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XII NO 6

APRIL 1899

PRICE 25 CENT

THE  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE



EASTER NUMBER

PUBLISHED BY THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LTD.

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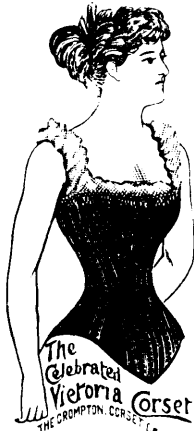
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1899.

No. 6.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGES
<b>Easter Sunday Morning in a Canadian Town</b> ..... <i>Frontispiece</i>	476
<small>Drawn for this issue by Eleanor Douglass.</small>	
<b>A New Link of Empire</b> ..... <i>William Thorp</i>	477
<small>A Plea for closer trade relations between Canada and the British West Indies.</small>	
<b>The Nicaragua Canal and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty</b> ..... <i>Major-General Strange</i>	480
<small>With objections to United States control.</small>	
<b>Easter and Easter Lore</b> ..... <i>Eva Hamilton Young</i>	482
<b>The Fall of a God</b> ..... <i>Franklin Gadsby</i>	484
<b>The Old Cavalier</b> ..... <i>Theodore Roberts</i>	485
<small>A Poem—With Illustrations in two colours, drawn by J. S. Gordon.</small>	
<b>The Professor</b> ..... <i>H. J. O'Higgins</i>	489
<small>A Story—With Illustrations by J. S. O'Higgins.</small>	
<b>The Chain of Empire</b> ..... <i>Clive Phillipps-Wolley</i>	494
<small>A Poem—With two Illustrations by F. H. Bridgen.</small>	
<b>Some Actors and Actresses</b> ..... <i>W. J. Thorold</i>	496
<small>Last Paper—With reproductions of nine Photographs.</small>	
<b>The Mayflower</b> ..... <i>Bradford K. Daniels</i>	502
<small>A Lyric.</small>	
<b>Michilimackinac</b> ..... <i>Judge C. O. Ermatinger</i>	503
<small>Second Paper—With a full page reproduction of an engraving of Major Rogers, the famous commander of "Rogers' Rangers" in the Revolutionary War.</small>	
<b>A Daughter of Witches</b> ..... <i>Joanna E. Wood</i>	509
<small>Chapter VI.</small>	
<b>The Last Watch</b> ..... <i>John Stuart Thomson</i>	520
<small>A Poem.</small>	
<b>Halifax, the Open Door of Canada</b> ..... <i>Captain J. Taylor Wood</i>	521
<small>With Special Pictures of this Famous Harbor.</small>	
<b>Canadian Celebrities</b> ..... <i>F. Q. V.</i>	528
<small>II.—Thomas G. Shaughnessy—With Portrait.</small>	
<b>The Stealing of the Buddha Pearl</b> ..... <i>W. A. Fraser</i>	530
<small>With Drawings by C. D. Williams, made for the <i>Saturday Evening Post</i> and THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.</small>	
<b>Crackerbox</b> ..... <i>Bleasdel Cameron</i>	540
<small>A Mounted Police Adventure.</small>	
<b>Marked Cards</b> ..... <i>Clinton Ross</i>	545
<small>A Tale of Justice.</small>	
<b>Lord Herschell</b> ..... <i>Sir Louis H. Davies</i>	550
<small>In Memoriam of the late President of the Joint High Commission, by the Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries.</small>	
<b>A Volume of Reviews</b> ..... <i>John A. Cooper</i>	552
<small>A Consideration of Prof. Wrong's New Volume.</small>	
<b>Current Events Abroad</b> ..... <i>John A. Ewan</i>	554
<small>With portraits of the late President Faure and President Loubet.</small>	
<b>Editorial Comment</b> ..... 558	
<small>Senate Reform—Prohibition—Railway Subsidies.</small>	
<b>Books and Authors</b> ..... 561	
<small>The Canadian Society of Authors, by Bernard McEvoy—Reviews of Current Books.</small>	
<b>Idle Moments</b> ..... 566	
<small>Contributions by Florence H. Randal and Margaret O'Grady.</small>	

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**L. B. STEWART, Secretary**

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# PATRIOTISM.

## The Danger of Reading too many Foreign Magazines

A Letter in a recent issue of the *Montreal Daily Witness*.

Editor Home Department,

I think the very best thing we can do to make boys and girls patriotic is to give them a good conceit of themselves and their country. Add to a love of Canada a knowledge of her political, social and physical advantages, and bring them up in such a way that they will be fitted to develop her resources, when the time comes for them to earn a living. There is a common quality characteristic of both John Bull and Uncle Sam. Each one firmly believes there is no one like himself, no nation like his own. Foreigners may not find this agreeable, but, backed with pluck, brains, and work, it has taken them both where they are. Neither of them ever knows when he is beaten. There is no enterprise too big for them to undertake. Why shouldn't Canadians be equally sure of themselves? We get on wherever we go, why shouldn't we stay at home and do better?

I maintain that efficient as our schools and colleges are, the training and schooling Canadians get does not tend to make our boys and girls eager for the work the country has to offer the majority. We forget that we cannot supply clerical situations, professional openings and mercantile enterprises for the number we are educating for such positions, and that the great physical riches of the country lie largely idle for the want of laborers. We don't want only stupid boys and dull girls to take to farming as a last resource, but we want the educated, alert man with

healthy body who will know best how to make our land yield up its treasures, and he needs the educated, quick-witted, domestic girl of sound physique to bear him company. People will avoid the tilling of the ground until the intelligent man of the future with capital makes farming what it should be, a healthy, happy, remunerative, co-operative occupation, giving occupation to himself and others, and managed in such a way that the woman does not sink into the over-worked drudge she too often is to-day. If philanthropists would only spend their money in making country-life as attractive as they do the city, I believe our country would be vastly improved and our people happier. Teach our boys and girls that the men and women who are going to build up our country must be sound of brain and muscle, and put them in the way of getting work when they are properly equipped for it, and they won't want to leave the country. Why don't parents see that they patronize Canadian and British magazines? If we feed our own and our children's minds with those of the United States, which never lose an opportunity to praise the republic, how is it possible to go on believing in the superior beauty and strength of our own government and country? What stronger agent can there be to cultivate proper patriotism than reading? Why can't we make up our minds to support better the magazines that belong to ourselves and the Mother Country?

J. M. LOES.

EVERY PATRIOTIC FAMILY SHOULD READ

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## A Great Canadian Romance

# The Span o' Life.

A Tale of Louisbourg and Quebec.

By **William McLennan**, of Montreal, author of "Spanish John," and **Miss J. N. McIlwraith**, of Hamilton. With 29 Illustrations by F. de Myrbach.

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"This is undoubtedly the most notable Canadian romance that has been written for many a day. Mr. McLennan's facility for drawing the necessary setting of an historical tale is well known, and the joint authorship has enabled him to weave in that vein of sentiment which is so essential to a good novel. The circumstances which forced the young Jacobite exile to flee from his lady love in France and join the French army in Canada are most cleverly conceived, while her search for him in the New World is crowded with thrilling adventures. Indeed, so difficult is the course of true love in this particular case, that we feel at the end that it is only a merciful Providence which permits the hero to close his story with the lines—

"The span o' Life's nae lang enough,  
Nor deep enough the sea,  
Nor braid enough this weary world  
To part my Love frae me."

**John Burnet of Barns.** A Romance. By **John Buchan**.

PRICE—Paper, 50c.; Cloth, \$1.25

C. G. D. Roberts reviewing Mr. Buchan's book in *The Book Buyer*, says: "There is abundance of lusty action, convincingly narrated. The characters are alive, they are drawn without haste, and in such a way that the reader grows naturally and by degrees into their acquaintance. There is a solidity of workmanship that is well and augurs better. Nicoll Plenderleith, Burnet's fantastic servant, is a vital memorable figure; but minor characters like the Peebles tailor, Peter Crustcrackit, and the quietly dominant minister of Peebles, whose eye of authority none dare withstand, are finished with a care and precision which give importance though their part is played and done in a page or two. Throughout the tale one feels oneself on solid ground. The air blows freshly; we smell the trees and the herbs; we hear the flowing of Tweed. It is all real life on the real earth."

**Swallow.** A Tale of the Great Trek. By **H. Rider Haggard**.

PRICE—Paper, 75c.; Cloth, \$1.00

"Swallow" is a story of South Africa, where Anglo-Saxon, Boer and Kaffir still struggle for supremacy, and the reader is likely to forget his environment, and imagine that real life is being enacted before him; that he, too, lives and loves and suffers with Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne, the Boer maiden. This is one of the best stories from Mr. Haggard's pen since "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain."

**The King's Rivals.**  
By **E. N. Barrow**.

PRICE—Paper, 50c.; Cloth, \$1.00

"This tale of adventure, sweet and wholesome as the sea air amid which the story opens, carries us from the shores of New England to the Court of Charles II., and back again. . . . Mr. Barrow writes in a simple but charming way. The chief attraction of the story lies in the contrast between the artless frankness of the New Englanders and the very different spirit of the Restoration Court. John Hadder was, as we say, too honest for this world. 'Hal' and his fair enchantress form a very picturesque pair, the famous Court beauty is very human, her best side only appearing in this story."—*Trinity University Review*.

**Windyhaugh.**  
By **Graham Travers**.

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"This charming story, by Margaret G. Todd, M.D., is written with an insight into life, and a sympathetic portrayal of character, which show a notable improvement on the part of the lady who wrote 'Mona Maclean, Medical Student.' It contains the story of a modern woman, but a story which will be read by men and women alike. The heroine 'carved no statue, painted no picture, and did not even write a book; but when all these things have been excluded, there remains that little art of living which has been open in all ages, alike to the wise and to the simple.'"—*Montreal Star*.

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# The Federal Life Assurance Company

## SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

### DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Shareholders of The Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the head office in Hamilton, on Tuesday, the 7th inst. In the absence of the President, Mr. Beatty, Mr. William Kerns, First Vice-President, occupied the chair, and Mr. David Dexter acted as Secretary. The following report and financial statement was submitted by the Directors :

The Directors have pleasure in submitting for the information and approval of the Shareholders, the following report of the business of the Company, together with a statement of Receipts and Disbursements for the year which closed on 31st Dec., 1898, and of the Assets and Liabilities on that date.

New business consisted of fourteen hundred and fifty-nine applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,248,850, of which thirteen hundred and eighty-one applications for \$2,114,232 were accepted, applications for \$134,000 having been rejected or held for further information.

Annuity premiums to the amount of \$12,731.50 were also received.

In the past year, as in the preceding year, fully ninety per cent. of the new business written by this Company was on its investment plans. This, and the fact that the advent of three additional and well-equipped competitors in the field within the past two years has not diminished the share of new business which this Company has been able to secure, indicates the continual growth of feeling in favor of investment insurance, rather than towards other forms of investment on which interest earnings are depreciating steadily.

The income of the Company shows a gratifying increase over previous years, and the addition of \$143,835.14 to the assets is especially noticeable, the total assets having risen to \$866,283.41, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security of the Policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted to \$1,475,283.41, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$757,399.20—showing a surplus of \$717,884.21. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to Policyholders was \$108,884.21.

Assurances for \$114,575 on fifty-seven lives became claims through death, of which amount the Company was re-insured for \$7,000. Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums (\$30,878.32) with matured endowments for \$4,600, the total payments to policyholders amounted to \$143,702.25.

In accordance with instructions received from the Shareholders at the last annual meeting your Directors applied for and obtained from the Parliament of Canada a special act of incorporation changing the name of the Company to the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada, and granting enlarged powers for business and investment in and out of Canada.

The investments of the Company have been carefully looked after and have yielded for years past the best results reported by any Company doing business in this country. Expenses have been kept within reasonable limits, while due effort is being made for new business. The chief officers and agents of the Company are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interest. The office staff have also proved faithful in the Company's service.

The accompanying certificate from the Auditors vouches for the correctness of the statements submitted herewith, all accounts, securities and vouchers having been examined by them.

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

## INCOME.

Premiums, interest and rents.....	\$ 410,831 73
-----------------------------------	---------------

## DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid policyholders for death claims, endowments, dividends, etc.....	143,702 25
General expenses, re insurance and dividends on capital.....	127,548 09

## ASSETS.

Debentures, mortgages, policy loans, real estate, cash and other securities.....	\$866,283 41
Guarantee capital.....	609,000 00
Total resources for security of policyholders.....	1,475,283 41

## LIABILITIES.

Reserve fund.....	757,399 20
Surplus to policyholders.....	717,884 21
Insurance written and taken during the year.....	2,021,585 00
Amount insured.....	11,125,566 43

JAMES H. BEATTY,  
*President.*

DAVID DEXTER,  
*Managing Director.*

## AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company :

GENTLEMEN,—We have made a careful audit of the books of your Company for the year ending 31st December, 1898, and have certified their correctness.

The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your Company, as on 31st December, is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted,

H. S. STEPHENS,  
SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND,  
*Auditors.*

HAMILTON, March 1st, 1899.

In moving the adoption of the Directors' Report, Mr. Kerns referred to the steady and substantial growth of the Company's business; the large increase from year to year in its income, assets and surplus. He stated that while the expenditure had been decreased 6.56 per cent. in the last year, the assets of the Company had increased 19.90 per cent., the net surplus 37.92 per cent., and the reserve funds 21.41 per cent., the capital and assets having now reached \$1,475,283.41.

He quoted from the December number of the *Economist* to show that the Company had so carefully managed the investment of funds as to earn a better rate of interest in each of the past eight years than the average rate earned by all of the Canadian life assurance companies. The rate earned by the Federal in 1897—the last year in which the average can be obtained from the report of the Superintendent of Insurance—was 5.64 per cent., and the average rate earned by all the Canadian companies 4.48 per cent.

After the adoption of the Directors' Report an interesting report of the mortality experience of the Company and of the history of medical examinations for life insurance was read by the Medical Director, Dr. Wolverton.

Congratulatory remarks regarding the substantial progress of the Company and regarding the management were made by several of the shareholders.


A vote of thanks to the officers, agents and office staff was responded to by Mr. David Dexter, the Managing Director.

The retiring Directors of the Company were re-elected, with the addition of T. H. Macpherson, Esq., M.P.

The Auditors were reappointed.

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Gain, per cent., 10.15.	
Increase in Income.....	67,884
Gain, per cent., 15.14.	
Increase in Assets.....	229,695
Gain, per cent., 17.76.	
Excess of Income over Disbursements.....	105,849
Gain, per cent., 88.62.	

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GEO. GOODERHAM, J. F. JUNKIN,  
*President. Managing Director.*

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are those trodden by the wives and children of deceased husbands and fathers who failed to protect them through life insurance. Many a wife and child has been happier and better on account of the protection afforded by

## The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company

Not only this but thousands of men are happier and better men from the sense of security they have on account of their families being protected by its policies, and the satisfaction that comes from having done their duty. We stand ready to protect thousands of other homes.

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H. SUTHERLAND, Managing Director.

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# The Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company.

Head Office,  
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# A Quarter Century's Growth

is the Best Proof of its Prosperity.

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	ASSURANCE IN FORCE
1873 .	\$16,435	\$23,144	\$701,000
1878	59,277	142,619	1,885,311
1883	199,182	533,705	6,572,719
1888	393,075	1,313,853	12,041,914
1893	626,208	2,593,424	17,751,107
1898	\$923,941	\$4,136,129	\$23,703,979

## 1898

A Successful Year for the . . . . .

### Northern Life Assurance Co. of Canada

Beginning business in April, 1897, it closed its books Dec. 31st, 1898.

- With Total Assets \$206,546.20. **An increase over last year of over 41 per cent.**
- With an Interest Income of \$6,741.07. **An increase over last year of 59 per cent.**
- With a Premium Income of \$30,298.78. **An increase over last year of 159 per cent.**
- With New Business for the Year of \$665,950.00. **An increase over last year of 85 per cent.**
- With New Policies Issued for the Year 571. **An increase over last year of 99 per cent.**
- With a Amount of Insurance in Force \$879,950.00. **An increase over last year of 148 per cent.**
- **With no Death Claims presented since the Company began business.**

Head Office, - - LONDON, ONT.

(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM).



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- 5.—**An Old Age Benefit** consisting of exemption from payment of Premiums and Court Dues after the *seventieth* year of age.
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### (b) FOR YOUR BENEFICIARIES, AT YOUR DEATH

- 8.—**A Burial Benefit** of \$100 (if you have taken the Old Age Pension Benefit), to insure decent interment,
- 9.—**A Funeral Benefit** of \$50 (if at the time of your death you are enrolled for the Sick and Funeral Benefits), to defray funeral expenses.
- 10.—**A Mortuary Benefit** of \$500, \$1,000, \$2,000, \$3,000, \$4,000, or \$5,000, or so much thereof as has not been previously paid to yourself.

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Secretary.

WM. MCGABE,  
Managing Director

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ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

MUTUAL PRINCIPLE.

From the Official Report of the Examination of

## Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

BY THE

New York Insurance Department.  
MAY, - 1898.

### Verification of Annual Report.

"The examination shows that the Company's last annual statement was substantially correct. The variations in certain of the figures as between those contained in the report and those shown by the examination are so trivial as not to warrant a reference to these differences in this report."

Report of ISAAC VANDERPOEL, Chief Examiner.

### Association Solvent and Every Honest Death Claim Paid in Full.

"The result of the examination shows that the Association is solvent and pays in full every death claim that is a proper charge upon the mortuary funds contributed by the members, and that, in every case of settlement or compromise, the character of the claim has been such as to make it the duty of the management to protect the members against unjust demands."

Report of HON. LOUIS F. PAVN, Supt. of Insurance.

W. J. McMurtry,  
Manager for Ontario.

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27th ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

# CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

**Gratifying Indications of Progress—Increase in New Business—Decrease in Death Claims—Decrease in Expense Ratio.**

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Confederation Life Association was held at the Head Office of the Company, Yonge, Richmond and Victoria Streets, Toronto, on Tuesday, March 14th, 1899, at 2 p.m.

There was a large attendance of those interested in the affairs of the Association.

Hon. Sir W. P. Howland, President, was appointed to act as Chairman, and Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Managing Director, as Secretary.

After the usual formalities the following report and statements of the affairs of the Association for the year 1898 were presented :

## REPORT.

The Directors herewith lay before the Policyholders and Shareholders the report of the business for the year 1898, and in doing so they feel that both Policyholders and Shareholders will find ground for congratulation with the results of the operations for the year. The business generally has been well maintained, and a satisfactory volume of new business has been secured on the lines which have guided your Directors in the past.

There were received during the year 2,381 applications for a total new insurance of \$3,383,393 ; of these 2,251 for \$3,164,443 were approved ; 118 for \$205,450 were declined, not coming up to the Company's standard, and 12 for \$13,500 were deferred for further information. Including bonus additions, the new business for the year was \$3,186,450. The total business in force at the close of the year was \$29,677,418, under 19,950 policies on 17,106 lives.

The claims arising from death among the insured were very favorable, and considerably under those for the previous year. There were 99 deaths, calling for the sum of \$183,931 under 112 policies.

The valuation of the policy and annuity obligations of the Association has been made on the conservative basis used for the two previous years, namely : a rate of interest of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for all business written since 1895, and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for business written prior to that date.

The usual financial statements are herewith submitted, and they will be found to exhibit the position of the Company at the close of the year.

The auditors have continued to make their audit each month, and their report will be found appended to the financial statements.

By reference to the financial statements, it will be noticed that substantial payments have been made to the Policyholders in the way of profits, the sum of \$85,390.22 having been paid during the year. Taking the last four years, a total sum of \$345,276 has been paid to Policyholders in this way, giving an average of \$86,319. During the same four years the net interest and rents received have been sufficient to pay the net claims arising from deaths, and leave a surplus of \$153,840 ; and, during the same period, the expense ratio has been gradually brought down, a result, in view of the volume of new business maintained and the existing conditions, your Directors believe will bear most favorable comparison.

Your Directors, after careful consideration, concluded that the improvement in business generally would warrant them building on the vacant land on Queen Street, which forms part of the Head Office block, and they have accordingly erected a three-storey brick building containing eight stores and two flats, the latter used as show-rooms. All were occupied as soon as finished. The balance of the vacant land south of the stores has been ground-rented, and the lessee has erected a brick building thereon for warehouse purposes, so that what was non-productive is now yielding a very fair return, in addition to paying taxes and all other charges.

Your Directors also, though receiving a good rental for the Yonge Street shops in the Head Office building, deemed it wise, when the corner store became vacant some time ago, to make changes in the construction of the fronts on Yonge Street and part of Richmond Street, by which the heavy piers, which were undesirable from a commercial standpoint, will give place to a construction that will admit of more window space, and by that means be more suitable for the purposes for which the space is likely to be used. These changes are now being made and will shortly be finished, and the whole space has been let at satisfactory rentals, and will be occupied as soon as the changes are completed. It will also be satisfactory to learn that the Head Office building is filling up with good tenants at fair rentals and with good prospects.

Reference was made in the last annual report to the returns from the properties taken over in the City of Toronto, and your Directors are now able to report a still further improvement in the returns, with better prospects for the present year both as to rents and sales.

The Directors are pleased to report continued diligent and faithful services on the part of our field staff, and also of the employees generally.

All the Directors retire, but are eligible for re-election.

W. P. HOWLAND, *President.*

J. K. MACDONALD, *Managing Director.*

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

## RECEIPTS.

Premiums (net).....	\$965,626 36
Interest and rents (net).....	265,571 03
	<u>\$1,231,197 39</u>

## DISBURSEMENTS.

To Policy-holders.....		
Death claims.....	\$176,899 00	
Endowments.....	127,655 00	
Annuities.....	14,193 36	
Surrendered policies.....	51,836 20	
Cash profits.....	85,390 22	
		\$455,973 78
Expenses, Commissions, etc.....		211,203 65
Dividends to Stockholders.....		15,000 00
Balance.....		549,019 96
		<u>\$1,231,197 39</u>

## ASSETS.

Mortgages and real estate.....	\$4,200,193 29
Bonds and debentures.....	1,388,339 43
Loans on policies and stocks.....	804,224 52
Outstanding and deferred premiums.....	202,066 57
Interest and rents due and accrued.....	128,390 47
Cash in banks, and sundries.....	101,002 53
	<u>\$6,825,116 81</u>

## LIABILITIES.

Reserve—Hm. 3½ and 4½ per cent.....	\$6,230,728 00	
(Reserve—Government standard, \$6,178,499.00).		
Declared profits.....	90,690 52	
Capital stock paid up.....	100,000 00	
Sundry items.....	39,721 24	
Cash surplus.....	303,977 05	
		\$6,825,116
Cash surplus (Government standard).....		416,206 05
Capital stock.....		1,000,000 00
TOTAL SURPLUS SECURITY FOR POLICYHOLDERS.....		<u>\$1,416,206 05</u>

## AUDITORS' REPORT.

We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Association for the year ending December 31st, 1898, and have examined the vouchers connected therewith, and certify that the financial statements agree with the books and are correct.

The securities represented in the assets (with the exception of those lodged with the Dominion Government, amounting to \$84,500, and those deposited with the Government of Newfoundland, amounting to \$25,000) have been examined and compared with the books of the Association, and are correct, and correspond with the schedules and ledgers.

The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS, R. F. SPENCE, Auditors.

TORONTO, March 4th, 1899.

Sir W. P. Howland, President, in moving the adoption of the report of the financial statement, said:

"It affords us sincere pleasure, gentlemen, to be able to present you with the report and statements in regard to the business and the position of the Company which you have just read. They afford evidences of satisfactory progress and success in every department of the Company's business. The new business secured during the year, notwithstanding the increased competition, was somewhat in excess of that obtained in the previous year, and at the end of the year we had insurances in force aggregating \$29,677,418, an increase of \$1,345,413 over the amount in force at the end of 1897. This large and satisfactory amount of business has all been obtained while the expense ratio of the Company has been less than that of the previous year, which proves that the business of the Association continues to be of a permanent and reliable character. The death claims for the year aggregated \$183,931, which were \$59,893 less than those of the previous year. Our financial statements show an increase in income for the year of \$46,670.00. There was paid to policyholders during the year the large sum of \$455,973, and our cash surplus over all liabilities, according to the Government standard of valuation, is \$416,206, an increase over the previous year of \$50,367.00.

"We consider that these facts fully justify us in the belief that they will prove eminently satisfactory to our policyholders and shareholders, and will insure the continuance of the generous support which the Company has received from the public."

Mr. W. H. Beatty, Vice-President, in seconding the adoption of the report, said:

"I will just make one remark, which I am sure you will be delighted to hear, and I think it will be particularly gratifying to the gentlemen of the field staff, namely, that this year down to the present time the business secured is largely in excess of that for the corresponding period of last year, and is greater than that of any previous year."



Mr. W. Macdonald, in moving the resolution thanking the President and Directors of the Association for their faithful attention to the affairs of the Company during the past year, said :

"I do not think, in view of the report which we have just heard read and the remarks of the President and the one remark made by the Vice-President, that a resolution of this kind ought to be considered of a formal character. As a policyholder I have had a great deal of satisfaction in substantial reductions made upon my premiums out of the profits, and I have been a shareholder with very considerable satisfaction to myself, and while it is true that the President, Vice-President and Directors are in one sense doing no more than their duty in looking carefully after the affairs of the Association, as has been done last year, yet I think that it is due to them that there should be an earnest word of appreciative thanks, seeing that the duty has been so well discharged as in the present case. I therefore have much pleasure in moving this resolution."

Rev. Mr. McGillivray, in seconding this resolution, said : "I share very fully with the pleasure of the mover of this resolution in rising to second it. My pleasure does not reach quite as far as that of the mover. He is both a policyholder and a stockholder. I only have the privilege of being a policyholder in the Confederation Life Association, but I feel in that particular I have, in common with all policyholders, a very good and a very safe investment, and if it does not yield any very immediate returns, it is sure to yield very satisfactory returns in due time, if not to myself to others."

"No one can read the statement or hear it read without being fully satisfied with the very satisfactory way in which the business of the association has been conducted and prosecuted during the year."

"It is interesting to notice that the income from premiums is very near the million mark, and that the income from interest and rents has been more than sufficient to pay all the death claims during the year."

"Speaking for the policyholders, and as one who has now been a policyholder for twenty years, I have very great pleasure in expressing my entire satisfaction with the way in which the business of the company is conducted, and the splendid exhibit which has been presented to us of the past year assures one that the greatest possible care has been bestowed upon our affairs by the directors and officers of the association, and with very great satisfaction I second the resolution proposed by Mr. Macdonald."

A resolution thanking the officers, the members of the agency and office staffs for their faithful service in the interests of the association during the past year was proposed by Mr. W. H. Gibbs, and seconded by Hon. James Young, and replied to by many of those present, the members of the field staff generally expressing themselves as highly gratified with the very encouraging report of the operations of the association for the past year which has been presented to the meeting.

All the retiring Board of Directors were unanimously re-elected, and at the meeting of the new board held immediately after the adjournment of the annual meeting Sir W. P. Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., was re-elected President, and Messrs. Edward Hooper and W. H. Beatty, Vice-Presidents.

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INCORPORATED 1855.

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BRANCH OFFICES--WINNIPEG, MAN. VANCOUVER, B.C.

## DIRECTORS

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EDWARD HOOPER, SAMUEL NORDHEIMER, W. D. MATTHEWS, RALPH K. BURGESS,  
G. W. MONK, W. E. WELLINGTON.

Assistant Manager, Alfred J. Mason. Superintendent, Rufus S. Hudson. Secretary, George H. Smith.  
General Agents--WINNIPEG: G. F. R. HARRIS. VANCOUVER: CESARE J. MARANI.

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Quarterly.....	5.82	3.95	3.34	2.93	2.53

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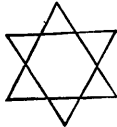
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WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, 29-33 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

# ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

## North American Life Assurance Company.

The Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at its Head Office in Toronto, on Thursday, the 2nd February, 1899. Mr. John L. Blaikie, President, was appointed Chairman, and the Managing Director, Mr. William McCabe, Secretary, when the following report was submitted:—

The Directors submit a statement of the Company's affairs for the year ended 31st December, 1898, showing continued and marked proofs of the great progress and solid prosperity of the Company in every branch of its business.

Policies were issued for \$4,002,300, exceeding by \$446,376 the issues of any previous year.

The payments to policyholders amounted to \$228,985.39.

Interest on the Company's investments was well paid, which fact indicates the excellent character of the Company's securities, and also the improved financial condition of the country.

The interest receipts were more than sufficient to pay the losses of the year under the Company's policies.

The cash premium receipts amounted to \$649,750.63, and made with the cash interest receipts, etc., an income of \$785,130.81, making the very handsome increase over the income of last year of \$85,580.32.

The Assets now amount to \$3,137,828.61, and were increased during the year by the large put-by from the cash income of \$343,111.74.

The Reserve Fund was strengthened by the addition of \$341,027, and now amounts to the relatively large sum of \$2,586,947.

Payments made under the Company's investment policies, etc., during the year compared favourably with those made by the best managed and most successful life companies.

The apportionment of surplus to the investment policies which matured in 1898 was approved as recommended by the Company's Consulting Actuary, whose report is submitted.

The Company's books were closed as heretofore, on the last day of the year, and the full reports to the Government, with a detailed list of the mortgage and other securities held by the Company, were duly mailed to the Superintendent of Insurance for the Dominion.

The Auditor made a complete monthly audit of the Company's books, and at the close of the year verified the cash on hand and in banks and examined each mortgage, and all other securities held by the Company.

A thorough examination of the Company's assets, liabilities and affairs was also made at the close of the year by expert examiners, representing U.S. Insurance Departments.

The Company owns debentures amounting to \$610,816.58, of which \$61,551.37 are deposited with the Dominion Government and the rest in the Safe Deposit vaults of the Trusts Corporation of Ontario.

The Auditors' report, together with the financial statement and balance sheet of the Company, are submitted. The Company's Building, which, with the improvement and additions, cost such a moderate sum, has proved a most satisfactory investment, and the rentals on the portions not needed at present for the Company's use are such as to give the Company ample accommodation at a very low cost.

The services of the Company's staff of officers and agents continue to merit the highest commendation.

WILLIAM McCABE,  
Managing Director.

J. L. BLAIKIE,  
President.

STATEMENT OF THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

For the Financial year ended December 31st, 1898.

1897	RECEIPTS.	\$	c.
Dec. 31.	To Net Ledger Assets.....	2,634,339	90
1898			
Dec. 31.	To Cash for Premiums.....	\$659,817	99
"	Less paid Re-Assurance Premiums.....	10,067	36
"	" Cash for Interest and Rents (Less Taxes, etc).....	649,750	63
"	" Profit on Sale of Investments.....	132,483	63
		2,896	55
		\$3,419,470	71
1898	DISBURSEMENTS.	\$	c.
Dec. 31.	By Expenses.....	69,508	28
"	Commissions, Expenses and Salaries to Agents.....	128,779	47
"	Claims paid under Policies accrued in 1897.....	\$ 24,159	40
"	Claims paid under Policies for 1898.....	110,534	05
		134,693	45

*Disbursements—Continued.*

Dec. 31.	By Matured Endowments.....	\$ 22,900	00
"	" Profits and Surrenders.....	65,892	75
"	" Annuitants.....	5,499	19
"	" Interest on Guarantee Fund.....	6,000	00
"	" Property Additions and Improvements.....	8,745	93
		\$ 442,019	07
	Balance Net Ledger Assets.....	2,977,451	64
		\$3,419,470	71

SUMMARY OF THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT AND BALANCE SHEET FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31ST, 1898.

Cash income.....	\$ 785,130	81
Expenditure, including death claims, endowments, matured investment, policies, profits, and all other payments to policyholders.....	442,019	07
Assets.....	3,137,828	61
Reserve fund.....	2,986,947	00
Net surplus for policyholders.....	474,029	08
Audited and found correct.		

JAS. CARLYLE, M.D., Auditor. W. McCABE, Managing Director.

Some of the leading features of the year's business, as mentioned by the President, were the following:—

1. Looking at the company from every standpoint, the report submitted shows financial strength, productive assets, solid growth, and large relative surplus, which is the supreme point to policyholders, as it is from this source alone that satisfactory returns can be made to them.
2. The new business for the year exceeded that of any previous year.
3. Another marked feature of this company is the relatively large amount of its net surplus to liabilities, when contrasted with that of its leading competitors. The President showed that this ratio was one of the best tests by which to judge of the relative merits of the different companies.
4. The following marked increases were made during the year:—

	Per cent.		Per cent.
In premium income.....	11.56	In assets.....	10.01
In interest income.....	13.11	In net surplus.....	10.73
In insurance in force.....	13.15	In insurance reserve.....	15.18

The President stated that the gentlemen representing the United States Insurance Departments had been in the city during part of last month, and had made a thorough and most searching investigation into the affairs of the company, with a view to its admission to do business in their respective States, and that these experts were extremely well satisfied with the soundness of the Company, and expressed themselves as gratified with every aspect of its affairs.

The Hon. Mr. Allan, in seconding the adoption of the report, called special attention to the excellent character of the investments of the company, of these over 37 per cent. are in the first mortgage securities, nearly 20 per cent. in debentures, nearly 14 per cent. in stocks and bonds, loans and policies about 6½ per cent., the balance consisting of cash in banks, interest accrued, etc.

He also called special attention to the fact that although the assets had increased very largely, the outstanding and accrued interest had been very materially decreased, which is a proof of the excellent character of the investments of the company, and the promptness with which the interest thereon has been paid.

James Thorburn, M.D., medical director, presented a full and interesting report of the mortality experience of the company from its organization, which showed that great care had been exercised in the selection of the company's business.

The consulting actuary reported that he had made an independent examination of the affairs of the company as at December 31st, 1898, having examined the books, accounts and balance sheet, also a detailed copy of the annual report to the Insurance Department, and stated that he was very much gratified with the result of such examination, also with the thorough system of the work of every department throughout the office. He commended the company for closing its books promptly at the end of the year, as had been its custom from organization, and stated that notwithstanding the large amount paid the policyholders during the year, another substantial gain had been made in the net surplus, now amounting to \$474,029.08, or if made up on the same basis as that generally used, viz., by adding the difference between the cost and market value of debentures, etc., owned by the company, such surplus would be \$522,664.83. He referred to the great difficulty which has been experienced of late years in securing satisfactory investments, and pointed out the great decline in the rate of interest which gilt-edge securities yielded. In view of this, he stated that the settlement of the company's investment policies should be highly satisfactory to the holders thereof, as they compare favorably with those of the leading and best managed companies on this continent.

A special vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to the company's provincial managers, inspectors and agency staff, for their splendid work of the past year, during which the largest business ever done by the company had been secured, largely exceeding that of any other home company at the same age in its history.

After the usual vote of thanks had been passed, the election of directors took place, whereupon the newly-elected board met, and Mr. John L. Blaikie was unanimously re-elected President, and the Hon. G. W. Allan and Sir Frank Smith, Vice-Presidents.




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DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY ELEANOR DOUGLASS.

EASTER SUNDAY MORNING IN A CANADIAN TOWN.

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XII

APRIL, 1899

No. 6

A NEW LINK OF EMPIRE.

BY A RESIDENT OF JAMAICA.

"WE hold a vaster Empire than has been." And we hold it under the double sceptre of Imperial defence and Imperial trade. The more the colonies trade with England and amongst themselves, the firmer is our front towards the nations. This is why I desire to draw the attention of the Canadian people to a notable scheme now being formulated with the object of immensely developing the present exchange of commodities between we West Indians and themselves.

"We know," said Lord Salisbury in 1892, "that every bit of the world's surface which is not under the British flag is a country which may be, and probably will be, closed against us by a hostile tariff, and therefore it is that we are anxious above all things to conserve, to unify, and to strengthen the Empire of the Queen, because it is to the trade that is carried on within the Empire of the Queen that we look for the vital force of our commerce."

Since Lord Salisbury thus expressed the value of colonial empire, we have witnessed a remarkable acceptance of the grand ideal of Imperial Federation, and to Canada the lion's share of the credit is due. She has afforded noble object lessons. Her magnificent imperial speculations, her unswerving faith in her own destiny and in the larger future of the British Empire, constrain Old England's other sons to

envious admiration. Her preferential tariff, by stimulating inter-Imperial trade, is more valuable than twenty battleships. She has launched out boldly in the matter of Imperial penny postage; and when the time comes she will be quite ready to pay down on the nail her share of the cost of the all-British Pacific cable. On the principle that one always seeks further favours from the man of proved generosity, I appeal to Canada for another proof of her devotion to the Imperial ideal. Her statesmen and merchants are offered a fine chance of materially benefiting the commercially-depressed, hurricane-swept British West Indies, while at the same time doing a good stroke of business for themselves. The Dominion Parliament generously voted £5,000 the other day towards the relief of the Windward Islands; this is to be regarded, surely, as the earnest, not the measure, of their sympathy with us unfortunate West Indians.

Mr. Eyre Hutson, the private secretary of the Governor of Jamaica, and a young man who will some day play a prominent part in the affairs of the Empire, has formulated a scheme for the establishment in Canada of a West Indian Agency, supported by all the British colonies in the Caribbean, for the purpose of fostering and developing trade relations between these colonies and the Dominion. The scheme has been submitted by the Governor of

Jamaica to Mr. Chamberlain, who has heartily commended it and forwarded the details to the Governor-General of Canada and the Governors of all the West Indian colonies, in order that they may bring the idea to a practical issue without delay. The desirability of expanding our mutual trade may be judged from the fact that during the year 1896-7 Canada only received British West Indian produce to the value of £248,827, while she consumed commodities we could easily have supplied to the value of over three millions sterling. If we desire to promote trade within the Empire, we must surely bridge such a disastrous discrepancy as this.

The history of the trade relations between the West Indies and Canada is exceptionally interesting. As may be seen by a glance at the map, the colonies are fairly well situated for mutual commerce. Jamaica, the largest and most important of the islands, is distant from Quebec only about seven days' steaming for a fairly fast boat, and Halifax is of course considerably nearer. The lack of proper steamship communication hampers trade; but, as Mr. Hutson points out, when a disposition is shown to develop trade, the steamers will come fast enough. Nowadays there are plenty of ships for every port with a paying cargo. Canada and the West Indies produce each what the other needs. Our luscious tropical fruits are welcome to you dwellers in the domain of "Our Lady of the Snows," who must naturally grow tired sometimes of your own abundant crops of apples and pears. We welcome in return your timber and salt fish, your flour and Indian corn, your peas and beans. The only product in which the two colonies compete is tobacco, and at the present moment that is by no means a staple in either.

Trade between Canada and the West Indies practically commenced after the United States wrenched their independence from Great Britain. Canada up to that time had been subjected to a certain injustice by the mother country, and it was then made up for

at the expense of the unfortunate West Indies. According to the old system of colonial monopoly, the St. Lawrence was rigidly closed against the entrance of foreign vessels, nor was any Canadian ship allowed to enter a foreign port. This was a gross injustice, but its effect does not appear to have been materially serious. The prosperity of the colony during this period of its infancy was not checked by these restrictions, as the mother country at all times afforded an outlet for its surplus produce. After the United States obtained their independence, their ships were excluded from the ports of the British colonies. Canada, "as a reward for its loyalty to the Crown when the sister colonies to the south rose in rebellion," received the exclusive privilege of supplying the West Indies with timber and provisions. "In this manner," said the late President Wilson, of Toronto, "as the trade of Canada had been confined and shackled for the supposed benefit of the mother country, so now she was rewarded with compensating privileges to the direct injury of the sister colonies of the West Indies. The United States ports were the natural resorts of the West Indies for timber and provisions, their distance from these being about one-half less than from the ports of the St. Lawrence. . . . The West Indian planters were thus laid under contribution for the support of the Canadian shippers and farmers."

Here was a grievance indeed. The West Indies were quite as loyal as Canada, and yet to her was given and from them was taken away. The recent tariff concessions made to us by Canada, in common with other parts of the Empire, by dint of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Imperialistic strivings, are thus seen to be really the reparation of an ancient wrong. Not until 1892 were these oppressive regulations even partially relaxed, and not until 1830 did the West Indies obtain total relief from the Canadian monopoly.

But all this is ancient history. Canada does not present towards us nowadays the attitude of the oppressive

monopolist. She recognizes that we also are "of the blood," co-heirs in the Imperial heritage. She is already doing much to assist in the development of our commerce. We want her to do more.

Let the position be clear. Reciprocal trade is but the means to the great end of Imperialism. Canada can render the West Indies material assistance of the highest value, her markets can pay liberally for our produce, her capitalists develop our immense latent resources, and the influx of her vigorous blood and northern energy revitalize our depressed community.

It is a good bargain for both parties. These are hard facts, coldly commercial, to be reckoned in dollars. But the movement for reciprocity may be based on higher grounds than mere monetary considerations, and the latter are only urged because one recognizes how inseparably interwoven are commerce and Imperial power. Canada is a great country to which we should be proud to belong. She has a destiny in which we should be honoured to share—a leading part in the world's affairs, a mortgage on the future. Mr. Eyre Hutson's scheme is fraught with larger potentialities than perhaps even he dreams of. Reciprocal trade will encourage a desire for political union. The annexation of the West Indies to Canada would give an immense impetus to Imperial Federation. The fed-

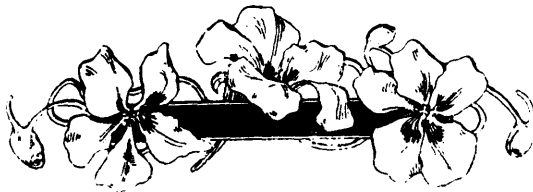
KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

eration of the Dominion itself is recognized as a splendid success, and we are hoping to see very soon the federation of South Africa and of Australasia. Why should not the principle be extended to the federation, not merely of the scattered sections of what is practically one colony, but to the political incorporation of groups of colonies competent to offer reciprocal advantages?

