Vol. 34 MARCH, 1910 No. 5

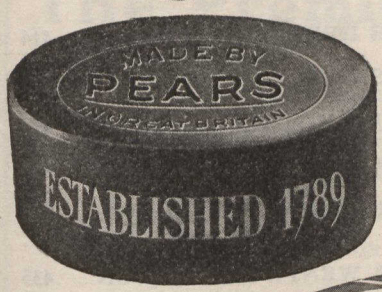
THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS

1910

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

A Beauty Bath for Every Home



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The Canadian Magazine

VOLUME XXXIV. No. 5

CONTENTS, MARCH, 1910

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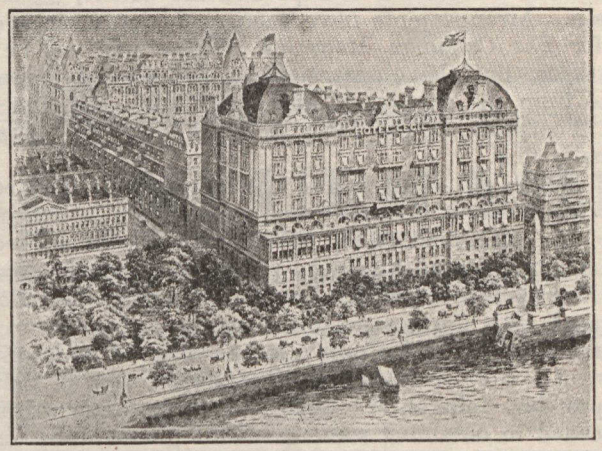

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THE FORECAST

The Easter (April) *Canadian Magazine* will be a beautiful as well as an unusually interesting number. The list of contributors contains some prominent names—Sir Lomer Gouin, Robert Barr, A. R. Carman.

Sir Lomer Gouin, as Premier of the Quebec Government, contributes an article on a subject that is very familiar and very dear to him—"The Habitant of Quebec." Every Canadian should read this article, becauise it imparts the kind of sentiment that makes for understanding and sympathy among the diverse races of the Dominion.

Mr. Robert Barr offers one of his most characteristic short stories. It is entitled "The Case of the Bronson Patent." Mr. Barr has been travelling in Germany of late, receiving impressions. He is an enthusiastic Canadian, although for many years a resident of London, England, and whatever he writes is the work of a real craftsman.

Mr. Carman, who has been for a number of years the chief editorial writer for *The Montreal Star*, is at present making a tour at leisure in Southern Europe and the Orient, having started with Spain. Arrangements have been made for a series of special articles for *The Canadian Magazine*. These will not be ordinary travel articles, but the observations of a seasoned journalist who will write from the standpoint of a Canadian. His first article is entitled "Footprints of the Moor in Spain." The illustrations are exceptionally fine.

Miss Estelle M. Kerr, whose illustrated volume of verses and drawings for children—"Little Sam in Volendam"—was one of the "hits" of the season, presents for Easter a clever appreciation of Dutch characteristics as witnessed in one of the quaintest of Dutch towns. Her sketch is entitled "A Week-End in Volendam," and is illustrated with fine special drawings by the author.

"Miracles and Mind Cures" is the title of a descriptive appreciation of a world-famous Canadian shrine, that of Sainte Anne de Beaupré. Mr. John S. MacLean is a sympathetic writer, and he has succeeded in obtaining some excellent photographs for illustration. This will add an Easter flavour to the number, as will also the short story entitled "The Penitent," by St. Clair Moore, a Montreal lady who is doing unusually good work in this line.

The cover design is full of Easter sentiment, and will be printed in colours.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

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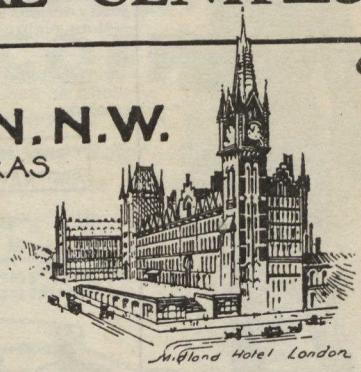
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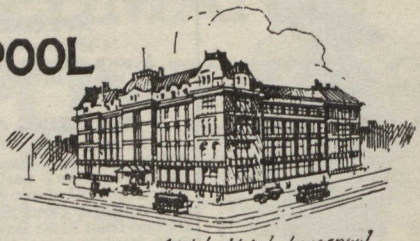
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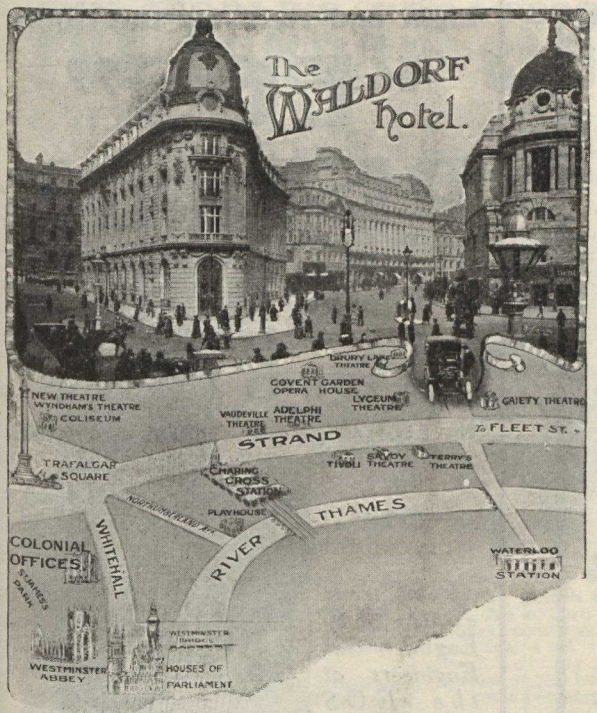

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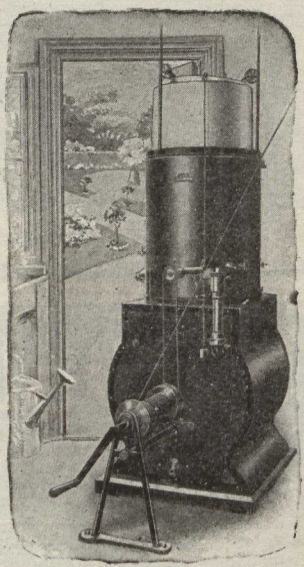

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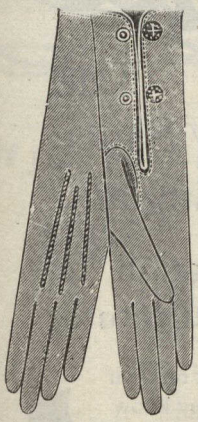

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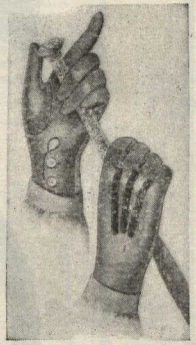

Ladies' Smart Cape Gloves, British made, in Tan or Oak with Black points as illustrative, and white with self or Black points, 2 press buttons. 71 cents per ppir.

The CANADIAN. Buck Finish, British made Prix Seam Sewn, Tan or Grey, withSelf Sewn, Points, 3 Buttons, 95 cents per pair.

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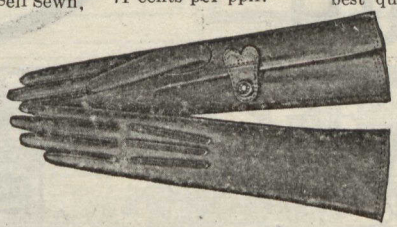

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IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV TORONTO, MARCH, 1910 No. 5

THE WELLAND CANAL

ITS RELATION TO THE WATER-BORNE COMMERCE OF CANADA

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

LONG before the occupation of America by white men the natural waterways of the continent were the well-chosen routes of travel by the prehistoric races. For countless ages the aborigines fished the lakes and streams, and hunted wild game along the shores. They built their villages and had their camp-fires and councils of war in favoured places, but always near the edge of some well-travelled waterway. This was their established custom, because the light birch-bark canoe, so skilfully made and dexterously handled, was ever the easiest mode of conveyance.

In the primitive civilisation of this rich land of vegetation, the streams were the guides set by the Creator for the stranger in the wilderness. Into the very depths of the pathless forest the fame-thirsty and gold-thirsty explorers pushed their way in the crude craft of the native Indians, and paddled and poled against the swift current and rapids, until they came to the head-waters. When settlements followed and the land began to show its increase, the streams formed the highways of communication with the outside world, carrying the rich products of the wilds, and in return bringing the goods for trade with the natives.

Then, after more than two centuries had passed, the progress of civilisation in the land, and the development of commerce, demanded the digging of deeper navigable channels, and the canalisation of narrow and shallow rivers to form main arteries of travel. All this came about with the sole object of improving transportation, for man always seeks to travel along the lines of least resistance. And in the end this results in an economic measure for the conservation of the resources and wealth of the nation.

The last touch in the completion of the North American continent was the creation of the Great Lakes, and anyone studying the map of this vast territory must be impressed with the great commercial possibilities offered by this wonderful chain of waterways. With their broad outlet, the majestic Saint Lawrence, they extend from the Atlantic for nearly 2,400 miles into the very heart of the continent, and are fed by more than eight hundred rivers and streams. Still farther beyond the confines of Lake Superior, the head-waters have their source, and, but for a short

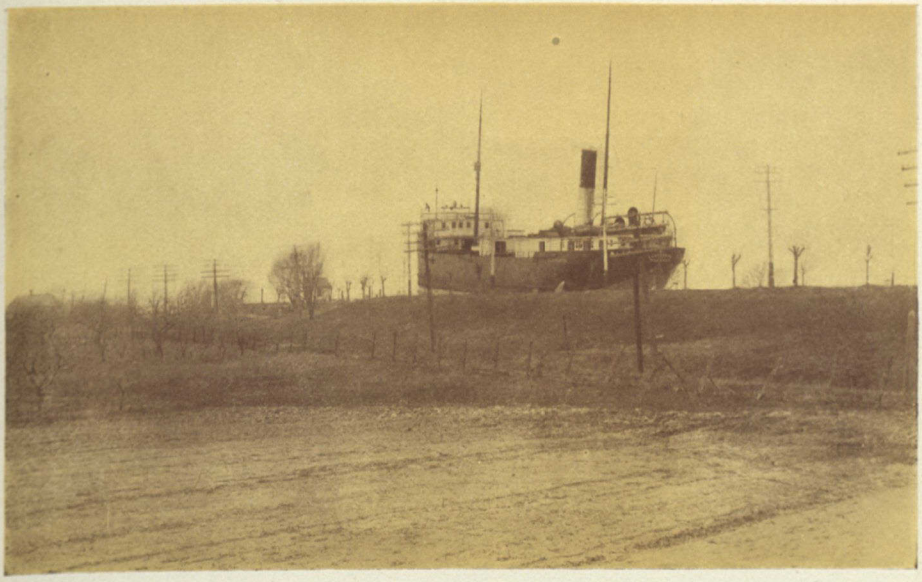
THE HARBOUR OF PORT DALHOUSIE

missing link, would connect with other navigable streams almost to the foot-hills of the Rockies.

But this long stretch of water highway did not in its primitive state offer free and uninterrupted navigation even to canoes or bateaux. Nature has interposed barriers at intervals along the entire chain of lakes and rivers. These obstructions to deep navigation occur in the straits connecting the lakes, and are in the form of falls, rapids and shoals, while the Saint Lawrence, above Montreal, is broken by many rapids; and below that city the natural channel afforded at that time a depth of only ten feet of water. The Strait of Mackinac, connecting Lake Michigan with Lake Huron, forms the only deep-sea waterway between any of the Great Lakes.

It is a matter of congratulation and pride that for nearly sixty years the Canadian Government and Parliament have been fully alive to the importance of improving the Great Lakes highways within their borders. By the expenditure of many millions of dollars they have overcome the natural obstructions and, while it is not within the possibilities of man to remove the barrier of falls and rapids, they have created artificial channels with locks around them. Credit is due a past generation for the construction of canals whereby, since 1887, it has been possible for a vessel drawing not more than fourteen feet of water to steam from any ocean port in the world direct to Chicago; or, since 1895, when the new Canadian canal and lock at Sault Sainte Marie was completed, clear through to Port Arthur, entirely in waters of the Dominion.

The utilisation of the entire 2,384 miles of this water route entailed the construction of only 73¼ miles of canal; but this is only a part of the canal system of Canada. The mean level of Lake Superior is 602 feet above tide-water, and the difference in level is overcome by fifty-eight locks having a total lift of 551 feet. More than $92,000,000 has been expended on the canal system, and $20,000,000 more for maintenance, a total sum much greater than the United States Government has spent on the im-



A VESSEL IN THE WELLAND CANAL AS SEEN FROM THE HIGHWAY

provement of her waterways. In addition to the vast amount of canal construction, the Saint Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, has been canalised to afford a minimum depth of 27½ feet, thus maintaining for Montreal the distinction of being the most inland ocean port in the world. The steaming distance for large ocean liners from the Straits of Belle Isle to Montreal is 1,150 miles.

In all the canal system of Canada the Welland Canal is by far the most famous. Although a separate and distinct achievement in itself, in departmental affairs it is grouped with and considered as part of the Saint Lawrence system. Without the Welland the Saint Lawrence canals would be of much less value to the commerce of the Dominion. It has justified the expenditure of more than $27,000,000 in its construction and enlargements, and it is, in fact, the key to the entire water-borne commerce of Canada. In point of tonnage passing through, it is second to the great Sault Sainte Marie Canal and lock, which completes the Canadian system of lake navigation, and connects Lake Superior with the level of Sainte Marie's River below the rapids.

The Welland Canal, which connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario by cutting through the narrow Niagara Peninsula, in the Province of Ontario, is notable in providing lake navigation around the Falls of Niagara, without in any way depending upon the Niagara River for its water supply. Although originally its channel, for more than eight miles, lay along the Chippewa River, which empties into the Niagara about three miles above the Falls, since early in its history the canal has been a separate and distinct waterway. The canal is 26¾ miles long, its general direction of flow is almost due north, and, by its twenty-five locks and one guard-lock, overcomes a fall of 326¾ feet, which is the difference in level between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. This great drop occurs in a comparatively short distance at the escarpment where the high Niagara plateau breaks down to the gently-sloping terrace of the Lake Ontario shore.

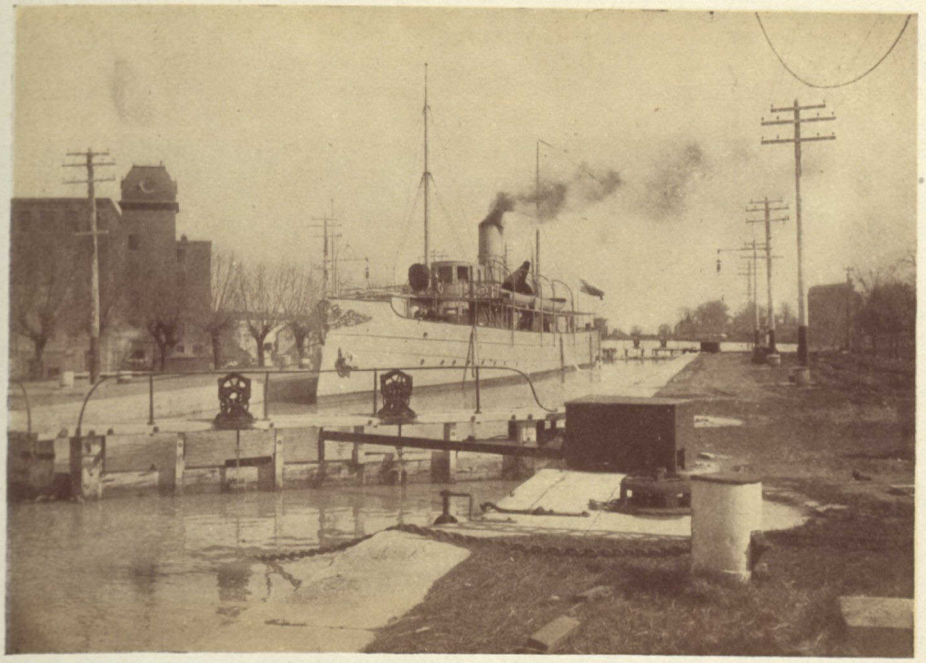
The entire Niagara country is full

ENTRANCE TO PORT COLBORNE HARBOUR

of stirring evidences of nature's handiwork, whereby geologists have determined that many thousands of years ago the whole lake region was formed by a series of great glaciers grinding their way from the Arctic regions. What was going on during an unknown period has had very much to do with the development of Middle America and with what is going on there to-day. The huge masses of ice, with their moraines loaded down with great boulders and soil from the far north, gouged out deep valleys, the largest of which now forms the beds of the Great Lakes. By gradually melting in the changing climate from frigid to temperate, the water spread over these valleys and, finally overflowing, united in a vast lake, which was named Lake Iroquois.

That was about 35,000 years ago, and the great body of water extended over the whole lake region. The Niagara escarpment, which formed a part of the western and southern shores of the lake, for about one hundred miles, is the demarcation of the glaciers in that section. The level of Lake Iroquois was fully three hundred feet above the present level of Lake Ontario, and was impounded by a gigantic ice jam at some point down the Saint Lawrence. The overflowing of the great body of water to the west caused the eastern end to seek an outlet to the ocean across the country, which is now the State of New York. There are plain evidences along the Mohawk River to prove that that stream was the main channel of the prehistoric river.

The shore cliffs and beaches of ancient Lake Iroquois may be traced to-day on the New York side as far as Rome, and there are indications that the outlet flowed into the Hudson River and thence to the ocean. Near Toronto are the Scarboro' Cliffs, which show a glacial deposit exposed and cut to a perpendicular wall by wave action, where the prehistoric glacier apparently was



GOVERNMENT FISHING CRUISER IN A LOCK OF THE WELLAND CANAL

unmistakably checked in its onward movement.

Lake Iroquois was drained off about 17,000 years ago, at which time the beach between the Niagara escarpment and the present shore of Lake Ontario was formed. It is from two to seven miles wide, and to-day is as rich a farming country as is to be found in all America. It is protected from high winds by the elevation of the plateau at its back, and is tempered by the waters of the lake.

Almost since the beginning of the permanent settlement of the Saint Lawrence country, some means to overcome the rapids of that river were contemplated and deemed necessary by the sturdy pioneers. They realised the possibilities of the great stream as a mighty highway of commerce to the south and west. During those times the route to the Northwest lay up the Ottawa River and the Mattawa; and by a portage to Lake Nipissing the fur traders and explorers came to the Georgian Bay, whence they journeyed to Michilimackinac and Green Bay. But the pioneers were ever eager for new lands to conquer, new adventures, the almighty dollar of great fortunes, and renown.

Under the French regime, as early as 1701, Catalogne, who was probably the first engineer sent to Canada, laid out a channel from the Saint Lawrence at Lachine to a marshy lake on a direct route to Montreal. This was intended as a combined canal mill-race, and was not provided with a lock, as boats were to be hauled up against the swift current. Its construction was undertaken through the efforts of the Sulpician Fathers, but the death of Dollier de Casson, Superior of the Seminary, arrested the project, and it was not resumed until 1717. After an expenditure of 20,000 francs, it was abandoned on account of the cost of the rock-cut at Lachine. This was the first rock excavation for canal

THE WELLAND CANAL FROM THE ESCARPMENT

purposes under authentic record in North America.

More than a half-century later the first lock canals in Canada were built around the rapids at the Coteau and the Cascades, which were the upper and lower of three rapids between Lake Saint Francis and Lake Saint Louis. Haldimand was then Governor of Quebec, and the canals, intended both for military and commercial purposes, were completed by the Royal Engineers in 1783. The locks were of stone, about forty feet long, six feet wide and with only two and a half feet of water. As small as these dimensions were, they were quite sufficient for canoes and bateaux, the only boats then in use. The largest were only thirty-five feet in length, five and a half feet beam, and flat-bottomed; and, when loaded to their full capacity of three or four tons, required but little water to float them. These locks are in fair preservation to-day, much of the stone and mortar being intact.

Between 1800 and 1804 the locks were enlarged to 110 feet in length and twelve feet in width, so as to pass a brigade of six bateaux at one lockage. The depth of water was increased to four feet, which, with the greater length and width, invited the American barge (called the *Durham* boat), which carried a cargo ten times greater than the bateaux.

The Lachine Canal, which is nearest Montreal, was projected in 1815, but owing to the fact that Lachine is only seven miles above the city and loads for the bateaux could be carted around the rapids, the canal was not built until 1821 to 1825. The total rise is forty-five feet, and the original locks were seven in number, 100 feet long, twenty feet wide, and built of excellent masonry. They provided a depth of four and a half feet. Twenty years later when the last of the Saint Lawrence canals was completed, the dimensions of locks and the depth of water were more than double those of the original Lachine Canal.

The first Canadian canal around the rapids of Sainte Mary's River was built in 1796-8 by the Hudson's Bay Company. It was in about the

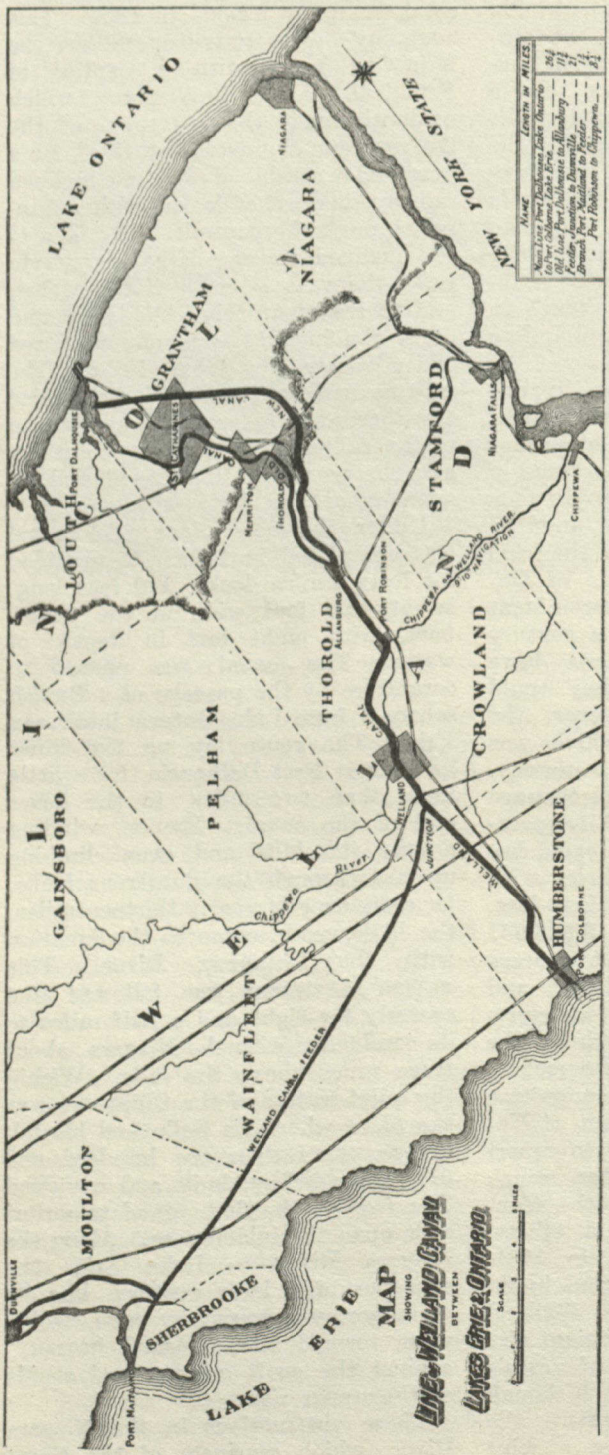
same location as the present ship canal, and was used by the fur-traders for their heavily-laden bateaux. There was one lock with a lift of nine feet, and a further lift was overcome, although of about the same amount, by oxen on the tow-path at the side, towing the boats against the swift current. In the descent the rapids were used with absolute safety, as they are used to-day by tourists "shooting them" in large stout canoes with skilled Indian guides.

Although not of position in line with the Saint Lawrence navigation, the next in order of construction was the Welland Canal. The importance of a connecting water highway between the Saint Lawrence system and the four upper lakes, which would expand the then growing commerce of Ontario, was apparent to the prominent and public-spirited men of a century ago. As optimistic as they may have been over the outcome, they could hardly have foreseen, however, the remarkable development which was due almost directly to this waterway. From a comparatively small tonnage during the first few years of its operation, the traffic through the canal has increased steadily as a whole, with some seasons greater and others less, until in 1909 it reached 2,025,951 tons. This was the greatest tonnage in the history of the Welland, and was a large percentage of the aggregate tonnage passage through all the canals along the Saint Lawrence.

As early as 1816 a joint committee of both Houses of Parliament of Upper Canada was appointed to report on inland navigation. After much discussion and agitation by the Honourable W. H. Merritt and others, a commission was named in 1821, which two years later reported in favour of constructing the Welland Canal. It was to be of sufficient size to accommodate the class of vessels then navigating the lakes. Although promoted by the Government, the project was undertaken by a joint stock company formed in 1824. This company began active operations the following year, with a capital of $800,000. Their first plan, which evidently had the approval of the Government engineers, provided for a boat canal combined with an inclined railway, instead of locks, with a tunnel through the summit. The idea of the inclined railway large enough to hoist the vessels clear of the water, and to transport them bodily up and down the inclines, was one proposed and advocated by Robert Fulton. The scheme had been successfully applied elsewhere, but before the construction of the railway at the escarpment began the plan was abandoned and an open canal and locks approved.

Under the new plans, the canal was completed in 1829. It provided for forty timber locks, 110 feet long, twenty-two feet wide in the chambers, with eight feet in depth of water. The canal was opened to commerce by the passage of a British schooner from Lake Ontario into Lake Erie. The route lay up the inner harbour at Port Dalhousie, for a little more than two miles, to the lower end of the canal. Thence, winding among the hills and ever climbing upward through the numerous locks, for a distance of nearly thirteen miles, the little vessel came to the junction with the Chippewa River. This navigable stream was followed due easterly for eight and a half miles to its confluence with the Niagara, about three miles above the falls. Within the quiet waters of the Chippewa was the place where La Salle and his followers, more than one hundred and fifty years before, built and equipped *The Griffin*, the first vessel to unfurl sails upon the inland seas. Along the Niagara River to Lake Erie, the schooner of a later century, like its precursor, was towed by oxen, which were termed the "horned breeze," against the swift current and rapids of the upper river.

These obstructions in the Niagara River, which mariners of the times



must have regarded as great hindrances to canal navigation, probably kept many vessels of a size that could have used the waterway from engaging in the trade between the two lakes. The revenue derived from tolls, which was only income, was far from sufficient to produce a profit on the operation of the canal, and the company after a time became hopelessly involved financially. The Government of Upper Canada and the Imperial Government promptly came to its aid, and the construction of a direct line from the junction with the Chippewa River to Lake Erie was begun. In consequence of slides in the summit cut, the canal was fed from a higher level than Lake Erie, and this section of the canal, at an elevation of about twenty feet, comprised more than one-half of the entire length of the canal, which was 27½ miles. The direct route to Lake Erie was opened to commerce in 1833. In 1837 the Government of the United Provinces converted into stock its holdings of the bonds of the Welland Canal Company, and in 1841 purchased the outstanding stock of the company, thus gaining complete control of the canal.

At this time the old wooden locks were rapidly falling into decay, and the Board of Works, upon taking

charge of the canal, soon undertook the replacing of the old locks with structures of stone, and providing for a slight enlargement of them. Two years later, in 1843, it was decided that the locks should be 150 feet long, 26½ feet wide, and that the depth on the mitre-sills should be nine feet, and that the two entrance locks should have 11½ feet of water. By increasing the lift of each lock, the forty timber-locks were reduced to twenty-seven, to provide for the total lift of 346 feet. This important work was completed in 1846. Coincident with the enlargement, the Saint Lawrence canals and locks were being improved by the Government, to meet the increasing size of merchant vessls on Lake Ontario, and by 1848 a boat of nearly 140 feet long, twenty-six feet beam, and nine feet draught could for the first time pass from Montreal to Chicago.

The Grand River, which was the feeder of the Welland, was often deficient in dry seasons, and the maximum depth of water could not at all times be maintained throughout the length of the canal. To overcome this difficulty, it was determined, in 1843, to lower the whole summit level of the canal, which comprised a section nearly fifteen miles long. This proved to be a gigantic undertaking, as it was subject necessarily to the maintenance of navigation. The summit cut had to be deepened by dredging, as the water could not safely be withdrawn, and much of the excavated material had to be towed in lighters an average distance of half the length of the canal and dumped into Lake Erie. This work could be prosecuted only during the summer or season of navigation, and the deepening elsewhere only in winter. As a result of these conditions and frequent delays, the work dragged along through several decades, and not until 1881 was it completed. Then Lake Erie became the summit level of the canal and its feeder. The total lockage was thus reduced to the minimum difference between the level of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, or 326¾ feet, at which figure it stands to-day.

During this period of reconstruction the vessels navigating the lakes had steadily increased in size and depth, until, in 1871, the Canal Commission reported upon a uniform scale of navigation for the Saint Lawrence and Welland Canals. They advocated lock dimensions and draught of water upon a scale governed by the prevailing size of a majority of the vessels on the upper lakes at that time, as well as the depth of water in the harbours. That they were well informed on the conditions and the general situation along the lakes, is evident from their comment, that "as fast as the channel is deepened the draught of the vessels increases." This was literally true, and it is a significant fact even at this day. They contended that it was "extremely unwise to embark in magnificent schemes with the view of introducing ocean vessels into the canals or lakes." They favoured moderate conditions instead of encouraging an expansion of vessel tonnage, which had already enforced two enlargements of the canals.

The dimensions of the locks as determined upon were 270 feet in length, forty-five feet in width in the chambers, with twelve feet of water on the mitre-sills. Before actual construction of the new locks was begun, the depth was increased to fourteen feet, and in 1876 the work was well under way, and, with these dimensions, was completed in 1887. As enlarged, the canal consists in part of an entirely new route, the old line being maintained also, so that now there are two channels available in the northern section for a distance of about twelve miles. From Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, the old route of the canal is enlarged as far as Allanburg, a stretch of fifteen miles, in which there is a fall only sufficient for the flow of water for

lockage and the leased water rights of the canal. From Allanburg the new canal branches off slightly to the east, and by a much straighter route, although nearly parallel with the other, empties its waters near the lake at Port Dalhousie, a total distance from Lake Erie of 26¾ miles.

The present locks are twenty-five in number, with one guard lock, and are of solid masonry and concrete. Improvements have been introduced from time to time, so as to keep the entire works in splendid physical condition. All the lock gates are now operated by electrical appliances, the energy of which is furnished by water power from the canal. The entire length of the waterway is brightly lighted at night by electric lamps placed 200 feet apart. These and other devices effect a saving in time, and vessels can now pass through the waterway in twelve hours. Allowing about four hours for the actual movement through the open stretches of the canal, each lockage is made in an average of twenty minutes. The old channel from Allanburg to Port Dalhousie affords a depth of 10½ feet, and the Chippewa River, the original route to Niagara, is a navigable channel nine feet, ten inches deep. At the junction of the canal there are two locks with a lift of ten feet, to overcome the difference in level at that point. Another nine-foot branch runs from Welland to Port Maitland, twenty-one miles long, connecting with the Grand River and Lake Erie, which thus becomes the main feeder.

About 1898 the Province of Ontario became somewhat alarmed over the seeming decadence of the Welland Canal, due in a large degree to the rapid increase in size of the upper lake freighters. These vessels, many of which could not even enter the harbour at Port Colborne, multiplied to such an extent that they practically drove most of the vessels which could navigate the Welland out of the through-carrying trade in wheat and other grains. In 1893 the grain passing through the canal was about sixteen per cent. of the grain receipts at Buffalo, while in 1898 it was only nine per cent., or forty-three per cent. less.

A number of years before this, when some of the vessels engaged in the upper lake and Saint Lawrence trade loaded down to their full capacity, their draught exceeded the fourteen-foot limit imposed by the Welland, but the harbours at both ends afforded sufficient depth of water to float them. They were 260 feet or less in length, and 44½ feet or less beam, and, to permit of their passage through the canal, lightering was resorted to. The Grand Trunk Railway Company built a branch line parallel to the canal, with elevators and tracks at each end. Enough of the cargo was transferred to the railroad and transported overland to enable the vessels to pass through the canal, and at the other terminal the cargo was taken on again. This expedient worked fairly well until about 1898, when the greatly reduced rates rendered the inter-lake traffic unprofitable. The smaller vessels were already driven out of the trade, and the transfer charges were prohibitive to the larger ones.

In 1907 only ninety-three vessels lightered through the canal, of which sixty-three were Canadian steamers and one schooner. Eighteen steamers entered, lightered, under the British flag; with ten United States steamers and one schooner. The Canadian steamer *Iroquois* was the largest, having a registered tonnage of 1,452. On August 26th she arrived at Port Colborne from Fort William, with 102,000 bushels of wheat destined for Kingston. The draught was sixteen feet, five inches, fore and aft, and the dead weight of her cargo was 3,061 tons. In order to bring the steamer to the required draught, 20,696 bushels, weighing 621 tons, were lightered, which amounted to twenty car-loads, comprising a full train. *The Iroquois* entered the canal under a

draught of fourteen feet, two inches, with 81,304 bushels still in her hold and a tonnage of 2,440, and steamed through, reloading the transferred wheat at Port Dalhousie. The cost of lightering was two cents a bushel, or $413.92. The total tonnage through the canal on lightered vessels in 1907 was 179,043, while only 2,072 tons of grain were discharged at Port Colborne by vessels which did not enter the canal.

The aggregate tonnage in all classes of vessels was 1,614,132, carried in 1,982 vessels, during 1907. Of this 396,743 tons passed from and to United States ports. The increased size of vessels using the waterway is strikingly illustrated in comparison with the report for 1867, when 5,405 vessels carried only 933,263 tons through the canal. The Canadian commerce through the Welland to-day is very largely through freights passing eastward from Lake Erie to Montreal, and which amounted in 1907 to 789,167 tons. This was carried in a navigation season of 238 days; and in the entire year the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways delivered at Montreal 383,735 tons of grain, against 684,697 tons of grain by the Welland and Saint Lawrence canals. The tolls on the Welland, which had been gradually reduced from time to time to equalise the schedules on the Saint Lawrence, were taken off entirely in 1903. Since then all the Canadian and United States canals along the chain of the Great Lakes have been free, not only to the vessels of each nation in its respective canals but also to foreign vessels, and they are therefore open to the world.

The hydraulic power possibilities of the Welland Canal, as developed along lines of present day engineering, are well worth considering. The general discussions of the electrical power installations at Niagara assume that the generation of power from the discharge of the Great Lakes must be realised at Niagara Falls, without recognising that the potential energy exists not by reason of the Falls themselves, but because of the difference in level between Lake Ontario and the upper lakes. More than one-half of this difference along the Niagara River is taken up by the upper and lower rapids, so that there remains only about 150 feet of head to the water at the cataract.

The Niagara escarpment, where the Welland Canal drops down through its numerous locks to the lower level, affords a head of water of 268 feet, and a tremendous power is there available, limitel only by the quantity of water that can be drawn from Lake Erie through the canal and its feeder. The fact that the canal has its summit level at Lake Erie, and that a vast flow of water is possible, is the principal factor in the development of great power at Decew Falls, near Saint Catharines. Near the foot of the falls the Hamilton Cataract Power, Light, and Traction Company has an electrical generating station operated by water diverted from the Welland. By tapping the canal above the head lock, a short canal delivers the water into a storage reservoir, covering one thousand acres, near the brow of the escarpment. This provides for fluctuations in level of Lake Erie and the canal and also for an ample supply in reserve at all times From the reservoir the water is drawn through pipe lines and delivered to penstocks running down the face of the escarpment to the wheel pits in the power-house at its foot, nearly at the level of Lake Ontario. Under the existing head of 268 feet on the water-wheels one cubic foot of water a second develops almost three gross horse-power.

Another great power company has secured water rights and purposes to tap the Welland River (Chippewa), and, by a somewhat longer feeding canal and larger reservoir, to develop water-power electricity to the extent of 100,000 horse-power, to be transmitted to Toronto. It will be the means of supplying the city and small

towns within one hundred miles with the cheapest power for manufacturing, lighting, domestic, and traction purposes.

