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When the British Fought in South Africa. E. B. Biggar

THE  
**CANADIAN**  
**MAGAZINE**

NOVEMBER, 1899.



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**VOL. XIV.**

NOVEMBER, 1899, TO APRIL, 1900, INCLUSIVE

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# CONTENTS OF VOLUME XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1899—APRIL, 1900.

## FRONTISPICES.

	PAGE
ROBERT BARR . . . . .	2
A CANADIAN MADONNA . . . . .	93
THE SELAMLIK . . . . .	206
THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS . . . . .	304
FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT AT CAPETOWN . . . . .	400
ARRIVAL OF SARDINIAN AT CAPETOWN . . . . .	498

## ARTICLES.

AFRICA, BRITISH POLICY IN SOUTH . . . . .	<i>J. Castell Hopkins.</i>	401
AFRICA, FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. A Canadian Officer.</i>	417
AFRICA, WHEN THE BRITISH FOUGHT IN SOUTH . . . . .	<i>E. B. Biggar.</i>	68
ANOTHER LEASE OF LIFE (Wheat in N.W.T.) . . . . .	<i>C. W. Peterson.</i>	137
ARMY IN THE FIELD . . . . .	<i>Capt. William Wood</i>	521
ARTILLERY, TYPES OF . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. Malcolm Ross.</i>	411
BACON'S CIPHER ON SHAKESPERE'S TOMB . . . . .	<i>Dr. R. M. Bucke.</i>	272
BARR, ROBERT, SIX PRIGS TO . . . . .		248
BARR, ROBERT (Sketch of) . . . . .	<i>J. A. C.</i>	181
BEAR, COUGARS AND WOLVES . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. C. A. Bramble.</i>	464
BIG GAME OF CANADA . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. C. A. Bramble.</i>	543
	[55, 122, 285, 382, 464,	
BORDEN, HON. F. W. . . . .	<i>Illustrated. C. A. Matthews.</i>	448
<b>CANADIAN CELEBRITIES :</b>		
No. VIII., D. McNICOLL . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. Jas. S. Brierley.</i>	42
No. IX., ROBERT BARR . . . . .	<i>J. A. C.</i>	181
No. X., J. STUART THOMPSON . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. D. T. McLaren.</i>	360
No. XI., HON. F. W. BORDEN . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. C. A. Matthews.</i>	448
No. XII., SENATOR GEORGE A. COX . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. J. K. M.</i>	504
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. Marshall S. Snow.</i>	252
CANADIAN SOLDIERS, see "Soldiers."		
CARIBOU AND MUSK-OX . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. C. A. Bramble.</i>	122
CHRISTMAS DAY AT SEA . . . . .	<i>W. Clark Russell.</i>	101
CONTINGENT, FIRST CANADIAN . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. Norman Patterson.</i>	141
CONTINGENT, SECOND CANADIAN . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. Norman Patterson.</i>	423
CONTINGENT, FIRST, IN SOUTH AFRICA . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. A Canadian Officer.</i>	417
CONTINGENT, EMBARKATION AT HALIFAX . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. J. S. O'Bryan.</i>	453
CONSTANTINOPLE, A GLIMPSE OF . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. Oscar F. Taylor.</i>	278
COX, SENATOR GEORGE A . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. J. K. M.</i>	504
DEER, WHITE TAIL AND BLACK TAIL . . . . .	<i>Illustrated. C. A. Bramble.</i>	382
DICKENS, THE POPULARITY OF . . . . .	<i>E. S. Williamson.</i>	479

	PAGE
EDUCATIONAL BUREAU FOR CANADA.....	<i>Dr. J. M. Harper.</i> 27
EDUCATION, TECHNICAL, IN CANADA.....	<i>Bernard McEvoy.</i> 8
ELECTIONS IN MANITOBA.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>Kenneth Fessenden.</i> 333
ENGINE WORKS, A CANADIAN.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>Norman Patterson.</i> 45
FRENCH CANADA AND CANADA.....	<i>Errol Bouchette.</i> 313
GAME, see "Big Game."	
GENERAL ELECTION, THE ISSUES OF.....	<i>A Political Onlooker.</i> 566
HENLEY.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>Geo. W. Orton.</i> 223
HUDSON'S BAY CO.—A REVIEW.....	<i>A. C. Casselman.</i> 170
ISSUES OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.....	<i>A Political Onlooker.</i> 566
KRUGER, STORIES OF.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>E. B. Biggar.</i> 174
LAYS OF THE TRUE NORTH, A REVIEW.....	<i>Emily McManus.</i> 175
LEOPARD, ENCOUNTER WITH.....	276
LITERATURE, IN CANADA.....	<i>Robert Barr.</i> [3, 130
MCNICOLL, D.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>Jas. S. Brierley.</i> 42
MACHAR'S "LAYS OF THE TRUE NORTH" REVIEWED.....	<i>Emily McManus.</i> 175
MANITOBA, ELECTIONS IN.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>Kenneth Fessenden.</i> 333
MILITARY PICTURE SERIES.....	232, 321, 508
MOOSE, THE.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>C. A. Bramble.</i> 55
MUTINY, A CANADIAN OF THE.....	<i>Prof. A. MacMechan.</i> 463
MUSK-OX AND CARIBOU.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>C. A. Bramble.</i> 122
NELSON, B.C., A HISTORY OF.....	24
NELSON, A TYPICAL MINING TOWN.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>W. F. Brougham.</i> 19
NOBLESSE OF THE OLD REGIME.....	<i>W. Bennett Munro.</i> 568
PARIS, A BACKWARD GLANCE AT.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>J. S. Gordon, O.S.A.</i> 108
POLICE OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.....	<i>W. A. Fraser.</i> 362
PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING THE TRUST.....	<i>Ernest H. Cooper.</i> 243
RED CROSS, THE.....	<i>Lieut.-Col. G. Sterling Ryerson, M.D.</i> 563
RED MAN AND HIS FUTURE.....	<i>Bleasdel Cameron.</i> 214
ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>Thomas E. Champion.</i> 328
SHEEP AND GOAT (Big Game).....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>C. A. Bramble.</i> 543
SOLDIER POLICE OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>W. A. Fraser.</i> 362
SOLDIER, DAILY LIFE OF A PRIVATE.....	<i>Phil. Wales.</i> [305, 439
SOLDIERS, DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN.....	<i>Thomas E. Champion.</i> [350, 499
STRATHCONA'S HORSE.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>Lieut. Cooper, Q.O.R.</i> 529
STRATHCONA'S HORSE, EMBARKATION.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>Emily P. Weaver.</i> 538
TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN CANADA.....	<i>Bernard McEvoy.</i> 8
THOMSON, J. STUART.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>D. T. McLaren.</i> 360
TRUST, PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING.....	<i>Ernest H. Cooper.</i> 243
TWENTY YEARS ON WARPATH.....	<i>Frederic Villiers.</i> [31, 165, 217, 339, 434, 559
TYPES OF ARTILLERY.....	<i>Malcolm Ross.</i> 411
WAPITI AND ANTELOPE.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>C. A. Bramble.</i> 285
WILLSON'S "HUDSON'S BAY CO." REVIEWED.....	<i>A. C. Casselman.</i> 170

DEPARTMENTS AND SPECIALTIES.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.....	83, 196, 290, 393, 489, 581
CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.....	76, 189, 293, 387, 481, 578
EDITORIAL COMMENT.....	80, 193, 290, 391, 487, 576
IDLE MOMENTS.....	89, 203, 300, 398, 195, 585

## POETRY.

	PAGE
<b>A</b> T MODDER RIVER.....	<i>Emily McManus.</i> 528
<b>A</b> DVENT OF NIGHT.....	<i>A. DeWitt Lee.</i> 231
<b>A</b> MOTHER'S TOUCH.....	<i>Brenton A. McNab.</i> 100
<b>A</b> NEMONE.....	<i>John Stuart Thompson.</i> 284
<b>A</b> MESSAGE FROM A FEW MILLIONS.....	<i>Percie W. Hart.</i> 486
<b>A</b> TOAST.....	<i>Bradford K. Daniels.</i> 486
<b>C</b> ANADA: AN ODE.....	<i>Claude Bryan.</i> 35
<b>C</b> ANADIAN WINTER.....	<i>T. R. E. McInnes.</i> 107
<b>C</b> HILDREN OF THE QUEEN.....	<i>R. D. Myers.</i> 447
<b>H</b> ILARY.....	<i>Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.</i> 213
<b>H</b> YMN.....	<i>Dean Partridge.</i> 485
<b>I</b> F I WERE A ROSE.....	<i>E. D. A.</i> 507
<b>L</b> IFE.....	<i>J. R. Aikens.</i> 67
<b>L</b> ULLABY.....	<i>May Carroll.</i> 332
<b>O</b> UR MARCHING.....	<i>Theodore Roberts.</i> 275
<b>O</b> N THE COAST OF ACADIE.....	<i>Agnes J. Chipman.</i> 7
<b>R</b> ALLYING SONG.....	<i>Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.</i> 349
<b>R</b> IDERS OF THE PLAINS.....	<i>F. H. Turnock.</i> 480
<b>S</b> ONS BEYOND THE BORDER.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> <i>Arthur J. Stringer.</i> 128
<b>S</b> ETTLERS OF THE EMPIRE.....	<i>Augustus Bridle.</i> 374
<b>S</b> NOWSHOER.....	<i>Theodore Roberts.</i> 343
<b>T</b> HE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY.....	<i>Franklin Gadsby.</i> 573
<b>T</b> HIS CANADA OF OURS.....	<i>Charles A. Bramble.</i> 40
<b>T</b> O THE SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST CONTINGENT.....	<i>Lydia A. Edwards.</i> 486
<b>T</b> RANSLATION FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LERMANTOFF.....	<i>Clive Phillipps-Wolley.</i> 121
<b>W</b> AIFS.....	<i>Helen Bolton.</i> 30
<b>W</b> HERE GLORY WAITS US.....	<i>Claude Bryan.</i> 141
<b>W</b> INONA.....	<i>R. Stanley Weir.</i> 320

## FICTION.

<b>A</b> WOMAN'S HEART.....	<i>Mary Keegan.</i> 16
<b>A</b> FAITHFUL SERVANT.....	<i>Ouida.</i> 94
<b>A</b> LITTLE CIRCLE IN THE SAND.....	<i>Jane Fayer Taylor.</i> 104
<b>M</b> EN OF BLOOD.....	<i>John McCrae.</i> 61
<b>M</b> YREY'S FAMBLY.....	<i>Annie Ashmore.</i> 377
<b>N</b> AWAZ KHAN: THE GIFT OF ALLAH.....	<i>W. A. Fraser.</i> 549
<b>O</b> LD ESTHER'S EASTER BONNET.....	<i>Elmina Atkinson.</i> 519
<b>T</b> HAT FIGHT AT ST. EUSTACE.....	<i>C. F. Paul.</i> 345
<b>T</b> HE HOME-COMING OF THE NARANNIES.....	<i>W. A. Fraser.</i> 207
<b>T</b> HE LADY GWENDOLEN EPISODE.....	<i>Robert Barr.</i> 513
<b>T</b> HE PROFESSOR'S DREAM.....	<i>Bradford K. Daniels.</i> 36
<b>T</b> HE PLAYING OF THE GAME.....	<i>Marjory MacMurphy.</i> 157
<b>T</b> HE RED CROSS NURSE.....	<i>Kathleen Blake Coleman (Kit).</i> 183
<b>T</b> HE WOMEN OF ST. HONORIA'S.....	<i>John McCrae.</i> 472
<b>W</b> AS IT MURDER?.....	<i>J. W. Longley.</i> 239

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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 1.

