THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS

1910

OCTOBER

Vol. XXXV No. 6

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

MOONEY'S SUGAR WAFERS

are two spicy layers of Crisp biscuit Crusts, with a delicious Cream filling. Suitable for all occasions. In tin boxes, 10c and 25c sizes.

A Soft and Delicate Complexion

The skin surface is always in process of renewal, and it is this fact that renders it possible, by proper care, to keep it soft and beautiful.

If the renewing skin be disturbed or retarded in its transmutation by the use of common toilet soaps containing harmful ingredients, or if cosmetics or other artificial agents be resorted to, the skin is sure to lose its natural lustre. By the daily use of

Pears' Soap

a soft and delicate complexion is secured — a complexion that renews its pink and white bloom imperceptibly from year to year, always looking fresh and refined.

Pears, by its exquisite emollient qualities, assists nature in its beautifying work, and is unequalled in its hygienic effect, because it is all pure beauty soap.

To obtain and preserve beauty of complexion use Pears, which is balm, comfort and health to the skin.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

The Canadian Magazine

VOLUME XXXV. No. 6

CONTENTS, OCTOBER, 1910

"Then you both fooled me from the first." DRAWING BY J. W. BEATTY		*FRONTISPIECE*
Calgary: A Study in Optimism ILLUSTRATED	JANE PRATT	483
Is the Old Roman Race Still Dominant?	STUART JENKINS	491
The Trooper's Call. A Story	FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE	500
Damascus the Temptress. ILLUSTRATED	ALBERT R. CARMAN	505
The Followers of the Mystic Cross A STORY	WARD FISHER	513
The Continuity of Municipal Policy.	D B GARDNER	522
Grandpère Falardeau, Habitant A SKETCH	JAMES FRASER	526
The Northern Ontario Clay Belt. ILLUSTRATED	FRANK H. NEWTON	529
The Blot. (Act IV.) A Play	ARTHUR STRINGER	536
The Y. M. C. A. in Canada ILLUSTRATED	FRANK YEIGH	545
In the Gray of the Year. A Poem	WILLIAM J. FISCHER	552
"The Bystander" and Canadian Journalism	W. S. WALLACE	553
By That Far River. A Poem	THEODORE ROBERTS	558
The Song. A Sketch	DEAN MACLEOD	559
Current Events	F. A. ACLAND	561
At Five o'Clock	JEAN GRAHAM	566
The Way of Letters	BOOK REVIEWS	570
What Others are Laughing At	CURRENT HUMOUR	574

$2.50 PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Offices, 3 Regent St., London, S. W. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.

Hotel Cecil LONDON

The Premier Hotel of Europe

The Cecil is a cosmopolitan hotel in the broadest sense of the term, with a fixed tariff based on strict relation to the MODERN COST OF LIVING. Accomodation can be had from the modest, but comfortable, Single Room to the most Elaborate Suite. The public Apartments—spacious and elegant—are unsurpassed in Europe.

TARIFF

BEDROOMS

Single
From $1.25 per day.

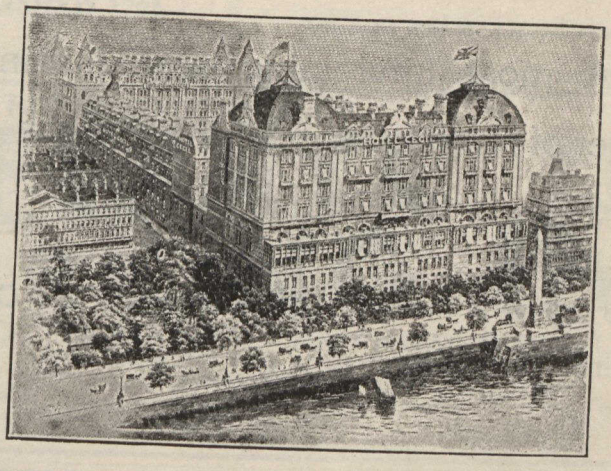
Double
From $2.25 per day.

Suite of Rooms
From $6.25 per day.

No charge for Light or Attendance.

ORCHESTRA AT ALL MEALS

On Sundays, Vocal Concert after Dinner.



TARIFF

BREAKFAST
60c., 75c. and 85c.

LUNCH
$1.00

DINNER
$1.25, $1.85 and $2.50

SUPPER
$1.00
Or à la Carte.

All "fixed price" meals served in Restaurant.

Inclusive Charges Quoted.

IDEAL LOCATION: CENTRAL AND CONVENIENT BOTH FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

YOU can make a preliminary acquaintance with the Hotel by sending for the Cecil Booklet. This little volume presents by illustration and description a fair idea of the Hotel's luxurious interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, either brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information of service to the visitor to London. It can be had for the asking from

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU, TORONTO, CANADA

THERE IS QUALITY AND STYLE IN EGERTON BURNETT, LTD'S Fall and Winter Clothing Fabrics

24 ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT

LADIES and Gentlemen who are desirous of obtaining really high-grade "Old Country" Clothing Fabrics, are invited to write for E. B. Ltd's Samples which represent in colourings and designs some of the most select and fashionable goods for Fall and Winter wear.

Samples mailed promptly and POST PAID to any address.

PURE WOOL ROYAL SERGES

of Superior Quality, in many weaves and colours, for Ladies and Children from 48cts; and for Men and Boys from 86cts. per yard, double width.

The Guarantee

Egerton Burnett's Royal EB Serges

of Superiority

ROYAL WEST OF ENGLAND BLANKETS.

(as supplied to H. M. Queen Alexandra)
Guaranteed made from Pure Wool.
Single-bed size at $3.65 per pair.
Double-bed sizes at $4.85; $6.30 and $8.30 per pair.
Recommended for warmth and comfort.

This **"Burnett Norfolk"** Suit is made to order in high-class genuine Scotch Tweeds for **$17.30.**

TAILORING AND DRESSMAKING.

Ladies' Costumes.....	from $6.35
Girls' Dresses.....	$2.30
Shirt Waists.....	$2.05
Boys' Suits.....	$3.05
Men's Suits.....	$9.45
Men's Overcoats.....	$6.85

E. B. Ltd. have recently received several unsolicited testimonials from patrons in Canada.

FOR EXAMPLE:

Mr. G. H. writes, "The Suit arrived safely and like the previous one is excellent in every respect."
Cypress River, July 30th, '10.

Rev. L. W. A. writes. "Suit and Trousers to hand. Many Thanks. I am particularly pleased with them."
Salmon Arm, Aug. 1st '10.

Miss M. R. writes, "My goods safely to hand this week and I thought I would like you to know how pleased I am with them. The Suit lengths are splendid value, about half what we pay out West."
Calgary, Aug. 12th, '10.

Costume (as illustration) made to order in Fancy Herring-bone Royal Serge of excellent quality for **$20.50**

Samples, Measurement Blanks, Style Plates, Price Lists, Etc. mailed POST PAID

FROM

EGERTON BURNETT, LTD.

R. W. WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND

LONDON LONDON

The Prince of Wales Hotel

DE VERE GARDENS, KENSINGTON
HYDE PARK, W.

For Home Comforts and Cuisine unsurpassed
Accommodation for 140 Visitors

THE PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, W.

Situation most fashionable and central for pleasure and business, nearly opposite Kensington Palace and Gardens, quiet, being just off the High Street, Kensington, near the Albert Hall, within a few minutes' ride of Hyde Park Corner.

THE PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, W.

Terms, inclusive, en pension, weekly, single, £2 12s. 6d. and upwards Special reductions to families and officers.

Single Bedrooms	4s. 0d.
Breakfast	2s. 0d.
Luncheon	2s. 6d.
Dinner	3s. 6d.
Or daily, with full board and baths . from	9s. 0d.

THE PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, W.

Ladies and gentlemen contemplating taking up or changing their residence in London are requested to inspect this residential Hotel.

Telegrams: "Suasively, London."
Telephone No.: 3022 Kensington (2 lines).

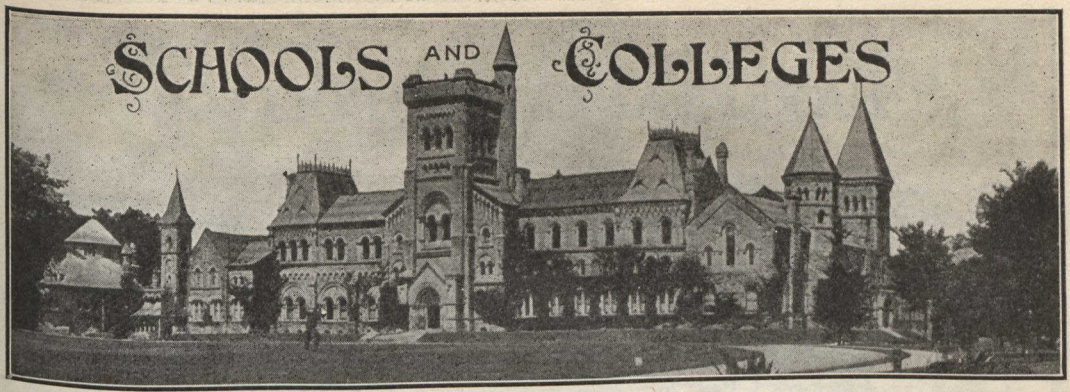
Address: MANAGER, PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL
DE VERE GARDENS
KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

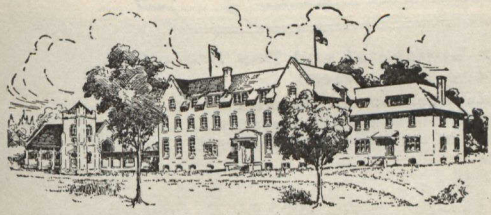
For Detailed Tariffs, Apply Canadian Magazine, Travel Bureau, Toronto, Ont.

For the "De Vere" Hotel Terms, see over.

THE · DE · VERE · HOTEL
Kensington, London, W.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES





ASHBURY COLLEGE

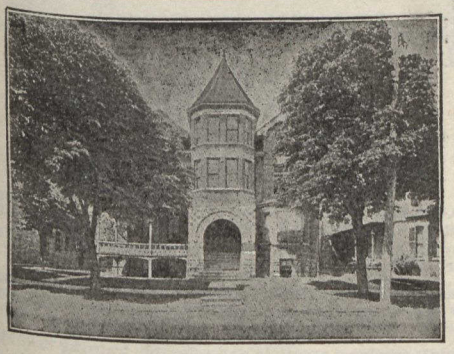
ROCKLIFFE PARK, OTTAWA

RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Large, new fireproof buildings. Perfect sanitation. Beautiful and very healthy situation on high ground outside City. Ten acres of playing fields. Large up-to-date Gymnasium. Junior Department for little boys.

Many recent successes at Universities and R.M.C. For Callendar apply to

Rev. Geo. P. Woollcombe, M. A. (Oxon) Headmaster.



Toronto College of Music

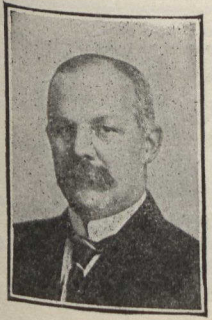
12 and 14 Pembroke Street

F. H. TORRINGTON,
Mus Doc. (Tor.) Musical Director

Thorough Musical Education. Examinations in Music.

Piano, Organ, Vocal, Violin, Theory, Teachers' Kindergarten Course.

Send for new Calendar and Syllabus.



W. H. SHAW, Pres.

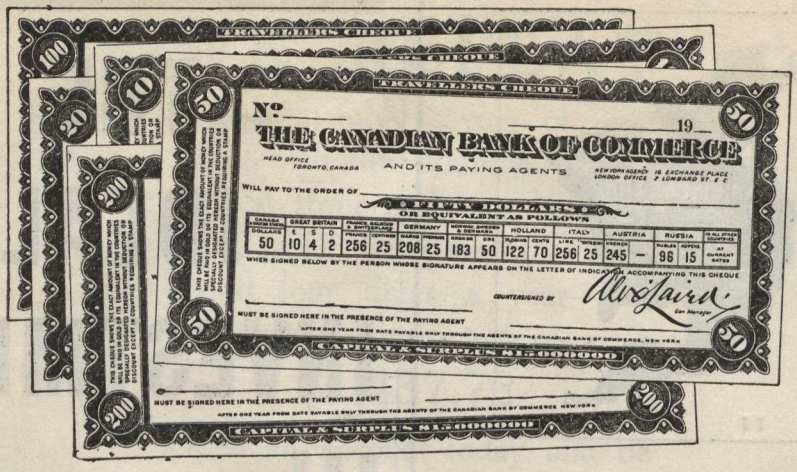
MODERN BUSINESS TRAINING

Based upon systematic, up-to-date methods is the work of our great school which has been so well done for 20,000 students during the past eighteen years that we really have no worthy Canadian competitor. This is the chief reason why we now have a larger attendance than any collection of four other Business Schools in our country. Our free catalogue contains all particulars about our methods and work. Write for it. Address

W. H. SHAW, Principal, C. B. College

YONGE & GERRARD STS. - - TORONTO

Central Business College
Toronto
The System School



THE TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

issued by

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

are the most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling and may be obtained on application at every branch of the bank. They are NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE, SELF-IDENTIFYING and the EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE in the principal countries of the world is printed on the face of each cheque.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office: - Hamilton

Hon. William Gibson, President

J. Turnbull, Vice-Pres and General Manager

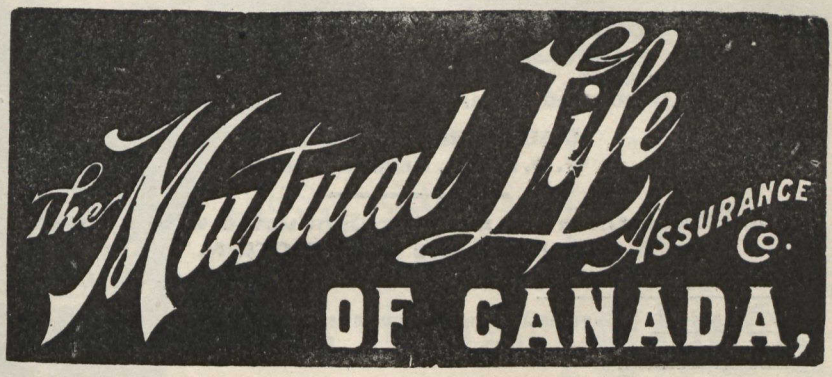
Paid up Capital - - -		**$ 2,500,000**
Reserve and undivided profits -		**2,900,000**
Total Assets - - -	**over**	**35,000,000**

The Bank of Hamilton invites the accounts of firms, Corporations, and Individuals.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

"LOTS OF PEOPLE"

like to insure in mutual life companies because in such companies they get the best results and because the largest, strongest and best life companies in the world are like the



purely mutual.

The sound financial standing of this Company is beyond question as is also its ability to write policies on every safe and desirable plan on terms favorable and just to applicants.

To show that this Company is and has been doing the work it was organized to do in 1870, it has since that date paid for

(1) Death Losses - -	$4.512,834
(2) Matured Endowments -	2,135,879
(3) Surplus - -	1,761,859
(4) Surrenders - -	1,392,738
Total Cash Payments -	$9,803,310

And it still holds

Reserves Invested for Security of Policyholders - -	$12,065,146
Surplus over all Liabilities -	2,269,692
Total paid to and held for Policyholders	$24,138,148

Head Office - WATERLOO, ONT.

E. P. CLEMENT, K.C., Pres't. **GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director**

W. H. RIDDELL, Assistant Manager **Chas. Ruby, Secretary**


Use it for bread, pies, cakes, biscuits, everything.
It's the champion all-purpose brand.
Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited.
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
A PERFECT FLOUR
Purity
PATENT
CANADA
TRADE MARK
MANITOBA HARD WHEAT
PURITY FLOUR

Drawing by J. W. Beatty *Illustration for "The Blot"*

"THEN YOU BOTH FOOLED ME FROM THE FIRST"

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXV TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1910 No. 6

A VIEW OF CALGARY, FROM THE HEIGHTS ACROSS THE BOW

CALGARY: A STUDY IN OPTIMISM

BY JANE PRATT

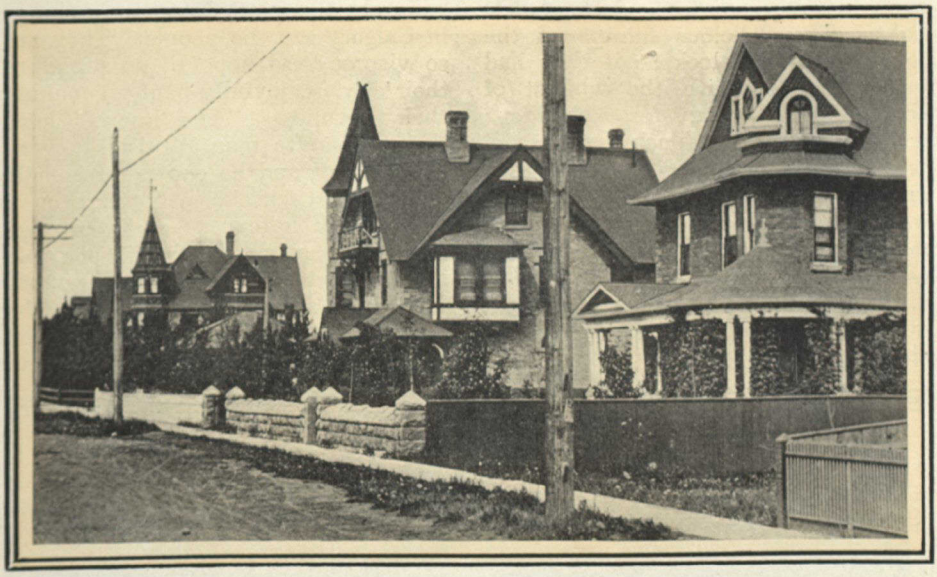
CALGARY, the largest place between Winnipeg and Vancouver, has at present something like forty thousand inhabitants, but it is going to be a great city. Everybody tells you so, and a little study of the conditions convinces you that it can hardly escape its destiny.

Meanwhile it is a town of surprises, a fascinating combination of the old and the new. The four Hudson's Bay stores fill up a good space on the main street, their windows displaying groceries, and dry goods, and furs; "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, incorporated 1670," reads the label on the can of spice we buy along with the flour and the butter, and while we are giving our orders to the

young man behind the counter, farther down an Indian and his squaw from the Reserve, picturesque in moccasins and blankets, ever faithful to their old friends, are laying in supplies. But as we step out we see a man in his riding costume who might be just from London, and a prosperous American couple enjoying a motor car. The Royal North West Mounted Police, sinewy and well set up, gorgeous in red coats and yellow-striped riding breeches, still scour the surrounding country, while their Superintendent holds court and dispenses equal justice at the Barracks; but the city government is putting in practice the newest ideas in municipal management; great modern schools shelter the children, who come so fast they have to hustle with the building, and the morning paper preaches the rights of the people and cheaper coal with fine present-day fervour.

Geographically, Calgary is perfectly situated, among the foothills of the Canadian Rockies, in the teeming new wheat lands of Southern Alberta. It is in the Bow River Valley, and at this point the curving and twisting Elbow joins the larger stream. Both streams come crystal clear from the mountain glaciers — Calgary is Gaelic for "Clear running water" — and the curves of the Elbow make charming spots for residences and parks. The central part of the city is on a level plateau. Around this, beyond the Bow to the north, and creeping to the western mountains, rise bluffs and rolling hills, from the tops of which, reached almost as easily as the bird flies, the jagged white Rockies, sixty miles away, stand out very clearly. The elevation of Calgary is not far from thirty-five thousand feet above sea level, the air is of the driest, of a quality like wine, and though the winters are long, and the thermometer often goes low, there is none of the slushy snow and dampness which mar the season in many climates. The

FISHING IN THE BOW RIVER, NEAR CALGARY



A FEW CALGARY RESIDENCES

EIGHTH AVENUE, CALGARY

snow is a dry powder and the fall is light. The delicious humps of the low, brown hills look as if they had been sprinkled with the whitest of confectioner's sugar for a holiday; walking on the dry, black earth of the waggon trails, or over the fine, wiry grass of the prairies, is as easy as walking on the good smooth pavements which the city is pushing out as fast as it can to the newer streets. Little dampness and almost continuous sunshine—and for a change the chinook wind.

Surely the most interesting things in Calgary are the people. They are so vigorous, so hopeful, so proud of their city, so joyfully bent on making their fortunes. "You know," says the real estate man, "this is a very fine place," and he can not reconcile it with his conscience to rent us a house when he can so easily arrange for us to buy one which will at once, like an automatic toy well wound, proceed to go up on our hands. The woman at the little shop around the corner wants to know why the small

THE KIND OF THING THAT FIRST MADE CALGARY PROSPEROUS

This wind starts heavy with wetness from the warm Pacific, leaves its moisture on the top of the Rockies, and arrives in Alberta dry and warm. It often devours every vestige of snow in a night, and it gives us many days of charming mildness. "How do you do, Mr. Chinook?" shout the children as it bangs open the front door, and they escape without their coats for a wild race of jubilation.

boy is not going to school, and when he explains that he is moving, propounds the question, In or out? The answer being satisfactory, she hands out the accepted formula with the yeast cake, "Calgary is a very fine place." The handsome cow-boy from Arizona, turned milkman and head of a family, assumes a cynical and critical attitude, and even speaks slightingly of the chinook, but we can not help feeling that this airy de-

A NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICEMAN

tachment from the prevailing point of view is more or less of a pose, allowable in one who must occasionally yearn for a bucking broncho. The shrivelled mason's assistant from Lancashire who helps plaster up the somewhat too much ventilated cellar says he should have been in his grave if he had stayed at home, and that this is the country for a working man; the laundry man is equally laudatory, but he does not like the coal. And the vigour and enterprise! Our little postman, with his red collar and high peaked hat, is gone like a squirrel; the dignified delivery man from the dry goods store, encased in his big fur overcoat, says "Thank you," and fades away; the young fellow who comes to read the electric meter—a city employee, mind you!—gets time for "A pleasant day," somehow as he runs up and down stairs like a flash of his own lightning. Most surprising of all, the plumbers who come to put in the great bath tub have all

A VIEW OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY IRRIGATION WORKS, NEAR CALGARY

THE BOW VALLEY, FROM SPRUCE CLIFFS

their tools with them and work like beavers. Everybody is buying land. The pretty young French-Canadian woman who makes our clothes as white as Alberta snow has a husband with steady work, but she goes out washing because she is buying a lot in Sunny Alberta. The lady from Eastern Canada who asks us to dinner tells us marvellous tales of her investments, and she adds that she has just asked an outrageous price for the beautiful house in which she entertains us, not wishing to sell, but her offer was at once accepted, and she thinks she'll have to build again and move; the pleasant-voiced English girl, just over, who comes to sew, has a brother who is a homesteader and who owns irrigated land, and a lot near the railroad station which he bought for almost nothing, and which is worth now—but I was never good at figures.

But buying land is not the only amusement. A shop-keeper out of string ties explained that they had been eaten up by the dances the young people had had. Skating, hockey and curling are very popular.

But to an ordinary person, accustomed to the usual round of life in the East, everyday living here seems to have something of the quality of sport. The sunshine and the broad reach of sky put one in the best of spirits. The carpenters at work on the new houses all around, regardless of the cold, beat a cheerful tattoo. There is the whistle and wheeze of a steam engine, and rushing to the window, we see it puffing up the hill with a steam plough and outfit. Another day a house rolls by with the farm waggons fastened on behind. Down the black trail dashes a cowboy with his lassoo over his saddle, or a herd of broad-backed cattle, with a man on horseback on each side, crowd past.

I would not have you think this is an earthly paradise. It is rather a new, life-giving country which calls out strength and ambition. Some call

the climate changeable, and prefer a steady cold like that of Winnipeg. For some the air, the sunrises and sunsets, the continuous sunshine, do not make up for the scarcity of trees and gardens. This is really a serious lack, but there is an enthusiastic horticultural society which is doing what it can to stir up an interest in lawns and flowers, and to teach how they may be successfully looked after in this semi-arid region, where, just in Calgary, the many stones indicate the bottom of an old lake. But if Calgary cares for it there is no reason why it should not have as beautiful trees as Colorado Springs, which is in an equally dry situation.

At present the Canadian Pacific is the town's only railroad, with a branch running north to Edmonton and south to Macleod; it made the place and is still its most valuable asset. But three more lines are coming, branches from the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Northern, and Great Northern Railways are promised. Looking forward to these abundant transportation facilities, Calgary wants more manufactures, and its Hundred Thousand Club points out to the public its cheap steam, gas, and electric power, and that natural gas has been discovered, of an estimated production of from five hundred thousand to a million cubic feet a day. The price of coal is now not lower than in the East, but with more railroads, and the development of the mines in the region, it will doubtless become much cheaper.

But Calgary has a unique reason for a steady and healthful growth in the near future. The Canadian Pacific's great irrigation plant has its headquarters here. The city is the front door, so to speak, of this strip as large as the State of Connecticut, bordering the Bow River from Calgary to Medicine Hat, and traversed to the north and east by the Rosebud and the Red Deer. The development of this three-million-acre irrigation block is the greatest scheme of the sort on the continent, and it is entered into by the Canadian Pacific with a broad and definite purpose. They have the land, acquired by them from the Canadian Government. They propose to make it the home of the most closely settled and prosperous mixed farming, stock raising, and dairying community in Western Canada. The road pushed its shining rails through a pathless and silent land; it is now turning its attention to making a thickly settled and prosperous country to furnish it more abundant traffic. Southern Alberta has soil and sunshine of the finest, but not much water; this the Canadian Pacific is furnishing through canals from the Bow River. "C.P.R. Irrigation Lands" reads the great sign on top of the dignified stone building near the railroad station, and the day we arrived there were five automobiles in front of it. The land is sold for from eighteen to thirty dollars an acre, and, because of the fertility of the unused soil, the net returns to the acre are said to be something like double those on old farms. The payments required are one-tenth cash, balance in nine annual instalments. Or the crop payment plan may be adopted. The average farm is one hundred and sixty acres. There is a yearly charge for the water of fifty cents an acre, and, strangely enough, it is said to be the settlers from the old country, hugging their new found freedom, who are most apt to object to this touch of landlordism, often trying to make some arrangement by which they can buy their artificial rainfall with their land. Winter wheat, Alberta Red, is the great cry of Western Canada now, and the cheerful blue-covered circulars of the Canadian Pacific Railway Colonisation Department display a golden border of golden grain, but there is no doubt that on the heel of the wheat will follow more diversified farming, and market gardening. Meat is cheap in Calgary, but garden produce and small fruits are high, and the increas-

ing demands of an increasing population must be profitbly answered by the fertile farming country so near to the city.

Another reason why Calgary's future is bright is that it has started right in its municipal government. Municipal ownership is well under way here, and so far it has worked admirably. The city has had its own electric light plant for about five years, and has made an average of twenty-five thousand dollars a year from it in that time, the charge for light being eleven cents a kilowatt. In May, 1909, the city started to build an electric road, and by July fifth of the same year four or five miles were in operation. By October first twelve cars covered over sixteen miles. This autumn of 1910 sees the lines extending. It is too early to make a complete report on this experiment, and for some time new cars and extensions of the line will make use of the profits, but so far everything is going satisfactorily.

They are to have a new charter, but it will be on the same lines as the old; there is practically a commission form of government now, the mayor and two commissioners having control of affairs with little interference from the aldermen and council. More than that, the city now has a Superintendent of Parks, who knows a trick or two for getting appropriations from the rate-payers.

In looking for the causes of this successful experiment in municipal ownership we have to consider that only property owners and persons of a certain income vote here. Municipal matters are in charge of the property owners of the city. Men and women vote, and an unnaturalised American who lives here and owns property has a ballot in city affairs. In addition to this we have the English tradition of good government and the Scotch thrift and business ability to take into account. The annual reports of the city of Calgary say loudly that the city government is a success here because the men who manage it and the voters who stand back of them mean that it shall be. They are refreshing documents, with nearly every department showing a balance of appropriation unexpended.

Of course, where the population is outgrowing the accommodations so fast rents are high and houses are hard to get. But they are being put up as fast as possible. We found, one day last winter a family—father, mother, and three children—living in a tent, with the thermometer twenty below, and a good-sized house near at hand, half finished. Another day, during another walk in the outskirts, we noticed a cheerful puff of smoke coming from the tile pipe which issued from the flat covering of a substantial looking basement, where some family were making themselves comfortable.

The English find the privations of pioneering harder to bear than the Western Americans, who are coming into these new provinces in great numbers. Americans are prominent in business affairs here, and are taking advantage in large numbers of the Canadian Pacific's irrigated land offers. Among the Canadians there is the most cordial feeling towards their brothers from over the line, increased by the fact that the money which they bring with them adds so greatly to the country's prosperity. We hear constantly that they are good settlers. The truth of the matter is that Western Canadians and Western Americans are only different enough to be mutually interesting and mutually helpful. It is certain that they are working together valiantly to make the last great nation. Canada's hour has struck.

IS THE OLD ROMAN RACE STILL DOMINANT?

BY STUART JENKINS

THE science of anthropology has been largely forced to become the science of craniology, because in dealing with the prehistoric races nothing but the bones are left. The skull in any event is an obvious part of the anatomy which lends itself, by certain basic variations, to an easy system of classification. But this classification is less valuable than at first sight appears. No one who has studied the splendid collections in London and Paris can have failed to be impressed with the fact that there are specific types which may occur in any one of a dozen races; and he must be an expert indeed who can determine at sight the particular human family whence any given skull may have been derived. But if those skulls were clothed with the flesh which in life encased the bony covering of the brain, few would err in guessing at the proper affiliations of the individual presented. The belief in this fact and its significance was brought to a curious focus in the mind of the writer a few years ago when passing through the entrance to the British Museum, on either side of which stand the Roman busts. Looking at these, I was strongly impressed not only with an indefinable community of type underlying the undoubted diversity of feature, but even more with the marked resemblance which they exhibit to certain common types of English faces.

Leaving the Museum with this impression still fresh, I commenced to study the features and skulls of the people on the streets, and this course I pursued for the five months of my stay, during which I was brought in contact with all classes of Englishmen, both in London and other parts of the island. With every day the conviction grew and strengthened that here and in the offshoot nations, if anywhere, were to be found the true survivors of the old Roman stock, still dominant and triumphant, a world-compelling force, as they have a right to be by virtue of their descent. The keen, sensitive face of Cicero, the equally keen but more deliberate face of Julius Cæsar, even Agrippa, of a heavier but most powerful type—all, and many more, are to be seen every day amongst the various ranks of English life, not in ones and twos, but in hundreds. And I can assert from personal observation that, excluding members of our own race, the same types are not to be found on the streets of Paris or Marseilles, Naples or Rome. You find them in New York, and they are even more common in Toronto, which contains more native born Englishmen than most other North American cities; but in the Province of Quebec, amongst the French population, they are absolutely wanting; nor do the foreign immigrant races in America afford any examples. Even the most casual observer can distinguish them from those of so-called Anglo-Saxon de-

scent. The foregoing may seem fanciful, but I purpose to show in this article that history and common sense both seem to point in the same direction.

No one who has studied anthropology can fail to agree with Broca's belief in the permanence of type; but type in mankind includes many more elements than the shape of the skull, or colour, hair and stature; and I cannot see why man should be excluded from the operation of the laws which govern the other animals. The most available as well as the most authentic instances of the law of transmission are to be found in the breeding of race-horses, and no breeder has to be told of the value of a strong and dominating sire, nor would doubt his effect on his descendants. This fact is so well recognised that there is no need to enlarge upon it. And the transmitted qualities are mental as well as physical, the former in a race-horse being a pre-eminent necessity. It will be claimed that this is a case of artificial selection. I admit it; but, given the selection, the result is certain.

Turning now to history, let us see what can reasonably be deduced from that source. It will be necessary in taking up the inquiry to revert briefly to the condition of England before the landing of Julius Cæsar. We do not find Britain positively spoken of in any written work before the time of that cheerful old globe trotter Herodotus, the easy familiarity of whose style is so absolutely modern as to be startling. He flourished about 445 B.C., and simply mentions the "Cassiterides" as the source of tin. Aristotle, who lived a hundred years later, mentions the British Isles by name as Albion and Ierne. Polybius, 160 B.C., also names them and their produce of tin; but nothing more is historically heard or known of them until the time of Julius Cæsar, B.C. 56. Strabo, who flourished sixteen years later than this, quotes Pytheas of Marseilles (*circa* 330 B.C.), whose work is unfortunately lost, as stating that he had traversed Britain wherever it was accessible. He tells us that in some parts at least the inhabitants were far from being mere savages. They grew wheat, barley and millet amongst other crops, and also "roots," fruit trees and other vegetables. He also notes that they threshed in barns, not on open floors. Cæsar's account of Britain, as it has survived, is full of contradictions, and has given rise to much misapprehension. It has, apparently, suffered in transcription. At any rate, the generally received opinion that the Britons were a barbarous race, going half naked and staining their bodies blue, is not justified by such information as can be gathered both from Cæsar himself and other sources.

Leaving aside the question of who were the progenitors of the Britons of Cæsar's time, which does not come into this discussion, it seems certain that the southern tribes of the island at least were cognate with those inhabiting the other side of the English Channel; that each understood the language of the other; and that there was a considerable trade between the two countries. Britain certainly exported wheat to Gaul, and some of the British chieftains (Divitiacus, for instance, in Cæsar's time) seem to have possessed territory in both countries. There are evidences too that the export trade was of greater extent than is generally taught in the accepted histories. According to Pliny, lead was exported, and in such abundance was it found that a law was passed limiting the production. Strabo (Lib. IV.), who wrote thirty years before the Christian era, names various articles of import and export and the duties levied upon them, showing that modern protectionists are no pioneers in the field of restriction. There are also evidences to show that the Britons were coining money at least 150 B.C., and the coins are Greek, not Roman, in character.

Pliny (Lib. IV.) speaks of the way

in which the Britons manured their land, another mark of progress. But perhaps the most interesting thing that Pliny mentions (Lib. XVIII, c. 30) is the reaping machine. He says: "Of reaping there are various methods. In the broad level fields of the Gauls enormous machines with teeth set in a row, placed upon two wheels, are driven through the standing grain, a horse being attached to the machine backward; the corn thus cut off, falls into the furrow (or barrow). It is hardly conceivable that even the most imaginative historian could have spun this story out of his own brain; we can only conclude that the report is based on a foundation of fact.

No notice of the early Britons would be complete without some reference to the Druids, at that time the priests, law-givers and scientists of Western Europe. This curious sept, of whom we know far too little, since none of their records have come down to us, seem to have been the dominating influence in the polity of the tribes inhabiting the country between the Mediterranean and the Baltic, and from the Rhine to the Atlantic. The Island of Mona, in Britain was the headquarters of the order, and according to Cæsar (Lib. VI, c. 13-20), vast numbers of the youth of the continent resorted to Britain for the purposes of instruction. What that instruction was we can only gather in fragments, but enough has survived in various authors to lead us to believe that the Druids were no barbarous "Medicine men," depending on spurious magic for their influence over the people; but rather students and philosophers who had penetrated into the secrets of nature as far as any of their contemporaries, and perhaps farther. Diogenes Laertius assures us in his prologue that the Druids occupied the same position amongst the ancient Britons as the Sophoi or philosophers among the Greeks, the Magi among the Persians, the Gymnosophists among the Indians, and the Chaldeans among the Assyrians. In their religious ceremonies they always wore a white surplice, a custom which is perpetuated in the English church to-day; that, however, is a mere interesting detail. That the Druids possessed the art of writing is clearly intimated by Cæsar, who, in speaking of the Druids of Gaul, says that "in almost all other public transactions and private accounts or computations they make use of the Greek letters." It seems also certain that they had a knowledge of geometry. One thing attributed to them by Diodorus Siculus has given rise to much speculation. He quotes a remarkable passage from Hecatæus, in which it is stated that the Druids had some kind of instruments by which they could draw distant objects nearer, and make them appear larger and plainer; and by which they could discover even seas, mountains and valleys in the moon. We have it on the authority of Aristophanes that the burning glass (not the reflecting mirrors of Archemedes) was in use among the Greeks in the days of Socrates, 430 B.C. From the lens of the burning glass to the lens of the telescope is not such a far step that we need place it beyond the reach of minds as acute as those of the Druids. The fact that the Phoenicians were the discoverers of glass, and that according to Homer they were trading to Britain for tin at the time of the Trojan war, suggests at least the idea that the Druids may have got the knowledge of the lens from the Phoenicians and put it to the use stated. Be that as it may, there is enough to show that the Druids and the people whom they governed were a long way from being barbarians (in the modern sense of the term), and that no race of the time was better fitted to receive and perpetuate the physical and mental qualities of the Romans.

In dealing with the Roman occupation of Briton we are far better supplied with authentic records, and an analysis of these records is all in favour of the contention of this article. It

may be pointed out that it was not the habit of the Romans to wage wars of extermination. The various countries which were brought under the Roman sway received infinitely greater benefits, from the improved laws, stable government and advanced civilisation conferred upon them, than losses occasioned by the temporary injuries of conquest. To this rule Britain formed no exception; indeed, it seems to have derived greater advantages, and enjoyed, from its insular position, more stability than any other part of the empire, not excepting Rome itself.

Cæsar's first landing in Britain was abortive. The second expedition was more serious and was composed of 800 vessels having on board five legions (30,000 foot) and 2,000 auxiliary horse. The net result of the expedition was the exaction of tribute and a promise from the Britons not to molest those of their countrymen *who had abetted the Romans.* The last is important as showing that there was a part of the population who fraternised with the invaders. Cæsar describes the population as "*infinita multitudo.*" It is estimated to have been at least 3,000,000. For one hundred years after Cæsar no military operations were undertaken in Britain; Augustus and Tiberius exacted tribute, and Caligula landed in one of his crazy fits and made himself the laughing stock of the whole empire. But in the reign of Claudius, A.D. 51, commenced the first serious occupation of the island when Aulus Plautius and Vespasian landed with an army of 50,000 men. (Note the number!). It took seven years, thirty battles, and large reinforcements from Rome to enable these generals to subdue the country southward of the Thames, and when the task was accomplished it left the Romans masters not of a barren and depopulated country, but of one of the garden spots of the earth and of a numerous population (with women predominating) who accepting the inevitable, took the invaders to their arms, not only in metaphor but in fact. The race which founded a nation by the rape of the Sabine women did not we may be sure neglect its opportunities. Never again did this part of Britain rise against the Romans and the fusion of the races must have been complete. Any other conclusion is impossible. The conditions amounted to a forced (or artificial) selection. As an indication of the rapidity with which stability was established it may be pointed out that Salinus writing thirty years later mentions the hot Springs of Bath, and the magnificence with which the baths at that place had already been decorated for the use of bathers. Whether the temple of Apollo which stood on the site of St. Paul's Cathedral in London was a product of the same age it is impossible to say, but that it did stand there seems to be beyond question.