These installations have resulted in "short circuiting" Niagara Falls, so to speak. It is evident that whatever volume of water is taken from Lake Erie through the Welland for power purposes reduces by the same amount the volume passing over the Falls. It is hardly probable, however, that the greatest quantity the canal, under the present conditions, can divert from Niagara will materially affect the supply to the wheel-pits, tunnels, power-canals and pipe-lines at or near the Falls. The Welland installations have opened up new problems for the opponents of water-power rights to tackle, as they seem to have been promoted regardless of the endeavours to preserve the scenic beauty of the great cataract of Niagara.

A WINTER TWILIGHT

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Slow moves the year 'midst frozen days,
  The fire is creeping into flame;
  Gently I call my comrade's name,
And silent both we sit at gaze.

His head is pressed against my knee,
  My hand upon his brow is set;
  The flames spring upward, and we let
Our fancies play with all they see.

I see the face of one who died
  Ere she had heard the whisper sweet
  That I was minded to repeat,
And win the maiden for my bride.

He sees a strange enchanted land
  That wanes and waxes with the flame:
  He does not sense himself the same,
And dimly deems I understand.

My listless form yields slowly down,
  He also droops with half-closed eyes,
  Yet with a mute regard that tries
To feel his master's smile or frown.

On her dear face, a pensive smile;
  The fire sinks low and I repose:
  The mystery of Wyrd who knows?
Are these *real* hours we beguile?

I cannot answer, yet am blest,
  And from the hearth he turns his eyes
  Till they meet mine in trustful wise,
And so he dreams himself to rest.

THE RULING PASSION

BY VIRNA SHEARD

MRS. WINANS was getting ready to go out of town, and Frou Frou, the little French maid, was having an unusually bad time of it. Her mistress's indecision regarding the gowns she would take had resulted in one big trunk, with its tier of drawers, being packed and unpacked three times. Frou Frou, kneeling on the floor in front of it, was in anything but a devotional frame of mind. She bit her pink lips to prevent the quick impatient exclamations. The struggle to keep perennially beautiful and everlastingly young was, she concluded at last, wearing out madam's nerves. Mrs. Winans was beautiful still, and young, apparently. Probably there was no one in New York who knew she had been born in the sixties, and Frou Frou alone suspected it. At times the maid surmised that it was the early sixties.

"Put in the rose-coloured kimona, Frou Frou," said the woman. "No, No! Take out that blue rag of a thing. It creases abominably. First go and see who is knocking. You have positively no ears, child. That imbecile, maddening knocking has gone on for five minutes. I don't see why Jane, or whoever it is, can't give one sharp rap and be done with it. I hate servants to knock in that wood-peckerish way!" She spoke to the air. Frou Frou, with cheeks rivalling the rose-pink Kimona, had run to the door.

"It is Jane, madam," she said, returning.

"Of course, it is Jane! It was sufficient that I told Jane not to interrupt me for anyone. What did she want?"

"She informs madam a lady waits in the green drawing-room."

"Tell Jane I wouldn't see the crowned heads of Europe."

The packing went on, and in five minutes the knocking also. Frou Frou answered the door.

"It is Jane once again, madam," she answered.

"For heaven's sake! What now?" cried Mrs. Winans.

"It is she informs you that the old lady still waits. Her card she insists on Jane to hand you. She will not remove."

Mrs. Winans took the card. "Mrs. Fisher Cameron!" she read aloud. "Mrs. Fisher Cameron!"

People seldom failed to see Mrs. Fisher Cameron when she called Among the people of consequence she was a person of *much* consequence.

There was a little pause. The woman gave a fleeting glance in a mirror.

"Tell Jane I will go down," she said. "I hope the drawing-room is not dark.

"I run up the blinds, mum," said Jane from the doorway, "an' told the ould lady as you was goin' away, an' the house-maid an' parlour-maid was gone an' you didn't be at home Thursdays, annyhow, but it didn't work wid her, mum."

"That will do, Jane. Tell Mrs. Cameron I will be down immediately." Then she frowned. "What an hour for people to call! For one of her pet charities, I suppose. Pack

the shoe trunk next, Frou Frou, and don't forget the trees.

A moment later Mrs. Winans entered the gold-and-green room, her face bright with welcome. Sugar, the toy Pomeranian, came puffing in her wake.

"How kind of you to come and see me!" she said to the white-haired queenly-looking old lady, who had risen to meet her; "how kind!"

"We are neighbours," returned Mrs. Cameron. "Neighbours scarcely a block apart, though I am aware that doesn't count in a city like this. I have long wished to know you, but now-a-days I seldom add a new name to my list of calling acquaintances. I grow old, I fear, for I have not courage to make the round of social duties larger."

She smiled, as one granted much indulgence in such matters.

"I am but the more pleased, the more flattered, that I am added," answered Mrs. Winans.

"Thank you; I hoped you would allow me to come informally. I wish to interest you, dear Mrs. Winans, to solicit your sympathy in one of the things near, very near to my heart," said the old lady.

A little shade, quickly banished, fell over her listener's face.

"Oh, anything you are interested in, Mrs. Cameron," — she began. "Everyone has heard of your philanthropies."

Mrs. Fisher Cameron smiled benignly. "I knew by your face you were the right person to come to; it is always so beautifully bright, and you have youth's enthusiasm and energy. Moreover, your time is your own. Now to tell you. There is a vacancy on the Board of the Infants' Home (St. Bartholemew's Home), and we want you to fill it; the Board are unanimous in wishing it. It is Heaven's own work, my dear."

Mrs. Winans gave a little gasp. "The Infants' Home!" she said. "But I have never been on a Board, and I know nothing of babies, absolutely nothing! I would do no good!"

Mrs. Cameron put one hand gently on the beringed member lying on Mrs. Winans's knee. "I am sorry," she said. "Perhaps I was mistaken in coming to you, but I thought, — I am quite sure — I heard that you had had a little child. That is one reason I dared to hope I might enlist your help."

A quiver seemed to fasten itself on Mrs. Winans's lips, something she resented and could not control. It kept her silent a moment. Then she spoke, and it was in the same cool, bright way as usual. The words were perhaps a trifle more clear-cut.

"I thought people had forgotten," she said. "Oh, yes, about eleven years ago my only child was born. He scarcely breathed. Never in my arms. Indeed, I am not sure that I could really call myself a mother. It is all very dream-like to me, that— that experience. I reiterate, I know nothing of babies, and would be a dead-weight or a fly on the wheel of the Board."

The white-haired woman was looking at Mrs. Winans in a steady, gentle way that was her own, yet she seemed not to have quite heard the concluding words of the explanation. A shadow passed over her sweet, time-worn face.

Oh, my dear," she said, "I know! I know! I have five living sons, but I lost one, one who did not live a full hour, yet I am none the less his mother. I grieved for him many days. These things are of the mysteries; we do not understand them. You of all women could help us most at the Home. You must know the love unsatisfied. I think the mother-love is the ruling passion in all women; in all women—whether they admit it or not. It is greater than ourselves, outside our control. It would be something for you to help these waifs who have been set adrift through no fault of their own, would it not? I myself have been thirty years in this work, and if I have helped the helpless, oh,

a thousand times more can I say that they have helped me! Just to go through the nurseries takes me back to the days when the children were in the nursery at home. They are so little and trusting, my dear, it brings out the best in one, just to see them. No matter how old we grow, believe me, the mother-love is the ruling passion."

Mrs. Winans smiled, the quick, brilliant smile for which she was noted. "With you, Mrs. Cameron, I have no doubt at all, but with me, and the women like me, no, no, many times, no! Say rather the ruling passion is for admiration, dress, bridge, jewels, amusement, power, a thousand things quite foreign from nurseries"—she gave a little light laugh —"indeed the things that children would most hopelessly interfere with. You would say I am a lonely woman, a widow and childless, yet my days are so full of engagements of one kind and another there is really no time to be dull or lonely. I am so sorry to refuse you this, dear Mrs. Cameron, so sorry, but truly I do not believe I would be of any use on your pet Board. Now, if a cheque will help the poor little babies, I will be awfully glad to assist in that way."

Mrs. Cameron shook her head. She rose slowly from the big chair.

"Send the cheque to the secretary if you will be so kind as to give us money," she said. "We always need money, and will be most grateful. But do you not understand? It was your interest I wanted; a little of your time; your presence in the nurseries occasionally. You see, I have noticed you so often, and — well, if you will let an old woman say it, you have a particularly beautiful smile, my dear, and a face, the sort of face 'a child would climb to kiss.' I read that somewhere. I fear you will think me garrulous and personal. Good-bye. I will be glad to have you come and see me on your return," and she held out a small old hand.

Mrs. Winans held it a moment, a curiously dissatisfied feeling disturbing her. She controlled her lips with an effort.

"It was lovely of you to come, to think of me. I really don't believe, though, that you see me as I am," she said. Then she leaned forward, a sudden impulse swaying her. "See, I will tell you something, to show you how worldly-minded I am, how untender. It has been said I would marry again—I have been a widow nine years—but I will not. Everything I have, my income, all, all is cancelled if I should again marry. It was so arranged in my husband's will. He was much older than I, and far-seeing, but he knew I was so fond of ease and luxury, nothing could persuade me to forgo it." She ended with the little rippling laugh.

Mrs. Cameron looked at her, the world-wise faded eyes searchingly clear and steady.

"My dear, you belie yourself," she said. "Now good-bye, good-bye again."

In a moment the woman stood alone in the green drawing-room. She gave a short, impatient exclamation, then turned and went slowly upstairs again.

When Mrs. Winans and her French maid took their train the following afternoon, they found that, owing to an ovevrsight, seats in a parlour car had not been secured for them. There was room in the second-class car ahead, but not for love or money could they obtain a red plush chair in the conveyance of the elect. In vain did Frou Frou chatter and wheedle. The blue-coated, brass-buttoned darkey —vested with a little brief authority— grinned cheerfully, but made no move to do anything.

"Der ain't no more cheers, lady," he repeated blandly. "No mere man can't make no more cheers out ob nothin'. I done looked up an' down de car, an' I sure do wish I had a couple more cheers, I do, but I habbent."

"Witless one!" exclaimed Frou Frou. "Is it that my mistress is of

no import? You little know. We pay wiz plaiseer what you ask, but bestow the chairs, I beseech."

A brazen voice from the station megaphone shouted "All aboard!" and Mrs. Winans and the maid found themselves in the day coach of the second-class.

Whatever Mrs. Winans's experiences may have been, it was Frou Frou's first trip in the despised car. The expression of her tilted chin said as much.

"I shall be ill of the train motion, madam," she said pathetically, "the sensation is already making to begin!"

"I am sorry," said her mistress, indifferently, "but as the mistake in the tickets was made by you, please endeavour to endure the consequence. The motion is much the same in all the carriages." Then she settled herself as comfortably as space permitted, and looked about. It was not her way to lament long over things unpreventable. Quick impatience or slight irritation were luxuries she sometimes allowed herself; their effect was passing, but prolonged lamentation brought lines.

In this case the situation held a certain novelty, and novelty was as the breath of life to her. The train was speeding now through the country, which was green with the vivid rain-washed colour of early spring.

After a few moments of surveying the crowded car, Mrs. Winans glanced again at Frou Frou. The girl certainly did look white. "I hope you are not really ill, Frou Frou?" she questioned rather sharply.

"If the train would rock not so vastly I could make to enjoy more comfort, madam," answered the maid faintly.

"Dear me! This is trying," said the woman, "and in such a crowded place, too! It is quite evident you are upset, though. You look it. Let me see. Yes, I will ask the conductor if there is a single seat where you can lie down. He is coming now."

The conductor listened patiently. There were always people who wanted to change seats.

"Yes," he said at last, "it might be managed, if the young lady a few seats ahead—the one with the baby—did not object to taking the maid's place. That is the only seat in the train where there is but one grown person." He might be able to get a pillow, he added, from the parlour-car porter. People usually tried to please Mrs. Winans, though they may not have been aware that they were trying.

Soon the conductor returned, carrying the pillow, and followed by a small woman who carried a baby wrapped in a little white woollen shawl.

Frou Frou, feebly apologetic, turned from one to the other. "I am desolated to give so great trouble," she babbled, " and madam, I fear, will require me."

"Don't worry about me. You look ghastly," said her mistress. "Take my aromatic salts and lie down. I am sure the conductor, and this—this person are very kind. We have really no right to expect people to exchange seats."

Frou Frou went limply down the aisle, and the little woman took the place beside Mrs. Winans. She was young, very young, and pretty, with a blanched kind of prettiness. There were violet circles about her eyes, and her girlish mouth drooped visibly.

"She seems played out," thought Mrs. Winans, glancing at her. "She is positively whiter than Frou Frou. It was simply unpardonable to take her seat."

The train sped on, and she turned to the window and watched the green country. Like the unrolled pictures of a panorama, it seemed to slip by, but it could not hold her: her eyes presently came back to the unknown traveller in Frou Frou's seat.

"I suppose it's the baby gives her

that exhausted look," Mrs. Winans inwardly commented. "They are heavy little things, I should fancy. The girl reminds me of a violet that has been out overnight in the frost. An unusual idea for me! There is genuine poetry in that thought. Yes, it's the baby. I suppose he weighs pounds. Strange that now I come to think of it, I cannot remember ever having held a baby in my arms. I may have, of course, but I can't remember the occasion. There were none at home, none at school, and they are certainly conspicuous by their absence among the people I know. They have been reduced to a minimum, and then banished to the nurseries. Yes, they are heavy, I should fancy, and just let themselves go full weight." So she soliloquised

The small white bundle was held up against the girl's shoulder. The contents of it apparently slept. The girl held it closely, sometimes lifting it a trifle to ease her arm. Her eyes wide and bright, as with some suppressed excitement, looked ahead unseeingly. She did not appear to notice Mrs. Winans. Once or twice the bundle stirred, and then she rocked backwards and forwards softly.

Mrs. Winans found herself watching the little absorbed figure and face. "Yes," she concluded after a half-veiled scrutiny, "she is lovely in an unusual sort of way." There was a bronze tint in her hair no imitation could quite realise, and her lashes—well, no aids to beauty would induce them to grow that way, with the outward sweep and the upward curl. Experience had taught the woman that such lashes are born, not made, just as the colour of the eyes is a birthright. Nature draws her lines with a firm hand. This girl reminded her of a picture of the Madonna she had seen somewhere abroad. She had the same look, probably she was but little older than the Mary of Bethlehem.

Perhaps she was a widow going back to her father's house. She wore black, a cheap black, a pitiful sort of mourning. It looked as if she might have starved to buy it. Only intense fatigue or long grief could have brought those lines around so young a mouth. "Heavens!" thought Mrs. Winans impatiently, "how wretched such poverty and trouble are when they come close enough so that one can see the details." Yet she wondered at herself for noticing so keenly, for taking even a passing interest in a thing so wholly uninteresting and commonplace as an unknown girl with a baby in her arms. She leaned her head back against the seat and closed her eyes.

Then for the first time the girl glanced at Mrs. Winans. Her first thought was "How beautiful!" and another followed it like a flash, "How rich, how rich!" Involuntarily she drew her shabby skirt away.

"Rich, rich!" From the tips of the perfect little boots to the top of the osprey in the small hat, everything bespoke money. The girl caught a faint perfume of tea-roses, when the woman beside her moved. It seemed to belong to the dainty garments, the shining wavy hair. It mingled with the queer unforgettable scent of her quaint Russian leather satchel. She looked down at her own worn boots and cheap hand-bag and sighed. Then the baby stirred, and she rocked it. Her eyes had grown wide and apparently unseeing and indifferent again to the things around.

Mrs. Winans turned to the window "Never," she thought, "had a landscape been so monotonous." Sheep in one field, cows in the next; more sheep, more cows. Farm-houses, tidy and hideous; no farm-houses; telegraph poles. Though "All the trees on all the hills unfolded their thousand leaves," it created within her no particular enthusiasm. She remembered a time when April had meant more to her. That was long ago. Time, or environment, or some influence artificial and indefinite, but deadly, had dulled her sense of the

world's Aprilian beauty. The soft wonder of the spring no longer held her spellbound. She had changed, she said to herself. The woods in their fairy green dress called to her no longer. Time was when she used to have a wild desire to tramp bareheaded and untrammelled through the wet underbrush. The unrest, the "spring fret" of the mysterious growing time of year used to carry her young life along with it. She remembered once running away from school and spending one whole, long, delicious day in the woods near her father's house, and the day was worth the punishment that followed. Oh, it was a far cry from that time to this, from that half-grown girl, soul-steeped in poetry and the old book romances—that unsophisticated child with her dreams and her wonder at life—and this woman she had grown to be, who had ceased to dream and no longer wondered at the ways of the world.

With a little shiver, she shook off the thought and turned her eyes again to her fellow-passenger.

The girl lifted the white bundle to the other shoulder.

"Isn't it, isn't he—or she" (Mrs. Winans smiled her compelling smile) "very heavy?"

The girl glanced up half-startled. "Oh, yes, he is a little heavy," she answered, "but—but I don't feel it; I'm used to holding him."

The voice matched the face.

"I'm so sorry we took your seat," said the woman. "I hardly realised how much it must have inconvenienced you. You could have laid the baby down on that seat, and here—it is impossible."

The other shook her head quickly. A slight twitching came to her lips "I like to hold him," she answered. "I can't bear ever to lay him down. Of course, I always do, but to-day—to-day—"

"Yes?" questioned the woman.

The girl's eyes suddenly filled with tears. "Oh, I had to hold him to-day!" she said. "I'm — I'm taking him to a home, out in the country. You can leave a baby there safely while you work. I can't work and keep him with me, and I must work."

"Oh, said Mrs. Winans, a sudden dearth of words overtaking her. The horrible possibilities of life to the very poor had never come quite so close to her before.

"But," she began, casting around for the right question, the one that would hurt least, and yet with a curiosity that drove her to ask it, "but your husband, your people, they surely could help?"

The girl shook her head again. Her face grew whiter. "No," she returned. "Oh, no. My husband is dead. He was killed. I have no near relatives, none at all."

"Still, there are your husband's people?" persisted Mrs. Winans. "No one can be quite so unhappy as to feel there is not a soul to turn to? Your husband's people would keep your baby, would they not?"

The slight figure in its shabby black drew itself up as if resenting the question. Then the girl suddenly buried her face in the soft white bundle.

"You don't know! Oh, you don't know!" she said. "Don't ask me any more, don't ask me!" The words came broken by sobs.

Mrs. Winans laid her hand on the quivering shoulder. "Forgive me," she said quickly. "I am sorry I have hurt you. I beg your pardon. Indeed it is unlike me to ask questions. I am seldom curious, and rarely feel interest in people I do not know. I do not understand how I came to be so rude. Yet believe me, I am sorry for whatever is troubling you. It only surprises me that I *should* be sorry." Then she smiled softly, the smile of much fascination.

The girl lifted her face, stained by the sudden tears, and looked into Mrs. Winans's eyes.

"Oh!" she cried, "I will tell you how it is, how it all happened—how

I met my husband. You see, I was just a seamstress in his mother's house. When he came home from college he chanced to see me. No one could have prevented that, it was quite chance, and yet—" She seemed to be making a pitiful defence.

"Ah! that was the way of it," interrupted the woman, "go on, I understand."

"I saw him often, and — and then he asked me to marry him. One morning I met him, and we were married. It was at the 'Little Church Around the Corner' — perhaps you know it."

"I know it," answered the woman.

"Then," said the girl, pausing between the words, "he told his mother She never forgave him, never. We went to live in an apartment up in Harlem. There was a little money at first, and when that was gone my husband got work on a newspaper staff. In spite of the trouble with his mother, we were happy.

"I cannot tell you of that time. It only lasted a little while. One day" —the voice stopped, then gathered strength again—"one day there was an accident on the elevated when he was coming home. That was the end." She hid her face against the white shawl. "I have written to his mother twice, but she does not answer, and I will not trouble her any more. Oh, I was wrong, wicked, wicked, possessed of evil, to let him marry me! Who was I that he should have sacrificed himself? It was really I who killed him, who ruined his life." The little figure rocked to and fro, and the eyes were wide and tearless again.

"My dear," answered the woman, moved to a compassion beyond any she had ever known, "you did a foolish thing, perhaps, but only what nine out of every ten girls would have done. Who can say how they will act until the temptation has assailed them? I do not blame you, and more, I do not wonder at *him*. There is an old song — you will not know, I fancy. It went: 'There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.' Believe me, it often has a rude awakening, but those who have dreamed it are of the fortunate. It does not come twice. Comfort yourself. You have done nothing I could condemn, nothing wrong."

The girl caught her hand impulsively. "Oh, you are so kind to say it!" she cried softly, "so dear to say it! No one has said such words to me since—he went away. The letters his mother wrote when we were married were bitter and terrible. The words seared my soul, branded me, and left their mark for life." The white bundle stirred, then two small, determined hands fought their way out of the woolly covering.

"He is awake," said the girl softly, laying the baby down on her knee. "I don't think he will sleep any more just now, we get off at the next station."

"Let me see him," said Mrs. Winans, looking over.

The girl folded back the shawl. The woman gave a little cry. Her eyes grew big and wondering.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed. "How perfectly lovely! What a beauty!"

"Yes, isn't he?" returned the other. "Perhaps it's only because he's mine I think so, but he does seem prettier than other babies."

Mrs. Winans lifted one of the little hands. "Look at him!" she said. "Look at his little yellow curls, and the lashes to his brown eyes. What a colour scheme! And his wee rose-tinted hands! I never saw such a baby. Let me have him for a moment, please."

His mother lifted him up, and Mrs Winans took him, while he cooed and dimpled and gurgled his heaven-taught language.

"I know nothing about babies," she remarked, using the very words she had spoken recently to Mrs. Fisher Cameron. "No, really. It's quite a new sensation for me to hold one,

but, oh! I could love him, he's such a darling! I could even find it in my heart to envy you, do you know? I begin to understand how hard it must be for you to leave him. I think to me it would be impossible."

The girl was gathering her things together, the shabby hand-bag, the shawl. "We get off here," she said. "The train is stopping." Taking the baby, she wrapped him up again. "You have been kind to me," she ended. "I will not forget."

"Good-bye, my dear," replied the woman, rising also. "Good-bye." A queer tight feeling came to her throat. "God keep you," she said. It often came to her afterwards that she had made then the most unpremeditated, extraordinary remark of her life.

The train stopped, and the girl and the baby went down the aisle and out.

Then Frou Frou, dishevelled and wan, came up to her mistress.

"I am distracted that madam has been inconvenienced!" she began. "The feeling of dizziness makes to depart; I can attend to madam's wants now with ease."

"I need nothing, Frou Frou," said Mrs. Winans; "or, yes, give me the novel I was reading last; it is packed somewhere."

The book was brought, and the woman opened it. Somehow the words ran together. The blossomy face of a baby looked up from the pages. There were little rings of yellow hair on his head, downy hair that a breath could stir. His lashes were long, unbelievably long, and upward curled. When he smiled one could see two small white teeth, and there was a dimple at the edge of his rosy mouth. His round throat was like a pearl. "Oh, folly! folly!" she said to herself, and closed the book irritably. "A girl with a baby! What could be more commonplace, more uninteresting? An unhappy girl, perforce. Well, the world held many such. One could only shut one's eyes to such things." She would not think about it longer. Depressing, unpleasant thoughts brought lines, thread-like lines that deepened and left *marks*. Resolutely she opened her book again. Will-power could control imagination and wandering fancies. Yes, the blossomy face was gone, and the plot of the story was good, unusually good. Page after page was turned. Frou Frou yawned behind her handkerchief.

"The train lingers here, madam," she at last remarked.

"Please do not speak unnecessarily when I am reading," said the woman rather sharply. "It really does not matter that the train stops."

"Pardon me, madam," said the maid. "I will remind myself."

Five minutes passed, ten. Then the conductor came through. He stopped by Mrs. Winans.

"Do you know anything of the young lady who occupied this seat beside you, madam?" he asked abruptly.

The woman glanced up from her book. "I?" she said. "Oh, nothing, really—well, that is very little. She told me she was a widow and taking her little child to some home near this place. She was a stranger to me, of course. Why do you ask?" The man hesitated, cleared his throat and stood a moment.

"That is all you know, then?" he persisted. "She did not give you her name or address?"

"No, no, I do not know her name, nor where she lived. But why do you come to me, why do you look so?"

"There has been an accident here, madam. A bad accident, I regret to say. In crossing the tracks the young lady who lately sat by you was struck by a shunting engine. I fancy she was confused, or paying little attention to anything, but the child in her arms," he broke off.

"The baby!" cried the woman, rising. "Oh, sir! the little baby!"

"The baby was not hurt," he returned. "It fell on the other side of the track. But the girl—well, the

girl was killed outright. I am sorry to have to shock you by telling you this."

Mrs. Winans fell back in the seat, her two hands tight against her eyes, as if they shut out some sight.

"And I said, 'God keep you!'" she repeated over to herself. "I said 'God keep you!' Oh, strange world!"

She rose, white and trembling, and laid her hand on the conductor's arm. "I have reason to think, sir," she said, "this woman had no friends. She told me there was no one she could leave her baby with, absolutely no one. If I may be allowed, I will take him, take him back to my home with me. He was only to have been sheltered in a refuge. Oh, your company can find out all they wish regarding me. I am abundantly able to provide for the child, quite, quite able!" A feverish eagerness hastened the words. The fingers on the blue-coated arm tightened their hold.

Frou Frou clasped her hands. "This shock, so terrifying, so inconsiderate, has dazed madam's brain!" she exclaimed to the conductor.

"Do not be alarmed," answered the man shortly. "Follow me, madam. Considering all things, I think the company will be relieved to have you take the child, pending an investigation. I should think he would need immediate care."

"Of course, of course!" she returned. "I understand. Oh, sir, plead with your company to let me keep him always."

He smiled grimly, a world-wise smile, for he had travelled much. "I do not think, madam," he returned "that there will be any urgent claim advanced, but as to that we must wait and see."

The woman followed him down the aisle and off the train.

Frou Frou, still with tightly-clasped hands, gazed after them. "So! So!" she said. "La! La! La! What can one do? These grand ladies! These childless ones! They some day wake up, and they find, *mon dieu*, they find they are in their hearts like common women, and that they have the love for mere infants also!"

TO ONE

BY MAY AUSTIN LOW

Dear, I have suffered. Thou whose tender heart
So quickly moves to pity will, I know,
Sorrow to think of it, that if I sing
Truly; I tuned my lyre by suffering,
For, like a creature in a barren waste,
My soul has starved for food it might not taste.

Now thy strong anchorage that beckons me
I dimly pass, a drifting ship at sea,
A sea of dark perplexity and pain,
And know the hope we hold must be but vain.
I may not seize the stronghold of thy love,
But on to outer darkness hopeless move.

THE SNOWSTORM

By ERIC BROWN

Out of the Northern Sea,
Rising enfoldingly,
The yellow clouds shut off the morning light,
Sweeping the waste of gray,
The wind moans plaintively,
A single flake of snow whirls softly out of sight.

A single, then a score.
Then thousands, millions more,
Follow in frenzied haste the broken trail
The distance softens, blurs;
The Snow Queen sleeping, stirs,
Awakes, the magic wand to weave her silver veil.

O'er plain of powdered gray,
Her myriad snow-sprites play,
Their frolic game of weaving silver weft,
Now whirling to the skies,
Circling, now spiral-wise.
They cross their silvered threads to cover clod and cleft.

The wonted landmarks die
The snow shuts eye from eye,
Each living thing a monarch reigns alone;
His world around him whirls
In wanton frenzied twirls
The dance the snow-flakes dance when drear the north winds drone.

White as a wreath of snow,
Sad as the sob of woe,
A winged vision waits above my world—
The spirit of the storm,
Poising its phanton form,
Cleaving its airy ways with ghostly wings unfurled.

The web is woven white,
The snow dance at its height,
The magic loom is working fast and true.
Then waved the Snow Queen's wand,
Vanish her spritely band,
Appears her silver veil, shadowed with rippling blue.

See now the golden glow!
Greeting the world of snow,
Scatters in rainbow mist the yellow cloud;
Sewing the robe of white,
With threads of glittering light,
Gemming its magic breadth with wealth by God endowed.

THE SILVER KING

THE STORY OF A REGAL MINE THAT HAS FALLEN FROM ITS HIGH ESTATE

BY HAROLD SANDS

HORSES and a big fat toad helped men to make money and history in British Columbia in the days immediately following "the coming of the railway," in which manner old-timers still refer to the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway twenty-five years ago.

Although they camped within less than a mile of several million dollars, the Hall brothers would have tramped gloomily away from a fortune if their horses had not wandered.

The brothers, with several other men, spent the summer of 1886 in unprofitable prospecting in the hills rising from the shores of the West Arm of Kootenay Lake.

"We might as well quit," said one of the Halls one morning, as the party was making an uncomfortable breakfast on "flapjacks" and the inevitable beans and bacon. The first snows of winter had whitened Toad Mountain, giving a decided hint to the prospectors that their work for the year was practically over as far as searching for the precious metals went.

"Guess we'd better give up; better luck next time, boys," said Hall, and the men commenced to make preparations to "go down the hill."

"Where are those blamed horses?" asked one.

"Strayed, of course," remarked the elder Hall. "Some of you boys go and look for 'em while we get ready here."

'Twas a weary search for the pack animals, but they were found at last, and on the way back to camp one of "the boys" found some "float" which looked decidedly promising. He showed it to the Halls.

"That's the real thing," said one. "Guess we don't go down to Nelson yet, after all. We've been here all the summer and found nothing; we can certainly waste a few more days hunting for the source of this 'float.'"

Fortunately the flurry of snow had proved very light and had practically melted as it touched the ground. The Halls and their "pals" hustled to follow up the "float' before the ground should be covered. Two days passed, and they had not discovered it. Some of the party were inclined to put off the hunt till the spring.

"Oh, let's chuck it up and come back next season," said one.

"Not on your life," remarked the elder Hall, whose ardour had been aroused, and upon whom failure acted only as an incentive to renewed effort. "I'm going to find where that "float" came from or stay here all winter. Anybody who wants to quit, however, can do so."

Next day they came across a big outcrop of greenish rock, indicating copper. Their quest was at an end. Experts told them later that the

copper-silver lode they thus discovered was in the green and gray schistose rocks which the learned Doctor Dawson believed to be stratified volcanic material of the Palæozoic age. Not a cent did they care for the Palæozoic or any other age; they had struck it, and all they hoped was they had struck it rich.

They packed some samples of the surface rock in an old sack and went down to Nelson. Those bits of rock represented a bonanza from which, in ten years, the Halls and the company which bought them out, working in comparatively primitive fashion, extracted more than $1,000,000 worth of ore. The shipments from the discovery in 1896 were 31,000 tons of ore that yielded 800,000 ounces of silver and 2,500,000 pounds of copper.

Naturally enough, such a magnificent record attracted attention. So great was the success attending the opening of the mine that a London company was formed, and took it over. Whatever visions of wealth the English shareholders may have had have long since been dissipated. Mining is full of surprises, but seldom has there been a greater and more unwelcome change than that which came over *The Silver King*.

In order to deal properly with this phase of the subject one must enter into further detail concerning the events leading up to the securing of the property by the Englishmen.

Starting with the discovery, it is worth noting that though the Halls believed from the start that they had a good thing, they were disappointed that they had not found gold, and they were of two minds as to the advisability of going on a hunt for the yellow metal before seeking to open up the property on Toad Mountain. For this reason they failed to stake their claims for some time after they reached Nelson, the settlement, five or six miles away from the mine, on the bank of the West Arm of Kootenay Lake, where they wintered.

However, after a while, they took some of the ore from the sack and went to the rough little office of Jake Cobaugh, the first assayer who ventured into the new district. He was only a blow-pipe assayer, but he was able to tell the Halls that they "had the goods." Samples subsequently sent to Salt Lake and San Francisco smelters gave returns practically the same as those of Cobaugh. One of the latter's certificates showed 444 ounces of silver and a large percentage of copper. The Halls had been inclined to be skeptical of this, but when the reports from the American cities confirmed it they gave him a one-thirteenth interest in the group of claims. Because the ore was so wonderfully rich in silver the claims were immediately recorded with the chief one as *The Silver King*. The second claim was styled *The Kootenay Bonanza*, in honour of the new mining region and as expressing the discoverers' opinion of the mine itself. The latter idea was also carried out in the naming of the third claim then recorded, viz., *The Kohinor*. One of the Halls' partners, a patriotic Yankee, insisted on having his country recognised on the recorder's books, so the fourth claim was baptised *The American Flag*.

"On Toad Mountain" was the description of the whereabouts of the claims. To Ben Thomas goes the honour, if such it may be called, of naming the notable eminence. Ben was the hardest swearer and the softest-hearted man in all Kootenay. His special "pal" in the early days was Charlie Townsend. The two prospected around Nelson for a number of years, and passed close to *The Silver King* outcrop some months before the Halls found it. They dreamed of fortune, but found her fickle. One day they staked *The Jim Crow* mineral claim, the first on the mountain. That they weren't particularly impressed with it, is indicated by the savage title they be-

A VIEW OF NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

stowed upon it. It is necessary when recording a claim to file a more or less accurate description of where it is situated.

"Well, what in thunder are we goin' to call this blankety-blank mountain?" said Ben to Charlie, as they sat on a log discussing the all-important question. "Christening things ain't my specialty," he continued. "What's your idee on the subject, Charlie?"

But Townsend was equally short on opinions. While they pondered and smoked a big toad jumped out from beneath the log. A brilliant idea came to Thomas.

"Let's call the blamed thing Toad Mountain," said he. Townsend eagerly jumped at this solution of a knotty problem, and thus it came about that the big hill above Nelson received the ugly name it wears.

Before going back to *The Silver King*, it may as well be said that Thomas and Townsend got nothing out of *The Jim Crow*. In fact, of all the claims the two recorded during their partnership, *The Iroquois* was the only one which gave them even a modest return. They sold it for $5,600. But little good did that small sum do for them. Ben, who fancied he had all the ailments advertised daily in the newspapers, spent most of his share buying patent medicines. By the time he was broke again he had tried practically every one on the market and he still had the complaints. He drifted away to *The Slocan and Townsend*, and got a job as a miner in *Le Roi* at Rossland.

In the spring of 1887 the Halls started to develop *The Silver King*. For three thousand feet through that claim and *The Kootenay Bonanza* they traced the rich silver-copper lode, its width varying from one to fifty feet. They took out ore which went as high as $400 a ton, and despite the absence of transportation facilities they sent out rock to the

smelters which gave sensationally rich returns.

The fame of the mine spread from Atlantic to Pacific, and there arose one of the most remarkable excitements that British Columbia has known. The Pacific Province has been through many stimulations of this kind, but none which has left a more indelible record on the face of the country.

Over the Canadian Pacific Railway prospectors and fortune - seekers sought the new land of wealth, the unknown Kootenay. Into the mountain fastnesses, into the silver corners of one of the most majestic regions God has fashioned, into the land of startling silences, prospectors, the noblest of all pioneers, poured. They found that the Canadian Pacific Railway was a considerable distance from the scene of actual attraction. They had to leave the new line at Revelstoke, paddle down the Columbia River on crazy rafts to the curving Arrow lakes, negotiate the rushing Kootenay River with its rapids and sudden drop, portage around Bonnington Falls, and conquer all sorts of difficulties. But at last, blazing new trails, they came to the land of promise around Nelson.

And though hundreds of them met with disappointment and returned poorer to civilisation, others were rewarded. Perhaps they did not wrench fortune from the depths of Toad Mountain, but they made their way into the new lands, the Slocan, Trail Creek, the Lardeau, and elsewhere, which the finding of *The Silver King* brought to their attention. They placed the honourable brand of the pick upon regions veined with treasure, and they led the way for the merchant, the farmer, the professional man, the capitalists and the corporations. The prospectors of that great day laid the foundations of the fortunes of Southern British Columbia, and they builded more truly than they knew. The present generation should delight to honour them.

To the delver into the strange story of *The Silver King*, there are as many difficulties to be encountered as the operators of the mine themselves found in seeking to make it act up to its noble name. Many of the records of the wild and stirring days when *The King* and Nelson were in the making either have been obliterated or are inaccessible. This much, we know, however: the Hall brothers, their hopes and ambitions fired by the sight of the wonders the early workings opened up, set out to win quickly the treasure from the rocks. Their men eagerly stripped the vein, made open cuts and exposed the wonderful silver-copper lode, the fabric of golden dreams.