Mr. Eyre Hutson has forged another link of Empire. The West Indies in general, and Jamaica in particular, are daily becoming more inspired with the Canadian spirit. You need not blush to own us as brothers. A great statesman of the Dominion has declared that "there is not a man in Canada to-day who would not be prepared to spend his life and fortune to maintain the dignity and honour of the British Empire." I am sure this is as true of the West Indies. The federation of Her Majesty's loyal colonies in the New World would herald that greater federation of the Empire for which all ardent Britons long with increasing fervour. Then shall the poet's ideal become the world's chief political fact:

Also, we will make promise. So long as the  
Blood endures,  
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall  
feel that my strength is yours.  
In the Day of Armageddon, at the last great  
fight of all,  
That Our House stand together, and the pil-  
lars do not fall.

*William Thorp.*



# THE NICARAGUA CANAL AND THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

THE VIEWS OF MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE.\*

WHEN the great French engineer made the Suez Canal in spite of England and Lord Palmerston, he shifted back through it the commerce that had since Vasco de Gama toiled round the Cape of Storms. He failed in his effort to break the American barrier between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The ship channel to the East was the dream of Columbus as of the bold explorers of the Arctic passage, and the Antarctic channel of Magellan has proved of little practical value. Whosoever holds the Nicaragua Canal will hold the key of the revolutionized commerce of the world's future. The United States knew what they meant when they took Cuba. As a people we have never known what we meant. A hundred years ago we conquered Cuba with greater loss of men than it has cost the United States, and we gave it back to Spain, *à propos de rien*. We were too short-sighted then to see its command of the future gateway of the Pacific, though Oliver Cromwell, after his conquest of Jamaica in 1655, made systematic efforts to control the transit trade through Nicaragua, by treaties with the Indian chiefs, settlements on the coasts, and the encouragement of the Bluefield buccaneers, Morgan, David, and others.

But it was William Paterson, the shrewd Scot who founded the Bank of England, who also tried to grasp for her what he called the commercial keys of the world, by establishing at the Isthmus of Darien a distributing centre of commerce. The Scots settlement of 1698 was planted in a most unhealthy spot, but, even had the climate been perfect, the opposition of England, whose East India Company feared competition, proved fatal to his success. Our West Indian colonies were forbid-

den to sell food or supplies to the pioneers.

The Indians, finding they were only exchanging Spanish masters for Scots, devastated the country round, and finally, in 1700, a Spanish squadron landed a large force and laid siege to the colony. Stricken with famine and fever, the remnant of the Scots capitulated with the honours of war, taking with them their arms.

Paterson, like other great men who have wide and bold ideas, was persecuted by the Little Englanders of his day. For, like the poor, "they are ever with us."

Nelson's mind saw the situation; to-day he would be dubbed a jingo. In 1780 he made an expedition to seize Castillo Viejo, to secure command of the Nicaraguan lakes and the communications between the two oceans, but the rains set in before it was accomplished. Sickness broke out among his men; his own health, always poor, gave way, and the expedition was abandoned.

Humboldt and Goethe both looked for the opening to Europe of "the gateways of the day." Humboldt spent five years, 1799-1804, exploring the isthmus from Mexico to Peru. He proposed five schemes for uniting the two great oceans, and gave the preference to Nicaragua for its abundant lake water supply on the height of land for a canal both ways.

In 1814 the Spanish Cortes decreed the canal should be built. Too late! the Spanish colonies had revolted. In 1825 the United States of Central America decreed the Canal and there was a Congress at Panama, but the constant disturbances, culminating in the dissolution of the Republic of Central America, prevented progress. In

\*Major-General Strange lived in Canada for a number of years and distinguished himself in the Rebellion of 1835. He now resides in England. Being an ardent Imperialist, he takes the view that Great Britain should not allow the Nicaragua Canal to come under the control of the United States. In the March CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Prof. Adam Shortt wrote an article expressing almost opposite views.

1835 the United States Senate passed a resolution in favor of building the canal, and President Jackson sent Mr. Biddle to examine the routes and negotiate for a concession. He did neither.

In 1838 Captain Edward Belcher, R.N., ascended the Estero Real for thirty miles, and suggested water communication to Lake Nicaragua from the Gulf of Fonseca on the Pacific side. In 1846 Prince Louis Napoleon while an exile in London published a pamphlet demonstrating the immense advantages of a Nicaragua Canal. Becoming President of the French Republic and Emperor, he was otherwise engaged.

In 1847 the British Government advanced claims to the control of the proposed inter-oceanic waterway, the Atlantic terminus having been in the hands of our protectorate on the Mosquito coast since 1824. An expedition under Captain Lock was sent by the Governor of Jamaica, Sir Charles Grey, to occupy the river and the forts of San Juan del Norte (afterwards Greytown), while the Pacific squadron seized the Isla del Tigre in the Gulf of Fonseca. Captain Lock advanced to Grenada, and the Nicaraguan Government signed a treaty by which it undertook no longer to molest the Mosquito territory, or interfere with the occupation of Greytown. Meanwhile, with the approval of the United States the Nicaraguan Government had also signed a contract with an American firm for the construction of a canal. This concession lapsed. It had never been submitted to Congress. The question was finally arranged by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, 1850, by which "the neutrality of all or any, present or prospective inter-oceanic waterways across Nicaragua, was absolutely guaranteed." The text of the treaty is in the appendix to that admirable work "The Key of the Pacific," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun, from which most of the facts and figures of this article are drawn. He treats the subject exhaustively from an engineering point of view and shows how the great Frenchman De Lesseps erred in think-

ing he could make a canal on an ocean level, without locks, through the Isthmus of Panama, which is only about 46 miles in width, and with nowhere more than 300 feet height of land. There being no adequate supply of water on the height of land, the bottom of the canal had to be so depressed, that it was flooded and destroyed by the Chagres river during tropical rains. Finally of £52,000,000 subscribed only £28,000,000 was spent on actual work. £24,000,000 disappeared in the pockets of company promoters, journalists, politicians, swindling engineers and contractors. France was torn with angry recriminations, and the great Frenchman died with his last grand scheme. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for the Suez Canal, that other gateway to the East, which England keeps open to the world.

Will the new gateway to the further East be thus kept open, unless Great Britain holds to the rights accorded by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and keeps her duplicate key in her West India Islands? Between the best of friends, partners or relatives, it is desirable that each should keep their respective keys of the mutual safe.

In addition to the motion in Congress to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and make the Nicaragua Canal an American ditch, to be closed at will to Great Britain, and of course to Canada, comes the monstrous demand of the United States to put war ships on the lakes. With what object? Who is the enemy? Are 60,000,000 people of the United States afraid of being conquered by 6,000,000 Canadians? Wolf and lamb! Both Great Britain and America are forbidden by treaty to put war ships on the lakes. It would be a serious drawback to Great Britain to be obliged to lock up a part of her navy in the inland waters of America. When a new-found friend asks to be allowed to put a pistol to your head as a proof of reconciliation, the man or nation that allows it has no brains worth blowing out.

*T. Bland Strange,*



## EASTER AND EASTER LORE.

THE festival of Easter, like many other customs, is the perpetuation of an old usage, which became the rule in the Christian Church in A. D. 68. Easter derives its name from the Saxon goddess Estre, the personification of the East or Spring. In ancient times it was sometimes called the "Sunday of Joy." Easter has always been considered the chief festival of the Christian year. It is the sanctified symbolism of the wonderful resurrection of Christ; but it is also symbolic of the renewal of life in nature.

It is said that "the ancient Athenes celebrated the awakening of the earth and the blossoming time of the year with pipes and pæns of rejoicing, and processions to the violet crowned hill of the Acropolis."

Our Saxon ancestors continued the celebration of Easter for eight days. After the long penitential season of Lent; after the forty days of doing good, and abstinence from public amusements, marriage festivities and other worldly attractions; and after the long winter's burial, when the earth has been wrapped in sombre shades, the people found legitimate gratification in the celebration of the spring festival. It was a season of joy—joy at the wonderful Resurrection, and for the revivication of nature. "For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the time of the singing of the birds is come."

Easter, being a movable fest, does not fall annually on the same day, but the month Nison (or April) seems peculiarly appropriate for this symbolic festival. In eastern countries vegetation is early, and wondrously beautiful, and at this season the lovely blossoms, which the warm sun and soft spring rains have wooed from their long sleep, fill the air with their fragrant odours.

"Blooming to garland Easter,  
And strew the King's highway."

This annual awakening and activity of the powers of nature from the death of winter, this "Jubilee of the Universe," (There is an old legend, that the sun dances in the sky on Easter Sunday) typifies a greater mystery than return of bird or blossom. It is deeply significant of the resurrection, and the new and nobler conditions of the future life.

During the Easter festival, in earlier times, slaves received their freedom, the poor and needy were helped and feasted, bonfires were lighted, scenic representations, games, songs and dances were indulged in; even the clergy recited from the pulpit stories and legends, for the amusement of their hearers—an odious custom, against which the reformers of the sixteenth century successfully issued their remonstrance.

A game played with egg-shaped balls of various colours, was a favourite sport in which municipal corporations formerly engaged. The game was kept up with considerable pomp and ceremony, even into the early part of the nineteenth century.

The "Feast of Eggs" has ever been the most popular of the Easter observances. The egg is the ancient symbol of the new birth, and a religious significance has always been given to its use at Easter. The Hebrews use them at their Passover feast, and the Persians present each other with delicately tinted eggs, at a feast which they keep, at a period of the year which corresponds with our Easter. The customs connected with Easter eggs are quaint and interesting.

In Scotland on "Pash Sunday," as they call it, the young people rose early, and went out to the moors to search for wild-fowls' eggs for breakfast, considering it a happy omen if they found them. It is still customary to boil eggs hard, dye them different

colours, and give them to children to play with on Easter morning.

The writer of "Sketches of Germany and the Germans" observes that "Easter is another season for the interchange of civilities, when, instead of the coloured egg in other parts of Germany, and which is there merely a toy for children, the Vienna Easter egg is composed of silver, mother-of-pearl, bronze, or some other expensive material, and filled with jewels, trinkets or ducats."

Kohl, in his "Russia," gives this account of a visit to the imperial glass-cutting manufactory: "We saw two halls filled with workmen, employed in nothing else but in cutting flowers and figures on eggs of crystal. Part of them were for the Emperor and Empress to give to their courtiers." The red colour, with which the Russian peasants dye their eggs at Easter, is in memory of the blood of Christ, shed for sin.

William Jones, F.S.A., in his "Credulities Past and Present," says: "In Galicia there still lingers a tradition that somewhere far away, beyond the dark seas, there dwells the happy nation of Rakhmane. They lead a holy life, for they abstain from eating flesh all the year round, with the exception of one day, the 'Rakmanian Easter Sunday.' And that festival is celebrated by them on the day on which the shell of a consecrated Easter egg floats to them across the wide sea, which divides them from the land inhabited by ordinary mortals."

The same author quotes the following from "Emilianne": "In Italy the heads of families on Easter eve and Easter day, send great chargers filled with hard boiled eggs to the church to be blessed. The priest having performed the ceremony, every one carries his portion home, and causeth a large table to be set in the best room in the house, which they cover with their best linen, all bestrewed with flowers, and place around about it a dozen dishes of meat. 'Tis a pleasant sight to see these tables set forth in the houses of great persons,

when they expose on side tables (round about the chamber) all the plate they have in the house, and whatever else they have that is rich and curious, in honour of their Easter eggs, which by themselves make a fair show, for the shells of them are all painted with divers colours and gilt. Sometimes there are no less than twenty dozen in the same charger, neatly laid together in the form of a pyramid. The table continues in the same posture, covered all the Easter week, and all those who come to visit them at that time are invited to eat an Easter egg with them, which they must not refuse."

There are many myths and legends in regard to eggs, in nowise connected with Easter, but which, nevertheless, are quaint and interesting. "Everything springs from the egg, it is the world's cradle," is an oracle of our forefathers, and according to Chinese supposition Pon-Koo-Wong, a human being which came from a vast mundane egg which had divided itself into two parts, created of the upper portion of the shell the heavens, and of the lower part he made the earth.

The Hawaiians have a superstitious legend that their "island was produced by the bursting of an egg which had been laid upon the water by a bird of great size, presumably the eagle, it being considered of great creative power, and that there was no other land."

An ancient custom, which has seized upon the popular mind of our period, of always wearing something new on Easter Sunday, is whimsically described in the following verse:

"Laste Easter I put on my blue frock coat,  
the virst time, vier new;  
Wi' yaller buttons aal 'o brass,  
That glittered in the zun like glass;  
Bekaize 'twer Easter Zunday."

The religious part of the Easter festival in early times consisted mostly in the daily services held in the churches, which were lighted on Easter eve, by immense "Paschal tapers," weighing two or three hundred pounds. On Easter Sunday the people

saluted each other with the Easter Kiss, (the kiss of brotherhood still obtains in the Russian church), and the exclamation, "Christ is Risen"; receiving the reply, "He is risen indeed." The service being over, the people returned to their worldly affairs or gave themselves up entirely to pleasure.

But a gradual metamorphosis has been going on during the long ages, and the heart of man has been moved to a loftier conception of the true mean-

ing of Easter. In striking contrast to the rustic extravagance which characterized the celebration of Easter in ancient times, the festival of the Resurrection is now celebrated with stately and elaborate ceremonial or the joyous simplicity of genuine piety.

And youth and age and joyous spring unite in triumphant rejoicing.

"To greet the Risen King."

*Eva Hamilton Young.*

### THE FALL OF A GOD.

A GOLDEN idol stood in a fane,  
In a gorgeous altar-square;  
And suppliants fell at his feet in vain  
And left rich offerings there.

And he glistered through his ruby eyes,  
His jewels blinked the sun,  
While postulants in various guise  
Implored him one by one.

And mothers prayed for children dead,  
And craved assuagement sweet;  
But he held aloft his golden head  
While the stricken kissed his feet.

And Ali prayed, "Restore my wife!"  
And Mahmoud, "Bless my son!"  
But the idol had no part in life,  
And answered never a one.

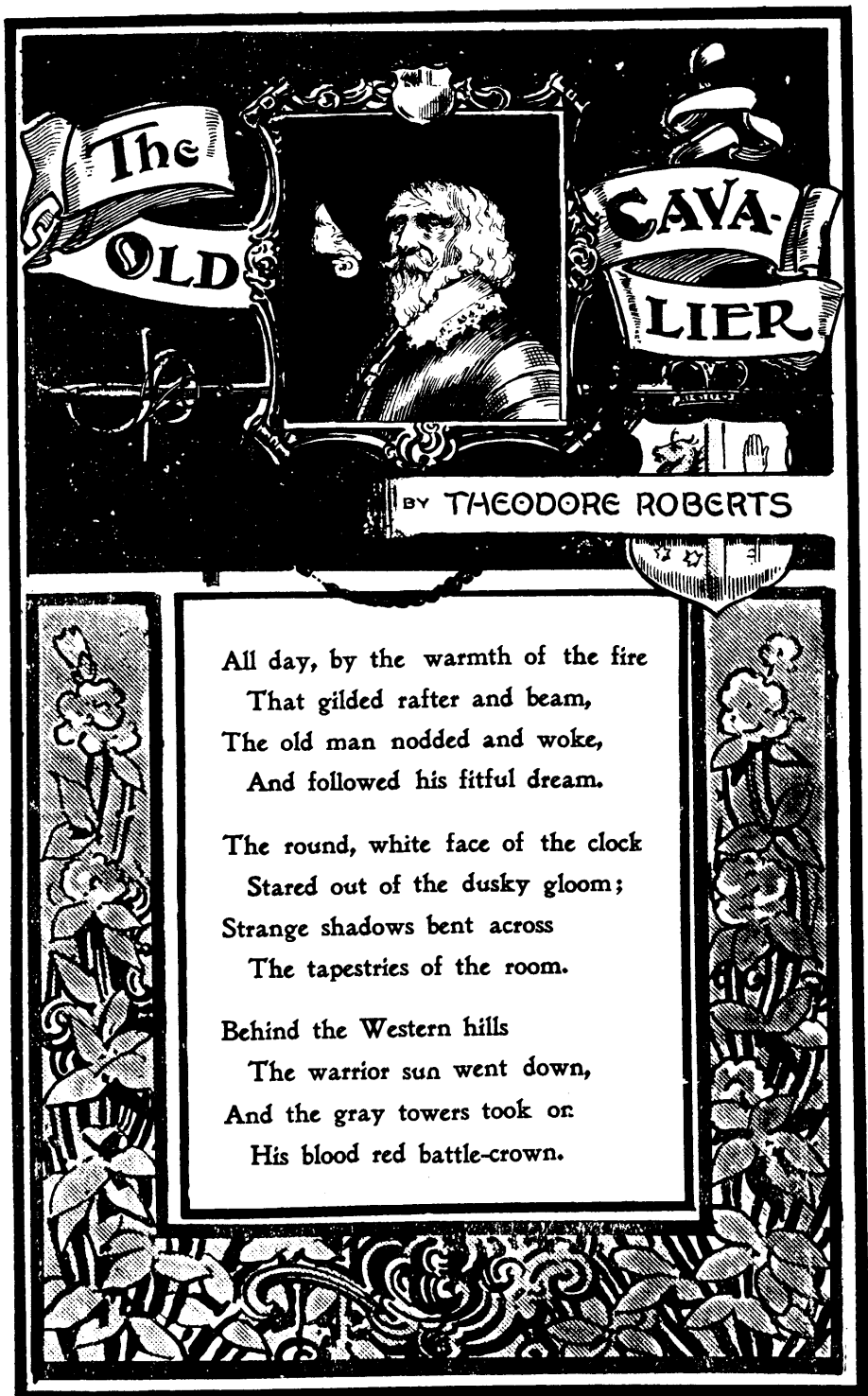
But every pilgrim to the shrine,  
Craved he or balm or bliss,  
Bedewed the idol's feet divine  
With tear or sigh or kiss.

Sweet Lalun, fragile as a leaf,  
All wrapt in Love's despair,  
Her slumbrous eyes all moist with grief,  
Besought the god in prayer.

"Great Ruler of the Perfect Seven,  
Who feelest for my pain,  
Exalt me to my love in Heaven,  
Or give him back again!"

She clasped the idol's feet so fair,  
The golden god gave way!  
He killed the maid, but heard her prayer!  
The idol's feet were clay!

*Franklin Gadsby.*



The  
OLD

CAVA-  
LIER

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

All day, by the warmth of the fire  
That gilded rafter and beam,  
The old man nodded and woke,  
And followed his fitful dream.

The round, white face of the clock  
Stared out of the dusky gloom;  
Strange shadows bent across  
The tapestries of the room.

Behind the Western hills  
The warrior sun went down,  
And the gray towers took on  
His blood red battle-crown.

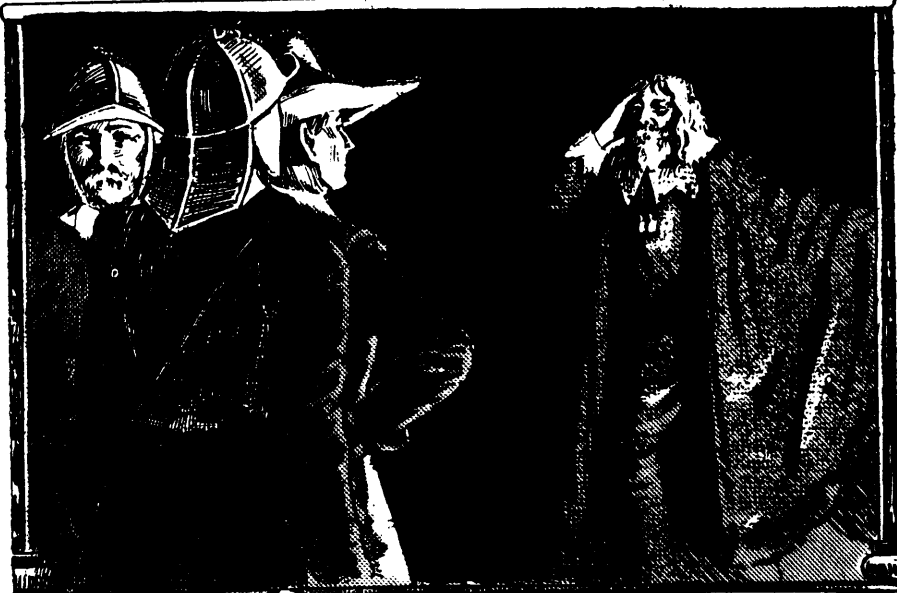
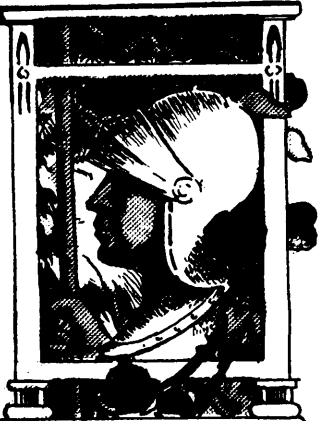


Outside, on the terrace and lawn  
The shades of the yew-trees  
sprawled,  
The pale moon hung in the firs,  
Somebody galloped and called.  
But the old man gazed and dreamed;  
While God, in the shadows there,  
Barred the doors of the Now,  
And the rooms of the Then laid  
bare;  
Till the dreamer stood once more  
At her shrine, and knelt at her  
feet,  
And knew that the world was good  
And his manner of loving complete.



The years of their comrade life  
Came back to his wrinkled brain;  
He watched her eyes, love-filled,  
And kissed her forehead again,

And her hair like the harvest spoil,  
And her lips than wine more red;  
Then the awful day when the nurse  
Told him his love lay dead.



The boy, with its mother's smile  
Came into his shattered heart,  
Blithe and brave and true,  
Of his very being a part;  
'Till a month ago, or an age,  
The stripling galloped away  
To shout for his Church and King,  
And cut and thrust in the fray.



. . . . .  
The oak door swung on its hinges;  
Three soldiers entered the room,  
The old man leaped to his feet  
And peered through the flickering gloom.

He lifted his thin old hands,  
"God bless you, my dutiful son,  
Is the good King back on his throne,  
And the devilish mob undone?"

A trooper stamped with his foot:  
"A curse on your old grey head;  
"Your papist King is in jail,  
"And your dutiful son is dead."

The old man fell by the fire  
That reddened rafter and beam.  
His brave soul slipped the shadows  
And followed his broken dream.

Theodore Roberts.

# The Professor.

HE is a hideous old man, ragged and unclean, whom the frequenters of the Toronto Reference Library know for a strange figure in the reading room, where he often hunts with dirty fingers through the pages of a classical dictionary. He breathes hoarsely with some disease of the throat, and disturbs the whole room with a dry cough repeated at irritating intervals. But he never raises his head there, and the nervous patrons of the place, scowling across the tables at him, see only a greasy muss of hair and beard tangled in discoloured grey.

On the streets his face is more familiar—keen eyes, (the white of them a putrid yellow) scowling sidelong at the curiosity of the passer-by; a complexion unhealthily pitted with black spots, as if of soot; for the rest, coarse hair, as coarse as the beard of a cocoanut. He wears always an old plug hat, faded to the colour of a felt. A frayed ulster is held with a single button on his chest, and he swings one arm insanely as he walks.

That is "the Professor," proprietor of an old bookshop among the Jews on Queen street—to whom mere chance introduced me on a winter's evening. I was looking for an edition of Steele's "Tatler" to match some old volumes of the "Spectator" which I had found in a book store on York street. The Professor's window promised just such another find. I opened his door noisily. There was no counter in his shop. He was reading at a small pine table, and he looked up even with alarm when I came in to him. That face, scowling in the lamplight, was no tradesman's welcome. The place was stifling with

evil smells, and musty. I stood with a hand on the knob of the door. He watched me.

"Have you a 'Tatler?' I said—abruptly, but more words would not come to me."

He raised his eyebrows. "Sir Richard Steele?" he asked.



"He swings one arm insanely as he walks."





"You may find something here."

You must imagine the insinuation of old companionship which the full title carried.

I answered: "Yes, Steele's Tatler;" that I wished it as a companion set for an old "Spectator"; that I had failed to find one in any of the stores.

He took up his lamp and came towards me as I spoke, shading his eyes from the light with a gnarled hand. He wore the frayed overcoat still, for there was no fire in that den of his. I

could just see the old grey face in the shadow, and the glitter of his eyes. The chimney of the lamp was smoked, and the light poor. But I could guess that he was scrutinizing me with some suspicion. I waited for him to speak.

"Steele?" he said, "Addison? Do you read those authors?"

I answered that I did.

"Which?" he asked curiously.

It seemed I was on trial.

"Oh, . . . Swift," I said.

He nodded.

"And Defoe."

He wheezed approval.

"Pope"—

"Pope," he growled.

"Good. He's not the style now, eh?—no, not now . . . Ah, there was a mind."

His sentences were broken with catarrhal snorts of enthusiasm. I could see that I had put him on his hobby. "There was a mind."

I made some fitting answer, and it satisfied him.

"You wanted a Steele," he said, turning to the books. "Well, I haven't one. But"—and he dragged his table over noisily to set the lamp upon it—"look for yourself. You may find something here."

I turned to the shelves. He fingered his beard for a moment's silence while I read the nearest titles. Here were some old Latin texts bound in blackened mahogany and tarnished gold—superseded sciences, philosophies and histories, last century's treatises on metaphysics, some authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and a miscellany of printed waste. Popular literature had apparently no place in his stock.

"There," he broke in, "there's a rare Boileau—seventeen ten. Addison might have read that. Eh? Yes"—grunting his own answer.

I looked at the Boileau in respectful silence.

"John Locke there"—he pointed with a hooked claw—"there beside it."

I turned to it but said nothing.

"Ah, there," he said, "there. Old Lilly's Latin Grammar. A fine old copy." He reached for the volume, seeing that I made no motion to approach it. "A fine old book. See?" he said, stooping with it to the light, "here's the printer's advertisement . . . See?"

I bent over it with him.

"London," he read, "Printed by J. D., to be sold by Jonathan Robinson, at the Rose and Crown, St. Paul's Churchyard, MDCLXXXIX."

"Sixteen eighty-nine," he snuffed. "Eh? Old Jonathan Robinson. Eh?" and he crackled a dry laugh.

I took the book from him, amused with the increased excitement of his manner.

"I've another by the same printer," he said, turning to run his finger along the shelf. "Let us—let us see. Yes . . . Yes. 'Julian's Arts to Undermine Christianity, together with answers to Constantius the Apostate and Jovian'—By Samuel Johnson."

"Not Doctor Johnson," I protested, for the year was 1689 again.

"No—no," he said, petulantly. "Doctor Johnson? No. Give me that Macaulay, volume two."

I picked it out, and handed it to him.

"Johnson—Johnson," he was muttering, "Volume two, chapter six." He rustled through the leaves. "Yes—yes. Ah, here we are—" and be-

gan to read with an impatient lack of continuity, running his finger along the printed lines faster than I could follow. "His name was Samuel Johnson. He was a priest of the Church of England, and had been Chaplain to Lord Russell' . . . 'was one of those persons' . . . um—m . . . 'had published a book entitled Julian the Apostate.' There! Julian the Apostate. Eh? Was imprisoned. Met Speke. Incited the



"Sweet-hearts in seventeen eighty-three."

soldiery to revolt. Fined and flogged. There's your Johnson."

He thrust the Macaulay into my hands. I had read about a paragraph when—

"This," he said, taking up the Johnson, "is historic. More than that too it made history—made it," and patted the old leather cover triumphantly.

I laid down the Macaulay to take the other which he was offering to me.

"It is old," he said with a finger upon an inscription on the fly-leaf.

There was written, in an ink long since faded brown: "George Walker, his book. London, March 22nd, 1783. Miss Quinn presents compliments to the above person, desires he will behave himself better than he has done this Ev'ing."

He watched my interest as I read. "Sweethearts," he chuckled "Seventeen eighty-three. Sweethearts, eh? Sweethearts in seventeen eighty-three."

He croaked it over like a sarcastic crow. I was studying the dainty writing with its French d's and superfluity of flourish.

"A fair, white hand," he chuckled. "A delicate young piece of flesh. Eh? Eh? A rare coquette—in seventeen eighty-three."

There was something ghoulish in his laugh when you read that old message to an impatient lover: "Desires he will behave himself better than he has done this Ev'ing." Sweethearts in 1783.

"You will sell this," I said.

Without a doubt he would—and did.

That was the beginning of a strange acquaintanceship. I found excuses to call upon him frequently thereafter. His senile animation was amusing. His childish pride in his own useless book-learning—the peculiarity of his manner of life—his very repulsiveness—all served to stir a morbid interest. He was thorough in his knowledge of that age of English History and literature which he called the "Classic period"—the age of Queen Anne—and I helped myself gladly to his knowledge at second hand. He had references always ready, and would explain an obscure allusion off-hand. I made good

use of him, and he welcomed my visits always. So I came to find him one night with a can of cold liquor on his table, in a state of exaltation which scorned the printed word.

"Thought," he said, with drunken solemnity, "is alive or dead. That"—waving a scornful hand at his stock-in-trade—"that, boy, is dead—cogitatorum cadavera, the husk of thought. The living thought is here"—and he tapped his cranium through the mat of his greasy grey hair.

I answered that I did not understand Latin. He shook his head at my objection.

"Cogito," he said, "ergo sum, I think, therefore, I am. Thought is life. You hear—you understand—but you do not believe. You have not studied metaphysics. I have. You do not believe the truths of metaphysics." He took up the can of beer. "I do," he said.

I nodded with pretended interest, seating myself upon the corner of his table. He wiped the liquor from his lips with a shaking hand.

"I will speak English" he said loftily, "since you think you understand it. Well."—

He laid his forearm flat on the table, and levering on his elbow, slowly raised his hand. Then he looked at me.

"The law of gravity," he explained, "which Newton discovered in sixteen hundred and ninety-five, demands that my hand remain on the table. . . Well. The law of thought which I discovered in eighteen hundred and eighty-five demands that it shall not remain on the table."

He raised the hand again and let it fall. I nodded sagely. He held me with an unvarying eye.

"Gravity," he continued, "is a natural force. My hand lies on the table. Gravity holds it there. Thought draws on the cord. It rises."

The demonstration was even more ludicrously slow and impressive. I could not suppress a smile. He saw it, and he frowned.

"Stand out there," he said; "out there on the floor."

Seeing that the man was drunk, I thought it best to humour him.

"Put your heels together. Drop your arms. Well. Gravity keeps you there."

He leaned across the table to glare at me with a drunken fixity of gaze that made his face even more unpleasant.

"Gravity keeps you there—keeps you there."

His voice was a hoarse whisper. I held my breath.

"Thought—thought—"

He wrinkled his threatening forehead, drawing down his eyebrows. The hair of his head seemed to move down with them.

"Thought," he whispered, "thought bids you rise."

I swayed and tottered, losing my balance as I supposed. I felt a bit dizzy. He kept his wide, yellow eyes on me—the luminous eyes of a cat.

"Thought," he repeated huskily, "bids you rise."

It seemed that I lifted to tiptoe in an effort to keep my poise. I was light-headed. My feet and fingers tingled.

His face did not move a muscle.

"Thought—thought bids you rise."

The floor sank beneath me, until, with an effort, I could just tap it with a toetip. I gasped a startled breath. It seemed to have lost the power of thought. I felt myself rising in a daze of giddiness. The old man, staring over the table, lifted his horrible eyes slowly, as he sank slowly down. I struggled with myself for words. "Stop," I choked, "Stop. Let me down."

The room came swiftly up at me. I struck stiff-legged on the boards of the floor with such force that the lamp danced and rattled on the table. The jolt jarred me into my senses. I was trembling weakly.

"Now," he smiled, "let us try it together. Thought,"—

I screamed "No," pushing back on the air with both hands, as if the force that had raised me were an arm that

I could grapple with—"No—no!"

He blinked at me drunkenly. "Do you believe?" he said.

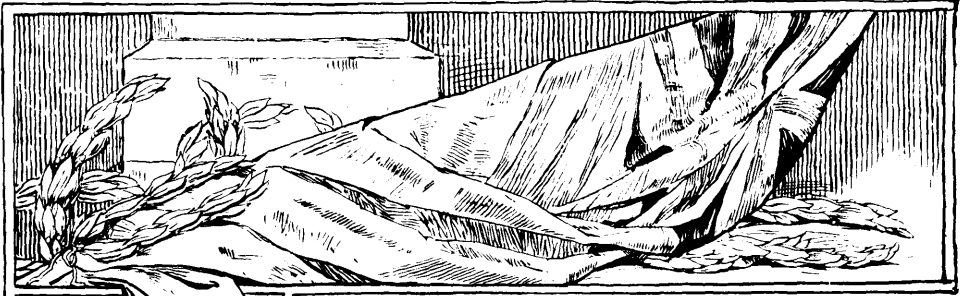
"Ye-es," I stuttered, "yes."

He turned to reach for another drink of liquor. I turned for the door. I had my hand upon the knob before he saw me. "Come back!" he ordered, in a voice deep and steady. "Come back!"

His force drew upon me, but I held to the door-knob. The door pulled open with me. I seized the jamb. My fingers slipped—slipped—and caught in the well of the lock. I drew my body up, clenching my teeth. There seemed to be a suction on my shoulders, on my back, on my legs. I felt as weak as a man wading against a current in water breast-deep. I was panting: "Let me go—let me go." . . . Then the current snapped. I fell forward on the street. A shriek of drunken laughter seemed to thrust me out. . . .

When I stopped running, I found that I had left my hat at the Professor's door where I had fallen. I do not remember that I once thought of returning for it. I was busy calculating how I could get to my own door without attracting too much attention. That walk up the dark back streets, through the frosty night with an uncovered head, slinking like a thief around the circle of the street lights, crossing and recrossing the roadway in the shadow to escape a passer-by, and trembling always with the cold, the nervous shock, the fear that the Professor, with his putrid yellow eyes, was waiting in the darkness to waylay me—I have remembered the terror of it in frequent nightmares since, and it seemed nothing so much as a bad dream at the time.

As for the Professor's demonstration of the natural force of thought—I have described it to an eminent psychologist, and he has pronounced it a mere mesmerism. I am willing to let him keep his theory, rather than disprove it with another experiment.



### THE CHAIN OF EMPIRE.

ROSS BAY CEMETERY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

**T**HROUGH grey salt grass, the April breezes creep ;  
 To your still feet the long blue rollers swing ;  
 The drowsy sea fowl mutter in their sleep ;  
 Above your headstones honeysuckles cling,  
 Flowers of your Eastern home, your English spring.

Silent your camp ! The last camp on that trail  
 Worn between oceans by your tireless feet ;  
 Yet where a new sea spreads, where dry lands fail,  
 Where East and West, where old and new worlds meet,  
 Your grey nurse welcomes you, your work complete.

Wayfaring children, gathered round her breast,  
 Your sea nurse murmurs in your slumbering ears  
 The same brave song that stirred or lulled to rest  
 The stormy hearts of those, your sires and peers,  
 Vikings, and Conquerors, and Pioneers,

Whose oaken keels ploughed roads through seas unknown,  
 To shores unnamed, till English swords had writ  
 Some word of Empire on them. Far and lone  
 Like fledgling eagles, England's outposts sit.  
 'Twas theirs to win ; it has been yours to knit.

Through black battalions, whence the Wood Lords creep,  
 Whitening with age, towards the peaks of God ;  
 O'er dizzy fields, where snow slides plough and reap ;  
 Through those lone lands, where Time and Death abode  
 With Nature brooding, till your brave feet trod,

Ye drave your way. Now red from main to main  
 Your camp fires smoulder still. Around them grow  
 The home fires of your people, one long chain  
 Through apple bloom, and gold of corn, and snow,  
 The chain of love—the only chain they know.

Where were you when the Spirit called you forth ?  
 Dreaming, in old world gardens sweet with stocks,  
 Or, mid the purple heather of the North  
 Watching the wanderings of your half wild flocks,  
 Till some white gull's wing glistened o'er the rocks

And took your eyes out seaward, where the wind  
 Filled the strong sails, and mocked your idle rest?  
 How could you, Viking-bred, have stayed behind,  
 You who had sucked at that old mother's breast,  
 Whose children win the world, from East to West?

How could you go? Whilst Spring with cuckoo calls,  
 With all the music in which wood-birds woo,  
 With hymning larks, and hedgerow madrigals  
 Girlish with sunshine, sweet with cushats' coo,  
 Bade you to dream; how did you dare to do?

Nay rather, could you stay? Through warm red loam  
 Ran the sea rovers' path. A wild salt scent  
 Blown over seas, pierced through the apple bloom;  
 The dove's soft voice, with Ocean's call was blent.  
 You could not stay; you could not be content.

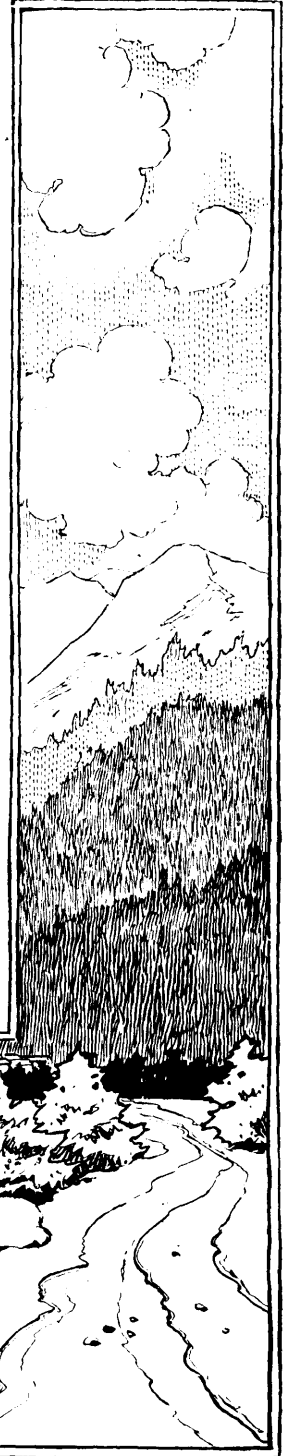
How could you rest? whilst thick on every hand  
 The air grew foul with smoke, men cried for bread,  
 With half a world untrod, they prayed for land,  
 For room to breathe, for leave to work and wed.  
 They needed leaders. God be praised, you led.

What was it that ye slew? An old world's gloom.  
 What won? A staunching of sweet woman's tears;  
 Bread for the children; for the strong men, room;  
 Empire for Britain; for your failing years  
 Rest, in the front rank of Her pioneers.

Oh seed of Empire! Stones on which we set  
 That Greater Britain, which is yet to be;  
 Here, where the furthest West and East are met,  
 Sleep, whilst your old nurse croons for lullaby,  
 Thanks of a Realm, that owes you Unity.

*Clive Phillipps-Wolley.*

VICTORIA, B. C.



## SOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

*Last Paper.*

### GENERAL REMARKS.

SOME persons have wondered why a Canadian publication should devote any space to a series of papers on actors and actresses, and, I suppose, why a Canadian should trouble himself to collect information for such a series. But the stage must not be overlooked. It may not—in Canada—be everything it should be; there may be difficulty in discovering and locating just where it is doing much to elevate or instruct the public; but the stage is undoubtedly a factor in the social life of the people. Some time ago I was talking with the editor of one of the leading magazines in New York, and he said that any paper or article on the stage or on some of the leading act-

resses and musicians of the day was eagerly sought after by the majority of magazine readers. One does not need to go outside of Montreal or Toronto to discover proof of the growing interest in music and elocutionary art, amateur or professional. These are branches of the tree of Canadian civilization and as such must be broadly considered.

But it has not been the purpose in these articles to be either critical or analytical. The aim has been simply to tell something about a few of the more notable people who have adopted the stage as a profession, and who are in various branches of stage art finding much public approval and approbation. To them, a career behind the footlights is the serious business of life.

Most of them have devoted years of patient study in more or less successful efforts to achieve greatness. To indicate this seriousness and these efforts it is sufficient to describe these actors and actresses as they are, leaving it to the reader's wider knowledge of literature and music and of the world in general to appraise these men and women at their true worth.

### MISS ADA REHAN.

One of the most notable events of the present theatrical season is the triumph of Miss Ada Rehan's Portia at Daly's Theatre, New York. Much is always expected of Miss Rehan and she is always up to the expectations of her admirers. In Portia, however, Miss Rehan seems to have surpassed expectations, and the severest critics have been compelled to accord her the



ADA REHAN AS BEATRICE.

highest praise. Mr. Daly's thorough schooling has made her first of all a mistress of the technique of her art. Throughout the play Miss Rehan is mistress of the rôle. She passes from the lighter to the graver shadings with a certainty of effect that leaves little to be desired, so noble is her diction and so alluring her personality. Her lines are uttered with the correctness, flexibility and justness of rhythm that have always marked her splendid delivery. Her great success was, as it should have been, in the most difficult passage—"the quality of mercy" speech, that is capable of being read either so wretchedly or so magnificently. The climax of the description of mercy—"it is an attribute to God himself,"—had a reverential majesty that has rarely, it is admitted, been reached before on the stage. The effect was the consummation of the highest intelligence in reading; but for the moment it was as if some majestic minister of the Most High were speaking from the chancel of a cathedral. The character of Portia appears to some to be absolutely simple, but it is really one of the most difficult of interpretation of all the comedy heroines of our greatest poet. For it requires personal beauty, such as can enchant by sensuous charm and at the same time command homage with cold and stately dignity; it exacts impetuous grace as well in the utterance of laughing raillery as in the breathing of passionate love—and these attributes must be combined with a fine authoritative mentality, great ethical fervour, a gentle charitable disposition, and the gift of eloquence. There is nothing small or narrow about Portia; all her thoughts are worthy and her distinguishing trait is a spontaneous though discerning magnanimity. Miss Ada Rehan enters



ADA REHAN AS LADY TEAZEL.

naturally and easily into such a character because of her temperamental affinity with it, and, as she has brilliantly proved, she is able to personify the lady of Venice because of her complete control of the means of dramatic expression of high comedy. Mr. Augustin Daly's production of "The Merchant of Venice" cannot fail to impress every thoughtful observer with a sense of prodigal luxury and noble intellectual effort—it is so artistic and so wholly admirable. In every scene there is visible the magic touch and the great mind of this marvellous wizard at work in his Temple—for such is the common name in New York for Daly's Theatre.