Passing over the outbreak under Boadicea which is chiefly remarkable for its bloody ferocity and vindictive slaughter we come to Agricola the real founder of Roman Britain. The character of this noble Roman as it has been handed down to us by his son-in-law Tacitus is one calculated to excite the profoundest admiration. As Conybeare (who appears to be no lover of the Roman) justly observes; "He seems to have been a very choice example of Roman virtue and ability . . . . He saw that Britons would never unfeignedly submit so long as they were treated as slaves; and he set himself to remedy the grievences under which the provincials had so long suffered. Military license, therefore, and civil corruption alike, he put down with a resolute hand. Under his influence Roman forums, dwelling houses, baths and porticoes rose all over the land; and, above all, Roman schools where the youth of the upper classes learnt with pride to adopt the tongue and dress of their conquerors. It is appropriate that the only inscription relating to him as yet found in Britain should be on two of the

lead water pipes (discovered in 1899 and 1902) which supplied his new Roman City of Chester."

From the time of Agricola dates a period of peace and prosperity unparalleled in the history of Britain. How widespread the prosperity was and how populous the country, is being increasingly demonstrated every year by the systematic use of the spade. In the Cam valley Roman remains have been turned up in incredible quantities, the coins representing every reign from Augustus to Valentinian III., while at Silchester the foundations of an entire town have been uncovered, laid out in rectangular blocks like an American city. These towns were unfortified and their remains exhibit no weapons. For centuries the *Pax Romana* (which might better be called the *Pax Britannica*) ruled in Britain, and but one result seems possible; by the beginning of the fifth century the people had become, not only in name, but in speech and race *Roman*. Let him who doubts travel through the Province of Quebec and look for the original inhabitants. Had the Indians been white all trace of them would have long since vanished. As it is the few survivors are no longer pure blooded and they speak the language and have adopted the customs of their conquerors.

It is not my purpose to attempt a history of the Roman empire, the materials of which are within easy reach of those who wish to study them. I would however utter a word of caution in regard to the bias of the various authors who have handled the subject. From their point of view, which is the Christian point of view, the Romans were *heathens* before the time of Constantine, and virtue was not in them. This attitude is flagrant in the early writers of the church, and its spirit has descended even to modern times. The moral reflections of Marcus Aurelius, which are exceptional only in the matter of their survival, might have taught them that morality is as much an attribute of the human mind as any other form of ratiocination, and that a heathen may still be a good man. It is to the Christian point of view, embittered by the early persecutions (repeated later with incredible barbarity by the Christians themselves) that we may attribute the generally accepted opinion as to the sensuality, vice and corruption of the Roman world; but there is nothing in the facts as we know them to justify the conclusion. That there was vice in the City of Rome, as in all large cities before and since, is true. That there was prodigality and ostentation and debauchery amongst the *nouveaux riches*, who sprung up like mushrooms in that time of abounding wealth, is equally true. But I am inclined to believe that the historian of A.D. 4,000, who tries to construct a history of the present day from the fragments of the New York papers, will draw a far more lurid picture of the degeneracy of the 20th century than any contained in current Roman histories; and if he should happen to come across an address by some popular revivalist or temperance orator, or even some recent presidential utterances, his readers will feel that they have indeed emerged from the dark ages.

The truth is that then, as now, there were honourable men, modest and virtuous women, and good citizens; and they were in the majority; but like good citizens of the present day they attended to their business, and being less spectacular than the vulgar rich attracted less attention and consequently left little impress on the records of their time. The character of Trimalchio, as portrayed by Petronius, is one that might be picked out in any large city to-day, but it would not be fair to take it as typical. The details in any case are probably exaggerated for the purpose of satire. It is well to remember in this connection that the population of Rome reached 1,000,000 or more.

It has been too much the habit to

attribute the civilisation of Europe and the amelioration of its social conditions to the introduction of Christianity, whereas the immediate effect was to plunge that continent into barbarism. Nothing seems more certain than that the disruption of the Empire was as much due to the plots and machinations of the churchmen as to the incursions of the Goths. The Romans in their best days were never a priest-ridden people. They were quietly religious according to their lights, but they were never hysterical about it. That form of superstition was reserved for the Celtic races, and to the Celtic elements in the church are to be attributed the vagaries, the cruelties, and the ignorance of the Middle Ages. If any learning survived it was because a certain number remained sufficiently heathen to be intelligent; and what they had to contend with is well exemplified by the experience of Galileo. The elevation of a Christian emperor to the imperial throne was the culmination of centuries of priestly intrigue and marked the beginning of the end. The City of Rome had long ere this lost its Roman character and became a congeries of foreign elements, mostly Celtic, as fickle and unstable as modern Paris; and when Constantine moved the capital to Byzantium, its fate was sealed. Italy, Spain and France were Celtic, the last contiually torn and harried by the savage Goths from beyond the Rhine, a spoliation finally so complete that we find Julian in A.D. 353 sending to Britain for 800 ships loaded with grain to feed his army in Gaul; a striking proof of the prosperity of the island. Intrigue, insurrection, invasion, these spell the later history of continental Rome; only in Britain was the race left to develop in its purity under stable conditions. Yet historians would have us believe that the Roman occupation of Britain was a military despotism, holding in subjection a conquered population for the purpose of extortion, and that within ten years after the withdrawal of the garrison the whole elaborate system fell to pieces with a grand crash; those of Roman blood fled the country; and the native population lapsed into a state of "obscure barbarism." The thing is incredible. The legions kept in England were there for protection not for subjugation, and we know that the time-expired soldiers were encouraged to settle in the province, and if they had married (as they surely had) their marriages were legalised. The fact, pointed to by Doctor Johnson in the preface to his dictionary, that the tongue of the early Britons has left no mark on our language, outside the names of localities, is sufficient proof that Latin had entirely supplanted it, and this complete eclipse of the native speech is a pretty good indication of race fusion. For centuries after the Romans left, Latin was the language of culture and diplomacy, handed down with colloquial variations in its unbroken purity. The clearness of Bede's style shows that it was the speech he was born to; and this is confirmed by the letter of Cuthbert, to his fellow reader Cuthwin, describing the death of Bede, in which he says; "And being learned in *our* poetry (i.e. Saxon) he said some things also in our tongue, for he said putting the same into English, etc." And again, "He translated the Gospel of St. John as far as the words: 'But what are these among so many, etc.' into *our own* tongue for the benefit of the church." Surely the conclusion is obvious! It is not a little remarkable that the Saxon Chronicle (the other source of our knowledge of the Saxon period) gradually expires, with the Saxon language almost melted into modern English, in the year 1154. From this period almost to the Reformation, whatever knowledge we have of the affairs of England has been derived, originally, either from the idiomatic Latin of our own countrymen, or from the French chronicles of Froissart and others. This leads to another conclusion, i.e., that the Eng-

lish pronunciation of Latin is the nearest to the original speech, and that the English language to-day, in spite of its Saxon elements, more nearly represents the tongue of Rome than any of the continental dialects.

It remains now to try and determine exactly what happened at and after the incursion of the Saxons, a task of extreme difficulty owing to the want of materials. This much seems certain, that they were a gross and swinish race of barbarians, without grace of either body or mind, and indifferent alike to justice, mercy, and intellectual development. They contributed nothing to the country's advancement, and exhibited no indications of the power of self government. During their ascendancy, and until they were bred out, they kept the country in perpetual turmoil and bloodshed; and while they imposed a certain abount of their language on the people, the imposition was not as widespread or complete as has been generally supposed, and the words are almost entirely words of the household. In all that pertains to the higher life we still use our original Latin, which by the educated classes in Britain was never lost. What effect the Saxons had on the religion of the country may be judged from the licentious debauchery of the Saxon monasteries..

It is well to point out here a fact which is strongly insisted upon by Broca, viz: that the imposition on a conquered race of the language of the conquerors, does not necessarily imply the survival of the conquering race. In India an Aryan language has survived after all trace of the Aryan race which implanted it has disappeared. It is much more reasonable to believe that this is what occurred in Britain than that the teeming Roman population was exterminated to a man (the women certainly survived). Unfitted as they seem to have become to cope in arms with the barbarous invaders, they certainly had not lost the subtlety of the Roman mind; and alliances, both political and domestic, must have been, and as a matter of fact were, frequent. The wealth of the country was great, and the British Roman must have been quick to appeal to the cupidity and self-interest of the invaders, who from their own tribal jealousies were a long way from being a unit, and must, from lack of numbers, have found it not only expedient but necessary to gather beneath their standards as many of the native population as possible.

In the investigation of the Saxon period two sources of information are left to us, Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. In regard to the former it can only be said that the "Venerable" Bede was a most venerable pervaricator (to put it mildly); and when he has a story of greater altitude than usual to tell, he is careful to preface it by the statement that he had it direct from "a man venerable on account of his piety, and of undoubted veracity." However interesting he may be to churchmen, to the ordinary investigator he is in the last degree disappointing. Born at Jarrow, there is nothing to show that he ever left it, and his materials were gathered from men as credulous as himself. Here and there little points crop up which seem promising, but he immediately lapses into the dispute over the celebration of Easter, which seems to have been a fruitful source of occupation and amusement for over three centuries. Tribes accept the teaching of the church or fall back into the worship of idols; in the one case enjoying prosperity, in the other suffering the wrath of the Almighty. The worship of idols so often spoken of must have been a return to the old Roman temples and mythology, since the Norse tribes had no graven images as far as we know; and it is quite evident from the record, faulty as it is, that for many centuries Christianity was far from general throughout the island. It seems to

have caught the Celtic tribes at once, and the monastic life had apparently a strong attraction for the lazy Saxons; but whatever race formed the bulk of the English population, they were a stiff-necked breed, and did not yield easily to priestly influence, a characteristic which they have retained to the present day, and which they shared with their Roman ancestors. The Romans tolerated no division of authority in the state. For this reason they broke up the headquarters of the Druids on the Island of Mona; and the persecution of the early Christians was directed not against a new religion, of which they were ever tolerant, but against the attempts of the priesthood to secure secular control. Kingsley's picture, as vivid as it is true, of Alexandria under Cyril, culminating with the hideous murder of Hpatia, is a fair presentment of the attitude the church assumed towards the state.

Bede makes one statement which is interesting. He says: "This island at present . . . contains five nations, the English, Britons, Scots, Picts and Latins, each in its own pecular dialect cultivating the sublime study of Divine truth. The Latin tongue is, by the study of the Scripture, become common to all the rest." The general use of Latin seems at least probable, whatever may be thought of the reason assigned for it. About the year 447, when the Picts were taking a rest from their evil courses, he says that "the island began to abound with such plenty of grain as had never been known in any age before; with plenty, luxury increased, and this was immediately attended with all sorts of crimes; in particular cruelty, hatred of the truth, and love of falsehood; insomuch that if any one among them happened to be milder than the rest, and inclined to truth, all the rest abhorred and persecuted him, as if he had been the enemy of his country. Nor were the laity only guilty of these things, but even our Lord's own flock, and His pastors also, addicting themselves to drunkenness, animosity, litigiousness, contention, envy and other such like crimes." These, remember, were the Roman Britons, for the Saxons were not yet, and they seem to have been both wealthy and prosperous. Then a severe plague swept them, but without improving their morals. Whereupon, not long after, a more severe vengeance, for their horrid wickedness, fell upon their sinful nation. They consulted what was to be done, and where they should seek assistance to prevent or repel the frequent incursions of the northern nations; and they agreed with their King Vortigern to call over to their aid, from the parts beyond the sea, the Saxon nation; which, as the event more evidently showed, appears to have been done by the appointment of our Lord himself, that evil might fall upon them for their wicked deeds."

Evil did, beyond question, fall upon them, if we are to believe the account. Both in Bede and the Saxon Chronicle, from this time until the Norman Conquest and after, we have nothing but one long recital of murder, rapine and spoliation. If the ruin has been as widespread and thorough as the account might lead one to believe, England in less than a century would have been a howling wilderness without wealth enough to tempt the cupidity of a Chinaman. But it was not; because this sort of thing went on from generation to generation, yet wealth increased in the hands of both the church and the laity; and heavy subsidies were paid to the robbers, running all the way from £10,000 to £36,000. In spite of what was paid and what was stolen, there was always more behind to invite the next raid. Blackmore's description of the Doones would very well fit most of these raiders. They fought one another, and they ravaged the country when they felt like it, and the people, the real Britons, carried

on their regular business and thanked God if they got three crops out of five.

That the Saxons governed England in any real sense of the word, cannot be contended for a moment. They lived in the country and they exacted tribute, but there is nothing to show that they provided any government that was united, continuous or efficient. And when we come down to to the time of Sweyn and the incursion of the Danes, we find a body of robbers marching through the country (spoken of in the chronicle as "The Army") looting at their own sweet will, while "the King and his witan" calmly sat at the seat of government, wherever that might be, and voted subsidies to the marauders after the mischief was done. We can sympathise with the old chronicler who, writing in A.D. 1010, says: "Then went they (the Danes) to their ships with their booty. And when they went to their ships, until they should land; but then the forces went home; and when they were eastward, then were the forces kept westward, and when they were southward then were our forces northward. Then were all the witan summoned to the King, and they were then to counsel how this land might be defended. But although something might be then counselled, it did not stand even one month, at last there was no chief who would assemble forces, but each fled as he best might; nor, at the last, would even one shire assist another." A noble picture truly of the much vaunted Anglo-Saxon race and their bravery! They were no good. That is the one possible conclusion; and the native race did not care which set of robbers was in the ascendant. In five hundred years this is what the Saxons had accomplished, and they are supposed to-day to be a world compelling force. It is incredible. The Danes never governed England, nor for a hundred years did the Normans, who certainly never stamped on our speech its Latin characteristics. Whence then came the sturdy stock whose strength is vitally dominant in the English speaking race to-day. Emerging in the bowmen who held the hill at Cressy, reaching the exuberance of youth after the reformation under Elizabeth, attaining to the full stature of manhood under Cromwell, are we to derive this potent strain from the sluggish Saxons? Again I say, incredible!

Statesmen, orators and lawgivers; fighters, pioneers and nation builders, the Romans were the highest product of Aryan capacity, and it is not to be believed that they disappeared almost in a generation and left no trace behind. Hidden for a time they might be by the cloud of medieval superstition, but that they survived, somewhere, is as certain as that one race-horse will transmit his qualities to another. Not one characteristic of them is exhibited by Latin Europe, sunk in the depths of superstition, and in the case of France plunged still deeper in an equally neurotic atheism. In them is found no trace of the steadfast self-governing Roman. The German is still the Goth of Roman times, aloof and menacing. In Britain alone, well called the mother of nations since she is the daughter of so great a race, are found the characteristics of that mighty people whom no obstacle of nature or vagary of fate could hinder or subdue, and whose absolute sanity and unwavering purpose are the best guarantees we possess to-day of the ultimate developement of the human race. And surely it is an inspiring thought that we can join hands round the habitable world and raise the old triumphant shout—"Civites Romani Sumus!"

THE TROOPER'S CALL

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

HOW the thing started, I don't exactly remember, for my brain at that time was in a jumble with rapid and exciting events. It was in the first South African war, and confused memories of the sharp fighting we had at Laing's Nek and the horrible tragedy of Majuba Hill mingle into my recollection of the tale, as I was told it, by the serious faced trooper of South African Horse.

The eve of Majuba was a queer setting for a sea yarn, but when you hear the story you will find that the time was singularly appropriate. When I came to my senses in hospital afterwards, I really thought that it was the creation of a disordered brain. A smash on the head from a heavy rifle butt would send most men's minds rambling into incoherent fancies, but, in spite of that, I am sure that the yarn was true.

It was after we had trekked from Laing's Nek. A party of us were lying in our blankets, smoking and gossiping. Some of the sailors from the *Dido* had been talking about the *Flying Dutchman*—the strange phantom ship that is supposed to haunt the waters off the Cape of Good Hope. One or two of the men scouted the superstition as being improbable, but the serious-faced trooper claimed that it was quite true, and an argument started. After a great deal of talk on the subject between the crowd of us, the trooper, after listening to our remarks, said that he would tell us a story of this sea phantom, that would give us something to argue about. I can remember the star-strewn darkness of the veldt night, and the attention-compelling monotone of the man's voice as he told the story.

"Boys," said he, after filling his pipe, "you may talk as you like about ghosts and phantoms, but there are a lot of queer things happen that no man can explain. In regard to this particular subject, I have good reason to know more about it, than any living man, for myself and twelve other men saw the *Flying Dutchman*, and even boarded her—"

"Aw, come off," cried a sailor. "Is this a joke you're springin' on us?"

The trooper gazed at the man with such a tense look, that the fellow actually shrank beneath the glance.

"Aye," continued he, "call it a joke if you like, but it was a bitter joke. One that cost the lives of many men. Coolan, Evers, Callahan, Dale, Monsen—all gone, all gone. Poor beggars." The intense bitterness of his voice impressed us all, tough and all as we were.

"'Twas this way, boys. There was a party of us aboard of Barney Coolan's steam yacht *Induna*, making the cruise around the coast from the Cape to Delagoa Bay. Coolan had made his pile at the diamond fields, up Kimberlay way, and was a pretty rough diamond himself — ignorant, uncouth, but with a heart as big as his body. Besides myself there was Tommy Evers, an American from New York, and Jim Callahan, who was shot two years later in the Matabele country. Perhaps some of you fellows remember the story of his murder by Viljoenson. Of the whole crowd of us

that sailed on that cruise, I am the only one alive to-day. However, I'll tell you the story from the beginning.

"We were lying at anchor in Mossel Bay, and at dinner one night Coolan got full-up with champagne. The talk had swung to this very subject, and in the midst of the argument, Coolan made a bet with the Resident and the harbourmaster, who were dining with us, that he would find Vanderdecken and tow him past the meridian of the Agulhas into Table Bay. Of course, we laughed at the bet, as being only a drunken joke, but devil a bit of it.

"Next morning, when I thought that Coolan had forgotten all about the affair, he gave orders to get steam up. 'Where do we go now, Barney?' I asked.

" 'To find the *Flying Dutchman*," he answered.

"I thought he was only joking, but away we steamed for the open sea, on our fantastic mission. Evers, Callahan and I attempted to prove to Coolan the absurdity and futility of such a quest, but Barney's Irish blood was up, and the more we argued with him, the more determined he became. "'Tis no joke,' he told us. 'I am as serious as I ever was. The *Flying Dutchman* is a real ship, and has been seen hundreds of times. Historians can prove to you that Captain Vanderdecken and his vessel, the *Braave*, sailed from Batavia for Amsterdam in 1653, and every sailor that has doubled the Cape will verify the tale. Where there's smoke, there's fire, and I was damned sure that if we look for him we'll find him. I've been a deep-water sailor myself and know all about the whole thing, and I intend to cruise around these waters, and see if there is any truth in the yarn, and if I do sight him, I'll board him on his ghost ship, and I'll tow him around to Table Bay, and break the judgment against him.'

"After this there was nothing more to say, so we drank Barney's whiskey and discussed his superb meals, without bothering to remonstrate with him. These self-made South African millionaires get queer ideas into their heads, and nothing can drive it out of them. Barney was no exception to the breed.

"For a solid week we cruised around the eastern edge of the Bank without seeing anything, and we were all beginning to get pretty well sick of banging and rolling around in the heavy Agulhas Seas, in a small steam yacht. Evers registered a complaint that he didn't derive much pleasure from crawling around a tumbling ship, and feeling sea-sick half the time, but Barney told him straight that he'd have to stay another week. If nothing turned up, he would discontinue the quest and return to Mossel Bay again."

The trooper paused in his narrative, and refilled his pipe.

"Did ye find him?" queried a sailor hoarsely.

"Yes," answered the trooper, "we found him. It was one night, when we were lazily steaming to the east-'ard. It was calm. By that I mean calm for the Agulhas Bank. No wind to speak of, but a long oily swell setting east. I remember that there was a glorious sunset that evening. The sky was splashed in bars of blood-red, with here and there a few streaks of sombre black clouds across the red of the sky. Everything was as quiet as this veldt is now. The only thing to be heard was the throb and ripple of the engines and screw. The night fell quick, and was azure dark and spangled with stars — just the sort of night that makes you shiver, and look around to see if you are alone. It affects me the same way to-night, and that's why I am talking. I have a premonition of evil.

"However, that's not the story. It was midnight when we sighted the ship. The skipper was just about to go below, when he raised a grayish loom, on the sea-line to starboard of us. Coolan came on deck with a rush, and, squinting through the night

glasses, declared it was the *Dutchman.* She was standing to the westward, under all sail, and just barely moving through the water. We put about and followed her at slow speed, keeping her huge poop lantern on the port bow. I am telling you this in a very matter-of-fact manner, but we were all feeling half-scared and half-curious as we followed the mysterious old ship, and all of us, barring Coolan, would have been glad enough to cut and run, if we could."

"What was she like, mate?' asked a sailor, "all ragged, patched and old was she not, an' shinin' in th' dark like wet matches?"

"No, she was not," answered the trooper. "She was in very good condition considering her age. Most people imagine that she'd look as if she were three hundred years old, but that was not the case. She was in fair trim. The sails were not patched very much, nor was the hull rotten in any way. She appeared to me to be in the exact condition that she was in, when the awful curse was pronounced against her and her crew. Weatherworn a bit, but by no means in decay. My theory is that all decomposition in regard to her and her men was arrested or suspended on the fatal night, and since then the ravages of time could not harm her.

"Well, we followed her all night, and at the first glint of daylight, we steamed alongside, keeping about a cable's length off. A line of typical Dutch faces lined her rails and gazed at us in semi-surprise, when Coolan hailed the man on her tall poop in "Taal" Dutch, asking him to heave to.

"The figure answered back. It was Vanderdecken himself who spoke, and immediately they backed their mainsail to the mast and rolled lazily on the long swell. When Coolan got the dinghy over the side, none of our crew would man her, so Evers, Callahan, Coolan, a fireman and myself pulled the dinghy across to the *Flying Dutchman.*"

The trooper paused for an instant to light his pipe, and in the glare of the match, I could see the incredulous half-doubting looks on the faces of the listeners, but the narrator's face was pale and strangely set, while the hand that held the match trembled perceptibly.

"Aye, boys, we pulled for the *Dutchman.* It was a mighty queer picture that the sun rose on that morning. There was the old supernatural craft of Vanderdecken's, with her high poop, ornamented with carving and gilding, three stumpy masts, a spritsail on the exaggerated bowsprit, and the big patched squaresails aback and full, while to windward lay our trim little yacht, all brass and varnish, rolling to the Agulhas' swell. It was a picture few men would ever see again, and I saw it.

"Well, as I was saying, we pulled alongside, and climbed aboard, leaving the fireman in the dinghy, and it was a mighty queer looking crowd we landed amongst. Their faces were of the ordinary Dutch type, and they were clad for the most part in wide breeches, cowhide sea-boots, and coloured shirts. Pictures of old smugglers remind me of their rig out.

"We were the object of much curiosity amongst them, and they crowded around us, asking questions in Dutch, which I couldn't understand. Vanderdecken hailed us from the poop, and we went aft to meet him. He was a big Dutchman, with a patriarchal beard, and a face with a great deal of haughty dignity in it for a Dutcher. He looked to me more of a French type. It wasn't a very hard thing for me to believe that he had defied his God in the manner we have heard about. He struck me as being a proud, overbearing sort of man, with a great deal of the inherent devil in his nature. He did not know at first how to treat us, judging by the way he fingered the huge flintlock pistol he had stuck in his belt. Coolan did all the talking, and I could see the look of surprise creep across his

face when Coolan spoke with him.

"Barney came to the point at once. 'Captain Vanderdecken,' he said, 'I believe that you are having a hard time to weather the Cape, but if ye'll give us permission, I will tow ye across the Agulhas into Cape Town, where you can refit, and proceed to Amsterdam.'

"Vanderdecken's face contracted at this, and he paced the deck before replying:

" 'You English are a strange people,' he said at last, 'and you have created some queer craft since I left Holland. Methinks there must be some devil's agency behind your country, for at nights I've seen strange vessels on these waters. Ships that go through the seas, against adverse winds, with much showing of smoke and fire. Would to God, I had some of this strange power. Cabo de Bona Speranza, they call it, but it must be the Cape of Blasted Hopes for Vanderdecken and his ship. Tell me, what is your ship? How is it things have changed so much within the year?'

"Of course, boys, you understand that the year to Vanderdecken was 1653.

"Coolan rigged up some feasible explanation in Boer Dutch, but I think the Dutchman thought he was insane, by the glances he gave him.

"However, to cut a long yarn short, we got his consent to tow, and, after passing him a strong steel hawser, and making fast, we hauled ahead.

"The crew of the *Braave* were all mustered for'ard gazing at our yacht and discussing the wonderful agency which was drawing them along. Vanderdecken furled his sails and peaked his yards to the wind, and we hauled him along all that day. The weather was fine and mild, and the old craft wallowed in the swell like a barge, but the barometer was going down and presaging bad weather ahead.

"Our skipper and crew were scared stiff, and all declared that something would happen for meddling with such things. The sun went down that evening in a sky and sea of crimson, and as soon as the dark came we got a breeze.

"Coolan was in high fettle, and talked about the enormous sensation he was going to cause when he arrived in Cape Town with his tow, but the old skipper looked ominous and croaked gloomily. 'At midnight to-night,' said he, ' we cross the meridian of the Cape, and it'll be a case of stand from under an' God have mercy on our souls.'

"As the evening wore on, the sea became heavier, and the old craft astern yawed, bucked and plunged, pulling hard up on our steel towing-bitts until the hawser shrieked with the strain.

"I'll cut out the events of the evening and tell ye what happened at midnight. Evers and I were standing aft by the taffrail of the yacht, looking at the ship astern. We were smoking, and Evers was laughing and joking, when the ship's bell tolled eight strokes. He had just said to me, 'By thunder, Coniston, but won't this make a sensation in Old Broadway when I get back. One of the men who boarded the *Flying Dutch*—' but his sentence was never finished.

"The tones of the bell were still ringing in my ears, when 'Bang!'—away went the tow rope. I was struck with something and reeled back over the cabin skylight, half stunned. I saw a vivid flash of lightning illuminating the craft astern, and at the same time I saw the hawser catch Evers around the body like a huge snake, and whisk him into the sea. He gave a horrible shriek which mingled with the roar of wind and sea. The most fearful lightning I ever saw flashed before my terrified eyes, and in the glare of it I could see the *Dutchman* swinging off to the gale, and disappearing between the seas. I could hear the cries of her commander, as he roared for a rag of sail to be set, and the last I saw

of her was when she had rounded, and was scudding to the east'ard under her foresail.

"That's all I remembered for some time, for I lay insensible in all the pelting rain and wind, until Coolan hauled me into the smoking-room.

"Boys, hell was loose on the waters that night, and the devil himself was abroad looking for our souls. The yacht was swept and pounded by heavy seas, until her decks were practically cleared of fittings, boats, ventilators and rails. The wind came screaming in furious gusts from the west and the rain lashed our decks like hail. It was awful—the very skies seemed to press us down."

The trooper paused for an instant, and then continued in a weary, heartbroken voice:

"The first to go was poor Tommy Evers; then came our old skipper and the man at the wheel. They went when the bridge went over the side. My God, I can see their faces yet as they went into that hell's cauldron to loo'ard. It was horrible.

"The engineer went next—smashed to flinders by a broken piston-rod, which snapped when the engines raced.

"Then a steampipe burst, and a fireman was scalded to death. His cries resounded throughout the ship.

"There was eight of us on deck at one time, but a giant comber made a clean breach over us, and when I spat the water out of my lungs and opened my eyes, there was only Coolan, Callahan and myself left.

"At daybreak Coolan left us and scrambled aft to the smoking-room. As he stepped inside, he turned and cried 'Good bye, boys.'

"When we went along there a few minutes later, he was lying in the wreckage on the floor, with a revolver in his hand and the top of his head blown off. Pleasant ending for a joke.

"About nine in the morning a Union Castle liner rolled through the smother, and she took us off, as the yacht sank under us.

"When I came to, I was in hospital at Port Elizabeth. I recovered slowly, and told a shipwreck story only. I did not mention anything about the other happenings, as I would not have been believed. I have never told the story until to-night. Something seems to tell me that my time has come. Poor Callahan went two years ago, and I'm the last of the crowd. It's the *Dutchman's* curse, and I guess I'll get my call soon. Good-night, boys."

That was his story, as far as I can remember it. I saw him again in the afternoon of the following day. Majuba was lost, Colley was dead, and a disorganised rabble of British soldiery were scattered over the country. Most of the South African Horse were killed, and I saw the trooper among a medley of shrieking and cursing soldiers, their ammunition gone, but game to the last, and pelting the Boers with rocks and stones. He got his call there among the rocks, with about twenty explosive bullets in his shattered body, while I nearly got mine a few minutes later.

VIEW SHOWING ROOFS OF BAZAARS AND OLD CITADEL, DAMASCUS

DAMASCUS THE TEMPTRESS

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

DAMASCUS is not a city to be reached by railway. One should file into it as part of a camel caravan; or, at the very least, come to it on horseback over the encircling hills, with the smell of many camp-fires in one's garments—a tent-dweller, a man who measures distances by days' journeys, a contemporary, in short, of this city of the past. But now that the railway runs into Damascus from two directions, the son of the present will seldom pay down either the time, the money or the comfort to enable his soul to enter by this gate. He gives up the joy of approaching on its own time—level this ancient city whose age no man knoweth; and says to himself that he will get smuggled in by railway, given a modern dinner at his hotel, and then arise in the morning and let his fancy companion him into the past.

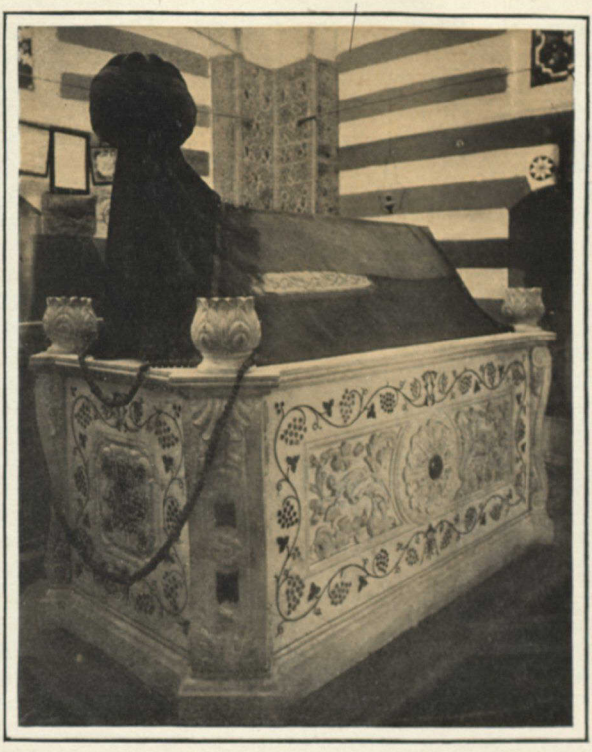
Happily, I was able to better this programme. The railway up from Semakh on the Sea of Galilee is very modern and very good. Through the boldly picturesque valley of the Yarmuk by which the line pierces the mountains east of Galilee, it is an engineering achievement and the views out of the windows were at times magnificent. But when the railway had landed us on the outskirts of Damascus and we had been whisked away from its unromantic atmosphere of clanking cars and odorous oil, dusk came with its curtain and obliterated the immediate past, and we drove up the long "handle of the spoon" from the El-Meidan quarter of the city with the flaring lights in the Oriental

FOUNTAIN OF ABLUTIONS, OMAYYADE MOSQUE

booths on both sides of us, and the strange shapes, the flowing garments, the rich colours and the curious occupations of a busy Damascus street but dimly seen amidst the fitful shadows they cast. It made one long to escape from the hurrying carriage and drift with the drifting crowds up and down this street of mystery.

I had been more or less in touch with Oriental scenes and city streets for over three months when, with a succession of hoarse warning cries, our driver made a way for his bumping carriage through that swarming thoroughfare; but I had never seen anything before which seemed to present at a glance so perfect a picture of what the Occidental, steeped in Eastern romances, expects the Orient to be. That drive through the luminous dusk, along an avenue of dancing lights which appeared to cast only shadows, without a European costume in sight, with glimpses of cross-legged merchants in their booths, *nargheli* smokers in the cafés, great broad ovens with their rosy mouths open to the street, kitchens of native restaurants alive with servants and vivid with fires, gesticulating men bargaining vociferously on all sides, and all the other countless amazements of the Oriental engaged in the business of life, made every story of adventure from the good Haroun to the bad Ali Baba appear possible and real.

It also convinced us—unwillingly enough—that we needed a guide to make the acquaintance of Damascus. The genus "guide" is the greatest nuisance which besets the traveller. He is perverse, stupid, unimaginative except as to facts, ignorant, positive, censorious, fawning, tyrannical, perpetually in league with merchants, unreliable, always devising some scheme to extract a few more pennies,



TOMB OF SALADIN

wasteful of your time and strength in his own petty interest; consequently an evil only to be endured when absolutely necessary. I am not moved to write this tirade by any recollection of our Damascus guide; for he was rather better than the most, having been in America and so better able to judge what would be interesting to us. But I greatly pity people who are always trailed by a guide. Unless they find a jewel—that is, a guide who knows his limitations and attempts to do little more than act as a human map and finger-post—they seldom are allowed to see anything with the eyes of the spirit, and they are loaded up with a heterogeneous mass of mis-information whose only virtue is that it is easily forgotten.

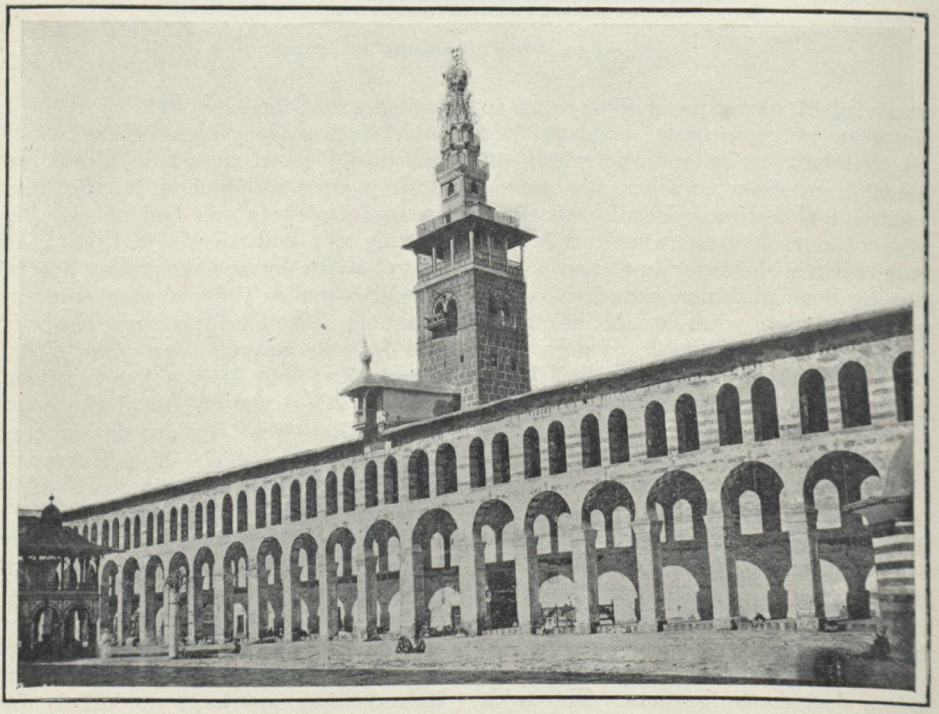
We elected the next morning to be taken first to the bazaars. The guide made the journey unnecessarily confusing and after a couple of days I could find my way about them alone; but it did seem that first plunge as if they were a hopeless labyrinth of covered streets which had neither beginning nor end. It is, I think, the fact that the bazaar streets are roofed in which makes them appear so great a tangle. You cannot see the sky and so you cannot keep your direction easily; and, after a few turnings, you have lost the points of the compass. Then, too, you are deprived of that guidance which in a European city you get from tall structures, such as church towers or great buildings.

The bazaars at Damascus are really impressive and important public institutions. They have none of that haphazard appearance which makes one feel that the bazaars at Cairo may be gone next year, and, that, indeed, they are kept up largely for the amusement of confiding and gul-

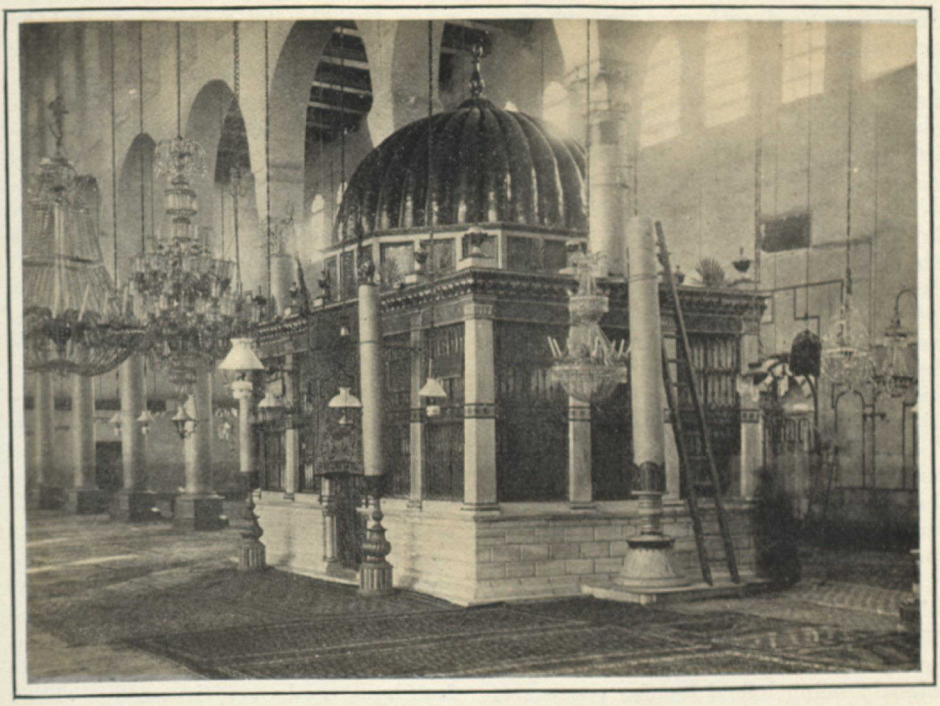
lible strangers from the West. Then as Damascus is a mighty metropolis, its bazaars are much greater than the businesslike edifices of native Tunis or the half-rural, half-barbarian bazaars of Tripoli. Best of all, they are wholly and frankly for the people of Damascus and the surrounding country. There is not a foot of them that you suspect has been stocked with goods for the "tenderfoot" tourist. There are plenty of Birmingham and Manchester wares in them; but they are imported because the natives want to buy them and they are openly and even boastfully announced as such. They are not cheap imitations of Oriental fabrics brought in to cheat the stranger.