Of course, men with capital were soon dickering for the property. Their ideas inflated with the royal returns, the Halls held out for a high price. They looked upon themselves as in the near-millionaire class, and an offer of $500,000 was refused. This action disgusted Jake Cobaugh, the assayer who had been given the one-thirteenth share for his early work. In the language of the West, he "felt sore" when the Halls rather contemptuously refused to consider the sale at the price named. Cobaugh wanted to get action on his interest and he disposed of it for $25,000. Harry Young and Jim Durkin, of Colville, Washington, bought out Jake's thirteenth, but they didn't pay the assayer in cash. They gave him a good percentage of the "long green," but to make up the balance Jake was obliged to take a saloon at Colville, a blacksmith-shop and a couple of ranches; and, as John Houston remarked, "pretty nearly everything that had a market value in Colville in those days" was thrown in.

The deal was put through in the Washington town, and after the papers were signed Jake failed to return to Nelson. He couldn't face the boys. Prior to making the sale, Jake had promised nearly every man in Nelson a trip around the world on

FRUIT-GROWING RIVALS MINING—A FRUIT ORCHARD OPPOSITE NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

the proceeds, but ranches which nobody wanted to buy, and saloons and blacksmith-shops were not acceptable for railroad tickets in *lieu* of cash, and the boys had to stay at home So, unlike the cat, Jake never came back. He had a good time while the money lasted. He finally raised some more on the saloon and the blacksmith-shop, but it all went, and the last heard of him he was in the Similkameen trying to make another stake.

Meanwhile the Halls kept on shipping. From one lot of 200 tons no less than 38,000 ounces of silver and 74,000 pounds of copper was obtained. Silver in those days sold around ninety cents an ounce, so that the shipment yielded over $40,000.

The ore carried a high percentage of value-bearing sulphides. A particularly rich zone in the chute gave them peacock copper with some tetrahedrite, also copper and iron pyrites and small amounts of galena and blende. From this wonderful zone the Halls shipped 206 tons that averaged 190 ounces of silver and 18.17 per cent. copper to the ton. Another lot of between eighteen and nineteen tons yielded 286 ounces silver and 27.2 per cent. copper, while a further lot of thirteen and one-half tons gave 321.5 ounces silver and 31 per cent. copper.

But mining on Toad Mountain was not all beer and skittles, and finally the Halls sold out to the Kootenay Bonanza Company, which spent $104,000 in development. Then astute people became aware that *The Silver King's* high-grade days were beginning to show signs of disappearing. What was the best thing to be done?

The answer is very easy from the

point of view of the British Columbia old-timer. It is, unload upon "the Englishman at home," of course. The time to do that was before the kind of ore which made *The Silver King* world-famous gave place to lower grade.

Acordingly, to London went men who were authorised to dispose of the property. But all was not plain sailing. The man who would sell a mine in London in those days had to seek the lair of the company promoter. He could not approach the public direct. British Columbians have succeeded in doing it since then, but at that time it was impossible. The company promoter had to be seen. And it is expensive seeing company promoters in London.

Finally, however, the Hall Mines Company was launched on the market with the usual full-page advertisements of its prospectus in the financial papers. Its capital was $1,500,000 and it owned eighteen claims comprising in all 509 acres. These included the famous *Silver King* and the others already named as in the silver-copper belt. Other claims taken over by the English company were in the gold belt in the same geological formation, including *The Eureka* and *The Britannia*.

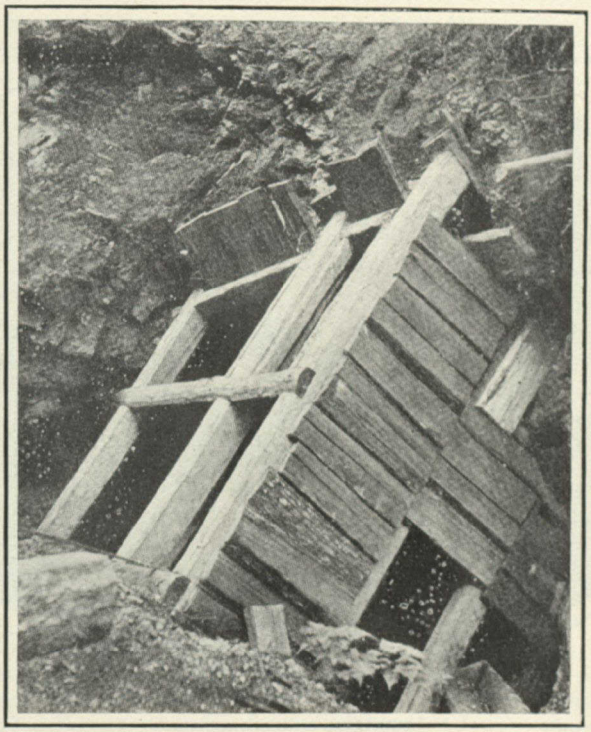
In the usual style of the London company promoter, a chairman with a handle to his name was provided as a figure-head. The late Sir Joseph Trutch, K.C., M.G., filled the position. Although that most estimable gentleman was the first Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, he did not pretend to have an expert knowledge of mining, and he occupied as unenviable a position at the head of the Hall Mines Company as the Earl of Dufferin did in a corresponding position on the board of *Le Roi* at the time of Whitaker Wright's ill-fated reign.

The board in London was of little practical use, and it cost money. The managers in charge at the mine, however, were men at the very top of their professions, and they added considerably to their fame by the splendid effort they made to make the Hall Mines pay when the circumstances were distinctly against them. Almost as household words in the Kootenay at one time were the names of H. E. Croasdaile, the general manager; M. S. Davis, the mine superintendent, and Paul Johnson, the smelter superintendent.

The new company went at it to make a mine. It thought it had in truth a bonanza, and proceeded as if the belief were a reality. In addition to the capable men it employed as managers, it installed the best machinery and undertook work on a scale hitherto unapproached in British Columbia. At the height of its career the Hall Mines employed 160 men at an average wage of $3.50 a day, or $560, which means $204,000 a year in wages alone. Then, of course, there were the office salaries in Nelson and London, so it will be seen that *The Silver King* needed to be a veritable bonanza to pay its way.

One of the first acts of the company was to erect the smelter which is such a conspicuous feature of the landscape to-day. Paul Johnson designed and put it up for the company, and though considerably changed since his day, it stands as a monument to a brilliant man. At the time it was built it was the largest copper blasting furnace in North America, which is equivalent to saying in the world. It was blown in on September 5th, 1897, eleven years after the discovery of the mine.

After the Hall Mines took hold the early reports were of a nature to kindle high hopes of big dividends. The high-grade ore had not all been taken out. While the smelter was being erected some of the rock was shipped to American reducing works. Of this 1,160 tons averaged 119 ounces silver and 12.9 per cent. copper to the ton. But this was sorted ore. The shareholders at home did not lay sufficient stress on that fact, al-

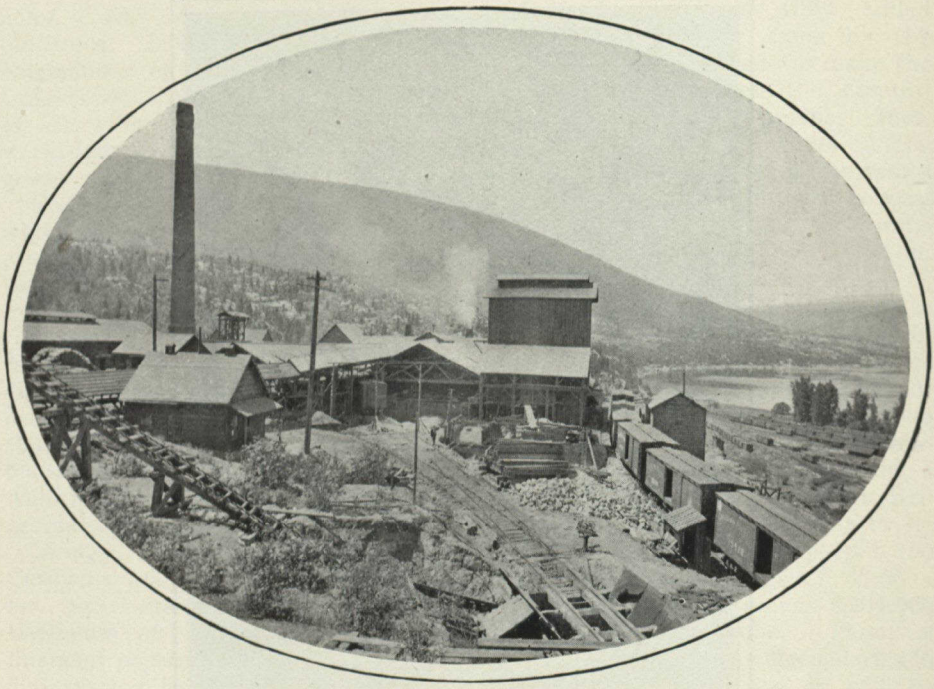


AN INCLINE SHAFT IN A BRITISH COLUMBIA COPPER MINE

though it was pointed out to them in the reports. Hopeful and inexperienced, like most of the usual run of shareholders, they thought that *The Silver King* would always be producing that kind of ore.

But *The Silver King*, like human monarchs, proved very variable. Sometimes the men would be mining a magnificent chute of very high-grade ore; then they would suddenly run off into medium-grade or worse. By the time the company had expended a large amount of money—more indeed than the discoverers took out—when, in fact, it was "in it up to the neck," is discovered that the "bonanza" was not such a bonanza as the company promoters had thought it was.

Having given so many hostages to fortune in the shape of dollars, the company determined on a most elaborate plan of exploration and development of the property. Under its energetic experts it showed what money can do underground and above also. It continued the tunnels started by the former owners, drove new ones, sunk winzes, installed hoists, put in the best of machinery and ore transportation facilities. Hand drilling gave place to machine work and the first aerial rope tramway for conveying the ore from the mine to the smelter was erected in the Kootenay. This was over four miles long and carried 850 buckets, each with a capacity of 150 pounds. It cost $50,000. Many thousands of dollars were also spent in diamond drilling at $1.15 a foot. There was a fortune on the ground in fuel alone, the company at times having in stock coal and coke worth $60,000. Much of the coke came from Wales, some from Westphalia, round the Horn and to Nelson *via* Vancouver.



THE HALL MINES SMELTER

When first constructed, this plant was the largest and best of its kind in the world

But with all this mining magnificence, the chief requisite was still absent, the rich ore, the kind that had made *The Silver King* famous, was conspicuous by its absence. Once in a while a stringer of it was encountered, only to raise false hopes. The encouraging cablegrams which at first gladdened the shareholders in England gave place to more or less formal reports which sounded dismal in ears waiting to hear the joyful noise that accompanies the announcement of fat dividends. Moreover, the price of silver fell lower every year.

In 1896 nearly 30,000 tons of *Silver King* ore were smelted by the company at its own works. They yielded an average of twenty-one ounces of silver and 3.7 per cent. copper. That was a great falling off from the halcyon days of the Halls. The price of silver in 1896 was only sixty-two cents an ounce, as compared with ninety-four cents in the year of discovery. Copper was worth eleven cents a pounds. From the 30,000 tons the company obtained 627,060 ounces of silver and 2,209,640 pounds of copper, which realised $431,837.

A mine which produced nearly half a million dollars a year might be thought to be of some account, but the cost of operating, taxes, the expenses of the London and local office, and all the other drains swallowed up so much of the output that none was left for dividends.

Ominous indeed is this extract from the report of Mr. Carlyle while Provincial Mineralogist in 1896: "No dividends have been paid by this company. As in all other mining propositions, the strictest economy and the most careful and experienced management will have to be exercised before profitable returns will accrue to the shareholders."

As time passed the condition of the

company grew no better. It owned a "show" mine as far as equipment went, but the grade of the ore grew less and less rich. Then came the eight-hour day strike, the most troublous time that the Kootenay ever experienced. Mines everywhere closed down, men and operators clashed, vigorous telegrams were sent to the Government at Victoria by the owners for protection of their properties, and the whole of the interior suffered, in the language of the street, "a severe jolt." So disastrous was the accumulated effect on the Hall Mines, Limited, that the company had to be reconstructed. The original English concern lived for about five years, took a fortune out of the property, but sank a larger one in it.

When the Kootenay country began to resume its normal attitude, the new English corporation, the Hall Mining and Smelting Company, sought to reëstablish *The Silver King* on its former high plane. A comprehensive scheme of development was outlined and work was vigorously prosecuted.

But the anxious shareholders across the Atlantic read in the semi-annual reports the same old story. "We will test the property to a depth of one thousand feet," the directors said, almost in desperation, but still clinging to the hope that the good old days would return. But they didn't. The results were so unsatisfactory in the lower levels that further work on the company's account was suspended in 1902. Then most of "the Englishmen at home" gave up their belief in *The Silver King*. It had crowned many of them with misfortune. "Put not your trust in mines with princely names," some of them said bitterly.

But *The King* was not entirely bereft of friends. M. S. Davis, the manager of the early days, who had consistently stayed by both the mine and Nelson in the time of their adversity, still believed in the property. He arranged with the directors of the Hall Mines Mining and Smelting Company to lease *The Silver King*. The company's report for 1902 showed a loss upon mining operations of $35,000. Davis, with a few men, shipped enough ore during his lease to pay him more than wages. He confined himself to the workings on and above No. 3 level; the rest of the mine filled with water.

The fact that he was able to show that the property was by no means worked out encouraged the English directors to make another try when his lease expired. But ill-luck pursued them, and they were glad to make another dicker with Davis. They entered into an agreement with him that he should manage and work *The Silver King*, *The Kootenay Bonanza* and *The American Flag* claims on the terms that he pay half the cost and give his services free in consideration of getting half the profits.

Of course, Davis could not undertake the job on anything like the scale of former magnificence. As a matter of fact, he employed only twelve men. In a year he took out 800 tons of ore. The returns encouraged him to continue the lease and he unwatered the mine as far as No. 5 level. Good ore was met with, and it served as a magnet to the men across the water.

When the second Davis lease expired the English company determined to make one last "whack at it," as a Nelson man said. This was in 1906. In twelve months the Hall Mining and Smelting Company took out 2,279 tons of ore containing 28,330 ounces of silver and 159,613 pounds of copper. The average assay was 12.44 ounces of silver and 3.5 per cent. copper to a ton. The mighty was indeed fallen. It was amply evident that if the company wished to continue, a readjustment of its finances was necessary.

This could not be brought about to a sufficient extent to enable the English shareholders to continue the operation of the property. They had

to fall back upon the ever-ready Davis. He and his friends formed the Kootenay Development Syndicate, which leased the property. Davis was appointed managing-director, and he lost no time in resuming work. He shipped in 1908 exactly 748 tons, averaging fifteen ounces of silver and 3.75 per cent. copper. An ironical circumstance was that this was sent down the company's aerial tramway, past the closed doors of the company's smelter, and shipped to the Trail reduction plant.

The Kootenay Development Syndicate is still operating the plant, it having raised sufficient capital to enable it to pursue systematic development. Its first work was to unwater the mine from No. 5 level down. Motors, pumps, and other necessary machinery were put in place, a pole line was carried along the tramway right-of-way, and the mine electrically installed by the West Kootenay Power and Light Company. This concern has the greatest power-producing plant in West Kootenay and utilises the energy of the famous Bonnington Falls, which also supply Nelson.

While *The Silver King* has thus fallen from its high estate, Nelson has continued to forge ahead. That modern city, so beautifully situated, is the centre of a wonderful country. All around it new mines are coming into prominence, and prospectors continue to open up profitable fields of exploration. Foreign capital, not only English, has come into the district, and results from recent investments have been so encouraging as to indicate a continuance of the activity. The Gold Commissioner reported only the other day that in almost every section there is increased development in mines and prospects.

But silver is no longer the king in the district. The gold properties the Hall brothers once so vainly sought are being worked in abundance, and the once very much despised zinc has more power to charm than the richest ore on Toad Mountain. We see this fact exemplified in the establishment at Nelson of the Canada Zinc Works, a new and very important industry. It obtains its supplies of ore from the Ainsworth and Slocan districts, two regions now as famous as Nelson ever was. In the early days of *The Silver King* zinc was the *bête noir* of the miners of West Kootenay. Ore which contained it had to pay a penalty at the smelters. Mines which were extremely rich in zinc could not be worked at all. Now zinc is in demand, and properties that once were cursed stand almost as high as the famous *Silver King* did even in its palmy days.

However, the old-timers will never entirely go back on the latter. They still pay it the tribute of chopping off the word *Silver* and calling it simply *The King*. Never will there be such another mine to them. For a time it was the absolute monarch of Nelson, on which their fortunes depended. Though it has fallen, it has men, rich and poor, to do it reverence.

And, from its regal ruins, from its foundation stones of silver and copper, they expect that royal returns will still be obtained. Even if this is not the case, Nelson will ever stand as a worthy monument to this once great mine, and the country around it, which is developing so rapidly, will never forget all it owes to *The King*.

What a wondrous country it is! Take a map of British Columbia, and there trace, high up in the mountains of the south, between the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the boundary line, a pear-shaped island. It is ninety-five miles long and from fifteen to fifty wide. Even to this day many Canadians are unaware that such an island exists. The waters enclosing it are those of the Columbia River, the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes, the Kootenay River, Lake Kootenay, the Lardeau River,

Trout Creek and Solman Creek, all ice-cold streams skirting a domain of wonder. Bisecting the island are the Nakusp and Slocan branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Kaslo and Slocan feeder of Jim Hill's American road, the Great Northern. Slocan Lake is in the centre of the island, separating the Valkyre and Valhalla mountains from the ranges on the east. In the north the Lardeau peaks rise snow-topped.

Fringing the shores of this romantic and wealthy island are the cities of Nelson, Kaslo and a score of lesser towns like Arrowhead, Nakusp, Burton, Balfour, Lardeau, Gerrard, Houser and Beaton. In the centre of the island are Sandon, where the sound of poker-chips is always heard, New Denver, the Lucerne of British Columbia; Slocan City, Rosebery, Silverton and other silver cities.

All these have been established since the prospectors who hunted for horses accidentally discovered *The Silver King* "float" and the Halls located the mine which Jake Cobaugh's blow-pipe assay indicated was a bonanza.

MORN, NOON, AND EVEN

By ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON

When splendours blaze in the eastern sky,
And labour beckons, and hope runs high,
  There's joy in simply living;
For earth has a hundred fields to till,
And the planter may plant where'er he will—
  Life's morn is God's good giving.

When corn grows ripe in the mid-day sun,
And the task of the planter long is done,
  There still is joy in living;
For there's glittering golden grain to reap,
And the time is long ere winter's sleep—
  Life's noon is God's good giving.

When red leaves fall from the boughs o'erhead,
And every sweet spring flower is dead,
  There still is joy in living;
For the heart insists on its own young way,
Though the summer fades and the skies grow gray—
  Love's God's most lasting giving.

THE PICTURE PUZZLE

BY W. LACEY AMY

IT occupied but a small space in the morning paper, but it was set off by a picture of a group of children intent on something lying on a table. Hovering near was a homey father and a happy mother with a baby in her arms. The faces of all were lit up with the joy a family-man loves to see on the faces of his family.

There was very little reading in the advertisement: "The popular Picture Puzzle has taken the place of bridge in polite society. Everybody plays it. It brightens the wits and is an education to young and old."

Now I am not one of those men who affect an English drawl or support the Suffragette movement simply because "polite society" leans that way. I pride myself that I am intensely practical and unimpressionable. But as I dropped my paper and read the morning dunners it did not take me long to decide that whatever took "the place of bridge" would please the butcher and me; and as the father of a rising family I attached due importance to the game that would also be an "education." Their mother has ambitions for each of the children — ambitions that will require some education in their fulfilment.

Ever since my picture puzzle experience I know I was right in feeling the need of "education" for my children, seeing that they inherited so little from one side of the house. I have also learned that the illustrator of an advertisement requires no photograph to work from.

With canny care that I should not be taken in by untried experiments I, first of all, purchased a small twenty-five piece puzzle and presented it to my second youngest boy. The process of education for the youngest is yet in the spanking stage. Harry was delighted — even though I had already pieced together fourteen of the twenty-five before I handed them over. During the matching of the fourteen Harry was being educated by proxy.

Anyone could see the great mind-training of picture puzzles. After even my short experience with it I was undoubtedly brilliant at dinner—even my wife noticed that, and she rarely shows an eagerness to acknowledge that characteristic in me. I frankly imputed my brightness to the "keening up of intellectual games," and used several other phrases of that kind that would qualify for an advertisement. I announced that in the face of such evidence I would purchase a picture puzzle of proportions for my two eldest boys, Harry, aged ten, and Simpson, aged fourteen. Even William, a year old, would profit by the "elevated atmosphere that would pervade the house," and could use the pieces for playthings when the boys had completed their education.

My wife did not look convinced. I am not yet able to claim that my wife thinks through my brains. In strictest honesty, I sometimes think she cannot be made to believe what she does not actually see—in this case I mean the gray matter, not the out-

ward form of brains. I had, I confess, used similar arguments before I bought the boys the roller skates with which we found them one day learning to fall safely on the oak border around the drawing-room rug. It was I, too, who had presented them with a set of tools after reading a treatise on manual training. When a newel post was sawed off and a face carved on a mahogany pedestal I raised no objection to the impounding of the tools. I ought to know my boys don't educate according to advertisement. But the picture puzzle panic was over me.

With the idea of getting the most education for the least money, and incidentally to procure something befitting the father of a family, I devoted an hour of a busy day to discovering the biggest puzzle on sale. I have come to the conclusion that a man can be judged by the size of his picture puzzle—in inverse ratio. When I found one with five hundred and four pieces I was satisfied.

"Please tear the picture off the box," I demanded of the patent-pale girl who waited on me. I did not purpose to allow the boys to build with the picture in front of them. Even I was not to see it.

The girl did as she was told. A shop girl meets all kinds of—me.

"After dinner," I announced to the family when I reached home, "we'll spend an hour in educative pleasure."

The introduction of the five hundred and four pieces into our house was a distinct success. After a few words of wisdom left over from my brilliancy of the night before, I emptied the box on the table which had been cleared for the purpose. The baby, whose education was important enough to break his bed routine, gurgled all over when the brightly coloured, irregular shapes tumbled on the table. Harry jumped around in glee. My wife looked happily at the happy faces, and even Simpson showed interest. As for myself, I experienced a keen elation at having discovered a game with all the virtues of a course in Ruskin. Under the inspiration of the moment I remarked to my wife that it pays to read advertisements.

William and Harry made a dive for the pieces, but I calmly, though firmly, restrained an excitement that presented no direct relation to education.

"You had better let me start it for you," I explained, as I pushed them all back and looked interestedly at the jumble. Then the chaos began to get into my system. I felt as if a few hundred pieces less would not have been an insurmountable obstacle to the acceptance of a cheaper, smaller puzzle, nor any impairment of its instructive value. Even the picture would not have been amiss to start on

All eyes were on me: I must be cool. I must show them the earmarks of education in embryo. Carefully I studied the pieces.

"Ah, a nose!" I exclaimed at last, picking up a piece about the size of a man's reputation just before his wife returns from a month's visit out of town. "Now we have a nose. That will be the foundation of our building. Now what would naturally go with that?"

"A handkerchief," answered Harry, and received a fitting rebuke, which extended to my wife when she laughed.

"With a nose, an eye would go," I continued in the tone of a Sunday School superintendent who desires to make the answer appear to the distinguished visitor to come from the scholars.

"Now, who can find an eye? Simpson, spread out those pieces. Clear off that other table and lay out some other pieces on it. Things are too crowded here."

But the eye was watching for us. It is surprising how many things look like an eye, and how many eyes resemble something else, when you are looking for one in a picture puzzle. I saw an eye in everything and Simpson saw it in nothing.

"Now that," I said, as I tried to make an angle fit a curve, "is an eye of anger. You see the low threatening brow? This" — I picked up another piece and ran it all around the nose to find a fit — "is an eye of fear —dilated pupil, fixed expression. To the ordinary observer they may not be distinct but the highest art—ahem! —is that which does not stoop to details — a stroke of the pen or brush and you have the expressive eye. In this case—"

"Aw, this ain't no nose," broke in Harry, who had been viewing my first find from all possible angles.

It will be noted that my second son's education has so far been more along the line of mental and visual development than in English. That can come later.

"This ain't no nose," he repeated, throwing it back on my table. "It's the corner of a box — or a bit of cloud —or any old thing."

Harry was feeling the chaos too.

"Hadn't you better start with an outside piece?" hastily interposed my wife, observing the cool eye of speculation with which I measured Harry's punishable parts. She had picked up a piece with one straight edge and a white streak along it where the paper of the picture had not quite reached the edge. "That would make it easier; you could work inwards, then."

One thing about my wife, when she goes to clean a room she starts at the floor, sweeps, wipes the borders and dusts the chairs in the same routine every time. It is simply work to her. Her idea is merely to get it finished. There are no elevating thoughts on cleanliness and example to the boys while she draws the duster through the rungs of the chair.

"This, my dear," I answered, and I hope I showed the dignity I felt— "this is an intellectual game. The profit from it is in the game, not in the finish. Anybody could solve the puzzle by starting from the outside, after which it would merely be a process of fitting. The boys and myself" —the implication was plain— "are doing this not alone for the sport that is in it."

Simpson took the piece from his mother, while I continued my search for any two pieces that would match Finally, in desperation I settled on one piece, and, one by one, ran the others around it. At the three hundredth piece, or thereabouts, I was rewarded.

"There," I gloated, placing the two pieces tenderly on the table, and stepping back to view my success. "That shows what I mean, dear. Application, application! That's the reward, you see, of patience and concentration."

"Have you only got two, dad?" asked Harry from the other table. "Why, Simpson and me have twenty pieces matched here."

The pang—was it jealousy?—was drowned in the knowledge that the boys were receiving their education. Their table looked very interesting.

"Now, boys, you two come to this table and match while I build up from yours. This work will be better for you."

Fortunately nobody asked me to explain my reasoning. After all, who had paid for that game, anyway?

The matching progressed wonderfully. I was successful in placing a dozen more pieces and a nice little square met my admiring gaze. I must share my joy.

"Bring Willie here, my dear," I said to my wife. "Let him see the picture budding forth. It may be the evolution of things will enter his tiny brain. Let him receive all the education he can from this."

My wife urged that it was William's bed-time, but I insisted on allowing nothing to interfere with education. So William was brought, and the first thing he did was to make a playful sweep at my structure of pieces, one of those innocent movements that break your eyeglasses or upset the coffee in your lap. The

corner pieces fell loudly to the floor.

"If you don't take that boy to bed right away," I thundered, "his education will proceed with the more direct application of hands." And William's education was very near to starting.

In the meantime the boys had formed a section and another table was necessary. Simpson came to look at my work.

"Why, father," he said, after a moment's scrutiny, "a girl's boot doesn't run out of her ear."

Simpson was called after a maiden aunt of mine whose money might otherwise have gone towards a home for Indigent Italian Gray Hounds, and he felt the weight of those prospective riches. He is only fourteen, but his attendance at the Fletcher College for Boys gives him a right to the name of "Student," and a desire for combing his hair before a mirror. As a boy of culture his remarks are supposed to carry weight. Accordingly, he accompanies them with an inflection of the upper lip that makes me wish him back in his baby days for about four minutes.

I felt at that moment I could not have done Simpson justice in that short period.

I ordered him and Harry to bed. It was their bed-time anyway. It would nettle any father to see a son of fourteen with an education in fuller bud than his own. I never attended the Fletcher College for Boys, to be sure—but—but—I have a son who does, and besides I foot the bills. I have always believed that concentration is necessary to perfect accomplishment — and concentration is scarcely possible with two boys aged ten and fourteen, one of whom is not overburdened with reverence and the other of whom has difficulty in concealing his contempt.

With concentration, four tables and two chairs I felt in a position to do myself justice. I began to work on a system — that is, I matched every unplaced piece to the built section until I found the one that fitted. I was not conscious of any great mental development, but concentration and system must develop something, and as there was no appearance of development in the picture puzzle, why, of course, it must have been taking effect in my brain.

The sound of my wife's voice down the stairs roused me to an abrupt appreciation of the clocks striking two. Leaving a large note on the table ordering the maid to touch nothing I tip-toed to bed. Another notice on the boys' door gave similar instructions, but before I got into bed I turned the key in their door to forestall disobedience. I am adopting different methods with William to enforce obedience since my success with the other two boys would scarcely provide copy for a woman's journal.

Concentration seemed to have got into my system. It remained with me the next morning, and now that I can think of it calmly it was my long suit to the end of the puzzle. It hustled my shaving and induced me to omit all breakfast but porridge Porridge is an institution in our house. I want my boys to incorporate the desirable traits of the Scotch, and have no other available means of assisting than by supplying plenty of porridge.

Concentration kept me at the game until a message from my stenographer broke in. At luncheon time I took another hasty dip into the maze, and at 4.30 was back in the sitting-room trying to find that girl's arm. Dinner was an interruption, and Eliza, the maid, came in for a rebuke for her slowness in serving. We broke an engagement for the evening, as I really had no desire to go out. I always was a great home-man—but I didn't mind giving the boys fifty cents to take in a "show" that night. Boys must have their fling.

I have a misty recollection of pulling myself upstairs sometime in the morning, with my wife watching me anxiously from the landing.

From that point my adventures

with the picture puzzle have been collected from my wife. The thing had got on my nerves. I dreamt and ate pieces, and thought in corners, points and curves. To be sure, I remembered the more important events of the next day, such as the finding of that arm, but apart from that the story is my wife's.

I made straight for the sitting-room the next morning, and fruit and porridge were served there. I stopped long enough to thresh Harry for asking fool questions about where his education was to come in, but I even interrupted the threshing to fit in a piece. I signed the cheque for the butcher's bill without asking for a bill. To the office I would not go, and I have a faint recollection of hearing my wife tell someone over the 'phone that I was ill; and then she came and looked at me with mournful eyes. I also remember the family physician looking me over from the door.

At six-thirty my wife did succeed in drawing me away to dinner at which we were entertaining a couple of friends. During the meal I was absorbed in cutting my meat into fantastic shapes, and then piecing them together. I slid my knife between the fork tines and examined it critically to see if it was a match. Between courses I spent the time fitting the salt cellar, the olive dish, the knife handle, the water glass into the scallops in the edge of the centre-piece, and in matching the entree shells I had to reach for my neighbour's before I found a satisfactory fit. When I helped the desert I first glanced at the mouths of my guests and served to match.

Just as soon as possible I bolted from the table for the puzzle. Nothing else mattered now.

Everything seemed to be at sixes and sevens in the picture puzzle when I resumed the "game." It looked almost as if the pieces had been moved, but I knew this could not be, as the entire family had been with me at dinner. The guests left very early. I was so busy trying to finish a corner on some square thing that the world seemed made for nothing else. Not a piece could I match. Every piece remaining was tried from all sides.

My hair was wandering wildly over my eyes, my coat was off, a deep frown puckered my brow. I wandered excitedly from table to table. The pieces shook so in my fingers that even if they had matched they would never have reached their places.

I had proceeded far enough with the "game" to feel that there was a woman in it. I felt I might have known that, and I was wild at any woman balking me. My wife had never done so.

A woman! a woman!

With shut teeth I shoved a point viciously up into a corner. It did not fit. I sat down and seized the evening paper, trying to read it upside down. I leaped up again and jammed in another piece. I examined that woman from all sides but the back. She showed no consciousness that her belt buckle wasn't straight or that her waist was not pulled down properly. Drat that woman! I thought fully as bad as that. I took a long breath and slowly ran my eye over the pieces. Ah, there it was! I seized it and lowered it carefully over the opening. Something was wrong. I pressed it down. I slammed it down—and the corner broke off.

*

My wife fled from the room, leaving me pounding the pieces of that puzzle with a footstool. Harry came to the door, and with a whoop bolted for the kitchen, returning in a moment with a hatchet. He was going to help dad. While I was transforming those five hundred and four pieces into several thousands, Harry was attacking two of the tables with the hatchet, at the same time handing out encouragement to me.

"Go it, dad." And I "go-ed" it with supreme delight.

"Give her an upper-cut, dad."

I used all the blows I know.

"Wallop her. Knock her block off. Perforate her think-tank."

I guess I did it all.

Blasphemy — such blasphemy as "Thunderin' Jehosophat," "Jiminy Crickets," "Jumpin' Judas"—flowed from my lips. And Harry elaborated with a proficiency that made me envious. Simpson happened to look in—and Simpson got his.

I was having more real satisfaction than I had had for many a day.

When my wife returned with the family physician, I was in bed sound asleep with my boots on. Harry was doing a picture puzzle with the pieces of the tables and making them fit with a hatchet.

After a day's rest they broke the news to me. While I had been at dinner the doctor, fearing for my reason, had crept in and substituted parts of another puzzle for the unmatched pieces of mine.

So that it was no sign of failing power that I had been unable to handle that woman. I could have finished her all right — if she hadn't first finished me.

FAME

By J. EDGAR MIDDLETON

A poppy sneers from her dark, dark hair,
A braggart poppy, with reckless air.
She dances, swaying the crimson bloom,
Lethean odours invade the room.
The music swells in a heavenly strain,
I smile at sorrow, I jest at pain,
And say: "To-morrow the Maid Divine
Will hear the tale of this love of mine."

And as I dream of a future fair,
The Poppy-Maid, with the dark, dark hair,
Another Queen of the Theban Nile,
Turns, languorous, with a melting smile
And bends on me such a loving glance
Inviting, passionate. Speed the dance,
Sing, viols, sing ye a cadence rare
I go to the Maid with the dark, dark hair!

She beckons. Ah, such a soft, brown eye!
Her bosom swells with a loving sigh.
I see the poppy so boldly red,
A martian star on her graceful head.
I speak, press onward to grasp her hand.
She turns. Ah, God, could I understand
That glance so chill, that majestic air
Of the Poppy-Maid with the dark, dark hair!

TRADE AND GOVERNMENT IN THE NORTHWEST

THE MONTAGUE PRIZE ESSAY

BY H. CAWLEY

OF all countries now in the stage of development, few indeed claim more attention than the district of North America, known for many years as the "Northwest." Its growth in importance surpasses that of any other British possession. Where once herds of wild buffalo roamed now there are prosperous farmers, ranchers, miners, and manufacturers of all kinds. Where the Indian lived in a tepee now stand well-built houses, rivalling in many instances those of the older Provinces. What was less than three centuries ago a mere bartering place for furs is now looked upon as the "Granary of the Empire." When time shall have peopled the more distant north, the young country will have taken on the strength of a giant, able to take her position among the nations of the world. With the advent of civilisation, the Indian and his beloved hunt have receded either to the districts of fewer inhabitants or settled down on the land reserved for him in the treaties made for him by his "Great White Mother."

Though the protection of Government is necessary for carrying on the development of trade at its best, still it is quite evident that trade always precedes any organised form of administration. "Enough is known of rude ages both from history and from analagous states in our own times to show that tribunals were originally established, not to determine rights, but to suppress violence and to repress quarrels." In the district hitherto called Manitoba and the Northwest sufficient is known to show that the different Indian tribes who once occupied this vast territory were granted certain rights in order that violence might be suppressed. A few white people had gathered together, taking possession of certain tracts of land, and, as their wants increased, they found some means of increasing their trade. Government as it now is in Western Canada arose from the want of protection by those who wished to develop their trade. Such was the beginning of trade and government. Its development has been true; that is, nothing has been lost at a higher stage which it possessed at a lower.

In the years 1668-1670 the first fur-trading post was erected on what is known as James Bay. It was the "nucleus of that system which was to spread its mighty arms far and wide over the northern half of the continent." By the middle of the seventeenth century two traders had wended their way beyond Lake Superior. Farther west they encountered a band of Indians — probably the Assiniboines — and learned from them that there was a great river leading to the western sea. From

reports kept in Norway House we find that the Indians had seen *The Nonsuch* on her maiden voyage to the Hudson Bay. During the next three years Groiselles — one of the traders — had but one aim, one hope, namely, to reach this western sea.

For such an undertaking capital of no small amount was necessary. Groiselles having appealed to his own people — the French — and being met with a refusal of any money for such an enterprise, he journeyed to Boston. But the people of New England had not been settled long enough to be able to afford him financial aid. Acting on the advice of the traders at Boston, he went to England. There he met a cousin of Charles II. named Prince Rupert. His plan appealed to the prince, and accordingly an expedition was sent out which realised the hopes of the enterprising trader. After a two-months' journey, the entrance to the Hudson Straits was sighted. Shortly after landing, a log hut was built, and in honour of the King it was named Fort Charles. Here began the fur trade of the West. The Indians were highly pleased to find traders so far north. Here the first exchanges took place and promises were made by the traders to return the following spring. During the year of 1670 a charter was granted by the King giving Prince Rupert and his associates a monopoly of the fur trade of the land drained by the rivers flowing into the Hudson Bay. The two traders — Groiselles and Radisson — were suitably rewarded for their work by the sovereign.