## CONTENTS :

	PAGE.
Robert Barr.....	2
From a Photograph.....	FRONTISPIECE.....
Literature in Canada.....	3
The First of Two Articles.....	ROBERT BARR.....
On the Coast of Acadie.....	7
A Poem.....	AGNES J. CHIPMAN.....
Technical Education in Canada.....	8
A General Review of the Subject.....	BERNARD McEVROY.....
A Woman's Heart.....	16
A Love Story.....	MARY KEEGAN.....
A Typical Mining Town.....	19
Being a Description of Nelson, B.C., with numerous Illustrations.....	W. F. BROUGHAM.....
The History of Nelson, B.C.....	24
With Illustrations.....	.....
An Educational Bureau for Canada.....	27
An Article of Considerable Importance.....	DR. J. M. HARPER.....
Waifs.....	30
.....	HELEN HOLTON.....
Twenty Years on the Warpath.....	31
The First of a Series of Articles by the Famous English War Correspondent, describing Personal Experiences in Ten Campaigns.....	FREDERIC VILLIERS.....
Canada: An Ode.....	35
.....	CLAUDE BRYAN.....
The Professor's Dream.....	36
A Story.....	BRADFORD K. DANIELS.....
This Canada of Ours.....	40
A Poem.....	CHARLES A. BRAMBLE.....
Canadian Celebrities.....	42
No. VIII.—Mr. D. McNicoll.....	JAS. S. BRIERLEY.....
A Canadian Engine-Works.....	45
An Article Illustrating the Perfection to which Canadian Manufacturing has been brought.—With reproductions of Twelve Special Photographs.....	NORMAN PATTERSON.....
The Big Game of Canada.....	55
I.—The Moose.—With Three Special Illustrations.....	CHARLES A. BRAMBLE.....
Men of Blood.....	61
A Story.....	JOHN MCCRAE.....
Life.....	67
A Poem.....	J. R. AIKENS.....
When the British Fought in South Africa.....	68
The Fall of Cetywayo described by a Canadian who was then engaged in Newspaper Work in South Africa.....	E. B. BIGGAR.....
Current Events Abroad.....	76
With a Map of Transvaal and other Illustrations.....	W. SANFORD EVANS.....
Editorial Comment.....	80
.....	JOHN A. COOPER.....
Books and Authors.....	83
Idle Moments.....	89

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered, and should be addressed to

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**T**HE Christmas Number of "The Canadian Magazine" will be the most ambitious number ever attempted by its publishers. The cover will be lithographed in seven or eight colours. The design is by J. D. Kelly, A. R. C. A., and represents "The Golden West." A North-West Mounted Policeman sits on his horse in the midst of the prairie and glances towards the sun setting beyond the Rocky Mountains. Nothing more emblematic of Canada could be conceived, since the hope of this country—at present—lies to a great extent in the developing West. The table of contents will be larger and more varied than that of any previous special number, as the following particulars will indicate:

**CHRISTMAS DAY AT SEA**, by W. Clark Russell, the writer of so many famous sea stories, will be interesting to the people of a country whose shipping ranks fifth in tonnage among the nations of the world. Clark Russell is a peer among the more conservative writers of modern fiction.

**A FAITHFUL SERVANT**, by Ouida, is another Christmas story which will be found wholesome and pleasing. Ouida has a power all her own and this story is one of her best productions. Nerina Taccari, the heroine of the tale, is a faithful servant of the kind whose story stirs one's humanity and softens one's heart for those who serve.

**AN IRISH STORY**, by Katherine Blake Coleman (Kit), will be one of the features of the issue. The title is not yet decided upon, but the tale will uphold the good name of this the most talented of Canadian newspaper women.

**A LITTLE CIRCLE IN THE SAND**, by Jane Fayer Taylor, is a French-Canadian sketch of unusual power. Mrs. Taylor's two previous stories, published in "The Canadian Magazine," were copied far and wide in Great Britain. This new tale is in the best vein and style of this gifted Montreal lady.

**THE PLAYING OF THE GAME** is a clever Canadian football story, by Marjory MacMurphy. It may seem strange that a woman should attempt such a thing, but Miss MacMurphy does well whatever she undertakes. The details are beyond criticism, and the love-story involved is most charming.

**REMINISCENCES OF PARIS**, by J. S. Gordon, a Canadian artist, will be fully illustrated from original sketches by the author. This article is of rare value from a Canadian standpoint, both as regards the matter and the illustrations. Mr. Gordon is an observant man and an artist of much ability.

**A GLIMPSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE**, by Oscar F. Taylor, pictures this ancient and beautiful city as seen by a young Canadian. It will be illustrated with several full page illustrations.

**HENLEY** is the title of an article by Geo. W. Orton, the famous long-distance runner, who visited the great English regatta this year at the instance of some New York publishers. His article is delightful and the special illustrations taken for "The Canadian Magazine" will be found to be of more than ordinary interest. Not one of the latter have ever before been seen in Canada.

**LITERATURE IN CANADA**, by Robert Barr, will be another feature. The first paper on this subject, which appears in this issue, is but an introduction to some important statements which Mr. Barr makes in his second paper.

**CANADIAN CELEBRITIES**—Under this head will appear No. IX. of the series. It will be a character sketch of Robert Barr by the Editor.

**CARIBOU AND MUSK-OX** is the title of the second of the series: "The Big Game of Canada," by C. A. Bramble, which commences in this issue. It will be illustrated.

**TWENTY YEARS ON THE WAR-PATH**, by Frederic Villiers, which commences in this issue, will be represented in the Christmas number with a double instalment. These will be found very timely reading now that war is the main topic of public conversation.

**"LAYS OF THE TRUE NORTH,"** Miss Machar's volume of verse, will be specially reviewed by Miss Emily McManus, the well-known first woman graduate of Queen's University.

**THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY** is the title of a criticism of Beckles Willson's new book "The Great Company," which purports to give the inside history of the great fur-traders. The critic is Mr. A. C. Casselman, a representative Canadian educationist.

**ANOTHER LEASE OF LIFE**, by C. W. Peterson, Deputy-Commissioner of Agriculture for the North-West Territories, is an article dealing with the wheat-growing capacities of the West.

**OTHER FEATURES** will be numerous and equally valuable. All will combine to make this issue equal if not superior to any fifty-cent Christmas issue in the market, and still the price will be as usual—**25 cents**.

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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