Most of the Damascus bazaars have fine high roofs in the form of round arches which spring from tops of the buildings that line their streets. They are airy, cool in the sunshine, and moderately light. The eye, in fact, soon becomes accustomed to their twilight. The roofs rise so high that they form a conspicuous architectural feature of the city as it is seen from a height. As they follow the lines of the streets, and branch and intersect freely, they look at a distance—say, from the top of the Jebel Kasyun, a neighbouring hill—like enormous stems carrying the houses of the city as a gray and white foliage. You may get an idea of their appearance at close range from one of the illustrations accompanying this article.

Some of the bazaars have quite large shops opening off them into which you can walk and buy your goods at counters, but the majority of the merchants sit in their little alcoves open to the street where they can reach most of their stock without getting up. There are stools for you to sit on in front of their diminutive counters, and, if you are long in bargaining, the merchant will send to a neighbouring café for a cup of coffee to keep you in good humour. Much



THE MINARET OF THE FIANCEE



TOMB OF THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

of the buying is done—as with us—by the women who come down the street veiled but who throw back their veils when they desire to examine anything really important. The women—at all events of the middle classes—are by no means as secluded or shy as Westerners imagine. They wear heavy veils in Damascus, and their faces are wholly invisble; but they move briskly about the streets and bazaars, bargain vigorously with the merchants, and raise their veils whenever it is necessary to get a good look at a thing.

Of course, many men hurry through the bazaars and bargain and buy at the shops. Not a few are from the interior, wearing the wild costumes of the mountains and the deserts. At times, an Arab gorgeously arrayed will clatter through the crowd on horseback; and the pedestrians have by long practice gained great skill in dodging out of his way, and avoiding also the loping camels and the jigging donkeys which are much more numerous. It always seems a trifle odd to see a horseman dash through the bazaars, for the reason, I fancy, that, being roofed in, they resemble a huge shop; and a man on horseback in Simpson's would create a commotion. Among the buyers were not a few Bedouins, a little awed by all this magnificence of a great city but too proud to show it, their faces tanned to a rich brown and marked by the curious tattooing they affect. The Bedouin women were, of course, unveiled.

Through the crowds go other merchants selling chiefly things to drink and eat. The lemonade sellers will first attract your attention with their great glass jars ornamented with polished brass, and rattling their brass cups together as a summons to customers. Others sell sweetened water, and still others raisin-water or a

drink flavoured with oranges and apricots and cooled by the snows of the Lebanon. This last touch is no fiction; for you can see the snow slowly melting in the attractive-looking fluids, and up in the Lebanons we subsequently saw carloads of snow being carried down the railway to both Damascus and Beyrout. All these vendors have musical and fanciful cries. They do not call out "lemonade" but employ such phrases as "refresh thy heart" or "allay the heat." When they wish to emphasise the coolness of their beverage, they say, "Take care of your teeth." They are of the race of street story-tellers and camp minstrels, and they bubble over with humour, the regular cry of sellers of bouquets being—"Appease your mother-in-law."

There are countless sweetmeat shops, and the sweetmeats look very tempting. Frequently there are bake ovens where a round flat bread is constantly being baked by the process of laying it on the surface of the hot oven or clay stove. Passers-by pick out a cake which pleases them and eat it warm. The *kebab* of Damascus is famous. It is made of small bits of mutton through which a long spit has been run, with strips of the fat tail of the sheep between them, and then the whole slowly roasted before a charcoal fire. As served in the hotels, it is certainly delicious, and it looks just as good when revolving before the fires in the open cooked meat shops of the bazaars.

But the bazaars are a fascinating subject, and I shall never get away from them if I do not resolutely walk out of their enticing twilight. I cannot do better than walk into the great mosque — the Omayyade Mosque — which can be approached from the end of one of the largest bazaars. This mosque has the distinction of having at one time been used by both Christians and Moslems simultaneously. Under the Emperor Theodosius a Christian church was built here on the ruins of a Roman temple; and, when the Greeks surrendered to the Moslems in the seventh century, they both agreed to share this church. Subsequently, however, the Moslems bought out the Christians by guaranteeing them possession of several other churches in and about Damascus, and built here a magnificent mosque which was unfortunately burned down about the time that William the Conqueror came to England. The present mosque is a restoration after a destructive fire no longer ago than 1893.

The first ceremony on entering any Mohammedan mosque is to get your slippers. Usually the attendant who keeps slippers for the use of those who will not take off their boots, is just inside the gate, and he must be summoned by either pounding on the gate or calling. Soon he shuffles out with an assortment of huge slippers in his hands, which he and his assistants slip over your boots and tie fast by a cord over the ankle. They are so large, however, that even this does not guarantee that they will stay on; and you are perpetually afraid that you will inadvertently step out of them and so defile the sacred rugs which cover the floors. There is a pet theory among tourists that what the Moslem dreads is that an infidel foot shall touch the floor of his mosque; but this favourite idea is somewhat damaged by the fact that any of his own people who will not remove their shoes must wear slippers too. It is the dirt of the street that he dreads; and you see the reason for it when you watch a Moslem at prayer kneeling on the floor and frequently prostrating himself and touching his forehead to the rug over which, perhaps, you have just walked.

We entered by the Arch of Triumph and found ourselves in the large uncovered court. This is surrounded by cool corridors behind a row of columns supporting slightly horse-shoe arches, and down its centre stand three structures—the graceful "dome

of the treasure," the fountain for ablutions and the "dome of the hours." The fountain is said to mark the central point in the pilgrimage route from Constantinople to Mecca. Above us rose three minarets — the minaret of the fiancee, the minaret of the bride and the minaret of Jesus, so called from the belief that Jesus will stand on its top at the beginning of the Last Judgment.

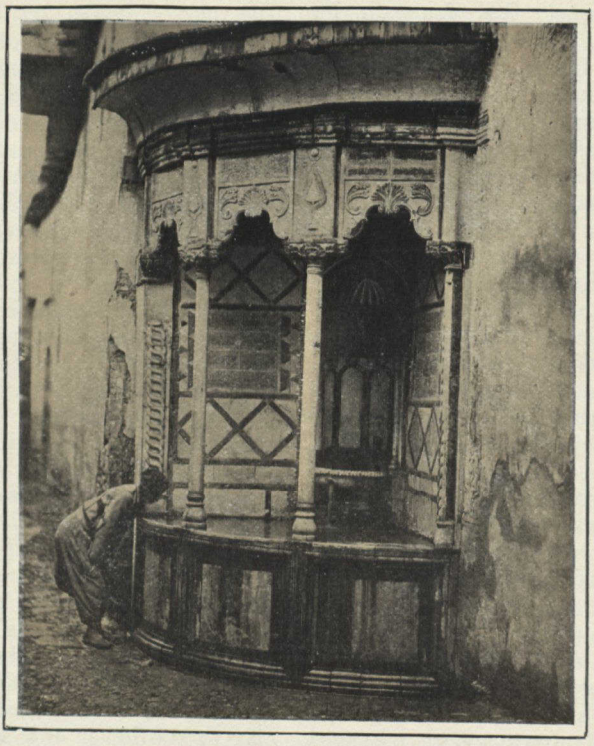
Walking across the court, we entered the interior of the mosque, a soaring edifice of the basilica form, carpeted with thick rugs and richly decorated in the Eastern fashion. A conspicuous object in the middle is a black quadrilateral building bearing a dome and surrounded with great candles. This is the tomb containing the head of John the Baptist, long the most sacred relic in the possession of the Damascenes. The head itself was shown here in the time of the Christians and the men of Damascus still swear by it. Much of the decoration of any mosque is the writing of sacred names and of passages from the Koran in ornamental fashion about the walls, and this is done in lavish style at Damascus. Then there is the richly inlaid "mihrab" or prayer niche which looks toward Mecca, and the tall pulpit with its flight of steps.

On the other side of the court we passed into a quiet and quaint little garden which contained a domed tomb mosque in which sleeps the mighty Saladin. It is a modest tomb as befits a rugged soldier, though the decorations in fayence are exquisite. The tomb itself is of marble, beautifully carved. When the German Emperor was here, he paid a visit of respect to this grave and left a wreath of flowers which they still preserve in a glass case.

Just outside the mosque is one of the most curious of the bazaars, the bazaar of the goldsmiths. It is a huge building by itself in which scores of goldsmiths are at work on their dainty and costly wares. Each man or firm has a little enclosure, separated from the passage-ways by no more than a railing; and the workmen sit on raised platforms amidst their flaming lamps, blow-pipes and graving tools. Some of the results of their labours are shown in glass cases fronting the passages, but the best things are hidden away in little black iron safes which stand unceremoniously in the middle of the apparent confusion of their workshops.

The cafés of Damascus are one of its most striking features. They seem to be everywhere. You are always turning a corner and stumbling into one, for they spread out over the sidewalks and often into the roads. Where at all possible, they lie beside a stream of running water; and that is very easy in most parts of this child of Abana and Pharpar. Abana runs right through the city, usually under ground; but it is split up into a dozen little streams which appear at most unexpected places, apparently for the benefit of the cafés. One afternoon I walked down through the city to the lower end where the river emerges in full vigour; and there I found the famous garden cafés which seem so near Paradise to the thirsty Oriental traveller just arrived from a long journey across the blazing deserts. They are stretches of wooded sward bordering the rushing stream; and under the trees are long soft sofas and groups of comfortable chairs. As you enter the gate, you tell the gate-keeper what you would like to drink; and then you stroll through the garden at leisure and pick out your seat. When you are quite comfortably settled, a waiter arrives with your order, brings a table from somewhere and puts it at your elbow—and then vanishes. You are alone and at peace, with the rush of the river in your ears and the coolness of the shade about you. If you want anything more, you rap on the table or clap your hands; but unless you really do want something more, you will not be disturbed.

They provide in every way in



A STREET FOUNTAIN IN DAMASCUS

Damascus for the thirsty. The many fountains on the street corners evidence this. When a pious Moslem desires to leave a worthy legacy to his people, he does not found a library — he builds a fountain where forever after the weary wayfarer may drink his fill for nothing. These fountains are usually works of art; and, when surrounded by a picturesque Eastern group, they are a delight to the eye and a temptation to the kodaker. For the Oriental loves decoration everywhere. One day near "the street which is called straight," our guide took us into several Damascus houses where they like to have strangers come and admire their lovely rooms. A cool court always lay in the centre of the dwelling with fountains at play and flowers brightening the smooth marbles; and off it were the various apartments for winter and summer. In each was a lavish decoration of the walls which carried our minds back to the Alhambra in far-away Granada, though now there was more purpose in the tracery and variety in the design. It is the same race, but centuries as well as leagues lie between.

It is only as you get away from Damascus that you realise its position. It is a city in the midst of an orange grove. From the heights near it, it looks like a handful of gray stones flung down in the midst of a field of grass. A vast green plain encircles it on all sides, and beyond that everywhere the deserts and the barren hills. No marvel that to the Arabian poets it has always seemed the symbol of Paradise. No wonder that Mohammed, approaching it from the desert, looked upon it from afar, but feared to enter, lest its delights should tempt him to abandon his great mission.

THE FOLLOWERS OF THE MYSTIC CROSS

BY WARD FISHER

JONES and I were at the pier on the arrival of the *Empress*, to meet friends who had been spending the summer in Europe. Among them were Edith, sister of Jones, and one of her chums, Florence Dunsworth.

After greetings we passed through the sheds, the girls chattering jubilantly at having successfully passed the customs officers.

As we came to the waiting cabs and carriages, we were jostled and pushed aside by a tall man in dark clothes, who was closely followed by a large, squat Chinaman in flowing robes, and bearing a grip in either hand. Without a word of apology they quickly made their way to the nearest public carriage, which the Chinaman entered. After a whispered direction to the driver the tall man followed, and they were rapidly driven away.

The apparent rudeness, and haste of the pair caused our party to stop in indignant surprise, and as the man turned from the driver to enter the carriage, we got a full view of his face.

"By George, that's Legere!" said Jones in astonishment.

"You are crazy," I responded, "Legere was a well-set-up man. And he is dead, anyway!"

"Dead or not, that's Legere! I would know those eyes and the way he carries himself among a thousand."

"But what would make such a change in the man?" I responded. "Legere was an unusually healthy and masterful fellow, except during his spells of periodic sickness, which he accounted for as attacks of malaria, resulting from his life in Central America. This man is cadaverous, and without that buoyancy that characterised Legere!"

"Drugs!" was the laconic reply. "He has the opium face. And you will remember that some of us said that Legere was an opium fiend."

"But Legere's body was found in the East River, just after the steamer, on which he had taken passage, had sailed!"

"I know the verdict. But it was never proved. You know that Fraser always held that he had seen Legere at Nicaragua three months afterwards."

As we were slowly driven through the crowded streets, we had a lively discussion. The girls could give little information, notwithstanding the fact that they had crossed the Atlantic on the same steamer with the pair. During the voyage the tall man had not been seen, keeping closely to his stateroom, and being waited on by the Chinaman, who prepared and carried the meals to his master.

We had a lively remembrance of Legere. He came from Central America and was put up at the Club by his banker. He had an unlimited supply of money, and tried to make himself popular by lavish hospitality. But, somehow, there was an instinc-

tive reserve practised toward him that could not reasonably be accounted for. He seemed to be always on guard, as if against the lurking devil in his eyes, which showed itself more and more as he became conscious of the reserve against him.

His finish came through the "Four Chums," as Edith and Florence and their two bosom friends, Elsie Donald and Helen Cowans, were called by their set in society.

At first Legere's power as a conversationalist was a great attraction, and he caused many heartburnings by his assiduous attentions to the more desirable and popular young ladies of good social position. This was especially true of his attentions to the "Four Chums."

His first direct rebuff came by the rejections of his proposals to Elsie. Then he was rejected in turn by Helen, Florence and Edith.

The end was sensational. I was the accepted suitor of Edith Jones, and she was the last of the four to reject his attentions. One night at the Club he spoke slightingly of the four chums, and I promptly knocked him down. He came to his feet raging, and attempted to draw a pistol, but was hustled out of the place, with orders never to enter it again.

Then came his death by drowning, and he was well-nigh forgotten until he was brought again before us by the resemblance of the stranger on the dock.

The incident was quickly forgotten, as many of our friends were deeply interested in a new religious propaganda which was arousing much attention.

The headquarters was the old Fulham Dana house on Beacon street, recently leased by a Thibetan lama, who was accompanied by four prisets. The interior of the house had received extensive alterations, and was furnished in Oriental splendour.

The "Mystic Cross," which was the prominent sign of the new order, became a fad.

This cross was formed by the letters "Su" and "Ti," making the word "Suti," which is the Pali form of the Sanskrit "Swasti," a compound of "Su" (well) and "Asti" (it is), the chief dogma of the Buddhist sect calling themselves "Swatiskas," or "Followers of the Mystic Cross."

There were three degrees of initiation, called "The Gradual Way of Perfection," and the house was arranged to conform with the raising ranks.

The first degree was the Chamber of Svaraka, or the lecture-room, the place of the common auditor, and was presided over by the god Sangha.

The second degree was the Chamber of Pratyeka, the place of "those who turn not out of the way," and was presided over by a superior god Dharma.

The third degree was the Chamber of Chang Chhubb, or those who have attained the true intelligence in the gradual way of perfection, and was presided over by Buddha himself.

The Dana reception-rooms on the first floor had been arranged for the formal lecture-room. The more interested, including many of the religious faddists, were soon separated from the novitiates and idle curious, and formed the second rank which met at stated times in the Chamber of Pratyeka, situated on the second floor, in the room which had been used by the Danas as a ball-room for the select parties given by this exclusive family. This had been heavily hung, window places and all, by rich yellow curtains, and was illuminated by lamps of curious design, which gave out a soft and reposeful light.

Before the shrine of each god were kept bowls of incense of delightful odour. The figures had a singular effect on those susceptible to religious contemplation. They were of such flesh-like appearance that the very veins were discernible, and seemed to throb with life. Whether this effect was gained by a combination of

rising incense and cunningly placed lights, or by some uncanny power, was a subject of debate.

They possessed a curious fascination that compelled attention. Every time the eyes were drawn toward either of them, the devotee was led to involuntary expectancy, as if the figure was about to speak.

Those who formed the followers of the middle chamber were frequently led to conditions of ecstasy of a most bewildering kind. The strange music that seemed to come from every part of the room, would rise and fall, as if coming from and retreating to a great distance. The apparently human sigh that would penetrate the room, would be followed by a dream-like voice, in softly modulated tones, which affected the more susceptible with hypnotic spell.

To the surprise of the four chums, after a short attendance on the lectures, they were admitted to the second rank, although they looked upon the whole thing as "too deliciously sweet for anything."

The secrets of the third rank were for the specially elect only. These meetings were held irregularly, and by special summons. But whether the call came in the morning, afternoon, or evening, the favoured ones chosen from the second rank eagerly obeyed.

Whatever influences were brought to bear were successful in the keeping of the secrets of this inner circle. No definite idea could be gained by the eager questioners. The elect spoke in a hazy way of music and visions, and of the power of the "astral self" to leave the shackles of the flesh and visit the bounds of Paradise. They would continue for some hours after each meeting, in a blissful and almost automatic condition.

Jones and I were mystified. We occasionally accompanied the chums to the lectures on the first floor, but after they had been called to the second rank, we very rarely attended them.

We could see no danger, as the gatherings were composed of the better element of society, among them being many of our own set. The chums looked upon the whole affair as a lark, and awaited with curiosity the mystic summons to attend the chamber of Buddha.

The only suspicious feature was in connection with the financial side of the propaganda. While the expenses of the establishment were large, no offerings of any kind were asked for. Indeed the greatest contempt was shown toward money, as being at the base of the materialism which hindered the development of the astral body.

And yet, notwithstanding this opposition to materialism, the attendants on the first two chambers were freely invited, as a test of their development, to add to their riches by accepting the guidance of the presiding genius, which was written at each meeting on a tablet placed before the shrine.

For some weeks, partly from shame, and partly from suspicion, none took advantage of the opportunity. Curiosity and avarice overcame the scruples of several, and they copied the lines on the tablet, which gave the name of a listed stock, and, invariably, the price at which they were to buy, and the price at which they were to sell, always limiting the amount of each investment, with a warning that if any bought over the limit they would lose all. This provision, it was explained, was simply to show the power of the astral body to gain a complete knowledge of the mind of the material world. Therefore, as the circle developed in subliminal knowledge, they would have the secrets of the world at their control.

The remarkable fact that every investment was a gain gave great prestige to the mysteriously veiled doctrine of the priests and opened a wide and interesting field of speculation.

At first Jones and I hailed these

revelations as the development of a gigantic bunco game. We soon came to the conclusion that our suspicions were unfounded, as the priests could easily become fabulously wealthy by taking advantage of their apparently intimate knowledge of the markets.

The newspapers were giving considerable attention to the new teaching, and were readily granted interviews by the Lama, who impressed all as a man unusually well-informed regarding world affairs.

Some uneasiness was manifested at the inside knowledge of business affairs possessed by the strangers, and prophecies were made of the coming downfall of our financial structure.

If astral bodies were developed, what was to hinder their presence at the secret meetings of the financial boards, or, indeed, of a knowledge of the workings of the human mind? The material world would be at the mercy of the new cult.

Jones and I often talked the matter over, but were unable to discover any ulterior motive. Indeed we cautiously, through pure curiosity, invested on the advice given, and invariably came out good.

For several months the Fulham Dana house was the centre of a select and growing cult. The interest was deep, and the agitation was spreading.

We were becoming weary at the growing interest of the chums and of their eagerness for the call to the Chamber of Buddha, when, without any warning, we were horrified by the sudden death of Elsie Donald.

For several days the only information we could gain was that she had been out the previous evening, returning about ten o'clock. The maid-servants reported that she looked very ill, and went at once to her room, refusing all assistance. In the morning, not appearing for breakfast, her mother visited her room, and found her in such a condition that she wished to summon the doctor, but Elsie vehemently objected.

About ten o'clock, a messenger delivered a package addressed to her marked "Personal—Important." This was taken to her, and shortly after her mother, going again to her room, found her almost lifeless on the bed.

The doctor was hurriedly summoned, and on entering the room, after a hasty examination, he had a message sent for Mr. Donald, and he ordered the room closed to all except her mother. Before Mr. Donald arrived Elsie was dead.

The doctor was seen to hastily slip into his pocket a small vial that was on the bed. On the table was a small dressing-lamp, and the table was covered with ashes of burnt paper, and pieces of charred heavy card, so burned and broken that all marks were indistinguishable.

Her death was announced as "heart failure," and the funeral was strictly private, only the immediate relatives being present. "Suicide" was whispered, but the rumours would have soon subsided if there had not been the fearfully double shock that came by the equally sudden death of Helen Cowans, another of the devoted chums, who had been living with her uncle since the death of her parents.

What made her death unusually shocking was that the facts connected with it were the same as in the case of Elsie. She had returned home the previous evening and went at once to her room. The maid, whose room adjoined, heard her during the night, sobbing as though in pain, but was not allowed admittance.

In the morning she looked so wretched that the maid insisted on her remaining in bed. About ten o'clock a messenger delivered a package for her, marked "Personal — Important." She listlessly opened it, and after a glance at the contents became greatly agitated, and ordered the maid out of the room, locking the door after her.

At two o'clock another package came, similar in form and marked the same as the first. The maid took it

to her room, and knocking, was peremptorily ordered away. On stating that there was another package for her, the door was quickly opened, and the package eagerly grasped.

The hasty glance of the room by the maid showed much disorder. There was a faint smoke, and an odour of burned paper. About four o'clock the housekeeper knocked on the door and insisted on entrance. No reply came to the repeated knocking, and, becoming alarmed, she telephoned for Helen's uncle, who soon arrived and forced open the door.

Helen was found lying lifeless across the bed. Doctor Garrison, who had been the attending physician in the case of Elsie, was called at once. On entering the room he was startled out of his usual composure by finding a vial in the hand of the dead girl, and the same appearance of the table with the burned and charred paper, as in the case of Elsie.

Her death was caused by suicide, beyond a doubt, and the fact could not be suppressed, as the servants had gathered, horror-stricken, before the doctor arrived, and had gathered possession of facts sufficient to make impossible any statement to the contrary.

The two tragedies made a great sensation. The cause was announced as despondency over the recent death of her friend, Elsie Donald.

Jones and I had an interview with Doctor Garrison. He was greatly mystified, and gave us cause for further alarm by holding that the poison was one unfamiliar to the American medical practitioners.

The vials were of simple form and without mark of any kind. The poison was the same in both instances. It had come, apparently, in the mysterious packages which so greatly disturbed both Elsie and Helen. And the fact that every scrap of the wrappings had been carefully destroyed gave great uneasiness to us.

The tragedies could not have been caused by an enemy, for there could be no doubt but that the poison was self-administered.

The only conclusion we were led to was that there had been a suicide compact between the two girls.

We had an uneasy suspicion arise in our minds which needed no words for a mutual understanding. For some evenings our steps turned involuntarily toward the Fulham Dana house, which we eyed with wordless distrust, and yet had nothing upon which to base any definite suspicion.

On the Friday evening, just one week after the death of Helen, we were walking home after spending several hours at the club. As we came within a short distance of the Fulham Dana house, a veiled woman coming toward us drew our attention. She was evidently suffering and several times hesitated, and tottered slightly.

Something familiar about the figure caused us to hasten our steps. As we drew near, Jones, with an alarmed cry, "Good Lord, it's Florence!" rushed forward.

At the sound of his voice she shrank back against the iron fence, grasping the rail to support her faltering body.

The heavy veil hid her face, but her whole body revealed such extreme agitation that we knew she was bordering on physical collapse.

Going to her, and taking the hand that hung limply by her side, Jones said: "In God's name, Florence, what has happened? Are you sick?"

With a pitiful sob she tried to speak, as she clung closed to the rail, and dumbly sought to withdraw her hand.

"Get a cab quick!" he said, addressing me without turning his head.

I hastened to the Somerset Club, only two streets away, in front of which there was a public cab-stand, and returned in a few moments.

Jones helped her to enter, while I took a seat with the driver, and urged him to drive as rapidly as possible to her home.

I hurriedly rang, while Jones assisted her to the door, which was opened by the servant accompanied

by Florence's mother, who had been alarmed by the sudden peal of the bells.

With a heart-breaking sob, Florence fell into her mother's arms. Jones explained how he found her on the street, and then made haste to call Doctor Garrison.

Florence was carried to her room, while we waited anxiously for the doctor, who fortunately was at home, and soon made his appearance.

With a nod to us he passed upstairs, where he remained nearly an hour. On coming down he saw our questioning faces, and said, "Nervous collapse."

We went out and walked with him to his office. Not a word was said, for we saw plainly that he was greatly disturbed.

On taking a seat, the doctor said to Jones: "Did she say anything?"

"Not a word. In the cab she shrank from me as if I were the plague." Then his pent-up feelings exploded, and he cried fiercely: "There's some devilish work going on!"

The doctor made no reply. We sat there some minutes in silence, when the doctor arose and dismissed us with the words: "Come down in the morning."

In the morning we called, but were told the doctor had been out several hours. Then we went to Florence's, and found that the bell had been disconnected, and a card with the words "Please call at the side door" pinned on the door.

Going to the private entrance designated on the card, we knocked, and, on being admitted by the maid, we inquired about Florence, and were told that the doctor had been with her all the morning. We sent a note to him, and received a message to call at his office that evening.

About four in the afternoon I accompanied Jones to his home, where Edith was giving a tea to her friends, and found that a number of them had received the precious summons to a gathering that evening of the inner circle of the followers of the Mystic Cross.

Edith was greatly disappointed, as she had not been among the lucky ones. Jones and I were glad she had not yet been advanced to the elect circle, and sought to make light of the whole affair, especially as that evening there was to be a reception at the club, and the ladies had all planned on being present.

They claimed they could easily attend both gatherings, as the Buddhist Chamber meetings had always been dismissed before ten o'clock. Whatever unspoken misgivings in regard to the events of the past few weeks might have been, we could see no possible reason for misgivings, as a large number would be at the Fulham Dana house. And, especially, as Edith would not be present.

That evening, on calling at the Doctor's, we were told that he had not yet returned from attendance on Florence.

I went alone to the club; Jones went home to bring his sister to the reception, planning to arrive about nine o'clock.

On arriving there, I was surprised to find a number of those I had met at Edith's in the afternoon, and who had received the mystic summons to the Fulham Dana house.

Meeting a bevy of the young ladies, I joked them about their fall from grace in deserting Buddha for such a grossly material gathering as a society reception, and was told with many pouts of disappointment that about seven o'clock they had each received a missive saying that the "influences were unfavourable," and the meeting, therefore, postponed.

About nine o'clock Jones arrived alone, and said that Edith had received her "call" to the Fulham Dana house, and would arrive later with the other girls. In consternation I said: "Edith gone there! Why the meeting has been called off! When did she get word?"

"About half-past seven the message arrived. What do you mean?" Jones was plainly startled, and all our suspicions came surging in full force.

If the missives from the Lama calling the meeting off had been delivered about seven-thirty, how came Edith to receive her invitation at about the same hour.

As we quickly made our way to the hall, we met Doctor Garrison, who was just entering. On whispering to him the late developments, he alarmed all our fears by saying: "For God's sake let us get there as soon as we can! I came on purpose to talk to you."

The Fulham Dana house was only a short distance away and, walking rapidly, we soon approached. We immediately crouched, watchful, in the shadow of the doorway. The gate opened, and three of the priests, carrying suit cases, came out, and, getting into the cab, were driven away.

"Let us try the side door," the doctor whispered tensely. "We must get in at once."

Hastily entering the gate, we came to th door, and found it unfastened, giving admittance to what used to be the Dana kitchen.

One gas jet was burning dimly, but there was sufficient light to see that the room had been used for storage purposes. We quickly, and quietly as possible, made our way up the back stairs to the first floor, which was in darkness.

Going along the hall we came to the stairway near the front door, and we groped up in the darkness with our eyes and ears alert. The soft carpets deadened every footstep. The second floor was also in utter darkness, and we stood hesitating, not hearing a sound, not knowing which way to turn.

"Wait till I light a match," said the doctor, and, striking a light, we saw by its flare that the stairway to the third floor was situated the same as the one on the first.

The match burning low, he was about to light another, when the silence was broken by a sudden noise on the upper floor, and a cry of a woman's voice, "Let me go! Don't touch me!"

We were so startled, that for an instant our bodies stiffened. Hoarsely I cried, "God! That's Edith!" and made my way in the darkness to the stairway, up which I stumbled, followed by the doctor and Jones.

The upper hall was also in darkness, and, as no noise could be heard, we cautiously made our way toward the large front room where the Third Chamber meetings were held. Through the curtains which hung across the doors a dim light was burning. Peering through the curtains we saw the room was unoccupied, and entering, we listened intently, and heard beyond the curtains at the end of the room, the quick, heavy breathing, as from a person in mortal fear.

"Doctor, you stay here. Jones, keep the door," I whispered, and softly made my way in the direction whence the sound came. Pushing aside the curtains in the corner, I glanced out, and saw that an aisle had been formed between the Chember of Buddha and the two large rooms adjoining. The entrance to these rooms had been hung with portieres.

Moving slowly along the aisle, I came to the portieres of the door of the farthest room, being guided by the heavy breathing of the occupant.

Peering through the hangings I looked into a room luxuriously furnished. Impelled unconsciously, my eyes turned toward the lower corner, and was startled into low exclamation to see, half crouching against a divan, with fear-stricken eyes and heaving bosom, the form of Edith. Her arms were held as if in defence against some enemy. Her face was turned toward the portieres between the two rooms. I was about to speak, when the curtains parted, and the dark, livid face of the Lama appeared. Dumbfounded, I gazed. The flowing

robes and head-dress were gone, and he was dressed in evening clothes. There could be no mistake. It was not the Thibetan priest I saw, but the face of Legere, who was counted dead for two years past.

Coming to a table in the centre of the room he stopped, and calmly looked upon Edith.

"Miss Edith, your greeting is not very cordial. It is some time since we met face to face. You remember the question I asked at our last meeting? I well remember your answer. I am going to ask you the same question. Be careful how you answer."

His sullen, heavy eyes lighted as if the lurking devil had come out into the open. Edith's fear-lit, wide-open eyes grew tense as she watched every movement.

Then, very deliberately, he said: "Miss Edith, will you be my wife? Hold!" as she was about to speak, "don't answer till you hear me through! For nearly three years I have waited for this moment. For nearly three years I have been in hell! Your answer will either bring me to heaven, or cast me into hell forever."

"Listen! You had three friends. Where are they to-night? Three years ago I asked them and you to marry me, and each one of you laughed at me. Three weeks ago I again asked Elsie Dunsworth to marry me. Again she scorned me. She is dead. I asked your friend Helen Cowans, and again she refused. She is dead. Last night I asked your friend Florence Dunsworth. She refused. Do you know where she is? Perhaps you haven't heard. She is home insane. To-night I ask you again. Be careful how you answer. Will you marry me?"

Edith's hands had fallen to her side as she listened, and her body quivered as she heard the fearful news about Florence. Suddenly her body straightened. The desperate emergency had driven away her fear, and she answered sharply, and without a tremour:

"Marry you! I would die first!"

Turning his head toward the door by which he had entered, Legere cried, "Kling!"

At the call a tall, heavily-built Chinaman entered, clothed only in a breechclout, his yellow body shining as if oiled.

Kling came to the table, and stood near Legere, gazing fixedly at Edith, who shrank back from the glare of his wolfish eyes. Legere stood motionless, and in the same steady, monotonous voice, said: "Once more I ask you to marry me. You say you would rather die. There are some things worse than death to women of your kind. What killed your three friends? I will show you. Do not answer my question till you have learned the secret of their death.

"Look!" and taking up a package from the table he held it toward Edith. She leaned forward, and reaching over the table, took the package, and slowly unfolding the brownish paper in which it was wrapped, she turned a large square card upward and looked upon it.

With a gasp of horror she threw it on the floor, and cried, "My God! You fiend!"

Raising his voice and showing considerable excitement, he shouted, "Now, for the last time, will you marry me?"

"No! Never!" cried Edith, almost palsied with terror.

"Kling!"

As he called the name, the swarthy, naked Chinaman started toward Edith.

His hands were outstretched, and with crouching form, licking his dry lips, he came near.

With a sudden spring, as if electrified, the desperate girl suddenly grasped a large pair of shears from the table. Gripping them tightly, she raised her arm, crying, "Stop! If you come near me, I will kill you."

Kling stopped. Legere laughed mockingly.

"You poor fool. Do you think you

can escape? Look!" And taking from his vest pocket a small vial, he held it before him.

Unfastening the stopper he approached the hanging lamp which was swinging over a small side table, saying, "Just a few drops of this on the burning wicks and you will become unconscious."

With a laugh, he was about to pour the contents of the vial into the bowl, when I recovered from the spell of the scene, and, throwing aside the curtains, sprang into the room, shouting: "Stop, you scoundrel!"

He turned, and a snarl came to his lips as he looked at me. "Oh! My beloved friend Jack, the lover of Miss Edith! This is better luck than I had hoped for!"

Turning quickly, he took from the mantel a long, deadly-looking Malay kris, and with a sharp cry "Kling!" he tossed it toward the Chinaman, who deftly caught it.

"Get him!" he said, pointing at me. Kling, gripping the knife, came slowly toward me. I was absolutely defenceless, and the Chinaman was between me and Edith. When within a few feet he crouched, making ready to spring, but we were startled by a pistol shot, and the Chinaman fell to the floor, cluthing at his shoulder, from which ran a stream of blood.

The curtains at the lower end of the room were thrust aside, and the doctor came into the room, holding a smoking pistol, followed by Jones.

Legere's eyes ominously dilated. Recovering his composure, he laughed cynically: "We are favoured with unexpected callers to-night!"

Then with a sudden "To hell with you all!" he thrust the vial into the bowl.

With his first movement, quick as a flash I caught the side of the heavy table, and upset it in his direction, knocking him to the floor.

At the same moment the doctor's pistol flashed, the bullet striking Legere's wrist, smashing the bowl of the lamp, so that the oil and burning wicks fell to the floor. A pungent odour pervaded the room, growing more suffocating each moment.

At the fall of the table, I bounded toward Edith and caught her in my arms.

"Be quick! This way!" the doctor shouted, and darting forward to assist me, he picked up the fatal package which Edith had thrown to the floor. I managed to stumble, gasping for breath, through the curtains, with Edith, into the Chamber of Buddha.

There Jones caught her, and, hastening to the hall, we made our way in the darkness to the lower floor, and out through the gate by which we had entered.

We were weak from excitement, and, crossing the street, we crouched in the shadow of a doorway. Looking across at the Fulham Dana house, we saw a glare in the upper floor.

An alarm of fire rang out. A crowd quickly gathered, pounding on the door. In the confusion we made our way to the corner of the street, where, hailing a passing cab, we saw Jones and his sister driven away to their home, with the promise that we should call later.

By the time we got back to the fire the whole upper portion was in flames, and soon the floor fell with a crash.

With the words "Come! It is all over," the doctor took my arm, and we turned toward Edith's home.

Each was occupied with his own thoughts. As a memory came to me, suddenly I said:

"Doctor, where is that death package you picked up in the room?"

Quietly he replied: "It is in the fire."

"What was it?"

"It was the picture of——" and he hesitated, as if about to utter a name, and then gravely continued, "a horrible picture, involving the Chinaman."

THE CONTINUITY OF MUNICIPAL POLICY

BY D. B. GARDNER

THE growing complexity of social conditions in our larger centres of population is presenting problems which are taxing our existing municipal machinery in a manner which is bringing it dangerously near the breaking point. Large projects are coming to the front, requiring trained and developed intelligence to deal with them in a safe and satisfactory manner for the welfare of the communities concerned, notably in the direction of utilisation and management of public utilities.

In Canada our efforts in this direction, so far, have been on a small scale, and more or less tentative. In the United States attempts have been made under similar municipal conditions to those which exist among ourselves, with no very satisfactory results. Nothing like the variety or magnitude in the shape of municipal activities has been attempted with us as has been tried and successfully carried out in communities in Great Britain and Continental Europe.

Social conditions and a growing public desire for the ownership of those utilities directly ministering to the comfort and needs of the community at large, make it a matter of interest at the present to study the question of the constitution of the governing powers which exist in the various communities that have been most active in the working out of these problems, and the composition of similar bodies amongst ourselves; to see whether there may not be points of difference which would account for the slower growth of public opinion and action amongst us, and possibly account for the comparative failure of the projects where they have been tried.

It will be at once apparent that to initiate and carry forward such projects successfully and continuously necessitates a continuity of policy and personnel in conjunction, not merely for the education of public opinion to the point of initiation, but for the subsequent operation, where success or failure lies. No student of our municipal machinery can fail to be impressed with its quickly changing personnel, especially in the large centres, and to this fact, probably more than to any other, is due the lack of progress made along the lines of public ownership amongst us as compared with the old world communities. Change of men produces change of ideas, and projects which are to the front at one period, are relegated to the limbo of forgotten things at another, according to the whim or the interest of the men in the lead for the moment.

It is somewhat remarkable that this very idea of continuity, which we find embodied and exemplified in other directions amongst us, should have been lost sight of in the sphere in which, of all others, it appears to be most needful. In Dominion affairs we propose a five years' term of service, in our Provincial administration the term is shorter, but is neverthe-

less for four years; each of these has the possibility of renewal, giving opportunity for the planning and carrying out of work under matured conditions and intelligently continuous action.

The contrast in this respect with our municipal machinery is striking. Probably no part of our governmental or administrative methods comes more closely into touch with the people or affects them so vitally at so many different points and yet, of them all, it is the one which is most frequently subjected to the turmoil and changing conditions brought about by frequent appeals to its constituency. Thus the very elements of permanency and continuity, which, in working out the varied and complex problems presented to it, and which are most necessary for it, are those least at its command. Another point which militates against the municipal administration under its present conditions, as compared with the services carrying longer periods of incumbency, and which will be noted by the close student, is the power which is thrown into the hands of the more or less permanent official class. The representative, however able, under present conditions has not the opportunity of so familiarising himself with departmental work as to be sufficiently independent of the executive officers. A representative who throws himself into his work with intelligent zeal may only be beginning to grasp the working of affairs when he may be retired, and his knowledge and skill are thereby lost to the community. And an administrative head however capable and desirous of effecting improvements, finds himself practically at the mercy of his executive officers, and the ordinary everyday work of a community gets done after a fashion, and the larger questions coming to the front are debated academically, or looked at askance, or gone into with a fearful-looking forward to of probable muddle or possible failure in prospect.

