ellen

gets her suspicions sometimes, but I didn't need any explanations of that. It was the talk of the village that Byron Sneth was very flush of money an' couldn't give any good account of how he come by it. I thought Zorra's love must be not only blind, but deaf an' dumb an' paralysed besides, when she'd give her sweet-heart money to get drunk on.

"Then come this news about the constables bein' after Byron for stealin' money out of the cash drawer in Brant's store. It seemed a pretty bad job, but there was one comfort in it: whatever Zorra had done with her sovereigns it didn't seem so likely that she had given 'em to Byron. But when I undertook to crow over Ellen a little about it she took me out into the woodshed an' told me, very private, that she had found out that Byron was hid in that old house where Jollickses used to live. It seems that the night before when Ellen heard Zorra slip out of the house as usual, she got up an' followed her. Of course, Zorra had got the start, but there was a little moon, an' Ellen soon saw her walkin' across the field toward the old empty house, with a big basket on her arm.

"Ellen followed as close as she dast an' saw Zorra go into the house; then she crep' up close an' heard her ask somebody if he was hungry an' talkin' awful sweet an' lovin'. Ellen said she would 'a' waited to hear more, only it seemed so kind of lonesome an' ghostly over there that she got scared an' run home. Then Ellen finished up by sayin' she had sent word to the constable, an' they were goin' to follow Zorra to the house that night an' nab Byron.

"She was snufflin' an' cryin' all the time she was tellin' me, an' I could see she felt real bad, but I thought she was mean, wantin' to expose poor Zorra like that, an' I told her so. But Ellen said that was no way to look at it. She said she wanted Byron sent to jail where he would be out of the way; an' if they

went when Zorra was there it would be dark so's he couldn't see them comin', an' Zorra would be talkin' so he wouldn't be so apt to hear 'em. Well, I couldn't say nothing to that. He would be sure to have a revolver; so it was only right to be careful.

"I made up my mind that if they followed Zorra that night I would follow them; an' if so be I could be any help to the poor girl I would be very glad—an', anyhow, I wanted to see whatever was to be seen. I was just gettin' on my coat, ready to go out an' stand by the lilac bushes till they would start, when in comes Doc Graham. He was pale an' his eyes was shinin' with excitement.

"'What's this I hear about Zorra?' he cried, before he got the door shut behind him. 'I got a hint from the constable this afternoon, but nothing definite; so I came right to you, feeling sure you would know all about it.'

"I thought that was quite a compliment, so I lit right in an' told him the whole story. He was so restless he couldn't stand still, but kep' pacin' up an' down the room with his hands clinched. When I finished he burst out: 'Oh, it's a cruel shame to spy upon the poor girl, and to lay on her the sorrow of being the one to betray her lover!' I agreed with him, an' said I wished I had warned her as I thought o' doing. 'Oh, If you only had!' he says, 'but it's too late now. Come, let us go, too; she may need a friend.'

"He fair dragged me out on the road, an' he weren't any too soon either. We hadn't been standin' by the lilac bushes more'n a minute before we heard a soft footstep, an' then saw a dim figure climb the fence an' start across the field. Then, in a minute more, here comes one, two, three other figures. After while we made them out to be the constable an' Abe Glover an' Ellen. The doctor an' me fell in behind.

"After we had gone a ways I b'lieve the doctor forgot I was there.

He just hurried along through the dark, an' the nearer we got to the house the more excited he got. He kep' talkin' to himself, till I was scared the others would hear. Once he muttered: 'He is unworthy, but her heroism elevates him. She is to be admired and revered.' I thought a lot of Doc before that night, but it's nothing to what I think since. He's a real man, Doc is.

"Zorra bein' such a fast walker she led us all a rough an' scramble chase, an' it didn't seem no time till we got to the house. Zorra went in, an' all the rest of us got up close to the rough logs of the house. I heard Zorra say: 'Have you been lonesome, you blessed old darling?' an' I was just tryin' to imagine the state her mind must've got into before she could think Byron Sneth 'a blessed old darling', when the door swung open an' Zorra come out an' a big dark shadow behind her.

"The constable had one o' these flash-light lanterns with him, an' he turned it on. I was dazzled just for a wink, then the first thing I saw was two pairs of eyes shinin' out in that little circle of light. Zorra's fiery black an' a pair of big gentle brown ones set in a long yellow face. My Stars an' Gartersnakes! It was old Sunshine!

"For about a minute we all just held our breath an' stared at each other, then all of a sudden, Doc waved his hat above his head an' cheered. I wanted to thank him, for it just expressed my feelin's to a dot. Then we broke loose an' began jabberin' all at once.

"So Zorra's the chap from the West that bought old Sunshine? I says, an' just leaned up ag'in the house to laugh. You know Glover's place is about half a mile west of Mosely's.

"So it's Sunshine you have been sweet-heartin' with all the time?"

says Abe. 'Well, he's a blame sight decenter company for you than — than—' He tried two or three times an' then give it up. We all felt so happy an' uplifted we couldn't bear to mention such a poor, miser'ble wretch as Byron Sneth.

"The constable stepped inside the house an' flashed his lantern around, an' we peeked in an' saw that it was half filled with hay that Sam Jollick had stored up there in the fall. There was a big basket sittin' by the door filled with apples an' carrots that Zorra had brought over when she came to exercise Sunshine.

"I may get a job out o' this yet,' says the constable: 'I may have to arrest Zorra for stealin' Sam Jollick's hay.' It was the only joke he ever made I guess, an' he chuckled over it for ten minutes steady.

"Just as we was startin' for home Zorra says, 'I think I can forgive you, Aunt Ellen,' and I knew it cost her something to say it. If ever a woman felt like crawlin' through a knot-hole an' drawing the hole through after her it was Ellen. I didn't rub it into her at all except to say: 'Well, Ellen, you know now well enough what Zorra done with her sovereigns!

"Us older folks went ahead, an' left Zorra an' Doc to follow with old Sunshine. We thought they'd ruther be alone. For all Zorra is such a fast walker it took 'em the best part of two hours to come that half mile."

Charlotte Lavina was winding up her story and her carpet-rags at the same time. She dropped the finished ball into the black velvet bag.

"I think the weddin' will be in April," she said judicially. "If your gray silk needs any makin' over I'll help you with it."

So I thanked Charlotte Lavina heartily.

I shall look forward to that weddin'.

THE ORCHARDS OF ONTARIO

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

"Why, be this juice the growth of God,
who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?
A blessing, we should use it, should we
not?"

—The Rubaiyat.

CANADA has an Unknown Lake Country as beautiful as that one of historic Windermere and Ullswater and Derwentwater of which poets have been writing and which painters have painted through the centuries. There is a Canadian Mediterranean fringed with its grape-vines, its sunny slopes, its apple-trees and bending orchards of peaches, which has been content to hide both talent and peaches under a bushel-basket almost, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Ontario, the half-way Province between Nova Scotia and British Columbia, with the largest *per capita* holdings of all Provinces of Canada, is fully 78,000 square miles larger than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is the most prosperous, most highly developed, and wealthiest Canadian Province.

Ontario is essentially an agricultural country. With fifteen million acres cleared, and seventy per cent. of the entire population engaged in tilling the soil, the agricultural production of the Province has doubled in value within the last decade. It is not widely known outside her borders that Ontario year in and year out produces in abundance, without weather protection, the finest apples, grapes, peaches, and small fruits, and this in increasing quantities yearly. The agriculturists and orchardists are highly

organised, the Province boasting of 22,000 members of Farmers' Institutes, with 11,000 women in affiliated societies.

The aggregate value in 1905 of the farmlands of the Land of Promise Fulfilled, including buildings, implements and live stock was \$1,155,000,000, and for the most part this capital is vested in 100-acre or 150-acre farms in the thickly-settled parts of the Province, the average farm being worth perhaps \$3,000. The realisation of the value of coöperation is shown in the fact that through the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union no fewer than 8,000 farmers annually on their own farms conduct experiments, the results of which are available and valuable to all who are interested in them.

Two ideas that insisently present themselves as one writes or reads of Canada or any of its parts are newness and bigness. The whole thing is formative, it is any man's opportunity; that is its great charm. The acres of assessed land in Ontario in 1906 were 24,284,730; of these, 14,107,015 acres were cleared, with 5,500,000 acres of woodland, and 2,000,000 acres of slashland. It is estimated that Ontario yet has twenty million acres of good land for settlement; there are 218 free-grant townships and sixty-six in which lands are for sale at a low rate. This fertile fruit-belt north of Lake Superior will be opened up to the small farmer by the Canadian Northern Railway, whose special intent is to develop this district. That the Pro-



A NIAGARA PENINSULA VINEYARD

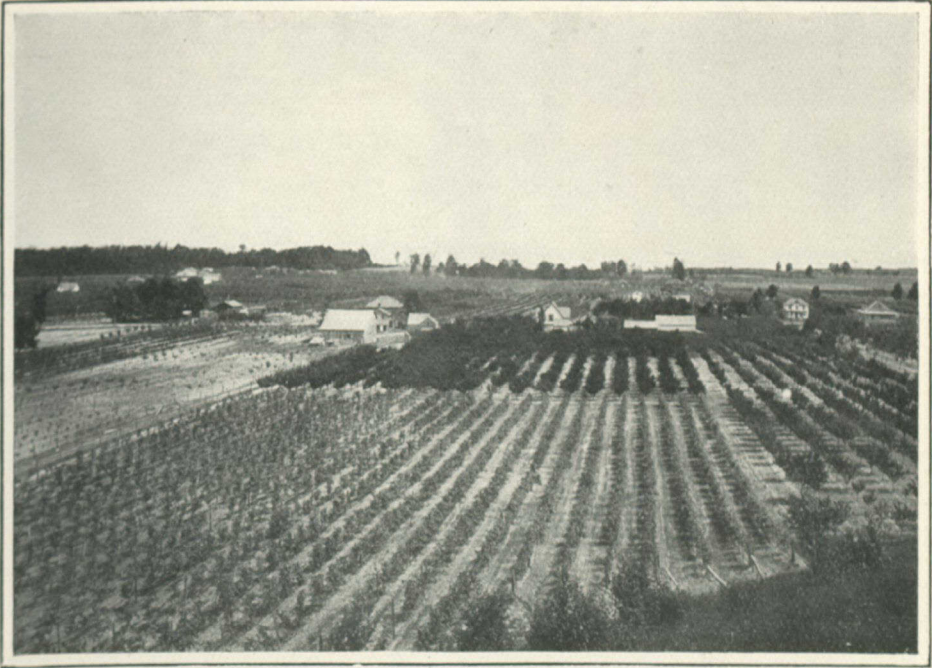
vincial Government is anxious to assist the proper kind of immigration is strongly shown in the fact that between the years 1867 and 1907 the immense sum of twenty-six and a half millions has been spent on colonisation roads, bridges, and public works. In 1907 alone 265 miles of new roads were built and 1,000 roads improved.

Climate and topography divide Ontario into four distinct fruit-belts, each with its own especial opportunity. District No. 1 includes the counties fronting on Lake Erie and on the south-west corner of Lake Ontario. This is the peach belt, and here are grown to perfection peaches, grapes, apricots, quinces, plums, and cherries. It is also splendidly adapted for the growth of early fruits and vegetables, which find an eager market in the West. The traveller through this district might think himself in sunny France or among the vineyards of the Mediterranean. With the Niagara escarpment as centre, grape-fields and peach-orchards radiate in every direc-

tion to the exclusion of general farming. Grapes grow here with wonderful prodigality, some ten or twelve thousand acres being given over to vine-culture, and producing in the neighborhood of four or four and a half tons an acre. With the improving facilities for transport, the Niagara grapes can be laid down in splendid shape in Vancouver and the coast cities, where they are crowding out the California competitor.

The second fruit district is north of this, including that portion of Huron and Bruce Counties which fronts on Lake Huron. This is the home of the plum, pear, and small fruits, and all varieties of apples.

The third district comprises the sweep from the shores of Lake Ontario northward. This part of the country is specially adapted to the growing of the winter apple for export. Enormous quantities of plums are also produced there. One county, Prince Edward, boasts a dozen or more factories



A GENERAL VIEW OF FRUIT-FARMING IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA

engaged in canning vegetables and fruit. The fourth district includes the valleys of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, and grows chiefly apples.

It is true that all animal and plant life reaches its highest development at the northern limit of its *habitat*, but let us cease to think of the north when we talk of Ontario. The atlas is a great educator. Where is Ontario, anyway? Well, the most southerly part of it, where the peaches and grapes grow to luscious fruition, is farther south than either Boston or Chicago. Follow the parallel of forty-two degrees, Ontario's southern boundary, west and you strike the northern limit of California. The tender-fruit district of Ontario lies nearer to the equator than ninety per cent. of the map of Europe, all France is north of it, the British Isles five hundred miles nearer the North Pole. The grape-arbours and peach-groves that we write about are in the same latitude as Constantinople and Tiflis, Khiva, Hakodate, and Peking. In the

light of this, who dare say "Snowballs?"

The man who would grow fruit in Ontario to-day largely reaps where others sowed. There is no pioneering work to be done. Telegraph, telephone, and newspapers keep him in touch with the world's markets, refrigerator cars are available to rush his fruits to these markets—he may take advantage of the coöperation that obtains among growers; at his disposal is the whole mass of technical experience gained in fruit-growers' institutes and Government experimental farms, and back of him are a Federal Government and a Provincial Government, each eager to intelligently assist him.

Where are the markets for Ontario fruit? Much is locally consumed, the United States to the south is a ready buyer of choice or early varieties, the growing cities of the western wheat plains are consuming carloads and Oliver-like crying out for more. The mother country is a heavy and dis-



PEACH ORCHARD IN BLOOM, IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA

criminating buyer. The natural appetite of the age is toward more fruit and less meat, for the choice fruits of the temperate zone there will be an ever-appreciating market.

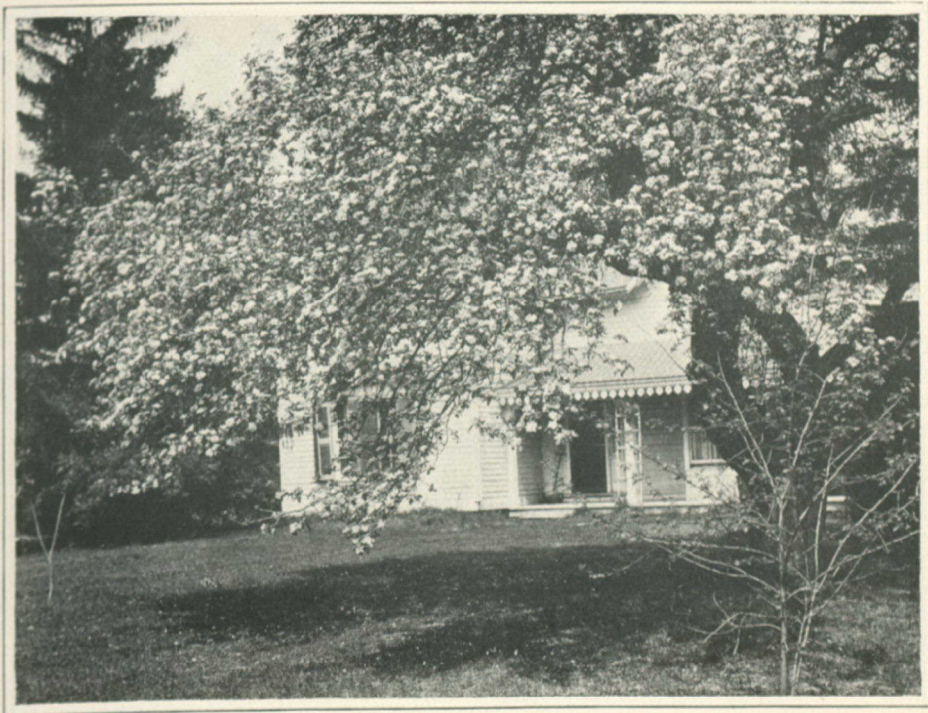
In a cross-the-seas market, the fruit-grower of Ontario has opportunities not confined to Great Britain. He has direct steam communication with South Africa, where Ontario fruit is finding place, and there is already a demand for certain fruits in France and Germany. Apples, of course, are the staple for export, but there is undoubtedly a good market for pears in Great Britain. Several shipments of Bartletts were made last year to Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester, and they turned out very well.