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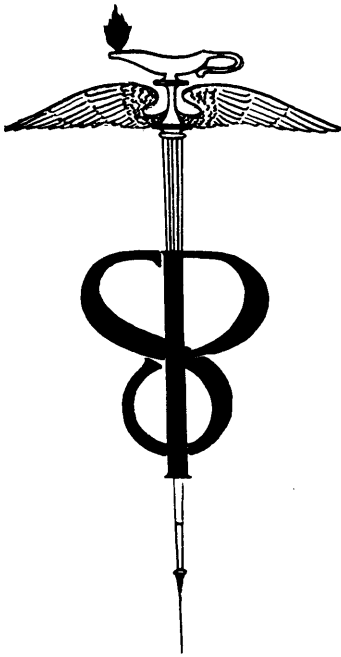
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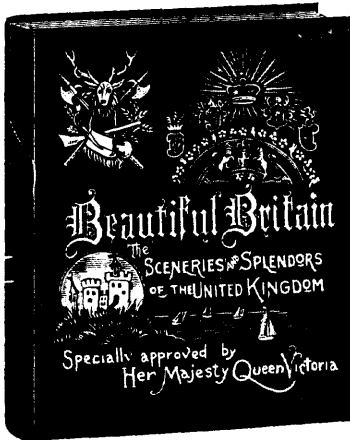
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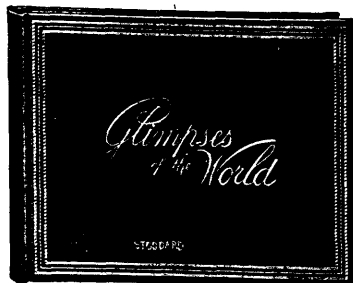
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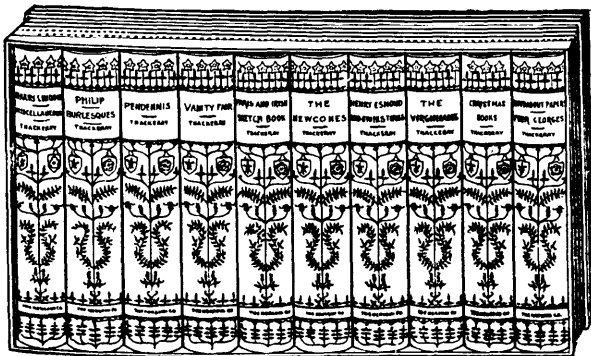
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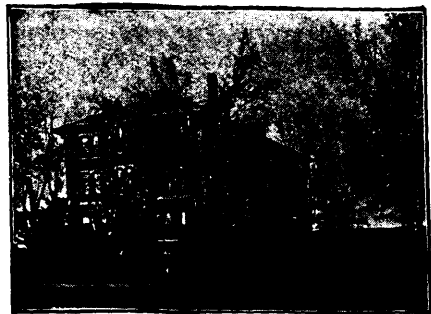
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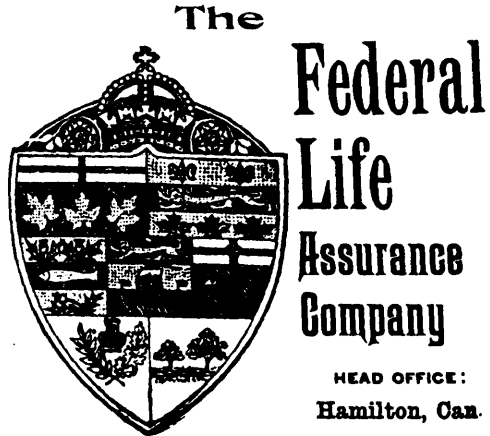
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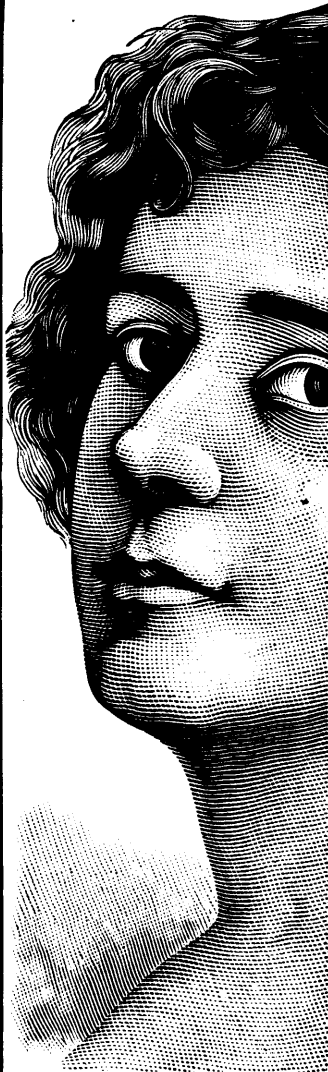
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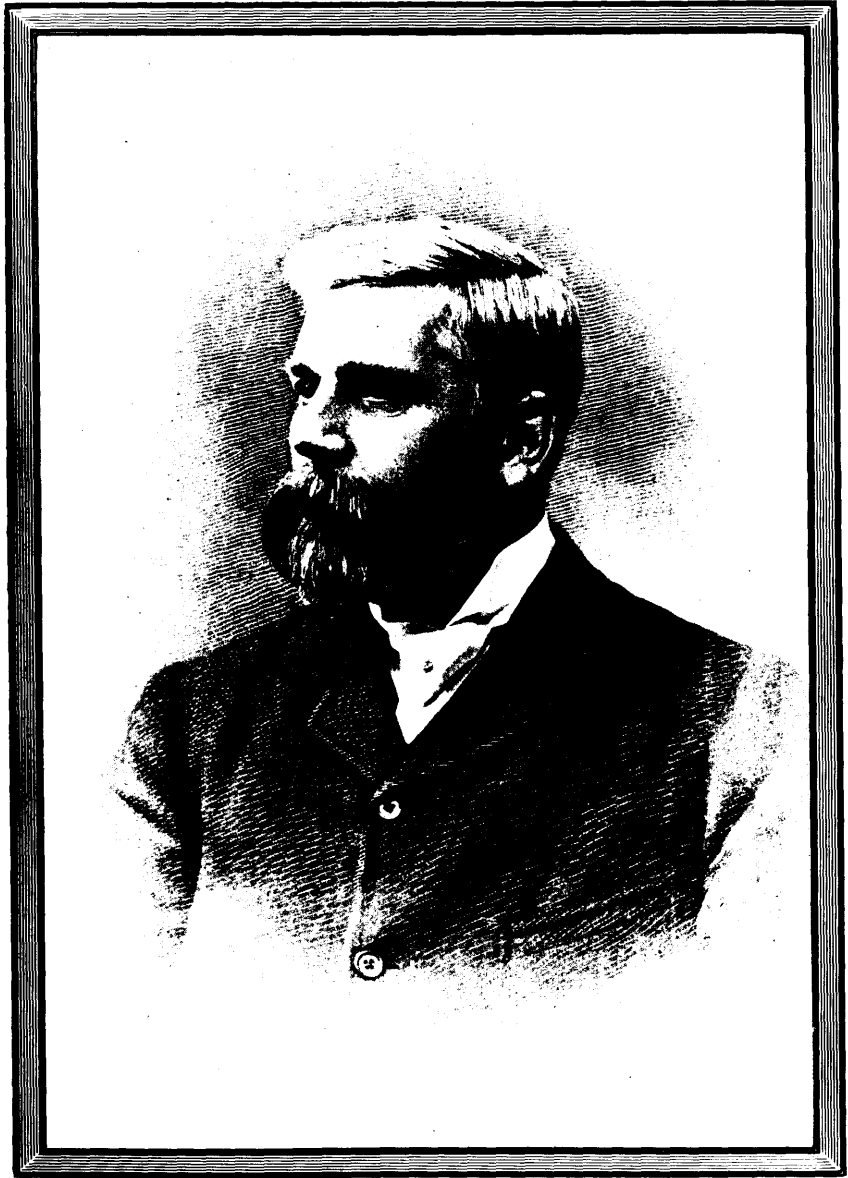
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ENGRAVED BY A CANADIAN ARTIST.

ROBERT BARR.

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1899

No. 1

LITERATURE IN CANADA.

THE FIRST OF TWO PAPERS.

*By Robert Barr.*

IN the May number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE there appeared an article by the editor entitled "The Strength and Weakness of Current Books." The article deals largely of Canada and its literature, and thus it is interesting to all of us who have an affection for Canada, especially as the subject is treated with illuminating restraint by Mr. Cooper.

As the matter is, strictly speaking, none of my business, I naturally desired to say something about it, but the year has grown several months older before I could snatch time from more pressing work than the delightful task of lecturing Canada, and even now I must treat this important theme with a haste and superficiality it does not deserve.

Canada, from its position on the map, its hardy climate, its grand natural scenery, its dramatic and stirring historical associations should be the Scotland of America. It should produce the great poets, which I believe it is actually doing, although I doubt if their books are selling in the Dominion. It should produce the great historical novelist; the Sir Walter Scott of the New World. Has the Sir Walter Scott of Canada appeared? And if so, is he unrecognized? If he has not yet come forward, what are the chances for his materialization?

If Scott came to Canada, to change W. T. Stead's phrase, how long would it be before he starved to death? It is towards the solution of these questions that the jumbling remarks which follow will be directed, although I do not guarantee to keep to the point, and reserve to myself the privilege of wandering all over the place if I want to. I have felt for some years that it would be desirable for a writing man to take upon himself the odium of telling the truth to Canada, as far as literature is concerned. It is so popular to be eulogistic, that the average man's address or article touching Canada, on literature and that sort of thing, has a tendency to strengthen the delusion, already too wide spread, that Canada is an intellectual country. For an excellent example of this fatal habit, turn to Mr. W. A. Fraser's address before the Press Association, published in the May number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The chief fault which I find in this address is that it embodies an underestimation of Canadian men and women writers, which is so typical of Canada itself.

Mr. Fraser is addressing a body of Canadian Pressmen, and one of the duties of a Canadian Pressman should be to foster Canadian literature. Does Canada possess a literary man or woman? Not so far as may be learned

from Mr. Fraser. Here are the names of the persons mentioned to the Pressmen—Zangwill, Baring Gould, Robert Burns, Talmage, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kossuth, Dickens, Rudyard Kipling, and G. W. Steevens. In that oration there is not a single Canadian mentioned, or even hinted at, unless the phrase that "Canada is the abode of wicked French priests, who are only kept from ruining everybody by the gallantry of the hero," is a sneer at the charming romance of Charles G. D. Roberts, "The Forge in the Forest." The Bible tells us that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and this eternal truth is exemplified in Canada to-day, and has been for years past. Mecca cast out Mahomet, and it was only when he was driven from its gates that he founded the religion of which Mecca is to-day the centre.

Mr. Fraser says, "So far, literature has done little for Canada." This remark, which, by the way, is untrue, recalls to my mind the much more striking phrase of the late John Sandfield Macdonald, "What in hell has Strathroy done for me?" What has Canada done for literature? Little or nothing. Her greatest literary man would live in squalor, if he remained within her boundaries and depended upon her for support. Canada does not buy books to any extent worth mentioning. Apologists for the Dominion have said that life in Canada is strenuous; that there is the inevitable struggle in conquering a new country; that money is scarce and that books are not a necessity. Is this true? Is it the lack of money that makes Canada so poor a book market? Or is it because the Canadians are not a reading people? Is it lack of intellect rather than lack of cash? In writing this article here in England I have to admit I am not well supplied with statistical volumes relating to Canada, and any statement I make in the line of figures is subject to correction. I have at my elbow the statistical "Year Book of Canada" for 1889, and so whatever I glean from it will be at least ten years

old. I find (page 191) that in the year 1885, for instance, Canada drank 1.12 gallons of whiskey per head, as against 1.01 gallons per head in Great Britain and Ireland. That is to say, the Canadian drank eleven hundredths of a gallon more than the Britisher, who has never been held up to the natives of this earth as a strictly temperance individual. I find that in the five years ending in 1889, Canada consumed annually an average of two million eight hundred and ninety thousand five hundred and eight gallons of spirits.

Now, when I was in Canada last year, five bottles of whiskey went to a gallon, and they charged me a dollar a bottle; so, putting the gallon at the low figure of three dollars, this would mean that Canada's liquor bill was something under nine millions of dollars, more than double of what Ontario paid during those years for education. We used to have a phrase in Canada to this effect, "Talk is cheap, but it takes money to buy whiskey."

I find that in those years Canada transformed something like a hundred million bushels of good wheat into spirituous liquor, but her production of books during the same time seems to have been so infinitesimal that the statistical Year Book does not even mention the output.

It will be seen by these statements that it is not the lack of money that makes Canada about the poorest book market in the world outside of Senegambia.

It may be said that I am putting literature on a low level when I place it on a cash basis; but an author must live if he is to write, and he must eat if he is to live, and he must have money if he is to eat. Cash is the magic wand of modern life; it will conjure up nearly anything you like. Recently a music dealer in Italy offered a substantial prize for an opera, and the offer brought forth "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," two musical efforts which became instantly successful all over the world. The *Youth's Companion* once offered a large prize for the best short story, and the taker of it was an unknown writer

in Toronto. The Toronto *Globe* some years ago offered tempting prizes for short stories, and actually hooked in one of mine, and if mine did not take the first prize it was because there was a better story ahead of it.