Scarcely had the charter been granted to the Hudson's Bay Company than settlers began to locate in many parts of the new country. A trading company arose in opposition to the chartered company, and in 1783 the Northwest Company commenced its career. Two brothers, named Frobisher, and Simon MacTavish were entrusted with the management. Still more competition was destined to enter in, and in 1882 Sir Alexander Mackenzie launched another company under the title of Sir A. Mackenzie and Company. In 1805 this company deemed it advisable to amalgamate with the Northwest Company. After a few years of keen rivalry the three, or rather two, companies decided to unite their interests, or, what is probably more correct, the Northwest Company ceased to exist, and again the Hudson's Bay Company reigned alone.

In 1855 the company applied for a renewal of its license, against which the Canadian Government strongly protested. In 1869 an arrangement was made by which the Hudson's Bay territory was transferred to the Crown. Perhaps no history, says an American, except that of the British East India Company, furnishes an example of so successful a corporation. The monopoly of northern furs, with the sole and absolute government of the vast regions from which the same were gathered, was held for two hundred years on the condition that the British Sovereign and his successors whenever they might choose to enter the territory should receive a present of two elks and two black beavers.

Though the company exists no longer as the "sole absolute governor" of the Northwest, it does still exist as the largest fur-trading company in the world. From the farthest corners of the civilised world men are drawn to its annual sales in the great metropolis—London. In practice, though not in theory, the officer is the governor, for the natives still look to the "Company" for their means of support. It is now a private trading corporation with an interest in one-twentieth of the land lying within the fertile belt. Its trade still extends from the rocky shores of Labrador to the western boundary of Canada.

The influence of such an organisation cannot fail to be felt, and much is due to the Hudson's Bay Company for their assistance in all matters

tending to suppress revolt of any kind. Their resources have been taxed to the utmost, and at times every officer and man has lent himself to aid the carrying out of laws which would benefit the West. To deal with a people possessing peculiarities like those of the Indians needed no little tact and discretion. Suffice it here to say, that the Company succeeded, proof of which is found in the faith exhibited by the Indian of to-day in the great "Company of Adventurers."

For upwards of two hundred years the fur trade was the chief means of sustenance for the country. But no one article can supply a people indefinitely. As it became known that the West was rich in furs more adventurers followed. As the population rapidly increased, the fur-bearing animals rapidly decreased, and agriculture was resorted to. Gradually it was realised that the Western Provinces were as rich as the Eastern Provinces for agricultural purposes. The chief difficulty was that of transit. In 1872 the Government of Canada was given power to negotiate and arrange terms with any company who would undertake the building of a railroad. The Canadian Pacific was organised, and in the following year the people of the West were joyous with the expectation of soon being in closer touch with the markets of the East. Finally, after many years of delay, the work of construction commenced and with it a great wave of prosperity. The pre-Confederation industries, namely furs and the importation of articles for the Indians, were almost forsaken, and wheat and flour were exported in large quantities. In 1889 the total output of wheat was scarcely one million bushels. In 1909 the total of one hundred and twenty millions found its way to different markets of the world. Millions of acres of arable land are still untouched. The boundless optimism which reigns in the West is justified by what has been done. The future has even greater possibilities. With the income of settlers, and capital controlled by men of business ability—not mere speculators—our wheat producing capabilities practically know no bounds.

During the last few years ranching has been driven farther and farther westward. Instead of attending either to grain-growing or stock-raising, some farmers, particularly in Alberta, have found it more profitable to engage in mixed farming. In this they have been encouraged by the Governments of the Province. In 1881 the trade reports make no mention of cheese factories or creameries. Ten years later eight creameries and twenty-three factories were accounted for. In 1908 reports were received from more than fifty of each. With the increased railroad facilities, great progress is being made, and soon the Prairie Provinces should be famous for their dairy products.

The mighty streams that abound in the north and west, draining millions of acres of fertile land, contain various kinds of fish in great abundance. Sturgeons of enormous size have been taken from the Red River in Manitoba. In Selkirk, in the same Province, the Dominion Government have built a hatchery, and in 1893 we find four hundred and fifty-three vessels employed in the fisheries. Further north the natives of Athabasca live almost solely on fish, and it is recorded from Fort Providence that in ten days one hundred and forty thousand fish were taken from the water.

Of the undeveloped branches of Western trade mining is the chief. In all the geological reports mention has been made of the great quantities of minerals abounding in the Northwest. Coal is of these the most plentiful. In Souris, Manitoba, and at the base of Turtle Mountain in the same Province, a good quality of lignite has been found. The area of this district is estimated at 15,000 square miles.

Along the base of the Rocky Mountains, extending as far eastward as the Peace River—almost five hundred miles—coal is now being extracted in large quantities. Though the geologists would not state that there is in this district a continuous coal-field up to the present there has been no reason to doubt that such is not the case. In the fall of 1884 the first mine was opened at Stair, in the Province of Saskatchewan. This was followed by the opening of a mine at Lethbridge. In 1887, seventy-four thousand tons were taken from western mines. In 1906, six mines in Alberta alone sent out six hundred thousand tons. In 1907 the total output of the Northwest was one million eight hundred and forty-one thousand tons.

At Dauphin, Manitoba, another mineral, amber, has been found and a company formed to work the deposit. Three hundred miles north of Edmonton, and along the Athabasca River natural gas and crude oil have been located. In the Saskatchewan River, near Edmonton, gold bars have been brought forth, the highest yield in one year being valued at $58,000. That large area known as the Yukon, which at one time attracted the attention of the world, in one year sent nuggets to the value of $16,000,000. It is clear that the gold fields of the Yukon, the petroleum wells of Athabasca, the salt springs of Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis, and the gypsum surrounding Lake Martin are as yet industries in their infancy.

For the development and the possibilities of trade in the northern portions of Saskatchewan, Alberta, and the farther North, the clearest knowledge is gleaned from evidence given before a Select Committee of the Senate of Canada during the parliamentary sesion of 1906-7. It is estimated that the land available for agriculture in Mackenzie and Northern Alberta is 100,000,000 acres. North of Lake Winnipeg there is an area of five to ten thousand square miles of country suitable for mixed farming. In the Peace River section alone the land fit for agriculture is equal to that already settled in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to-day. The posibilities in agriculture in the regions west of Hudson Bay, east of the Rockies, and north of the Saskatchewan watershed, practically know no bounds.

Such then has been the development in trade, but it is still developing. Without exaggeration, it can be said that the development of the Northwest has scarcely commenced. With the establishment of experimental farms, the interest in scientific methods is stimulated and the land not "butchered" but cultivated. Not only in grain producing is the interest aroused, but also in all branches of agriculture. The demand for Canadian cattle is ever on the increase, and Canadian dairy products are more widely known than ever before.

When we turn to view the development of Government in the Northwest, we find that the pioneers had no easy problem to solve. For two hundred years the "Company" had ruled alone. As the land surveyors began their work, difficulties arose. Those people who were already in possession of certain plots of land were little inclined to be disturbed. They were uneducated, and knew little, if anything, of constitutional government. They had lived almost in a state of isolation. The climax was reached in 1869, when a French half-breed led an insurrection against the Government. An armed force forbade the Governor of the new Province — Honourable William MacDougall — to enter. The rebels formed a provisional government. Fort Garry — originally a trading post — was seized and a proclamation was issued. The people were requested to send representatives. Louis Riel, the leader, was appointed President of the newly-formed Council. On December 1st, Mr. MacDougall authorised Colonel Dennis to

raise a force and suppress the rebellion, but Dennis failed in the carrying out of the plan. Doctor Schultz, along with five hundred white men, was captured and imprisoned by the rebels. On the return of Mr. MacDougall to Ontario a special commissioner was despatched to the scene. This man, one of tact and experience, was Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona. Forty members, equally French and English, were gathered together, and a Bill of Rights was drawn up. The dove of peace seemed to be hovering near when an event happened which shocked the whole Dominion. Thomas Scott, one of the prisoners, was by the command of Riel led out to the front of the fort and shot. It was a fatal step. The indignation of the Ottawa Government knew no bounds. Colonel Wolseley was despatched at once to the West. Fort Garry was reached at the end of August, 1870. The rebel leaders had fled. What was now to be done? The appointed Governor had returned to the East. Wolseley had no control except that of martial law. To declare this was exceedingly dangerous with an ignorant people. To solve the difficulty Donald A. Smith acted as Administrator until the arrival of the Governor.

Whilst Wolseley and his men were plodding over the "Dawson road," the "Manitoba Act" was passed. It was the birth of representative institutions in the Northwest. On September the second Lieutenant-Governor Archibald arrived, and the machinery of government was soon set in motion. Twenty-four electoral districts were formed, each of which was to send a representative to a legislative assembly. A council of five was then selected to advise the Governor. The "Act" stated how the Province of Manitoba was to be governed, and defined its boundaries. The year 1871 saw Manitoba launching out on her career of local government. Immigration flowed westwards, and the new Province soon became an important member of the Confederation.

Having first established a system of government in the Province, the Governor then turned to the affairs of the Indians. In treating these people, extraordinary tact was necessary. Mr. Wemyss Simpson was appointed Indian Commissioner and empowered to make treaties with them. Proclamations were issued, and after several conferences had been held with the Indians, two treaties were made. The Indians yielded their lands and accepted the plan of their "Great White Mother" to live on reserves. These reserves were allotted as follows: One hundred and sixty acres of land were given to each family of five, and a school was to be built on each reserve. Though not ideal, it was the best which could be done at the time. The critics of the scheme have been many, yet we await some one not only to criticise but to formulate a plan more satisfactory to both parties. The "errand of peace" was carried westward, and the pipe of peace was smoked.

Since 1870 the political sea has not been always calm. Storms periodically arise, and winds sweep over it sufficient at times to swamp a more tried craft, but she has weathered them all.

This organised district was but a small portion of the vast area known as the Northwest. It was therefore necessary that provision be made for the administration (temporary) of that part yet unorganised. To the Northwest Mounted Police the thanks of the Government are due. When the force was called into being its number was limited to three hundred. With this small force it was often necessary to guard thousands of miles of territory, bring prisoners similar distances, and keep the order, which the liquor supplied to the Indians often caused to be broken.

Until 1876, the territory westward from Manitoba to the Rocky Moun-

tains was under the control of the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, who with the aid of a council of eleven members, carried on all that was necessary for the local government. Since that time each of the Provinces has passed through the gradual stages of government. For a time each was governed by a Lieut.-Governor and a Legislative Assembly possessing powers similar to those given to the other Provinces by the Union Act of 1867. There was, however, one exception: they were not allowed to borrow on the sole credit of the Territories; but the districts were outgrowing such a system, they were becoming eager for home rule and responsible government. In 1885 a second rebellion broke out, which, though led by the same leader, mirrored perhaps vaguely the longing for representative government.

Until 1887 they were unrepresented in the Federal Parliament. During that year an Act was passed granting them two senators, and four elected representatives. In the year 1906 the new Provinces came into existence. Alberta and Saskatchewan were given local self-government. For Saskatchewan the honour of selection for Premiership fell upon Mr. Walter Scott. The first session of the new Legislature was opened on March 29th by Lieut.-Governor Forget. Mr. Thomas McNabb was elected Speaker. In the speech from the Throne it was stated that the Territorial laws existing before the creation of the Province would remain in force. At an early date it was the intention of the Government to revise and consolidate them.

It is worthy of note that the first session of the Legislature of this Province is recorded as being the most stormy of recent times. The question of a capital was one of great interest. Regina expected the honour, Moose Jaw passed strong resolutions at its Board of Trade and City Council meetings. Deputations waited upon the Government from Saskatoon. Prince Albert was spoken of as the centre of the Province and therefore the one which ought to be selected. On May 2nd, 1906, the Government, by a majority of twenty-one votes to two, decided in favour of Regina. Thus was organised and set into motion the machinery of that Province, which bids fair to attract the majority of settlers from the motherland. In 1871 Lieutenant Butler reported that "the country is without any executive organisation and destitute of any means to enforce the authority of its law."

The great government majority in Alberta—twenty-three to two—prevented the heated arguments which characterised the first meeting in the new sister Province. Here Premier Rutherford, whose work in the Territorial Assembly was excellent training, was chosen. Much work was to be done, and the Government set themselves to the task with a right good will. The Honourable W. H. Cushing outlined the work to a reporter of *The Winnipeg Free Press* as follows: "After the selection of a permanent capital, the erection of Legislative Buildings and a Government House would become necessary. These buildings would be on a scale in keeping with the future of the Province. They would cost a good deal, but there was a grant from the Dominion to assist in this work, amounting to $93,000 a year for five years." To this Government is due the rapid strides made in the dairy and creamery trades already mentioned.

The first session of the Legislature of the new Province of Alberta was opened by the Lieutenant-Governor, Honourable G. H. V. Bulyea. In the speech from the Throne the settlers were welcomed, particular reference was made to the success of Government creameries, to a Provincial University, and promises were made for legislation of all kinds which would tend to the welfare of the Province. It is remarkable to find that the Opposition (two) occupied

no small time in presenting its protests. Among the numerous Acts already passed by this Government there is one that attracts especial attention. It empowers municipalities to establish and operate telephone stations in the Province. Municipalities are also empowered to levy a special assessment for the purpose of establishing a telephone system.

The territory known as the Yukon on April 17th, 1907, held an election for a Council. Five members were appointed by the Dominion Government and five were elected by the people. Honourable Frank Oliver, replying in Parliament on March 12th of the same year, hinted that this Council would probably be the last under the present system. In 1906 Mr. McInnes, who had been appointed Commissioner of the district, prepared the Mining Code. In this he had the aid and approval of the Yukon Council. The proposals appeared radical to many; nevertheless Mr. McInnes believed that the mining laws had to be changed to attract capital to that district.

It may be relied upon that indefinite, and to us inconceivable, advances will be made in the development of trade and government in the districts of Western Canada. Within the last thirty years the growth has been abnormal. Yet all has not gone smoothly. Directly the crop is sown, speculation arises. People become excited and overtrade. A state of convulsion is reached. Banks begin to tighten, and a time of stress ensues. Such conditions do not hasten progress, but rather act as a check. Much capital and energy are wasted. A lazy disposition is oftentimes developed in those who otherwise would have continued the daily round of labour. So periodical have such commercial crises become that many writers have gone so far as to give the month and year in which they will return. But we are a new country. We have the flower of human race developing in our midst. We can build, and should build, only after having considered the experiences of others. In those pursuits where other nations have failed we should act cautiously. Where they have succeeded, we should study. During the development of the West special care should be taken in choosing those who shall govern. Legislation for trade must be such as shall forbid private trusts or corporations monopolising the interests of the land. Yet it must be such as shall encourage individual effort and allow a free ethical development. With such a growth the trade and government of Manitoba and the Northwest will stand the test of time, and future generations will look back with satisfaction to those who laid the foundations.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Though the blush rose incarnadine his bed
And his last slumber dreamless be and long,
Still, thro' the green and gold above his head,
Murmurs the uncommunicable song.

THE APPROACH OF THE COMPANY

BULL-FIGHTING IN MEXICO

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A CANADIAN WOMAN

BY MRS. FRED A. HODGSON

EUROPEAN customs are usually interesting, and probably bull-fighting leads them all in originality, sensationalism, and brutality. There exists no doubt as to the practice of sacrificing live stock at the altar of pleasure being distinctly Spanish, for bull-fighters, with few exceptions, are Andalusians from the southern Province of Spain, where now, as in olden times, the influence of the conquering Moor is most felt. In Mexico, where I first became acquainted with this vicious sport, the love of bull-fighting is universal, and the Republic has proved that it need not look to the Peninsula for men brave enough to make their mark in the Arena. Despite what moralists say to the contrary, there is an attraction not wholly demoralising attached to the bull-fight, and, certainly to tourists, this sport is always a fitting climax to a tour through the land of flowers, tradition and *pulque*. I presume the game has its merits. Why not, when football, baseball, hockey, and our various Canadian sports, not always devoid of brutality, have such a hold on our own level-headed youth? It is difficult, however, to make outsiders understand the separate causes which produce the infatuation of the majority, or the toleration of the remaining few for this unnatural diversion. It is a fact, nevertheless, that no other form of amusement has the magic power to draw the last penny

THRUSTING THE BANDERILLAS

from the poorest fruit vendor or lace worker.

Foreigners attending a bull-fight for the first time are disgusted, horrified, yea, nauseated beyond expression by what they see and hear. The revolting cruelty to the bull, and the sickening spectacle of horses torn and disembowelled before their eyes are things which in their wildest flights of fancy they did not picture; yet, nine out of every ten go again, moreover long to go again. There is a fascination in it all that they cannot define, and, before they are aware of it, they become enthusiasts, throwing their money to the reigning favourite like a native, and when they master the technicalities of the game, they are indeed lost. The atmosphere of the bull-ring is intoxicating; the spirit of medieval times fills the soul; and as one glances around the immense *Plaza de toros* one is carried back to the ancient amphitheatre, and to the *Ave, Cæsar, Morituri te Salutant!* of the Roman gladiators, and thus realises that one welcomes this reminder of a time when life was moulded on different lines from the dull modernism of the present day.

My first, and I regret to say not my last, visit to a bull-fight was made in the City of Mexico. The *Plaza de Toros*, an immense circular building situated on the outskirts of the capital city, with a huge ring in the centre, around which were ranged several tiers of seats, gave me the impression of a great circus. It was a magnificent afternoon. My heart beat furiously, and my flushed cheeks betrayed the fact to a number of amused spectators in adjoining boxes that I was a novice. Had it been mid-winter, my finger-tips could not have been colder, while the palms of my gloves were wet with perspiration. I was genuinely frightened and candidly ashamed of myself. A few weeks later, however, I occupied the same box, still ashamed, but not nearly so anxious to leave. The *Plaza* during the game is usually crowded with the *élite* of the city, and super-crowded by an immense throng of the humbler classes, whose enthusiasm and expectant faces testify to their innate love of the national sport. Riots are not uncommon, when the game does not

THE PICA TRICK

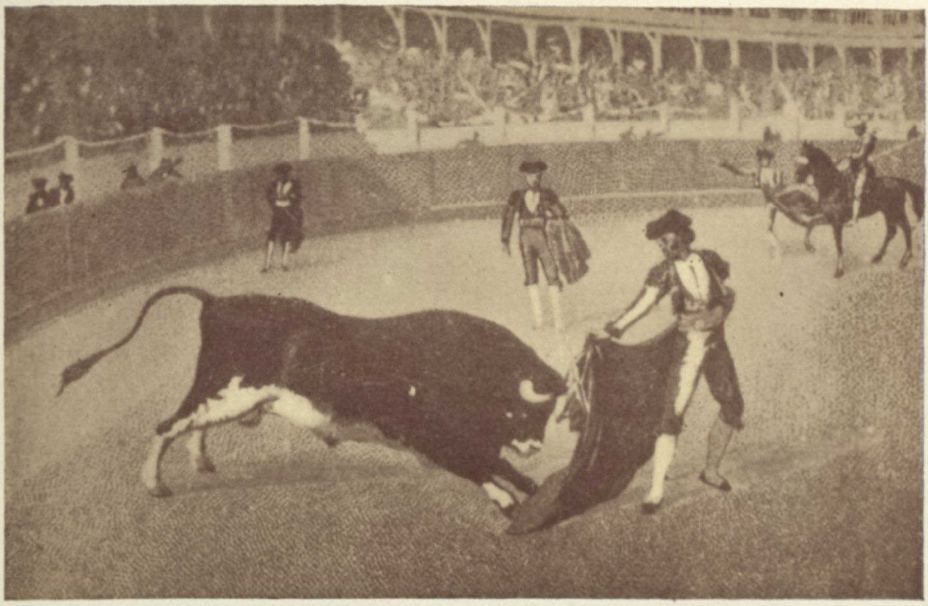
come up to expectation. If the bulls are too tame, and do not show fight, or if by any mischance a *torrero* displays cowardice, then indeed pandemonium reigns supreme, soldiers probably having to be called out in order to restore peace.

Though marked by no unusual occurrence, my initial visit is indelibly stamped on my mind. As the hour approached for festivities to begin, the buz of thousands of voices and the noises of myriads of swaying fans were audible even outside the gates. Precisely at three o'clock the President, or High Judge of the game, entered his box, and simultaneously a burst of music filled the air The silence was now as intense as the noise had been penetrating. All eyes were turned on the man, for he it was who opened the performance Stepping to the front of the box, he held up a white handkerchief, the signal to begin. A bugle sounded, the band struck up a march, and down in the ring, where all eyes were now centred, and opposite the official box, the great door opened, and a procession, a beautiful prelude to a disgusting sequel, marched out. First came two men in black velvet, mounted on magnificent white chargers, the white plumes in their hats waving rhythmically to the measured stepping of the horses. Behind them marched the *matadors* (swordsmen), followed by the *cuaderilla* (company); first, the *banderilleros* and *capas*, gaudily attired in red, yellow, blue and green, a gay-looking group indeed, with the spangles of gold and silver on their garments glittering in the light. Following these came the *picadors*, mounted on worn-out, sorry-looking nags. Ii is this unfortunately indispensible part of the *corrida*, the *suerte de varas*, that makes the bullfight a thing to be deplored. This it is that renders it useless for Spaniard or Mexican to urge anything in favour of the *tauromachic* art. Finally came the mules for dragging out the dead horses and bulls. They were picturesque animals as they appeared bedecked in flags and bells, with their attendants equally adorned. This procession halted in front of the President's box; the horsemen in black doffed their hats, and one of

THE FALL OF THE PICADOR

them, addressing the Box, asked whether it were fitting that the tournament begin. Having replied in the affirmative, the President threw down a key, which a *mazo* (servant) handed to one of the horsemen, after which their couriers in black rode away in opposite directions to meet again at the main entrance. The *matadors* now approached, saluted, then followed the lead of the others, meanwhile doffing their magnificent capes, which they tossed to friends in the audience (an honour, always welcomed), and donned capes of less expensive material and more suitable for the work. The *picadors* had meanwhile stationed themselves at equal distances about the ring, their long *picas* ever ready for the onslaught of the bull whenever he might appear. Gaily-dressed men, alert and supple, hovered near the barriers, waiting and anxious for the battle to begin. A bugle sounded, the gates swung wide apart, and in rushed a wild creature of the fields, long-horned and ferocious — a superbly magnificent brute. As the animal entered the gate, a man who stood ready thrust a sharp instrument of iron, shaped at the point like a fish-hook with a handle of wood to which were tied the national colours of Mexico, into the bull's shoulder. This was meant as a tantaliser; and the animal accepted it as such, for with a snort of rage, his eyes glistening like diamonds, foam hanging from his mouth and flecking his jaws, fight showing in every movement, he madly tore into the ring. Infuriated with the pain from the instrument of torture in his back and further tormented by the *torreros*, who, as soon as he had entered the Arena, began waving their red capes in front of his eyes; the animal ran hither and thither in his endeavour to attack one or all of them. This is called the *capa* act, and is merely child's play compared to that which followed.

Truly the battle was on. Spying the *picador* on his right, the bull charged. It was awful. The suspense only a second, but in that second, horse and rider went up in the air. Satisfied, the animal shook himself from the



THE MANTLE TRICK

bleeding horse and was ready for the next. A moment more of agony, and another *picador* holding his *pica* with almost superhuman strength received the charge. The tawny massive head of the beast all but touched the ground; then, as if in disdain, he threw up his head and advanced again. The *picador's* adroit handling of horse and *pica* saved the life of both. Pausing for a moment to get his bearings, the frenzied bovine made another lunge, which, despite the wonderful resistance of the man, was this time effectual. Like his predecessor, the *picador* was thrown into the air. With a roar, the bull was almost upon him. Surely he would be gored to death. The excitement was intense. The spectators rose *en masse*. A human life was at stake. Scarcely had he been thrown before half a dozen men were flying to the spot, ready to defend their prostrate comrade. One of them, with almost magic agility, flaunted his cape in front of the bull's nose. This was a new enemy. The bull now turned from the *picador* and charged his new aggressor. Before we knew it, the bull had torn through the cape only to be disappointed — the man was not behind it. Again and again he rushed at the cape, but the man invariably escaped unhurt. It was a wonderful play of skill. Baffled, dizzy, maddened, the great beast ran across and around the ring, foam and blood oozing from his dilated nostrils, but he was defeated at every turn. Weary and nonplussed, he stopped in the centre of the ring, took a survey of the ground in general, spied his recent adversary, and gave chase. It was exciting beyond expression. One second the man was scarcely in the lead; the next, he was out of danger, as with the agility of a cat he sprang over the barrier, while the bull, enraged, pawed the earth and took his bearings again. Two more blindfolded horses, with their riders, awaited his coming. He was not long in deciding, and, though weak from loss of blood, his attack was terrible. Ere the men singled out had a chance to resist, how the audience hissed him! For man, horse and bull were

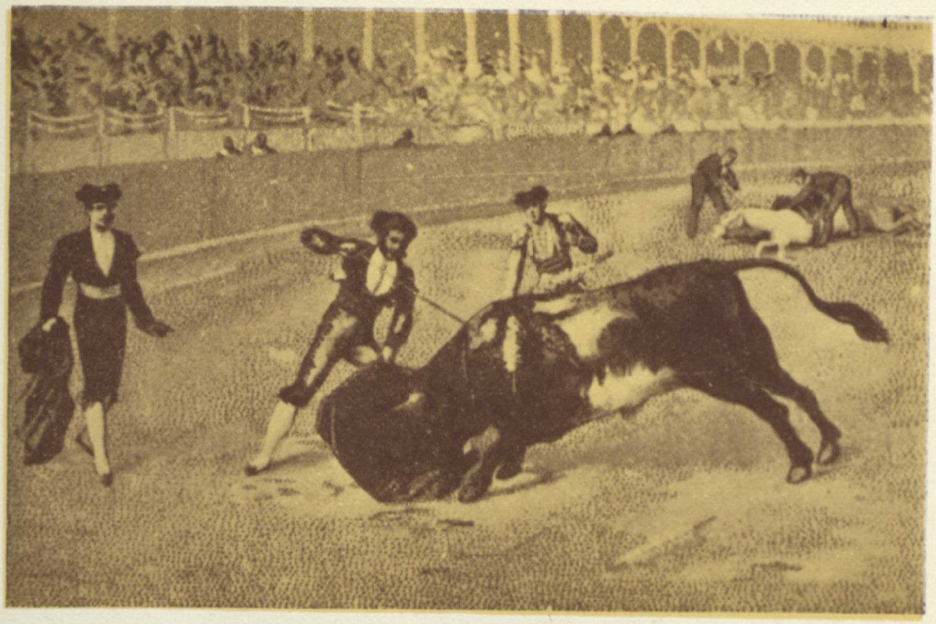
EXCITING THE BULL WITH THE MULETA

rolling in the dust. Who could be the victor? Not the horse, poor disembowelled animal. Not the man, he lay insensible (though fortunately not seriously hurt) on the ground.

What an air of satisfaction the bull had when he rose to his feet and faced the fourth *picador!* The fight was less ferocious now, and the man, amid deafening cheers, was victorious.

Perhaps this play was becoming monotonous, for when, at the sound of a bugle, the *banderilleros*, minus capes but carrying rather short iron barbed sticks, wound round with bright-coloured papers, entered the ring the applause was deafening. Great skill is required to properly perform this pretty but cruel part of the game. The men in turn walk up to the bull and plant their pair of sticks in the bull's shoulders, one on either side of his head. If the work is clumsily done, the spectators show their disapproval by hisses, while, if both *banderillas* are placed with all the requirements of the art, the man for the moment becomes a hero, and the band strikes up the "Diana," a musical mark of approval very dear to the heart of every Mexican. After this portion of the fight comes the *matador*, the man whose work consists in despatching the bull. This man must of necessity be brave and an adept, for, with the eyes of the multitude (it is always a multitude at a bull-fight) upon him, it would be disaster indeed to himself were he to fail.

With his *muleta* of bright scarlet and a shining sword in his left hand, the *matador* marched up to the bull, which was now entirely on the defensive. Shaking the scarlet cloth, he slowly advanced. The bull tossed his head, glanced at his new adversary, and charged; but the man was ready. Quickly changing his sword to his right hand, he raised it, and waited. The bull, in a frenzy, pawed the ground, lowered his head, and this time received the sword to its hilt under the shoulder-blade. It then gave one convulsive shudder, and rolled over on the ground, dead. The *matador*, who was indeed king for the time being, acknowledged the ap-

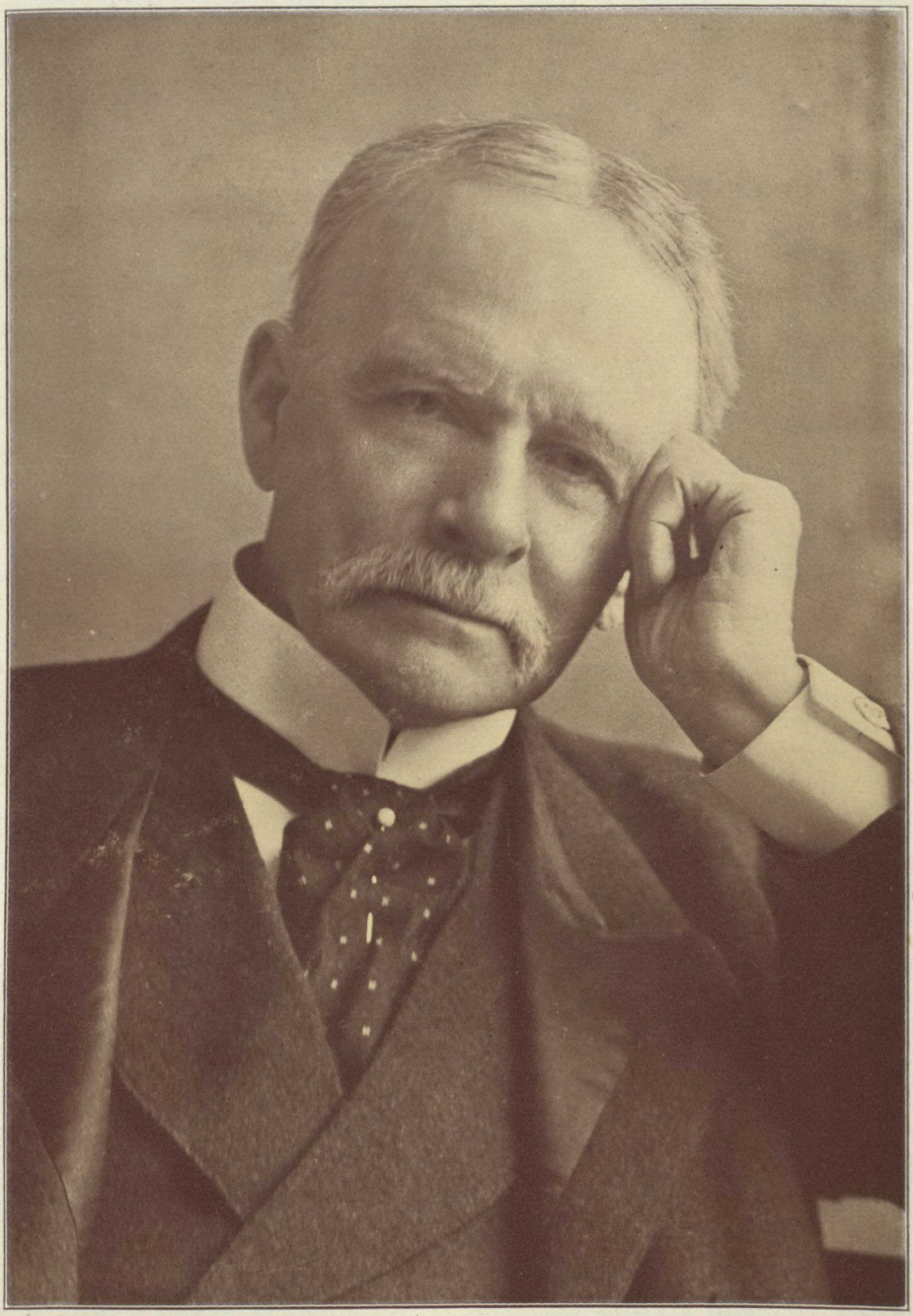


THE SWORD THRUST

plause by bowing and smiling and walking around the ring. This alone was worth the price of admission. It is impossible to describe the air with which he received the cheers and plaudits of the crowd.

During the afternoon this whole programme was repeated seven times, not a soul leaving the place until the last bull had been killed.

Gruesome, yet fascinating, it is to be deplored that civilised countries countenance such amusements; yet we cannot say that there is nothing to admire or commend. We find valour, skill, quickness of eye, bodily strength, an adroitness in meeting unexpected situations, together with artistic commingling of colour and good music. What a pity these elements were not centred in some diversion less brutal, less demoralising. I believe, however, the day is not far distant when bull-fighting will be but a memory. Even now baseball has gained a strong foothold in Mexico, while golf, tennis, and the more refined games have adherents among the upper classes, and links and courts are becoming quite as fashionable and enticing as the time-worn *Plaza de Toros*.



THE LATE SIR GEORGE A. DRUMMOND,

Born at Edinburgh; died at Montreal, February 2nd, 1910, aged 81 years

THE TREADMILL AT P. J.

BY W. E. ELLIOTT

JUST why "Long Tom" McIntyre and "Jack" Ross underwent a telegraphers' purgatory for the sake of "Old Bill" Mason is hard to explain, unless on the ground of the underlying nobility of mankind, as exhibited even in the humble personality of a railway operator. More than likely they had no suspicion it would stretch out so long.

Bill came West from "The Peg" (which, being interpreted, is Winnipeg) early in the spring, to take the place of George Barker, who with some suddenness had turned his face toward the land of street cars, brick walls and brokers' offices. Bill immediately after his arrival at Prairie Junction began to exhibit a severe cough. To Ross and McIntyre, who represented the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraph Company at Prairie Junction, he explained that he had caught a little cold while riding the blind baggage on the Great Northern, crossing the border to Winnipeg, to look for a job, which he had found with the C.P.R., and which moved him out to the Junction—"P. J."

A bottle of "dope" obtained at the little post-office drug-store failed to "fix him up," and McIntyre, who was nominally agent, put the new arrival on the afternoon shift with the idea that sunlight, even the limited amount that filtered into the low-roofed station, might be better than the chilly night air for a racking cough.

But Mason hacked away, a little worse as the days went on. So vehement were his spasms at times that he would lose the connection of a message and have to "break," repetitions of which irritated the sender immensely, particularly the alleged fast men at "Wn,"—which is the C.P.R. wire call for Winnipeg.

One evening, a month after Mason's arrival, McIntyre came in and found him staring at a bright red stain on his handkerchief.

Later, when Ross, yawning, came on in his turn, McIntyre said:

"It's the 'con,' all right, I guess."

"Poor beggar," was Ross' only comment.

Meanwhile Mason had hastily taken a livery rig and driver and headed for Gopher Mound, five miles north, where the nearest doctor lived.

The doctor came to a conclusion as quickly as McIntyre had. Pity mingled with a sort of curiosity in the physician's gaze as he asked in quite a gentle tone:

"Are you married?"

"Not married," answered the operator, a cold fear clutching at his heart. He avoided "No" with a half-consciousness that the solitary syllable would not pass his dry lips.

"So much the better. I suppose you know about how much chance there is for a man in a fairly well advanced stage of consumption?"

Mason nodded. He didn't know, really, but it seemed easier not to speak.

A few curt questions, and the doctor disappeared into his little dispensary. The patient regarded the pictures and ornaments of the room

with a half-seeing gaze. A map of the Company's lines mocked him by impressing the knowledge that he was but an atom in a town that was itself but a dot among countless other dots. He felt himself an inconsiderable cog in some immense machine which his crippling would not greatly affect and in which his absence could be replaced in a moment. Even back in old Belleville, his parents dead, was there anyone to care——

The doctor emerged with a bottle of some dark liquid and a smaller one of some colourless stuff. These he handed to the patient, with some general directions about taking care of himself, and in a minute or two Mason and the driver were spinning homeward in the dark along the narrow trail.

To the endless thump, thump, thump of the horse's hoofs on the black earth there ran through Mason's mind a snatch of conversation that burned itself into his brain: "I suppose you know about how much chance there is for a man in an advanced stage of consumption?" The silence became agony, and the oft repeated sentence finally passed his lips. The driver did not seem greatly surprised. To Mason it seemed as if he were not overly interested.