Ontario fruit-growers may well at the inception of their export industry take a leaf from the experience of shippers the world over and rigorously determine to make every package of fruit true to label. It would take

years to outlive an impression that Canadian shippers or any considerable part of them had the outside of the platter more attractive than the inside. In this connection not only is honesty the best policy, but it is the only policy. Nothing can build up confidence in the British market better than the feeling of assuredness that the fruit package when opened up will be found true to grade. An attempt at sharp practice is fatal. No one can be present at a fruit-growers' convention in Ontario without feeling that the orchardist here is individually striving hard to attain that millennium.

“When legislators keep the law,
And banks dispense with bolts and locks,
And berries, whortle, rasp, and straw
Grow bigger downwards through the box.”

Ontario has sixteen million fruit-trees, and down on the Lake Erie shore are ten thousand acres of grapes. There are a third of a million



FALL PIPPIN APPLE TREE, ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD, NEAR GRIMSBY, ONTARIO

acres in fruits of all kinds, and in Western Ontario the average yield is probably two barrels from every tree. Grapes, pears, quinces, peaches, plums, and cherries, sweet and sour, here reach splendid perfection, but still in point of capital invested and yearly market-returns, the apple is king. The gross income from apples to the orchardist is easily \$80 to \$100 an acre, and the selling value of all Ontario's apple-orchard land will run from \$500 to \$1,000 an acre.

What varieties are in vogue? With intending planters at the present time, the Spy, Baldwin, and King are easily prime favourites. The Spy, always popular for home consumption, has established its reputation in the British market, particularly in Liverpool and Glasgow; it will always be popular with the grower because it is prolific, almost equalling the Baldwin and the Greening in this respect. The Baldwin still remains the great

market-apple, and all things considered there is no safer winter-apple to grow. The Rhode Island Greening has made its way in Britain, where for many years its colour created an objection against it. Having outlived the "colour-prejudice," it suits Southern Ontario as a fall shipper. The Golden Russet is still a favourite in the foreign market, being even more popular in France than in England. French buyers could not secure enough of the 1906 Canadian crop. Little need be said in praise of the Fameuse, its quality, colour, size, productiveness, and the hardiness of the tree have made it a desirable desert apple ever since the introduction of orcharding into Eastern Ontario. The McIntosh Red, an apple which originated in Dundas County, Ontario, 120 years ago, has all the good qualities of the Fameuse and is perhaps even more hardy. Its distinctive red colour wherever it appears is regarded



AN APPLE TREE, NEAR BURLINGTON, ONTARIO

as an attraction. The demand for the beautiful McIntosh Red, picked and packed properly, has never been satisfied, and the prospects are that with the increase of wealth in Canadian cities the national demand for this high-class fruit will continue to increase. There is no risk, one would say, in planting orchards of the McIntosh Red *ad lib.*

Canada sends across the ocean annually about a million barrels of apples. They are bought by Great Britain, Denmark, South Africa, Bermuda, Cuba, Belgium, and New Zealand.

Doubtless a better fruit than the Ontario peach could be imagined, but doubtless it has never been realised. Perhaps there is a more soul-satisfying way of earning a living than by producing fancy market-fruit in an Ontario orchard, and equally perhaps it is hard to find. We have heard the wise man from the South who manifests at international fruit fairs de-

clare, as he swallowed in sections the prize Ontario peach, "The farther north you go the better fur, the farther north you go the better peach."

The peach industry in Ontario has passed through many phases during the last twenty-five years, has run the gauntlet of several severe tests, and experience has demonstrated that the Niagara District is admirably adapted to the successful cultivation of this luscious fruit. Canada herself affords a market which expands annually out of all proportion to the growth of peach orchards. History is making and geography changing rapidly on the map of North America. In Virginia, the mother state of peach culture, the industry is now almost abandoned, and there is opportunity to place advantageously all the product that Ontario can produce.

In the Northern States and Canada, peach regions are determined by the mildness of the winter climate, the

adaptable areas lying near the Great Lakes, where the nearness of these large bodies of water has an ameliorating effect upon the climate. The Board of Control of the experimental stations, two years ago, inaugurated experiments in budding peach-trees upon hardy plum-roots, and it is likely that this practice will obviate possible root-freezing. It has been found that a southern exposure toward the lake-shore gives earlier results and better coloured fruits, and as a general statement it may be said that the best peach soil in Ontario is a deep sand, with a light loam next to be preferred after the sandy soil.

The Ontario peach industry has reached that stage where individual effort must give way to coöperation. This is a law which works throughout all lines of human endeavour, the ordinary individual by himself cannot command the same attention and the same market that he can when working in company with others. The best

system of coöperation begins in the orchard; if this is not practicable, coöperative packing is. An association is in better position than an individual to keep in touch with the market and prevent gluts. By controlling the output, higher prices and better markets are provided, with the profits of the middleman entirely cut out.

Surely the world holds no more æsthetic occupation than the production of prize peaches. Down at Winona in the Niagara Peninsula the list of varieties in the order of ripening will run something like this:—Alexander, Early Rivers, Hale's Early, Yellow St. John, Early Crawford, Fitzgerald, Elberta, Longhurst. For long-distance shipping the four varieties that have best stood the test are Yellow St. John, Early Crawford, Elberta, and Smock. Those that give the most satisfactory canning results are Mountain Rose, Garfield, Elberta, and Late Crawford. When an especially hardy strain is desired, Crosby



A PEACH ORCHARD, FIVE YEARS OLD, IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA



DUCHESS PEAR TREES, FIVE YEARS OLD, IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA

will turn the trick or the Early Rivers or Lemon Free. Hiley and Thurber are excellent shippers, with a fine appearance. Hiley was awarded the Wiley Medal at the second to last meeting of the American Pomological Society at Boston, an unusual distinction, as this medal is given to but one new fruit each year.

The English market is "set in its ways" regarding the colour of its food-stuffs. It demands that its canned salmon shall be red, although a white salmon is often firmer and better flavoured. England says that its dessert apples must be rosy red, and, oddly enough, insists that a white-fleshed peach is better than the yellow, a dictum in which Philadelphia and other American cities concur. On the other hand, New York says that its peach must have yellow flesh, and this is the standard that Toronto epicures have adopted. Which all goes to

prove—that you never can tell.

What the Ontario peach-grower most dreads is an unheralded glut in the market. A glut usually incurs a loss, but for the man who is prepared it need never mean total loss. There is a bewitching number of by-products to the fresh peach industry: peach-pulp, dried peaches, evaporated peaches, peach-jam, peach-butter, peach-jelly, crystallised peaches, unfermented peach-juice, peach-wine, vinegar, noyau, brandied peaches. It was in returning thanks for this last present from an Ontario grocer at Thanksgiving time that the appreciative parson said from the pulpit: "I wish publicly at this time to thank Brother Smithers for his generous present of brandied peaches. I appreciate the peaches and thank him for these, but I more particularly appreciate *the spirit in which they were sent.*"

BARBARA

BY RICHARD DARK

MRS. HARGRAVE was grateful, but determined.

"It is really too good of you," she said, "but I'm afraid such a creature would be thrown away on us. If it were a dog, now, or a cat, we might manage to make room for it, but a monkey—no, it's out of the question. Why don't you send it to the Zoo?"

Gerald Pennington thoughtfully buttered a piece of toast. "No," he answered, "I shan't send Barbara to the Zoo. I want somebody to make a pet of her; she has a very affectionate disposition. I declare I'm quite fond of the little beggar. Do you know of anybody who would care to adopt her? She is really rather a valuable specimen. I can't keep her myself, because I'm off to the Congo in a month or so."

Tom Hargrave glanced at his wife. "What about the Tancreds? They used to keep quite a menagerie. A monkey would be just the thing for them."

"Yes, I should think it might be managed. You don't know the Tancreds, Mr. Pennington? They're very old friends of ours, and have a place in Dorset. Mr. Tancred is a naturalist, and has a collection of the weirdest creatures imaginable. If you like, I can easily write to them and suggest that you should run down for a day or two, and take the monkey with you."

"Oh, I hardly like—"

"I'm sure Mr. Tancred would be delighted to hear about your African experience. He is an enthusiast; a

fauna and flora man, you know. So if you care to go I will write to-night, and you can send for the monkey."

"It's awfully good of you," replied Gerald.

"What a pity it is that Mr. Pennington is going back so soon," remarked Mrs. Hargrave later on in the day to her husband. "He's much too nice a man to be wasted on a continent like Africa. Why doesn't he marry and settle down?"

"My dear, I've known Gerald for years, and I assure you he is past redemption. Though he is naturally polite and urbane in his attitude towards the sex, his many and varied interests have so far precluded his being sufficiently attracted by any particular woman to—"

"Oh, Tom, don't! I'm not a mass meeting. That's the worst of being the wife of a politician. By the way, what does he call his monkey?"

"Barbara, I believe he said."

She smiled. "How curious!"

Four days later Gerald Pennington and his charge were proceeding by the Great Western Railway to the home of the Tancreds. For the first three-quarters of an hour of their journey Barbara, who had been carefully fed by her owner prior to her disposal within a large wicker cage in the guard's van, slept the sleep of comfortable repletion. At Reading, however, she awoke in a condition of considerable excitement, and as the train steamed slowly out of the station she emitted a cry of pathetic

poignancy, occasioned, perhaps, by some mysterious, sub-conscious realisation of the fading proximity of a paradise of biscuits hitherto beyond her wildest dreams. The guard, a man possessed of a sensitive organisation, a large family, and a tendency to confusion of ideas, afterwards described the sound to his wife as resembling the wail of a murdered infant.

In a short time the cries she uttered wrought upon him to such an extent that at the next stop he suggested that Gerald, who was occupying an empty carriage, should take the cage and its occupant under his personal supervision for remainder of the run. To this arrangement the latter consented, and the transference had no sooner been effected than the little creature, suddenly appearing to grow resigned, curled up and relapsed again into slumber.

At last Gerald alighted at a small country station, and, taking his gladstone bag in one hand and the cage in the other, he made his way towards a brougham which was waiting outside. The groom touched his hat.

"For the Grange, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Gerald, and a few seconds later they drove off. As they passed the station gates they met another conveyance, which arrived just as the train steamed out.

A journey of five miles through undulating country brought them to their destination — a square-built old house of red brick, flanked on one side by a grove of elms, on the other by a wide stretch of lawn and garden. Gerald alighted, and handed the monkey over to the groom, with injunctions to feed her on biscuits and water, and lock her securely in a warm out-house or stable for the night. Then, as the man drove away, he walked up the front door steps and rang the bell. A minute later he found himself in a drawing-room where several people were engaged in consuming afternoon tea.

As his name was announced his

hostess rose and advanced to meet him.

"Mr. Pennington?" she said, with a suspicion of vagueness.

Gerald proceeded to explain that he had just arrived from town, where he was staying with the Hargraves. At the mention of the Hargraves the lady's face cleared.

"We were expecting Barbara this afternoon by the 3.50."

"I have brought her down with me," said Gerald; "I'm glad you're looking forward to see her. But, of course, I could hardly bring her into a drawing-room——"

"I beg your pardon?" said the lady of the house.

"So I asked the groom to take her round to the stable and look after her."

"You sent her to the stables!"

At this point the conversation between Gerald and his hostess appeared to become a centre of interest for the other persons in the room. Indeed, they hung upon the young man's next words with an almost embarrassing intentness. But, being now fairly launched upon his favorite topic, he proceeded with light-hearted enthusiasm to discourse of his journey from London.

"Barbara became so troublesome after leaving Reading that I was obliged to take her from the guard's van into my own carriage. Curiously enough, she quieted down at once, and curled up and slept like a lamb."

Here a youth of vacuous appearance tittered audibly, and then, finding every eye fixed upon him, slowly blushed a painful and apologetic scarlet. But Gerald heeded him not, nor yet the silent horror with which he himself was being generally regarded.

"You can't imagine," he went on, "how sorry I shall be to lose her. I believe the little creature is never so happy as when she's sitting on my knee."

"On his knee! The little creature sitting on his knee!" repeated the lady of the house, mechanically

"It's very good of your husband to take her off my hands, but I think she will prove quite a valuable acquisition. She is, in a way, quite unique; at least, she's the only specimen of her family that I have seen with hair growing over her nose."

There ensued a silence so deep, so pregnant with emotion, that the sound of a light object falling to the floor struck the ear with a painful suddenness. It was a monocle, which had escaped from the astonished eye of the youth who had tittered.

"Allow me," said Gerald, politely, and stooping down he restored the glittering weapon to its owner.

"Er—thanks, awfully," replied the latter, as he screwed it securely into its accustomed home.

The incident, though trifling in itself, appeared to stir Gerald's hostess from her attitude of petrified amazement.

"Please excuse me for a moment," she said, and left the room. A minute later she returned with a footman, and advanced towards Gerald.

"James will show you to your room, Mr. Pennington, if you would care to go up." There was a tinge of excitement in her voice.

Gerald, who was in the middle of a watercress sandwich, was rather surprised at her haste, but he acquiesced cheerfully, and followed the footman into the hall. The latter led the way upstairs and along two passages, finally halting before a door at the end of the second landing.

"This is your room, sir."

"Thank you," said Gerald, and walked in. "Why," he exclaimed, in surprise, "this isn't a bedroom at all! What the—"

There was a sharp slam behind him, followed by the grating of a key as the footman locked the door on the outside.

The room in which the young man found himself immured was a small, square apartment, devoid of furniture, and filled with an assortment of household odds and ends—in short,

what is commonly known as a box-room. He sat down on a leather portmanteau and pondered the position. Evidently the Tancreds were people of no ordinary calibre, and their ideas of hospitality appeared confused. He examined the door, and decided that escape that way was impracticable. Next, he walked to the window, and found, to his relief, that he was able to open it. Looking out, he caught sight, round a corner of the house, of a groom on horseback—the man who had driven him from the station.

"The police-station first, then the asylum," said a voice.

The groom touched his hat, and made off at a trot down the drive.

"Am I supposed to be an escaped lunatic?" thought Gerald. The absurdity of the situation overcame him, and he shook with laughter. But his merriment soon subsided, and once more he began to consider if there were any possible means of getting out of his prison.

He looked carefully down the wall outside the window, which was on the second storey. Half-way between it and the ground was a second window-ledge, and the whole wall was covered with a strong growth of old gnarled ivy.

"I wonder if I could manage it?" said Gerald.

There was no one about. Obviously the possibility of his escaping by this means had not occurred to his captors. He buttoned up his jacket and took his seat on the sill. Then, clambering down to the window below, he lowered himself to the full extent of his arms, and dropped on to a flower-bed. This manœuvre accomplished, he ran at full speed across the lawn to the shrubbery, and thence to the railings that bounded the gardens. Next, striking across some fields, he finally gained the high road about a mile and a half from the house.

Here he sat down for a few minutes' rest.

"It'll take me three-quarters of an hour to reach the station," he thought. "I'll go to Dorchester, stay there for the night, and to-morrow return in force and re-capture Barbara and my baggage. For to-day my adventures are practically over.

But in this conclusion he was mistaken. In a little while he started at a brisk pace along the road. About a mile or so he came to a turn at the foot of a short incline. As he rounded the corner he was aware of a feminine figure on a bicycle coasting down the slope not more than twenty yards away. The girl saw him, and swerved to the right, but, losing control of her machine, wheeled abruptly into the ditch at the side of the road, and landed not ungracefully in the grass beyond. Luckily there was no hedge at this particular spot.

As Gerald ran to her assistance, she sat up and regarded him indignantly. "It was all your fault," she remarked; "why were you walking in the middle of the road?"

"I'm really—er—awfully sorry," he stammered, somewhat taken aback, but immensely relieved to find that she was apparently uninjured. "Can I help you at all?"

The girl refused his hand, and got to her feet. Then she suddenly sat down again.

"I feel rather shaken," she said a little breathlessly, "but I shall be all right directly. Perhaps you will kindly see if my bicycle is damaged?"

Gerald obeyed. "The front wheel is buckled," he announced: "it will be quite impossible to ride the machine, or even to wheel it along. May I ask if you have far to go?"