The bald truth is that Canada has the money, but would rather spend it on whiskey than on books. It prefers to inflame its stomach, rather than inform its brain. And yet there are people who actually hold that Canada is an intellectual country. The trouble is that it adds stupidity to its lack of intelligence. This sounds somewhat tautological, but a person may lack intelligence and still not be stupid. Commercially, nothing pays a country better than lavishly to subsidize an author. A Sir Walter Scott would bring millions into Canada every year. Scotland could well have afforded to bestow on Sir Walter Scott a hundred million dollars for his incomparable Waverley Novels. His works have made Scotland the dearest district in the world in which a traveller can live, and have transformed it from a poverty-stricken land into a tourist-trodden country, rolling in wealth. The reason I choose Sir Walter Scott as an example is, first, that he was the man whom the six gentlemen mentioned by Mr. Cooper chose to lead their list of desirable authors; second, because no Canadian writer has ever been made wealthy by Canada, and so I can't go to the Dominion for an example; and, third, because I am myself an adoring admirer of Sir Walter Scott's works.

Now Sir Walter Scott was not writing for laurel wreaths; he wrote entirely and solely for cash. He began his Waverley Novels to support his lavish expenditure on Abbotsford. I doubt if he had any idea how good the books were. I think it was a canny precaution of Scott when he refused to put his name on them, fearing they were bad, and that he might jeopardise his already well-won reputation as a poet; yet whether they were good or bad he resolved to write them if they would bring in money. He continued his output of novels afterwards to pay

his debts, incurred in a disastrous commercial speculation, the object of which had been to make money. If Sir Walter had thought he could make more money by planting trees or raising stock he would undoubtedly have turned his attention to those pursuits, and the Waverley Novels would have been unwritten.

One of the first recorded utterances of Sir Walter Scott's, touching upon books, that I can find, was made to Ballantyne just a hundred years ago, where he says:

"I think I could, with little trouble, put together sundry selections of them (Border Ballads) as might make a neat little volume that would *sell for four or five shillings.*"

You see, he does not say that it would be well to collect these ballads in case they might be lost to the world, or that their publication would give deserved fame to ancient writers, but that the book would sell for four or five shillings. It is the four or five shillings that the average literary man is after and must have, if he is to continue in the business.

What chance has Canada, then, of raising a Sir Walter Scott? I maintain that she has but very little chance, because she won't pay the money, and money is the root of all literature. The new Sir Walter is probably tramping the streets of Toronto to-day, looking vainly for something to do. But Toronto will recognize him when he comes back from New York or London, and will give him a dinner when he doesn't need it.

I would like to say before going further, that although Mr. Fraser's address to the journalists filled me with resentment, because of his ignoring Canadian literary men, I am, nevertheless, a great admirer of that gentleman's stories, and, if I am not very much mistaken, he got his start in somewhat the same manner as I did myself. In the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* of June the 24th, are two items side by side which ought to be pondered on by Canada. One paragraph says: "Mr. W. A. Fraser sent his

first sketch to *The Detroit Free Press*, and it was at once accepted. The cheque for it determined Mr. Fraser to regular writing, and his success has been pronounced."

The second item is about Charles G. D. Roberts, and reads: "Professor Roberts is in future going to live in England. It is understood that he goes abroad by the advice of a well-known publisher, who assures him that he can make much more money in London."

Mr. Fraser had to go outside of Canada to secure his first cheque, and that was my own experience, getting the cheque from the same paper.

The first article of mine that was accepted by *The Detroit Free Press* has been sent to every paper in Ontario, without exception, and unani- mously declined, although it was offered for nothing. The preacher in the story, said "Thank God" when he got back his hat after passing it round a very stingy congregation, but I was not so fortunate as the reverend gentleman, for many of the papers not only kept the manuscript, but the stamps enclosed for its return as well. I never expected to get pay for anything published in Canada, but was always glad when editors did not send me in a bill for publishing my contributions.

The Honourable Mr. W. E. Quinby, editor and proprietor of the *Detroit Free Press*, who gave Mr. Fraser and myself our first cheques, has himself done more for literature than all the editors from Quebec to Vancouver, and his literary judgment is infallible. He does not care from whom the manuscript comes, so long as it is good, and again, he is willing to back his opinion with money, and that, as I have said, is what counts in this world, whether in a horse trade, in literature, or in an election. I know men and women in England, in Canada, and in the United States, now in the front rank of literature who owe their start to Mr. Quinby's appreciation of their early efforts. There is little merit in recognizing genius when all the world recognizes it, but to select a winner

when no one else knows of him is a feat to be proud of.

One winter, during a visit to Atlanta, Georgia, I had the pleasure of meeting the late Henry W. Grady, one of the most remarkable journalists that the United States has produced—a man who would certainly have been Vice-President of the United States had he lived, and probably President. In speaking of the beginning of his successful career, he said his starting point was a cheque from Mr. Quinby, of Detroit, received when he was out of employment, with no hope of gaining any.

"My assets were, one wife, two children, and three dollars," he said. "That was all I had in the world. The encouraging words of Mr. Quinby to me, then an unknown, no-account young man, and the substantial nature of the cheque he sent, raised me from despair to hope, and I have never had an uneasy moment from that time."

Kipling, himself an early contributor to the columns of the *Free Press*, said to me once, "The reading of the *Detroit Free Press* was about the only pleasure I had in my newspaper work in India; what a splendidly edited paper it is."

As one good turn deserves another, I believe the *Free Press* was the first paper in America to call attention to Kipling's genius. It is something for a man to have produced a paper like that, and more, that he paid generously for the contributions he accepted, whether the sender was famous or unknown.

My advice then to the Walter Scott tramping the streets of Toronto is :

"Get over the border as soon as you can ; come to London or go to New York ; shake the dust of Canada from your feet. Get out of a land that is willing to pay money for whiskey, but wants its literature free in the shape of Ayer's Almanac, in my day the standard work of reference throughout the rural districts, because it cost nothing. Vamoose the ranch. Go back when all the rest of the world

is acquainted with you, and you may find that Canada has, perhaps, some knowledge of your existence. Anyhow, when you return you will have a good time, for there are some of the finest people in the world in Canada."

This proves a very much larger subject than I thought it was when I took it in hand, so instead of dealing with it

in one article I propose to devote two to it. It would be useless to scold over a state of things for which there was no remedy. I believe there is a remedy; I believe that Canada can be reclaimed from literary darkness and rye whiskey; therefore, in a future contribution, I propose to point out what this remedy is.

*(The Second Article will appear in December.)*

### ON THE COAST OF ACADIE.

STOOD the cottage near a cliff  
 By the sea.  
 By the sparkling sun-lit sea—  
 By the slowly-moving sea ;  
 And the bride of yester-eve  
 Looked it o'er.  
 Dreamed of future joy-filled years,  
 Little recked she of their tears,  
 Unassailed her heart by fears.  
 Happy she—  
 By the laughing rippling sea.

Stood the cottage nearer yet  
 To the sea.  
 To the white-capped angry sea—  
 To the swiftly-moving sea ;  
 And the wife of many years  
 Looked it o'er.  
 Thought of sons who'd left her side,  
 To explore its billows wide,  
 Claimed by its resistless tide.  
 Woe is me—  
 By that greedy treacherous sea !

Stood the cottage on the cliff  
 By the sea.  
 By the cloud-swept grey old sea—  
 By the gently-moving sea ;  
 And a widow bent and lone  
 Looked it o'er.  
 Felt that restless changeful sea,  
 E'er to her unchanged would be—  
 Could not break its constancy.  
 Waiting she  
 For her blest eternity.

*Agnes J. Chipman.*

## TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN CANADA.

By Bernard McEvoy.

CONSIDERABLE attention has recently been directed to the desirability of establishing technical schools in Canada. The Minister of Education for Ontario recently made an important speech on the subject; outlined a plan of operations, and stated that the Ontario Government would be willing, under proper conditions, to assist in establishing these schools in suitable centres of industrial operations. Toronto, some years ago, took the lead in establishing a technical school, which has since been useful, more or less, in teaching operatives the rudiments of science, and has spent a considerable amount of money and effort in what must to some extent be regarded as an experiment as to the best method of technical teaching. It seems permissible under these circumstances to offer a few remarks as to what technical education is; as to certain conditions that must be fulfilled if it is to be successful; and as to certain difficulties which may attend its inception.

The word technical is derived from a Greek word signifying art, and Johnson's definition of it is "relating to the arts." We may say broadly that the word in its modern sense relates chiefly to those arts that are called "industrial" such as iron-founding, jewellery, and silver plate making, metal working, building, dyeing, weaving and furniture-making. No doubt these arts merge into what are called the "fine" arts at certain points; but, generally speaking, there is a broad distinction between them. There is something about the fine arts of painting, sculpture, architecture and music that differentiates them from those which for want of a better word we call the industrial. These fine arts are intimately concerned with the expressing of artistic imagination. The

fine arts express mind by means of matter. It might almost be said, though perhaps not with perfect exactness, that the industrial arts express matter by means of mind. The painter uses matter in the shape of certain pigments and canvas and brushes to produce his effects, but the beauty of his work is not increased by his knowledge of the chemical constituents of his colours, or the scientific principles that underlie the making of canvas. He wisely leaves these to the industrial artist who makes them for him. In like manner the architect strictly speaking, viz: he who gives to a building a beautiful form, might conceivably produce all his effects without the employment of scientifically prepared materials. Of course, as a matter of fact the architect, who practises one of the most comprehensive and demanding of professions, usually adds to his capacity for design a knowledge of what strictly speaking is engineering and the management and knowledge of materials. But where the fine arts touch the industrial is mainly in the particulars of beauty of form and colour. These are really distinct from the material considerations which govern the "making" arts. With the industrial arts matter is the end, and to put matter into its most convenient form at the least possible cost is their *ne plus ultra*. The office of these arts is to change the form of natural products. It has been found out in the course of time, that in order to do this in the best way, it is necessary to know something—to know, indeed, as much as possible—about the laws governing these natural products. A full technical education must comprise the teaching of these laws and the incidence of their operation.