HALLETT THOMPSON.

Having every advantage of birth and education, being the son of a late Judge





HALLETT THOMPSON.

of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, and given the best training procurable in Boston, Hallett Thompson is an actor whose equipment, viewed in conjunction with his achievements, justifies the belief that a most enviable place will soon be his among the best players of America. After two years studying the various arts pertaining to the stage and three years doing numerous rôles at the Boston Museum, Mr. Thompson was engaged with Mr. James O'Neill, with whom he appeared for about five years in a wide range of romantic and Shakespearean parts. Last September Mr.

\*Since the above was written Mr. Thompson has scored a success as the Duke in "The Musketeers," at Broadway Theatre, New York.

Thompson became leading man of the Theatre Français in Montreal, but left there in November to fill a similar position at the Bowdoin Square Theatre in Boston. But he became so great a favourite in Montreal that the management there succeeded by means of shekels in inducing him to return. Hallett Thompson, by virtue of his talents, should be in one of the leading theatres on Broadway.\*

#### MISS MADGE LESSING.

Miss Madge Lessing is the magnet among the magnets of Mr. George W. Lederer's attractions at the New York Casino. For excellence of figure and face Madge Lessing has all the exquisite points that metamorphose into phrases of surpassing beauty under the magic pen of a poet. As the first part of the title rôle in "Jack and the Beanstalk," and as Ilona in "A Dangerous Maid," Miss Lessing has pleased the city that burns so much incense



MISS MADGE LESSING.

at the shrine of girlish prettiness. For New York, like all the world, worships the desire of the eyes.

PEARL SEWARD.

The ladies and gentlemen in Lincoln J. Carter's dreadful pathetic melodramas are, with the necessary exception of the inky labelled villain and his naughty assistants, always extremely pure. Hence it is difficult to make them possible, not to say natural. I admit having seen only "The Heart of Chicago," and "Under the Dome." But how droll are Mr. Carter's heart-rending situations, and what a pousse-café is his weird rhetoric! Yet how I wish I could say he wrote the scenery! However, these melodramas are said to have earned him a bank account of five hundred thousand dollars. And sometimes he has clever people. One of these is

Miss Pearl Seward, who last season did the chic and tempting soubrette and this season plays Nora Considine, the pretty heroine in "Under the Dome"—and plays it well. She will be heard from. She is destined for better things.

MISS MARIE FLOYD BARRYMORE.

Astronomers relate stories about stars disappearing for a while from our atmosphere and afterwards returning to shine

again. The tale is common in the theatric firmament. They unite with another body, and pass, usually for a brief time, from the public vision. But once an actor always an actor. Just five years ago, when a bright career was opening to Miss Marie Floyd Barrymore, by virtue of the personal charms and the rare mental and histrionic gifts with which she is so amply endowed, she married and retired.

But this spring she returns to the boards, and that means to the public vision. They are all talented, that family. There's Maurice Barrymore, at once the most brilliant wit in America, and the handsome idol of the matinée girls; his son, Lionel Barrymore, this season with Sol Smith Russell; there is the fascinating sister, Ethel Barrymore, this season with her uncle, John Drew; and there was the matchless Georgie Drew Barrymore.

And now Marie Floyd Barrymore will bring new glories to this favoured family. She possesses the necessary equipment to attain gratifying success, youth and beauty, intellect and temperament, experience and ambition. It is not definitely settled yet whether her re-entrance will be made in New York or London.

MISS CORONA RICCARDO.

A brunette edition of Sarah Bern-



MISS PEARL SEWARD.



MARIE FLOYD BARRYMORE.

hardt—the type is now incarnate in the sensuous young Italian, Corona Riccardo, and the hallmarks of the divine Parisienne have been given to the beautiful Neapolitan—temperament, intellect, magnetism, and that intangible quantity or quality before which the world bows down, and which, for poverty of words to express the phases and powers of the soul, it calls personality.

It is an evidence of Wilson Barrett's perspicacity that he discovered this young lady two years ago, when she was but nineteen, and wrote for her, and entrusted to her portrayal the part of Ancaria in "The Sign of the Cross," though this was her first effort

on any stage. But his judgment was soon confirmed, and the Italian girl was promoted to the rôle of Berenice in the same masterpiece of dramatic literature. Being strikingly handsome — her hair inky black, her complexion olive, her eyes dark violet, her figure svelte, a sensuous languor in all the movements of her supple body—she looked to the very life the seductive young patrician of Rome who was so intensely in love with Marcus Superbus. But she did more. She played it as a girl with all the fire of the sunny land of romance in her blood, with all its passion in her voice and with all its temptation in her voluptuous grace. And this both in New York and London.

During the present season Miss Riccardo has been acquiring the wide experience that is to be gained only by playing a great variety of parts in an extensive repertoire, and establishing her popularity throughout the leading



MISS BARRYMORE AS JULIETTE.

towns and cities of the United States and Canada. She has been leading lady with Mr. Robert Mantell, impersonating all the heroines of his romances and tragedies, from Diane in "Monbars" to Desdemona in "Othello," which latter rôle she played also with Mr. Wilson Barrett during the illness of Miss Maud Jeffries.

Next season Corona Riccardo will be at the head of her own company, and the list of plays she has elected to appear in is unique. It speaks much for her originality and ambition. Here it is:—"Anna Karenina," being a dramatization of Tolstoi's novel, by Horace McVicker; "Gabrielle," from a play by Dumas, which Beerbohm Tree produced under the title of "The Silver Key"; and "Fedelma," by William Young, who drew his inspiration from George Eliot's poem, "The Spanish Gypsy."

She will astonish us yet, for she is an actress, not an automaton. She has a brilliant future, this convent-bred girl—who was born in Naples, educated in France, has already won distinct success in America and England, and who reminds me of a snake. Corona Riccardo has fascination and genius.

MISS OLIVE HOFF.

To follow the gifted Annie Irish in

any rôle is a task not easy of accomplishment. To do so with marked success is an evidence of the possession of talent of a high order. This Miss Olive Hoff is doing during the present season as Maid Marian in the dramatic version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in Mrs. Fiske's company. Nature has been kind to Miss Hoff in the way of personal charms, but she has the good judgment

not to rely solely on these, but to press forward in her art by hard and studious work. She is another proof that the reign of the stage blonde is over, and the day of the brunette has come.

The critic of *Toronto Saturday Night* thus speaks of Miss Hoff and the other members of the company:

"The company supporting Mrs. Fiske is wisely selected. Who could possibly play the part of John Durbfield as well as John Jack? or who play

Alec Stoke-D'Urberville as Frederick de Belleville plays it? The two country bumpkins also, and the milkmaids are well presented. Olive Hoff, as Marian, at times gave evidence, I thought, of considerable dramatic force, although the eccentric part in which she appeared gave poor opportunity for its display."

This leads me to speak of Mrs. Fiske



CORONA RICCARDO AS ANCARIA  
In "The Sign of the Cross."



OLIVE HOFF.

of whom I wrote in the February issue. She found much favour with the Canadian people on her recent visit. The same critic quoted above says: "Preserved for long in the memory will be the little figure of a stricken woman who made no outcry, but who stood dumb in terror—the Tess of Mrs. Fiske. The average actress would tear the passions into tatters in such a rôle—would scream and sob, and multiply for a great occasion the intensity of those mean evidences whereby a woman discloses the presence of a petty grief. But Tess, who would cried if merely exasperated, cried not in her moments of tragedy. We have a great play by a great player—one of the performances that will stand clearly forward from the common rout of things theatrical. This is one of those achievements that go into tradition."

*W. J. Thorold.*

#### THE MAYFLOWER.

WHEN the heart of the waking earth  
 Quickens the pulse of Spring,  
 And beauty dreams of birth  
 In many a sleeping thing ;  
 Then the shy arbutus flower  
 Wakes from a bed of gloom,  
 And Spring's most perfect dower  
 Opens its dreams of bloom.

Thou hint of a Spring eternal  
 On some far, undreamt-of shore,  
 Where the airs are ever vernal  
 And the snows return no more,  
 Breathe into my life thy sweetness,  
 That mystical charm of thine,  
 Which lends thy being completeness,  
 And makes thy beauty divine.

*Bradford K. Daniels.*

## MICHILIMACKINAC.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH BY JUDGE ERMATINGER.

### *Second Paper.*

DURING the period from 1763 to 1796, when the post was first handed over to the United States, a succession of British Lieutenant-Governors, Commissioners of Indian Affairs and military and naval commanders, held sway at Michilimackinac. Their official reports, letters and accounts furnish a tolerably complete history of the post during this period, while not a few misunderstandings, personal quarrels, bickerings and petty jealousies add spice to the records. Lieutenant-Governor Patrick Sinclair, who succeeded Major DePeyster as Commandant, had the Fort removed in 1780 from the southern peninsula to the island. The Indian title to this island he acquired for the Crown by a deed bearing the customary pictured signatures of the Chiefs, for an expressed consideration of £5,000 New York currency. Though apparently a painstaking officer, he appears to have suffered from more than the usual number of complaints from his subordinates to headquarters.

Perhaps the most notable of the Governors of Michilimackinac during this period, however, was one of its earliest Commandants, Major Robert Rogers, the noted Commander of "Rogers' Rangers" during the war between England and France, the hero of so many daring adventures and fierce conflicts in the region of Lake George. He was sent by General Amherst to take over Detroit, which he did on 29th November, 1760. Forced by the lateness of the season, and consequent storms and frost, to turn back before reaching Michilimackinac, where he was to perform a similar service, he returned to New York, but was back again at Detroit during Pontiac's siege, where he fought at Bloody Run.

In 1765 he went to England, where his books were then published. In 1766 he was appointed Governor of Michilimackinac, and became the central figure in one of the strangest episodes which mark the history of the post during the period of English occupation.

Major Rogers was a native of New Hampshire, and familiar from his youth up with all the phases of border life. His was one of the most striking figures in the events of the five years preceding the conquest of Canada by the English, and he and his Rangers formed a branch of the service indispensable in the warfare of those days, in the regions where they served. Equally at home in the forest or on the lake, with gun, knife, oar or paddle, on snowshoes or on skates—they scouted with the sagacity of the Indian and fought with the courage of the white man. Parkman, in his *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, describes Rogers as "a man tall and strong in person and rough in feature. He was versed in all the arts of woodcraft, sagacious, prompt and resolute, yet so cautious withal that he sometimes incurred the unjust charge of cowardice. His mind, naturally active, was by no means uncultivated, and his books and unpublished letters bear witness that his style as a writer was not contemptible."\* The gifted author then proceeds to darken the picture, and, among other facts mentioned in proof of Rogers' faults, he narrates that "six years after the expedition, of which I am about to speak"

\*Sir William Johnson, in one of his letters published in the New York Colonial Documents, reflecting on Major Rogers, refers to him unjustly as an "illiterate" man. Rogers' friends say Johnson was animated by jealousy of Rogers. In his *Wolfe and Montcalm* Parkman writes in even less complimentary terms of Rogers.



MAJOR ROGERS.

*This picture is taken from a photographic copy of an engraving published at London about the beginning of the Revolutionary War.*

(the expedition to take over Detroit in 1760), "he was tried by court-martial\* for meditated act of treason, the surrender of Fort Michilimackinac into the hands of the Spaniards, who were at that time masters of Upper Louisiana." The documents to which I am about to refer charge Rogers with the design of joining the French, not the Spaniards; but it is not for the purpose of pointing out this discrepancy—nor the fact that the court-martial could not have been held less than some eight (not six) years after 1760, as will presently appear—that Parkman's words are quoted, but to show the omission of the generally accepted facts tending to the vindication of Rogers' character, that the court-martial resulted in his discharge, and that he subsequently proceeded to England and was received by the King. With no desire to impugn the reputation—too well established to admit of question—of the illustrious departed writer for carefulness in research and impartiality of judgment, the propriety of this omission may nevertheless be questioned.

Many members of the Rogers family, now living in Canada and elsewhere, feel keenly the strictures of Parkman and other writers upon the character of their noted kinsman, and in one instance at least attempt was made to obtain a reconsideration of his judgment by Mr. Parkman before his death. A letter written by him in 1885, lately come to the present writer's hands, indicates the documents on which he based his judgment, and states that he would be particularly glad to have any new light upon Major Rogers. The proceedings of the court-martial are not, however, among the documents to which he refers. Until they are brought to light,† Colonel Rogers—for such was his later rank—must

be presumed innocent. If not so, he must have been pardoned by his Sovereign, who received him, and in whose service he was subsequently raised to the rank of colonel. It is due to Mr. Parkman to say, that the evidence on which Rogers was arrested for high treason was of a very serious character, if entitled to credit, while, in his letter already alluded to, Parkman refers to General Gage's unpublished correspondence, and to Sir William Johnson, as reflecting seriously upon Rogers. The evidence which led to his arrest consisted chiefly of the deposition of a Mr. Potter.

Potter was Major Rogers' clerk and, according to his deposition, the Major was indebted to him. He stated that in July, 1767, Rogers informed him that he was in debt to several traders, whom he was unable to pay and that this gave him great uneasiness; that he was therefore resolved to apply to the Government of England to do something to better his situation, and that he wished they would erect the country about Michilimackinac into a separate province and make him Governor of it, with a command of three companies of Rangers, independent of Sir William Johnson or the commander-in-chief of the forces in America; that this would satisfy him and make him easy and nothing else would; and he proposed to Mr. Potter to go to England to make these proposals to the English Government in his behalf and to let him know in the speediest manner possible the success of his negotiation, for that, if he did not meet with success he would immediately upon receiving notice of his disappointment, quit his post and retire to the French towards the Mississippi and enter into the service of the French, where he was sure to meet with better encouragement; that he had lately

\*Cooley, in his *History of Michigan* (2nd Ed., p. 78), says: "Rogers was arrested and sent to Montreal for trial, but whether he was actually tried or not is not known."

†They do not appear to be in the Canadian archives. Search has been made for them in England. Lord Strathcona, with whom the writer communicated, in a courteous letter in

reply, states that he has been in communication with the war office on the subject, that the Adjutant-General informed him that it is believed Major Rogers was tried and acquitted at Montreal in 1768, but that there is no trace in the war office of the proceedings of the court martial.



had a letter from one Hopkins,\* who was then in the French service, offering him great encouragement if he would embrace the French interest and stir up the Indians against the English. If he did take this step and retire among the Indians and French, he further, according to Potter, asserted that he would not go empty handed, but would in that case get into his hands all the goods he could, both from traders and others, by right or wrong, he cared not how, and that he had already made preparations for such a step. On Potter refusing to engage with him in this design, he says Rogers flew into a violent passion, threatened that he would never pay him a farthing of his indebtedness to him, and to kill him if he revealed his purposes. On Potter's expressing himself as in conscience bound to reveal these purposes to the proper authorities, he says that the Major took up a spear and threatened him with instant death, whereupon the hapless Potter, having called in vain for help—they were alone in the Major's room—dropped to his knees and begged for mercy. Several other scenes of violence are deposed to by Potter, ending in his being knocked down in the presence of the guard, by the choleric Governor, who, he says, had previously demanded a note of hand for £55 12s. and discharges for several other sums, which the Major is alleged to have owed him. He moreover charges his employer, the King's representative, with having entered his lodging during his absence, and appropriated "a silver-hilted sword, worth six guineas, a fowling piece, twenty pounds weight of beaver skins, a hat and other wearing apparel." It would be interesting to know whether these articles had ever

previously belonged to the Major, as otherwise such pilfering as this by a Governor from his clerk is scarcely credible.

Potter was finally advised by Mr. Roberts, the Commissary for Indian Affairs, to apply to Captain Speismacher, the commanding officer of the troops, for protection from the Governor's violence. He did so and afterwards received no further injury from the Major. On the 29th August he left Michilimakinac for Montreal, where, following the suggestion of Lieutenant Roberts, the commissary, Captain Claus had his deposition taken by Chief Justice Hay on 29th September. Roberts adds some "further information of Potter," giving additional particulars concerning the Major's designs, furnished by the informer, summed up in the somewhat alarming statement "that he intends to raise a damned Hubbub in the garrison and then leave it." "Every appearance," says Roberts, "tallies so much with this that I have desired Mr. Claus to send Mr. Potter to you to be further examined." Accordingly Mr. Potter is examined and passed on to Quebec where Sir Guy Carleton furnishes him with a letter to enable him to obtain an audience with Lord Shelburne "before whom he is desirous of laying some matters of consequence which occasion his voyage to Britain." Copies of Potter's deposition were also sent to General Gage and Sir William Johnson.

In due time Potter's mission or his deposition bore fruit and on 6th December Captain Speismacher received an express from the commander-in-chief, appointing him commander of the post (Michilimakinac) with orders to confine Major Rogers for high treason. A letter of the Captain's unaddressed, bearing date 30th January, 1768, would be worthy of reproduction here, did space permit, if only as a specimen of the Hessian English of a British officer of that day. In it he proceeds to narrate how that "the 30th Jany. last"—the very day, by the way, on which his letter appears to have been dated—

\*Joseph Hopkins, a native of Maryland, is said to have been in former days an intimate friend of Rogers, and to have formerly served in the 18th Regiment and later as captain in an independent corps, after which he joined the French and served as a colonel in St. Domingo. A copy of what purports to be a letter dated 9th April, 1766, from him to Rogers, appears in the N.Y. Col. Documents, Vol. VIII., p. 993.

“happily for us and this post, cum in the Evening a Canadian, born here and spoak the Indian languach, boren with natural sence, told me he had a Secret of great importance to communicate to me,”—which was to the effect that Major Rogers had sent for him to come and save his life, that the Major was in the “Frens” interest and would make his fortune, and that all the soldiers in the garrison but 3 or 4 were his friends. It further appeared that the Major purposed to take Detroit and “Illinois.” Speismacher appears, from his own account, to have thought it well to obtain corroborate evidence of the truth of this informer’s story—and probably of Potter’s statements as well—and he and a “Mr. Frobisiere, who understood French (while the conspiracy was carry’d on in that language),” were in the evening concealed in a position to overhear the informer and the Major’s orderly, David Follerton, in secret conversation. Apparently the results were not considered sufficiently satisfactory, for the Captain, Mr. “Frobisiere” and Lieut. Christie “conjunctly consulted ferder to get more certainty”—to again quote the captain’s *ipsissima verba*. “Mr. Frobisiere then proposed a scam that the informer should one more goe to the major to assure him his Friendship, and at the same time to now what the major was to do for him, for so great an undertaking he did as deseer’d, and the same Evening he returned, the 4 night of Febr., to our Joy he brought to me a promising not, which he saw wrot and signed by Major Rogers, now in my possession.

“The words are wrot as follows

“At Michilimakinac 4th Febr 1768 I promiss to pay M. Josph Ans. annaly an hundert Pound for Five years successfully to carry me to Mr. Hopkins

“As witness my Hand

“Robt. Rogers.

“The whole being this settled and found that all was true and discoverd every things, and Different Oaths taken, signd and Seald, Lieut. Christie undertook, tho’ very unwell, to keep a

strick guard till Revaillee Beating. . . . . Rogers and David are now in Irons and centrys over them and the guard in the major’s Houss Res’d till the vessel arrev’d to take them from this.”

Not to mention the prophetic character of the Captain’s letter, assuming its date to be correct—though it probably was not—the orthography of the “promissing not” seems rather that of Captain Speismacher or “M. Josph Ans.” (presumably Ainsee, an interpreter) than of Major Rogers, whose style as a writer, Parkman himself says, was “not contemptible.”

The letter, from which these brief extracts are made, is endorsed “Letter of Intelligence from Michilimakinac relative to Major Rogers, delivered to Lord Hillsborough by Mr. Guinaud, a merchant of London. Read by the King.”\*

King George III. could appreciate this epistle, the style of which resembled in some degree that of his grandfather and predecessor, George II., and, though Lord Hillsborough, Secretary of State, influenced doubtless by Potter’s and Sir William Johnson’s statements, in a letter dated March 12th, 1768, refers in most condemnatory terms to the behaviour of Rogers and his correspondence with Hopkins, † the best evidence of the impression made upon the King is that, though a court-martial is said to have been ordered and held, Major Rogers was subsequently received at Court and raised to the rank of colonel.

The contention or theory of Rogers’ friends, based largely on family tradition, is that jealousy, on the part of Sir William Johnson, of Rogers’ growing influence with the Indians, led to a conspiracy to overthrow the Major. Colour is lent to this by the fact that Lieut. Roberts was sent, at the suggestion of Johnson, to Michilimakinac as Commissary of Indian Affairs, and as

\* This letter as well as Potter’s deposition have been reproduced from copies in the Canadian archives, in the Historical Publications of Michigan and Wisconsin.

† N.Y. Col. Docs., Vol. VIII. p. 36.

a check upon Major Rogers' dealings with the Indians. Roberts appears to have been also in confidential communication with Guy Johnson, the nephew and son-in-law of Sir William Johnson. Capt. Claus, already referred to, was another son-in-law of his.

Roberts was twice placed under arrest and finally sent away a prisoner in 1767 by Rogers' orders. Immediately after his first arrest, he retaliated by accusing Rogers of High Treason, but subsequently withdrew the charge. A very brief reconciliation took place, followed by the second arrest of Roberts and his departure from Michilimackinac, when the charge against Rogers was again preferred, supported by Potter's affidavit, with the results already mentioned. After the court-martial, Rogers and Roberts met in Montreal and, it was alleged, the ex-Governor pulled the ex-Commissary's nose. Whether that organ was actually tweaked or not is historically doubtful, as Roberts wrote Sir William Johnson that the Major in his wrath, put his hand to his (Roberts) face, but merely *threatened* the indignity mentioned. Certain it is, however, that the Major demanded satisfaction of Roberts for "bribing Potter to swear his life away," and that a duel was arranged to be fought the next morning at the Mill outside the Recollet gate. A friend of Roberts', however, caused the Commandant and Town Major to interfere and prevent the meeting. In England, whither the Major soon after went, he was received with much favour and obtained redress, while Roberts, who followed him, felt it necessary to arm himself with a letter from Sir William Johnson, for fear no notice should be taken of him, and, as he wrote Sir William, "the triumph would be too great, for our enemies."<sup>\*</sup>

Colonel Rogers' subsequent career, which has formed the subject of further attack — and misrepresentation his friends and admirers maintain—is foreign to our subject. His *Journal*, pub-

lished in England in 1765, furnishes an interesting account of his adventures up to 1761. He died in England in 1784.\*

Old as Michilimackinac is as a military post, it was not until the present century that it became the scene of hostile military operations—the massacre of 1763 not deserving to be so designated. The war of 1812, however, brought the American and British forces face to face upon the island on two occasions—once when on 17th July, 1812, Lieutenant Hanks, in command of the Fort (which had been handed over to the United States in 1796) with his garrison of 57 effective men, including officers, awoke to find that war had been declared, the intelligence being conveyed to him with a flag of truce and a demand to surrender from Captain Charles Roberts, the British commander, who with a force of 42 regulars, but swelled to about 1,000 men by the presence of a large body of Canadians and Indians, had during the night gained the height commanding the fort and placed a gun there; a demand which the American officer wisely obeyed—and once again when on 4th August, 1814, Lt.-Colonel Croghan, in command of an

\*Lt.-Col. R. Z. Rogers, of the Canadian Militia, in a lecture delivered by him before the Canadian Military Institute at Toronto in January, 1891, published in their proceedings, says:

"A short time after that (Pontiac's siege) he went to England, as mentioned before, and on the 10th of January, 1766, he was appointed Governor of Michilimackinac, the duties of which he entered on in August of that year. In September, 1767, he was recalled, and proceeded to Montreal to answer a malicious charge preferred against him by parties who quarrelled with him in the West. He was honorably acquitted and his expenses paid by the British Government. On arrival at Baltimore he was arrested by the Revolutionists, but released on parole, which parole was broken by his assailants in arresting him the second time, from which he made his escape, and then proceeded to reorganize his Rangers on a war footing. Before the end of the Revolutionary War Rogers had to go again to England, and was succeeded in the command of the Rangers by Colonel Simcoe. . . . Major Rogers did not again return to America, but died in England in 1784."

<sup>\*</sup>See Johnson M.S. and appendix to Hough's Edition of Rogers' Journal.

American force, effected a landing on the west end of the island and attempted to push his way to, and retake, the fort. Coming unexpectedly upon the British, who, duly warned, had advanced to meet him and occupied an advantageous position, he was obliged to retreat to his ships after losing a gallant officer—Major Holmes—and a considerable number of men.

From this period until the peace, when the island was restored to the United States, the Fort was undisturbed.

The modern tourist, who is sufficiently active and not too nervous to climb the somewhat rickety wooden tower at the former British Fort George, now known as Fort Holmes, is well repaid for his trouble. Elevat-

ed above that spot—the highest on the island—where the British planted their gun on 17th July, 1812, his eye commands an immense sweep of blue waters and green woods—a cyclorama of surpassing loveliness. The twin lakes, Huron and Michigan, kiss the shore on either hand; below are the neighbouring islands, the two peninsulas in the distance, north and south, Fort Mackinac almost at his feet, swift moving steamers, fleet yachts, white-winged sail boats, the blue canopy over all, flecked mayhaps with fleeting gossamer clouds which cause faint shadows to pass over the face of the deep—all combine to delight the eye, inspire the imagination, awaken the memory, and elevate the mind and soul, as few scenes can.

[THE END.]

## A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

*A Romance in Twelve Chapters.*

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

AFTER the day when, alone upon the hillside, Sidney watched Len Simpson's funeral wind along the narrow ways of Dole, there ensued for him a sweet calm interlude—a tranquil period, yet surcharged with potentialities.

It was the space between the casting of the grain into the ground and the first blade. At such a time there is no stir upon the surface of the earth, yet in its brown bosom the vital germinal growths are beginning; the husk of individuality is bursting, the tap-root of deeper sympathy is searching for sustenance; and at last upon some happy morning a green glow gladdens the sky, and we say: "Lo, the new grain!"

and offer thanks for the promise of the gracious harvest.

But all the after-vigour of the plant depends upon that silent time in the darkness. So the whole fabric of Sidney's after-life was built up from the beginnings made in that uneventful month, whose days are difficult to chronicle, as beads which slip down the string and mingle with each other are to count. It passed like a lover's dream to Sidney, to be remembered afterwards as a season of peace and happiness whose source and sense eluded analysis.

The calm happiness which encompassed the lives of Mabel and Lanty lay like a benediction upon the house, and the hearts beneath its benison rested for the moment like a congre-

gation hushed after the last Amen, and not yet surrendered again to the worldly cares and sordid joys which wait without the sanctuary doors.

But as one in the peaceful congregation may writhe in the hair shirt of personal perplexity, so Vashti Lansing beneath her calm smile suffered agonies in those days.

Is there any torture more poignant than the cry of "Peace, Peace" when there is no Peace?

She was very pale, the insolently perfect oval of her face had fined a little, there was a hint of a break in the suave curve of her cheek, and this, albeit an imperfection, lent her beauty a new and subtle charm of appeal.

She was very quiet, too, and now and then a tender wistfulness dimmed her eyes, softening the majesty of her brow alluringly. When Sidney saw this he felt his heart go out to her more strongly than ever.

"Unconsciously," he said to himself, "her sweet, strong nature covets the joy of loving and being loved;" and there welled up within him that indulgent and protective tenderness which all good men feel for the women they love.

Vashti Lansing had never appeared so gentle, so womanly, so good, as at this juncture when all the evil in her was rising, and gathering, and forming into malevolent purpose. Some deadly creatures take to themselves the semblance of flowers that they may sting their victims unaware.

Mabella and Lanty were together continually. It was very pretty to see her shy eagerness for his coming, his open happiness at her presence. Temperance was always busy with her housework, to which was added now the cutting and hemming of Mabella's household linen. For Temperance had long saved egg-money and butter-money for such an emergency, and, delighted at the prospective union of her two favourites, she fell to the work eagerly. Mabella tried to help, but her usually busy fingers were rather idle during those first halcyon days. She let her hands fall in her lap with

the needle between her fingers, and slipped away into a dream leaving all earthly considerations far behind. If a word or a smile reminded her that mortals were peeping into her paradise, she would rise and steal away to the little shadowy room, from the window of which she had seen him waiting in mullein meadow, and there, chiding herself for over great delight, she would strive to bring down her great joy to the basis of every-day fact. "We love each other," she would say, stating the fact in bold terms, "we love each other," and by the time she had said it twice her face would shine again with the glory of the thought, and the words ceased to become words to her, and became only the sighing of Love's mouth. What a simple figure Mabella Lansing presents upon the little stage whereon these people trod, beside the splendid and forceful personality of her cousin Vashti! What an ordinary and commonplace product of ordinary and commonplace conditions Lanty Lansing seems beside Sidney Martin, suprasensitive, morbidly idealistic, a Sir Galahad, bearing the white flower of a stainless life and giving it into the hands of a wicked woman to work her will upon it!

Yet though the love of Mabella and Lanty was but "the homespun dream of simple folk," still the very gladness of it makes it precious in this world, where even the divine passion has grown a little hum-drum, and where the ashes lie whitely upon the divine fires.

But perhaps the world will shake off its lethargy when the new century begins, and even now there may be smiling in his cradle the Shakespeare whose breath shall blow the embers again into flame. Surely it is simple, natural kindly souls like Mabella and Lanty who perpetuate fidelity, honour and truth upon the earth; and eager, pure, unselfish souls like Sidney Martin who transmit the glorious impetus of aspiration from one generation to another.

It is hands like theirs which crown the years with enduring chaplets, and

brush from the brow of the aging century the dishonouring garland of senile sins which are like toadstools the efflorescence of decay.

Old Mr. Lansing having become better acquainted with Sidney, had ceased to regard him as "company," and had relapsed comfortably into his own ways. Reading his weekly paper, gossiping with Nathan Peck (who, being the village carpenter, always knew the latest news), and going to bed when the grey died out of the twilight sky.

Vashti and Sidney were thus left much to themselves.

The "odd" horse having effectually lamed herself by stepping on a nail, driving her was out of the question. To break a team upon any frivolous pretext would have been a scandal in Dole, so Vashti and Sidney were kept busy going errands. They went to the post office twice a week; they made pilgrimages out to the far-away hill pastures, where the young cattle grazed, to count them, and report upon the depth of water in the little brown pool where they drank.

What glorious days these were to Sidney; what rapture to stand upon some little eminence with the wind, "austere and pure," blowing across the valley upon their faces; with Vashti beside him, her eyes meeting his with sweet serenity, or looking vaguely forth far across the country, as if to seek out some haven remote from lesser mortals. So Sidney translated her thoughts, but in the original there was writ only bitter speculation as to whether *they* were together—if his arm embraced her, if their lips—Ah! it was of no remote haven that woman dreamed.

They gathered great fragrant bunches of spearmint and tansy, smartweed and pennyroyal for Temperance, searching for the scented herbs as children search for joy; and as the memory of childish pleasure lingers long with us, so the perfume of the aromatic herbs clung about Vashti's garments and Sidney's sleeves. Never again could Sidney know the whole-

some odour of any of these plants without seeing Vashti, her tall figure in its faded blue gown standing straight and strong against the sunlight, with a huge bunch of greyish-green clasped to her breast, above which her face, fit for Burne-Jones' most mystic, most beautiful maiden, shone out palely. About her was no mystery of birth or circumstance, no halo of romantic environment, but her whole personality was eloquent of mystery, the sphinx-like riddle of sex presented in a new and strongly individualized type.

Their many expeditions together begot a sense of companionship which was inexpressibly precious to Sidney. True, as he realized, it sprang rather from circumstances than from the manifestation of any personal predilection upon Vashti's part; and yet, humble as he was before the woman he loved so blindly, he could not but be aware that she brightened perceptibly at his approach, and was always very willing to undertake any message or errand with him.

So she fooled him exquisitely, solacing her wounded pride thus. Whilst he, too great-hearted to pry for petty faults, dowered her lavishly from the generosity of his own noble nature, with all the classic virtues.

With what reverent fingers we hang virtues upon the lay figures of our imagination! How we becrowns them, and worship them and offer them the incense of our efforts! Yet, it is pleasant pastime, and sanctifying too, for incense purely offered hallows the hand which gives it, perchance more than the God to whom its smokes ascend.

All this is well, and though the world gape and wonder at our adorations, what is that to the devotee? Only, to some of us comes the hour when with trembling hands we must undrape our false gods, lay bare their feet of clay to jeering eyes, fold away the rich draperies in which our love has clothed them as a mother folds and hides away the garments her dead child wore, and carry the manikins to the grave.

Happy for us if we can bury our dead decently ; but bury them never so deep, they rise and walk down the vistas of our happiest hours, infecting their sunshine with the pollution of dead faith.

During these long walks together Vashti and Sidney talked much, and of more vital subjects than are generally discussed between young men and women. The fashionable chit-chat about theatres and plays, receptions and fashions was utterly missed from their calendar of subjects.

Now and then, Sidney, being a man, could not forbear to let her know how beautiful he found her ; but empty compliment, the clipped coin of conversational commerce, he did not offer her ; nothing but pure gold minted by her sweet looks in his heart was worthy of her acceptance. Thus they fell back upon the old immortal themes which have been discussed since the world began. They looked at life from widely different standpoints, but their conclusions were equally forceful.

Vashti Lansing had nothing of the simpering school-girl about her, and none of the fear which makes women reticent sometimes when speech would be golden.

It has been said that to know the Bible and Shakespeare is to have a good English vocabulary. Vashti did not know Shakespeare, but she knew her Bible thoroughly. Her speech, unweakened by the modern catch-words which, if expressive, are yet extraneous and dangerous growths, had all the trenchant force of the old Anglo-Saxon, with much in it too of imagery and beauty ; for she did not fear to use such metaphors as nature or life suggested. Steeped in the stern Mosaic law, she knew well the stately periods of its prophets. The gentle Christ-creed of forgiveness did not find favor in her sight. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" was a judgment which she said only timorous souls feared. She read with grim delight the tales of the kings, with their feet upon their captives' necks ; an evil sympathy with their triumph lighted her eyes with wicked light. What a spouse she

would have been for one of these cruel kings ! she thought sometimes. And she applied a relentless utilitarian philosophy to life. The weakest go to the wall and the strong triumph. She accepted that with the stoicism which springs from conscious strength, but in her system she rather confused strength with righteousness. She watched the movings of life about her with cold, curious eyes, and yet her philosophy of life was but an expanded egotism. She comprehended only those sets of actions which might have taken place had she given free rein to her own inclinations ; she judged of all motives by the repressed impulses of her own bosom. She scrutinized others unsparingly, prying into the most sacred griefs, the most holy joy without shame or remorse, and she did not spare herself more than others.

The dim, terrifying impulses and visions which girls put behind them, shudderingly and uncomprehendingly, hiding them away with the other spectres which people the realm of the unknown, until such time as life's meanings shall be expounded in a sacred mystery play of sense and spirit, she marshalled forth into the light of day and considered calmly and cynically.

She applied the foot-rule of her own lymphatic temperament to the morals of her fellows and was never disappointed when they fell short. She was well versed in all the wisdom of the Pharisees, and at the sewing circle talked always to the older women, and was never found in the corner where the clear-eyed girls whispered together.

And quickening and vitalizing all her existence there was that sense of Power. Power uncomprehended, undeveloped, yet there ; and as a thunder-cloud gives premonition of its potent force even before the brand leaps from its cloudy sheath, so Vashti Lansing's personality was instinct with potentiality.

This was the woman Sidney Martin, idealist and dreamer, loved.

The days sped swiftly, the present lapsing into the past, the future flying

forward with the unique tirelessness of time.

How wrong to typify Time with hoary head and tottering limbs. Crowned with the vigour of eternal youth, does he not leap forward triumphantly like the messenger of the gods fresh plumed with flame? Ah, he is not old, but young and swift. Strive if you will to stay his flight for but one single precious instant, stretch forth your hand whilst yet his wings brush your face, and ere the fingers may close upon his pinions, he is gone, leaving but the *largesse* of lost days.

The harvest was done, the ploughshare and the harrow were tossing the earthy bed for the new grain. Day after day, through the clear air, there came from different points the blowing of the traction engine which dragged the one threshing mill in the section from farm to farm.

It was the custom of the neighbourhood that the farmers should assist each other with the threshing. Sidney was charmed when he heard this—how idyllic it was this community of helpful effort! To be strictly truthful, this custom had its genesis in less worthy reasons than he imagined, the simple fact being that in the little hide-bound community there were no odd men left unemployed, therefore as labour could not be hired the farmers perforce clubbed their efforts.

"I say, girls," said Lanty, rushing out from his uncle's big barn to where the two girls and Sidney stood beside the engine, "I say, isn't that engine exactly like Mrs. Ranger in church?" His face was begrimed with dust, thistle-down rested whitely upon his yellow hair, his blue eyes were alight with hope and happiness and that exaltation which a strong man feels in effort. The girls shook their heads warningly, but laughed.

The traction engine, its wheels shackled, puffed and panted with a ludicrous simulation of bottled-up energy, and to the minds of the three young people it was decidedly suggestive of the irate patience expressed in

Mrs. Ranger's attitude when placed in conditions where she could not answer back.

Nathan Peck, watching the engine, stored up the saying for Temperance's delectation, and wished she had come out with the girls.

Above the rattle and hum of the threshing mill sounded the hoarse voices of the men shouting jokes at each other—threshing time being always a jovial season. A good or bad harvest meant often life or death to these people; but, having done their best, they could but accept the results. It was a point of honour to accept unflinchingly the verdict of a poor yield, yet many wives could tell of despairing hours when, after their neighbours had departed, husband and wife essayed to reconcile ways and means.

Clouds of golden dust, starred here and there by a silver thistle-down, shimmered out of the barn door; there was an aroma of crushed straw, a scent of charred wood from the engine fires, a sense of eager, healthy life.

The swallows flew agitatedly above the barn, yearning over their clay nests beneath its eaves.

"What are you doing?" asked Vashti.

"Measuring," said Lanty. "Uncle said he'd take the bushel for a little though when he saw your petticoats out here—"

"Who's in the mow?"

"Ab Ranger is cutting bands, and he's let my bone-handled pruning knife go through the mill; Tom Shinar is feeding; there's three on the mow and four on the stack."

"How is it turning out?"

"Splendidly, no straw to speak of, but finely headed—like you, Mabella," he whispered, blushing through the dust.

"Come on here, Lanty," roared a voice from the barn. "You can spark in the noon-spell if you want to."

A laugh followed. Mabella blushed hotly, and as a maiden is expected to do under the circumstances, looked absently into vacancy.

"Well, you'll be too busy eating in



the noon-spell to notice," Lanty called back to the unseen speaker. This, being the retort courteous, was received with applause.

"Well, I must go, girls; uncle's back will be aching by this time toteing that bushel. I hope you've made heaps of good things for dinner, we're all hungry as hunters."

"Trust Temperance for that," said Sidney.

"Yes, indeed," said Lanty. "Ta-ta, girls."

"Lanty," said Mabella, "be careful of the belt."

"Surely," he said, his voice softening. The next moment his strong, lithe figure had swung jauntily through the narrow space between the broad whirling belt and the door.

"Nathan," said Mabella, "Temperance wants you to get some one to mind the engine for ten minutes before dinner, so that you can come round and carve the meat."

"I'll be there," said Nathan, then he added with an irrepressible and comical self-importance:

"Meat ain't worth puttin' teeth into if it ain't cut up proper."

"That's very true," said Sidney, who felt a great kindness in his heart for this patient lover.

"Well," said Mabella briskly, "I'm going round to help set the table." Having seen Lanty, Mabella wished to get off alone to think over his perfections, which impressed her afresh each time she saw him.

"O! can't you come for a little wander?" asked Sidney of Vashti. "There's nothing to be done in the house; besides, that imp from the preacher's is there, and I'm sure she is a host in herself."

"Yes," said Vashti, her voice more than usually vibrant. "Yes, I will come."

She was very pale. She turned away as Jephthah's daughter turned from the promise of her bridal bower. For, during these few minutes of idle speech amid the whirl of the threshing mill, Vashti Lansing had taken her final decision. She would marry Sid-

ney Martin; but on her own terms, she added to herself. And then she went with him across the stubble, where the late rains had made a phantom spring of fresh green grass and over-eager weeds, which were putting forth their tender tops only to be a prey to the first sneering frost.

Ah, how futile and inconsequent it is to trace laboriously the windings of cause and effect; a touch often sends one over the precipice, and a smile, a sigh or a silence brings us face to face with Fate. Can we by searching find these things?

And Sidney, too, felt the fateful words trembling upon his lips, a keen envy of personal happiness possessed this man, who so rarely sought his own good. A great longing to stand as Lanty had stood, so short since, with the promise of life's fulfilment at his side.