"About three miles," said the girl; "to Sir Humphrey Redmayne's." Then, again waxing indignant. "Why were you walking in the middle of the road?" Isn't there a footpath?"

But Gerald countered the attack. "Why didn't you ring your bell?" he retorted. "You might have killed me."

She glanced at him doubtfully for a moment, then smiled; and her smile struck Gerald, who ordinarily never noticed these things, as engaging.

"You have had a fortunate escape," she said drily. "Would you mind collecting my goods and chattels?"

He hastened to pick up a small paper parcel and a tennis-racquet, which had become detached from the bicycle and were lying in the road. Suddenly his eye fell on a label which the racquet bore. On it was written the name "Miss Barbara Barracombe." He had heard that name before. Surely his friend Tom Hargrave's wife had been a Barracombe.

"I beg your pardon," he said to the girl, "but do you happen to know the Hargraves of Lancaster-gate?"

"Mrs. Hargrave is my sister," she answered.

"And Tom is one of my oldest friends."

"What is your name?" she asked, a little mistrustfully.

"Gerald Pennington."

"The African explorer?"

"Well, yes," he admitted: "I have put in a good deal of time in Central Africa."

"Where the footpath and the high road are synonymous, I suppose!" There was a twinkle in her brown eyes.

"They are certainly interchangeable terms," he replied gravely. "But now what are we to do with your bicycle, even supposing you are sufficiently recovered to walk?"

"I'm afraid I'm hardly capable of moving yet. I seem to have given my ankle a twist." She hesitated. "Perhaps——"

"Yes?" said Gerald.

"It's giving you an awful lot of trouble, but if you wouldn't mind walking back to the Grange and getting them to send some conveyance for me, I could look after the bicycle in the meantime. It's a large red-brick, about two and a half miles along the road."

"But that is the Tancred's place, surely? I thought you said you were going to Sir Humphrey Redmayne's."

"Oh, no; the Tancreds live in quite the opposite direction. I expected to be met at the station, but when I had collected my baggage, I found there was nobody there; so I left my things behind and came over on my bicycle, which I happened to have brought with me."

Slowly the truth dawned upon Gerald, and he realised the mistake that had occurred.

"And I said her hair grew over her nose!" he muttered abstractedly, gazing at Miss Barracombe.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

"Oh, nothing," he responded hastily. "I'd better be off. You will have nearly an hour to wait, though."

"It doesn't matter; this road is quite free from tramps, as a rule."

He hurried off, not without misgivings as to the reception which awaited him on his return.

However, he was spared the ordeal in part, for at the end of a mile or so he heard a noise of wheels behind him, and, turning, saw a wagonette which contained Miss Barracombe, her bicycle, a groom, and an elderly man in a Panama hat. The carriage pulled up, and Miss Barracombe proceeded to introduce the two men to each other.

"You must really come and dine with us," said Sir Humphrey; "my wife will be delighted to see you."

"On that point I have my doubts," answered Gerald with a smile, "but I shall be glad to accompany you, if only to recover my bag and—er—another belonging that I happen to have left at your house."

"At my house?" asked the other in surprise.

"If you will allow me, I will explain as we go along," said Gerald. He got into the wagonette, and told his tale, introducing some slight modification into his account of his conversation in the drawing-room with Lady Redmayne.

As he concluded, the baronet drew a deep breath. "The most extraordinary thing I ever heard!" he exclaimed, bursting into a laugh; "but, do you know, I don't altogether blame my wife for what she did."

"Of course not," agreed the young man heartily. "One cannot but admire the promptness with which Lady Redmayne dealt with a person whom she had every reason to consider an escaped lunatic."

On arriving at the Grange, there was a second explanation, undertaken this time by Sir Humphrey. Lady Redmayne's horror, on learning the mistake which the afternoon had witnessed, was intense.

"It was entirely my own fault," Gerald replied. "And now that Miss Barracombe is safe, I really ought to be getting on."

"Not to-night, surely. It's far too late. You must stay with us till tomorrow. You can send them a wire at once, and explain when you go to them."

Gerald glanced at Barbara. "It's really very good of you," he said.

*

"But I should like to know what it was you said that shocked Lady Redmayne so that afternoon in her drawing-room," remarked Barbara, six months later.

Gerald, who for some reason or other, had abandoned his projected trip to the Congo, pondered deeply.

"My dear," he answered at length, "I think what shocked her most was my description of the way in which your hair grew in little curls just behind your ears." And he gave one of the said curls the gentlest pull in the world.

"But that creature's hair doesn't curl behind its ears; it seems to me that it grows more over its nose than anywhere."

"Does it?" said Gerald innocently.

Barbara looked at him half in reproach, half in amusement.

"I'm afraid I've made a bad bargain!" she said, with a sigh.



At Five O'clock

Pleasant the ways whereon our feet were led,
 Sweet the young hills, the valleys of content,
 But now the hours of dew and dream are fled.
 Lord, we are spent.

We did not heed the warning in the skies,
 We have not heard thy voice nor known thy fold;
 But now the world is darkening in our eyes.
 Lord, we grow old.

Now the sweet stream turns bitter with our tears,
 Now dies the star we followed in the west,
 Now are we sad and ill at ease with years.
 Lord, we would rest.

Lo, our proud lamps are emptied of their light,
 W weary our hands to toil, our feet to roam,
 Our day is past and swiftly falls thy night.
 Lord, lead us home.—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, in the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

*

THE VACATION ORDEAL

THERE is much poignant truth in the following bit of September dialogue:—

"I hear you spent your vacation with friends?"

"We were friends during the first week."

Is there anything more thoroughly "testful" of friendship than a holiday visit or "going camping together?" You learn entirely too much about

each other, and the result is frequently disastrous. A certain distance lends enchantment to most things in life. Do not come too near to the picture if you do not wish to smell the paint.

The following is a sample of the confidences with which girls are now favouring the few chosen friends who remained at home.

"You know Margaret Hathaway? Well, you know I just thought the world of that girl until we went away together. Heavens! You never heard of anything like that girl's selfishness. We hardly speak to each other since we came back, and I don't believe that things will ever be the same again. Margaret and I shared a room at Glen Rose and she simply borrowed or appropriated everything I possessed, from manicure set to shoes. In fact, she is an absolutely impossible person and I wouldn't go away with her again for the world. Kathleen Morgan was in the party, too, and, do you know, she's an awfully fine girl, though I didn't think so much of her in the city. She never wanted to borrow anything, never fussed about her hair being out of curl and was simply splendid about going anywhere with you. She didn't care the least bit whether there were boys in the party, but Margaret sulked the whole time unless she was getting all the masculine attention. Kathleen for mine!"

Such is the somewhat slangy but sincere confidence to which one listens nowadays with comprehending sympathy. A holiday trip together is almost sure to reveal the selfishness or unreason which years of city or town intercourse may fail to disclose. The girl who makes herself a nuisance by borrowing articles, small and great, and who considers the convenience of no one but her own important self is likely to come back from mountains or seaside divested of feminine friendship. Nothing is more acceptable in a summer outing than a spirit of good comradeship; but the truest fellowship must always be infused with personal independence if there is to be a permanent understanding. Therefore, it is well before setting out on a summer trip, to consider long whether the "Kathleen" or "Margaret" who is coming too is such a companion as will laugh at petty discomforts and leave your manicure set unmolested. It would be interesting to know just how many of the chums who set off cheerily for camp or cottage in the early days of August return with the friendship unfractured.

*

FROM SCARF TO SHAWL

THE scarf has been with us again and has gradually been assuming wider proportions until it has looked wonderfully like the old-fashioned shawl. However popular the tailor-made costume may be, however desirable it may become, through the exigencies of modern practical life, for woman to adopt the severe lines and plain style of the tailored skirt and coat, the soft clinging of the Oriental wrapping seems the more feminine array. From the East comes this exquisite, filmy adornment in a variety of colouring and design which is fairly bewildering to the feminine heart and contracting to the feminine purse. There is the bit of softest *crêpe* from China or Japan, blue or mauve or palest gray, with wistaria

or swallows brightening its delicate expanse. There is the most seductive bit of gauzy silk from India, with a faint fragrance of sandalwood in its folds, and there is the flowered scarf of Persia, with such hyacinths and roses as Omar Khayyám loved, blossoming on the border. Spangles, silver, jet and gold, bestrew the scarf which comes from Egypt and are more "truly Oriental" than any others. Cleopatra might have worn such a brilliant adornment when she set out on that immortal barge to dazzle the eyes of the Roman general.

The scarf is to be a fashionable adjunct to evening gowns this winter and will probably be seen in daintier weaves than ever. There is something of the charm of an immemorial civilisation about these diaphanous features of feminine attire. They belong to "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas" and are hardly in keeping with our extremely matter-of-fact western world. Perhaps the scarf is but the precursor of the shawl. Two years from now we may be going about, bonneted and shawled, looking very much like our own grand-mammas. However, there is no use in anticipating or foreboding the capers of Dame Fashion and, in the meantime, we may rest well content with the scarf which covers a multitude of defects in last year's evening gown.

*

THE SUPPRESSED SUPPLEMENT

A SAN FRANCISCO paper comments adversely on the "idiotic and repulsive comic supplement," declaring that the Boston *Herald's* recent action in doing away with that feature has been amply justified. The latter paper remarks:

"Eight months ago the *Herald* abandoned its comic supplements in recognition of growing dissatisfaction. It had no difficulty in finding substitutes for its coloured pages. Not only has the abandonment of the comics been praised by social and other or-

ganisations, and by individuals whose interest is general, but the approval from the homes into which the *Sunday Herald* enters has been the most convincing evidence that a coloured comic is not essential even to the amusement of the children. It is an unfortunate estimate of the American people that assumes that the grosser and the lower is the most popular. We believe it worth while to recognise a different standard of popularity. The demand for the 'comic' is overestimated."

When will our Canadian papers follow the example of the *Boston Herald* and abandon the vulgar coloured supplement? It is true that some of our best journals, such as the *Toronto Globe*, the *Mail and Empire* and the *Montreal Star* have refrained from using its atrocious "attractions." But too many of our papers have not realised as yet that the average coloured "comic" is a degradation. No one with any sense of the fitness of things can object to a bright and amusing page for the juniors. In fact, it is most desirable that there should be such a department. But when, from week to week, we find pages of hideous crimson and yellow caricature depicting the mother as a vulgar virago and the father as a brutal tyrant, holding up everyone in a position of authority to ridicule and contempt, it is surely time for all far-sighted readers of the press to protest against this vitiation of the youthful taste and imagination. This is no trivial matter, to be dismissed with a light sneer at "fussy women who are always wanting reforms." The whole community is interested in the character of our papers, and the youngster who learns to look for the coloured comics is not likely to become an ornament to city or state.

*

PRESS AND PEOPLE

ONE of the most interesting meetings during the Quinquennial Congress was that in which Miss

Agnes Laut and Mr. Arthur Stringer informed the members of many delinquencies of the modern newspaper and magazine. When speaking of yellow journalism, the former showed that part of the blame for sensational exploiting of certain crimes falls upon the women readers. The speaker went about the discussion in a most practical fashion, somewhat after this wise: Women are the buyers and, therefore, the readers of advertisements. If the women who object to sensational handling of news would combine in protest and refuse to patronise the merchants who advertise in yellow journals, such publications would realise with marvellous promptness the commercial unwisdom of their course and would modify their policy without debating the expediency. In other words — the advertising department rules the newspaper and the women of the community virtually direct the advertising.

Let it be said, in the first place, that few of our Canadian papers are deeply tinged with yellow. There is a dual responsibility in the matter. Those who feel strongly that certain subjects are treated in objectionable fashion should let the editor know of their views. On the other hand, the latter is not without responsibility. His work is formative, as well as reflective, and he is in a sense a public leader. Several of our editors have stated that women are more eager than men to read the unpleasant details of scandal or sensation. Whether this be true or not, it is the duty of every woman interested in the intellectual cleanliness of the household to keep out of it the newspaper which dwells unduly on the sordid and degrading features in the day's news. Let this be done and there will be a marked decrease in front-page horrors.

We are too much given to condemnation of the New York press as "yellow," forgetting the *Tribune*, the *Sun* and the *Evening Post*—splendid papers which would be a credit to any



MISS KATHLEEN MACDONNELL, A TALENTED TORONTO ACTRESS, WHO PLAYS NEXT WINTER IN PHILADELPHIA

country and community. We are in danger of becoming provincial in this regard and contemplating our young Dominion with pharisaic fondness.

*

THE HEROINE'S HAIR

WHAT woman does not desire an abundance of lustrous tresses? What woman does not envy the heroine of the popular novel whose "golden tresses fall around her like a pitying veil" or the "female villain" whose dense masses of blue-black hair crown a head which plans almost unspeakable rescality?

The modern novelist is not to be outdone by earlier writers. Mr. Thomas Dixon, who writes fervid fiction by the hundred yards, tells us in his latest effort, of the heroine's marvellous loveliness. Never had the hero seen "such a bundle of quivering, pulsing, nervous, ravishing beauty.

He could have sworn he saw electric sparks flash from the tips of every eye-lash, from every strand of the mass of brown curls that circled her face, and fell in rich profusion on her shoulders and across her heaving breast." Really, Mr. Dixon, who started out as a clergyman, could make a tidy fortune, writing advertisements for a hair-dresser.

Another modern heroine, *Lucia Grimson*, in Mr. E. F. Benson's "The Climber," has electricity to burn in her wonderful locks. As a New York critic says: "There is a full page given to the description of brushing *Lucia's* hair in the dark. It is compared to the breaking of dry twigs in a forest, to yeast with which each hair grew endued and stiffened itself apart from the rest, to remote, momentary stars, to a strange conflagration and to pale flushes of flame."

JEAN GRAHAM.

Current Events

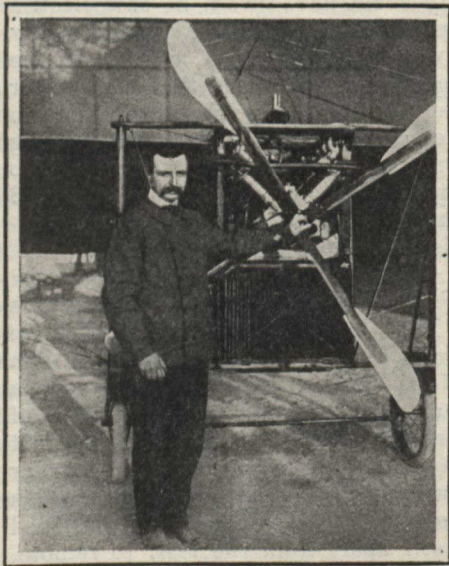
By
F. A. ACLAND

THE event of the month was not the dramatic downfall of M. Clemenceau in France, nor the very undramatic dethronement of the Shah in Persia, nor the sudden gloom that has come on the horizon of King Alfonso, nor the placing of an order for four additional *Dreadnoughts* by Great Britain, nor the retirement of von Bülow from the German Chancellorship, though these incidents may serve to keep the politicians and the newspapers busy enough these summer days. It is the flight of M. Louis Bleriot from France to England in an airship that will cause the month

and the year to be remembered in history. It is the first great indisputable triumph of aviation. It is the coming of the airship following in the wake of the telephone, the phonograph, the electric car, the automobile, and the other wonders of the last quarter of a century. The magnificent leap of M. Bleriot's chariot of the air from Calais to the cliffs of Dover is one of the most romantic and fascinating achievements of modern science.