We find, therefore, that technical education divides itself into two

branches—craftsmanship and theory, and it is highly important that we should not get our ideas mixed about these two distinct things. The perfect technical artist has both craftsmanship and theory. We see at the outset that there is a difference between the teaching of the laws that control matter, *i.e.*, science, and that training of the hand and eye which is concerned in craftsmanship. A man may be a good craftsman, and know nothing definitely about scientific laws. He cannot, however, be a good craftsman without learning by experience something of the operation of those laws. The industrial arts were carried on for hundreds of years before the scientific principles governing them were apprehended with any clearness. Some of the best work in the world was done under these conditions. In the days when men thought there were four "elements," earth, air, fire and water, wonders of architecture, metal-working, weaving, dyeing and furniture-making were performed. But they were performed at considerable waste of effort, being accomplished, so to speak, in the dark. Moreover, there was plenty of time in those days to do things. With the increase of population has come a demand for more rapid production and less wasteful processes. It is unnecessary to enter on the vexed question as to whether the former days were better than these. Ruskin says they were. But we are face to face to-day with the fact that unless we use our materials in the best way, and unless we use the daylight that science has cast over all industrial processes, we as a community shall be left behind by others that are more progressive. Moreover, it is by means of technical knowledge that we find our way to new fields of operation. And the community that does not successively find its way into new fields is out of the running, out of the swim of evolution, is not the fittest, and, therefore, will not survive.

Returning to the two branches of technical education, craftsmanship and theory, it is evident that from the time

the child goes to school there is a certain combination of them. Writing is craftsmanship—the training of the hand and eye to accomplish a certain physical result. So is drawing. So is sewing, which ought certainly to be taught to girls at school. But arithmetic is theory—is science—is the teaching of law. So are grammar and geography. Language-teaching is partly instruction in theory, and partly merely the memorizing of the codes of expression adopted by different nations. It is suggested that more craftsmanship or manual teaching may be grafted on the existing curriculum of our public schools. I think that under certain conditions of caution this may be done. Writing and drawing are successfully taught, and they are—strictly speaking—manual training. This might be extended by the inclusion of instruction in the use of typical tools. The gentlemen who recently made a report to the Toronto Board of Trade on the subject of technical education, if I understand their presentation aright, wish to abolish the teaching of drawing in our schools. But it is just as desirable to teach drawing in the early years of a child's education as to teach writing. Both are means of expression, and the signs and conventions are best learned in those days when the mind is plastic and the memory is active. Moreover, drawing is a beginning in craftsmanship. It is the foundation of all constructive work.

Some years ago I was under the impression that to introduce manual training into our public schools would tend to turn the ordinary subjects out of doors. But a study of the educational work that has been done on this line in France, Germany, Russia and the United States has convinced me that I was wrong, and that a judicious combination of theory and practice may be helpfully and wisely instituted. I do not believe that the schools will, under these circumstances, turn out finished workmen. To master any craft thoroughly will in most instances take longer hours of application than it would be wise to introduce into the



school time-table. But there is no doubt that school manual training would prepare the scholars in an admirable manner for those industries to which they are to give their lives. It would also render possible such a correlation of theory and practice as is greatly needed in our industrial economy, where specialization is the rule, so that when a boy goes to work he is frequently set to the performances of some small, repeated, mechanical task which is apt to make of him a mere machine, and to curtail his opportunities of getting anything like a general mastery of his trade.

I think also that some effective manual training might be given in our schools during the midsummer holidays. In some instances desks might be replaced by work-benches and duly qualified craftsmen appointed as teachers. It would be found that there would be no lack of voluntary and delighted pupils. During the three continuous hours of the morning a boy would be able, under these circumstances, to get some proper training of hand or eye. A girl might get some useful tuition in needlework and other household matters. This plan has been adopted in several of the schools in Paris with great success, and there appears to be no reason why it should not be successful here. If it were not convenient to use the school-rooms, it would be quite worth while to secure other accommodation. But I have no doubt that in a few years a properly appointed workshop will be an adjunct of most public schools. By taking a different lot of scholars on each of the five mornings of the week usually devoted to school work, a considerable number might thus come under the influence of teaching which would certainly be useful to them, and which would not militate against the pleasure or healthfulness of the children's holidays.

It is plain however that the manual training that could be satisfactorily given in connection with the ordinary studies, must be supplemented by technological schools in which further

and fuller instruction may be given. The manual training in the public schools will be rudimentary and introductory. In the technological school proper the scholar will pass to a higher grade of teaching. The teaching of theory will still form part of the work, but more time will be devoted to craftsmanship. I am disposed to think that the old idea of apprenticeship to a trade at the age of fourteen had much sense in it. At that time childhood is passing into adolescence. There is a vivication of the bodily powers and of the nervous system; a ripening of capacity that it is important to take advantage of. If such schools were instituted they would, to some extent, take the place of high schools, and they would be attended by those who meant to take good places in the operative world. Such schools might continue during, perhaps, a third of the school hours, the teaching of theory begun in the public schools. During this third, certain branches of mathematics, chemistry, physics and mechanics would be taught. These four branches of knowledge underlie all industrial art. Mathematics, the science of measurable quantity; chemistry, the science of matter; physics, the science of force, dealing with dynamics, light, heat, sound, electricity, and magnetism; and mechanics, the science of applying the laws of force to practical purposes. These definitions are not exact, but they may serve the present purpose which is to find out if possible what we want to teach operatives, and why. I refer now to the teaching of operatives who are concerned with the industrial arts that are practised in cities. Further on I shall have something to say on the sort of technical education that is required by miners and agriculturists.

The teaching of operatives. It is necessary to bear that in mind. It is of no use for fledgling lawyers, doctors and parsons to take up technical education unless indeed they take it up as a recreation or a broadener of information. What we want to make in this country is a better class of operatives,

and to that end our technical education should be directed. It is an important aim, and because the operative class is the real base of everything, it should have more consideration than the education of any other section of the community. It is scarcely necessary to say that the true prosperity of a country is to be determined by the prosperity of its operative class. If this be not healthy, happy, and expressing itself in joyful work, there is something that needs alteration. Much of the overcrowding of the professions, which is justly complained of, arises from the fact that craftsmanship has not yet taken on its proper dignity, or, rather, has lost it in the lapse of years. We are in a transition state. There was a time when the trade guilds of Europe were institutions of honour and respectability, the members of which—all craftsmen—had a recognized, and to some extent, an enviable place in the community. A position in the guild was won by a seven years' apprenticeship, and, as I have already said, the craftsman of that day did work which is still unmatched. Remains of their dignity lingered long. I, myself, as a boy, have frequently seen carpenters and bricklayers going to their work in silk hats. It was the mark of a complete journeyman, a tradesman who had "passed." Sometimes the bricklayers as they worked in the open air, retained this imposing head-gear while working. But we have changed all that. It is possible, however, to restore to labour a dignity of a higher kind than could be exemplified by the wearing of a "stove-pipe" hat. We may put something inside the head instead of decorating its exterior. Technical education has, in my opinion, a mission that is above the merely utilitarian. It combines in its aims not merely the making of good operatives, but the educating of the *man*. There is in technical education, if it be properly pursued, a potency of intellectual training which cannot but assist in advancing the intelligence and status of its subjects as citizens.

It will have been gathered from what I have already advanced that I favour manual training in schools simply as an introduction to the real training of actual work. The only way to learn craftsmanship is to keep on doing it; and this continuous performance, so necessary in the training of the hand and eye is not possible in its full development in schools. It must be done in the workshop, on the building, in the foundry. Get the opinion of any number of practical men and it will be found to tally with mine. I speak as one who has passed through a workshop training and I know whereof I speak. None the less do I perceive the value of the training that may be given in schools. None the less do I perceive that in certain particulars this school-training is calculated to give a full-rounded grasp of the problems of industrial art, such as the workshop never supplies. The workshop is a money-making institution. It has not time to consider the art in its entirety on which it is engaged, and the principles which regulate it.

I have spoken hitherto chiefly on such technical training as is concerned in the constructive industrial arts. But it is plain that we must not lose sight of what may be called the ornamenting industrial arts. In some trades the desirability of science-knowledge is replaced by the desirability of art training. I call mechanical drawing a part of scientific teaching. It is really connected with mechanics and mechanical construction. But there are some trades that are concerned with ornament, and on their account we desire our technical schools to give us the requisite sort of art teaching. If a youth is to be an ironfounder, what he wants to know is chemistry, and physics, and the behaviour of metals. These will let daylight in on much that might otherwise be a series of puzzles to him. Mechanical drawing will also be useful to him. The same courses will be suitable for the machinist. But another youth is to be a modeller of ornamental patterns for iron or brass founding, and it is manifest that he

must be also instructed in the principles of art. For if he have only to follow the drawings of a special designer, he will follow them much more intelligently if his eyes be trained by artistic tuition. There are also decorators, plasterers, stonecutters, cabinet-makers, goldsmiths, silversmiths and a tribe of others to whom art-teaching is indispensable. So that our technological school will have to devote attention to this branch. It will have been begun in the public schools by a due attention to drawing and modelling, by the surrounding also of the scholars by some of the best examples of art, such as is being attended to by our League of School Art. Here again it may be well to introduce a word emphasizing the need that great and constant attention be given to drawing for all pupils. As a means of expression it is needed by everybody; for those who will follow ornament as a business it is indispensable, as it is also for engravers, illustrators and many other artificers.

No better example need be given as to the importance of art-teaching than is afforded by the action of the British Government after the Great Exhibition of 1851 had shown that Great Britain was behind France and other nations in this particular. "When Great Britain found herself outstripped at the Crystal Palace Exhibition," says Dr. MacArthur, "she faced the music at once, and established the South Kensington Museum with its annexed art schools at an expense of six million dollars." There are now 200 art schools in England where 30,000 people receive instruction; and the progress is still more remarkable in the way of general education, for there are not less than 4,200 schools where drawing is taught, and where nearly 1,000,000 pupils are instructed in drawing and design. What was the result? Mr. Nichols supplies the answer in his statistics of British importation from France. From 1847 to 1856 it appears that thirty-five per cent. of the French exportations were of art industry, and from 1856 to 1868 they scarcely amounted to sixteen

per cent., a decrease in twelve years of more than one-half. Now, during the first period France was nearly ten per cent. ahead of Great Britain, but during the second period, that is from 1856 to 1868, the export of British products in which art was required exceeded in value those of France 505,000,000 francs, and with a greatly increased value in her total exportations her art products were twelve per cent. more. In other words, while this kind of industry had increased in Great Britain 442,000,000 francs, it had decreased 68,000,000 in France. It is the custom of a certain school of artists to sneer at South Kensington instruction, but these are facts which appeal to practical men.