Sidney and the woman beside him walked across the stubble to where a little belt of scrubby oaks followed the course of a ditch between two fields; here and there a vivid red patch against the underwood showed a dogwood bush. Here and there an elm tree sprang up spire-like above the lower oaks.

"See," said Sidney, "that row of elm trees. Can you not fancy that upon just some such day as this the seed was sown? Does it not give a delightful sense of the continuity and endurance of nature's miracles to think that a gentle wind, such as now stirs their topmost leaves, chased the seed vessel playfully along the ground. The wind laughed then, thinking it was making fine sport of its little playfellow, but see, at every pause a seed was dropped, and like an egotistical king who marks the stages of his journey, the fragile cluster of seed has left its memento. You have seen the seed of the elm tree?"

"Yes, it resembles a hop. I suppose the seeds are between the little scales. I can fancy it fluttering along the ground like yon leaf."

"Yes," he said, delightedly, and then pleased with her comprehension

of his thought he looked far across the field. After all Mabella had not been in such a hurry to get to the house. She was running up and down like a child with the little brown calves in their special paddock near the house. Her sunbonnet was in her hand, her hair glittered in the sun like ripe wheat. From her Sidney's eyes turned to Vashti, and his very heart stood still, for dimming the splendour of her eyes two great tears hung between her eyelids. There was no quiver of lip or cheek, no tremour of suppressed sobs; her bosom seemed frozen, so statuesque was her pose.

"Vashti!" he said. It was the first time he had called her by name—used thus the one word was eloquent.

"Don't!" she said. "I—will—come—back to the house presently."

Sidney, his heart wrung, took his dismissal without further speech. He went a few steps from her, then turning went swiftly back.

Her tense attitude had relaxed. She was leaning against the grey bars of the fence, a crimsoned bramble twining round one of the upright supports hung above her in a vivid garland.

"Vashti!" he cried, "I can't leave you like this."

"Not if I wish it?" she asked, and gave him a fleeting smile, beautiful as the opalescent glimmer of the sun through rain.

It shook the man to his soul. He stood for a moment blinded by the glamour of her beauty, then left her again. This time he did not look behind, but strode triumphantly across the fields, for he felt that smile had given him definite hope.

Sidney, despite his perfections, was only man. For a moment he had forgotten her tears; then remembering he said to himself that soon he would kiss away all tears from her eyes.

The best of men are prone to consider their kisses a panacea for all woman's ills. Perhaps with the irrefutable logic of the homeopathsists they argue that what produces an ill will cure it!

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more."

The lines sprang spontaneously to his lips. This was the secret of Vashti's tears. How often he had felt that almost intolerable regret, begotten by the recognition of the evanescence of beauty! And Vashti with her splendid natural soul must feel with treble keenness all these things.

Doubtless to her the crimsoning of the leaves was as the hectic flush upon an ailing child's cheek to mother eyes. "*The days that are no more,*" ah! could it be she thought of the days when the grain was growing high, the first days of their companionship? Deluding himself thus with futile fancies he turned slowly, slowly towards the house arriving to find Vashti already there in the midst of the housewifely bustle.

Whilst the visionary Vashti bore him company, the real Vashti had passed him unseen. So it was ever. The real Vashti eluded his vision; her place was filled by a mimic Vashti created of an ideal and his love, and tricked out in all the virtues.

At the house every one was busy. The preparations for dinner were approaching a crisis. Temperance, with a look of ineffable importance such as only a managing and forehanded woman can wear upon such an occasion, was cutting pies, piling plates with biscuits, arranging pickles in glass dishes, and between whiles taking flights to the oven where a huge roast was browning.

Mabella was arranging the table with forks and knives; she reckoned up, six or eight times, the number of people to set for, subtracted two for the ends, and divided to find how many for each side. Mabella had no head for figures so she made a mistake in this process; but as the basis of her calculation was wrong the result was correct. An unexpected thing! But Mabella, cheerfully confident in her methods, had no thought of all this; she trotted about the table with the gladness of one who does not save steps.

Vashti was bringing chairs out from the other rooms to complement the number in the kitchen; and Sally, the preacher's handmaiden, was arranging the tin basins with soap and water for the men to wash in, and varying the monotony by tantalizing the chained-up mastiff till he was nearly crazed to get at her, drawing back to his kennel door and launching himself forward with magnificent disregard of his chain which at each attempt jerked him off his feet.

Sidney leaned against the door-jamb watching the homely scene with just the faintest tinge of proud proprietorship in his eyes when they rested upon Vashti.

Presently she came and stood before him. Her figure was so suavely graceful that her most ordinary movements took on an artistic significance. Just now her attitude was that of a queen who fain would ape the serving maid, but who could not cast aside her sovereignty.

"Will you sit down with the men?" she asked.

"Your father does, doesn't he?"

"Indeed yes."

"Then I will also."

"Then I'll wait on you," she said, and primmed her mouth into a quasi-humble expression.

"If you do—" his grey eyes dilated.

"Yes."

Just then Nathan came round from the barn.

"They'll be here in ten minutes," said Vashti and hurried away.

Temperance, flushed with housewifely pride, had the big carving platter ready with the steel beside it. The latter was a concession to appearances, for Temperance always sharpened the knife for Nathan in a peculiar fashion of her own. When Nathan entered she was sharpening it vigorously on the back of the kitchen stove.

"Well," said Nathan, "here I be; where's the water?" He had seen the basins upon the apple-tree blocks, where they had stood for time out of mind at the Lansing threshings, but he thought Temperance might be prompted to come and get it for him.

Temperance paused in the sharpening process, but at that moment a tow-head appeared at the door.

"Here 'tis, Mr. Peck," said Sally, "right here under the shade; fresh water, sweet water, well water. Come up, run up, tumble up, anyway t' get up; here's were you gits water. Step up, ladies and gents. Everything inside as represented on the banners, and all without money and without price," concluded Sally, putting a frosting of the parsonage piety upon the vernacular of the Blueberry Alley dime shows. Mabella, Vashti and Sidney laughed. Temperance resumed her knife-sharpening with a click.

"That child will come to no good end," she said to Nathan when he re-entered.

"She won't," agreed Nathan with some asperity; his waistcoat and shirt were drenched. He had asked Sally rashly to pour a dipper of water on his head to "rense him off." Sally complied with alacrity, only she emptied a painful over his bent head instead of a dipperful.

"Drat that young 'un," said Temperance, enraged at this. "I believe, I really do, that Mrs. Didymus sent her over here to be shet of her for a day, and if this is a sample of her doin's I don't know as I blame Mrs. Didymus, but if there's any more goin's on I'll trapse her back quicker."

By this time the roast was out of the oven and Nathan began his work with the enthusiasm of an artist.

Nathan was always greatly in demand when there was any carving to be done, and he was very proud in a candid childish way of his proficiency. Perhaps his practice with the plane and the drawknife stood him in good stead, for certainly Temperance was justified in thinking proudly that no man could carve like her Nat.

"They've blew," announced Sally tumbling into the kitchen in great excitement. This was somewhat unnecessary information as the whistle was making itself perfectly audible; ere its shrill echo died away the men, begrimed and laughing came round the corner

of the barn and were soon spluttering in the basins.

Lanty came into the back kitchen, but the voice of one of the men brought him out of his retreat, and in five minutes they were all at table.

Old Lansing at one end with Sidney at one side. Lanty at the other end with Nathan beside him.

"Open the ball, Nat," said Lanty, passing Nathan the platter. Nathan helped himself with the deprecating modesty of one compelled to pronounce judgment upon his own handiwork; then the platter made the round of the table in pursuit of the one which had started from Mr. Lansing's end.

"Guess you had something to do with this, Nat," said Ab Ranger. "I know your shavings."

Nathan admitted the impeachment.

"Well," said Sidney, "we can't beat that in Boston."

And Nathan ate vigorously to hide his embarrassment.

The girls flitted about seeing everyone was supplied. Did calm-eyed Vashti know what she did, when she bent over between Sidney and her father ostensibly to remove an empty plate, and let her palm rest as if by chance for a moment on Sidney's shoulder? Did ever electricity shoot and tingle through the veins like that touch? He watched her as she passed serenely along the other side of the table, and longed for the moment when he might have speech with her.

Temperance filled the tea and coffee in the back kitchen. Sally performed prodigies in carrying it to the table, and grimacing, as she set it down, behind the unconscious backs of the recipients.

Sidney won golden opinions at this dinner by his frank friendliness.

"Heain't bigfeelin', that's one thing," the men said to one another as they swaggered out to rest the noon-spell under the trees.

Lanty and Sidney with great affectation of helpfulness asked the girls to stand aside and watch them clear the table. Temperance was not to be seen, they would surprise her when she

arrived. They succeeded beyond their expectations.

"It isn't such a job to clear a table as you'd think," said Sidney complacently to Lanty.

"No, 'tain't for a fact. I've seen girls take half an hour at it."

The two young men had cleared the table by removing the dishes and *débris* indiscriminately and depositing them upon the table in the back kitchen.

When Temperance returned from a little chat with Nathan beside the smoke house, she eyed the chaos upon the table wrathfully.

"Laws!" she said. "Of all the messes! Lanty Lansing, ain't you ashamed to be so redecklus? And them girls standin' gawkin' and laughin'! As for you," eyeing Sidney severely, "I should ha' thought you'd more sense, but blessed is them that has no expectations! Lanty! Are you or are you not feedin' that brute with good roast? Where's the cold meat fer supper to come from I'd like to know?"

No one volunteered a response till suddenly Sally piped forth in her thin reedy voice,

"Take no heed for the morrow what ye shall eat or——"

"You blasphemous brat!" said Temperance, her wrath diverted to another channel.

Sally subsided into silent contemplation of the dish of pickled beets from which she was helping herself with pink-stained fingers. Temperance was not Mrs. Didymus, and Sally in many combats in Blueberry Alley had learned to gauge her antagonists.

The offended Miss Tribbey left the back kitchen in indignant silence and set about arranging the table for her own and the girls' dinner, murmuring to herself meanwhile a monologue of which such words as "messes," "sinful," "waste," and "want o' sense," were distinctly audible.

"I don't believe that was really an unqualified success," said Sidney to Lanty.

"No," said Lanty, "I don't believe it was. What did you mix everything up for?"

"How did I know they were to be separated? What did you feed the dog with the roast for?"

"Did you ever see such an imp as that Sally?"

"Never," said Sidney. "But Temperance squelched her!"

"She did," said Lanty. "I say, wasn't she ripping?"

Meanwhile Temperance's short-lived wrath had died away, and she was pressing food upon Sally in quantities calculated to appal any but a Blueberry Alley child.

Temperance rose in the midst of her second cup of tea and, going up stairs, came down with a large fresh bandana handkerchief. She went out to where Lanty and Sidney stood talking.

"Here's the handkerchief you wanted to keep the dust out of your back," she said with illy-assumed hauteur. Lanty took it with laughing penitence on his face.

"I say Auntie," he said, "would you ask Mabella to put it on?"

Miss Tribbey's severity relaxed; a vainglorious satisfaction stole over her face in a smirk. To have Lanty call her Auntie!

Certainly Lanty Lansing "had a way" with women that was well-nigh irresistible.

"Yes," she said, then with comical apology she addressed herself to Sidney. "Them children is a most tormented trouble, 'specially when they meddle with things they don't know nothing about."

"That's so," agreed Sidney with emphasis, and Temperance, highly delighted with her parthian shot at him, departed.

And presently Mabella came to the door, a *riante* little figure, and demanded with mutinous affectation of indifference:

"Did any one want me?"

"Yes, badly," said Sidney and took himself off to the garden, laughing.

"That's true," said Lanty. "I did want you badly."

Her eyes were wavering beneath his masterful regard, but she said, "Oh, you *did* want me! Don't you now?"

The words were brave, but her eyes fell.

"Mabella," he said,—silence. "Mabella, look at me." Slowly she raised her eyes and crimsoned. "Do you know now?" he asked lovingly. "Ah, what a wicked teasing bird it is when its wings are free, but after all they are gone to the barn and"—he advanced a step.

"Lanty!" said Mabella, and in an instant he was grave.

"Dear girl," he said, "you don't think I would do anything to make you feel badly?"

The warning shriek of the whistle came to them.

"See, tie this round my neck, will you?"

She folded it with an adorable air of anxiety and precision, and stood on tiptoe to lay it on his shoulders and again on tiptoe to knot it under his chin, a process Lanty rendered arduous by putting down his chin and imprisoning her hands, a performance he found most satisfying. But at length he was off, and Mabella watched him round the corner of the barn, and then went indoors to attack the chaos upon the table with a good heart.

"Where's Vashti?" she asked.

"Spooning her young man in the garding," said Sally, emerging from her shell.

"Of all the impses I ever see!" ejaculated Temperance. "G'long and fetch in some wood." Sally departed.

"Vashti's in the garden peeling apples for supper," continued Temperance to Mabella, with an attempt at unconsciousness. Mabella gave her a hug.

"It's a sugar plum for Mr. Martin because you were bad to him, isn't it?"

"Yes, Lanty's had his"—

Mabella blushed and an irrepressible ripple of laughter broke from her.

"Well, you needn't laugh," said Temperance. "Mr. Martin thinks Vashti's just about right. Well, there's no accountin' for taste. 'Every one to their taste,' as the old woman said when she kissed her cow."

"Temperance!" said Mabella, "you don't mean—"

Temperance nodded oracularly, "Nathan thinks so too."

"Well!" said Mabella, and relapsed into silence. Here was news for Lanty. If Nathan and Temperance thought so it must be so. A fellow feeling not only makes us kind but often very acute; and in all Dole there were no such keen eyes for any "goins on" (as courtship was disrespectfully designated) as those of Temperance and Nathan.

"Love, it is a very funny thing;  
It puzzles the young and the old;  
It's much like a dish of boarding-house hash,  
And many a man gets sold."

Sally's falsetto voiced this choice ditty with unction, as she entered with an enormous load of wood in her thin arms. She deposited the wood with a bang.

"Sakes!" said Temperance. "I wonder if she sings them songs to the preacher?"

Whereupon Sally, in vindication of her judgment, began a lugubrious hymn.

"Stop it," said Temperance. Sally stopped.

Beneath the trees Vashti peeled her apples busily, the narrow parings of the greenings twined about her white wrist, the thin slices fell with little splashes into the bowl of water which was to prevent them turning brown before being cooked. Miss Tribbey's apple-sauce was always like white foam. A voyaging wasp came, and settling upon the cores was very soon drunk, so that he was an easy prey to a half dozen ants which wandered by that way. The distant buzz of the threshing mill filled the air with a drowsy murmur as if thousands of bees hummed above a myriad flowers, here and there a thistledown floated glistening in the sun. The scent of the over-blown flowers mingled with the odour of the apples.

"Are we done now?" asked Sidney, as she laid down the knife.

"We are," she said with meaning emphasis. "Do you feel very tired after your exertions?"

"Not so tired as you'd imagine,"

said Sidney. "The truth is I couldn't bring myself to offer my services, for if you had accepted them I would have had to look at the apples instead of at you, and I did not have strength to make the sacrifice."

"Could you make sacrifices?" she asked.

"Try me," he half whispered. There was a tense moment. Mabella's voice came ringing from the house, the whirl of the threshing mill suddenly seemed near at hand, and through it there came Lanty's voice shouting some direction to the men on the stack.

"Perhaps I may some day," she said.

"You know," he said, his voice enchaining her attention even as she strove with bitter thought, "You know you will have the opportunity to ask anything, everything of me."

"Ah, how should I know?" she said as one who has not deigned to observe too much.

Sally, sent out for the apples, appeared around the corner of the house.

"Promise me," said Sidney, "that you will come for a walk after supper; promise."

For an instant the boulders of mullein meadow and the dimness of the twilight sky blotted out the crimson of the Virginia creeper on the porch which flamed in the sun.

"I will come," she said.

"Ah—," he said no more.

"Sorry t'interrupt," said Sally genially, as she stood beside them. "But painful as the duty is it must be did; but don't mind me, I'm blind in one eye and can't see out of the other."

"Sally," said Sidney very gently, "you talk too much."

For the first time in her life Sally blushed, and gathering up the apples and the parings departed abashed.

"You are not going in?" he said rising as Vashti stood up. She held up her hands. "I must wash my hands," she said, "and I want to rest a little."

The slightest hint of fatigue or illness in the splendid creature before him always touched him strangely. It

was like a sudden assertion of the human in something divine.

"Do," he said; "and Vashti," using her name with happy boldness, "you won't forget your promise?"

"I never forget," she said, simply and sweetly.

He stood bareheaded watching whilst she entered. Then looking about, he suddenly noticed that in the garden the summer flowers were over-spent, the little battalion of ants tugged viciously at their victim whose yellow and black had shone so gallantly in the sunlight as he lighted down to sip the apple juice. The whirl of the threshing machine made melancholy cadences which sighed through the

trees; and all at once the whole scene darkened.

It was only that the sun had dipped beyond the house, and the crimson Virginian creeper seemed in the shadow to be more brown than red, two or three of its leaves fell desolately to the earth, as dreams die when hope is withdrawn.

And Sidney, with the fatuity of lovers, said, "She has taken the glow with her."

But the torch which lighted Vashti Lansing's way was not filched from flowers and sunshine, but shone fed with the evil oils of anger and revenge, balked will and disappointed love.

( To be Continued )

#### THE LAST WATCH.

THE voice of the singer is dumb,  
Where ye come ;  
Rose-summer sealed up sweet ; and none to greet ;  
No throb of the lyre, or the air on fire ;—  
Only the ghost of the spirit of heat.

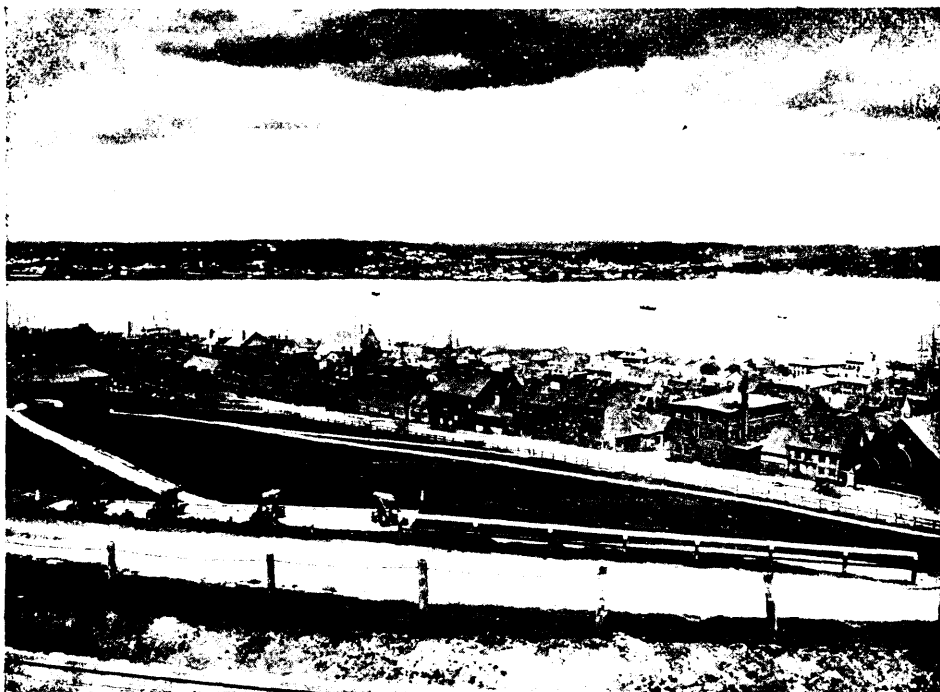
Here all that shall pass have gone by,—  
Gone to die ;  
Both those illumed by song, or dark with wrong ;  
The murmurs are stilled, as the Player willed ;  
Only the pulse of the Silence is strong.

The call that came out of the east,  
Now has ceased ;  
The lover, who for fame had chose her name,  
And others of earth, who to sorrow, mirth,  
Power, gave their lives, find the End is the same.

The arms of the Night shall take hold  
Of the old  
Grim hills before unstirred, without a word  
Of hope in the gloom, and shall bar the tomb ;  
Nor from the grave shall a protest be heard.

Care, Grief, and the labour of Sin,  
Ye closed in ;  
But that which warmed the flute, when it was mute ;  
The sound that had gone, when ye passed it on,  
Where found ye that ? Do the wires make a lute ?

*John Stuart Thomson.*



HALIFAX--THE VIEW FROM THE CITADEL SHOWING THE NORTH SIDE, WITH DARTMOUTH IN THE DISTANCE.

## HALIFAX, THE OPEN DOOR OF CANADA.

*With Special Illustrations.*

FROM its commanding position and unequalled advantages, Halifax is not only the premier winter port of Canada, but in many respects the chief all-year-round port of the Dominion.

The early history of Nova Scotia, of which Halifax is the chief town and capital, contains much that is stirring and romantic. From the hazy legends of visits of the Vikings, to its discovery in 1498 by Cabot, on to the expulsion of the French in 1758, is a long chapter of conflicts by land and water between the English and French, assisted by the Indians, which has been illustrated by the pens of poets and historians. That of Halifax is more prosaic. Very early the harbour was known and used by the French, who have the singular aptitude of selecting the most available situations, whether for military or naval or commercial

purposes, as for instance Louisburg, Quebec, Montreal, St. Louis, and Chicago.

After the capture of Louisburg in 1745 by the New Englanders under Pepperell and the fleet under Commodore Warren, Halifax was used as a base by the French fleet under the Duke of D'Anville to recapture Louisburg. From the time of his sailing from France with 65 men-of-war and transports, misfortune pursued him. Storms and disease so crippled the expedition that it returned to France without accomplishing anything.

After the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, the English Government determined to take full and definite possession of the country. Free transportation and lands were offered to those willing to go. Preference was given to old soldiers and sailors and their



families. About 2,500 were selected, and sailing from London in the spring of 1749, under Lord Cornwallis, landed and founded the first permanent settlement on the shores of Chebucto Bay at the present site of Halifax; and Lord Cornwallis writing to the Government, reporting his arrival, adds: "All the officers of the fleet report it the best harbour they have seen."

The early settlers of Nova Scotia, both those from home and those coming from the United States, were a superior body of men, and no colony of the Empire has had as good a foundation to build upon as far as regards its population as this province by the sea. Sturdy men from England, Scotland and Ireland, with a little seasoning of American loyalists, make up a strain not excelled.

A few years after its settlement, war broke out again between England and France. And from Halifax as a rendezvous set sail expeditions under

Amherst and Wolfe, which resulted in the capture of Louisburg and Quebec, glorious victories ending forever French dominion on this continent. Again the war of the Revolution, 1775 to 1782, as all wars have done, brought to Halifax an increase of population and trade. From this port sailed the fleets and armies for the occupation of Boston and New York. And to this province, at the close of the war, returned large numbers of loyalists who would not accept the new condition of affairs in the States.

The war of 1812 to 1815 between England and the United States followed, during which Halifax was again the principal point in the operations of the English fleets on the North Atlantic. After this war but little of note occurred in the history of Halifax. The town continued to increase in population and wealth, if not as rapidly as some other places, with a continuous and healthy growth, and now has a



HALIFAX—FROM THE CITADEL, WITH FORT CHARLOTTE IN THE CENTRE, AND THE EASTERN PASSAGE AND McNABB'S ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.



HALIFAX—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOUR FROM THE CITADEL.

population of about 45,000. Before closing this historical sketch of Halifax, it might be well to name some of the distinguished officers of the army and navy whose lives are partially identified with Halifax. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was twice stationed in this garrison, the last time as commander-in-chief of the forces in British North America. Under his administration the defensive works of the town were greatly improved; St. George's church was built, and many improvements made. Later, Sir John Inglis, one of the heroes of Lucknow, and Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, both of whom were Nova Scotians, served in this garrison. And for some years Halifax has been the only place in British North America garrisoned by British troops. Another of the Royal family, Prince William Henry, afterwards the Sailor King, William IV., served on this station for two years, as did Lord Nelson.

When the town was first laid out, a large portion of the water front was reserved for a dockyard, and all the necessary buildings erected for building and outfitting ships. And since then it has been the headquarters of the North American squadron. There is ample water at the docks for the largest line-of-battle ship, and the facilities for coaling are unsurpassed.

From a national point of view Halifax is interesting. From its settlement, as before stated, it was the seat of government, at first, of all the lower provinces. But in 1786 New Brunswick was made a separate colony, and later Prince Edward Island was also detached. Nova Scotia, like all other dependencies of Great Britain, was for many years a Crown colony with an irresponsible government of Governor and Council. But, after some years of agitation, a representative government was formed. In 1867 the four Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New

Brunswick and Nova Scotia confederated, and became known as the Dominion of Canada. Later the Provinces of British Columbia, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island joined the Dominion. Halifax, by the terms of the Confederation, was recognized as the national and winter port of Canada, for one of the articles of the bond was the construction of the Intercolonial Railway as a binder to the union, the

But chiefly as a commercial centre does Halifax claim to be *par excellence* the winter port of Canada. Situated in lat. 44.39 N., long. 63.35 W., 2,450 miles from Liverpool, near the line of the great circle between New York and ports in Great Britain, it is from one to two days nearer the latter than any other port on this side of the Atlantic between St. John, N.B., and New York. From an ac-



HALIFAX—PLEASANT STREET SOUTH, LOOKING OUT TO THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE.

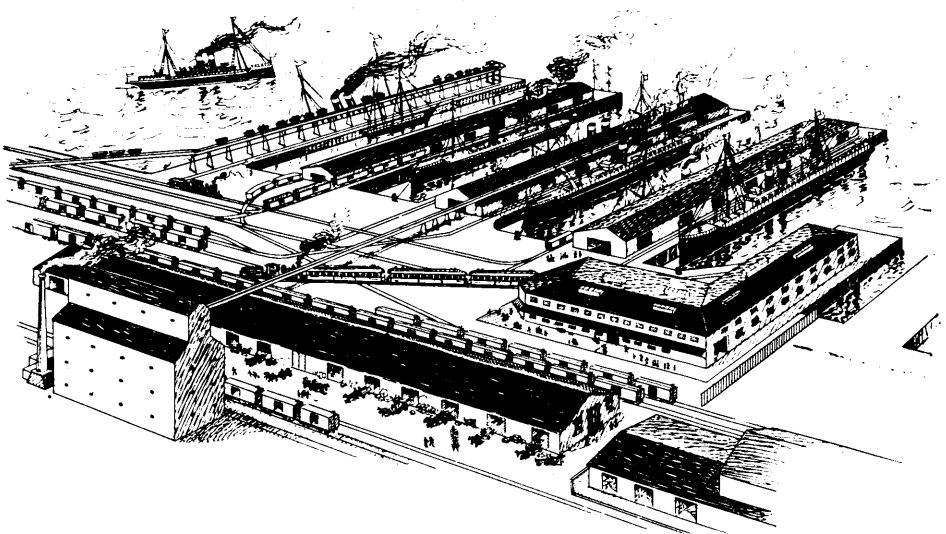
ocean terminus of which should be Halifax. And this was emphasized by the Imperial Government, which selected the route and subsidized the road.

Besides men distinguished as soldiers and sailors, Nova Scotia and Halifax has been the home of men equally famous as statesmen, whose reputation is national; foremost among these are Howe, Johnston, Archibald, and Haliburton.

quaintance with some of the best harbours in the world, such as Naples, San Francisco, Rio de Janeiro, I know of none that combines as many advantages as Halifax. The harbour opens directly on the Atlantic; easy of access at all times; comparatively small rise and fall of tide; safe and commodious; of uniform depth, 10 to 12 fathoms; good holding ground; well buoyed and lighted; with a pilot ser-

vice of experienced men, who for twenty-five years have never had a craft in their charge take the bottom, or meet with a mishap. A stranger coming into the port was praising it to an old pilot. The latter said, "Aye, sir, but it is not what you see, but what you don't see." "What do you mean?" enquired the stranger. "I mean, sir, you don't see the bottom," intimating that its freedom from rocks and shoals is the great beauty of the harbour. There are numerous wharves, both public and private, alongside of which the largest vessels can lie free from all dockage dues while handling cargo.

facilities of the road are excellent, and being constantly improved. The cars run down on covered wharves, alongside of which there is from 25 to 40 feet of water at all tides. The Dominion Parliament has recently voted a sum for a grain elevator, which the city council has supplemented with a like sum, taking the place of the one destroyed by fire, and which, with a cold storage plant for the erection of which a company has recently been organized, completes the road's equipment. It is ready now to move expeditiously and cheaply the products of Western Canada and the Northwestern



DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

HALIFAX—I.C.R. DEEP WATER TERMINUS.

The Intercolonial Railway is the artery which connects Halifax with the rest of the continent, extending now 756 miles to Montreal, and thence through its branches and connections reaching to the Pacific in an unbroken line of 3,662 miles through British territory. The Intercolonial is one of the best built and equipped roads in the Dominion or the United States. With easy grades, a splendid road bed and good train outfit, it makes as good time to Montreal (about 24 hours) as competing roads, though the distance is somewhat longer. The terminal

States, and to distribute the imports of the country.

To a Haligonian, Samuel Cunard, belongs the credit of establishing in 1840 the first regular line of steamers across the Atlantic. Halifax was the first calling port on this side of the water. The Cunard line is still running, leading all others in size, speed and safety. Besides these boats he pioneered the lines to the West Indies and Newfoundland, which in later years have been followed up by other lines to Great Britain, notably the Allan, Dominion, Beaver and others;

also regular steamers to all ports in the West Indies, to New York and Boston; as well as coastal boats east and west. Halifax is the headquarters or the calling port of upwards of twenty regular lines.

The trade returns of Halifax show a large and varied export business. The staples of the Province are fish, coal and lumber. Last year 56 square-rigged vessels loaded at Halifax with deals for the United Kingdom or continent, and as many steamers with full or part cargoes of same. And to this must be added the rapidly-increasing products of the farm, as such fruit and dairy products. For instance, last year over 300,000 barrels of apples were shipped to Great Britain, and it will not be many years before this amount will be doubled. But, of course, the great bulk of the export business will be the overflowing produce of the West, a large portion of which should and must come down over the Canadian National Highway, as before stated. Of the Atlantic ports of the Dominion, Halifax ranks second only to Montreal in importance as a commercial centre. By the last returns, 704,729 tons of sea-going vessels entered inwards at the Custom House for the year 1897; and the amount of customs collected was nearly twice that of St. John. In number of banks and capital invested therein, it is a good second in the Dominion; they are ably managed and have branches extending from Sydney, C.B., to Victoria, B.C. The manufactories and industries of Halifax are large and varied. I shall mention only the most important: two sugar refineries, each capable of turning out 1,000 barrels of refined sugar a day; a large ropewalk, that sends cordage and twine not only all over the Dominion, but ships large quantities to English ports; a number of iron and steel works; and a cotton factory.

As the winter shipping port, Halifax claims and possesses many and peculiar advantages. Reaching well out on the Atlantic, it is one day's sail nearer ports in Great Britain than any

other on the mainland of Canada. There is nothing between it and Land's End or Cape Clear. One course takes a ship out of the harbour and, taking a departure from Sambro Light, another takes her into the English or Irish Channel, with nothing in the way. From the embarkation to the landing of passengers and mails, there is nothing to prevent a steamer from going ahead full speed. The course is free from the risks and delays arising from currents, tides, or from crowded or narrow waters, or from the proximity of dangerous headlands or shoals.

The advantages of the harbour have already been noted. It is a cheap port in every respect, particularly as regards port charges. For every five dollars a vessel would disburse here, she would spend seven dollars at competing points. For instance, the pilotage at Halifax on a steamer of 1,200 tons nett register is \$33.50. Here labour stevedoring is 25 cents per hour day and night, and the foreman furnishes his own gear. Here labour is continuous, no breaks for rise and fall of tides. Ordinarily about 150 tons of general cargo can be handled in an hour. There are no labour unions; work can be done well and expeditiously. Supplies and provisions of all kinds are abundant, and reasonable in price.

Bunker coal of superior quality is always available, both afloat and in cars, ready to run on the coaling piers and chutes, alongside of which there is ample water for the heaviest ships. To steamers in the North Atlantic trade, Halifax has always been a favourite port of call for bunker coal. From Dec. 1st, 1898, to Jan. 20th, 1899, 114 ocean-going steamers of the regular lines or others calling for coals have bunkered here. The price is \$3 per ton of 2,240 lbs. All the principal lines are represented by energetic and responsible agents, who always give their boats quick despatch.

Another important point in this connection is that of marine insurance. Halifax from its exceptionally favourable position should have rates on marine risks to and from English ports at one-

half of those current to ports in the River or Gulf of St. Lawrence or to ports in the Bay of Fundy. And the experience of the last 20 years confirms this. Last year (1898) twenty-nine sea-going steamers were stranded or in collision in the waters of the St. Lawrence, four with their cargoes total losses.

The docking facilities of the port are the best on this side of the Atlantic. Besides four marine railways, capable of hauling all vessels under 2,000 tons, there is a large graving dock of stone, 600 feet in length, which has been utilized by one of the largest vessels in the United States navy. And in connection with the dock are shops, where all repairs to hull or machinery can be promptly done, even as heavy work as the crank shaft of a 5,000 ton ship.

Halifax is the terminus of the Direct Cable Company's lines to England, as well as of the Bermuda and West India line. From Halifax to Liverpool the distance is 2,450 miles. A steamer of 20 knots would land passengers in five days; 25-knot boats in four days. From Halifax to Montreal is 756 miles; at 40 miles an hour, distant 19 hours in time, and from Halifax to Vancouver 3,662 miles, at the same rate of speed, 92 hours, without changing cars. Or a passenger from London would sight the Pacific in 8 days, 24 hours quicker

than by any competing route. Or if bound to Yokohama, Japan, the fine steamers of the Canada Pacific Railway Company would carry him to the Land of the Lotus in 10 days, or 18 days from London, a distance of 10,600 miles.

For the reasons advanced, and in view of what has recently occurred, I think the best solution of the Fast Line service, would be to call for tenders for a weekly service for the year between Liverpool or Southampton and Halifax. Three 25-knot boats could perform the work; this alone would be a saving of 25 per cent. in capital.

To sum up: Halifax, with an equality of rates with other Atlantic ports from the initial shipping points in the great producing regions of the North-west, must command a large share of the export business, and if the export, the import will follow. Even granting from its geographical position, that the railway carriage is longer, it has advantages that more than compensate, in accessibility, in safety, in distance, and in port charges. All these and more, Halifax offers as inducements which no other port can; and it claims to be not only the winter port, but the best all-year-round port of the Dominion.

*J. Taylor Wood.*



## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. II.

MR. THOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY.

**T**HOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY, though by birth an American, has, since his first connection with our great Canadian Pacific Railway in 1882, become so identified with Canada and the interests of the Dominion that he is proudly ranked amongst our foremost celebrities.

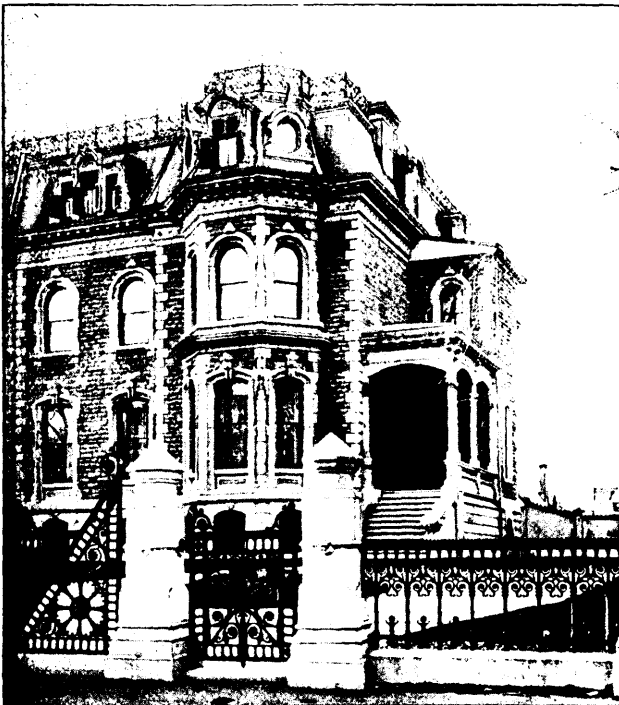
Mr. Shaughnessy was born at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on October the 6th, 1853. Beginning his railway career at the unusually early age of sixteen, he fully proves by the position he holds to-day Pryde's deep wisdom and common sense when he wrote: "If you study the lives of great men you will discover that this greatness arose not from what has been put into them at school or college, but from

what they acquired by their own mental vigour."

From the purchasing department of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, Mr. Shaughnessy, by that "true progress which is gradation" was consecutively appointed, January, 1879, general storekeeper of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad; general purchasing agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway in October, 1882; assistant to General Manager from January, 1884, to September 1885; from September, 1885, to September, 1889 assistant General Manager; from September, 1889, to June 24th, 1891, assistant President; and from June 24th, 1891, to the present time Director and Vice-President of Canada's

pride — that glorious steel pathway over which her sons of the East and West glide into one another's lives, thereby cementing the friendships and business interests which are the blocks that form the noble Canadian column of Kipling's "House" that stands together with pillars that do not fall.

Mr. Shaughnessy's belief in the future of Canada and "the only real Canadian Railway" is infinite and absolute. That this faith is not misplaced is evinced by the innumerable industries and heretofore undeveloped wealth of forest, field and mine, now brought to the notice and within reach of the world through the com-



MR. SHAUGHNESSY'S MONTREAL HOME.

pletion and perfected system of the colossal achievement so admirably guided and unflinchingly supervised by a master-mind, verily—

“From East to West the tested chain holds fast,  
The well-forged link rings true.”

Though but forty-six years of age, Mr. Shaughnessy has attained a position of splendid power by his brilliant intellect, strong mind and exact judgment; and at the same time gained the respectful admiration and implicit faith of all classes by his sterling manliness, approachableness and that genuine heartiness so thoroughly in keeping with his fine physique.

Those favoured by admittance to Mr. Shaughnessy's magnificent town house may be vastly impressed by the innumerable “objets d'art” on every side, or by the modern masterpieces against the walls—but infinitely more



*Yours very truly*  
*H. S. Shaughnessy*

by the exquisitely subtle sense of “home,” of that perfect happiness and peace so often sadly lacking where Fortune has passed in beneath the lintel.

*E. Q. V.*



# The STEALING of the BUDDHA PEARL

By W. A. FRASER

With Pictures by C. D. WILLIAMS



WHEN a man is rich he joins the 100th Hus-sars—if he can; when he loses his money he retires—he must. That is what Hadley did—both. It was in Ran-goon.

An officer out of service is about as useful as a bronze Buddha in Covent Garden; and the more Hadley thought of things he might do, the more he came back to the predominant idea of a popular crossing to sweep, somewhere in Lon-don.

Then rose up Balthazar, the Armen-ian, and started him in the pearl fish-ing.

Balthazar had momentum and much money; Hadley had brains and honour—there you are. Also were the Man-ila and Malay divers the very Old Nick to manage.

MacAllister of Singapore, furnished a staunch craft of 70 tons, the "Ruby," also good "Hinks" air pumps.

Balthazar sent Lahbo, the son of Mah Thu, who lived in Mergui, with Hadley. Lahbo was Coach—Hadley would soon learn, the Armenian said.

All the pearl fishers went to Mergui, in Burma, for their pump-boats and crews. Hadley hired three boats with crews from Ragathu, for 600 rupees per month. For each boat he hired a diver, Angelo, Pietro, and Lahbo.

He was in luck. Angelo was the

best diver in all the Mergui archipel-ago. If other divers got thirty shells in a day, Angelo got fifty; when they brought none, he still found a few. Paralysis never came near him, though he dove deeper than any one of them—worked farther out in the deep water where the best shells were. When the other divers strove for his secret, Angelo showed his white Spanish teeth in a laugh, and said it was the medi-cine he rubbed on that kept him from the diver's devil—the paralysis.

The medicine? Ah, that was from Father LeFitte, who had interceded with the Holy Mother for it, because of the large offerings Angelo gave to the church. So Angelo dove deep, and drank much gin, and gave to the church, and lived like a prince; he had a rupee a shell for his labours, and he made many thousands in the season.

\* \*

Hadley's allotted station was off Pawa Island Pawa where the great waterfall tumbles sheer over the rock-cliffed shore into the sea. It was good fishing there; and each evening when the boats pulled alongside the "Ruby," her decks glistened with the grey-green shells, big as soup plates, that were thrown over the rail. There were pearls in some of them too; sometimes loose like a cherry in the jelly; some-times grown in the shell, like a fly in the amber.

Perhaps it was trying to keep up with Angelo that caused Lahbo to be laid by the heels by the dreaded paral-ysis. The second week of the fishing he came up unconscious, and when he opened his eyes again he was paral-yzed. Hadley did not turn him off like a broken-down horse, but nursed him. "Hanged if I'll send him off there

to live on 'betel nut,'" he said. "He's come to it working for me, and I'll see him through. That was Hadley's way. So he fed him generously, and doctored him intelligently, and paid him with a quixotic fairness. And when Lahbo went back to Mergui at the end of the season, he told Mah Thu that Hadley Thakine was as good as a Buddhist.

Then the mother went and smoked her cheroot on the verandah of the Pearl Master's bungalow. The little eyes, like cheap yellow beads, set deep in the heavy Burmese face, watched the white man furtively as he came and went. When the eyes were satisfied, she told him her secret—of the Buddha Pearl. That was because he had been good to Lahbo.