*

What will be the effect of the new science on transportation, on war, on sport, on international politics, on a thousand things? Mr. Wells will doubtless consider some of his wildest flights justified, and those who do not care to follow Mr. Wells may and must let their own imagination run riot. It is true that M. Bleriot's chariot was of modest dimensions and flew but twenty-five miles. But few will regard the performance as other than the beginning only of stupendous changes. As to transportation, the railways will probably feel safe enough for many a year; at least they can count on being useful for heavy freight! As to international politics it is obvious that a slight development only beyond the point now attained will greatly complicate the tariff question. It may not be immediately possible to transport barley or lumber far above the range of vision of the customs official, but there are countless other articles to tempt the

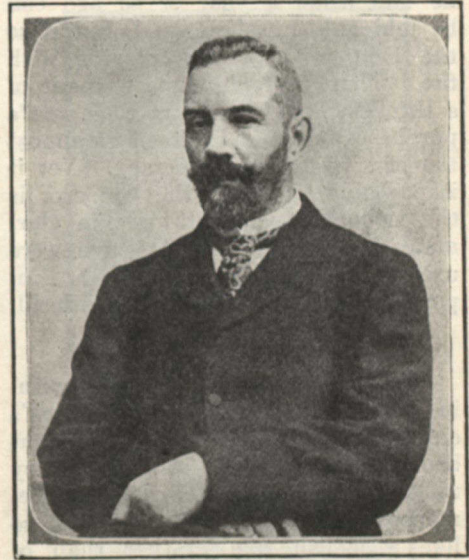


M. BLERIOT, WHO IS FAMOUS FOR HIS FLIGHT ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. THE CUT SHOWS THE MONOPLANE IN WHICH HE MADE THE FLIGHT

smuggler of the air. As to war, the new French War Minister and the world expect to see the French army—or will it be the navy?—equipped with a swarm of these “wasps” so soon as their mechanism has been finally perfected; and that is, of course, only what was to have been expected. No doubt air ships of all kinds will be placed under regulations of the strictest order, but no amount of regulation can prevent their full development affecting most profoundly the whole social and political system. In the meantime the triumph of M. Bleriot rivets more tightly for the moment at any rate the *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and France. M. Bleriot receives substantial money prizes in England as well as in France, and his receptions at Dover and London could not have been more enthusiastic had he been English-born. A very few years ago a French gentleman arriving in England in the peculiar fashion in which M. Bleriot travels would have had a very doubtful reception.

*

The leaders of the French and German Governments have changed almost simultaneously, the change in France having been effected in a twinkling. The new Chancellor and the new Premier are uncertain quantities in foreign politics, to a certain extent both are untried in this dangerous field. In a situation already tense with possibilities such changes may be of the utmost moment, but outsiders can only conjecture whether they tend for good or ill. It may be these events, for instance, which have prompted the Asquith Government, despite its anti-militarist declarations and the tremendous deficit for which it has already to provide, to determine to add to its ship-building programme four new *Dreadnoughts* outstripping all predecessors as to destructive powers and, of course, as to cost. Mr. McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, conceals



DR. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, THE NEW
GERMAN CHANCELLOR

the real reasons under a cloud of words, of necessity, when making a statement in the House of Commons. In any event, if the substitution of M. Briand for M. Clemenceau and of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg for Prince von Bülow has affected the course of the British Government it is probably because of the uncertainty of the new conditions rather than because of their making necessarily for worse relations between Britain and her neighbours.

*

Von Bülow went out first, and it is the first time a German Chancellor has retired at the will of the people rather than at that of the Emperor. The new Chancellor is declared to be a tyro in foreign politics, yet he is also stated to have been deliberately selected by his predecessor for such an emergency as has come about. The Emperor's heart doubtless warmed to the new Chancellor because they were fellow-students at Bonn University. Whether or not the change means the re-assumption by the Emperor of the autocratic powers

he laid aside a year or so ago can be told only by the sequel, but if so the Emperor is surely playing with fire. There is to-day no occupant of a throne whose seat is worth a year's purchase unless it be freed of almost the last vestige of autocracy. Yet it is probably true that the Emperor is the strongest personal force in Germany to-day, and if that force were used for moderation the British Empire should be the last to wish him ill.

*

M. Clemenceau was defeated within a week after Bethmann-Hollweg's elevation. Probably the one incident had no bearing on the other, but they may have been associated. M. Clemenceau's defeat was so needless, so like a foolish freak rather than of conviction on the part of any, that it has been freely suggested he rode for a fall, was anxious, in fact, to escape a further responsibility of office, yet could not take the deliberate step of resigning. As to reasons—who can undertake to plumb the depths of a politician's heart? The gravest feature in French politics at the present

moment is the huge naval scandal, the outcome of a commission dating back to the days of M. Delcasse, who terminated four years ago a period of eight years as Foreign Minister. The commission after a most exhaustive inquiry has reported to the effect that the whole naval policy of France for ten years past, both as to administration and construction, has been absolutely rotten, and that the greater portion of the huge expenditure of \$700,000,000 since 1899 has been wasted through fraudulent contractors and corrupt or incompetent administrators. M. Clemenceau was not directly concerned in these transgressions, which were chiefly prior to his term of office, but he may well have dreaded the prospect of calling on France for funds to reorganise and partly to rebuild the navy at the present time. And the change of pilots at Berlin may have made him the less inclined to make the attempt.

*

M. Briand, the new French Premier, is a Socialist. It is the first time that an avowed Socialist has become the first minister of any country, though M. Clemenceau himself in France at one time leaned strongly in the direction of Socialism. But we must not be misled by terms. M. Briand has been a member of the Cabinet for some years, and is not by any means a fire-brand or demagogue. Even if M. Jaurez, the most advanced of French Socialists, should come one day into the Cabinet or even into the Premiership, the responsibilities of office would probably force upon him a constructive rather than a destructive policy. M. Briand has been styled the constructive genius of the late Cabinet. This expression may seem inconsistent with the fact that the new French Premier's reputation rests largely on the fact that it was he who, as Minister of Worship, managed the disestablishment of the Church, but it must be remembered that the disestablish-



HOW THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN LOOKS WHEN THERE ARE NO UPRISINGS TO FEAR

ment did not occur until the Church and religion generally had been practically abandoned by the majority of the French people. M. Briand has made the somewhat dangerous promise, however, that his Government will make a vigorous attempt to heal the breach between capital and labour. This is a programme ambitious enough, indeed, for any ministry, and there are few policies, whether of construction or destruction, that might not come within its terms. M. Briand's course will be watched sympathetically at any rate, and should his promise mean that France will enter on a series of extensive social reforms similar to those just now being carried out or attempted in Great Britain, the interest of thinking men everywhere will be focussed more strongly than ever on those two great nations. Pensions for workers and a general scheme of industrial insurance during the present year are among the concrete propositions of M. Briand.

*

The Shah has followed the Sultan in stepping down and out. There seems to have been little difficulty in getting rid of him and he saved his poor life by fleeing to the Russian Embassy. So far the constitutionalists have succeeded, but it is doubtful if much permanent good has been achieved. Persia is largely under Russian tutelage, more so than ever since the Anglo-Russian agreement on this subject, and how entirely a novice Russia is in the art of parliamentary government will readily appear. It is a case of the blind leading the blind to a large extent, although for that matter Persia had actually started her Parliament—the one at which the Shah threw shells—before the Russian Douma came into existence. Judging from the cable dispatches the bulk of the people of Persia are very apathetic on the subject of the revolution. The constitutionalists are a mere handful, but



THE NEW SHAH OF PERSIA

have been confronted only by a smaller handful. There is little national feeling in Persia and it remains to be seen whether a group of enthusiasts animated by western ideals can put life into the dry bones of decadent Orientalism. It is a brave attempt, but it is to be feared the Persian people have been too short a time in training to get much benefit from Parliamentary institutions.

*

The world has scarcely time to draw its breath after witnessing the ignominious extinction of the Shah before it learns that the throne of young Alfonso of Spain is toppling. Spanish troops are overwhelmed by Moorish tribesmen in Morocco; Barcelona, always rotten with anarchy and sedition, is the scene of horrors equal to those of the Commune, and the King himself is hissed and hooted on the streets of his capital. France and

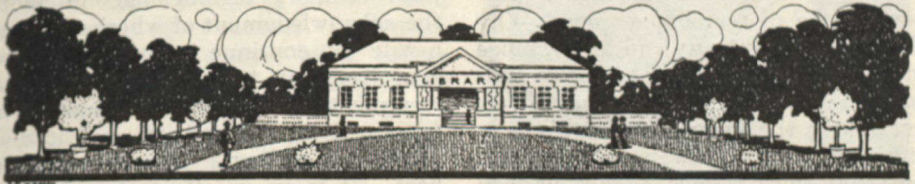
Spain took each a share of Morocco to be held within their respective spheres of influence, the Government of Morocco being frankly incapable of maintaining order. France found her hands more than full for a time, but came out of the struggle with the tribesmen, or withdrew from the struggle, without loss of prestige. Spain in undertaking a trivial and wholly justifiable (according to ruling ethics) punitive expedition against the Riff tribesmen has met with greater disasters in land fighting than during the Spanish-American war. Alfonso is reasonably popular as a sovereign with a large proportion of his people and has appeared anxious to rule on enlightened lines, but his throne is a structure of cards and ill able to stand in rough weather, while there is always the possibility of the dagger or bullet of the assassin ending his career as that of his neighbour of Portugal was ended a year ago. A Spanish republic is among the possibilities of the near future, but it is doubtful if it will bring peace to the poor, proud, broken Spanish people. As to the King, he is a very helpless figure indeed in the present perplexities, and one can only hope he has not to pay too terrible a penalty for the misfortune of having been born to a throne in an age when people were showing a weariness of thrones.

*

Whatever may have been the reason for the determination of the Asquith Government to order at once the four additional *Dreadnoughts*, and whether or not the political changes on the Continent had anything to do with it, it is likely to have a beneficial effect on the position of the Govern-

ment. The new programme, which was promptly put before the House of Commons, was carried by a large majority, but the majority was obtained by Unionist votes replacing those of Irishmen, Labour members and more advanced Radicals. It is by no means certain, of course, that the budget will ever emerge from the Commons, at least without radical changes, but the new naval programme will probably ensure no adverse action by the House of Lords. There is, no doubt, much truth in Lord Rosebery's criticism that the present budget is in effect a revolution and will affect certain classes severely; but after all, it is admitted by all that the money has to be raised and it would be difficult to devise a plan effective for raising so great an additional revenue that would not appear more or less revolutionary to those from whom the new taxes were collected. Certainly tariff reform, however successful it might prove, would be a vaster change for free trade Britain than the changes Mr. Lloyd-George has proposed in the present budget. The Lords will probably therefore be very willing to be placated by the Government's concession on the *Dreadnoughts*, and will avoid an encounter at the polls on a budget which aims in many ways to benefit the masses of the people. Recent by-elections, too, seem to suggest that the reaction against the Government is less violent than it appeared to be a while ago. So the Government's troubles will probably be finished when the Commons have had their last word on the budget—at least the fate of the measure will be known then.





The WAY of LETTERS

"TONO-BUNGAY," by H. G. Wells, is a book to be thankful for and to be glad over, to read with pleasure and to lay aside with regret, to read again and perhaps again — the truest praise of all. We are used to surprises from Mr. H. G. Wells and not the least of his charms is his unexpectedness. We may know him as a teller of tales or as a dreamer of dreams, as a sociologist of sorts or as a novelist, and be charmed by him in any or all of these characters. It is not often that one man can do many things and do them well, but we confess to enjoying everything that Mr. Wells has done and to looking forward with eagerness to whatever he may do in the future. In our opinion he steadily improves, and "Tono-Bungay" is the best that he has yet given us. The name itself promises something; it is striking, *bizarre*, and contains a hint of humour; it is characteristic and yet original. "Tono-Bungay" is a long book and one to be read leisurely. The story begins with the hero's boyhood, and there is a hint of Dickens in the quiet humour with which this apt-to-be-dull period is handled. As in "David Copperfield," the tale is told by the hero, the style is easy and unaffected, the happenings slip in naturally, and the reader is in the swing of a thoroughly absorbing story before he realises what has captivated him. It is

impossible to analyse the charm of such a book, to tell just what it is and what shifts and combinations produce it; it is as elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp, flashing out in unexpected places, bewildering and delighting us. Reduced to a few phrases, the story tells of the rise and fall of a patent medicine, or rather the name of a patent medicine, for all there was of "Tono-Bungay" was its name. It (the name) was the invention of an obscure chemist, the hero's uncle, and the way in which this name was made to ring through England and to make the author rich beyond the oft-quoted dreams of avarice is a bit of humorous satire at which we wonder and laugh—and have a few more serious thoughts left. The "Tono-Bungay" campaign is only part of the story; beside it runs the story of the hero and of *Beatrice*, the girl he loved—two distinct stories that never merge, but always have the bridge of love between them. Then there is the story of *Aunt Susan*, the wife of Tono-Bungay's inventor, a curiously detached story which is the same as her husband's and yet entirely different; he the actor, she the looker-on. In her own words, spoken after the final catastrophe: "Life puffed him up and smashed him—like an old bag—under my eyes. I was clever enough to see it and not clever enough to prevent it, and all I could do was to jeer."

Many will raise the old and familiar objection that the end is not a happy one; but how in the name of common sense can we expect a happy ending, always, to a tale which purports to be of real happenings? Why should we except any end at all, since in real life nothing is ever really ended? The end of "Tono-Bungay" does not marry the lovers or even bestow one of them comfortably in the grave, but that these things do not happen is due to no malice on the author's part, it is simply the inevitable outcome of all the things which go before—as everything always is. Summing it up, one cannot do it half as well as in the words of the writer himself: "There is a note of crumbling and confusion, of change and seemingly aimless swelling, of a bubbling up and medley of futile loves and sorrows. But through the confusion something drives, something that is at once human achievement and the most inhuman of all existing things. . . . Sometimes I call this reality science, sometimes I call it truth. But it is something we draw by pain and effort out of the heart of life. . . . I do not know what it is, this something, except that it is Supreme." (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

"THE ROOM OF THE SILENCES"

Were it not for the chapter entitled "The Room of the Silences," James Lane Allen's latest book, "The Bride of the Mistletoe," might well be regarded as unsatisfactory. Even as it is, many of Mr. Allen's admirers will not fully appreciate or come into complete sympathy with the book. Nevertheless that one chapter justifies it. The book should be regarded as merely the first of three works of fiction, each of which is dependent to some extent on the other two, the three completing each other and completing also a general theme. The first of the trilogy deals with twenty-four hours in the married life of a middle-

aged couple in Kentucky. It leads up to and brings to an intensely dramatic climax, without satisfactory *dénouement*, an incident of more than ordinary significance, in fact, the acknowledgment of whether or not a wife can continue to be all that she ever has been to her husband. The treatment of this delicate situation is most artistic and refined, and it displays the author's powers at their best. It is an excellent theme for a short story, but Mr. Allen has a reputation for style and description, and so it is only natural for him to indulge it. Nevertheless, whoever reads "The Bride of the Mistletoe" will want to read the other two that are to follow. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

AMERICAN LITERARY REMINISCENCE

Mr. William Winter, the eminent American critic, has followed his delightful book of reminiscences of stage people, "Other Days," with a volume entitled "Old Friends," which is composed of literary reminiscences. Mr. Winter has known personally most of the big figures in the United States during the last fifty years, and with many of them he enjoyed an intimate friendship. He writes in a most felicitous vein of Longfellow, Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, George William Curtis and many others. His chapters on "Bohemian Days," "Vagrant Comrades," and "Old Familiar Faces" are in themselves gems of interest and entertainment. Few persons have the gift or the experience for such reminiscences as Mr. Winter's, and the volume is especially important as it deals in a familiar and sympathetic manner with the most brilliant period of American literature. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. Cloth, \$3 net).

*

DONALD A. FRASER'S POEMS

Mr. Donald A. Fraser, who for a number of years has been a frequent

contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*, has published his first volume of poetry. The title of the book is "Pebbles and Shells." It embraces a wide range of poetry, running from poems on love, nature, patriotism and religion to verses of a lighter order for children or for the purpose of amusement. Mr. Fraser is at his best when describing or deducting from some object or aspect of nature, but in other respects he has not invariably been so successful. For that reason, it is to be regretted that the contents of the volume had not been rigorously edited before going to press, because no writer, no matter how clever he is, does good work always. But those who are interested in poetry will read "Pebbles and Shells" with profit, particularly if they use sufficient discrimination to dwell on the poems that display the author's powers at their best. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

MYSTERY THAT DOES NOT MYSTIFY

Occasionally we come across a novel which obviously pretends to possess mystery but which has little claim on that quality. Such is "The Mystery of Miss Mott," by Caroline Atwater Mason. But every novel, in order to hold the interest of the average reader, must be charged with uncertainty, and it should be convincing. This particular story has some of the former, but as to the latter it is lamentably wanting. *Miss Mott* is an Anglo-Indian, or, to be more precise, a woman with English and Sarcee blood in her veins. India is her birthplace, but she is supposed, when she comes to America, to have issued from pure English stock. The pastor of an aristocratic church, an insincere man to whom she acts for a time as private secretary, rivals with his assistant for her affections, and in the end her identity is revealed on the death of a wealthy relative who has made her his heiress. She favours the as-



MR. DONALD A. FRASER, WHOSE BOOK OF POEMS ENTITLED "PEBBLES AND SHELLS" HAS BEEN PUBLISHED BY WM. BRIGGS

sistant, and is encouraged therein by the pastor, who is clever enough to see that he has been superseded by the other. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

LOVE AND A BEECH TREE

Beech trees are not often detrimental to love affairs. Yet in Rosamond Napier's novel, entitled, "The Heart of a Gypsy," one of them seemingly played havoc with the tie that bound the affections of a skilful London surgeon and a gypsy maid, named *Meridiana Pharaoh*. This young woman had been deserted by her mother when she was a mere babe. She was then adopted by "Parson Thompson," and grew to be both complex and attractive. Early in her life the "call of the blood" seemed to exert itself, and her mind yielded readily to superstitious beliefs. To her the things of nature meant more than personal friends. Especially was this true in connection with the beech tree under which she had been deserted.