I come now to the consideration of the technical education that it is desirable to give to operatives already engaged in the pursuit of industrial art. This is the field that is at present worked by the Toronto Technical School, the Ontario School of Art and Design, and the various other art schools already established in Canada. It is a very important field, and it is one that is highly necessary to take into account, seeing that in the past we have to some extent neglected technical education in our primary and secondary schools. There are as a consequence thousands of young men and women earning their living as operatives who have had no chance of acquiring that technical knowledge that they would undoubtedly find useful to them in their various pursuits. It is due to them that they should have the means of obtaining it. The necessities of the situation point to evening classes. What they want is art-teaching, instruction in scientific theory and mechanical drawing. They want also the very best of teachers—second-rate ones are of no avail. It takes a far more capable instructor to teach a class of men who have "got out of the way" of learning than it does to teach a class of boys or girls in school. These men want to learn chemistry, and physics, and mechanics; and a Faraday with his wonderful inductions and his

altogether masterly simplicity would not be too good for them. A model in some respects of the institution they need is to be found in the *Ecole des Arts et Metiers* (Conservatory of Arts and Trades) in Paris. It was the Convention in 1784 which decreed that should be formed in Paris, under the name of the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, a public depot of machines, models, tools, drawings and descriptions, and books upon all arts and trades, the construction and employment of which should be explained by three demonstrators and a draughtsman attached to the establishment. The end proposed by the founders was the practical instruction of workmen. There are now fourteen chairs of instruction and the subjects taught are:

- Geometry applied to the arts.
- Descriptive geometry.
- Mechanics applied to the arts.
- Civil construction.
- Physics applied to the arts.
- General chemistry in its relation to industry.
- Industrial chemistry.
- Chemistry applied to the industries of dyeing, ceramics and glass-working.
- Agricultural and analytical chemistry.
- Architecture.
- Agricultural works and rural engineering.
- Spinning and weaving.
- Political economy and statistics.

The lectures are public and free to all, foreigners and citizens alike. Says Mr. Joshua L. Chamberlain, one of the American Commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1878: "It is a deeply interesting scene for an American to sit amidst that motley auditory sometimes numbering nearly a thousand, all listening intently to the masterly yet simple expositions of men like Becurel, Gerard, Burat and Lévassieur, of all conditions and ages, from the boy of twelve, first waking to the thought of the possibilities of the great world before him, to the dim-eyed sire of eighty years now at last realizing what might have been. There are as many as 160,000 of these auditors each year." In some respects no doubt a Canadian institution would need modifications of this idea. But with regard to most of the subjects taught and the excellence of

the instructors we might well endeavour to imitate this French example.

In any reconstruction of the Toronto Technical School, particularly if a new building be erected, there would be a certain advantage in merging the present Ontario School of Art and Design with it. This school has for years done capital work on somewhat restricted funds, and its directors would probably not consent to absorption did they not see that such a step would lead to greater effectiveness. What seems to be required at present is a technological institution that shall give instruction in evening classes in industrial art and scientific theory. It should be directed by a board, the members of which know something of what technical education should be, and it would be a misfortune if in the composition of the board any interest other than educational should have preponderating influence. No doubt the best technical school in the world is that of Moscow which is conducted under the direction of a despotic government! We have learned in Canada that popular government is not an un-mixed good, and we have learned it especially in our Toronto experiment in technical education. There seems to be no reason why our most intelligent and progressive citizens should not take a hand in furthering such a work as this. If the citizens find the money for the enterprise, as they will have to if it is to be carried out, they should at any rate see that the funds they supply are administered by men who are likely to give them their money's worth.

I have referred to the necessity for technical instruction of a kind required by agriculturists and miners. With regard to the first it is satisfactory to know that the Education Department of Ontario has made agriculture a recognized branch of the public school curriculum and has authorized the use of a text-book on this subject ("*Agriculture*," by C. C. James, Dep. Min. of Agric., Ont.), the excellence of which is attested by the fact that it has been immediately adopted in the United States. The Agricultural College at

Guelph has been doing good work in the same direction for years, and at the present time has its full complement of pupils. I have sometimes wondered whether or not it would be practicable to have, connected with our rural schools, gardens divided into small plots in which the scholars might practise horticulture, but this I must leave to those who are better acquainted with the subject.

I cannot leave the subject, however, without a word on the immense importance of teaching the children of this country the laws and principles which govern its basic industry. The cultivation of the land in the best possible way, the raising of stock and of fruits, are probably of more importance to this country than anything else. We ought to grudge no money that is judiciously expended in the instruction of the people who are to cultivate the land. As for the instruction that is desirable for miners, it will probably be found that a simple metallurgical course in the higher classes of the public schools will be of immense service. The instruction in mining proper will be better left for later years, and no doubt some classes in mining will be found desirable in our proposed technological institutes.

The difficulties in the way of the inception of a thorough system of technical education in Canada range themselves under three heads: 1. the question of funds; 2. the objections of trades unions; 3. the difficulty—at first—of finding suitable teachers.

With the regard to the first of these it seems just and fair that the expense should be borne partly by the Provincial Legislatures, and partly by the municipalities, the greater part being borne by the latter, seeing that the advantages to be reaped are largely of a local character. The initial outlay will be considerable, as it will comprise in many cases the erection of suitable buildings, and, in all, the expense of equipment. The equipment for the public school technical annex need not be formidable. In the special report of Mr. L. H. Marvel with regard to the

expense of the industrial school at Gloucester, Mass., he estimates that "a room similar to the one at Gloucester can be fitted up for a carpentry class at an expense of \$500. In such a shop, thoroughly and completely equipped, one teacher can instruct four classes each day, and twenty classes each week, of sixteen members each, and the actual cost of instruction would not exceed \$800, annually, allowing forty weeks for the year. The expense of material would not exceed 50 cents for each pupil. Upon this basis the per capita expense of instructing three hundred and twenty pupils would be about three dollars per year. The expense would be greater if forging and casting were added." The school committee in Boston, in co-operation with the Industrial School Association, made a practical trial of a workshop in connection with a public school in 1882. The session was from January to May. A carpenter was employed as teacher. The total expenses of equipping and continuing the school were \$712. The School Board of the city of Philadelphia appropriated the sum of \$1,500 for the first year's expenses of industrial classes in one of their schools and \$1,000 for those in another. The cost of a completely equipped Technological Institute will of course be much more than this. It should include (1) a museum of materials, especially those of the district in which the institute is situated; (2) a library; (3) a main lecture room, for periodical lectures to the public on technical subjects. Experience leads to the conclusion that if you can only get the lecturers these act as feeders to the school; (4) from six to ten smaller lecture-rooms for classes; (5) an art museum; (6) four art-instruction rooms including one modelling room; (7) secretary's office and board room; (8) five workshops. Here we have from 22 to 25 rooms. The external shape the building should assume would depend a good deal on the amount it was decided to spend on it. It should at least be a fitting edifice for the work to be done in it. It should not affront the

art students by its ugliness, nor scandalize the physics classes by its contempt of the laws that govern proper construction.

There are numerous instances in which private generosity has come to the aid of the public treasury in erecting and equipping buildings for the purposes we are considering. The Worcester Mass., Free Institute was founded by John Boynton who gave the sum of \$100,000 for its endowment and support. The Hon. Ichabod Washburn belied his first name by giving it a machine shop and equipments, a sum of \$5,000 to be expended for stock, and the interest of \$50,000 to provide for contingencies. Sir Josiah Mason, of Birmingham, England, bore the entire expense of building, equipping and endowing the Mason College; while the Birmingham and Midland Institute was, in the first instance, erected entirely by private subscriptions. It is doubtful, however, whether this method of "evening up" between millionaires and the million is on the whole so directly in the line of progress as defraying these educational charges out of general taxation.

It does not seem wise, in the present state of things, to wait for the waking up of millionaires' consciences. We are in need of technical schools now, and we shall have to pay for them. There are plenty of arguments to be used in favour of the necessary expenditure. Technical education is not in its initial stage. Canada is taking hold of it in the present day as a junior member of the comity of nations, but she has plenty of examples to follow. It is certain that where a city, a state, or a nation, has expended money on technical education it has been returned to it twenty, thirty and sixty-fold. We have only to look at the work that is being done in other countries to be convinced that we can no longer allow our own ground to lie fallow.

The trades-union objection to technological institutions, so far as it exists, is founded upon the supposition that the institutes will turn out a larger

number of skilled operatives than there are openings for, and that therefore wages will fall. It is only the less intelligent who take this view, and a wider acquaintance with the subject generally dissipates it. In the countries in which technical education has made its greatest strides the trades unionists are its warm friends. They know that the possibilities of art-industry and science-industry are almost infinite, and that constant fresh developments of new materials and new ways of using them are the usual products of technical education. Moreover it is not proposed to teach special trades so much as to give general technological information and training that may be applied in any fresh situation in which the pupil may find himself.

The difficulty of finding suitable teachers for the work of technical education will be, it may be hoped, of a temporary character. There are plenty of teachers available, but teachers of the right sort are comparably few. Much of the success of this work will depend on a proper choice of instructors, and in this regard the policy of cheapness is a mistaken one. One good teacher is worth three or four second rate ones. We have in Toronto and Montreal schools of applied science which should certainly be capable of turning out those who are fitted for the work of technical instruction, while from our ranks of skilled workmen may be drawn the necessary teachers of the use of typical tools. The work of our art schools has already proved that there is no dearth of excellent teachers in that department.

In conclusion it may be said that technical education is certainly one of the means whereby our great resources may be utilized for the common good. It is a means that has been successfully used by other countries, and where it has been tried it has never failed to improve trade and to elevate the operative class. It will be as successful in Canada as elsewhere if it is handled in an intelligent and public-spirited manner.

## A WOMAN'S HEART.

*A Love Story.*

“FORGIVE me if I wound you, but what I have just told you must be final.”

“Then, this is indeed final,” said Warren Blair, whose voice, so full of pain, belied strangely his cold, calm face.

Margaret Falkiner bowed her head.

But before he had reached the door she sprang towards him impulsively and laid both her hands on his.

“Oh! forgive,” she cried, tears springing into her eyes. “I never thought in all my life to give such pain to anyone. Tell me that you forgive me if ever by word or deed I seemed to have done anything to make you care for me as you *do* care for me, and as I don't deserve, even if I were free to love you.”

He bit his lip hard, and his strong hand trembled under her little gentle ones.

“See, I am unworthy; know, I am unworthy; feel, I am unworthy,” she went on rapidly and passionately. “Think that I flirted with you; that I tried to make you love me; that I would have married you just for your money—think anything you will of me that is hateful and vile, but don't, don't suffer for me as you are suffering now!”

He uttered an exclamation of despair, as he shook his hand free from hers.

She stood motionless where he had left her, with her eyes fastened on the door that had closed behind him.