"Not much, I guess," the liveryman ventured. An awkward silence followed, and then: "Too bad," he said.

Mason longed to talk, talk about anything, everything, that he might forget, if it were possible, but the chilly air sought his lungs and warned him sharply. Besides, he felt a vague resentment at the man's strong voice and brown face and general appearance of robust health.

Ross came into Mason's room at Mrs. McLean's little house on his way to work next morning, and heard all.

"I suppose I'll be able to work for a while," Mason said, gazing out across the prairie, "and, after that, you'll have to get someone else down —while I die, Ross, do you hear?" He spoke sharply, that he might not betray feeling, and the grim figure of death mocked him behind his closed eyelids as he lay back on the white coverlet of the bed.

"Cheer up, old man," Ross urged, as heartily as he could. It was on his tongue to say: "It may not be true," or, "It may be all for the best," but either would have sounded foolish, so he forbore. "We'll not send for another man till we have to, see?" was what he did say. Then, with his hand on the doorknob: "I suppose you're not extra well fixed?"

"Nothing but my pay, Jack, and the doctor got nearly the last of my May wad."

Prairie Junction was a busy office. The town was of no size, but here a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway joined the main line, and many railway messages were relayed; also the commercial wire was often loaded. The work was done in three eight-hour reliefs, the operator on duty acting as freight-agent, ticket-seller and sometimes as yard-man.

Mason fought hard to hold up his end, but fell a little short. Ross formed the habit of staying past his own time to "finish some work," and McIntyre would drop in and lend a hand because "things were dull" outside. Mason saw through it, and looked grateful. Meanwhile terrible fits of coughing shook his body, and the handkerchief always bore the crimson stains.

One day Tom ran across a train order that looked wrong and queried "Wn" as to the hour mentioned in it. His suspicion was confirmed: Mason had copied an eight for a seven; missed a bit of Morse while coughing, no doubt, and taken a chance rather than break his sender.

Tom and Jack held a short but important consultation that morning, and as a result invited Mason to stay away from the key.

"Get out in the sun, old man," Ross advised him, "and give your

system a chance; we'll sign messages for you, and there won't be any trouble about your pay check. We'll get along all right."

To Mason they made it appear that all three were parties to a highly humorous "job" on the Company, and particularly on the wire chief at "Wn."

"No train wrecks on this division, if we can help it," was what they said to themselves.

But the subject of their comment walked out along the hot track, his head erect and eyes brighter through Ross' half careless words: "Give your system a chance."

Eight hours in these times of labour unions is considered a day's work. Ten is supposed to be something of a "grind." Twelve is slavery. McIntyre and Ross became slaves. Tom toiled from noon to midnight over the wires, the manifolding and the books; Ross from midnight to noon. The only variation was when pressure of work extended the time somewhat. Soon most of their meals were sent over to the station.

"You take faster now than you did," observed the operator at Pipestone, over the wire one afternoon, after McIntyre had copied a long despatch and signed "M" for Mason.

"Sure, life is short," McIntyre replied, with the key, smiling grimly to himself. Mason was a pretty fair telegrapher before he took sick, but he had some peculiarities. For one thing, he used to send an unmerciful number of dots for "6," and wild horses couldn't drag him out of the habit of holding down the dashes in his five until they really meant ciphers. Then he used a number of most outlandish code words picked up when he worked an A. P. (Associated Press) wire. In sending in press, "fbo" seemed adequate representation for "fire broke out," to his mind, and "cbi" quite plain for "covered by insurance." Ross and McIntyre imitated at times his freaks with Morse, just to round off their little deception and make sure that no suspicion of Mason's absence arose.

The dark green wheat blades in the unfenced "fields" grew tall and headed out. The brown prairie-grass around the sloughs became ripe and was cut. The last of their barley in, farmers commenced to haul the balance of their winter wheat to the elevators, changing each day to a different team of horses tired with the long seeding work. Grain traffic added to the cares of the two unkempt toilers at the Junction. Mondays there were outward shipments of hogs, much cattle came through from the ranching country farther west, and immigrant trains became a nightmare.

Ross stood it a little better than McIntyre, but both men grew pale and haggard. For a short time poor Mason used to attend to the batteries and semaphores, and do a little work about the freight-shed, but not for long. Gradually, uncomplaining, his companions placed each task on their own bowed shoulders.

Once the Reverend Orville Goode, head of the Methodist congregation which occupied the little frame church Sunday mornings, came over and asked if one of them would not come to service. Ross, who was on duty, laughed without mirth and with a sudden thought turned in his chair and said:

"Look here, we can't go, you know; the work prevents. But you go over to Mrs. McLean's and ask for a man by the name of Mason. He—he's not well, and he might be glad to see you, and go to church, too. But don't tell him I sent you."

In July there were arrivals of harvesting implements for the Junction and stations down the branch line. The wires grew hot with crop reports, train orders, press stuff and service messages. With wearied brains, the men found it harder and harder to work quickly, and each began to stay on after his relief came, to "square things away."

One night, after a blazing day in August, Ross failed to hear his alarm clock. That sometimes happened now. McIntyre worked on till one o'clock, and then went across to the little white house and up to their room. He shook Jack's sleeping form gently, without result, then more vigorously. Ross opened his eyes, stared at the other standing there in the white moonlight and turned his face to the pillow.

"O-h-h, God!" he moaned. The agony in his voice sent the blood to McIntyre's heart. "What is it, Jim?" he begged.

But Jim sat up with a jerk, stepped to the washstand in the corner and dashed three double handfuls of cool water over his face.

"All right, my boy," he declared, trying to speak brusquely. "I dreamed I was at the old home, and I wasn't specially glad to see your ugly mug with this room for a background. How's business?"

"Quiet. I thought for a minute you—"

"Yes, I know. I wonder if a fellow *would* go dippy if he kept this grind up too long?"

"Shouldn't wonder. How's the invalid?"

"Oh, petering out. His life's just a breath in him, the doctor told Mrs McLean on Tuesday."

"Sh-h! He might hear you! I don't suppose he sleeps very well."

But a day came, late in September, when Mason felt "ever so much better, boys," though he said it in a very weak voice. "Just hang on a bit longer," he explained, "and I'll be over to do my turn. I could copy to-day, I think, but my hand shakes so I couldn't send."

This was a few days after Ferguson, the auditor, had been at Prairie Junction. McIntyre told him that Mason was "a little bit under the weather." When the official volunteered to call on him, Ross calmly informed him that Mason was asleep. Both drew a breath of relief when Ferguson climbed on his car and the train pulled out.

Jack interviewed Mrs. McLean about Mason's feeling better.

"They always do, nearly," the woman said, "but it's just the flicker of the candle before it goes out. I should say he would last a week, but no longer."

Mrs. McLean was only partly right The candle went out in the early hours of the next morning. Tom was with Mason when he died. Jack would have been, too, but there was a freight-train at the next station, and someone had to stay within call of the sounder in the office.

"Jim, old man, I'm going out. I thought I was better, but I must have got the code wrong. Even the old alarm clock is giving me 'thirty.' Can't you make out the dot-dot-dot-dash-dot dash?"

All this a few words at a time, while Ross tried not to listen to the rasping sound which accompanied the dying man's breathing.

"Say, Ross, old chap, I—may as well—tell you—my name's not Mason—it's McDonald. Colonel McDonald—head of the Northern—is my father. We quarrelled—"

Poor Mason, as they knew him, was almost past the power of speech.

"Ross," he whispered, "you men—have been white—"

"All right, old man, don't try to talk; make yourself as comfortable as you can," said his companion, wishing the grip of the thin hand would relax long enough for him to get across to the office and send a message.

Some time during the next half hour he dozed off. A ghastly, rattling sound woke him in time to see Mason clutch at his throat and then fall back lifeless.

Ross spread the white sheet over the wasted form, and went out into the starry night. The freight was just a mile out, and the shrill whistle shrieked joyously at the crossing.

GENIUS FOR ESCAPING

BY JAMES LAWLER

WHEN a railway passenger is awakened by the stopping of the train at night, how often does he give a thought to the man at the head of the train? The passenger has never had an accident, and he believes he never will. The vast majority of railway travellers never meet with an accident, and the railway companies seek to keep up this record by selecting the men who have a genius for escaping. The man who meets with accidents gets out of the business. The man who escapes, even by a hair's breadth, gets the good runs and draws railway presidents, premiers and even royalty itself. It is a rough-and-ready method, but it prevails. One man may be as deserving as the other, but, whether success is caused by skill or by luck, the company sticks to the man who keeps his train on time and out of the ditch.

Talk to these successful men and they will admit that many a time they have come within an inch of the fate of their less successful brothers. Here are some stories told by a veteran railroader, who, after twenty-five years of service, retired without having cost any railway a dollar for accidents. The first story relates to a section of track east of Montreal where one engineer met with an accident that became the talk of a continent and where the other escaped on the brink.

This is an accident which befell a trainload of German immigrants at Belœil, Quebec, about 1870. It is well known to the older railway men, but, so far as the general public is concerned, is to-day a comparatively unknown story.

The immigrant train in question was coming west, and at Richmond, Quebec, a new locomotive and crew had to be ready to take it on. The engineer selected had never been over the road. He asked for a pilot (a man who knows the road), but could not get one, so he went out under protest. There was a shortage of passenger cars and the immigrants, numbering about three hundred men, women and children, were seated on rough benches rigged up in box-cars, through the open doors of which they received light, air, and a view of the country.

At Belœil the railway crosses the River Richelieu by means of a swing bridge which is approached from the east by a steep down grade. Had there been a pilot he would have told the engineer to have his train in hand at the top of the grade. For otherwise it would be impossible to stop should the bridge be open. Having no such advice, the engineer struck the down grade at a good speed, and suddenly found the semaphore against him and the bridge open to let a boat pass. He whistled to the crew to put on the brakes, reversed his engine, and did everything possible to stop the train, but all to no purpose. Those were the days before air brakes, and his lumbering, clattering train of box-cars filled with human freight could not be stopped in its rush toward the river. The locomotive dropped through the open draw and

alighted on a barge filled with grain that was passing through. The fireman escaped unhurt. The engineer, as his engine left the last solid span of the bridge, grasped a guard chain and saved himself. The cars crashed down into the river in a fearful jumble, out of which but few persons were rescued alive.

The man who never met with an accident came near finishing his career at this very bridge. He was then fireman on a heavy freight train approaching the bridge from the east. It has been said that here there is a bad grade sloping down toward the bridge. It may be added that the grade is three miles long. On regular freight trains the "crew," outside of the engineer and fireman, consists of a conductor and two brakesmen. To-day on all railways one brakesman, when not at some particular work, rides on the locomotive. In those days the conductor and both brakesmen rode in the conductor's van at the rear of the train. This story shows why railways enacted the present rule, for on this occasion all three were in the van and *all three were sound asleep.*

The engineer, when he entered the grade and saw the signals against him, shut off steam, then reversed his engine, and for the whole three miles kept whistling "down brakes." The crew slept on peacefully, not even dreaming that they were rushing down grade into an open bridge and sure destruction. The exertions of the engineer were reducing the speed of the train somewhat but unless the brakes could be applied to the wheels of at least some of the cars the train must rush into the river.

On the east side of the bridge there is a long approach, and at the land end of this stands the little station of St. Hilaire. In those days locomotives burned wood, and at this station there was a woodpile. The whistling of the engine apprised the station master of the situation, and as the van ran past him he seized a stick of firewood and hurled it through the window. Thus rudely awakened by the smashing of glass, the crew rushed out over the roofs of the cars and turned on the brakes. The train was then on the approach, the engine entering upon the bridge, but the late effort was successful and brought the train to a stand, with the locomotive within two hundred feet of the open drawbridge.

Some other stories may be given in the veteran railroader's own words:

"One bright winter day I was running eastward from North Bay with a transcontinental train. As we came around a curve, the general line of the track for a long distance came into view. The track itself was hidden by the trees. Above the trees rested a cloud which at first I took to be snow, but as I watched it closely it moved and lengthened and I realised it was smoke and that a train was approaching. I put on the air-brakes and brought my train to a stand just as a west-bound freight train ran into view. Though it was a clear stretch of track and broad daylight, the engineer of the freight did not see us even then and came up a grade that was there under full steam. I got ready to reverse my engine and back up, but just then the freight engineer saw us and reversed his engine. She came to a stop within thirty feet of us.

"It happened that on this day the transcontinental was running in two sections. We were drawing the first section. It appeared that the engineer and conductor on the freight had somehow confused the times of the two sections and thought they had plenty of time to pass us at the first station west.

"On another occasion I was bringing a passenger train east. We were a few minutes behind time, and as it was a fine night with a good stretch of track, we were pegging

along pretty fast, making up time. At the top of a rise we came within sight of a little station where we were not scheduled to stop, and, as it was down grade, we usually ran through it at full speed. The semaphores showed "clear track," but there right in front of us were the rear lights of a freight train on the main line. It needed no second look to show me that it was not on the siding. I shut off steam, reversed the engine and put on the air-brakes, determined to stop, if possible. But the distance was so short and the grade so steep that there seemed no chance. There was the possibility that the crew of the freight train might see us and move up in time.

"On we came down the grade, and no movement on the part of the freight. I shouted to the fireman to get ready to jump, and then I got down on the lowest step of the cab, ready to drop off before the crash came. This all took place in far less time than it takes to tell it. As I hung there with one foot in the air, I noticed that the brakes were beginning to hold the train. There were a few seconds left. I swung back into the cab and pulled the throttle open to give the engine all the power possible in the reverse. The engine took a new grip on the rails, and I said to myself, 'She'll do it.' The big train was grinding harder and going more slowly. Another fifty yards and she was dead still, close up against the freight. 'Jack,' I said, speaking to the fireman, 'that was a close shave?' But when I turned there was no fireman there.

"Getting down and going to the front of the engine, I found that the shave had been so close that the pilot was under the rear platform of the caboose of the freight train, while our headlight was not eighteen inches from the overhang of the caboose. Though it was so close, there was no damage—not even a scratch. It was after midnight, and the passengers were asleep. Not one of them ever knew how near they had been to death.

"Jack hobbled up in a few minutes with a sprained ankle. He had dropped off when I gave the warning and was the only one who suffered. As for the cause: The freight crew, thinking we would not make up lost time, had endeavoured to set out a car on the switch and had neglected to guard their rear.

"One partly moonlight, partly cloudy night we were running through a country with broken patches of forest. As we swung around a curve, I saw the headlight of an engine just coming out between the trees at the opposite side of a clear space. The fireman saw it also. I instantly did what could be done to stop the train and prepared to jump, for the other train was so close upon us that there was not a second to waste. But when I looked out of the cab in preparing to jump, the other engine had vanished, and there were the rails shining in the moonlight. The train was stopped, and we investigated, but to no purpose. Half a mile farther on, under similar conditions of sky and trees, the headlight again appeared, and this time the conductor also saw it. Then we found out what it was. We were drawing a "dead" engine just behind the tender. The light from our engine at certain times was reflected from the headlight of the "dead" engine against the background of dark trees, making it appear as if a "live" engine were approaching us."

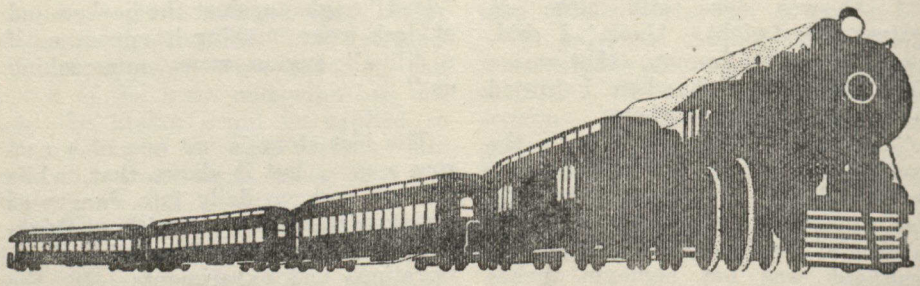
The last story is not one of a narrow escape, but it shows that, while railway men go daily into danger as a matter of routine and without thinking of it, they are distrustful of innovations and experiments. In the early days of the line, engines of fifty and sixty tons were the rule. Then, as traffic grew and the roadbed was improved, there was talk of larger engines being introduced on the other

divisions. "Monsters" and "brutes" were the terms applied by the men to these engines of eighty and ninety tons. One day a driver, who may be called Jack White, was ordered to bring one of these "monsters" up from the next division. In those days there was a long trestle on this division, long since filled in, of which engineers were suspicious. They knew it would carry light engines, but they feared these ninety-ton engines would crush the wooden structure down. Later, when Jack told the joke on himself, other engineers were ready to admit that the same mischance might have happened to them.

Jack brought up the engine light, that is, without any cars attached When he came to the long trestle he told his fireman his plan of campaign. He would stop before he came to the structure. Then the fireman was to walk across to the other side. Jack would start the engine under just enough steam to carry her to the other side, and would then drop off. The fireman could catch her on the other side, stop her and wait for Jack to come up. If, however, the engine never got across but went into the ravine along with the wreck of the trestle, then engineer and fireman could enjoy this spectacle from the safe and solid ground of the bank.

The scheme worked beautifully—at first. The big engine moved slowly and smoothly along to the middle of the trestle. Then there was a moment of hesitation, a shiver. Was the trestle giving way? Jack looked on with eyes bulging out of his head. No. The engine came to a dead stop in the middle. Jack had been too careful, and had failed to give her enough steam to carry her over.

To those who do not fully understand Jack's predicament, it may be explained that running a train over a bridge is not nearly so severe a strain as stopping in the middle and starting up again. If the bridge does not give way when the engine stops, it is very likely to collapse when it starts again. There was nothing for it, however. Jack had got the engine to the centre and he must get it off again. With nerves stretched to the breaking point he ran along the trestle, climbed on the engine, pulled open the throttle, felt the structure tremble under the strain—and then the mammoth moved off gently and reached the farther side in safety.



THE FIGHT FOR COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY

BY ERNEST CAWCROFT

THE Empire State is fighting for the commercial supremacy of the Continent of North America. The insurance companies and banking institutions which constitute Wall Street in the popular imagination, may seem to make of New York City the financial centre of the new world; but money is the mere medium of exchange, the pipe through which the water flows at best, and the mercantile leaders of the State realise that the commerce of the West must continue to flow into or through the State of New York to the seaboard, paying tolls or tribute in some form to the commonwealth, in order to assure the supremacy of the city and state as the business emporium of the new world.

The farmers of the American West may continue to send a portion of their surplus to New York City in the shape of insurance premiums; but every accruing premium hastens the day when that combined surplus must be returned as a benefit to the homestead where death has created a liability. The insurance business in the right sense is merely addition for the purpose of ultimate division. The State of New York cannot maintain first place out of the sale of insurance policies, or railroad bonds to western farmers. But when those farmers grow wheat, twenty bushels to the acre; when the corn waves on the western fields; symbolising agricultural wealth just as surely as the tall insurance buildings on Broadway represent accumulated money; and when this wheat and corn, coupled with timber and ore, are in condition for movement to the point of domestic or international use or consumption, then at that moment the State of New York has a vital interest in the pile of products located at the barnyard door or at the mouth of the mine. Because while insurance premiums must go back to the West in the form of death benefits, and railroad bonds must be paid on the day due, the tolls which the State of New York is privileged to levy on the products of the West by affording the most advantageous route to the seaboard, is money which flows into the pockets of the citizens of the Empire State and stays there. The latter is the important point, and that is just where tolls levied upon western commerce differ from insurance premiums paid by western farmers. This is the real issue which confronts the people of the Empire State, and it is the purpose of this article to trace the effort which is being made to assure their continued supremacy.

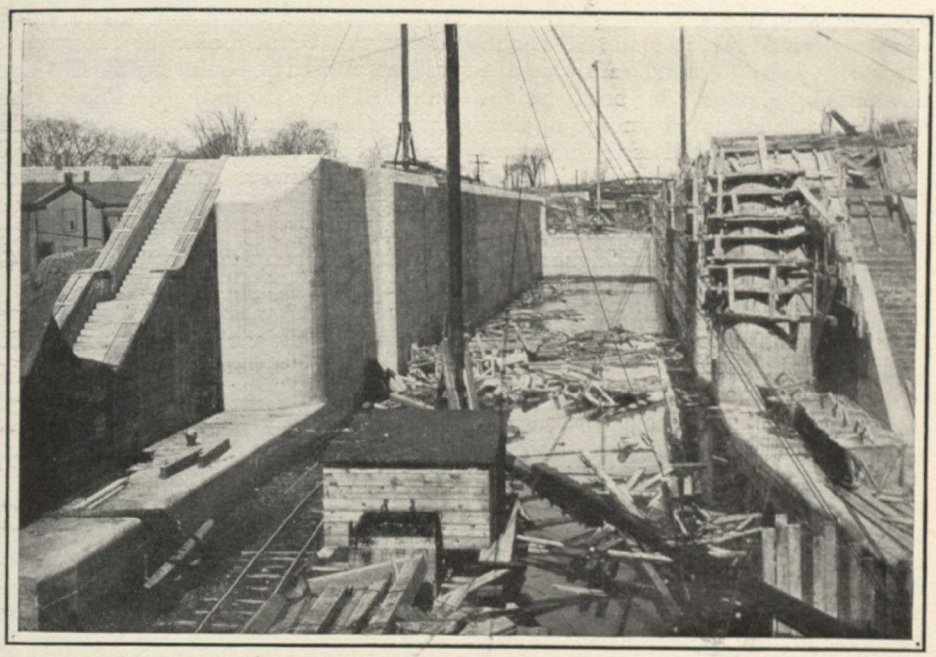
New York faced the nineteenth century menaced by Boston and Philadelphia as commercial ports; it met the twentieth century threatened by Galveston, New Orleans and Montreal. The building of the Erie Canal during the early years of the nineteenth century enabled the port of New York to outrun "The Hub" and

"The City of Brotherly Love" in the race for export commerce, and it assured the development of the interior of the Empire State. To-day the citizens of New York are counting upon their enlargement of the Erie Canal to stem the tide of commerce which seems to be flowing to the world's markets by way of Galveston, New Orleans and Montreal. They are backing that faith in the historic Erie Canal by the expenditure of one hundred millions.

Dewitt Clinton's ditch was the most notable example of unconscious publicity in which a sovereign state ever indulged. It advertised the fact that the State of New York had found and improved the method of getting from the Atlantic ocean to the Great Lakes, the basin of seventeen States. The improvement of the irrigation works of the Nile Valley at governmental expense; the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific under a guarantee of the bonds by the Dominion of Canada; and the assured completion of the Panama project by *Uncle Sam*, will rank as the most notable public achievements of the twentieth century. But the building of the Erie Canal one hundred years before the beginning of work on these projects and the present expenditure of one hundred millions on that enterprise by a single State is without parallel in the history of modern engineering or in the annals of governmental finance.

New York completed Dewitt Clinton's ditch, and the prospectors moved along the tow-path to seize the fertile lands of the West. The migration commenced before the completion of the canal, because the prospectors were convinced that the Empire State intended to complete an avenue for the transportation of their products to the seaboard. The tow-path was the route for those sturdy men who prized free labour, and who were to breed rugged children in the Northwest, children destined to be the deciding factors in the Civil War for the preservation of the Union. While prospectors were moving westward, canal labourers and their families continued to settle at such points as Utica, Rochester, Syracuse and Buffalo; thereby those centres passed from straggling villages to important cities. Once the flow of agricultural products started from the West, the supremacy of New York was assured; it was no longer a question of whether Boston or Philadelphia would be the largest city of the new world. The West sent down raw materials by lake boat and canal barge and the boatmen looked around for a return haul, just as "Jim" Hill objects to running his transcontinental trains empty one way. Then factories were erected along the banks of the canal, and the raw materials were converted into finished products for return shipment to the West. This kind of exchange is real commerce; it benefits both parties and paves the way for a growing business.

Soon Europe needed American wheat and minerals of the Northwest, and hence arose the opportunity whereby Buffalo and New York were privileged to wax wealthy by levying tolls upon the international commerce of the canal. The railroad was now coming into vogue, but upon sound principles that only enhanced the prosperity of the Empire State. In those days railroads were primarily for passenger purposes; and what could the railroad magnates do but connect the cities located as a result of the construction of the waterway. Thus the State which built the largest canal secured the best railroad facilities. And why? Because the wooden engine had to compete with the donkey canal boat, and the competition improved both. This gave New York the cheapest route for freight to the seaboard and the best equipped route for passengers to the Northwest. This is the secret underlying the development of the Empire State; and the same principles are being applied through the enlarge-



LOCK NO. 2 UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT WATERFORD

ment of the Erie Canal to-day in the hope that the improvement will stem the tendency of Western products to move to the seaboard by other routes.

To the day that the citizens of New York State voted to expend one hundred and one millions in the enlargement of the Erie Canal, the commonwealth had made seventeen million dollars net out of that very waterway. The reports of the State show that after paying the principal and interest on the successive bonds issued, together with the operating expenses, the surplus derived during the days that direct tolls were levied exceeded the expenditures by seventeen million dollars. It should be remembered, too, in this connection that for many years preceding the making of this calculation at the time of the referendum vote, no tolls had been levied, and that the operating expenses had been a direct drain on the State treasury. But in addition to the seventeen millions of profit, the canal route had been converted into a veritable trek of population, and that line of citizens provided a large part of the forty billions of estimated wealth within the State of New York. When we contemplate the fact, therefore, that it is impossible to estimate the wealth accruing to the citizens and commonwealth of New York through this canal, it is not astonishing that the cosmopolitan citizenship of the State voted the largest appropriation in the history of a single government for the adequate enlargement of this waterway.

But the day arrived when the railroads betrayed the very waterway which rendered possible their construction. The existence of the Erie Canal in adequate working order forced a competitive freight rate across the State of New York upon bulky products and all raw materials. Certain raw materials might be consigned to the railroad because of the element of speed, but every traffic manager between New York and Buffalo knew that if the rate by rail

became exhorbitant in any particular, recourse would be had to the canal. Thus the possible canal rate was the determining factor on both freight highways; and this advantage applied to the southern as well as the northern tier of New York counties, in that the rate on freight by railroad from the Atlantic along the southerly tier to the interior could be no higher than the possible rate by canal to an interior terminus, *plus* the railroad rate from the latter point to the consigned section of the former.

The determination of freight rates by a public highway aggravated the railroad magnates, who were seeking to dominate the situation between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic. Then commenced an insidious campaign which met with no adequate counter effort until the citizens of New York voted to spend one hundred millions in the construction of the barge canal. Despite the constitutional provision directing the levying of a yearly tax for the maintenance of the canals, inefficiency and graft characterised the management of this public enterprise; only the enormous profits accumulated during the days of the tolls system prevented the waterway from draining the purse of the taxpayers. But it was not the fault of the canal as much as it was the effort to hamper improvements. Along one side of the canal, the engines grew in size from year to year and freight cars were increased in capacity; while on the other the donkey continued to wend his way along the tow-path, pulling the same sized barge from year to year. The highway was too shallow and the railroads either controlled the barges or discouraged the investment of sufficient capital to apply steam to the propulsion of these crafts. Under the guise of catering to the anti-monopoly spirit of the times, a lobby placed a law on the New York statute books preventing a company with a capital of more than fifty thousand dollars from operating a system of boats. This placed the canal and the traffic which came down the Great Lakes at the mercy of the railroads centering at Chicago and Buffalo. Now the decline of the Erie Canal commenced, and while the people sought to regain control of their highway from time to time, the grafters worked into the hands of the railways by wasting the money which had been voted for the improvement of the waterway.

And then what followed? Once dominating the situation, once certain that the canal was not adequate to force a competitive freight rate on raw materials moving from the West to the seaboard, the railroads commenced to charge all the traffic would bear. Then the grip of monopoly was applied to the neck through which commerce flowed towards New York. It is true, indeed, that the raw materials from the West passing into and out of New York are as large in volume and value as in the days of the past; but it is equally certain that the volume and value of that cargo has not kept pace with either the increased production of western farms, nor is it proportionate to the enhanced export commerce of the United States crossing the Atlantic. When the exports from a given point are stationary, while increasing from all other points, the supremacy of the former is threatened. This is just the situation in New York; that is just the condition which the barge canal is designed to alleviate.

The Westerners were not inclined to tolerate this railroad domination of freight rates to the seaboard when other waterways were available for purposes of exportation. In other words, the growing inadequacy of the Erie Canal soon induced Western Americans and Canadians to devise means for the improvement of their own waterways. They were convinced that it was not the improved system which enabled the former to dictate the freight rates, because, had they not seen the commerce of the Great Lakes increase by leaps and bounds.

DISCHARGE OF DREDGE AT COMSTOCK, ON ERIE CANAL

and had they not seen the best ships placed on the deepened harbours of the Great Lakes, while traffic continued to decline on the Erie? Did not this enormous development of lake traffic constitute a fitting reply to the claim of the railroad newspapers, that the day of waterway transportation had passed, especially when those lake fleets were in many instances owned by the railways? This pointed a lesson to the Westerners, and rival states and cities were only too willing to improve their facilities for the purpose of diverting all possible traffic from the port of New York.

The fixing of freight rates is dependent upon competition in the first instance; when the factor is eliminated or modified, the length of the haul and the possibility of moving the product by all or partial water route becomes effective. The available rate on western products is a factor in placing the products of Kansas and Iowa in the markets of the world under advantageous circumstances; and in view of the fact that one ton of coal will move a given volume of freight six miles on water to one on land, it is evident that no section of country would long contemplate with favour the transportation of its products to the point of consumption entirely by the too costly rail process. When the railroads of New York placed the ban on the Erie Canal, they subsequently impressed the fact upon the Westerners, that either a shorter route or a cheaper medium of transportation must be found.

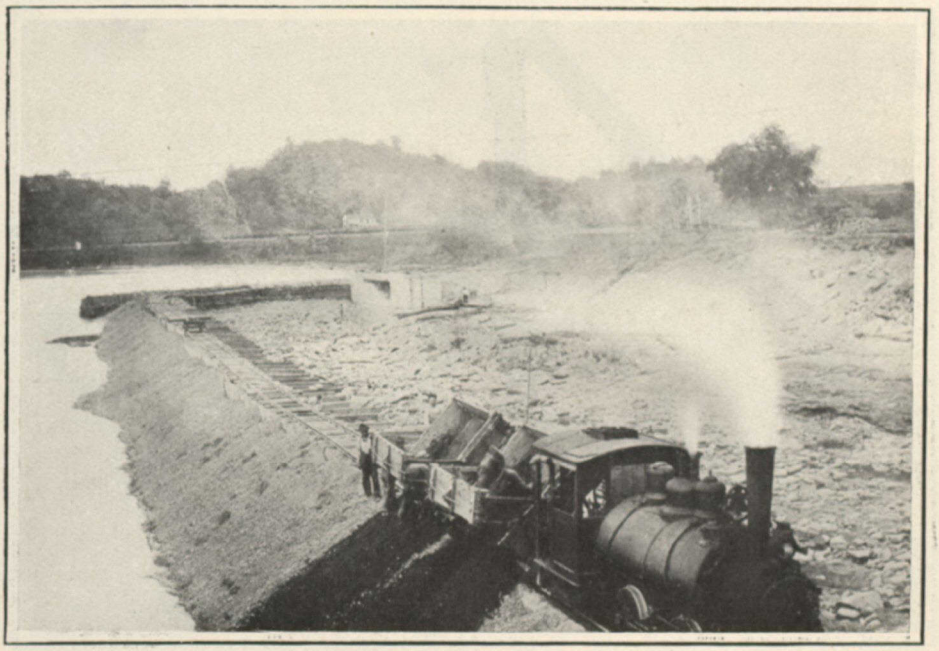
The application of the latter principle led and is leading to the development of waterways to the interior, which menaces the commercial supremacy of New York. Producers in the southwest argued that if their cargo must go to the seaboard by costly rail, then the shorter the haul the better. There commenced the development of Galveston as a point of export. In 1908 Galveston's ex-

port commerce in grains increased to a greater extent than all the Atlantic ports combined. The producers along the Mississippi Valley contended that if their products must pay the freight rate on a twelve-hundred-mile haul to seaboard, then a new avenue for exportation must be found; and hence the clamour for the improvement of the Mississippi River and tributary streams. In the interval, the States and cities nearer New Orleans than the Great Lakes basin sought that city as a point of export; and to-day New Orleans is forging forward as one of the recognised grain ports of the Continent. Galveston and New Orleans continue to take a larger proportion of the grain traffic, and this in turn diminishes the volume which should and would pass through and out of New York had the canal development kept pace with the growth of competitive transportation facilities.

But the commercial supremacy of New York is menaced both within and without the Republic. While the acres of Alberta and Saskatchewan were untilled, the Canadians had no ambition to transport American wheat by a Canadian route to Liverpool, and the control of the Erie Canal was not threatened. But when population moved into the Western Provinces, to create freight products to be moved out in turn, Canadian statesmen made preparations to handle the grain of the settlers bound for Liverpool and other world markets. Then Port Arthur and Fort William, the twin cities situated at the head of Lake Superior, gained a place on the map with Duluth and Chicago as grain centres. To-day Canadian ships carrying Alberta's grain wend their way down Superior and Huron, through the fourteen-foot Welland Canal and to the elevators of Montreal, there to await transshipment. This makes a shorter haul from the Canadian Provinces to the seaboard than from the Western States to the Atlantic, and the rate is more favourable than appears, even from that fact, because the necessary Canadian rail haul is shorter. That the Canadians appreciate the advantageous position in which they are placed in the production and shipment of wheat to the markets of the world may be gleaned from an address by Mr. Clifford Sifton, in the course of which he added this significant paragraph:

"We have expended on our canal system since its inception $91,734,718. As a result, we have to-day a navigable channel fourteen feet in depth from the head of Lake Superior to Montreal. This canal system, however, would have been of comparatively little benefit without the improvement of the lower Saint Lawrence. It had been known as a dangerous route. The channel was narrow and tortuous; it was poorly lighted and imperfectly buoyed. The largest or even second largest class of vessels could not come to Quebec, let alone to Montreal. Accidents were numerous and insurance extremely burdensome. Many millions of dollars have been spent between Montreal and the sea, and there is now a broad, deep and safe channel to Montreal. On that portion of the route between Quebec and Montreal, formerly a very dangerous portion of the voyage, vessels can go with perfect safety by day or by night. Great improvements have also been effected below Quebec. As a result, we have almost reached the point where accidents are no more numerous than in approaching a seaboard port. We shall shortly achieve that result by the completion of work now under way."

Coupled with the present development, surveys are under way as preliminary to the construction of a ship canal from the lower Saint Lawrence to the Great Lakes to be known as the Georgian Bay waterway. But the elemental fact escaped observation, even in Canadian circles, that the same day that Mr. Sifton made his canal speech, F. W. Peters, the right-hand man of General Manager William White of the Canadian Pacific Railway, returned from a tour of 11,000 miles taken for the purpose of making arrangements for the shipment of Western Canadian wheat from Vancouver down the Pacific coast to the elevators of the Tehuantepec Railway, and thence across



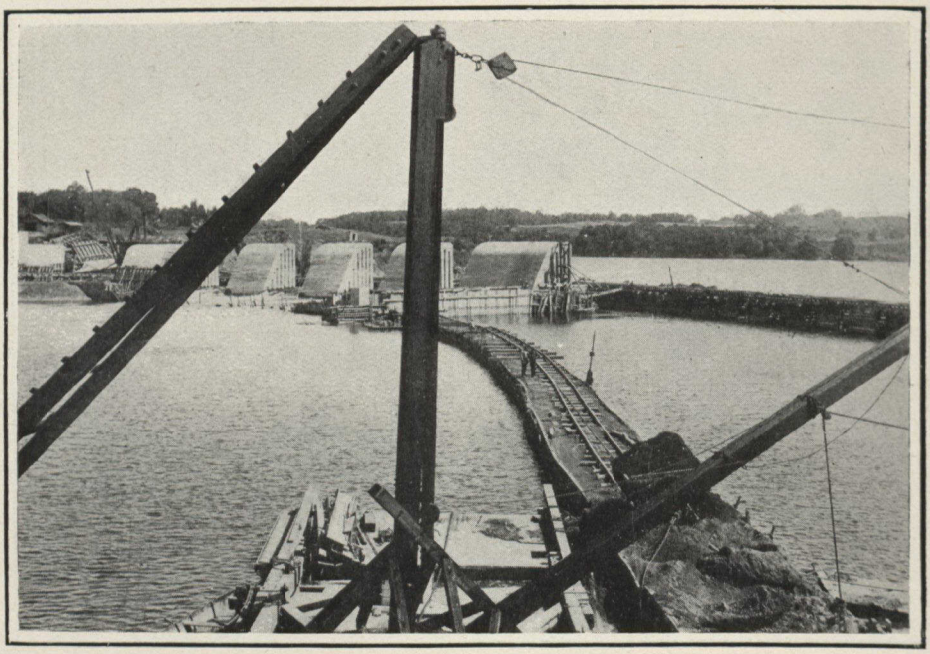
BUILDING A COFFER DAM ON THE MOHAWK RIVER

Mexico to England. Mr. Peters is convinced that the wheat raised in the most westerly sections of Canada may be sent to Liverpool by means of the short rail haul to Vancouver and the long water trip to England, by way of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, cheaper than by means of the long rail haul to the Great Lakes and the shorter water route to Liverpool. Thus the initiative displayed by the statesmen of Canada in creating water routes and the enterprise shown by the railroad magnates in utilising natural waterways are to be marked factors in assuring the continued development of Canadian grain commerce. That fact must be borne in mind by those who are concerned with the adoption of methods for assuring the supremacy of New York.