It is fortunate for us that for the most part the executive officials have not been subjected to the same frequent changes as like officials among our neighbours to the south, but have enjoyed a permanency analagous to those of a similar class in Great Britain. We have thus escaped to some extent many of the evils which have overtaken the municipal systems of the United States.

It cannot be said that it is from any lack of intelligence in our people as compared with those of the old World, and yet the urban communities on this side of the Atlantic are completely out-distanced in effective and democratic municipal administration by the communities of Europe, notably those of Great Britain and Germany.

The systems in Great Britain and Germany may be outlined briefly. In England, the municipal council comprises mayor, aldermen and councillors. The mayor, elected by the council from its own number, serves one year. The aldermen, elected by the council from its own number,serve six years, one-half retiring every three years. The council is elected by the people for three years, one-third retiring each year.

In Germany, broadly speaking, the councillors are elected for six years, one-third retiring every two years. In some cases, however, the councillors are elected for nine years, one-third retiring every three years; in others the council has a three years' term, one-third retiring each year. The mayors are appointed for twelve years, and officials termed magistrates one-half for twelve and the other half for six years. These are salaried officers, and if their administration proves effective they usually have their terms renewed.

In France the council is elected by general ticket. It elects the mayor from its own number; he in turn selects from two to twelve members called "adjuncts," who act practically as chairmen of departmental

committees, and the terms of all are for four years.

The contrast presented between these various systems and those of Canada and the United States is notably the continuous terms of service of longer or shorter duration common to all, and all renewable. A reasonable freedom of action is assured to these bodies, and they are not encumbered with legislative checks and balances limiting the powers and hampering the action of one branch of the municipal body politic as compared with another. Thus an elasticity of action is secured, and within reasonable but comprehensive limits scope is given and certainty is assured in the carrying out and continuity of whatever plans and policies may from time to time be adopted, which, under present conditions, is entirely wanting amongst us, and which would seem to be the crucial point of difference as between ourselves and these overseas communities in the success or failure in the inception and carrying on of municipal utility schemes.

"The whole system is favourable to the selection and retention of capable and honest men. Once seated in the Council faithful service may reasonably be counted on to make a man's place secure from term to term for as long as he may be willing to serve.

"Great average stability is characteristic of all the councils of Great Britain, few of which are without their nestors of from twenty to fifty years' continuous service.

"The system is as simple, logical, and effective as the American system is complicated and incompatible with harmonious and responsible administration. City government in America defeats its own ends, by its checks and balances, its partitions of duty and responsibility and its grand opportunities for the game of hide-and-seek. Infinitely superior is the English system by which the people give entire management of their affairs to a big committee of their own number which they renew from time to time." (Shaw: "Municipal Government in Great Britain").

The conditions thus set forth by Shaw are emphasised by Goodnow in "City Government in the United States":

"We can hardly avoid believing that the economic and social conditions at present existing in the urban communities of the United States are such as to make good popular city government extremely difficult, if not impossible of attainment."

It may be largely the growth of this feeling that has recently prompted the adoption in many States of the radical change from present methods of civic government to the plan of government by commission, as a desperate remedy for a desperate disease. How far this method is to prove a panacea, time alone will tell; it is yet too early to dogmatise.

Former President Eliot in a recent address in connection with the new charter for the city of Boston, which creates a civic government of nine with a mayor, retiring at varying intervals and elected at large, says in effect:

"The method is yet too new to gather definite results from, or to determine positively its permanent value, but at least we may say that it is an interesting experiment in city government and encouraging from this point of view, in that it reduces the numbers to be chosen, and gives a certain continuity to the terms of those elected, it invites, and provides for the serious consideration of the electors, in the limitation of the numbers to be selected at any one time, and to those offering, a continuous term of service, both of which should be factors in securing better men for civic positions."

In many States, notably those of the south and west—Texas, Virginia, Tennessee, Iowa, Idaho, Oregon, and Kansas—this method has found acceptance, and many cities in these States have seized on it. Amongst ourselves it has begun to find advocates, but in a recent address at Guelph, Ontario, Mr. J. P. Downey, M.L.A., utters the same note of hesitancy in connection with the matter as former President Eliot, and it is a question whether the genius of our people does not tend more towards a closer assimilation to the procedure of Great Britain than to such a radical breaking away as the adoption of this method would mean.

Of late years in Great Britain a flexibility and elasticity of procedure eminently adapted to meet the changing circumstances of municipal government, arising out of the increasing adoption of public utilities as municipal ventures, has been provided through the medium of the Local Government Board. Under its guidance and through the wise exercise of its various powers, municipalities have been enabled to take up and prosecute enterprises with the minimum of cost and legislative interference, and yet under a wise and effective supervision which has safeguarded all interests concerned. This system, of course, tends to a certain lack of uniformity, but this may be very well offset by preponderating advantages, for although

"The lack of uniformity in municipal powers is, of course, very confusing to the student of municipal government, and yet the English system of granting different privileges to different boroughs has much in its favour, since the conditions and needs of a municipality vary with its size and situation, they cannot be as adequately provided for by general enactments as by specific laws and orders, a fact which the English practice recognises by permitting the adoption of local powers to local problems, with a degree of precision unknown to the legislative systems of other States. . . . One might almost say that with the growth in importance of the system of giving authority by provisional orders the adaptation of borough powers to local conditions has become as effective as it can possibly be made.

"In this respect the English system has come to differentiate itself sharply from the condition of affairs which exists in many of the American States where constitutional provisions absolutely prohibit the giving of any privilege to one city not accorded to all.

"English municipal administration has not been conducted in wasteful fashion; on the contrary, there are few English boroughs which cannot give lessons in civic thrift to even those few American cities which profess to be bending their energies in the direction of economy." (Munro: "Government of European Cities").

The point of wisdom in the management of our civic affairs would therefore seem to be not in the hasty following of the example of our southern neighbours but in retaining our own present methods and their closer assimilation to the saner and assuredly successful methods of the mother country. We have added to municipal machinery of Toronto, for instance, the Board of Control, which might reasonably take the place of the standing committees of the British system.

To bring us more fully into unity, the only needed change would be to confer on the Board of Control full executive powers, the Council retaining control of its legislative functions, which would be somewhat analogous to the German system, with both bodies possessing varying and extended periods of service, following the British practice of a three or four years' term, a fixed proportion retiring each year. The smaller number to be elected would enable the "ward system" to be done away with, and leave the positions to be filled by election at large.

If, along with this change, the powers of the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board were enlarged and increased along the lines of the British Local Government Board for dealing with all municipal matters and adherence to the general Municipal Act rendered less rigid in conformity with British practice, our system of municipal government would be steadied and improved, and we would work out our problems, in the coming wider field of the management of public utilities, more in consonance with our political instincts and traditions.

GRANDPERE FALARDÈAU, HABITANT

BY JAMES FRASER

IT was a beautiful evening in beautiful Charlesbourg, which lies on the rising slope of the valley opposite Quebec; and it was fifty years ago, or a little more. The farm work of the day was done, and the traffic home from the city nearly over. Only an occasional empty hay-cart, wooden-spring *charette*, or a *calêche* clattered up the highway at the gable-end of the house. The family sat on the long, narrow platform in front of the dwelling.

Old *grandpère* was there in his *bonnet bleu*, his home-made wooden leg extended before him, his staff upright between his legs, and his hands resting one above the other on top of the staff. On rush-bottomed chairs his daughters, Madame Toussaint and Mam'selle Falardeau, sat on either side of him; and, using the platform as a seat, were the children Jean, Georges, and Adèle. On the ground at their feet lay Bufté, the useful dog that every morn and eve, harnessed to the little two-wheeled cart filled with milk cans, preceded Madame and Jean to and from the pasture, and that some years later, when his usefulness in life was over, yielded up in death his skin for leather and the fat of his body for soap to his thrifty owners.

They talked and, looking across the valley, watched the yellow lights appearing one by one as the lamplighters plied their evening task in the streets of the city. Suddenly there sounded from the towers of the village church the three clangs of the bell, thrice repeated, and the regular ding-dong that followed. It was the evening *Angelus*. Conversation ceased, and with bowed heads the annunciation of the Saviour's birth was reverently recited: "The Angel of the Lord came to Mary and said, hail, full of grace the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women. Fear not Mary, thou hast found favour with God. Lo thou shalt conceive and shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus." A short silence followed and the old man spoke, a tone of sadness in his voice.

"We are living in times of great changes," he said, "perilous times, my children. It is only two years ago, since they stretched a wire on poles from Montreal to Quebec, and it is said they use the lightning to send letters on the wire. Are they not afraid? Such presumption against heaven was not known in my young days. Then, not content to travel in the good, old safe way, people must speed between Quebec and Montreal in great carriages, on iron rails, with terrible steam engines puffing out clouds of sparks and smoke, thundering along at twenty miles an hour, spoiling the quiet of our villages, and disturbing the placid cows in their pastures. It is not sober sense that at present rules, but madness. Good for us here is it that the Grand Trunk

is on the other side of the river. But the change is everywhere; it is even invading our customs and manners of social life. They call it the progress of civilisation, bah! *Mon Dieu*, I know not what is to become of us. There's Flore Bedard, and the others in the parish who are kept busy with their looms, weaving our linen and wool; we men with our fields of flax and our flocks of sheep; our women with the whirr of their spinning wheels enlivening usefully the long evenings of the winter—what are we all to do, if our young men will not wear home-spun linen and *étoffe du pays*, and if our young women discard the national costume, and deck themselves in gay ribbons, and calicos, and hooped-skirts, and prunella boots? It makes me sorrowful, and afraid to think of the future."

"But," broke in Adèle, "dear *papère*, you know that it is only on Sundays and holidays of obligation that we put on our nice dresses and becoming hats."

"Yes, I know it too well," said the old man. "It is the beginning of the deluge, and it is that which troubles me. Your mothtr does not do it."

"Well," retorted Adèle, "you can't put a young head on old shoulders. Who, now, could be prettier than mother, when she comes out of her room on Sunday morning ready for mass, with her dear, old-fashioned black bonnet enclosing all around her beautiful face the pretty white frills of her freshly done up linen cap, with her nice black merino dress, her black shawl enlivened in front by the intermingled white and glossy black strings of her cap and bonnet, and with her black silk gloves. And then, *pa-père*, her dress is not homespun, nor was it made at home but by the *modiste*, her bonnet the same, and her gloves were they not bought three years ago at Glover and Fry's, the most fashionable shop in Quebec?"

"Ah, *ma petite* Adéle, poor *grandpère* never had it in his heart to hold out against his grand-daughter."

"But I have more to say, *mon grandpère*. Mother has told me that she and father and my aunt and you desire that I should be espoused to 'Poleon Berthiaume, and that Monsieur and Madame Berthiaume are of the same mind with regard to Napoleon and me, for you have all talked it over together. I am obedient. I like 'Poleon too; he is a good worker, and he makes himself very agreeable when he comes with his father and mother for dinner on Sundays between Grand Mass and Vespers. I am sure 'Poleon likes to see me smartly dressed, and I think he would like me more if I had a hoop-skirt, *grandpère*. I have never worn but a stiff buckram petticoat under my *mousseline-de-laine*, because you did not like crinoline. Will you not say that your little Adéc may drive to town with aunty next market day and satisfy her desire, if she promises not to buy a great big ugly set, but one just spreading out a little, a very little, evenly all round? Besides, when we were driving to mass last Sunday I saw 'Poleon in the distance meeting Josephine Pepin on the road. Together they walked across "The Place," up the steps and into the church. Josephine looked lovely in her crinoline. I wonder if she noticed us coming up the road? I am pretty sure she did; but I do not wish to be jealous or think ill of Josephine. It is not Christian. Then our good curé has not forbidden our wearing "these skirts."

"It is true, Adéc, that *Père* Benoit has not spoken against this bad fashion. Perhaps it is because our parish is so near the city, and we have such frequent opportunity of observing, that the clergy of the town could not have warned their parishioners against it, that he has restrained himself. Yet it is to my mind a departure from our national traditions and a giving up of our old customs. Many of the clergy so regard it, and some maintain that it is immodest as well, an invention of the devil to at-

tack the present purity of our Canadian social life. In this connection it is only this morning that Xavier Dufour told me of a very serious happening, in the distant parish of Saint Tite des Caps; and his story must be true for he has just returned from a visit to Chateau Richer, where he heard it, and Chateau Richer is not a great many miles from Saint Tite. His account of what occurred is like this:

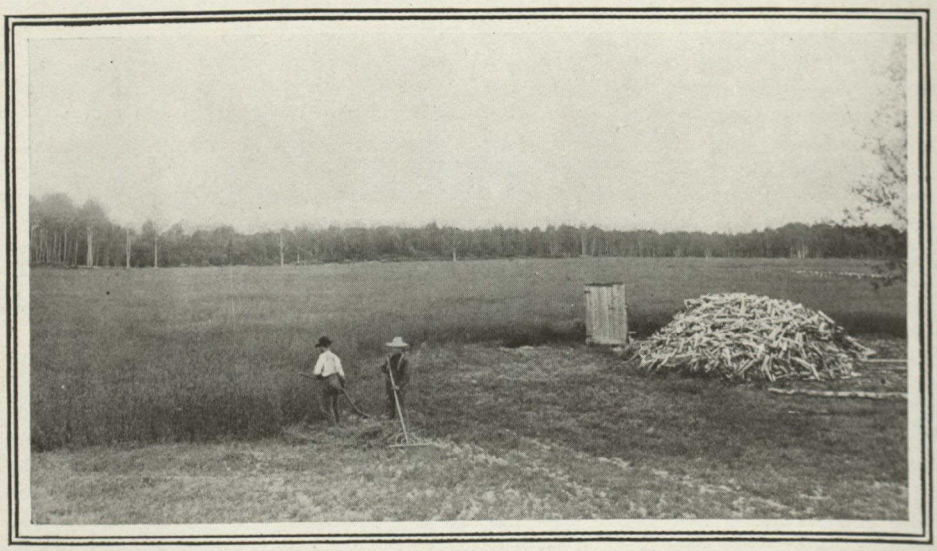
"About a month ago Monsieur le curé of Saint Tite des Caps had preached a very solemn sermon to his young people on this latest fashion, strictly charging them to observe the good old manner of dress, and to resist the temptation of this sinful innovation. The week after his solemn charge, a young girl who was at service in Quebec and whose name is withheld because she has suffered much and has received absolution, returned to the parish to help her family with the haying and harvest. Ignorant of what the curé had said, and wishing perhaps to create a sensation among her young friends, she arrayed herself in her city finery and went to the church to pray and give thanks for her safe return. It was early in the afternoon that she knelt before the altar. At seven in the evening the *bedeau*, after ringing the *Angelus*, made his round of the church before locking up for the night. In the dim light he observed a figure prostrate before the altar. When he approached he saw who it was, and, addressing her by name, told her that she could not remain longer at her prayers, for he was about to close the building. With red, tearful eyes she looked up at him imploringly and said: 'I have been here since soon after mid-day; I have tried and tried, but I cannot rise. Give me your hand to help me up.' So he extended his hand, which she took hold of with her two; and he drew upon them, but it availed not. Then he put both his hands around her arms near the shoulders, and lifted with all his might, but uselessly. She could not be raised from the floor. Terrified as much as she, he ran in haste to the *presbytère*, and returned to the sacred edifice with the curé, who, when he saw the weeping girl kneeling on the floor with her hooped skirt spread around her in a circle, understood at once the nature of the case. Sending the *bedeau* to a pew near by, he stood beside the girl in pity, sorrowing that she had put herself in Satan's power, and exhorting her to repent. Poor child, she was only too glad to have opportunity to express her contrition. Then the curé took her hand and gently raised her up. As she rose, the skirt lifted a little at one side, and something like the form of a great toad hopped out, and in three great leaps down the middle aisle, reached the threshold of the open door. Here it hesitated for a moment, its shape faded out in a shimmering tremble, and it was seen no more. Assuredly it was the devil."

Just then the flash of the cannon on the citadel of the city was seen; three seconds later the softened boom of the report was heard, followed by the faint blare of the bugler's nine o'clock call; and *Grandpère* Falardeau, without waiting to see the effect on Adèle of his recital, exclaimed, "Why, my children, already it is nine o'clock. Let us enter and say the Rosary before we go to our bed-rooms for the night."

THE
NORTHERN ONTARIO CLAY BELT

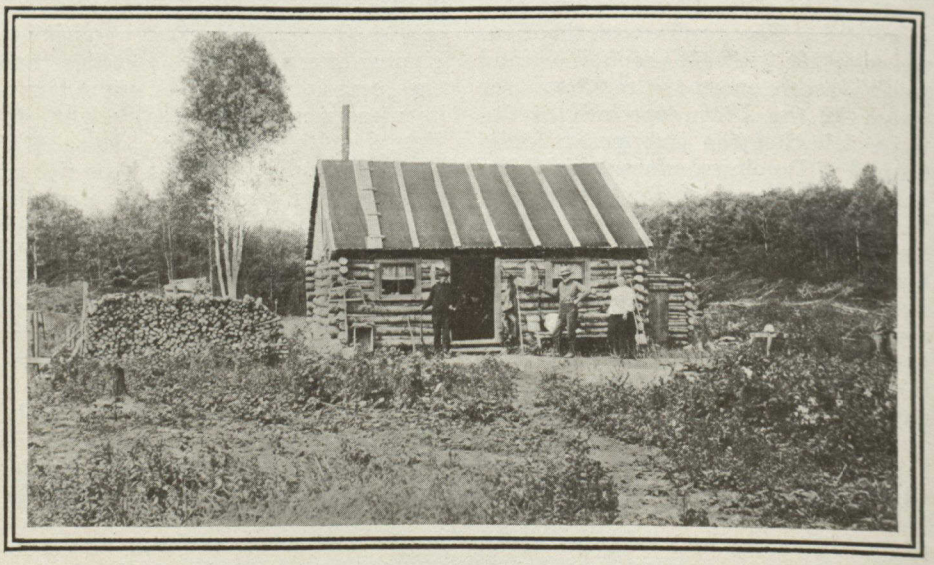
BY FRANK H. NEWTON

SOME twenty-five years ago it was the prevailing impression in Ontario and Quebec that all the agricultural areas of the public domain had passed into private ownership. While there was plenty of available territory in each Province it was merely of value for the timber that grew upon it and once cleaned off by the lumbermen the land would be of no practical use. Intending settlers were accordingly directed to the West where land was available. Not only immigrants but the sons of the farmers of the eastern Provinces naturally took the same view, and for some years the population and advancement of the older Provinces was at a standstill. The result was the Canadian West grew in population and wealth at an enormous rate, and the people of the East, especially of Ontario, felt that the prestige and chief control of Dominion affairs which they had so long exercised would soon centre in the newer Provinces west of Lake Superior. But during the last few years of the Reform Administration of Ontario an effort was made to counteract this by learning and if possible developing any resources that might be discovered in the northern part of the Province. The mining industry had begun to take new life through fresh discoveries of nickel, silver and copper in the Superior, Northwest and British Columbia districts. Pioneers and trappers began to bring down reports of large sections of good clay lands and valuable mineral samples from and over the height of land, but the inaccessibility of the country and its remoteness from present civilisation frustrated any permanent attempt at occupancy. The Ontario Government finally decided to build a colonisation railway with a view of opening up the north country and affording the adventurous spirit of the time an opportunity of fuller discoveries. It was a somewhat doubtful undertaking, but as events have proved, was a beginning of greater prosperity and a larger national growth than anything that has been achieved since the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Dubious as prospects looked at the beginning of construction, no sooner had the occasional wayside train begun its meagre passenger and freight service than the rich silver deposits of Cobalt were discovered and the richest silver mining camp of its size on the globe made known to the world. Then quickly followed the Larder Lake goldfields, the Elk Lake and Gowganda silver mining industries, as well as other mineral deposits of more or less value. Pushing forward a few miles farther was entered what is known now as the great clay belt, which in time will prove to the people of Ontario to be a region of greater wealth than even their mineral lands. The value of this great tract of level, fertile land awakened still keener interest in the minds of the leading

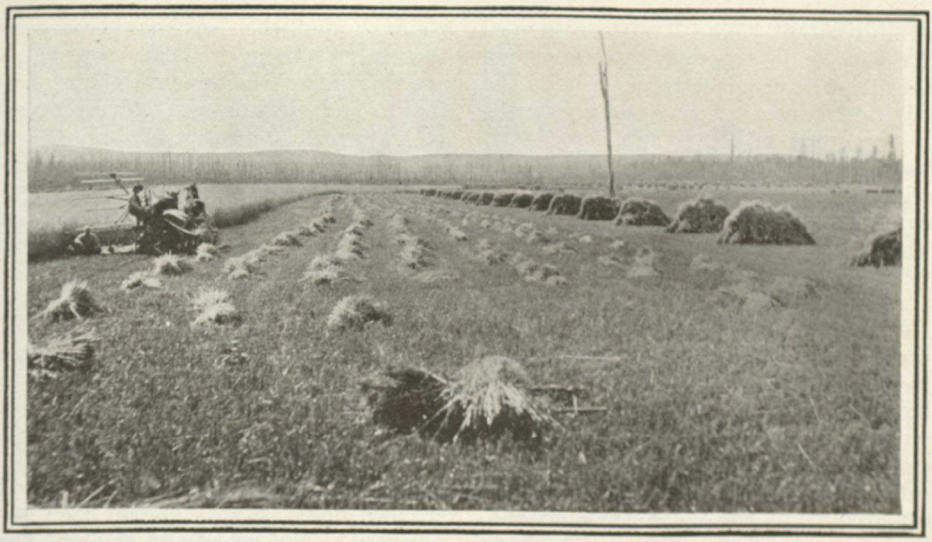


OPENING THE WAY, CUTTING SEASON, NEAR KRUGERSDORF, ONTARIO

capitalists and legislators of the Dominion, with the ultimate outcome of another transcontinental railway between the East and West and the opening up for settlement of larger tracts of agricultural land in both Ontario and Quebec than those now under cultivation, with all the attendant opportunities for general trade and commerce. In another twenty years there will be as great, if not greater, population north of the height of land than there is south of it, so far at least as Ontario is concerned, and still will remain a greater territory around the shores of Hudson



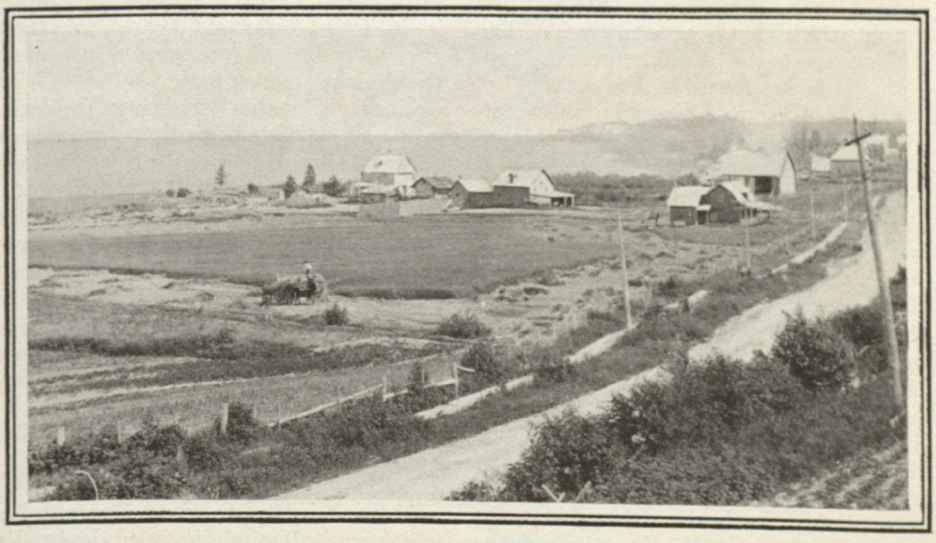
A PIONEER'S HOME IN THE CLAY BELT



A FINE CROP OF OATS IN THE CLAY BELT

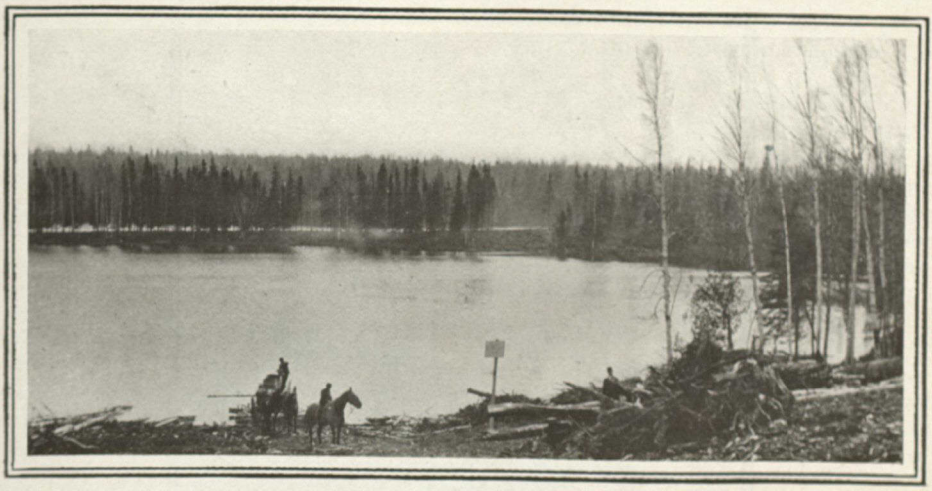
Bay for the restless energy of the adventurous pioneer.

The great clay belt has its beginning in Northern Quebec. At the head of Lake Temiskaming it enters Ontario and continues in an irregular line west to and beyond Lake Nipigon. The northern boundary is James Bay and the District of Keewatin. Its extent is estimated to be two hundred miles wide by four hundred miles long. While it usually presents a gently undulating country, there are at wide intervals ridges of a few miles in extent of rocky slopes interspersed with lakes, sand and gravel hills, more especially towards the east, but scarcely any portion of it is incapable



MAKING HAY, NEAR NEW LISKEARD

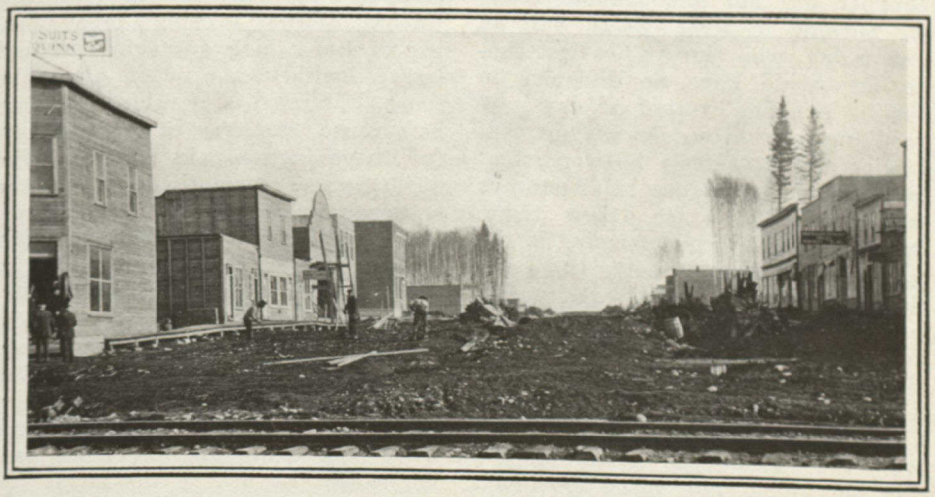
of cultivation. The Transcontinental Railway runs through the centre of this tract mile after mile without the slightest curve, except and only for the better grade or to obviate some engineering difficulty in crossing some wide river, flowing into James Bay or Hudson Bay. The first river to the east, in Ontario, is the Abitibi, where a magnificent bridge resting on three high piers is about finished; at Frederick House River, Mattagami and Ground Hog Rivers others are in course of construction. Beyond bridge building there is really no heavy work but chopping the timber and grading through banks of clay, so level is the country from a railroad standpoint. Still there are disadvantages here, as elsewhere. The land everywhere is good; in fact, it is scarcely possible to find better for Canadian farming, but much of it is low and flat. To cut down the timber, compared with the same undertaking in what is called up there "Old Ontario" is an easy matter, but to make the land productive it must be well burned over after chopping, and this will be no easy thing unless the land is at the same time drained. In fact, drainage of a greater part of that country will be necessary before it can reach its highest capabilities. The fall seems to be good in every direction, but so great is the extent of some of the flat districts the individual farmer will scarcely be able to cope with it, and either the Provincial Government or the county councils, when formed a few years hence, will require to take the matter in hand. There are, of course, large tracts of upland which the earlier settlers will secure and begin farming operations, but the lands will always be cold and early and late frosts prevalent till the country is properly drained. The capabilities of the extreme northern territory are as yet unknown. The only lands so far opened for settlement here are the four townships at the junction of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway and the National Transcontinental Railway. These townships are known as Glackmeyer, Clute, Lamarch and Brower, which were opened a year ago. They are fair samples of the land throughout the whole country. The land is sold at fifty cents an acre to the extent of 160 acres, on the instalment plan, but settlement duties and compulsory living on the land six months of the year for three years are required. To the present date since the opening in May there have been disposed of by the Crown Lands agent at Cochrane upwards of 10,000 acres, but so far only the preliminaries of settlement, such as cutting roads, building shacks and cutting down timber, have been attempted. The growth of the soil has been left to another season. But there is not the slightest doubt in the minds of those best able to judge that the lands in these townships, and, in fact, on all the lands along the whole length of the Transcontinental in Ontario, will grow to perfection every Canadian farm product, as was done this year at Englehart in the same clay country a hundred miles south on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. The seasons are shorter than in central Ontario; it is even asserted there is frost every month in the year; but even the most pessimistic admit with drainage of the low-lying sections, crops of all kinds will be raised as successfully and as cheaply as is done around Winnipeg, and in many respects the climate is preferable. The best authorities on the subject agree that the spring season begins about the middle of April, with the lakes and rivers clear of ice by the first of May. The summer season is hot, with seasonable rains, while the winter is looked for about the middle of November. The winter climate is dry and cold with plenty of snow. Occasionally the cold becomes intense, said to be fifty to sixty degrees below zero. Though it is undoubtedly cold, it is just possible that here, as



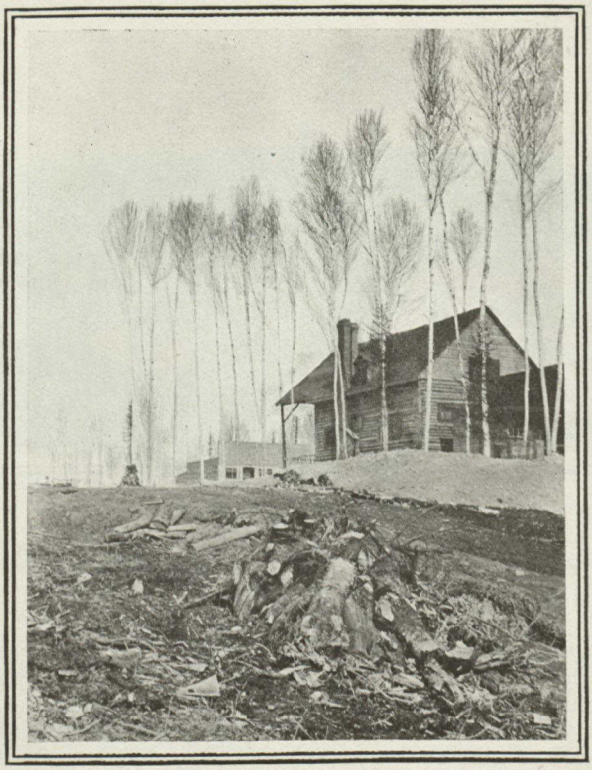
THE WATERFRONT, AT COCHRANE

in other new districts, for want of proper facilities for gauging the temperature there may be a slight inclination to exaggeration. However, there is not the least doubt of the general healthfulness and salubrity of the climate for the Canadian constitution, and, assured of this, the creature comforts will follow as settlement advances.

Another drawback to be found in the clay belt, and one which would scarcely be looked for, is the want of timber. The land is surely bush, trees are everywhere, but they are mostly small and scarcely of thirty years' growth. Along the large rivers some fair specimens of spruce can be found and on the higher lands poplar, spruce and balsam, with a sprinkling of birch, but through the level districts chiefly medium spruce and balsam will be seen. A sandy ridge will grow red pine, but these are few and



STREET-MAKING IN COCHRANE, AT JUNCTION OF TEMISKAMING AND NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY AND NATIONAL TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY

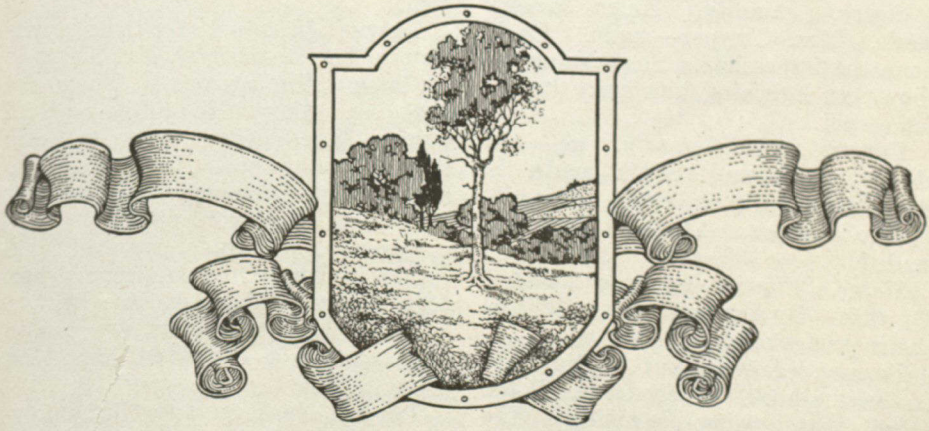


OPENING A NEW STREET IN COCHRANE

far between. The clearing of the land will therefore be light. An experienced chopper will cut and prepare ready for burning in some places half an acre a day, while in the heaviest timber he would have no difficulty in cutting an acre every four days. A good burn would so clear it up that logging would scarcely be worth noting; but the numerous small stumps would bother him for a few years. Some who have begun farming in the southern part of the country stump the clearing at the time they are logging, but as the roots do not penetrate far into the ground and the land is usually seeded with grass for the first few years, it is considered by many a waste of time and labour. However, the farmer who goes into the clay belt must not place too much dependence on the proceeds of his sale of the timber on his lands. The country is vast, and there is undoubtedly some timber and also fair quantities of pulpwood; but the Transcontinental Railway is using a great number of ties which are being secured largely by their own people along the route. Pulpwood is of value, as it can be shipped, and may or may not pay for its production. In any case, the departmental regulations as to the settler are exceedingly strict and until he is well on with his settlement duties his exportation and sale of pulpwood might be stopped by a Government inspector. Added to this, the danger of fire through his woods (which will be sure to overtake him as the country is cleared, in spite of all precautions), it is scarcely worth while placing much value on his timber except for use on the farm.

Any one who carefully studies the aim of the Department of Lands,

Mines and Forests at Toronto in disposing of the clay belt lands cannot fail to recognise the generosity as well as partiality towards actual settlers. The man who wants to farm is offered every inducement and accorded every opportunity to improve both his farm and his resources; but the mere speculator, under whatever pretext, is quickly turned down. More than one attempt in this way has been reported, only to end in financial loss to the individual. In the older settled parts of the country along the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway the requirements and conditions of settlement are better understood and lived up to, but in the newer sections along the Transcontinental Railway which are likely to rise in value more quickly, there is still a desire for speculation in one form or another. Fortunately for the residents of that new section, the Minister controlling that department has long been a resident of the north country and is well versed in all that pertains to the growth and prosperity of young and struggling settlements. This is evidenced by the fostering care in the growth of Cochrane by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission. This new town site was opened for sale a year ago and now has two hundred or more buildings erected. It has been made a divisional point for both railways and a good union station of concrete, costing some $40,000, is in course of erection. Rumours of town plots in opposition to Cochrane for speculative purposes have resulted in all the lands for a mile and a half on either side of the Transcontinental Railway from the Abitibi River to beyond Frederick House River being withdrawn from settlement, and thus every attempt at speculation has been blocked. The cry of the Department at Toronto is for actual settlers only, and while every consideration will be shown the farmer, the country, vast as it is, has no room for the speculator in lands or timber. Perhaps it is as well that it is so. The clay belt is essentially an agricultural country and the farmer is the man who can best develop it. After he gets going other industries will naturally follow. The speculator's field is in the mining lands and the timber to the south and west. The great clay belt is destined to contain the prosperous homes of many thousands of our younger farmers, and even then though plenty will still be left for another generation there is wisdom on the part of the Ontario Government in carefully regulating the supply in accordance with legitimate demands.



THE BLOT*

BY ARTHUR STRINGER,

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER POPPY," "THE WIRE TAPPERS,"
"THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN," ETC., ETC.

ACT IV.

THE QUEST OF TRUTH.

SCENE; Same as Act III., five hours later. The writing-table has been supplanted by a velvet-curtained cabinet, draperies of a richer tone, gilt chairs, piano-lamps, ornate panel-screen, soft divan, with heaped pillows, cut flowers, all over-lavish and bourgeois. The electric lamps are softly shaded. Mr. Slater and Mrs. Tupper are discovered as the curtain goes up, Slater standing gloved and transitory, with hat and book in his hand; Mrs. Tupper in opera cloak and long gloves and diamonds, obviously prepared for an evening out; picks through a box of chocolates as she talks.

Slater. [*Proudly.*] Helen Rider's made, Mrs. Tupper—made. She's done the impossible. She's going to show 'em lightning hits twice in the same spot.

Tupper. [*Indifferently, as she shakes candy-box.*] She's made, is she? Sounds like she was a mince pie. [*Quite unimpressed.*] And how's she made?

Slater. [*Flourishing proof sheets.*] By this. By her new book. It'll be out in two weeks.

Tupper. [*Looking up.*] Did that cat have a book up her sleeve, all the time? [*Swallowing chocolate.*] The luck o' some women. And I couldn't have got one of my sonnets in type if I was to hang for it.

Slater. Not luck, Mrs. Tupper. Genius. Pure genius.

Tupper. Genius for taking root where she's not wanted.

Slater. [*Shocked.*] I'm as proud of Helen Rider as though she were my own—h'm—my own child. This'll run into a hundred thousand. She's made, I tell you, made!

Tupper. Then I'll leave you to tell her she's made. I've got a call that isn't made, and I'm keeping my car waiting. You know I'm taking up another course of trance-reading—going in for the psychic again.

Slater. [*Consults watch.*] I'll run in to-morrow, when Miss Rider's at home.

Tupper. [*Coolly.*] We'll be spirit-rappin' here to-morrow, Mr. Slater.

Slater. [*Undisturbed.*] Then the next day. Ah, you should be a proud woman, Mrs. Tupper, proud to think that a book, a book that's bound to have a hundred thousand readers, came from under your roof.

