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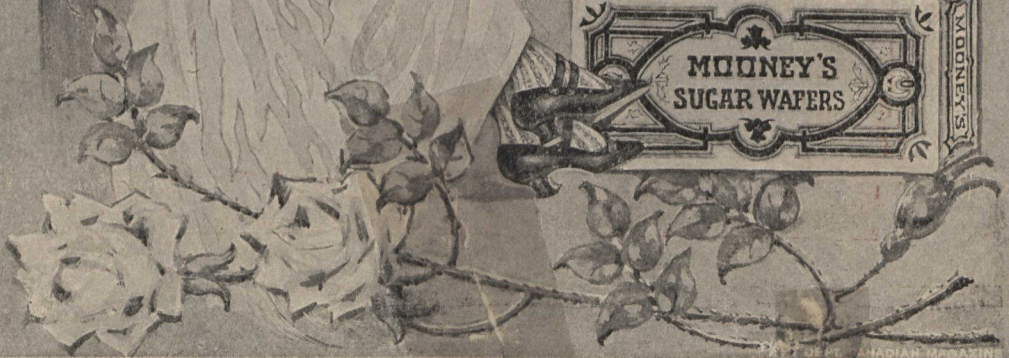
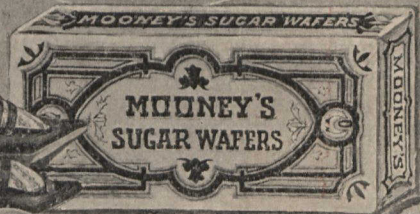
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VOLUME XXXVIII.

No. 5

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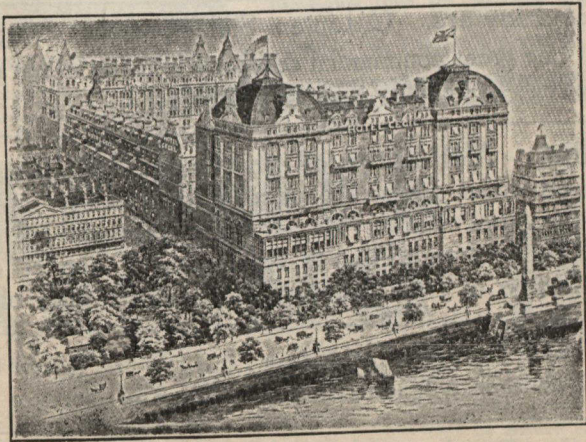
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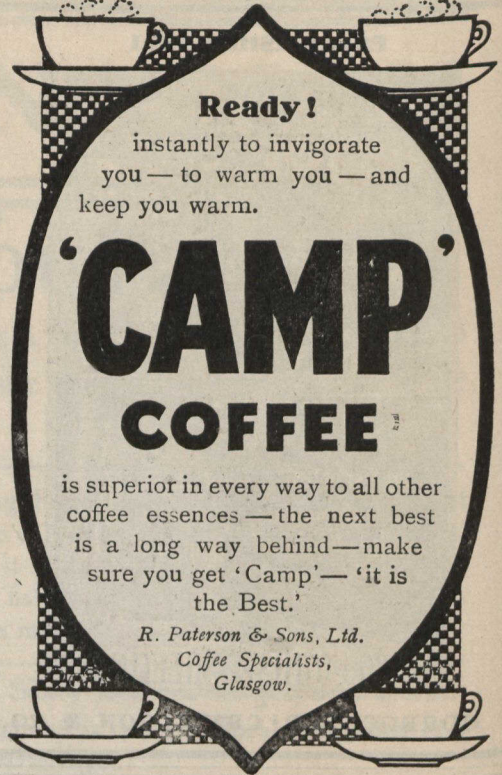


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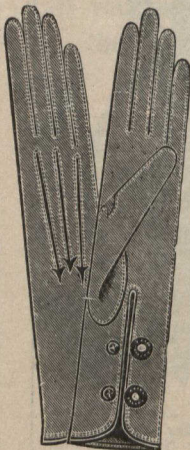
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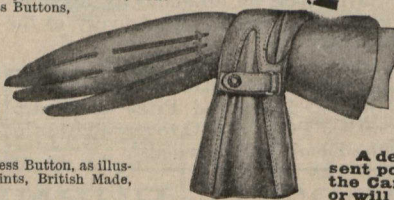
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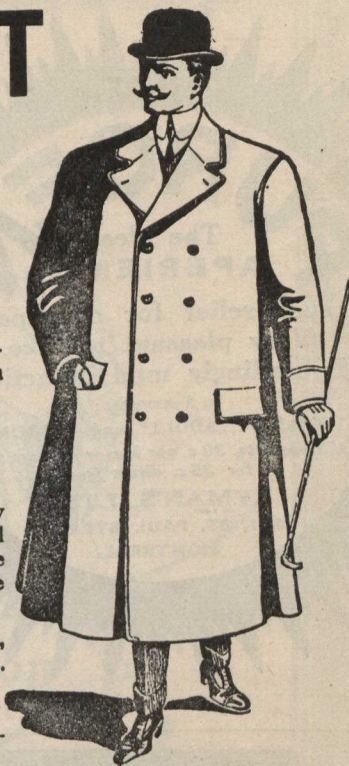
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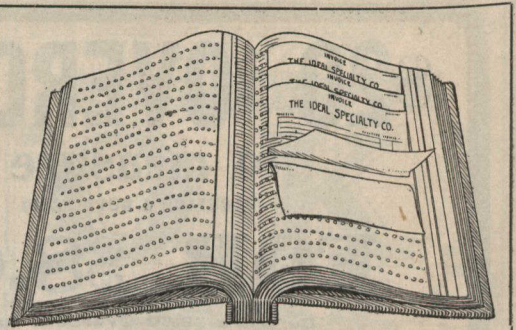


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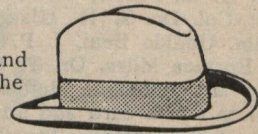
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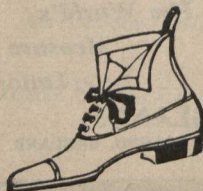
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 REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, ITCHING,

These will vanish by applying **VINOLIA**

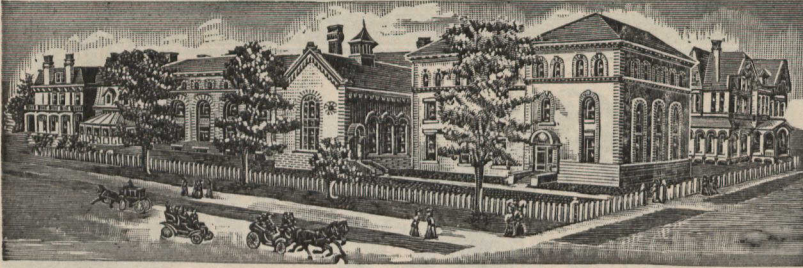
VINOLIA CREAM, 35c. and 50c.

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VINOLIA LIRIL SOAP, 3 cakes for 25c.

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Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc., Musical Director

Special Calendar for School of Expression

SPRING TERM  
Opened February 1st.

Students may enter at  
any time.

Year Book, 170 pages  
mailed on application.

# LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

Healthy situation. Use of Westmount Athletic grounds, 2 tennis courts, 2 rinks, Gymnasium, Sloyd (manual training), room.

**For Boarders and Day Boys**

Preparatory Junior and Senior Departments

Notre Dame de Grace, MONTREAL

Excellent system of heating, ventilating and humidifying class rooms and dormitories.

Head Master:  
**C. S. Fosbery, M.A.**  
Late Headmaster,  
ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL

## Queen's University and College

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

THE ARTS COURSE leads to the degrees of B.A. and M.A., D.Sc., and Ph.D.

THE EDUCATIONAL COURSES, under agreement with the Ontario Education Department, are accepted as the professional courses for (a) First Class Public School Certificate; (b) High School Assistant's Interim Certificate (c) Specialists' Interim Certificate and (d) Inspectors' Certificate. They also lead to the degrees B.Paed., D.Paed.

THE THEOLOGICAL COURSE leads to the degree of B.D., Ph.D.

THE MEDICAL COURSE leads to the degrees of M.B., M.D. and C.M., D.Sc.

THE SCIENCE COURSE leads to the degrees of B.Sc., and M.Sc., D.Sc.

THE ARTS COURSE may be taken without attendance, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session

SUMMER SESSION. From July 1st to August 13th. Courses in Latin, French, German, English, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Animal Biology. Reading and Public Speaking. Send for circular.

Calendars may be had from the Registrar, **GEORGE Y. CHOWN, B.A., Kingston, Ont.**

## SCHOOL OF MINING

### A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Affiliated to Queen's University **KINGSTON, ONT.**

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>a. Mining Engineering</p> <p>b. Chemistry and Mineralogy</p> <p>c. Mineralogy and Geology</p> <p>d. Chemical Engineering</p> | <p>e. Civil Engineering</p> <p>f. Mechanical Engineering</p> <p>g. Electrical Engineering</p> <p>h. Sanitary Engineering</p> <p>i. Power Development</p> |
|---|--|

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ontario



# Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO  
A Residential and Day School for Girls

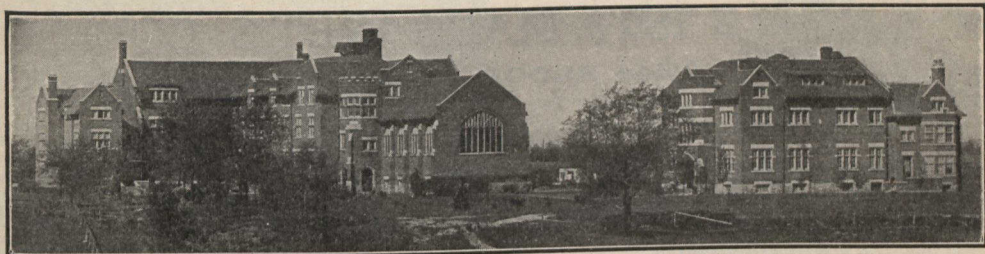
Large Staff of Highly Qualified and Experienced Teachers and Professors. Native French and German Teachers.

Pupils prepared for the Universities and for Examinations in Music of Toronto University, the Conservatory of Music, and the Toronto College of Music.

Modern Educational Methods, Refining Influences, and Well-regulated Home. Lawn Tennis and other games. Rink.

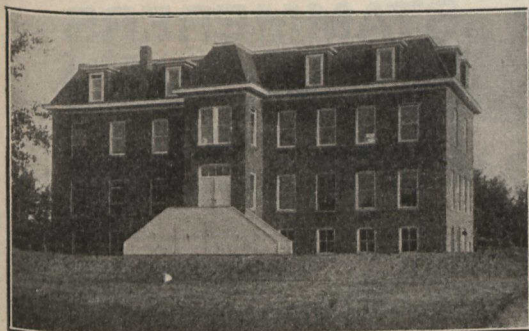
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MISS VEALS, Principal.



## RIDLEY COLLEGE St. Catharines, Ont.

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate. Upper School prepares boys for the Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres. In 1909 the School won a University Scholarship in Classics and in 1910 in Classics and Mathematics. REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal.

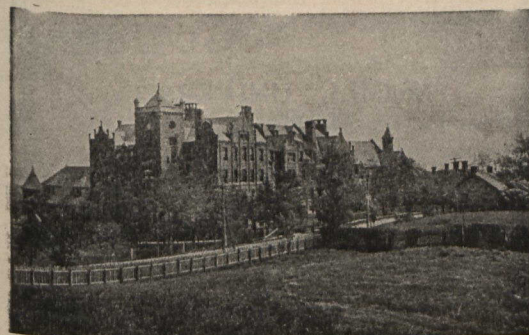


## A High-Class Residential and Day School for Girls St. Alban's Ladies' College PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

President—The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Saskatchewan

Regular Course of Study—That laid down by the Department of Education. Pupils prepared for the Universities, for the Normal School, for the Examination of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and for the Royal Drawing Society. Fully Qualified Staff. Special attention given to Language and Music. High and healthy situation. Good grounds and Tennis Court. Steam Heating and Electric Light. Perfect Sanitary Arrangements.

For Illustrated Booklet (all information) apply to Lady Principal



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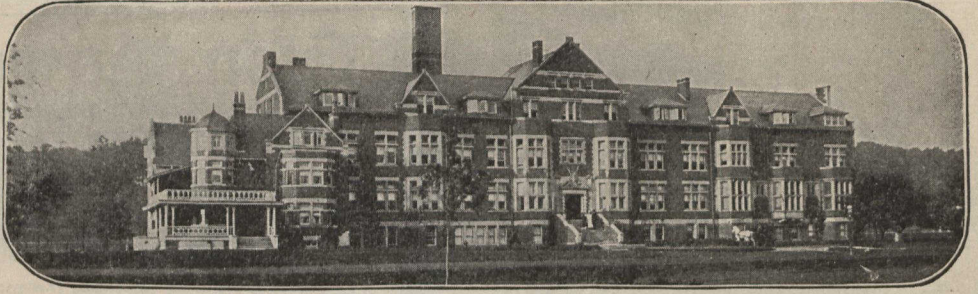
### Residential School for Boys

Healthy Situation. Fire proof Buildings. Extensive Playing grounds, large Gymnasium, Skating Rinks, etc.

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College, and Business. Special attention given to younger boys.

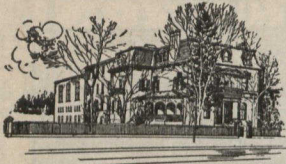
For calendar and all information, apply to the Headmaster

REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A. (Cambridge) L.L.D.  
PORT HOPE, ONT.



## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Toronto, Ont.

A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. UPPER and LOWER SCHOOLS. Calendar sent on application.  
 REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER Summer Term Commences April 16th, 1912.



## ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE 144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

### A Residential and Day School for Girls

Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson. Academic Course, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball, Hockey, Swimming Bath.

Write for Prospectus

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,  
President.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,  
Principal.

## Branksome Hall

592 Sherbourne Street - TORONTO.  
(Four Doors South of Bloor)

A Residential and Day School for Girls.

Hon. Principal, Miss Scott.

Principal, Miss Edith M. Read, M. A.

Preparation for the University and for Examinations in Music. Well equipped Art Department. Thoroughly efficient staff. Outdoor games—Tennis, Basketball, Rink. Healthy locality. Primary school for Day Pupils. For Prospectus apply to

THE SECRETARY.

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can be cured, not merely of the habit, but of its cause. The Arnott Institute has permanently restored natural speech to thousands—is doing it to-day. Write for full information and references to 11

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT., Can.

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McGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

For Resident and  
Day Students

Students prepared for degrees in Arts, Pure Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded annually. For all information apply to the Warden.



## FRENCH—GERMAN SPANISH—ITALIAN

Is Easily and Quickly Mastered by the  
LANGUAGE

PHONE METHOD

Combined with the

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Practical Linguistry

This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. You hear the living voice of a native Professor pronounce each word and phrase. He speaks as you desire—slowly or quickly, night or day, for minutes or hours at a time. It is a pleasant, fascinating study; no tedious rules or memorizing. It is not expensive—all members of the family can use it. You simply practice during spare moments or at convenient times, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read and understand a new language.  
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THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD  
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## Bishop Strachan School

Forty-fifth Year

A Church Residential and Day School for Girls.

Full Matriculation Course. Elementary work Domestic Arts, Music and Painting.

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MISS WALSH

Vice-Principal  
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Wykeham Hall, COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Also 221 LONSDALE AVENUE

A Branch Junior Day School—Kindergarten, Preparatory and Lower School Classes, under well qualified mistresses.



## WESTBOURNE

School for Girls

340 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Canada.

A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Students prepared for University Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R. C. A., Art Director. For announcement and information address the Principal,

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.



# The Royal Military College

**T**HERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organised on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education,

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course and, in addition, the constant practise of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

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

# HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE

JARVIS STREET

TORONTO

Principal . . . . . MISS KNOX

Thorough education on modern lines. Preparation for honor matriculation and other examinations. Separate Junior School, Domestic Science Department, Gymnasium, Outdoor Games, Skating Rink, Swimming Bath.

## HAVERGAL-ON-THE-HILL, College Heights, Toronto

A Second Junior School has been opened at No. 51 St. Clair Avenue under the direct supervision of Miss Knox, assisted by specialists in Junior School Teaching and in Languages, for the convenience of pupil residing north of Bloor Street.

Large Playing Grounds of three and one-half acres—cricket, tennis, basketball, hockey and skating.

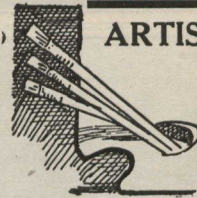
For illustrated calendars and prospectus apply to the Bursar.

R. MILLICHAMP Hon. Sec. Treas.,

### ONE HOUR A DAY

Or even less, devoted to study will bring big results. We teach you at home: Beginner's Course, Commercial Work, Matriculation, Teachers' Courses, Civil Service, Engineering, Etc. Write

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LIMITED  
Dept. C. M. Toronto, Can.



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## ASHBURY COLLEGE

ROCKCLIFFE PARK, OTTAWA

RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Modern fireproof buildings.

Excellent Sanitation.

Ten acres of playing fields.

Many recent successes at R. M. C. and Universities.

Junior Department for small boys.

For Calendar apply,

REV. GEO. P. WOOLLCOMBE, M. A. Oxon] Headmaster

## Bishop Bethune College - Oshawa, Ontario

A Residential School for Girls.

Visitor, The Lord Bishop of Toronto,

Preparation for the University and for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Young children also received.

Fine location. Outdoor games and physical training.

The Musical Department (Piano, Theory and Harmony) will be under the direction of a Master, and a Sister, who for twelve years taught in the School with marked success.

Voice culture will be in charge of a qualified mistress.

For terms and particulars, apply to the SISTER IN CHARGE, or to THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, Major St., TORONTO.

## OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE

This college is thoroughly equipped in every department. Has an efficient staff. Is ideally situated. Gives ample accommodation.

Write for calendar and particulars

The Rev. W. D. Armstrong, M.A., Ph.D., D.D., President.

## BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING YONGE AND MCGILL STS. TORONTO.

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR

An up-to-date, well equipped and thoroughly reliable School. Open all year. Students assisted to positions. Write for copy of new prospectus.

## The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

North Street, Toronto.

Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal

English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation, Oratory and Public Speaking, and Dramatic Art.

Send for Calendar

# The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Head Office: Toronto

PAID UP CAPITAL \$11,000,000

REST \$9,000,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C. V. O., LL. D., D. C. L. President

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager

JOHN AIRD, Asst. General Manager

**244 Branches in Canada, United States,  
England and Mexico.**

**Drafts on Foreign Countries**

This Bank issues Drafts on the principal cities in foreign countries drawn in the currency of the country in which the drafts are payable. These arrangements cover over 500 of the principal cities and towns throughout the world.

**Foreign Money Orders**

These money orders are a safe and convenient method of remitting small sums of money to foreign countries and can be obtained at any branch of the bank.

# BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE:

HAMILTON

CAPITAL PAID UP . . . \$2,750,000

RESERVE AND UN-

DIVIDED PROFITS .. \$3,250 000

\$6,000,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$40,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
BRANCHES



# From Small Beginnings

We encourage the small deposits, because the small depositor of to-day is frequently the large depositor of the future. Some of our best Deposit Accounts were begun in a very modest way. By adding small sums at regular intervals, and by accumulation of interest, they have grown till they now show handsome balances.

It is not necessary to wait till you have a considerable amount to make a commencement. We accept small sums on deposit and allow interest at three and one-half per cent. per annum, payable or compounded half-yearly.

<b>Paid-up Capital</b>	<b>\$6,000,000.00</b>
<b>Reserve Fund (earned)</b>	<b>3,750,000.00</b>
<b>Investments</b>	<b>30,048,593.40</b>

---

## Canada Permanent

Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street, - Toronto

**ESTABLISHED 1855.**



## SOME RESULTS FOR THE PAST YEAR

---

Assets	-	-	\$12,313,107.57
Net Surplus	-		1,300,784.00
Paid to Policyholders	-		998,348.87
Profits Paid Policyholders			148,135.09
Insurance in Force	-		46,000,000.00

---

Annual Report will be mailed  
to those interested  
upon request.

## NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

**Assurance Company**  
Home Office - Toronto

# Bank of Toronto

CAPITAL PAID-UP  
\$4,600,000

REST ACCOUNT  
\$5,600,000

## Your Savings Account

will be given every attention at this Bank whether the balance be large or small, and interest will be added half-yearly.

## Your Business Account

if kept here, will be cared for with accuracy, and the wide spread and carefully selected facilities and connections of the Bank are at your disposal.

## Your Banking Business

of whatever nature is solicited. Our Managers will be pleased to advise regarding your banking affairs at any time.

*103 Branches in Canada  
Assets over \$57,000,000*

W. G. GOODERHAM  
Vice-President  
J. HENDERSON  
2nd Vice-President

D. COULSON, President

THOS. F. HOW  
General Manager  
T. A. BIRD  
Inspector

Incorporated  
1855



**42nd FINANCIAL STATEMENT**  
of the  
**Mutual Life of Canada**  
(Head Office:- Waterloo, Ontario)  
**For Year Ended, December 31st, 1911**

**CASH ACCOUNT**

<b>INCOME.</b>	<b>DISBURSEMENTS.</b>
Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1910 .....	<b>To Policyholders:</b>
Premiums (net) .....	Death Claims .....
Interest .....	Matured Endowments..
Profit from Sale of Securities.....	Surrendered Policies..
	Surplus .....
	Annuities .....
	\$ 978,100.47
	Expenses, Taxes, Etc.....
	Balance Net Ledger Assets, Dec.
	31, 1911 .....
\$18,840,759.35	17,301,687.83
	\$18,840,759.35

**BALANCE SHEET**

<b>ASSETS.</b>	<b>LIABILITIES.</b>
Mortgages .....	Reserve, 4%, 3½% and 3%.....
Debentures and Bonds.....	Reserve on lapsed policies on
Loans on Policies .....	which surrender values are
Premium Obligations .....	claimable .....
Real Estate .....	Death claims unadjusted.....
Cash in Banks .....	Present value of amounts not yet
Cash at Head Office .....	due on matured instalment policies.
Due and Deferred Premiums (net)	Matured Endowments unad-
Interest due and accrued .....	justed.....
	Dividends due Policyholders.....
	Premiums paid in advance.....
	Due for medical fees and sundry
	accounts .....
	Credit Ledger Balances .....
	Surplus, Dec. 31st, 1911.....
\$18,161,847.25	\$14,624,047.72
	2,278.79
	47,121.00
	104,221.86
	7,900.00
	6,564.52
	15,966.39
	10,894.31
	30,727.11
	3,312,125.55
	\$18,161,847.25

Audited and found correct,  
J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A.,  
Auditor  
Waterloo, January 25th, 1912.

GEO. WEGENAST,  
Managing Director.

New Business (Canadian) written in 1911.....	\$10,027,374	Increase over 1910.....	\$ 694,600
Assurance in force, Dec. 31, 1911. .	71,020,770	Increase over 1910.....	6,165,491
Assets, Dec. 31, 1911.....	18,161,847	Increase over 1910.....	1,882,285
Surplus, Government standard, Dec., 31st, 1911.....	3,653,123	Increase over 1910.....	599,669
Surplus earned in 1911 .....	731,065	Increase over 1910.....	115,982

**7%****INVESTMENT**  
**AND SHARE IN PROFITS****7%****SPECIAL FEATURES**

Safety, large earning capacity, long established trade connection, privilege to withdraw investment at end of one year, with not less than 7 per cent., on 60 days' notice.

This security is backed up by a long established and substantial manufacturing business that has always paid dividends, and the investor shares in all the profits, and dividends are paid twice a year, on 1st June and December.

At the end of one year, or at the end of any subsequent year we agree to resell or repurchase these securities on 60 days' notice in writing. Send at once for full particulars.

**NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, Limited**  
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, - - - TORONTO, ONT.

**THE**  
**WESTERN**  
**ASSURANCE COMPANY**

Incorporated In 1851

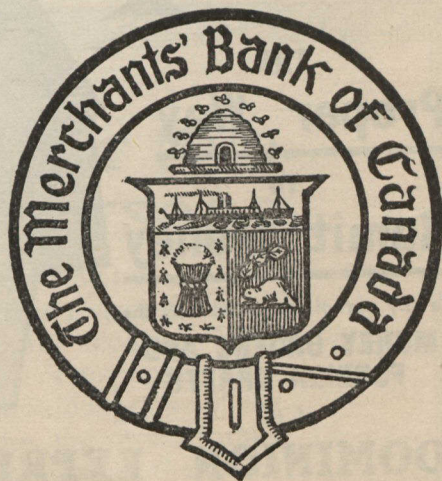
ASSETS,	\$3,213,438.28
LIABILITIES,	469,254.36
SECURITY TO POLICY- HOLDERS	2,744,183.92

LOSSES paid since organization of Company  
\$54,069,727.16

**DIRECTORS:**

Hon. GEO. A. COX, President  
W. R. BROCK, Vice-President  
W. B. MEIKLE, Managing Director

Head Office: - Toronto



Paid-up Capital	- -	\$6,000,000
Reserve Funds	- -	5,458,878

167 Branches in Canada.

Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

**Savings Department at all Branches.**

Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates

**General Banking Business.**

# THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up - - - \$1,000,000.00  
 Reserve Fund - - - 1,250,000.00  
 Undivided Profits - - - 138,046.68

Head Office: - Toronto

S. J. Moore, President.

W. D. Ross, General Manager.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

THE  
**Proper Way**  
 TO  
**Remit Money**

to any part of the world is by the

**MONEY ORDERS AND  
 FOREIGN DRAFTS**

of the

**DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY**

They are issued in the currency of the country on which drawn, and are payable in all parts of the world. If lost or delayed in the mails, a prompt refund is arranged or a new order issued without further charge.

**WHEN TRAVELLING** carry your funds in  
**TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES**

These cheques are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, and are conceded by all who have ever used them to be superior in every way to Letters of Credit.

Money transferred by Telegraph and Cable

Agencies throughout Canada

**ABSOLUTELY SAFE**

**AND MOST**

**CONVENIENT**



## Main Points

of the 1911 Business of The  
Great-West Life were:—

Applications Received	\$18,032,040
Increase for 1911	2,498,640
Insurance Issued (incl. revivals)	16,486,489
Increase for year	1,571,941
Insurance in Force Dec. 31, 1911	67,969,432
Gain for the year	11,044,305
Total Assets Dec. 31, 1911	10,453,071
Increase for the year	2,003,260
Total Income for 1911	2,725,133
Increase for the year	399,685
Surplus earned in 1911	442,074
Reserve	7,862,432

## The Great-West Life

Assurance Company

Head Office - Winnipeg.

Write for descriptive pamphlets.

## Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

Their reputation  
extends over  
half a century.

The  
easiest  
writing and  
longest wear-  
ing of all pens,  
and there's a style  
to suit every writer.

Ask your stationer.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.,

Works: Camden, N. J. 95 John Street, New York.

Brown Bros., Ltd., 51 Wellington St., W., Toronto, Canadian Agents

## An account for two or more persons

A joint account may be opened by two or more persons, and it may be agreed that any one of the depositors may draw on the account. This privilege is a boon to travellers or people away from home frequently. Should any one of the parties to the agreement die, the survivor may obtain all monies in the account on their own cheques without any expense or delay.

617c

# THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Paid Up	-	\$ 6,250,000
Reserve Funds	-	7,450,000
Total Assets over	-	110,000,000

**HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL**

DIRECTORS:

Wiley Smith	H. B. HOLT, <i>President</i>	E. L. PEASE, <i>Vice-President</i>	F. W. Thompson
D. K. Elliott	Hon. David Mackeen	G. R. Crowe	James Redmond
	W. H. Thorne	Hugh Paton	T. J. Drummond
			Wm. Robertson

E. L. Pease, General Manager

W. B. Torrance, Supt. of Branches

C. E. Neill and F. J. Sherman, Asst. Gen.-Managers

**175—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—175**

Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad and Bahamas Islands,

**LONDON, ENG.,** 2 Bank Bldgs, Princes St. E.C

**NEW YORK,** Corner William and Cedar Sts.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT** AT ALL BRANCHES

## London Life

POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD"

### Unique Policies

Whole Life Rate premium secures an Endowment.

20 Payment Life Rate policy matures at Expectation of Life.

Insurance that protects the dependents and provides for old age.

A post card will bring particulars.



# THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office - HAMILTON, CANADA

Capital and Assets exceed \$ 4,900,000  
Insurance in force exceeds, \$22,500,000

Full information as to plans, rates, etc.,  
will be furnished by the Agents of the  
Company, or from the Home Office at  
Hamilton, Canada.

## BOND OFFERINGS

*Lists of bonds which we offer sent on application. Every Security possesses the qualities essential in a sound investment, combining SAFETY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST with THE MOST FAVORABLE INTEREST RETURN.*

**Government — Municipal  
Corporation and Proven  
Industrial Bonds.**

**Yield 4% to 6%**

*We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.*

**DOMINION SECURITIES  
CORPORATION-LIMITED**  
TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENG.

# 1912

## THE NORTHERN Life Assurance Co. of Canada

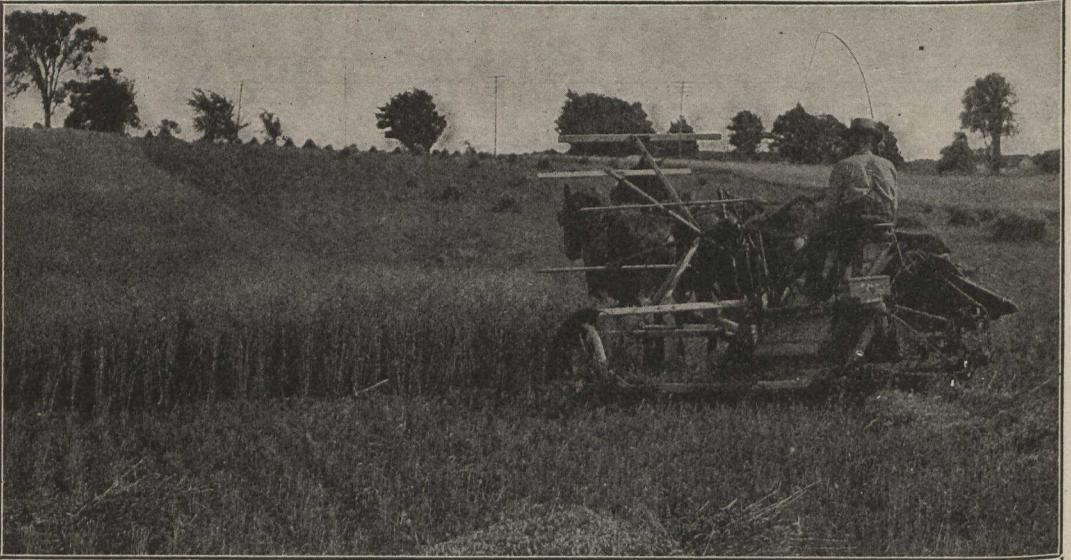
**HEAD OFFICE  
London, Ont.**

**JOHN MILNE  
Managing-Director**

The Company has closed the past year with an increase of over 25% in business written, and an increase of 12% of business in force.

Corresponding gains in every department.

Conservative methods and steady progress have arrived at the goal—SUCCESS.



# Western Canada

**The Land of Sunshine.**

**The Land of Big Crops.**

**The Land of Peace and Prosperity.**

**THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.**

Why not own a farm?

Give the boy a chance.

Get in on the "ground floor"

## 160 Acres Free

The boundless prairie land is the finest on earth. Bracing climate; lots of water; excellent railway facilities—steadily increasing; cheap fuel; good schools; equitable laws.

**THIS** is the place for you.

**NOW** is your chance.

Room for 50,000,000 more.

**For further Information Apply to**

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# Hartford Fire Insurance Company

HARTFORD, CONN. Charter perpetual  
Incorporated 1810



*N. 255*

*\$3200*

## By this Policy of Insurance, THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

In consideration of *Twenty and Four* Dollars to them paid by the Assured hereinafter named, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, **DO INSURE,**

*Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield Illinois*  
**AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE TO THE AMOUNT OF**  
*Three Thousand and Two Hundred Dollars*

*3000* On his frame two story  
being 20 by 39 feet. Height  
7 by 24 feet. Front face  
White.  
*750* On his frame Carriage House  
*1250* On his frame wood House  
House and 7 feet East of  
Lot 7, and Lot 8, Block.  
For a more particular  
and Survey No. 253. In of  
Policy with a Guaranty of  
*3250* @ *3/4* *124.00*



HOME OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

**T**HIS is a reproduction of a fire insurance policy issued by the Hartford Fire Insurance Company in 1861 on the home of Abraham Lincoln just before he left Springfield, Ill., for his first inauguration as President of the United States.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company is far stronger to-day than in Lincoln's time and a policy which was good enough for Lincoln is good enough for anybody. When you want fire insurance insist on the Hartford.

And the Hartford Fire Insurance Company  
unto the said Assured, His Executors, Administrators and Assigns, of  
as above specified, from the *Eighth* day of *February*  
*Eighth* day of *February* one thousand  
the true and actual cash value of the property, at the time the same shall happen; and to  
amount to this Policy. PROVIDED ALWAYS, AND IT IS HEREBY DECLARED, that  
no fire, lightning, riot, or civil commotion, or of any military or usurped power, or any loss by the  
assured shall at any time after the making, and during the continuance of this insurance, be  
attributed or extra-chargeable, or specified in the occurrence of special hazards in the  
policy, in the terms and conditions aforesaid designated *insurance or extra-chargeable*  
pay, in writing, and added to or endorsed upon this Policy, then, and from thenceforth, so  
MODIFIED DECLARED, that this insurance is not intended to apply to, or cover any loss  
money or balance. And that this Policy is made and accepted, in reference to the conditions  
not herein otherwise specially provided for.  
This Policy shall not be valid until countersigned by the duly authorized Agent  
In witness whereof, The Hartford Fire Insurance Company

Attested.

*Dwight Allen* Secretary

*H. Huntington* President

Countersigned at *Springfield* this *8<sup>th</sup>* day of *February* 1861

*James L. Hyde & Co.* Agent



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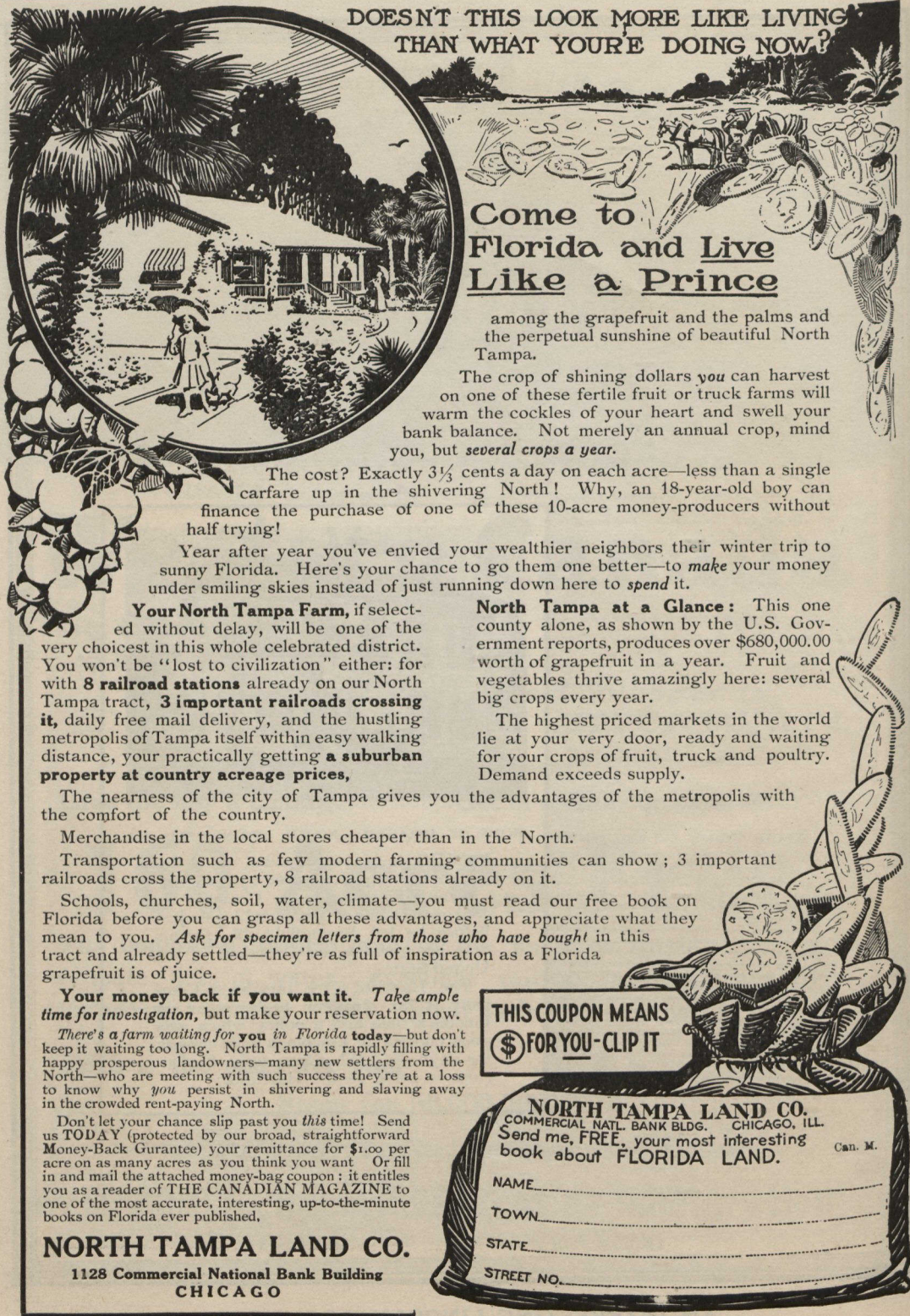
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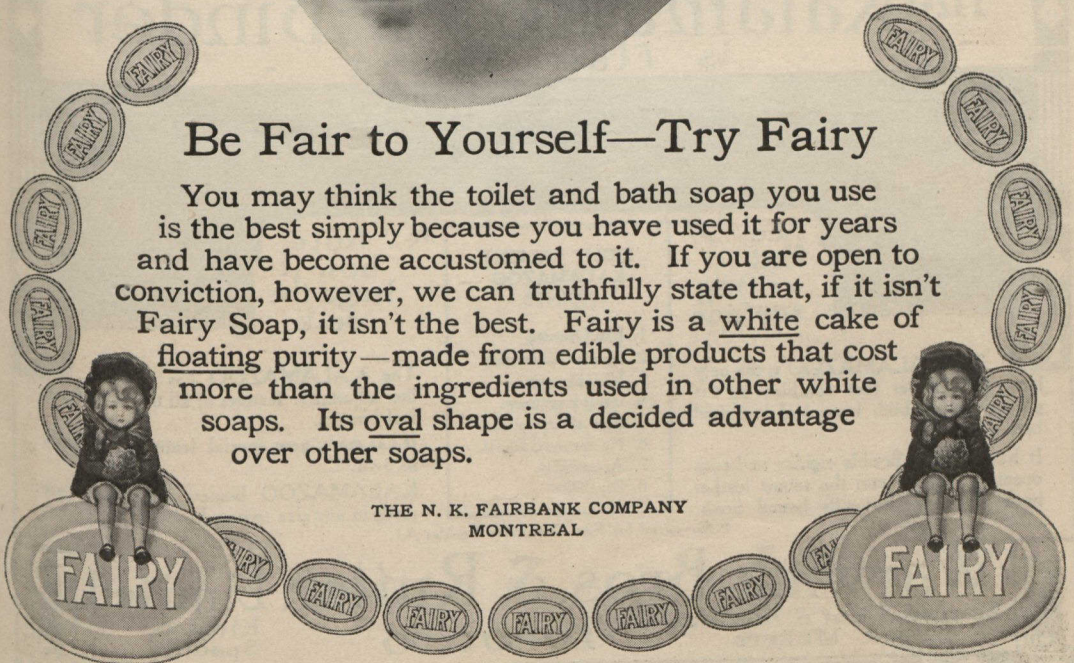
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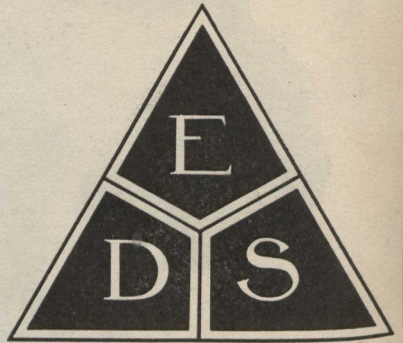
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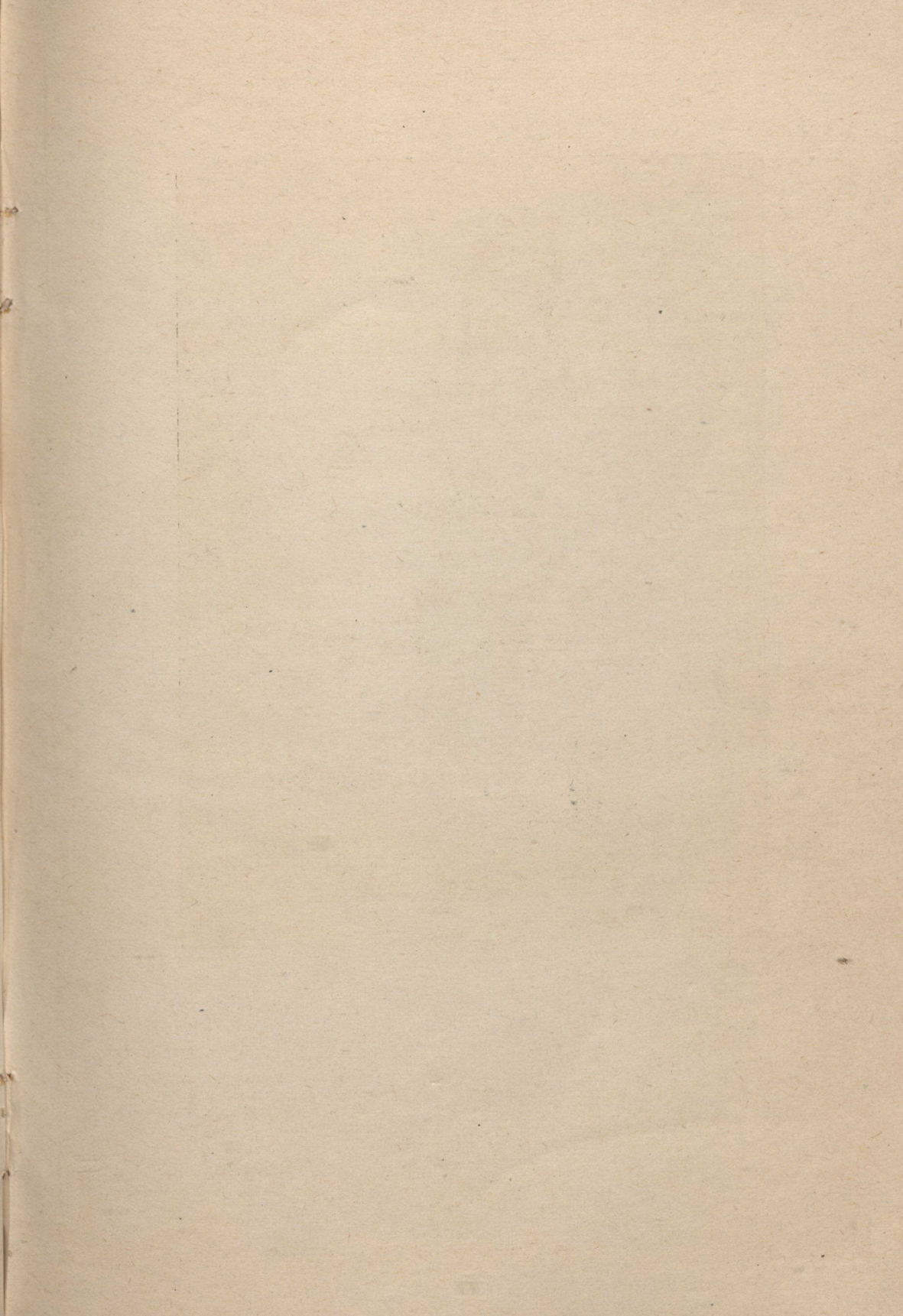
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THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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TORONTO, MARCH, 1912

No 5.

THE KING'S PREROGATIVE

BY EDWARD ST. JOHN-BRENON

ACCORDING to the statute law of England, as cited by Blackstone and others, so supreme is the prerogative of its King that it is more than human understanding can comprehend as appertaining to a mere man. It is absolutely divine. It seems to be without any limitations whatsoever. Besides, though being a constitutional monarchy, it is in theory a despotism, uncontrolled by law, giving the Sovereign such rights over the lives and properties of his subjects that in arbitrary power, if it were exercised, would surpass that of the most autocratic of the Cæsars or the most absolute of barbaric or Oriental rulers.

After due deliberation in Parliament, and with the full acquiescence of the three estates—the King, the Lords and the Commons—there have been placed on our statute books a record of the rights and prerogatives which the people of England have conferred upon their chief rulers, and such further extension of these, as has been delegated to them by prescription and by ancient custom. So copious and far-reaching are they

that if we take them, whether in their spirit, or literally, we must find it impossible to believe that those on whom these extraordinary and absurd prerogatives are bestowed are mortal like ourselves, or belong to the human race.