Years before, a Buddhist priest, Crotha, who was favoured of Gaudama, wanted to build a pagoda on Pawa. So he carved little images of Buddha from the alabaster, and put them in young oysters. These he put back in the sea near to Pawa. "The oysters will cover the Buddhas with nacre," said Crotha, "and I shall get many big pearls."

He invoked a curse on any who should come by the pearls dishonestly; and put a sacred mark on the shells so that they might be known.

When Crotha thought the pearls had been formed, he called Sebastian, who was Mah Thu's husband, to dive for them.

Now Sebastian considered Buddha somewhat in the light of an impostor; and when the big pearl oysters with the marks were fished up, he gently strove to sequester them for the use of his own church. Nobody ever quite knew just what happened on the boat, for they were all killed in the row that ensued, and the boat was sunk. Even Crotha, who was with them, was killed.

\* \*

Mah Thu knew the spot. Outside from Pawa, one mile to the east, is the "Iron Dog Reef;" fifty boat lengths beyond this, sailing south until the great waterfall is opposite the first iron

dog, was Crotha's boat sunk. Mah Thu's story was so straight, and her eyes, the gnarled little yellow eyes, so full of truth, that Hadley believed her.

I must keep Angelo for this work, he thought. So, when Angelo's money was all swallowed up in gin and religion, and little side issues, he advanced him more to live on; that was against the next season's work. Lahbo would be fit to work again also, the doctor said.

When Hadley went out next season, Mah Thu went with him to show the place where the great pearls were.

Beyond the "Iron Dog Reef" Hadley anchored the "Ruby," and the divers worked back and forth.

\* \*

It was Lahbo who found the teak-wood ribs of Crotha's boat sticking up out of the sand, quite half a mile from the "Ruby."

It was in twenty-five fathoms, and the pressure was great. Lahbo had been so long under water that his tender signalled him to come up.

At last he came, with eight shells in his bag. As he reeled in the bottom of the boat, faint and giddy, one of the boatmen gave a queer cry of awe. Lahbo looked at him drunkenly; in the sailor's hand was a shell with the sacred mark of a pagoda on it.

"Loud-voiced fool!" said the diver, "throw it with the others." Then he swayed like a broken shutter, for he was half paralyzed by the pressure, and fell in a heap close to the shells.

"The sun will kill him, oh you brothers of oxen. Put up on this side the canvas that he may have shade!" exclaimed Neyoung, the tender.

And to make hot water for the stricken man he built a fire on the small clay fire-place just in the stern. When the fire was burning strong, and the canvas had shut off the boatmen so that they could not see, Lahbo clutched his mate by the arm, and pointed to the fire and the marked shell. All the weariness of the paralysis had gone—there was only a mur-

derous look of cupidity in the oblique eyes of the diver. The "tender" understood. He shoved the little iron tongs that were used for the charcoal in the fire, and showed his pawn-blackened teeth in a grin of appreciation. Soon the tongs were red hot; Lahbo had taken a cork from the pocket of his short white jacket.

Then Neyoung put the hot iron close to the hinge of the gigantic shell, and slowly the saucer-like lids opened. The cork was shoved in to keep them in that position, and Lahbo explored the inside with a slim bamboo sliver.

The boatmen heard a sharp cry from behind the canvas, "Lahbo is in pain," they said.

"It's a pearl from the gods," hoarsely whispered Lahbo to Neyoung, as he held in his hand something he had gently rolled out with the bamboo sliver.

Then they used the hot iron again, and the cork was taken out; the lids closed, the hinge was made wet, and the oyster was tossed back among the others; and only the great pearl, large as a man's thumb, nestled in the trembling hand of Lahbo. The yellow in his eyes was streaked with blood-red pencillings. Surely the pressure had driven all the blood to his brain; it was on fire. He strove to clutch at his throat—he was choking; his hand refused to obey—a deathly numbness was creeping up the arm. The pearl clasped in the palm of his hand was ice; it was freezing the blood, and all the time his brain was on fire—the smoke was smothering him.

He tried to call out; the muscles of his tongue had been cut; it lay like an idle thing in his mouth. Then slowly, inch by inch, the freezing crept up his arm, pricking and stinging like a thousand points. He tried to clutch it with the other hand—to shake it; it, too, was powerless.

Then he knew.

Back across the shells he drooped; his eyes, with the red-streaked yellow, the only thing of life in his body.

Neyoung the tender, also knew, and his black eyes glistened with a new

light. With a wrench he tore open the stiffening fingers which clasped the pearl, and slipped it in his mouth.

He knelt down and shoved his long yellow arm among the pots and things stored in the end of the boat. He found what he was searching for, a ball of black pitch. Making a hole with his thumb he shoved the pearl in, smoothed down the pitch, and threw it carelessly back where it had lain before.

Then he called: "Ho, brothers! Lahbo is dead," and threw the canvas down.

They rushed aft and looked at Lahbo. The eyes of the paralyzed thief looked back at them, and they knew he wasn't dead—only his muscles strangled by the evil spirits.

Then they seized the oars and pulled for the "Ruby," for the wind was dead, and the sea flat as the blue sky.

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Mah Thu leaned over the brass-studded rail, her wrinkled face looking like yellow parchment on the mirror water, as she watched them carry Lahbo up the little ladder and lay him on the deck. She took his poor useless head in her lap, and Hadley watched the big pearl shells brought up. He was passing them through his hands, when he suddenly stopped, and held one out towards Mah Thu.

"That is one, oh Thakine!" she exclaimed.

Lahbo's eyes tried to say something, but they did not understand. Mah Thu thought he was in pain, and rocked her poor, bent, old body back and forth in anguish.

Hadley brought his little tub close to Mah Thu, and opened the marked oyster. There was nothing in it—no pearl.

"The evil spirits have stolen it," cried the woman.

Again the eyes that were in the dead body of the paralyzed diver tried to say something, but nobody understood him—nobody only Neyoung. He knew, and he muttered to himself, "I must send Lahbo away to Nirvana, or those devil-eyes will tell that I have the pearl."

In all the other oysters was only one pearl—not a Buddha pearl.

Mah Thu, Lahbo and Neyoung were sent back to Nergui in Lahbo's boat. And all the way in Neyoung's eyes was the light of murder; and in Mah Thu's watchfulness; and in Lahbo's something he wanted to tell, and which nobody understood—nobody but Neyoung.

Hadley continued fishing, but no more Buddha pearls came his way.

\* \*

One moon from that time Neyoung landed in Singapore from the "B.I." mail steamer, to sell the stolen Buddha pearl to Rico, the Russian Jew. That was Rico's business—buying stolen pearls from divers.

Rico had a nose for pearls, keen as the vulture instinct that finds a sand-buried horse. He swooped down on Neyoung.

But the astute Burman would not show him the Buddha at first. He played him for a time. When the Jew saw the pearl he went mad.

Rico had seen big pearls, and bought them too, but never anything like the Buddha pearl. It was as large as the jewel Tavernier had paid half a million for in Arabia. Rico knew that, for he knew all the great pearls in the world. The lustre was good, also. Neyoung dealt like a Burman who has an eager buyer after him—sulkily. If Rico wanted the jewel he could take it at the tender's price, 20,000 rupees; if he did not, then the Burman would take it on to Freemantle, in Australia, and sell it to Simonski. God! how that set Rico's brain on fire. Simonski to get this, the greatest pearl since the time of Tavernier? Not if it cost him

fifty thousand; but, slowly, a thousand saved was a thousand gained.

So for days they fenced—this subtle Burman and the scented Jew.

\* \* \*

And all the time Neyoung was trembling lest the eyes of Lahbo should tell Mah Thu of the pearl.

Then one day the sale was completed. Neyoung got a thousand pounds.

That night Rico took the razor he kept for that purpose, and cut the throats of twenty fowls. It was a sacrifice to the god that had sent the pearl to him. It was an extravagance—he could not eat them; but he was drunken with the wine of success. He had never committed an extravagance before; also had he never come by a



"Nobody knew just what happened in the boat."

pearl for a thousand pounds, worth twenty thousand.

When he got home he locked the door of his office and cherished his find. He opened his vest and rubbed it against his heart. He kissed it with his black, snuff-smudged lips. He put it on his table, and sat with his arms folded in front of it for a long time, drinking in the beauty of its vast contour.

Suddenly he gave a cry and sprang to his feet. The colour seemed to have changed; a red murky tinge had given place to the faint purplish lustre he had been worshipping.

He sat down with a hollow chuckle and a sigh of relief—it was only a pass-



"Neyoung put the hot iron close to the hinge of the gigantic shell and slowly the saucer-like lids opened."

ing fancy, or some drunken shadow, for the pearl-white was back again. All this excitement was not good for him, he thought. He would put it away—lock it up in his great iron safe.

When he touched it a shudder ran up his arm. How cold the thing was! The perspiration stood out on his forehead as though he had taken an iced

drink. When he placed it in the safe he fancied that two glassy eyes were staring at him from the dark interior. Surely the excitement had unstrung him a bit. When it was locked up he felt better; besides, the thought of the great gain he would make warmed his chilled blood.

Next day he sent it to Dalito, in

London, for sale. He described it to him as an irregular, pear-shaped pearl of great lustre, weighing 150 karats.

Then for a whole moon he knew no rest. He had insured it, but if it were lost or stolen! It was the one great thing he had achieved in his life.

At length he heard from Dalito, but the letter only increased his unrest. Evidently there had been some mistake. His letter had stated that the pearl was pear-shaped, of great lustre—the one they had received was of no distinct form at all, but approached the button shape. The lustre was bad, of a reddish cast; but they would try for an offer in the London market.

Rico was in despair. Somebody had stolen his priceless pearl, and substituted this red, formless thing.

Then the memory of what he had seen in his own office—that red shadow—came back to him with full force; also the eyes in the vault. What if this were a devil pearl; he had heard of them; where murder had been committed, and the ill-luck stuck to the jewel.

He laughed at his own folly, and sat down and wrote a scathing letter to Dalito. He, or somebody, was trying to rob him, he wrote. Then he tore it up, hysterically, and wrote a beseeching one. This he also tore up. Next he wrote, he hardly knew what, and waited for further news.

The second letter from Dalito stated that on closer examination the pearl seemed to be of much better lustre than they had at first thought, and that there was every prospect of selling it to an Indian prince for a very fair price: they would cable him the offer as soon as received before closing.

Rico cut the throats of more chickens and wept tears of gratitude. Surely it was good to be alive—and deal in big pearls. He prayed that the heart of the Hindoo prince might be made to lean toward him a little.

The third letter was one of despair—despair on the part of Dalito. They had sold the pearl simply on the strength of their guarantee that it was of good lustre. Now the Prince had sued them

for damages, and brought half a dozen experts as witnesses who swore that it was of a vile red. They had been forced to take it back, and pay costs; bill of which they sent, and expected Rico to remit the amount. Under the circumstances they would ask to be relieved of the privilege of holding the jewel.

\* \*

The only thing that seemed tangible to Rico in the whole thing was, that the pearl retained its weight, 150 karats. Verily if it had not been for that he would have cut his own throat, instead of the chickens. He cabled them to send it to Antwerp. There it brewed worse mischief. Two men, an expert and a dealer, got into a wrangle over its lustre and wound up by fighting a duel. The expert was killed; but that did not settle the dispute, for there were other experts, some of whom swore it was red, while others declared it white. But to sell a pearl of 150 karats it must have a steady, sustained reputation; and soon Antwerp was no market for Rico's prize. He made up his mind to send it far from the strife it had created in Europe; so it was transferred to a big firm in Hong Kong.

Because of its likeness in shape to Buddha, its holder there narrowly escaped assassination twice from fanatical Buddhists. It was sold once, and the seller was beheaded for defrauding the buyer, a rich mandarin.

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In despair Rico had it brought to Singapore. He would at least see it again. Then one day a brilliant idea came to him. Angelo had stopped at Singapore on his way to Australia. He was on a trip, and, incidentally, would dispose of a few pearls that had stuck to his fingers.

Rico had known the diver for years, and knew that he could trust him to carry out the mission he wished him to undertake.

"Angelo, my friend," said Rico, "my house is thrice accursed because of this shadow of a heathen god—this

pot-bellied pearl that changes colour like an evil woman. I, a poor man, have given a thousand yellow sovereigns to a thief of a Burman for it, and am ruined. For days I eat nothing because of the poverty that has come upon me. Simonski, who lives in Freemantle, is rich; he has robbed and cheated the poor divers, even you too, Angelo, and now he is rich.

"Take you this purple devil and sell it to him for a thousand sovereigns, even as I bought it. Of a surety you may keep a hundred of it for yourself.

"He will buy it, Angelo; he will buy it," he said, as he walked up and down his office, excitedly dragging his long talon fingers through his yellow-grey beard. Then he stopped and faced the diver, looking pleadingly into his eyes:—"And, Angelo, if you get from Simonski more—twelve hundred pounds, or even more, you will bring *me*, a poor man, my thousand. Think of the money I have spent in commissions and insurances—all lost, all lost!

"Surely you will get for me back my thousand pounds; but if not, then the



"It was as large as the jewel Tavernier had paid half a million for."

Tell him that you have come by it at the fisheries; and show it to him when you are both calm in mood, for, methinks, men's passion brings the blood-red into the unchristian thing."

Then Rico fairly wept at the loss of the hundred sovereigns, and the disappointment of the great chance that had gone by him. He chuckled sneeringly as he thought that Simonski would also have days of tribulation, and that presently he should have his rival's gold in his safe.

nine hundred—that you will get for me, Angelo. Remember, next year you will have pearls to sell, and I will pay you good prices."

Angelo's gin-saturated nature did not take in the full pathos of the Jew's plaint, but he made up his mind to bleed Simonski for all the big pearl would fetch. Rico had said £900, and that was all he would get; the rest would be his perquisite for working Simonski.

When Angelo landed in Freemantle

he was met at the steamer by the Jew. The diver was diffident, and haughty; that proved to Simonski's astute mind that he had something good, something very good up his sleeve.

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They were both artists. Angelo was Simonski's "dear friend." But Angelo answered that Simonski had paid him poor prices before; this time it would be a great price—more money perhaps than the Jew had.

At this Simonski grinned and smote his chest, and was on the point of making a boast, when he suddenly remembered that he was a buyer, and said: "Yes, alas! I am a poor man; the divers have robbed me because of the prices I have paid them until I am poor. Rico, who has robbed the divers, is rich."

He thought he saw a look of disappointment creep into the eyes of Angelo. "But I can borrow the money, my peerless diver, by paying ruinous interest, so be it the pearls are good. But pearls are cheap—very cheap this year. Big pearls sell for little more than small ones, because everybody is poor—everybody but Rico."

But not even that day did he see the pearl. Angelo who had come by the cunning from his Spanish father and the patience of waiting from his native mother, knew that he was not quite ripe; besides, there was always gin in Simonski's place. The diver had not taken much that day; it would be luckier to buy on the day Angelo drank generously of the gin, Simonski thought.

At last the gin-day arrived; Angelo became mellow under the gentle influence of the Jew's alcoholic friendship.

Simonski had not seen the pearl before—the diver would never show it. When the Jew beheld its size, and also the lustre, he called God to witness that he was favoured over Rico. Perhaps he would even build a small synagogue in that heathen place, if the favour continued till he acquired the jewel. Surely he would send a mighty present to the firm that had sold him the gin.

Angelo was reckless; he was maudlin. He threw his arms around the Jew's neck and kissed him like an impulsive Latin. In the end he made Simonski a present of the pearl—for £1,200.

Then he took the £900 back to Rico, and his own three hundred to Mergui.

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Simonski sent the Buddha to Dalito—even as Rico had done. "I am sending you the greatest of all pearls," the Jew wrote; "it ought to bring £25,000 at least." More he wrote, for the words cost nothing, and Dalito might see greater value in the pearl if it were held in high esteem by Simonski. "He will fall in love with my queen of light when he sees it," thought the Jew, poetically, while he waited for word from England.

The London dealer's letter was hardly a love epistle when it arrived. "This accursed bauble has turned up again," he said, "after nearly ruining my reputation as a respectable merchant; or else there has been a shower of devil-pearls out there, and you have each got one." He refused absolutely to have anything to do with negotiating its sale.

Simonski was horror-stricken. Then a suspicion crept into his mind; Dalito was crying down his jewel because of its priceless value. Did he not talk that way himself every day when buying? But this was too serious a matter; a pearl of that size! It was beyond cavil; he would teach Dalito a lesson. So he wrote to a trusted Jew friend of his in London to take it over to Antwerp, and advised the London merchant to deliver it.

It landed his friend in jail in Antwerp, and cost Simonski many pounds to get him out and the Buddha back again. They were all in league to cheat him out of this fabulous gem, he knew; for had he not seen it with his own eyes and it was good?

Then he had it sent to Hong Kong, to the same firm that had it before; but, as it happened, his letter got there first, and when the jewel arrived they



promptly re-shipped it to Freemantle without opening the case.

When it came back he was nearly crazy. Day and night he had paced his room thinking of the mighty pearl.

Then Simonski thought of the King of Burma at Mandalay. He paid big prices for jewels, and was not so particular about colour as they were in London. He would have to take it to Rangoon to reach him. So he went to Rangoon to Balthazar; he was the man to get at the king.

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All this time Mah Thu had been trying to find out something. Her little yellow-bead eyes were always watching.

When Neyoung came back from Rico—from having sold him the Buddha pearl—he spent money like a son whose rich father is just dead. Mah Thu saw that. Then the curse of the Buddha pearl fell upon Neyoung, for his money melted away and left him with nothing but a craving for opium.

When Angelo returned, the £300 he had got so cleverly from Simonski were not to be spent without many little boastings; especially when the gin was in, which was often. To have done up a Jew of Simonski's calibre was of a surety cleverer than having gathered many tons of "pearl-shell."

Mah Thu heard it in the bazaar, and questioned Angelo about it. Yes, it was shaped like a little bronze Buddha—much like the little, black, alabaster Buddha in Mah Thu's lacquer box.

Then Mah Thu talked to Lahbo about it. She had learned to understand the eyes. When he shut them quickly that was "yes"; when he rolled them that was "no." She asked him questions and he answered—that was their language.

So Mah Thu asked Lahbo: "Did you see the Buddha pearl when you dove the last time?"

The eyes that had been always trying to tell something opened and closed eagerly many times.

"Did Neyoung steal it?"

Again the eyes answered "Yes."

"Did he bring it to Mergui?"

"Yes," answered Lahbo.

At last Mah Thu understood what the eyes had always been trying to tell her; and the eyes looked so glad.

It was plain enough. Neyoung had sold it to Rico, and Rico had sold it, through Angelo, to Simonski. When cornered Neyoung confessed gladly enough. He had nothing to lose now; he was starving; and if he went to jail, even for many years, he would have plenty to eat—and they would also allow him a little opium, lest he should die.

"Yes," Angelo said, "I sold the devil-pearl, the thing that goes red and white by turns, like a changing lizard, to the Jew at Freemantle."

But there was no law broken in that; so Angelo had no fear—only pride at his cleverness.

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Hadley followed up the course of the unfortunate pearl. He learned that both Rico and Simonski had failed to sell it in Europe, and that the Freemantle Jew had gone to Rangoon with it. He took the first steamer for that port himself when he learned this, taking Angelo with him to identify the pearl. He also had Neyoung's written confession.

He went straight to Balthazar, saying: "One Simonski has come here with a pearl. Tell him I want to see it."

Now, Balthazar had the Buddha in his possession. When Simonski brought it, and he saw its great size, he knew that the spirits of his forefathers had sent it to him that he might become rich among men. He had marvelled much at the Freemantle Jew's stupidity in not sending it to Europe.

He was a man of much silence on occasion, so he said nothing to Hadley about this.

Simonski thought he had a new purchaser for his jewel when he met the Pearl Master. "Surely the pearl was worth £10,000," he told the captain. "Never had such a precious thing

come his way. Yes, £3,000 was its price, and the next day he would show it." That was because Balthazar had it then in his hands to decide about buying it.

Hadley meant to seize it when it came into his possession. But that night it was stolen from the Armenian. Captain Hadley heard this in the morning, and told Angelo of it.

"Fernandez has stolen it," said Angelo; "he was a diver, but because of stealing he came to Rangoon. He has taken it—he alone knows how to steal and sell pearls. These Burmese know only to steal rupees." Also, he assured Hadley that he would get it for him. "Give me £100, master, and I will get it from Fernandez."

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Then the captain went to the Jew and told him that the Buddha pearl was his; it had been stolen from him at the fisheries by Neyoung, and he, Simonski, had bought it from another diver, Angelo. Now it was stolen again, and he would hold him responsible for its value, the £3,000 he had said it was worth.

The Jew saw trouble ahead. He swore by the beard of Abraham that he had never said it was worth £3,000. It was a vile, gnarled thing, of infamous colour—not worth a hundred pounds. He had been ruined by it—it was a god-cursed thing, bringing nothing but trouble to honest men. It would be better if they never saw it again; and the thief would go to perdition because of it, sure. If he had asked £3,000 for it from Balthazar, that was because the Armenian was rich; while he was a poor man, and the pearl had ruined him. But the Buddha had been stolen from the Ran-

goon man, he declared, and he would make him pay its value, £3,000.

Simonski was in despair. If he recovered the pearl Hadley would seize it; if he did not the captain would try to make him pay its full value. If Balthazar paid him for it, Hadley would seize that. Surely evil days had fallen upon his house.

Captain Hadley was also uneasy. To come so close upon the jewel and then lose it was really too bad. It would be difficult to grind the money out of the Jew. All depended upon Angelo's being able to get back the pearl. A hundred pounds should fetch it, he thought, if Angelo could get at the right man; for it would be difficult for a thief to dispose of a jewel as large as the Buddha pearl.

That night the diver brought to Hadley the stolen Buddha. Yes, it was Fernandez who had taken it. But he had given his master's word that nothing should be done to the thief; also had he paid him the £100—all except ten pounds he had kept for his own trouble

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At last the Buddha pearl had come back to its rightful owner. Hadley had not stolen it—he had come by it in the fishing at Pawa; so the curse of Crotha fell away from it when it came into his hands.

Crotha's pearl had accomplished much. It had humbled Lahbo, and Neyoung, and Rico, and Simonski. And now it brought good fortune to Hadley; for he got £20,000 for it when he sent it to London.

He gave Simonski £500 at the finish. He declared he would give him nothing; but when tears stand in a man's eyes, what can another man do?

*W. A. Fraser.*



## THE MARKED CARDS.

"A man's past will catch him sooner or later."

THEY had been five days over the sea, the young man and the girl. He had forgotten whether this were the Atlantic or the sea that sweeps the shore of Elysium. Now, on the fifth day, they were on deck, and talking somewhat in this way :

"You must walk with me," she called from her chair.

"It's a delightful punishment."

"Thanks ; I believe that's a compliment.

"Truth's a compliment, eh ?" he said, smiling.

"The best compliments, I suppose, are those that pretend to be truths, but are lies."

"I am afraid this is getting rather too fast for me," he said. "Wait until I think about it."

"To carry out what you have begun, you should say to me, 'I can't think about it, for I have to think about you.'"

"Is it needful to say that ?" he said, looking down at the girl. "How beautiful you are !"

By the rules of conventional conversation it was an utterly inane remark, and the girl's laughter rolled out, full and delightful, but her voice was low.

"I am glad you think so."

A deeper red tinged his bronzed cheeks as he realized his temerity.

"You know I do," he said.

"O, do you ? This is the fifth day of our acquaintance. To-day we shall be in Sandy Hook."

He drew a long breath, and his voice was earnest. New York, and work, and to see her no more.

Two elderly persons wrapped to their ears were watching the two.

"What a remarkable girl Nell Wolverton is ?" one was saying.

"She's certainly carrying on a remarkable flirtation with that young man. Who is he ?" said the other with

the severity of position gained by effort.

"Some sort of engineer in the employ of the Winfield Company. Mary Winfield introduced him to Nell."

"That girl would flirt with anybody. She seems to find all men infinitely amusing. Isn't she handsome ? Now you would suppose she was somebody or other. But the Wolvertons—O, you know !" quoth the other lady.

"Her mother was one of the most pushing women I ever knew," assented her companion.

"Of the dead nihil nisi bonum," said the imposing one. "She was an extraordinarily ambitious woman. With pluck and ten millions and a daughter like that, an ambitious, clever woman can do anything in New York. The Wolverton money is said to be indefinite millions instead. And now they belong in Far Westchester. O dear, how many men have been after that girl ! There was the Marquis di Rodiri and the little Duke of Sussex and Freddy Van Brule, and—she flirts and laughs at them all, just as she does with that young man."

Mary Winfield was watching the two with much the same thoughts. This poor young man didn't understand sophisticated young women ; it was abominable of Nell Wolverton ; she was sorry she had introduced them ; she might have known that Nell would play with any man as she would with a cat or a dog. O dear, this Melville was so out of it ; so busy and capable, and such an efficient servant of the Winfield Company. But Nell was Nell, and Mary ought to have known better.

If Nell were Nell, she was proving it with a vengeance. She was making Melville tell her of himself, and she was giving him nothing of herself in return. They were seated now, looking out at the frothing white and green in the ship's wake. She was glancing at him

again and again with mild, interested eyes. He was forgetting himself, and was telling how his father had left him only money enough for school and college, which he had increased by some tutoring; of how he had worked and won a position in a machine shop of the Winfield Company; of how he had progressed farther, and now was near the head of his department, and had been sent to London on an important mission, and—

A young man came lightly across the deck, and bowed, and exchanged some remarks with Miss Wolverton and nodded at Melville with a "who-the-devil-are-you" air, and passed on after a moment. Melville's confidences suddenly chilled. This youngster represented what he never had known. The girl by his side understood.

"Don't mind Bertie; he's just Bertie."

"O, you know," Melville began, "I'm so out of that set."

"It's the Far Westchester set you mean," she said graciously, as if she would imply politely that there were many others which he doubtless frequented. "The men are very stupid in it. It's all very stupid. It's just sport and gossip. For my part, give me men that do things."

"I think," said the young-man-making-his-way, "that I prefer other men to do things, and leave them to me already done. Now, my father—"

He paused, wondering whether he had better tell her, and then it seemed to him, now that he remembered it, that this put him on a sort of equality with Miss Wolverton, as though the inequality that stood between them was suddenly swept away by the thought of this story. But had he a right to tell her? No, she wouldn't, couldn't know; that was so long ago, and forgotten.

"And your father? Go on—I am interested."

"He might have had the things, the money, to have put me in your friend Bertie's position, if luck had been his way, and if he hadn't been cheated—"

"I never can think of you as a man

like Bertie," Miss Wolverton said decisively, with that calm confidence in her eyes; the eyes may have been rather more expressive because this was the last day of all, and he would slip out of her life so soon. She was fair to look upon, clever, accomplished, charming; this fence of the sexes was her delight; she could no more avoid it than she could breathing. Our unsophisticated young man failed to understand her. Later, common sense was to reach out from the grim, matter-of-fact depths of his nature, and grasp his sentimentality until it hurt him.

"Oh, it's a little story of what might have been years ago in Red Nugget Gulch, California. My father was out there after gold, like the rest, and he fell in with a man with whom he made a partnership in a general store. Sometimes, in exchange for goods, they took claims. At first they made a lot of money, and then they lost nearly every penny in trying to develop a claim that failed. Well, each blamed the other, and they decided to separate. They could decide on no other way than to cut the cards. So they sat down one day and cut, and some things fell to my father, and some to his partner. And the papers were drawn up, and the division made. A week after that a claim which had gone to my father's partner began to develop. It proved a find; my father's partner made the beginning of a great fortune that way."

"Well?" said the girl.

"Now the shanty that served for the store had fallen to my father, not the stock, which went to pay the firm's debts. Three weeks after this my father sat talking with a mining expert, who spoke of the big find on my father's former partner's lucky claim; and he stated boastfully, to show his value as an expert probably, that he had told my father's partner—we will call him Smith—that the claim was extremely valuable. This set my father to thinking; Smith had believed the claim to be valuable. But my father could but acknowledge that the man

had given him a chance even if he had dishonestly hidden his notion of the claim. That day my father happened in the abandoned store. On the table were the two packs of dirty cards, just as they had been left the day of the division. They had cut in the bare inner room, which hadn't been disturbed since. My father picked up these instruments of his bad luck, and he saw that the pack Smith had used had been marked."

"How awful!" the listener said. "And you might have had money, if it hadn't been—"

"If it hadn't been for Smith's dishonesty? Yes, Miss Wolverton. But to return to the story. My father went to Smith, whom he accused, but Smith looked him in the face and laughed. 'You are crazy, man. And you haven't any proof. Who'd believe you?'"

"Was that the end of it?" the girl asked gently.

"No, not the end of it. My father could prove nothing indeed. His affairs went from bad to worse. He left California penniless. Later, in the east, he accumulated the little money he was able to leave me. But it was always a hard struggle for him and my mother, who died shortly after I was born."

"And Smith? That's not the name." Melville hesitated.

"No, that's not the name. It's a well-known name, but we will let it remain Smith. Everything Smith touched became money; he was accused of dishonesty many times in the course of his career; but nothing ever was proven; he succeeded, and is today one of the powerful men of the country."

They were silent, the girl grave.

"And that's the reason you think you are not in the class of Bertie Townley. Well, I don't want you to be in that class."

"If you would care that much!" said he, half lightly, half earnestly.

"O, I like you," she said, cheerily, as she might have said she liked a fox-terrier.

"And the man's dishonesty was really your blessing; it made you do things. O, I know; I know a lot of men, and the men of the Far Westchester set are so tiresome."

"Oh, thanks," said he, lamely.

"But you musn't be tiresome. Do you see that line there? That's Sandy Hook; I know it. I have seen it that way a dozen times. And—I must be going below. O, I have been so much interested."

And she went away brightly smiling, and he felt suddenly the least like a fool. This feeling was increased when he found in the bustle of landing that she had only a cool hand and a distant "So glad to have met you," and no acknowledgment of the fact that he had asked to call, which she plainly had evaded. He felt revengeful and a bit of an anarchist. And the next morning when he was reporting to Mr. Winfield his success in London, and being complimented by the company's head, his success seemed cheap; he had a picture before him of a bright, high-bred looking, exquisitely gowned young woman, surrounded by flippantly gay persons whose world was not his, and never could be; for when one is making his way ploddingly, with no particular capital, he can't reasonably expect that way to be made before he may be gray and all the desire for pleasure, life's good things, quite gone.

It may be supposed that Miss Wolverton put the young man of the Atlantic out of her mind. Perhaps she had some thoughts of him or else she never would have repeated the story he had told her at a dinner where her father was, most unusually, her escort. At a dinner one owes it as a duty to do his part. Nell did not care to be lacking, and wanted her bon-mot to be as natty as another's, and her story as spirited. For she waged a little strife to make the world she knew hold her clever. Now she couldn't, try as she would, think of another story than the one Melville had told her.

"Mary Winfield introduced me to a very entertaining man on the Lucania

—a man who does things, you know—”

“What does he do, horses or yachts?” said Bertie Townley. “O, I say, Nell, you don’t mean that serious-faced chap you were mooning about with so much?”

“The very man,” Miss Wolverton said, without turning colour.

And she told Melville’s story.

“How extraordinary,” gasped Mrs. Pemberton. “You do meet such strange people at sea.”

“Business methods are oftentimes dishonest,” said Judge Torbid pompously. “Yet—”

“Your story isn’t funny enough,” criticized Bertie Townley.

Samuel Wolverton—I should say “Sam,” the great Sam—held his nose in his port; he’s a thin, sharp-featured, silent man, and, looking at him, one always wonders how he succeeded in possessing such a daughter.

Driving home, he said to Nell:

“If I were you I don’t think I’d try to tell stories at dinner.”

“Why, papa?”

“It’s undignified.”

“Do you think so,” she said petulantly. She usually had him well in hand.

“What did you say that man’s name is?” he asked after a moment.

“Burke Melville.”

Suddenly she turned.

“Papa, you were in California?”

“Yes; what of it?”

“Did you ever hear a story like that?”

“I have heard a lot of stories; California is full of them. Read Bret Harte. As for your acquaintance he was probably yarning.”

“No, no, he wasn’t.”

“What makes you think that?”

“He isn’t that kind of a man.”

“Nell, I think that you can take care of yourself, but I don’t believe you can judge men.”

“O, trust me for that,” she said airily; and at the moment she was indeed trying to judge no less a person than her father. She had thought that she understood him. Had she?

He was fond of her; he denied her nothing, and she loved him. But—there were depths she could not fathom; and she knew no more of his real life, even less, than an outsider.

But now a sudden fear possessed her. She rushed upstairs to a little room which she used for her writing table and her books, and eagerly she looked for a paper in a certain English magazine, “American Millionaires, No. X., Samuel Wolverton.” Had she been mistaken? And then she read: “The beginning of this extraordinary fortune was in ’66, in Red Gulch, California. Melville and Wolverton were store-keepers who exchanged a supposedly bad debt for the now-famed Bulfinch mine. Wolverton bought out his partner.”

For a minute the room seemed to swim.

“O, if mamma were only here!” the girl said moaningly.

“It’s true—true. This is all his, and not mine, every penny of it. And he knew when he told me; he knew.”

And she stole down to her father.

She went toward him, the magazine in hand, and held it before him. Wolverton started. He had never seen her like this; and her pallor frightened him. And then he saw to what she pointed.

“Was the story he told me true?”

“What if it were?”

“What if it were?” she said mockingly. “You can’t understand, ‘what if it were.’”

But the father said quietly, with a mastery of himself:

“If it were true, that Melville couldn’t have succeeded. He hadn’t it in him. He would have failed at anything. I cut loose from him.”

“But you haven’t told me whether the story is true.”

“I won’t acknowledge nor deny it,” he said at last. “What of it? You ought not to find fault. My money has made you a position as fine as any of them.”

“Good night,” said the girl.

At the door he called to her:

"Nell, you haven't kissed me good night."

"I can't—to-night."

And she was gone.

"A woman can't understand business. She'll get over it." But he failed to sleep well that night. She was not at breakfast. He went to her room. She was sleeping with a look that frightened him. On his way down town he stopped at his doctor's. "I am troubled with that insomnia."

"Mr. Wolverton," said the practitioner, "I have told you again and again that you must let up on work and worry."

"I know, I know," said the great man. "By the way, I wish you would see Nell. I am worried about her."

He kept himself busied down town until about three, and then drove through the park in the parade, a tired-faced man whom people pointed out.

As he entered the house he heard Nell's voice. He paused in the hall and listened.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Melville," she was saying.

"I had your note, and came here promptly, I think."

"Yes, promptly."

"I have passed you several times, but I don't believe you saw me," Melville said rather bitterly.

He was thinking how charming she appeared here in her own house. He was blaming himself for all that he had thought of her; when her world, of which he had that brief glimpse, had been shut out.

"I sent for you," Nell went on, "to ask you why you told me that story when—when you knew that your father's partner then—was—my father."

The listener started, and moved toward the door, and drew back.

At last he heard:

"Miss Wolverton—yes, it was so, it is so, and I was a coward to tell you."

"I am glad you told me," Nell said humbly, for this was no longer the proud Miss Wolverton, she wondered at herself, tears were in her eyes, and self-control was far away.

"I don't know what made me tell you, and yet I do know. I have lied; I do know now. You seemed so far out of my reach, and I wanted you to be in my reach. Do you understand?"

"I don't know that I understand," the girl said. "I can't seem to understand."

"And—O, you are crying. I have hurt you. I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

"Don't," she said, "please don't."

But he was saying:

"I know the reason now. It was—don't you see—didn't you see?"

After a moment the listener heard Neil's voice.

"It's best so. If you do, it rights itself. And—I see it clearly. I know now why I didn't want you to be of Bertie Townley's class. You are a man who does things—and will—a man for a woman to be proud of, and—yes—it's all clear to me—I thought I was just flirting with you. But since that night I know it was more."

Presently the portiere was pushed aside.

Wolverton was possessed of a certain grim humour, and instinct for the management of the quick crises was the measure of his success in affairs.

"I am Samuel Wolverton, and you are Burke Melville," he said. "I listened to your conversation. I won't apologize, I am glad I did it. It seems to me, Mr. Melville, that your father's son has it back at me now. It seems to me that you hold the marked cards." He stopped and looked at the two, and then went on: "Mr. Melville, what is it the ministers say? I am not much at going to church. But don't they say that when a man has wronged another the best amends he can make is confession of his fault?"

But, although a moment after the young man extended his hand, Wolverton was conscious that his daughter, whom he held his dearest possession, never would be the same to him; that distrust lay between them; that, at the height of his success, Melville's son had turned the marked cards against him.

## CRACKERBOX.

### *A Mounted Police Adventure.*

FIRST Post had gone on the bugle at Fort Saskatchewan, and the Major was sitting on the porch of his quarters, discussing with his adjutant the details of a practice march arranged the following week for B Troop. The hard blue of the sky changed to purple, then to steel gray, and Saturn appeared low down on the western horizon. Over the level stretches of the prairie the night wind blew softly, rustling the yellow grass. It seemed peculiarly soothing to the two officers, smoking in lazy contentment after an arduous day in the blazing August sun. They paused in their chat and their thoughts drifted to other lands. They saw faces—the pensive faces of women and the laughing ones of little children—while they watched the stars come out, one by one, in the deepening dusk. They remembered that these same stars shone over the homes which sheltered these women and children; they seemed like sentinel eyes keeping tireless vigil over the loved ones separated from them by long leagues of hill and plain and the vicissitudes of a soldier's calling, and their hearts warmed to their friendly twinkling.

At length the Major's vagrant thoughts reverted to the matter in hand. "Thirty miles will do for the first day," he resumed. "That will take you into the Beaver Hills, where there's good camping; now the cool nights keep the flies down. How's regimental number 2142?"

"All right again, sir. Slight attack of influenza, the veterinary sergeant said it was. He'll—"

The door of the guardhouse across the square opposite swung open and a bugle rang out shrilly on the quiet night air. The two officers sprang to their feet. A shot went off, followed by another and another. Forms flitted back and forth through the bars of light which

streamed across the parade ground from the barrack windows. The officer of the day hurried up, touched his hat and said:

"I have to report, sir, that the prisoners McCorkle and Milligan have overpowered the guard and escaped."

The Major muttered something not on record, took three strides up the porch and two back, and then rapidly delivered his orders:

"Detail Kay and Hatherton to scout south toward the Blindman's River; they'll probably work round to that vicinity, sooner or later. Send Smith and Edmonds north to the Athabasca, and Murphy and Kraus east as far as Saddle Lake. Fontaine and Christianson can take the north bank of the Saskatchewan to Lac Ste. Anne."

Twenty minutes later the four details pulled out of Fort Saskatchewan on a blind search for as choice a pair of blacklegs as might have been found anywhere within two hundred miles.

\* \*

Up to the winter before, some of the Saskatchewan fellows had cultivated the idea that they knew a little about the game of poker, but after Crackerbox, baptized William McCorkle, had dwelt among them for a month they were driven stubbornly to the conviction that somehow they had made an error of judgment. A little earlier, Calgary had been a flower, a night-blooming cereus, from the professional gambler's point of view, but the bloom had worn off; it had become too slow and staid, and Crackerbox had heard of the Saskatchewan game and moved north. He thought there might be a profitable opening for him there and he was correct. His operations at the green table had been quite satisfactory to himself and necessarily anything but satisfactory to anyone



else. Still, the game went on and Crackerbox continued to pull down his jack-pots with complacent regularity, until one night things happened. He was discovered with four nines in his hand, and as three were held among the other players round the board, Crackerbox was called on for explanations. Which he gave—at the point of a six-shooter. They carried the wounded man home and Crackerbox to the guardhouse. He had done fatigue duty on the wood pile and round the kitchen sink, and while he did not say so, thought it no sort of occupation for a gentlemanly professional gambler. He had been awaiting with feelings of deep distrust the departure of the next stage, which should carry him to the territorial pen, there to abide events while the sick man lingered. Perhaps they would even show so little deference to his cloth and sensitiveness as to put him on the stone pile with absconding bank officers and other low violators of the law! The thought made his nostrils curl. But, as he said to himself on the night of his escape, "We have changed all that;" the stage would depart without him.

Milligan, the other fugitive, was a promoter; and Milligan was in trouble, as promoters now and then are apt to be. He was the chief instrument in the mutiny that had occurred in B Troop three months before, and was serving a year at hard labour in the guardhouse for his zeal in a cause which had been promptly frowned down.

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Early in the morning on the third day after the escape, Sergeant Kay and Trooper Hatherton were riding silently across the prairie toward a distant schack beside the trail connecting Calgary with Fort Saskatchewan. It was a stopping place for travellers and the only house in twenty miles.

"They'll be sure to stop at Bennet's and eat," said Kay. "We'd best not ride too close." They drew aside into a bluff of poplars and fastened their horses among the trees. "Now," continued the sergeant, "take a walk

to the right and come in below the window in the back of the shack. Mind and don't show yourself; that knoll and the stacks will give you all the cover you want. I'll shy round by the left and get to the front door. When it opens, hold your gun on 'em from the window."

Inside Bennet's, two men were breakfasting at a rough pine table. From the manner in which they ate, it might have been inferred that it was long since they had tasted food.

"Gee!" said the smaller of the two—a youngish, compact sallow man with a carefully-pointed, narrow black moustache, pausing for a minute as Bennet set a second heaping plate of fried meat on the table. "This is great! It would take all B Troop to chase me from such a feed."

"Elegant," said his companion with a mouthful of 'steak. "Shtill, I'm not askin' to see any av th' clan. Ut's good riddance, anyways y'u take ut, an' I hope ther's as many moiles betune us as ther' is behoid us."

\* \*

The door creaked a trifle on its wooden hinges. Crackerbox looked round quickly. Sergeant Kay stood in the open doorway with a levelled revolver in his hand.