But a geographical situation of startling import should not be overlooked by those who desire to appreciate the full nature of the problem confronting New York. Hudson's Bay is nearer to the wheat-fields of Western Canada than the Great Lakes are to the wheat-lands of the American West. To-day railroads run through the valley of the mighty Saskatchewan, and from Prince Albert on the northern branch of that river, the Dominion Government is contemplating a railroad to Fort Churchill of Port Nelson, on the Bay. Although the Bay is open to commerce but four months in the year, those are the particular four months which count in the movement of western grain.

Thus confronted by the rivalry of the southwestern ports, menaced from within by the attitude of railroads seeking to dominate the traffic of the richest State in the Union, and presented with the inevitable tendency of Canadians to provide Canadian waterways for the movement of Dominion products to the seaboard, just what is the State of New York doing to retain a commercial supremacy gained through Clinton's ditch?

The answer of the people of New



ERIE CANAL CONSTRUCTION WORK ON THE MOHAWK RIVER

York to this question is the voting of one hundred millions for the improvement of the Erie Canal. Thirty-six million dollars of this work is surveyed and under contract, while ten millions has been expended in actual constructive work. State Engineer Williams announces his intention to push the work to completion as rapidly as possible, because the zeal which is being displayed on the Panama project shows just what is desirable; and, moreover, the completion of the Isthmian waterway will give added stimulus to the movement of western products toward the Gulf of Mexico. The canal will be three hundred and fifty miles long, following in general the route of the Erie by way of the Hudson River from Troy to Waterford; thence by a new channel to the Mohawk above Cohoe's Falls, and up the canalised Mohawk to Rome, with a few diversions to the existing canal; thence down the valley of Wood Creek, across Oneida Lake, down Oneida River to Three River Point, and up Seneca River to the mouth of Crusoe Creek; thence by a new route to the existing canal at Clyde, whence the line of the existing canal was to be followed generally to the Niagara River at Tonawanda, and by this river and Black Rock harbour to Lake Erie. Twelve feet in depth and provided with facilities for steam propulsion, the canal is designed to enable three one-thousand-ton barges to float products from the Great Lakes to the sea. According to the engineers, this improved canal, coupled with the Great Lakes and the Hudson, will afford the cheapest route from the basin States of the West to the Atlantic Ocean. The state that has the cheapest route will have the largest volume of traffic, and it is thought that the commercial supremacy of New York is thereby assured.

It is not intended to describe this canal project in detail; it suffices to know that the enterprise is under way and to consider the effect of the completed canal upon the commer-

cial tendencies of the State and nation. But in a day when the attention given to the features of the Panama project is overdone, it is opportune to dwell upon three or four of the engineering problems of this waterway.

If the Isthmian project has its Chagres River, the Erie enterprise is presented with the Mohawk and Genesee Rivers. As the designers of the lock canal at Panama planned to dam the Chagres for the purpose of creating a twenty-five-mile inland lake, so the engineers in charge of the barge canal project are utilising the lakes and rivers of central New York, not only to increase the water supply but to diminish the actual number of miles of canal to be constructed. The Mohawk is subject to violent floods, just as is the Chagres, the greater rainfall of the Isthmus being equalled by the larger drainage area of the Mohawk. The storage reservoirs of the Adirondack forests are to be made to feed the canal through the Mohawk, and work is now under way upon the enormous movable dam which will be used in letting in a sufficient volume of water and in guarding the channel of the canal against the floods of the spring season.

This movable dam is one of the engineering features of the project, and the progress of its construction is being observed with interest throughout America and Europe. The present canal runs through Rochester, but a right of way for the barge canal through the city would have cost so much money, that the newer waterway will make a six-mile detour. Outside of Rochester, the canal will pass through a ninety-foot channel of picturesque rocks. To-day the Erie Canal is carried over the Genesee River by means of an arched aqueduct, but the new plan provides for a canal crossing the river at grade. Two dams will be placed so as to form a lake pool on each side of the stream, and this will not only enable the barges to cross the river at grade but it will likewise create a harbour for the accommodation of Rochester's local traffic.

Perhaps one of the most imposing features of the new canal will be the aqueduct devised for the crossing of Oak Orchard Creek in the vicinity of Medina. Where the canal is to form a junction with the creek, there is a gorge ninety feet deep and five hundred feet wide at the top. Here will be placed a reinforced concrete aqueduct having a single arch of 290 feet with a length at the top of 508 feet. Of course, the gigantic locks which will raise and lower the boats above the hills of the New York interior will be constructed with modern precision; and while the engineers are creating the bed for the gigantic dam at Gatun, the agents of the State of New York are not less concerned with the problems incident to the construction of the locks of the barge canal. As a matter of fact, were we to eliminate the question of labour and sanitation, and perhaps the problem of providing for the safety of the artificial lake to be created by damming the Chagres between Gatun and Bas Obsipo, it is certain that the building of the barge canal would be regarded as a far greater undertaking.

Since gathering the data for this article, the New York Legislature has voted to submit a proposition to the people to expend seven million dollars in canalising the Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, thence connecting with them by barge canal. The Champlain Canal is in course of improvement, thereby furnishing a connecting link between the Hudson and Northern New York. These are monumental possibilities involved in New York's necessary fight for the preservation of commercial supremacy.

THE DESPATCH BEARER

BY H. ADOLPHE GERARD

IT was in Eighteen Hundred and Twelve.

Like scurrying egg-laden ants fleeing before the ruthless boot of fate, long, straggling lines of spectral forms swept across an ice-bound plain, with snow-flakes clinging to their coats and guns. Snow, and still more snow, weaving a white shroud for those who, exhausted, fell by the way. Yonder, far away in the rear, a smouldering, crumbling heap of calcined ruins stood — once proud gilt-domed Moscow, now an immense dead bonfire. On whitening plain and hill, mournfully dotting this *via dolorosa*, lay abandoned cannon, horses, men — veritable charnel-house of rigid vorpses. On either hand stretched a vast empty waste of snow —silent, desolate. He, the mighty king of armed hosts, led the vanguard, battling heroically with cold and fire, greater perhaps in the dread hour of his defeat than in his most exalted triumph.

One night this torrent-horde reached the frozen Beresina River, and gathered like surging waters on its bank. An *aide-de-camp* accosted Second Lieutenant Tony Juval in an obsequious manner.

"Tony," said he, "the Emperor requires your presence."

"Me!" exclaimed astonished Juval.

"Yes, come along; you know he likes not to wait."

Lieutenant Juval was conducted to a shed, made with disjointed pine planks, where a piercing, norther blew through the interstices, moaned, caused the candle flames to dance A still figure sat at a rough wooden table, with head bent low, earnestly studying a map.

For a moment the young soldier stood immovable by the door, cap in hand, deeply engrossed in watching this man, almost a half-god. He looked grave, his brow heavy with pale care. Beaten at last, more by the cold than by fair fight, he sat there — a fallen giant. Napoleon at length raised his head, as if he had just realised the other's presence.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, casting one of those deep-seeing glances at the officer, such as he was wont to bestow on any new face. "Are you Lieutenant Juval?"

"Yes, sire."

"Approach then," said he, rising "I hear you are a smart man—I like smart men."

The Lieutenant bowed.

He who had trampled Europe beneath the remorseless iron heel of his boot took Juval by the ear with that gesture which his familiars knew so well. Pointing to the out-stretched map, he added:

"Take six picked men, strike across country towards Smolensk, here, until you come up with Marshal Ney—then hand him this order."

"Yes, sire."

The grim warrior, whose dark moustache had been powder-singed in many a fierce encounter, turned the sealed packet over and over in his hands.

"Well?" cried the Emperor, im-

patient surprise evident in his tones.

"But, sire," stammered Juval, "we have no horses. It is impossible."

"Impossible!" thundered the Emperor, thumping the rickety table with his fist. "I know no such word. Duroc will give you horses."

Second Lieutenant Juval, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, withdrew with scared face. Rather would he face a Cossack charge than the man of destiny's anger.

The seven horses, collected together with great difficulty, were scarcely pure bloods, but passable enough taking into consideration the hardships the beasts had endured, for horseflesh was worth its weight in gold.

The men were the six bravest, toughest, in all the regiment—graybeards whose skin was tanned by the sun and wind of many climes. They set out turning tail to the column head. The snow swished in their faces, stinging like whip-thongs. It was desperately cold — black as in an oven.

Bravely this little warrior band plunged into the blind night, and they soon were enveloped by awe-inspiring silence, lost like wandering sheep on a desert plain.

For three hours they groped their way in the teeth of this blizzard-storm, knowing not whither they went. Suddenly, in front of them, piercing the darkness, a twinkling light appeared at intervals.

"Did you see that, sergeant?" asked the officer in command, of his second.

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Then go forwa·d and ascertain whence it proceeds. I have no particular desire to blunder into a Cossack rat-trap."

The sergeant vanished into the gloom, and once more silence fell over that desolate ice-plain. Lieutenant Juval began swinging his lantern to and fro that it might be a guiding star to the returning messenger. Some minutes elapsed, which seemed to those breathless, waiting ones like an eternity. At length a distorted giant form loomed from out the darkness.

"What news?" cried the officer.

"It's a house, Lieutenant — looks to me like an inn."

"Did you peep inside?"

"No, sir."

"*Sacrébleu!*" exclaimed Juval. "Suppose the place is full of Cossacks, you blockhead, what then?"

They were indubitably lost; covered with snow, in which the horses sank knee deep, well-nigh frozen. Juval paused and pondered for a minute, then determined to proceed.

"Forward!" he commanded.

Cautiously, in Indian file, they slowly advanced through the opaque folds of blackest night. A wall surrounded the house at the back. Vaulting over this, Juval crept to the lighted window with many precautions — he had been nicknamed "La Prudence" for his proverbial care.

It was a kitchen, this room he gazed into, by its size that of an inn. A buxom cook busied herself within, superintending the roasting of a succulent-looking goose. The sight of it made the hungry officer's mouth water, for hard, mouldy bread had been his portion for days. That heaven-sent bird, with the plump damsel basting it, was more than mortal flesh could bear. Darting back to his waiting men he led them round to the front door, and knocked loudly for admittance. Of Russians they had not seen a shadow!

Along the passage tripped a light footstep, then appeared on the threshold a girl's graceful figure, attired in a short skirt, her merry blue eyes sparkling like twin stars, her hair as a golden ray robbed from the sun.

Lieutenant Tony Juval, no mean fancier of woman's charms, was struck almost dumb with admiration.

"Mamzelle!" said he, placing his booted foot in the doorway that it might not be closed — for he had not been called "La Prudence" for naught

—and chucking her under the chin with his finger tips. "I crave refreshment for men and beasts; we are seven of each, all equally in want of restoratives."

Without further preamble the officer pushed his way in, followed by the sergeant and his men. They sat down before a crackling log fire that roared up the ancient chimney, such as did their hearts good to behold.

The ponderous host presently put in an appearance, apparently in none too good humoured a mood, and cap in hand inquired what their lordships would be pleased to eat for supper.

"Bring us the fat goose roasting in the kitchen," answered Juval. "Make haste, for we are starved with hunger as well as cold."

"But, Lieutenant," began the host.

"*Sacré!*" came the reply, "I can accept no buts. Goose I require and goose I will have. Begone, or must I teach you politeness?"

Think of it! Through toil and retreat they had eked out a miserable existence for days on mouldy bread, with never so much as a sip at the brandy flask to keep away the perishing cold numbing their limbs, freezing their noses.

The innkeeper had that fat, sleek, obsequious manner always found associated with a deep-seated slyness.

"Rachel!" he called in a stentorian voice.

The sweet maid who had stood silently considering the strangers ran out to answer this summons. The reason of it was soon made manifest, for she shortly reäppeared staggering under the weight of a giant goose, the largest assuredly any of them had seen. They rose like one man, and eagerly took their seats at the table, where the officer made a fierce onslaught that shore the bird of all its winged glory and its limbs simultaneously.

Lieutenant Juval's hands were fairly full, losing neither a bite nor a sup — nor, moreover, a glimpse of a shapely, stockinged ankle, as Rachel flitted hither and thither ministering to their every want. But, alas, all satisfactions are short lived, and scarce half-a-dozen morsels had passed these hungering lips when a great clamour resounded without. A crowd of armed Cossacks, clad in their long snow cloaks and fur caps, burst into the room and called loudly upon those seated there to surrender.

"Never!" shouted the valorous Juval, brandishing his battle-sword at the Russian captain's beard. "To arms, men — Vive l'Empereur!" Twenty murderous musket barrels were levelled at the seven men standing defenceless, then a deafening detonation shook the inn to its very foundations, whilst pungent smoke-wreaths shrouded the place in quasi-obscurity.

They fell headlong, like ninepins, rolling beneath the table, where Lieutenant Juval had preceded them. With his wonted foresight he had ducked just in time to avoid the hail of lead, but his forage cap was lifted from his brow as if swept off by a tornado. Death groans rising from the floor told their own gruesome tale, while little rivulets, blood red, began to trickle amongst the sawdust — seldom had been known such cold-blooded butchery. Slowly the smoke lifted. Five men lay there, dead as doornails; riddled through and through with bullets; blown violently into the other world. Rough hands seized them, and with many a ribald joke they were dragged outside like rag bundles, pitched by the wayside into the snow, that the prowling night-wolf might make his meat of them. The only whole survivor was Juval, the sergeant having a bullet through the fleshy part of his shoulder. These two were picked up, searched, pushed into the cold cellar darkness below, and left to their all-bitter reflections.

"Let the French curs starve," cried the Cossack captain.

The door above was jammed to and bolted.

"*Sacrébleu!* sergeant," growled Ju-

val, when he had somewhat recovered his equanimity, "a pretty mess this."

"I thank my lucky stars there is but one hole in my shoulder," replied the sergeant.

"Look at this perforation in my cap," said the officer, "another millimetre and—I declare it has shaved off the hair as clean as a razor."

"I would look with much pleosure," retorted the sergeant, "were it not so confoundedly dark."

"True." Then, after a silence, the Lieutenant remarked: "The dogs have stolen our despatch."

"It is the fortune of war," said Sergeant Vaud, with a sigh, "to-morrow it may be our turn."

"Our turn to be hanged, perhaps," answered Juval.

In addition to the locked door there was one iron-barred window. Hanging from the oak rafters above their heads dangled hams and German sausages, and in a corner the thirsty sergeant discovered a barrel of wine on tap. In nowise did these compensate for the loss of the fat goose, but they helped nevertheless to make the outlook seem less grim.

"Sergeant!" called the officer when he had finished the improvised meal.

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"It looks suspiciously as if mine host had brought these Cossacks about our ears — I like not his villainous countenance."

"Now I think of it," replied the sergeant, "I saw him despatch a stable boy just after our arrival."

The officer stamped his foot.

"Why didn't I cut the old fox's throat," he cried, biting his nails with vexation. "If only I had a company of our brave dragoons."

"If!—a small word big with possibilities," rejoined the sergeant philosophically, seating himself on a sack of flour.

Above, the Russians grew boisterous. Their heavy war boots clamped noisily on the floor; hurrahs, toasts, followed in quick succession. Then an occasional dull thud told how a doughty warrior had fallen from the ranks and lay snoring beneath the table. At length in the early hours all became quiet.

Outside, from over the plain resounded the dismal howl of wolves on the hunt; snow still fell in slanting, blinding sheets; like the rattle and roar of distant artillery the wind came at times in violent puffs, storming the inn as if to blow it down.

"Sergeant," whispered Lieutenant Juval.

"Try the door, man—tread softly. Brou!—isn't it cold—stay, what was that?"

They stood stock still, listening. Above the din made by the storm came a sharp metallic tapping as of steel striking steel.

Tac—tac—tac.

"By the Madonna," exclaimed the trembling sergeant, "the house is haunted."

"Don't be a fool," said the officer impatiently.

Treading on tip-toe, the latter went to the window whence the noise appeared to proceed.

Tac—tac—tac! Never had storm of this world voiced itself so. Closer scrutiny served to show Lieutenant Juval the cause. A hand was striking something against the iron window bars. No Cossack hand, that, but a small white one, and the body attached to it was Rachel's, the host's daughter.

"Quick!" murmured a silvery voice in excellent French. "They are all drunk as lords—all fast asleep. Take this and make good your escape. You will find horses at the door.

She dropped something cold in the lieutenant's palm. Before she could withdraw her hand, he had time to seize it and press his lips to a plump arm. A soft, discreet little laugh reached him as she tripped away. This thing she had dropped in his hand proved to be a file.

The bars were thin with age, rust-eaten by the damp of many winters. One by one they yielded to the cap-

tive's stubborn and prolonged efforts.

"Now, sergeant," cried Juval, with a note of triumph in his voice, "pass out and ascertain if the coast is clear."

The sergeant was stout. Only with infinite pain and grief could he manage to wriggle through the narrow aperture, closely followed by his chief. There, sure enough, stood two ready-harnessed, impatient steeds. In his hot haste to be gone the sergeant had already mounted.

"Stay!" cried the lieutenant. "What about the despatch?"

"Hang the despatch," retorted the other; "let's save our skins."

Nothing daunted, and finding the inn door ajar, the officer crept stealthily in, like a cat after a mouse. It was warm inside. The candles had all gone out, but the great log fire still burned, now shooting up in vivid fitful flame, now sending upward into the night dense volumes of smoke.

The room was strewn with bodies, like a battlefield abandoned after much fierce slaughter; but exhalations and loud snoring rose on the still air and filled the space with low, discordant sounds.

On the table lay the precious despatch.

Stepping with the utmost care over the prostrate forms, the lieutenant snatched it up, his heart thumping like a sledge-hammer, and, despite the cold, large beads of perspiration started out from his brow. As he turned to go he came face to face with the landlord, sitting sound asleep in a high-backed chair, his fat chin fallen forward on a much-stained waistcoat, and his mouth wide open. The blood of anger rose to Lieutenant Juval's cheek; he was unable to restrain his ire. This man had caused the death of those five brave dragoons, lying stiff and cold in the snow outside. Clenching his fist he lifted it on high, then brought it down with a staggering blow on the host's moon-face. Man and chair fell back with a terrific clatter, and rolled over upon the snoring forms amid shouts and oaths. The lieutenant bounded towards the door, while at his heels arose a clamour such as he had never before heard. Indescribable uproar, orders bellowed in husky, drink-sodden voices mingling with the steel rattle of hastily snatched up arms, made the air thick with din.

The released prisoners spurred their horses on, flew over the loose snow, and scattered it like a sand-cloud behind them.

A few shots, for the most part desultory, followed the flying fugitives, and the luckless sergeant was hit.

O divine Rachel! These horses she had provided were well-groomed, well-fed, sleek-coated beasts, instead of the half-starved, jaded beasts they had brought.

After two hours' hard gallop the sergeant began to sway in his saddle, the violent motion having caused an abundant hemorrhage of his wounds; he felt too weak to proceed.

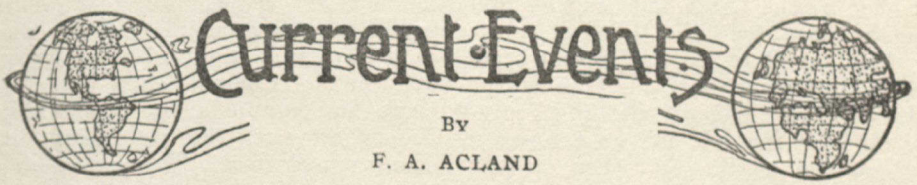
The lieutenant helped him off his horse, gently placed him on a soft snow bed, pillowed his head with his own rolled-up coat, and there, in that great wilderness, with a sigh and a hiccough, he expired.

That is why Second-Lieutenant Juval, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, delivered his despatch alone the following morning to Marshal Ney—sole survivor of the seven men who had set out.

*

Long did this valiant officer cherish deep in his heart the memory of charming Rachel, she who had rendered him so signal a service on that snow-swept tragic night; and when the falling star of the great battle-genius had set for ever, and peace was restored to panting Europe, weary of her protracted struggle for liberty, he diligently sought her out.

Now she sits, serenely smiling, facing her hero, no longer a drudge in her father's house.



By

F. A. ACLAND

THE British elections have come and gone and the conclusion is hardly less of a medley than were the issues on which the campaign was fought. The Asquith Ministry remains in office, but the Irish party maintains absolutely the balance of power. In the last Parliament the straight Liberals outnumbered the Unionists by more than two to one; in the new House the Unionists, with a hundred gained seats, are about equal with the Liberals proper, though the latter, allied with the Labour and Irish parties, are easily in control. As to the Labour party, the alliance is natural, save for a few intense spirits approaching the Victor Grayson type, though Grayson himself has gone under; but as to the Irish alliance, it does not bring a strength adequate to its numbers.

*

Properly speaking, a majority is a majority, as Mr. Lloyd-George has pointed out so strenuously, and it ought not to matter from what part of the United Kingdom it is gathered. It seems particularly inconsistent that the party calling itself Unionist should be the one to quibble as to where the majority comes from. But facts are stubborn things, and it is the fact that the Irish party has held itself aloof, has refused to have any part in British politics save for its own purposes, that leaves it now practically without influence in a British parliament. Had Mr. Redmond been as wise as General Botha, he would have conciliated, not agitated, and a legislature in the hands of a friendly Irish people would have presented perhaps no more terrors than does that of a parliament controlled by Boers who so lately encountered the British in the field.

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The air is full of conjectures as to the course of events, some of them of the wildest and most impossible character. The fact is nothing is likely to happen half so sensational as would have occurred had either party secured a genuine triumph. There will be no tariff reform yet a while; the great industrial cities, aside from those within the Chamberlain zone, have spoken out against it. The issues were indeed conflicting, but it seems only reasonable to assume that in these great industrial centres the commercial policy was the feature of the contest, and their very general decision against protection is bound to make a deep impression on the Unionist mind. On the other hand, it is unlikely that anything in the nature of a drastic change will be effected in the House of Lords. Rural England went strongly Unionist, and, although it is possible that the policy of protection may have attracted many votes, it is reasonable again in

this case to suppose that the determining feature of the campaign was the fate of the House of Lords. Rural England is the native heath of the Lords; it is where they are best known and where their influence is strongest, yet it is by no means controlled by the Lords and has time and again favoured the Liberal party. When, therefore, on the present occasion they come to the rescue of the Lords, it is evident that the movement is as free and fair an expression of opinion as that of other sections of the country. As to the single chamber demand, if it lived at all, it had little popularity, and the only change likely in the House of Lords is some such modification as that suggested by the Rosebery committee, increasing its effectiveness and power.

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The budget is, of course, to become law, provided, at least, that the new House of Commons passes it. The Nationalists refused to support it in the last House, and at some stages even opposed it, but a new attitude will no doubt be adopted with the new situation; and it must be remembered that if the Nationalists merely abstain from voting the Liberals have still a majority, though not a commanding one. The popular theory, probably because the obvious one, is that some sort of bargain or understanding will be effected between Mr. Redmond and Mr. Asquith, whereby a Home Rule bill will be promised in return for Nationalist support of the Liberals. This, it will be remembered, was the plan by which the Gladstone and Rosebery Governments, from 1892 to 1895 maintained themselves in power with a majority that never exceeded 40. It is not an ideal method of government, but it is part of the game of politics. It may be, however, that Mr. Redmond will purposely keep all demands for Home Rule in the background until the quarrel with the Lords has been adjusted, realising that in that House is found the chief barrier to Irish Nationalist ambitions

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In his recent manifesto Mr. Chamberlain remarked that the late election was the last chance tariff reform would have of accomplishment. This may have been mere election hyperbole on Mr. Chamberlain's part, but there are circumstances which seem to suggest that the statement has sound reason in it. The protectionist system has lent itself to the formation of trusts and combines to such a degree that, in the United States particularly, food prices have reached almost a famine level. The press of the country is teeming with facts as to the conditions and theories as to the remedy, and, most significant of all, a vast movement has started for the boycotting of some of those articles of diet, such as meat, eggs, butter, milk, in which the most alarming increases in price have taken place. The press points across the border to Canada, and shows the lower prices prevailing where the lower duty rules, though the complaint against high prices is heard loudly here too, and they point across the sea to Great Britain, and show how much lower are the prices where there is no duty at all. Had the British electors been fully aware of the extraordinary situation in these respects existing in the United States, the protectionist element might have made less inroad on the Liberal majority. The movement of prices may yet produce a crisis which will bring the high tariffs down with a crash; and the next few years will prove distinctly unfavourable to the protectionist doctrine.

*

It is not the case, of course, that the increased cost of living is attributable alone, or even chiefly, to combination or trusts fostered or protected by the tariff, but it is one of many

factors, and, in the United States particularly, is an important factor. As to other contributories to the evil, their name is legion. A New York newspaper which circularised college professors of Political Economy on the subject, found them in substantial agreement that the phenomenon was due to the increased production of gold, and the consequent shrinkage of its buying power. But the American newspaper is full of countless suggestions as to other causes, among which are these: graft, dishonest official administration, unnecessary and reckless increase of Government expenditure, higher wages for labour, shorter hours for labour, inefficiency of labour, the exhaustion of virgin lands, exhaustion of soil, the high tariff, the trust, the combine, personal extravagance, personal indolence.

*

Everyone, in fact, has his own theory, and there is probably a measure of truth in every theory advanced. What the exact truth is we shall never know. For the most part there can be nothing but more theorising. But such of the contributory causes as permit of remedy may be remedied and some alleviation thus found in existing conditions; graft, whether in public or private life, might be eliminated; public expenditure reduced to a minimum, labour rendered more efficient by technical training; the tariff lowered or abolished under certain conditions; the soil protected by rotatory farmng; the trust and the combine used to cheapen methods of production instead of to increase profits; the average mode of life made simpler and the average man and woman less covetous, less superficial and less luxurious. Some of these changes lie within the range of practical politics, others require a slower process and depend more on personal effort than on laws or lawmakers; but it needs no gift of prophesy to predict that all these, and perhaps other and more stringent measures, must be applied before the evil is cured.

*

Mr. J. J. Hill, the railway genius, has summarised the situation in an epigram to the effect that the trouble is not with "the high cost of living, but with the living that costs high." It is the universal determination to live on as large and generous a scale as possible that, in Mr. Hill's opinion, is chiefly responsible for the high prices. He admits there are other factors and finds among them that of poor farming, particularly in the West. The land has been exhausted by unscientific farming, and might easily have its productivity doubled by a system of crop rotation. This has been proved by the "railway farms" conducted as object-lessons by different United States railways. President Howard Elliot, of the Northern Pacific, says of the farms conducted by his railway, that on five such institutions forty bushels of wheat were produced to the acre, more than double the normal crop. Mr. Hill has again and again warned the American people that their food supply would soon be no more than sufficient for their own needs, and then, immediately, food would be imported, and—obviously—from Canada.

*

This leads on to the question of the productivity of Canada, and it is somewhat startling to learn that in Ontario, the greatest of our Provinces, there has been a marked falling off during recent years; not perhaps in the capacity to produce, as a rule, but in the actual production. The acreage under wheat in Ontario in 1900, according to reports of the Bureau of Industries, was 1,445,595 acres, which had fallen by 1908 to 821,766 acres. We might, perhaps, account for the reduction in wheat growing on the theory that it is grown more cheaply in the West and that the older Province was devoting its

soil to something more profitable, the dairying industry for instance. But during the same period the production of cheese and butter decreased heavily. Cheese dropped from 165,306,573 pounds in 1903, to 120,624,436 pounds in 1908, and butter from 10,872,126 pounds to 9,895,109 pounds. There had been similar reductions in the numbers of sheep owned, and in all grains other than barley and oats, in which last, however, increased acreages were accompanied by decreased productivity.

*

Mr. J. J. Harpell, who writes of these matters in an admirable article on "Canada and Tariff Reform" in *The Contemporary Review* for January, declares that similar conditions exist in all the older Provinces and are beginning to set in even in the newer Provinces. The wheat acreage in Manitoba is, for instance, already decreasing. "If it were not for the two new Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, Canada would cut as sorry a figure in the production of grain as she does in dairy and other agricultural products. The circumstances which continue to increase the wheat acreage of Saskatchewan and Alberta are quite artificial, and if nothing is done to improve the condition of the Canadian farmer, when these artificial conditions are removed the decrease in the agricultural production of these Provinces will be even greater than in any of the older ones." This is a very cold douche indeed, compared with the enthusiastic forecasts usually associated with Canada and the twentieth century, but we may perhaps do well to ask if the present methods of settlement tend to the development of good farmers, and if we are doing all that is possible to promote national efficiency in this most vital matter. One would like to regard Mr. Harpell as unduly pessimistic, but his figures and citations are very striking.

*

Two interesting conferences were held in Washington during the month, one, called by the National Civic Federation to promote uniformity of legislation among the various States of the Republic, the other a gathering of Governors, assembled by their own desire, to discuss the same subject. President Taft, in an introductory speech, showed the intolerable condition of things at the present time, where there is lacking uniformity on any of the vital issues and problems of life. The laws on marriage and divorce, on education, on child labour, on industrial disputes, on compensation for injuries, and a thousand other things, are an absolute jumble. Social reform is stopped at the onset in the United States. The mob of legislatures can never come to any agreement. There is a tendency on the part of the Federal power to encroach, and this will, no doubt, grow as the years pass. One may doubt if any large practical result will flow from the well meant efforts of the National Civic Federation. It is twenty years now since the Federation secured the appointment of Commissioners on Uniformity of Law, and in two decades the most important piece of legislation on which anything approaching uniformity has been secured is the unsensational Negotiable Instruments Act, which has become law in thirty-eight States. We have something of the same problem to solve in Canada, but we have the advantage of having but nine Provinces, as against forty-eight States and Territories, and nine partners can agree better than forty-eight. Meantime, a movement looking to the uniformity of provincial laws might find valuable work to hand here in the Dominion.

At Five O'clock

SONG OF ROSES

By Katherine Hale

O singing Youth, thou wert to me
A pink rose of expectancy!
Laughing I laid thee on my breast,
All radiant of Joy's bright quest.

Therewith, on the appointed day,
Came Life to meet me on the way;
A gold rose gave into my hand—
The seal of strength to understand.

Then, like some wide transforming morn,
Soul signalled soul and love was born,
And Youth that laughs and Life that knows
Melted into one crimson rose.

. . . . . .

Now God alone can make complete
This little garland soft and sweet,
And give me Death's white rose of light,
Forever fresh, forever bright,

That I may bind with cool green leaves
The flowers of Life and Death's pale sheaves,
And send them, stripped of thorn and rue,
Perfect and passionless—to you.

—The Outlook.

*

IF we were to make a book of rose songs, what a mighty volume it would be! Humanity, which began its story in a garden, has ever since kept a reminiscent tenderness for the rose. Cities are all wrong—a disease with which we must struggle as best we may, making our escape into the country as often as the day's work allows. The nature which scorns a garden and the simple joys of the soil, is quite beyond hope, is in a worse condition than the man who "hath no music in him."

The love of flowers, like the love of all beauty, has in it the pathos of the perishable. Herrick's "Daffodils," which had so brief a Spring, touch the common chord of change and decay which sounds through all our April joys and sorrows. We have our floral favourites, and to many women the violet is the most appealing of all. Whether it blooms in Rome, Parma, an English lane or the corner of a Canadian garden, there are a delicacy and a fragrance about the little nestling flower which make it one of the cherished blossoms. It is no wonder that the poets have given it their homage and that "the soul of violets" has entered into the tenderest songs. The graves of Keats and Shelley in the Protestant cemetery at Rome are seldom without a soft wreath of violets, placed by admirers from across the seas who have remembered the odes which make the dust of these brother poets immortal.

Yet, when we have paid tribute to all the other flowers that blow, we turn to the rose as surpassing the witchery of them all, whether it be the Eden Rose, which the Angel of the Garden gave to departing Eve, or the rose whose white peace makes

fragrant the last sleep. Throughout the literature of the East, the roses leave their fragrant trail, making the gardens of India and Persia a world of dreams for us of the busy West. How much poorer we should be if Omar had never sung of the hyacinths and roses in his enchanted by-ways!

Hence, though the winds of departing Winter may be howling around us, it is a grateful breath of summer that we feel in such a poem as this "Song of Roses." "Katherine Hale," as most readers of the Current Literature columns of *The Mail and Empire* know, is the pen-name of Miss Amelia B. Warnock. This Canadian writer has a curious mingled inheritance of Scottish and Southern traits, as her father was a Scotchman indeed — of the town of Galt — while her mother is a daughter of the charming State of Alabama. To one who knows the beauty and fragrance of the gardens of the Southland in May, it seems as if Miss Warnock has caught their fleeting, exquisite spell in this poem of life and roses. Such songs are all too rare in this workaday world, which, as *Rosalind* sighed, is full of briers. So we may hope that the toils of discovering the merits and demerits of the six best-selling novels will not obscure the fancy of this writer of true lyrics.

*

IN one of Louisa May Alcott's delightful books, which we all loved and read as long as the covers held together, there is a sentence to the effect that a young girl is the very sweetest work of the Creator. Now, a "really nice" girl is difficult to excel, but, if I may express a choice, it is for the charming old lady. There are a restful grace and a dignity about the delicate, worn face which mean more than the freshness of Sweet Seventeen. There is so much of conquest and strength in the face of the woman who has reached three score years and ten, that a younger generation regards her with envy and reverence. They are so sweetly and soothingly comprehending, even when our trials and perplexities are trivial, these dear old ladies, who have seen so many roses bloom and fade.

To be sure, there are old ladies who are a terror to the household and who live for the express purpose of finding fault and giving offence. There is nothing more fearsome than a horrid old lady, and the daughters-in-law of "Such" are the most afflicted of their sex. When one considers what a benediction a dear old lady can be, how truly disgusting seems such a travesty of womanhood as Lady Cardigan, for instance, whose recent book of reminiscences reveals a nature utterly malicious and sordid! If one may judge from the reviews of the volume, she is a woman entirely devoid of shame or common decency, speaking with brutal frankness on nearly every subject and personage, and soiling everything she touches. It is true, there is something grotesquely amusing about this gross old octogenarian and the dismay her volume has caused. But the spectacle of a nasty and vulgar old woman, telling with fiendish garrulity of the faults and vices of those whom she called friend, is the reverse of edifying. We boast of Anglo-Saxon civilisation as if it were the flower of all the ages. Yet the Arabs could teach us a valuable lesson in the virtue of hospitality. To eat salt with another and then slander the guest or the host is the unpardonable sin among the Sons of Ishmael. Evidently, Lady Cardigan and all her tribe are much below the people of the desert in a sense of social honour.

*

A MUCH depressed Bostonian exclaimed on an historic occasion: "It seems that the mission of America is to vulgarise the world!" While we may not assent fully to the remark made by the Gentleman from Massachusetts, it must be admitted

that the Uuited States, as a nation, has a fondness for farce. The world has looked forward, during many a decade, to the discovery of the North Pole, as an achievement of marvellous thrills. But the nephews of Uncle Sam have turned it into one of the most curious performances in modern vaudeville. Copenhagen is cast down, while the British scientists rejoice, inasmuch as they discredited Doctor Cook and his gumdrops story from the first. In the meantime, the town of Sydney, Cape Breton, adds another feather to its municipal cap, since it was the first important port to bestow bouquets on Commander Peary, on his return from his northern journey.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF MISS AGNES C. LAUT, AUTHOR OF "CANADA: THE EMPIRE OF THE NORTH"

It must be decidedly melancholy to be Mrs. Frederick A. Cook! Perhaps the lady is philosophic and takes comfort in the fact that her husband has a wonderful imagination. Perhaps she believes his tall tales and is confident that Freddy is a much-maligned man, even giving credence to him when he declares that she is the only woman he ever, ever loved. It is fun for the newspapers and a gold mine to the funny folk in the cheap theatres, but it must be positively painful for Mrs. Cook. Think of having your husband compared to Ananias, Munchausen and other precious prevaricators!