In the laws of England it is solemnly set down, and complacently accepted by the legal theorist, that the King can do no wrong—a statement which delighted the most pedantic and priggish of our rulers, James I., to repeat in its Latin form for the edification and guidance of his obsequious courtiers, and for the gratification of his own vanity, "*Rex peccare non protest!*" The King of England is invisible. He is present in every court of law in his kingdom at the same time, yet he will not appear in a court of law. Last year, however, King George V. took an action for criminal libel against one Edward F. Mylius for assisting in the publication of a statement that he was married to another wife, a daughter of Admiral Seymour, before he married the Princess Mary of Teck. He brought the action by his

Attorney-General, Sir Rufus Isaacs. Mylius was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

The King's person is inviolable, though he may be condemned to death, and be executed, as were Richard II., Edward II., and Charles I., or driven from the throne like James II. He is, in his utterances and judgments through his judicial ministers, infallible, though their utterances are frequently inconsequent and their judgments reversed. He is perfect, and the personification of all that is perfection. He is possessed of immortality; for he never dies (our lawyers are so astute and precise that they never speak of the King's *death*, they speak of his *demise*. He is ubiquitous. He can think no wrong thing. He cannot intentionally commit an improper act. His will is arbitrary and irresistible. He can never be considered an infant, a lunatic, or a traitor.\* He is the Minister and Substitute of the Deity, or Divine Power.\*\* All his subjects are under him; he is only under God.

All crimes committed are committed against *him*, and any evil that accrues from their commission it is solemnly asserted affects him; hence it is that the prerogative of mercy and pardon belongs to him, seeing that he is the general conservator of the public peace. Further, by law he owns all the soil—is absolute feudal lord of every inch of land in the countries over which he reigns, and, if he choose, he can take his subjects' properties from them; but he does not dare to choose, or elect, to do so—it would inevitably cost him his throne and possibly his life.

Ridiculous as this may seem, it is the law, is still on the statute book,

and has never been expunged or abrogated. It has simply, in the lapse of centuries, passed into desuetude.

The King is the fountain of all honour and dignity. He has no soul; and at one and the same time is ideal and artificial; and being such, as well as soulless, cannot be subjected to spiritual censure. In this he is like a corporation and a parson. But the King has no limitations, as a parson has; for the parson is bound to preach, to pray, to bestow benediction and general absolution. He, however, is not credited with being omnipresent, as the King is, neither is he perfect in act, belief, or opinion, as is the King; but, like the King, the parson never dies. Like mystic attributes belong to corporations according to English law.

Notwithstanding the divine attributes which England's laws assert belong to its Sovereign, we are told that he exercises his regal functions in a three-fold capacity: (1) He is the representative of the whole State, (2) he represents the Constitution as a political whole, (3) he is a natural man—an ordinary human being. Yet he cannot, under any circumstances whatsoever perform the simplest political act without an adviser who is responsible to Parliament—to the nation—for its performance, and who in his turn is responsible to the nation and the Parliament for its consequences when it has been performed.

It is also a generally accepted belief, and one which is supported by statute law, that the King has at his disposal the armed forces of the nation, that all the military castles

\*Edward V. was, however, an infant; George III. a lunatic; and Charles I. a traitor, in fact, but not according to our laws!

\*\*Among the titles given to the English Kings and Queens were those which were meant to convey to the minds of their subjects their almost divine position. They were addressed as "Your Grace," "Your Majesty," and were spoken of as "the Lord's Anointed," "the Vicegerent of God upon earth."—Brougham's "Political Philosophy."

and fortresses and ships of war are his, that he can of his own will declare war, or conclude peace, and bind his subjects to any contract or treaty with another nation or nations.

Once Queen Victoria, at the instigation of her Prime Minister, Gladstone, exercised her royal prerogative—over-riding the expressed will of the majority of her Commons and Lords—and with the stroke of her pen abolished the purchase of commissions in the army.

And, further, the Sovereign possesses a power which, during the late reign, has given great satisfaction to the people, more because of the great personal popularity of King Edward than to the practical truth of the constitutional postulate. The King is the actual delegate and true representative of England to all foreign powers; his ambassadors and ministers only can speak to alien sovereigns by his permission and under his direction; and all his acts, whether for the good or ill of the Empire, are legally the acts of the nation.

So ingrained into the minds of the English people is this belief in the supreme ambassadorial prerogative of their King that they were persuaded that King Edward in his many visits, up to his death, to various rulers on the Continent accomplished by himself, and of his own initiative, without consulting his responsible minister or ministers, treaties and friendly political combinations which had in view the general happiness or welfare of the contracting nations.

That the amiability of King Edward, his geniality, and humanity helped to smooth over many difficulties which arose from national selfishness, or prejudice, cannot be denied, and must be graciously accorded to him. But when we come to examine the wide abyss there is between the Sovereign's prerogative and his power, we will see that the

English King really is not the ideal King of the Lawyers—above the law; but the real King of our Constitution, and as such, subject to the law and *the Servant of the Nation*.

With all these abnormal prerogatives which belong to the King as the sovereign ruler of the British Empire, he has after all actually no *sovereign* power. Pym, the man who was such a mighty constitutional influence in the Long Parliament, in speaking of the extraordinary acts of Charles I. and the real power appertaining to the King at that time, said: "I know how to add *Sovereign* to the King's *person*; but not to his power—sovereign power; for he never possessed it."

It was his endeavouring to maintain against his Parliament the supremacy of his prerogative which caused that revolution of the Commons and the Lords which brought about the undoing of Richard II., and obliged him on his return from Ireland to renounce the Crown, thereby anticipating his absolute deposition by Parliament. Yet, according to the law, as it exists in the statutes, the King of England cannot command himself to do anything. We, however, have another example to the contrary, in the self-deposition of Edward II., of the King commanding himself to resign the crown.

It will be a matter of interest for the casual student of England's Constitution, and to the ardent political aspirant who talks of the *latent* powers of the King and the Government, to know that they have no *latent* powers—their powers are conspicuously *patent*, a fact which is evidenced during the sittings of the British Parliament daily at question time. It may be said that certain ministers on occasion have delegated to themselves powers of a certain latent order, as, for example, when Lord Palmerston sent arms to the revolutionaries in Sicily during the



first revolt against Ferdinand I., commonly known as Bomba; but for which he was sharply brought to task in the House, and ultimately obliged to apologise to it for this act of sympathy with the insurgents, who rose against a King whom Palmerston and the British people both hated and despised.

In our day, with so constitutional a Monarch as George V., the question of prerogative, as vested in him by law, is never likely to arise. If it did the people, first by their representatives in Parliament, would answer it by citing ancient customs and chartered privileges which had grown up, or were granted, to assure the people's liberty, and created to check, or annul, the royal right of prerogative if an effort should be made to exercise it.

All Sovereign authority is vested in the commonwealth—not in the King individually and singly, but in the King, Lords and Commons conjointly, with, as a matter of fact, really very little of the King, the overwhelming authority having been till lately with the two lower estates—that of the Commons by custom and constitutional right preponderating, for according to our laws and time-honoured usages, the Commons not only can dethrone the King and abolish the House of Lords, but it can by vote, on having warned the country of their reformed policy to modify the legislative powers of the Upper House and curtail its powers of veto, and this it has done effectually within the last few months. Here, it may be added, that the sword which is carried at the Coronation is emblematic of the right of the bearer, or those whom he represents, to restrain the King should he fall into errors of Government. This restraining, or warning, symbol, like many other symbols which we hear of, and see, has little effect on the general public mind, because the gen-

eral public is ignorant of its meaning and warning signification.

Having stated those which are the legally ideal prerogatives of the King of England, it now behoves us to cite in like detail what are his powers in the fulfilment of his sovereign duties—powers which are recognised and accepted by Parliament and the people, or in other words by the people's supreme representatives, who for the time being are the King's Ministers, and the true administrators of the State.

Although by a legal fiction the King is the State, the Ministers are only responsible for the acts of the Sovereign—not to him, but to Parliament; and to it, and it alone, must they be accountable for all they do in the name, and with the consent, of the King. Aware of this, the witty retort of Charles II., when it was reported to him that a certain noble of his Court said of him that "he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one"

("Here lies our Sovereign lord the King,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
He never says a foolish thing,  
And never does a wise one.")

—Rochester.)

will be appreciated, for he replied, "Well, that is possibly true; for all my words were my own, but my acts were my ministers'." One of those acts for which his ministers were responsible was one of the most absurd that ever was placed on the statute book, *viz.*, that it was unlawful "on any pretence whatever" to take arms against the King, even on his own authority, or on the authority of those to whom he delegated it. The absurdity of this act was accentuated by the fact that by a subsequent revolution his brother James II., as well as the Stuart dynasty, was driven from the throne and into perpetual exile.

As the King is the Fountain of Honour, it is the general belief that

it is he who confers all titles and dignities on his subjects—in fact, that he makes this one a peer and that one a baronet or knight, and of his own will confers on whomsoever he wishes the various decorations belonging to the numerous orders which have from time to time been created by the Sovereign, or his responsible advisers, in the British Empire. Of these decorative distinctions, and orders of Knighthood, there are more in England than in any other country in the world, which is doubtless due to the enormous extent of our Empire, and the almost abnormal desire which the people of Great Britain and her Dominions beyond the Seas have for titles and stars, chains and parti-coloured ribbons of the many orders which are supposed to endow with honour and social precedence—and, as a matter of fact, do so endow them—the recipients of these baubles.\*

It is true that the King, following the advice of his principal Minister of State, that is to say, the Prime Minister, who is responsible for all the King's acts, confers these high honours, and summons from time to time, as occasion serves, or gratitude for political services rendered obliges, certain favoured Commoners to the House of Peers, who, according to their patent, are either hereditary or life—life peerages being only a creation of Parliament in the latter portion of Victoria's reign—as well as choosing others, for principally financial services rendered, or from ministerial caprice, on whom to bestow those and the minor dig-

nities which are so coveted by a certain order of men—for the most part by wealthy upstarts, who generally are men of mean intellect and who purchase their honours by prodigally contributing to their political party's funds. It is, however, not really the King who confers even the highest honours; it is the Prime Minister. He suggests their conference to the King, and the King, as a constitutional monarch and the faithful "Servant of the Nation," obeys. The rest then is done by the Home Secretary who, though it is little known, is the King's principal Secretary of State. All peerage patents are passed by him to be impressed with the Great Seal, having, however, been first presented to the King for his signature (called Sign manual) and subsequently countersigned by the Home Secretary. As soon as the Great Seal is attached, the patent of nobility is returned to the Home Office and by the Secretary sent to the person for whom it is intended.

It will be in remembrance of many that there appeared accounts in the newspapers of July 28th, 1889—the day following the marriage of the Princess Louisa of Wales with the Duke of Fife—of how the Earl of Fife—an Irish peer—rose from the Royal wedding-breakfast-table a Duke of the United Kingdom, as if he were so created on the impulse of the moment by Queen Victoria then and there—or, in other words, that she did something which came as a surprise on all immediately concerned and interested, as well as on the public.

This dramatic situation was foisted

\*There are sixteen orders of knighthood and distinction, which are not hereditary and for men only. They are the Garter, Thistle, St. Patrick, Bath, Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, Indian Empire, Victorian Order, Distinguished Service Order, Imperial Service Order, The Victoria Cross, Order of Merit, Albert Medal, St. John of Jerusalem, New Zealand Cross, and Knight Bachelor. The first eight and the last give the holder the right to the title of "Sir" and his wife that of "Lady"—as with Baronet—the lowest hereditary title. Besides these there are three exclusively for women:—The Victoria and Albert, the Royal Red Cross, and the Crown of India.

on the public and fostered by an affectedly ingenuous press as a fact. It, however, was not so. The elevation of the Queen's grandson-in-law to the dignity of a duke, was a thing arranged a long time beforehand, having first been consented to by the Prime Minister, and then carried through, with all due secrecy, by the Crown Office in Chancery under the supervision of the Home Secretary, so that the announcement of it in the theatrically effective way it was done by Queen Victoria came as a pleasing surprise to her Majesty's faithful and ever-admiring subjects, and in such fashion was it intended by her that it should reach them; for it is because of a people's ignorance that rulers rule so easily and that one strong mind dominates thousands and governs a nation. After all, the elevation of the Earl of Fife to a dukedom was a social necessity, and, as a matter of course, was a foregone and fitting conclusion to the ceremonial legalising such a union; the more especially as he was a cousin through a daughter of William IV. and Mrs. Jordan—the actress—only a few degrees removed from his royal consort, the present Princess Royal of England.

According to law, as I have already stated, the King owns and directs the army and navy, and can make war or conclude peace as he wills. Happily, however, it is only "according to law." But the fact which is known to every, and the most casual, student of the British Constitution, is that he cannot constitutionally control in any way whatsoever the military services of the nation, nor declare war, nor conclude peace. This power is delegated to the ministers directing these departments, who in their turn are responsible to the Prime Minister, as the delegate of Parliament, and to whom belongs the real power of controlling everything that appertains

to the administration of the State.

It is a matter of general, or common, knowledge that until the Army and Navy Estimates pass the House, the huge machinery which urges our State affairs cannot be said to be in working order, and even the prerogatives of the King are then stricken with legal paralysis, and his powers checked by the politically deleterious palsy of fiscal impotency.

Although by law the King possesses the supreme prerogative of pardon for crime, or the commutation of death sentences, he cannot exercise this without the consent of the Home Secretary, on whom solely depends the recommendation that a free pardon, or a commutation of the highest penalty of the law, or that a reprieve shall be granted to the condemned individual. When a death sentence is commuted, or a reprieve granted, the Home Secretary is the sole arbiter; and the statement which we see published when such takes place "that the King has on the recommendation of the Home Secretary been pleased to commute the sentence of so and so," is not in harmony with facts; for the King is never consulted in the matter. It is only in the case of a free pardon that the sign manual to the warrant is necessary, which always, however, must be countersigned by the Home Secretary. Here the royal power is shown to be effectively concomitant with kingly prerogative, inasmuch as a Pardon removes all civil disabilities and disqualifications, which are not always removed, even when a criminal has expiated his crime. This has often been seen in the cases of Irish political prisoners who have been elected members of Parliament.

The King has powers to bestow on whom he will the honour of knighthood. But this, save in the Knighthood Bachelor and the Victorian order, he never does on his own initiative, and even in the

bestowal of these he exercises his power only at rare intervals and under exceptional circumstances, and where spontaneous action by the Sovereign accentuates the honour conferred.

Offices which are in the immediate gift of the King he even hesitates to fill without first consulting with his responsible Ministers. The late Queen, after her early experiences and differences with her ministers on such-like appointments, ultimately came to recognise that to fill such offices according to her own selection, and without advice sought in the proper quarter, was an improper use of her powers and exceeded her customary Constitutional rights. One incident within my own knowledge, which I will here mention, will show how cautious the Queen became, lest in so small a matter she might be thought to have been exercising her high influence unduly. The assistant librarianship of Windsor Castle became vacant and a French gentleman who had been tutor to the daughters of the Duke of Hesse and of Princess Alice, wrote to one of the young princesses (the Grand Duchess Sergius) to ask her to try to induce the Queen to give him this minor appointment. As Monsieur Henri Conti was a great favourite with the princesses, the Grand Duchess requested, as a personal favour, that the Queen would give the position to the gentleman named, who, by the bye, was well fitted for it. The Queen at once replied to her grand-daughter's letter, regretting that she did not under the circumstances (which were that a certain autocratic Prime Minister—Mr. Gladstone was the minister alluded to—was at the head of the Government) like to suggest Monsieur Conti for the office, as she was sure he would not get it, being certain the minister she named in her letter would not consent to give it to a foreigner.

It was not, however, without a hard fight for what she considered her royal prerogative and rights—her first being with Sir Robert Peel, who, on his accession to power as Prime Minister, demanded that the young Queen should dismiss all her ladies of the bedchamber—that Queen Victoria ultimately came to a full sense of her constitutional authority and its limitations, a belief in the omnipotence and divine supremacy of which she inherited from her by no means highly intellectual or immaculate Hanovarian ancestors; and which belief was fostered in the earlier years of her reign by her mother, her uncles, and the usual crowd of court sycophants who are always the worst enemies of young and undisciplined rulers.

It is often with truth asserted that King Edward was England's best ambassador, and that by his frequent visits to other sovereigns he succeeded in extending and cementing alliances in a way his own ambassadors and ministers could never have done, and thus, as has already been stated, was assured a good understanding between Great Britain and other nations which could never have been accomplished by its diplomatic representatives.

That the glamour of the King's presence abroad and his genial intercourse with the sovereigns and ministers of other countries had a good effect on the general mind and foreign public opinion, cannot be denied; but it was an effect more sentimental than practical or real, although it not infrequently helped to smooth the way for active and serious negotiation by the Foreign Secretary.

But the King never allows his prerogative to encroach on his recognisable constitutional powers, and under no circumstances would he assume the delicate, and at times dangerous, responsibilities of his Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, seeing

that if, even with the best intentions, a false step were taken it would be the minister, and not the King, who would have to explain the political error to Parliament and suffer its censure and the consequent punishment. There are numbers—not to say the greater part of the English people—who imagine that during the late King's visits abroad, when he spoke with his brother rulers and their great officers of State, he discussed international policies and fiscal reforms, and went sometimes as far as the laying down of a plan or plans of commercial treaties and alliances that would reciprocally benefit England and the country of the sovereign he was visiting. Though this was a harmless belief, or rather a harmless hallucination, and took possession of unreflective minds, solely because of the King's extreme popularity, it was nonetheless a foolish one, and was inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Constitution, as understood and accepted to-day by the greatest parliamentarians and constitutional lawyers.

Under no circumstances can the King treat with foreign Sovereigns without the acquiescence, and it may be broadly said, by the consent and on the advice of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Another thing little known is that all private letters received by the King from other Sovereigns discussing policy must be given to his Foreign Secretary or Prime Minister for perusal. This obviates the possibility of the King treating with foreign powers politically of his own initiative or independently of his ministry. The historical student will remember that all letters written to and received from foreign potentates

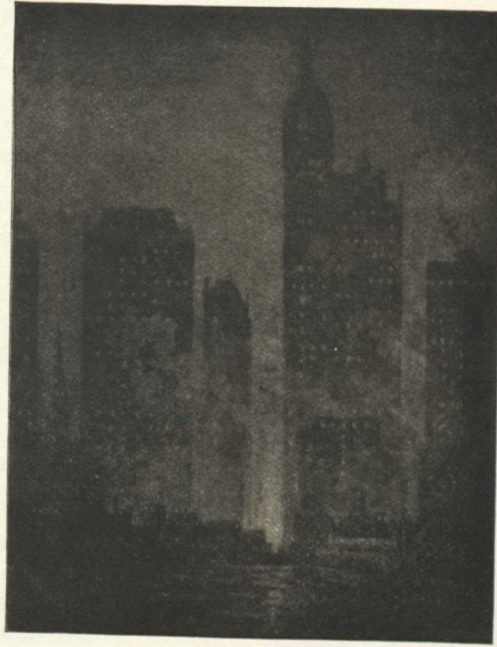
by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were given to the Queen's ministers to read, a fact which is mentioned by Sir Theodore Martin in his "Life of the Prince Consort."

In former times the King of England governed through his ministers—now it is reversed; *for it is the ministers who govern through the King*, and this is the very essence of England's system of Parliamentary control of the affairs of State—a method which insures peace of mind in ruling to the Sovereign and happiness and contentment to the various peoples who are subject to the government of England's King.\*

In the exercise of the powers vested in him the King never seeks the support of his prerogative, as laid down in the statute books of the realm (although in the early part of her reign Queen Victoria did, erring in this direction through ignorance of her true position), knowing, as he does, that they are obsolescent, or have fallen completely into desuetude, owing to the liberties acquired by the people, and the more general diffusion of education amongst the masses, who, with the most intellectual of the upper classes, deride and condemn the moral absurdity of most of these quaint and untenable legal prerogatives appertaining to the Sovereign. It is for this reason that the ruler of the British Empire is so well-beloved by his subjects, is the object of admiration and respect of all the contemporary sovereigns and the envied of many, a few of whom still with unreasoning tenacity, notwithstanding the revolutionary trend of public thought as to monarchical rule, affect to believe in the divine right of Kings and hold, with Solomon, that a divine sentence is in their lips.

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\*It will not be out of place now for me to state that King Edward strongly sympathised with Mr. Parnell's struggle for Home Rule for Ireland, and that he was at heart a Home Ruler. This was well known by his intimate friends, but never was advertised beyond whispers and hints palpable in their meaning.



NEW YORK, FROM THE CORTLANDT STREET FERRY

## THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

ETCHINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

**I**T does not matter from which angle you approach New York, whether from the sea, from Jersey, from the East River, or from the two great terminals in the heart of Manhattan, you cannot get behind its guard. It is impossible to come upon it unawares, to find it asleep, to discover it acting without self-consciousness. It faces you from every angle. Its pretences are never down.

This is not to say that it is a mere pretender, that it gains credit under false practices or that it seeks to mislead you. But New York, unlike London, overdoes the old admonition of putting the best foot forward; it puts everything to the fore on which it thinks you will give

it the slightest credit. If New York died New Yorkers—its children—would preserve the memory of its inner weaknesses sacredly. All the world knows, and all it will ever know, is the superlatives which the great city chooses to show. When New York cannot point to the tallest, the richest, the poorest, the dirtiest, the most notorious, and the most beautiful as being within its own borders it will pass out.

One of New York's superlatives is Light. This implies also the reverse, Shadow. The peculiar formation of the buildings gives infinite variety in the display of the natural lighting effects. Sunlight, dusk, moonlight, the stars, and the dawn play upon

New York as upon no other city. But lest this should not be enough, New York hastens to employ artificial light, some of it good, some bad. Whether you find the city under natural or manufactured light, it is still the same city, posing for the stranger, anxious to make an impression upon any and all comers.



UNION SQUARE AND THE BANK OF THE METROPOLIS

For instance, London accepts the coming of night as a matter of course. The shadows creep into the streets from the country lanes, climb up and out of the Adelphi arches, slide down the east sides of buildings, march out from under the arch in Ludgate Hill, and enmesh the whole city without an effort. At twelve o'clock you cannot order anything more to eat in the ordinary London café. At one the streets are almost still. At two the city sleeps, having gone to bed like an old man, realising the goodness of sleep, welcoming it,

drawing the blinds and snuffing candles in order to bring it on. But New York, perhaps on account of its youth, wards sleep away, sets flaming ares to keep off the night, and strings itself with necklaces of incandescent lamps as charms against the darkness. New York has never learned to rest. It does not know the beauty of sleep. Having attracted to itself the eyes of the New World it fears to relax lest in its sleep it might snore, or let its mouth open, or do some other thing, perfectly natural, but undignified. One might be led to imagine that a guilty conscience underlay this fear of darkness or that the great city had some enemy to fear. It is not so, however. New York is merely young: it has the qualities of a young woman maturing too quickly and marked with misguided tastes, and who is, nevertheless, beautiful.

When writers fail to find any other word to apply to down-town New York they speak of "the Canyon," of Broadway or of Wall Street. This is because canyon is an exceedingly good word. There is no other word which will express what is required to be expressed quite so accurately. It is only in a canyon that the sun could give such effects of light and shadow; only in a canyon that such sounds would come, concentrated, from the river of souls, as it washes down Broadway, swirling against cheap shop windows, pausing in eddies by the theatre door, or plunging swiftly across the intersections. From the top of the Singer Building you may look down into the chasm and out over the roofs, over the North River, where the Cortlandt Street ferries struggle with the tide, and up, across the backs of the herd of buildings browsing on Manhattan to where the rich make merry and fools bury their heads in gayety lest they should see the coming of Death. From such a

height the pit is very black. Men are very small—so small that a thimble would hold enough Comedy, Tragedy, and, what is worse, plain Mediocrity, to sicken the bravest. The tower of the building seems somehow endowed with something more than a material quality. It has the nature of a strong man among weaklings, of a philosopher among children. And in describing the lights of New York it seems natural to begin first where it stands.

From the street one sees New York as all pygmies see it. I crossed by the Hudson tube the other night, and after emerging from the terminal in order to find the Subway up-town, I found myself at the foot of the Singer Building. Underneath lay new snow turning to slush. Between snowflakes and sticky raindrops the air had an added quality of refraction, so much so that there was a red halo about distant lights, and the sky was tinged pink against the clouds. But up, up and up still higher, overhead, the tower of the Singer Building hung bathed in light. The base was in comparative darkness; high buildings reaching a third of the way up to the tower were black; so that the top of the tower dwelt in a glory of its own. The concert of lines and angles stands out in glowing detail. The whole floated above the shadowy side of the canyon as though it were some resplendent galleon of the air anchored by the beams of the search-light projectors concealed below.

This is a very pretty light; other lights there are less exalted. The lights on the great buildings are removed, or seem to be removed, from the touch of human affairs. These are proud lights, aristocrats of light, used purely for ornamentation. Up there, in the upper airs, they converse upon the affairs of men, look wisely down into the Pit and sigh in commiseration of the people there

below. The lights on the flagstaff of the Metropolitan signal across to the Singer Tower, and both hold converse across the North River with the Colgate clock in Hoboken. They pick up the lights of incoming craft, gathering news before the reporters get aboard the liners or the Customs



LOWER BROADWAY

have inspected the tramp from Ecuador. There are strata of lights just as there are strata in our social arrangements and our intellectual affairs. There are cliques and varied groups among them. Those that are high enough may venture to discuss world affairs with the Singer Tower and the Metropolitan flagstaff. Those in the next rank, such as are perched on the eaves of lesser buildings have their own spheres of observation, thought and conversation. The advertising signs in Broadway have their circle. The shop lights have theirs. The ferry lights intercept lofty communication going across the



North River and try in a vague way to keep posted on the things of the upper air. In the underground railways the signal lights hold solemn discussions above the flash and glare of the passing trams. In the pit where the new Grand Central is being erected forge fires gibber in a



PARK ROW

gypsy tongue to the astonishment of the meek lights in the cheap apartments round about. And so, down the scale the society of lights falls, down to the Friday candles burning in the East side and the evil gas jet whistling a hideous air in the fetid room of garment-makers. These are not all. I have missed the theatre lights, the glaring lamps in cellar cafés, and the pink-tipped joss-stick burning (for the edification of tourists) before the gods in Mott Street.

I have forgotten the depraved, but good-natured, lights in the gambling clubs, where the fat wives of brokers engage in poker; the doss-house flickers; and the long, white procession going up both sides of Fifth Avenue. I have forgotten even the sun, which is the god of them all, before whom all other lights blink and fade in awe, except the heathen little lights who live in dark places under cellars and behind walls, and who know no god—no sun.

If you pursue Houston Street, in the east of Manhattan, you come to the place where countless barrow merchants have lined their carts along the curb to catch the business of the East side shopper. Each barrow has its gasoline flare, swearing and cursing to itself as the wind banters it. The light, fading into smoky blackness at the end of the flame, falls upon the faces of the shoppers peering out of the comparative blackness of the sidewalk into the circle of light on the barrow. They can over the wares in the barrow, socks or shirts, laces or gaudy ornaments. They buy, they disappear. Along the inner side of the sidewalk labourers sit warming themselves—of a spring night this is—about pots of glowing coals, which glare angrily down at the flag-stones in the sidewalk as though between their hot selves and the cold stones the same hate existed as between the half-naked Hebrew agitator burning out his soul in the wind of his own passions, and the dull bourgeoisie, the flag-stones of society.

Against the curb, on some side street where the barrows have not found trade to be good, the children of the East side light bonfires of orange-wrappers. Attracted by the brightness, mothers and brothers descend from the upper stories of that black interior and cluster, like evil excrement, about the narrow doorway. Orange-wrappers, wherever they come from I do not know, make

an excellent fire. They provide fun for the children and a little warmth.

In the shadow cast by one of these fires I found a policeman leaning with his back to the wall of a tenement building. His stick was behind him, his hat tilted, his body bent back, indolently.

"See that woman and that man!" he snarled, pointing.

I saw.

"Humph!" with a chuckle, "she's tryin' t' get into that tenement with that feller. She lives there. She's only got one way of livin' and it's against the law. Law says some things ain't allowed in tenements. That's why I've got my eye on her. She can't get in. See! I've kept her from gettin' in—with anyone—f'r ten days. She's got kids. I guess she needs the money. But my duty is my duty. Humph!"

The woman was standing at a little distance from the fires. Skulking



THE TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK



THE STOCK EXCHANGE

near her was a man. The man was impatient, asking questions, wanting to know why she wanted to wait by the fire. The woman, hiding a certain ire and exasperation, gave him answers as best she could. Presently I saw her whisper to the man. He moved stealthily toward the door of the tenement, alone. The woman passed him as though she had not seen him and stepped boldly in, unheeded by the little crowd about the doorway. After it had swallowed her the man edged nearer, and nearer, till with a grunt the policeman emerged from the shadow.

"Get out of it," he said.

"Out of what?" growled the man.

"Out of that woman's house, you hear! You don't live here. You got no right there. Now beat it!"

The man disappeared.

Presently the woman emerged, looked cautiously around, looked twice, looked a third time, asked a question from the lounging group



THE FOUR-STORY HOUSE

and sprang out, crossing close by the fire, across to the policeman, who had resumed his post. He smiled as he saw her coming.

"You!" she cried.

"Hello, Liz!"

"You——"

The rest I did not stop to hear, except for a broken word or two.

"I gotta," she pleaded.

The officer laughed.

"I'm starvin'!"

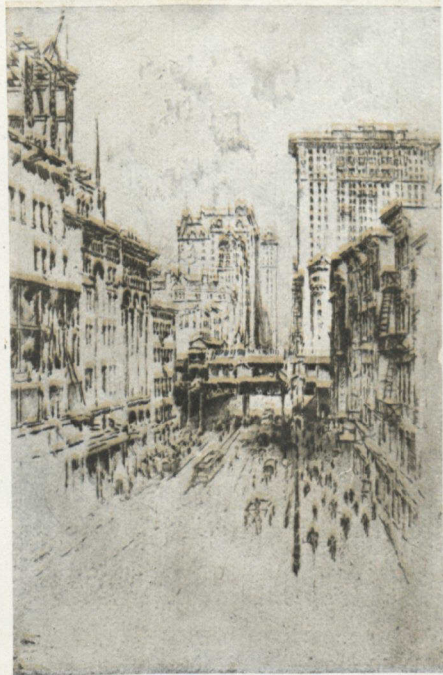
"Then square it," retorted the man.

After that, I learned, this unhappy woman "squared it." There was no more trouble about the people she brought home with her, caught by her looks in the light of the barrow lamps.

There is a certain restaurant in that quarter which was once almost famous for its dollar-fifty dinner—with wine in patent bottles. At this place visitors once washed away the

taste which Houston Street, at night, leaves. That is no longer fashionable nor even remarkable. Without it the lights of Houston Street are almost unpalatable.

Daylight is the last phase of New York. It is the most prosaic: in the morning New York is dull, at noon mediocre, at dusk changing into dinner dress. Daylight in New York is like a mother estranged from her children. The dawn comes up tenderly, full of hope, with dimples and soft places in its arms where a tired little city might rest. Noon is the mother's realisation of defeat, and the sunsets—which nobody sees, except for the glow on the west walls of the taller structures—are her departures. Other cities welcome daylight. Men write poems to it, and fools in the East have worshipped its source. New York is as yet too fond of artificial things to know better. Some day she may mature, and the rising sun shall not be disappointed.



FORTY-SECOND STREET

## THE BLIND SAILOR

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

“Strike me blind!” we swore.  
God! And I was stricken!  
I have seen the morning fade  
And noonday thicken.

\* \* \* \*

Be merciful, O God, that I have named in vain.  
I am blind in the eyes; but spare the gleam in my brain.  
Though my footsteps falter, let my soul still sight  
The things that were my life before you hid the light.

Little things were they, Lord, too small to be denied:  
The green of roadstead waters where the tired ships ride,  
Bark and brig and barkentine, blown from near and far,  
Safe inside the spouting reef and the sobbing bar.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord, leave my memories bright:  
The twisted palms are clashing, and the sand is white.  
The shore-boats crowd around us, the skipper's gig is manned,  
And nutmegs spice the little wind that baffles off the land.

The negro girls are singing in the fields of cane,  
The lizards dart on that white path I'll not walk again,  
The opal blinds melt up at dawn, the crimson blinds flare down,  
And white against the mountains flash the street-lamps of the town.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord, spare my mind to see  
The shimmer of the water and the shadow of the tree,  
The cables roaring down, the gray sails swiftly furled,  
A riding-light ablink in some far corner of the world.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord: the islands and the main,  
The little things a sailorman must out to see again;  
The beggars in the market-place, the oxen in the streets,  
The bitter, black tobacco and the women selling sweets.

I have fed my vision, Lord; now I pray to hold  
The blue and gray and silver, the green and brown and gold.  
I have filled my heart, Lord; now I pray to keep  
The laughter and the colour through this unlifting sleep.

\* \* \* \*

“Strike me blind!” we swore.  
God! And I am blind!  
But leave me still, O Lord,  
The pictures in the mind!



## A MINOR POET

By GEORGIA DAVIES

WITH all his wistful heart he prayed  
To find the one he longed to serve;  
Although his quest seemed all in vain  
His pure allegiance did not swerve.

To be her humblest servitor,  
If she would grant the lowest place;  
And then—reward for toiling years—  
One night he saw her long-sought  
face!

Not clearly, but as golden moon,  
Her glory veils in cloudy skies,  
He dimly felt a presence, saw  
The brooding splendour of her eyes.

Mysterious eyes, in which he read  
All joy and sorrow felt by man;  
Each aspiration, glory, shame,  
Each heart-throb known since time  
began.

With reverence he drew him near  
And worshipped at his lady's feet;  
Her mantle's hem he touched, and  
thought  
The long years' recompense complete.

Since then, a slave to service sworn,  
Men scoff, he listens not to them.  
Her happy thrall! For once he saw  
Her face and touched her garment's  
hem.

AJC

# THE HOUSE OF OEDIPUS

ADAPTED AND PUT INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE BY ARTHUR STRINGER  
FROM THE ITALIAN OF FERDINANDO FONTANA

## SECOND PERIOD

### OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

*On the left is a cypress grove, leading to a hill, on the summit of which stands the Temple of the Furies. At the foot of the hill is a mysterious crevice, holding the iron door termed by Homer "The Ramea Threshold," leading down to the Underworld, the Hell or Erebus of the Greeks. The sacred stone, to warn passers-by of the presence of a temple, stands at the entrance to the cypress grove.*

*On the right there is a figure of Hermes, the guardian deity of Attica, cut roughly out of wood. The action takes place in the month of April, the people being gathered to celebrate the anniversary of their goddess. In front of the figure of Hermes young girls are dancing. Towards the centre stands a huge peach tree, in full bloom, and underneath it a rustic bench, where Menecles sits. Everything is bright with flowers and blossoms and garlands, and from the distance can be seen the towers of Athens and blue stretches of the sea. It is early afternoon.*

MENECLAS. (*Singing or chanting to low music.*)

Spring, Spring has come again! The golden Spring  
Has brought earth's music back, and we must sing,  
The tender grass and buds, the softening bowers  
Where flute the birds, the waving seas of flowers,  
The fluttering petal and the murmuring stream,  
The radiance, and the gladness, and the dream!  
And hearts that never loved to-day shall wake  
And cry for love. . . . And hearts that knew the ache  
Of other loves shall love against their will.

SIMETA. How sweet beyond the blossom-smothered hill  
The nightingale is singing!

AN OLD WOMAN. (*Smiling.*)

Sweet its strain  
Since back it comes to its old love again!

MENECLAS. (*Musically.*)

And hearts that never loved to-day shall wake  
And cry for love! . . . And hearts that know the ache  
Of other loves, shall burn again with love!

BATTO. Behind my little cottage, high above  
 Its eaves, there towers a sullen walnut tree  
 That watches for the Spring right cautiously,  
 And shows no bud till certain of the sun.  
 My tree has blossomed. . . . Winter must be done!

MENECLAS. It must be over . . . when the sun is high  
 The herds, unshorn since Winter, gladly lie  
 Where cool the shadows fall!

AN OLD WOMAN. Two days ago  
 The bees began their buzzing to and fro!

SIMETA. (*Prostrating herself before the image of Hermes, first placing  
 a sacrificial fowl at its foot. She sings mournfully to the sound of  
 music.*)

Athena, listen how my love was born:  
 I kissed young Daphnis and he came to me,  
 When no one knew. . . . And I was left to mourn!

Athena, listen how my love once came:  
 'Tis many a month since he has asked for me—  
 If I were dead, to him 'twould be the same!

Athena, listen how my heart is torn:  
 They tell me he has other loves to see—  
 O Goddess, help a maid thus left forlorn,  
 That I with drugs may charm him back to me!

(*Simeta returns to her other companions.*)

THE SHEPHERD BATTO. (*Prostrating himself in front of the figure of  
 Hermes, and offering a young lamb.*)

Bacchide ne'er will love me, though I strove  
 With sighs and tears and gifts to win her heart!  
 Well, love I ask not for . . . if but her lips  
 And her young body, white and beautiful,  
 Be once surrendered, Goddess, to these arms  
 That ache for her! Then I could rest content  
 With empty words, and kisses that were cold!

(*He returns to the neighborhood of the other shepherds. Simeta  
 and the other maidens bring a basket of fresh strawberries to  
 Meneclases.*)

SIMETA. This crown we offer to the King of Song!

BATTO. (*And the others, bringing with them to Meneclases a sheepskin.*)  
 And this we offer to the selfsame king!

MENIPPUS. (*Advancing, with a pretence at drunkenness, chants the fol-  
 lowing, accompanied by a reed-pipe.*)

Since Truth, they say, lies deep in wine,  
 —And I am drunk—each word of mine  
 Pray listen to sincerely!

I met you, maid, a year ago;  
 —And if I never told you so—  
 I loved you, deep, and dearly!

But now my love comes burning through  
The lips that I bend down to you—  
I tell the secret gladly!

And since my lips are warm with wine,  
—And since your mouth is close to mine—  
I love you, love you madly!

THE PEOPLE. (*Gaily, as Menippus goes back to his place.*)

Well done, Menippus! That's a song for Spring!

TIONICO. (*Advancing, followed by two shepherds, who play his accompaniment on bag-pipes.*)

A bee, most sadly stung with love,  
Flew frantic home, and sighed thereof:  
"How can a touch that barely prick'd  
So deep an ache as this inflict!"

And Phryne answered laughingly:  
" 'Tis strangely like you, little bee,  
This puny Love that you have met,  
Whose sting can leave such deep regret!"

THE PEOPLE. You, Shepherd, you shall have the prize!

(*They all cluster about Tionico, and push him in front of Meneclès, who hands the prize out to him. As he does so, Antigone and Œdipus have entered from the forest, on the left, but no one catches sight of them. Antigone helps her father to a seat on the Sacred Stone.*)

ANTIGONE. Ah, father, you are tired! Here, in my arms  
Lean back and rest a little!

ŒDIPUS. Where are we?  
One whom we met said this was Attica,  
So Athens must be near.

ANTIGONE. (*Gazing about.*) It is a land  
All full of flowers. . . . Yes, yes; 'tis true! I see  
A long way off, some city's walls and towers!

ŒDIPUS. I hear, above, the murmuring of leaves!

ANTIGONE. Yes, we are close beside a cypress grove.

ŒDIPUS. (*Starting.*)  
A cypress grove, you say?

ANTIGONE. (*Still gazing about.*) Yes, by a hill  
That falls away, as though into a pit.

ŒDIPUS. (*Meditatively.*)  
And on the hill-top, what?

ANTIGONE. There stands a temple.

ŒDIPUS. (*Strangely perturbed.*)  
There stands a temple? Then we first should ask  
If we dare rest here! See you anyone?

ANTIGONE. I see some shepherds. (*Perceiving Meneclès, who, having caught sight of them, advances to meet them.*)

One is coming here.



MENECLÉS. Out, strangers, from this grove! The very stone  
 You rest on, vagrant, should have told you this  
 Was sacred ground, kept clean and holy for  
 The watching Goddesses of Earth and Air!

BATTO. (*Approaching them, as Œdipus starts up.*)  
 You are, sir, in Colonus, and there stands  
 Its temple!

SIMETA. And the mystic door that leads  
 Below the earth, to Hell, is near you there!

ANTIGONE. (*Seeing Œdipus grow pale.*)  
 What is it, father?

ŒDIPUS. (*Aside.*) 'Tis the prophecy!  
 The prophecy that once the Gods sent down,  
 And to the bitter end must be fulfilled!

(*To Antigone.*)

Come, let us leave this grove . . . guide me away!  
 (*Antigone guides the steps of Œdipus, and they both cross the  
 meadow. Œdipus seats himself under the great peach tree, all in  
 bloom.*)

SIMETA. (*To the others.*)  
 You see . . . the man is blind!

THE OLD WOMAN. They bring ill-luck  
 Who were unlucky!

MENECLÉS. Yet for all his rags  
 He is no common man!

TIONICO. (*Aside to another shepherd who has come nearer Œdipus.*)  
 Go not so near!

SIMETA. See what a tender and imploring eye  
 The young girl has!

BATTO. (*To Œdipus.*)  
 Were you born blind like this?

ŒDIPUS. No . . . once I saw.

MENECLÉS. Just when, sir, were you born?  
 And in what city?  
 (*Œdipus starts, but does not answer.*)

MENECLÉS. Why, too, do you go  
 Thus like a beggar?

ŒDIPUS. (*Hesitating.*) I am an exile. . . . Nay,  
 Ask nothing more of me, I beg you, sirs!

MENECLÉS. All people here in Attica are kind  
 Of heart, so tell us more.

BATTO. Yes, tell us more.

ŒDIPUS. Both cursed and sad my cradle was!

BATTO. And then?

ŒDIPUS. (*Sadly.*)  
 What shall I tell them, daughter?

MENECLÉS. Let us know  
 Your father's name.

ŒDIPUS. O daughter, daughter, what?

MENECLÉS. (*Bluntly.*)

Some answer, quick, or on your way you go!

ŒDIPUS. (*Trembling.*)

Have you not heard of him, the son of Laius!

SOME OF THE PEOPLE. (*Horried.*)

Of him, the son who killed his father?

OTHERS.

Him,

The wicked beast. . . .

ŒDIPUS.

The wretched Œdipus!

THE PEOPLE. Are you that man?

ŒDIPUS.

I am!

THE PEOPLE.

Away from here!

ŒDIPUS. (*Imploringly.*)

But see, I still am innocent!

THE CROWD. (*Threatening.*)

Go! Go!

ANTIGONE. (*Falling on her knees before them.*)

Oh, mercy have for him . . . some pity show

To this poor blind old man, so worn with tears,

And toil and wandering, he cannot stand! . . .

So weighed with sorrows, that, before his time,

He totters, old and broken, to the grave! . . .

See, on my knees, I beg that you will hear

These words before you turn away from him! . . .

A poor old man. . . . I plead for him alone!

My eyes look into yours as though we all

Were of one family, and knew our own. . . .

Have mercy on my father, hold him dear

As all your riches, as your kin, your Gods,

For it was truth he spake when he declared

That he stood innocent!

(*She rises and goes to Œdipus, and clasps him in her arms. The people are much moved.*)

ŒDIPUS.

Antigone!

The only light of my poor darkened eyes!

MENECLÉS. We pity you, indeed, and yet we feel

That unto Athens you may bring ill-luck.

ŒDIPUS. Nay, not ill-luck! But news, good news, I have,

If only your great King will harbour me!

MENECLÉS. (*To Batto.*)

Quick! Go to Theseus, and but beg of him

To come and settle this!

(*Batto goes out. All the others approach Œdipus, who is still sitting under the peach tree, caressing his daughter Antigone.*)

MENECLÉS. (*To Œdipus.*)

And if our King

Receives you as a guest, we bow to him.

SIMETA. And you shall rest in peace amid these hills

And happy meadows, till your final day.

TIONICO. And you shall hear the herds across the fields,

And then the nightingales across the dusk.

MENIPPUS. And Bacchus, ivy-crowned, through vineyards dance!

SIMETA. And see the ivy cling most tenderly  
About the silvery olives.

T'ONICO. Sweet the air,  
And earth is overburdened here with flowers,  
And careless fruit, and wine keeps young the heart!

MENECLÉS. And he who was the plaything once of Fate  
Shall here find peace.

BATTO. (*Entering.*) I met the King himself  
Advancing unto us. He comes to hold  
The Feast of Athens here!

MENECLÉS. (*To Ædipus.*) So now, if truth  
You spake, you soon shall cry your news aloud!  
(*Enter Theseus and Ismene, followed by foot-soldiers.*)

ISMENE. (*Beholding and embracing Ædipus and Antigone.*)  
O Father! Sister!

ÆDIPUS. Child!

ANTIGONE. Ismene, you!

THESEUS. (*Pointing to Ismene.*)  
She to the Palace came, and I set forth  
To seek some news of Ædipus.  
(*While Ismene is talking with Ædipus and Antigone, Meneclés speaks aside to Theseus.*)

ISMENE. When last  
From you I heard, a secret message said  
Your steps would soon turn here towards Attica.

THESEUS. So to the herdsmen here I bade her come,  
For long before we in the Palace learn  
What pilgrims are approaching, shepherds know  
Just who has passed along each country road,  
And you, sir, by your woeful figure touched,  
I ask, what help of Athens you desire?  
I, too, have been a stranger in a land  
That loved me not, and all my life has been  
A thing of bitter struggle and unrest,  
So when it comes within my power help  
And offer shelter to an exile here,  
I am most happy. . . . And I know your trials,  
O noble Ædipus!

ÆDIPUS. Good King, indeed,  
'Tis they who suffered once can understand  
The man who has not walked with Happiness!  
One question I must ask Ismene here,  
Before the little I desire is said.

(*Turning to Ismene.*)  
What new misfortune brought you out to us?

ISMENE. My mother sent me.

ÆDIPUS. Oh, unhappy one,  
Yet innocent! When I remember all  
Her greater sorrows, I forget my own!

ISMENE. And now her heart is wrung by this mad fight  
Between her sons!

CÆDIPUS. Two ingrates, both of them!  
When I, worn out by years of wandering,  
Went back to Thebes, that I at least might die  
In some dark corner of my own old Court,  
They drove me from my kennel like a dog!  
. . . O kind and gentle daughters, without you  
I should be in my grave this many a day! . . .  
May evil hours wait on those sons o' mine!