The affections of the level-headed surgeon to whom *Meridiana* became betrothed were reciprocated for a time. Nevertheless, whenever trouble

arose, as it frequently did after she went to visit in London, and was expected to fit harmoniously into the element attached to the social function given by the surgeon's mother, her thoughts would wander back to her first love—the beech tree. Through life her conviction was that if anything serious befell the tree, she would suffer accordingly. Out of this belief the author gets much to weave her story. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

CANADIAN ARTISTS

The Studio for August contains an interesting account by Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., of the work of the Canadian Art Club. Mention is made of the excellent work recently done by Mr. Curtis Williamson, Mr. Edmund Morris, and there are reproductions of paintings by Mr. Homer Watson, Mr. J. W. Morrice, Mr. W. E. Atkinson, Mr. Archibald Browne, Mr. Horatio Walker, and of sculptures by Mr. Phimister Proctor.

*

A SEARCH FOR SELF

It is only natural that the extraordinary psychological investigations that have been pursued with so much insistency during the last half-decade or more should result in a school of fiction based on psychological phenomena. Of such school is "The Man Without a Shadow," by Oliver Cabot. This is the story of a young man who found himself one morning in a sanitarium — wakened, as it were, from a long sleep — but he had absolutely no knowledge whatever of his identity, no recollection of his past life. His experiences in the search to "find himself" comprise the book. The circumstances are not new. Theodore Roberts makes use of a similar expedient in "Captain Love," and while neither he nor the author of "The Man Without a Shadow" succeeds in convincing one that the extraordinary mentality he presents is probable, the possibilities of the

situation are excellent as pure fiction. "The Man Without a Shadow" is a well told tale, and it is full of absorbing interest—just the kind of novel that one reads for simple entertainment. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE

A verbatim report of a conversation between the Reverend Joseph Hocking and Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow would furnish "good reading." The Non-Conformist minister firmly believes that the Church of Rome represents Anti-Christ and the scarlet woman. He writes didactic novels to prove it. Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow has taken a leaf out of Mr. Hocking's book, and in his novel "Antonio" he deals hard knocks at non-Romanists in general and at the Anglican church in particular. His hero, *Antonio*, is a very attractive Portuguese Benedictine who, upon the dissolution of the monasteries by the Portuguese Government in the thirties of the last century, goes out into the world and acquires money to buy back for his Order its sequestered estates. *Antonio* proves to be a good business man, but a better dialectician. His visit to England results in the 'version of sundry Anglicans. If these ladies and gentlemen were brought into the older fabric because of the rather tenuous casuistries of *Antonio*, they must have been anxious to be convinced. That there are, and have been, not a few changes from Anglicanism to Romanism is quite undeniable. But it is hard to believe that their sanction has arisen from such arguments as Mr. Oldmeadow puts into the mouth of the propagandist *Antonio*.

The author does not lack of a sense of literary form, and much of his book is transfused with the clear light of ample historical knowledge and a cultivated taste. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

Within The Sanctum

IT is almost impossible to dissociate journalism from personality. The editorial "we" is oftener than otherwise merely the first personal pronoun "I," and therefore we should not attach too much importance or significance to whatever we read on the editorial pages of even great newspapers, except, to bear in mind that the publicity thus obtained has oftentimes a tremendous influence. There is a vast difference between the aims, sentiments and ideals of publications in general, but it can be taken for granted that in almost every instance the opinion of but one man is upheld. Very frequently that one man goes wrong, but whether right or wrong he is bound to find some followers. Two examples of journalism have been furnished recently, two that are entirely opposite in character, and yet each represents the modern trend in certain respects. One comes from Italy. It is called *Poesia*. It claims to have founded a new school of literature under the name of "Futurism." A good idea of the calibre of the editor may be found from the following editorial declaration:

"We intend to glorify the love of danger, the custom of energy, the strength of daring. The essential elements of our poetry will be courage, audacity and revolt. Literature having up to now glorified thoughtful immobility, ecstasy and slumber, we wish to exalt the aggressive movement, the feverish insomnia, running, the perilous leap, the cuff and the blow. We declare that the splendour of the

world has been enriched with a new form of beauty, the beauty of speed. A race-automobile adorned with great pipes like serpents with explosive breath — a race-automobile which seems to rush over exploding powder is more beautiful than the 'Victory of Samothrace.' We will sing the praises of man holding the fly-wheel of which the ideal steering-post traverses the earth, impelling itself around the circuit of its own orbit. The poet must spend himself with warmth, brilliancy and prodigality to augment the fervour of the primordial elements. There is no more beauty except in struggle. No masterpiece without the stamp of aggressiveness. Poetry should be a violent assault against unknown forces to summon them to lie down at the feet of man. We are on the extreme promontory of ages! Why look back since we must break down the mysterious doors of impossibility? Time and Space died yesterday. We already live in the Absolute, for we have already created the omnipresent eternal speed. We will glorify war—the only true hygiene of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of anarchist, the beautiful Ideas which kill, and the scorn of woman. We will destroy museums, libraries, and fight against moralism, feminism and all utilitarian cowardice. We will sing the great masses agitated by work, pleasure or revolt; we will sing the multicoloured and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capitals; the nocturnal vibration of arsenals and docks beneath

their glaring electric moons; greedy stations devouring smoking serpents; factories hanging from the clouds by the threads of their smoke; bridge-like giant gymnasts stepping over sunny rivers sparkling like diabolical cutlery; adventurous steamers scenting the horizon; large-breasted locomotives bridled with long tubes, and the slippery flight of aeroplanes whose propeller has flag-like flutterings and applause of enthusiastic crowds.

"The oldest among us are thirty; we have thus at least ten years in which to accomplish our task. When we are forty, let others, younger and more daring men, throw us into the waste-paper basket like useless manuscripts! They will come against us from far away, from everywhere, leaping on the cadence of their first poems, clawing the air with crooked fingers and scenting at the academy gates the good smell of our decaying minds already promised to the catacombs of libraries. But we shall not be there. They will find us at last, on a winter's night, in the open country, in a sad iron shed pitter-pattered by the monotonous rain, huddled round our trepidating aeroplanes, sparkling flight of the images. They will mutiny around us, panting with anguish and spite, exasperated one and all by our proud dauntless courage, they will rush to kill us, their hatred so much the stronger as their hearts will be overwhelmed with love and admiration for us! And powerful and healthsome Injustice will then burst radiantly in their eyes. For art can only be violence, cruelty, and injustice. The oldest amongst us are thirty, yet we have already squandered treasures, treasures of strength, love, daring and eager will, hastily, raving, without reckoning, never stopping, breathlessly. Look at us! We are not exhausted—our heart is not in the least weary! For it has been nourished on fire, hatred and speed! You are astonished? It is because you do not even remember living! Erect on the pinnacle of the

world, we once more hurl forth our defiance to the stars. Your objections? Enough! Enough! I know them! I quite understand what our splendid and mendacious intelligence asserts. We are, it says, but the result and continuation of our ancestors. Perhaps! Be it so! What of that? But we will not listen? Beware of repeating such infamous words! Rather hold your head up! Erect on the pinnacle of the world we hurl forth once more our defiance to the stars!"

The other example comes from Denver. It is called *The Harpoon*. It purports to be a magazine that hurts, and it stands for "a return to law in the civil service."

"*The Harpoon* has arrived," it says editorially. "One of the most marvellous things in modern journalism has happened. With a very limited supply of cash and a single man behind it, without credit to draw on and nowhere a champion to appeal to, *The Harpoon* went confidently to press. In the meanwhile much advice was coming to us from friends in every quarter. All insisted that the project be thrown over. One advised the tonic air of Denver and a year of rest. Others, and there were many of them, predicted 'no support'; and not a few said that the government would interfere—that the P. O. D. (Post-office Department) would squash us! 'If you can keep *The Harpoon* afloat three months out of your own resources,' wrote a Toledo friend after the first issue had been received, 'you surely will have a great success; but if you are depending upon the returns from the first number to print your second number, as I presume is the case, you are defeated now. While the men in the service are holding back to see what happens, which they will do, your only chance goes a-glimmering.'

"For two weeks, in the little, poorly-equipped shop, the work went busily on. When a press broke down all hands got together, and soon it was running again. Occasionally we



COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND, SHOWING THE NEW OFFICES OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

called in a near-by blacksmith."

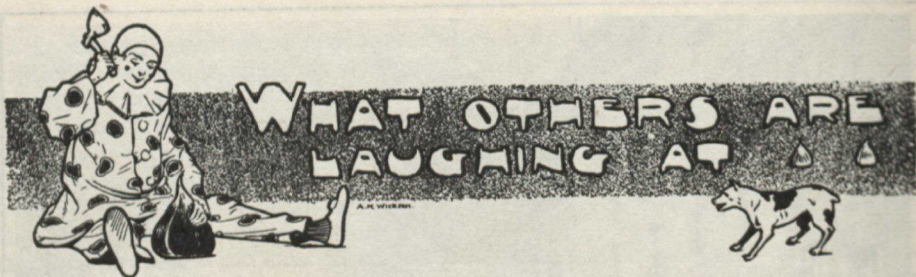
There seems to be some difference between the character of the editor of *The Harpoon* and the editor of *Poesia*.

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In these days when Canada is coming so rapidly to a place of importance among nations it is worth while occasionally to take note of what the Canadian railways are doing in the way of advertising the Dominion. For whatever speaks well for the rail-

ways speaks likewise well for the country. It is worthy of commendation therefore that in a centre of activity like London offices of an imposing nature should be built for the Grand Trunk Railway System of Canada. The accompanying cut shows the new offices of this company in London, which are located at 17-19 Cockspur Street, S.W., and within a stone's-throw of the Canadian Government Emigration offices at Charing Cross.

The Editor



FIFTY PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR TRUTH

Berkowitz and Sternberg, travelling salesmen, met on the train.

"I have just come from St. Louis, where I did a tremendous business," said Berkowitz. "How much do you think I sold?"

"How should I know?" replied Sternberg.

"Of course you don't know, but what do you guess?"

"Oh, about half."

"Half of what?"

"Why, half what you say."—*Everybody's Magazine.*



"Isn't this just lovely? Here we are all in bathing together." —*Life*

AT THE BALL GAME

Grace.—"Who is that man they're all quarrelling with?"

Jack.—"Why, he's keeping the score."

Grace.—"Oh!—and won't he give it up?"—*Bohemian Magazine.*

*

FIRST AID

The *fancé* of a Louisville girl had been spending the winter in Florida in connection with his father's business interests in that quarter.

"Marie," said the girl to a friend the other day, "Walter has just sent me the dearest little alligator from Florida!"

"Dear me!" rejoined Marie, with affected enthusiasm. "And how shall you keep him?"

"I'm not quite certain," was the reply, "but I've put him in Florida water till I can hear further from Walter."—*Harper's Weekly.*

*

SUCCESSFUL AD.

Several weeks ago a Kansas editor advertised the fact that he had lost his umbrella and requested the finder to keep it. He now reports: "The finder has done so. It pays to advertise."—*Kansas City Journal.*

*

HIS SCHEME

"I compel my daughter to practise four hours a day," said Mr. Cumrox.

"But you will make her hate music so that she will never want to go near a piano!"

"That's what I am hoping."—*The Pittsburg Observer.*



WEARY WILLIE—"I'd sooner walk up 'ill than I would down, any day—it do throw yer into yer boots so."
—Punch

THE DANGER

Photographer—"Great Scott, man! Can't you look a little more cheerful?"

Mr. H. Inpeck—"No, sir; not for this picture! I'm to send it to my wife, who is away on a visit, and if I looked too cheerful she'd take the first train for home."—*Chicago News*.

*

QUITE AN ORDER

He was out with his best girl, and as they strolled into the West-End restaurant he tried to put on an I-do-this-every-evening kind of look. When they were seated at a table a waiter approached them.

"Will monsieur have à la carte or table d'hôte?" he asked.

"Both," said the young man, "and put plenty of gravy on 'em."—*Tit-Bits*.

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RAILING AGAINST FATE

Hamfatt—"Aha! I've a letter from me friend Boothby, but I like not his diction."

Barnstorm—"What says the old Thespian?"

Hamfatt—"Thus: 'We are separated by hundreds of miles, but there are many ties between us.'"—*Cleveland Leader*.

*

UNBELIEVABLE

"Gosh, I guess those city folks meant what they said when they told us that they came up here to get a good rest."

"They're taking it easy, eh?"

"Taking it easy. I should say they are. Would you believe it, not a one of 'em has got out of bed before six o'clock any morning since they've been here."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Merry Muse

THE WAVES

Onward we come from the ocean
vast—

Swish, swish, swish;
Eager to reach the land at last—
Swish, swish, swish.
No wish to dwell on it,
Only to swell on it,
Rushing pell-mell on it—
Swish, swish, swish.

Now, on the pebbles smooth we fall—
Swish, swish, swish;
Curling and swirling right merrily
all—
Swish, swish, swish.
Tinting them fairily,
Rattling them cheerily,
Scatt'ring them merrily—
Swish, swish, swish.

Backward we slide with a gleam and
a glide—
Swish, swish, swish;
Outward again to the ocean wide—
Swish, swish, swish.
Foaming so whitely, now,
Dancing so lightly, now,
Glancing so brightly, now—
Swish, swish, swish.

Donald A. Fraser.

*

AS THEY VIEW IT

Life is a strawberry shortcake,
It ought to be added, though,
That the optimist sees the berries
While the pessimist sees the dough.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A MADDENING LAY

On the frozen Ar'tic Ocean some-
where north o' Bering Sea
There's an Eskimo a-sittin', an' I
wisht that it was me,
For the wind is in the icebergs an'
the polar bears at play
Make a peaceful summer picture on
the shores of Baffin Bay.
Oh, the folks o' Baffin Bay,
On cold storage every day,
In the shadow of the glaciers loll an'
sip whale-oil *glacé*.

Their pantaloons are leather an' their
coats are made of skin,
Which prevents the chilly weather
that's outside from comin' in.
For, altho' skins are free in this here
happy, chilly clime,
Protection's necessary in the good old
summer time.
Oh, the folks o' Peary Land,
They have lived, you understand,
Through the snows of many summers
and have never even fanned.

Ship me somewhere north of Green-
land, where the ice trust's power
is dead,
And where hard drink never harms
unless it hits you on the head;
Where Aurora Borealis hangs her rib-
bons on the moon;
Where the sunset's in September and
the cold, gray dawn's in June.
Oh, the folks o' Melville Sound
Never go away from town
To summer in the mountains till the
mercury comes down.

—Richmond Despatch.

Have You Tried BOVRIL Milk Sherbet?

Scald two cupfuls of milk and dissolve therein two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir in thoroughly while warm one teaspoonful lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls BOVRIL. Cool and freeze as usual.

BOVRIL IN ANY FORM IS NOURISHING!

5-6-00

GOLD MEDAL



FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition
1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

Made to Eat - Not to Keep

Snyder's

World Famed
Chocolates

"A Man is known by the Candy he sends".

of course
its

Snyder's

she
wants

Known the world over for its

Purity Quality and Flavor.

Fancy Boxes and Baskets filled with our delicious Candies suitable for gifts.