The North Pole, which has so allured the explorers of the last century, suddenly dwindles to the Euclid definitions of a point—that which has no parts and no magnitude. America (meaning the United States) has vulgarised hopelessly this awe-inspiring spot, turned the vast silences into a hall of echoing laughter and the Drama of 1909 into a shrieking burlesque. Verily, this is an amusing old planet, with a continuous performance of enlivening farce, if we will only pay our little penny for the newspaper.

*

THE name of "Agnes" is associated, for most of us, with the famous Dickens heroine — the superior person who became David Copperfield's second wife and who had an uncomfortable habit of pointing upward. Anything less like that somewhat saccharine Agnes than the two "Agneses" who have lately made explorations in Northern and Western Canada, it would be difficult to imagine. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron has a cheerful fashion of setting out for the

Arctic Circle, with a type-writer under one arm and a Hudson's Bay Company's journal under the other. Miss Agnes C. Laut is also given to long journeyings on short notice.

The latter's book "Canada: The Empire of the North," published by William Briggs, Toronto, fulfils its sub-title in being the romantic story of the new Dominion's growth from colony to kingdom. Miss Laut's instinct for the dramatic is ever on the alert, and if she sometimes lends her own feeling to one side or the other, the reader merely feels the additional glow of personality in the romance.

The style of the narrative is decidedly unconventional and stimulating. The interrogative fashion in which the writer suggests the varying historical situations which made the Canada of to-day is decidedly novel and piquant from "Who first found Canada?" to "When political life grows corrupt, is it now cleansed or condoned?" This latest book on Canada's story makes bright and informing reading.

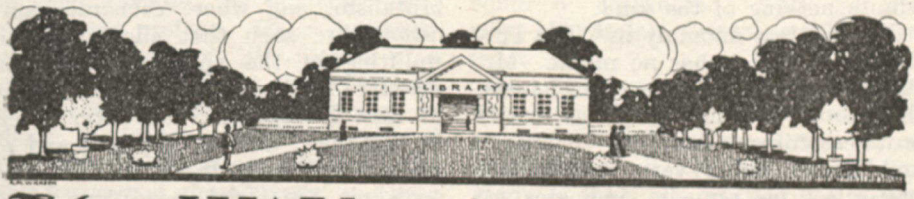
*

WHATEVER may be one's personal desire, so far as the feminine vote is concerned, it is decidedly ridiculous for opponents of such suffrage to declare that the act of voting is "unwomanly." If there is one word which has been incessantly misused and abused, it is that unfortunate adjective, "unwomanly." Our grandmothers informed us that it was "unwomanly" to use any word but "limb" to describe a leg. We were informed, twenty years ago, that it was unwomanly to ride a bicycle. Many of us still think it unwomanly to smoke a cigarette, although we are assured that in Europe the habit is regarded differently. At the municipal elections in Toronto last January, about twenty-five per cent. of the women who are allowed to vote went to the polls and recorded their civic preferences. Will anyone assert that this course of action was unwomanly — that the women who thus expressed their desires in matters municipal were guilty of an immodest act?

Crowds of girls throng every week to cheap theatres where they hear more vulgar and tawdry stuff by way of "humour" than these women voters would hear at the polls. Yet no one thinks of calling the steady patroness of the cheap theatre "unwomanly." Hundreds of women in our cities make a mad rush for the bargain counter, pushing, jostling and crowding each other in a desire to save ten cents on a blouse or a skirt length. Yet no one comes out and calls the bargain chaser "unwomanly." When women began to attend the universities, hands of holy horror straightway were raised, lest the study of mathematics or German should deteriorate the qualities called feminine. While the Dominion of Canada has not yet attained unto such a women's university as Smith or Wellesley, and while we all hope that she *will* possess such institutions in the future, yet there are few who would declare that it is unwomanly to seek a university education.

There has been a curious idea concerning woman cherished by man throughout the ages — that she is utterly a slave to her emotional nature, incapable of logical processes or control of her feelings. As a matter of fact, neither man nor woman has yet proved capable of absorbing that liberal education which Huxley has so astutely described. But woman is by no means the sentimental weakling which man likes to believe her. She, also, is capable of taking a pride in her work as artist, writer or musician and is realising that her "sphere" has the circumference of the whole round earth. We need not fear for the home. The majority of women will always choose the fireside in preference to the limelight.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

MR. W. J. MIHAYCHUK, criticising Mr. Ralph Connor's latest novel, "The Foreigner," writes as follows: First seeing "The Foreigner" behind the large window-panes laid so elaborately and abundantly by the very careful hand of the bookseller, and having little idea of its contents, I surmised that it was a book worth reading, and that a more careful and skilful hand had indited it. It looked an interesting novelty and attraction —a *rara avis*. It had a ruddy twilight front "jacket," with a sketch of river and plain and fir woodland on the back. On the top the title, the sub-title, and the name of the author. In all anxiety, being one of them myself, I bought "The Foreigner."

When I had finished the book, I was sick at heart and sorry for what I had thought of *it* previously. Such apathetic, prejudiced, and false ideas of the foreigner—Galician!* Were I not of Slavonic descent, and had I not known the nature of my nationality, I, after reading the book, would have been afraid to have anything to do with the Galician for fear of his stabbing me with a knife or hitting me with a club. But having some fair chance to study our material as well as moral conditions of life, I protest that the typical Galician is not such. I deplore the degradation of our lower class, which is perhaps partly the cause of such fiction, but I pity the author who did not take pains to study the subject more closely, if he really meant "charity" and "justice."

It cannot be denied that Galicians do drink, and that they do fight. But it can be shown that the majority of them lead a peaceful, sober and respectable life. If Mr. Ralph Connor had understood and had had a chance to listen to many a chat of the people whom he so mercilessly portrays he would have observed something real and typical. Then his portrayal would have been true, and would have had better fortune. He, perhaps, could not very well do that, and bore no sympathy for the Galicians so as to really study and know them. Perhaps he was afraid of the "murderous knife," or maybe "barbarous club," and had no appetite for "dirty and greasy faces." But, as a rule, those who are afraid do not succeed, and those who are disgusted with the thing they would like to know find more trouble in obtaining the knowledge. This may have been the case, and that is why we do not find sympathy, neither is there even the pretended charity, nor is any fair chance

*There may be some confusion in understanding the word Galician. Speaking of Galician, I mean Ruthenian. There are Jews, Germans, and Polanders who come from Galicia (in Austria), and they are called Galicians also. But by some the word Galician is used only in meaning Ruthenian: so I have used it in this sense. Ruthenians have no greater reason to be called Galicians than Polanders, Germans, or Jews so long as they come from Galicia.

given to us. Indeed *Doctor Wright* pities us a bit in one place, but the *Sergeant* gives us a hearty blow, and admits nothing of the kind.

The greatest anomaly in "The Foreigner" is that it has no moral. Mr. Ralph Connor pictures bacchanals, the heroes of his story, as horrid brute-creatures, describes carousals and bloody fights very vividly, but prescribes no remedy, indicates no way of eradicating the evil; points out the dirt and filth, but advises no scavengers; speaks of the immorality accompanying all the aforesaid as necessary evil, and forgets to show that we should try to get rid of it. Really *Kalman*, when he left Winnipeg, was a bad boy, but he was sent to attain higher degrees of life, and to be "made man" to *Jack French*, whom he had found drunk and swearing.

It appears that *Jack's* home was a rather unfit reformatory. But, anyway, *Kalman* belongs to the best of the group. And why? Is it merely because he was sent to *Jack French* to be "made man" or because he was of "good Russian blood"? No matter how it was, the result is not very bad with *Kalman*.

But, mark you, *Kalman* descended of "good Russian blood." He was not Galician. All Galicians are lost in "The Foreigner" when it comes to something higher. There seems to be no remedy for their degradation, no standard of life above brutalism, no amelioration. God pity them! Such an unpromising element! Such undesirable citizens! Why, here is a danger, a menace! Lord have mercy on us Canadians!

To be not so spirited, let me ask, Are Galicians really some sort of low, debased creatures who are to be dreaded? Are they bound to bear the blame and shame of all those who kept them in oppression and benightment for ages? Is their sole fate to receive abuses, jibes and scoffs? Is not there such a character of life, as described in "The Foreigner," and ascribed to them, in other nationalities, where the poverty drives human beings to that semi-barbarism and brutalism, and where economic conditions are such that allow not the uplifting of the spirit to a higher standard? Aye, there are instances in East London, in Vancouver, even in Winnipeg, and at all places and of all nationalities. It is known that economic, material conditions, and social opportunities determine largely the character of the people. Where there is equality of opportunities there is no poverty, and no degradation. Are Galicians really an "ungrateful lot," and so suspicious and incredulous to their more fortunate neighbours of Anglo-Saxon race? Will the Galician indeed attempt to hit his neighbour with a club were he incidentally to receive some petty harm? Have they no better samples of women than that of *Paulina* and *Mrs. Blazowski?* Are they really so destitute? Are not they possessed with the gift of æsthetics and ethics?

If we were to believe "The Foreigner" we would answer all of these questions in the negative, and take it for granted that if Galicians were a better lot, had some good characters of men and women, Ralph Connor would have taken them, and if Galicians were for something better than drinks and bloody fights, they would be so spoken of in the book. That is what many a reader would think. And there we have the spirit, spirit of contempt and prejudice!

Yet sometimes we speak of the making of a nation strong and freedom-loving, speak of showing foreigners many of our good ways, and teaching them to lead better lives and love our Canadian flag. We speak of uniting all together regardless of national or religious distinctions, and helping those who want help and are eager to attain better ways. We are of one soil, one climate, one country—Canada—and only one nation, that is, Canadian. For something similar, Mr. Ralph Connor strives in his pre-

face. Even for "the good of mankind and glory of God" he would do all this, which he did, and which is to no such purpose, for the story contradicts the preface. He is inconsistent if he speaks of "the making of a nation out of different elements, and of breeds diverse in traditions, in ideals, in speech, and in manner of life" when he feels contempt and dislike for any of the "breeds." There are no "living hooks of justice and charity" in the spirit of the book, and it answers no such purpose. It seems as if it was meant for good, but was written at random, and is more for stirring up of sensation than "the making of a nation" or "good of mankind." A subject like that requires study and sympathy, which Mr. Ralph Connor seems to lack.

Before closing, I return to the "breeds" and "bloods." I do not intend to offend the Anglo-Saxon or anybody else, neither do I try to show that Galicians stand higher than they are. Neither do I intend to give any instructive remarks. I only write this in our own defence, for we, as part of Canada's future nation, feel ourselves entitled to that British motto which sounds like equal rights to everyone. We pay taxes, we help in the making and improving of our new country, and we have a right to appeal for justice.

True enough, Anglo-Saxons stand on a higher level as a whole. And this would be true of every nationality if the economic conditions were favourable. But let us descend the ladder, and there on the bottom level of life we find degradation in every "breed" and race. This is natural, and it is our economic law that the more impoverished the man is the more degraded he is. History proves this. The reason why in Winnipeg more wrong-doings are committed by Galicians is because they constitute the most impoverished class, and they were the most impoverished to come out from Austria. However, I cannot think that incidents like that of *Jack French* and the man with a load of hay, and that of *Doctor Wright* and *Mrs. Blazowski*, are possible of common occurrence. But, by the way Mr. Ralph Connor would have it, it is so.

Ruthenians, as Galician peasants, may be illiterate (not all, of course,) but not so destitute as to receive such libellous description. Many of them are civilised and follow Anglo-Saxons in various respectable occupations. Canadian Galicians (in the old country they are not distinguished by this name) belong to one Ruthenian-Ukrainian nation, which has its traditions, history, literature, poets, politicians. Sometimes I repeat the living words of Robert Burns: "A man's a man for a' that." Please let us dwell less on the difference in "breeds" and "bloods." We are one breed, one blood, one spirit, one race, one Canadian nation under the British flag. Justice and equity to everyone.

*

ONE of the most charming and entertaining of recent publications is the sumptuous volume by W Teignmouth Shore entitled "Charles Dickens and His Friends." It begins with Thackery and ends with Carlyle, and in between there is an abundance of anecdote and incident, together with an intimate acquaintanceship with many of the celebrities of that time, such as Macready, Lady Blessington, Walter Savage Landor, Wilkie Collins, Charles Albert Fechter, Sir Edwin Landseer, John Leech, Daniel Maclise, Augustus L. Egg, Mark Lemon, James White, Hans Christian Anderson, and a host of others. To read this book is to know Dickens better and to know also the kind of persons this great novelist regarded as his friends (London and Toronto: Cassell and Company, 6/ net).

*

SO far Mr. Wilfred Campbell has not been so well favoured by the genius of fiction as by the muse of

poetry. His latest novel in book form is entitled "A Beautiful Rebel." It is a romance of Upper Canada at the time of the War of 1812, with the daughter of a rebel (and she herself a rebel at heart) for heroine and a young officer of His Majesty's forces for hero. The story begins with the young officer, *Lieutenant Etherington*, making his way on horseback, and bearing despatches from the Governor at York to *Castle Monmouth*, on Lake Erie. As the envoy draws near to his destination, and while stopping for refreshment at a wayside inn, he seems to be ridiculously careless of his identity and the purpose of his presence in the vicinity. And that very night he is waylaid. The despatches are taken from him, and some money is stolen. But the officer himself is saved from serious personal injury by the intervention of *Lydia Bradford*, who, though in sympathy with the rebels and daughter of one of them, has a tender feeling for the young officer, whom she regards as the victim of an unfair plot. At this point the romance begins, and it is heightened later on with the development of the war. But one feels that, after all, the war does not amount to much, that the despatches the young lieutenant carried are not very important, that he himself has not taken even ordinary precautions to safeguard them, that the whole scheme of an attachment thwarted by opposing factions is commonplace and hackneyed. Some of the incidents are either farcical or grotesque. No real heroism is encountered. Nor is the narrative itself a satisfactory composition. The sequence is at fault, for towards the close there is a forced leap to Queenston Heights and back again, and it is difficult to think that the mystery surrounding *Etherington's* lineage is not artificial. However, a full meed of credit should be given to so reputable a writer as Mr. Wilfred Campbell for thus stimulating interest in an important event in Canadian history and for indicating that the time of 1812 was not devoid of romance. (Toronto: The Westminster Company).

*

"FLOWERS from a Canadian Garden" is the title of a new anthology of Canadian verse that is distinguished from others particularly because it is confined to lyrics. The contents were selected and edited by Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, librarian, of Ottawa, and even although restricted in scope, they afford a pretty fair insight into Canadian poetry. The list of poets represented will not seem complete to many readers, and indeed the name of so gifted a lyric as Isabel Ecclestone Mackay could scarcely be omitted from a volume of this character without greatly detracting from its value and comprehensiveness. Virna Sheard and E. Pauline Johnson are other Canadian poets who have written some charming lyrics, and mention might be made of the absence also from this volume of the name of William H. Drummond, although the omission of Doctor Drummond's name from a collection of lyrics might be pardonable. The poets represented number seventeen: Jean Blewett, George Frederick Cameron, Wilfred Campbell, Bliss Carman, Helena Coleman, Isabella Valancy Crawford, Louise C. Glasgow, Charles Heavysege, Archibald Lampman, Agnes Maule Machar, Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, Duncan Campbell Scott, Frederick George Scott, Robert W. Service, Arthur Stringer, and Ethelwyn Wetherald. Regret is expressed in the preface that owing to refusal of permission by the publishers no examples of the work of Charles G. D. Roberts could be given. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

*

THE latest book of poems from the pen of Mr. Bliss Carman is entitled "The Rough Rider and Other Poems." In binding, printing and

arrangement it is refreshing in its simplicity and good taste. As might be inferred from the title, it is dedicated to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. "The Rough Rider" is a glorification of the individual who is known by that cognomen, and it is a rather spirited piece of writing. But the volume as a whole is not in the author's best vein, nor is it by any means even in quality. Note the beauty in the opening stanza of "In Gold Lacquer":

"Gold are the great trees overhead,
And gold the leaf-strewn grass,
As though a cloth of gold were spread
To let a seraph pass.
And where the pageant should go by,
Meadow and wood and stream,
The world is all of lacquered gold,
Expectant as a dream."

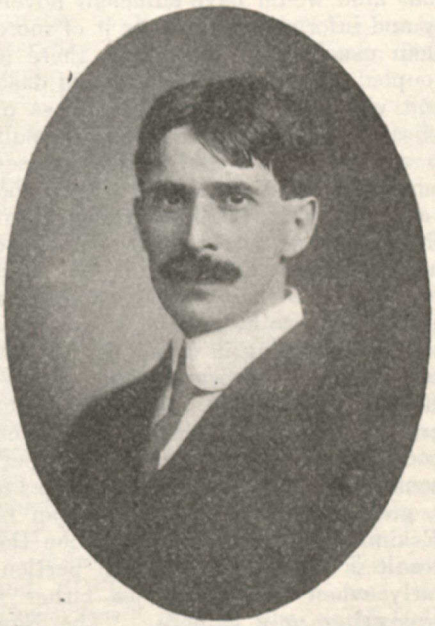
And then read the opening stanza to "Easter Eve":

"If I should tell you I saw Pan lately
down by the shallows of Silvermine,
Blowing an air on his pipe of willow, just
as the moon began to shine;
Or say that, coming from town on Wednesday I met Christ walking on Ponus
Street;
You might remark, 'Our friend is flighty
—visions, for want of enough red
meat!'"

Nevertheless Bliss Carman is a poet, even if he does not always reach his high-water mark. (New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Buff parchment, $1).

*

IN "Redney McGaw," the latest story from the pen of Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane, an accomplished Canadian writer, the author has produced a piece of juvenile characterisation that has a quality well worthy of adult appreciation. It has been sent forth as a story for boys, a rank it attains easily; but it is more than that, for the adventures of *Redney McGaw* are not ordinary, and there is about the lad an ingenuousness that is pleasing to the mature reader. The style of writing is admirably in keeping with the character of the tale, which, by the way, is that of a lad who



MR. ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE,
AUTHOR OF "REDNEY MCGAW"

undertakes to get from Buffalo to Dubuque by attaching himself to the "biggest show on earth." Of course, the circus itself had its allurements for *Redney*, but in order to live for a time beneath its capacious canvases he is obliged to undergo the penalties and indignities of initiation, in short to be the "Human Egg," an ordeal intended to cure youngsters of the wish to join the circus. However, he is engaged as a dish-washer, and finally achieves his purpose of getting to Dubuque under these auspices. It is a decidedly engaging tale. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

*

FOR a woman, to travel from Chicago to the Arctic Ocean is a gigantic undertaking. But that is what Miss Agnes Deans Cameron has done, and, more than that, she has written a book to tell about what she has seen and heard. The book is entitled "The New North," and it is well worthy of the title. Even if told in a most prosaic style, an account of

that kind would have sufficient novelty and information to make it of more than usual value, but when there is coupled with these the spirit and dash and vividness and picturesqueness of Miss Cameron's narrative the result is a volume of travel that possesses more than ordinary attractiveness and value. It can be taken for granted that the author of this volume would see much of all that could be seen on that immense journey and hear all that was to be heard. If she were to miss anything it would not be due to a lack of enterprise and energy. She seems to have been able to ingratiate herself into the affections and good graces of the many stolid persons whom she met, and that means a great deal, for if either Indian or Eskimo take a dislike to anyone the result is not very gratifying, particularly when that one uses either a typewriter or a camera. "The New North" comprises almost 400 pages, and there are reproductions of a great many photographs, a few of which the reader will find some difficulty in connecting with the text. Altogether the volume is a notable contribution to the literature of travel. (New York: D. Appleton and Company).

*

ONE of the neatest little volumes of humour and cleverly construed situations this season is the work of a new Canadian writer, Valance J. Patriarche, a resident of a western Canadian city. The book is entitled "Tag: Or the Chien Boule Dog." It is a brief account of a honeymoon that was interrupted by the accidental presence of a small French-Canadian lad and a big bulldog. The bride and groom were passing through a French-Canadian town at the outset of their honeymoon, when the little lad and his dog were thrust into the car, with tickets attached to them indicating their destination. The young couple at once became interested, so much so that when the tickets were accidentally lost, they found themselves under the moral obligation of taking charge of these two unusual passengers. As time went on, they discovered that they could not rid themselves of their charge, until finally the situation became so complicated that it was very much like a delightful farce comedy. This is one of the brightest books of the season. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

MR. WILLIAM T. ALLISON, whose portrait was reproduced in this department last month, is the author of a volume of poems of unusual quality. The title of the volume is "The Amber Army and Other Poems," which is taken from the caption of the first poem, signifying the yellowed leaves of autumn. The subject is treated in a picturesque as well as poetical style, and there is at the close of the poem an enlargement of the theme into a consideration of a phase of life's philosophy. Indeed, while in all of Mr. Allison's work there is evidence of a keen sympathy with nature, one finds also the human accompaniment, and that, after all, is what we must look for, if we would find something that is more than commonplace. The sonnet form by no no means prevails in this volume, but here is one that gives an idea of the author's bent:

THE CANADIAN PINE

A keen, sweet fragrance lies along the air,
The odour of the tall Canadian pine;
How soft the sunbeams on his needles shine,
And where the snow has left the forest bare,
He spreads his russet carpet everywhere.
High in his swaying top the crooning wind
Eases his stormy soul,—time out of mind
He sought his ancient, steadfast solace there.
And so I find beneath the sturdy pine,
The spirit of the North, the blessed peace
That calms this easy-troubled soul of mine,

And gives to discontent a sure surcease.
In all the North I love the pine the best,
Emblem of strength, simplicity and rest.

*

GENERAL WOLFE, the hero of Quebec, has left the historian a rich controversial legacy, and although another history of his life and achievements has recently been published, it is doubtful whether the points at issue will ever be satisfactorily settled. The latest volume to deal with this subject is entitled "General Wolfe." It is written by Edward Salmon and edited by W. H. Hutton, of Oxford University, and forms one of Cassell's "Makers of National History" series. Besides giving a conscientious account of Wolfe's career, the author provides in the form of an appendix a bibliography of publications on this subject, the full text of Wolfe's famous dispatch of September 2nd, 1759, to Pitt and also parts of Montcalm's despatch of August 24th, 1759, to M. de Molé. (Toronto: Cassell and Company. Cloth, $1).

*

MR. NORMAN DUNCAN'S Christmas short story entitled "The Suitable Child," which appeared first in *Harper's Magazine*, and which has been published in book form, is not in all respects a distinguishing piece of fiction. The style is good, like that of most of Mr. Duncan's work, but it is just questionable whether there is anything new or refreshing in the story of a childless woman who cannot be reconciled to a good-looking adopted child, simply because she sees in it, or imagines she sees, something that reflects upon herself. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Cloth, 60 cents).

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NOTES

—"Write it Right" is the title of a little book by Ambrose Bierce. Its purpose is to help writers to avoid everyday blunders. (New York: The Neale Publishing Company).

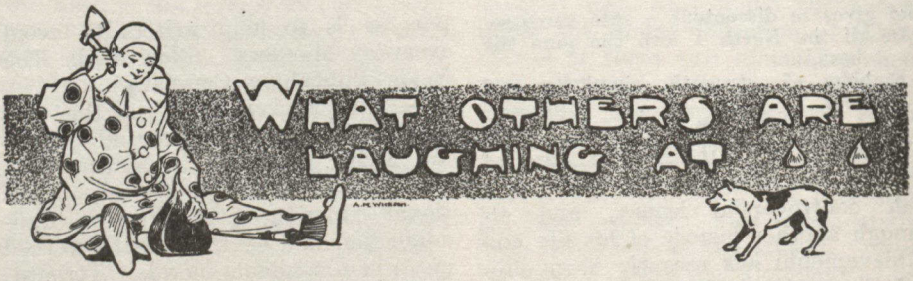
—"The Broken Trail" is the title of a little book by Reverend George W. Kirby, of Calgary. In this book the author has taken typical, exceptional experiences of Western Canadian life, and by that means worked out a commendable moral. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—"The History of Caste in India" is the title of a publication by Shridhar V. Ketkar, which purports to show that caste in India is one of the most peculiar institutions in the world, and that modern conditions in the United States are similar to those which in India gave rise to it. (Ithaca, New York: Taylor and Carpenter).

—Admirers of "Dorothy Vernon" and "When Knighthood was in Flower" will find in Charles Major's latest novel "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg" the same style of life and adventure that made the first two so popular. The scheme of the story is laid in the court of the father of Frederick the Great, and the romance deals with the wooing of the *Princess Wilhelmina* and the self-sacrifice of the *Margrave of Schwedt*. (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada).

—The presence of an evil spirit sitting on a writer's shoulder and distorting his vision is the theme of a very strong piece of fiction by Mrs. Henry Dudeney entitled "The Shoulder-Knot." The chief characters are a journalist and his wife, and the allegory is so cleverly carried on that the reader is scarcely aware that it is such, so natural does the whole plot seem to be. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

—If one wishes a pleasant novel of English country life, simple and natural, and an excellent story for ladies—such is "A Country Corner," by Amy Le Feuvre. (London and Toronto: Cassell and Company).



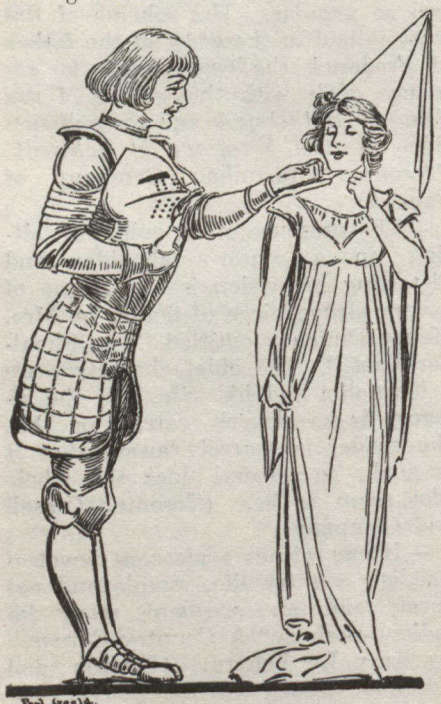
AFFINITIES

In the Hereafter the man encountered a singular group of animals—two or three beavers, an otter, and some seals, all shivering, though the climate, to say the least of it, was mild.

"We were skinned for your wife's furs!" they explained civilly, upon observing his perplexity.

He started and broke into a loud laugh.

"So was I!" quoth he, and joined them; and thenceforth they wandered on together.—*Puck.*



"IT WAS A FRESH AND LOVELY (K)NIGHT"
—*Life*

UNROMANTIC

"Anything romantic about their wedding?"

"Not a thing. She can cook, and he has a job."—Kansas City *Journal.*

*

AFTER OLIVER

My sense of sight is very keen,
  My sense of hearing weak.
One time I saw a mountain pass,
  But could not hear its peak.
—*Oliver Herford.*

Why, Ollie, that you failed in this
  Is not so very queer,
To hear its peak you should, you know,
  Have had a mountaineer.
—Boston *Transcript.*

But if I saw a mountain pass,
  My eye I'd never drop;
I'd keep it turned upon the height,
  And see the mountain's top.
—Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

I didn't see the mountain pass,
  Nor hear its peak, by George;
But when it comes to storing stuff,
  I saw the mountain gorge.
—*Exchange.*

The mountain, peaked at this,
  Frowned dark while Ollie guyed;
A cloud o'erspread its lofty brow,
  And then the mountain side.
—*Transcript.*

If Ollie could not hear its peak,
  Or song of any bird,
Of lambs, or cows upon its slope,
  Be sure the mountain herd.—*L. M.*
—*Tips and Tales.*

"PICTURE PUZZLES." HARDEST PUZZLE OF ALL.—TO FIND THE HOSTESS —*Punch*

Successful Appeal

A college graduate, after years of almost unbelievable misfortunes, decided to appeal to a classmate who had been very successful. He sought out the rich banker and was soon escorted into his presence. The banker, impressed by the signs of suffering and misfortune in both the face and clothing of his old associate, said in a shocked manner:

"Goodness man, what has happened to you?"

The unfortunate one began to tell his story. He passed from one disaster to another. He told of the loss of his wife, of the unfortunate speculation that had left him penniless, of broken health, of the death of his only son, and of his futile search for employment. As the tale unfolded, the banker's eyes began to dim with tears. His shoulders shook with sobs. He arose and walked unsteadily to a bell. A porter entered in response to the summons, and the banker said to him huskily:

"James, throw this man out. He is breaking my heart."—*Cosmopolitan.*

Too Honest

Mrs. Youngbride — "Mrs. Smith says there is lots of cream on her milk-bottles every morning. Why is there never any on yours?"

The Milkman — "I'm too honest, lady, that's why. I fills my bottles so full that there ain't never no room left for cream."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

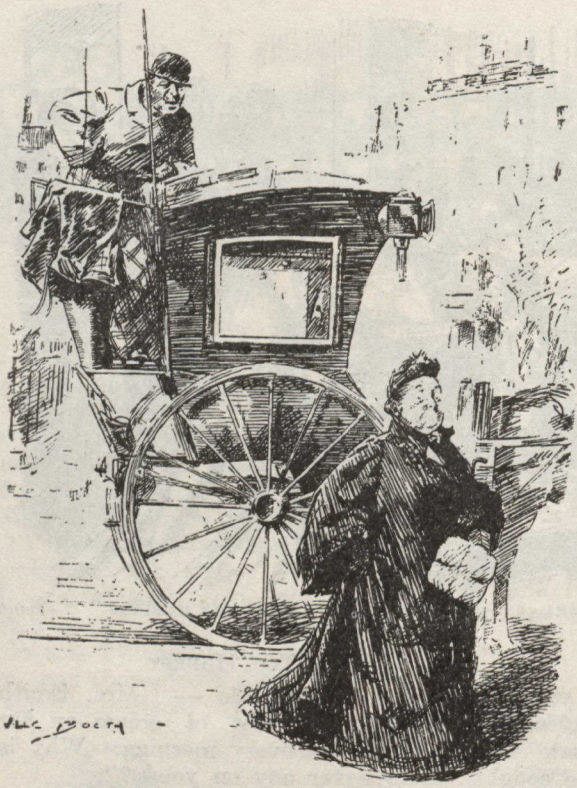
*

A Legal Distinction

A long-winded, prosy counsellor was arguing a technical case recently before one of the judges of the Superior Court. He had drifted along in such a desultory way that it was hard to keep track of what he was trying to present, and the judge had just vented a very suggestive yawn.

"I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court," said the lawyer, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

"There is some difference," the judge quietly observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."—Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*



"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE"

CABBY (on receiving his minimum mile fare in coppers). "One for the missis, one for meself, two for the nippers and—(forte)—I'll bank the rest." —*Punch*

A Literary Accident

"Hear about Perkins? Pretty tough."

"No. What?"

"The poor fellow dropped into the vernacular, bumped against a hard word and split his infinitive."—*Life*

*

What They're Doing in England

The little daughter of a Dorchester gentleman was looking at a political cartoon. "Who is this, daddie?" she asked, pointing to a person with a coronet. "That is one of the peers, my dear," replied her father. "Oh, I thought piers were places we sat on at the seaside," said the little one. "So they are, dear; but we are going to sit on these peers all over the country now," was the quick response. —London *Daily News*.

The Proper Authority

There was consternation among the young folks of the parish. The "music" for the dancing at the picnic in the glen had got into trouble. No one ever considered any other "music" but Joey the Fiddler. He was indispensable, but he was also erratic. In the old country Joey had been a school teacher and a man of considerable learning, but here he had fallen into evil ways. He was overfond of two things—a bottle and an argument. Having become engaged in the latter on this day of the picnic, he broke the former over the head of his opponent and was hauled away to the lock-up. The young people called a hasty meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon Squire Nugent to secure the release of the "music" if possible. The squire was hearing Joey's case when the committee arrived. The spokesman respectfully explained the absolute necessity of Joey's presence at the picnic that day.

"That's a good soul, squire; l'ave me go," put in Joey.

The squire took down a ponderous law book and began, wisely and thoughtfully to ceremoniously turn the pages.

"If you're lookin' for the legal authority coverin' my case, squire, ye'll find it in Byron," the prisoner suggested.

"Can you quote it?" asked the merry magistrate, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Aye! so I can," Joey promptly retorted. "It reads: 'On with the dance; let Joey be unconfined.'"

The squire adjudged Byron a competent authority, and Joey was unconfined.—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

Have a Look!

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Grape-Nuts

The glass brings out sharply an interesting sight. Upon every golden granule will be seen small, shining crystals of Grape-Sugar.

This isn't 'put there.'

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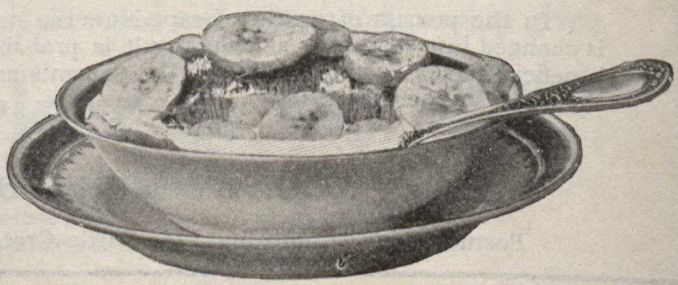
It is clean, pure and wholesome—made of the whole wheat and nothing but the wheat—full of nutriment, easily digested. Being made in "little loaf" form, it makes delicious combinations with stewed or fresh fruits. Try it with sliced bananas and cream.

For breakfast heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness and pour over it hot milk, adding a little cream and a dash of salt.



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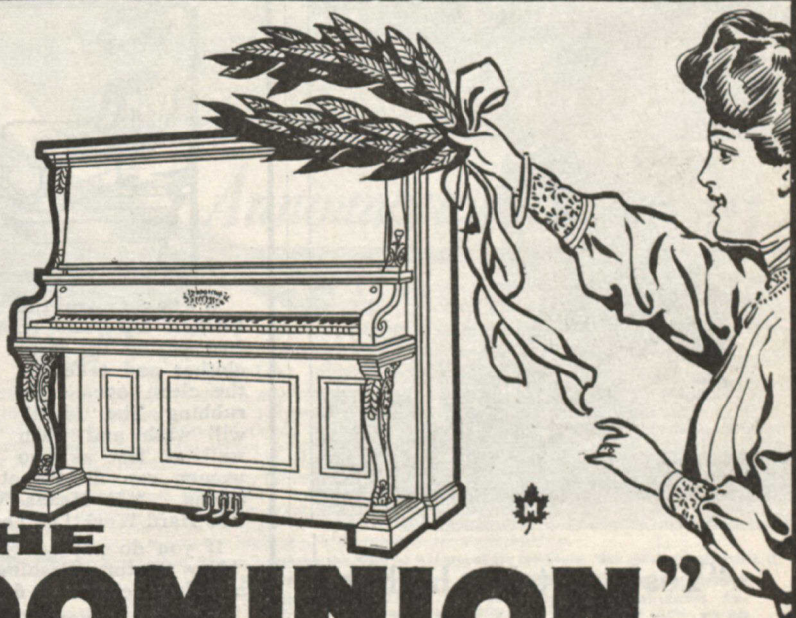

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JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH was born in 1685 and died in 1750, age 65. From childhood he grew up, as all should grow, in an atmosphere of good music in the home. He made such rapid progress in his music lessons that he soon knew more, could play better and compose better than all his teachers.