Tupper. From under my roof. I'd rather it came from under my hat. [*She listens.*] There she is, now.

Slater. Pardon me, but are you in any way—h'm—annoyed at Miss Rider?

Tupper. No, I can't say it's annoy-

ance. But I guess Helen Rider's too truthful for my tastes. [*Sighs.*] I feel I'd like to bask in the admiration of a brilliant liar for a month or two. [*Helen enters, dressed for street, her movements hurried and restless, her face pale and anxious. She ignores Slater and scarcely looks at Mrs. Tupper, who resents the apparent slight.*]

Helen. [*Anxiously.*] Isn't Paul Whitgreave here? [*Staring about.*] Hasn't he been here? Didn't my messenger came back?

Tupper. [*Ringing bell.*] You'll find that out by asking the servants.

Slater. [*Intervening.*] Miss Rider, you're made. Made. [*He waves proof sheets before her.*]

Tupper. [*As Wilson appears at door.*] Wilson, I want you to see that Miss Rider's trunks get off to the Grenoble, first thing in the morning. [*To Helen.*] I believe it's the Grenoble, isn't it? [*To Wilson.*] And Wilson, I want the cabinet fixed for to-morrow. [*Crosses to door.*] And attend to the lights when Mr. Slater goes. Good-night, Mr. Slater. [*Exit, without glancing at Helen.*]

Slater. [*After her absently.*] Good-night. Good-night. [*To Helen.*] But this is impossible. Out of the question. The Grenoble. It must be the Plaza. Or the St. Regis, at least. This new book of yours is going to—

Helen. [*Facing him, and flinging the words at him.*] That is not my book.

Slater. [*Drawing back, and then recovering himself.*] H'm. [*Confidentially.*] That was a clever move of yours, Miss Rider, that anonymous title page. But we'll have to drop it now, you know.

Helen. I tell you this is not my book.

Slater. [*Hardening.*] Then whose book is it, if you please?

Helen. It's Paul Whitgreave's.

Slater. I really fail to follow you.

Helen. I say every page of this book is Paul Whitgreave's work. And it must be printed and known as his work.

Slater. Are you mad?

Helen. Perhaps I am; perhaps I only have been. But after this I'm going to be sane.

Slater. But I don't quite understand this. We must talk this over, quietly, reasonably.

Helen. I can't talk this over to-night. I'll come to your office to-morrow.

Slater. But you can't explode a bomb-shell like this under me, and then expect me to wait a week for an explanation.

Helen. [*Distraught.*] I can't talk this over to-night. [*She stops pacing back and forth to ring bell.*]

Slater. [*Looking over shoulder at her.*] The woman's mad. [*Wilson enters in answer to ring.*]

Helen. Wilson, has any message come for me during this last hour? A telegram? Or a telephone message? Or even a note?

Wilson. Your mail was all put in your room, Miss.

Helen. In my room?

Wilson. Yes, Miss. Mrs. Tupper gave orders it wasn't to be left down 'ere.

Slater. Miss Rider—h'm—

Helen. [*Absently.*] It may be there, then. [*Crosses and exit.*]

Slater. [*Looking after her, as he turns to go.*] The woman must be mad. [*Exit Slater. Wilson turns down lamps, adjusts furniture, inspects book, shakes his head, and lifts curtains of cabinet, with open contempt.*]

Wilson. W'ich means a 'alf-year of the trance ladies and gentlemen again. [*Jerking curtains once more shut.*] And I was 'oping this would be a nice 'ealthy house for us all again. [*Enter Paul, quickly, unannounced. He is excited, dishevelled, and obviously indignant. Wilson starts, coughs, and switches on lights, making sure the intruder is not a ghost. Paul wheels.*]

Paul. Where's Miss Rider?

Wilson. Upstairs in her room, sir—in what *was* her room, sir.

Paul. I must see her—at once.

Wilson. I'll tell her, sir.

Paul. Tell her I must see her.

Wilson. Yes, sir. [*Exit. Paul strides back and forth, with repeated gestures of indignation. As he does so, and his back is turned, Helen enters. She stands close to door, pale and quiet, uncertain, yet resolute, watching him until he turns. The two stare at each other; despair creeps into her face as she continues to watch him.*]

Helen. [*Suddenly crying out.*] You've seen John Burke.

Paul. I've seen Slater.

Helen. [*Despairingly.*] But you've seen John Burke?

Paul. No; I've not seen John Burke. I don't want to see him. But God knows, I've seen and heard enough.

Helen. [*Creeping towards him.*] Paul, what have you heard?

Paul. [*Ignoring her.*] Oh, God.

Helen. What have you seen?

Paul. [*Releasing his passion.*] I've seen that you've taken that yellow mess, that sophomoric rot, that mush of green-sick sentimentality, and let the world think it was yours. You've deliberately—

Helen. Paul, I sent a messenger to you to-day. I sent you a check for twenty-two hundred dollars. Didn't he come? Didn't you get it?

Paul. He came; of course, he came. And I sent him and his check back to Slater.

Helen. But that money was yours.

Paul. Mine? What makes it mine? I try to earn things before I accept them. I make sure a thing is mine before I take it!

Helen. Don't. Only let me explain.

Paul. Explain? Explain that you've taken a book that wasn't your own, and made use of it for your own purposes. You've taken *my* book.

Helen. That isn't true. I can show you it isn't true.

Paul. True! Didn't you pass that book on to Slater and have it printed as your own? Haven't you taken money from Slater's office for it? Can't I see what you've done?

Helen. [*Catching at him as he tears away.*] Only let me explain to you, Paul.

Paul. You can't.

Helen. I can explain everything. I haven't taken anything from you. I couldn't take anything from you. Only let me explain. It wasn't for myself, even what I borrowed. Oh, Paul, don't be unkind.

Paul. Be unkind? Have you been kind to me?

Helen. I've done you no injury. You've lost nothing through me. You've only gained. You can't help but gain.

Paul. You've stolen my book. Is that nothing?

Helen. No, no; not stolen. I've told Slater. He was the only one I deceived. And he knows, now. Everything is to be put right. Every penny will go to you—every penny will be returned to you. Everybody will be told the book is yours.

Paul. Oh, it's not the book. I don't want the book. I wouldn't take it. I thought it was buried and out of sight. It's the thought that you could trick and dupe me this way. It's the fact that you've calmly deceived me, that you've been living a lie to me, all these weeks.

Helen. [*Despairingly.*] No. It wasn't that. It wasn't all deceit. I meant to tell you. I meant to explain. I kept waiting, waiting for a chance. I wanted to be honest.

Paul. Honest! And with this between us every day we were together. Oh, I was a fool.

Helen. [*Following him as he draws away.*] Paul.

Paul. In a Fool's Paradise, for two whole weeks!

Helen. I can pay you back, Paul, doubly, ten times over. I can work for you. I can help you in the things

you don't understand. I'd plan and work for you, always—always.

Paul. And go on the way you've gone, to the end, a cheat, an impostor.

Helen. Paul.

Paul. [*Breaking away.*] Don't touch me.

Helen. [*Staring at him.*] What do you intend to do?

Paul. There's only one thing to do.

Helen. You don't mean you're going to let this come between us, without trying to—

Paul. I'm going home.

Helen. Home?

Paul. Yes; back to England.

Helen. You're going to leave me?

Paul. Leave you? How can I leave you when we were never together? When there was always this stone wall of deceit between us?

Helen. But you said you—you cared for me. You made me believe, against my will, that you cared for me. You said you would believe in me, and help me, always.

Paul. I did believe in you, until you killed my belief.

Helen. [*Staring at him.*] And it only went that deep? Only that deep, this great love you were trying to teach me to depend on?

Paul. But look at the way you depended on it.

Helen. And you kept asking me to put it to a test. To give it a trial.

Paul. A trial? This isn't a trial. It's an American lynching. You've taken the only sacred thing in life and strung it up—and when you've strangled it, killed it, you want to talk about the merits of the case.

Helen. [*More quietly.*] Paul, I'm being terribly truthful with you now. I'm being terribly sincere. This is one of the moments when a whole lifetime hangs in the balance, in some way. Everything seems to have narrowed up to this one moment when we stand together here, when one small word or two can start us down the opposite slopes of some great canyon. And there'd be no going back. It isn't often a woman talks this way. I'm almost pleading with you. I'm begging and asking you to be more generous.

Paul. [*With a scoff of amazement.*] Generous!

Helen. To be truer to yourself, to—

Paul. [*Breaking in, with contempt.*] This, from you.

Helen. [*With intense repression.*] I *want* to be honest, and upright, and what you'd call a good woman. I want to, oh, so much. And I came to think that you were the only person who could help me, the only person who could save me from myself.

Paul. And you used and duped me, from the first.

Helen. No; I was honest with you, as honest as you would let me be. Paul, look at me.

Paul. I can't. Oh, this is hateful.

Helen. [*Clinging to his arms.*] Can't you see how you've humbled me? See how much I must need you. Paul, can't you even have pity on me, in this?

Paul. No; no.

Helen. [*Slipping almost to her knees as he struggles back, and catching blindly at him.*] Can't you? Why can't you? [*John Burke enters, so quietly he is unobserved. He goes to withdraw, but is held by the attitude and the words of the other two.*]

Paul. I tell you I can't stand this. I won't stand it.

Helen. [*Clinging frenziedly to him.*] But only listen to me.

Paul. I can't. I don't want to. It's too late.

Helen. Oh, help me. I can't face it all, now, without help.

Paul. I can't.

Burke. [*Clearly and quietly, without moving.*] Why can't you?

Paul. [*Starting, turning and peering at Burke.*] Then *you* know of this, too?

Burke. Yes; I know of it. [*Burke crosses to Helen, takes her hands, and half lifts her to chair.*]

Paul. [*Resentfully.*] And you

knew I was being led about by the nose, all along?

Burke. I knew you'd told a woman you believed in her, and that she'd come to believe in you. And I envied you.

Paul. Ha, envied me? What is there to envy in being thimble-rigged and gulled and made an ass of?

Burke. Wait. Aren't you thimble-rigging yourself? Aren't there things about this you haven't understood?

Paul. I wish there were. But it's all too damnably plain. She *lied* to me.

Burke. Don't say that.

Paul. I've got to. And what have I left, if I haven't truth?

Burke. Truth. How are we to know truth when we see it? What is truth, after all?

Paul. We all know what it is well enough.

Burke. What do you think it is?

Paul. It's the one thing that makes love worth while, that makes life possible.

Burke. [*In quiet kindliness of tone.*] But, my dear boy, what is truth to-day is sometimes a lie tomorrow. Should you or I always judge, in a case like this? What may be truthful in letter is often false, terribly false, in spirit.

Paul. That's mere hair-splitting.

Burke. [*Still patient.*] Most of us human beings, Paul, are like this panel-screen. We have to be put crooked before we can stand straight. And it's usually when we try to stick to the unwavering line that we take our worst tumbles.

Paul. You can't sweep a month of lies out of my life with a paradox.

Burke. When you're as old as I am you'll know good and bad, in this world, always come mixed. It's only in books we're all black or all white.

Paul. [*Showing more and more his self-centering obduracy.*] Anyone can dish out a mush of concession to extenuate indecency. I've no love for mire. I prefer keeping clean.

Burke. And how do you keep clean? By soap and water, my boy, a good many times a day. And even then you'll find your hands not always spotless. No; the saints are only the sinners who kept on trying.

Paul. [*With growing self-pity.*] But why couldn't she have told me? Why didn't *you* tell me?

Burke. [*His sternness increasing.*] This is only hurt pride. This is only your egotism that's wounded.

Paul. Egotism? It's the way I'm built. It's the way I've always lived and thought.

Burke. [*His feeling mastering him.*] But, good God, boy, look at *her.* Think of her for a minute or two. Is all this helping *her?*

Paul. I can't think of her, now! I've got to believe in things. Once my faith is shaken, everything is over.

Burke. That's arrogance. The arrogance of youth. It's not until your beautiful boyish faith is shaken, shaken brutally, shaken like a tree, that you'll ever get your hands on a ripe thought! So you've got to believe in something. Then believe in love! That makes the other things take care of themselves.

Paul. [*Hotly.*] I *do* believe in love! But not the kind that schemes and plots and makes use of a person.

Burke. But that's what love is for. To make use of. To be tried with the acid-test of service.

Helen. [*With sudden and shrill revolt.*] Paul, don't you see what he's doing? He's leading you on and letting you degrade yourself in my sight. He's trying to make me hate and despise you—just as he made me hate and despise myself. He's trying to talk you away from me. He's making you write yourself down as small and mean. He's secretly degrading you.

Paul. Degrading me? It's *you* who have degraded me, made *me* small and mean.

Burke. You're wrong—both of you. What have I got to do with your loving or hating? You're only tortur-

ing yourself with your own blind pride, both of you.

Paul. But why couldn't she have acted openly, aboveboard? Why wasn't she honest with me?

Burke. Don't you know? Can't you see that yet? Because she wanted your love; because she hated to have you hurt her—as her very protest shows how you *have* been hurting her!

Paul. But she's hurt *me!* She's knocked the bottom out of everything for me. She ought to have been honest with me.

Burke. [*With wearied patience.*] She would have been honest with you, Paul, but love is a strange thing. It makes us afraid of ourselves, sometimes. Look at me, her old friend—a mere friend. Yet she told me everything, openly—everything.

Paul. [*Suddenly.*] Ha, that makes it worse than ever; that shows she intended using me, from the first.

Burke. [*Puzzled.*] But Smoking Torches was written long before she knew you.

Paul. What has Smoking Torches to do with this?

Burke. [*After pause of bewilderment.*] Nothing! Nothing! Now! It's over and done with. It's atoned for. It belongs to the dead past. [*He turns to Helen's crouching figure.*] But can't you see you've been breaking her heart?

Helen. He's not breaking my heart. It's you—*you!*

Paul. [*Still self-pityingly.*] I think she's broken mine. [*Then swinging suddenly round to Burke.*] Good God! You don't mean she stole Smoking Torches? You don't mean she's *always* done this sort of thing?

Burke. [*Pausing, controlling himself with great effort.*] There's been too much of this.

Paul. Did she steal that, too?

Burke. [*Fence for time.*] What have you accused her of stealing?

Paul. My book—a book of mine.

Helen. [*Starting up.*] I've told them it's yours. I'll cry it's yours from the house-tops, if you want me to.

Burke. There'll be no need for that. [*Quickly to Helen.*] Was this what you did for Syd?

Helen. Yes. But he'll get his book now. He'll get it—

Paul. I don't want the book. I won't take it. I've never asked for it. I abhor and despise it.

Burke. Then the matter becomes a simple one. It comes down to a question of motive. It—

Paul. [*Peremptorily.*] Wait! I insist on getting this thing cleared up, before we go any farther. Didn't you say she stole her first book, as well as her last?

Burke. [*Instinctively shielding her.*] I object to that word.

Paul. It's the only word. And I intend to know if her whole life is jerry-built or not.

Burke. [*With sudden finality.*] Do you love this woman?

Paul. What has that to do with it?

Helen. It has nothing to do with it. Nothing! I'll not endure more of this.

Burke. It has everything to do with it.

Helen. No! Nothing!

Burke. Do you love her, now, there, as you see her before you, at this moment?

Paul. I'll not answer that question. What you've got to do, is answer mine. Did she or didn't she steal Smoking Torches?

Burke. [*Steadily.*] She came by it more honestly than you or I have come by the right to stand here and question her. There's a kind of moral thunder, that can sour even the milk of human kindness.

Helen. I don't want you to plead for me, in a thing like this! I can't allow you to—

Burke. [*Interrupting her and facing Paul.*] But what right have you to question her? What right have you to be torturing her—

Paul. I've got to know! I must

have the truth and the whole truth!

Helen. [*White-faced, confronting him.*] The truth. You want the truth! Then you shall have it!

Burke. From me!

Helen. [*With rising passion.*] No, from me! There's been a great deal of prating about truth and honor and love here to-night, now you shall have the truth.

Burke. [*Warningly.*] Wait! Please wait!

Helen. [*Tumultuously.*] No; there'll be no more waiting. I'm through with that sort of thing. I'll not rest under this lie—for it *is* a lie, you know it! I'll not skulk behind anyone's falsehoods, after this! [*She turns to Paul.*] I did steal Smoking Torches! I stole it—do you hear? Every page and chapter of it, every line and word of it. What John Burke said was a lie. It was a lie to shield me, a cowardly lie to keep you in the dark.

Burke. There's such a thing as too much truth! Too much truth can deceive, just—

Helen. [*Shrilly, tempestuously.*] No; don't stop me! What I say is true. I stole this book. I stole my first book. I've stolen everything. I made use of the manscript you left with me. I trafficked in it, to get an advance from Slater. I baited my hook with it, to get twenty-two hundred dollars, for my own use. I hoodwinked you—I tricked and duped you, since you used those words. I used your book, your work, your money, your faith in me. And now you'll get it back, every line and page of it, every dollar and penny of it, every rag and shred of it.

Paul. [*Hotly.*] I don't want it! I don't want the cursed book. I've said that a dozen times.

Burke. [*Shortly.*] Then what do you want?

Paul. I want to get away from this. I'm sick of all this court-room rowing and wrangling. I'm sick of trying to judge—

Burke. Of trying to judge? What right have you to judge?

Helen. [*Letting herself go.*] What right has either of you to judge? What right have you, or you, to judge me and what I've done? I'm not a convict. I'm not a slave on an auction-block. I'm not a child. I'm not asking your charity. I know what I've done. What I'm doing. You cried for the truth, and I'm giving it to you—to the last dregs. I hate myself—I hate myself for being too cowardly to tell you before. You're right. Every day of this past two weeks has been worse than a fool's paradise. It's been like living on a volcano. Every day I tried to build my happiness up on that poor rotten crust of deceit. And every day I could feel the fires under it. Every day I wanted to tell you—waited for the chance to cleanse my soul of the whole thing, the whole polluting thing! And every day I put it off. Every instinct kept warning me you weren't as big as I wanted you to be. I was afraid of you. I was afraid *for* you. And now I see I was right. And now I'm afraid no longer. I'm down, now. You can't harm me. You can't hurt or lower me, either of you. I've put myself so low you can't drag me lower. I'm back where I belong. And I'm free now. I'm *free,* and I'm glad of it. Glad of it!

Burke. I won't allow this to go on!

Helen. You can't stop it. You must allow it to go on. You've stripped me naked, between you. You've shamed me and degraded me. You've haggled and wrangled over me, as though I were something to be bought up and carried away. You've judged and weighed me and trumped up excuses for me. But I don't want your excuses. I don't ask your forgiveness. I'll go my own way, now, alone, as I began. You'll have neither my friendship nor my lies to drag you down. All I want is to be alone. Do you hear, alone! Go! Go! Go! Both of you!

Burke. Not until you explain why this money was taken. You've got to play fair with yourself, with him.

Helen. I don't ask for fairness. I'm through with excuses. I'm giving him what he wants, what he demanded. If truth, naked truth, hurts him, he must go back to you for another lie.

Paul. [*Turning on Burke as Helen sinks, panting, into chair.*] Then *you,* you too have lied to me.

Helen. Yes. You're hedged about with lies. You're tangled and smothered in them.

Paul. [*Horrified.*] Lies! All the world is lies. Life is a living lie. You've deceived me, all of you.

Burke. You're right. It's a pit of deception. And I'm afraid it always has been, from Adam down.

Paul. [*Hotly.*] And it's thieves who always stick closest together.

Burke. It's a pit of deception, and only the love that rises above it saves it in the end.

Paul. You're both against me.

Burke. No; you're against yourself.

Paul. That means you think I'm narrow and small-minded. But how can you expect me to believe in a woman whose whole career is nothing but sham and shoddy?

Burke. Her career hasn't begun yet. We're a hopeless pair. But if you haven't faith in us, what have you faith in? Where, in this old world, are you going to find somebody without a humanizing sin or two?

Paul. There's one girl, thank God, I can still believe in. I can always believe in her. God knows, I've got to believe in *something.*

Burke. Then you're lucky. Wherever our faith lies, we must turn to it. You can't keep us away from it, any more than you can keep leaves from the light.

Paul. [*Miserably.*] I don't think I could go back to her now.

Burke. Don't think too much of yourself. Think of *her.*

Paul. [*Peevishly impatient.*] Oh, I can't think here. I've got to get out in the open air. I've got to straighten everything out, by myself.

Burke. Then you're facing something I can't help you in. But are you going, this way, without a word? [*Crosses to Helen.*]

Paul. [*Stung into resentful anger at Burke's protecting solicitude as the latter stands close to her.*] Why have *you* been so interested in all this? And in *her?*

Burke. [*With quiet strength.*] Because I've been witnessing the most beautiful thing in all life. I've just seen a good woman, [*He takes Helen's passive hand.*] a good woman redeem herself.

Paul. [*Bitterly.*] More preaching.

Burke. But there's nothing more beautiful than redemption, foolish, old-fashioned redemption. To lift a human body up out of suffering is fine enough, in its way. But to save a soul, a struggling, aching human soul—what's better or more beautiful than that?

Paul. [*Understandingly.*] Why, you're in love with this woman, yourself. You've been in love with her, all along.

Burke. Always!

Paul. Then you've both fooled me, from the first! [*He wheels, with a gesture of repudiation, and strides out. Helen and Burke face each other.*]

Helen. Oh, why have you done this?

Burke. I've done nothing. I'm only a chip on the current—the current none of us can control.

Helen. [*Crying out.*] Oh, you think I've acted selfishly?

Burke. No; only blindly, mistakenly.

Helen. It was never for myself. It was always for someone else—after that first mistake. I got nothing out of it. It never brought anything to me.

Burke. Misery, my child; a great deal of misery.

Helen. I deserved that. But why do you still shame me with kindness like this?

Burke. But was it kindness after all? You see how I went wrong, myself, simply because I wanted something? How we are afraid of even our blessings in disguise?

Helen. [*Wanly, with flash of old humour.*] But the trouble with these blessings in disguise is that the disguise is always so perfect. Ah, how can you still believe in me?

Burke. Don't you know?

Helen. I only know that you've made me hate myself, hate everything I've done.

Burke. But think how much is left, to love. Not with a boy's love, Helen. But with a man's, a man who is a bit on in years, and knows the tangled old world,, and its right and wrong.

Helen. [*Crying a little.*] My true, good friend.

Burke. [*Shaking his head and smiling.*] That's not enough now.

Helen. I knew! I knew, all along! [*Business.*]

Burke. I'm off to Santa Barbara to work on a new lighthouse to-morrow. Won't you—come with me?

Helen. With you?

Burke. [*Very quietly and not touching her.*] Yes, with me.

Helen. But there's Syd.

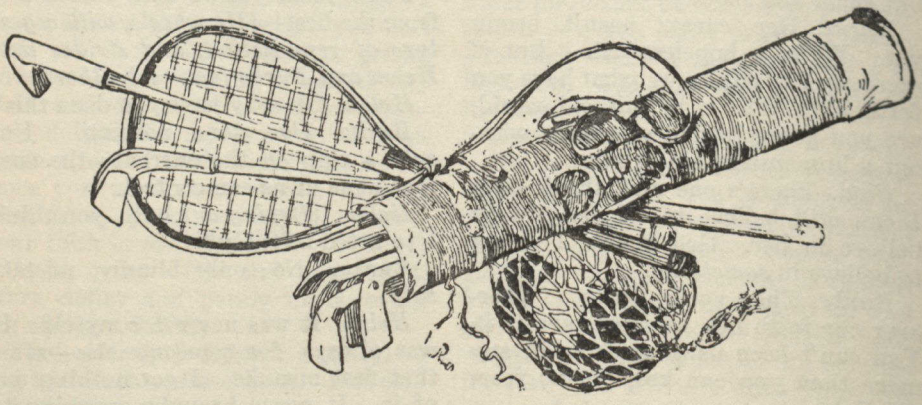
Burke. Syd will be there, waiting.

Helen. I want to go away, now, far away.

Burke. Alone?

Helen. [*Slowly, and with softening and lightening face.*] No; not alone! [*Burke holds out his arms, quietly and gravely, as she gazes questioningly and mournfully up into his eyes.*] No; with you!

CURTAIN.



THE Y.M.C.A. BUILDING, OTTAWA

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN CANADA

BY FRANK YEIGH

THE Young Men's Christian Association, with its 750,000 members in 6,000 associations in fifty countries of five continents, has won for itself a unique and assured position among the religio-civic organisations of the world.

In no country is the movement so prosperous as in Canada, where there are Associations reaching from Halifax to Victoria, while the influence of the Association is reaching the thousands of men employed on the great Canadian railways. The membership in the Canadian Associations represents a keen virile manhood force that constitutes one of our richest national assets. Standing as it does for the development of the highest life of man and for high ideals and lofty character, the Association has properly been termed a great man-making institution.

One reason for the continued steady growth of the movement, since it was founded sixty-six years ago, has been its adaptability, like Christianity itself, to the need of men of every race and clime, and the wise expansion of its programme to meet newly recurring situations.

The Young Men's Christian Association is the only international organisation in the world whose aim is the practical moral, intelligent, physical and spiritual well-being of

young men. It is well organised to realise its aims. It is cosmopolitan and democratic, welding together its membership of widely differing ideas, nationalities, races and social castes. It therefore makes effectual the unity of humanity; it is a great world expression of brotherhood.

The old type of Association concentrated its efforts along distinctly evangelistic lines. It was an association without a gymnasium or an educational class or a dormitory. It was satisfied with a parlour and reading-room equipment, and accommodation for the holding of meetings. Yet this type did its work well and effectively under limited conditions; it did a pioneer foundation work that should not be overlooked.

The Association of to-day is, however, essentially modern. It is keeping in step with the development of the modern spirit, civic, commercial, and religious. Its programme of interests and activities is broader than ever before—a programme that is constantly being enlarged to meet new demands, but the same religious purposes underlies the Association of 1910 as underlay the first Association of 1844.

The expansion of the Association movement has been remarkable to a degree, not only relating itself to its threefold conception of life as physical, mental and spiritual, but reaching out to men rather than waiting for them to come to it. Thus there are the industrial, the boys, the rural, the military and the foreign work departments—a subdivision of interests that was not known a quarter of a century ago. The Association is moreover concerning itself with and relating itself more closely to the work of the churches, and movements of a religious character.

One of the leading supporters of the Association holds that it should place itself in such a relation of co-operation with all federated move-

THE READING-ROOM, COLLINGWOOD Y.M.C.A.

SOCIAL ROOM, WEST-END Y.M.C.A., TORONTO

ments as to be able to constantly adjust itself to changing conditions and to ensure the most effective co-ordination of all Christian agencies.

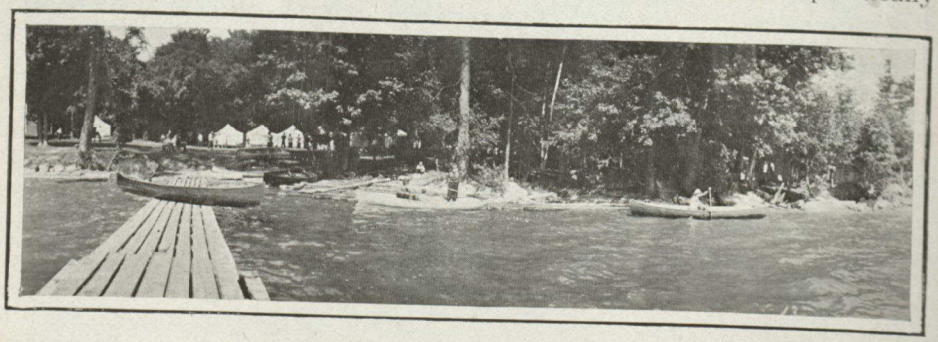
The Association is successfully interpreting the spirit of Christianity in modern city life.

The Y. M. C. A. of the present day is also interesting its members in citizenship and civics, in practical lines of social service, in clean athletics, in high standards of life in every department. It is interesting itself in the foreigner and the immigrant, in the boy who has not had a fair chance, in the lad in and from the country, in the red man of the West, the *Jack Tar* on the man-o'-war, and the *Tommy Atkins* in the barracks, in the industrial worker in shop and factory, in the railway employee, in the lumberjack and miner. It is enlarging the scope of brotherhood vastly beyond what was hitherto conceived. And because of this wide-based programme, it has won the goodwill of men of all shades of thought and belief, men high in authority and influence. It has indeed become a recognised factor in every populous community, as much so as the church or school, the library or art gallery. It has an assured position as one of the factors in the working out of a high and sound civilisation.

The recent development of the Association in the Dominion is evidenced in the many building campaigns that have been successfully brought to a conclusion. The citizens of Toronto subscribed over $600,000 for four new Y. M. C. A. buildings in May last. Montreal has raised $320,000 for new buildings and equipment, in addition to $115,000 invested in the McGill University Students' Association, to which Lord Strath-

cona donated $30,000. Ottawa raised $200,000 and has to show for it the most complete Association building in Canada. Halifax and Victoria have subscribed $100,000 each, Hamilton $55,000, Regina $40,000, Calgary $85,000, Edmonton $53,000, Lethbridge $35,000, New Westminster $35,000, and Vancouver is talking of raising $450,000.

In addition, a number of the larger towns, such as Owen Sound, Orillia, Woodstock, etc., have been generously provided with new buildings. Belleville has recently raised $41,000 for a new building, and Guelph will conduct a building campaign in January next. In a four-day campaign $22,000 was raised in Oshawa—a town of only 6,000 population—and in one day 400 members were there obtained on a five-dollar fee basis.

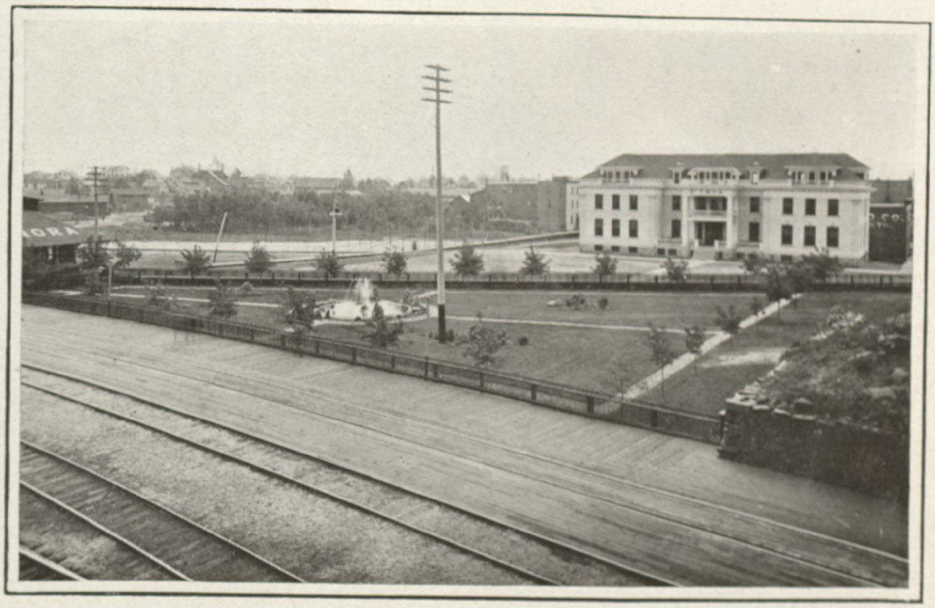


THE SUMMER CAMP AT LAKE COUCHICHING

One of the most attractive departments of the Association work is educational in its nature. Taking North America as a whole, 50,000 students are enrolled in Association classes, and in these classes "fifty-seven varieties" of subjects are taught. The Canadian Associations do excellent work in this department, meeting the need of hundreds of young men for supplemental work and helping them to meet the ever-increasing competition of modern times. A carefully selected commission is investigating educational conditions in Toronto with the view of placing this work on a scientific basis when the new buildings are complete. The Board of Education, the Trades and Labour Council, the Board of Trade, and other important bodies are co-operating with the local Y.M.C.A. in this regard.

In the realm of athletics the Association has also done splendid work, indeed it might be claimed that the organisation has made itself worth while in this department alone. As a pioneer in the control of amateur athletics it has fought a strong battle for clean sport, the results of which are apparent to all who are in touch with the recreative life of the country. A revolution has in fact taken place along these lines, and much of the credit is fairly due to the Association. As a result, its influence is practically paramount in many departments of amateur athletics.

A paragraph must be given to the railway work of the modern Association, which has assumed very large proportions. That this is so is proven by the fact that there are Associations on railroads comprising over eighty per cent. of the total railroad mileage of Canada, the United States and Mexico, there being no less than 242 railroad associations in these three countries, touching the lives of 86,000 employees. The railways contribute thirty-five per cent. of their up-keep, and $3,500,000 is invested in buildings. In Canada there are twenty-eight Associations devoted in whole or in part to railway men, having a



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S Y.M.C.A. BUILDING AT KENORA, ONTARIO

real property value in buildings and equipment of $1,138,760.

The Grand Trunk Railway has long been the advocate of Railroad Associations, there being fourteen in connection with this system. This railway has spent large sums during the last twelve years toward Association buildings, besides contributing very generously to their support and up-keep. Mr. Charles M. Hays, the President of the System, has given the following testimony to Railway Y.M.C.A. work:

"We believe that the Railroad Y.M.C.A. has been and is doing a very necessary work for the social, mental and physical improvement of our employees, and because of this opinion, the Grand Trunk Railway Company has contributed to December 31st, 1907, the sum of $72,758, towards the construction, enlargement and improvement of the fourteen Associations located at divisional points on our system of railways.

"The Company is also contributing a large sum per annum towards the expenses of operating and maintaining these Associations with the belief that the indirect benefit in a financial way is in excess of the amount expended, because of the better condition of our men, both mentally and physically, to perform their duties in connection with the operation of our trains, the maintenance of our road and the service generally."

The Canadian Pacific Railway also has of late years taken up this phase of social service for their army of 77,000 men. Fine new buildings have been erected at such important points as Schreiber, Chapleau, White River, Ignace and Kenora, the Company contributing $125,000 towards their erection and assisting in the running expenses.

The Mayor of Chapleau has said that the establishment of the Association in that town has been a great moral uplift to the entire community. The Canadian Pacific Railway has a fine Association building at Revelstoke, and has made a grant for another, at Cranbrook.

The work of the Y.M.C.A. on behalf of the boys is comparatively a new feature but a most popular and beneficial one. There are thirty-one boys' associations in the Dominion, with 6,345 members, over half of whom are enrolled in Bible classes.

The boy was for many years not thought of in connection with Association work, but every new building is equipping itself for a large work of this kind and the pressure is very great on old buildings to provide the necessary accommodation. The advantages of this department are too obvious to need elucidation.

Another class whose interests are now being recognised is the young man and the boy in the country. Under the title of county work, the plan is to organise a number of small Associations in a county, under the direction of a trained expert. Two counties have been organised in Ontario, namely, Huron and Bruce, with ten small town organisations therein. When it is remembered that more than seventy-five per cent. of the men in the cities are country born, it will be seen how rich a harvest there is in the rural parts of the country. When the country member of the Association moves into the city, he is looked up at his destination and helped to fit into his new conditions. A much needed department is also being organised in relation to the play life of the country boy. His physical needs are for the first time being studied and improved and none too soon. The Association has a rare field of activity in the rural districts.

Canada was a pioneer in Association work for the military men. For many years the Association has attended the militia camps, where the Y.M.C.A. tent has been a well-known sight, and officers high in command now regard the work as an indispensable feature in the summer training camps of the Canadian Militia. The service rendered to the soldier boys of our land is one that appeals to them with great force and in this department alone the Association is doing a work that is of distinctive national value.

Within recent years the Association has extended its efforts to foreign lands and its work in this department has been remarkably successful. Eighty-two secretaries are now working in thirty cities of thirteen foreign countries, namely, Argentina, Brazil, Ceylon, China, Cuba, Hong Kong, India, Japan, Korea, Turkey, Mexico, the Philippine Islands, and Uruguay.

The work in many of these centres is twofold: It seeks to serve not only

THE Y.M.C.A. BUILDING, WOODSTOCK

THE Y.M.C.A. AT SUMMER MILITIA TRAINING CAMP

the natives, but the English-speaking male population. The secretaries who are manning these strategic centres are the cream of Anglo-Saxon civilisation, and many of them are of statesmanlike calibre, as they need to be when dealing with the literati of China and Japan and the native students of India. Canada's contribution of men towards this work in the Orient has been of outstanding value. Mr. J. N. Farquhar, M.A., the National General Secretary for India, is supported by the Canadian Associations. In Mr. Farquhar's opinion there is an immeasurable and ever increasing opening for work among the educated young Christians in India. Mr. J. L. McPherson, formerly of Toronto, is Secretary of the European Y.M.C.A. branch in Hong Kong, and Mr. C. E. Trueman, of Strathroy, represents a group of Canadian Associations in Japan.

Reference to this foreign work suggests what might be termed the Home Mission department of the Canadian and American Associations for dealing with the immigrant. Now that Canada has become the melting pot of the nations, with one out of every five of our population an immigrant who has arrived within the last ten years, any service that can be rendered the newcomer is a service that will count. Association representatives meet the incoming steamers at the Atlantic seaport with the hope of rendering them any assistance in their power. Their representatives are stationed at the outgoing foreign and British ports, so that there is a systematised effort to help the men who are forming the great migratory movement of our times.

A final word remains to be said concerning the Association work among the students of Canada. Branch Associations have been organised in fourteen universities and col-

leges, eleven of which are in Ontario and Quebec. The influence exercised through this channel cannot be overestimated. An outstanding feature of the student work is its Bible study movement. In Toronto University, for example, no less than 1,000 students were enrolled during 1909-10 in 100 groups of Bible classes, and what has been done in Toronto has been accomplished to a greater or less degree in other educational centres. It may be added that Bible study is a recognised feature of the Association programme on its religious side.

The foregoing outline of the scope and activities of the modern Y.M.C.A. will give the reader some slight idea of the importance and standing of this organisation and of the part it is playing in developing character and manhood. The Association is, in a word, an essential factor in the higher life of the Dominion, and worthy of the generous support of its citizens.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY Y.M.C.A. BUILDING AT POINT ST. CHARLES

IN THE GRAY OF THE YEAR

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

In the gray of the year, the longing leaves
Glad quilt the silent earth in colours rare,
The sun dyeing the patches, unaware,
Yellow and red and russet brown, sad grieves
O'er the fast-moving, miser winds—the thieves
Who rob the gold of autumn and ensnare
The singing birds and strip the meadows bare
Of everything of beauty life perceives.
The gray time of the year, and in the heart
The tenderness, the silence and the tears
That wake from out the buried yesteryears
Warm sunshines and bright flowers, and the start
Of Love's first summer—lilac-scented ways
That led to heaven in those golden days.