When near our Store Don't forget to take home

A BRICK
OF

Snyder's

UNEXCELLED
ICE
CREAM

Our Candies are made on the premises
130-132 YONGE ST. TORONTO, Ont.
Open Evenings



Use
a Little
Gumption.

ALL SPOONFULS MAY LOOK ALIKE — BUT ARE THEY?

☞ THE WHITE - SOLID - SOAP PASTE in jar on right is made of one Tablespoonful of PEARLINE Washing Powder and one quart of water by usual directions which you will find on every package. You will have to use double or more of its followers to accomplish the same work.

☞ THE YELLOW — THIN — CURDY MIXTURE in Jar on left is made of one Tablespoonful of another well known Washing Powder and one quart of water. There's more difference in Quality than in price.

A Tablespoonful of Soap Powder should weigh an ounce and make a Quart of Solid Soap Paste or Soft Soap



CURTAINS CLEANED

Lace curtains and portiers cleansed without marring the design or affecting the drapery. We return them with edges smooth and straight; nothing harsh or stiff about them. We also scour curtains. The season for curtain cleaning is now upon us.

R. Parker & Co. Toronto
Canada.

Canada's Greatest Dyers and Cleaners

BRANCH STORES AND AGENCIES IN LEADING CITIES AND TOWNS OF THE DOMINION



Ball-Players

Need Snap and Judgement

Grape-Nuts

Food

May be found on the tables at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Ann Arbor, West Point, etc., and wherever brain and brawn are essential—

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

The High Velocity of the Ross Sporting Rifle.

The "Indian Field" the great sporting paper of India says of the Ross Sporting Rifle comparing it with other rifles of world wide reputation:—(April 15th 09.)

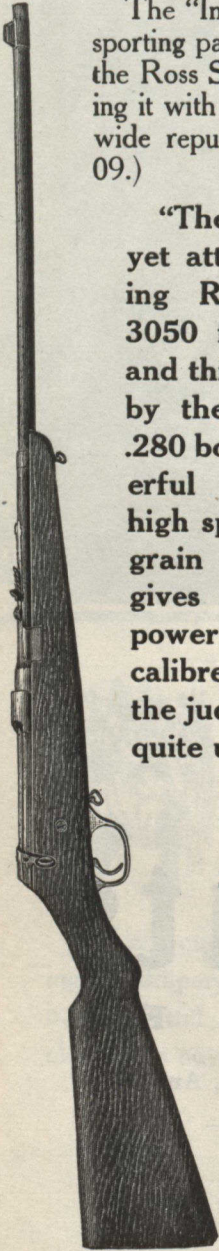
"The highest speed yet attained by Sporting Rifles is about 3050 feet per second and this has been got by the Ross Rifle of .280 bore. This wonderful rifle gets this high speed with a 140 grain bullet which gives it tremendous power for its small calibre and renders the judging of distance quite unnecessary within sporting distance."

Sportsmen fully appreciate this feature.

If your dealer does not keep Ross Rifles we can supply you direct.

Price \$25.00 and up

Write for catalogue.



The Ross Rifle Co. Quebec, P.Q.

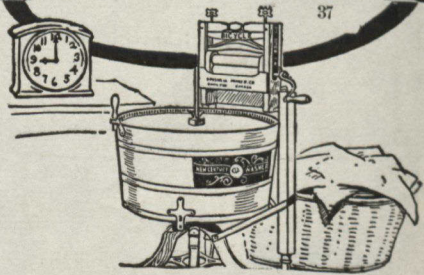
Nine O'Clock, and the Washing Done.

The "New Century" Washing Machine washes a tubful of clothes in five minutes. And washes them better than you can possibly do the washing by hand.

New Wringer Attachment allows water to drain directly into the tub. Price \$9.50 complete—delivered at any railway station in Ontario or Quebec.

Write for free copy of our new book.

Dowswell Mfg. Co. Limited, Hamilton, Ont.



The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT



The Pen for
School and College Use.

Quality and Simplicity

ARE THE STRONGEST CHARACTERISTICS OF

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Other methods of writing have outlived their usefulness. In keeping abreast of the times the users of this pen find the greatest satisfaction in its efficiency. Made in the largest and best equipped fountain pen plant in the world, from the best raw materials that money can buy. The uncommon existence of simplicity obtains not only accuracy but durability. This pen and ink provide the tried and successful materials for all writing purposes. Try it for comparison.

The styles are Standard (Cone-Cap), Safety and Self-Filling. There are 366 patterns and sizes—34 varieties of pen points in each size—Prices \$2.50 and upwards.

From the Best Dealers Everywhere

Waterman Company, Limited.

136 St. James Street, Montreal

173 Broadway, New York

12 Golden Lane, London

6 Rue de Hanovre, Paris



CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

WHEN you order Syrup emphasize the name "CROWN BRAND" for this name means that you want the best—the purest—the most wholesome and reliable table syrup it is possible to produce.

So perfect and genuinely delicious is "Crown Brand Syrup" that you'll enjoy its flavor about ten times more than that of any other make.

It costs you no more than ordinary syrup and yet it is purer, better, and more wholesome in every way. It is the greatest food for growing children, and can be given in any quantity.

"Crown Brand Syrup" is put up in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air-tight tins, with lift-off lids.

When you buy "Crown Brand" you obtain a Syrup as clear as crystal and of guaranteed purity and wholesomeness.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co.
LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1858.

Works: CARDINAL, Ont. Offices: 4-09
MONTREAL, TORONTO and BRANTFORD.



Old Dutch Cleanser

Chases Dirt

Its advent in your home foreshadows an era of spotless cleanliness, with less labor, time and expense on your part. It takes all the hard work out of house-cleaning.

Cleans, Scrubs Scours, Polishes

and works *mechanically*, not chemically. Avoid caustic and acid cleaners.

Large Sifting-
Top Can **10c**

At All Grocers

If you cannot obtain Old Dutch Cleanser conveniently, send us your grocer's name and 10 cents in stamps, and we will gladly pay 22 cents postage to send you a full-size can.



Cudahy, Omaha, Neb. (Branch for Canada, Toronto)

Solid Oak Correspondence Filing Cabinet, with capacity for 20,000 Papers, \$21.00 F. O. B. Toronto

HERE it is. A well-made, convenient and inexpensive Vertical Filing Cabinet. Made of selected oak, thoroughly seasoned, and finished in a dark golden shade, by skilled mechanics, in the largest Filing Cabinet Factory in the British Empire. Every detail of construction and finish is inspected by a corps of Supervisors, so that the completed Cabinet is backed by our guarantee.

Each drawer is fitted with a follower block and rod. Total capacity of Cabinet is 20,000 papers with folders and guides.

We will ship this Cabinet to any reputable business house anywhere in Canada, with option of returning, if not exactly as represented, at our expense



THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

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FACTORIES : NEWMARKET, ONTARIO

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RESIDENT REPRESENTATIVES :

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CALGARY

PALL MALL

London Cigarettes

THE proprietors take pleasure in announcing that they have concluded arrangements with LA REGIE FRANCAISE which will enable their English and Canadian patrons travelling or residing in France to procure these famous cigarettes at all the principal Hotels and Cafés, and at

44, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

This is but another acknowledgment of the superior excellence of PALL MALL London Cigarettes, for LA REGIE FRANCAISE (being the French Government Monopoly, and having its own favored brands) accorded this splendid compliment only in deference to a most insistent demand.

Especially convenient for our patrons automobiling in France are the boxes of fifty. Also packed in the usual attractive boxes of ten.



*“A Shilling in London—
A Quarter Here.”*

IN FRANCE — 1 Franc, 30 Centimes.

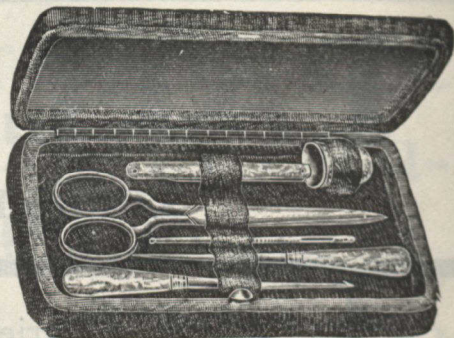
Everything

in Silverware that is required for the home is manufactured by this Company, both useful and ornamental. Because of their artistic merit they have quickly superseded others. Discriminating buyers realize that this



trademark instantly identifies them as the best, *But* be sure that they bear this stamp.

The
Standard Silver
Company, Limited
TORONTO, CANADA



Refuse Substitutes of RODGERS CUTLERY

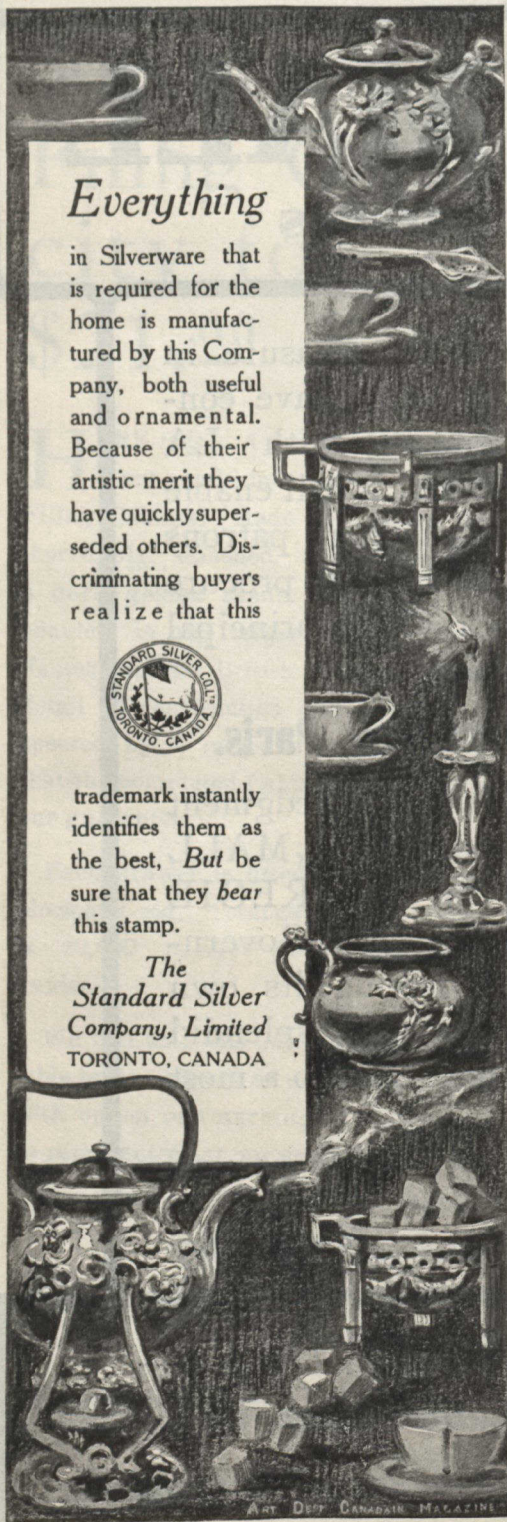
The trademark below is stamped on Rodgers' Cutlery expressly to enable you to distinguish the genuine from the imitation.

Behind that "mark of guaranteed quality" stands our reputation of over 200 years.

Look carefully for the trademark shown below.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Ltd.

Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, ENG.



It looks
like this

through a Telescope
Sight mounted
on a



Marlin

25-20 Repeating Rifle

With high velocity loads shoots perfectly up to three hundred yards. The *Marlin* solid top and side ejector make for safety and convenience and allow the attachment of any telescope—directly over the barrel and action. For long range shots at wild geese, foxes, woodchucks, hawks, etc., and especially when fitted with a telescope, the .25-20 *Marlin* is the perfect gun.

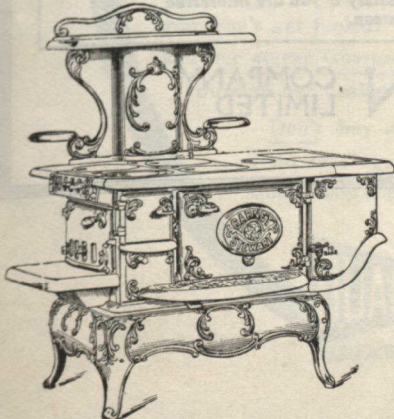
Every shooter should know the up-to-date *Marlin* line of repeaters. Full description in our 136-page catalog. Sent free for three stamps postage. Write

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
74 Willow St. NEW HAVEN, CONN.



GOOD CHEER

STOVES & RANGES



WELL BUILT, DURABLE
and RELIABLE WORKERS.

The Quality YOU Want

If you cannot procure locally, send us
your Dealer's name.

The James Stewart M'fg Co., Limited
WOODSTOCK, Ont.

Western Warehouse: - Portage Ave., - Winnipeg, Man.



Do you want
The Newest Most
Artistic & Authorative
STYLE-BOOK
Published in
CANADA?



The Robert **SIMPSON** Company
Limited

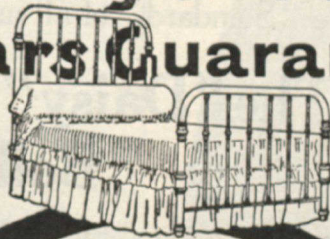
Fall & Winter 1909-10

If so, send us a Post Card TO-DAY, with your address on it,
and receive our new Fall and Winter Catalogue
by return mail.

*N.B.—The Winter Suit and Coat shown in the above cut are illustrated in colors on the back cover of
this new Catalogue. Send in your post card immediately if you are interested
in the two best values of the season.*

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY
LIMITED
TORONTO

30 Days Trial 5 Years Guarantee



No other Bed has an offer like that behind it

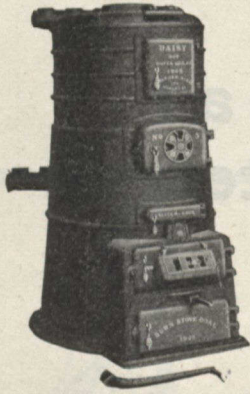
WHAT do you think of that offer? Doesn't it sound good to you?—and doesn't it show that there must be a great difference between Quality Beds and any other? And it's on the square, too. There's no strings attached to it—no red tape—no loopholes for you to catch your foot in. We give you a guarantee that you can use the Quality Bed in your own home for 30 days, and that you can return it to us at the end of that time if you don't like it.

And we do more than that—we give you a 5-year Guarantee. If your Quality should not prove to be what you thought, you get a brand-new one, without extra cost, if we can't repair the other one.

Our handsomely illustrated free catalogue, called "Bedtime," shows the great variety of Quality Brass and Enamel Bedsteads. It tells all about the make-up of Quality Beds, and helps you to buy the best Bed made, without taking any fellow's word for it—then you won't get fooled. It gives the details of our 30 Days' Trial and our 5-year Guarantee, and tells how to get a Quality Bed through our dealer in your town.

Don't buy a Bed till you get "Bedtime,"—it's great reading, and means much to you. Will you kindly drop a card for it now—before you forget?

QUALITY BEDS LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS WELAND CANADA



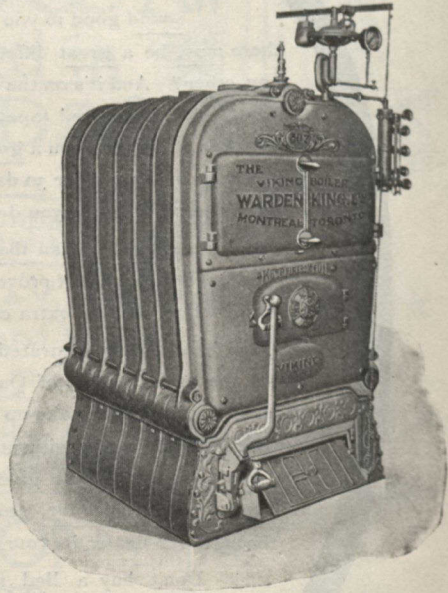
The Boilers made by Warden King Limited have been before the Public for over twenty-five years and are still acknowledged as the "Standard" of all such heating appliances.

The "Daisy" Hot Water Boiler

stands in a class by itself, imitated, but never excelled. There are thirty thousand of them in use, a fact which speaks louder in their praise than anything which may be said in print,

The Viking Steam and Hot Water Boilers

have always given entire satisfaction. Made in several sizes for churches, schools, hotels, private dwellings and public buildings. Gives an equal heat and represents an economy in the cost of heating. Are made to burn Wood, Steam Coal or Hard Coal.