Then she walked slowly to the farthest corner of the room, and sitting there, she thought and thought so long that the twilight came and went, and it was almost dusk. She was frightened, horrified at herself. Who is it has said a woman is never so near to loving a man as just after she has refused him?

“I love Alec,” she kept repeating to herself over and over again, as if to force it into her heart, which seemed to shut against it. “I have always loved him, always. I love him now, I shall always love him—Oh! Why does Warren Blair stand before me like a ghost, with that calm, still look in his eyes? Am I a woman or a weather-cock, that I should be twisted and turned about in this way? Warren Blair is rich, rich, rich, and I am poor, very poor, and Alec is poor, too, we shall both be horribly poor. Oh! why does Warren Blair stand there, always, always, with that white, sad face! Surely I am going mad. It's ridiculous,” she cried fiercely, pressing her hands to her temples and over her eye, as if to shut out the vision. “It's ridiculous! Why am I thinking about him so much? He'll soon forget me. If I had said yes to him he would have thought—I would have thought I was marrying him for his money, and yet if he were poor and had come to me, I wonder if my answer would have been different?”

And she shut her eyes and conjured up visions. Those thoughts had evidently carried her very far away, for as the door opened softly, she gave a little start at hearing her own name spoken, and looking up she saw Alec Deane standing before her.

“Is that you, Alec?” she asked irrelevantly, nervously, and half guiltily.

“How dark it is!” and she rang for lights.

She had never called him by his first name before, and she had not noticed that she did so now; but it made his heart beat faster, and when they were sitting beside the mended fire a little later, and had discussed a few trivialities, he bent nearer to her and said:

“I had not hoped to find you alone, but I am glad because I want to tell

you something, something which, try as I must, I cannot keep from telling you, though every day, and all day long, I keep the thought uppermost in my mind that I am too bold. I am a poor man, I have no prospect of fortune, except that my brains can make, but they shall make one; only now, just now, it looks so hopeless, and it will look hopeless always if I have not your love to help me; but I shouldn't ask for it yet I know—Forgive me, forgive me, Margaret, and understand—”

“I do understand; but why, why have you come to-day?”

“Why have I come to-day?” he echoed. “Why have I come to-day! Because I couldn't keep away any longer, that was why—Don't you see, Margaret?”

There was a look of terrible fear in his face.

“I loved you yesterday,” she said, slowly, looking away from him, “and I think I shall love you to-morrow—”

“Ah!” he said, bending and kissing her hands passionately. “But,” she continued, drawing them slowly away, “I don't seem to be able to love you to-day in quite the same way. I have just killed somebody for your sake—don't be afraid, I shan't go to the gal-lows for it; those are the sort of murders that have nothing to do with the law—but while the blood is red upon my hands I feel a sort of guiltiness—I cannot be so frank with you as I might be—do you understand?”

“Yes, I think so,” he said slowly; “some poor beggar has not been as lucky as I hope to be—”

“That's it; now go, Alec—No, I will not give you a blood-stained hand, but come back to-morrow, and perhaps you shall have them both.”

“Margaret, my darling!”

But she pointed to the door, and he obeyed.

The morrow came, as morrows will, and with it Alec Deane.

Margaret met him with outstretched hands.

“Margaret!” he said, bending over

them tenderly; and they talked as lovers will, and forgot all but their own happiness.

“And when, love, when?” he whispered for the third time—

“Oh, you impatient boy!” she answered, laughing, “Isn't twelve months soon enough?”

“Don't be cruel, darling!”

“Well then, six, will that do?”

He had to be satisfied, and so it was settled.

One May morning, when Margaret was busy writing pretty little acknowledgments to the senders of some presents, Alec Deane came in upon her in a state of suppressed excitement.

“I have some news for you, Margaret, such good news!”

“Really?” smiling round at him, and going on with her writing.

“But it's like a fairy-tale, Margaret, and I hardly know where to begin. Well,” he blurted out, “a nice old relative in Australia, whom I never knew existed until now, has died, and in doing so, left me his fortune, which amounts to half a million.”

“Alec!”

“I knew, of course, in a dim sort of way, that I had relatives out there; but that there was any money, or I should be the lucky heir, or anything of that sort, never entered my head. Upon my word I can't realize it yet, can you?”

“N—o.”

“We shall be rich now, Margaret, just think of it, dear! And I am so glad for your sake, my beautiful darling. There is only one very awkward and disappointing thing about it to me, which is that they want me to go out there and see about some legal matters for which my presence is absolutely necessary. If they insist I suppose I shall have to go; but I shall not be an hour longer than necessary.”

“You must go, if it is to your interests to do so, Alec; and, after all, a few months out of our whole lives will not make so very much difference, will it?”

“I was going to ask you, Meg, if



you didn't think we might hurry it up, you know, so that you could come with me?"

"No, dear, no; we'll wait," and she kissed him softly on the forehead.

So the wedding was postponed, and the reason why was talked about with much interest for a day or two.

One evening about a month later, Margaret and her mother sat in the stalls of the Savoy Theatre to see Duse's inimitable performance of "Magda."

"Margaret," said Mrs. Falkiner, when the curtain had descended for the first entr'acte, "there is a man two rows in front of us who puzzles me. He has seen us too, I know, when he thought we were not looking. I believe he is Warren Blair; you remember him?"

"Yes, mother," said Margaret quietly, but turning a shade paler as she spoke.

"He has altered very much surely, or my sight is getting bad?"

"Yes, mother, he looks much older but — he is coming to speak to us."

As there was a vacant stall next Margaret, Blair took it.

"Have you been out of England, Mr. Blair?" Mrs. Falkiner asked. "We have not seen you for so long."

"Yes, I was called suddenly away a little over six months ago. My affairs in Wall St. went wrong, and the result is," with an indifferent smile, "that I am practically a poor man." The fortune of war! he went on, with a laugh, but Margaret's little hand had for a second involuntarily found his.

At the end of the play when he had put them into their brougham, Mrs. Falkiner said, "Now that your affairs do not keep you away, I hope you will not forget us?"

"Almost any day about half-past five," Margaret added softly, and it seemed to him pleadingly. And her voice sounded in his ears until he saw her again.

It was not long. The next day he came and she was alone.

She meet him shyly, she didn't seem to be able to help it, try as she would to be different.

"Margaret," he cried impulsively, "Margaret, is it possible that after all these months you've changed towards me, you — Margaret, I worship you!" and he was beside her where she sat, and she was in his arms.

Then she thought, then she remembered, and suddenly freeing herself she rose with a terrible feeling of remorse.

"Oh! don't you know?"

"Know!"

"Yes, I'm engaged to Alec Deane—the wedding was to have been over by now—it's only been postponed—and we are to be married when he comes back from Australia."

She spoke rapidly as if it were a lesson learnt which she feared to forget before she reached the end.

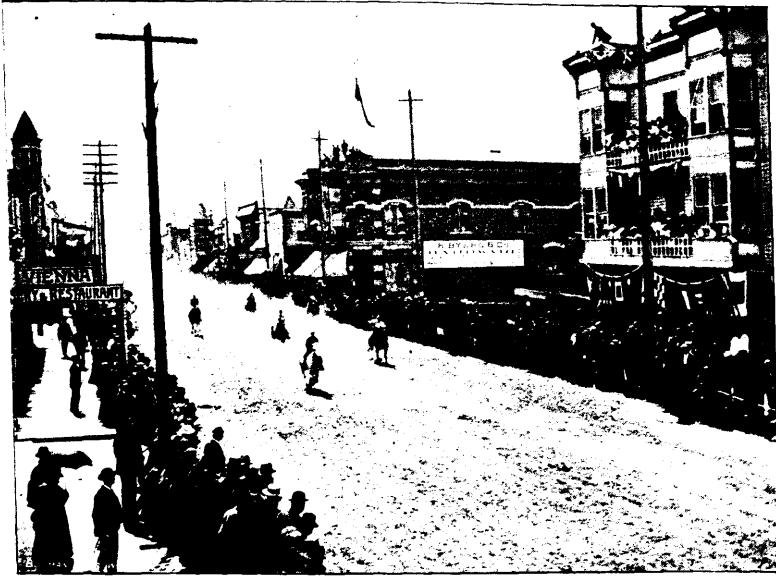
His face was ashen pale.

"Woman," he said between his teeth, "then why, why have you let me come to you again?"

He moved towards the door.

"God only knows why," she answered from where she stood, very still, with her hands clasped tightly over her heart. "God only knows, but He does know, for He has put this great love for you into my heart. No, don't come to me—I never really understood it until I met you last night, when you said you were a poor man. I was always afraid it was your money, and not you; but, now that Alec is rich and you are poor, I understand better. And although I have promised to marry him, he has not one atom of my heart. It is all wrong—I could never marry him now; but I will ask him to release me when he comes back, and although it will hurt him very much, still not so much as if I married him. I owe this to you, to him—and to myself. Then I will be your wife. . . . No! no! here are my hands—kiss them. Our hearts are together, our souls are together. We can wait."

Mary Keegan.



NELSON, B.C.—DOMINION DAY SPORTS.

It is almost impossible to drive a waggon or trap in the mountainous Kootenay district ; horse-back riding is the best method of moving about, and therefore amateur running races are a feature of all gala days in British Columbia mining towns.

## A TYPICAL MINING TOWN.

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*By W. F. Brougham.*

**B**RITISH COLUMBIA now occupies the same place in the mining investor's text books, as South Africa and Western Australia. British Columbia is, however, a large tract of country, and the stranger, with a limited knowledge of mining geography, may naturally desire to know in what part of that province are the principal mines situated.

As a matter of fact, the actual working and dividend paying mines (excepting placer mines) are confined to one district, namely that of the Kootenays (East and West). The well-known Le Roi, War Eagle, Josie, Silver King, Slocan Star, Payne and Ymir mines are all to be found in West Kootenay, within a few hours' journey of each other.

The journey from Montreal to Nelson, the metropolis of Kootenay and

centre of the mining industries of the Province, is not by any means a great undertaking. By the Canadian Pacific Railway via Revelstoke or via the Crow's Ness Pass route, Nelson or Rossland can be reached within four days.

There are no hardships or difficulties to be overcome, no Chilkoot Passes to scale, no summer's provender to pack in before the golden goal is reached ; on the contrary, for whatever point in Kootenay you aim, the journey is now reduced to a luxurious lounge whilst train and steamer transport the traveller through some of the grandest scenery in the world.