ISMENE. As you ordained that last black day in Thebes,  
First Polynices into exile went—  
For one long year in Argos. Then he asked  
(A year of kingship for Eteocles  
Had come and gone), the sceptre as his right,  
And straightaway was refused. So now they rage,  
And cry for blood. . . . But Thebes still hates a war!  
The city has decreed that to the son  
Who brings to Thebes his father Cædipus,  
Alive or dead, the sceptre shall be given.

So high and low they seek you, road by road,  
And land by land! And even Creon left  
Our city, on this frenzied search for you!  
CÆDIPUS. The villain I was fool enough to leave  
Uncrushed! Alive or dead they take me not!  
For, daughter, mark these words: Atonement here  
I unto Fate and Furies still must make.  
So in clean water lave your hands, then go  
To their white temple, and three goblets take  
Of water mixed with honey, pouring it  
About the altar draped with olive boughs;  
And there repeat my name in voices low  
And come to me without a backward glance!  
(*To the shepherds.*)

And one of you, sirs, kindly go with them.

THESEUS. You go, good Meneclæus.

(*Antigone and Ismene, with Meneclæus, go out into the forest.*)

THESEUS. (*To Cædipus.*) How can it be  
You hunger not for your own land again?

CÆDIPUS. I went back once, and they would have me not!

THESEUS. He is not wise who shakes at Fate his fist  
And hugs some ancient wrong!

CÆDIPUS. Stop! Judge me not  
Until you know what I have known of grief!

THESEUS. Yet of your own free will a throne you left!

CÆDIPUS. Ah, mad I was! With shame and anguish mad  
That bitter day, when Creon struck the blow  
That crazed my mind. But I have come to know  
His black and traitorous heart. And if I went  
To Thebes at his soft bidding, mad, more mad,  
I still would be! Yes, better far it is  
That I should die here . . . leaving you good news!

BATTO. Already of his promise he has told,  
To give this news to you.

ÆDIPUS. And I shall keep  
That promise. . . . Once to me Apollo spake  
In prophecy, and said that should I chance  
To reach this Temple of the Furies here,  
My life and all its misery would cease!  
The sign would be a thunder-bolt from Heaven,  
The Earth would open, and, as through a door,  
I should pass down unto the World of Ghosts!  
But if Athenian hearts had welcomed me  
Before I passed away, 'twas prophesied  
That Thebes, until her earth my body holds,  
Shall never conquer Athens!

THESEUS. But at peace  
Are Thebes and Athens!

ÆDIPUS. True! To-day they stand  
Close friends. But Fate forever brings its change  
To all things mortal, and, alas, no man  
Knows that so poignantly as Ædipus!

THESEUS. (*To the shepherds.*)  
You heard him speak?

THE SHEPHERDS. Our guest you here shall stay.

THESEUS. That also is my counsel. (*To Ædipus.*)  
From this day  
All Athens shall protect you.

(*Enter Creon, accompanied by a party of Theban noblemen.*)

CREON. Do the Gods  
Here at Colonus shelter earthly souls?

ÆDIPUS. (*Starting.*)  
His voice! (*He trembles, and gropes towards Theseus and a  
group of the shepherds.*)

Good friend, this hour the Gods will know  
If truthfully you promised!

THESEUS. (*To Creon.*)

Who are you?  
What seek you here? The King of Attica  
Addresses you!

CREON. (*Proudly.*) Creon, the King of Thebes,  
Ambassador for young Eteocles,  
I stand before you. We are here as friends,  
For Thebes is friend to Athens, and we know  
Your valour and your might. I come alone  
To carry back to his own native land  
One Ædipus.  
(*To Ædipus.*)

See, I would take you back. . . .  
Come home, unhappy soul, that knows no rest,  
A wistful country looks and waits for you;  
And I, your friend and kin, who ache with pity  
Far more than others could, I ask it, too!  
You wander homelessly with but this girl

To guide your steps . . . and what a dreary life  
 It is for her, the daughter of a King,  
 A brother on a throne, and yet to spend  
 The best of all her life along the road,  
 A beggar, open to the shame and taunt  
 Of any passer-by—yes, bitter shame  
 For more than her, than you—for all your house!

ŒDIPUS. You, you, to whom no thing shall sacred stand!  
 How craftily with these soft words of yours  
 You gull, and hoax, and dupe, and bait me on,  
 That I may be your prey! But now I know  
 Your guile, you liar and deceiver! Oh!  
 Oh! I shall strip you naked to the world!  
 When Laius met his death you hoped to reign,  
 But I it was that overcame the Sphinx  
 And won the throne. And cunningly you kept  
 Your smiling way, and patiently did wait!  
 My blood is quick, and quick I was to see  
 Your tainted soul corrupting Delphi's law!  
 You probed into the past, unknown of me,  
 And strove to terrify with omens ill  
 The people of my Thebes and cause my fall,  
 And though not King of Thebes, its master grew,  
 Because still young my children. When they came  
 To manhood, you contrived to make them hate  
 My name, and hate their own! And now you ask  
 That I go back to Thebes, close at your side,  
 Without defence, and blind—TO MEET MY DEATH!  
 So that when brother fights with brother there  
 The throne of Thebes shall fall to you! All vain  
 This trickery! 'Tis here, here, I remain!

CREON. You shall not stay!

ŒDIPUS. Here I remain!

CREON. You shall  
 Go back to Thebes with me!

THE VOICE OF MENECLÉS. (*From the forest.*)

Help, friends! Help! Help!

THE PEOPLE. Whose voice is that?

(*Meneclés enters, white-faced and frightened, running from the forest. The crowd surrounds him.*)

THE PEOPLE.

What now? Quick, quick! What now?

MENECLÉS. Oh, terrible it is!

(*He is so weak and horrified he cannot go on. Some of the shepherds force him into a seat.*)

ŒDIPUS. (*To Batto.*)

Who then came here?

BATTO. 'Twas Meneclés.

ŒDIPUS. (*With a cry, trembling, groping towards Meneclés.*)

Alas! My daughters? Speak!

MENECLÉS. Unhappy father!

ŒDIPUS.

Speak, speak! Tell us all!

MENECLÉS. We had no sooner pierced beyond the hills  
 Than on us fell a band of ruffians.  
 They seized the girls, thus, smothering with their hands  
 Each cry of terror. Then they carried them  
 Across the wooded hills—I know not where.

ŒDIPUS. My children! Oh, my children! . . . Save them, sirs!  
 (*Meneclés and the People retire up the stage, muttering.*)  
 An insult this to Athens!

CREON. No, to Thebes  
 It may mean safety!

ŒDIPUS. Ah, you! 'Twas you did this!

CREON. It was my deed. I had them borne away!

THE PEOPLE. An outrage, this!

CREON. You, Theseus, are a King,

And you can understand how little things  
 Must bow before the welfare of the throne!  
 Thebes now is over-run with hate and ruin,  
 And only the return of Œdipus  
 Can still deliver us. I journeyed here  
 To beg for that return, and he refused!  
 I feared this thing—and back to Thebes this day  
 His daughters shall be borne, at my command.  
 If he still loves those daughters, he will go  
 Where they are gone . . . and so against his will  
 Must save our stricken city!

ŒDIPUS. Oh, to-day  
 I know what anguish is!

THESEUS. (*To Creon.*) 'Tis savages  
 Endure such violence, such robbery!  
 Athenians, never! We defend the weak  
 And innocent, and every scoundrel crush!

CREON. But stands he not a scoundrel, Œdipus?  
 The whole world knows that he his father killed  
 And lived in incest!

ŒDIPUS. (*Tumultuously.*) No . . . you are the black  
 And crawling, snake-like scoundrel, thro' and thro'!  
 Breathe not one word against me, perjurer!  
 Was't by my wish, or through blind accident  
 I killed this father that I knew not of?  
 Why charge to me, to my own will, this act  
 That more than odious to me has seemed?  
 What fault of mine was it, that ere I breathed  
 The breath of life, some Delphic oracle  
 Should tell my father that a son of his  
 Must slay him?

And what fault of mine was it,  
 That when the womb delivered me, I grew  
 To manhood, knowing not my father's name,  
 And on the road one night I met a man,  
 White-bearded, all unknown to me, who struck

Me on the head, and I in rage struck back  
 And killed him, dreaming not the man I faced  
 Was my own father? Was that fault of mine?  
 Would you, who prate of virtue, when you felt  
 A blow across your head, first turn and say  
 "Is this, by any chance, my father strikes?"  
 No . . . never! . . . This the cruel story is,  
 And tho' my father stepped from out his tomb  
 He could deny no word of it. No more  
 Am I consumed with shame, remembering  
 My mother, who your sister is as well.  
 She dreamed not of the mockery that I  
 Should be her son. . . . And you, if you that day  
 Knew all the bitter truth, and held your tongue,  
 Then on your head fall every foulest name  
 You fling at me!

THE VOICE OF ANTIGONE. (*Without.*)

Where is he? Father! Where?

ŒDIPUS. (*Uttering a cry of joy*)

I hear the voice of my Antigone!

(*Enter Antigone, running from the forest. She flings herself into the arms of Œdipus.*)

THESEUS. (*To Creon.*)

Well can you thank the Gods your evil plot  
 Has failed, and failing, saved you from our wrath!

CREON. Say out your say, and we in Thebes shall know  
 Just how to act!

(*Exit angrily, with his noblemen.*)

ŒDIPUS. (*To Antigone.*)  
 Ismene, where is she? (*Antigone is silent.*) Oh, speak!

Ismene, where is she? (*Antigone is silent.*) Oh, speak!

ANTIGON.

Dead! She is dead!

THE PEOPLE.

Dead?

ŒDIPUS.

Say not dead!

My daughter dead!

(*Œdipus falls to the ground. Antigone and the others lift him to the seat under the peach tree. He comes slowly back to consciousness.*)

ANTIGONE.

They carried us away

By force. A youthful Theban saw us pass  
 And, with an angry cry, rushed out at them,  
 With "Cowards only outrage women thus!"  
 They laughed back in his face. But he drew forth  
 His sword, and slew the man who carried me!  
 Then quick he turned to where Ismene stood;  
 But all at once, the man flung out his axe,  
 His cruel axe. From off the Theban's breast  
 All sheathed in steel, it glanced and struck and killed  
 Ismene!

ŒDIPUS. (*Rising and crying.*)

Once! But once, her father still

Must touch her brow!

(*Enter Haemon, with shepherds, carrying the body of Ismene.*)



ANTIGONE. They bring her body here.  
 ŒDIPUS. (*Assisted by Antigone and Theseus, gropes his way to where Ismene lies, and kisses her dead face. Then he holds his arms on high, in impassioned imprecation.*)

O Zeus, if it is true that thou art just,  
 As I believe, with some vast punishment  
 More cruel far than mine, strike down the one  
 Who caused this death. . . . Blight him, and all his race!  
 (*Haemon, at this imprecation, covers his face with his hands.*)

ANTIGONE. (*Observing Haemon.*)

O, father, say no more! . . . Have pity here  
 On Haemon!

ŒDIPUS. (*Starting.*)

Haemon, son of such a sire!

ANTIGONE. He stands close by you. . . . 'Twas my life he saved!

ŒDIPUS. (*Struggling to control himself.*)

Come near, young man, and let me touch your brow!

(*Haemon approaches Œdipus, and the latter is about to embrace him, when he suddenly draws back.*)

No, no . . . a touch from one long luckless brings  
 Ill-luck! Vile would I be if I should wish  
 More evil days on one of such a house. . . .  
 No; no . . . you saved my child Antigone!

HAEMON. I ask no day more golden than this day,

When I have seen once more the brooding eyes,  
 The fair and mournful face of her who walks  
 So wrapped in beauty. (*His eyes are on Antigone.*)

Sweet Antigone,

From that first hour you left the silenced Court,  
 Where we, as children, played so happy once,  
 From that first day you shared such sufferings,  
 My heart has followed, mile by weary mile,  
 Along your journeys!

(*A sudden roll of thunder is heard above the Temple.*)

ŒDIPUS.

Hark! A thunder-bolt!

The sign! This is the sign that I must die!  
 To-day I pass the door mysterious,  
 And go down to the world of ghostly things  
 And make my peace with Fate!

THE VOICES OF THE FURIES. (*Calling out of the distance.*)

O Œdipus!

O Œdipus!

ŒDIPUS.

Hark! 'Tis the merciful

And waiting Goddesses that call for me!

ANTIGONE. But I must go with you!

ŒDIPUS. (*Embracing her.*)

That cannot be!

No, sacred light to my poor blinded eyes,  
 The hour has come when we must say farewell!  
 You loved me greatly, and to ease my pain  
 You bade good-bye to all your girlish joys,  
 To every wish that women hold most dear,  
 And with an humbled father humbly walked,

To help and shield him, beg his daily bread,  
 And pillow on your shoulder, young and soft,  
 This aching head, turned white before its time!  
 My sorrows have been great, but greater far  
 Has been your goodness and your gentleness!

THE VOICES OF THE FURIES. (*Seeming nearer.*)

Come, Œdipus!

ŒDIPUS. (*Freeing himself from Antigone.*)

King Theseus, citizens  
 Of Attica, and you, who saved my child,  
 Still guard her, and my daughter that is dead  
 Commit to earth!

THE VOICES OF THE FURIES. (*Still nearer.*)

We still are waiting thee.

ŒDIPUS. You, Theseus, you alone companion me  
 Out to Ramea's Door mysterious,  
 The Door that, like a pit, leads down to worlds  
 That shadowy ghosts inhabit. You alone,  
 I ask, shall know where this worn body rests.  
 Antigone, and you, good people, peer  
 Not after me, on this last pilgrimage!

(*Antigone and the crowd fall to their knees at a second roll of thunder, turning their backs, as Theseus offers his hand to Œdipus. The two kings walk slowly towards the higher ground, at the back of the stage, Œdipus stopping now and then, with his rapt face towards heaven, in wonder. Then they kneel.*)

HAEMON. (*To Antigone.*)

Antigone, before some voice of death  
 Falls like a shadow 'twixt your face and mine  
 Still hear me!

ANTIGONE. (*Absently, in anguish.*)

I shall see him nevermore!

HAEMON. Nay, rise, and listen to me!

ANTIGONE.

I shall hear

His voice no more!

HAEMON.

Mine, mine would comfort you!

ANTIGONE. I shall no longer slowly guide his steps,

Nor break his bread for him, nor watch his sleep!

(*She starts half to her feet, crying aloud.*)

O Father! Father! (*There is no answer.*)

Nay, he hears me not!

I am alone . . . in all the world alone!

HAEMON. No; Thebes awaits you, still your mother waits;

The brother that you love still looks for you—

Poor Polynices, who would shed the blood

Of his own people . . . and you still can save

His honour and his name from such a blot.

ANTIGONE. (*Reprovingly, bitterly.*)

Those woes are far-off things, of other worlds!

But here I dare not turn my eyes to look

Upon a dying father. . . . Sacrilege

Or not, I still shall look!

HAEMON. (*Gently restraining her.*)

Flaunt not the wish

Of one who faces death. . . . But, hark! he speaks.

ŒDIPUS. (*Turning back from the higher ground.*)

Be happy in your world of light and song,

Yet in the midst of all your merriment,

A little think, at times, of Œdipus!

(*The scene slowly becomes darker.*)

I need no longer now an earthly guide . . . .

For through my very blood there creeps and burns

Some god-like calm, some knowledge infinite!

(*He turns again, with arms upraised, his voice low at first, but slowly growing stronger and stronger, until his last words. He stands erect, sure of himself, flinging away his staff. Theseus waits some distance behind him, reverently, in awe.*)

I come, a Shadow, to the shadowy door.

Deny me not this death, this crown of peace;

Shut me not out from this dark Court, where Death

Will never drive me from a second throne!

For I, a blind and beggared King, with tears

Have washed away my guilt. And now I come,

By Fate quite humbled, broken . . . blind . . . no, no . . .

Not blind! (*With a great cry.*)

The light! The light! I see again!

(*A third roll of thunder sounds, and in the cloud that follows a second great burst of light, the body of Œdipus disappears from sight. For one moment, before passing, the upturned face of the blind King is transfigured. The people kneel, awe-struck, terrified.*)

CURTAIN.

(*To be concluded in the April Number.*)



# A CHAT ABOUT OUR RURAL HOTELS

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

THE country inns of which Dickens has made us so fond, with their blazing open fires, the jollity of Mine Host, and their homelikeness, are gone even from Merrie England. We have never had them in the bustle of the new world, and we would not care in this climate to go back to the open wood fires. But I had the pleasure early last autumn of a tour through our five eastern provinces, which gave me a wide experience of the hostels in our smaller centres, and I am happy to report that, though the jollity of Mine Host may be a rarity—one finds and appreciates it occasionally—the homelikeness, the best of the characteristics of the English inns, is not at all wanting from our rural Canadian hotels.

Just by the way, I hope no offence will be taken at the use of the term "rural." I mean to include the caravanserais of our towns and smaller cities, as well as those to which the word might more strictly apply. I know of no other word that comes so near to my meaning, and besides the country inns of which Dickens wrote were often situated in centres more populous than all but our largest centres.

I was talking about the homelikeness of our Canadian hostels. I met the quality in every one of the five provinces we visited, but nowhere was it more in evidence than in the quiet

town of Harriston, where we spent a Sunday in August. We were travelling with the present Premier on his tour. Coming from the larger cities of the Dominion, we were inclined to look upon a Sabbath in Harriston as a dull affair. However, we "seen our dooty and we done it noble" and the reward was quite up to what the story books tell us.

Our dwelling-place was unpretentious enough. It lacked running water and the other conveniences of city life, though they were about to be installed. Its furnishings were not elegant. But from the moment we entered the door we were made at home. Everybody connected with the house seemed to be at our disposal all through our stay, and the rules were turned topsy-turvy for our accommodation. To begin with, we arrived late for dinner. I think we were on time at supper, but that was the only meal we took within regulation hours while there. Nevertheless, not a hint was there that we were causing inconvenience. Sunday morning we slept in late. In fact, some of us intended to miss our breakfast. But would Mine Host consent to that! Not he. Dinner would be late, he said, and so upstairs he went and personally explained to the delinquents. Meanwhile, he kept the dining-room open, and breakfast was served till close upon noon. In the afternoon we were taken by the Mayor and the

local member for a drive to a pretty lake in the woods ten miles away, and returned late for supper. It was served as if it were nothing out of the regular, although our trim waitress, who appeared to be a relative of Mine Host, had to stay home from church in order to accommodate us.

Our sojourn in Simcoe—down near the shores of Lake Erie—stays with me because of the friendliness and the chattiness of Mine Host. He was one of the jolliest of his race that we met throughout our tour. He stood behind his desk and swapped stories by the hour. He hugely enjoyed a part he played in a good-natured practical joke on one of our party. The customary dispute as to the size of the audience at the political meeting had waxed high that night, and it was continued on the way to the hotel afterwards. One Liberal had put the attendance down to fifteen hundred. His Conservative opponent averred stoutly that it was five thousand. Finally they agreed to leave it to our host, who had not been at the meeting, but who would know the capacity of the rink. So to the hotel hied the two disputants. They put the question.

"Ten thousand," was the prompt reply of Mine Host. And he firmly continued to maintain, amid shouts of laughter, that ten thousand tickets had been taken in for a hockey match at that rink last winter.

I remember Simcoe also, because I had there called to my attention a phenomenon, which is not rare, but which is much less prominent, I think, in Ontario than in the Maritime Provinces. This is the classification of hotels on political lines. In Simcoe the Conservative leader made one hotel his headquarters; the Liberal chieftain patronised the rival hostel. I have run into a striking instance of this down at the end of the Dominion. Baddeck, besides its attractions as a summer resort, has two

hotels. They frown at each other across the main street. One is the Conservative house and the other the Liberal. Of course, summer visitors rudely violate tradition. But a native of Cape Breton would no more think of staying at the hotel of the opposite political stripe than a fish from the Big Bras d'Or would think of taking a journey on the Intercolonial. The County Council of Victoria meets in Baddeck, and the staid Gaelic councillors invariably split on political lines in selecting their hostelry.

My native province is leading me into ways of garrulity, but before I desert her I want to tell an incident which throws a bright light upon the peacefulness and good order of the county seat of Oxford. In Woodstock there is a time for everything, as saith the preacher, and especially is there a time for sleep. In fact, this custom is so well established there that sharp upon midnight the hotels close not only their bars, but their doors, and woe be to the belated guest who is so "Unwoodstockian" as to be out after that hour. The railways are so well aware of this rule that they do not stop any of their trains at this burgh during the night. Now, it so happens that political meetings are sometimes late, and it also sometimes happens that scribes have to work after the meeting has closed. No, I will not listen to any other explanation, for the scribe in question was one of the most orderly and exemplary. One would almost have thought that he must have been born in Oxford. Be that as it may, he wandered along to our hotel some time after the witching hour, and found it all locked up. Curiously enough, there happened to be out at that hour, "mirable dictu," a citizen. He promptly came to the rescue.

"If you cross the square and go down the main street," he said, "you will probably meet the night watch-

man somewhere there. He can let you into the hotel."

The scribe thanked the citizen, but the hour was late for a promenade, and by some strange accident another hotel in the neighborhood happened to be open. He went in there and slept peacefully.

Of the inns of Quebec I had but three days' brief experience, and that was limited to the Eastern Townships. That is a narrow basis for judgment, but I regret to report that my eight-years-adopted province did not hold up its end very successfully in competition with Ontario or with the Maritime Provinces. In nearly every instance, however, Mine Host was trying to entertain wholly abnormal crowds, and much was to be excused. Besides, almost everywhere there was no doubt about the good-will of the host. He went out of his way to accommodate us. Just one instance of this: From Shefford we had a long drive in the early morning to catch a train into Sherbrooke. Three of our party had left their overcoats at home, and Mine Host promptly provided substitutes out of his wardrobe. I am glad to say that we sent back the borrowed garments with thanks by the driver who took us across.

In a couple of cases I noticed a tendency—which was surprisingly rare in the tour—to raise prices during the temporary influx of visitors. In one town where this was done, the effort to give the minimum and get the maximum was so exhausting that it attenuated the supply of eatables, and it was difficult to say which was the wider the pie or the fork with which one ate it.

In another instance, there was failure to agree on rates among the various operators behind the desk, and the upshot was an agile effort to find reasons, which was fully worth the money. There were three in our party. Two of us took rooms and made up some sleep we had lost the

night before. We all three had dinner. Our bills were respectively forty cents, seventy-five cents and a dollar. The bills were paid at divers times, but the last happened to be paid in the presence of all. Explanations were sought.

"Why was my bill seventy-five and his only forty?" was the first question.

The difference was the price of the room, thirty-five cents. That seemed easy.

Then the other man who had a room wanted to know why he had had to pay a dollar.

"Your room was on the first floor and was fifty cents," was the reply.

"But then," objected he, "I paid fifty cents for my dinner and the others paid only forty."

It seemed a sticker. But not for that clerk.

"The guests on the first floor are supposed to have better service," he said.

We couldn't ask more. Our "midriff's deep distress," as Kipling has it, was too deep.

We left Quebec with a kindly feeling for Mine Host of Megantic, who gave us as friendly and kindly a welcome as his brother boniface of Shefford. In New Brunswick we found the same kindly welcome awaiting us. Sussex—where we spent the night on our way to The Island—gave the climax. Our hostel there was more like a big homelike boarding-house than a hotel. All the rooms were taken, too, chiefly by permanent lodgers. But Mine Host found a way out. One of the lodgers was away for the night, and the good wife quickly fixed up his room for my accommodation. While I waited, the private parlour of the family was at my disposal, and, though I had only two meals in the house, I was allotted my own place at the table. The food was plain, but attractive and wholesome, and the guests sat around

large tables, which would have given us an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted.

Our first stopping place on The Island—that is how the natives refer to the Province of Prince Edward—carried the impression of homelikeness a step further. Here we went upstairs to the hotel office, which was presided over by a lady. One of our party here was an Islander, and his footing there did not seem to be at all commercial. Mine Hostess greeted the strangers, too, in very friendly fashion. I imagine there was a “closing hour” at this hostelry, as there was in Woodstock, but at least it was not so early as the Ontario burgh’s.

In Souris we had dinner in a home-like, but up-to-date hotel, where the cooking was of the “home-made” order. The capital city of Charlottetown provided a good city hotel, and then we crossed Northumberland Strait to the mainland of Nova Scotia.

Again experience of the “rural” hotel was sparse in Nova Scotia. Outside of Halifax, we sojourned over night only at Sydney and Liverpool. Sydney boasts a good hotel of the

small city class, with one peculiarity which I have met nowhere else. You have your choice of waiters or waitresses. For my part, I freely confess that I prefer the white caps and aprons. The boiled front is too often a little less cleanly than one would desire. In another city during our tour I had this choice between hotels; and as soon as I had found out the lay of the land I did not hesitate long. Once I stayed in a hotel—in a German settlement—where the waitress looked so clean that it seemed she would make food cleaner by touching it. I admit that is a rarity; but I have never had that experience with the boiled shirt.

Liverpool introduces a topic, with which I shall close these meandering notes. I have said nothing so far of “tipping,” not because we did not meet it. But I must own that it has not made great inroads outside of the larger cities. It is much more general in Ontario than anywhere else, and it is rare in the Maritime Provinces. At Liverpool I had a “tip” refused by the most obliging and the prettiest waitress we met in all our travels.



# BRUCE'S FOLLY

BY NORMAN S. RANKIN

AUTHOR OF "THE MASTER OF THE RIVER," "THE BOSS OF THE BAR U," ETC.

## THE PIONEER

To love to live—I choose this as my life.  
The world is full of clatter, cheap and  
vain,  
And painted sights and foolish paven  
lanes where people moil at pleasure,  
Getting none, returning yet again for  
naught, and less than naught—  
And o'er-plussed emptiness of heart and  
soul,  
Which makes a mock of life and turns it  
sour.  
All this I pass; not prudishly, as one who  
fears to mix with men,  
Nor scorning human things,  
Nor in a cloister mood, seeking aloof-  
ness and some mystic spell—  
But rather in a thirst for redder wine,  
A crave for passions that are ne'er out-  
worn,  
A lust for one good hack at old Con-  
vention,  
Statued in the Square!  
To those who love the groove, the pat-  
terned task, the vested rights,  
I say, adieu!  
Give me the thing to do that's not been  
done,  
That helps my kind, and yields my spirit-  
wide egress,  
The axe upon the beech to mark my way,  
A golden sunset from behind the rugged  
hills,  
And then, should the gods allow,  
A white arm round my neck entwined  
And on my lips the kiss of her who un-  
derstood and shared!

—Richard Wightman.

"AND so," said the financial agent of the mining company inquiringly, "you say you don't think the mine'll pan out?"

"I'm quite sure it won't," replied the young engineer emphatically, "and since you ask my opinion I ad-

vised that you cease operations at once; to go on further is only to throw good money after bad—a useless waste of time and effort." He stopped abruptly, and applied a match to a carefully-filled pipe.

"But," expostulated the financial agent quickly, "are you speaking seriously? Do you really mean it? Do you not realise that if I act upon your advice—with which, by the way, I am quite in accord—you will yourself be out of a job? Does that fact bear no weight with you?" He was watching the young man closely.

The engineer laughed heartily. "I'm afraid not. I'm quite used to being out of a job—so accustomed to it in fact it has no terrors for me whatever. When a man has nothing much to lose he doesn't worry about losing it, does he? That's only the penalty of the rich and the near rich. Don't you worry about me, Mr. Hammond, but shut the mine down at once; don't run it another day, and anyhow," and he smiled good-humoredly, "whether you close down or not will have no effect on my financial standing in life, as I must ask you to accept my resignation right now."

It was springtime of the year '97, in the early pioneer days of the West. The late H. C. Hammond, of Toronto, financial agent for an English mining syndicate, had come to the West to inspect the workings of his company, a lode gold mine known as



"Treasure Shop," located in the Kootenay Valley, British Columbia. It had not been "panning out" very well, and as a good deal of money had already been sunk in it, he had thought it in the best interests of his clients to close it up. Since he had talked with Bruce, the young assistant engineer, he no longer hesitated; he was resolved that the mine would close that day.

banks, ambled peacefully a zig-zag course to the sea. The perfect stillness of the "Far Off Places" abounded; nature alone held absolute sway. A robin sang to his mate from a tree nearby, and a brown squirrel, seeking its accustomed breakfast of camp crumbs, peered forth timidly from a swaying branch.

After a while the older man spoke, and his voice had a softer ring to it.



MR. R. R. BRUCE

IN HIS ORCHARD AT WILMER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

It was after supper, and the engineer and the agent sat in the cool of the tent flap and talked and smoked. The glory of the Western summer twilight died slowly around them. Step-like, bench upon bench, clothed in varying shades of green and bronze, the picturesque Selkirks rose before them, snow-capped and magnificent, crowned with purple and gold of the setting sun. Behind frowned the mighty Rockies, barren, boulder-broken and abrupt, while beside them, the gently flowing Columbia, swollen with the melting snows from a thousand peaks, and caressed by luxuriant foliage overhanging her

"What do you propose to do, Bruce? I've listened carefully to what you have told me about the undeveloped riches of this valley, and agree with you that in one of the many creeks that line the river there must be valuable ore waiting the pick of the prospector. I like the valley also, and I'd like to get some of it. Tell you what," and he paused to make his words more effective, "suppose I grub-stake you for twelve months on a roving commission. You have said you have nothing in view, and intend to stay here. Now here's your chance. You'll be pleasing yourself and at the same time doing me

a favour. Accept my offer. It's made in good faith, and from a business point of view. Stay in the valley for both our interests?"

The young man pondered for a few minutes, scrutinising his companion keenly as if to see whether any philanthropic motive lay behind the words. He came of stern, God-fearing Scottish ancestors, who fought

fable of his famous namesake. In Scotland he had been one of a number of employees in a large engineering establishment in Glasgow. In the morning they were rung to work by the tolling of a big bell, and at lunch time and days-end rung out again. Advancement slept heavily. Promotion came only with dead men's shoes. Opportunity was drugged. Monotony



LAKE WINDERMERE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN BACKGROUND

their own way unaided through the world. He was little inclined to emotion, but when he leaned over and shook the elder man's hand heartily he was as near it as ever in his previous existence. And he stayed in the valley.

\*

In 1887 Robert Randolph Bruce came to America from Scotland. He had never before left home. When he landed at New York and walked up Broadway bits of purple heather still stuck to his clothes. He had forty dollars in his jeans, and under his vest, on the left-hand side, a heart beating with a stern determination to emulate the spider in the

held the boards. Ambition, however, burned fiercely in the young man's breast. For a time he smothered it: then it burst forth again stronger than ever, and he "lit out" for the new world.

So he landed at New York, but found that the streets were not lined with gold, as the fable said. Then he crossed the line into Canada. There they were not even lined with silver or copper. However, he got a job, and went to work.

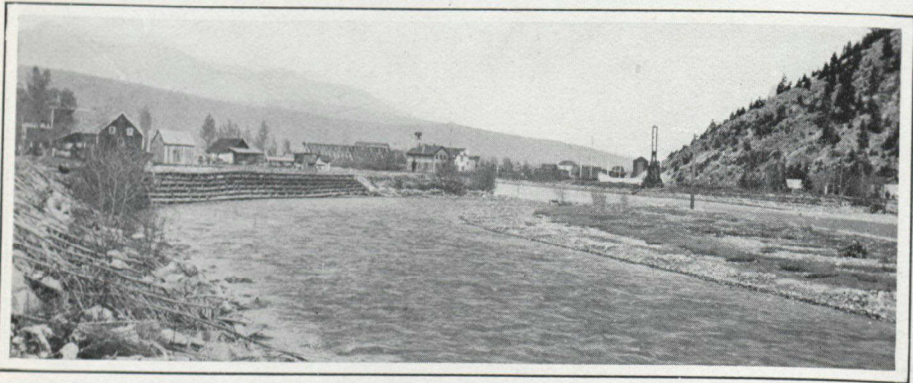
Seven years later, in company with H. D. Lumsden, he was running survey lines for the Canadian Pacific Railway Construction Department in the Crow's Nest Pass. Things were

not then booming in Western Canada as now. It was a far-off undetermined quantity, with the accent on the "X." Van Horne was struggling valiantly for money to push the road through the mountains, but it came hard and slowly.

In '97 Bruce severed his connection with the railroad and packed north towards the Columbia Valley. For some months stories of fabulous finds of ore had floated down daily to the railroad camps from the Kootenay district, tales of marvellous pockets, extraordinary yields, El Dorados without number—all to be had simply for the taking. A mining

beautiful plateau that stretched from mountain base to mountain base. And the Wild Horse and Kootenay Rivers, which join forces at that point, supplied water and irrigation for the million.

When Bruce and his companion reached the heights that dominate the lower end of Upper Columbia Lake and gazed across the valley, the panorama that opened before them was beyond description. An azure mirror of crystal water simmered beneath the noonday sun, reflecting the perfect blue of heaven. Wooded hills of verdant pine and spruce melted gradually into grassy slope,



KICKING HORSE RIVER

AT GOLDEN, BRITISH COLUMBIA

boom swept the valley like a tornado. Hardy prospectors from the four corners of the earth rolled in to Fort Steele by the hundred. They packed ore samples; talked assays; carried little bits of rock. Supplies, carried by sweating mules, came from north and south, down the Columbia, through the Windermere Valley from Golden, and up from Walla Walla and points in Washington and Montana. Transportation on the Columbia became congested. Adventurers and miners joined the gold-hungry throng, and the "lode" mining boom became more intense. Down at Fort Steele the effect was apparent. Hundreds of settlers' camps whitened the

and from glassy slope to border fringe of brown, pebbly beach. The jagged Rockies and snow-crowned Selkirks to right and left frowned and smiled respectively. The air was sharp and clear.

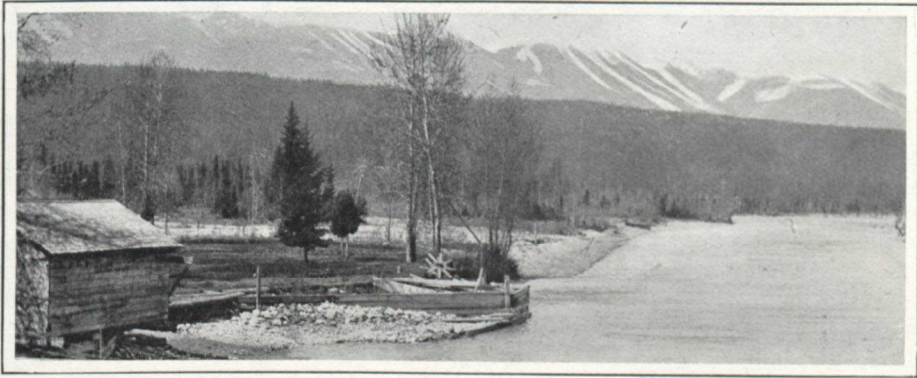
They pushed on across Canal Flats and Upper Columbia Lake to Lake Windermere, and as darkness fell swam the Columbia River at the latter's outlet, and camped where there is now the little town of Athalmer. The next day Bruce fell in with the engineer of the English syndicate on Horse Thief Creek, and was offered and accepted the position of "assistant" on that work.

The following year the town of

Wilmer was established. It grew over night on a tiny cup-like depression at the confluence of the trails from Toby and Horse Thief Creeks, eighty miles south of Golden. Bruce, who had bonded the "Parradice" Mine, established the town, as it was too far to bring supplies all the way from Windermere. And there was no bridge over the Columbia. That came later. Prospectors' pack trains flowed up and down these creeks like pilgrims to the shrine of Ste. Anne. The town was first called Peterborough, but later changed to Wilmer, after the Honourable Wilmer Cleveland Wells. Here were stores, min-

miles west of the river in the Selkirks, and old miners saw clearly that all they needed to make them rich was the coming of navigation. Bruce saw that, too, and after gathering in several mining properties, looked round for a further source of revenue.

He noted that the soil was fertile, and would produce most anything. With a prophet's vision, he foresaw the day when the river banks and benches surrounding the lakes would be dotted over with profitable farms and pleasant summer homes, and he dreamed that if irrigation was extended to these benches the land would be the most desirable tract



COLUMBIA RIVER

AT GOLDEN, BRITISH COLUMBIA

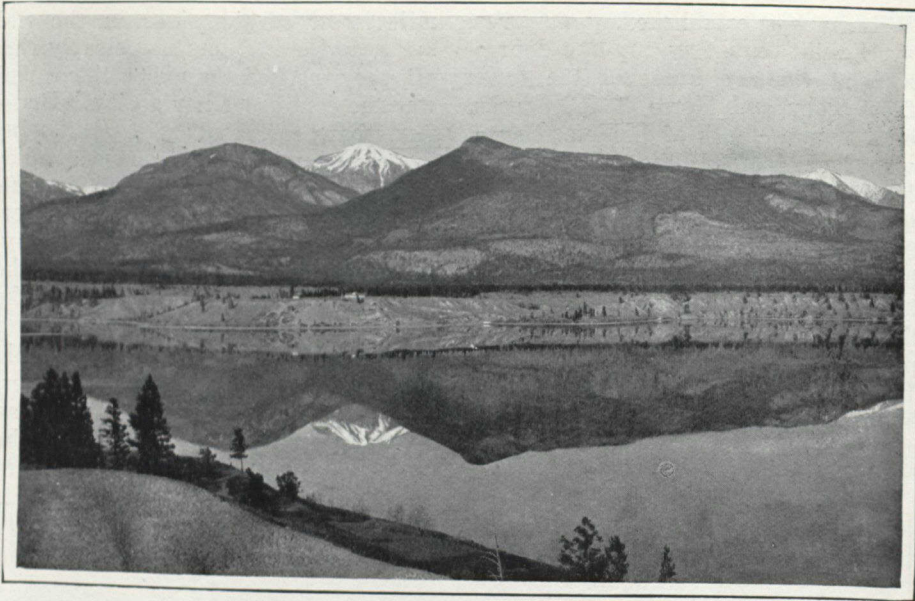
ers' tools, hotel accommodation for all classes—and booze galore.

Bruce had staked his claims and mined a bit, and things looked brighter. He had "made good" on the grub-stake, and was able to get along without it after the first year. He was busy getting ore down from the "Parradice." During the winter months, when the river was frozen over, it was loaded on hides and hauled down the mountain side and stacked at the river's edge preparatory to the coming of Armstrong's steamer. At times there were 25,000 bags awaiting transportation. But it was an unsatisfactory process and didn't pay. The mine was twenty

in any part of British Columbia. Mental myopia did not affect him.

To think was to act, and to act was to buy up, from time to time, such tracts as he could secure at reasonable prices. Of course, soon his operations were noticed. "What folly, 'Bruce's Folly,'" they called it, and laughed, but they were sorry for him, too, for they liked him. "It's too bad to see a good man who has worked so hard go under," they said.

But a good man never goes under. He may seem to, but, like the song, he always "Bobs up again serenely." Three years later, a daily steamer ploughed up and down the river, and Bruce and Hammond owned land



REFLECTIONS

LAKE WINDERMERE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

stretching for forty miles up the west side of the lake. Then they formed a strong company to undertake its irrigation. Land jumped in value from one dollar an acre to twenty, and fruit farmers and retired British Army and Navy officers began to set up pretty homes. Like California—history repeating itself—miners and mining gave place to farmers and farming; mining journals to agricultural publications; assays to alfalfa; ore to oats, and tonnages to timothy. Everybody talked agriculture. The Government built roads, and pack trains gave place to trotting horses and automobiles. The long-deferred railroad construction took on new life, and smoke from the Kootenay Central Railroad construction camps hung thick in the valley. The Provincial Government sent a representative to report on the advisability of establishing an experimental farm, and the Western Agencies and Development Company decided to locate and build a new town on the lake edge. A Vancouver syndicate purchased a block of a thousand acres,

paying for it at the rate of seventy-five dollars an acre. The Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruit Lands, Limited, are offering 15,000 acres to the public, while their project embraces 45,000 acres in all, or nearly 100 square miles. The Columbia Valley Orchards Company have commenced to irrigate a further 12,000 acres.

“Bruce’s Folly,” backed with determination along the lines of a well-conceived plan, has turned out to be Bruce’s and others’ gain. His partner and backer, the late Mr. H. C. Hammond, did not live to reap material benefits, passing to the great majority a few years ago. But, as a result of his judgment of character and foresight in grub-staking the young engineer, members of his family in Toronto to-day are gratefully enjoying the fruits of his labour and careful provision.

As for Bruce—well, he runs a bachelor, free-for-all, welcome bungalow caravanserai overhanging pretty Lake Windermere, and is known to every man, woman and child in the Columbia Valley.

# THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

BY LESLIE THOMAS

"FRIENDS?" Stephen Grale echoed. He shook his head slowly. "I haven't any," he said.

His wife had heard his weary step on the stairs, and in their room on the second floor she had banished her depression with an effort and forced a smile of welcome.

"Any good news, dear?"

"They'd chosen a man already. There were fifty others disappointed."

"And—and the second firm?"

"They told me to write. Said they weren't interviewing anyone. Rather amused at my clothes, I fancy."

The girl on the couch bit her lip at his short laugh and hopeless voice.

"Why don't you find one of your old friends? Why don't you see if they can't—"

It was then that Stephen Grale had made his bitter comment.

"They don't know where you're living, remember. You mustn't think they've deserted you, just because they don't write or call. There were several at our wedding—some had been to school with you, you told me. Mr. Chalfont—"

"He cut me dead a month ago."

"He may not have seen you, really." She waited for him to speak, but he only dropped heavily into a chair. "Mr. Sutton, Mr. Heatherley—"

"They knew our old address. Any letters sent there would have been forwarded. Then there's Bex—Charlie Bex. I don't even know whether he's in London now. Once I called

at his office, but he'd left for the day. I went on to his house. The servant said, 'Not at home,' after she'd taken in my name."

"The rather stout one, called Wilding. He—he looked kind."

"John Wilding? Oh, he lives in a big sort of mansion, up West. His father died, and he's head of the firm now. I dare say he reckons his income in thousands."

"There's Jim Derwent. You've often mentioned him."

"Not lately. Not since he took to travelling abroad."

"Now he's quite well known, because of this Antarctic expedition. He led the party, didn't he, after they lost Captain Selbury? When he comes back he'll look people up again."

"If his head's not too swollen."

"Wasn't he due in town this week?"

"So the papers said." Grale sneered slightly. "He's written a precious lot, anyhow! Tchah! not a line answering any of my letters. Wait till the Royal Geographical Society have asked him to lecture: then he'll cross the road sooner than meet me. I'm quite prepared for it. I've had plenty of experience of that kind of thing."

His wife sighed and turned away.

"Surely one of them, though, would be able to help you to find some position, dear? Surely they aren't all so uncharitable? They haven't all forgotten!"

Stephen Grale stared across at her moodily, resting his chin on his hands.

"I wouldn't ask," he declared sullenly. "I've some pride still. If they don't want to know me any more, I—I'm quite satisfied. I won't appeal to anybody!" He raised his voice almost appealingly. "You don't expect me to go to them—to have to remind them that I'm still alive?"

"No, dear," she assured him gravely.

"They'd look down on me, anyway. They've all succeeded: I'm a failure as yet. They're well off, most of them, now."

Both were silent for awhile. She reached for a newspaper cutting on the side table, though she knew the short paragraph by heart. Presently he raised his head again.

"You aren't sorry you married me, Ella? I couldn't blame you if you were."

"Don't you see what I'm reading, dear?"

For a moment, as he met her gaze, his face softened; then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, that!"

"It made me so—so very proud of you, Stephen. I couldn't love you more, of course, but when you came home that night——"

"Dripping wet, with a suit ruined. Oh, just my luck! In a story that fellow on the Embankment would have turned out a millionaire, instead of a miserable tramp who was only trying to finish himself. I wish I'd left him in the river, where he wanted to be."

"You don't mean that," she remonstrated gently; and began to rise.

"Let me get the things, Ella, and put them near you."

They made a pretence of drinking tea; the bread was stale. But neither cared to eat too much: loaves disappeared so quickly.

Things had come to that.

"What, Steve—smoking?"

"It's my only one, I'm afraid."

He was glad that he had lighted up some moments before she noticed. In truth, it was just half a cigarette which someone had thrown away on entering a bank. It had fallen at Grale's feet; and to stoop was so easy.

After the meal he still sat at the table, consulting notes made at the nearest reading-room, writing careful applications for different vacancies advertised. By the time he had finished Ella had fallen asleep. He turned the lamp down low.

In the firelight, rigid and despondent, he began to reconsider his hasty decision. Had he any right to let pride stand in the way? Was not his first duty to Ella, who required a doctor's care, better food, healthier surroundings?

No matter how hard it seemed, he must apply to one of these friends who ignored him so completely; he must plead for an opening to be made—for them to use their influence on his behalf.

He shivered a little, but stood up determinedly, and tiptoed to the stairs.

Outside in the street he made his choice. John Wilding he would visit first, for Wilding was probably the wealthiest of them all. He knew Wilding's house, too.

Half an hour's walking brought him to it. He had planned to go straight up and knock; but at the last moment he hesitated.

"Why be afraid?" he asked himself fiercely. "It's not in the street you're begging. There's no crime in this."

He turned back a little distance, then swung round. As he did so, the door opened. Two figures were silhouetted against the lighted interior. One was a butler, the other a stout man in evening dress.

John Wilding glanced up and down

the street. Grale felt suddenly faint, with weakness and humiliation. He moved to within a yard or two, then seemed to collapse against the railings. Dazedly he became aware that the man-servant was holding him, and Wilding staring into his face. Each took a shoulder and assisted him up the steps to a chair in the hall.

"Stephen Grale! Why, it's you, by Jove! Pull yourself together, man. Weston, a little brandy!"