Warden King Limited

AGENTS:

King Radiator Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.
Crane Orway Co., Winnipeg, Man.

Jas. Robertson Co., Limited, St. John, N. B.
Mechanics Supply Co., Quebec, Que.

Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow, Limited, Halifax, N.S.

Warden King Limited Works : Maisonneuve. Stores : 151 Craig St. West, Montreal

ROSE BRAND LARD



"Yes!—a trifle higher in price, but it goes much further and makes better pastry, so its really cheaper."

This is the verdict of particular housekeepers.

This lard has been a special line with our firm for the past 42 years and is well known throughout Canada as the best lard.

**The Geo. Matthews
Co., Ltd.**

Established 1868.

Hull, Peterborough, Brantford.



"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Proven by the test of service on the tables of three generations, this famous brand of silver plate has become the acknowledged standard.

Spoons, Knives, Forks, etc., bearing the mark "1847 ROGERS BROS." are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue "36" as an aid in making your selection.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., HAMILTON, CANADA



Turnbull's Knitted M Bands

Mean Comfort for Baby

This is the softest, nicest garment ever made for Baby. Note the little tab in front to which the diaper is pinned and the tapes running from the tab in front over the shoulders to the tab on the back. This prevents any sagging, stretching or tearing of the garment, holds the diaper in its place all the time and is so comfortable.

This garment is made from the wool of the Australian Merino Sheep, noted the world over as the finest and softest wool.

Ask your dealer to show you this garment or write us. A mother who has once seen them will never use anything else for her babies.

THE G. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT,
Limited.

GALT, ONTARIO

Established, 1859

1781



do this. Do this—draw razor blade between thumb and fore-finger moistened with "3 in One." Rub a few drops into strop. Then strop.

The microscopic saw teeth of a razor's cutting edge rust. This dulls the blade. "3 in One" prevents surface rusting. Stropping wipes the edge clean, breaking off all dull rusted steel particles. You get a brand new set of sharp teeth for every shave.

Just try this honestly one week. Write today to

THREE IN ONE OIL CO., 50 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY, for sample bottle and special circular. Both free.



St. Denis Hotel

Broadway and Eleventh Street
NEW YORK

European Plan — Convenient Location
WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON

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

LONDON LEATHER



In our display of Fine English Leather, Fitted Bags hold an important place, and the point to remember about them is, that the Sterling Silver Fittings are made in our own workshops, and therefore guaranteed to be of the highest Quality—an important point not always present in fitted bags.

Send for Illustrations and Prices.

HENRY BIRKS & SONS
Limited

PHILLIPS SQUARE, - MONTREAL



Newcombe Pianos

Built for Music and Built to Endure

Awarded Medals and Awards at many international expositions, including Paris, Chicago, London, England, Jamestown, etc.

"The Finest made in Canada."

Write for Catalogue of designs and prices.

The Newcombe Piano Co., Limited,
129 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto

New City Warerooms: 7 & 7½ Queen St., East, Toronto

VANCOUVER ISLAND

LANDS
Fruit-Growing
Farming
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Business
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MILD
SUNNY
CLIMATE

offers opportunity to you

Write for Booklet of Views and Authentic Information

Your questions carefully answered
Vancouver Island Development League
Room A41, Law Ch. Bldg., Victoria, B.C.

ELECTRIC HOISTS

— On Hand —

Owing to the failure of one of our customers, we have on hand Electric Hoists as follows:

1 double drum electric slope hoist having drums 60 inches diameter by 38 inches face arranged tandem. Capacity 8000 lbs. at speed of 350 feet per minute on a 35° slope, equipped with 75 H.P. type F. alternating current motor, 440 volts, mounted on same frame and having the necessary controller and resistances, dial Level indicator for each drum.

1 double drum electric hoist for vertical shaft, drums 60 inches diameter by 38 inches face arranged parallel. Capacity 4000 lbs. at speed of 450 feet per minute, skips being operated in balance equipped with 60 H.P. type F. alternating current motor 440 volts, mounted on same frame and having the necessary controller and resistances, dial Level indicator geared for 500 feet.

They are high class machines in every respect and will be sold at a low figure.

The Jenckes Machine Co.
Limited

Sherbrooke, Que. St. Catharines, Ont.

Sales Offices:

Sherbrooke, Montreal, St. Catharines,
Cobalt, Vancouver

A Good Appearance



counts in everything. When you write a letter, its appearance makes as much difference in its reception as your own does when you make a call. Then why use stationery that is not in good taste? You spend too much in time and the cost of mailing to afford a poor envelope and sheet of paper.

BARBER-ELLIS

Crash Linenette and French Organdie correspondence papers are always in good taste. Stationers sell them.

THE BARBER & ELLIS CO.
Limited

63-71 Wellington St. West, TORONTO

SOME RESOURCES AND OPENINGS



Semi-ready Winter Ulsters at \$15 and \$20.

Wherever there is no Semi-ready Store there is an opening for one.

We have the resources for supplying 100 more merchants with stock and with Special Order samples.

Direct from the factory to the store that sells—we supply garments at a closer margin above cost than any clothing house in Canada.

Our plain price and our trade-mark carry confidence and conviction—and every merchant selling our goods has the sole right to our good-will value for his town.

We do not publish, but we can supply you a booklet, "Some Resources and Openings," that will show you the possibilities of Canada, and of growing towns you never heard of before.

Our Special Order outfit is ready. Fashion portfolio and complete equipment free to any good merchant in towns where we are not represented.

Semi-ready, Limited

C. H. Nelson, President
472 Guy Street, Montreal



“It is a beauty
and it’s just
as sweet as it
looks.”



The “Star” Brand Ham

MADE BY
FEARMAN, HAMILTON
FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.



Every Step in Picture Making
by the

KODAK METHOD

is at Your Convenience.

The Kodak loads and unloads
in full daylight.

The Kodak Film Tank will
develop your films in full daylight
—with better results than the old
way.

You can make your own prints
by any light on Velox.

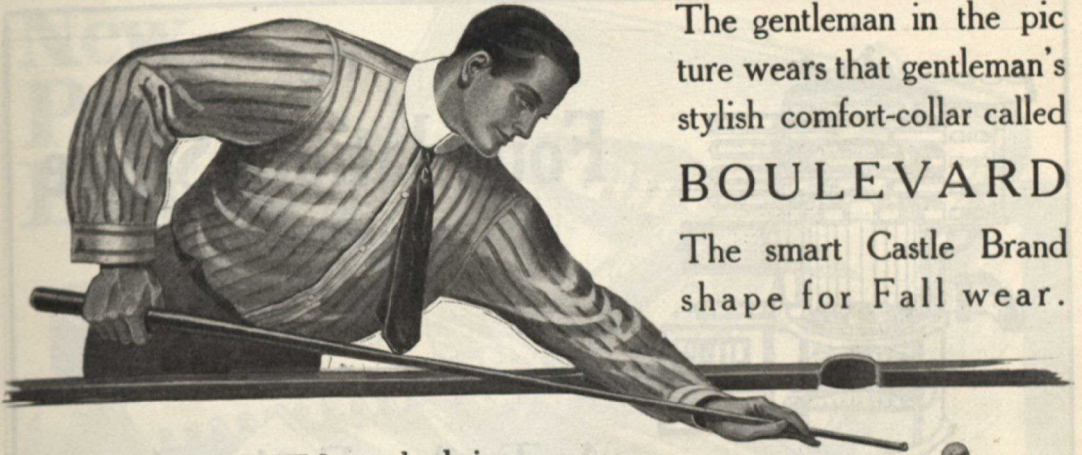
NO DARK-ROOM

For any part of the work.



Ask your dealer or let us send
you copies of our booklets “Tank
Development” and the “Velox
Book.”

Canadian Kodak Co.
Limited
TORONTO, CANADA



The gentleman in the picture wears that gentleman's stylish comfort-collar called

BOULEVARD

The smart Castle Brand shape for Fall wear.

THE QUALITY worked into every W.G. & R. Collar and Shirt not only gives you the utmost value and service for the price you pay, but assures you that no man of your acquaintance wears better linen.

TRADE
W.G. & R.
MARK

BERLIN

MAKERS TO MEN OF TASTE



Recreation is essential to every Professional and Business man.

Few things will divert the mind from daily cares more quickly than Music.

There is no method by which one can more readily or effectively produce the best of Music than by using that charming instrument

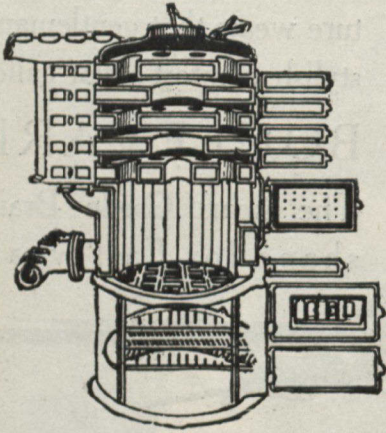
The Autonola

It is the modern Playerpiano. Anyone can play it. Everyone who uses it appreciates the simplicity with which it can be operated. A handsome instrument.

Send for free Booklet C to the makers.

The BELL PIANO & ORGAN CO., LIMITED GUELPH, ONT.
TORONTO LONDON, ENG. OTTAWA





THE
“SOVEREIGN”
 HOT WATER
 BOILER

MADE BY

**TAYLOR-
 FORBES**
 COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office, Works
 and Foundries . . .

GUELPH, ONT.

The
**Foundation Stone
 of Comfort**

A Taylor-Forbes heating apparatus makes a more comfortable home of a house and increases its value as a property investment.

Adds 15 to 25 per cent. more than its entire cost to the value of a house, and pays for itself, as well, with the coal it saves.

Show Rooms and Agents :

TAYLOR-FORBES CO., 1088 King St. W., TORONTO

TAYLOR-FORBES CO., 122 Craig St. W., MONTREAL

TAYLOR-FORBES CO., 340 Pendar St., VANCOUVER

GENERAL CONTRACTORS' SUPPLY CO., HALIFAX, N.S.

MECHANICS' SUPPLY CO., QUEBEC

H. G. ROGERS, 53½ Dock St., ST. JOHN, N.B.

THE BARNES CO., CALGARY, ALTA.

VULCAN IRON WORKS, Limited, WINNIPEG, MAN.

New Pocket Edition



FOR the
traveler, broker,
merchant, manufacturer

—for every man to whom time

and appearance is money. The New Pocket Edition presents the "Gillette" in such compact form that it can be carried like a card case in the waist-coat pocket or slipped into the side of a traveling bag.

Same size blade as before, same principle—but neater more workman-like, the most perfect shaving implement in the world—as compact and as beautifully finished as a piece of jewelry.

The pocket-case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun-metal. Plain polished or richly embossed. Handle and blade box each triple silver plated or 14K gold plated. Price \$5 to \$7.50.

Stores handling Gillette Razors and Blades display Gillette Signs in their windows and on their counters.

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

OFFICE AND FACTORY, 63 ST. ALEXANDER ST., MONTREAL

79 M

**Gillette Safety
Razor**
NOSTROPPING NO HONING



The Making of a Home

In planning a home, remember the cold days of winter—the days when you want to be cozy and comfortable indoors.

You will secure delightful, healthful warmth, evenly distributed all over your home, leaving no cold corners or halls, if you install a

Daisy Hot Water Boiler and King Radiators

If you will only figure further than first cost you never would think of putting in any of the old-fashioned methods of heating. Remember you have to buy coal every year—that is the big expense of home heating.

If you put in a hot water system, operated by a Daisy Boiler and King Radiators you may have to pay a little more for the plant in the first place; but you will save much more than the entire cost of the plant in fuel, labor repairs and cleanliness. The saving in doctor's bills alone, through having a healthfully, comfortably warmed home, is quite an item.

Every year we are replacing the old

style heating systems with Daisy Boilers and King Radiators. You've never heard of anyone going back to the old kind after trying our way.

Daisy Hot Water Boilers were first placed on the market in 1886, and during all these years, have been recognized as the standard of Hot Water Heating Systems.

Every King Radiator is tested to one hundred pound pressure before and after being assembled. They are absolutely non-leakable.

Write for our Booklet, "Comfortable Homes"—it tells the whole story in an interesting, easily understood way.

The King Radiator Co., Limited

Head Office, St. Helen's Avenue.

TORONTO

Salesrooms, 21-27 Lombard St.

H&R ARMS CO



Isn't It a Beauty?

It's our latest production. A high-grade, small bore, double barrel hammer gun. Just what the sportsman has always wanted for small game. Ideal for ladies.

28 gauge, 28 inch barrel, standard factory loads,
black or smokeless powder, weight about 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

44 caliber, 26 inch barrel, 44 W. C. F. shot cartridge
or 44 X. L. shot cartridge, weight about 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds.

All the best features of high-priced guns, including checked imported walnut stock and fore-end.
Sold by first-class dealers. Price, \$16.00. If your dealer will not supply, order from us direct.
Write to-day for detailed description and illustrated catalogue of other guns and H & R revolvers.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS COMPANY, 520 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

Ask Yourself

Of what value is Purity to You?
Every Brand of

EDDY'S TOILET PAPERS

is Guaranteed Chemically Pure.
It's worth considering.

Always Everywhere in Canada Ask For
EDDY'S MATCHES

PANDORA RANGE

A Strikingly Handsome Range

The owner of a Pandora is always proud of the impression this strikingly handsome range makes upon her neighbors.

The solid, compact appearance of the smoothly finished body, the bold, large pattern of the carving, and the brilliance of the heavy nickel coating, combine to produce an effect that is distinctly pleasing to the eye of the most critical observer.

The Pandora Castings undergo a "special process" to make them easily and quickly take a lustrous shine.

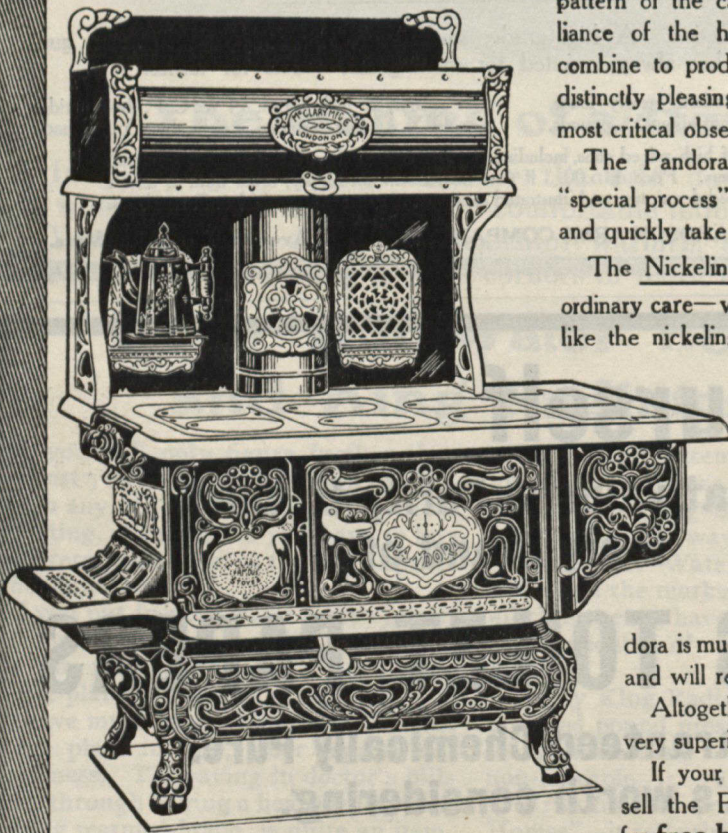
The Nickeling is done with extraordinary care—will not chip and crack like the nickeling on ordinary stoves, but will retain its smoothness and brightness for years.

Because of the absence of any fine, fancy carving, which catches and holds the dust, the Pan-

dora is much more easy to polish and will remain clean longer.

Altogether, the Pandora is a very superior range.