"THE BYSTANDER" AND CANADIAN JOURNALISM

BY W. S. WALLACE

TO compile a bibliography of all the fugitive journalism which came from the pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith would be a task of impossible dimensions, to achieve which one would have to thrid the labyrinth of modern newspaper fyles in at least three countries. But to trace his connection with Canadian journalism, during the years he lived in Canada, is a somewhat more modest ambition. The number of Canadian journals has never been as the sands of the sea; and even when they were most numerous, Mr. Goldwin Smith's trail through them was always easily followed. If he did not blaze the trail himself, his critics did it for him.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's connection with Canadian journalism commenced almost as soon as he arrived in Toronto in the autumn of 1871. Just at the time of his arrival, a plan was being projected among Toronto journalists for the publication of a magazine which proved to be for ten years a real ornament to Canadian life, *The Canadian Monthly and National Review*. The editorship of the magazine, the first number of which appeared in January, 1872, was offered to Mr. Goldwin Smith. Mr. Smith declined the editorship, but gave the directors of the magazine the fullest assurance of his advice and assistance, and contributed generously to both the literary and political departments from the first. His contributions fall under three heads: first, unsigned contributions; second, papers signed by his own name; and third, a few papers to which is attached the now familiar pseudonym of "A Bystander." The first of the Bystander papers was printed in *The Canadian Monthly* for February, 1872. It is an impartial discussion of the fall of the Sandfield Macdonald Government in December, 1871, entitled, "The Recent Struggle in the Parliament of Ontario." No more illuminating treatment of this incident of Ontario history has been published up to the present time. That a stranger to Canadian politics should have written it is marvellous in our eyes, and goes far to show that "A Bystander" was not so backward in understanding Canadian affairs as some people would appear to believe. Other papers by "A Bystander" followed this first adventure: "The Woman's Rights Movement," "The Late Session of the Parliament of Ontario," "The Dominion Parliament," "Colonel Gray on Confederation," and "The Oneida Community and American Socialism." To the unsigned articles in *The Canadian Monthly* it is perhaps difficult to point with certainty. In September, 1872, there appeared an article on "Political Struggles on Both Sides of the Line" which must probably be attributed to Mr. Goldwin Smith; and in December of the same year, there was initiated in the magazine a monthly review of "Current Events," to which Mr. Goldwin

Smith contributed largely, but not to the exclusion of other writers—a fact which caused confusion among the ranks of the party journalists, who were sometimes betrayed into criticising as the "ignorance of a stranger" the remarks of a Canadian journalist long conversant with the affairs of his native land.

In December, 1874, Mr. Goldwin Smith, considering *The Canadian Monthly* to be fairly started on its way, severed his connection with that journal, and joined the staff of *The Nation*, a weekly paper which had begun publication in the spring of 1874 as the organ of the "Canada First" party. For over a year Mr. Goldwin Smith contributed one, two, and sometimes three leaders a week to the editorial page. These articles caused a great troubling of the waters in Canada. The writer found the wrath of both parties soon concentrated on his devoted head; for though all articles in *The Nation* were unsigned, it was not difficult as a rule to distinguish those which might have been signed by "A Bystander." And in February, 1876, finding the controversy distasteful to him, Mr. Smith resigned from *The Nation* and returned to those pursuits which had been interrupted by his journalistic labours.

For several years, he appeared but seldom in Canadian journals. One or two articles on "Berlin and Afghanistan," or something equally remote, alone broke the silence. In 1879, however, "A Bystander" once more stepped on to the stage. In that year four "Papers by a Bystander" appeared in *The Canadian Monthly;* and in January, 1880, there was issued the first number of the little publication which made the *nom-de-plume* of *The Bystander* known all over the English-speaking world.

A complete set of *The Bystander* is now not without a scarcity value; bibliophiles are proud to have the four volumes in their libraries. The complete set is composed of three series: a monthly issue was published from January, 1880, to June, 1881; then a quarterly issue from January, 1883, to October, 1883; and finally, a monthly issue from October, 1889, to September, 1890. It is on these pamphlets that the reputation of Goldwin Smith will possibly rest. Those who have been familiar only with the weekly comment which in extreme old age he contributed to *The Weekly Sun*, can have no idea of the lightning that he wielded in his prime. In *The Bystander* papers there was no question of current politics and thought which he did not touch upon, and touch upon to clarify. The student of political history a hundred years hence will probably regard *The Bystander* in much the same way as we regard *The Rambler* of Samuel Johnson or the pamphlets of Locke and Milton.

Between the issue of the second and third series of *The Bystander*, a new weekly was launched in Toronto under the name of *The Week*, and Mr. Goldwin Smith was pressed into service here. The first number appeared in December, 1883, and for over a year "A Bystander" contributed several columns regularly under the heading "Current Events and Opinions." After January, 1885, nearly all his contributions were anonymous; but for several years longer he contributed generously to its columns. *The Canadian Magazine*, both at its inception and in later years, he aided with occasional articles. And in August, 1896, he began to contribute a weekly column of comment signed "A Bystander" to *The Weekly Sun*, a paper addressed to the farmers of Ontario. This weekly contribution he kept up until within a few months of his death, when his advanced age compelled him to relinquish his pen.

There was no man who had the true interests of Canadian journalism more at heart than Mr. Goldwin Smith; and in spite of the fact that none of the publications he helped to found

exist at this day, probably no man did more for Canadian journalism than he did. That his influence was not greater than it was, was largely due to his unfortunate relations with the party journalists. He had not been long in Canada before he fell out with the journalists of both the Grit and Conservative parties. He gave offence to both of them by his "no-party" views; he had to read them repeated lessons on respecting the anonymity of the press and the courtesies of public discussion; and with the public generally, he made himself unpopular by the expression of his views, wholly academic though they were, as to the political destiny of Canada.

He was first attacked by *The Globe*. The editor of *The Globe*, Mr. George Brown, was a politician who was ruled by his likes and dislikes. He was in the habit of using the columns of his paper for the venting of what bears a strong resemblance to personal spleen. On more than one occasion he seems, to a later and less violent generation, to have merited the horse-whip or the horse-pond. The language with which he assailed Mr. Goldwin Smith is language for which contempt is a mild and inadequate feeling. A few excerpts may serve as illustrations:

"The truth is Mr. Smith is a dreamer, not a statesman; one who instead of being worthy of a 'traitor's trial or a traitor's doom,' is, as we said, and as we repeat, too insignificant for either or both." (The Globe, Nov. 7, 1874).

"Mr. Goldwin Smith is like a fast beauty who flirts so as to shock her friends and her circle, and is then shocked because she is spoken about, and furious at being considered frail." (The Globe, Jan. 4, 1875).

"We write thus for the sake of our readers, not to convince Professor Smith, for you never convince any one who imagines he has all the wisdom, and all the learning, and all the culture in the world." (The Globe, Jan. 4, 1875).

"He is too cowardly, and withal too thin-skinned to be at all fitted for a popular leader, especially in times of turmoil and revolution." (The Globe, June 14, 1875).

"Mr. Goldwin Smith more than hints at his ambition to become a martyr. He may save himself the trouble, and make up his mind to be regarded as only a nuisance." (The Globe, July 24, 1875).

"He fancies he may gain popularity with a few; but he will find that he has only aroused indignation, strongly spiced with contempt, among all whose favour is worth having." (The Globe, July 24, 1875).

To the misrepresentation and discourtesy of *The Globe*, Mr. Goldwin Smith replied in a letter which from several points of view is worth reprinting:

"To the Editor of The Globe:

"Sir,—On my return to Toronto, I find it is thought desirable by my friends that I should enter my protest against the interpretation put on the address delivered by me at the dinner of the National Club, in a series of articles which have appeared during my absence in your columns.

"You have not laid before your readers my address or any portion of it. But, on the strength of its alleged contents, you have represented me as 'having come into a peaceful community to do my best for the furtherance of a cause which means simply revolution'; as advocating a policy which would 'put in jeopardy the material, social, and religious interests of every individual in the Dominion'; as 'contemplating force'; as proposing 'to cut loose from Great Britain'; as teaching that 'allegiance to the Sovereign may be withheld'; and as inciting to 'armed revolution.' You have intimated that I and those who agree with me are worthy of 'a traitor's trial and a traitor's doom.' You have gone so far as to hint that our mouths ought to be stopped by violence—a tribute on the part of a journalist to the principle of liberty of opinion which I cannot help commending to your own mature consideration, and to the judgment of all whom the honour of the Canadian press concerns.

"I beg leave to challenge you to produce from my address any passage which can afford the slightest ground or warrant for such charges and denunciations. If you fail to accept this challenge, your failure will be my sufficient vindication.

"There is an allusion in my address to 'gradual emancipation' as the probable 'end' of the 'state of transition' in which the colonial system is now generally considered to be, and to the difference, in this respect, between my views and those of some members of the Club who hold that the end will be Imperial Confederation. But I need hardly say that gradual

emancipation means nothing more than the gradual concession by the mother country to the colonies of powers of self-government. This process has already been carried far. Should it be carried further and ultimately consummated, as I frankly avow my belief it must, the mode of proceeding will be the same that it has always been. Each step will be an Act of Parliament passed with the assent of the Crown. As to the filial tie between Canada and England, I trust it will endure forever.

"I do not think it necessary to bandy words with you about my general character, or to rebut imputations of unpatriotic or malignant motives. Nor do I think it necessary to vindicate my right, as a member of a free community, to discuss in a legal and temperate way the question of colonial relations, a subject which has been freely handled by a long line of publicists and statesmen. The right is distinctly recognised by the most respectable journalists of your own party, who, while they differ from my opinions, argue the case against me with the calmness of sense and the courtesy of gentlemen.

"Your obedient servant,
"Goldwin Smith."

"Toronto, November 5th, 1874."

Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion of *The Globe* is recorded in *The Bystander* of January, 1883:

"Party organs are bad, though we must have them so long as party reigns: but far worse than any party organ is a journal which, under the mask of public censorship, serves the objects, backs the confederates, and traduces the enemies of individual ambition. Those who thwarted Mr. Brown's will, or incurred his enmity, were not merely assailed with the abuse which is bandied in our party frays, and often shows more heat than malice; they were systematically hunted down. Misrepresentation and distortion were employed constantly and without scruple to hold them up not only to political but to social and personal odium. If they were journalists, all the rules and privileges of the Press were disregarded in the determination to destroy them. No journal ever did more to poison the heart of society; the most virulent of party organs, the most scandalous of society papers, would not have wrought practically so much harm. Thanks to the ability with which The Globe was managed, and to the failure of its rivals, there arose a literary despotism which struck without mercy, while a train of parasites seconded its blows, and its victims were utterly defenceless. Few men were bold enough, or sufficiently independent in circumstances, willingly to brave the tiger."

Mr. Goldwin Smith fell foul also of *The Mail*, which commenced publication about the time he came to Canada. *The Mail* pursued him with even greater scurrility than that of *The Globe*. Perhaps only a single incident need be chronicled. When Mr. Goldwin Smith was on the staff of *The Nation*, a paragraph appeared in *The Nation* reflecting on the general conduct of *The Mail*. *The Mail* attributed the paragraph, quite wrongly as the event showed, to Mr. Goldwin Smith, and poured out the vials of its wrath on his unoffending head. *The Nation* came to the rescue by pointing out that Mr. Goldwin Smith had not written the paragraph in question, that he had not seen it until it was in print, that he was not the editor of the paper, and that he could not be held responsible for what appeared in it. One would have expected that this would have called from *The Mail* a prompt and handsome apology; unfortunately, it did not. The next morning *The Mail* delivered itself of the following:

"Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is inveterably cynical and dog-matical, in yesterday's Nation again 'returns to his vomit.' We leave him to the enjoyment of it, believing that his own readers as well as ours are tired of the strife. The assertion that the article in The Nation of the preceding week referring to The Mail was not seen by that gentleman till it was printed is ingenious, but fails to relieve him of responsibility for its publication after he had seen it. Besides, he probably inspired it. Mr. Goldwin Smith is 'the toad, the whole toad, and nothing but the toad' in such a very little puddle as The Nation, and until he advertises himself out of the puddle, as he was advertised into it, we shall continue to hold him responsible for all that appears in it." (The Mail, February 25, 1876).

There is some consolation to a Canadian in reflecting that the managing editor of *The Mail* at this time was, like Mr. Goldwin Smith, an alumnus of Eton and Oxford.

It is with pleasure that one is able to claim *Grip*, the Canadian *Punch* of those days, as an occasional champion of Mr. Goldwin Smith, or at least of fair play. On July 31st, 1875, there appeared in *Grip* some lines which, it is much to be regretted, were not taken to heart by the editors of *The Globe* and *The Mail:*

THE "GLOBE," "MAIL," AND "NATION..."

"That 'obscure sheet' he never reads
Keeps Brown awake the livelong night;
That 'little weekly' no one heeds
Robs Patteson of all delight.

" 'No need to answer; none at all,
For Goldwin does himself confute.'
Why, then, in leaders large and small,
Yell, shout, and scream to help him do 't?

"Smith has a civil tongue, 'tis plain;
You've two uncivil ones, 'tis clear;
Now, when you write of him again,
Remember what is told you here.

"If true, your truth shall more appear
By giving reasons, plainly told,
Than screaming 'traitor!' for a year,
Or shouting 'liar!' till you're old."

Mr. Goldwin Smith gave the best that was in him to Canadian journalism, and for many years his reward was obloquy and traduction. As late as 1896 the language which the Canadian press held toward him was far from respectful; and no less a man than Principal Grant so far forgot himself as to refer to him in terms which gave great offence. For the language he used Principal Grant offered his apologies; other Canadian journalists were not so generous. It has been only in the last ten years, with the growing up of a younger generation, that the attitude of Canadian newspapers toward Mr. Goldwin Smith has been sympathetic and respectful. Perhaps "A Bystander" will gain from the incoming generation the recognition which was denied him by his own.

Regarding the future of Canadian journalism, "A Bystander" came to be somewhat pessimistic. In a letter contributed to *The Week* of August 31st, 1894, he expresses himself quite clearly on this point:

"To the Editor of The Week:

"Sir,—A writer in one of your contemporaries dolefully asks, 'What is the matter with Canadian literature?' and goes on to exhort us to patriotic effort for the purpose of setting it on its legs. Without any disparagement of our native genius, we must answer that no such thing as a literature Canadian in the local sense exists or is ever likely to exist. 'Canada' is a political expression. There is no literary unity, there is not even unity of language among the several seats of population, some of them divided by great spaces from the rest, of which the Dominion is made up. A writer in Ontario has hardly any field outside his own Province. Quebec, saving the British quarter of Montreal and the British remnant of Quebec city, affords him none. There is very little chance of his reaching beyond Quebec to the Maritime Provinces. On the other side, neither Manitoba nor the Territories have as yet much of a reading public, and British Columbia is in another world. Ontario is his sole constituency, and Ontario is a farming Province with little over two millions of people; while among the wealthy class reading is not very much the fashion, nor are libraries very often seen.

* * * * *

"In the field of periodical literature, what chance can our Canadian publishers have against an American magazine with a circulation of a hundred and fifty thousand, and a splendour of illustration such as only a profuse expenditure can support? The idea that Canadian patriotism will give preference to the native product is not borne out by my experience. I fear the reverse is nearer the truth. The Canadian Monthly, with which, during the early part of its course, I was connected, was, I believe, at one time just making ends meet, but it was aided by unpaid contribution. The Nation, which was largely literary, was also, I believe, just making ends meet, when the departure of the two chief contributors compelled its withdrawal. But in this case again the principal contributors were unpaid. The little Bystander had a pretty good circulation. But it was a sort of literary yacht, and as a commercial speculation would not have been long carried on.

* * * * *

"There is no use in attempting to galvanise into life anything, whether liter-

ary, political, or commercial which has not life in itself. Canadian writers may distinguish themselves in the literary world of Great Britain or the United States, and may bring back the honour to us in Canada. We have a fair list of such authors to show, but the publications are [not] Canadian in the local sense.

"Those who have spent time and labour in the vain attempt to build up the 'Athens of the Dominion,' as the writer to whom I referred calls Toronto, can bear the sad testimony of experience to unwelcome fact.

"Yours faithfully,
"Goldwin Smith."

Whether in this, and in other matters, Mr. Goldwin Smith read the omens aright, it remains with the gods to reveal. Perhaps, however, he was not such a false prophet as some people would have one believe.

ON THAT FAR RIVER

By THEODORE ROBERTS

A WIND came to me, crying,
"On that far river that you love and know
The silver shallows chatter in the sun,
The slim, white paddles dip, the red barks go
Silent as dream; and day is just begun
With lifting mist along the meadow's brim
And lifting fire along the mountain's rim.
In scent of ripening grasses God releases
Slumber and dew and many a night-old thing.
The paddles flash, the level light increases
And high day gilds the heron's ashen wing."

A wind came to me, crying,
"On that far river where the eddies turn,
Pause, and swing slow, and sink to amber sleep:
The snipe are running in the dewy fern,
The long poles bend, the red barks drag and creep
Up the long rapids. Day and toil are done,
And red as Gluskap's war-shield drops the sun.
In scent of cooling waters and ripe grasses
God stills the river that you love and know.
Behind the West the long light flares and passes,
And now the crimson camp-fire is aglow."

A wind comes to me, crying,
And sets my heart a-sighing.

THE SONG: A SKETCH

BY DEAN MACLEOD

SOFTLY, slowly, the dreamy, shadowy, placid river flows idly seaward. The golden yellow haze of Indian summer is over all the land —a yellow land, of faded dying beauty.

Yellow—it is all yellow and gold. The rusty, low-hanging alders and willows sweep the river's brim, and the mellow, ripe yellows of beech and tamarac stretch far to the woodlands beyond.

Brown-tipped iris blades and tinted river-grasses, drift and sway with the undercurrent. Wild fowl nest in the sedgy shores, and there where the maples grow close to the water's edge, the undergrowth rustles, mystic with hidden life.

A sudden gurgle in midstream, an instant's flash of silver, where a trout jumped, and then quiet; and the circles widen lazily to the shore, swaying the lily-pads and floating river-grasses, and lapping the bank in gentle plashes.

Westward stretches a low, flat, bush-grown country; the red of blueberry barrens and flaming Indian tea reach far to the bald, brown uplands; and beyond the purple hills the mountains rise and merge into the sky.

A red-rimmed sun, weird, almost appalling, in its immensity and smothered glare behind the smoky yellow haze, surrenders slowly to the call of Night, flushing the hillsides in a last reckless farewell. To-morrow's sun will see a land even more withered and dried; for the blight of frost has been cruel—merciless and sudden in its devastation of summer.

A stray butterfly wings helplessly from one ruin to another in his search for the splendours of yesterday.

The glory and loveliness of a living green knoll, so lately brave with waving grasses, tangled vines and staggering loads of burnished golden-rod, is now but a heap of dry, brown ugliness, stupid and lifeless. Raspberry and wild gooseberry bushes crackle and break at the touch. Forgotten now is the riotous crimson splendour of the sweet wild rose and the flaring glory of the maples. These, dropping, dry, curled leaves, are dead and unsightly.

A bark canoe drifts indolently backward and forward in the undercurrent by the big beech tree. An old punt, green and slimy, it left to rot in the swamp by the river-side.

Children's voices, the tinkle of the cow-bells and the sweet monotony of the chickadee ring clear through the silent, soft sweetness of the autumn day. A muskrat skims silently down the river under the spreading alders, and drops with a hollow splash into a deep dark pool below.

The butterfly still wings forlornly over a clump of frost-killed ferns. Can he hope, even yet, to find a last bit of summer in this soulless beauty? You stir the heap idly with your stick —ah, close under that moss-covered log is a yellow bloom! Two yellow blooms, of last, late, August flowers, sole survivors of a flaunting glory. It seems really absurd how pleased you are to find them, these little, insignificant blooms. Unconsciously you hum a tune, and swing your stick cheerily on the bank to keep time with

your song. Soon you sing the words:

"You are just as young as you feel,
No matter how many the years."

You had not realised that this dead life—"the end of all things beautiful"—around you, had made you melancholy with gloomy thoughts. You turn back doggedly to the yellow blooms by the stump and sing your song again.

Up on the highway a boy starts whistling, gay and clear. Soon he comes in sight over the hill, swinging his pail, and he takes the path to the spring. You smile at him, not indulgently, but with *camaraderie* understanding, for you feel as young as the boy just now, for all your gray hairs and the wrinkles creeping around your eyes. You remember the words of your song—"You are just as young as you feel"—and you laugh aloud, in genuine good-fellowship with the world, especially with that whistling boy. But the boy's song—what is his tune? Ah, yes, an old, old, tune! And the words?—

"Harps may be strung again,
Old songs may be sung again;
But we never may be young again,
Never—ah—never."

Suddenly you feel the chill in the air, you remember your rheumatic shoulder and the common things of life. Why hadn't you noticed the lowering sun and the darkening river? You shiver in the shadows and the old melancholy comes back. The boy's whistle has changed into a thoughtless ragtime ditty. You some way feel relieved, and, as he passes from sight over the hill, you sigh, as you remember the years since you were a boy.

"But we never may be young again,"

you hum softly to yourself and then turn to cover the blooms once again. You even gather a handful of extra dead leaves to shelter them the more.

You have a thought about letting them keep life and bloom as long as possible, but you realise it is foolish, for after all they are only flowers and do not care whether they are young or old, or whether they live or die. "Perhaps they do after all, who knows?" You reason, stubbornly. They are well covered now. You look long over the darkening hills and river, then turn slowly up the bank and sing softly, almost contentedly, as you think of your bright fire in the library at home:

"Harps may be strung again,
Old songs may be sung again;
But we never may be young again,
Never—ah—never."

By

F. A. ACLAND

FEW of us in Canada probably realise how stagnant the great country of Australia has been during the same years that have been for Canada a period of almost extravagant prosperity. The Dominion during the past fifteen years has added in round figures two million souls to its population by immigration; Australia during the same period has received a net immigration of 50,000, allowing the most favourable aspect to the unpublished statistics for the past year. The ten years from 1896 to 1905 showed more poorly yet, the net immigration having been but 5,147, an almost incredibly low figure. The laws of the Commonwealth have not been calculated to promote settlement on the land, and immigration to the cities has quite reasonably been emphatically discouraged — Australia is already confronted with the startling fact that more than a third of its people are contained in its five leading cities. The failure of the Commonwealth to secure immigration threatens, however, to add one more to the long list of Imperial problems. A tiny and stationary population can hardly hope to hold indefinitely a land which is really a continent while neighbouring nations lack soil for their people to till. So far every political party in the Commonwealth has accepted the principle of a White Australia, and there is little likelihood of any Australian leader running counter thereto, but the principle will not be maintained without a struggle unless the white race justifies its possession of the island continent by developing its resources and peopling its vacant areas.

*

Doctor E. J. Dillon, always one of the shrewdest observers of world politics, finds, in his review in the current issue of the *Contemporary*, that the signing of a convention between Russia and Japan has effected a transformation scene, not only as between the two countries named, but almost over the face of Europe. No argument is needed to show how rudely the balance of power in Europe was upset when Japan defeated Russia in war; the German spectre dates precisely from the time that Russian power was destroyed Since the close of the war the remote East—the proximity of Japan—has occupied the energies and attention of Russia in a manner second only to that compelled by the actual contest. Now that a friendly arrangement has given place to a condition which was little better than an armed truce, the tension in the East will be released and Russia may proceed to recover her lost position in Europe. This at least is the view of Doctor Dillon and it seems a sound and reasonable conclusion.

*

It will take several years meantime before Russia regains her old position, or recovers at any rate sufficient prestige to enable her to confront the greatly strengthened power of Germany. Doctor Dillon thinks five years of external peace would do it, but is very doubtful whether the five years of peace can be secured; the quinquennium safely weathered the weight of Russia would be thrown effectively into the scales on the side of peace, supporting Great Britain and France, and gradually wearing down, let us hope, the more militantly inclined powers of Central Europe. Japan, too, lies at the back

of this combination owing to her new convention with Russia and her treaty with Britain, for while Japanese friendship does not directly add to the strength of these powers in Europe yet it has that effect indirectly since England and Russia are no longer fettered by a foe or a doubtful neutral in the East awaiting an opportunity to strike with advantage.

*

On the whole, according to this experienced writer, the reviving influence of Russia makes distinctly for a more peaceful outlook, yet Doctor Dillon cannot help recalling the words of Bismarck, uttered five months only before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war: "the political horizon contemplated from Berlin seems at present so unclouded that there is nothing of interest to report and I can only hope that no unforeseen event will render the recently conceived hope of universal peace precarious." The unrealised gravity of the Cretan difficulty is one of the sources from which Doctor Dillon fears evil may come, Turkey, as he believes, being only too ready to seize an opportunity to annihilate Greece politically if the latter moves further in the direction of Cretan annexation; and once the blaze of war is started, only a miracle of statesmanship can prevent it spreading even to the powers who dread it most.

*

Papal statecraft seems not suited to the glare of the modern world. Its encounter with the American ex-President was tactless and undignified, but without serious results. Its present contest with Spain is infinitely more important and is being keenly watched by a universal audience. Spain has been the last stronghold of the old faith of Christendom and its relations with Rome have always been peculiarly cordial and intimate. Everything changes, however, and the times have demanded a modification in the Concordat which regulated the relations of the two powers. In the resulting friction it does not appear that any religious principle is at stake. Nor is Spain in any way initiating an anti-Catholic agitation after the manner of France. It is inconceivable to us in Canada that any church should seek to deny the government of a great nation the right of decreeing that a religious denomination may place its titles or emblems on its building; yet this is part of the present dispute. The right of the state in such a matter involves the very essence of religious freedom and does not admit of argument. The papal side of the controversy seems to have been espoused with more ardour than wisdom.

*

The election for the first Parliament of United South Africa, fixed for September 15th, will be over by the time these pages are read. The Honourable Mr. Lemieux is already on his voyage across the ocean as the representative of Canada—there could hardly be a more fitting choice—at the opening of the new parliament. The general expectation seems to be that the government of General Botha will be returned with a majority which will be at least substantial and may be overwhelming, this last condition depending mainly on the attitude of the seventeen members returned from the strongly English state of Natal. Doctor Jameson is the leader of the Opposition, which has taken to itself the title of Unionist, just why is not very clear, since there is no avowedly separatist party, and there has been no stronger advocate of a united South Africa than General Botha. Roughly speaking, the Botha party is mostly Dutch and the Jameson or Unionist party mostly British, but the race lines are not too tightly drawn. Doctor Jameson declares that General Botha, with whom he worked in close harmony in shaping the union, has surrendered

WILLIAM TELL AND SON
A mighty trying position for any father and son
—Des Moines *Register and Leader*

vital matters of principle to the reactionary elements in cabinet with the result, as he says, that politics are back largely to their old racial lines.

*

The question most seriously at issue is that of education, practically that of language in the schools. There is no trouble outside the bounds of the old Orange Free State. Natal and Cape Colony are as they have been. In the Transvaal education is begun at the outset in the mother tongut of the child, and if this is Dutch and not English the latter is gradually substituted in the higher standards; in this way a Dutch child acquires a good knowledge of both languages, the English child not necessarily and not usually learning Dutch. The same system was established in Orange River colony at the close of the war and prevailed until 1908 when General Hertzog introduced what was called the "equal rights" principle, compelling the teaching of every subject throughout school life in both languages and requiring every teacher to be familiar with both tongues.

*

Practically this puts English teachers out of the question, places all children, English or Dutch, under Dutch teaching and influence, and largely deprives the children of both races of the chance of receiving any moderately good education in English. The effect has been to cause the withdrawal of the English children from the State schools, which, of course, will not be conducive to racial unity or even to a common patriotism. General Botha pleads that the central government cannot interfere, the question of education having been under the constitution left for five years to the individual States; and no doubt General Botha hopes that in the interim the matter will have ceased to be a source of worry. Looming up darkly, far more portentous than the educational problem, is the native question, which must force the races to act in common and any error of policy with regard to which

may threaten the very life of the new Dominion.

*

Lord Minto's term of office in India, now closing, has been a trying and anxious period but there is the widest testimony to the fact that he has acquitted himself with honour and distinction. Lord Minto went to India at a time when in the great Province of Bengal there was much irritation because of the then recent partition, and this accentuated the bitter anti-British campaign that had already begun. Lord Minto was not so great a man as his predecessor, Lord Curzon, and for that very reason was able in a measure to heal the wounds that Lord Curzon's aggressively progressive policy had made necessary. Almost immediately after the new viceroy took office a general election in England placed the Liberals in power and made Lord Minto, a Unionist, subordinate throughout his term to a scholarly radical doctrinaire. Yet Lord Minto worked in close harmony with Lord Morley—the latter has frequently so testified—and under the joint auspices of these statesmen and with the cordial approval of both an important step has been taken in the direction of conferring on the people of India those larger liberties which many are passionately demanding. Sir Charles Hardinge, the new Viceroy, who has received the usual peerage, takes up a task which has grown herculean.

*

There is a marked tendency towards new leaders in United States politics just now. It is not perhaps surprising that the Nebraska Democrats have snubbed Mr. Bryan, and told him in fairly plain terms that he must be shelved—a man who has three times led his party to defeat can expect little else—but it was less expected that Mr. Roosevelt should be almost as badly snubbed by the Republicans of his own State, who refused him the temporary chairmanship of the State convention. Mr. Roosevelt, however, is in a better position to fight than Mr. Bryan; he has enjoyed the highest honours of the Republic and has never known defeat in anything that has mattered, whereas Mr. Bryan would hardly feel natural if he won anything. Mr. Roosevelt will still be a delegate to the State convention and it is said will carry on an active fight from the floor. The contest is really between the insurgents, or more liberal-minded Republicans, and the Old Guard, the latter being Mr. Roosevelt's opponents. The higher ideals and the higher type of public service are with the insurgents, and the triumph of Mr. Roosevelt's views will make for better politics and better citizens. If Mr. Taft's sympathies are thrown to the side of the Old Guard, as some despatches intimate, it is unfortunate and shows the compelling strength of party affiliations; but in such a rupture it is Mr. Taft who stands to lose.

*

The visit to England of the famous Queen's Own Regiment of Toronto six hundred strong, by the generosity of Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt, is a pleasant and dramatic illustration of the growing community and kinship between the various sections of the Empire. Even a generation ago such an undertaking would have seemed quixotic and would have made the world stare; now it is calmly accepted as a natural incident in the working out of the tangled but splendid destiny of Britain's Empire, in the unfolding of which all the agencies of communication and transportation are marvellously assisting. Such visits can but create pleasant impressions on both sides and are object lessons to the world which will be of service to both Britain and Canada.

*

It is a matter of general satisfaction that the attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor of New York has

failed. The would-be assassin was no more than a half-drunken, half-demented wretch, who sought this way of attracting attention to his imaginary grievance — a case much after the order of Guiteau and his more successful attack on President Garfield. The incident is a reminder of the dangers that have always beset public men, not more now than formerly, but unhappily not apparently less now than formerly, and certainly not less in the heart of a great democracy than in the old world, with its traditions of birth and caste and ruling classes. The effect of the sensation has been to draw attention to the excellent record Mr. Gaynor had made as mayor. Elected as a candidate of the famous Tammany, he has ignored Tammany influences as he said he would do, and is generally credited with having done more to reform the city government than any anti-Tammany mayor has done in many a year. Such men too seldom reach high office, and it is well his work will not be rudely cut short.

*

The calm that has come over British politics seems almost uncanny, and is heartbreaking to those correspondents who love continuous sensation. The government has passed with flying colours through the ordeal of the oath of succession, and Mr. Asquith has won compliments from the Unionist press—a rare occurrence —because of his frank and unhesitating attitude on woman suffrage. Even the rumour that Home Rule is to be revived in the modified form of a federation and Mr. Birrell's open advocacy of such a project, has not served to renew the fierce controversies that were in full swing at the time of King Edward's death. It seems almost as if the happy and beneficent influence of the late sovereign were extending beyond the grave and more than ever entitling him to the name of Peacemaker.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL

CHINA AND JAPAN (to themselves)—"isn't it fine to have such a strong protector? And so disinterested!"

—*Fischietto* (Turin)

At Five O'clock

OLD BOOKS

By Theodosia Garrison

Oh, Well-beloved and familiar friends,
A hundred joys have laughed and gone their way;
A hundred loves have reached unlovely ends,
And yet you stay.

With you no whit of comradeship abates—
I turn to you of warmth and welcome sure;
I, who have said farewell to many mates,
Yet you endure.

Dear gossips of my heart who compensate
For days of dreariness, for nights of pain,
Life shall not find me wholly desolate
While you remain.

Beside the flame of hearth and candlelight
Still shall your loves be mine to have and hold.
Friends, who shall watch with me that livelong night
When I am old.

—*Ainslee's Magazine.*

*

THERE are many of us who feel a debt of gratitude to Theodosia Garrison, who writes "really" poetry —which is more than verse. We are familiar with the wail that there are no great poets nowadays. Well, if we were challenged to name a living poet who might be placed with Milton or Wordsworth, we should be compelled to surrender. Yet there are, even in these materialistic days, singers whose note rings clear and sweet, who make the world much more bearable by their music. Among these is the writer of the lines just quoted, whose poems are found in many a modern scrap-book or may be discovered in many a work box, among needles and spools and other prosaic belongings.

These lines on "old books" come home to all of us who have had time to realise that "old books, old friends and old times are best." From the best-selling novel of to-day, with its Gibsonish hero and Christyish heroine embracing violently on the cover and making love to each other in split infinitives throughout each chapter, we turn to the well-thumbed volumes on a certain familiar shelf and fondly open them with an assurance of welcome and good cheer. "Back to Dickens" is one watchword for peace and comfort. I have spent these lazy summer days in quaint old "Bleak House" or in watching the devious ways by which *Martin Chuzzlewit* finally comes into his own, and next month I hope to read "David Copperfield" for the forty-first time. What delightful old friends they are, who spring from between the scarlet covers and find their place in room or garden until they have taken up their abode forever! These dream people are the best of all, these children of the fancy who will be just as much alive one hundred years from now as they are to-day.

Dora will still smile in simpering and distracting fashion, *Agnes* will still be pointing upward, and *Betsy Trotwood* will still be ordering the donkeys off the grass. Then the villains are such complete scamps—*Quilp* and *Jonas Chuzzlewit*, to say nothing of *Uriah Heep*. Has any other writer painted more vividly the portrait of an utter sneak? We hate *Uriah* and *Pecksniff* more cordially than we do the hypocrites whom we meet every day. The very virtue of humility has been spoiled for most of us by the former's "'umbleness."

Then there is "Prue and I," a well-worn little book which has voyaged with many a pilgrim. Mine has been fished out of a Muskoka lake, has been the worse of a journey to Mackinac and is liked all the better for its stained and frayed condition. Then there is "Tennyson," the best beloved of all, which opens of itself at the "Lady of Shalott" with its magic melody. Curious how that stanza haunts one with its elfin music—

"Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'"

*

IT is old-fashioned, of course, to be devoted to Alfred Tennyson of the Victoria era, and is quite the mode to sneer at his chivalrous sentiment and lofty ideals. But he is worth a wilderness of the decadents and is good company in the long winter evenings. They are only a small shelf-full, after all, these indispensable book friends. Like the human beings, whose companionship we really need, the books which we *must* possess are "fit and few."

Why should we aspire to enter certain society or to become acquainted with the "would-be great," when the most noble minds that have created and aspired will be our comrades, merely for the asking? Some of our best friends are those whom we have never seen, some of our truest helpers are those whom we have known only through the printed lines. Literature, like Nature, "never did betray the heart that loved her," and remains an imperishable possession.

*

THERE is a certain learned professor in the United States who is versed in the classics and who writes knowingly upon life and letters. More than ten years ago, he became involved in a controversy concerning the "rights" of woman and wrote several magazine articles which aroused the ire of the advanced women of the United States and evoked spirited replies and criticisms from feminine scribes. The aforesaid professor was firm in his dislike of the university woman, sneered at woman's desire for intellectual culture and held up to scorn her pretensions to political knowledge. Woman was merely and entirely "emotional," said he, and was utterly without mental strength or will power. In fact, it seemed very decent of man to allow her to exist, at all. Still, she was a useful being, who loved man and cooked for him—but, except by way of loving and cooking, she was a poor creature. So ran the professor's remarks, and it was no wonder that the woman who read Ibsen and appreciated George Meredith was ready to tear the hair of this scornful pedagogue. Finally the professor made a statement which was the climax of academic impertinence. He actually declared that man had set the bounds of woman's sphere, because he had a "perfect knowledge of her nature and limitations."

If you will reflect for a moment on the awful audacity of that declaration, you will see that the professor was rushing madly towards his own destruction. If there is anything upon which woman prides herself, it is upon being utterly incomprehensible by man—not to be understood by the

wisest professor of them all. Hence, the statement that the stupid sex has a perfect knowledge of her nature and limitations, and is therefore qualified to dictate her duties, filled the higher-educated sisters with an indignation which overflowed in a variety of magazine contributions.

At last, at last, the professor has met his Waterloo and the feminine world rejoices. He was a cynical and superior bachelor, but he finally succumbed and became a common-place "Benedick, the married man." Then ensued a law-suit of peculiar and piquant flavour. It seems he had made ardent love to another fair maiden to whom he had written various amorous epistles. He had calmly ignored her, however, when it came to a question of matrimony, and the slighted fair one arose in her wrath, sued him for breach of promise, and produced the sentimental communications in court. There followed the deluge! Consternation from the professor, tears from the professor's bride, and loud laughter from the yellow journals! A few of the women candidates for political rights remembered the "perfect knowledge of her nature and limitations" and jeered unfeelingly at the uneven course of the professor's true love. The letters to the jilted lady were a peculiar joy to the unregenerate, as they abounded in affectionate and delicate devotion. It is now rumoured that the indignant bride may sue for divorce; in which case, the learned professor will be left to lament over the fickleness of woman and the absolute impossibility of knowing what she will do, or whom she may sue. He may conclude with a modern philosopher: "Just as man thinks that he can read a woman's mind, she turns the page."

*

MISS MARJORY MACMURCHY, of Toronto, who was elected president of the Canadian Women's Press Club for 1910-1913, at the recent annual meeting in Toronto, eminently deserves the honour. It is due largely to Miss MacMurchy that the Toronto Press Club is in its present flourishing condition. Her enthusiasm and devotion to its interests have been shown ever since its early formation, and the Canadian Women's Press Club recognised the breadth of her ability in electing her to be chief officer of the national organisation. Miss MacMurchy is the writer of the book review columns of *The News*, a contributor to several weekly publications and a writer of charming short stories which have appeared, from time to time, in *Toronto Saturday Night*, *The Globe*, *The Canadian Magazine* and *Harper's Bazar*. She is an ardent believer in woman's work and the essential comradeship of women workers, without being in the least an aggressive advocate of any feminine "cause." She has no fads and possesses a Scottish caution and balance which render her journalistic judgment of excellent service. A reputation for reliable and finished workmanship is that which any one may desire, and it is this which has contributed to Miss MacMurchy's standing in her chosen profession.