Grale opened his eyes with an effort. A crowd of men were surrounding him; John Wilding answered their excited questions. Grale breathed quickly in his amazement. Heatherley was there, and George Sutton, little Charlie Bex, Harry Chalfont—old school-fellows all. He passed over the few unfamiliar faces to fasten upon those he knew well. He found that they were shaking his hands.

"Jolly glad to see you, old chap!"

"Buck up, Steve!"

It must be a dream, of course, he told himself; and closed his eyes again. But John Wilding was certainly beside him, waving the others back.

"Gently, boys, gently!" He bent down. "Don't hurry to move, you know, Steve. When you're ready."

A strange lump rose in Grale's throat. He could not speak.

"You're just in time, you know. Yes; in the nick of time! Better now? Come along, then! Come in by the fire a bit. I won't let the boys worry you. They mean well, but they're a trifle boisterous when a man's feeling queer. This way, old fellow, this way!"

"In time?" questioned Grale.

"For dinner—yes."

They passed into the long room, brilliant with electric lights shining on the white cloth, the silver and the glasses. John Wilding steered him towards an arm-chair, but Grale

did not immediately sit down. He steadied himself by the mantelpiece, and glanced from one to the other inquiringly.

"A—a special occasion, this?" he stammered.

Someone assented jovially.

"Then I'll go, I think. I must be intruding. I shouldn't like to——"

"No, no!" Wilding laughed reassuringly. "Why, we wanted you to complete the party."

There came a sharp rat-tat from the hall. Grale did not notice that everyone first stiffened into alertness, then relaxed as a servant entered with a buff envelope.

Grale indicated the table awkwardly, with a wave of his hand.

"For whom?" he asked doubtfully, still more than a little embarrassed.

"For a school chum of ours." Wilding looked up from the telegram. "For someone we wished to honour. Can't you guess? Someone whose name's been mentioned in the press lately—whose pluck we all admire."

"Oh, you don't mean——!"

"Why, yes, of course."

Stephen Grale turned aside from them all, covering his eyes with an unsteady hand.

"For me?" he muttered incredulously. "For me?"

He could not raise his head for awhile. The others whispered rapidly together. Little Charlie Bex had unfolded a paper, and was showing something to each man in turn. John Wilding displayed his telegram swiftly; all this was over in a few seconds. Then he stepped nearer the drooping figure by the fire.

"We got it ready—as a surprise, old boy. We thought you'd understand—appreciate that we—wanted to show you how proud we were——"

Suddenly they were crowding close, clapping Grale's shoulder, laughing and chaffing him uproariously.

"Fancy your not tumbling to it."



"The same modest old Steve!"

"It isn't true," said Grale thickly. "It can't be!"

Mistily he realised that they were forming a ring.

"All together, boys! 'For he's——'"

Weakly Grale tried to interrupt the rowdy chorus; but they persisted to the end.

"Yes; he's a jolly good fe-el-low,  
And so say all of us!"

"I—I should have thought Derwent deserves this sort of thing, not me. Jim Derwent, you know, the famous explorer now. That expedition——"

"Jim Derwent? What made you think of him?" Wilding took his arm once more. "Now, then, the head of the table for you."

"My clothes——"

"No nonsense. You can't escape. The head of the table for you, I say!"

Amid acclamations he was escorted to his chair. His upraised hand brought comparative silence.

"But how could you possibly know I should arrive? It was only pure chance that brought me."

"Didn't you get my message?"

"Your message, Wilding?"

"I sent one. Copied your new address from the papers. It must have been delayed somehow. What luck you came this way, then! What tremendous luck!"

"You really wrote?"

"You'll find the letter when you get home." John Wilding faced the company. "There's another song we might try now, boys," he cried; and started the familiar air:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And the days of auld lang syne?"

They looked in different directions. Some were blowing their noses at frequent intervals. As for Grale, he dropped into his seat. His head fell upon his arms, and his shoulders shook.

"So here's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gies a hand o' thine."

Accuracy or inaccuracy did not matter much. They were uncertain of the correct wording; but at any rate they knew the tune.

"We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For the days of auld lang syne!"

The last verse died away. Grale brushed his worn coat-sleeve across his eyes. George Sutton tried to laugh, but only gave a strange gasp, which no one noticed. Heatherley cleared his throat loudly, although he said nothing afterwards. Harry Chalfont was twisting his thin face into queer grimaces. John Wilding was glad to be able to step aside and press the bell.

"I don't deserve this," Grale managed to protest. "What I did—that was nothing. God bless you all, though!"

The meal started. They talked to him all at once. School reminiscences seemed endless. Gradually he forgot his shabby suit, but it was some time before he could manage his voice properly. Meanwhile John Wilding wrote hurriedly with a fountain-pen the servant had brought. He pulled dishes round him whenever Grale turned that way. His note was finished at last.

"Take this at once. And—listen!" He gave careful instructions in an undertone.

"Speech!" the others cried presently; but did not press the matter. In truth, Stephen Grale faltered a few sentences only.

"There's one thing," he finished chokingly; "I wish my wife could have been here to see—to know——"

"She must come, very soon," Wilding broke in. "She's well?"

Grale bent his head. "Not very. I—I'll tell her, though. I'll tell her everything. And I'm sure you'll all excuse me if I say that—that I must get back to her now. You'll all understand?"

They showered invitations upon him. They were ashamed, they said, to have neglected him so long.

"I'm very happy," Grale responded simply. "I was near to thinking—it was foolish; and—and please forgive me, boys—I almost thought you'd given me up entirely. I was mistaken. I'm more glad than I can tell you. If I'd simply met you all I'd have been satisfied. But this—to be the guest of honour!"

"If we've seemed to avoid you just lately, it was because we wanted—wanted this little festivity to come as a bit of a surprise."

Once again he had to shake each by the hand in turn. But everyone followed into the hall. He discovered that Wilding's car was waiting. The stout man made an opportunity to whisper.

"Come soon, old boy. Want to talk over some business. Bit worried at the office." He spoke in jerks. "Opening new branches. Can't get fellows to manage 'em—fellows I can trust, you know—fellows like you. See? You'd help, perhaps. If only I could possibly persuade you to join the firm!"

Stephen Grale nodded, with an incoherent reply. He knew that Wild-

ing feared to hurt his feelings, but he could find no word of thanks.

They waved and called after him as he drove off. He leaned back on the cushioned seat, and stifled a sob with difficulty.

Ella was awake when he burst into the room.

"There's a letter for you. It was delayed somehow, dear."

"I know—I know!"

Gathering her into his arms, he told his wonderful news.

\*

"Boys!"—John Wilding's little speech was rather indistinct—"Boys, I'd like to thank you. He never guessed, thank Heaven. I sent a specially-worded invitation, and purposely made a mistake in his address. He'll think that we really meant—meant it all for him. He'll never know, poor old chap! I'm glad we kept it up so well—thundering glad. Personally I admit I'd almost forgotten him. You know how these things happen. Time slips by."

From round the table came similar shame-faced admissions.

"Lucky that wire arrived, though! A jolly good thing, I say, that Jim Derwent at the last minute found he couldn't come!"



# THE OLD MINISTER IN "THE STORY GIRL"

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

MISS MONTGOMERY'S *Story Girl*, whose voice makes words live and carries the most thoughtless listener captive, who can recite the multiplication table with such sweet and varied rhythm and modulation as to bring tears or smiles to the most unimpressionable soul, finds the stories which she tells in local traditions as well as in classic myths and northland folklore. Some of her stories are amusing traditions of a dearly-beloved but somewhat eccentric old minister, whom she calls *Rev Mr. Scott*—stories which her uncle had told her.

The *Rev. Mr. Scott* of "The Story Girl" was the Rev. John Sprott, one of the best beloved and most unforgettable of the home-missionary pioneers of the Atlantic provinces of Canada. Mr. Sprott was born in Scotland and came to Canada in 1818. He loved Scotland so dearly that it was difficult for him at first to feel at home in this new world of wide, wild woodlands. Nothing in this country was just what it ought to be. The sun never shone so brightly in Nova Scotia as in Scotland; the birds never sang so sweetly; and even the *parritch* was never anything like it used to be in the old homeland.

When he was contemplating matrimony for the second time (he made three happy ventures of this sort in his life) he wrote in his diary:

"Miss C. L. is a sprig of Caledonia. I love her on that account. The women of this country make good wives, but they have little that is cheerful or playful, and nothing romantic in their disposition. The females of Nova Scotia are second to none for good housewives, and they can be managed with perfect ease, provided they always get their own way. They usually expect a larger share of attention than females in older countries. It is not easy to bend Scotchmen to their manners, and Scotchmen have never been regarded by the females of this country as the most tame and complying husbands."

Clergymen in Mr. Sprott's day were not only meagrely but sometimes amusingly paid. He tells us that he knew some who were paid in buckwheat, shingles, sucking-pigs, and feathers. Some did not fare even so well as these. He says:

"A minister might live in Nova Scotia provided he had Jacob's ladder set up in the midst of his congregation, for on Sabbath evening he could go up to heaven and subsist on spiritual food till next Sabbath morning, and then return to the duties of the day. This would please the congregation for a while, but they would soon begin to complain that he was not visiting during the week."

Many are the wise and witty sayings and laughable eccentricities recorded of this noble pioneer, who was a warm friend of Judge Haliburton—Sam Slick. Mr. Sprott's first congregation was in Windsor, Nova Scotia, where Judge Haliburton

lived. When Mr. Sprott brought his first bride home, Haliburton was one of the first to call to offer his congratulations.

The Rev. L. G. Macneill, of St. John—Miss Montgomery's uncle, the *Uncle Edward* of "The Story Girl"—many years ago told some amusing things about this worthy pioneer minister. Mr. Macneill says:

"Our first recollection of Mr. Sprott was in the days of our boyhood. He came to our home and our church. It was a warm summer's day when he was preaching for our minister. A large congregation had assembled, and the church windows were open, letting into the crowded building the fresh air and the grateful odour of new-made hay. Ascending the narrow stairs that led up to the bowl of an old wine-glass style of pulpit, to his dismay he found that he could not enter it in the usual way. He was too corpulent for its narrow door, and placing a hand on either side, lifting himself over the aperture, he said in a perfectly audible whisper, 'This pulpit door was made for speerits.' Then having rapidly conducted the preliminary exercises, he opened the Bible, and looking out at the open window, his first words were: 'Ye have a fine place here; ye're no like the thousands that are driven forth from such cities as London, Liverpool, or New York, to escape the noisome exhalations of the place. Ye can sit down under the shade of your own green trees, none daring to make you afraid. Ye've a grand place. You will find my text in Habbakuk.'"

The *Story Girl* makes a passing reference to this amusing incident, but does not give the story in full. It is worthy of mention that Mr. Macneill's home, to which Mr. Sprott came that beautiful summer's day, was for years Miss Montgomery's own home.

One of *Uncle Edward's* stories which the *Story Girl* tells at length relates to the young minister, Mr. Sedgwick, afterwards the distinguished Dr. Robert Sedgwick, father of Mr. Justice Sedgwick, of Ottawa, and of Dr. Thomas Sedgwick, of Tatamagouche, who succeeded Mr. Sprott as pastor of the congregation

of Musquodoboit, in Halifax County, Nova Scotia. Mr. Sprott in his old age had retired from the pastorate of that church somewhat reluctantly, and his successor was a little afraid to meet the old minister. The story of how he hid himself in the closet of one of his parishioners when he saw Mr. Sprott approaching the house, and listened to the old minister as he prayed with the family, making special reference to the poor young man hiding in the closet, is told at length in Miss Montgomery's new book:

"Oh Lord, bless the poor young man hiding in the closet. Give him courage no to fear the face of man. Make him a burning and shining light to this sadly-abused congregation."

In Mr. Macneill's version of this story we are left to imagine how the young minister in the closet acted when the prayer was over; but Miss Montgomery's *Story Girl* has made it all plain:

"He came right out like a man, though his face was very red, as soon as Mr. Scott had done praying. And Mr. Scott was lovely to him, and shook hands, and never mentioned the china closet. And they were the best of friends ever afterwards."

In Miss Montgomery's book one of the boys asks the *Story Girl* how the old minister knew that the young man was in the closet. The answer given is that it was supposed that he had seen him through the window before he came into the house and guessed he must be in the closet. It seems that Mr. Macneill's suggestion that he had recognised the young minister's waggon in the yard did not appeal convincingly to the novelist.

Almost as many interesting stories have gathered about the name of this brilliant young minister who hid himself in the closet as we find associated with that of the inimitable and eccentric Mr. Sprott himself. At a meeting of the Halifax Presbytery arrangements were being made for sup-

plying vacant fields. One vacant congregation was called Sheet Harbour. There was a minister at the disposal of the court who was looked upon by the brethren as rather lazy and sleepy. There was a hearty laugh when someone proposed that this man be sent to Sheet Harbour. Dr. Sedgwick failed to see the joke; but at the Presbytery dinner that day the light dawned upon him at a most inopportune juncture, just when a brother was saying grace. He burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, to the consternation of the whole grave and reverend body of divinity.

Miss Montgomery includes in her book the story about the devil and the McCloskeys. Mr. Sprott could not be convinced by his brethren in the ministry that Providence had anything to do in compelling him to resign his church. He thought too much of Providence for that. He said that it was the McCloskeys and the devil, or, as Mr. Macneill has it, "the McCurdys and the devil." The efforts of one of the young people to get the *Story Girl* to substitute "the Old Scratch" for the devil is most amusing. When the *Story Girl* repeated the new version of the old story to see how it would sound—"it was the McCloskeys and the Old Scratch"—she felt that it would never do. It didn't sound so well. She must get back to the devil.

The other stories relating to the old minister in "The *Story Girl*" are all taken from Mr. Macneill's article of the long ago, and are given with very few variations. Miss Montgomery does not include in her book all the stories that her brilliant uncle gathered together. She does not tell about

the day the apple peddler came to the manse and how Mr. Sprott overcame the economical scruples of his wife. The minister told the peddler that he would take a bushel, whereupon his wife remonstrated that it was an unnecessary luxury. "I'll take *two* bushels," was his rejoinder. His wife remonstrated more earnestly, saying, "What's the use of getting apples? The boys ate up the last we got, and it's just wasting money." "I'll take *three* bushels," was the reply that sent the good wife from the room in high dudgeon.

Mr. Macneill tells about a visit which Mr. Sprott paid to St. John's, Newfoundland. His son, the late Dr. George Sprott, of Berwick-on-Tweed, was to preach in the kirk, but was detained in Halifax through illness. His father went in his stead. In beginning his sermon, the old minister said: "You came here this morning expecting to hear the melodious tones of the silver trumpet, but ye'll ha' to be satisfied with the tooting of an auld ram's horn. Ye'll bear in mind, however, that the walls of Jericho didna fall at the blowing of silver trumpets, but at the tooting of rams' horns." Nor was the amusement of the congregation lessened when, after preaching for a while, he suddenly stopped, and reaching down over the pulpit, he was seen to tap the precenator's bald head, and ask quite audibly, "D'ye think they're hearing me?"

Mr. Sprott was a missionary-pioneer of whom any country might well be proud, and he left the impress of his strong and broad-minded and winsome personality upon the Christian churches of the Atlantic provinces of Canada.



# THE LIVEYERES

LABRADOR'S PERMANENT POPULATION

BY W. LACEY AMY

ALMOST a thousand miles south of us St. John's awaited with anxiety the report of the Labrador fisheries we would carry back a week later; but half that distance north Cape Chidley threw its farthest peak into the Arctic waters. Inland from us for the last five hundred miles the barren rocks of Labrador had offered nothing of life but its people; from outside in the open ocean had come in at sunset for a week the fishing boats that alone are reason for anything of life down there.

We lay at anchor at last in one of the thousands of indentations that wrinkle the coast, in a harbour called Ailik, an Eskimo word, which in English means "a coat with a sleeve." A whole day's wait was ahead of us, for we had to load a store of provisions and coal into the *Stelle Maris*, the old gunboat that ran still farther northward.

Ailik consists of nothing more than a harbour, and two or three mud huts and ragged fishing-stages, but in that it is just as important as most of the ports of call along the coast of Labrador.

A heavy, weather-marked, old boat came around one of the many islands and swung lazily down towards us. As it came nearer, the three passengers developed into two women and a man, the former rowing and the latter standing upright in the stern sculling, as is the custom of the skip-

per or stronger of the Labrador crew. The women pulled slowly and heavily, looking over their shoulders now and then at the passengers on the steamer watching their progress; and the man's dark face was turned in the same direction as he mechanically worked into his rolling motion the proper direction. Close under the stern they came and into the stairs that led down from the side of the steamer close to the water. The girl was first to leap to the steps, where she grasped the painter and held to the rope guards of the stairs until the woman had collected something from the bottom of the boat and followed. Then they both mounted a few steps and stopped in evident embarrassment, under the gaze of the few passengers, until the man had made the boat fast.

I had watched from the bridge and now came down to see what had brought them from a shore where not a motion of life had been visible. The woman came quickly up the stairs, a bundle under her arms, and made direct for me, evidently because it required less courage to exhibit her wares to one passenger than to the interested crowd that almost blocked her way. She was tall and raw-boned, swarthy and stooped. A rough peaked cap secured hair that had been but indifferently fastened up and assuredly not much combed. The dress was her best—that was visible at a glance, with its tight

neck, unshaped front and uneven tucks unspotted with careless use; it certainly had been donned but seldom in the last twenty years during which it must have done service. Behind her a tall, awkward girl in a tam and old dress that had once been white shambled shyly along, crowding the older woman in her bashfulness. The man was more

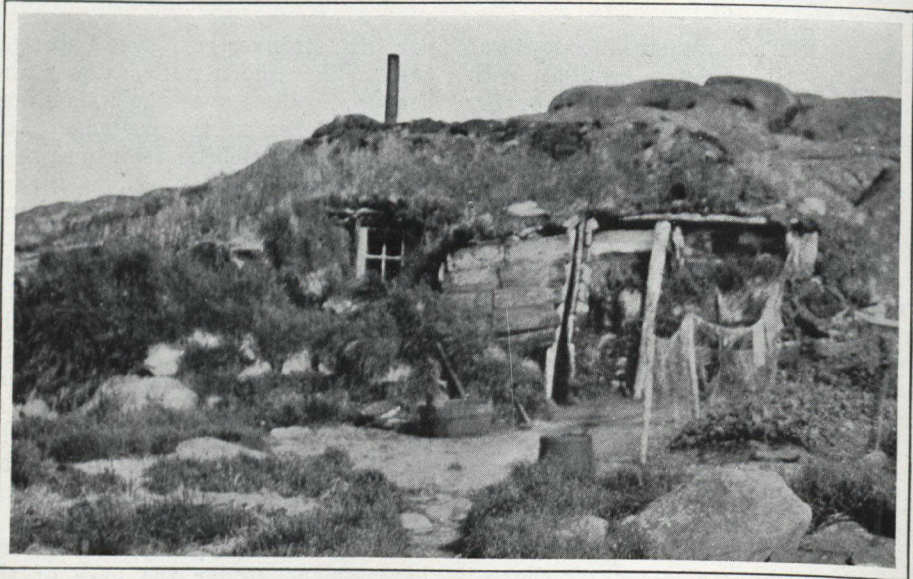
pair of bright yellow mocassins and a pair of sealskin boots.

I reached for the boots.

"How much?" I asked.

She looked at the man and then at the girl and smiled weakly.

"I dunno," she said in embarrassment. "I dunno what they're worth. My man made 'em for himself. He's dead now."



A LIVEYERE'S HUT

LABRADOR

openly interested and less embarrassed, although his dark chin and high cheek bones declared him an Eskimo removed by all the customs of centuries from the passengers with whom he mingled.

The woman's discomfort was so evident, and yet it was so clear that she wanted to talk, that I opened the conversation by pointing to the bundle under her arm and asking her if she had anything to sell. It broke the ice, and to the surrounding passengers she displayed her wares, a half-dozen wall-pockets of a most peculiar bird skin, soft as velvet, and of the same rich brown, a

She looked around frightened, as if she expected us to ridicule her. "I think they're worth a dollar-forty, aren't they?"

A passenger handed her three fifty-cent pieces. "Ten cents change," he commented as if fearing her ability to subtract.

The woman looked helplessly around, with the money in her hand.

"I haven't a cent," she muttered piteously, as if it meant the loss of the sale. She held out the money to him.

"That's all right," he said and took the boots from my hand.

Someone asked the price of the wall-pockets before the woman could make up her mind what to do.

"Thirty-five cents," she said with the hesitation of one who fears she asks too much. Immediately several hands were outstretched. One wanted two and gave her four twenty-

her to one side immediately, and the money in the man's pocket was counted over several times. Then the woman took something from it and came back to me.

"Do you know who it was bought the two things from me?" she asked anxiously.



FISHING SCHOONERS

AT VEMSON TICKLE

cent pieces, the common Newfoundland piece of money. The woman did not count the money, but handed it at once to the Eskimo, and the purchaser walked away with his goods without waiting for the change. A look of alarm passed over the face of the girl and she pulled the woman's sleeves, but the latter was too busy taking the money and handing out the things, one by one, to notice her.

In a minute she had sold everything and had broken away from the crowd with more relief at that than at the successful sale. The girl pulled

"I think I do," I answered.

"My girl says he paid me eighty cents, and the things were only seventy. I owe him ten cents. You see, I didn't count the money," she explained, as if her reputation depended on it. "I just handed it over to my boy. I want to give the ten cents back. And then I owe ten cents to the man who bought the boots."

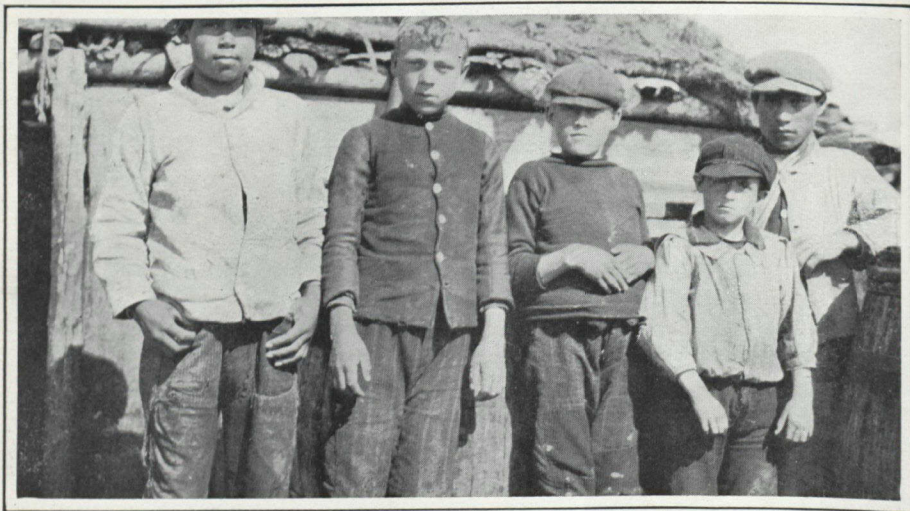
Later I got her to talk more freely, and in what she told me was the representative life of the Liveyere of the Labrador coast. Neither the girl nor the man were her children,



although there is a disturbing mixture of white and Eskimo blood in Labrador. She and "her man" had adopted both of them—the girl an orphan by the death of a neighbour and the other picked up when a mere lad to supply their craving for children. Her husband and she were Newfoundlanders who had come down the Labrador coast twenty years be-

There was a drawn look about the girl's eyes that was scarcely dispelled by her attempts to smile when she was noticed. The woman explained it as "something wrong inside. She can't eat anything hardly. She don't eat enough to keep a bird."

It was then three in the afternoon and they had had nothing to eat since the night before, because they



LIVEYERE BOYS

NATIVES OF LABRADOR

fore and had settled there to eke out the cruel existence that greets the Liveyere. In the summer they fished for cod, and in the spring for salmon up the rivers; in the winter they retreated before the terrors of coast life up a river into the interior, where they trapped and cut wood. Marten was almost the only animal they caught, with a few fox and now and then a bear. Everything they could catch was given in exchange for the necessaries of life.

"I never have a cent in my hand in ten years," the woman explained, "except what I get from selling things like to-day. We've got to make some money this way to buy thread and needles to make more and to get things we have to have through the year."

had been forced to leave home too early that morning to take time to eat. They were weak from hunger, but it was only after many questions that she volunteered this information, and she was very loth to accept what the passengers managed to find for her. A silver ring adorned the hand of the girl; it had been pounded from a twenty-cent piece by the Eskimo. The woman proudly exhibited a rough gold ring which "her man" had worked from a gold piece; and as she showed it to us and told how he had died of consumption, the ever-present Labrador scourge, she forgot even her hunger.

The Liveyere receives his name from his answer of "I lives yere" to the ever-popular question of the interested traveller. He has not many

fellows; on the whole thousand-mile coast of Labrador there are only about two thousand of them, hardy, gnarled, almost contented men and women, blackened by the winds and the cold to the colour of Indians. To them there is no place more desirable, although to the tourist not one minute of pleasure and few even of comfort seem possible. It is so long since they

vantage is taken of the rocks to form one end or the back of the hut, and the only break in the surface of the landscape that attracts the eye is the stovepipe that protrudes through the mud and emits a white smoke that is the only "homey" thing in all Labrador.

There are a few settlements of Liveyeres that have come to be prom-



A LIVEYERE SETTLEMENT

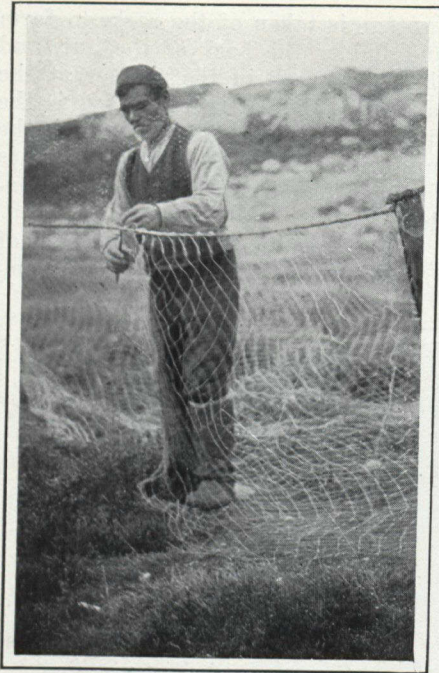
AT SPOTTED ISLANDS, LABRADOR

left Newfoundland that they know nothing of modern improvements in conditions there since they left, and they lack the ambition to try other life than that to which they have become accustomed.

The Liveyeres and the fishermen who come down the coast from Newfoundland for the summer fishing mingle little. The locations of the fishing stations are owned by Newfoundlanders, and so long as the fishing grounds adjacent are profitable the harbours thus claimed are valuable as the only home life they know in summer. The Liveyeres have their own settlements as a rule, crude, rickety, uncertain joinings of rough board and scantling, mostly buried out of sight in mud and grass. Ad-

inent points in Labrador. There they have congregated for many years in sufficient numbers to make a small village, and where the location happens to be a good fishing point there is a commercial importance that shows in the added energy of the inhabitant and the cluster of fishing boats that gather in the harbour. Spotted Islands and Batteau are but two of these points. Not many boats work from the former now, but the Liveyeres have clung to it and have erected a few buildings that look as permanent as any on the coast—which may be misleading to the uninitiated.

At Cartwright, one of the main ports of call, a number of Liveyeres reside, attracted perhaps by the Hudson's Bay store and the bustle of the



A LIVEYERE MENDING A FISHNET

Hudson's Bay wharf. Although the half-breed and Eskimo are not regarded as Liveyeres, they are so mixed with them that it is often impossible to make a distinction. Frequently a Liveyere looks as dark and foreign as the half-breeds, and in many cases it might not be wise to seek the truth.

With all this foreign look and unusual conditions, it sounds strange to hear English spoken as well as among any uneducated classes. One of the peculiarities of the Labrador English is that "s" is always added to the verb. I asked a Liveyere where he spent the winters.

"We goes up the river," he said, taking one hand from his pocket to point indefinitely over his shoulder. "We just cuts wood, and does a little trapping now and then. Yes, we takes the huskies with us."

An interesting little half-breed boy at Cartwright promised possibilities for a photograph. Instinctively a

supposing that he would not understand my English, I waved my arms to denote where I wanted him to stand. He stepped back into position instantly. I motioned for him to move away from a white building.

"Yes, sir," he said as plainly as, and more civilly than, most Canadian boys. And when I placed a coin in his hand at the end he said, "Thank you, sir," in a way that made me feel a trifle silly after my gesticulations to reach his understanding.

The Hudson's Bay factor walked past. "That little fellow makes a lot of money that way," he explained with a laugh. "He always comes down here when the boat comes in. He's a pretty-well photographed boy."

Out on the wharf a number of dark-skinned men were lifting barrels from small boats and piling them in rows. A straggly-whiskered fellow explained that these were the salmon caught up the river and now being sold to the Hudson's Bay Company for shipment. His own home was thirty miles inland and his sole work catching salmon, the season for which had then passed. For the remainder of the short summer he and his fellows in Sand Hill Bay would be busy preparing for the winter, endeavouring to ensure what little comfort they could and to add a little to their year's earnings by trapping a few fur-bearing animals.

It was almost impossible to see the Liveyere in his natural state. The men change themselves little for the arrival of the steamer every two weeks, but one knew well that the aprons and half-buttoned dresses that adorned the women were donned only for the half-hour that the boat was in. A woman not prepared did not appear until she was, and as the boat was drawing away two or three who had probably been struggling with a recalcitrant but necessary button

would burst from a hut and look after us to show that their intentions were good. The men never wear coats, and it is unnecessary to mention collars with the Liveyere. To dress up, a Liveyere ties a dirty handkerchief around his neck and gives his cap a new tilt. Sometimes he wears huge leather boots, but more often sealskin boots. The latter are made by the Eskimos and are watertight so long as they are not allowed to dry too hard. Therefore, whenever a Liveyere passes water he shoves his foot into it to keep his feet dry.

The only delicacy apart from fish that is obtainable to the Liveyere is the bake-apple. This is a berry indigenous to Labrador and Newfoundland, a mushy, yellow berry when ripe, with something of the appearance of a faded raspberry and the taste of a cranberry and raspberry mixed. It is delicious when served with sugar, but to a novice its appearance of advanced ripeness is against it. It is very much sought after in Newfoundland, but is growing scarcer year by year. Blueberries, too, grow in Labrador in some quantities, but are not favoured like the bake-apple.

It leaves a better memory in the mind of the visitor to Labrador to talk to the Liveyere and realise how satisfied he is with his lot. Although living a life infinitely more severe than the fisherman, he complains so much less that conditions might be reversed. In fact, I never heard one Liveyere express himself harshly about the conditions in which he is forced to live. In summer his home is on the coast, where all the best, or the least worst, of Labrador is found. But in winter his life must

be terrible; and since winter occupies about eight months of the year, it is no wonder that his skin becomes as if it were tanned, like leather. Probably the Liveyere of Labrador lives the cruellest life of all men with white blood in their veins.



THIS BOY EARNS PENNIES BY POSING IN FRONT OF TOURISTS' CAMERAS

*To the April number Mr. Amy will contribute an article entitled "The Floating Menace"—a description of the icebergs of Labrador.*

# A DEAD MAN'S LICENSE

THE LONDON "BOBBY" THROUGH GREEN LAWN CLUB SPECTACLES

BY BRIAN BELLASIS

I HAVE detected Juggins in the act of drinking bitter beer with two constables—and paying for it—and on many occasions genuine acts of friendship between members of the force and of the Green Lawn Club have come under my notice. Yet it seemed a convention, when in the actual club itself, to mention the police only with the addition of heated adjectives and to affect for them a bitter enmity.

The intolerance of Juggins's conventional utterances knew no bounds. No crime was too great to attribute to the emissaries of Scotland Yard; no action was too mean and low to fasten upon the rank and file of London's blue-coated guardians. Any untutored Russian refugee who had overheard the conversation in the cosy cab-shelter would have been moved to fly this hell-city and return to the welcoming arms of his own comparatively angelic police; a New Yorker would have sighed for the soothing tap of a night-stick and the laughable child's play of the Third Degree.

We were discussing the iniquities of the police one morning when Juggins roused the club to loud incredulity by declaring that he had never been fined.

"Never been fined!" ejaculated Battersea Bob in pained surprise. "You're lyin', Juggins. Why, you've just been tellin' us of the ridic'ulous charges you've 'ad again'

you and the convictions you've 'ad.'

"Never said I 'adn't been charged and convicted—said I'd never been fined. Catch me makin' millionaires of the p'lice and seein' the rozzar wot copped me gittin' a bob for 'is activity. I always goes to jail and makes 'em gimme a week's free board and lodgin'."

The club appreciated this delicate point. Billy the Bear, who had obviously been struggling with suppressed conversation while he hurriedly put away his supper, suddenly inquired with forced calm whether any details were known of the new regulations.

"Wot! More regulations!" gasped Juggins. "Thet puts the lid on it! 'Strewth I'll out the next bloomin' rozzar wot charges me and bloomin' well git 'ung for it. Might as well git it first as last."

"—I 'ad it from a pal of mine wot uses the Crown orf White'all, where the landlord 'ad it direct from a bloke wot knows the butler of one of the assistant commissioners. Seems it's true thet nah we'll 'ave to carry dummies of our bills, along of our bloomin' photygrafts and a list of all the birthmarks we 'ave or we 'aven't got—and Gawd 'e knows wot else as well. But the cream of it is thet we'll 'ave to perdooce all of 'em whenever any bloomin' slop 'oo chooses arsk for 'em."

Salt Water Jim noticed my faint perplexity.

"We've been 'arf expectin' we'd 'ave to git dooplíkits of our licenses for a long time," he explained in a hoarse whisper, "and 'ave our pitchers and descriptions on it same as on passports——"

"Birthmarks!" said Juggins resignedly. "Well, if they're goin' to 'ave us undressin' in the street I'm goin' to drive a 'bus; 17-CR'll 'ave you orf yer dick, Bob, before the regulations 'ave been out 'arf an hour and make yer strip while 'e looks for the strawberry mark in the middle of yer back."

"And any slop can make yer show them. Why, yer might be stopped seventeen times between 'ere and Euston by coppers on point dooty alone! And yer fare in a 'urry to ketch the boat train! Mark my words, mates, there'll be trouble over this."

"It's a noo bloomin' p'lice move for convictions," growled Ginger George. "They ain't content wiv 'avin' the p'lice courts full of inner-cent men as it is; they wants to 'ave a bloomin' queue of us waitin' aht-side like a bloomin' theayter. Some of these coppers'll be settin' up 'arems and motor-cars, gittin' a bob a conviction as they do."

Battersea Bob, learned in the law, was constrained to make a correction.

"They only gits the shillin' if you pays the fine in court. If you changes your mind like and pays at the jail the money goes to fund and the worms don't git nothink. . . . I've often thought it 'ud be a bitter blow to them if we kebmen amalgamated and agreed to always pay in jail. It 'ud——"

"'Ow abaht 'avin' a 'undred of us all convicted at once," interrupted Juggins in the rush of a brilliant idea. "'Strewth; thet 'ud knock 'em. 'Arf the p'lice force takin' charge of us; the beak workin' overtime; procession of a dozen *Black Marias* to take us to the Scrubbs—

and when we got there we could all pay our fines and go quietly back to the rank."

"Dummy bills and birthmarks!" continued Juggins when the applause subsided. "'Strewth! I'd sit all the bloomin' coppers in London on icebergs and look for their bloomin' birthmarks if I 'ad my way. And as for 17-CR I'd 'ave 'is face fried first, so's 'e'd look some-think like a 'uman bein'. Larst time I met 'im——"

17-CR was held in especial detestation at the club, though he always struck me as looking a particularly mild and amiable officer—not unlike the Honourable George E. Foster in appearance. It was the custom of cabmen to "Baa" like a goat when in his neighbourhood, the allusion being to his neatly-trimmed beard. I once lured an innocent friend, newly arrived from Toronto, into producing a resonant "Baa" just behind 17-CR, and the astonished Torontonian learned some new facts about his ancestry, habits and appearance before the irritated officer discovered to his amazement that there was not a cabman in sight—only two "toffs."

"——I was drivin' dahn Victoria Street the night before larst, and I stuck aht me 'and to see if it was rainin' 'cause it 'ad come over dark and cloudy like, when I seen it wasn't a cloud, but 17-CR's 'and 'eld up to stop me. Such a noise and commotion you never 'eard! All red in the face 'e was and roarin' like Ginger George's 'orse, 'e'd been runnin' thet 'ard to git at me. 'Where's the fire?' I says, leanin' over the keb. 'You'll see the fire!' 'e answers and 'e 'ops inside. 'Drive to Rochester Row station,' 'e says, 'I've got a plyin' for 'ire charge again you. I seen you wavin' your 'and at the gent.' And swelp me there wasn't a bloke in sight 'cept one up towards the Sanctu'ry—and

'e was sellin' baked potatoes."

Salt Water Jim's unique whisper grated in my ear.

"You comin' from a free country, guv'nor, won't understand all wot we 'ave to put up wiv 'ere. We ain't allowed to go aht lookin' for fares not even if we 'aven't 'ad none all day. On the rank we can shout 'Keb, sir,' and wave our 'ands and whips. Why, there ain't no legal obstickle to wavin' the 'orse and keb if we like, but when we're crawlin' on the street we ain't allowed to say a word, and if we wags a finger there's some bloomin' slop'll swear we was solicitin' fares and plyin' for 'ire again the lor! . . . Why, Juggins said 'e was thinkin' of arskin' you wot chances 'e'd 'ave if 'e went to Canada 'e's thet sick of the impression 'ere—only 'e can't speak French."

Jim's knowledge of Canada was limited to the St. Lawrence ports.

Rockin' 'Orse Alf, who was a slow thinker, had been painfully revolving the subject of the new regulations in his mind ever since they were first mentioned. He dragged the conversation back to the matter with an explosive question:

"'Ow's Paddin'ton Joe goin' to git a dummy of a dud's bill?"

"Paddin'ton Joe, 'oo's 'e?"

"'Im wot's been drivin' fifteen year wiv a dead man's license. 'Ow'll 'e git a photo of the corpse and a description of the corpse's marks and a bloomin' dooplikit bill?"

"'E ain't got thet dud's bill no longer," broke in Slop's Pal Peters, so called from his weakness for defending the cabman's natural enemies. "'E got uneasy like and went up to the Yard and made a clean breast of 'ow 'e got the bill and of the wrong 'e'd been doin' all these years, and 'cause 'e'd never given no trouble the p'lice ups and forgives 'im and gives 'im a noo bill of 'is own."

"I know you're wrong! Paddin'ton Joe uses the Cheshire Cheese and the barmaid there told me the 'ole story. Took 'is dud's bill up fair and unsuspectin' like, and they give 'im three munfs for it . . . thet's 'ow your pals the p'lice acts."

"Give 'im three munfs! Why, I seen 'im larst week in the 'Orse and Groom dahn in Walworth. I'll lay yer odds 'e's drivin' abaht London to-day wiv a noo bill and a clean sheet. . . . You're thinkin' of German Joe and 'is was a aggervated case. 'E's the bloke wot not only 'ad a dud's bill, but 'oo stole 'is 'orse and keb as well and 'oo bloomin' well kidnapped a copper and kep' the pore beggar locked up in a 'ayloft. . . . It was three years 'e got and I'll tell yer 'ow—"

To my great regret, this exciting tale of daring piracy and an outlaw cabman was cut short. Shrill whistles pierced the thin air of dawn. The "waterman" entered to announce that the political dinner at the club across the way had just begun to bu'st. The narrator and his audience hurriedly left the shelter, and there was a noise of trampling horses without.

Juggins alone remained. Nodding sleepily in the corner, he ordered a final cup of "cawfy" and mingled assurances that he'd done a 'ard day's work and was dog-tired, with muttered maledictions on the police.

" . . . 'Strewth! I oughter git 'ome and git to bed. . . . Been at it since ten o'clock. . . . 'Tain't safe for me to be 'ere on the rank—shouldn't be surprised if some nosey copper wasn't to come in and make me take anuvver fare. . . . Ugh! the perlice, the stinkin', bloom-in' rozzers! (A long pause and a terrific yawn.) "Just one more cup o' cawfy, Corkey . . . and Corkey! just see if the copper ahtside can't slip in and 'ave a mug. 'E must be cold, pore beggar!"

# THE RAILWAYS THAT THE PEOPLE BUILT

BY NORMAN P. LAMBERT

**R**AILWAYS in Canada, regarded historically and economically, are a sort of by-product. The twenty-six thousand miles of rails that have been laid throughout the Dominion have not been put down for the sole purpose of carrying freight and returning profits to railway companies. Putting it more positively, nation-building has been, and is to-day Canada's chief industry, and the business of making and operating railways has grown to be a large contributory branch. As one writer has expressed himself: "Every puff of the locomotive is a breath of Canadian nationality." And, it might be added, the driving power of the locomotive or the lungs of Canadian nationality, are the people's confidence and the people's money.

The primary motive behind the bold and mighty task of building three transcontinental railways was not commercial in the mind of the Canadian people, but rather political, and political in the largest sense of the word. The first project, the Canadian Pacific Railway, was regarded by investors in England as the dream of a fool, when in the early seventies it was proposed to build a railroad through the wild forests and rocky wastes of Northern Ontario, across a bleak, barren prairie, and up through the tortuous, uninhabited passes of the Rocky Mountains. No, the "Canadian Pacific" and, before

that, the "Intercolonial" were not promoted by a commercially-minded people. Their desire was to lay the foundations of a nation, and two steel bands extending from Halifax to Vancouver were the strongest cohesive force that the pioneer statesmen and builders could think of. The need for inter-communication between the torn and separated parts of this sparsely-populated country was vital indeed, and Confederation in 1867 was made more memorable by the scheme, which was contained therein, for the construction of a political railway. "The Intercolonial," as everyone knows, was the means of bringing the Maritime Provinces into Confederation, and was the chief factor in transforming Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers into Canadians.

It is not so very long ago that the citizen of those old historic regions lying south of the St. Lawrence resented strongly being classed as Canadian. This separatist spirit, which was overcome in a measure by the building of the Intercolonial road, was quelled and mollified still further with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which proved to be the Gordian knot between British Columbia and the rest of the Dominion. Before the end of the year 1885 Canada, with less than five millions of people, had her first transcontinental line. In the United States they did not have a single



transcontinental road until the population numbered about forty millions. This comparison seems to impress more than anything else the almost miraculous accomplishment involved in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in those early days, when there seemed to be absolutely nothing to sustain a railroad in that barren territory reaching from the mountains to the settled districts of old Ontario. Yet, the achievements that have been wrought since those days have been even more wonderful. Just think of the expenditure of money for railroads, based on Canada's credit since the early eighties. From a total mileage of 7,331 in the year 1881, our railway lines have grown until to-day they cover 26,000 miles, equal in extent to four-fifths of the railway mileage of France, with forty million people; to two-thirds of that of Germany, with sixty-five millions, and to more than one-tenth of that of the United States, whose population is thirteen times larger than that of Canada.

And how have these twenty-six thousand miles of railroad been built? Who is behind the venture, and where did the money come from?

These are pertinent questions, which should be asked regularly every year when the railroad companies of Canada hold their annual meetings, and show, as one did the other day, gross earnings of over \$104,000,000. As time goes on, and the capitalisation of railroads is increased by flotations of stock, people are apt to forget that the parent capital is theirs, and that, had it not been for the firm and courageous trust of the Canadian people, these powerful servants of the public would never have had the 26,000 miles of rails to feed their treasuries that they have to-day. It is well to let the servant know that he is not greater than his lord.

First of all, let us see what the

present railway system of Canada embodies. The back bone is the one great railway running clear across the continent from ocean to ocean. Another spine is in the making, being now a series of disconnected links, which shall be presently welded together into a solid vertebra. And yet another main column is growing up, and soon will have reached its full stature. A vast number of branches radiating from these three trunk lines form an intricate system of veins and arteries, and their arrangement throughout the huge national body has been calculated by their creator, the people, to strengthen and bolster up that one weak spot, known in the physical make-up of Canada as the "small of her back." In geographical language, that particular portion of the country's physique represents the enormous tract of rock, water, swamp and jackpine reaching down from as far north as the Arctic Circle to the Great Lakes on the south, and dividing, as if with a malicious intent, the two halves of Canada. The work of bridging this gap and of binding together the sundered parts of the Dominion has been assigned to the railways by the people, and that is why the great sprawling creature with the three spines covers the map of Canada in its present form. Well might Ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of the United States, in discussing his Canadian cousins, say, "I speak of this Canadian railway building, unparalleled in history under such circumstances, as being the undertaking of the Canadian people; for at bottom it is that. The story of the plans for and the building of Canadian railways is epic in its bigness. In its vast hazard it has something of the heroic. And in the final analysis it is the plan and deed of the Canadian people."

By right of priority the people of Canada may, at least, lay claim to the foundations of the railroads in

this country. Before the era of transcontinentals, companies and Canadian securities, railway building became a public enterprise. Seventy-five years ago the first attempt at railroad work was made, when wooden rails were laid from La Prairie, on the St. Lawrence River, to the Richelieu River, a distance of sixteen miles. For eleven years those sixteen miles remained the only bit of railroad in Canada, but by the year 1850 the number of miles of railroad increased to sixty, and from that date the mileage was extended rapidly. By the time Sir John A. Macdonald had framed the British North American Act, there were over 2,200 miles of road in Canada, and the Eastern Provinces up till then had spent sixty-one million dollars in developing its railway lines. And, remember, in those days there were hardly more than two million inhabitants in the whole of Canada.

The history of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and of all the other roads since 1885, is familiar to most persons, but it is worth noticing that, while railway mileage has increased twelvefold in the past fifty years, Canada's industrial development has kept pace with her railway building. Besides helping to finance the railroads in the first days of their existence, the people have also fed them with traffic after they have become established. Within the past decade the big steel mills at Sydney and Sault Ste. Marie have grown to be powerful supplying agencies. And just here, a word or two could be said in behalf of the people for their part in the establishment of these industries. Then, large locomotive plants and car shops have been built and enlarged at Montreal and Kingston, and in Amherst, Cobourg, and other places, all of which shows the endeavour to keep pace with the increased demand for equipment.