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Press the key designating the column or paragraph position you desire to reach, and the carriage immediately moves to that position without shock or jar. "It's like express service." One of the 28 features of the easy-action, light-running

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I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

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Underwood



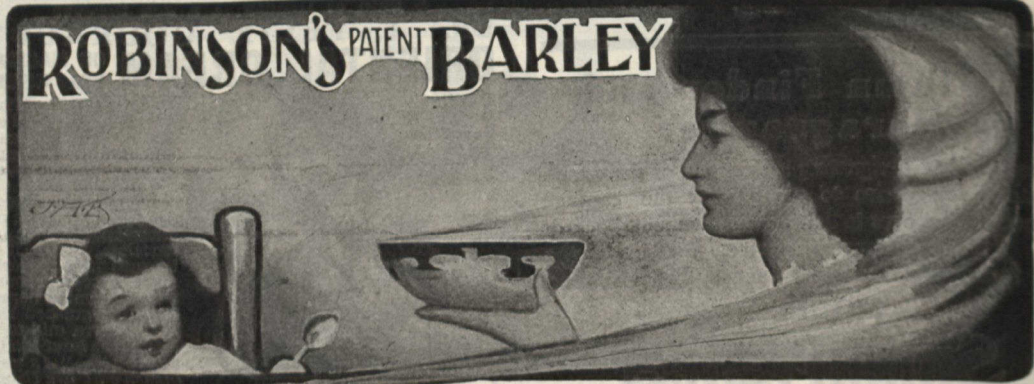
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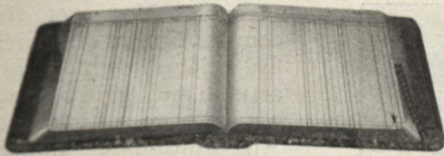
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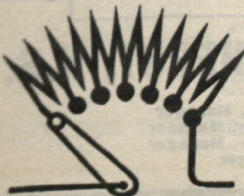
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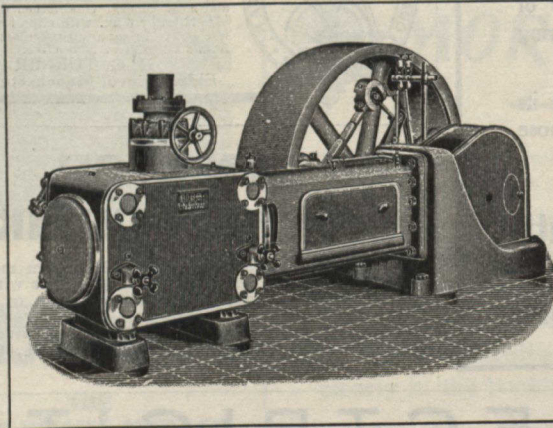
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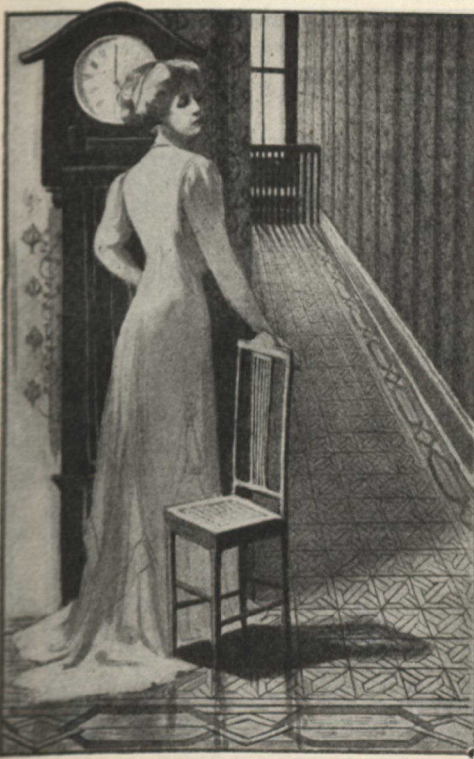
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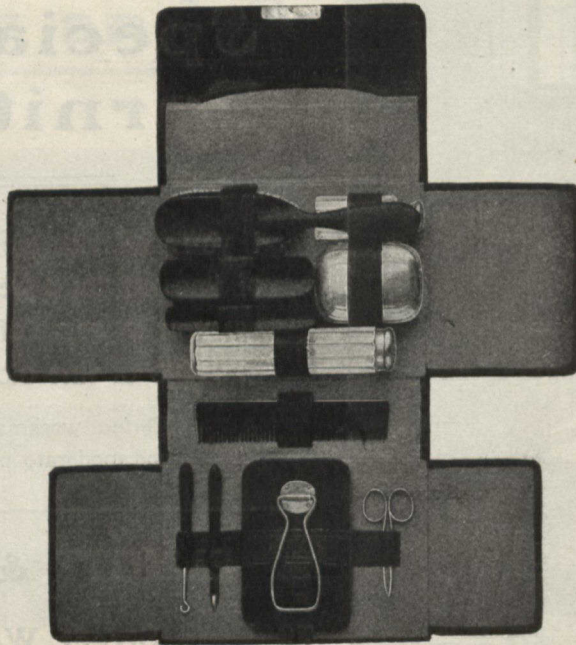
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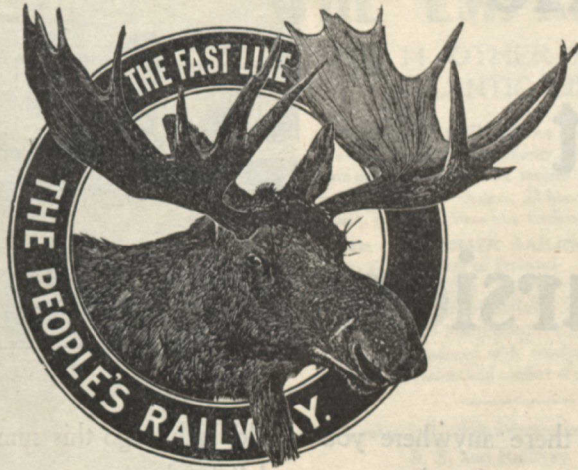
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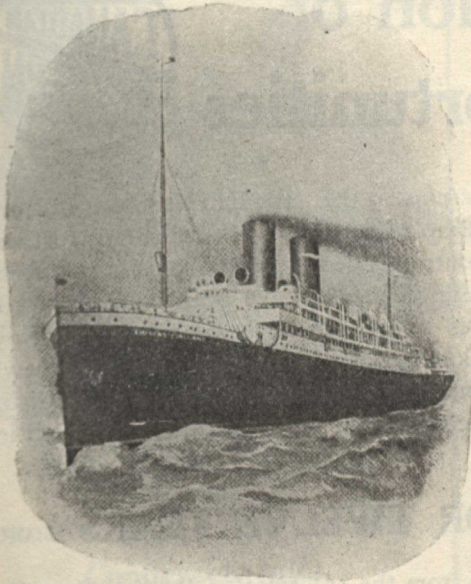
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Steel Pens are *easy writers* because of their great elasticity; smooth, even points; accurate tempering.

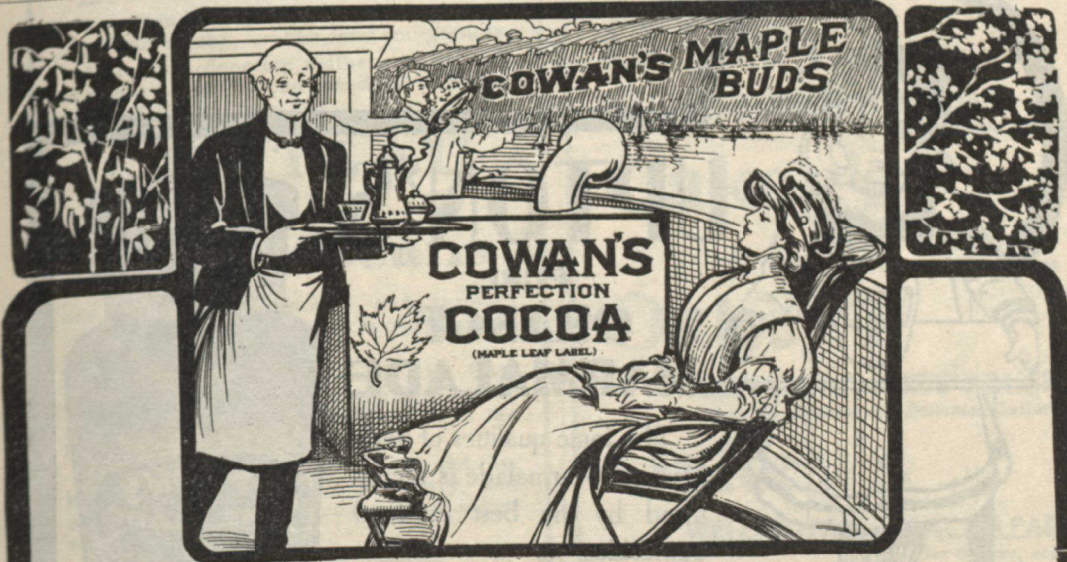
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Ten Years in a Night

is how one lady describes the improvement in her appearance after using **MADAM FULLER'S WRINKLE TREATMENT.**

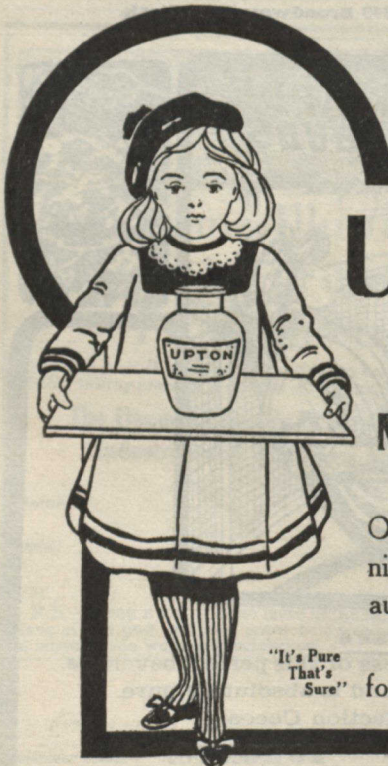
It smooths away the lines of care, worry, illness or advancing age, improves the complexion, restoring the softness and plump, firm, delicate texture of early youth.

Its effects are simply wonderful.

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The tonic qualities of good Orange Marmalade is recognized by the best medical authorities.

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"It's Pure
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HOME BAKED BEANS

Demand hours of attention in a hot kitchen over a hot oven.

Are seldom wholly baked.

Are often baked on the outside only, leaving them mushy, broken, and indigestible.

And when done are neither as tasty nor as digestible as Chateau Brand Baked Beans, so that labor has been lost.

CHATEAU BRAND Baked Beans

are steam baked through and through with a heat twice as great as can be got in the ordinary oven.

Are wholly digestible with a taste and nutty flavor that the very best house-keeper CAN NOT GET from the oven in the home.

And they save all the toiling and the broiling, the work and the worry, and counting fuel cost less than the home-baked variety.

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10c.
and
25c
Tins

211



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I WERE
A QUEEN**

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they gail

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

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Large and finest stock
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6 Barbades 10c., 10 Jamaica 8c., 6 Mauritius 10c., 6 Trinidad 9c., 5 Gold Coast 10c., 20 India 10c., 5 Bermuda 10c., 50 different 10c., 200 different \$1.50.

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“Royal Household”

—the flour that makes the Bread that makes boys and girls grow strong and sturdy.

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The Nemesis Of Americans

Dyspepsia, the Relentless Pursuer of Millions of People, and the Bane of their existence.

The ancient Greeks had, among numerous pagan deities, a goddess whose mission in the world, according to Grecian mythology, was to avenge wrongs, to punish transgressions of the law, human and natural, and to pursue relentlessly all evil-doers, granting them neither rest nor peace. This fabled goddess of punishment and vengeance was called Nemesis, and whenever a person suffered a series of misfortunes, after committing some wrong, it was said that Nemesis was pursuing him.

Indigestion or Dyspepsia may be rightly called the Nemesis of the American people, as nearly every one has it, and once acquired it pursues its victims unmercifully never allowing them any rest, peace or comfort for a moment, until life becomes a positive burden. This complaint usually results from a violation of natural laws in recklessly abusing the stomach by the excessive use of rich viands, pastry condiments, coffee, tea, alcohol, and other things which tend to disturb and upset digestion, and which lead finally to a chronic dyspepsia with all its disagreeable symptoms—Nature's punishment for wilful infraction of her laws.

It is a true saying that "you may lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink," and it is also a relatively easy matter to inject all sorts of indigestible food into an unresisting stomach, but to digest, absorb and assimilate that food depends altogether upon the strength of the stomach, the amount of digestive juices it furnishes, and upon an unimpaired quality of those juices.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS is the best remedy in all conditions of impaired digestive ability, and whenever the stomach, through weakness and overwork, requires a digestive aid, to assist it in performing its functions properly and efficiently. These tablets are composed of a combination of powerful digestive agents, in proper proportion, and they have been found to obtain, by far the best results of any dyspepsia preparation offered to the public.

They not only possess wonderful digestive powers themselves, but they also stimulate, tone up and activate the natural digestive secretions of the stomach, and these two irresistible forces, acting together, soon rid one of every symptom of indigestion and dyspepsia.

No one can be stronger than his stomach. If this organ is out of order the entire system is sure to suffer. It behooves one, then, to see to it that the stomach is performing its functions properly, in digesting all the food, and for this purpose there is no remedy equal to Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Purchase a package from your druggist at once, and rid yourself of the pursuing Nemesis of dyspepsia. Send us your name and address and a free sample will be forwarded to you. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



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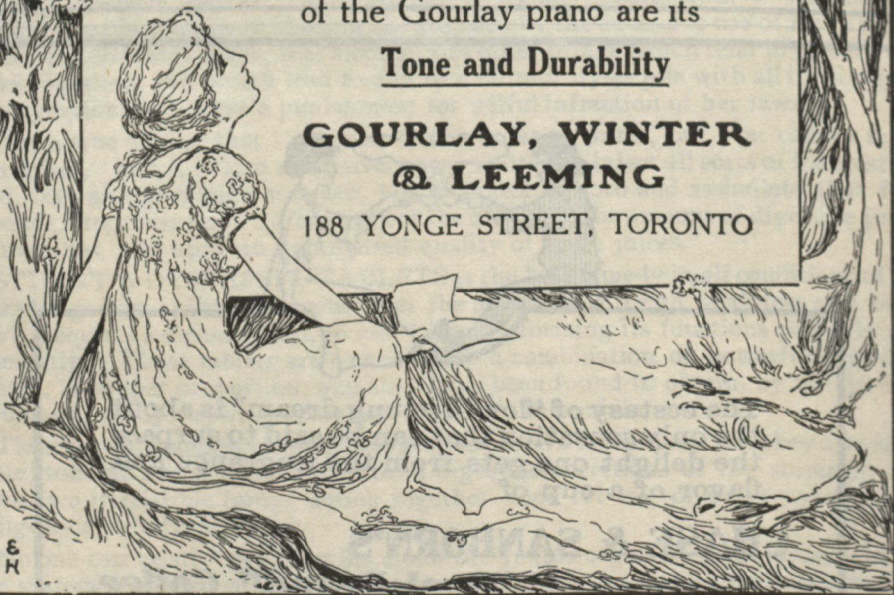
is the manufacture of a piano
producing the richest possible and the
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that the tone will last.

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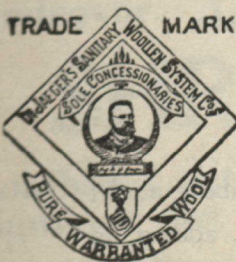
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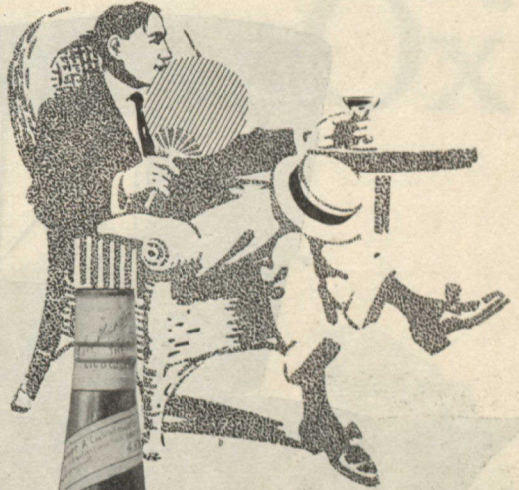
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