*

THERE has been for some years the feeling that the teaching profession on this continent has become "feminised." "Why are there so few men in the teaching profession?" is a question which is heard at the various educational conventions. The answer is easy and simple. Because the salaries are not high enough to attract men of ambition—and teachers are not philanthropists, who enter upon their work for the pure joy of instructing the Young Idea. There will not be many capable women left in the profession at the end of two more decades, if the trustees of this highly-favoured land do not arouse to the necessity of giving reasonable remuneration. There was a time when teaching and needlework were the only occupations open to women. But

time and the universities have changed all that. Woman's work is no longer that which used to be termed "feminine," but has branched into a multitude of pathways. Business life has become increasingly attractive and now, that its higher prizes are within the grasp of womanly fingers, the former "teacher's salary" is not regarded as a desirable reward. Woman has learned, during a generation of business training, to discard any sentimental ideas regarding the beauties of giving work for meagre returns. She is quite willing to be thorough and conscientious in her "daily round and common task" —but she is going to demand and receive adequate payment.

*

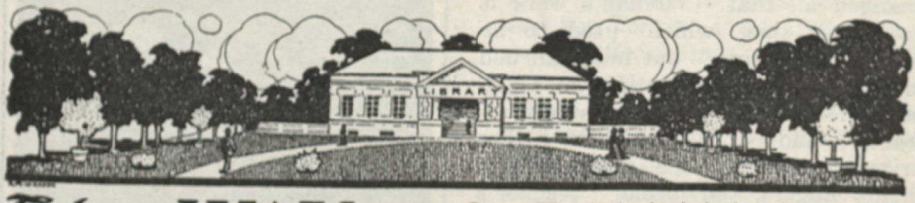
YEARS ago, in the dark times of the Boer War, the eyes of all anxious Britishers were turned towards Mafeking, where a young officer, R. S. S. Baden-Powell, was holding his own. With the relief of the town, that name was flashed over the Empire and the frank, manly face under the wide-brimmed hat became familiar in all the illustrated papers and magazines. Since those troubled days, that officer has become Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell, and is now known as the organiser and head of the Boy Scouts. He is now in Canada, which gives a warm welcome to so useful a citizen. The Boy Scout movement has become decidedly popular in this country and deserves the support of all interested in the development of young Canadians into healthy sturdy citizens. The most important principles to which the Boy Scouts adhere are included in their pledge and their law as laid down by Baden-Powell. Honour, courtesy, loyalty and helpfulness are to be cultivated by the Boy Scouts. The idea of the founder seems to be of the order of "muscular Christianity," as expounded by the author of "Tom Brown's School-days."

There are always certain timid souls who perceive in this kind of movement an incipient militarism.

During last June a review of about fifteen hundred Boy Scouts took place at Toronto, when the Chamberlain Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire presented flags to the various divisions. No one who saw the splendid appearance of the lads that afternoon could doubt the benefits of the movement. Exhibition Park has never seen a more inspiring sight than the marching columns of alert, soldierly young figures.

JEAN GRAHAM.

MISS MARJORY MACMURCHY,
PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN WOMEN'S
PRESS CLUB



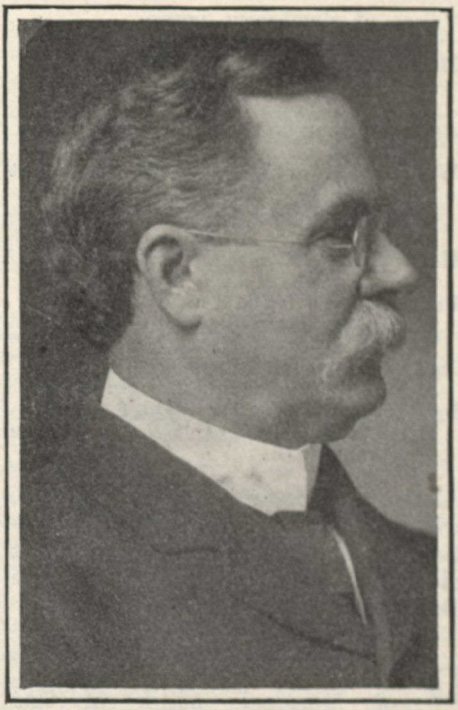
The WAY of LETTERS

CANADA has long been regarded as a fertile field for the novelist. So it is. And, yet, how seldom have we been presented with a Canadian historical novel of first-class quality? Many attempts have been made, and are being made, to fit romance into some of the stirring episodes or inspiring dramas that have taken place in the development of our country and our nationality. It is a lamentable fact, however, that novel after novel appears for a brief and lustreless career and then finds an abiding place in the undusted corners of our libraries. One is therefore impelled to look for a reason. Is it that our history is lacking in events that might naturally engender romance? Or is it that our writers do not fit romance into fact in such a way as to make the one the complement of the other and both enthralling and great? The blame must be laid on the writers, because, without doubt, there have been inspiring, romantic, and even heroic incidents and passages in the making of Canada. The rebellion of 1837 is an instance. Here we have an undertaking that gives us on its face material for but little more than a prosaic chronicle, and yet which in the hands of a skilful and imaginative novelist could be turned into a chapter of splendid dignity and chivalrous adventure. Doubtless Doctor Price-Brown had some appreciation of its possibilities when he began his novel published recently and entitled "The Macs of '37"; but in fairness to the time with which he deals and to the measure of genuine romance, it must be admitted that the book does not reveal it. Instead of giving the reader a feeling that a movement of real moment was afoot, the narrative is small in calibre, small in its view of that uprising, and small and commonplace in its realisation of what is required to make love romantic and romance lovely. To read this volume (and it makes an effort to be historical as well as novel) one would conclude that the rebellion of 1837 had no real significance. Of course, we all know that in externals it was small, but it had underlying principles that have since become the chief corner stone of our constitution. The author of "The Macs of '37" had at the outset conceived what might have been developed into a highly dramatic situation—the friendship and intimacy of a rebel's daughter with the family of Sir Francis Bond Head, Governor. There is also the promise of an engaging romance between a young officer of Her Majesty's forces and this same young woman, *Marie MacAlpine*. But we feel that the novelist has not struck the dynamic chord. The interest in the narrative drags along between the girl and her lover, on the one hand, and William Lyon Mackenzie and his insurgents, on another hand, with several other hands occupied in an unimportant way from chapter to chapter. While the story is not without some merit, it is but one more instance of where a writer has failed to enliven the pages of our history with the glow of chivalry and

the fire of love. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, $1.25).

*

MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL has expressed in his new book, "The Canadian Lake Region," the opinion that Ontario's four inland seas have affected the character of the people who have lived on their shores. If surroundings have any influence whatever on individuals, and that seems to be a foregone conclusion, he is quite right in that belief. Mr. Campbell has long been an ardent admirer of the Great Lakes. He has written much poetry with glimpses of them in his mind, a result no doubt of the fact that he was born on the shore of the Georgian Bay and lived there for some years. It is fortunate that the making of this book was entrusted to him, because in descriptive and historical sketches he is at his best as far as prose is concerned, and although the work in this instance is not uniformly excellent, it is nevertheless a most praiseworthy piece of writing — full of style, colour and poetic appreciation. It was in poetry that Mr. Campbell first made an impression as a writer, and it is to poetry that we must look as yet for his highest achievement with the pen. In "The Canadian Lake Region" his poetical temperament has lead him into alluring bypaths, and to this same temperament we must give credit for the many pages that save the volume from the less entertaining paragraphs of a purely historical tract. But it is not well to see only poetry and picturesqueness in fine scenery, splendid expanses and beautiful skies, and it is just possible that the author of this volume has not as yet come into full sympathy with the great part that commerce plays in the greatness of the Great Lakes themselves. After all, there is something profoundly poetical in a merchant vessel passing heavily laden out to sea, in the creakings and strainings of barges and tugs, and in the smoke and dust and clangour of a shipping town. Our



DOCTOR PRICE-BROWN,
AUTHOR OF THE HISTORICAL NOVEL ENTITLED
"THE MACS OF '37"

poets are prone to dwell on the tints of autumn and of spring, but there is more in life, more of poetry too, than is to be found merely in colour and place and season. Mr. Campbell begins at the Thousand Islands, touches on the early settlements along the shores of Lake Ontario, pauses at the cataract of Niagara, lingers in the peach orchards and vineyards of the Niagara Peninsula, experiences the easily-tossed waters of Lake Erie, and advances with intimate knowledge along the rugged coasts of Huron and Superior. He begins with a poetical introduction:

Domed with the azure of heaven,
  Floored with a pavement of pearl,
Clothed all about with a brightness
  Soft as the eyes of a girl;

Girt with a magical girdle,
  Rimmed with a vapour of rest,
These are the inland waters,
  These are the lakes of the West.

Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and of flame,
Moonlit memories left here
By gods, who long ago came,

And vanishing left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where haze-wrapt the August night slumbers,
Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here where the jewels of nature
Are set in the light of God's smile;
Far from the world's wild throbbing,
I will stay me and rest me awhile.

And store in my heart old music,
Melodies gathered and sung
By the genies of love and of beauty
When the heart of the world was young.

Altogether it is an interesting volume, with coloured photographic illustrations that are generally good if not always new. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, $1.25).

*

DOCTOR ANDREW MACPHAIL, of Montreal, editor of *The University Magazine*, and author of a number of volumes, including one novel, and who is one of the most cultured of Canadian litterateurs, has published another volume of essays, the title this time being "Essays in Fallacy." Doctor Macphail has a singular liking for the essay, and he very frequently employs it to express his thoughts and opinions. In both thought and opinion his mind is extremely fertile, and he always seems to have the courage of his convictions. He enjoys argument, and takes a turn at irony and the epigram and is at times not above aphorism. The first essay is entitled "The American Woman"; the second, "The Psychology of the Suffragette"; the third, "The Fallacy in Education," and the fourth, "The Fallacy in Theology." The author does not confine the American woman to the United States, but he has found that she has existed from early times and in various places. She loves to adorn herself and to dwell in the luxury of idleness. Here is what the doctor says:

"Reduced by a power not her own to a condition of idleness, her case is a most unhappy one, and her manifold activities in the street, in places of entertainment, and finally in the divorce court, are merely blind strivings to free herself from an intolerable ennui. Her life is one of rivalry for appearance and position. The struggle exhausts her energy and all other means at her disposal. Her mind becomes warped and her ambition distorted. Eternal restlessness is her portion—a dislike of any discipline, a hatred of any law save that which her own whim, will or desire imposes. To impose this law upon others becomes her constant occupation."

In the second essay the reader is not always sure of the ground on which the author stands. In one paragraph he seems to support woman suffrage and in the next to go against it. In the third essay he argues in favour of classical study in the schools as against instruction in useful or utilitarian subjects. The essay on "The Fallacy in Theology" is mostly a contention that religion, theology, and ecclesiasticism are three distinct things, and that neither theologians nor ecclesiastics have apprehended that fact. Note the irony of the following paragraph:

"The prophet and the priest are inevitable enemies; and yet, without the priest the prophet ends as a voice crying in the wilderness. It is the strangest paradox of history that religion loses itself without the Church, and its fineness is always destroyed within. The priest slays the prophet and betrays the Church; yet he maintains its existence until the saint is ready to redeem it. When religion is driven from the hearts of men, its only refuge is the Church until the time comes, as it inevitably does, for it to burst forth like the water-spring long pent up. When we realise that it is one function of the priest to slay the prophet, we can regard with more equanimity the methods which he adopts. Occasionally a mistake is made, but the priests are always willing to make what amends they can by building a handsome sepulchre."

*

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE, a Canadian who has established himself as a serious literary worker in the

United States, is the author of a fine biography and historical work entitled "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road." It is an inspiring account of a great undertaking, and of the book a critic has expressed this opinion:

"In the telling of the life story of this pioneer of civilisatoin the author gives us a romance which in thrilling personal interest is not excelled by anything Walter Scott Wrote, but with this difference, that 'Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road' is the story of a real personality in the history of the United States. The story of this great old man is one to encourage and cheer every worker the world over, and one which will be told and retold so long as man continues to love and revere the heroic and the good."

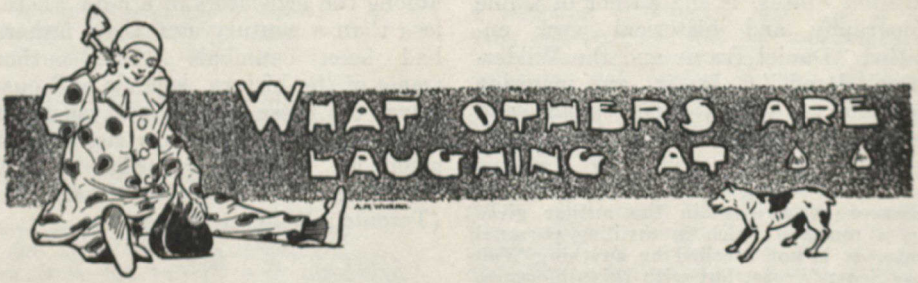
(Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

IT would be difficult to find a more interesting native tribe than the Maoris, of New Zealand, a fact that has been emphasised once more by a Canadian writer, Reverend D. V. Lucas, who has published an interesting handbook on the history and characteristics of this people. The contents are based upon the author's observations during a year's visit to New Zealand, when he had special opportunities of studying the native people, and also meeting several of the Maori members of Parliament, who, as such, are among the legislators of a land where, less than a century ago, their fathers had been cannibals. The author treats of the history, legends and customs of these so-called savages, or aborigines, and creates a regret that such an interesting tribal family should be in danger of dying out. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

SILAS K. HOCKING'S latest story, "Who Shall Judge?" is one of the striking novels of the season. It is a psychological study, that of the mental experiences of a married couple who have received a small amount of money yearly for rearing a motherless boy. They have a boy of their own, and when they learn that the father of their foster child has become wealthy in South America they succeed in passing their own son off as the heir to all the wealth. But on her death-bed the mother relents, and calling her son to her, she tells him the truth. He, of course, wishes to make amends to the other boy and to set everything right again, but he shrinks from causing pain and disappointment to one who has always been his companion. Poverty, however, induces him to tell the facts as he knows them. The story abounds in dramatic situations, is well told and is of absorbing interest. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).



The Love of a Butcher Boy

Deer heart, I'm in an awful stew
How I'll re-veal my love for you.
I'm such a mutton-head, I fear—
I feel so sheep-ish when you're near.
I know it's only cow-ardice
That makes these lamb-entations rise.
I dread a cut—let me explain:
A single roast would give me pain.
I should not like to get the hooks,
And dare not steak my hopes on looks.
I never sausage such eyes as thine,
If you would but-cher hand in mine—
And live-r round me every day,
We'd seek some ham-let far away;
We'd meat life's frowns with love's caress,
And cleav-er road to happiness.

—*Graphic*

"Strike me, Ned, if we ain't in the fashion at last!" —*Punch*

The Picnic Ant

Hast ever seen the ant, my friend,
The picnic Ant, I mean?
He hasn't much at either end
And nothing in between.

Yet when the basket joy is spread
Beneath a shady tree,
Of every blessed piece of bread
That Ant will eat with glee.

You see him gorging on the pie
With calm, unruffled air,
But when to smash the beast you try
He simply isn't there.

He stops to drink the lemonade
And sample tarts and cake;
He noses every dish you've made
And pauses to partake.

I don't know where he puts it all
Or why he doesn't burst;
His appetite is far from small,
So likewise is his thirst.

His viscera have me amazed,
Nor can I solve his curve,
But though he surely has me feazed
I must admire his nerve.

—Brooklyn *Life*

*

Of Course

Bound to sell—modern fiction.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

*

The Climax

"There wasn't a single really funny character in the whole comedy!"

"Wait till the audience calls for the author!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"Wot's 'e follerin' the copper for?" "It's only 'is bloomin' side. 'E wants people to fink 'e's done somefink!"
—*Punch*

Satisfaction

"The most amusing story of an American in France that I ever heard," said a recently appointed attaché to the French Embassy, "is this:

"A well-known French actor became involved in a discussion with an American, grew heated, drew his card from his pocket, threw it on the table with a tragic air, and stalked out.

"The American regarded the card for some moments, then took out his fountain pen, wrote 'Admit bearer' above the engraved line, and went off to the theatre."—Brooklyn *Life*.

*

Nothing Else

Friend—"So you dined at a way station. What did you have for dinner?"

Traveller — "Twenty minutes."—Berkeley *Blade*.

Discourteous

Theatrical Manager (whose new farce is a failure)—"They might at least have laughed as much as they did at my 'Hamlet'."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

Slipped His Mind

A Perthshire farmer on his way home from market one day suddenly remembered that he had forgotten something, but what he could not recall.

As he neared home the conviction increased and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocket-book in the vain endeavour to discover what he had missed. In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise and asked:

"Why, father, what have you done with mother?"—*M. A. P.*

1912.—ABDICATION OF THE QUEEN REGENT
Le Grand Roisvelte: "Les Etats Unis—C'est moi"

TRYOUTS

Crawford—"Don't you miss the theatre, living out here in this one-horse town?"

Suburbs—"Why, man, we see plays here that you never see in New York!"—*Puck.*

*

ABRAHAM'S PREDICAMENT

The Sunday-school class had reached the part in the lesson where "Abraham entertained the angel unaware."

"And what, now, is the meaning of 'unaware'?" asked the teacher.

There was a bashful silence; then the smallest girl in the class piped up, "Un'erware is what you takes off before you puts on your nightie."—*Lippincott's.*

*

HOW THEY DO IT

In a hotel in Montana is the following notice:

"Boarders are taken by the day, week, or month. Those who do not pay promptly are taken by the neck."—*Lippincott's.*

THE CASUS BELLI

One day a Scotch and English boy, who were fighting, were separated by their respective mothers with difficulty, the Scotch boy, though the smaller, being far the more pugnacious. "What garred ye ficht a big laddie like that for?" said the mother as she wiped the blood from his nose. "And I'll fight him again," said the boy, "if he says Scotsmen wear kilts because their feet are too big to get into trousers!"—*Argonaut.*

*

THE IMPROVED AMERICAN CATECHISM

To be read, inwardly digested and often repeated by all foolish little Americans.

Question.—Who made the world?

Answer.—Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the First Man?

A.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the Wisest Man?

A.—Governor Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the Strongest Man?

A.—Elephant-Killer Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the Meekest Man?

A.—Vice-President Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the Champion Boxer at Harvard?

A.—Student Roosevelt.

Q.—What President Couldn't Tell a Lie?

A.—President Roosevelt.

Q.—Who Lived Three Days in the Belly of a Whale?

A.—Roosevelt, the Faunal Naturalist.

Q.—Who won the Spanish-American War?

A.—Rough-Rider Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the Talkiest Man?

A.—Doctor Roosevelt.

Q.—Who wrote the Letters of Junius?

A.—Editor Roosevelt.

Q.—Who killed Cock Robin?

A.—Teddy.

Q.—Who struck Billy Patterson?

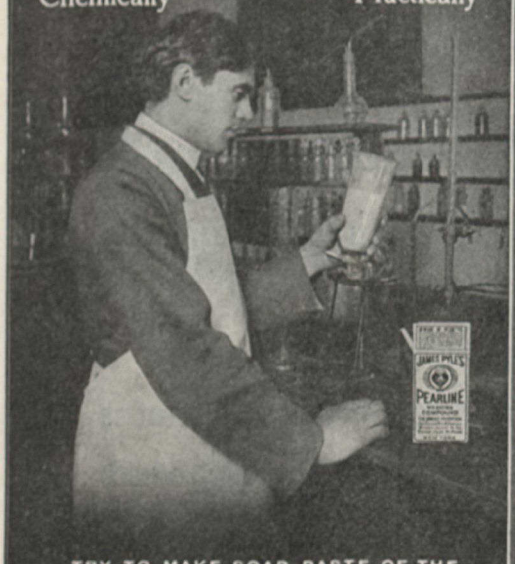
A.—The Colonel.

Q.—Who Was, Is, and Always Will Be the Most Modest Man?

A.—T. R. —*Life.*

Best by Test

Chemically Practically



TRY TO MAKE SOAP PASTE OF THE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS—SEE WHAT YOU'LL GET

Why Buy Wash Water?

¶ It requires two or more tablespoonfuls of the Big Packages of Fluffy Soap Powder to do the work of one tablespoonful of PEARLINE

WHY?

¶ Dry the powders by spreading them thinly in the sun or in a warm spot — leave for 24 hours — then weigh them — you'll find the difference is in the bulk, not the weight.

¶ PEARLINE IS CONCENTRATED SOAP POWDER— THESE BIG PACKAGES ARE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS. PEARLINE IS BEST AND CHEAPEST

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes Hard. Every particle can be consumed.

SOLD ONLY IN 15c AND 25c BLOCKS
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS

Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., Limited
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

Ganong's G.B. Chocolates

The last piece in the box will taste as nice as the first.

Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts covered with a smooth, rich chocolate

Look for the "**G.B.**" stamp on the bottom. It is on every "**G.B.**" chocolate.

GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS

TIME and CHANCE

Time and Chance are hard on clothes. In time they become shabby and creased and in need of cleaning and pressing.

A chance slip may soil and apparently ruin a dress beyond repair.

In both cases we can put them through our cleaning process and turn them out as good as new again.

Our work satisfies.

R. PARKER & CO.

Canada's greatest Dyers and Cleaners

TORONTO, - CANADA

Branches and Agencies in all parts of Canada.

House-Cleaning

wonderfully simplified & lightened,
quickly & easily accomplished

Do it ALL with
Old Dutch Cleanser
clean water and
a cloth or brush

Its Many Uses
& Full Directions
on Large Sifter-Can 10¢

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

A Food of Surpassing Excellence

What other article of food has so much to recommend it?

No other pleases the palates of old and young so generally.

No other combines in a greater degree substantial nourishment and real deliciousness.

No other makes other foods so tasty and acceptable to capricious appetites.

No other can be used in a greater variety of ways.

No other combines value and excellence in a higher degree.

"CROWN BRAND SYRUP" stands for the highest possible purity in table syrup. It is prepared in a clean, wholesome manner from the very finest ingredients, which develop a delicious flavor as of honey and rich cream.

These are strong reasons why you should insist on having 'CROWN BRAND SYRUP.'

Your dealer has it for you in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lift-off lids.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

Works: CARDINAL, ONT.

Offices:
MONTREAL. TORONTO and BRANTFORD

Test the high quality of

Calabash

HIGH GRADE

Smoking Mixture

Each tin is equipped with a patent moistener.

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

it costs but little to equip

office, store, factory, club or school with the one cleanly, safe, thief-proof system for storing clothing, etc.,

D. L. STANDARD LOCKERS

Made of STEEL

Compartments separated by steel self-ventilating partitions. Sightly; Sanitary; fire-proof. Priced low—consult Catalog B. Where shall we send it?

DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS CO. Ltd., of LONDON, ONT.

TORONTO
105 Pacific Bldg.

VANCOUVER
615 Pender Street

For over fifty years among the few foremost artistic pianos of America,

The Haines Bros Piano

is now manufactured in Canada, and sold in Toronto at New York Prices.

SPECIAL

We offer a genuine Haines Bros. upright piano, of beautiful design, as low as $350, and on easy monthly payments if you wish.

Enquire:

THE FOSTER-ARMSTRONG CO., Ltd.
MANUFACTURERS
4 Queen East, - - Toronto

BETTER THAN A BARBER AT HOME

WILLIAMS'

ALL-WAYS ADJUSTABLE

Shaving Device

INSURES

EMANCIPATION FROM SHAVING SLAVERY

As many different Positions in one Razor as Shaving Requires.

The New York Barber Co., comprising many of the best and finest equipped shops in New York City is the first to adopt the WILLIAMS' and recognize it as the one perfect safety razor in the world to-day.

If it is good enough for the barber, it is the best for you to use.

THE WILLIAMS' FRAME AND BLADE HOLDER is not of the rigid hoe type. It can be instantly adjusted to any correct position required in shaving without twisting or squirming on your part. Its adjustability permits your obtaining the diagonal stroke at all times without which a shave is not a shave. When shaving correctly with the diagonal stroke the beard is really sawed off. When shaving incorrectly with a rigid frame and hoe stroke, the beard is scraped off, making thousands of tiny abrasions in the face, and leaving it tender and sore. The diagonal stroke of the WILLIAMS' makes it a perfect safety razor, as it positively does away with hoeing and scraping.

THE WILLIAMS' BLADE is a heavy double concave hollow ground blade. That not only positively does away with the continual blade expense which the wafer blade calls for, but it is the only kind that ensures easy shaving.

THE WILLIAMS' SHAVING CLUB guarantees the purchaser to keep the WILLIAMS' RAZOR and blade in perfect condition for one year absolutely free of charge.

Packed in Genuine Morocco Leather Case	1-Blade set $2.50	2-Blade set $4.00	4-Blade set $7.00	7-Blade set $10.00

THE WILLIAMS' SAFETY RAZOR carries the WILLIAMS' guarantee, the guarantee of the N.Y. Barber Co., the guarantee of 16,000 Retail Druggists in the United States under the name of the American Druggists Syndicate, and the guarantee of 6,000 Druggists throughout the Dominion of Canada under the name of the National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada. It will carry your endorsement if you try it.

WE WILL PAY YOU FOR YOUR DEALER'S NAME

On receipt of $4.00 and the name of your druggist, hardware or Department Store we will send you a Williams' two blade Set Razor (Price $4.00) and one year's subscription to one of the following magazines.

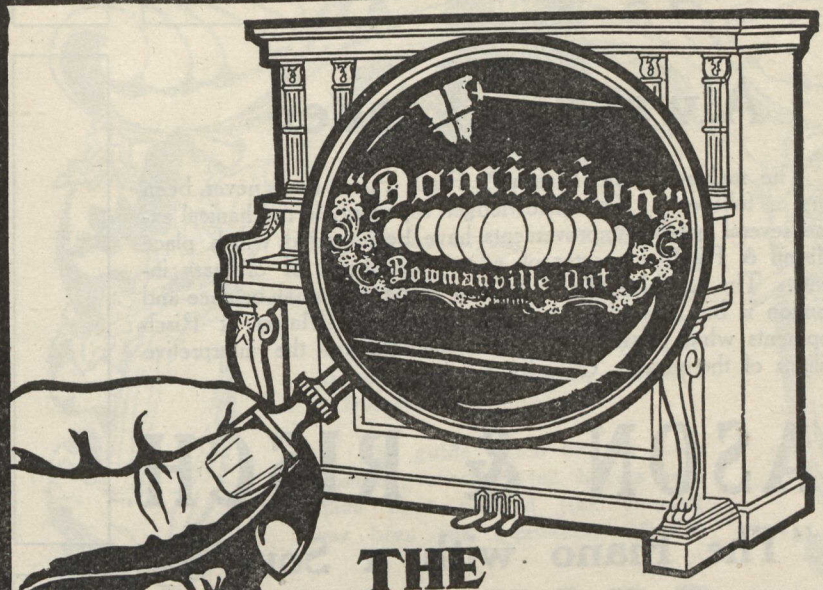
CANADA MONTHLY	Sub. Price, $1.50	PEARSON'S MAGAZINE	Sub. Price, $2.00
ROD & GUN	" " $1.00	McCLURE'S MAGAZINE	" " $2.00
	MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE	Sub. Price, $1.50	

The Williams' Razor is sent on ten days trial. If not entirely satisfactory within that time we will refund the full purchase price to you on request.

68 Hudson Street, **WILLIAMS' COMPANY** Hoboken, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Sole Trade Distributors for Canada

THE NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. MONTREAL, CANADA, AND ALL BRANCHES



THE "DOMINION" PIANO

Pay 100 Dollars Less for a Better Piano

Save at least $50, and perhaps as much as $100, buying direct from our factory through our many agents—yet get a BETTER instrument. You do when you buy a "DOMINION" for you then save all the heavy charges other makes load on you to pay salesmen's wages, fancy rents for showrooms and for vapid "puffs" from artists whose names are for sale to the highest bidder. Don't YOU pay for these things. Get the value—as you do in

All our materials are bought at first hand. All our instruments are built under our own eyes. That saves YOU doubt as well as dollars.

"DOMINION" Pianos and Organs

ON TERMS YOU CAN AFFORD

Fully eighty thousand satisfied users will praise the "DOMINION" quality. Yet you can own these instruments for an outlay you will never feel; and your musical friends will approve your choice. "DOMINION" Pianos stay in tune. "DOMINION" Organs do not become wheezy. Yon take them on practically your terms of payment, with our guarantee to keep you safe.

"DOMINION" Player-Pianos are a decade ahead of others in every respect. Yet they cost you less, though they will satisfy you better. Anyone can play them, without musical training.

WRITE FOR DETAILS—they will interest you.

The DOMINION Piano and Organ Co., Limited

Makers of Pianos, Organs and Player-Pianos

FACTORY AT BOWMANVILLE, ONTARIO

Always a Leader

The makers of the Mason & Risch Piano have never been imitators or followers. To acknowledged superiority in mechanical excellence several notable improvements have been added which place the Mason & Risch a quarter of a century ahead of ordinary instruments. The notable Aliquot System of perfect tonal balance and distrubution is but one of a number of exclusive Mason & Risch developments which have set a new standard for the interpretive possibilities of the piano. Only by hearing the

MASON & RISCH

"The Piano with a Soul"

The famous Mason & Risch Miniature Grand Louis XV design is typical of the beautiful results which have been accomplished in the production of period case designs. Critical inspection is invited.

played or by playing it yourself can you fully realize the utmost of which the modern high-grade piano is capable.

Will you not favor us with a visit to our warerooms where, without any obligation to purchase, the Mason & Risch will be demonstrated to you—its construction frankly explained and the reason for its unapproachable wealth of tone made clear to you.

Our booklet "Inside Information" will prove of great value to anyone interested, directly or indirectly, in the purchase of any piano. A copy will be mailed free to any address on request.

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Ltd.

32 King Street West, Toronto.

YOU are trying to decide even now which piano to buy. Little wonder you are confused, for the best of claims can so easily be made for the worst of instruments—the English language is free to all.

The guide which has for more than a generation led buyers who have been puzzled like yourself has been the reputation of the

GERHARD HEINTZMAN

Canada's Greatest Piano

A reputation that has been earned, not purchased.

That definite, persistent impression back in your mind, behind all your indecision, that the Gerhard Heintzman is really the best of the good pianos, is right

If you will call or write us before making your decision we will be very glad to talk the problem over with you.

Our reputation is your protection and our knowledge and experience is at your service.

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited.

New Salesroom,

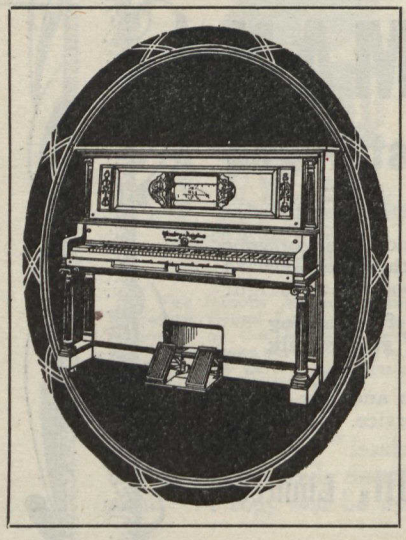
41-43 Queen St. West., - Opp. City Hall.

TORONTO

Hamilton Salesrooms : 127 King St., East. 2632

Gourlay-Angelus
Player-Pianos

The player pianos which any one can play artistically. The only Canadian Player Pianos which contain those exclusive devices of the Angelus, the Diaphragm Pneumatics, the Phrasing Lever and Melodant.



THE DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS—have no creases, folds or corners; inflate and deflate as do the lungs, insuring long life and giving the "human touch."

THE PHRASING LEVER—gives absolute control of the tempo. A great orchestra leader has said: "What a baton is to an orchestra, the Phrasing Lever is to the "Angelus."

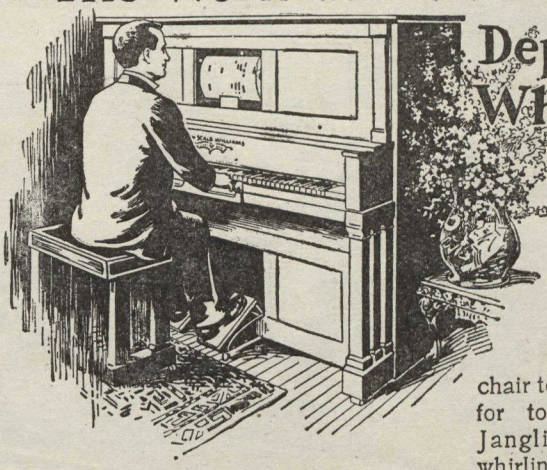
THE MELODANT—emphasizes the melody or theme of a composition so that it stands out clearly in contrast to the accompaniment, no matter how intricate or difficult the composition.

THE ARTISTYLE MUSIC—a patented system of marking, placed on the Angelus rolls by musicians. Through it any one may become familiar with a correct interpretation of any music. The marking is very simple and has been aptly called the A B C of musical education.

Demonstrations every hour of the day at our warerooms 188 YONGE ST.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING
TORONTO

The Work You do Tomorrow Depends on What You do Tonight



After a wearing, grinding day, you need more than food and an easy chair to make you ready for to-morrow's work. Jangling nerves and whirling thoughts must be soothed and pacified. Restful sleep would do it—"if I could only sleep".

Softly stealing o'er our senses, Music smoothes away the trials of the day—brings the brain back to its normal rhythm—soothes, and quiets, and rests.

Because music is created by the best that is in us—and makes its appeal to the best that is in us. The best investment a business man can make is a

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PLAYER PIANO

It means more than pleasure. It means relaxation from business cares. It means mental rest and mental quiet—peaceful sleep—and the conservation of energy. The New Scale Williams Player Piano merely plays the notes. You create the music. You interpret the thoughts, the ideals, the very souls, of the masters.

Or you can wander in musical fields as fancy leads from grave to gay—with dashing songs, light opera, grand opera—anything and everything scored for the Piano, is at your command, to be created anew by your interpretation. You rebuild when you relax. Music relaxes mind and body. The New Scale Williams Player Piano is a mental tonic.

Business men can hear our Player Pianos at any time they choose to visit our ware-rooms. An ideal way to spend a half-hour or so at noontime or during the afternoon, is to visit us and listen to some of your favorite selections played on a New Scale Williams Player.

The Williams Piano Co., Limited, - - Oshawa, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES: Winnipeg, Man., 323 Portage Ave.
Montreal, Que., 733 St. Catherine St. W.
London, Ont., 261 Dundas St.

169 A

"The Great Double Track Road"

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY?

In reaching your conclusion you will do well to consult The Grand Trunk Railway System. It is the pioneer tourist route in Canada, and the only railroad reaching all tourist districts situated in what is known as **"The Highlands of Ontario,"** the finest playgrounds in all America. What nature has not done for it—"the hand of man has,"—and in any of the districts included therein, you are sure to find your ideal, beautiful scenery, fine fishing, bathing, boating, first-class hotel and boarding house accommodation at moderate price, and all points are easily accessible by **The Grand Trunk Railway System.** "The Highlands of Ontario" embrace:

"THE MUSKOKA LAKES," "LAKE OF BAYS," "KAWARTHA LAKES," 'LAKE NIPISSING AND FRENCH RIVER," "ORILLIA AND LAKE COUCHICHING," "30,000 ISLANDS OF THE GEORGIAN BAY," "ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK," AND "TEMAGAMI."

FOR THOSE DESIRING A WATER TRIP

Nothing better can be suggested than "The Fresh Water Sea Voyage" afforded by the Northern Navigation Co.—Grand Trunk Route through the Georgian Bay, Lakes Huron and Superior. The trip will afford you a perfect week's pleasure.

FEATURES AFFORDED HE TOURIST AND TRAVELLER, on the line of the Grand Trunk—FAST TRAINS AND FINEST MODERN EQUIPMENT; DOUBLE TRACK AND PERFECT ROAD-BED; PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS ON NIGHT TRAINS; PARLOR-LIBRARY-CAFE AND DINING CARS ON DAY TRAINS.

Write to any agent of the System and obtain descriptive matter full of interest, information and maps relative to the numerous resorts mentioned above. They are sent you absolutely free on application to J. D. McDonald, Union Station, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

W. E. DAVIS,
Passenger Traffic Mgr.,
MONTREAL.

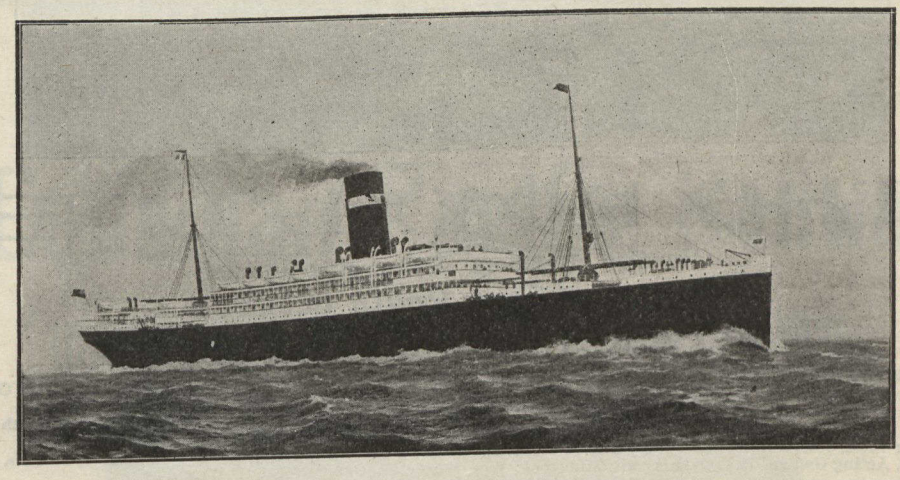
G. T. BELL,
Asst. Pass. Traffic Mgr.,
MONTREAL.

GEO. W. VAUX,
General Passenger Agt.,
MONTREAL.

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

ESTABLISHED 1854



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. Twin Screw S.S. Corsican and Tunisian,

Steamers sail from Montreal and Liverpool every Friday.

Rates of Passage—Saloon, $87.50 and $77.50; Second Saloon, $47.50 and upwards.

MONTREAL to GLASGOW

Seven 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 LAKE ERIE, **One-Class Cabin** called **Second Cabin.** Rates $45.00 and $52.50 upwards.

THE ALLAN LINE
TORONTO

SEND FOR CIRCULARS

H. & A. ALLAN
MONTREAL

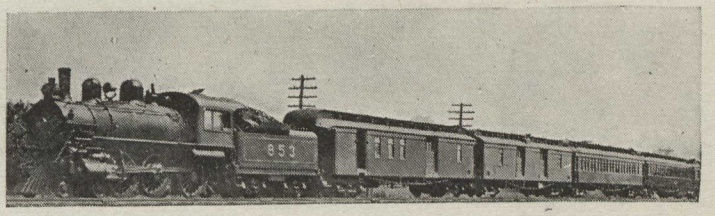
NEW

TORONTO-MONTREAL

EXPRESS

In addition to present service

Canadian Pacific Railway



Lv. WEST TORONTO 9.45 p.m.
Lv. North Toronto 10.00 p.m.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Arrive MONTREAL 7.00 a.m.