At the present stage in their ex-

pansion and accumulations, the railways of Canada are supposed to be worth, that is, their capitalisation amounts to, over a billion and a half dollars. The last official record, which told of their worth in 1910, shows the exact figures to be \$1,410,297,687. This amount is made up of stocks and bonds, representing the amount of money actually involved in the railroads of Canada. This capitalisation, however, has been made possible only by the people's money. Out of the national treasury were given dollars and lands with which the railroads might be started, and without which future profits and increased capitalisation would have been very greatly curtailed, and the progress of Canada, as a nation, seriously retarded.

The people have contributed their money and property from three sources: the Dominion treasury has given its quota of \$136,932,179; the provincial treasuries have paid out \$35,837,060, and the municipalities have doled out \$17,983,823; a total of \$190,753,063. This represents straight cash subsidies, but there have also been very liberal land grants, amounting to fifty-five million acres, all of which have been and still continue to be, an enormous source of revenue. A slight indication of the value of the lands, which have been given to the railways is given in the sale of 975,030 acres, made by the Canadian Pacific Railway last year. The company received for the land \$14,469,445, or an average of \$14.84 an acre. When one finds out that 32,000,000 acres of the entire grant has been given by the Dominion Government out of the richest farm lands in the world, and that 8,000,000 acres have been given by British Columbia from the unlimited storehouse of that province, the untold resources behind Canada's railways can be partly appreciated.

Cash subsidies and land grants

have been the people's most popular, as well as most handsome, form of contribution. But this is not all. In recent years a preference for aid in the form of guarantees, as opposed to cash or land subventions, has arisen among the promoters of railway enterprise, and we find that up to this year the people of Canada have pledged their credit in this way, to the extent of over \$127,000,000. The Government of the Dominion and those of the different provinces have guaranteed the following amounts:

Dominion .....	\$52,439,865
Manitoba .....	20,899,660
Alberta .....	25,743,000
Saskatchewan .....	11,999,000
Ontario .....	7,860,000
Nova Scotia .....	5,022,000
British Columbia .....	2,196,832
New Brunswick .....	700,000
Quebec .....	476,000

Total .....\$127,336,357

There are still a few more items to be added to the credit side of the people's account. Not quite a year ago the Dominion Government added to the foregoing list a guarantee for \$35,000,000 worth of bonds to finance the building of a line from Port Arthur to Montreal. Then, there is the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is not quite finished yet, but which will presently be slipping down the slope of British Columbia towards its western terminus at Prince Rupert. The cost of this new transcontinental line will be \$145,339,700 without equipment, or an average of over \$85,000 a mile, which is an expenditure never equalled in any long stretch of new railway on this continent. This 145 millions, with the exception of ten millions, which was paid in cash at the outset, and which is contained in our statement of cash subsidies, may also be credited to the people, because the tax-payer of the country is paying every cent of the amount required to build the main transeon-

tinental line. It is the purpose of the Grand Trunk Railway Company to spend its own money later on, in the building of branches from the Grand Trunk Pacific. The Hudson Bay route will be another entry in favour of the citizen.

What does it all amount to? Simply that, through guarantees, cash subsidies and grants of land, whose value is inestimable, the Canadian people have fed their railways with over half a billion of dollars and 55,292,321 acres of land.

In view of these statistics, and the whole story of sacrifice and heroism on the part of those who pledged "their pound of flesh" so that the country might have light and become great, it is interesting to read some of the evidence which is brought, in many cases, before the Dominion Railway Board. One does not need to go farther, for an example, than the western outskirts of Toronto, where the railroad engineers in approaching the Humber River simply cut directly across the back yard of a private property and threw the excavations up against the owner's kitchen door. Protest was made before the Railway Board, and redress was given to the owner by Chairman Mabee, who took occasion to reprimand the railways in very strong terms for their high-handed actions. Only the other day, too, Chairman Mabee was reported from Ottawa as having talked very plainly to the railway interests for their deliberate violation of the ordinary law against trespassing. "It is my purpose," the Chairman said, "to keep the railroads within the same law that is observed by the private individual." These infringements upon the private rights of Canada show the trend of the corporation, when it becomes wealthy, strong and far-reaching in its influence. As a whole, the service of the railways to their lords, the people, has been efficient and helpful

during these last fifty years, but at the present time there are signs of rebellion between the master and his servant, and fortunate it is that Parliament has unlimited control over these monstrous organisations. No body was born at a more timely juncture than the Dominion Railway Board, which stands guardian of the public rights in all matters of railroad development and regulations.

When one considers the present great wealth of our railways and their vast latent resources of increasing value, one wonders if those generous endowments by a devoted people were made wisely. The doubt arises principally because of the tendency which has been revealed of late on the part of the railroads to act arrogantly in their relations to private property, and to exercise a monopolistic desire in the matter of freight rates. In Canada, we regard the interest in our railways as a sort of happy combination of private and public ownership. The public has given nearly all the land that has been required by the railways, and has in various ways provided the credit upon which the roads have been built. But the public which supplies the most of the capital in the first place does not have anything to say as to how the railways shall be operated. The privilege rests with those private individuals who are able to buy the most stock and who organise themselves into a company. The question, then, at the present moment is, "Shall the good sense and gratitude of these three great railway companies be asserted towards the Canadian people, as the affection of strong and grateful sons, or shall selfish desire prove them to be destroying monsters?"

The question of freight rates is one which touches very vitally the relations of the people with the railways. The agitation for lower rates is strong throughout all parts of Canada, especially in the West. The re-

cent judgment in the Supreme Court, upholding the order of the Dominion Railway Board, which ruled against the railways in the Regina rate case, has come to give relief to the people of the West, only after years of agitation and persistent effort. In 1909, after several public hearings, the Railway Board ordered the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways to file new freight tariffs not later than April 1, 1911, which would remove certain objectionable discriminations between Fort William, Port Arthur and points east thereof, and Regina, Moose Jaw and other stations west of Winnipeg. The railways objected to the findings of the board and appealed the case to the Supreme Court, which has now sustained the order of the board. The decision in this case is very important indeed, as it requires a general readjustment of rates from the East to the Middle West, including points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The struggle over freight rates has just begun, and the people are realising the difficulty of getting returns, or even mild consideration for their timely assistance to the railroads. Often, perhaps, the demands of the people are not based on accurate knowledge and perfect reason, but in the matter of rates, the feeling is that the time has come for the people to get their share of the enormous profits realised by the railroads in the last ten years. Millions of bushels of grain could have been saved this year in Canada if the rates on those lines running south from the prairies had been made more reasonable, equal even to the through rate on grain to Fort William and Port Arthur. On manufactured goods from the East the freight tariff has never been really moderated, being, on the whole, as high to-day as it was forty years ago. These high charges of transportation

have a great deal to do with the revolt against the extreme cost of living, which is being waged so determinedly by the Western people, and which, of late, has been disguised in an attack against the country's fiscal system. In the permanent reduction of these charges, and not in the "pros" and "cons" of free trade or protection lies the greatest and surest measure of relief to the man on the plains.

## LOYAL MATES

By P. M. MACDONALD

TRUE brothers seven,  
 The story runs,  
 Set out for Heaven.  
 Neath moons and suns  
 They went their upward way  
 Till death their number changed;  
 Then through the darkened day  
 The six God-seekers ranged.  
 Another fell, and then  
 Another, and at last  
 But one, o'er hill and fen,  
 On his long journey passed.  
 This pilgrim lone,  
 The story runs,  
 Pillowed on stone,  
 Nor wife, nor sons  
 Had he to cheer his way;  
 None but his faithful dog  
 Walked with him day by day  
 Through Satan's fire and fog.

At length he reached The Gate  
 And made to enter in.  
 The Porter bade him, "Wait!  
 Not that you harbour sin,  
 But this old heel-close dog  
 Must be sent elsewhere—  
 Down to the darksome bog  
 Where liars make their lair."  
 "May he not share with me?"  
 The pilgrim cried in misery,  
 "We have been loyal mates."  
 "Without are dogs," said he  
 Who guards the Golden Gates.  
 Whereat, without a word,  
 The pilgrim turned intent,  
 Called, and his comrade heard,  
 And from The Gate they went.



THE IRISH PLAYERS IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S PLAY "THE SHOWING UP OF BLANCO POSNET"

## THE IRISH PLAYERS

AND OTHER THEATRICAL ATTRACTIONS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

THE visit of the Irish Players to New York has provided one of the most interesting experiences of the theatrical season. It also threatened to furnish some of the scenes of popular excitement that surrounded the early Dublin days. The home of the Irish Players, as everyone now knows, is the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, a national theatre enterprise and product of the literary revival that has swept Ireland and interested scholars the world over. The theatre, in fact, has been an important factor in the parent movement. It has given it vigour; helped to intensify the national spirit; laid the foundation of a school of dramatic literature; "discovered" several Irish dramatists, who might otherwise have remained the mute, inglorious Milton of the Elegy—among them one at least of positive genius, the late John M. Synge—and promoted a school of

acting with very definite artistic aims.

Besides Lady Gregory, the guiding genius in this work has been William Butler Yeats, whose early ideas of a theatre, according to George Moore, who has also been intimately identified with the fortunes of the movement, were a little mist, some fairies and a psaltery. The impractical poet, however, has proved himself more successful in guiding the artistic impulses of the nation than certain practical American millionaires who thought to buy a national theatre as they would a motor car.

The early struggles of the Irish Theatre form an interesting and exciting page of theatrical history. The original plan was to have performed in Dublin in the spring of every year certain Irish and Keltic plays, which, to quote a circular twelve years old, "whatever be their degree of excel-



SCENE FROM "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"

THIS PLAY CREATED A SENSATION IN NEW YORK

lence, will be written with a high ambition and so to build up an Irish and Keltic school of dramatic literature." Among the first plays presented were Mr. Yeats's "Countess Cathleen," T. C. Martyn's "Heather Field," and "The Bending of the Bough," by George Moore. These and subsequent productions were given with English actors, until Mr. Yeats, anxious from the first to introduce simpler methods of acting and staging, decided to train native actors. The Abbey Theatre, reconstructed through private munificence and given to the Players rent free for a time, was afterwards purchased

out of the company's savings and has become their permanent home.

In themselves the Players are a workmanlike organisation, playing with evident conviction, ease of method and fine poetic understanding. Their disregard for stage technique, and a disposition to substitute a naturalness of method not yet perfected, have led critics to complain unduly of their shortcomings and lack of skill. But even if the criticism were doubly justified, the significance of the movement which they represent, their enlightened example in the founding of a national theatre and the opportunity they have given



THE INSPIRING GENIUSES OF THE IRISH PLAYERS:  
MISS ALLGOOD, LEADING LADY; W. B. YEATS; J. M. SYNGE, AND LADY GREGORY, DRAMATISTS





MISS MARGARET ILLINGTON AS "MAGGIE SCHULTZ" IN "KINDLING"

us to drink of some unpolluted wells of dramatic literature constitute a claim on public attention far overshadowing any technical shortcomings.

Their repertoire includes more than forty plays, all fragrant with the breath of poetry and, as someone has naively observed, plays that "act" quite as well as if they were not literature at all. Among playwrights represented in this repertoire, Yeats, Lady Gregory, and Synge, are most conspicuous. Synge, according to Lady Gregory, has done more to justify the theatre movement than any other one man. He died young, before his genius had been fully recognised, but such plays as "Riders to the Sea," "The Shadow of the Glen," "The Well of the Saints," or "The Playboy of the Western

World" make him unique, not only among Irish dramatists, but among all English writers. He is wholly interested in Irish life, and the truth of his work has led some of his plays to be criticised as libels on the Irish peasant. Criticism of this kind, of course, could only come from those unused to works of imagination and wild fantasy. Some of his characters, to be sure, with their blarney and shiftlessness, charming mostly because of their unmorality, are not particularly edifying from a narrow ethical viewpoint. But narrow ethical considerations had never made a prison for Synge's spirit. He was not afflicted with our modern anæmia. Good red blood coursed in his veins, and as he was free from morbidity even in the presence of the deepest sorrows and tragedies he pictured, so



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, IN "THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE"

is his comedy pitched in the rollicking, laugh-provoking, untrammelled joviality of more spacious days. The impression that "The Playboy of the Western World," a masterpiece of untrammelled playwriting, includes parricide among the Irish virtues has made it a chip on the shoulder of the sensitive patriot here and at home. Such a point of view is as humorously perverse as the perverseness which it satirises with open hilarity.

The title defines a shiftless, highly-imaginative youth of questionable

veracity, who wanders into a public house on a dark autumn night, and with considerable circumstantial detail boasts that he has killed his father. His bravado excites the admiration of his audience, including *Mike*, the publican, and pretty *Peggy Mike*, the barkeep daughter, who has just paid her respects to the craven lover *Shane*. Safe asylum and job as pot boy are offered the newcomer, and he is filling the position of hero to the general countryside, to his own entire satisfaction, when next



MISS ELSIE FERGUSON, IN "THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND"

day the "dead" father appears on the scene, stick in hand and oath on lip, and justification for both in a bandaged skull. A well-aimed blow with a spud, whereat the boy took to his heels, was the single basis of fact for the heroic narrative. The boy, now loathe to relinquish his title, sets out to despatch the irascible parent in earnest, chasing him off the scene with an immense spud hook. The new act has a different value, however, in the eyes of the villagers, and they are about to deliver him up to justice in disgust, when the many-lived parent again appears, bearing witness to the quality of an Irish skull and an Irishman's admiration for the fighting spirit wherever he may find it—even

in his own son. These are the broad lines of a delicious comedy, broadening at times into pure farce, and interwoven throughout with lines of the purest lyrical beauty. It is dramatic literature from the first line to the last when *Pegeen* sobs, "I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World."

"The Shadow of the Glen" combines elements of farce and tragedy with grim effect. *Dan Burke*, slyly partaking of whisky provided for his own wake, is a purely farcical situation in itself. But only the cruel would find laughter and not tears in the sudden resuscitation of a tyrannical old husband, whose death means to the young wife the possibility of a true mating and life beyond the

glen, with its "mists rolling down the glen and the mists again, and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of trees that were left over from the great storm." In from the rain and darkness comes a tramp, and

tramp goes with her, comforting her with a prospect of freedom "and herons crying out over the dark lake . . . and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm . . . and it's fine songs you'll hear them singing when the sun goes



IRENE FENWICK AND TAYLOR HOLMES, IN "THE MILLION"

A FARCE THAT IS HAVING A TREMENDOUS  
SUCCESS ON BROADWAY

as the two speak together, *Norah* is revealed little by little, her loneliness, her haunting, wistful dreams of what life might have meant under different condition of mating. *Dan* is shamming death in order to spy on his wife and at the psychological moment to rise up in his shroud and point the accusing finger at her. An uncontrollable desire to sneeze brings him on the scene too soon and he vents his wrath on *Nora*, turning her in all the storm out of his house forever. But she is not to go alone. The

up and there'll be no old fellow wheezing the like of a sick sheep close to your ear." . . . And while the two wander down the glen together *Dan* and his crony clink glasses and exchange sly winks.

"Riders to the Sea," with its blending of artistic form, its haunting Keltic lilt, its simple dramaturgy, is pure Greek tragedy. The scene is a cottage on one of the Arran islands, off the west coast of Ireland. One after another five sons of old *Mauyra* have been sacrificed to the ravages of the



MARGUERITA SYLVA AND ARTHUR ALBRO, IN  
"THE GYPSY GIRL"

sea. Word has just come that the body of *Michael*, the last to go, has been found and given burial in the far north. *Bartley*, her last born, would be going now with horses to sell at Galway Fair. *Maurya* has tried to dissuade him, but failing, she

hobbles out on dead *Michael's* stick to give him her blessing. An hour later his body is brought home wrapped in a red sail, just as his brothers before him. Grief has seldom been as poignantly and poetically expressed as in the old mother's words as she sprinkles holy water on the bier. "It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, *Bartley*, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark until you wouldn't know what I'd be saying. But it's a great rest I'll have now and it's time surely. . . . *Michael* has a clean burial in the far north. *Bartley* will have a fine coffin out of the white boards and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? . . . No man can be living forever, and we must be satisfied." . . . The haunting beauty of lines like these are not to be forgotten soon. Far removed from morbidity or sentimentality, the play has the clean sweep of the sea that brings tragedy to women the world over.

"The Well of the Saints" is symbolic in theme and exquisitely poetic in treatment. A blind couple grown old and happy in the mutual belief that they have retained the comeliness and vigour of youth, are miraculously cured of their blindness by water brought from the Well of the Saints. Disillusionment results in separation and unhappiness until blindness again overtaking them they find their way back to each other, contented if less happy than before. The pathos of the situation is admirably relieved by an admirable vein of comedy. These and other Synge plays are now published, and to reverse a statement made in the beginning they read as well as they act.

Of Lady Gregory, Bernard Shaw once said that "if ever there was a person doomed from the cradle to write for the stage, nay, to create and invent a theatre if none existed,

that person is the author of "Hyacinth Halvey," "The Workhouse Ward," and "The Rising of the Moon." The last named is almost lyrical in its quality. It tells the story of how a Fenian refugee, disguised as a ballad singer, first throws a constable waiting to arrest him off the scent, and then by adroitly working on his earlier sentiments for the "cause," secures his freedom—the constable thereby forfeiting the hundred pounds' reward offered for his capture. "Spreading the News," also by Lady Gregory, shows some comically disastrous results to a piece of news that has been caught on the wings of Keltic imagination. "The Workhouse Ward" derives its humour from the verbal tilting between two old bed-ridden cronies. An opportunity comes to one of the twain to leave the workhouse, but he refuses to be parted from his lifelong enemy, and as the curtain goes down the acrimonious discussion is resumed.

"The Mineral Workers," by T. C. Boyle, holds some delightful characterisation and at least one act of as sparkling comedy as the stage records. The story deals with the efforts of a young Irish-American to introduce modern methods into the industrial life of his native country.

"Birthright," by T. C. Murray, is a dour picture of Irish peasant life on its bitter acrimonious side. *Hugh*, the first born and darling of the countryside, inherits the land, while *Shane*, the real tiller and helpmate of his father, must go to America. The father sits brooding over the ill-fortune that makes *Shane* the second born, while the little care-worn mother makes ready his going, now and then cautiously defending her favourite *Hugh* against the father's invective. The dramaturgy is so simple as to seem almost negligible. There is just a gradual progression of incident, a tightening of events, just as the little plaid shawl about the little

mother's shoulders tightens. The brown mare breaks her leg and has to be shot; something goes wrong with the sow; and the already embittered father determines that *Hugh* the scholar shall be sacrificed and not *Shane*. A quarrel between the brothers follows, and *Hugh* is killed. The simple staging is highly effective. The gloomy kitchen interior, with furtive shadows cast on the wall by a flickering candle, the night silence broken only by the click of the latch as the watchers pass in and out to the barn are all ominous of impending tragedy.

Bernard Shaw's "The Showing up of Blanco Posnet" is the only play in the Irish repertoire not of Irish origin and not dealing exclusively with Irish life. The exception is a characteristic example of Irish hospitality. When the English censor denied the Shaw play a hearing on an English stage the Abbey Theatre promptly offered it asylum. This defiance of the Lord-Lieutenant was fraught with serious risks to the theatre, but the instant popularity of the play made interference, to say the least, inexpedient. The piece has a highly intelligent presentation at the Players' hands, although they, with the author, suffer the natural handicap of unfamiliarity with Western American life. An American "accent" they were not unwise enough to attempt.

The co-operative basis on which the Players serve and the premium put on ensemble acting, rather than on individual performance are novel and interesting features of the organisation. *Sara Allgood*, who plays most of the leading parts, is an actress of breadth, beauty and charm, gifted with a voice of rare sweetness and the skill to act with equal facility the tragic rôles of *Maurya*, the sparkling post-mistress in "Hyacinth Halvey," or the dissolute *Teemy* in *Blanco Posnet*. Arthur Sinclair, in

humorous character rôles, radiates the most genial and pure comedy we have seen in many a day. Fred O'Donovan, who shone conspicuously as the *Playbody*, is a thoroughly refreshing young actor; Eileen O'Doherty, as the little mother in "Birthright"; Eithne Magee, whose *Pegeen Mike* would make *Playboys* of us all; J. M. Kerrigan, as *Shane*, in "Birthright," or the ballad singer in "The Rising of the Moon," are also shining exponents of an art so free from artifice that one thinks not of acting at all, but of life.

Turning from these novel and poetic experiences to the regular offerings of the season, we had for our beguilement the dimpled charms of Billie Burke in "The Runaway," the beautifully impressive acting of Ethel Barrymore in "The Witness for the Defence," the consummate art of Madame Nazimova in "The Marionettes," the engaging personality of Elsie Ferguson in "The First Lady in the Land," and the excellent acting of Margaret Illington in a strongly emotional play, "Kindling," to say nothing of "Little Boy Blue," a comic opera of pure and unmixed delight. Other successes of the season in this field of activity, artistic and popular, have been "The Siren," with Donald Brian, and "The Quaker Girl," with Ina Claire in the title rôle.

"The Witness for the Defence," by A. E. W. Mason, is refined melodrama, in which the efforts of a woman to regain a foothold in society after having killed her husband under circumstances that completely exonerate her, are the subject of skilful dramatic exposition. The murdered man, *Stephen Ballantyne*, is an English official in the India service. In a trial at Bombay that results in the wife's acquittal, the chief witness for the defence is a young English barrister, former friend of the wife, who had dined in the *Ballantyne's* tent

the night of the murder. When *Mrs. Ballantyne*, two years later, in England, falls in love with a young army officer, her past becomes the subject of renewed inquiry. Her friend of former days again becomes a witness in her defence, but on learning that she has not taken her lover into her confidence, forces her to tell the whole truth of the killing. Happily, the truth is followed by no serious consequences, and the curtain goes down on a prospect of happiness. Miss Barrymore brings to the part of the hunted, unhappy woman, fighting for her chance to live and love, the wealth of her own interesting personality, and acting gifts that have steadily advanced her to the front rank of American actresses. None of our artists can depict intense, semi-hysterical emotion with as delicate artistry as Miss Barrymore; few can express the fulness and joy of life by a single intonation of speech, as she can.

"Kindling" is a misleading title for Miss Illington's new play. Instead of light combustibles, the play deals with a steady, smouldering fire of protest, hidden in the breast of a woman and eventually bursting into flame at the prospect of giving birth to a child in the dirty, unhealthy tenement in which she is compelled to live. *Maggie Schultz*, wife of an honest, straightforward stevedore, steals in order that her baby may be born and reared in the country, where the sun shines and the air is good. Simple in her philosophy, direct and honest in her motives, she persuades herself that no sacrifice is too great where human life is concerned. The premise may be unmoral, but the logic is indisputable, and, as *Maggie* says, "It's better to be right than good." Society and the police, however, take no account either of motive or social philosophy, and *Maggie's* position is precarious until the good fairy of the tenement—the settlement

worker—steps in and saves her. The part of *Maggie* is strongly emotional, and Miss Illington plays it with commendable restraint, reserving herself for the big climatic scenes in which the woman at bay turns desperate and lashes her rich persecutors with some very unpalatable truths. The portrait itself is drawn to life.

If *Dolly Madison* was half so clever and fascinating as Elsie Ferguson makes her in "The First Lady in the Land," one no longer wonders that she was the adored of Jefferson; that diplomats and statesmen danced like puppets when she pulled the strings; that James Madison, Secretary of State, should fall in love with her at a glance, that Aaron Burr could dismiss the Presidency with a quip to return to her smiles, fight a duel later with Hamilton in defence of her name, and finally commit high treason by fitting out an expedition for the conquest of Mexico in order to make her the glittering Queen on its throne. When the play opens, Dolly, as *Mrs. Todd*, is keeping boarders in Philadelphia. A few months later she is in full charge of the Washington court, and, as the wife of the Secretary of State, she is a fixed and useful member of the Presidential family. Neither Jefferson nor Alexander Hamilton appears, but Burr is admirably portrayed and enacted by Frederick Perry. The part of *Madison*, afterward President, is played with little less skill by Lowell Sherman. But interest always centres in the winning, winsome, pretty, clever and spirited *Dolly*. The page of history opened proves full of rich and colourful dramatic material.

We have so long associated the art of Madame Nazimova with the interpretation of great rôles that the more or less butterfly part she plays as *Marquise Fernande de Monclars*, in Pierre Wolff's "The Marionettes" seems inadequate either to her per-

sonality or her histrionic abilities. The hand of the artist is nevertheless seen in the fidelity of the drawing, the subtle suggestion of line and scrupulous regard for detail. She projects with equal ease the timid, shrinking convent girl of the first act, and the glittering, sophisticated, worldly member of an artificial set in the acts that follow, accomplishing the transformation with fine dramatic consistency. Either for the sake of contrast or as a concession to American taste for comedy, the ingenue of the first act is somewhat overdone. But how easily and naturally the cramped spirit of the convent-trained girl warms to the first show of companionship, and with what vigour and passionate beauty she finally bursts into the glory and vehemence of womanhood. The little *Marquise* has been taken direct from school and married to a bit of a rake and spendthrift, with the idea of reforming him. Realising that her reticence, down-cast eyes and general social uneasiness annoy and irritate the husband, she decides to turn butterfly, dress and act like other women, mingle gayly in her husband's set, encourage a flirtation or two—within proper limits, of course—and acts the part so well that the tables are soon turned and the indifferent husband becomes her passionate, devoted slave.

The coquettish charms of Billie Burke have never been seen to better advantage than as *Collette*, the little refugee from the tyranny of a couple of maiden aunts, in Pierre Veber's "The Runaway." Naïveté could go no farther than her manner of making herself at home in the Paris studio of *Maurice Delonay*, a famous middle-aged artist, who in an idle moment had promised to help her. She rewards his protection mightily in the end, however, by bestowing her own smiling eighteen years on his slightly seared and yellow fifty.



# A DOCTOR OF TEMPERAMENT

BY MAY AUSTIN LOW

THINGS had always prospered with William Wentworth, and for generations there had been a Wentworth to till the ground belonging to the *Red House*.

It meant hard work, the sewing and the reaping on the large farm land, but there had never yet been a Wentworth afraid of hard work, or one who had not delighted in living by the sweat of his brow.

William's girl-wife had taken a different outlook on life from the family to which she belonged. With them labour was merely a means to an end, and that end enjoyment. The incentive of pleasure makes labour seem light. To meet people, to attract others, to be in turn attracted to exchange ideas with congenial souls and gain delight from music and books made up the daily life of the *White Cottage* on the hill.

Marion well remembered the hour she had first been stirred into caring for the young, broad-shouldered farmer. She and her father had been to the town, a walk of three miles, and were returning happily together with books from the library for later digesting, when they stopped for a few moments by the snake fence to exchange greetings with William Wentworth, who had been raking hay since sunrise.

He, flushed from the sun, and perhaps, also, from the chance encounter of Marion's bright eyes, leaned over the top-railing of the fence, making a splendid picture of perfect manhood. His shirt sleeves were rolled

to the elbow, displaying the muscular strength of his arms, and his throat rose like a bronze column above the loose collar. His head was bare, and the sunlight made a glory of the golden, waving hair, while in his eyes lay the look that a man gains from a life in the fields, where the sky is the boundary line of his vision.

She, looking at him, straight as a young poplar tree, likened him in thought to a god of the fields, while her father spoke.

"Always hard at work, William," he said. "Couldn't you leave off by and by and come over to the *White Cottage*? Marion has a new song. Show it, girlie."

So Marion, with swift fingers, unrolled the song, moving closer to the fence.

"What is the name of it?" asked William.

Putting out his hand it touched Marion's as they bent together over the page.

"The Daily Question," said Marion quietly, but all her pulses were throbbing, and her spirit was singing within her, because of that momentary encounter.

"What is the daily question?" asked William. Suddenly everything had become different to him. The fragrance of the new-mown hay in the air was poignant with a new sense. The peace and grandeur of the purple mountains in the distance touched him with a swift realisation of the noble possibilities offered to

human life. But, like a woman, fearful in the glare of a great happiness, Marion brought herself back to the earth-world—and William with her. She snatched the song away, putting it under her arm with an air of finality.

"I will tell you if you come to-night," she said gaily, and that was how it all began, for that evening was the forerunner of many such at the *White Cottage*, where sly Cupid, always ready at the crucial moment, fanned the flame that young manhood and womanhood are so prone to ignite together; and before winter had come William and Marion were married.

Thus Marion became a farmer's wife. But the farmer's wife is born, not made. Unhappily, Marion wilted under the burden of the work; there was no time for merry-making to resuscitate the spirit, and so things went on for fifteen years.

Marion was past her youth, but still at blessed moments the hope of joy would possess her—but the moments became rarer.

William guessed none of this, never knew that while his wife tubbed the butter in a faded calico gown, her spirit was yearning for pretty things and personal adornment. Marion had grown quieter, but this was natural. All women grew quieter as they grew older. He remembered his own mother, as, at the last, with no word for anyone, she sat over her knitting by the fireplace from morning until night.

One day—the anniversary of their wedding, too—Marion did not get up when the clock in the kitchen rang out five, as she was used to do. Neither did she move when it struck six, and at seven, when William came in from the fields for his breakfast, there was no breakfast, and his wife still in bed.

"Why, Marion," he said, pushing open the door of the big, bare bed-

room, "what is it that ails you?"

"I'm tired," she answered in low, level tones, "just tired and numb and tingling."

William gazed down at her with a sudden and awful fear in his eyes. "It must be paralysis coming on, and if there's one thing harder than another on a man it's a bed-ridden wife. Shall I get the doctor, Marion?"

His voice was full of anxiety, anxiety for his wife, for in his heart he loved the companion of his labours, and anxiety for his own well-being if ill befell her. It had never struck him that while the body was feeding the soul might starve.

"What good do doctors do?" said Marion, still with the level tone, devoid of all interest.

"There's the new doctor who has just come; and people say he isn't one to physic much."

"Physics meant money, and a doctor's fee was bad enough without the cost of a doctor's prescription. So, after a drink of milk for breakfast, William went off for the new doctor, and was fortunate enough to find him in.

The doctor plied William with many questions during the three-mile drive back to the *Red House*.

"Has never missed a day's work in fifteen years," repeated the doctor after him. Humph! time she did break down. Did she never care for pleasure?"

"Gay enough when she was a girl," said William, "but married folk have no time for fun."

"That's where the mistake comes in: young people make pleasure for themselves out of little things, and hope runs high in young blood. It's when time goes on that a woman needs real pleasure, and pretty clothes to keep her pleased with herself."

"So you really don't think it's paralysis," said William. A great weight was gradually lifting from his

mind. He felt he could stand the hardship of handing over money for a doctor's prescription with that dread of a helpless wife removed.

"Haven't seen the patient yet. Must wait to give my diagnosis," said the doctor.

When they got to the *Red House*, and he was shown up the narrow, uncarpeted stairway to the low-roofed bedroom, he was whistling softly to himself the air of an old song; and by strange chance it happened to be "The Daily Question."

When he entered the room he found his prospective patient in tears.

"Lonely lying here," said the doctor, as he sat down by her bedside and took her thin hand in his.

"It's not that, but your whistling. I used to sing that song long ago. It made me remember——"

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Just so." He had counted her pulse.

"Pulse normal; temperature normal; temperament abnormal," he remarked. "What would you say if I told you to put on your best frock and drive to town?"

Marion laughed feebly.

"Best frock! I haven't had a best frock for twelve years."

"Ah!" said the doctor.

He was busy writing prescriptions.

Before he left he spoke a moment to William alone.

"You look like a man of honour," he said. "Give me your word that you will follow my directions, and your wife will be a well woman in less than a month. Neglect to do this, and she will be an invalid for life."

These were the prescriptions the bewildered William read:

Half a dozen new frocks.

Two new hats.

Six sets of underclothes.

Boots, shoes, gloves, etc.

A maid-servant immediately.

Patient to walk and drive every day.

One new novel a week.

Dancing and cards weekly.

Music daily.

Church twice on Sundays.

"Why," said William, "it costs more than physic. Suddenly he smiled, seeing the new light (or was it an old light relighted?) in his wife's eyes, "but I guess its cheaper than a funeral."

Some months later, when he and Marion met the new doctor at a gay gathering in town he told him with a laugh that he knew his business better than any other doctor he had ever known.

"What women need," he added, "is fun, not physic."



# THE SIKHS

BY RALPH E. SMITH

THE presence of Sikhs in British Columbia, their recent deputation to Ottawa to urge upon the Government of Canada the recognition of what they claim to be their rights as British citizens, and the activities of Dr. Sunder Singh in Toronto in his efforts to win public sympathy and support have brought Canadians face to face with one of the great problems that face the statesmen of the Empire to-day.

India is an integral part—and in one sense the most important part—of the Empire. Without India the Empire would be shorn of much of its glory, the British name of much of its great prestige in the East and the British people of the greatest mission they or any other people have ever undertaken. The present treatment of Indians in the colonies places all these in jeopardy.

It must be remembered that the India of to-day is not the India of twenty-five years ago. India, like Japan and China, has been greatly modernised. The newspaper and the magazine have become prominent features in the life of India. Monthly, weekly, bi-weekly, and daily papers are being published in ever-increasing numbers in English, Urdu, Panjabi, Bengali, Ooriya, Telugu, Tamil, Canarese, Malayalam, Mahratti, Guzarti, etc., etc., and in these papers appears the news of the world and able articles on matters dealing with progress and reform and public and national affairs. And the treatment their fellow-countrymen are receiving

in other parts of the Empire is known all over India, and has formed the subject of many bitter editorials. Huge public meetings have been held and large sums of money have been subscribed to help in the struggle being carried on in the colonies.

It is safe to say that nothing in recent years has aroused such intense bitterness of feeling among all races and classes in India as the treatment meted out to Indians in South Africa, especially in the Transvaal. The treatment of Indians in British Columbia, mild in comparison though it has been, and the closing against them of the doors of Australasia, have contributed to the deepening of this feeling and have strengthened the hands of the opponents of British rule in India and aroused a prejudice against all colonials, whether missionary or civilian. The questions are naturally being asked, What after all does British citizenship mean? Would we be treated so if we were an independent country?

There is much that may be said from the standpoint of those who would exclude Asiatics entirely. They differ entirely in race, colour and religion from Canadians, and they cannot be assimilated and Canadianised; will their admission therefore not mean the creation of a race and colour problem in Canada? They have not been deemed proper subjects for the franchise in their own country; shall we extend the franchise to them here, or create a large body of unfranchised persons? India is teem-

ing with its countless millions of people; if we throw down our gates shall we not be flooded with hordes who know not our laws, our ideals, our religion and the principles that underlie our civilisation? Their standard of living is much lower than ours; will not the labour market be ruined and the industrial equilibrium of the country be disturbed? These and other questions will be asked.

But how can we, in justice, insist on the open door in Asia and claim the right to travel or trade or study or settle in those countries and deny a similar right in return? The Canadian in India is often met with the question, "How is it that you come freely into our country and claim the right to freedom of action here and yet mob Indians in your country or shut them out altogether?" Is the world to remain forever shut off into water-tight compartments and the different nations and races never to learn to live together? The increased facilities for intercommunication and international travel make an emphatic negative the inevitable answer to such questions.

Every day the world is becoming smaller. Forty-five years ago it took a letter six months to reach India. To-day it takes but half so many weeks. Forty years ago Jules Verne startled the world with his book, entitled "Around the World in Eighty Days." The trip may be done in half that time to-day. And every knot added to the speed of the ocean liners, every hour cut from the railway timetables, every new line of cable and telegraph, the coming of wireless telegraphy and the flying machine, are all drawing the world together and making all nations close neighbours. How long *can* our doors remain barred to Asia?

The problem is one of sufficient perplexity, and it will not be helped to a solution by an appeal to prejudice on the one hand or to sentiment on

the other, or to the selfish interests of any section of the community. What is required is constructive statesmanship of first-rate ability, wider horizon and a deeper sense of Imperial responsibility. The issues are not local; they are imperial. And Canada should meet India in a frank discussion of both sides of the question. The question will not die a natural death. It is here to stay, and the sooner it is ably and squarely faced the easier will it be to find a permanent solution.

The treatment of Asiatics by the West to-day is not so very different after all to the treatment of Westerners by Asia in the days when Westerners first began to demand entrance into Asiatic countries. The treatment then was very largely due to prejudice. More knowledge of the incomer very largely removed that prejudice. More knowledge of the Sikhs, therefore, ought to serve some part in the solution of the present difficulty. And anyone desiring to become better acquainted with them will find interesting reading in McAuliffe's great work, recently published, on the history of the Sikhs, which has put other books on the subject much out of date.

Sikhism arose as a reforming theistic sect in Hinduism and can only be properly understood when considered in connection with the history of that religion. The religion of the Aryan conquerors of India who entered India fifteen or twenty centuries before Christ, may be called Vedism, *i.e.*, the religion of the Four Vedas, the oldest of the Hindu sacred books; it was a simple nature worship. This was followed by Brahmanism or philosophic Hinduism, which was the religion of the speculative philosophical books called the Upanishads, and out of which grew the seven systems of Hindu philosophy. Then came Buddhism in the fourth or fifth century B.C. It arose out of Brahman-

ism in some such way as Christianity arose out of Judaism. But it entirely disappeared from India before the end of the twelfth century A.D. Centuries before it disappeared Vaishnavism, Saivism and Saktism, which form the principal sects of modern popular Hinduism, had begun to grow, and they supplanted Buddhism. At the beginning of the eleventh century began the Mohammedan invasion of India, and it was steadily carried forward till the founding of the Moghul dynasty in 1526, which, under Aurangzeb (1658-1707), extended its boundaries till they embraced the whole of India.

The stern, uncompromising monotheism of these Mohammedan conquerors had a certain effect on the Hinduism of the time and certain reformed theistic Hindu sects sprang up. The first of these was the Kabir Panth, founded by Kabir, who was not only influenced by Mohammedanism, but is supposed also to have possessed a copy of the Gospel of John. Arising about the same time, and closely connected with the Kabir Panth, is Sikhism.

The founder of Sikhism is Baba Nanak, who was born in 1469 near Lahore, and who is therefore a contemporary of Luther. So that the beginnings of the Sikh movement are coeval with the rise of Protestantism in Europe. Guru (teacher) Nanak had no intention of founding a separate sect or religion. He became merely a teacher and sought to bring about certain reforms in Hinduism and a compromise between Hinduism and Mohammedanism on the basis of a belief in one God. He preached against caste and idolatry and polytheism and many of the superstitions of the Hindus. A story is told of him that at one time he went to Hardwar at the time of the Kumbh Mela, when thousands come to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges. Nanak saw them, after bathing, turn to the

east and offer handfuls of water to the sun and to their ancestors. He immediately entered the water, turned to the west and began to throw great quantities of water out of the river. A large crowd of astonished people gathered around him and inquired what he was doing. "I am watering my fields at Kartarpore. They have become parched with the scorching sun," was the reply.

"And where be thy fields and thy Kartarpore?" asked a voice.

"They are on the banks of the Ravi, in the Panjab," replied Guru Nanak.

At this they all burst into laughter and said, "How can thy fields be watered from such a long distance? Fool thou art to think they can."

"And greater fools are you my friends. If this water in such large quantities cannot reach my fields on this very earth, 300 or 400 miles away, how can handfuls of it satiate your ancestors and the sun so far off you know not where they are. Leave off these idle pursuits and worship God, who creates, feeds and waters all. Useless are these ceremonies and formalities. Ganges water cannot wash away your sins. Bhakti and devotion will. Change your hearts, perform good deeds and be saved."

Nanak gathered about him many disciples who were called "Sikhs," which means disciples or "The Taught." He was the Guru, "The Teacher," the first of ten Gurus, under whom Sikhism grew and developed. It began as a simple religious reform movement seeking the union of Hinduism and Mohammedanism, and ended by becoming a military theocracy, between which and Mohammedanism there existed the bitterest animosity. The fears and opposition of their Mohammedan rulers were aroused when the Sikhs began to combine for political purposes. It was Ramdas, the fourth

Guru, who first inspired the Sikhs with a desire for political power. His death is said to have been caused by the Emperor Jehangir. The Emperor Aurangzeb, who was notorious for his fanatical zeal in the propagation of Islam, sought to force the Sikhs to become Mohammedans. He imprisoned Teg Bahadur, the ninth Sikh Guru, and tortured him till in his agony he was led to turn to a fellow prisoner and induce him to fall upon him and slay him and so end his sufferings. Far from suppressing the Sikh movement this event proved to be the turning point in its history.

Under Teg Bahadur's son, Govind Singh (1675-1708), who became the tenth, and, according to some, the greatest, Guru, and in whom fanatical zeal and a burning desire to avenge his father's death were mingled with much energy of nature and military ability, the religious Sikhs were converted into a nation of fighting men. He proclaimed social equality among his followers, bade them to always wear a sword in token of their perpetual warfare with the Mohammedans, add the word Singh (Lion) to their names, forbade the use of tobacco, the eating of beef, the performance of Hindu ceremonies, the reading of Hindu and Mohammedan sacred books and the shaving of either the head or the beard. To arouse their martial instincts he wrote a supplement to their sacred book, the *Adi-Granth*, which he called the "*Granth of the Tenth King*." The *Adi-Granth* he considered too full of passages inculcating meekness and gentleness. He taught also the paying of homage to weapons of warfare.

His life was spent in one long conflict with the Emperor Aurangzeb, who was, however, more than his match in fanaticism and military strategy and Govind was worsted. After a long struggle he "saw his strongholds taken, his mother and children massacred, and his disciples

slain, mutilated or dispersed." A year after Aurangzeb's death he joined his forces with those of one of the claimants of the throne in the Deccan, and one day, while making an address to a company who had gathered to listen to him, a Pathan fanatic, hearing words which he considered unfit for the ears of the faithful, fell upon him with a dagger and killed him. This happened at Nandair, where Govind is buried, and which has become a shrine and a place of pilgrimage to the Sikhs to this day.

Under Govind Singh and under the influence of the constant persecution of and conflict with the Mohammedans, Sikhism was changed into something very different from that intended by its founder. And the two centuries of changing history that have followed Govind's death have made it something very different from either. Govind banded the Sikhs together into the *Khalsa* and made it a fighting unit. He was the last of the Gurus. Banda, his successor in the Government of the *Khalsa*, was slain eight years later, and the reins of Government passed to the *Akalis*, military zealots, who became masters of the *Panjab* in 1764. From that time on till the rise of Ranjit Singh the history of the Sikhs is marked by violence and bloodshed and constant warfare between the different clans into which they had split up.

Maharajah Ranjit Singh, one of the chiefs of the Sikh clans, was born in 1780. When only nineteen years of age he succeeded in obtaining possession of Lahore, one of the Sikh capitals. He next captured Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs, and soon, by sheer ability and force of character, he succeeded in becoming master of the whole of the *Panjab* beyond the *Sutlej* and of Kashmir. He was known as the "*Lion of the Panjab*" and was the only man who ever had sufficient force of character to hold

the independent and warlike Sikhs together. He died in 1839.

His successor was murdered, and thereafter there ensued six years of anarchy, in which princes and ministers were murdered in quick succession, and the army of 90,000 trained soldiers became masters of the situation. Underpaid and discontented they finally demanded to be led into British territory and crossed the Sutlej in 1845. War with the British followed. The treaty that terminated this war in 1846 was not kept, and the second Sikh war broke out in 1848. It ended in the British taking over the whole of the Panjab. The Sikh nation ceased to exist, and they are now divided up into numerous religious orders. They still prefer military life to more peaceful avocations, however, and many of the finest regiments in the Indian army are composed of Sikhs.

Sikhism has lost the inward impulse that made it a zealous religious reforming sect, and the outward circumstances that turned them into a martial people, and the movement as such is crumbling to decay. No doubt the hardiness and energy that have characterised them as a people remain. But as a religious sect they are gradually lapsing back into the Hinduism out of which they sprang. This is the history of every sect that has attempted to reform Hinduism. They have never severed themselves from Hinduism entirely, and when the impulse to reform has died away they have been drawn back into the great Hindu fold again, taking with them the dead letter of their reformed teaching and the names of their great teachers, who are canonised as avatars or incarnations of some Hindu god or other. In 1910 Baba Gurbaksh Singh Bedi, who is a lineal descendant of Nanak and the present spiritual head of the Sikhs, was elected to the presidency of the Panjab Hindu Conference, which met at Mul-

tan in October of that year. He was criticised for accepting such a position, but he vigorously defended himself and among other things said, "In my eyes a Hindu is a Hindu, whether he be a Sikh, a Sanatanist, an Aryan or a Brahma. Whatever differences there may be between these faiths, on the main points they all agree." This will indicate the extent to which the Sikhs have already become re-Hinduised.

The British Government do not look with favour upon this trend back to Hinduism. They prefer to have the Sikhs remain a distinct sect under the inspiration of their military traditions and martial creed, for as such they prove a fine recruiting ground for the Indian army. They are a stalwart race of sturdy, energetic, fighting men, and as such make splendid soldiers.

They are loyal to Great Britain, and this loyalty was conspicuous during the recent durbar at Delhi. Within Delhi there is a somewhat insignificant little Sikh temple, upon whose inner walls are emblazoned the words, "Here lies the martyr Sikh Guru, who prophesied the British advent in India." It is the shrine of the ninth Guru, Teg Bahadur, who was tortured by the Emperor Aurangzeb. When, among other things, the charge of having dared to raise his eyes to the Imperial Zenana was trumped up against him, he proudly answered, "I was looking for a fair race coming from beyond the sea who shall tear down thy purdahs and destroy thine empire." This has always been regarded by the Sikhs as a prophecy of the coming of the British. They were very deeply stirred therefore when the white Emperor came personally to proclaim himself the Emperor of all India in the very city where their Guru suffered and uttered the prophecy.