"I'll trouble you, McCorkle," he said easily. "Oaka—quick now! You know the formula."

The gambler's hands went up. Milligan raised his at the same instant. His eyes were engaged at the window before him.

"'Bout face!" Milligan came round mechanically in obedience to the sharp word of command. "Tut! tut!" Kay went on protestingly—"You needn't strike your dukes, Milligan. Keep 'em up, keep 'em up. They look first rate as they are. Hatherton, walk round here—I'll do the honours while your coming—and fit those new cuffs on the gentlemen. I want to see how they look. Cutest thing in the market; lots of starch in 'em and polished to make a Chinese laundry ashamed of itself. We haven't had a chance to try 'em on a real eligible candidate before."

He bowed with mock deference to the gambler. Crackerbox smiled amiably in return.

"I'm right glad to see you, sergeant," he said, "Seems just like home again. Funny how things turn out, ain't it? I was just wonderin' if you wouldn't happen along—and here you are! Well, all's fair in love and war. And a fox chase. Some fools in my shoes would probably see things—ropes, beams and hornpipes. I don't. Life's too short to waste in speculation over what probably wouldn't occur. Play your game out and keep on lookin' happy. That's good clean philosophy for a man. And if you do pass out before the rest of the players, why you're only a hand ahead and they'll be hot in your moccasin track to the Sweet Bye-Bye.

"We only just hit the ranch an hour before you, and seein' we was here first we can't do less than make you welcome. You wouldn't have grudged us a hearty reception, I know, if it had happened the other way round." Crackerbox laughed. "We was right hungry. Mr. Bennet, here, was good enough to fix us up a real enjoyable meal an' we've just wolfed it." And, as the handcuffs went on: "And them bracelets! *Ain't* they charming! Such finish! Do you know, sergeant, as soon as I'm out o' this I'm a-going to get me a pair, gold—miniature, you know—same pattern, to hang on my watch chain as a souvenir? . . . What's wrong, Milligan? You don't look pleased?"

The big Irishman lowered under his thick red eyebrows. "I suppose this is another twelvemont' for me," he growled.

Crackerbox burst into a loud laugh. "Don't be down-h'arted, me son," he continued. "They can't give me too much of a good thing. I'll ask them to let me have it."

\* \*

"Well, Mr. McCorkle," said Kay, "now you're wearing government jewelry we can be more sociable. I guess you haven't finished your break-

fast yet. It's ahead of anything you're likely to hit between this and the Fort—which the same is ninety miles—so you'd best make the most of it. Jump in. And since you're so hospitable, if Mr. Bennet will be good enough to scorch a little more steak, we'll eat with you. I guess you know better than to make any breaks," he added significantly, looking from one prisoner to the other.

"Too busy to think of it," returned Crackerbox, sitting down to the table again. "Kind of a hard proposition, this, sergeant," he added a moment later, after an ineffectual attempt to cut his meat; "tryin' to handle a meal with your wrists sawing one against the other like cattle in a yoke."

Kay glanced at Hatherton. "Help him out, won't you," he said. "Mr. Bennet will do the same for the other man, I'm sure."

"O, I can't allow that!" protested the gambler, "I'll manage."

He seized the meat in his fists and tore it between his teeth, like a dog.

"Here, quit that!" said Kay. "You're a human at least, not an animal." He took out his keys and unlocked one handcuff. "There, I'll let you eat decently and not like a pagan if you'll promise not to try to escape."

A sudden brightness flashed into the gambler's eyes, but there was nothing of it left in the look he turned on Kay, as he replied with a bland smile: "Sure thing. I'd promise anything under the circumstances. That's easy. I say, sergeant, you're real obliging. I'll see that you're mentioned in orders."

"See you keep your promise, that'll be sufficient," said the sergeant, shortly, unlocking a handcuff of the other man.

Crackerbox laughed provokingly. "Now, sergeant, I like your jokes. You two loaded down with deadly weapons, and us—!"

\* \*

Sergeant Kay was naturally a kind man. Also, he dearly loved a game of poker, and, therefore, perhaps un-

suspected by himself, he nurtured a secret admiration for this cool desperado, who looked on life as a game of chance, and took good or ill luck indifferently as it came with imperturbable good humor. But, perhaps it was hardly discreet in the sergeant to allow his amiable disposition to influence him to the extent of freeing his prisoners' hands.

During the meal the talk drifted to poker. Kay knew enough about the game to have lost most of his pay for a year before. He was interested in Crackerbox's professional skill. And when the gambler pushed back his chair after finishing his coffee and remarked: "Just let me show you how that's done, sergeant, before you put the bracelets on again," and walked over to another table on which lay a pack of cards. Kay did not demur but followed. He thought he might learn something which would help him retrieve his losses.

Hatherton was interested, too, and stood beside the sergeant. Milligan was still eating.

Account for it as you may, they appeared to have forgotten him—perhaps because he had once been a fellow of B Troop with a blank defaulter sheet. Bennet apparently knew all he wanted to about poker; he bustled round, banging his tin dishes and pans. The clatter enabled Milligan to slip up behind the troopers unobserved.

\* \*

"You see," said Crackerbox, picking up the thread of his story again, "there was fifteen hundred dollars in the pot and they'd all dropped out except Wat Batty and me. I took the deck in my left hand, like this—it was extremely interesting—"and 'Cards' says I. 'I want one,' says Bat. I gave it to him. 'I'm taking three myself,' says I, while he looked at his hand, and I took 'em. They were good ones, and they came right out o' the deck *here*, like that, see."

"Hands up!" It was Milligan who spoke. The two troopers faced about and each looked into the unfriendly

muzzle of his own revolver, which Milligan had deftly extracted from its holster.

"Get thim up, now—quick!" he repeated.

Crackerbox laughed his exasperating laugh. "Yes, I would if I was in your place, sergeant," he remarked. "Everything has been real pleasant between us so far this morning and we wouldn't like to have any misunderstanding, now we're about parting from you. Oblige us. Did you notice how that game came out? Funny how it goes, ain't it? Luck with you one minute and the next it's with the other fellar. I didn't know you understood the sign language so well, Milligan. You tumbled quicker than a tailed steer. You must have belonged to the Invincibles before you left the 'Ould Country.' What was your number?"

Bennet looked on stoically, while with some difficulty Crackerbox removed the handcuffs and replaced them on the wrists of his late captors. In accomplishing this, the gambler hit upon what he regarded as a neat arrangement. He stood Kay and Hatherton back to back and divided a pair of the cuffs between them on either side, securely linking them together. Bennet was not risking his health in any attempt to uphold the dignity of the law. Why should he? From an abstract point of view, it seems rather a peculiar fact that there should so seldom in the west be apparent any strong general antipathy toward the man who has done nothing worse than shoot another man, openly. It is only the wretch who lays unrighteous hands upon a woman—the Bill Sykeses of this world, who find all doors of hope, of human forgiveness and forbearance shut against them.

"You've been real hospitable, Mr. Bennet," Crackerbox went on, "and I just hate to put you out any, but there are times, you understand, when a man has to burn all his crossed bridges and this looks to me like one of them times. It's quite a ways to where we're going to and I guess you won't hold it

against us if we rope you up with the others."

\* \*

They bound Kay's and Hatherton's ankles and Crackerbox walked Bennet to his bunk in the corner and tied him on it hand and foot. Then, as he stood with his back to the others, he pulled a bank note out of the silk handkerchief about his neck, winked, and held it up so that the host could see the "50" printed on it, and then pushed it into Bennet's waistcoat pocket. Milligan went to the corral and turned out Bennet's stock and brought the troop horses from the bluff.

"Well, so long, sergeant," said Crackerbox, standing beside Kay's saddle. "We'd be glad to spend another half-hour in your company, but you understand we've no time to waste in social entertainment. We thank you for a real pleasant mawnin' and for bringin' down these hosses for our use. My feet was plumb playin' out, but I reckon we'll get on, now. If you look real hard, boys, you'll find the keys of them cuffs in the grass not more'n a hundred yards from here; and, Bennet, your hosses won't stray so far but you'll be able to pick 'em up to-morrer. Good-day, sergeant. If you ever come down my way, look me up. I won't

forget your consideration. I won't, honest."

He sprang into the saddle and clattered off, but at a hundred yards he stopped and drawled over his shoulder:

"And O, I say, sergeant, remember me to the Majaw! And tell him I said, with my compliments, he wa'n't to fohget to mention you in o'dehs!"

Then the outlaws spurred across the prairie in the direction of that line beyond which lay another government, driving Bennet's loose horses before them, and that was the last seen of Crackerbox by the Northwest Mounted Police for many a day.

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In after years I sat often of an evening over Scotch with Kay, when he no longer wore government clothes or nursed an ambition to shine at poker, but had married "a girl" and settled down to raising cattle and a family. He spoke of many things, but he never told me what his feelings were as he lay through that sultry August afternoon on the floor at Bennet's, counting the slow hours, until a traveller came along near dusk and released him; and I never asked. There are subjects which may not be touched upon, even between friends.

*Bleasdell Cameron.*

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## LORD HERSCHELL.

BY SIR LOUIS H. DAVIES.

THE recent death of the late Lord Herschell at Washington was as sad as it was sudden. Up to the fatal moment he was to all human appearance in the enjoyment of robust health. Some ten days before his death he fell on the slippery pavement when walking on the street, and fractured one of his hip bones. This accident, however, did not, so far as is known, contribute to his death, which a post-mortem examination showed was caused by disease of the heart.

The circumstances surrounding the

sudden and tragic end of this distinguished statesman and jurist evoked everywhere unfeigned sympathy and sorrow, and every possible mark of respect was paid to his memory by the nation in whose capital he breathed his last. The funeral services held in St. John's Episcopal Church were not only appropriately solemn and beautiful, but were international in their character. They were attended by the President and Vice-President of the United States, the Cabinet Ministers, the judges of the Supreme Court, the

officers of the army and navy in Washington, the American members of the Joint High Commission, and many members of the Senate and House of Representatives.

In addition to these distinguished representatives of the nation, there were present most of the Ambassadors and Ministers of the foreign powers with their respective suites, representatives of the Governor-General of Canada and of the Canadian Government, and a host of personal friends of the deceased.

With thoughtful courtesy the United States Government offered one of its ships of war to convey the body to England, an offer which unfortunately could not be accepted, as arrangements had already been made for its conveyance on board of a British cruiser.

Baron Herschell was born in England on the 2nd of November, 1837, and was, consequently, at the time of his death in the sixty-second year of his age. He was a graduate, with classical honours, of London University, entered upon the study of law in Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar in 1860. Like many other distinguished lawyers, he had years of weary waiting before his abilities were recognized; but after he had obtained his first important brief the profession was quick to recognize his talents, and he rose rapidly.

He was fond of telling a bit of his personal history during the waiting period of his professional career. He was attending the Liverpool Assizes, patiently waiting for the briefs which did not come. One evening after Court was over, sitting with two other young lawyers in a similar plight, the situation was sadly discussed, and the conclusion reached that as there appeared to be no chance for any of them in England, they had better emigrate to the colonies. Australia and New Zealand were the places most favoured, and it was agreed that to these places they would all go. Fortunately for themselves and for British jurisprudence the tide turned about that time; briefs be-

gan to appear, and soon came pouring in upon each of them, to the utter annihilation of their emigration fever.

"Of these three penniless young barristers," said Lord Herschell one day to the writer, "I was one, and when I became Lord Chancellor I had the pleasant duty of swearing in another (Lord Russell) as the Lord Chief Justice of England, while the third has for years filled with distinction another very high judicial position."

In 1874 Lord Herschell, then plain Mr. Herschell, entered politics, and was returned to Parliament from the City of Durham, which city he continued to represent till 1885. In 1880 he became Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's Administration, and held that office while he remained a member of the Commons. His private practice during all these years was a very large one, and while giving it all needful attention he found time to achieve marked distinction as an astute politician and capable statesman.

In 1886 he became Lord Chancellor in the Government then formed by Mr. Gladstone, and was elevated to the Peerage with the title of Baron Herschell. He had the unique and distinguished honour of filling that exalted position for the second time from 1892 till 1895.

Like many other successful barristers, Lord Herschell had a marvellous capacity for work, and was fond of ascribing his success in life largely to his determination thoroughly to master the details of every matter he had entrusted to him. With what appeared to be an iron constitution, he was able for years to successfully set at defiance the ordinary rules for the preservation of health, and to work for double the number of hours usually allotted even busy men.

He was a warm personal friend of Mr. Gladstone for whom he had unbounded admiration both as a man and a statesman, and whose confidence he seemed to have unreservedly shared. In the preparation of the great measures which specially marked that statesman's later administration, Lord Her-

schell took a prominent part, and his trained, acute and lucid mind left its impress upon the drafts of many of these measures. On the downfall of the Gladstone Government in 1895, Lord Herschell, of course, surrendered the Great Seal, and thereafter continued to sit as one of the Law Lords in the House of Lords, and on the Board of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Though for many years a keen and ardent politician, who heartily enjoyed the great contests in the Commons in which he took part, it was plain that his heart was in the exposition and determination of the law, and that he loved to live in the "gladsome light of jurisprudence."

As Lord Chancellor, Law Lord and member of the Judicial Committee, the late Lord Herschell has had the broadest field for the display of his learning, acuteness and ability, and it may safely be said that his name will be ranked amongst the great British jurists of the century as the peer of Cairns and Jessell.

In private life Lord Herschell was singularly free from either affectation or pride. He was bright and cheerful in disposition, and very companionable. During his long professional and public career he had been brought into contact with many men in different walks of life, and his mind was well stored with a fund of rich and rare stories which he told admirably and with tactful appreciation of time and company. Of many of the great men with whom he had been professionally and politically associated and opposed to, he spoke with generous and kindly appreciation, and when he could not praise he was generally content to criticise with caution or to remain silent. When, however, he felt compelled to correct what he thought were wrong or over-estimates of some public man's character or abilities, he gave his opinion with a charming vigour and honesty.

The confidence reposed in him by

Lord Salisbury and the present Conservative Government of Great Britain is evident from his appointment by them on both the Venezuela Boundary Commission and the Anglo-American Joint High Commission. At the first meeting of the latter he was chosen President, and during its prolonged sittings he discharged the duties of that position with dignity and tact. He mastered thoroughly every subject referred to him for consideration, and was never satisfied until he had got to the bottom of the facts. His motto was "Thoroughness," and he lived up to it. He had visited every Province of the Dominion except Prince Edward Island, and prided himself very much upon his knowledge of Canada and Canadians. Of our Dominion he had formed a high opinion, and it would be impossible to over-estimate the zeal, energy and ability which he applied in the presentation of Canada's case before the Joint High Commission.

The Empire has lost a great jurist and diplomatist, and Canada an earnest and sincere friend. His place will be indeed a difficulty one to fill. Pleasant, agreeable, chatty and always kindly, he soon became a lion in Washington society, and was everywhere welcomed with pleasure. The legal profession naturally looked up to him with profound admiration and respect. The diplomatist found him tactful and resourceful, while urbane and polite. Society welcomed him at first because of his distinguished position and great reputation, but afterwards for his pleasant and dignified manner, his absence of pretension and his never-failing fund of anecdote. Public bodies constantly called for his presence and, at a time requiring great prudence and reserve, he was able to accept their invitations and leave behind him an abiding sense of pleasure, power, tact and ability. It may be truly said of him that he possessed:

"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

*L. H. Davies.*

## A VOLUME OF REVIEWS.\*

FOR some time, in this and other publications, and in public expressions of writers and thinkers, there has been exhibited a desire for a new Canadian criticism—a criticism which would be a guide to both reader and author. The result is seen in the improved taste of the literary men, the journalists and the readers of this country. The Canadian books and periodicals that were good enough for the last generation of readers, are not good enough for this. The books and articles of ten years ago would be in many cases sneered at to-day. Ten years ago, even five years ago, anything Canadian was welcomed by the small set of persons who took any notice of Canadian literature in its various forms, and was very seldom estimated at its true worth. If it was Canadian—that was enough; it must have some merit because it was Canadian.

The attitude was, perhaps, a rather judicious one. At least, it was not without its beneficial result. The people of Canada bought Canadian books and magazines and newspapers more eagerly. The better Canadian writers were able to find publishers who would bring out their books without the formality of a guarantee against possible loss. Those persons who had the selling of books in their hands found it profitable to give some attention to native publications. The various Sunday-school, high school and public libraries opened a department marked "Canadian Literature." With such results as these, the liberal attitude of the past decade cannot be wholly condemned.

But, as might be expected, and as the record proves, this desire to encourage a native literature has been modified. It was at one time a desire to

aid Canadian literature; now it has become a desire to aid good Canadian literature. That simple word "good" has been added, and it makes a great difference. Buyers are now tasting their goods before purchasing. The range has been extended, and there is more from which to select. All cannot be taken; therefore the worst are rejected.

The purchaser with his modified desire looks about for the criticisms of other men. At first he cannot find them. He cries out for them, with little result beyond the waking of the echoes. He cries more loudly, and a weak chorus answers at last. But the chorus is becoming stronger. There will soon be a Canadian criticism. The nation is beginning to understand itself, its work, its weakness, its strength. This is having its effect on music, on art and on literature.

Professor Wrong, of the University of Toronto, has issued the third volume of his yearly reviews of Canadian historical publications, a volume superior in many ways to the first and second. The matter is better arranged, the quality of the reviews is more even and the examination deeper. The contents are arranged under the following headings:

- I. Canada's Relations to the Empire.
- II. The History of Canada.
- III. Provincial and Local History.
- IV. Geography, Economics and Statistics.
- V. Archæology, Ethnology and Folklore.
- VI. Law and the Constitution of Canada.

As a sample of what the book contains in its two hundred and twenty large pages, it may be mentioned that in the first department there are reviews of the following books:

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\*Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada for the year 1898; edited by Prof. Geo. M. Wrong and H. H. Langton. Published by the Librarian of the University of Toronto. Toronto, Wm. Briggs; London, P. S. King & Son, 9 Bridge Street.

Demolins: Anglo-Saxon Superiority, to what it is due; Zimmerman: Die Kolonialpolitik Grossbritanniens; Story: The Building of the Empire; Kirkman: The Growth of Greater Britain; Williams: The Imperial Heritage; Van Sommer: Canada and the Empire; Greswell: Canada and the Empire; minor notices of three articles, one by Sir Hibbert Tupper in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, another by Mr. Hodgins in the same periodical, and a third by Sir John G. Bourinot in *The Forum*.

Most of the work has been done by Professor Wrong, although Professor Goldwin Smith reviews a new edition of Parkman; Mr. James Bain, a book on Ontario; Professor Coleman, a volume on Canadian Metals; Professor Shortt, Croil's Steam Navigation; Dr. A. F. Chamberlain, various works on Ethnology; and Mr. Lefroy, a volume on Institutions.

Goldwin Smith's review of Parkman needs no recommendation. A few sentences may be quoted to indicate how interesting the whole article is.:

"Their subjects are so entirely Canadian that we may almost claim the writer as ours. The American, however, would not like to part with him, for in their literature there is hardly a higher name. His style is excellent. It is free from the grandiloquence which used to be the bane of American historians, though to do them justice they have now generally discarded it. . . . Parkman was a paragon of research. At the same time he has few superior in literary art. . . ."

"I appear once to have spoken rather disparagingly of Parkman's delineation of the character of Wolfe. I beg to retract the criticism; the character is well drawn, and an intensely interesting character it is. In the union of tenderness with dauntless courage, and in the triumph of the heroic spirit over the weakness of the bodily frame, it bears a resemblance to that of Nelson, while it has the purity which Nelson's character lacks.

"If people only knew how far superior in interest as well as in intellectual influence Parkman's narratives are to the sensational novel, they would lay the sensational novel aside."

Professor Wrong has, in previous volumes, been very severe on Mr. Kingford's history. While retracting nothing, the Professor pays a high compliment to the dead historian in the following language:

"We know not whether most to admire the dauntless ambition which impelled him at that time of life to mark out for himself so great a task, or the the amazing industry and physical and mental vigour which enabled him to bring it to completion. Such an achievement, we venture to say, can scarcely be paralleled in the annals of historical work."

In his other reviews the Professor is equally liberal, although never praising where praise would be untrue. In reviewing such a book as "Canada: an Encyclopædia," he frankly states that he cannot approve of the palpable padding, the manifest inconsistencies, and the disorderly arrangement, adding that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Henry Strong lend their names to introductions to volumes which are not worthy of them. In dealing with a volume published by his own University as a reliable work, he points out its weaknesses also. Speaking of Professor Campbell's pamphlet on the Dénés, he very severely condemns the theory advanced by his learned colleague, labelling it "impossible," and his method as "easy and unscientific."

The same careful and thorough investigation which marks the work of Professor Wrong is exhibited by Professor Shortt in his review of Mr. Croil's "Steam Navigation." He condemns the habit of some writers in using the newspaper paragraph as a source of information, and estimates the general value of the book in very clear language. Incidentally he takes the whole Canadian nation to task for having elevated the *Royal William* to an unearned eminence. Previous to her crossing the ocean, too other steam vessels had already performed the feat.

In conclusion, it need only be stated, to give point to the opening paragraphs of this article, that the example set by Professor Wrong in helping to inaugurate this new era of Canadian literature—an era marked liberally by destructive and constructive criticism—is one worthy of emulation. Canadian literature is a specialty, but it must be tested by some of the world's standards.

*John A. Cooper.*



## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

FRANCE seldom fails to supply themes for the chronicler. The almost tragic death of President Faure and the election of his successor, which followed so promptly upon it, have had a distinct influence on the progress of affairs in that country. The most superficial observer must have noted the comparative calm that has followed these events. The maxim that of the dead nothing but good must be said is scarcely broken when it is said of M. Faure that he paltered with the Dreyfus affair, and on his attitude the hopes of the disturbers grew and flourished. To this mob, which, whatever the main body may be composed of, is led by charlatans and mountebanks, the election of M. Loubet was a distinct check. It is fair to say, too, that the leaders of the army, when the critical moment arrived, repulsed the approaches of the men who endeavoured to seduce them from duty.

The new President began his career under the missiles of the knot of cheap conspirators whose chief anxiety seems to be to keep themselves in some way, no matter how ridiculous that way may be, in the public eye. As might have been expected, they went too far. The new President conducted himself admirably, appearing to possess the plain common-sense which his opponents lack. His speech to the Senate has been commended without stint as just what was needed to produce confidence. He not only praised the army, recognizing the position it holds in the esteem of the people, but also said a word about the need for justice in all branches of a nation's life. He especially declared his attachment to the Republic and the principles of liberty that the Revolution was intended to establish. This was the vital part of his speech, and men recognized that here was a man who

would stand or fall for the existing order of things, a man whom neither the army nor the Legitimists nor the Bonapartists could coquet with to the detriment of France's deliberate choice of a form of government.

It is noticeable that the hissing and throwing of missiles promptly ceased, and a certain calmness has succeeded the hysterical atmosphere of a few weeks ago, a calm that even the decadent romances of Count Esterhazy are not sufficient to disturb. The change is so pronounced that while a few weeks ago competent observers saw a revolution with a possible Jewish St. Bartholomew's eve on the horizon, the present position removes all apprehension of the occurrence of such dire events.

In the meantime one unfortunate circumstance or another serves to keep the relations between France and her great neighbour across the Channel in an unsatisfactory condition. The last was the collision of interests at Oman. Oman is a weakling Mussulman kingdom on the shores of the Persian gulf whose Sultan has accepted the British shilling. He appears to have been not indisposed to secure a few French francs as well, and agreed to provide a coaling station for the navy of that power. Coal is a dusty and most unromantic commodity, and it seems a misapplication of terms to call it the life-blood of anything, but it is nevertheless the life-blood of the modern vessel, and without it "the armaments which thunderstrike the walls of rock-built cities" are extinct volcanoes. Hence the great anxiety on the part of all the maritime nations to possess themselves of places in all parts of the world where the seabird of prey may fill up its bunkers, preparatory to renewed devastations. Strong as Britain's navy is, she is even

stronger in this respect, and she is determined that her rivals shall not improve their position with her consent.

♦

Oman is too near the Indian coast and the Red Sea. The desire to have a coaling station there had a significance that the naval authorities were quick to see. The Sultan of Oman was also made to see it in that rude but unmistakable way that gives some of us, at least, a twinge occasionally. Why the Sultan should not do what he likes with his own is the question. It will be urged that having taken his shilling he should accept all the consequences that it involves. However, it was only necessary to point a few guns at the palace to make him hasten to revoke his intention of granting a coaling station. Whether he also returned the consideration received does not appear. The singular thing is that the two foreign offices give different accounts of the affair. Each describes the course of the other as a backdown. It is to be hoped, however, that France may be allowed a coaling station there, provided that it is not allowed to be, by reason of fortifications, a menace to the peace of the Indian ocean.

♦

These continual irritations arising between the leaders of civilization in Europe are much to be regretted and an Englishman cannot honestly say that England is to blame. Lord Salisbury has been chided time and again for giving way to France in Madagascar, Tunis and Siam. Whether he is justly criticised or not need not be dealt with here, but the fact remains that in two of these cases Britain had as



THE LATE PRESIDENT FAURE.

M. Felix Faure, President of the French Republic, died on Thursday, February 18th, of apoplexy. He is said to have been tormented by a desire to rank with crowned heads, and to have kept up a regular correspondence with European Sovereigns. Otherwise he was a very careful and painstaking ruler. He was the son of a Norman tanner. |

great or greater interests than France, yet French wishes prevailed with scarcely even a pretence of compromise. Is there one instance in recent times where France has shown a mutually liberal spirit? If there is I should be glad to hear of it. The selfish game went on until the Fashoda affair awoke that bull-dog British resentment, the consequences of which not even the most Chauvinistic Frenchman could fail to understand. He talked about humiliation and he undoubtedly was humiliated, but he emphatically brought it upon himself and now the Britisher is in the mood to give him no other treatment. Let us hope that a frank recognition of the position of both

parties and a realization of the fact that after a long-continued policy of nagging and irritation a hair's weight may turn the scale, will lead to a resumption of that attitude of mind towards each other that befits two great Christian nations.

In foreign affairs, however, China maintains her position of prominence. If the great inert monster is not dying the kites that hover round her, making an occasional dart for a mouthful of the carcase, believe she is. The newest phase of the case is that the attempt of Russia to make Manchuria a special Russian preserve has been frustrated at last by the firmness of Lord Salisbury. Many months ago Russia, while not prohibiting the building of a railway to New-Chwang, insisted that all that part of it north of the Chinese wall should not be subject to any liabilities of the railway, and if the company became bankrupt that part of it could not be seized or held by the bondholders as security. These terms she compelled China to impose on the capitalists who held the concession. Of course it was difficult to get capital with this disability attached to the security.

Lord Salisbury was appealed to, but was slow to move, and Russia seemed to be having her own way. If he had taken the action then that he has since taken there would have been the utmost danger of a conflict. There can be little doubt that at that time Russia could have secured the aid of France had she been disposed to go to war. The English Foreign Minister did not press the matter; he simply waited. In the meantime the Jingo press, even of his own party, was grumbling at the exhibition of weakness and irresolution. We outside of course can only look at the facts and speculate as to whether they are fortuitous or part of a well-planned policy. At all events, it has been felt all along that France was the only sincere member of the Franco-Russian alliance. As I have said, the latter a few months ago could

have depended on the aid of the former for almost any project she had in view. It was not long before it was demonstrated that this spirit of devotion to the international partnership was not mutual.

When France, by her own indiscretions, had got into the Fashoda embarrassment the advice of Russia was to get out of it in any other way but by an appeal to arms, a gentle intimation that Russia did not consider any French question worth fighting for. The incident opened the eyes of France to the real nature of its incongruous ally. The Fashoda incident was therefore not only a triumph for Lord Salisbury, but by it he virtually dissolved the Russo-French alliance. Having got them well separated he immediately assumes a bolder tone with Russia. He tells China that he will hold her to the full terms of the concession to the New-Chwang railway company, and assures her of support against anyone seeking to punish her on that account. And, deprived of France, Russia has to put up with the matter the best way she can. It certainly looks like what the Yankee would call a "slick" piece of statecraft, worthy of Cavour or Bismarck.

While this has been going on negotiations have been proceeding for an understanding with Germany and have been concluded. The precise nature of it has not been made public, but it doubtless removes the irritation that the Oom Paul telegram caused. It is worth noting in connection with this subject the German Emperor's telegram to Kipling and his negotiations with Cecil Rhodes respecting the Cape to Cairo railway. In the despatch to the Laureate of Imperialism the Emperor definitely placed himself among the Anglo-Saxon peoples whose glories Rudyard has sung. This is significant enough when we remember that Germany is surrounded on the one hand by the Latin races and on the other by the Slavs—and between the latter and the Germans no love is lost. If there

is anything in race, the Kaiser's natural allies are the Briton and his broods across the seas. The humours of the negotiations between the inspirer of Jamieson's raid and Uncle Paul's friend are too broad to need enforcing.

The conduct of the Czar's representatives in Finland forms a strange contrast to his preparations for holding a peace conference at the Hague. The despatches tell us that the written pledge of his father and grandfather to respect the liberties and immunities of the people of Finland are framed and set in their holy places. In view too of the preparations for the reign of peace it is remarkable that one of the changes which is being forced on the Finns, is an increase in their contribution of young manhood towards the army from ten to thirty-five per cent. and a like increase in their contribution of money to the war treasure. The result is that the aggrieved people are contemplating leaving their birthland, negotiations having been begun with the Canadian High Commissioner in London. The Finns are a fine people, Lutheran in religion, sturdy, industrious, honest and earnest, and would undoubtedly make excellent settlers. Their country corresponds in latitude with that region of our west which extends from Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean, but, as is the case with all European latitudes as compared with corresponding American latitudes, their winters are somewhat milder. Any part of the inhabited western Provinces would, however, suit them excellently as to climate.

Owing to the careful press censor-



PRESIDENT-ELECT LOUBET.

M. Emile Loubet, who was elected President of France on the joint vote of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies on February 20th, springs from the peasantry of Midi. He is not so ambitious as was his predecessor and is a lover of music and books. He is a staunch Republican, and a man of moderation and judgment.

ship or to the discretion of the correspondents we are getting the rosier side of the story of American operations in the Philippines. Of the final outcome of the campaign there can be no doubt, but we must expect that these lawless savages will keep up a desultory warfare perhaps for years. In the meantime the Democratic caucus has declared "that a colonial policy is contrary to the theory of our government and subversive of those great principles of civil liberty which we have been taught to cherish." It looks as if the two parties were about to divide on a question of great moral and political significance.

*John A. Ewan.*

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

THIS Easter number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE surpasses any previous effort. The contributors are all well-known writers and publicists; the illustrations are of a higher order than has been hitherto obtainable in Canada, while the mechanical work shows what progress has been made by native printers. The twelfth volume is complete, but the resources of Canadian art and literature are not exhausted, and volume thirteen will, it is hoped, be even better than its predecessors.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes to reform the Senate by an amendment to the constitution providing that when there is a majority in the Senate opposed to a measure which has passed the popular chamber, there shall be a joint vote of the members of both Houses. The Bill would thus pass if the majority in the House in favour of it was greater than the majority in the Senate opposed to it. The Legislatures of Nova Scotia and Ontario have approved of the scheme; while the Legislature at Quebec has been bound in a similar way, so far as the expression of an opinion in the House by the Premier can bind it.

It will be a long fight. The proposition must be carried in the House of Commons at Ottawa. That is the first step. Then it must pass the Senate itself. That is a longer step. Then it must be approved of by the British Parliament. That is a step which may or may not consume much time and effort.

It is rather discouraging to notice in connection with a constitutional question of this character that the Liberal

members of Parliament are, without any consideration, lining up in support of the Premier's proposal, while the Conservative members are performing the same manly feat in support of Sir Charles Tupper's condemnation of the scheme. The members of Parliament do not seem to feel that independent consideration of a constitutional question is either advisable or necessary.

Similarly the Liberal press is almost a unit in support of the proposal, although it was, a few years ago, arguing along a different line. The *Toronto Globe* and one or two other papers are exceptions, however, the *Globe* remaining firm in its absolute hostility to the continued existence of the Senate in any form. Similarly, the Conservative press is a unit in support of Sir Charles Tupper and the present constitutional position of the Crown-appointed chamber. Partyism may be breaking down in England, and Goldwin Smith may think it an unnecessary condition of the British constitutional system, but partyism holds the Canadian newspapers and the members of Canadian Parliament firmly in its grasp. It is worshipped above all other gods, and much more blindly.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier figures prominently in another piece of history making. He has written a letter to the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, the temperance organization of Canada, defining his attitude with regard to the Prohibition Plebiscite which was taken last year. He points out that 278,478 electors voted yea and 264,571 voted nay. But, he adds, there are 1,233,849 voters in Canada, "and of that number less than 23 per cent., or a trifle over one-fifth, affirmed their conviction

in the principle of prohibition." In the face of this circumstance he ventures to assert "that no good purpose would be served by forcing upon the people a measure which is shown by the vote to have the support of less than 23 per cent. of the electorate." The Government has spoken through the Premier, and Prohibition is not a question which will be again considered until the country gives a new verdict. Prohibition by legislation is shelved for ten years at least.

The Government of this country should buy up all the railroads, combine them into one large system, and appoint Sir William Van Horne general manager, with a salary of, say, \$200,000 a year. After he dies, Cecil Rhodes, Major Girouard, or some other bright man could be found who would be a worthy successor.

Sir William's ability is amply proven by the latest statement of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The surplus for the year 1898 was \$4,124,417. After deducting dividends to the amount of \$1,535,546, he has a balance of \$2,588,870. Further dividends will be paid out of this.

This country is suffering from a plethora of railway bonuses and railway deals. The best method of settling all the difficulties would be to acquire every mile of road in the country, and place the government of the system in the hands of the most competent man procurable. The price which would necessarily be paid for a forced purchase would probably be twenty-five millions above the real value; but Sir William would make that much profit in five years. All the wire-pulling and lobbying now in sight would be worked into a year or two, and the legislative decks cleared for more important engagements. This undignified, disgraceful lobbying when a railway charter is to be granted would vanish from our public life, because all future lines would be built by the Government. This would mean more expenditure, some reader would say. It will mean future expenditure, but there will be

future expenditure in any case because we are bound up with the bonus principle. The difference would be that the Government would build the railways and own them, instead of building them for private companies. We would have additional assets to balance additional expenditures.

The accompanying table shows that we have expended on railways in Canada—exclusive of what is being spent on the Crow's Nest and Drummond County Railways—over two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. On railways and canals combined we have spent some three hundred and forty millions.

To pay off these railway subsidies of two hundred and fifty millions, every able-bodied man in Canada would require to contribute over two hundred dollars. If the Governments, provincial and federal, were to call on us for this contribution, I imagine that there would be no further approval of subsidies. Of course we will not be called upon for anything but the interest, which is a small matter. Nevertheless, after we get tired paying the interest, the debt will still stare us or our posterity in the face.

The interest on this amount for each voter of the country (of whom there are 1,200,000) would be at least eight dollars. If a man pays his share for 30 years he would have paid \$240. In other words, if he would pay now what he would pay during thirty years of his life as interest, the whole two hundred and fifty millions would be paid off and the future generation would be unburdened. But, of course, the future generation may "go hang" and look after itself.

The only point I desire to make is that we have paid a great deal for transportation facilities, and that it is time to call a halt. It is time for several reasons: because we cannot really afford new burdens; because further expenditures will lead to duplicate lines; because future railway building may safely be left to private enterprise; and

EXPENDITURE ON CANADIAN RAILWAYS AND CANALS  
TO JUNE 30TH, 1897.

DOMINION—			
Railway subsidies paid.....	\$41,890,887		
Railway subsidies outstanding .....	752,742		
Lands granted (if worth \$1 per acre).....	39,725,130		
Rails loaned to railways.....	90,356		
GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS—			
Construction and rolling stock.....	97,444,518		
Excess of expenditure over revenue.....	8,274,797		
			\$188,178,430
PROVINCIAL AND MUNICIPAL—			
Loans.....	\$ 25,046,734		
Bonuses.....	39,686,625		
Subscriptions.....	3,064,500		
			67,797,859
CANALS—			
Construction.....	\$69,297,152		
Renewals.....	2,453,498		
Repairs.....	5,282,173		
Staff and maintenance.....	6,764,673		
			\$3,797,496
Grand total.....			\$339,773,785

because the granting of subsidies is wrong in principle and leads to lobbying and deals. If the Government must grant aid, let it be in the form of loans. These may occasionally be justified, but bonuses can never be.

Similarly we must condemn the bonus principle as applied where municipalities grant aid to new or existing industries. There has been much discussion of this question in the present session of the Ontario Legislature. Even after the discussion, which by the way seemed to bear little fruit, the city of Kingston applied to the Legislature to exempt from taxation three large grain elevators and a cotton mill. That is, it proposes to make the small business man and the wage-earner pay the taxes of the city, and let large accumulations of capital go free. This is but a sample request of many. Truly, to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

So long as the bonus system is continued, there will be demands of an extraordinary character from people who have political influence. A case in point occurred a few weeks ago in Ontario. The Ontario and Rainy River

Railway has received from the Ontario Government a promise of \$3,000 per mile for 208 miles of railway, and from the Dominion Government a promise of \$3,000 per mile for the same road. The owners now ask an additional \$1,000 per mile from the Ontario Government, and stated that the Dominion Government is expected to increase its grant by an additional \$3,400 per mile. That is, these railway owners ask a bonus of \$10,400 per mile. The first grant was asked for 208 miles of road; now this has been increased by 75 miles. For this 283 miles, these patriotic gentlemen ask a bonus of \$2,943,200—three millions in round numbers. This, too, for a road which parallels part of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was also built with the people's money.

If one must draw a conclusion, it is that democratic government in Canada fails at this point, and that a strong, crown-appointed, unhampered Senate is a necessity to prevent extravagance. Of course the Senate, as at present constituted, has not always prevented extravagance, and if it is being condemned now, the condemnation is due to its failure to appreciate its own duties.

*John A. Cooper.*

# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

## THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

The editor has asked me to say something in these pages about the Canadian Society of Authors. His kind request, and the many communications on the subject which are reaching me from all parts of Canada, sufficiently show that much interested attention is now being directed toward the cradle of this infant organization; the child, it may be said, of many hopes and fears; respecting which its friends are sanguine that it may survive all adverse influences and criticisms; be able in due time to stand upon its own feet, and to play a useful part in the commonwealth. I am the more pleased to do this because it affords me an opportunity of relieving my soul by assuring all and sundry of the numerous tribe of those who wield the pen in this country, that if they were not personally invited to assist at the natal ceremonies of this organism, it was a mischance which none laments more than I. I sincerely hope they will not turn their backs on it on this account. Those who at the beginning formed themselves into a nucleus of action with a view to the inception of a Society of Authors in Canada were exceedingly anxious to obtain the co-operation of all who would in any way bring strength and vitality to it. To this end circulars of the following tenor were sent broadcast over the Dominion:

TORONTO, January 24th, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—Suggestions have been made from time to time as to the advisability of forming an Association or Society of Canadian Authors, for the purpose of facilitating united action with regard to any subject or movement which may be of interest to literary people. The fact that in Great Britain and the United States the chief contributors to the literature of the day have formed Associations for a similar purpose, furnishes a noteworthy precedent for the step which it is now proposed to take. But more particularly the present state of the Law of Copyright in Canada, and the probability that at an early date changes of moment may be made in it, appear to afford a suitable opportunity for inviting Canadian authors to come together to discuss this and cognate topics, with a view to ascertaining their views, and of taking such action as may be judged desirable.

At a preliminary meeting of a number of literary men, held in Toronto, on the 13th inst., for the consideration of matters affecting Canadian authors, a committee was appointed for the purpose of convening a general meeting of Canadian authors to be held at the Canadian Institute, Richmond St. East, on Monday, February 6th, at 8 o'clock p.m. At the request of the committee a statement with regard to the present aspect and future prospects of Copyright Legislation will be submitted for consideration, by the Hon. G. W. Ross. The discussion of a question of such importance cannot fail to be useful to authors and the public generally.

We therefore earnestly hope that you will be able to attend the meeting and give the movement your valued countenance and support.

Yours faithfully,

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

BERNARD McEVOY,  
*Secretary.*

GEO. W. ROSS,  
*Chairman.*

In response to this invitation a well-attended meeting was held at the Canadian Institute, Toronto, and an important and thoughtful statement on the present state of the Copyright Law in Canada and the best way to meet its deficiencies in the interests of both authors and publishers was read by Hon. G. W. Ross and afterwards discussed. There was a healthy amount of criticism and differ-



ence of opinion on the subject, but there is every reason to suppose that the work done at that and subsequent meetings will have a useful bearing on the settlement of a question which is of vital interest to our native authors. Experience has long shown that a fair and just copyright law is in these days one of the most important roots of literary activity. It was out of the necessity for improvement in this regard that the Society of Authors in Britain and also that in the United States originally sprang, and it is therefore no strange thing that the same necessity should bring about an impulse of organization in Canada.

Although there was, as I have said, a very hearty response to our circulars, I am grieved to find that many industrious and able writers were overlooked, and that some sensitive people were thereby hurt. I can only now say that if any literary man or woman will write to me, as Secretary, on the subject, I shall be most happy to furnish them with all the information I can with regard to the Society, and that their co-operation will be welcomed by the Committee.