THROUGH COACHES, SLEEPERS, ETC., FOR OTTAWA AND MONTREAL

Tickets, Sleeping Car accommodation, etc., West Toronto, North Toronto King Edward Hotel, Toronto City Office.

WEST BOUND

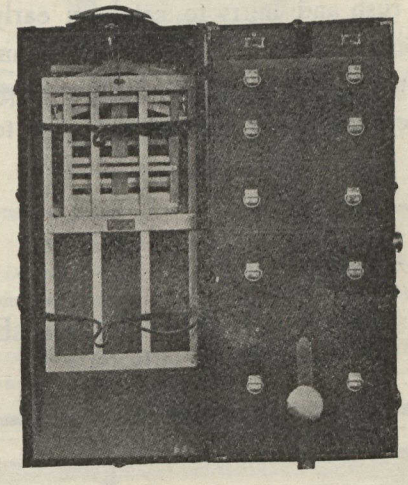
Leave Montreal 10.45 p.m. **Arrive North Toronto 7.45 a.m**
Arrive West Toronto 8.05 a.m.

Present Montreal Express leaving Toronto Union Station carrying through sleepers for Ottawa and Montreal.

LEAVES 10.30 P.M. INSTEAD OF 10.00 P.M.

"JULIAN SALE"
FINE LEATHER GOODS

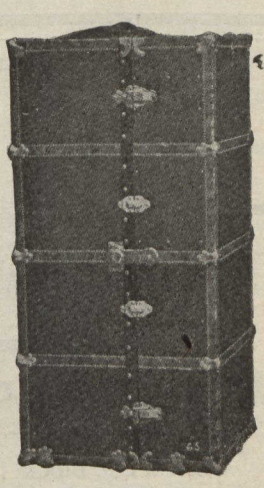
WARDROBE TRUNKS



The Trunk Open

NOT far distant is the time when no one —man or woman—will go travelling to any great length without having as the travelling Companion the wardrobe trunk. There are a hundred reasons why it will be so, and no reasonable excuse why people who can afford to travel at all will be without one. We are featuring wardrobe trunks to-day, and are showing a most complete line of them—so reliable from a strength stand point that we can absolutely guarantee them, and so perfectly and conveniently fitted that there seems nothing left to be desired in the way of an appointment or dress fixture.

These wardrobe trunks are built over a complete three-ply veneer box, covered with canvas or waterproof enamelled cloth. Made in 2 compartments —the wardrobe compartment and the dresser compartment—when closed are absolutely dust and waterproof. Made to carry garments of the very latest styles. Hangers made of hardwood. No metal parts to come in contact with clothing to cause rust—everything built of the best of marerials for strength and lightness. The trunks are heavy fibre bound — have solid brass trimmings all hand rivetted. Unique for utility and convenience, and the prices are



The Trunk Closed

$50, $60, $65 and $70.

If your dealer does not handle "Julian Sale" goods write us and we will direct you to one who does.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.
105 King Street West, - TORONTO, CANADA

EARLY FALL

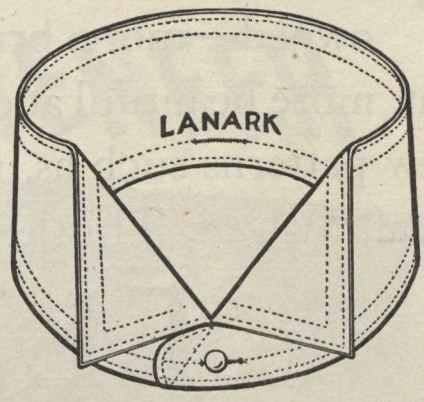
For stylish, graceful lines, **The Fashion-Craft** Chesterfield meets every requirement.

Made with all shape retaining features carefully regulated.

Prices, $15 to $35. Materials govern price. Workmanship always uniformly the same.

SHOPS OF "Fashion-Craft"

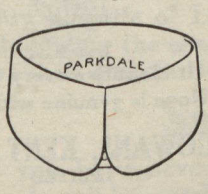
at all important points throughout Canada.



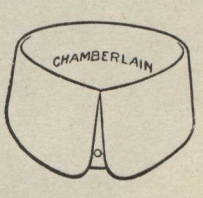
Fooke COLLARS

are made of tested, flexible materials
specially shrunk to hold their size

They Fit — 2 for a Quarter



Sold by leading Men's Furnishing Stores.



BETTER Cut Glass than you have ever owned—more brilliant, more exquisitely cut, more beautiful and original in its exclusive new patterns such as, for example, the Maple Leaf, Wheat, Thistle, Butterfly and others.

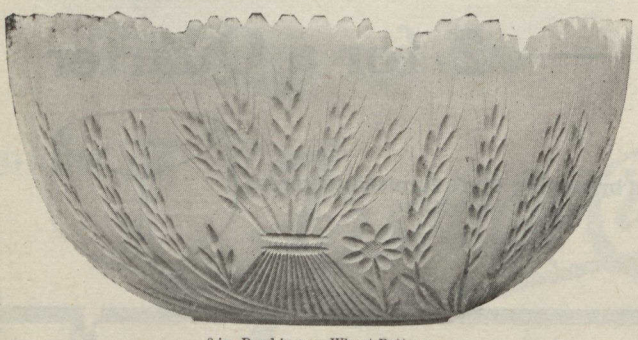
ELITE Cut Glass

will bring delight to its possessor.

It vies with the fine products of the Old World cutters—masters of the craft.

Know that when you buy the genuine Elite Cut Glass you buy not an ornament only, nor a mere article of utility, but a rare gem of workmanship you will be proud to possess.

It costs no more. Ask your dealer;
he carries it or can easily get it.



8 in. Bowl in new Wheat Pattern

Be sure to look for this

ELITE

Trade Mark

It identifies every piece.
None is genuine without it.

GOWANS, KENT & CO.
LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS
16 Front St. E., TORONTO

Dust Every Day With LIQUID VENEER

MILLIONS of housekeepers who use Liquid Veneer in their daily dusting, keep their homes bright, clean and sanitary at an actual saving of both labor and money.

Try it in YOUR home at OUR expense. Use it on your Piano, Furniture, Chandeliers, Picture Frames, Woodwork, and Hardwood Floors. It will instantly renew the polish and make everything look like new. Easy to use. It is applied with a cloth. There's no drying to wait for.

Guarantee Offer

Buy a bottle of Liquid Veneer of any dealer. Give it a thorough trial, following the simple directions, then, if you are not delighted, take it right back and the dealer will refund your money.

Sample Bottle Free

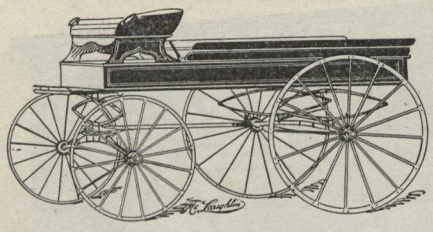
If you have never used Liquid Veneer, write at once for a sample bottle. It will be sent Free and Prepaid.

Sold by all dealers, 25c, 50c, $1.00 bottles

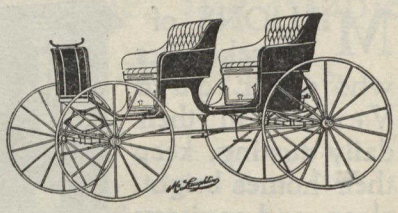
Buffalo Specialty Co., 58 Lewis St., Bridgeburg, Can.

McLaughlin Vehicles

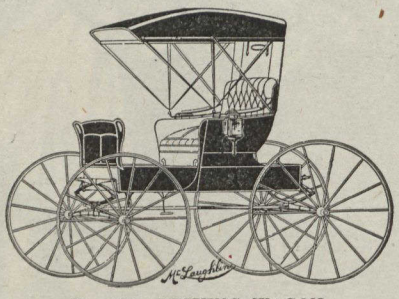
"ONE GRADE ONLY AND THAT THE BEST"



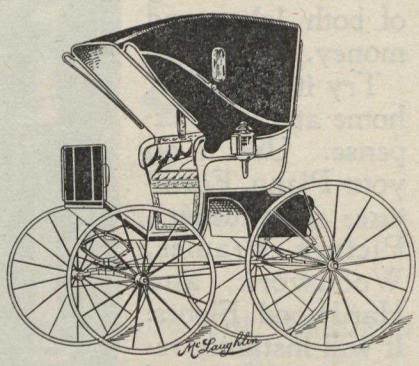
No. 91. DELIVERY WAGON.



No. 408. SURREY.



No. 492. DRIVING WAGON.



No. 447. STANHOPE.

We manufacture over one hundred and twenty-five different styles of Carriages and Spring Wagons, and offer to the purchasing public a wide range of nobby, up-to-date vehicles. When in the market call on our nearest Agent or Branch house and have the many points of excellence of the "McLaughlin Line" explained by our Salesman.

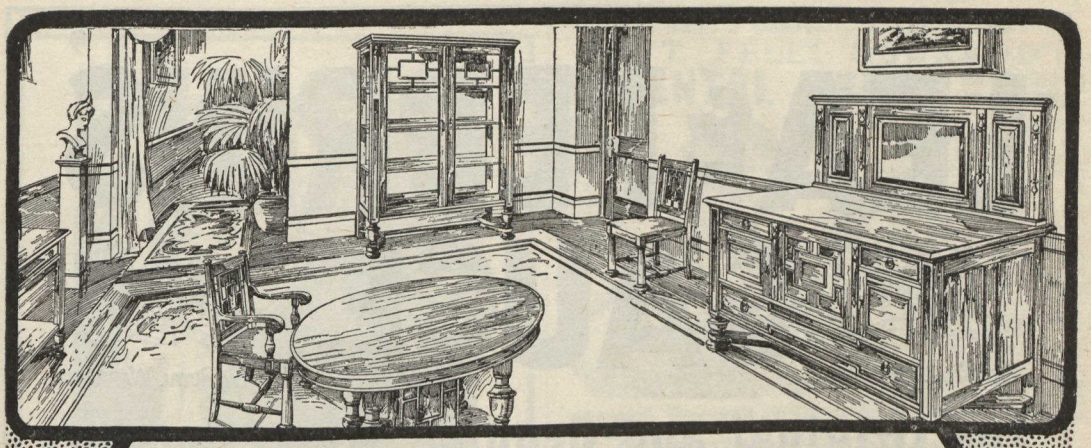
Catalog sent on application.

McLaughlin Carriage Company, Limited

Oshawa, - Ont.

BRANCHES } Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Calgary, St. John, Montreal, St. John's, Belleville

AGENTS—Everywhere.



The Dining-Room Should be— —a place of beauty

That's granted. But the furniture in that room is worked overtime. To buy a new suite every few years costs money. YOU don't need to. **"LACQUERET"** will restore the original beauty of your dining-room suite, making it just as attractive as the day you bought it. **LACQUERET** is not a paint, nor is it a varnish, but **a beautifying lacquer** made with soluble and **permanent colors.** It is elastic, hard drying and lustrous, and **easily** applied. Its original **beauty is lasting.** ¶ Write for our booklet, **"Dainty Decorator."** It is entertaining and informing. A Post Card brings it.

Most Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret"

NOTE—"Lacqueret" is sold in full Imperial Measure Packages only.

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

2363 **TORONTO - WINNIPEG**

TRADE MARK

LACQUERET

HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

By Royal Warrant.

By Royal Warrant.

The Original and Genuine Worcestershire

"The World's Favorite"

Every meat dish—whether roast, steak, chop, stew or pie, will be all the better for a dash of Lea & Perrins'—the delight of epicures for more than 70 years.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO.
MONTREAL
CANADIAN AGENTS

Ideal ORCHID TALCUM POWDER

Made from the purest genuine Italian Talc, delicately perfumed with rare orchid perfume. Do not experiment with ordinary commercial talc, when you can get this de luxe article. It is charmingly different. If your druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box.

Sovereign Perfumes, Limited
Toronto, Canada.

"Foah Wonderful Labor Savers."—*Aunt Salina.*

¶ The Velox and New Century Washers, the Warranty Wringer and the Monitor Rotary Lawn Clothes Dryer are real labor savers. In thousands of Canadian homes they have transformed "blue Monday" into an ordinarily pleasant day.

¶ With them there is no cross and tired wife, no trouble keeping servants, no fuss and flurry about wash day.

¶ Make sure of getting the best Washer, Wringer and Dryer by insisting on Cummer-Dowswell makes—at all best dealers.

¶ **"Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy" is a book full of secrets and hints on washing woolens, laces, nets, muslins, linens, prints, ginghams, etc., without injuring the fabric. FREE for a postal.**

CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited
HAMILTON ~ ONT.

A shave with Williams' Shaving Stick gives that clean, satisfactory, fresh feeling which is one of the delights of shaving in the open, and one of the characteristics of the use of

Williams' Shaving Stick

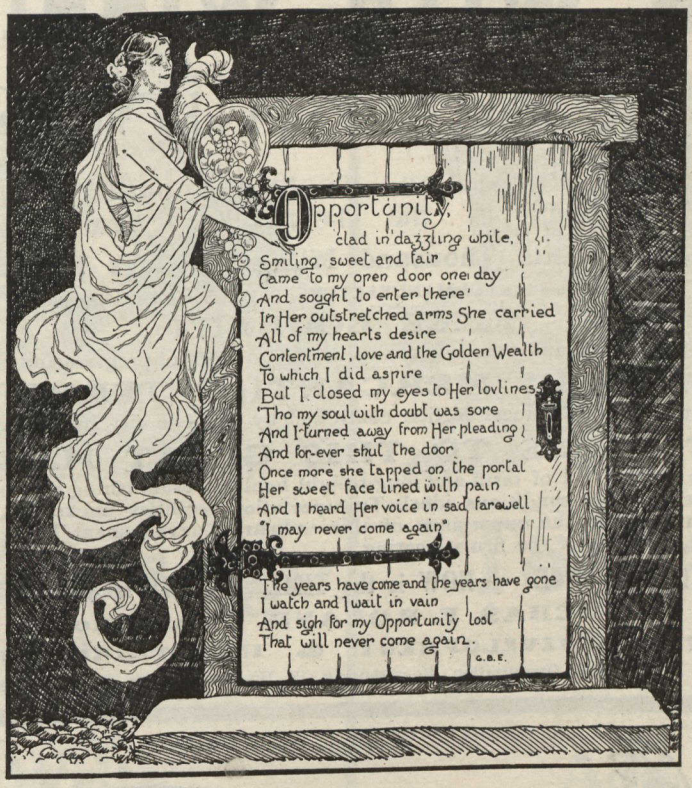
"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Williams Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

Any man who prefers shaving soap in the powdered form can get the justly celebrated qualities of Williams' Shaving Soap in this form, contained in a convenient can for shaking out upon the moist brush. The Powdered Soap is exactly the same in quality as the Stick soap. It is powdered for convenience in using.

Both Williams' Shaving Stick and Williams' Shaving Powder are put up in the Williams Patented Hinged Cover Box. Samples of either Williams' Shaving Stick or Williams' Shaving Powder mailed on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

Address: THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



YOUR OPPORTUNITY

SIMPLY CUT OUT THIS REQUEST AND MAIL IT TO

MARRIOTT & FELLOWS

314 HASTING ST. WEST **VANCOUVER, B.C.**

The Wealth and Pleasures of the World are today with those who have been wise enough to accept the Opportunities offered them.

Marriott & Fellows
Vancouver, B.C.

Gentlemen: I am interested in British Columbia opportunities; kindly send me a free copy of your booklet, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," describing the Allyndale Estate in the famous Okanagan District.

Name .....

Address .....

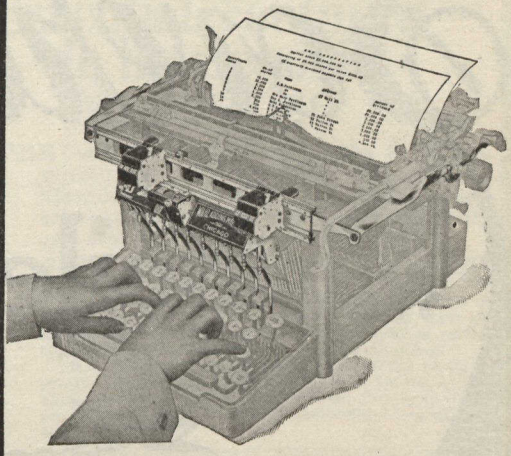
30 Years ago

we said:

"You cannot afford to

Write

in the old way."



To-Day

we say:

"You cannot afford to

Add

in the old way."

NEW conditions create new needs. When writing was limited the pen would do it. When adding was limited the head would do it. But thirty years ago the Remington Typewriter removed all limitations from writing. As the world's writing grew its adding grew, for writing created more business and business created more adding. Thus when we solved the writing problem, we created the adding problem. Now we have solved the new problem of our own creation.

For thirty years we have sold you writing machines to build your business. Now we sell you combined writing *and adding* machines which build your business and at the same time *record* your business.

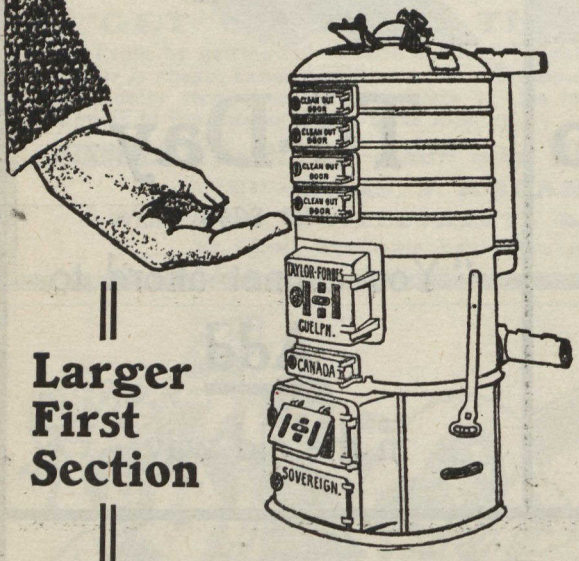
We will gladly send you on request a copy of an illustrated booklet which tells you all about the **Model 11**

Remington Typewriter with Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
Address 325-327 Broadway, New York
or Any City on Earth

Sovereign

Hot Water Boiler



Larger First Section

Adds 10 to 15 per cent. more than its entire cost to the selling price of any home in which it is installed—and pays for itself as well with the coal it saves.

The "larger first section," in its proper proportions is an exclusive feature in the "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler. The "Dictionary of Heating" (It is free; write for it) tells how this first section saves coal and increases the heating capacity.

Taylor-Forbes Company Limited, Guelph

DEPOTS AND AGENCIES IN CANADA:

TORONTO—1088 King Street West
MONTREAL—246 Craig Street West
VANCOUVER—1070 Homer Street
WINNIPEG—The Vulcan Iron Works
ST. JOHN, N.B.—H. G. Rodgers,
QUEBEC CITY—Merchants Supply Co.
CALGARY—The Barnes Co., Limited

Now Get DOUBLE-value Hosiery

The hose you have on are either PEN-ANGLE, or they cost you double what you need to pay. For PEN-ANGLE HOSIERY is GUARANTEED to suit you twice as well, and to wear you twice as long—or you get two pairs free for any pair that fails you. Read the Guarantee printed here. You will then be sure that the largest hosiery mill in Canada would not risk its capital on such a Guarantee unless it had the goods to make good. Reasons for this Guarantee are few and simple: Chosen excellence in the cotton and cashmere yarns for the first reason. For the others, being knit on machines we alone may use in Canada—machines that knit the hosiery to fit truly, with reinforced strength-for-wear at the places the wear comes. And seamless! Think what foot-ease that assures! Seamless! Remember the name and the trade mark next time you go shopping. You might as well get this double-value as only half so much.

FOR LADIES

No 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs $1.50; 6 pairs $3.00.

No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight, 2 ply leg. 4 ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs $1.50; 6 pairs $3 00.

No. 1720—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl grey, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50.

No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

FOR MEN

No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3 00.

No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool, 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50: 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1090—Cashmere half-hose Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00: 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330—"Everlast" Cotton socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, withe six-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00 6 pairs, $2.00.

READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge,

ORDER THIS WAY.

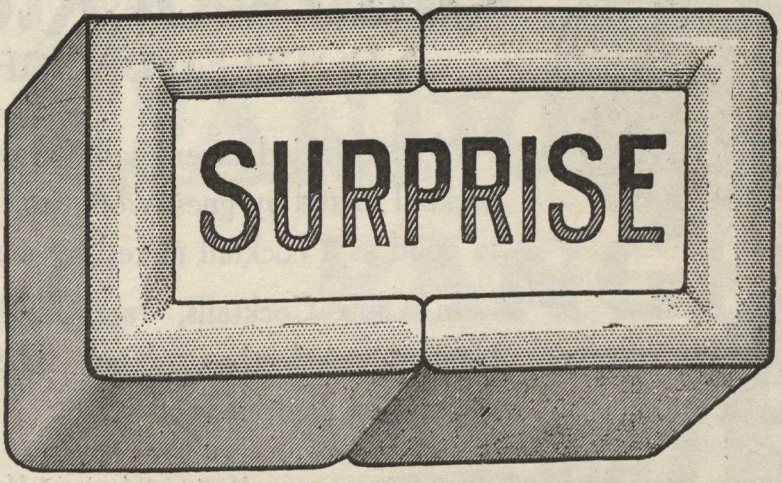
Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.

Made at Paris in Canada by Penmans Limited

Pen WARRANTED HIGH PENMAN'S GRADE HOSIERY Angle

PEN ANGLE Hosiery

A CAKE OF "SURPRISE" SOAP



A CAKE OF "SURPRISE" SOAP (wrapped)

THE RED AND YELLOW WRAPPER SOAP

"MAKES CHILD'S PLAY
OF WASH DAY"

SURPRISE SOAP

Has **peculiar and remarkable** qualities for **washing clothes.** While it can be used in any and all ways a laundry soap is used, we recommend a trail the **"Surprise" way on wash day.**

FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER.

Club Cocktails

A BOTTLED DELIGHT

Your own judgement will tell you that a cocktail mixed by guess-work can't be nearly so good as a cocktail mixed by measure.

In Club Cocktails, rare old liquors are blended perfectly. You simply strain through cracked ice, and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.

At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,
HARFTORD NEW YORK LONDON.

Vancouver Island

"The Great Britain of the Pacific."

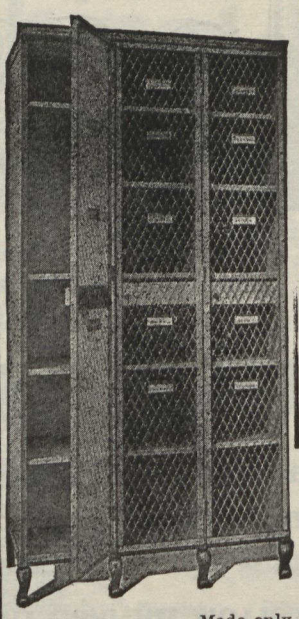
ASPECT.
Southern part of Island resembles Kent and Devonshire. Fruit and flowers.

CLIMATE.
Snnshiny, equable—no extremes.

OPPORTUNITIES.
Good health, good living, and good profits for ambitious men with small capital ("A fine chance for the boys") in business, professions, fruit growing, poultry, farming, manufacturing, lands, timber, mining, railroads, navigation, fisheries, new towns.

INVESTMENTS.
Safe at 6 per cent.

For AUTHENTIC INFORMATION and new Illustrated Booklets, write VANCOUVER ISLAND DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE, Room A-41, Broughton St., Victoria, B. C.



FRUTLOKR

IS THE SHORT FOR

FRUIT LOCKER

A SHEET STEEL CABINET

made in

COMPARTMENTS EACH HAVING A LOCK AND KEY

Enameled White

SIXTEEN MOVABLE SHELVES

CAN STORE 216 QUART JARS

A Splendid Safe for Wine, Fruit, Pies, Cake, Meats etc.

LIGHT, HANDY, SANITARY. SECURE

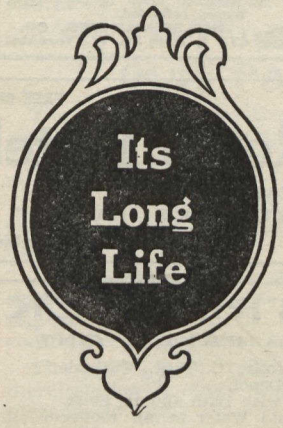
Made only by

The GEO. B. MEADOWS, Toronto
The Iron & Brass Works Company, Limited
479 WELLINGTON ST. W. - - TORONTO

Two Minute Talks About

PANDORA RANGE

for Coal or Wood



The Pandora Range is for those who desire to make a permanent investment. The high quality of the materials and the superior method of construction assure long life.

The *Body* of the Pandora is very heavy. The *Rods* and *Bolts* are on the outside where they cannot burn or rust out. The *Expansion Rings* of the cooking section provide ample allowance for extreme expansion and contraction and eliminate the possibility of the metal cracking.

The *Cooking Top* is *Burnished* which toughens the surface of the metal and increases its strength. *McClary Oil Cement* is used between the joints. Unlike cheap, ordinary cement, it will not dry out and need replacing. The *Nickelling* will not tarnish and is many times more durable than the single coat of nickel on ordinary ranges.

The Semi-Steel Fire Box Linings are twenty per cent. heavier than cast or grey iron linings. Sulphur fumes, so destructive to cast iron, cannot penetrate the hard, smooth as glass surface of Semi-Steel. The *Grates* have *Three Faces,* which allows the wear to be distributed on three sides, insuring triple durability.

If you want a range of *guaranteed quality* get the Pandora. It's built to give you lasting service.

McClary's

Stands for Guaranteed Quality

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG
VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B., HAMILTON, CALGARY

Here is our New *Fall & Winter Catalogue*

Free Delivery of Goods Throughout the Dominion

The aim of this store has been to reach a point in its development where it can serve on equal terms all the citizens of this great Dominion, and offer to every resident of Canada the advantage of Simpson Quality, Simpson Variety and Simpson Economy, right at your own door without extra cost and without trouble or risk.

The enormous increase of our Mail Order Business now enables us to respond to your good will by being the first store in Canada to extend FREE DELIVERY TO ALL CUSTOMERS.

You need no longer figure out postage, express or freight rates, because the prices quoted in our catalogue are what the goods will cost you at your nearest station, except heavy or bulky goods, as stated in the catalogue.

OUR PART

The Simpson Store—the best constructed and best equipped mercantile building in the Dominion—is now practically your nearest store.

Its immense stocks bought direct from the manufacturers for cash mean economy to you.

The worthy, honest goods, made for service, and the prompt response to your request for return or exchange, mean comfort and satisfaction to you.

The latest, most stylish and up-to-date merchandise in every department means pleasure to you.

YOUR PART

If your name is not already on our mailing list send post-card at once for catalogue.

Our new free delivery system makes it profitable for you to order your entire needs from this store.

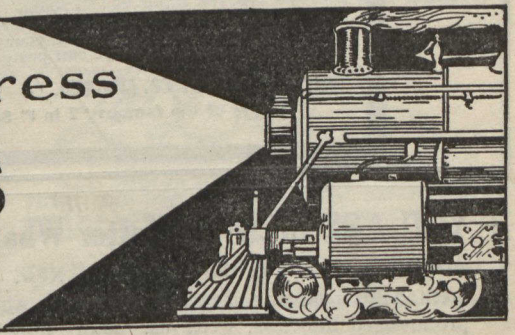
You can order any single article at any price, large or small, and we will send it cheerfully and promptly; but we suggest that you try to make each order as large as possible.

Follow carefully the instructions printed in the Catalogue.

N. B.—To get our New Fall and Winter Catalogue promptly send Post Card addressed to Dept. No. 37

The Robert SIMPSON Company Limited
TORONTO

Wherever There's a Post Office, an Express Office or a Railroad SIMPSON'S Will deliver your Purchases *FREE*



Everything

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

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

The Standard Silver Company, Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

ENHANCE the charm of your physique Madam and be healthier with the new La Diva Corset rather than discount it and injure your health with ill-fitting and old fashioned corsets.

The new La Diva Renaissance Corset will give you a physique no other corset can give. We spent thousands of dollars perfecting this corset. Our designer studied correct styles where they are created in Paris, London and New York, and finally moulded on the human form we evolved the La Diva Renaissance, a corset that will give you all the "Chic" and "Svelte" appearance of the most stylish French and American women.

La Diva Corset

Write today for our Corset Booklet. We send it FREE. This book will tell you just what style of corset is adapted to YOUR physique in order to retain health and give shapeliness.

The Dominion Corset Company, QUEBEC.

The Plants Show You Why

Why do your plants soon wither and die in the house in Winter?

BECAUSE the house lacks moisture—

BECAUSE the kind of Furnace you have is giving off a dry, unnatural, parching heat. The average Furnace does this because in warming the air it dries out the natural humidity of the atmosphere *and fails to replace it.* Instead of the 70% average humidty of the outside air—your present furnace heated air probably contains less than 30% of moisture

THE REMEDY IS IN THE

CIRCLE WATERPAN

OF THE

"Good Cheer" Furnace

This encircles the Furnace—it is big—commodious—sensible—it holds several times a much water as the makeshift pan in the average Furnace—it is placed just at the proper position to catch the incoming air—to give it extra moisture before it gets to the heating surface, and thus the air supplied to the rooms is *almost* as humid as the outside atmosphere.

The "Good Cheer" Circle Waterpan Furnace saves Doctors' bills as well as coal bills.

For full particulars of the splendid Furnace write 5

The JAS. STEWART MFG. CO., Limited,

WOODSTOCK, Ontario - - - WINNIPEG, Manitoba

The Beauty of Silverware

is lost if not properly cared for.

RUBY RUB METAL POLISH

is the one perfect metal polish. It cleans and shines. It will not injure the finest surface as it is absolutely free from grit or acid. It shines everything from a Gold Watch to a Tin Pan, and it will positively not discolor woodwork around brass signs and door plates. Send us five cents and we will send you a full size 10c. tin of Ruby Rub.

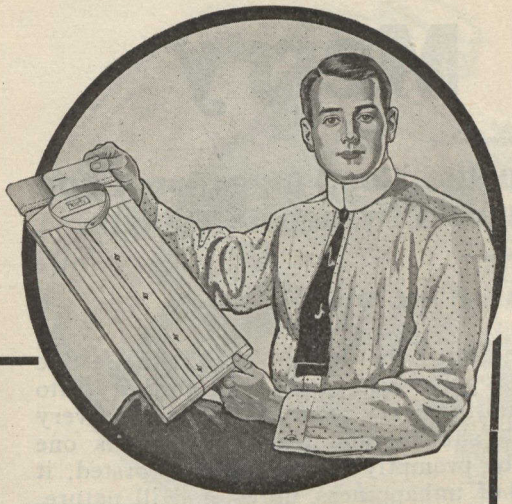
J. A. FRENCH & CO., Limited

14 Terauley Street, Toronto, Ont.

WHERE THOUSANDS DRANK "GOOD TEA"

If you were at the Toronto Exhibition this year you probably called at the Red Rose Tea Booth in the Manufacturerers' Building for a cup of Red Rose Tea. Many thousands did, and all went away praising the delicious quality of the tea. The deliciously smooth strength, delicate flavor and delightful aroma of Red Rose Tea were to thousands of visitors a revelation in tea gooodness. And it costs no more than other tea. One package will convince you of its superior quality.

Your Grocer will recommend it.



Ask the man who looks well-dressed and you'll generally find he is wearing

TRADE W.G.&R. MARK

Shirts and Collars

Perfect in Style and Fit

AT ALL MEN'S FURNISHERS

Made in Berlin, Canada. by

TRADE W.G.&R. MARK

Bridal gifts of the original Rogers Bros.

silver plate became the fashion in 1847, when this famous brand of spoons, forks, knives, etc., was first established.

On silver no mark conveys the same sense of worth as that expressed by the quality stamp

1847 ROGERS BROS. XS TRIPLE

—which guarantees the *heaviest* triple plate.

Patterns of this brand are *standard*, and a wedding gift may form the nucleus of a complete set that may be gradually acquired in this

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Sold by leading dealers. Send for Catalogue "62" showing designs.

Meriden Britannia Co.
Hamilton, Canada

MERIDEN, CONN.
New York Chicago
San Francisco

Making Merry

At Mealtime, Means Good Appetite, Good Digestion, Good Cheer, Good Heart and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Do You Use Them? If Not, Why?

DYSPEPSIA is the skeleton at the feast; the death's head at the festive board. It turns cheer into cheerlessness, gaity into gloom and festivity into farce. It is the ghost in the home, haunting every room and hitting at every fireplace, making otherwise merry people shudder and fear. If there is one disease more than another that should be promptly attacked and worsted, it is DYSPEPSIA. It is the very genius of unhappiness, unrest and ill nature. In time it will turn the best man almost into a demon of temper and a good woman something to be dreaded and avoided.

It is estimated that half of the trouble in this world comes of a stomach gone wrong—of Dyspepsia, in short. Foods taken into the stomach and not properly cared for; converted into substances that the system has no use for and hasn't any notion what to do with. It is irritated and vexed, pained and annoyed, and in a little while this state of things becomes general and directly there is "something bad to pay." The whole system is in a state of rebellion and yearns to do something rash and disagreeable and a fine case of Dyspepsia is established and opens up for business.

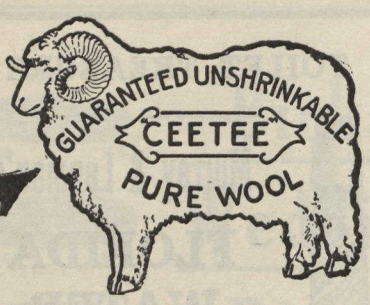
If you were bitten by a mad dog, you would not lose a day in going to a cure; do you know you should be just as prompt with Dyspepsia? Rabies is a quick death, dyspepsia is a slow one; this is about all the difference. There is a cure for rabies and so there is for Dyspepsia and one cure was about as difficult to discover as the other. Pasteur found out one and the F. A. STUART COMPANY the other, and it is no longer a secret, as it is made public in the wonderful Tablet, which so many are using and praising to-day. One writer says of it:

"Stuarts Dyspepsia Tablets are little storehouses of digestion which mix with the stomach juices, digest food, retingle the mucous membrane and its nerve centers, give to the blood a great wealth of digestive fluids, promote digestion and stays by the stomach until all its duties are complete."

Some cures are worse than the disease; they demand This, That and the Other and the patient despairs at the requirements; but not so with the Stuart Dyspepsia Tablet; they are easy and pleasant to take and no nausea or ill feeling follows. There is none of this "getting all-over-the-mouth" like a liquid and making the remedy a dread. Another writer says:

It matters not what the condition of the stomach Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets only improve the juices and bring quiet to the whole digestive canal, of which the stomach is the center."

Forty thousand physicians use these tablets in their practice and every druggist sells them. Price 50c. Send us your name and address and we will send you a sample by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.



Do you ever look for this trademark on underwear?

Some people simply ask for "underwear."

They select a garment—carefully examine shape, material, fit, etc.

And decide to **try** it.

The result is pure speculation—upon which health and comfort depend.

Do not leave this important transaction to mere chance—

Insist on the dealer showing you underclothing with the "sheep" trademark.

It's on every garment of "CEETEE" UNDERWEAR and means **absolute underwear comfort.**

A guarantee of the best material and perfect fit.
Do not be a "mere chance" buyer. Ask your dealer for "Ceetee."

In all sizes for men, women and children.

The C. Turnbull Co., of Galt, Limited

Established 1859

Galt - - - Ontario

Look for the "sheep"

2663

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

"Windsor Table Salt is the salt for us. We pay our money for good salt—made right here in Canada—that every one knows is absolutely pure.

We certainly won't pay fancy prices for an imported salt with a fancy name."

Windsor salt is all salt—pure, dry, dissolves instantly, and lends a delicious flavor to every dish.

IT'S WINDSOR 15

STAMPS FOR COLLECTORS.

We have the largest and finest stock of British Colonial stamps all priced at the lowest possible prices. Our stock is unsurpassed. Try a few of these sets, if not satisfactory we will refund your money. **50 fine different British Colonials only 15c.** 25 British West Indian 25c, 30 British Africa 25c, 12 Jamaica Queen 30c, 15 Mauritius 30c, 7 Barbados 10c, 27 India 30c, 6 Fijian 14c, 4 Barbados Jubilee 11c, 7 Hong-Kong 10c, 3 Sonthern Nigeria 10c, 19 Straits Settlements 30c, 12 Victoria 10c, 9 British Guiana 12c, 21 Cape Good Hope 50c, 4 Lagos 15c, 9 Trinidad 15c, 8 Western Australia 10c, 5 Tasmania 8c, 5 Gibraltar Queen 14c, 12 New South Wales 10c, **100 All Different 50c.**

No surcharges included in any of above.

Large 36 page illustrated catalog free with order.

Colonial Stamp Co., 350 E. 53rd St., Chicago

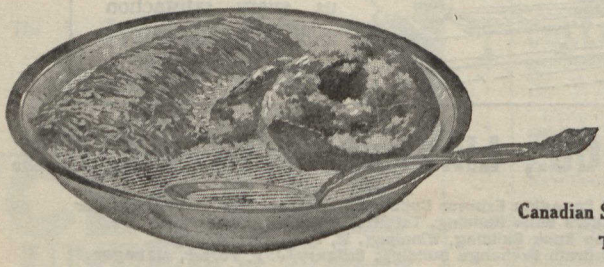
Eating By the Watch

Eating by the watch may save Time—but will it save your stomach? Health and strength come from the complete digestion of a perfect, well-balanced food. To reach the highest working efficiency and the fullest enjoyment of life select a simple, nourishing food and then take time to CHEW it.

You HAVE to chew

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

The crispness of its shreds promotes thorough mastication, which is the first process in digestion. If you have to hurry, however, Shredded Wheat is the ideal food because it is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. Cut out greasy meats and starchy vegetables and try a Shredded Wheat Biscuit with baked apple and cream and see how much better you feel.



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.

Made by the
Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. E. 2627

ARE YOU HOME HUNGRY OR LAND HUNGRY?

DO YOU FIND YOURSELF CROWDED AND THE OUTLOOK CIRCUMSCRIBED?

HAVE YOU DECIDED TO LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER SITUATION WITH BETTER PROSPECTS?

Then you are invited to consider Western Canada, where you can obtain

A Free Farm—A Fine Home

Unlimited Opportunities and a Chance on the Ground Floor

The land is offered free by the Canadian Government, and settlement conditions are easy.

SYNOPSIS OF HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

DUTIES—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him, or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate 80 acres of homestead or pre-emption.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre.

DUTIES—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

Full particulars will be sent free of charge on application to

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, - - Ottawa, Canada