A great procession was formed to the tomb of Teg Bahadur. It is esti-



mated that 20,000 Sikhs took part in it, 12,000 of whom were soldiers of the Indian regiments and of the Imperial service troops. So great a body of men swinging by in loose formation shouting in their hoarse guttural tones the watch-cry of their sect, "There is but one God," was a convincing exposition of the greatness of the asset the Indian Government possesses in the Sikhs. They were headed by the Sikh chiefs in full state, and at the little temple they renewed their pledges of fealty to the King Emperor.

As has been said, Govind Sigh was the last of the Gurus. He refused to appoint a successor. In the place of a successor he raised their sacred book, The Granth, to the dignity of a sort of permanent Guru, even entitling it "Sahib" (Lord). Thereafter they were everywhere to obey and be guided by the Granth Sahib.

This book is composed of two parts, the Adi-Granth, compiled by Arjun, and the "Granth of the Tenth King," composed by Govind. "Besides the portions written by Nanak and Arjun himself, there were collected into it extracts from 12½ other contributors." The half contributor was a woman, hence it was not reckoned as a complete unit. Many sayings of Kabir, Ramanand and others find a place in it.

The Granth has become a very sacred object to the Sikhs. It is covered with costly brocade and kept on a low stand in the Golden Temple at Amritsar. There are no idols in this temple and no idol worship. And yet the homage paid to the Granth is of the same nature as that paid to an idol by the Hindus. Every day it is dressed, decorated with brocade, fanned with long chowries and put to bed at night in a golden bed in a separate chamber, and treated in much the same way as a Hindu idol is treated. At the above mentioned procession at the recent durbar at

Delhi, the Granth, handsomely decorated, was carried in state on an elephant at the head of the procession.

The Sikhs believe in but one God, but homage is also paid to the Granth, the weapons of the Gurus and to the cow. They believe in the transmigration of the soul. Every soul, they believe, is liable to pass through 2,300,000 quadrupeds, 900,000 aquatic animals, 1,100,000 feathered animals, 1,100,000 creeping animals, 1,700,000 immovable creatures (trees and stones), and 1,400,000 forms of human beings.

They have a sacred temple at Amritsar, which is considered to be second only to the Taj Mahal at Agra as an object of striking architectural beauty. It was the fourth Guru, Ramdas, who collected the offerings brought to him by his followers and purchased the tank or lake at Amritsar—the word Amritsar is from Amrita (nectar) and saras (a lake). In the centre of this lake he built the well-known lake temple, called by them the Darbar Sahib, and, by the Europeans, the Golden Temple because the domes and cupolas and all the upper parts of the building are overlaid with copper richly gilded. Around it gathered the town, which has been the centre and capital and sacred city of the Sikhs. The lake is bordered by a marble pavement and around it are many fine mansions owned by the Sikh chieftains. The lower part of the temple is of marble richly inlaid with precious stones and a marble causeway forms an approach to it from one side of the lake. The temple is quite unlike anything else to be seen in India, being, true to the nature of Sikhism itself, a compromise between a Hindu temple and a Mohammedan mosque. It is not large, but the proportions are perfect and the gilded domes and cupolas give it a striking appearance. This gilded copper work was done by Maharajah Ranjit Singh, who despoiled many of

the finest Mohammedan tombs in Lahore to obtain the material to carry out his project.

The lake about the temple "has known many vicissitudes. More than once it has been filled up by the Moslems, and in 1762 it was desecrated by Ahmed Shah, who caused slaughtered cows to be thrown into the holy water. But this sacrilege was amply avenged in later years, when numerous mosques were demolished and Afghans in chains were made to wash the foundations with the blood of hogs."

Most tourists visit Amritsar and see the temple for themselves. But there are other sacred places of the Sikhs that would well repay a visit. One of these is the shrine in Patna, which is the birthplace of Guru Govind Singh. The other is Nandair, on the banks of the Godavari, in the Dec-

can, 170 miles from Hyderabad. It was here that Govind met his death at the hands of the Pathan fanatic. The imposing mausoleum that was raised over his grave has for two centuries been an object of veneration and pilgrimage to the Sikhs. It is a shrine little visited by tourists and one that would well repay a visit. "Unlike the shrines of North India, which were repeatedly looted and spoiled by the Moghul soldiery until the Sikhs were strong enough to resist the myrmidons of Delhi, the Nandair temple has no such occurrences in its annals, and as the practice of giving types of national weapons (to be placed on the tomb or hung up on the walls of the mortuary chamber) has been followed for many years, the Guru's mausoleum probably contains the finest collection of old Sikh arms in India."

## THE WESTERN FARMER

By C. L. ARMSTRONG

**H**ERE, on this humble threshold, now I stand  
 And watch the sun sink, lurid, in the West.  
 The breeze that lulls all day-worn things to rest  
 Breathes its tree-vesters o'er the fruitful land.  
 And, deep within me, full, sincere and grand,  
 Wells up to God a simple man's request,  
 That all men may be blest as I am blest;  
 (The grass, the trees, the rivers, understand);  
 Before my eyes stretch mellow miles of grain;  
 And, yonder, at the sight's horizon rim,  
 I see the vanguard of the marching rain  
 Over the slough-grown poplars, tall and slim.  
 Bread for the hungry! Mete of might and main!  
 Mocking the famine spectre, grisly grim.



CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

**B**EFORE Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught sailed from England Lady Aberdeen took special pains that the objects of the National Council of Women of Canada should be fully explained so that a knowledge beforehand might be had of that institution, of which she would undoubtedly become Honourary President, and which now embodies eighteen nationally-organised societies and twenty-six local councils, forming a chain from Halifax to Vancouver, each local council in its turn comprising various affiliated societies. I think I would be safe in saying that there are few societies in the Dominion which are not fully represented therein.

Perhaps Canadians have been a little awed by the presence of royalty in residence here; perhaps there was fear they might not understand our work-a-day habits—the unceasing grind a new country calls for. But no Canadian should forget that her Royal Highness comes from Prussia, that country which owes much of its greatness to hardships and privations, and that it is due to Prussia's long training in the inexorable school of

adversity that she has become a model for other nations to imitate, a country where there are no privileges other than those which can be earned by study and service, and where the same treatment is meted out to rich and poor alike. If Prussia out of her sandy wastes built the kingdom she did, how much more ought we be able to build up a nation second to none?

It may be said without fear of contradiction that few countries have had so remarkable a line of rulers, sages and geniuses as Prussia, and as the daughter of that austere and pious Prince Frederick Charles, whose name stands out in history as one of the greatest forces behind the Prussian army and who is everywhere regarded as one of the greatest cavalry organisers, Princess Louise inherits her father's executive ability and shyness. Her Royal Highness dislikes crowds, is extremely sensitive and reserved, always living a secluded life, bringing up her children in the greatest simplicity and with almost rigid economy and spending only half the income and saving the other half, thus managing her household on a thrifty basis.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

*From the Painting by John S. Sargent*

Her Royal Highness is a real comrade, both to her husband and children, eager to share their pursuits and travels. Her opinions on art are eagerly sought after, she being considered the art critic of the royal family. Her love for children and sympathy with the aged, the sick, and the educated poor often makes a deep hole in her Royal Highness's purse, one that is not at all times too full for the demands of her station in life.

To meet her Royal Highness at a very small gathering, her greetings, though not demonstrative, are cordial and friendly. Her voice is rather low, but very musical, and few women are as well versed in public questions concerning women.

Since her elder daughter's marriage to Gustavus Adolphus, Crown Prince of Sweden, their Royal Highnesses have travelled extensively, and Canadian women hope that, though the term of office is only to be for two years, the time may be extended.

\*

Our English friends have not forgotten the great quinquennial held in Toronto in 1909. Many of the *Laurentic* party met at a "Canadian Reunion" in Glasgow, Scotland, very recently, and at Lady Aberdeen's suggestion they will make it an annual affair.

The National Council of Women of Canada sent "greetings" to the Norwegian women, who in January gave a national festival in honour of Fröken Gina Krog, one of the most brilliant of the quinquennial delegates and a talented writer in the cause of women. To her the women of Norway attribute the many victories they have gained during recent years, and when Norwegian women obtained equal rights with men recently, it was due largely to her efforts.

\*

Every old-fashioned name suggests

a type. We frame some imaginary picture of the qualities that should be possessed by the person bearing it, some subconscious idea is formed of the individuality of the person never seen or heard about. The idea is approximately the same in the minds of different persons, and subconsciously we expect the person to live according to that name.

Poets sing of their sweetest when singing to a Mary. There is a sacredness attached to this name. Very seldom in books do we find a wicked Mary; we attach it only to our ideal of the perfection of womanhood.

Our Queen, just returned from India, will have added still more glory to the name, a name now coupled with strength of character in the highest, as it gradually dawns upon us the immense significance of the now historic Durbar, how much it has meant and will mean to the peace movement of the world.

How great is the Durbar's significance to the Sikhs both in India and Canada who are now awaiting our action regarding the regulations of their wives and children!

Little we know how much it meant to the mystic Indian subject to see once more in his native land the great Koh-i-noor diamond, which had for centuries been worn successively by Indian and Persian rulers. Since 1850 it has been the property of the British Crown, and Queen Victoria learned in her time that he who holds the Koh-i-noor holds India.

What's in a name? A great deal in those famous names George and Mary. It was indeed fitting that the nation rejoiced with thanksgiving at the safe return of our King and Queen.

\*

The Toronto Local Council of Women, a society which embraces forty affiliated societies representing seven thousand women, are presenting a

suggestion to the Ontario Legislature for adoption. This suggestion has been endorsed by the National Council. It urges the establishment of separate trials for women in the police courts, to which the male outside public is not to be admitted. One cannot but feel there is great need for this could the general public only see the horde of unemployed who haunt the courts and seemingly take great amusement therefrom.

A request for "the establishment of a branch of the police service, consisting of women, whose special province is to be the dealing with prostitutes and whose presence at trials where women appear as prosecutor, accused, or chief witness shall be compulsory." Such a branch of the police service, consisting of thirty women, has already been established in Berlin, Germany. In Hunnewell, Kansas, the chief of police is a woman, who has established a female branch of the service. In Los Angeles, California, a policewoman was appointed some time ago, and the chief of police in Los Angeles has given utterance publically to his great appreciation of the services rendered by her. In Denmark the first policewoman appointed was a graduate of the Copenhagen University. In Montreal since the new year two women were sworn in as special investigators to aid the police force in connection with the juvenile court.

The Toronto women ask that "women should be eligible to sit on juries and to be magistrates and justices of the peace." Why not? Women are allowed to practise law and with great success, then why are the others denied her? It only requires average ability, not necessarily a graduate in law, to fulfil the duties of these positions. In Norway women have been chosen to serve in the courts of justice and on the jury, and they sit regularly in the commercial

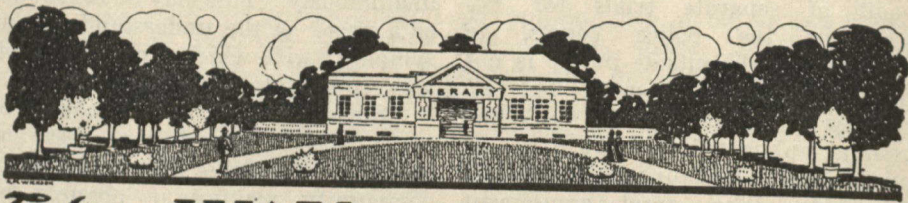
court. At the assizes last year in Drammen one and the same woman was president in five out of eleven cases, and was elected four times unanimously. This may be mentioned as a proof of the understanding and sympathy with which the men of Norway co-operate with the women.

"State pensions for minors who are destitute" is another request, and would be of infinite advantage to the community, making it possible for the widow to stay at home and look after her children instead of being forced to go out to work, leaving the children either without supervision or in the care of various charitable institutions. In Australia and New Zealand, where women possess the franchise, such state pensions have been established for some time, with huge success.

A request which appeals to every woman is the one which insists upon "the exclusion of insane paupers and aged poor from jail," which is at present the only available accommodation pending adjustment in such cases, and state provision is asked also for the ever-increasing number of feeble-minded. In the United States neglect to segregate the feeble-minded has already apparently resulted in such rapidly increasing numbers that all hope has to be abandoned of dealing with the evil by means of institutions.

The platform includes the request for the establishment of a Provincial Housing Commission to deal with the problem of housing the ever-increasing number of foreign immigrants and that the Parliamentary franchise may be extended to the women of Ontario who have fulfilled the necessary qualifications as at present apply to the male voters of the Province.

No student of history can fail to see that the rising tide of women's enfranchisement is a universal one and that sooner or later each nation will have to meet it.



## The WAY of LETTERS

FOR more than half a century the indomitable personality of the Reverend Father Lacombe, the "Black-robe Voyageur," has exercised a great humanising influence on white men and red men and *metis* in those vast stretches of the Dominion between Winnipeg and Calgary on the one hand and Edmonton and the Montana border on the other hand. It is obvious therefore that an account of the work that he has done and the part that he has taken in the history of the Northwest would in itself be of extraordinary interest and value to the student of our national progress. The history of the Northwest during the last sixty years comprises the biography of Father Lacombe; the biography of Father Lacombe comprises the history of the Northwest during the same time. So that the "Life," which Miss Katherine Hughes undertook to write, and which has resulted in the publication of an excellent volume of 467 pages, furnished more history, incident, anecdote, adventure, and even romance than the average person could scan, much less bring within the compass of a single volume. But it is to Miss Hughes's credit that she has carried out to a successful conclusion a work that must have appeared to be extremely confusing and almost im-

possible. The author had the assistance of Father Lacombe's memoirs, the impulse given by years of acquaintanceship with the subject, personal interviews with men who would appear in the narrative, as well as a knowledge of the country in which Father Lacombe laboured and a keen sympathy with him and the Indians, whom he called "my people." This, then, is the basis on which Miss Hughes worked, and the result is such that it can be accepted as a valuable contribution to the literature of history in Canada. There is an introduction by Sir William Van Horne and a number of full-page illustrations.

Miss Hughes begins with Albert Lacombe as a French-Canadian lad of Quebec Province. She sketches his upbringing, takes him through his academic pursuits, and soon literally launches him out upon the career as missionary of the Oblate Order that is to have so close a connection with the making of the West as we now know it. There was in those early days (it was in 1849 that Father Lacombe went to the West) a close relationship between the missionaries and the Hudson's Bay Company, because, as Father Lacombe has been pleased to acknowledge, "If we had not had the aid and the hospitality of the Hudson's Bay Company we

could not have for a long time begun or carried out the establishment of the young Church in the Northwest." Another tribute is paid to the Company, when it is related that Father Lacombe, hearing of a debt of 3,000 skins (the currency of those days) owed by the widow of an Indian who had been killed, went to the Chief Factor and laid the case before him. The Chief Factor ran his quill through the account, shouting "Bien, hurrah!" As Miss Hughes observes, "The honourable Company . . . could not hold a mortgage upon the future of a poor widow and her children."

This intrepid missionary seems to have been a man of much cunning and astuteness, as well as of religious zeal, qualifications that stood well by him in many difficult encounters. On one particular occasion he was opposed by the sorcerer and medicine-man White Eagle, who had been the ruling spirit in a camp of 300 pagan Crees of the plains. For several days he had endeavoured to impress his religion upon these savages, but he had been most cruelly reviled by White Eagle. Then, one morning at daybreak, the missionary mounted his pony and began to ride around the outside of the circle of tents, waving his Red Cross flag, which was his talisman, and, holding the crucifix aloft, he called on the Indians to give him another hearing. They heard him, and his defence of his religion was so well received that the sorcerer was constrained to quit the camp. The white and red flag served also as a signal for peace, and it was used on many occasions to quell a disturbance and even end a blood-thirsty massacre. One of these occasions was in 1865, when at night a band of Crees fell upon an encampment of the Blackfoot, where Father Lacombe lay asleep. The battle continued intermittently until dawn, when the courageous missionary, in stole and

surplice, raised the crucifix and the flag above his head and called on the Indians of his own encampment to cease firing. Then he marched out to face the enemy. "Here!" he cried, "you Crees, *Kamiyo-Atchakwe* speaks!" But he was not heard, and in the fog and smoke he could not be seen by the Crees. Presently a bullet struck him in the shoulder and he fell. With that one of the Blackfoot shouted, "You have wounded your blackrobe, dogs! Have you not done enough?" When this report went through the ranks of the Crees the firing ceased, and the attacking party withdrew, because no Indian wished to harm the Man-of-the-Good-Heart.

Father Lacombe once actually bought an Indian maiden, and with her in his possession he was enabled to ingratiate himself into the goodwill of the Sarcees, to which tribe the maiden belonged. Her name was Marguerite, and she had been stolen from her people by a number of Cree braves. When the missionary heard of this, he bought her and gave her into the charge of some nuns until he was able to visit the Sarcee camp. When he did make the visit, he took the maiden with him, and when her people, who had not ceased to mourn her loss, saw her they shouted the name of her deliverer until the coulées rang, and after going into camp, the priest was received with "songs of triumph and orations by the chiefs."

Father Lacombe saw the buffaloes disappear; he witnessed the coming of the first trancontinental railway; he beheld the land opened for settlement; he played an important part in pacifying the Indians during the Rebellion of 1885; he was for a time the storm centre during the controversy over the Manitoba school regulations. But we like best of all to see him ministering to the bodily and spiritual needs of the aborigines of the plains—talking to the little chil-



dren, teaching the adults, assuaging pain and reducing fever, counselling, exhorting, commanding; with baptism starting "my people" in the practice of the Christian life, and with the last rites of the Church preparing them for death. That was his great mission in the Great West, and we like to see him now, as Miss Hughes has pictured him to us, spending his reclining years in the Lacombe Home at Midnapore, Alberta. (Toronto: William Briggs).

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IN the large number of books from the pen of John Oxenham there are to be expected a few that show signs of hasty production, but in almost all of them there is a glamour of location that covers many of the faults. "Their High Adventure" is not by any means his best, nor is it his worst. The scene has been laid amid the grandeur of the Swiss mountains, and the plot is light enough to interfere but little with the greater charm of the location. Lakes and mountains and passes, well-known peaks and villages, bridle paths and chateaux and wayside inns enfold the attempt to release a girl from a Swiss prison. The hero and heroine succeed, but an avalanche foils the wit of mere men. The rescued girl is carried down, but the other result of this terrible danger of the winter Alps is agreeable enough to partially drown the memory of the disaster. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

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WHETHER or not Professor A. P. Coleman is the best mountain-climber in Canada, he is entitled to that distinction because of the delightful manner in which he recounts his experiences and sets down his observations. In his new book, "The Canadian Rockies: New and Old Trails," he describes his many visits to the Rockies, including the first, which was made in 1884, be-

fore the railway had gone through. The book is entertaining from the very first sentence, and what a commendable quality that is in a work that has as well just claims to scientific values.

Professor Coleman's position of professor of geology in the University of Toronto gives him authority for the publication of a book of this kind, but his greatest authority after all is that which he has earned by his indefatigable researches and first-hand study. He has made numerous excursions into the Rockies and Selkirks, and his party was the first to encounter Mount Robson, which is now regarded as the Matterhorn of America. In the book there are chapters on "The Selkirk Trails," "Canoeing on the Columbia," "Trails of the Mountain Stones," "The Road to Athabasca Pass," "From Laggan to Mount Robson," "From Edmonton to Mount Robson." There are three maps and forty-one illustrations. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

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THERE is much evidence of sincerity and ruggedness in W. Milton Yorke's little volume of verse entitled "Tales of the Porcupine Trails." Mr. Yorke has been prompted to write because of the impulses he has received in Northern Ontario. These impulses denote a keen appreciation of grandeur and of the epic significance of man's struggles against the forces of nature. They denote also a reflective personality and a sensitive nature. But their expression in words and sentences does not denote the touch of the skilled craftsman, but if one is satisfied with motive, the result is gratifying. One of the best things in the book is "The Magic North":

Thou magic North, that draws my gaze  
to thee,  
Thou land of wealth, of distance, far and  
free,  
Thou land of pine-tree, spruce, and sil-  
ver's gleam,

Wake thou the nation's apathetic dream.  
 Thou mighty giant, in thy waking hour  
 Stand forth, resplendent in thy mystic  
 power;  
 Thy story of treasure, streams, and val-  
 leys broad,  
 Thy strength unmeasured and thy ways  
 untrod,  
 Let this wide, wondering world at last  
 behold  
 Thy wealth of beauty—wealth of soil and  
 gold.

(Toronto: the Musson Book Com-  
 pany).

\*

"THE Notorious Miss Lisle" is a clever and engrossing story. The author unfolds a well-thought-out plot very skilfully and introduces us to a set of uncommonly interesting people. *Gaenor Lisle*, the heroine, is a victim of circumstances. When the reader and *Peter Garstin*, a well-to-do young man travelling for pleasure, first meet her she is a strange, sullen, unsmiling girl, with a hint of mystery about her which arouses the curiosity of both; the curiosity leads to warm admiration from *Gaenor* as the story develops and her pluck and fighting spirit become evident. Although one would feel inclined to blame her for marrying *Peter* without first disclosing her "past," one soon forgives her when one realises her innocence and the web of lies in which she is caught. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

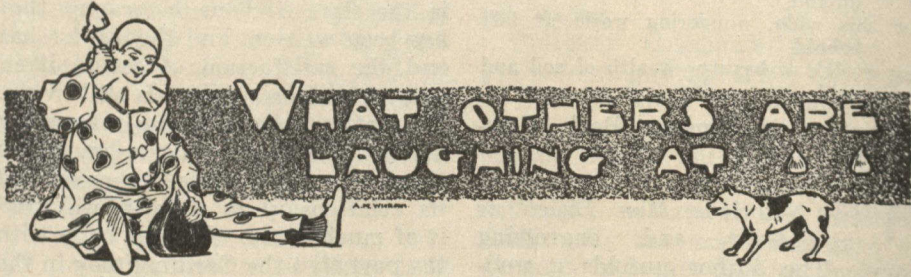
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THE "Life of Cardinal Gibbons," by Allen S. Will, is a well-written and satisfactory biography of a churchman whose human qualities have endeared him to the people, whether of Roman Catholic or other faith. Cardinal Gibbons was primarily of the people, and notwithstanding the dignity and impressiveness of his high office in the Church he seems never to have lost the keen sympathy that was an outstanding feature of his early days in the priesthood. Mr. Will has succeeded in

visualising his subject to the extent that the reader readily forms a picture of an æsthetic-looking elderly gentleman taking a walk in the streets of Baltimore and bowing genially to acquaintances as he passes along. This is the first Gibbons biography that has been written, and the author has had the satisfaction of seeing it in print while the cardinal is still living. The entire book furnishes interesting material for the casual reader, but to those who study social progress and its relationship to religion will find it of much value. It deals fully with the part that the Cardinal took in the Vatican Council, when the doctrine of the infallible teaching office of the Roman pontiffs was promulgated. But perhaps Cardinal Gibbons's greatest achievement was his successful battle at Rome for recognition and tolerance of the Knights of Labour. This biography has the merit of style in writing, as well as the result of a careful foundation of facts. (Baltimore: the John Murphy Company).

\*

"THE Wilderness of the Upper Yukon," by Charles Sheldon, is a volume of fascinating interest to the huntsman, biologist, or naturalist. The sub-title is "A Hunter's Explorations for Wild Sheep in Sub-Arctic Mountains," and this title furnishes the key to the volume. The author claims to have pursued his observations alone and in tracts that had never before been visited by either white man or Indian. His purpose was to study at close range the white sheep of that country and to secure specimens for preservation. Dealing specifically with the subject and incidentally with all the relative experiences of such an adventure he has written a narrative of absorbing interest. The book is well mapped and illustrated with several full-page reproductions in colour of drawings by Charles Rungius. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).



THE JOY OF BATTLE

Life, from my standpoint, can't be too exciting;  
I love a fight (when others do the fighting).

It's sweet to watch a boxer showering blows  
Upon his adversary's shattered nose.

It's good to hear two disputatious neighbours  
Slanging away with tongues that cut like sabres.

And in political affairs it's fine  
When rows are seething all along the line.

The languid lure of silence may enamour  
More timid souls; for me, I like a clamour.

And that is why the storms of recent years  
Permeate me with bliss too deep for tears.

The Servant Tax, which breeds so much resentment,  
Produces in my breast a rich contentment,

When the whole nation seeks opposing camps,  
And all the countryside resounds with stamps.

It's fine, again, when mingled stones and threats  
Pour in a flood from shrieking Suffragettes.

And then the frantic Papers! Happy reader,  
With virulent abuse in every leader!

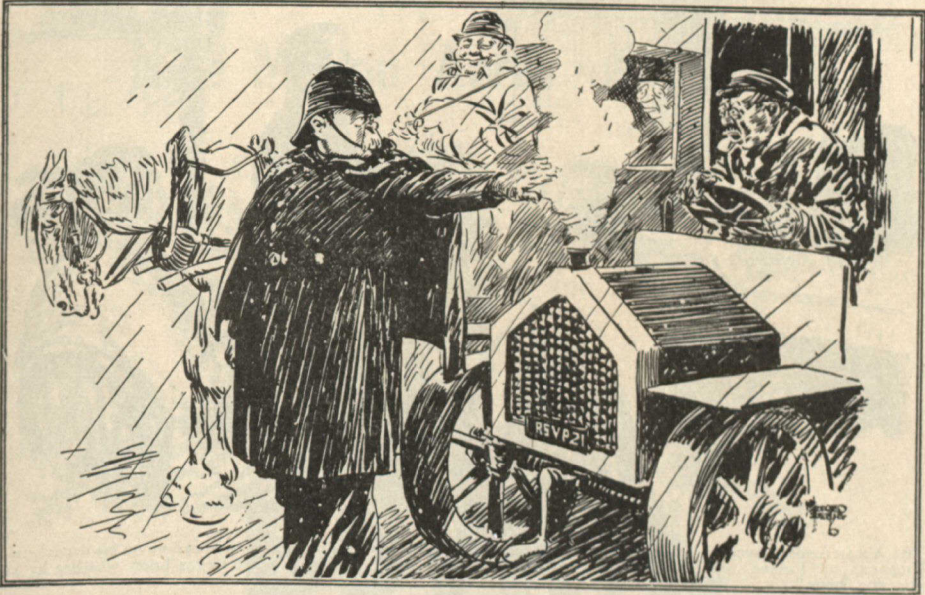
And, looking on, I mark with calm elation  
Prospects of yet increasing altercation—

Home Rule, The Suffrage, Disestablishment,  
And others in one glorious turmoil blent.

Easter approaches, too, and its adjacency  
Lends a propriety to my complacence,

Because these rumpuses impending fill  
My joyous heart with peace and right good-will.

—Punch.



IRATE 'BUS DRIVER (annoyed at being held up): Yus, only stopped my bloomin' bus to warm yer 'ands, didn't yer?  
—The Sketch.

### SHE FELT QUITE AT HOME

A company of Edinburgh students were starting for Glasgow on a football excursion, and meant to have a carriage to themselves. At the last moment, however, just as the train was starting, in hastened an old woman.

One of the young fellows, thinking to get rid of her easily, remarked:

"My good woman, this is a smoking-car, don't you know?"

"Well, well," answered the woman; "never mind. I'll mak' it dae." And she took a seat.

As the train started the word was passed round, "Smoke her out." All the windows were closed accordingly, every student produced a pipe, and soon the car was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke. So foul was the air that at last one of the boys began to feel ill. As he took his pipe from his mouth and settled back into his seat the old woman leaned forward to him.

"If ye are dune, sir," she said in

a wheedling tone, "wad ye kindly gie me a bit draw? I came awa' in sic a haste I forgot mine."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

\*

"You want more money? Why, my boy, I worked three years for \$11 a month right in this establishment, and now I'm owner of it."

"Well, you see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang onto his business."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

\*

### VERY SIMILAR

Mrs. Eeru—"Although I have been to school and college and am supposed to be educated, I always mix up those two countries—Rococo and Morocco."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

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### IN THE AIR

Gladys Roxton—"And the duke is so brave, papa! Why, he declares he intends to become an aviator!"

Papa—"H'm! He does, eh? Wants to visit his castle, I suppose."—*Puck*.



THE VICAR (ending speech). "And so we have decided to present Mr. Smith with an honorarium on his departure."  
 VILLAGER. "I objec! What I says is give 'im something useful. Why! we don't even know whether he can play the thing."  
 —Punch

#### HER FAULT

A certain Scotch professor was left a widower in his old age. Not very long after he suddenly announced his intention of marrying again, half apologetically, adding, "I never would have thought of it, if Lizzie hadn't died."—*Harper's Magazine*.

\*

#### A PUZZLE

Small Girl (entertaining her mother's caller)—"How is your little girl?"

Caller—"I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl."

Small Girl (after a painful pause in conversation)—"How is your little boy?"

Caller—"My dear, I haven't any little boy, either."

Small Girl—"What are yours?"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

\*

"How is it that the quail on your bill of fare is always struck off?"

"That's just a fancy touch," explained the beanery waiter. "We never had a quail in the joint."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

#### THE ETERNAL QUESTION

"My wife made me what I am!"

"Have you forgiven her yet?"—*Satire*.

\*

#### UP TO DATE

"Have you a fireless cooker?"

"No; but I've got a cookless fire."—*Baltimore American*.

\*

#### CAPABLE

A certain editor had cause to admonish his son on account of his reluctance to attend school.

"You must go regularly and learn to be a great scholar," said the fond father encouragingly, "otherwise you can never be an editor, you know. What would you do, for instance, if your paper came out full of mistakes?"

"Father," he said, solemnly, "I'd blame 'em on the printer!"

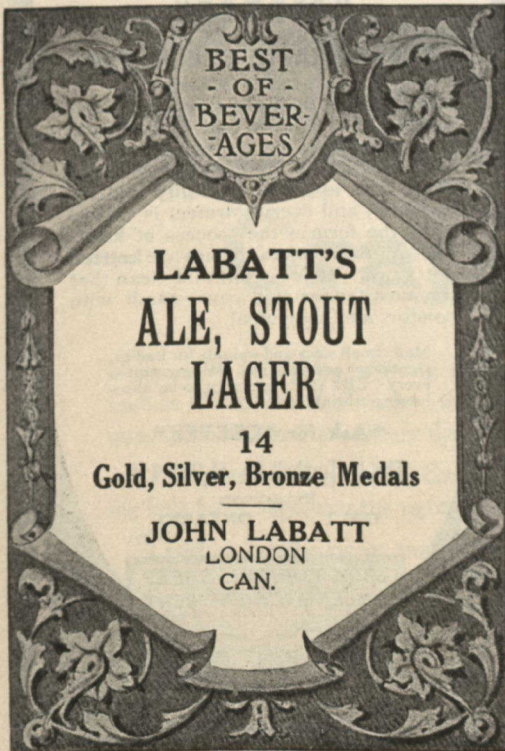
And then the editor fell upon his son's neck and wept tears of joy. He knew he had a successor for the editorial chair.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

## Nine Million Acres of Pasture

The Bovril herds of cattle range over 438,082 acres of the finest pasture land in Argentina and 9,261,400 acres in Australia.

There is only one

# BOVRIL



BEST  
- OF -  
BEVER-  
-AGES

**LABATT'S  
ALE, STOUT  
LAGER**

14  
Gold, Silver, Bronze Medals

**JOHN LABATT**  
LONDON  
CAN.

### EASTER OFFERINGS

OF ALL LATEST NOVELTIES IN  
Fancy Boxes, Baskets and Favors

FILLED WITH *Snyder's* PURE  
DELICIOUS

#### Chocolates and Bon Bons

"A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE CANDY HE SENDS,"

OF COURSE *Snyder's* SHE  
IT'S WANTS

Known the World over for Purity, Quality, Flavor.

Candies sent anywhere by Express or Mail

Orders transferred to *Snyder's* stores and

delivered in the city where *Snyder's* store

is located without extra charge.

*Snyder's* Chocolate Ice Cream Soda, Hot  
Chocolate and other Fountain  
Drinks unexcelled.

*Snyder's* 130-132 Yonge St.  
TORONTO, Ont.

Our Candies are made on the premises

A TABLESPOONFUL OF SOAP POWDER SHOULD WEIGH AN OUNCE AND MAKE A QUART OF SOLID SOAP PASTE.



# PEARLINE

is Condensed—Dry Soap Powder—in the smallest possible Bulk.

A Tablespoonful of PEARLINE weighs twice as much or more than the Fluffed Powders *when they are dried.*

Therefore—use for any purpose  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  as much PEARLINE as you do of these Fluffed-Moisture Laden Powders.

Makes Dirt Step Lively

Too Much is not so Good as Just Enough.



IS NOT POPPED FLAKED FLUFFED WATERED

# CEETEE UNDERWEAR

YOU WILL ALWAYS FEEL COMFORTABLE

If you wear "Ceetee" Underwear. Medical men agree that pure clean wool is the most satisfactory and healthiest material for next the skin wear, being the warmest in winter and the coolest in summer. In the making of

"CEETEE"

UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

only the finest Australian Merino Wool is used and it is combed and combed until not a particle of dirt or foreign matter is left. "CEETEE" is made especially for those who appreciate **quality** and refinement, and every garment is shaped to fit the form in the process of **knitting**—all the seams and joins are **knitted** not sewn. It is so soft and clean that the most tender skin can wear it with comfort and enjoyment.

Made in all sizes and weights for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. We guarantee every "CEETEE" garment to be absolutely unshrinkable.

"Ask for "CEETEE"

The C. Turnbull Co., of Galt, Ltd.  
Manufacturers  
GALT - ONTARIO

271

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT





## Growing Little Folks

Require certain food elements for the best development of body and brain.

Sometimes these are lacking in every-day food, and many a child is thin and pale instead of plump and rosy.

Such children show quick improvement when given the right kind of food.

# Grape=Nuts

FOOD

is especially helpful to growing children because it contains the needed elements, such as Phosphate of Potash—the vital tissue salt for brain and nerve matter, frequently lacking in the ordinary diet.

A regular morning dish of Grape-Nuts and cream is an ideal breakfast for growing little folks, supplying the right food elements in the right way.

Children like the sweet, nutty taste of Grape-Nuts food and thrive upon it.

*“There’s a Reason”*

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

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.



## Nature Set the Seal of Approval on Pure Wool for Warmth and Protection

JAEGER Underwear follows the natural law.

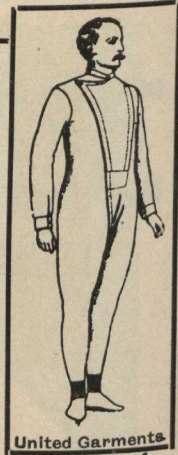
The finest quality of pure wool unmixed and undyed is used to make JAEGER garments.

The method of weaving the Stockinet Web gives elasticity, allows free circulation, and induces quick evaporation.

Therein lies the secret—a scientific combination of material and method.

All weights and sizes.

Guaranteed against shrinkage.

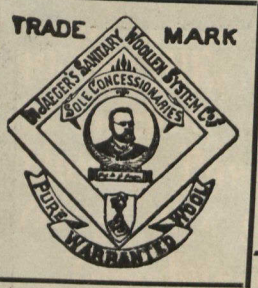


Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System Co., Ltd.

231 Yonge Street, TORONTO

316 St. Catherine Street West, MONTREAL.

Steele Block, Portage Ave., WINNIPEG.



# RODGERS CUTLERY

All cutlery goodness is crystallized in "Rodgers." Centuries of cutlery knowledge go to make Rodgers the recognized leader in cutlery manufacture.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited

Cutlers to His Majesty  
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

# Dirt

vanishes  
when  
you use



# Old Dutch Cleanser

Many uses and  
full directions on  
Large Sifter-Can 10¢



**Rexall**  
**"93" HAIR TONIC**

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

**Induces healthy hair growth—Prevents Dandruff**

**Your Money Back if it Doesn't**

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*

They are the Druggists in over 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TORONTO, CANADA

COPYRIGHT, 1910, UNITED DRUG COMPANY

# The Wee Girl and the Big Man

both like

## Post Toasties

—thin bits of corn, first cooked, then toasted to a golden brown.

Usually the liking extends to the whole family.

The housewife likes this food, not only for its appetizing goodness, but because of its convenience. It requires no cooking—ready to serve instantly from the package with cream.

For breakfast; for lunch when the hungry little folks come from school; or for supper when something particularly dainty is wanted



# Post Toasties

are deliciously good.

“The Memory Lingers”

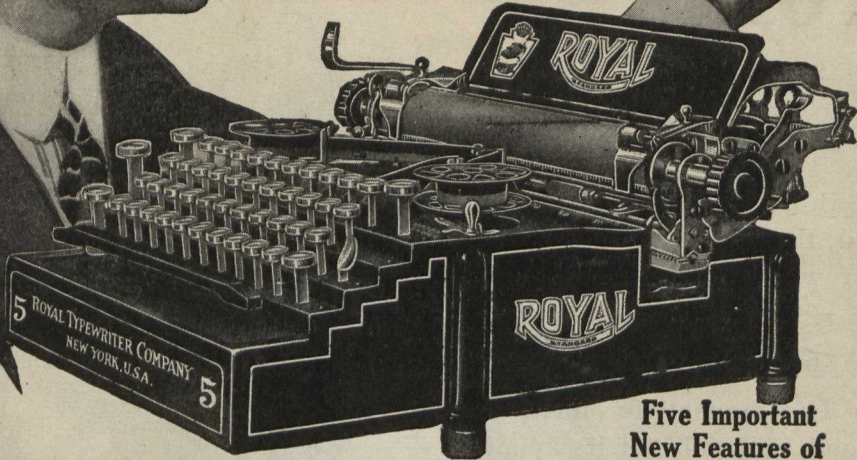
Postum Cereal Company, Limited.  
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.



# Read the Royal Guarantee— Write for the Royal Book

**We Guarantee**  
That the Royal Standard Typewriter is made of the highest grade materials obtainable and by the most skillful workmen money can hire.  
That it will do work of the best quality for a greater length of time at less expense for upkeep than any other typewriter, regardless of price.  
ROYAL TYPEWRITER



**Five Important  
New Features of**

**ROYAL**

**Model 5**

**Two Color Ribbon**

**Back Spacer**

**Tabulator**

**Tilting Paper Table**

**Hinged Paper Fingers**

**T**HE New Model No. 5 Royal comes to you with the unconditional guarantee that it will do highest grade work for a longer time at less upkeep expense than machines usually listed  $33\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. higher in price!

Think what that announcement means to typewriter users! Here you have *typewriter insurance*—something you have never before been able to buy—and this insurance costs you nothing; in fact, *it saves you money!*

With this big money saving you deal with an organization that is willing to stake unlimited resources on its claims and on its machine. These are the powerful facts that have led large concerns everywhere—railroads, insurance companies, big corporations and important departments of the U. S. Government—to adopt the Royal. For the same reason YOU should at least investigate it—and by all means read the details of the new improvements.

**Write today for "The Royal Book"**

An extraordinary book of facts about typewriter service—what it should be, what it should cost, how to get the best. It tells you why the Royal is the money-saving typewriter of today, both in initial cost and in economy of operation. *Don't fail to get this book.*

**The Royal sells for \$95 everything included—no extras**

**ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., Royal Typewriter Building, NEW YORK.**

- Principal European Office: 75-a Queen Victoria Street, - London, E.C.
- Canadian Typewriter Co., Ltd., - 162 Bay Street, Toronto
- Howell-Payne Co. Ltd., - 1219 Langley Street, Victoria
- Royal Typewriter Agency, - 36 Arthur Street, Winnipeg
- Librairie Beauchemin' Ltd., - Montreal
- Royal Typewriter Agency, - 317 Pender Street West, Vancouver, B.C.

**We Guarantee**  
That the Royal Standard Typewriter is made of the highest grade materials obtainable and by the most skillful workmen money can hire.  
That it will do work of the best quality for a greater length of time at less expense for upkeep than any other typewriter, regardless of price.  
ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY

# Holeproof Hose (By Mail)

Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months, \$1.50

Write for List of Sizes, Grades, Colors and Free Book—  
 "How to Make Your Feet Happy." Use Coupon Below

A MILLION WEARERS testify to the quality of Holeproof Hosiery! A million people are saving all darning—all the discomfort of wearing darned hose and about half the usual hosiery expense by wearing "Holeproof." Here is the finest, softest, best-fitting hosiery ever made out of cotton, yet it costs no more than the kind that wears out in a week. MEN, order a trial box of six pairs, \$1.50. (WOMEN and CHILDREN'S trial box, \$2.) You'll never wear anything else once you try them.

## No Darning for Half a Year

There's a guarantee ticket in each box with six coupons attached. If any or all pairs wear out in six months, return the worn pairs with a coupon for each and we'll send you new hose free. MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN can have the advantages of these wonderfully excellent hose. So there need be no darning in any family, no matter how large. The "Holeproof" guarantee of six pairs for six months absolutely does away with it.

## FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We use cotton yarn in "Holeproof" that costs us an average of 70c a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest obtainable. It is soft, flexible and strong and comes in the lightest weights. We could buy common yarn for 30c, but the hose would be heavy, coarse and uncomfortable. No hose are more stylish and none can fit any better. These are the utmost that you can buy.

### Order Trial Box—Six Pairs! Send Coupon!

Order direct from this advertisement. We have been selling hosiery this way for the past twelve years. More than 26,000,000 pairs have been sent out from our great factory. 95 per cent of these have *outlasted* the guarantee. The few that wear out we replace at once. You take no chance whatever. So get the trial box now.



Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd.  
 128 Bond Street, London, Canada

*Are Your Hose Insured?*

(267)



## Read the Guarantee!

Six pairs of "Holeproof" are guaranteed to wear without holes, rips or tears for six months. If any do not, you get new hose free.

Look for These Marks!

### Trial Box Order Coupon

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.  
 128 Bond Street, London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$1.50 (\$2.00 for women's or children's), for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose. Weight, \_\_\_\_\_ (medium or light?) Size, \_\_\_\_\_ Color (check the colors on list below). Any six in a box, but only one weight and one size.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Province \_\_\_\_\_

#### LIST OF COLORS

For Men and Women

Black Light Tan Dark Tan Pearl  
 Lavender Navy Blue Light Blue

For Children

Black, and tan, only; and medium weight only.



(ESTABLISHED 1879)

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

*"Used while you sleep."*

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

**For Sale by All Druggists**

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

**THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York**  
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

312



The simplicity of OXO Cubes appeals to every woman who cooks or has a cook.

You boil the water—we have done the rest.

OXO Cubes are so handy and complete in themselves—no mess—no trouble—no measuring—no sticky bottles or troublesome corks.

Exact—convenient—and economical, because no waste.

58



**One Cube  
to a Cup.**

# Bore or Pleasure---Which?

**L**ETTER-WRITING use to be a "fine art." Now it is almost a lost art. Some men even dictate home letters to the hotel stenographer.

Letter-writing is a bore---until you find the stationery that turns it into a double pleasure---once for you and again for the lucky recipient.

## WOMEN OF TASTE

write their social notes and "thank you" letters on paper that reflects breeding and culture.

## IRIS LINEN

is a fine fabric finish of just the right weight and size—boxed to meet the requirements of critical users.

## MEN OF CHARACTER

write their own personal letters. They want paper strong of texture, heavy and fine of finish.

## CROWN VELLUM

makes of duty a pleasure, Substantial, delightful to write on. Adds distinction to any letter.

At your stationers—or from

**BARBER-ELLIS LIMITED, Toronto**

**TORONTO**

**BRANTFORD**

**WINNIPEG**

# That Flavor

In Quaker Oats is given by Nature to just the choicest grains.

You don't find it in common oatmeal.

We get it by picking the rich, plump grains—just the finely flavored oats.

We get it by 62 siftings. There are only 10 pounds of Quaker Oats in a bushel.

Then our process retains the flavor.

That is the reason why Quaker Oats stands unique among oatmeals.

# This Morning

Millions of people, half the world over, enjoyed this delicious oatmeal.

It was served on more tables than all other brands together.

So it is every morning.

Just because mothers believe it worth while to make oatmeal delightful.

And because they know, after years of comparison that children like Quaker Oats best.

# Quaker Oats

Is the utmost in oatmeal.

It is the cream of the oats, prepared in the ideal way.

Yet, despite the selection, the cost is only one-half cent per dish.

Do you ever in your home, serve a lesser oatmeal?

**Regular Size Package, 10c**

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West.

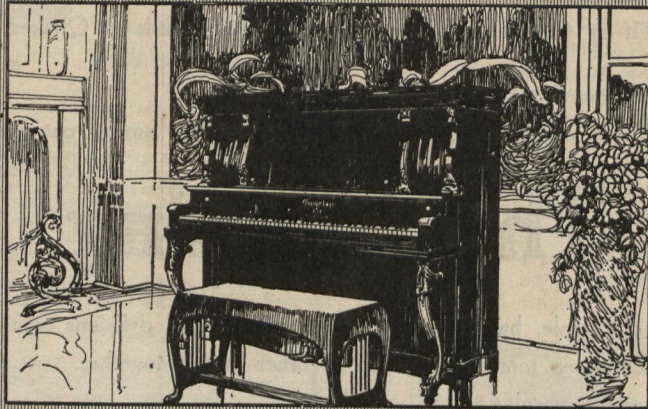
**The Quaker Oats Company**

**PETERBOROUGH**



Look for the Quaker trademark on every package.



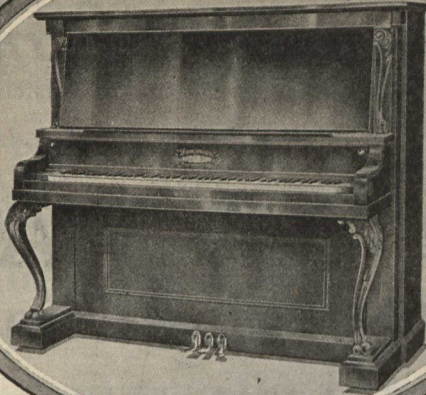


"We consider our greatest advertising asset to be a home in which a Gurlay Piano is played."