The following report on the objects we have in view and the proposals as to the conditions of membership was adopted at the last meeting, held on March 13th, in the Canadian Institute, Toronto :

Resolution adopted at the meeting on February 6th:

"That the following provisional committee be appointed, with instructions to prepare a memorandum setting forth the objects of the Society, and if so advised, to prepare a form of charter and to report to a subsequent meeting of the Society: Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., Hon. G. W. Ross, Prof. Mavor, G. R. Parkin, C.M.G., James Bain, Oliver Howland, Q.C., Byron E. Walker, Charles Lindsey, A. H. F. Lefroy and Bernard McEvoy, secretary, with a recommendation that whatever be decided by the Society as to the conditions of membership, members should be appointed from all parts of the Dominion of Canada, in order that the Society may have a thoroughly national character."

Your Committee begs to report as follows:

1. The objects of the Society shall be to promote the production of literature in Canada, and the interests of Canadian authors.
2. To discuss and circulate information with regard to public questions affecting literary workers.
3. To obtain and distribute information as to channels of publication open to Canadian authors.
4. To keep a register of Canadian-printed books by Canadian authors.
5. To hold meetings in various parts of Canada, at the call of the Executive, at which papers may be read relating to the work and scope of the Society.
6. The Society shall consist of Members and Associate Members; Members being those who have written and published at least one book; Associate Members, those who are in the habit of contributing to current literature. Only those who are Canadians by birth, or by present or past residence shall be eligible for membership.
7. Candidates for membership shall be proposed by at least two members of the Society, who shall specify the claims of their nominees for membership on forms of application prepared for the purpose, and such claims shall be adjudicated upon by an electing committee chosen from various parts of Canada.
8. The yearly subscription shall be: Members, \$2.00; Associate Members, \$1.00.

It seems to be highly probable that the publication of these particulars will lead to a very considerable membership. An amount of correspondence has come in which shows that there is a feeling of much interest with regard to the production of literature in the Dominion, and that there is a larger number of potential authors than might have been supposed. It will be the work of the Society to endeavor to weld these scattered units into some degree of fellowship; or at least to enable them to place themselves on record as belonging to the republic of letters.

It is scarcely necessary to say anything to intelligent people as to the advantages of co-operation and mutual help. It may be remarked, however, that writers are frequently somewhat isolated persons, who find themselves to some extent out of harmony with the ordinary spheres of fellowship that are supplied by various social organizations. Reluctant as one would be to say anything to stimulate the sort of conceited exclusiveness that fancies itself above its fellows, it were foolish and stupid not to recognize that the possession of literary gifts places the possessor of them

in a class apart. If he be wise he will minimize this separation to a large extent, and endeavour to understand the multifarious life around him by immersing himself in it on every convenient opportunity. The life of every thoughtful man must be determined by the claims of society and solitude upon him. A *via media* between too much solitude and too much company must be our quest. Solitude is impracticable, because if persevered in a certain decay of power must follow. Few men can keep their own minds going, and few women. Nevertheless, to the literary person who sometimes feels out of harmony with present surroundings, we are hopeful that our Society of Canadian Authors may be somewhat of a help. Already some have joined our ranks whose names are well known as writers, and whose works have already shed considerable lustre on Canadian letters. It will be something for the unknown but ambitious tyro to feel that he belongs to an organization on whose roll are these bright names; and we think there is much to be said for the Society on the simple ground that it will create a certain *esprit de corps*, and enable the lonely and struggling to feel that they have the support and sympathy of friends.

It is a matter of congratulation that the feminine contingent of Canadian writers are with us to a woman. From the first they have signified their adhesion to our programme and our principles. In the membership of the Canadian Society of Authors there will be, so far as I know, no distinction of sex, politics, religion, or birth. Literary endowment certainly does not make any, and it would be useless to create any narrowing separations on these accounts.

It is very much to be hoped that there may be in the history of the Society no sectional jealousies or distastes. There is the greatest desire on the part of those who have been instrumental in bringing the Society into being, to recognize, in the fullest manner, the literary ability that is to be found in the Maritime Provinces, in Quebec and in the West. But it was necessary to begin the Society somewhere, and there seemed to be no fitter place than that which on many accounts has long been regarded as an important Canadian centre of literary effort. More books and periodicals are published in a year in Toronto than anywhere else in Canada. But we need the zealous and loyal co-operation of all Canadians who are interested in the production of current or permanent literature. It is a matter of great satisfaction that this seems likely to be given to us, and from both east and west letters of encouragement have come. It will be the effort of the officers to stimulate the all-Canadian feeling with regard to our Society, and to place such benefits as may accrue from its formation within the reach of all. In our aims we have worthy examples in the Incorporated Society of Authors in England and in '*La Société de Gens de Lettres*' in France. The former was established in 1884 by Sir F. Pollock, Cardinal Manning, and other eminent literary men, under the presidency of Lord Tennyson. Its objects are similar to those which we have set before us in the Canadian Society of Authors, and it is our belief that we shall find a similar path of usefulness.

I have only to add that I shall be happy to correspond with any authors who may wish to have further particulars or to join the Society. If they will address me at the Canadian Society of Authors, Toronto, their letters will receive careful attention.



Bernard McEvoy.

#### NEW BOOKS.

Not many days ago, I asked an acquaintance for an expression of opinion upon the book notices in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. "Very good, usually," he replied, "but sometimes flippant."

The man was right. In the face of the literary world of to-day, one cannot avoid being flippant. The reviews are dwindling into long-winded rehashes and

wearying iterations. The magazines are full of trashy articles with newspaper headings and flashy illustrations. As for the new novels, the only thing that one can be sure of, is the regularity of their appearance. If a man becomes a publisher, he arranges to have a new book issued every time he takes his forty-fifth meal. The quality of the novel does not count, but it must fill three hundred printed pages and be ready on time.

Let me recall James Russell Lowell's opening remarks in his essay on Carlyle.

"A feeling of comical sadness is likely to come over the mind of any middle-aged man who sets himself to recollect the names of the different authors that have been famous, and the number of contemporary immortalities whose end he has seen since coming to manhood. Many a light, hailed by too careless observers as a fixed star, has proved to be only a short-lived lantern at the tail of a newspaper kite. . . . There are names in literary history which are only names; and the works associated with them, like acts of Congress already agreed on in debate, are read by their titles and passed."

I have several shelves filled with Canadian novels, and out of all these, I find only some seven or eight volumes that I would recommend a young Canadian not to miss—and those are all by one or other of three writers. Of all the novelists whom Canada has produced, there would seem to be only three, perhaps four, who will be read twenty-five years from now. Why, then, should the reviewer be too serious?

A few years ago "Robert Elsmere" was on every table; now no one bothers about it. Four years since, "Trilby" sold by the thousands, and to-day it can scarcely be given away. Only last year "Quo Vadis" was the rage, and already the best readers are making sport of it. In the face of this, dare a man be very serious?

Nevertheless, I confess that these temporary luminaries while away many of my spare hours. "David Harum"\* one of the latest pieces of fiction from the pen of a United States writer, interested me very considerably. The author, Edward Noyes Westcott, who died last year at his home in Syracuse, disdained the romance of the dead centuries and left the manuscript of a realistic novel dealing with the quaint provincial life of Central New York. David Harum is a rude, illiterate, humorous horse-dealer and noteshaver with an unsavoury reputation and a large kindly heart, a character that amuses, interests and stimulates. Mr. Westcott has added another piece of proof to the accumulation of evidence which shows that American novels must deal with the American life of to-day, and paint it piece by piece, ready for the time when an American Dickens shall weave the pieces into one beautiful and comprehensive picture. There are many characters in Canada just as striking, just as quaint, just as amusing as David Harum. W. A. Fraser has described one or two, Miss Wood another two or three, Gilbert Parker one—perhaps—and several other writers one each. But the field is broad and ripening to the harvest.

A Canadian edition of the "Adventures of Captain Kettle,"† by Cutcliffe Hyne, has been issued. This famous sea-captain has already been introduced to the readers of this magazine by the publication of two of these "adventures" in the form of short stories by this gifted English story-writer. Cutcliffe Hyne may not produce literature, but he tells good stories. He reminds one of Robert Barr. Captain Kettle has many impossible adventures, but he is amusing, and is not that a great deal?

In the Colonial Library, issued by Longmans,‡ there are two new novels of much the same character as Cutcliffe Hyne's first book. S. Levett Yeats, who has written one or two very fair novels, is the author of a volume of short stories of doubtful value. The India tales are of medium strength, but the long-

\* Toronto: William Briggs.

† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡ Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

est story in the collection, and the one that gives a name to the volume, is very weak. This story, "The Heart of Denise," is a story of court life in the days of the hard-hearted Catharine de Medici. The plot is good, but its development is crude and incomplete—in places almost unreasonable. "Two Men o' Mendip," by Walter Raymond, discourages the reader by the tameness of its earlier pages; but, before the book is half read, the interest is fully aroused. On the whole it is a rather clever picture of the miners and farmers of England in the early part of the century.

Better than any of these, with the exception of David Harum, is a new Scotch story by John Buchan. "John Burnet of Barns"\* is a quiet, graceful character-study. The author does not aim at blood-curdling and hair-raising incident, but rather at the portrayal of several very interesting characters. John Burnet, the boy with his fondness for fishing in the trout pools, the student at Glasgow and Leyden, the outlaw, soldier and lover, is a person concerning whom the imagination may weave a halo of romance. The pictures of scholastic life at Leyden are exceedingly clever.



## NOTES.

Four popular authoresses are represented in the excellent list of forthcoming books shown by William Briggs. Amelia E. Barr has a new story entitled "I, Thou and the Other One." Florence M. Kingsley follows up her "Titus," "Stephen," and "Paul" with a fourth in the series entitled "The Cross Triumphant." "Pansy" ventures with "Yesterday Framed in To-day," a book that it is predicted will give her new popularity. A new story by Annie S. Swan is also announced, but the title is not yet made public.

"Concerning Isabel Carnaby," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler—a niece of the noted English Liberal leader, Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler—was last year, and is yet, one of the best selling books on the market. A new story by Miss Fowler, "A Double Thread," will be published in May by William Briggs.

The latest issue in the Victorian Era Series is "The Science of Life," by J. Arthur Thompson. The broad scope and the evenness of this series must commend it to the reader who is on the look-out for books which convey knowledge. The Copp, Clark Company are the Canadian Agents.

"The Market Place," by the late Harold Frederic; "A Dash for a Throne," by A. W. Marchmont, announced for early issue by William Briggs, promise to be two of the best of the year. The reading public will be especially interested in Mr. Frederic's last book, which is said to be the best he had written.

"The Two Standards" is the title of a new novel by Dr. Barry, whose previous story, "The New Antigone," published many years ago, created a marked impression on the reading public at the time, and is still having a considerable sale in England and America.

Henry J. Morgan is engaged in preparing a work on "Types of Famous Canadian Women, Past and Present." It is intended to make it a superb holiday book embellished with many portraits, and to publish it by subscription.

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\* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



# IDE MOMENTS

## A SHAKESPEAREAN REVEL.

MRS. ROMEO MONTAGUE was on the verge of hysterics. She had sent out cards for a pink Shakespearean luncheon in honour of the Bard of Avon, and it had rained uninterruptedly ever after the last invitation was mailed at the general postoffice. Worse than all, the fête day arrived, and with clouds low and sullen, which gave spasmodic imitations of what they could do if they list to be nasty. This was just to tease Mrs. Montague, and the poor lady was frantic. Everything depended upon the weather, as the function was an *al fresco* affair to be held in the old Capulet's garden.

Papa Capulet, by the bye, had long since gone to his account, leaving his property to his daughter and her devoted spouse, the erstwhile gallant Romeo. Juliet, who was putting the finishing touches to the festive board, continued to feel pretty blue, when suddenly through a rift in the grey the sun came sailing, beaming complacently on every thing in sight, and boldly winked his left optic, which had a naughty little twinkle in it, at Juliet. That worthy dame was so delighted at the metamorphosis in the atmosphere that she forgot to be indignant and called joyfully to her better half within doors: "Oh, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Clear and distinct came Romeo's answer: "I am minding Montague, junior!"

"Well, give him to nurse, and come down here and help me arrange these orchids!" So out he came, and presently the feast was in readiness; and the guests began to arrive shortly after.

The gathering was a distinguished one, only the premier people of the Shakespearean drama having been bidden. Juliet, a charming hostess, was very picturesque in mousseline de soie and a Leghorn hat. Romeo was in tennis flannels, white sailor and a shrieking cravat. He was cordiality itself, and insisted on showing young Montague to everyone, much to the disgust of Othello, who being a bridegroom of but a few weeks, deemed his host's enthusiasm about his bald-headed, goggle-eyed offspring a colossal display of vulgarity. But the Moor, as we know, was always a bit jealous.

Gentle Desdemona came with her husband, of course, and immediately ensconced herself among the wilderness of cushions in one of

the cozy corners which the hostess with rare tact had placed for her exclusive use. Desdemona invariably evinced a distinct partiality for pillows. No one knew positively (politeness made them forgetful), but they hinted at a romantic little episode in connection with her liege lord.

Macbeth and his wife, a picture of radiant mischief, rode over in a horseless carriage. Portia, in dazzling cap and gown and with her old time regal, or rather legal air, was escorted by Shylock. Rosalind, Viola and Katharine arrived in a private car, while Richard entered en cheval tremendously distinguished in stunning riding breeches.

Hamlet, deep in the mysteries of "Punch," sauntered in, wearing a tweed suit and grey fedora. Ophelia followed in a Norfolk jacket and divided skirt, while a cigarette case dangled helplessly from an over-burdened *châtelaine*. She carried a bouquet of rosemary, pansies, fennel, columbine, rue and daisies which she had gathered at the brook, where several years before she met with that famous accident. She and Hamlet were a model couple and occupied the ancestral castle of Elsinore. The Dane was little changed, albeit he was given to a playful habit of writing jokes (?) for the comic weeklies. His former melancholy was not in evidence. The guests were engaged in conversation when suddenly there was a lull, and glad cries of welcome announced the advent of the hero of the day, William Shakespeare, Esquire (he was not knighted during the Jubilee), who strode up the lawn to pay his devoirs to Mrs. Montague. He wore knickers, very loud bicycle hose and a jaunty cap, while he chased the festive mosquitoes to "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns," with a palm-leaf fan. He was the cynosure of all eyes. Behind trotted Touchstone, trundling Bill's wheel, "which," as he explained to his hostess, "had got punctured down the road." Touchstone, catching a glimpse of Juliet's nurse in the shrubbery, ran quickly down the asphalt path ostensibly to admire the son and heir of the house of Montague, but in reality to flirt with the lady who perambulated the precious bundle of disturbance and Valenciennes lace.

The luncheon itself was a distinct success. Although the dishes were all English, the menu was written in French—a pretty conceit on the part of Madame the hostess, for it afforded the guests ample opportunity to juggle with their "Ollendorf," besides ex-

periencing a timid pleasure in dodging such names as did not appeal to them and accepting horrible concoctions which they did not want. Altogether, it was unique, and the delightful exercise it yielded was apparent in overheated countenances when the toast list was reached.

Rattling of cutlery against the mahogany and cries of "Shakespeare" brought sweet William to his feet. Several moments elapsed before the commotion subsided. Bill was visably affected. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "it gives me the greatest pleasure to be with you to-day. [Hear, hear.] I consider it an honour to be entertained by the princely house of Montague, but I consider quite as great an honour to meet my old and distinguished friends. I would it were possible to have other comrades among us. Capulet and Polonius ("Poor papa!") moaned Juliet and Ophelia in a tear duet) are sadly missed. The latter's death was pathetic and not justifiable"—(here Shakespeare looked meaningly at Hamlet, who blushed and hung his head)—"as some persons would have us infer," (a fresh burst of artistic weeping from Ophelia who was clearly playing to the gallery), "but far be it from me to make accusation. Julius Cæsar regrets his inability to be present in a telegram. He has gone to the Klondike, which is 'A Winter's Tale.' King John and King Lear have not yet returned from the Jubilee celebration, and the 'Merchant of Venice,' I am sorry to say, accompanied Andree on that silly balloon expedition, which, as I take it, is 'Love's Labor Lost.' 'Anthony and Cleopatra' are circling the globe on their tandem and do not expect to reach home before 'Twelfth Night.' They, also, cabled regrets. So, you see our friends abroad have been ever thoughtful of us as you have been of me, dear comrades. And for that remembrance I offer my sincere gratitude. There are many to-day who utterly ignore me, and if they speak of me at all, it is only in ridicule. They say I never wrote my plays, that someone else did them for me. While I, I, William the Great and Only, quaffed flagons of seltzer at a café chantant, forsooth. By the rood, friends, when I worked on these dramas I had no pretty typewriter to give me, a holiday and compose them for me. Even the poetry—you know I wrote poetry, iambic pentameter sort of thing—is my own. Some touching lines beginning 'Even as the sun with purple-coloured face had taken his last leave of the weeping morn' etc., are addressed to Venus and Adonis, and may be found on page 593 of Vol. I. of my complete works. If you will send in your names, I shall be pleased to forward you, post-paid, a copy for the modest sum of £5, 10s. 6d. And oh, those horrid critics" (fierce glares from the men, indignant pouts from the ladies) "would even maintain that I hadn't penned a popular song." (Display of intense feeling on the part of the guests.) "Madame Hamlet, I composed a catchy little lyric which you were wont to trill before you married the Prince here. It was

very effective when voiced by yourself, fair Ophelia. If I mistake not it began with 'Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's day,' and so on. I wot that is quite as trueful as 'Rosie O'Grady,' or others of that ilk, even though the critics do ignore it. [Cheers and cries of hear, hear.] But, my dear companions, I am boring you, for it is 'Much Ado About Nothing' to complain at this late date. A word before I sit down to our sweet hostess. This fête will remain in my mind as 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and for your sake, fair lady" (Juliet looks curious at this flattery, and Romeo looks daggers and several other things. "Impudent old bore," he mentally terms the gay and festive Bill), "I am exceedingly happy. 'The Tempest' has passed leaving in its track the most radiant sunshine and your bright smiles" (Romeo says something under his breath), "and as I have remarked previously, on page 639 of my unabridged works, post paid, £5, 10s. 6d., "All's well that ends well." [Renewed cheering and waving of serviettes.] "Fill your glasses to the brim, and let us drink 'Measure for Measure' in the best Canadian to 'The Success of the Drama.' Ladies and gentlemen, here's looking at you!" Then a short silence, broken by one long, affectionate gulp which floated away under the trees of old Capulet's orchard in a low, blissful, ecstatic, glorious, gigantic gurgle.

Margaret O'Grady.



### THISTLEDOWN.

It is better to seek "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" than at the mouth of one's friends.



A man takes up his coat and flings it over a bedpost; a woman carelessly places a dainty confection of a bonnet in its box; and the things in the coat pocket remain there—the bonnet is still a dream of beauty. But let a clumsy man touch the latter and the flowers wilt in his grasp; and similarly should the wife meddle with her lord's apparel, loose change will pour from every pocket to gladden yet dismay her eyes. This is one of the mysteries of life.



When society would be charitable, put one hand over your eyes, and the other in your pocket.



It is the fools blindly rushing in where cautious angels fear to tread that keeps the world moving.

The very audacity of folly is a force, and one often being exerted for the best ends. If men could all see with angelic vision there would be no saving of the situation. It is the commonplaceness and earthiness, the igno-

ance of the fool—if you will call him so—that often in blindness plucks victory from defeat.



There is a tiger which preys upon men, and the bravest shrink at her call, yet obey. In private do their sisters urge them to resist or flee—but shall the tiger of the Bazaar lack one victim for her feast?

Nay, for the sisters themselves are the betrayers.



When the world which “loves a lover” loves him enough to let him and his love alone, as much before the engagement as it leaves them alone afterwards, it will have a chance of dancing at more weddings.



Children are unconscious poets. They are owners of two realms—the possessors of Everyday and the kingdom of Letspretend.



Though a man owns (without his overcoat) fourteen pockets, if he putteth on a summer suit he will grumble of a surety that he hath but eight.

*Florence Hamilton Randal.*



#### BEATING THE RAILROAD.

An Irishman, after questioning the ticket agent at one of the depots of Chicago some time ago about the fare to New York, purchased a round-trip ticket and went out on the platform to wait for the train. He seemed to be in quite a cheerful mood, and when asked what it was he found so amusing, replied: “I’m ‘beatin’ the road.’ It’s a round-trip ticket I’ve bought, and I’m not comin’ back!”



#### THE DEUTSCHE VERB.

Mark Twain, in his account of the German language, tells how “the intelligent German plunges into a sea of verbiage and comes up on the other side, like a dog, with his verb in his mouth.” The same idea is illustrated in a story, told in the Century, of a lady who once listened, through the aid of an interpreter, to a speech made by Bismarck. All went well for a time, as the low voice of the painstaking translator rendered with some adequacy the thought of Bismarck. Then there were short pauses, followed by rapid little summaries of what had been said. As these grew more and more frequent, the lady be-

came irritated. Finally there was an entire cessation on the part of the interpreter, and yet Bismarck was going right on with ever-increasing vehemence. There were constant calls from the lady of “What’s he saying? What’s he saying?” and an increase of impatience proportionate to the growing violence of the speaker. Finally the wretched interpreter could endure the strain no longer, and, turning with a gesture of fierce resentment to his excited employer, he hissed: “Madam, I am waiting for the verb.”



#### A SYMPATHETIC INTERPRETATION.

The lesson was from the Prodigal Son, and the Sunday school teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. “But amidst all the rejoicing,” he said, “there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal’s return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now can any of you tell me who this was?” There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus: “Please, sir, it was the fatted calf!”



#### THE CARDINAL AND THE CASUIST.

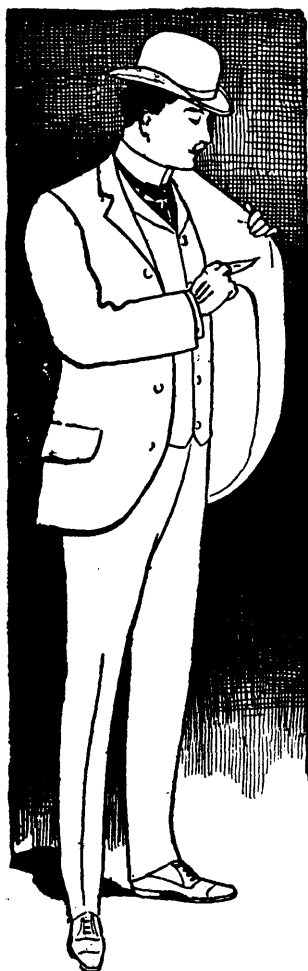
The casuist, who was dining with the cardinal, was famous for beginning every sentence with the phrase, “I make a distinction,” and his host, wishing to “draw” him for the general entertainment, asked him, as the soup was served: “Pray, father, can you tell us if it is ever lawful to baptize in soup?” “I make a distinction, your eminence,” replied the casuist; “with ordinary soup it is by no means lawful to perform baptism, but your eminence’s soup is perfectly suitable, as it differs in no way from water.”



#### A MUSICAL CRITIC.

Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, entered an East End church one night, and standing in a back pew joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a workingman who was singing lustily in tune. The bishop sang lustily also, but not in tune. The workingman stood the discord as long as he could, and then, nudging the bishop, said in a whisper: “Here, dry up! mister; you’re spoiling the show.”





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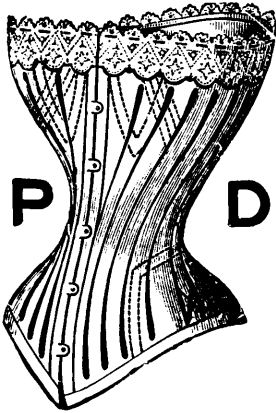
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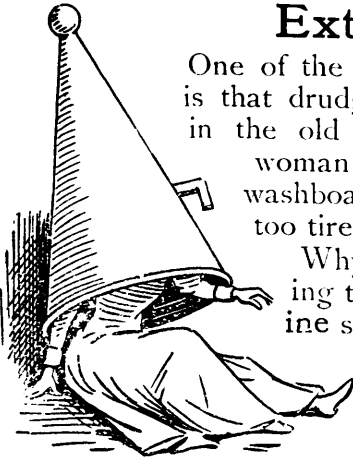
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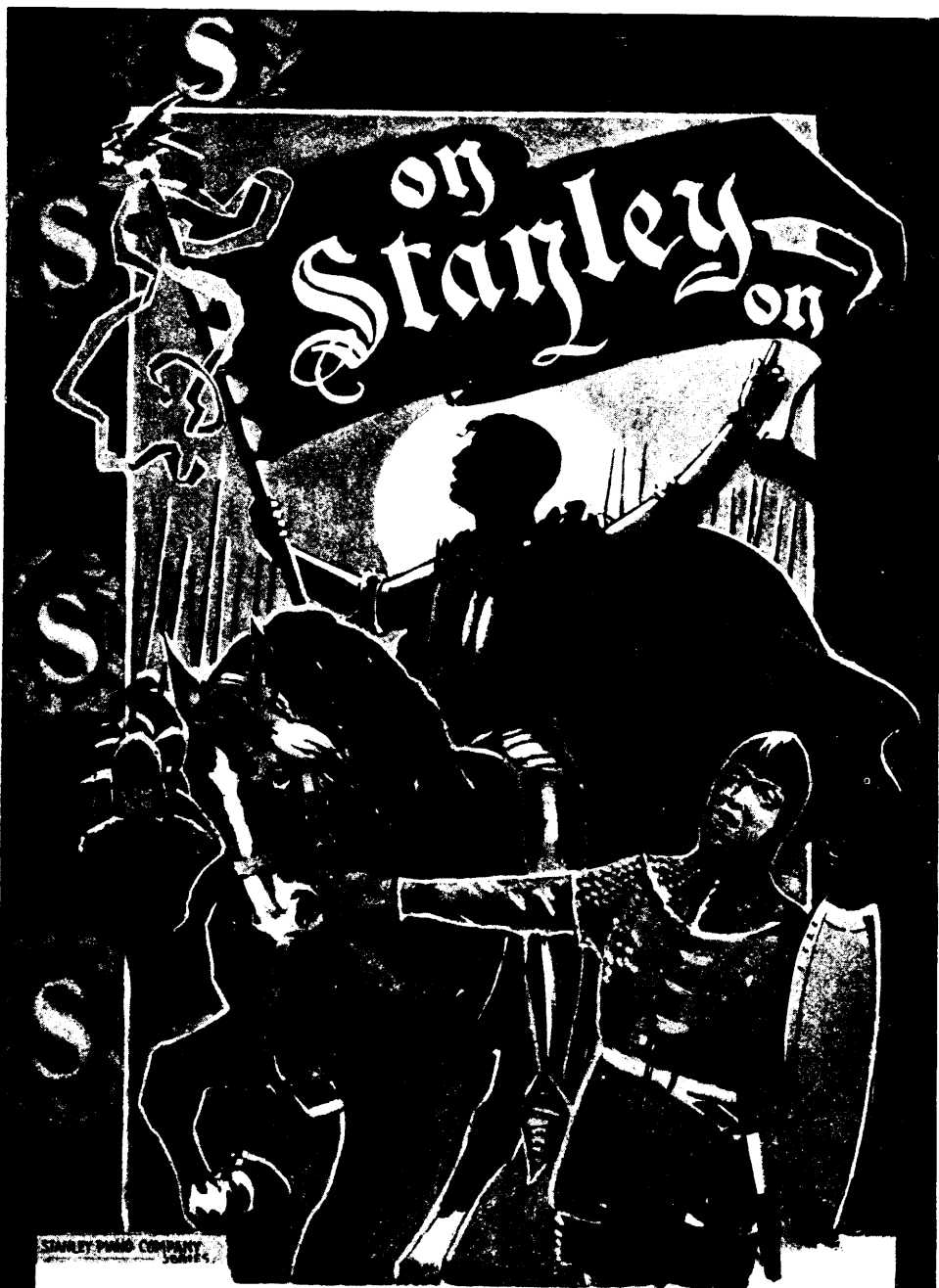
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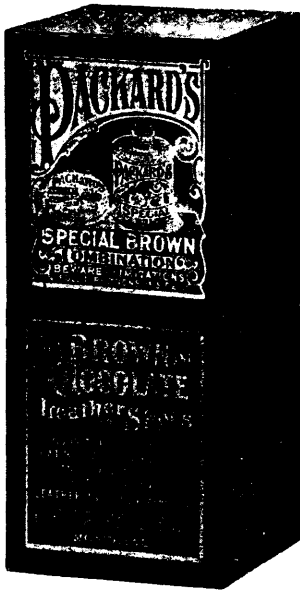
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THE STANLEY PIANO CO. OF TORONTO, Limited, 93, 95, 97 Niagara St.

**PACKARD'S "SPECIAL"  
SHOE DRESSINGS**



ATTENTION  
IS CALLED  
TO OUR  
**LADIES'  
"SPECIAL"  
BLACK  
DRESSING**  
FOR FINE KID  
**SHOES**

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**Gentlemen's  
SHOES**  
can be  
**KEPT SOFT**  
and look like  
new, by using  
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**Combination  
Dressing**

**25c.**, at all Shoe Stores.

**ALL COLORS.**



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Magazines, Periodicals, Music, Law Books,  
Works of Art, and Books of every description  
Bound in the very best style.

First-Class Material and Work. Close Prices.  
Gold and Silver Medals for Excellency of Work.

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Headquarters for Blank Book, Leather Goods,  
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**Dr. H. SANCHE'S  
OXYDONOR  
"VICTORY"**

(Trade-mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)

**CAUSES  
SOUND SLEEP.**

**STIMULATES  
THE MIND.**

**GIVES GOOD  
APPETITE.**

**INCREASES  
VITALITY.**

(Trade-marks Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)



OXYDONOR APPLIED.

And cures Nervous Prostration, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Debility, La Grippe, Pneumonia, Billousness, Asthma, Bright's Disease, Locomotor Ataxia, Fevers and all forms of disease without medicine or electricity.

One Oxydonor will keep an entire family in good health, and will last a lifetime if taken care of. A 170-page book of Directions with each Oxydonor.

**CATARRH.**

461 William St., Winnipeg, Manitoba,  
Dr. H. SANCHE & Co. January 15th, 1899.

Dear Sirs:—I had been a sufferer from a severe case of Catarrh of the head and throat for fourteen years previous to using the Oxydonor. My health was broken down and I had to retire from my work.

I have been using Oxydonor now for three years, and my general health is very greatly improved and a radical and complete cure of Catarrh is being effected. I am now able in my 73rd year to resume my life work.

Quite a number of leading citizens in this city have obtained Oxydonors, and they speak of them in the most favorable terms.

(Rev.) A. McBEAN,  
Secretary and Superintendent  
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**REFUSE IMITATIONS.** Get only the Genuine plainly stamped with the name of the Inventor and Discoverer, "Dr. H. Sanche." *Descriptive books and prices sent upon request.*

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is mightier than the sword of a great man. The  
prime favorite for the desk of society is

### THE "LION" PEN

whose smoothness and flexibility is absolutely unapproached  
by any other brand. *If your stationer does not handle the  
Lion Series of Steel Pens, write direct to the selling agents,*

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**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.**  
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S**  
**Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.**

**PURIFIES  
 AS WELL AS  
 BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN  
 NO MEDICINE  
 WILL DO IT.**



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 48 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient): "*As young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as*

*the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base imitations. \$1.000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

SEND TO  
**H. W. PETRIE** FOR CATALOGUE  
 OF  
**NEW & 2<sup>ND</sup> MACHINERY**  
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 REGINA MUSIC BOX.**

The first music box made in America. Has features not to be found in any other box. One of its strong points is the simplicity of its mechanism, being a great advantage over other boxes on the market that are continually getting out of order.



**PLAYS  
 1000  
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Runs 20 to 30 minutes with one winding and can be safely operated by a child. Wonderfully brilliant in tone, and plays all the latest music. For Hotels and Public Places the ORCHESTRAL REGINA, the largest music box made, is a big money maker.

Write for catalogue. The D. W. KARN CO., Limited, Canadian Agents, Woodstock, Ont. Manufactured by **REGINA MUSIC BOX CO., 941 Broadway, N.Y.**

There are no other non-sulphurous lucifers equal to

**E. B. Eddy's**

"Victoria"  
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**Parlor**

and other  
 brands.

Give them  
 a trial and  
 you will be  
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**Matches**

**The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited**

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ALL COOKS JOIN IN SAYING



**BUCK'S  
HAPPY  
THOUGHT RANGE**  
IS THE BEST  
THE WILLIAM BUCK STOVE  
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JAPANESE MORNING GLORY.

**FREE** When ordering, state where you saw this offer, and we will send a packet of Giant Pansies and our Handsome Catalogue free.

Try Up-to-Date Flowers and see the difference.

**REMEMBER** our Famous Seeds are sold by leading dealers. Refuse cheap (?) seeds and substitutes, the small saving in cost will not warrant the risk of crop. "Good Seeds" are surest and pay best. Every packet bears our name.

## Good Seeds.

WHEN buying Seeds do you consider the difference between "Good Seeds" and Seeds that are sold at bargain prices? You prize a well-stocked, carefully attended garden, rather than the one that is neglected. Here is just the difference between the value of carefully grown Seeds, and Seeds that are carelessly and cheaply grown; which do you think the best for you to grow? Every careful planter considers the high character of the Seeds he uses, this is the class of trade we supply, and that more may prove the fact that **Good Seeds Pay Best** we offer the following **Trial Collection**. Every packet contains full quantity.

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Any seven varieties for 25 cents; the 12 varieties for 40 cents.

Cabbage, Succession.  
Carrot, Chantenay.  
Mk. Melon, Exquisite.  
Onion, Giant Prizeta r.  
Parsnip, Guernsey.  
Radish, Non Plus Ult.

Cucumber, Evergreen.  
Blood Beet, New Half Long.  
Water Melon, Sweet Heart.  
Peas, Dwarf Excelsior.  
Lettuce, G'd Rapids.  
Tomato, Early Ruby.

### NEW SHOWY FLOWERS.

5 Packets (one each full size) for 25 Cents, (regular price 10 cents each.

New Branching Aster  
Globe of Gold Sunflower  
Japanese Morning Glory  
Golden Mignonette  
Snowball Poppy

**The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.**

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We wish to have your trade for anything you may need in Fishing, Sporting and Camping Goods of any kind. Our stock is one of the largest on the continent, and our prices are always right. Our guarantee is your money back in full if you are not satisfied with anything you buy from us. Here is our Special Fishing Outfit Offer, which will be sent express paid on receipt of \$4.50. We do not pay express on part of the order.

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1 Lancewood Rod, 10 feet long, 3 joints, nickel mountings, either bass or trout weights.....	\$2 50	\$1 75
1 Waterproof Trout or Bass Line, 50 yards, 1 Nickel-Plated Multiplying Reel, extra quality.....	75	50
1 Double Gut Casting Line, and 1/2 doz. best assorted Flies, or 1 best Single Gut Casting Line, and 1/2 doz. assorted Trout Flies.....	1 50	1 00
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	\$6 75 for \$4 50	

Send for Catalogue of Camping Goods and Outfit.

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# The Secret

of always having beautiful Silverware is in the use of proper material for cleaning. Even the most incompetent person has the secret when using

## SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

Nearly a million housewives—constant users—know this secret. Great brilliancy, easily and quickly obtained, without wearing or scratching. That's the secret and it is found only in ELECTRO-SILICON.

Your druggist or grocer has it. Box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps. Trial quantity for the asking.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.



The delicious flavor and absolute purity of

## Cowan's Hygienic Cocoa

makes it welcome in every household.

## Cowan's Royal Navy Chocolate

for cooking, drinking and all household uses.

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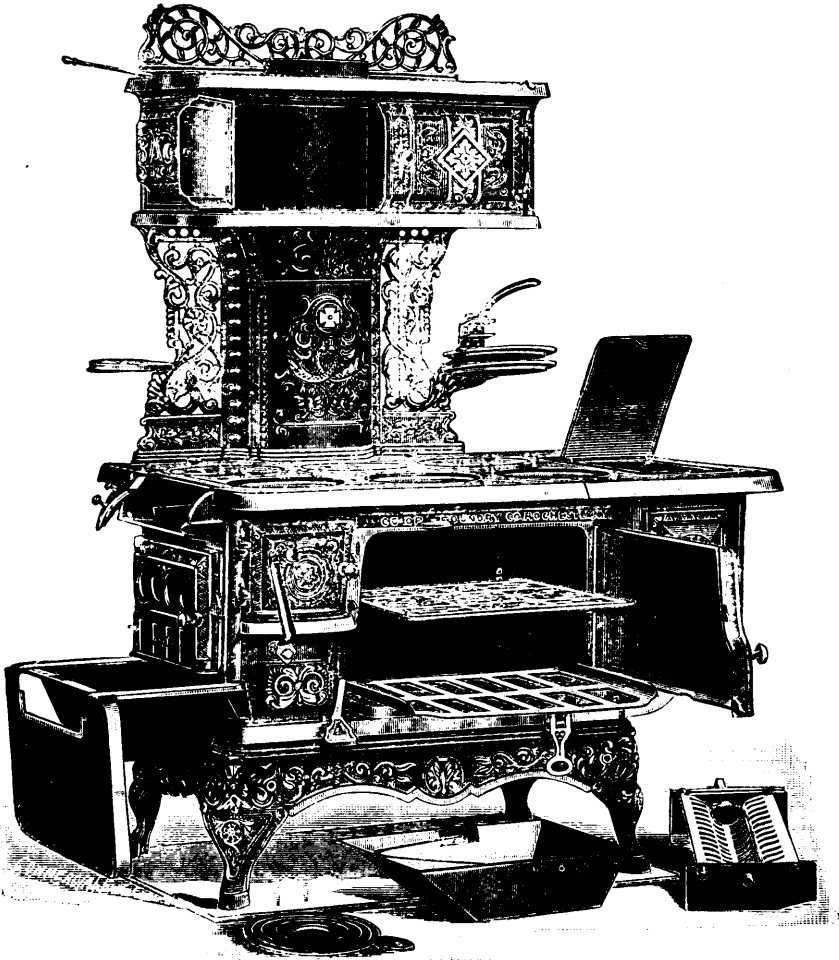
a most delicious confection.

**The Cowan Co., Limited**  
TORONTO.

## “IT’S GOOD-BYE”

To kitchen troubles—to all vexatious waiting for the fire—to the oven that only bakes well occasionally, and then just on one side—and to all exorbitant, purse-wrecking demands for fuel when you buy the new

# IMPERIAL OXFORD

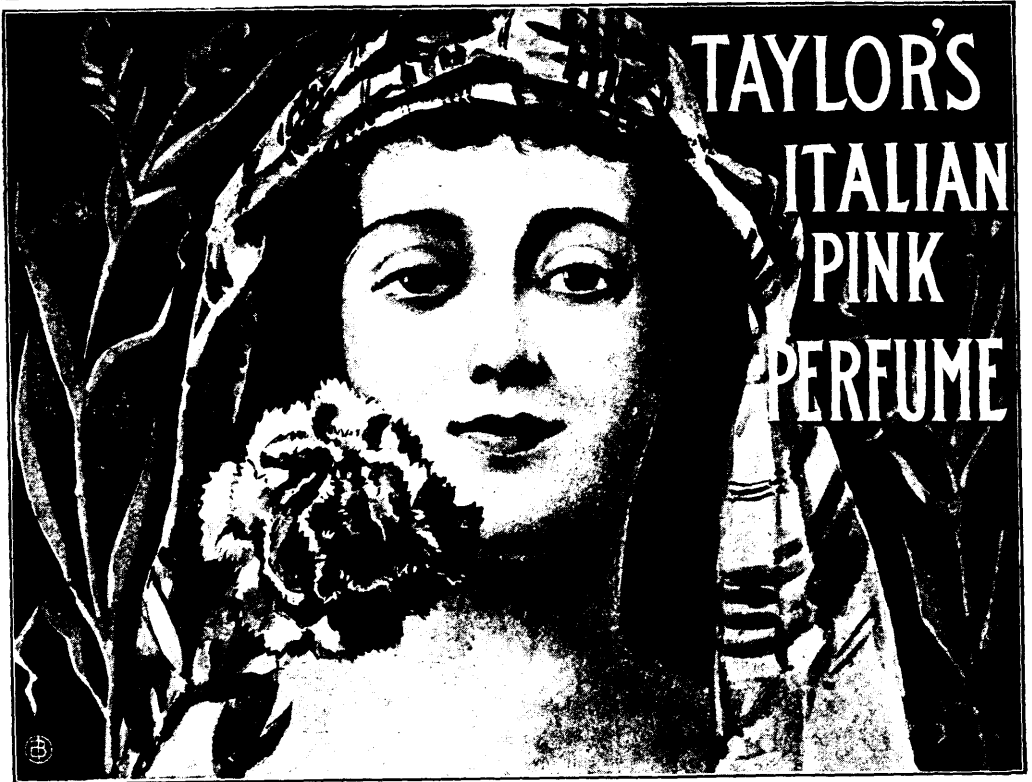


### Have you seen them yet ?

Their patent improvements make them the easiest running, most economical and most delightfully convenient range made—an unequalled success.

**When you're in a "new range mood" call at our nearest agents and see them. You'll be interested.**

**The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, Toronto.**



## John Kay, Son & Co.

have received a splendid assortment of

### ORIENTAL RUGS

in all sizes—

PERSIAN RUGS

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TURKISH RUGS

BOKHARA RUGS

These are new goods and the personal selection of our Mr. Kay, who has just returned from Europe.

## JOHN KAY, SON & CO.,

Carpet and Curtain House,

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# Mason & Risch

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ARE MATCHLESS  
IN

Quality,  
Elegance,  
Durability.



IN USE EVERYWHERE  
BY  
LEADING MUSICIANS,  
MUSICAL  
INSTITUTIONS,  
AND A  
DISCRIMINATING  
PUBLIC.