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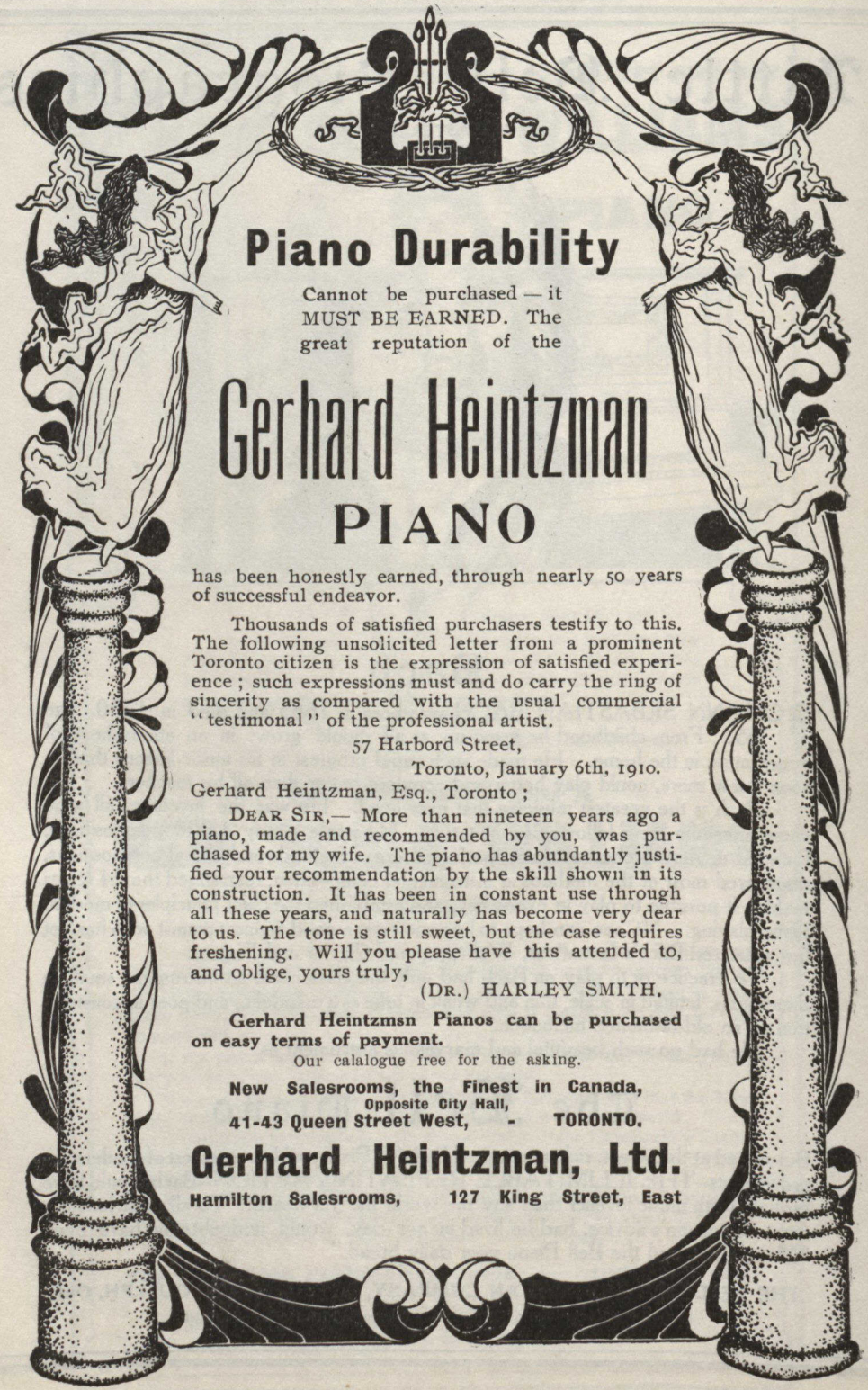

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The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."—Shakespeare.

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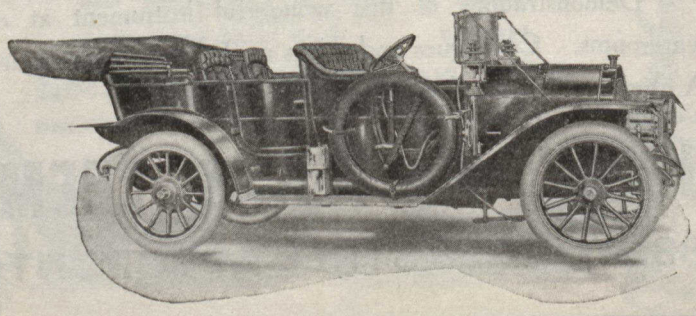

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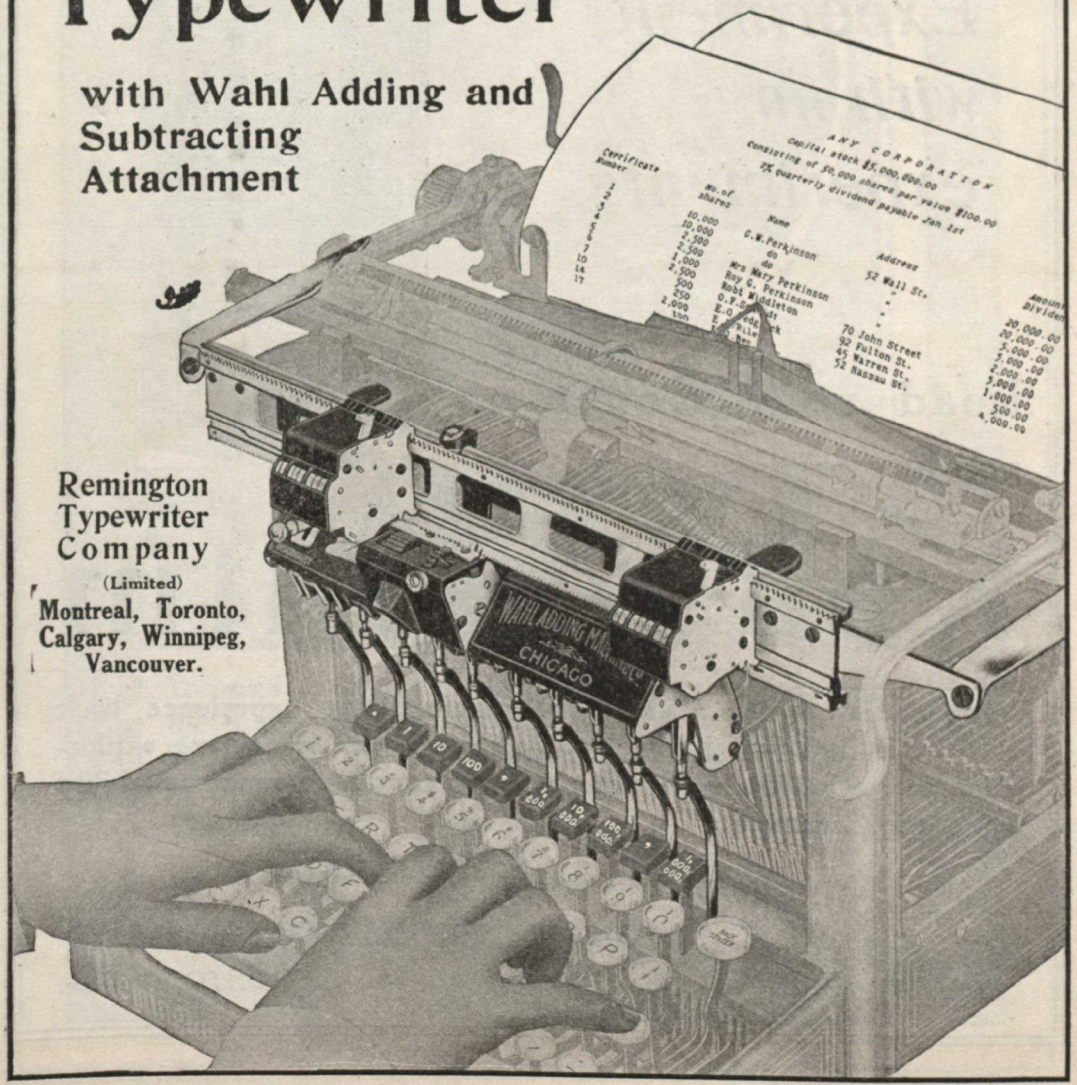

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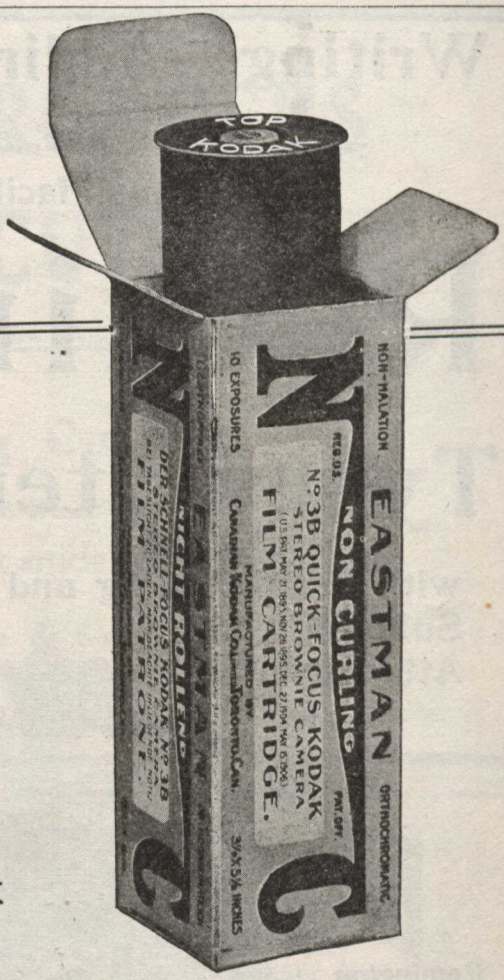

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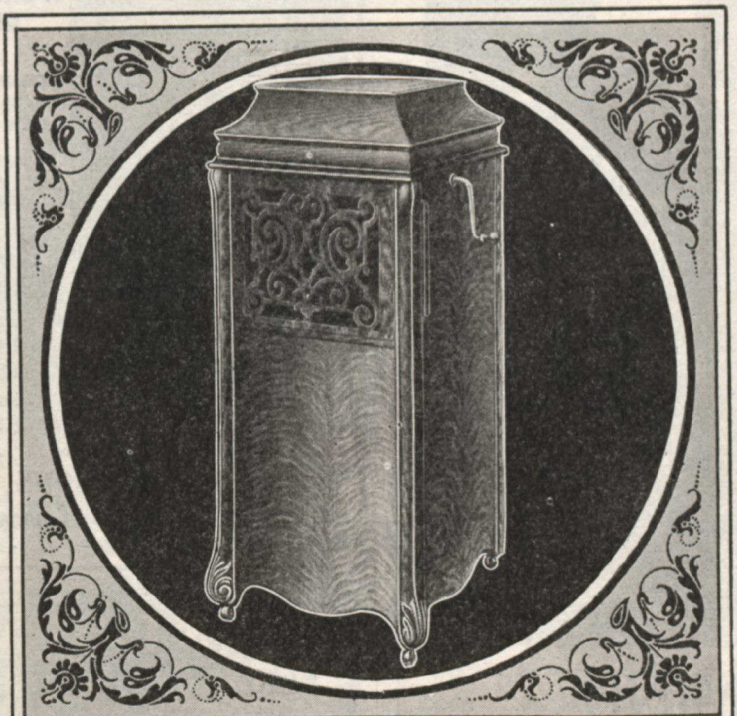

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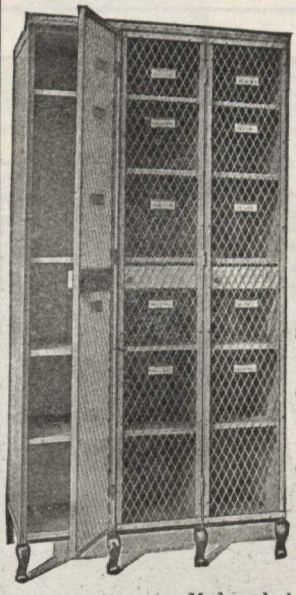

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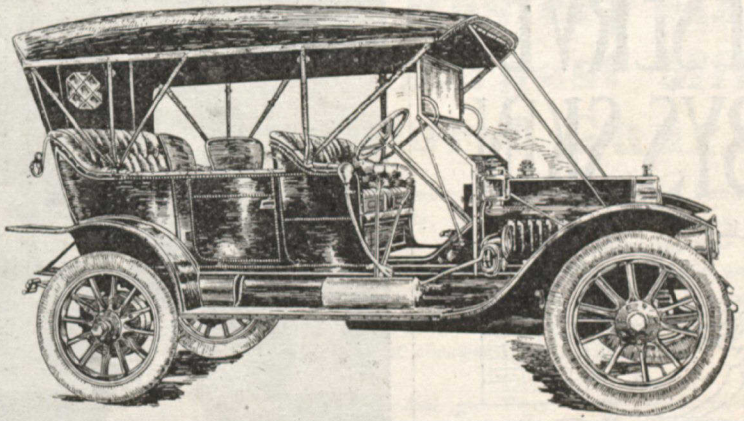

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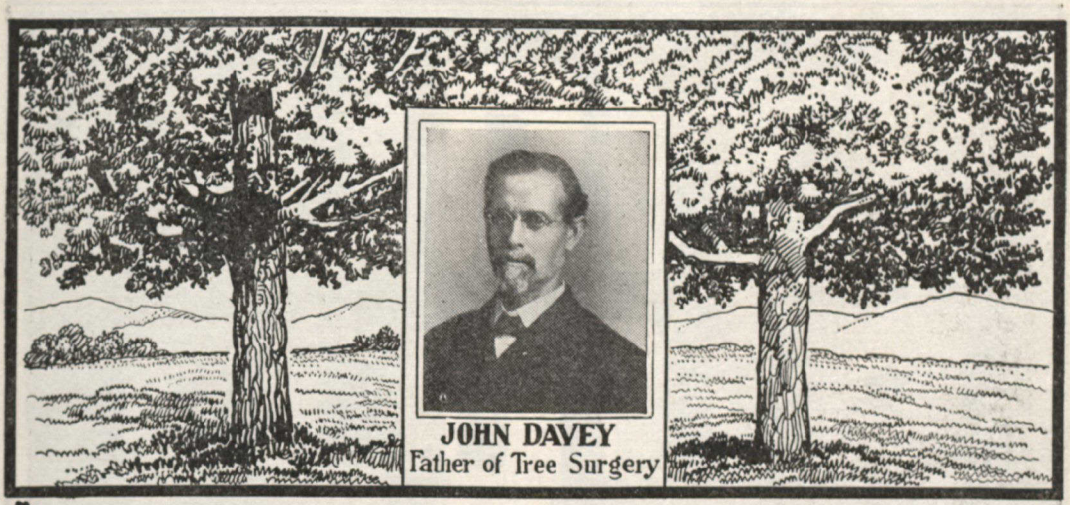

There Is a Real Value in the Beauty of the Trees

IF you want to know something of the value of the beauty of the trees, try to imagine your home without a tree about it. It would be a dreary, barren place, and would not command much of a price as a home. You could not live so contentedly, not so comfortably. You would not take so much interest in your home, not in life itself. And still there are other values than beauty connected with the trees. There is a value which cannot be set down in dollars and cents, if health is worth having. Trees add to the joy of living.

Only Live Trees Are Beautiful

And there is no necessity for having any other kind of tree about the place. Trees do not die; they are killed. If they were not interfered with in some manner they would always be healthy and symmetrical. They would give a wealth of foliage every year, and would endure for hundreds and hundreds of years. Their beauty and value would increase with time. As the trees cannot protect themselves or treat their wounds and ills, those who love them must look after their needs.

You Can Save the Lives of Your Trees

John Davey, the Father of Tree Surgery, has worked out a scientific system of tree treatment. He has spent a long life among the trees and understands them—knows what to do for them when they are sick, and how to bind up their wounds when they are hurt. He can tell whether they are properly fed and nourished, whether they have room to breathe, whether their lives are being sapped by enemies. The Davey Tree Experts are trained under the guidance and direction of John Davey.

"Our Wounded Friends, the Trees"

Graphically describes tree facts, many of them heretofore untold, and gives in detail the Davey methods of tree preservation. This book is unique, just as the Davey system is essentially original. It explains the superior efficiency of Davey methods and tells why only experts should be employed for tree surgery. The book has cost too much to permit promiscuous distribution, but we shall be glad to forward a copy **free**, on request, to any person in the Mississippi Valley or Eastward who has fine trees that are decaying, and who is interested in saving them.

"The Salvation of Our Trees"

A little booklet which gives facts about lecture of the same title, delivered by John Davey. This lecture is an exposition of the unique science of tree preservation and is attention-compelling to the utmost degree. This booklet free.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO.

(Operating the Davey School of Practical Forestry)

252 Maple St., KENT, OHIO

Representatives in all principal cities in the Mississippi Valley and Eastward. Send all inquiries to the main office for prompt attention.

"The Tree Doctor" by John Davey

John Davey's latest and most comprehensive work on the care of trees. An invaluable handbook for every owner really interested in the preservation and care of his trees, written in plain language for lay readers. Price, $2.00 postpaid.

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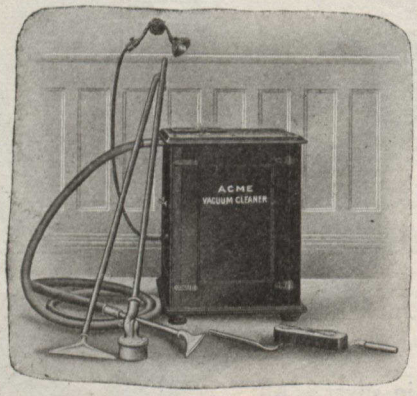
Take Your Choice of the "PURITY" Family

MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD

"Acme" Vacuum Cleaner



Operated from any ordinary 16 h.p. Electric Lamp Socket at a minimum of cost for Electric Current.

Our Cleaner is not a toy, but is the only thoroughly practical Vacuum Cleaner on the market.

Our Cleaners are in use in all the principal Hotels of the Canadian Pacific Railway System, and also in the Leading Banks, Railway Offices, Churches, Apartment Houses, and Principal Residences throughout the Dominion.

Write for particulars to Head Office.

Acme Vacuum Cleaning Company, Limited

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Thousands of women buy coffee by the "Seal Brand" Trademark.

They know that "Seal Brand" stands for quality—that it goes only with good coffee.

They know that "Seal Brand" Coffee is always the same—whether they buy it in Halifax or Vancouver or anywhere between, because the sealed tins preserve the flavor and aroma.

Buy your coffee by the "Seal Brand" Trademark and you are certain to get the the very best coffee at the price. In 1 and 2 pound tins—never in bulk.

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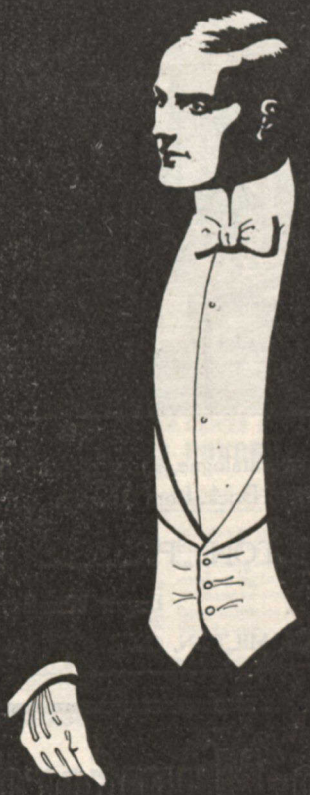
CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL



SHIRTS and COLLARS to fully satisfy the discriminating taste—to meet the rigorous demands of fashion—and to fit better and wear best—yet cost no more than you pay for mediocre quality—that kind of shirts and collars are stamped thus:

TRADE W.G.&R. MARK

"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough Croup, Sore Throat Coughs, Bronchitis Colds, Diphtheria Catarrh.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

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Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

For Sale By All Druggists.

Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us. 10c. in stamps.

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The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

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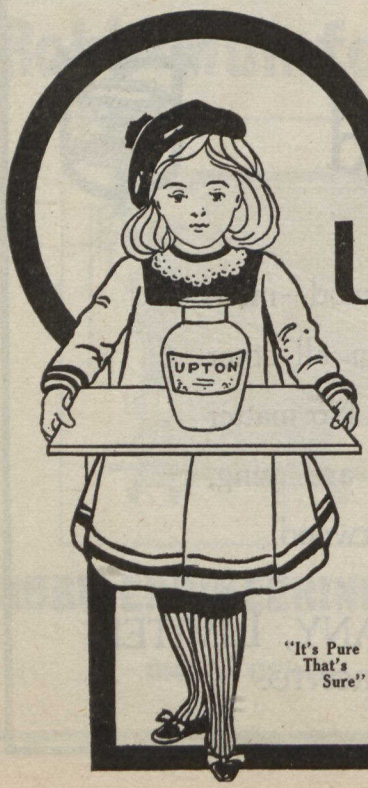

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ORANGE MARMALADE

The tonic qualities of good Orange Marmalade is recognized by the best medical authorities.

Try UPTON'S on toast for breakfast.

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To Mexico, Colorado, California and Pacific Coast Points

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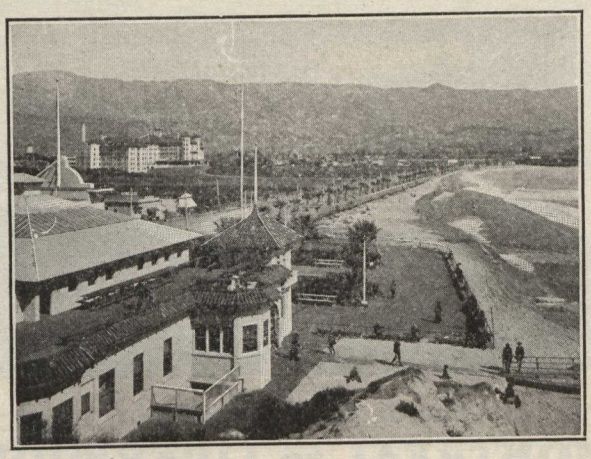
IS the popular route from all points east through Canada via Chicago



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Double track, fast service, finest roadbed, modern equipment, unexcelled dining car service.

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to Chicago, all points west, California and the Pacific Coast are operated three times a week from Boston, Mass., over the Boston & Maine, Central Vermont, and Grand Trunk Railways, via Montreal and Toronto, through the famous electrically operated St. Clair Tunnel, leaving Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11.30 a.m., Montreal 10.30 p.m., Toronto 8 a.m. following days, arriving Chicago at 9.25 p.m., making close connections with various lines for all points west.

Write for illustrated booklet giving full particulars, rates etc.

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ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

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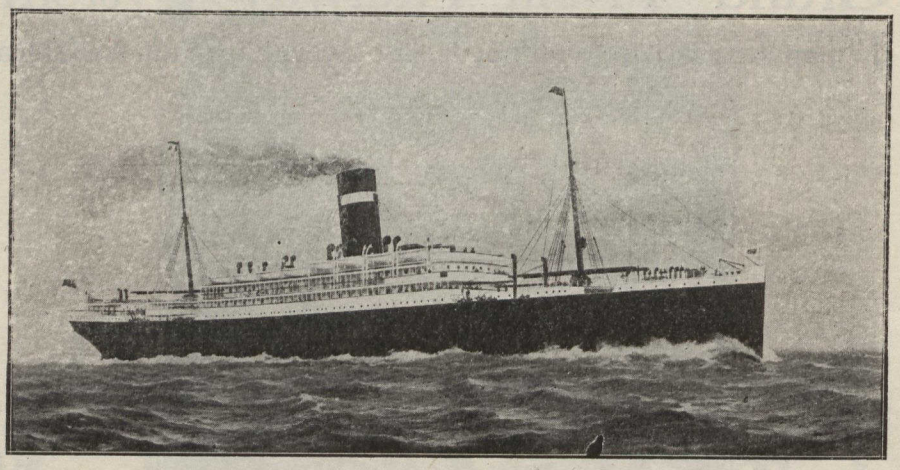

The St. Lawrence Route

MONTREAL to LIVERPOOL

Shortest, Smoothest, Most Picturesque

3 Days, 21 Hours, 48 Minutes from Land to Land

The Turbine Steamers, VICTORIAN and VIRGINIAN (Triple Screws) have demonstrated the advantages of the Turbine for Trans-Atlantic navigation—No noise—No engine-room odours—No vibration—Elegant accommodation.

Steamers sail from Montreal and Liverpool every Friday.
Rates of Passage—Saloon, $87.50; Second Saloon, $47.50 and upwards.

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Eight Days from Port to Port

New Twin Screw Steamers, GRAMPIAN and HESPERIAN, 10,000 tons. Saloon Passage, $67.50 upwards; Second Saloon, $45.00 and $47.50.

One-Class Cabin Steamers IONIAN and PRETORIAN. Rates, $42.50 to $60.00, according to Stateroom, all passengers having the same privileges on the Steamer.

Montreal to Havre and London

CORINTHIAN, SICILIAN, SARDINIAN AND POMERANIAN, One-Class Cabin called Second Cabin. Rates $45.00 upwards.

THE ALLAN LINE
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H. & A. ALLAN
MONTREAL

To The Women of Canada

PANTRY TALKS

I am the Queen of the Flour Bin, the lady-in-chief of the Royal Pantry, the oracle of the Royal Household.

I want the attention of Big Folks and Little Folks, of Experienced housewives and Inexperienced — of Rich housewives and Poor — Young housewives and Old.

For I have *stories* to tell.

Secrets—flour secrets—to unfold.

And these secrets have come by *Experience*—by actual *knowledge* of flour, actual *study* of different grades of flour.

So I will ask your close and careful attention to my little stories about flour and bread and cakes and pies and things.

And I will promise you *Profit* as well as *Pleasure* from them.

If I can tell you the secret of making better Bread and Cakes and Pies and Pastry, *that* will be profitable to *you*.

And if I can tell you why one flour is more economical as well as more wholesome than another, that, too, will be profitable.

For I mean to go into the flour question deeply, giving Whys and Wherefores, Facts and Figures.

I hope to instruct and edify at the same time.

So if you follow my little stories from time to time, as they appear, you will learn lots of things about flour that nobody has told you before. These Pantry Talks of mine will be chiefly about

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

so named because it was the flour selected for use in the Royal Household of Great Britain. It is the one flour in Canada which stands out head and shoulders above all the rest. It is made in Canada by the largest millers in the British Empire—The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co Limited, Montreal. and, because of its high quality and absolute uniformity, has given the greatest satisfaction both for Bread and for Pastry.

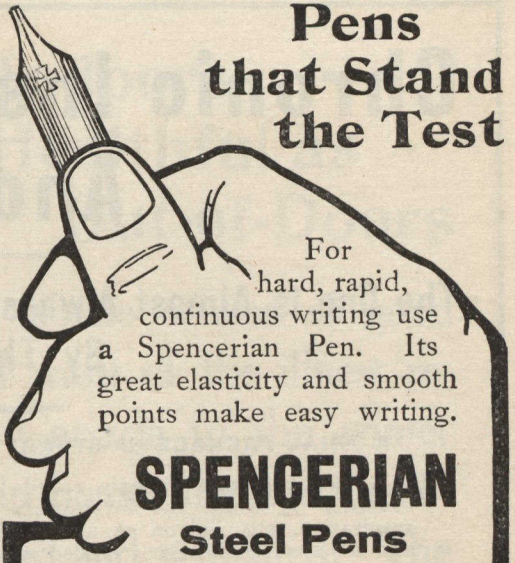
THE BEST MILK
for all purposes is
BORDEN'S
PEERLESS
BRAND EVAPORATED
CREAM
(UNSWEETENED)

Richest-Purest-Best

Use it for all cooking requiring milk or cream:—Soups, Entrees, Vegetables, Desserts. It makess them twice as delicious and wholesome.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY,
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857.

Pens that Stand the Test



For hard, rapid, continuous writing use a Spencerian Pen. Its great elasticity and smooth points make easy writing.

SPENCERIAN
Steel Pens

outlive others because of the fine workmanship and the high quality *Spencerian Pen Steel* from which they are made. Sample card of 12—all different—sent for 6c postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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PERFECTION
COCOA
(MAPLE LEAF LABEL)

Give the Children

the best and most nutritious beverage in the world—**Cowan's Perfection Cocoa.**

t assimilates with food—helps digestion—and makes children strong and healthy.

It is an absolutely pure Cocoa of the finest quality. It is nourishing and healthful for young and old.

Mothers know the economy of Cowan's Cocoa. It goes so much further than any other.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, - - - - TORONTO

Chronic Insomnia And Indigestion

The One Is Almost Always Associated With And Caused By The Other.

A TRIAL PACKAGE OF STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS SENT FREE

Sleep has been fittingly called "tired nature's sweet restorer." It is a condition in which the involuntary functions such as nutrition, circulation, respiration, etc., go on as usual, while the voluntary powers are in repose, and the system undergoes needed repairs. No one has ever been known to live longer than three weeks without sleep. It is as necessary in physical economy as food and drink.

Insomnia or chronic sleeplessness, is a symptom with which nearly every sufferer from dyspepsia is annoyed, either constantly or at frequent and irregular intervals. The inability to sleep normally is a very prominent manifestation of indigestion, and exhibits itself in different forms. In some cases sleep may come at its accustomed time, but it does not bring repose, and the person awakens entirely too soon and is unable to fall asleep again. In others the victim lies awake practically all night tossing and rolling, and finally drops into a troubled and unrestful slumber at daybreak. Still others, though they may apparently sleep soundly, are annoyed with the incubus, or nightmare, with its horrors of overwhelming waves, falls from precipitious heights and attacks by infuriated and implacable monsters.

All of these distressing symptoms are traceable to an irritated and enfeebled stomach, and the same is true of grinding the teeth, and twitching and jerking of the muscles during sleep.

Insomnia is rarely a disease by itself ,but is nearly always a symptom of another disease, such as dyspepsia, and in treating this complaint, many persons in their efforts to "woo the god of sleep," resort to the use of such hypnotics, sedatives, soporifics and narcotics as the bromides, chloral hydrate, Dover powders and even morphia.

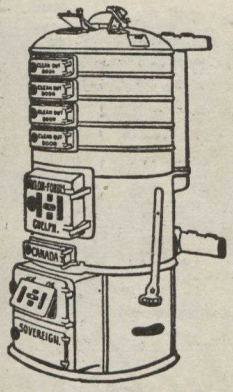
No greater mistake than this could well be made, and the reckless use of such drugs has caused many a sudden death, while in other cases, even moderate use, has set up an incurable drug-using habit among those who resorted to the use of "sleeping powders."

To cure insomnia or sleeplessness the object should be to remove the cause, and as dyspepsia is the underlying cause in a large percentage of cases, no better or safer remedy can be employed than STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS. By digesting every particle of food in the stomach, the active and exciting cause of insomnia is cut short at its source and removed.

These tablets contain only wholesome ingredients, and there is no danger of falling into drug-using habits from their use. Every sufferer from insomnia should avoid the egregious error of using hypnotic drugs, as they never cure the trouble, but only make matters worse in the end.

Begin taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at once, using one or two after each meal, and the same number at bed time. It is also well to have a box of these powerful digestives close at hand during the night, so that in case you are troubled with dyspeptic-insomnia uneasiness in the stomach, or any other symptom of indigestion, quick relief may be obtained.

Purchase a package from your druggist at once, and get rid of your insomnia and indigestion. Send us your name and address for sample package. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.



THE
"SOVEREIGN"
HOT WATER
BOILER

MADE BY THE
TAYLOR-FORBES
COMPANY, LIMITED
GUELPH, CANADA

Make Indoors as Healthful as Out-of-Doors

Winter is the season of good health and most of the illness reported in Canada in the winter time arise in houses that are insufficiently heated and ventilated. The sovereign remedy for winter ills and discomforts is the

"SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boiler

which heats all the house equally and comfortably during the most severe stress of weather and saves the coal as well. Coal economy is built into the "Sovereign" in the Larger First Section.

(WRITE FOR AN INTERESTING COPYRIGHTED BOOKLET.)

MONTREAL, Taylor-Forbes, 122 Craig St., West.
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VANCOUVER, Taylor-Forbes, 340 Pender St.
WINNIPEG, The Vulcan Iron Works.
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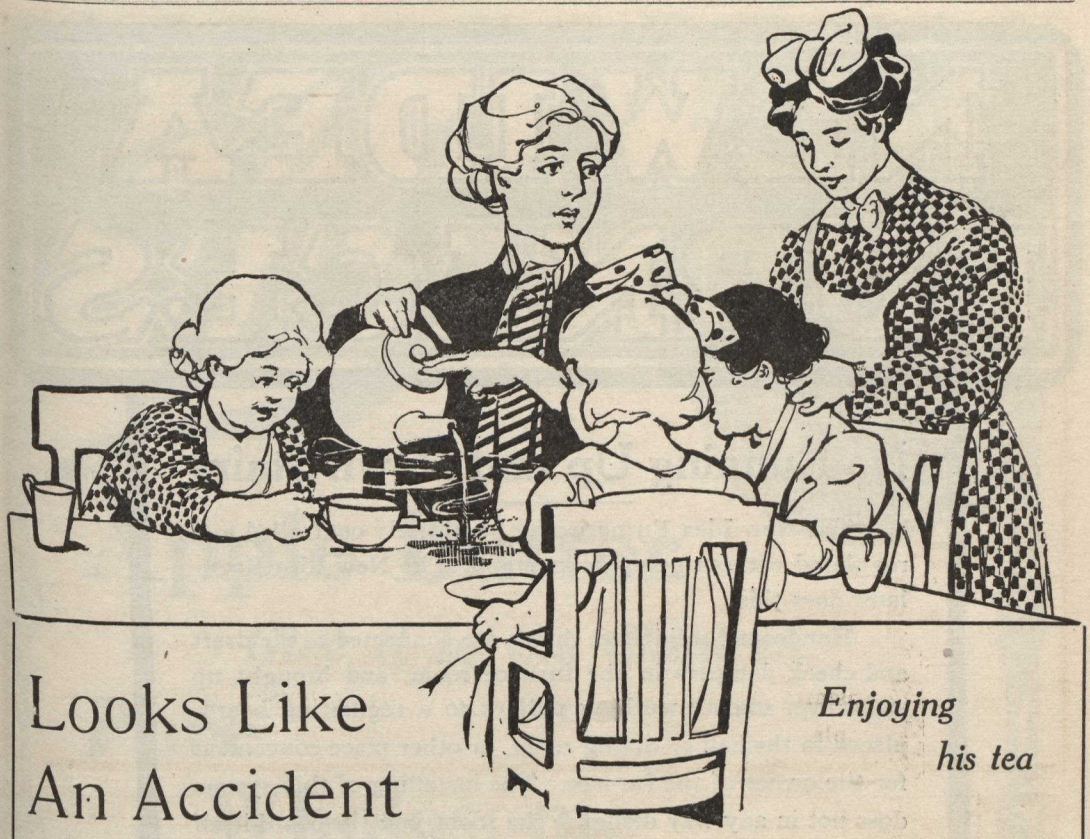
INSTALLED BY HEATING ENGINEERS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA.



Looks Like An Accident

Enjoying his tea

Good tea is never an accident any more than good butter is. The delicious flavor, delicate aroma, smooth refreshing strength of Red Rose tea adds a special pleasure to every meal, an air of distinction to a social gathering and a reason for pleasantly remembering an afternoon call. Quality is what you pay for in tea, and the increase in quality from grade to grade in Red Rose Tea is ALWAYS worth the slight increase in price. From grade to grade this increased quality costs you less than a cent for the added pleasure in twenty cups of tea. Try a package of the 40c. grade to-day.

Red Rose Tea

"is Good Tea."

The 40c. is VERY good.

NEW IDEA FURNACES

No Running Up and Down Stairs

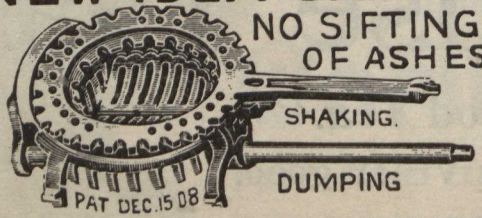
The New Idea Furnace may be entirely controlled and regulated without going down stairs. The New Idea Regulator does this.

Handsome, solid steel chains are connected to the draft and check dampers in the furnace room, and brought up stairs over smooth working pulleys to a regulating board, placed in the hall or dining room, or other place convenient for the owner of the furnace. The installing of this system does not in any way disfigure the room, and the board itself is beautifully nickelled and is a real ornament. It is simply operated and saves an endless number of trips up and down stairs.

If your house is too warm you simply change the chain to a position marked "Check," if more heat is desired you change the chain to "More Draft," and you always get a quick answer when you operate the Regulator on the New Idea; it responds quickly at all times. Saves you trouble and gives you the temperature desired.

NEW IDEA GRATE

NO SIFTING OF ASHES



BOTH SHAKES AND DUMPS

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUES.
SEND SIZE OF HOUSE
IF YOU WISH ESTIMATE OF
COST OF FURNACE
INSTALLED READY FOR USE

THE GURNEY TILDEN CO.
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Libby's

Apple Butter

Give It to the Children

Pure
Wholesome
Nutritious

Costs one-third the price of creamery butter and is preferred by the little ones. Put up in enamel-lined tins and stone jars.

Libby's Apple Butter.

If your grocer does not have Libby's Apple Butter send us his name.

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