Gurlay Winter & Leeming  
Toronto Canada



# The DOMINION PIANO



## “Just Like a Grand”

Clear, free and vibrant the tone of the “DOMINION” is not equalled for sweetness, purity and permanence, except in the most expensive makes. Our patented arch plate frame, just like that used in “Grands,” supports the entire playing mechanism. A piano with such distinguishing features would be preferred by critical players, even if sold in the ordinary way. But the “DOMINION” is

**Sold to You at a Saving of \$100 to \$150**

because we save you a large part of the usual cost of selling—the expense of costly warerooms, gifts to artists to secure testimonials, etc.—all of which add to the cost of most pianos, without adding one iota to their value.

0,000 enthusiastic “DOMINION” owners in all parts of the world—even in far-away Australia, South Africa and England—have been attracted by this rare combination of a superb piano sold in a sensible, cost-saving way. “DOMINIONS” are built to endure the stress of time and climate. A little investigation now may save you disappointment later.

### WRITE FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE

and learn more about our instruments and our money-saving selling plan. We sell direct from the factory where we have no local agent. Write to-day.

**The Dominion Organ and Piano Company, Limited**

**Manufacturers of Pianos, Organs and Player-Pianos.  
FACTORY, BOWMANVILLE, CANADA.**

# Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

## Pianos of Prestige

**"Too Old to Learn"**

is never applied to the production of music with a Heintzman

### GERHARD HEINTZMAN Self-Playing Piano

Many of the most delighted owners of this celebrated player are among those who are no longer young in years. In spirit, however, the possessor may well consider himself or herself young. Nothing else makes life worth living like good music—what else brings back so alluringly the remembrances of youth?

You will find every day finer and happier for the presence in your home of a Gerhard Heintzman Self-Playing Piano.

Write for our booklet.

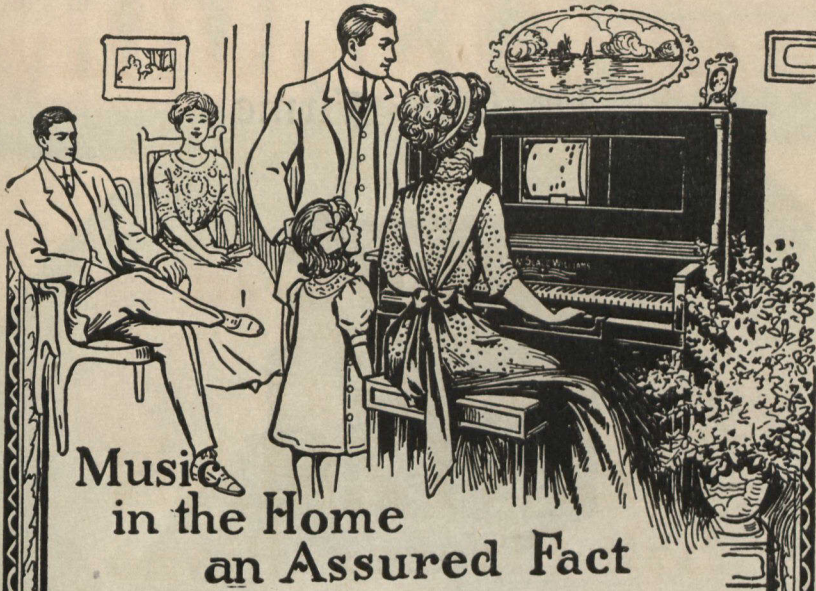
Your present instrument taken as part payment at a fair valuation.

## Gerhard Heintzman

LIMITED

41-43 Queen St. W. (Opp. City Hall) Toronto

☐ New Hamilton Salesrooms: 68 King St. East, next Post Office



## Music in the Home an Assured Fact

With the Player-Piano perfected as it is to-day, good music is within the reach of everyone. When we say **good music** we mean the kind that will not suffer in comparison with an unusually good Pianist. But, to obtain all the beautiful effects of the finished Artist, you must be equipped with a Player-Piano that is "up to the minute" and supplied with the very latest improvements.

## NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PLAYER PIANOS

contain special features which place them in a distinctive class, and, besides, you get the **NEW SCALE WILLIAMS, Canada's Greatest PIANO.**

If you have examined any other Player-Pianos with a view to purchasing, make sure they contain all the necessary features to make the perfect Player, otherwise you might regret when it was too late.

Write us for catalogue of pianos and player-pianos and full particulars about our extended payment plan.

248

**THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., LIMITED**  
OSHAWA ONTARIO



De Olde Firme



Twenty interesting and distinctive things combine to make the

## Heintzman & Co. Player-Piano

the most perfect instrument made  
—the player-piano that has every-  
thing in its favor.

Piano Salon:  
193-195-197 Yonge Street  
Toronto, Can.

# MOONEY'S SUGAR WAFERS



*Truly food that tastes  
--:-- like fancy. --:--*

*In tin Boxes 10c and  
25c size.*

# Try the Cream of Dessert Perfection

Surprise your folks **to-day** by serving Mooney's Sugar Wafers, instead of your usual dessert. This charming dessert confection with its spicy layers of crisp biscuit crusts, its luscious cream centres of real fruit flavors is rapidly displacing pastry and cake in thousands of Canadian homes.

Taste Mooney's Sugar Wafers just once and learn how good the dessert really is.

## It's Easy to Serve

No longer is it necessary to worry, work and spend much money in serving desserts. Mooney's Sugar Wafers are not high priced—have no work attached to them—and are **always good.**

## Mooney's Sugar Wafers

The Dessert That is Asked For Again

At luncheon, dinner or tea—with ices, fruits or beverages—nothing is so good as Mooney's Sugar Wafers. They are so very enticing—everyone likes them. Always have a package handy—for picnics or the unexpected guest. Put a few in the children's lunch box—their wholesome and appetizing taste will please them.

*In 10 and 25 cent dainty dust and damp-proof tins.*

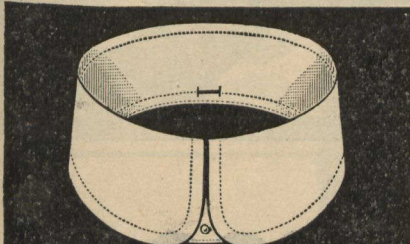
**Also Chocolate Wafers. They are the Sugar Wafers dipped in rich smooth Chocolate**

*Ask your grocer for  
Mooney's to-day.*

**THE MOONEY BISCUIT AND CANDY COMPANY, LTD.**

Factories: Stratford and Winnipeg

Trade *EW* Mark



**RED-MAN BRAND  
GRAY WOOD  
EARL & WILSON**

The Collar that made the Red-man Brand Famous. The Best Close Front Collar made in America. Has a distinctive style that differentiates it from all others.

Sold in Best Stores in Canada.

The Red-man Style Book should be in the possession of every good dresser in Canada. We send it if you write for it.

**EARL & WILSON, New York.**

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever**  
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S  
ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL  
BEAUTIFIER**

**Purifies**  
as well as  
**Beautifies**  
the Skin  
No other  
cosmetic  
will do it.



**REMOVES** Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient)—“As you ladies will use them, I

recommend ‘Gouraud’s Cream’ as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.”

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

**GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER**

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

**PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.**

**GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE**

Removes Superfluous Hair.

**Price \$1.00 by Mail.**

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

**Matchless Pocket Lighter**

**Durable and water-proof, with perfect ignition. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.**

Sent, post-paid, complete with pocket clip 50c. **Special proposition to agents and dealers.**

SCHILLER MFG. CO., Dept. C. M. I. Schiller B'dg., CHICAGO



A perfect lighter. Occupies no more space in the pocket than a pencil. Indispensable to every smoker, hunter, fisherman and automobilist. **Heavily nickel plated and made of finest material.**

**London Plumes  
Lead the World**

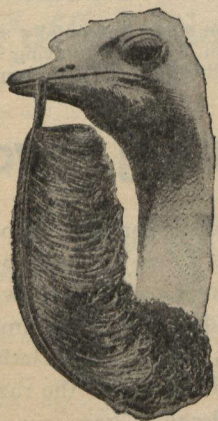
In quality, style and workmanship, “London” ostrich feather goods excel on two continents.

**10 DAYS APPROVAL**

In buying “London” goods you take no risk. Write for Catalogue “C.M. 3” and get full particulars of our “Money refunded if not satisfactory” guarantee.

**LONDON PLUMES**

Are made from finest quality imported ostrich feathers. They are made up in our own factory and sold direct to you. You save all middlemen’s profits buying “London” way.



**We make from your own feathers**  
Beautiful willow plumes or ostrich bands. Our Catalogue “C. M. 3” gives you full particulars. Send all communications to Toronto address.

**LONDON FEATHER CO., LIMITED,**  
144 YONGE STREET, TORONTO  
569 ST. CATHERINE STREET. W., MONTREAL

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH  
**Cash's Woven Names**



Neater and more durable than marking ink, on such Household Articles as “Dining Room,” “Guest Room” “Servants’ Linen,” etc.

Your name can be interwoven on a fine Cambric Tape for \$2.00 for 12 doz. \$1.25 for 6 doz. 85c. for 3 doz.

*A. Cashwoven*

**J. & J. CASH, LTD.**  
612 Chestnut St., South Norwalk, Conn., U.S.A.  
Orders can be placed through your dealer.

**This Training Solves All Your Photographic Problems**

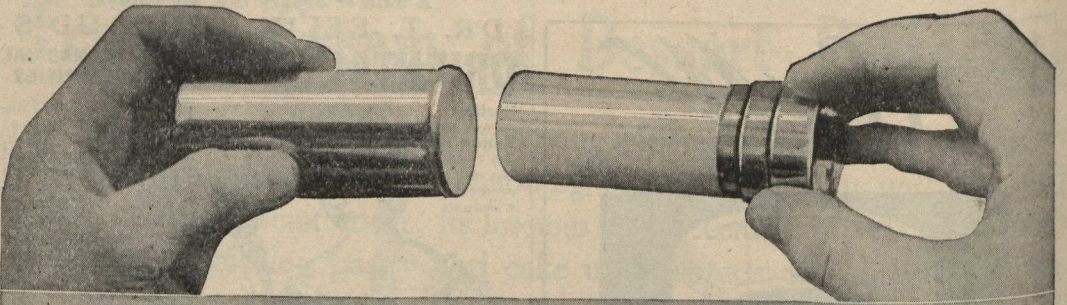


Tells how to select the best view-point. Contains dozens of simple, secret systems, such as, “How to make a clear picture toward a window.” Describes many money-making methods—At Home Portraiture, Magazine Illustrating, Press Photography, etc. Tells all about lenses, cameras, plates, papers, special processes, time and money saving short-cuts that experts employ. And gives thousands of vitally valuable facts that YOU WANT TO KNOW...

**The Library of Amateur Photography**  
4 big volumes just published. One owner says: “Covers the whole photographic field.” Another—“It’s astounding that that everything is explained so thoroughly, even to the simplest detail.” Specially low priced introductory sets. Easy terms. Write AT ONCE to  
Am. PhotoText Book Co., 2378 Adams Av. Scranton, Pa.  
Illus. prospectus of 20 vol. professional set mailed free.

**2 BRINGS IT TO YOU—GET IT NOW**





# Williams'

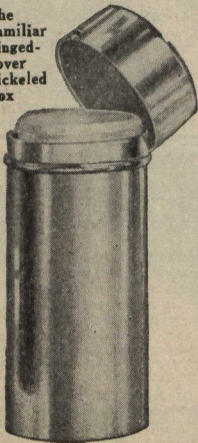
PATENTED

## Holder Top Shaving Stick

The newest form of the famous Williams' Shaving Stick. The stick is fastened firmly in the nickeled cap, which, when not in use, forms the top of the nickeled box in which the stick is carried. When in use, this "Holder Top" makes it possible to grasp the stick firmly until the last fraction is used. And the fingers need never come in contact with the soap.

The "Holder Top" Stick furnishes the same delightfully soothing and refreshing lather that has given Williams' Shaving stick in the familiar Hinged-Cover, Nickeled Box its world-wide reputation.

The familiar hinged-cover nickeled box



## Williams' Shaving Powder

For those who prefer their shaving soap in powdered form, it answers every requirement of the most exacting shaver. A little powder shaken on a wet brush produces, with a minimum of time and effort, a rich, thick, creamy lather. In a twinkling your face is ready for the razor. The non-leaking hinged-cover box opening with a snap of the thumb, closing with the pressure of a finger, is the acme of convenience.

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover nickeled box





## What Prof. Anderson did for Your Doctor

Prof. Anderson invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice just to meet physicians' requirements. He never dreamed of making foods so enticing. He made them for ease of digestion. He aimed to supply, without tax on the stomach, the

nutriment of the whole grain.

Now 22,000,000 dishes a month are eaten solely because folks enjoy them. But a great many people, on physicians' directions, employ them because of their easy digestion.

### EACH GRAIN EXPLODED

The grains are sealed up in huge guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That's twice hot oven heat.

The moisture in the grain is thus converted to steam. And the steam, under pressure, permeates every particle.

When the guns are unsealed the steam explodes.

Every food granule is literally blasted to pieces.

That's the whole object. Easy digestion requires this breaking of granules.

Cooking, baking and toasting break some of them. But this method alone blasts them all into atoms.

As a result, digestion begins before the grains reach the stomach.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c** *Except in  
Extreme  
West*  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

Now here's the other side.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken.

Each grain is made up of a myriad cells, each

### HOW FOLKS USE THEM

All users serve them with sugar and cream. Most users at times mix them with their dishes of fresh or canned fruits.

With bananas, for instance, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice forms a delicious, nut-like blend.

Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play.

surrounded by toasted walls.

The grains melt in the mouth because they are porous. Yet they are crisp. And they taste like toasted nuts.

They are, by all odds, the most delicious of all ready-cooked cereal foods.

But their largest use, probably, is like crackers in milk. Between meals or bedtime—whenever one is hungry—this is the ideal dish. For these foods, remember, are easy to digest.

You are missing a treat—you and the folks at your table—until you try Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Peterborough.

# If You Golf

— Motor — Drive — Walk  
— Skate — Snowshoe

or enjoy the outdoors at all, you will enjoy it better clad in one of our

## Pen-Angle Sweater Coats

Nearly every day in the year you need one of these beautifully made, exquisitely finished, shape-fitting knit garments of fleecy wool—the *improved* sweater-coat made by the Pen-Angle process that puts the shape and style into them to *stay*. Moderate in cost; surpassing in value. There's a style and a color combination to exactly suit *you*.

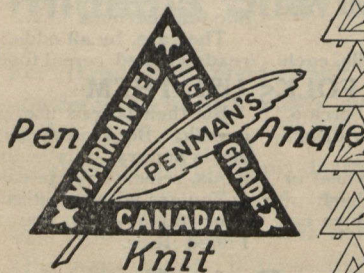
Made by

**PENMANS  
LIMITED**

Paris, Canada

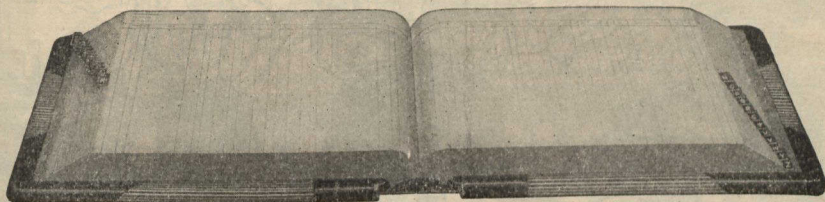
Makers of

Underwear, Hosiery and Sweaters  
For Men, Women and Children.



# Use "PROUDFIT" Loose Leaf Binders

AND OBTAIN LOOSE LEAF UTILITY WITH BLANK BOOK CONVENIENCE



"Proudfit" binders secure any number of sheets from one to two thousand.

"Proudfit" binders are absolutely flat-opening, therefore saving more than one inch of the binding margin needed by other loose leaf books. There are absolutely no metal parts exposed to mar or scratch the desk. Easy to operate. Guide bands made of especially tempered steel, will not break, cannot crack or become rough.

"Proudfit" Binders pay for themselves in time saved alone.

## BUSINESS SYSTEMS, Limited

52 SPADINA AVENUE

TORONTO, CANADA



### DIM FURNITURE IS A DISGRACE

Moist fingers, hot dishes, damp or hard substances, all take toll of the bright surfaces of your furniture. Dirt and grime gather from unknown surfaces. Get

### ROYAL GEM VENEER

and "Presto" Everything is clean and bright again, as by magic. Very little rubbing required.

SEND FOR SAMPLE BOTTLE

The CAPITAL MFG. COMPANY  
Ottawa - Ontario

Branch Offices—312 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.  
67 Bleury St., Montreal.

### To the Vacuum Cleaner Trade



Have you seen  
a first class va-  
cuum cleaner?

One that stands  
tests made with  
gauges and met-  
ers, as well as  
surpassing all  
others in actual  
cleaning tests.

We consider the "SUNDAY" first-class because it shows 10 to 11 inches of vacuum, mercury test, is very economical in operating cost, weighs but 37 lbs. and is a perfect house cleaner.

No one handling Vacuum Cleaners can afford to delay seeing the SUNDAY, for the Spring business will be with us very shortly.

Ask about our proposition to agents.

### The Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner

Manfg. Co., Limited

345 to 349 Dalhousie St. - Ottawa, Ont.

# Which Way Do You Wash?—

*Aunt Salina*



The  
OLD WAY  
or THE NEW---

The back-breaking, nerve-racking, health-destroying way or the easy, pleasant way? Madam! you should wash the "New Century" way if for no other reason than your health's sake.

But there are also sound, economical reasons why you should make your hubby dig into his jeans and buy you a "New Century" washing machine. You can do the week's washing with it in one-third the ordinary time.

Save the money it actually saves you and you will have its cost back in the bank inside of six months---easily.

You may have cause for your washing machine prejudice, but---you have not examined, tried or tested the "New Century."

Ask your Dealer to show you why the "New Century" will do your washing in a few minutes---

Why it changes drudgery into pleasure---

How it washes clothes absolutely clean, and--

How it cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

Your little girl could do the washing for half the town with a "New Century" washing machine.

N. B. A post card will bring you "Aunt Salina's Washday Philosophy." Read the booklet and tell us what you think of it.

**CUMMER-DOWSWELL, LTD., - Hamilton, Ont.**



# If You Dust Everything Now With

## LIQUID VENEER

You Won't Have to Daub up Anything in the Spring of the Year



**Y**OU can save yourself much time, trouble, expense and dissatisfaction this coming spring by letting LIQUID VENEER work for you NOW in cheering up your furniture, woodwork and hardwood floors, to say nothing of beautifying the piano, metalwork and costly finishes of gilt, lacquer and enamel.

**L**IQUID VENEER is NOT a varnish or stain. You DON'T use it on a brush. NO skill is required. There is NO drying to wait for. NO trouble whatsoever. LIQUID VENEER is a liquid duster. It is more than a furniture polish. You use it on a bit of cheese cloth. Simply moisten the cloth with it and dust away.

**A**S you go over article after article of furniture, as well as picture frames, brass beds and chandeliers, you will be amazed to see how LIQUID VENEER removes dust, scratches, blemishes, stains, and that ugly, foggy film, and how it instantly restores the original lustre and finish.

### Trial Bottle Free

So, dust with LIQUID VENEER now, and you won't have to fuss and muss with paint brushes and daubs later. It costs nothing to prove it for yourself. Send the coupon today for free trial bottle.

**BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY,**  
249-C Liquid Veneer Bld'g, Buffalo, N.Y.

HOME OIL is the finest sewing machine oil you can use.



"CHEER UP"  
COUPON

BUFFALO SPECIALTY  
COMPANY  
249-C Liquid Veneer Bld'g,  
BUFFALO, N.Y.

Please send me, free and without further obligation on my part sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

Name .....

Street & No. ....

City & State .....

# Tooke Collars

## 2 for a Quarter

equal any "imported" Collars sold in Canada  
at 3 for 50c.

They have the style—They give the wear.

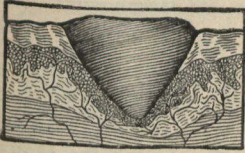
You get FOUR TOOKE Collars for the same  
price as three "imported."

Made in  $\frac{1}{4}$  sizes.

Look for the name  
on every collar.

*Tooke*





# The Folly of Paring Corns

Here's a typical corn.

Paring that corn takes off just the top layers. It merely relieves the pressure for a little time. The root remains, and the whole corn soon returns.

And that paring is exceedingly dangerous. A slip of the blade means infection, and blood poison often results.

## Ending Corns

The way to end corns is with a simple Blue-jay plaster.

The pain stops instantly. Then the B & B

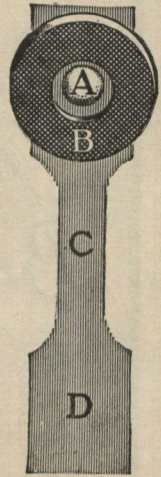
- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
- B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out.

No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience.

Over fifty million corns have been removed in this way, since this wonderful wax was invented. Every other treatment is discarded forever when a person once tries this.

For your own safety and comfort, find out what Blue-jay does.



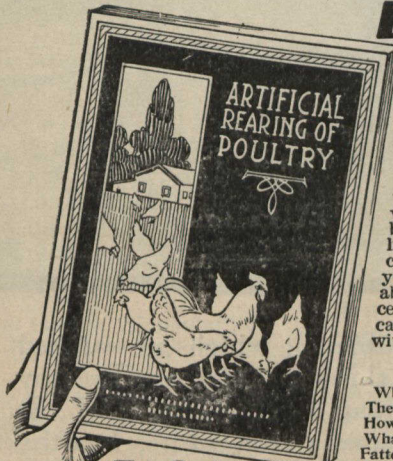
## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

At Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(146)



## Big Poultry Book The New 1912 Prairie State Catalog **FREE**

Just send us your name on a postcard and we will mail you at once a complete copy of this valuable book. No poultry owner—especially beginners can afford to be without it. Nothing like it has ever been published before. It is a condensed handbook of information that tells you in plain words just what you want to know about poultry raising. It shows how the most successful poultry owners make big money—how you can make the business pay well from the start with very little capital.

### Partial List of Contents

- Which is the Best Breed?
- The Intensive or Extensive Plan
- How to Feed Laying, Growing Stock
- What System Shall Poultrymen Use?
- Fattening—Feeding Little Chicks
- How to Keep Poultry Free from Lice
- Colony House Methods
- Care of Brooders
- Selection of an Incubator
- Poultry Buildings
- Principles of Feeding
- Growing Green Ducks

## To Get THIS BOOK—Just Send a Postal

Do it today. Thousands of dollars and years of time have been spent in finding out the secrets of poultry success which you will find inside this FREE book. Before you spend a dollar for any kind of Incubator or Brooder we want you to have this big book and get posted. We want every man, woman or child we start in the poultry business to make money. That's why 75 pages of this free book contain no advertising—just facts that you ought to know. We want you to see how one man made \$12,000 last year—why the most successful poultrymen use

### Prairie State Incubators and Brooders

We want you to see for yourself why Prairie State machines can be depended upon to hatch "chicks that live". Learn about the Sand Tray and Universal Hover Brooder. Send for Catalog. Ship your eggs to us and get highest market prices.

**GUNN, LANGLOIS & CO., Ltd. Montreal, Canada** Box 320

(3)

Manufacturers in Canada of the Famous Prairie State Incubators.



# BABY'S OWN SOAP

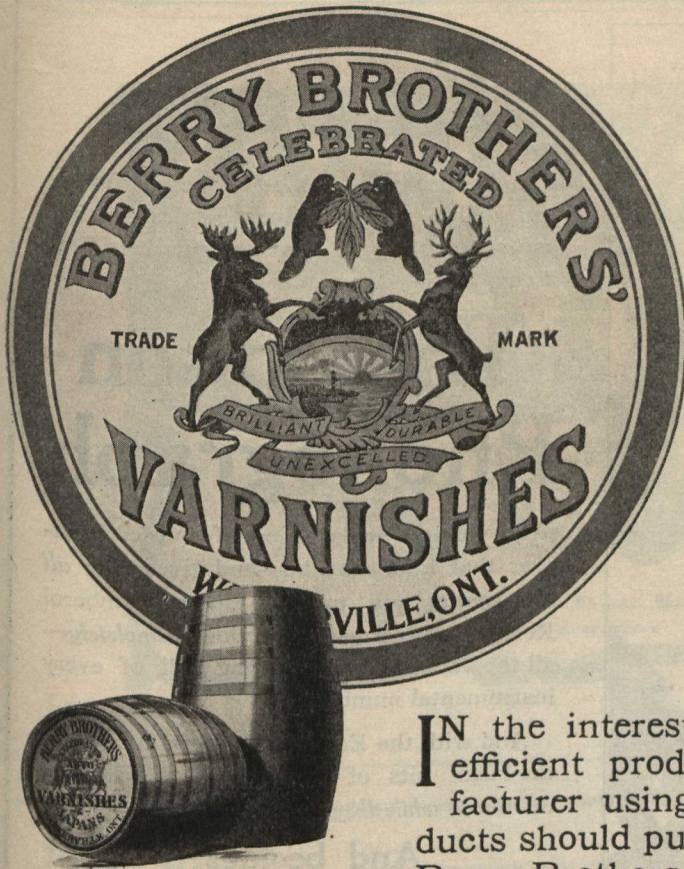
*Best  
for  
Baby*

*Best  
for  
You*



**T**HE particles of pure vegetable oil which are rubbed into the open pores of the skin with the creamy fragrant lather of Baby's Own Soap renew the life of the skin—help nature along. It assures a soft, white, healthy skin and its use delights both young and old. Baby's Own is for sale almost everywhere.

**ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED, MANUFACTURERS, MONTREAL**



Make it your own, personal business to know that the right varnish is being used, if your money pays the bills

**I**N the interests of economical and efficient production, every manufacturer using varnish on his products should put his problems up to Berry Brothers Ltd.

It is highly probable, if the subject is taken up by you in the right way, that it will be found you can greatly increase the quality of your finishing, without in any way increasing the cost of your varnish.

It is equally probable that we know of a way by which you can reduce your cost of finishing or increase the output of your product by reducing the time and labor in handling it through the finishing department.

While no one knows better than we do that the lowest price per gallon is not always the truest economy, we can promise every varnish consumer that we will furnish the proper varnish to do the work required at the lowest possible price; and if the price you are willing to pay will not buy a varnish that we can honestly recommend for the purpose, we will tell you so.

If any varnish consumer will meet us on this platform we can in the majority of cases make it profitable for him.

## BERRY BROTHERS, Ltd.

Largest Manufacturers of Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-drying and Baking Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers and Dryers  
Factories—Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

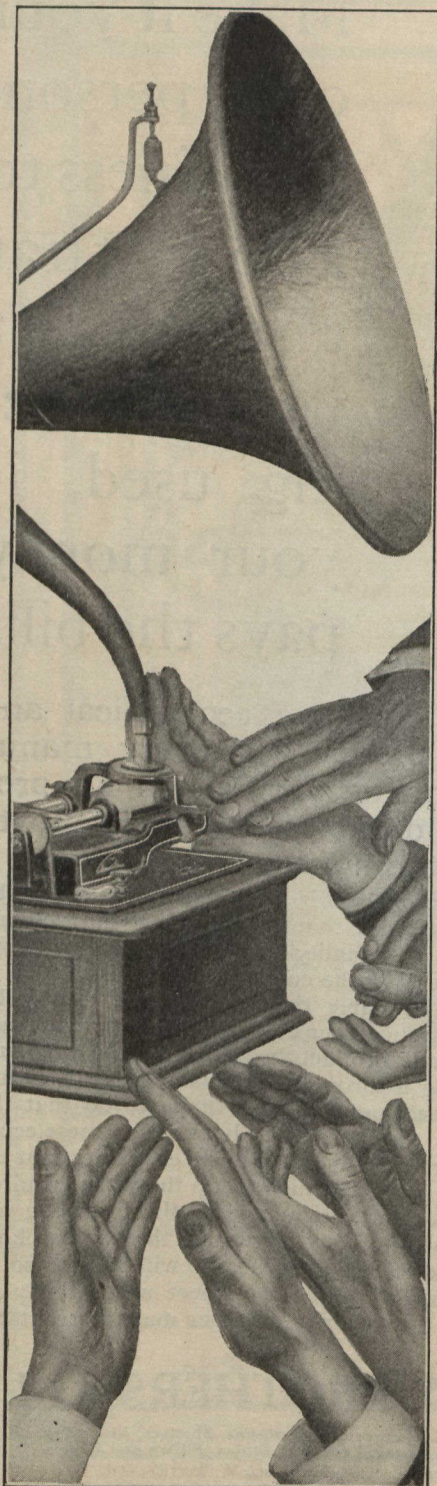
Branches—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco.

**O**UR special representatives will call on any manufacturers interested in better and more economical finishing. Write us about your varnish problems. It will place you under no obligation and may mean a great deal to you in the end. You will never regret starting your active campaign for better varnish—but start it now. Every day's delay means losses that can be saved.

At least send for "Choosing Your Varnish Maker," the book that tells why.

**I**F your only interest in varnish is for use in your house or in other buildings, it is still important that you know the right varnish is being used.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well-known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark—your protection against substitution.



# Encore

You like a particular kind of music. When you hear a song that you particularly like you want to hear it all and you want to hear it over again. Encore!

## The Edison Phonograph

plays your particular kind of music, whatever that kind may be—and gives you *all the encores you wish*. Edison Amberol Records render each selection *completely*—all the verses of every song, all of every instrumental number.

And with the Edison Phonograph you get the latest hits of Broadway's musical productions, *while they are hits*.

**And besides—  
you can make your own  
records at home on the Edison**

Sing it a song, tell it a story—it gives you back your own words in your own voice. This great feature is fully half the pleasure of owning an Edison Phonograph. Be sure to have the Edison dealer show you how when you go to pick out your Edison Phonograph.

### Send for complete information to-day

The advantages of the Edison are as definite as they are important—and the way to know all about them is to send for the complete information which we have ready to send you. Any Edison dealer will give you a free concert. Edison Phonographs range in price from \$16.50 to \$240.00; and are sold at the same prices everywhere in Canada. Edison Standard Records 40c. Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 65c. Edison Grand Opera Records 85c. to \$2.50.

*Thomas A. Edison*  
INCORPORATED

6 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J., U.S.A.

# CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE & PORTER

## From Canada's GREATEST Brewery

For sixty years we have brewed by the old English method as adopted by BASS AND CO. and GUINNESS AND CO. WE DO NOT CARBONIZE, and by so doing destroy Nature's best and finest health-giving properties of barley, malt and Bohemian hops. No fad, no new methods, as used by some brewers who can't compete with genuine methods.

**Demand Carlings's and get the Finest Made in the World  
Every Dealer Everywhere**

## GET RID OF YOUR SICKNESS

**BEFORE YOUR  
SICKNESS GETS  
RID OF YOU.**

One or the other must go. OXYDONOR will make you master of your own body and enable you to overcome all aches and pains, all acute and chronic illness at any reasonable stage. You can attain and obtain GOOD health. OXYDONOR compels you to bring Nature to your aid. Your body absorbs Oxygen from Nature's unlimited supply, you become revitalized. Results so speedy as to almost appear like miracles follow in many cases. World prominent men and women declare that OXYDONOR renders the system immune to disease. They declare Oxydonor to be of priceless value as a family possession for restoring and maintaining health. You can carry it with you wherever you go and use it wherever you are. No drugging or dosing. No electricity. A great discovery, by Dr. H. Sanche, the science of Diaduction, the control of Nature's greatest law, was followed by his invention of OXYDONOR, the means of controlling and applying Nature's remedy—OXYGEN. We have a Booklet that will fascinate you, reports that will convince you, a device that will restore you. Send for the proof to-day. Every delay is an added day of misery that Oxydonor would have turned into a day of health and joy. We pay the postage—simply send your name and address to our nearest office, and ask for Book No. B.

**DR. H. SANCHE & CO.**

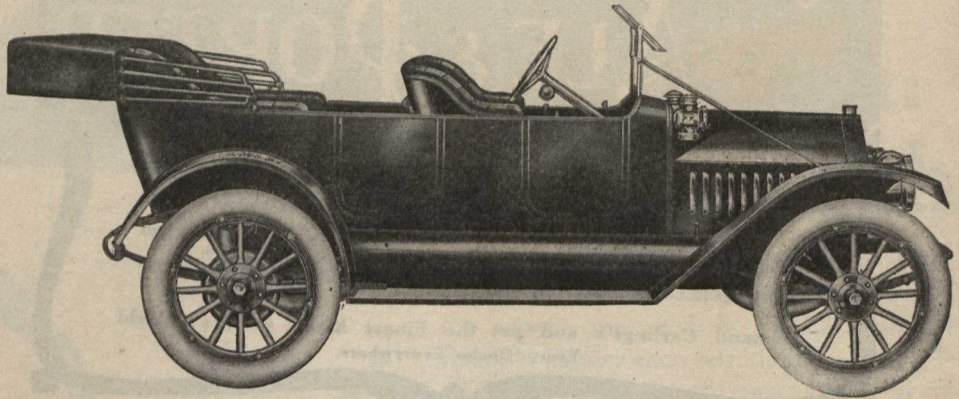
364 ST. CATHARINE STREET WEST

MONTREAL, CANADA

# McLAUGHLIN-BUICK CARS

## Swing Out From The Crowd

*"They Lead While Others Follow"*



Model 43

### BY FIRST TEST AND MEASUREMENT

The United States government wishing to buy a car for their War Department, invited all the leading manufacturers of cars priced from \$900 to \$2,000 to submit a car in competition to a committee of expert mechanical men. The competing cars were driven to a designated place and the drivers dismissed. The examination was then made with no representative of any of the cars present. The cars were tested part by part, each piece of each car being measured, tested and appraised by government experts. One by one the cars were eliminated until the Buick stood **ALONE**. The Buick had won, as it has done many times before.

The McLaughlin-Buick cars hold all the Canadian road and track records. Besides having superb power and being under the most perfect control they are accredited by many enthusiastic owners to be superior in every particular.

For an unbiased opinion as to the merit of McLaughlin-Buick cars we can refer you to thousands of satisfied owners.

Write for our illustrated catalogue for detailed information regarding our 1912 models.

McLaughlin-Buick cars last a lifetime.

#### McLaughlin Features

✦  
Speed  
Power  
and Control

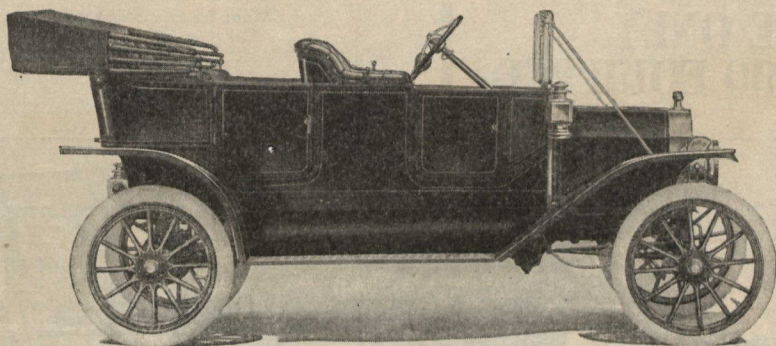
## McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited


OSHAWA - ONTARIO

#### McLaughlin Characteristics

✦  
Beauty of Design,  
Comfort, Convenience  
and Durability

# Ford



Be Sure to see this New Fore-Door Model  
T Ford Touring Car. Lower than Ever  
in Price --- Higher in Quality 

**I**N this popular Ford touring car there has been no mistakes to correct—no experiments to try out—but conveniences and improvements have been added that make it stand alone as the very height of value possible to obtain in Canadian-built cars.

We are often asked: "How are you able to make such a wonderfully good motor car for such a low price?" The answer is simple: Immense quantity production (75,000 Fords will be built in 1912); extreme simplicity of design combined with materials of great strength. Add to this, the known quality of Ford cars, and the great demand that exists for them, cuts selling expense to a very low point. Those big prices asked for many cars mean the salesman must make a big profit.

Remember this: no Ford cars are sold unequipped. When you buy a Ford, you buy a whole car.

We would like you to send for our series of books, which we will gladly send without charge, which fully illustrate and describe the various features of the different Ford cars. Go to your nearest dealer and ask to see the Ford cars that interests you most.

THE

## Ford Motor Company

OF CANADA, LIMITED

Head Office and Factory, Walkerville, Ont.

Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities.

Ford Model T  
Touring Car

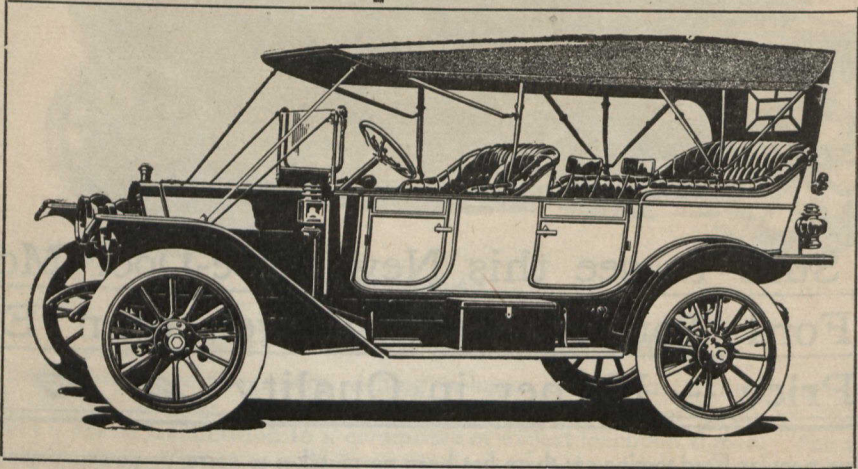
**\$850** Completely Equipped, F.O.B. Walkerville, Ont.

Four Cylinders, 5 passengers, completely equipped as follows: Extension Top, Speedometer, Automatic Brass Windshield, Two 6-inch Gas Lamps; Generator, Three Oil Lamps. Horn and Tools. Ford Magneto built into the motor.

**STARTS FROM  
THE SEAT  
CARRIES 7  
PASSENGERS  
PRICE ONLY  
\$2500 EQUIPPED**

*Russell*

*Made up to a Standard  
Not down to a Price.*



## The Newest Value of the Year Russell "Seven Passenger"

**I**TS long wheel base is 120 inches. Its big tires are 36 x 4 inches front and rear. Its self starter brings relief from cranking up. Its equipment, included in its price, is as follows:—

### EQUIPMENT

**P**ANTASOTE Top and Side Curtains, Top Envelope, Folding Glass Front, Speedometer, Two Extra Removable Seats in Tonneau, Foot Rest and Robe Rail, Gas Head Lamps and Prest-O-Lite Tank, Self Starter, Side and Tail Oil Lamps, Single Tire Irons with Well in Running Board, Tire Repair Outfit, Full Kit of Tools, Jack.

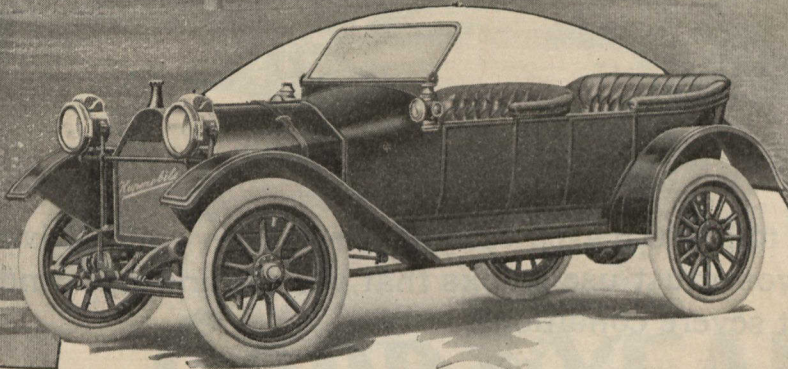
This is without any doubt an extraordinary value. The ideal family car. Economical on tires, fuel and oil. Send for the Catalogue.

**RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., Limited : : WEST TORONTO**

**MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AUTOMOBILES**

BRANCHES:—Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.

# Hupmobile



## Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Five-Passenger Touring Car—\$1,000

F.O.B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. bore and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. stroke. Bosch magneto, 106 in. wheelbase,  $30 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  in. tires. Color—Standard Hupmobile blue.

## Not an ordinary \$1000 Car but a \$1000 HUPMOBILE

Not an ordinary \$1000 car either outwardly or inwardly—as the picture and the summary of special features will quickly disclose.

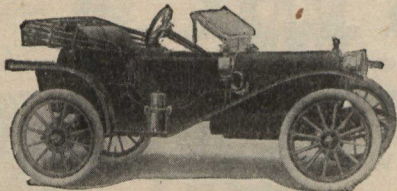
A car of infinite refinement, which proves conclusively that a low price need not be accompanied by crudity of construction.

The product of a plant which has always looked higher than its own price for inspiration—which has always sought to give the most in merit; not merely the least in price.

A result made possible by a skilled organization held intact since its inception under the leadership of E. A. Nelson, who designed the original Hupmobile; by shop-generalship of the highest order, striving continuously to surpass its own previous ideals.

### \$2500 Features in the \$1000 Hupmobile

- Small-bore, long-stroke motor;
- Cylinders cast en bloc; Valves enclosed.
- Three-bearing crankshaft;
- Bronze bearings lined with Babbitt;
- Transmission gears large enough for 40 H.P. car;
- Full-floating rear axle of extreme strength;
- Multiple disc clutch with 13-inch plates;
- Imported Coventry chain to drive camshaft and Magneto;
- Hyatt and F. and S. Imported Annular High Duty roller bearings in the transmission;
- Bower High Duty roller bearings on the wheels;
- Standard Imported Bosch magneto.



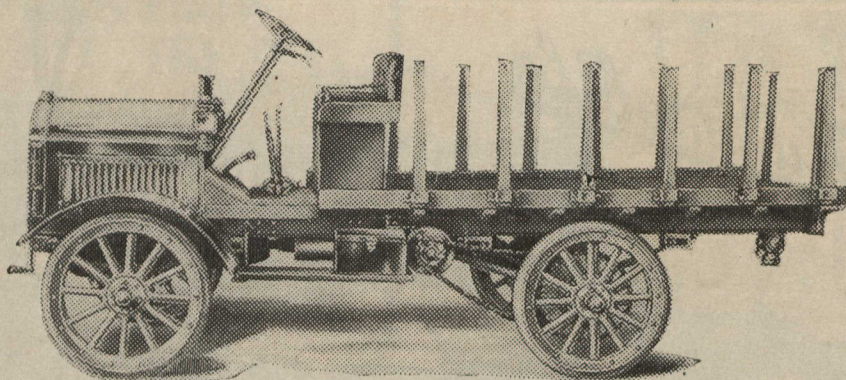
Hupmobile Runabout—\$850 F.O.B. Windsor, including top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps tools and horn. Four cylinder, 20 H. P., sliding gears Bosch Magneto.

Hupmobile Coupe—chassis same as Runabout—\$1300 f.o.b. Windsor.

Hupmobile Roadster—chassis same as World Touring Car—\$950 f.o.b. Windsor.

**HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY**  
1269 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Canadian Branch Factory—Windsor, Ont.





## The Service Truck

In order to get the greatest efficiency from your delivery system you must use trucks that will "stand-up" under the most severe conditions.

# THE CLINTON

Is nearer perfection than any other on the market--- it has many exclusive features, two of which are enlarged upon here---

**SPRING SUSPENSION**—In adopting the special Clinton sliding block spring suspension, we have solved the greatest difficulty of Motor Truck manufacturing. With it there is absolutely no jarring or vibration no matter how rough the road.

**FRAME CONSTRUCTION**—We use I beam construction because scientific tests have proven it to be the only one feasible for the carrying of heavy loads.

Our introductory leaflet will fully explain the rest---write for it.

**THE CLINTON MOTOR CAR COMPANY LTD.**  
CLINTON, ONTARIO

# THIS TIRE GRIPS THE WINTER ROADS

## A Double Thick Non-Skid Tread

THE question before every motorist at this time of the year is, how to make his car safe from skidding without using damaging chains and metal treads that will tear out or heat and destroy the rubber.

### AN EXTRA TREAD

The Goodyear Non-Skid is the answer. An extra thickness of tough rubber cut deep into innumerable squares, is vulcanized to our regular tire. It's there to prevent skidding, but that extra thickness adds miles to the life of your tires and makes them nearly puncture proof.

### THE BLOCKS CLING

The blocks form countless clinging edges and angles which grip the road in every direction. Wide at the base, they spread under the load, and distribute the weight over the whole tire surface. The deep grooves "air cool" the tire. When the blocks finally wear down a regular smooth tread is left.

# GOOD YEAR

## NON-SKID TREADS On No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

The combination of Goodyear Non-Skid Tread and Non-Rim-Cut Tires is ideal. Thousands of Canadians will tell you Non-Rim-Cuts have cut their tire bills in two—

*First*, because they cannot rim-cut—and you doubtless know that 25% of wrecked tires are due to rim-cutting.

*Second*, because they are 10% oversize. That 10% provides for the weight of extra equipment or overcrowding, and with the average car adds 25% to the mileage of the tires.

## THE Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. OF CANADA, LIMITED

General Office, Toronto, Ont.      Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

### BRANCHES

St. John. N. B.—83 Prince William St.

Montreal, Que.—72 St. Antoine St.

Toronto, Ont.—85-87 East Queen St.

Hamilton, Ont.—127 King St., W.

Winnipeg, Man.—41 Princess St.

Regina, Sask.—2317-2319 South Railway St.

Calgary, Alta.—1012 Second St. East.

Vancouver, B. C.—1213 Granville St.

Victoria, B. C.—855 Fort St.

WRITE THE NEAREST BRANCH

### OUR TIRE BOOK

Information that will make your tire troubles grow less. Yours for the asking.