DO you know that a piano of the highest grade—an instrument that is made especially for those who want the very best—can be bought on our system of payments so that any family in moderate circumstances can own one?

Write for Catalogue and full particulars. ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

It makes no difference how far from Toronto you live. ❁

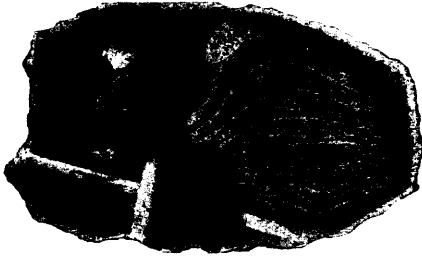
THE MASON & RISCH  
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Simply Write:

# “I Want My Money,”

if our mattress is not even all you have hoped for. There will be no unpleasantness about it at all. You'll get your check as quick as the mail will carry it. This merely goes to show how sure we are that the **Ostermoor**



## Patent Elastic Felt Mattress

is the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$40 Hair Mattress ever made, and it costs only **\$15**. We **know** that we make the best mattress in the world, but it is hard for us to convince **you**, individually, of it without a trial. Perhaps you don't need a mattress now. Don't let that keep you from sending for our **FREE** book.

2 ft. 6 in. wide, weight 25 lbs... \$ 9.00  
 3 ft. wide, weight 30 lbs..... 10.50  
 4 ft. 6 in. wide, weight 45 lbs., \$15.00.

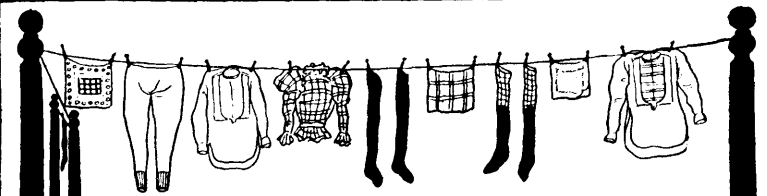
3 ft. 6 in. wide, weight 35 lbs... \$12.00  
 4 ft. wide, weight 40 lbs..... 13.50

All 6 feet 3 inches long, or any length desired. Express prepaid.

**THE ALASKA FEATHER AND DOWN CO., Limited,**  
 290 GUY STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q.

We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book, “Church Cushions.”





**ONLY ONE BEST.**

There's only one best soap—“SURPRISE.”  
 It's a pure, hard, perfect soap.  
 It makes clothes cleanest and whitest in the least time  
 and with least work.  
 No boiling, scalding or rubbing—all the dirt simply  
 goes away when “SURPRISE” Soap comes.  
 It costs but 5 cts. a cake, but lasts as long as if it cost 15.  
 Don't take a “just-as-good” soap.  
 There is no soap as good.  
 Remember the name—“Surprise.”

**STEAM or WATER POWER PLANTS**

**WINDING ENGINE**

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**10 STAMP MILL**

**THE DENCKES MACHINE CO.**

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**BRANCH OFFICES IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES.**

*We invite your inquiries and shall be pleased to send circulars, estimates, etc.*

CHAS. PHOTO-ENG. CO.

# All that's Needed.

No soap, no soda, no borax, no ammonia—nothing but water is needed to make things white and bright and beautifully clean with

## GOLD DUST

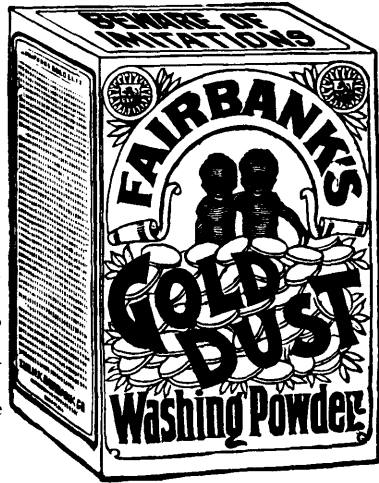
### WASHING POWDER

It cleans everything quickly, cheaply and thoroughly, in half the time, with half the labor and at half the cost of soap or any other cleanser. Use Gold Dust and save your hands, your strength, your temper, your money.

For greatest economy buy our large 3-lb. package.

**THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.**

Montreal, Chicago, New York, St. Louis.



A Better Cocktail at Home than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.

# THE CLUB COCKTAILS

**Manhattan, Martini,  
Whiskey, Holland Gin,  
Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

**For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.**

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**AVOID IMITATIONS**

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors**

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**WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS,**

Distributing Agents for Canada.

315 Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL, CANADA.

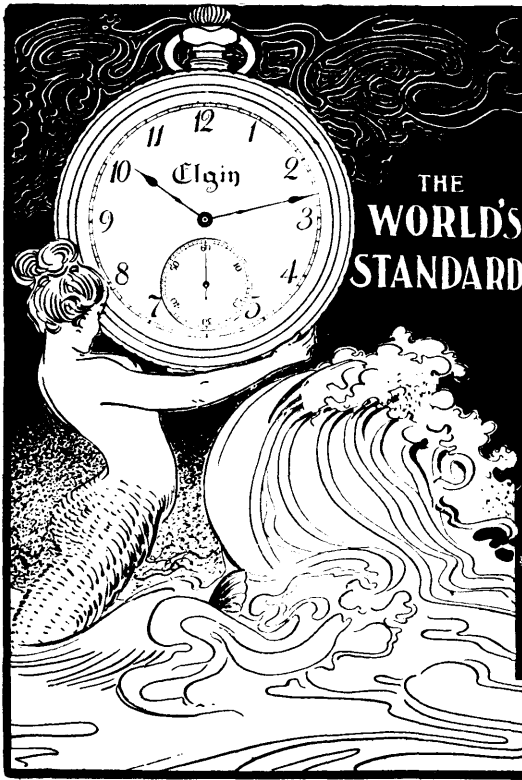




**SAFFORD**  
**QUEEN OF RADIATORS**



COMBINES IN CONSTRUCTION EVERY GOOD POINT  
 NO BOLTS, NO PACKING WILL LAST FOREVER  
 THE LATEST INVENTION 225 SIZES, 20 PATTERNS  
**THE DOMINION RADIATOR CO. LIMITED.**  
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# TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN

## Elgin Watches

are especially adapted to the most exacting service under all conditions. While constructed with a delicacy that compels accuracy in time telling, they are scientifically strong at all points to insure endurance.

Their supremacy is attested by the severe usage to which they are subjected by railway men. On the C. M. & St. P. Ry. alone, out of 4000 watches carried by employes, **over three times as many "Elgins"** are found as any other make.

All jewelers sell **Elgins**. An **Elgin** watch always has the word "**Elgin**" engraved on the works—fully guaranteed.

Interesting booklet telling all about watches sent free to all who write.

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Metal lines as narrow and accurate as if drawn with a ruling pen.

Absolutely rigid without the use of unsightly iron braces.

Our Electro-Glazing Process means a revolution in the manufacture of Art Glass.

The

**Luxfer Prism Co.,**

Limited,

58 Yonge Street, Toronto.



# AN OCEAN OF INK

is used annually. More of

# CARTER'S INK

than any other.

That speaks well for **Carter's**.

## The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium,

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF

# CANCER



Tumors, and all Forms of Malignant and Benign Growths.

## Without the use of the Knife

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment.

Please state your case as clearly as possible and our book with complete information will be mailed free. Address,

**Drs. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mass.**

EVERY RANGE GUARANTEED.

BAKED 212 LOAVES IN 8 HOURS

FAMOUS

# FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGES

42 STYLES AND SIZES

Thermometer in Oven Door, showing exact heat of oven without opening door.

Aerated Oven, continually drawing fresh warm air and carrying fumes for baking up the chimney.

Basting Door in oven door, to look at baking without cooling oven.

Heavily Cemented Bottom, giving all the baking qualities of a brick oven, and browning bread evenly all over.

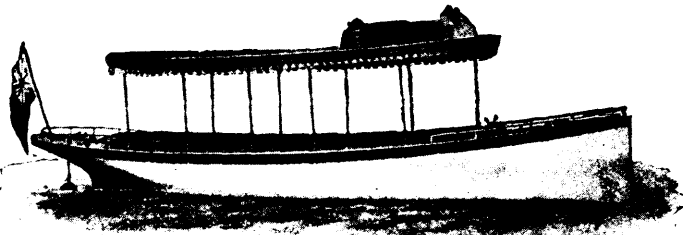
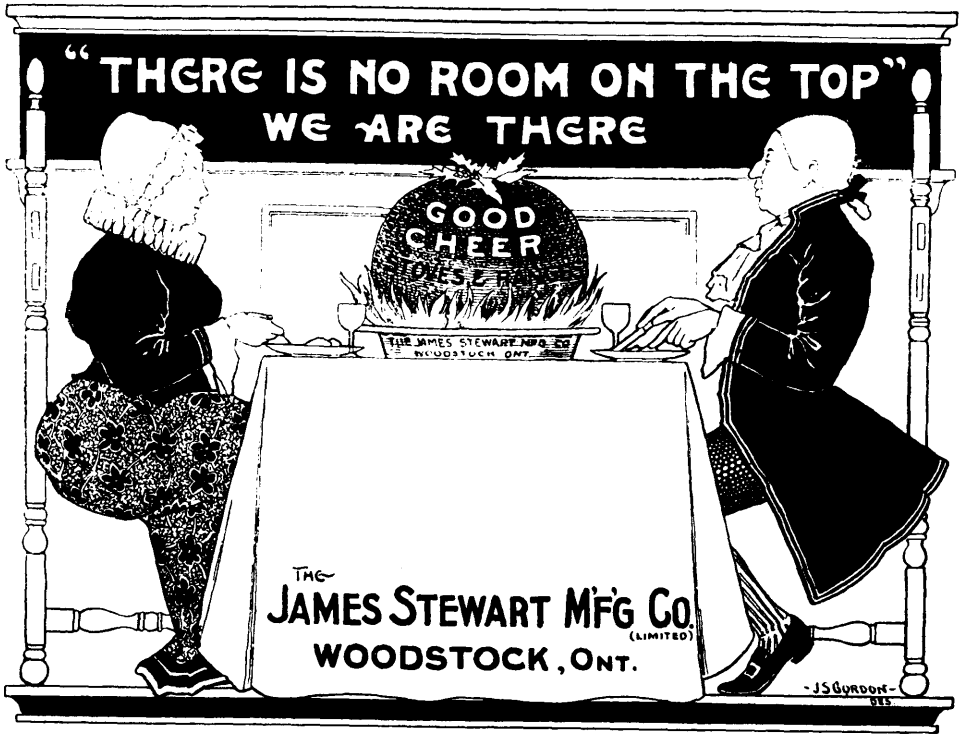
Duplex Coal Grates. Flush Reservoir. Cast Iron Coal Linings.

**Will Bake Perfectly with Less Coal Than Any Other Range.**

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# Mc CLARY MFG Co

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.



# Northey Gasoline Launches

One man, generally the owner, can steer and operate the largest boat. No heat—No smoke—No smell—Safe—Simple—Reliable.

**CAN BE USED ANYWHERE.**

A practical pleasure craft, at reasonable cost. Full particulars for the asking.

The Northey Manufacturing Co., - - Toronto.



# Somatose

contains all the albuminoid principles of the meat in an easy, soluble form. It is recognized by the highest German medical authorities as a health-giving, strengthening food.

**Dominion Dyewood and  
Chemical Co.**

198 Bloor St. W. TORONTO.

Sole Agents and Depot for Canada.



## THE SECRET

of a Good Complexion  
LIES IN THE USE OF

**Dr. Campbell's**  
Safe Arsenic

# Complexion Wafers

AND

**Fould's Medicated Complexion Soap.**

**The only real beautifiers of the Complexion, Skin and Form.**

These Wafers and Soap are simply wonderful for removing **Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Pimples, Vulgar Redness, Rough, Yellow or Muddy Skins**, and all other facial disfigurements, whether on the **FACE, NECK, ARMS or BODY.**

If you desire a transparent, clear, fresh complexion, free from **blotch, blemish, roughness or coarseness**, try these wonderful, magical and marvelous **DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS** and **FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.**

The Wafers and Soap are for men as well as women.

Wafers by mail, 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap by mail, 50c.

Beware of all other "so-called arsenic" beautifying preparations.

**DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS** are the only Beauty Wafers made. **FOULD'S COMPLEXION SOAP** is the only **MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP** in the world.

**SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.**

**H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor,**  
214 Sixth Ave., New York.

**LYMAN BROS. CO., [Toronto,**  
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

## THE UNDERWOOD



Visible writing start to finish.

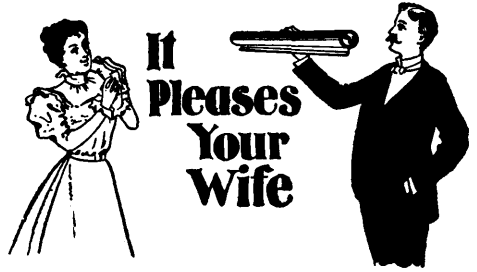
### A FEW TELLING POINTS....

- It has writing that is visible.
- Its tabulating device is without a peer.
- It has a speed that comes of itself.
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- It has marginal stops instantly adjusted.
- It has proved to be durable.

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

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The reason it pleases her is that she sees by the label, with the Stewart Hartshorn autograph on it, that it is a GENUINE

IMPROVED

## HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER

and she knows that this roller will never give any trouble and will always work satisfactorily. She also knows that with this roller no tacks are required, and consequently there will be no torn shades.

SHADE ROLLERS FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

WOOD ROLLERS.

TIN ROLLERS.

## “For a pure skin”

It is the lack of discrimination in the choice, not the use, of cosmetics which is to be condemned. People who use Koladermic Skin Food discriminate in its favor always, because they know by experience that it nourishes and softens the skin—“velvetyness”; removes discolorations and skin impurities, cleansing the pores—“clearness”; and they know, too, the delightful, soothing and refreshing effects it has on an irritated or inflamed complexion. The article *par excellence* for my lady's toilet. Write to us—mentioning “Canadian Magazine”—for further information. We would like to send you particulars of the skin-tonic properties of Koladermic—for your complexion's sake. For sale at druggists, 25 cents.

## The Koladermic Skin Food Co.

Stouffville, Ontario, Canada



## DON'T USE Inferior Kitchen Ware.

It's unhealthy to begin with—and hard on the purse, because they wear out so quickly.  
Try Kemp's

### GRANITE or DIAMOND

Enamelled Ware—every piece is guaranteed—so these labels are an assurance of purity and long-lasting reliability.

Expensive? Not at all—ask your dealer for them.



**KEMP MFG. CO., TORONTO**

### Students who win

desirable positions quickly are those who are the most thoroughly trained in the operation of the

## Remington

Standard Typewriter

Because it is the one most generally and extensively used in the business world.



There is and always will be a demand for first-rate Remington operators.

**NEW MODELS Nos. 6, 7 and 8 (Wide Carriage).**

**HOW TO WRITE BUSINESS-SEEKING LETTERS**

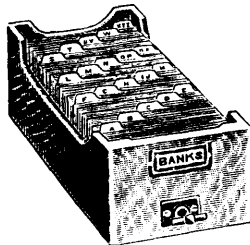
Write one and copy the rest on an

### EDISON MIMEOGRAPH

It produces any number of copies from a hand or typewritten original at the rate of one thousand per hour. Any one can operate it.

**Endorsed by Over 150,000 Users.**

Simple—compact—cleanly—cheap. Send for samples of work and price list.



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**Records, arranges, classifies and indexes the many details of business affairs, in any department of any business.**

A modern office machine for systematically categorizing and arranging the names of customers and prospective buyers, credit ratings, costs, records of machines, collection records, quotations given and received, records of employees, etc.  
Catalogue—explaining every detail—free for the asking.

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**Lithographing and Printing a Specialty.**



**PROTECT and Beautify your Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Ornamental Iron Works, 73 Adelaide St. West (Truth Building).**

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**DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED** at home. Tubular Cushions help where all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain. Invisible. Free test and consultation at sole depot, **F. HISCOX CO., 853 Broadway, N.Y.** Send for book **FREE.**

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**ONLY \$10** ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS. PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c.

**THIS IS GOOD FOR \$2.00 SEND TO**  
**CREELMAN BROS. Mfrs**  
**GEORGETOWN, ONT.**

**Mrs. Winslow's  
Soothing Syrup**

**FOR CHILDREN  
WHILE CUTTING  
THEIR TEETH**

*An Old and  
Well-Tried  
Remedy*

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

*Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.*

**Nut  
Butter**

and many other delicious dainties are made from pre-digested, sterilized and carefully blanched nut meats by the Sanitas Nut Food Co., the originators of nut foods in a digestible form. Delicacies enjoyed by the hale, hearty and robust as well as the dyspeptic, consumptive, invalid and babe.

Sample of Nut Butter, four cents. For 25 cents (just enough to pay postage) we send free eight samples of nut foods.

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To all who send address: Recipe book giving 60 ways to prepare tempting dishes from Sanitas Nut Foods..

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**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S  
TEETHING  
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**.. WARNING.**—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

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Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

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**NOBODY APPRECIATES WATER**

more than those people who having sanitary appliances in their houses find their water supply uncertain. If they had a

**RIDER or an ERICSSON HOT AIR  
PUMPING ENGINE**

certainty would take the place of uncertainty.

*Prices Greatly Reduced. Catalogue "A 10" on Application to Nearest Office.*

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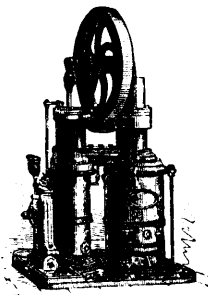
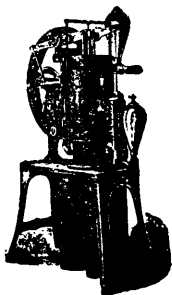
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The Famous English . . . Skin Fluid.

**ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,  
Disappear in a few days.**

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to **SULPHOLINE** in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness vanish as if by magic; whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, **SULPHOLINE** successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin.

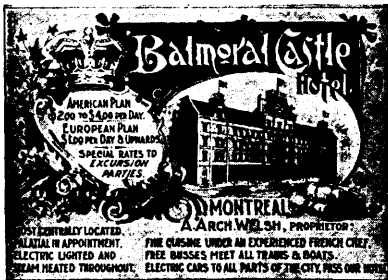
Bottles of **SULPHOLINE** sold everywhere in Canada.

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Is a practical and beautiful magazine for those who plan, build or beautify homes. Many Canadian subscribers who appreciate it. 1 Year, \$1; 3 Months 25c.; 1 Copy, 10c. Annual subscribers receive our new book **HOMES AND BARNs FREE** and if you will mention Canadian Magazine we will add a set of plans for a \$300 cottage.

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## CASTOR FLUID..

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair-dressing for the family. 25 cents per bottle.

**Henry R. Gray, Chemist, ESTABLISHED 1859.**  
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**PLAYS** Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.**

The Old English Remedy For A  
Rheumatic Affections - - -

### PATERNOSTERS' GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS

Are still prepared from the original recipe, and are as efficacious now as a century ago—that is to say **THEY DO NOT FAIL.** PRICES, 25c., 60c. and \$1.00 PER BOX. Sold by Chemists all over the world.

Proprietors—

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### Artesian and Driven Wells

To any Depths at Reasonable Prices.

And dealer in Windmills, Tanks, Tank Towers, Pumps of all kinds, Rife's Hydraulic Engine. Plans and Estimates made for complete Water Plants for Villages, Manufactories, Farms and Private Residences. Torpedoing Wells a specialty, to increase supply. Get my prices before contracting for a water supply.

17 Congress Street, Room 5, Boston

## Voluntary Testimony

Worth Having from a Well  
Known Physician.

Two weeks ago I caught cold, and now have pleurisy of the right lung. Since I had a blister on I find nothing relieves the pain and soreness better than **MINARD'S LINIMENT.** I have gotten up in the night when I could not rest, and after applying the Liniment it would soothe me so much that I would always soon fall asleep. I never used it on myself before, and, to tell you the truth, had no more faith in it than any other liniment, but there is something in it that really acts wonderfully.

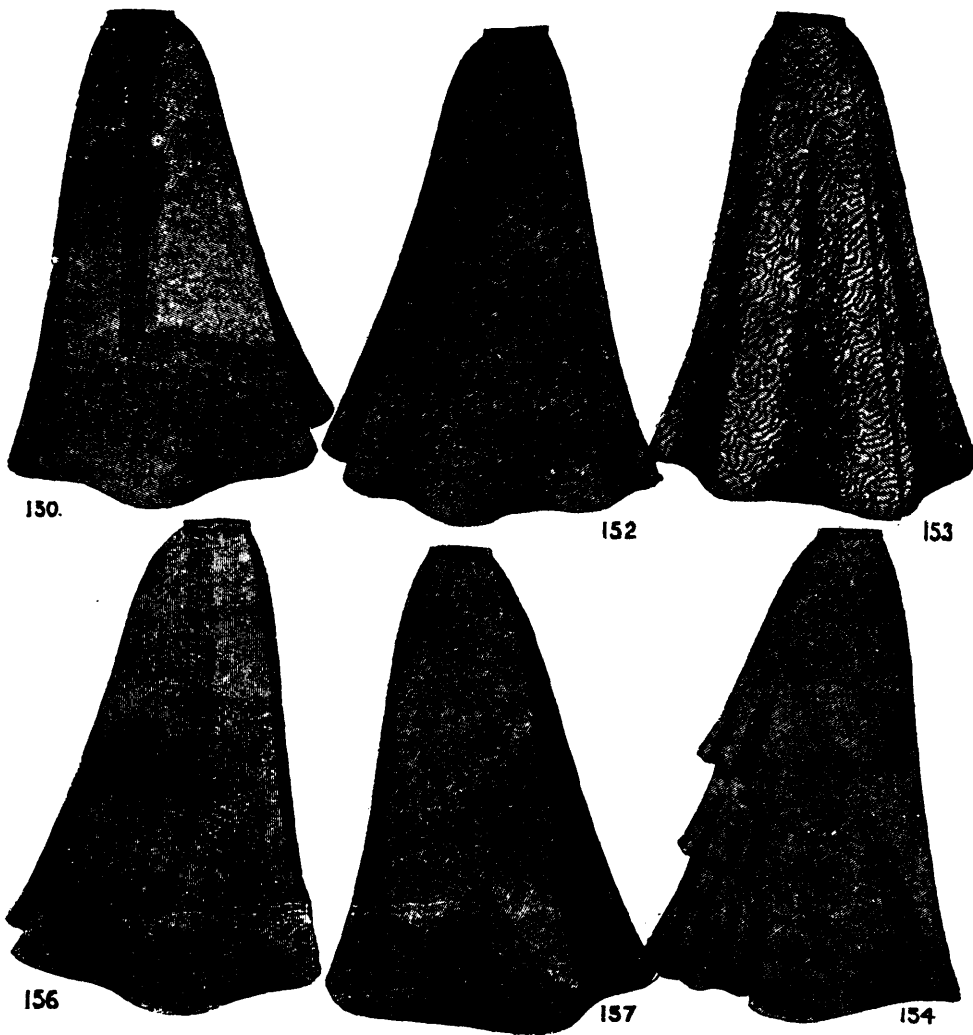
Dr. Gaudet has been attending me, and I told him how it acted and he was much surprised.

This is no humbug, but a genuine expression of my experience, and you can make what use you like of it.

**GEO. BELL, M.D.**

Meteghan, N.S.

This page contains a few leading staple styles of new 1899 skirts for early spring wear. Orders by letter, giving length required, will be promptly filled.



**DESCRIPTION OF SKIRT PLATE.**

- 150.—Ladies' Dress Skirt, plain or figured lustre, and serge, black or navy, latest New York style, trimmed with braid, lined with best English linenette, interlined with French canvas, faced velveteen, as cut ..... **\$4.50**
- 151.—Same style as 150, in plain or fancy lustre, chevots, and plain or fancy novelty goods, black or colored, trimmed with folds of satin ruching, lined with English linenette, interlined with French canvas, faced velveteen ..... **6.00**
- 152.—Ladies' New Flare Skirt, close fitting to knee, a graduated flare from knee to bottom, in plain lustre and serge, black or colored, linenette lining and French canvas, velveteen binding, seams finished with double row of stitching, as cut ..... **3.50**
- 153.—Ladies' Flare Skirt, in plain or brocaded satin and silk, seven gored, extra well made, best linings and facings, as cut ..... **10.00**
- 154.—Ladies' Skirt, flare shape, in chevots, serges, and fancy black and colored, buttons on the close fitting back, exceptionally well made, best linings and facings, as cut ..... **\$5.00**
- 155.—"The Donset," latest Paris flounce skirt, in plain serges, fancy colors and shephard checks, each flounce and front edged with braid and velvet ribbon, best linings and facing, as cut ..... **6.00**
- 156.—Ladies' Three Gored Skirt, bell back, trimmed with braid or ribbon ruching, serge or chevot, black or colors, best linings and facings, as cut ..... **5.00**
- 157.—Ladies' Five Gored Skirt, made in lustre or serge, lined with linenette, French canvas interlining and velveteen facings, as cut ..... **2.50**
- 158.—Ladies' Five Gored Skirt, made in lustre, serge or henrietta, good quality lining and facings, as cut ..... **3.00**

All Our Skirts are Tailor-Made and Carefully Examined before Sending to Our Customers.

**HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON**

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

**MODENE**

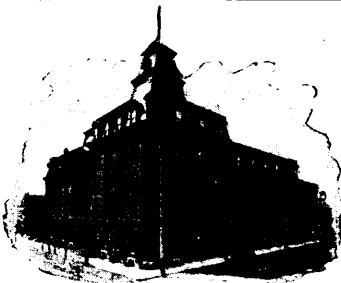
AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.—DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. —MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.—

**RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT.** Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. (Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps preferred the same as cash. ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER. (Cut this out as it may not appear again.)

**LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A. MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE HAIR PREPARATIONS.**

**WE OFFER \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED**



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Opposite City Hall and Russell Theatre.  
One minute's walk from Parliament Buildings.

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Is a word that should mean much to the discerning housewife. It is a name that we have copyrighted and applied to a number of specialties that fill urgent household wants, and is the synonym for purity and strength when seen on our goods. The Persiatic specialties are manufactured at our own extensive laboratories in Stouffville, from the latest formulae, under the supervision of skilled chemists; they are guaranteed to fill their several purposes in a manner unapproached by any other preparation in the market. The desultory, hit-or-miss plan with ordinary insecticides has given way to certainty and promptitude with the use of Persiatic goods. They are prepared with modifications, and in varying strength for different purposes, and they never fail. For sale at all druggists and dealers, or direct from the manufacturers.

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**Plant Food**

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"My best wish for future success of your magnificent Concert Grand Piano which to play on was a delight."—BURMEISTER.

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PERFECT  
THEY COST LEAST FOR REPAIRS

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Perfect Mechanism,  
Constructed under Valuable Patents makes the "DOMINION" the Most Popular and Reliable PIANO manufactured in Canada.  
40,000 Instruments in Use.

**DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO. (LIMITED)**  
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**For \$1,500.00**

I can place a 35 line advertisement, every other day for one year, in 16 of the leading papers of the 14 largest cities in Canada.

This would give a fair publicity to an article of merit, and should increase its sales.

I undertake the getting up of the advertising matter, and attend to all the details connected with it.

*Correspondence Solicited.*

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**Newspapers.**

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Northeast corner  
King and Yonge Streets.

TORONTO and  
ST. THOMAS

# SINGER National Costume Series

## TURKEY (Albania.)

**T**HE Albanians, living in the fertile region north of Greece, are subjects of the Sultan of Turkey, although certain tribes acknowledge no allegiance except in time of war. Then they willingly send their quota of men, for the Albanians are a nation of fighters, muscular, active and erect, but cruel and treacherous.

The current illustration in the Singer national costume series describes more strongly than words the character and dress of the average Albanian.

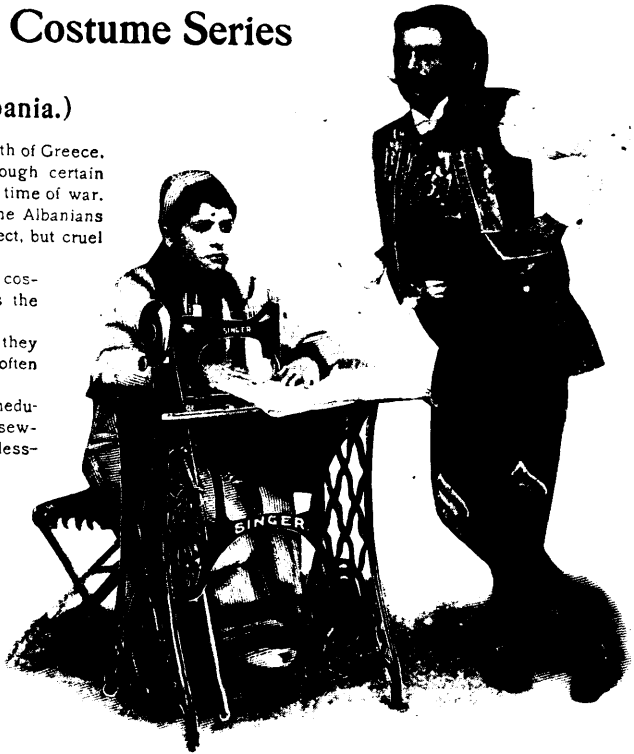
The men are seldom without pistols, which they thrust through their wide girdles, and which are often masterpieces from the jeweler's hands.

The women are mere slaves, tall and strong, uneducated, and ill-treated. The introduction of Singer sewing machines into this country has proved a great blessing to its women who make all the garments worn by the family, and deftly produce the embroidery which forms one of the chief exports.

During nearly half a century the Singer sewing machine has been a most potent factor in promoting domestic happiness all over the world. During this time improvement in all the processes of its manufacture has been constantly carried on, until now the machine seems to have reached ultimate perfection in every detail.

Sold on Instalments. You can try one FREE.  
Old Machines taken in Exchange.

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# Heat and Ventilation

Equally important. Both secured by the

"HOT BLAST SYSTEM."

Make sure, however, that it is put in by a reliable firm.

**GEORGE W. REED & CO.,**

Heating and Ventilating  
Engineers

**Montreal.**

# ROYAL BLACKLEAD

## A Stove Tonic

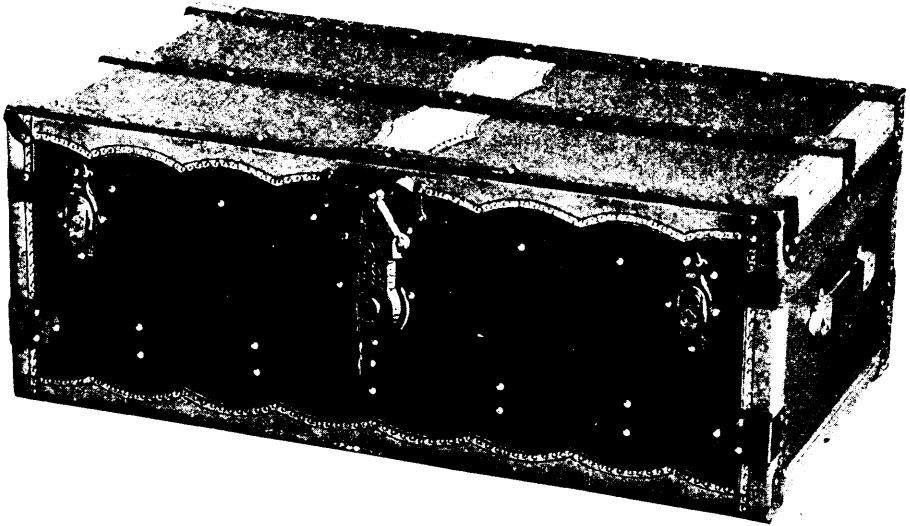
**Royal Blacklead** is pure blacklead. It acts on the iron stove as a tonic, filling up the pores, preserving it from rust and wear, while giving it that polish dear to the house-keeper's heart.

Beware of paste and liquid polishes, as they stain the hands, and are as bad for the stove as for the human beings who inhale their poisonous fumes.

**IT IS  
IMPORTANT  
WHEN YOU  
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TO HAVE  
TRUNKS AND BAGS  
THAT ARE SUBSTANTIAL**



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in the World under one  
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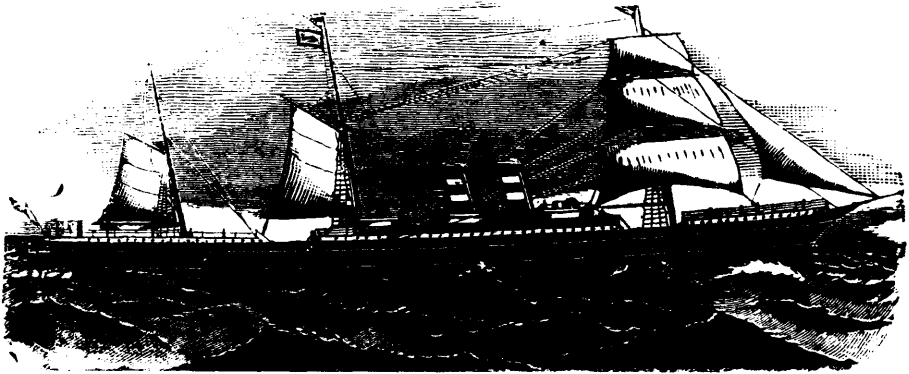
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BETWEEN

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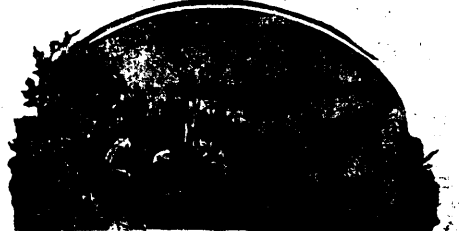
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FAST TIME TO ALL MEXICAN POINTS.

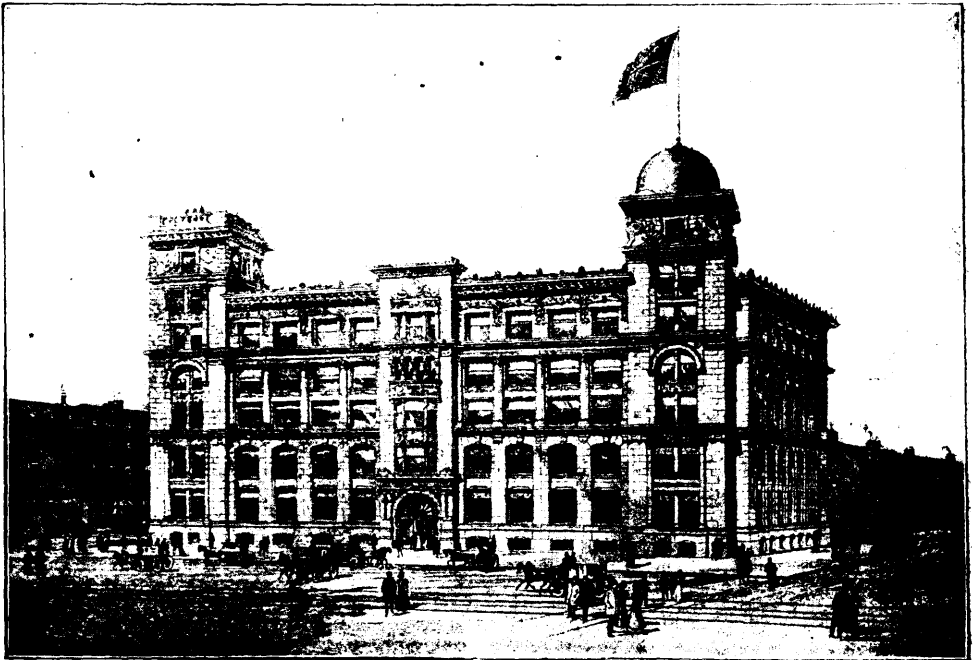
For Maps, Time Tables and Descriptive Pamphlet describing the  
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VIA  
**The Picturesque Route**  
 TO THE  
**Maritime Provinces**

For the Pleasure-Seeker, Sportsman and Invalid this Route possesses unrivalled attractions



THE chances of your holiday outing being a success will be greatly enhanced should you visit the territory on or reached by the Intercolonial Railway of Canada. It has decidedly the advantages of

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 NEW FAST TRAIN BETWEEN THE  
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MAGNIFICENT THROUGH-TRAIN DINING CARS.

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Large and Fast Passenger Steamers.

MONTREAL and QUEBEC in Summer, to LIVERPOOL via LONDONDERRY.  
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 Twin Screw. Length, 575 ft.

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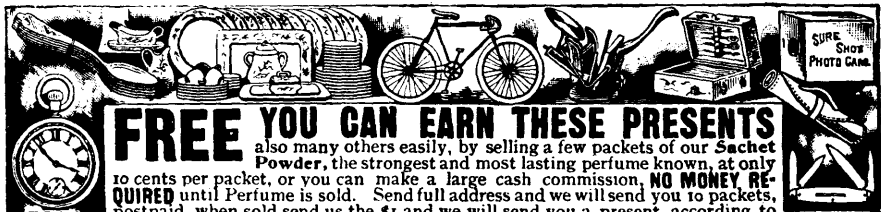


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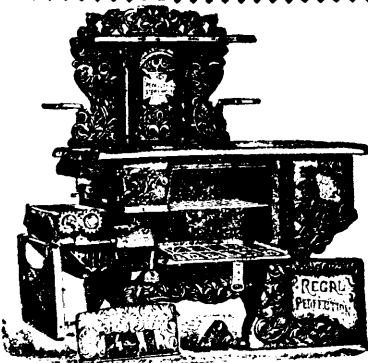
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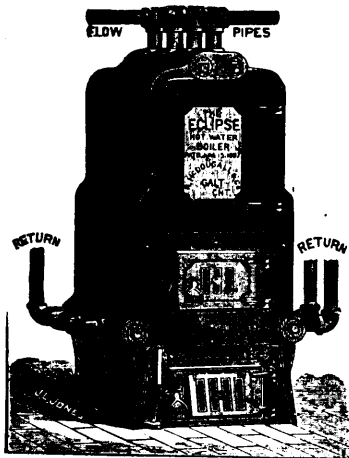
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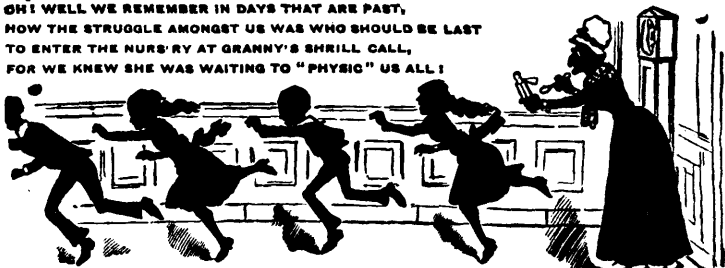
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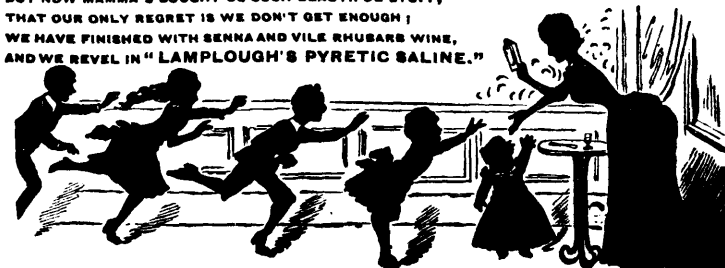
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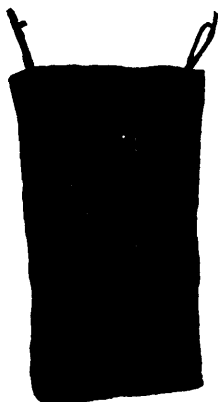
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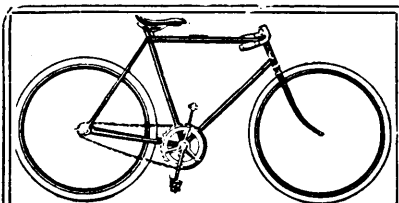
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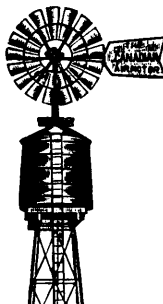


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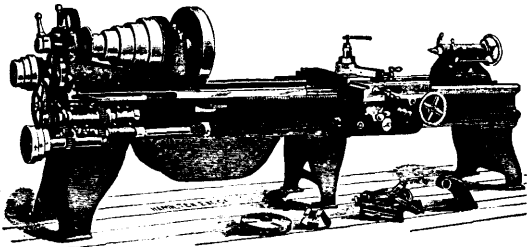
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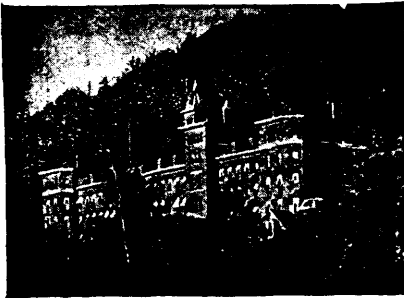
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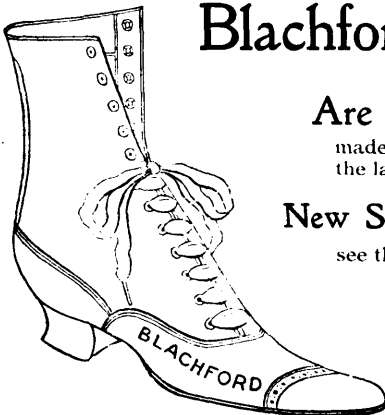
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