## Compare the Tudhope with higher-priced cars



COMPARE them on a value basis. There is more real value in Tudhope Cars—more service, more equipment, more refinement—than in any other Car sold in Canada at the same price.

A broad statement? We can prove it; Tudhope buyers save the customs duty on imported Cars—35 per cent—\$500 to \$700 on the average car.

This saving is wholly effected by the elimination of the duty, not by using cheaper grades of material, nor the employment of less expert workmanship, nor economizing in the finish of the cars. The capacity of the Tudhope factory and the modern machinery with which it is equipped make it possible for us to build cars at Orillia at just as low cost as they can be built in the United States. And just as good cars.

Compare a Tudhope 30-36 h.p. Car that sells for \$1,625 with other cars that sell for over \$2,000.

The Tudhope at \$1,625 has chrome-nickel steel transmission gears; long-stroke motor with cylinders cast en bloc, getting maximum

power from the gasoline and allowing no waste of power; double-drop frame, giving riding comfort with high road clearance, and strength without extra weight on tires; extra large tires, lessening tire-wear and jolting. Such features as Continental Demountable Rims and Bosch Dual Ignition System are not usually found in any but high-priced cars. None but the higher-priced cars use chrome-nickel steel to the same extent as the Tudhope. Then there is the extra Tudhope equipment. Besides the genuine mohair top and windshield the purchaser of a Tudhope car gets a speedometer, steel tool-box on the running-board and an extra tire and rim in a water-proof case.

Tudhope "Six" . . . \$2,150

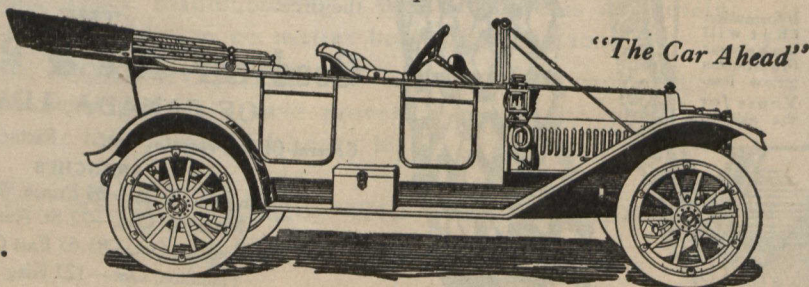
Tudhope "30-36" . . . \$1,625

F.O.B. Orillia

Two Years' Guarantee—Extra Tire with Every Car

1912 Catalogue on request.

The  
Tudhope  
Motor  
Company,  
Limited,  
Orillia, Can.



The Tudhope Motor Company, Limited . . . Orillia

## THE "EVINRUDE" Detachable Rowboat Motor

**F**ITS any kind of a rowboat, round or flat bottom, square or pointed stern. Requires no special fittings. Adjustable for any angle of stern. Adjustable for depth. Steers with propeller. Attached or detached in mid-stream in one minute. Weighs 50 lbs complete. Makes a motor boat out of an ordinary rowboat or canoe, and will drive] same over 7 miles per hour. Runs through weeds.

**Special Attachment for Canoes.**

**A HIGH-CLASS OUTFIT FULLY GUARANTEED**

[SOLD WHEREVER BOATS ARE USED

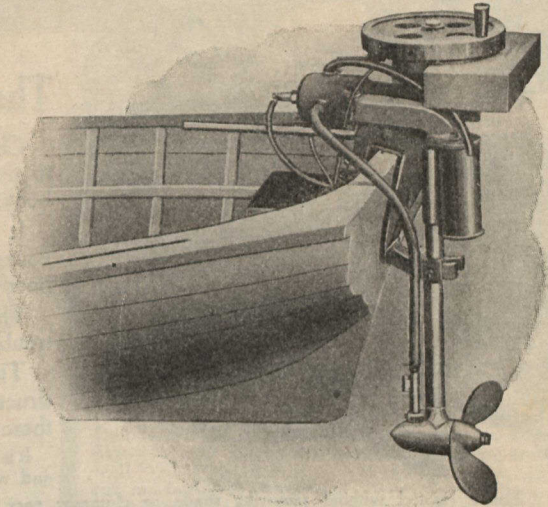
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THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND  
**CHOCOLATES**

*Shakespeare Series No. 1*

**"As You Like It"**

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## The Lamp That Saves the Eyes

Children naturally never think of possible strain to their eyesight when poring over a fascinating book.

It is up to you to see they do not ruin their young eyes these long evenings by reading under poor light.

The Rayo Lamp is an insurance against eye troubles, alike for young and old.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp, but it is constructed on the soundest scientific principals, and there is no better lamp made at any price.

It is easy on the eye because its light is so soft and white and widely diffused. And a Rayo Lamp never flickers.

Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick. Solid brass throughout, with handsome nickel finish; also in many other styles and finishes.

*Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps;  
or write for descriptive circular to any agency of*

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

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**Fountain "My Valet"**

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If you are sure of yourself, if your ammunition is right, and the gun is a Tobin Simplex, there can be no doubt as to the result of your shot.



**A Kill**

If it is not a kill—look to yourself or the ammunition—for this gun is absolutely dependable. It sets a standard of accuracy for you to live up to—nothing is more sure than a

**Tobin Simplex Gun**

in the hands of an expert shot. Made in Canada from the very best materials procurable, a better gun is not on the market anywhere. It is the lightest gun for its strength, and the strongest gun for its light weight. Throw it into your buckboard, toss it into your canoe, handle it roughly—you can't damage it with any handling that is within reason. It is made for business.

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Priced from \$20. to \$210. Ask to see them at the local hardware or sporting goods shop. Send for our new catalogue. It teems with good news for sportsmen.

The Tobins Arms Mfg. Co.  
Limited  
Woodstock Ontario



**Your Child's EYES**



Nature did not foresee the Modern Schoolroom—or she would have given to every Child's Eye a Natural Supply of Murine. It's the most Delicate and Sensitive of all the Organs, this splendid little Mechanism called the Eye—yet Modern conditions demand of it almost Impossible Things. Nothing else that's Human would stand the

Strain. The Schoolroom with its Chalk Dust, Bad Lighting, and Strenuous Demands plays havoc with the Child's unaided and unprotected Optics, leads to "Four-Eyed Inconvenience" and Real Trouble. But—Murine supplies the Need; it helps Nature out of the Dilemma. What Nourishing Food is to the Tired Body—what Good Oil is to the Dry Bearing—that Murine is to the Eye. Don't send your Child to School today—or any day—until its Eyes have been washed Clean and well "Oiled" with Murine. It can not harm. It can not help but Benefit and Strengthen. Phone your Druggist to send you a Bottle—today. Don't delay. Now is the time that the Whole Family should begin to use Murine Eye Remedy.

Write to the Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for A B C Eye Care Book Free



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**Daintiness is the Keynote!**

What pride you take in the quiet artistic appearance of your bedroom. So restful, so harmonious. But the furniture may be a little the worse for wear. If so, try

It's so easy to apply! And it will cover up blemishes on your bedstead, rejuvenate the doors, brighten the drawers, and hide the wear and tear marks on sofa and table legs.



"Lacqueret" is made in eight artistic shades. Also in silver and gold, flat and gloss white, and flat and gloss black.

Our little booklet "Dainty Decorator" tells of its many uses in the home.

Write for your copy.

Cans contain Full Imperial Measure—Ask your dealer—Don't accept a substitute

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"Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality."

# A Waterpan worth while



The object of the Furnace Waterpan is to give back to the warmed air the natural moisture that the fire has dried out. But in the average Furnace the Waterpan is made insignificant and insufficient and placed in the least effective position. But the

## "Good Cheer" Furnace

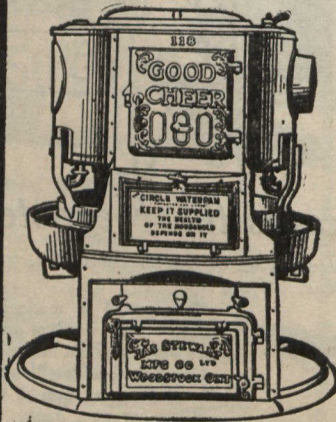
### Has A Big Circle Waterpan

entirely encircling the fire-pot. This waterpan holds 4 to 6 gallons, and is placed where it will evaporate the water rapidly. It keeps the humidity of the air up to the normal 60% or 70% while the air from the average furnace often contains less than 25% of moisture.

Besides the vast improvement this makes in comfort and healthfulness, the house feels as warm at 65° as it does at 70° when the air is parching and dry. The consequent saving of coal is a big item.

"Good Cheer" Furnace construction throughout is of the same high standard of excellence as the Circle Waterpan.

It's well worth your while to write for Booklet and full information about the advantages of the "Good Cheer" Furnace.



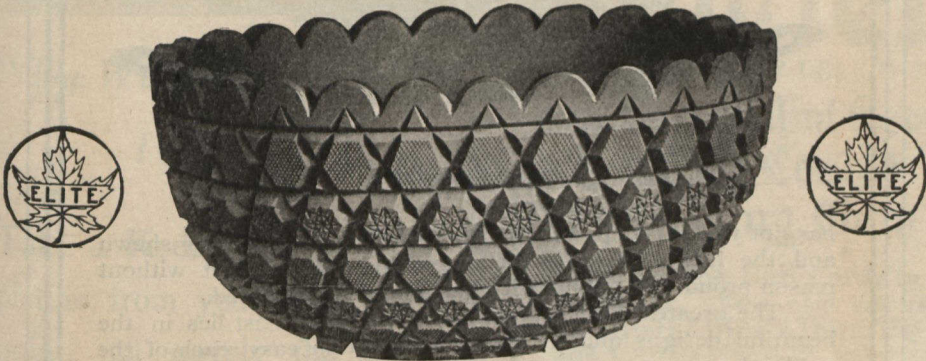
The James Stewart Mfg. Co., Limited  
Woodstock, Ont. — Winnipeg, Man

# Elite Cut Glass

## The Ideal Gift

¶ Long after ordinary gifts have been forgotten a beautiful piece of rich cut glass remains with value and beauty unimpaired—a delight to its owner and a never-ceasing reminder of the friend who gave it.

Of all good glass Elite Cut Glass is the most exquisitely designed and carefully cut. As for brilliancy it is in a class of its own. We import special Crystal blanks from the best makers in Europe, glass expressly intended for cutting and of such fine color that it gives the best results. We employ artisans of the most advanced skill.



¶ Elite Cut Glass carries with it distinct exclusiveness. The special designs are its own and procurable nowhere else. It is little wonder, then, that Elite Cut Glass has come to be the most desirable on the market.

¶ Insist on the genuine Elite—your dealer can supply you. Look for the trademark on each piece. Pressed Blanks are never used in the Elite factory.

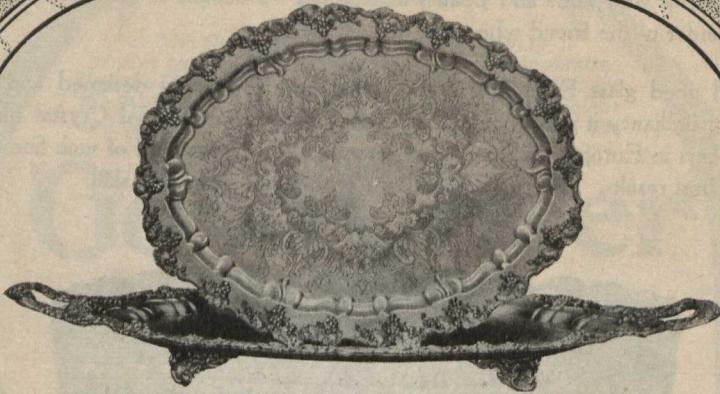
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Manufacturers

16 Front St. East

Toronto





## *“Old Sheffield” Plate*

has not yet lost its power to claim admiration wherever shewn and the lucky possessor of a genuine piece is not without reason proud of it—its beauty has not been surpassed.

The greatest achievement of the Sheffield artist lies in the beautiful designs and to bring these within easy reach of the public the

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has introduced into the Canadian Market a number of

### **EXACT REPRODUCTIONS**

fine in style and finish but using the more efficient electroplating process in depositing the Sterling Silver—

### **An Ideal Line for Presentation Purposes**



Exact Reproductions  
bear these two stamps.  
Look for them.



Ask your Jeweler to show you these goods, if he cannot—write us.

**STANDARD SILVER CO., Ltd., 33-41 Hayter St., Toronto**



“The World is mine---

I own a KODAK”

Take a Kodak with *you*, and picture, from your own viewpoint, not merely the places that interest you but also the companions who help to make your trip enjoyable.

Anybody can take good pictures with a Kodak. Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited  
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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

## The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

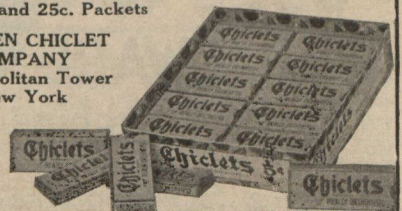
Look for the Bird Cards in the packets. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album FREE.

Half a million folks of all kinds—including grown-ups, children, teachers, etc., are collecting our wonderful **Bird Studies**—faithful reproductions of American birds in full colors, with description of the birds' plumage, habits, and how to know them on sight. You will find one beautiful bird picture in each packet of Chiclets. Send us any fifty of these pictures with ten cents in stamps and we will send you—**free**—our splendid Bird Album.

The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores  
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,  
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SEN-SEN CHICLET  
COMPANY  
Metropolitan Tower  
New York





**Would you like to try these toilet necessities?**

A trial is all that is necessary to convince you that these three preparations combine all that is necessary to enable a woman to appear at her best all the time.

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S  
PERFECT COLD CREAM**

gives a perfect complexion. Not by trying to cover up the blemishes, but by removing them. It's good because it's pure.

**PALMER'S  
Hair Tonic**

50c. and \$1.00 sizes, for dandruff, hair that combs out, or coarse, straggling hair. It cleans perfectly and promotes a vigorous growth.

**LUSTR-ITE  
NAIL ENAMEL**

used frequently, gives that taste ful well-groomed appearance that no care in dress or other details can obtain.

All of the above can be obtained at every good store handling toilet requisites.

<p><b>Special Offer</b></p>	<p>For six cents (6c) in stamps (to defray packing and postage) we will send you a sample package of Daggett &amp; Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Lustr-ite Nail Preparations, together with booklets containing information of great interest to every woman.</p>
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SILVER CLEANER

for cleaning the Harmless SILVER, Rub-less GOLD & PLATEWARE without rubbing

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Moderate priced, easy writing pens that give satisfaction; unequalled for rapid writing and ruling.

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Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.

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**SPENCERIAN  
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Metal

Show their  
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Spencerian Pen tempered for highest elasticity. Carefully ground points glide smooth as velvet on the paper. **Get the 12-pen Sample Card for 10c.** Including 2 good penholders, polished handles.

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FLANNEL SHIRT SILK PETTICOAT MIXED GOODS COTTON SKIRT.

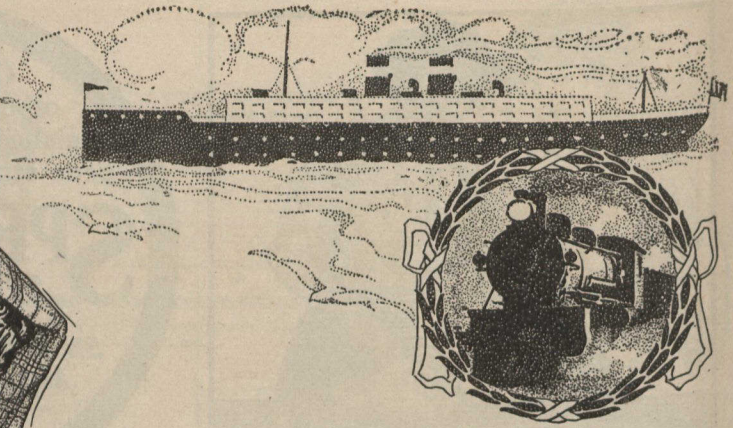
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ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

No Chance of Mistakes. Simple and Clean. Send for Free Color Card and Booklet 101. The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Can.

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If you have Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care  
**Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

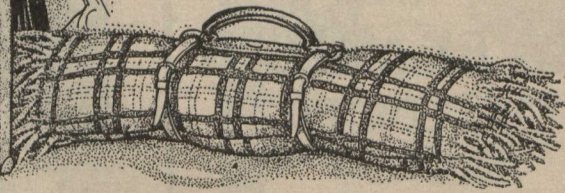


# TRAVEL

According to population, more people in Canada travel extensively than in any other country in the world. That is one reason why **The Canadian Magazine** has been regarded as the medium that gives the best results from advertisements of transportation companies, hotels and tourist resorts at home and abroad. Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired, it can be obtained without charge by addressing,

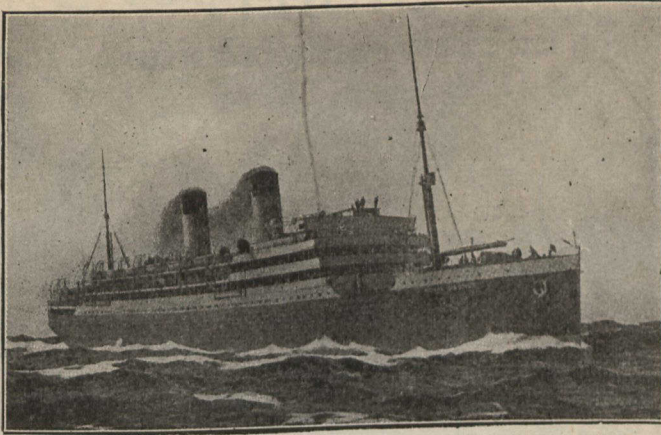
*The Canadian Magazine  
Travel Bureau*

*15 Wellington Street East,  
TORONTO CANADA*



CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIPS  
LIMITED

# The Royal Line



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12,000  
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Triple Screw Turbine Steamers

**R.M.S. "Royal Edward" and "Royal George"**

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THESE STEAMERS are equipped with the latest devices for the comfort and convenience of passengers. Marconi wireless, deep sea telephone, passenger elevators. Every room is ventilated by the thermo tank system, which warms or cools the fresh sea air and distributes it over the entire ship every five minutes. The engines are the latest type of turbine, ensuring a maximum of speed and a minimum of vibration. The private suites of apartments and the luxuriously appointed public cabins, treated after historic periods in decorative art, are unexcelled by anything on the Atlantic. The second and third cabin appointments have set a new standard of comfort and elegance for this class of accommodation. The table service throughout is the best that leading chefs and excellently appointed steward service can make it. If you desire an unbiased opinion on Ocean Travel, ask for a copy of "What people say of our service." Sailings are made fortnightly between Montreal, Quebec and Bristol in summer, and Halifax and Bristol in winter.

For all information apply to steamship agents or to the following general agents of the Company:  
H. C. Bourlier, Canadian Northern Building, Toronto, Ont.; Guy Tombs, Canadian Northern Building,  
Montreal, Que.; P. Mooney, 123 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S.; A. H. Davis, 272 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

*It is Excellence  
that Counts in all things*

# EXCELLENCE in RAILWAY SERVICE is expressed in what THE GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM

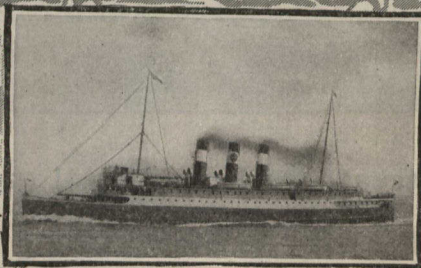
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The GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM is the only double track railway reaching all centres of trade in Eastern Canada. The GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY is fast becoming a factor in traffic and is now the line par excellence in the Canadian West.

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IMPROVED SERVICE

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10.00 P.M. DAILY

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**Q** The Compartment cars are new, the product of the Company's Angus shops. They are the latest in construction and appointment and are electric lighted throughout, affording absolute privacy and individual toilet requisites. This is the only service of this standard between the above points.

## Electric Lighted Compartment Cars and Standard Sleepers

UNEXCELLED SERVICE

Tickets, Reservations, etc., at any  
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FINEST EQUIPMENT

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(LIMITED)

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**Wireless Telegraphy and Bilge Keels**

S.S. "BERMUDIAN" 10,518 tons displacement at  
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**FARE, \$20 and upwards**

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NEW YORK to ST. THOMAS, ST. CROIX, ST. KITTS, ANTIGUA, GAUDELOUPE,  
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2nd, 16th and 30th March and fortnightly thereafter.

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**A. F. Webster & Co., Cor. King and Yonge Sts., Thos. Cook & Son, 65 Yonge St.  
and R. M. Melville and Son, Cor. Adelaide and Toronto Sts., Toronto**

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Also a special series at popular prices. A com-  
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**Special Midnight Sun and Russia  
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Summer Tour to the Orient.**

### Japan in Cherry Blossom Season

Tour leaves March 5. **AROUND THE  
WORLD** via China, Siberia, Russia, etc.,  
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*Send for Programme desired.*

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**Cook's Travellers Cheques Are Good  
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### THE GATEWAY TO THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT

**20 Rail, Coach and Steam Yacht  
Tours through Lake-Land, in oper-  
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### TOURISTS' WEEKLY TICKETS

Available for an unlimited  
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### UNEQUALED TRAVELLING FACILITIES ALL THE YEAR ROUND

For full particulars apply to Mr. A. A.  
HAYNES, Superintendent of the Line, Barrow-  
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**ALFRED ASLETT, Secretary and General Manager.**  
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# Santa Fe de-Luxe

The only extra-fare train via any line Chicago and California



## California Limited

Also exclusively for first-class travel

Fred Harvey dining-car meals. On the way visit  
Grand Canyon of Arizona

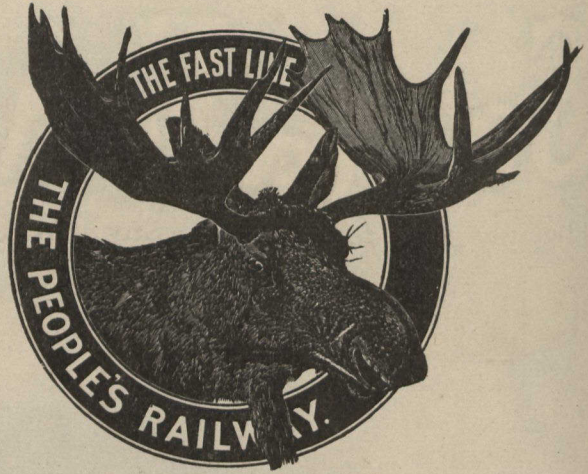
For art booklets of both trains address W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr.  
A.T. & S.F. Ry. System 1081 Railway Exchange Chicago.

The **Price**

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and the

**Service**



**Table d'hote**

**BREAKFAST**  
75 cents

**LUNCHEON**  
75 cents

**DINNER**  
\$1.00

ON AN

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Dining Car are frequently commented upon and ALWAYS FAVORABLY

Through Diners on Maritime Express, leaving Montreal, Bonaventure Union Depot, 12.05 p.m. daily except Saturday for

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Tell your Friends before you sail

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is the view from Parker's Hotel, Naples. In the foreground the Villa Residences of Naples' finest suburb; beyond the City and the Bay. A magnificent panorama of uninterrupted loveliness with Vesuvius—Grey Beacon of Antiquity—still keeping watch and ward over the

**MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY IN THE WORLD**

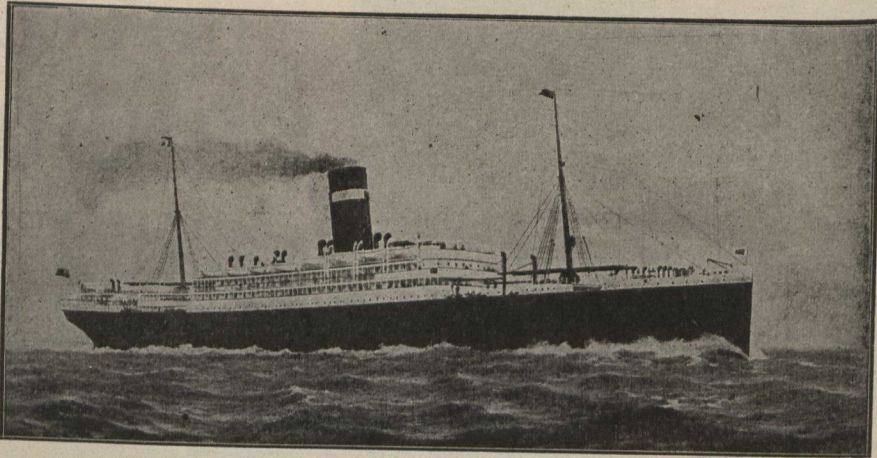
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Private Suites with Bath, Up-to-date in every respect. In the healthiest part of the town, Cuisine excellent, Sanitation perfect.

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ESTABLISHED 1854



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Building: "Alsatian" and "Acadian"

Length: 600 feet. Breadth: 72 feet. 17,000 Tons.  
 Quadruple Screws. Turbine Engines. 20,000 H.P.  
 Speed: 18 to 20 Knots.

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Liverpool			Glasgow				
Liverpool From	STEAMER	From St. John	From Halifax	From Glasgow	STEAMER	From Boston	From Portland
16 Feb.	*TUNISIAN	1 Mar.	2 Mar.	17 Feb.	NUMIDIAN	.....	7 Mar.
22 Feb.	GRAMPIAN	9 Mar.	.....	24 Feb.	SCOTIAN	9 Mar.	.....
1 Mar.	*VIRGINIAN	15 Mar.	16 Mar.	2 Mar.	IONIAN	.....	21 Mar.
7 Mar.	CORSICAN	23 Mar.	.....	9 Mar.	LAKE ERIE	28 Mar.	.....
15 Mar.	*VICTORIAN	29 Mar.	30 Mar.	16 Mar.	HESPERIAN	.....	2 Apr.
21 Mar.	TUNISIAN	6 Apr.	.....	23 Mar.	SCOTIAN	11 Apr.	.....
29 Mar.	*VIRGINIAN	12 Apr.	13 Apr.	30 Mar.	GRAMPIAN	.....	16 Apr.
4 Apr.	CORSICAN	20 Apr.	.....				
12 Apr.	*VICTORIAN	26 Apr.	27 Apr.				

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The great winter health resort.

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run in connection with the hotel. Baths and waters are effective in the relief of Rheumatism in all its tortuous forms, Neuralgia and Nervous Diseases and Skin Affections, Indigestion, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, etc. etc. The Colonial Bath House is complete in equipment and ranks with the best in this country. Elevator affords approach to bath house from each floor of hotel. For detailed information concerning treatment, hotel accommodations, etc., address

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owe their popularity to the fact that they are the accepted standard of style. And behind that fine style is the best quality you can buy at the price. Your *von Gal made Hat* represents full hat value—a value guaranteed to you. We stand behind the dealer in giving you a binding assurance of satisfaction.

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**APARTMENTS and SINGLE BEDROOMS  
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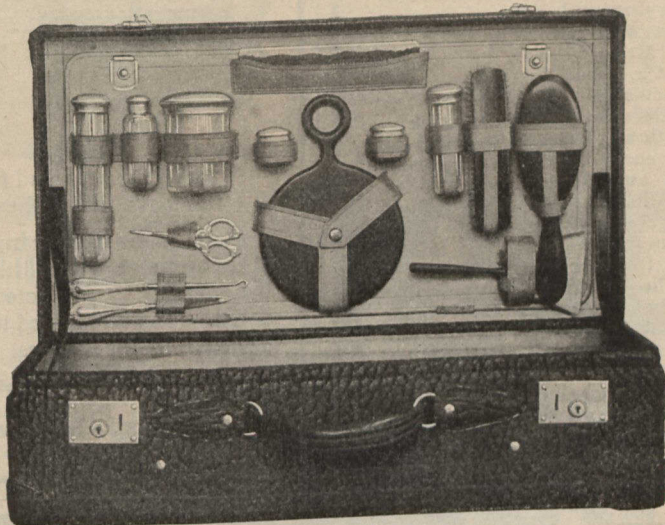
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## Fitted Suit Cases

This cut shows one of the finest of the Julian Sale Fitted Suit Cases for Ladies, made of genuine Dull Black Coarse Grain Sea Lion, Leather Lined, finest Nickel-plated English Spring Lock, the size is 24 inches, fitted with Fine Ebony Hair Brush, Ebony Cloth and Hat Brushes, Real Ebony Mirror, 6 Cut Glass Bottles with Sterling Silver Tops, Comb with Sterling Silver Back, Stirling Silver Scissors, Sterling Silver Nail File and Button Hook, this is an exceptionally handsome bag for presentation, the price is **\$53.00**

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For over sixty-five years MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."



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A washer guaranteed to take out **all** the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

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They give relief **at once**, and their continued use restores strength and tone to the throat and vocal organs. If you speak or sing in public, always keep Evans' Antiseptic Throat Pastilles at hand.

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**First**—Because in this form it dissolves immediately, saving housewives time and trouble.

**Second**—Because the clear, sparkling, flaky particles show the pure quality of Gelatine used. It would be less trouble for us to powder Knox Gelatine, but then the particular housewife could not see with her own eyes how pure, clear and dainty it is.

By adding pure sugar and real fruit juices to our world-famous pure, plain, granulated Gelatine, you can make the most delicious Gelatine desserts—because every ingredient is pure and wholesome.

# KNOX

PURE · PLAIN  
SPARKLING

# GELATINE

Another great advantage of Knox Plain Gelatine—it does not limit you to Desserts. The most tempting Salads, delicious Candies, thick Soups and Gravies, and dainty Aspic Jellies are a few other dishes you can make neither sweetened nor flavored.

or improve with Knox Gelatine, because it is

## Knox Pure, Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine

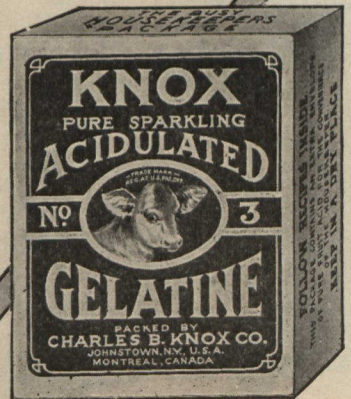
This is our "Busy Housekeeper's Package." In addition to the two envelopes of Gelatine (making two full quarts—one-half gallon—of jelly) the same as contained in our plain package, this Acidulated package also contains an envelope of Pure, Concentrated Fruit Juice (Lemon), affording the busy housewife a pure, ready prepared flavoring.

### Knox Recipe Book FREE

This book entitled "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" contains over one hundred recipes for various dishes, very quickly and easily prepared with Knox Gelatine. We will send you this helpful book FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

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# NO



130

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grown from selected seed under the best agricultural conditions.

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IN ONE  
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**I**T is pure gold in purity—pure gold in quality—pure gold in richness and deliciousness.

Absolute purity is the first essential of good Ale. O'Keefe's "Gold Label" is not only brewed of the finest hops and malt—but both water and ale are filtered.

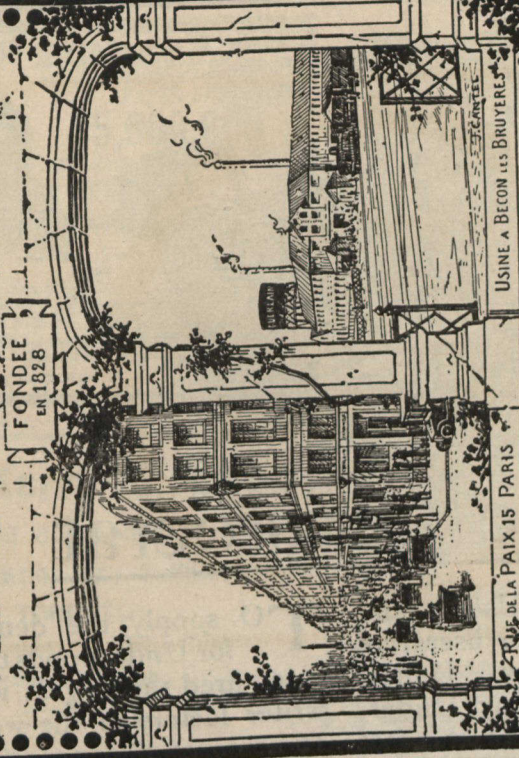
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"The Beer that is always O. K."



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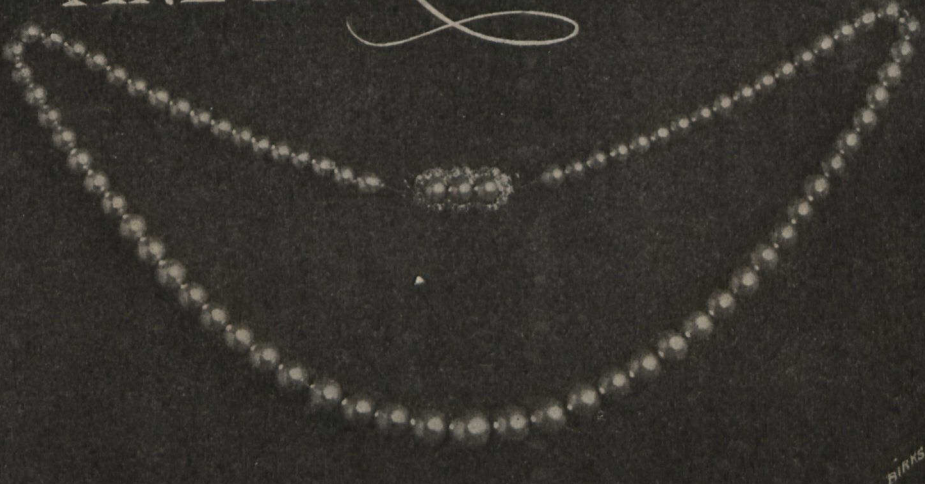
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**T**HE Big Users (and most little users) of typewriters buy Underwoods. They buy Underwoods in spite of the fact that other typewriters cost less. They prefer to pay the higher price and be assured of service, certainty and satisfaction. These go with the machine. And then, there are a score of different models of the Underwood for bookkeeping and other special purposes.

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**T**HIS enormous business of corresponding rapid growth, results from selling the best machine plus service, certainty and satisfaction.

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*The* **Prophy-lactic** Tooth Brush

Used every day—note how your smile improves



## TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

# Club Cocktail

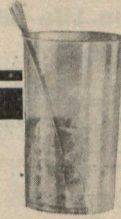
No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by *aging in wood* before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

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*Refuse Substitutes*

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Large numbers of Ross High Velocity Rifles are used in India for big game, they being considered superior to any other weapon for that purpose.

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A drop or two of HOME OIL puts stiff-working tools and household implements in good humor, so that they do their work day after day with a quiet, untiring precision that's a joy to behold.



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Things  
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# HOME OIL

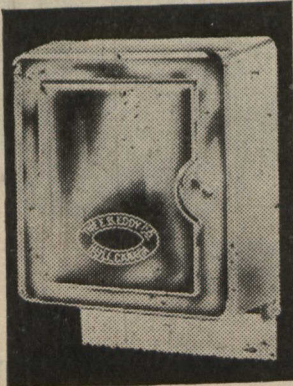
is unlike other oils. It stands highest in the friction test, heat test, cold test, freezing test and safety test. Besides, you get more oil for your money when you buy HOME OIL. A money-back guarantee behind every drop. Write today for free trial bottle.

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THE Onliwon Toilet Cabinet and Paper are a practical insurance against the waste of tissue toilet paper.

☐ A simple mechanical device allows of the delivery of but two sheets of paper at a time and automatically replaces these by two more.

☐ The cabinets are handsomely nickelled and are ornamental as well as useful.

☐ The paper is the finest, first quality tissue paper we make, and comes in packages containing 1000 sheets.

☐ Nothing so economical for Homes and Public buildings.

Write for Descriptive Matter

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY  
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EVERY WOMAN SHOULD READ  
THIS LETTER ABOUT

# St. Lawrence Sugar

Laboratory of Provincial Government Analyst.

MONTREAL, 22nd February, 1909.

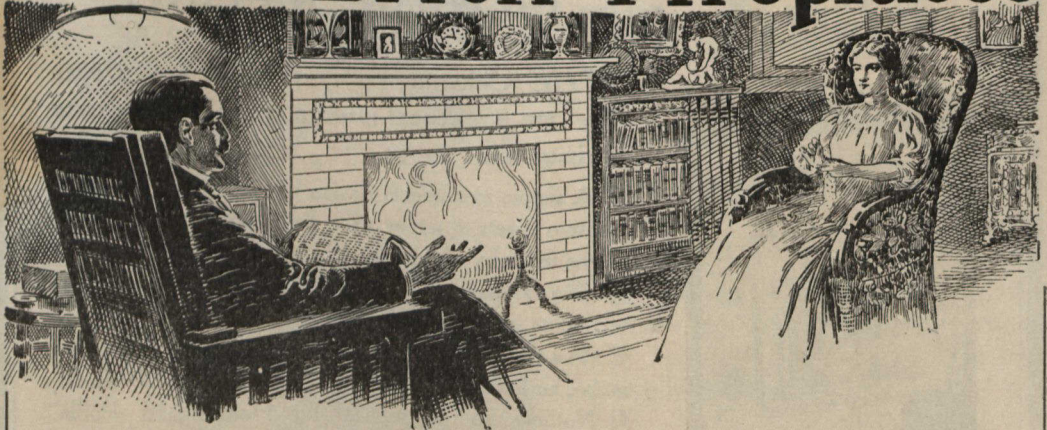
I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have drawn by my own hand ten samples of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co's EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from four lots of about 150 barrels each and six lots of about 450 bags each. I have analyzed same and find them uniformly to contain 99-99/100 to 100 per cent of pure cane sugar, with no impurities whatever.

(Signed) MILTON L. HERSEY, M.Sc., L.L.D.  
Provincial Government Analyst.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., Limited  
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Have at least one brick fireplace in the new home you are planning.

Better still, have a Milton Brick Fireplace in bedroom, dining room and den as well as in the hall. It takes a fireplace to make home really homelike. Our catalogue shows attractive designs in Milton Brick Fireplaces and tells how little they cost.

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146

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H. RIDER HAGGARD 147

The story is practically a complete and wonderfully fascinating history of Allan Quatermain's early life—a story that also reveals many incidents in the strenuous life of South African settlers more than half a century ago.

The book shows Africa's big mystical philosopher at his best.

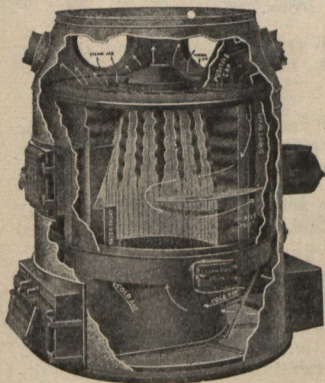
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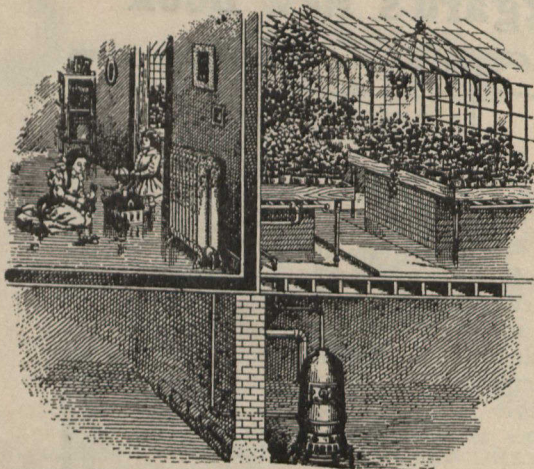
# Hygienic Heating

—is the most important topic in modern home building. Every person needs 30 cubic feet of pure air per minute. How is this to be accomplished with common methods of heating where the same air is heated over and over again. The

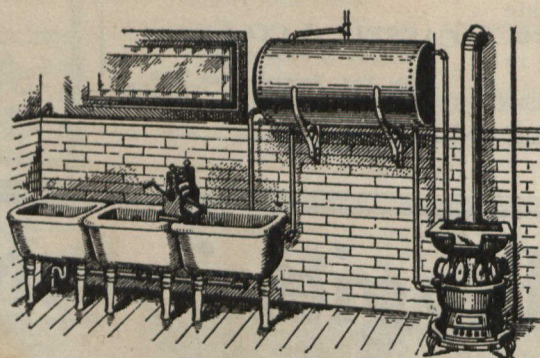
## KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR

—is different. It warms properly great volumes of fresh air and distributes it evenly throughout your home. Kelsey heating is hygienic, healthful, economical heating, the kind you want and will have if you heat your house rightly.

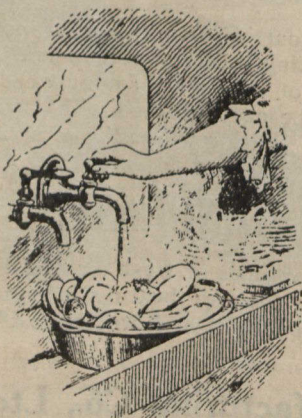
**The James Smart Manufacturing Co., Ltd.**  
Winnipeg, Man. Brockville, Ont.



"Little Giant" installed to heat a Conservatory.



"Little Giant" in the Laundry, flat top and side for heating irons.



The "Little Giant" produces abundance of hot water.

## "Little Giant"

### The Most Economical and Serviceable Auxiliary Hot Water Boiler

¶ Maybe you have found that your Hot Water Boiler is not of sufficient capacity to heat all the rooms of your house in the really cold weather. This is most likely to be the case where you have a Sun Parlor or Conservatory to be warmed, and have a Hot Water Coil in your Boiler, which is making further demands on its capacity for radiation.

¶ You have thought, perhaps, that it would be better if that Water Coil were taken out of the boiler and hot water secured from a separate service, but then the question rises, what are you going to do for hot water in the Laundry for wash days?

¶ This is the heating problem that a "Little Giant" will most successfully solve.

¶ Installed in the Laundry it will provide warmth and a "hot top" for heating irons.

¶ It will supply hot water, not only for the wash, but for the kitchen and bath as well.

¶ It will carry extra radiators to the rooms to be warmed and supply this combined service from the one fire.

¶ "The Little Giant" will burn any kind of fuel. It is simply made, and substantial.

¶ Its initial cost is more than the price of some gas heaters and a great deal less than the automatic kind. But you will find that the "Little Giant" if used only for heating water, will pay for itself in two years out of gas bills and pay for itself in a year if you will credit it up with its combined services as a hot water boiler and a hot water heater.

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**Murray & Lanman's**  
**FLORIDA**  
**WATER**

Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

**I**N the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful; after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it  
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**MAGIC**  
**BAKING POWDER**  
 THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND.  
 MADE IN CANADA                      CONTAINS NO ALUM



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*Cleaners and Dyers*

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It is pure, wholesome and convenient.

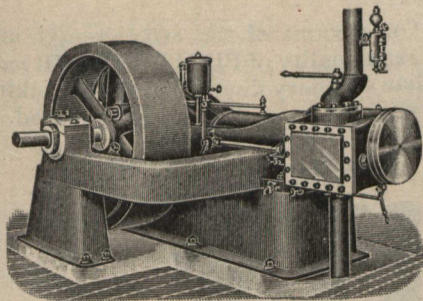


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As Convenient and Reliable as Steam itself.

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are built for continuous service without attention and for all kinds of factories, mills and electric plants.



That's why they are enclosed, positively lubricated, and have positive valve gear.

That's why they are single-cylinder or compound, horizontal or vertical, condensing or non-condensing.

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Make it with PURITY FLOUR  
so it will be More Nutritious

**I**N the words of Woods Hutchinson, one of America's most eminent physicians, "If a child is worth raising at all, it is worth feeding upon the best and most nutritious food—and plenty of it."

And the medical profession is a unit in placing good wholesome bread amongst the best and most nutritious food for children. Many give it first place.

But some bread is more wholesome than others, depending upon the skill of the baker and the grade of flour used.

So, if that boy or girl of yours is worth raising, make your bread of PURITY FLOUR.



The bread will be greater in food value, more nutritious, because it will be made of flour *consisting entirely of the high-grade portions* of the No. 1 Western hard wheat berries. It will contain the high-grade food elements, the high-grade gluten, phosphates and starch of the world's most vigorous wheat.

See that your children have lots of PURITY-FLOUR-BREAD. It's a well-known fact among physicians that a vast number of children don't eat enough bread. A child should be encouraged to eat an abundance of bread, so as to supply fuel for energy and building material for growing bones, flesh and muscle.

**Reminder:** On account of the *extra* strength and *extra* quality of PURITY FLOUR *more* water must be added than ordinary flour requires for making bread. For best pastry-results *more* shortening is needed. †

Add PURITY FLOUR to your grocery list right now.

# PURITY FLOUR

"Makes more bread and better bread"

# Big Ben



*If you'd rise early, just say when  
And leave your call with me—Big Ben.*

**B**IG BEN has something to say to people who like to get up promptly in the morning.

He guarantees to call them on the dot whenever they want and either way they want, with one prolonged, steady call or with successive gentle rings.

And he guarantees to do it day after day and year after

year, if they only have him oiled every year or so.

There are 4,000 dealers in the Dominion who have known him since he was *that high* and who'll vouch for everything he says.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, slender, massive, handsome. He rings steadily for five minutes or intermittently for ten. He's pleasing to wind, pleasing to read and pleasing to hear.—If you can't find him at your dealer's a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you duty charges prepaid.

**\$3.00**

*At Canadian Dealers.*



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the "reason."

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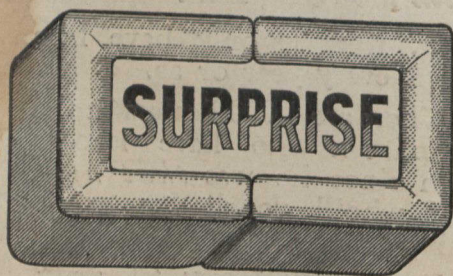
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