After traversing the weird, limitless prairies, the awe-inspiring passage through the Rockies is made. Canyons and mighty mountains give place to the calm blue waters and peaceful

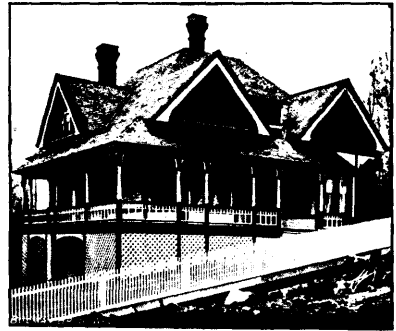
surrounding landscape of the Arrow Lakes.

At the southern extremity of these lakes is a small town-site called Robson. Here the routes to Rossland and Nelson diverge; if bound for the former city, we cross the Columbia River, and from thence the train brings us within an hour to our destination; or if bound for Nelson, the train takes us up the valley of the Kootenay River, and we arrive at the latter city within two hours from the time we left Robson.

These two cities—Nelson and Rossland—are the largest and most important in the Kootenay. Rossland is, in reality, an overgrown mining camp, and is the only town of any size in that

son to Nelson is exceedingly beautiful. The mighty Kootenay River is followed closely until it broadens out into the West Arm of the lake. Continuing along the lake shore, a bend in the line suddenly brings in view the city, and a more charming or picturesque journey's ending can hardly be imagined.

The business portion of the town is built on a level plateau, just above high water mark. From this plateau the ground slopes gently upland toward the outlying mountains, and on this slope is built the majority of the residences, though latterly the ever-increasing demand for house accommodation has caused a number of dwellings to be erected along the shore



NELSON, B.C.—TWO COMFORTABLE HOMES.

One of the most remarkable features of Nelson is the cosy homes which its citizens have erected in spite of the difficulty of securing suitable mechanics and supplies.

part of Kootenay known as the Trail Creek mining division. The War Eagle, Le Roi and Josie mines are in the immediate vicinity of the town, in fact it is to these mines that Rossland owes, not only its origin, but its everyday existence. Recently the British-American Corporation have established their headquarters in the town, thus giving fresh impetus to mining activity there.

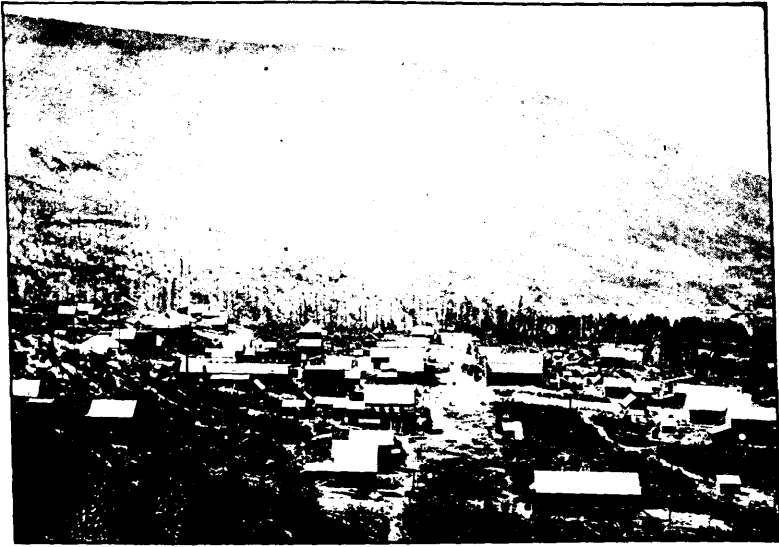
On the other hand, Nelson is the commercial centre of the district; it is also essentially a residential town, and, consequently, a steadily increasing place, and of more stable a nature than a mining town pure and simple. The scenery along the line from Rob-

of the lake, beyond the mercantile streets.

To the visitor or intending settler, the sight of these tasteful and delightfully situated homes is both a surprise and a gladdening welcome. Here, at least, can be found a haven of rest where the very surroundings bring back to the mind the memories of the old home now, perhaps, some thousands of miles away. Here will be found a society as cultivated and as far removed from that of the average mining camp as is that of the principal cities of Eastern Canada.

In a perfect climate, more temperate and more equable than that of the Eastern Provinces, in the midst of magnificent

pine-covered mountains, skirted by a glorious sheet of water, in a country where the demand for labour never exceeded by the supply, where commerce is daily increasing, where ready and remunerative openings for investment of



NELSON, B.C.—IN 1892.

capital can be easily found, where the hills offer their rock-bound treasures as the reward of energy and enterprise, Nelson is indeed an ideal city in which the young man can begin the battle of life, or in which the man who has already begun to bear the brunt of the fight, and who through

misfortune or disappointment desires to shake the dust of his mother country off his feet, can begin the warfare anew.

The origin of the foundation of Nelson was the discovery of precious metals on Toad mountain—the highland immediately above the town.

In 1887 the famous Silver King mine, Toad mountain, now the property of the Hall Mines, Limited, was located. In the following year it may be said that Nelson practically came into existence. The Provincial Government laid out the town-site, and lots

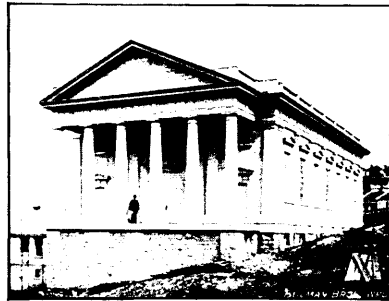


NELSON, B.C.—IN 1899.

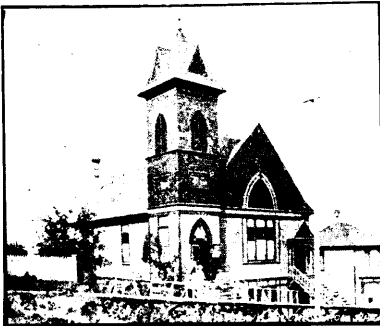
were sold in October of that year (1888) for about \$50 apiece. One of these lots changed hands the other day for the good round sum of \$10,000. In the spring of 1891 the railway to Nelson was completed, and a regular train service established. Then steamers began to ply on the lakes; streets were opened; business blocks and private residences began to go up, and the town continued to steadily increase in size, population and importance. To-day the number of residents is estimated at over 6,500. No less than four banks and twenty-nine large wholesale houses are now established in the city, and yet more are to be added to that number this autumn. Two important branches of the Canadian Pacific, the Columbia & Kootenay and the

Recently the energetic mayor, supported by the aldermen, raised the necessary funds for extending the present excellent, though limited water, sewage, and electric light systems, in order to meet the requirements of four times the number of the present population.

Although Nelson's prosperity both present and future is due, and will continue to be due, to the fact that she is the emporium of Kootenay, it must be admitted that the mines in the surrounding district have lent a helping hand towards the making of the city. Such mines as the Silver King, the Athabasca, the Fern, the Mollie Gibson and the Poorman, all within a short distance from the town, indirectly aid commerce and trade. Then Nelson is the



CATHOLIC CHURCH.



BAPTIST CHURCH.—NELSON, B.C.—ENGLISH CHURCH.

Crow's Nest Pass railways, make Nelson their terminus, as also does the Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway—a branch of the Great Northern—for Nelson is the supply city for the whole Kootenay district, and the great railway companies having fully recognized that fact, have made a railway centre of the commercial centre. Day by day new buildings are commenced or completed. Handsome brick blocks now adorn the commercial streets.

starting point for the Slocan, Ymir, Windermere, Fort Steele and Boundary Creek mining divisions. The Ymir Camp is but an hour's journey by rail from Nelson, and Slocan City is reached within two hours by rail or steamer.

The C. P. R. are now about to complete the construction of a new branch line from Arrow-Head to Nelson, which will intersect a rich mineral country called the Lardeau. The new Crow's Nest Pass Railway has opened out

considerably the East Kootenay district, points such as Fort Steele and Cranbrook, formerly difficult and well nigh impossible to reach during certain parts of the year, being now within a day's journey of Nelson. Moreover the rich coal fields of the Crow's Nest Pass and Lethbridge can now supply Nelson daily with coal at one-half the price at what it was before the new line was opened.

A large gas company will shortly open out a complete installation of gas plant for supplying both fuel and light.

An electric tramway is now in the course of construction by a subsidiary company of the British Electric Traction Company, the largest electric tramway corporation in England. As Nelson is the only town in Canada in which this corporation operates, it shows considerable faith in the future of the city in English financial circles.

But there are other considerations besides those of commerce and finance which will come to the mind of anyone who is seeking for a new home. There are the hours of leisure to be thought of, the necessary recreation which every true worker desires when his day of toil is done. There are few cities which can vie with Nelson in this respect. The town is situated amid some of the grandest mountain and river

scenery in the world. Many citizens from Eastern Canada who have passed through Nelson on their travels, have returned to pay prolonged visits so as to enjoy the beneficial, health-giving air and perfect landscape that the city affords.

The sportsman can find in Nelson unlimited occupation. The fishing in the Kootenay Lake and River is unequalled by any in Canada. The wooded mountains surrounding the Lake abound with deer and grouse, while, in the distant snow-clad hills, mountain sheep, wild goat and bear can be obtained. Excellent facilities are afforded for lawn tennis, cricket, base ball and lacrosse, while boating and a three-mile bicycle track make up the complement of amusements for those who care not for the use of rod or gun.

For the sportsman of limited means, who desires a holiday or a home where, amidst every modern comfort and a cultivated society, he can indulge freely in his inclinations, Nelson is an Arcadia.

In conclusion the writer desires to

point out that this is no fancy description from the pen of one who has any material interests, pecuniary or otherwise, in Kootenay, but emanates from that of one who is, or rather has been, a mere globe trotter, a cosmopolitan



NELSON RESIDENCES.

The first is that of Mayor Neelands.



BOGUSTOWN—A SUBURB OF NELSON, B.C.

This gives a good idea of the narrowness of the arm of Kootenay Lake, on which Nelson is situated, and of the mountainous character of its shores.

and Jack-of-all-trades, and who having wandered through many lands, drifted some two years ago to Nelson, and there found a haven of rest where the all but exhausted income could be added to by no undue mental strain, and where at the same time, delightful and varied recreation could be found for the hours of leisure. And if per-

chance the writer may be thought unduly zealous in thus parading the many advantages of the city of his adoption, it may be justly urged that he is moved so to do by an intense feeling of gratitude to Nelson and the community of kindly hearts therein for having admitted a sorry tramp to an hospitable hearth.

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## THE HISTORY OF NELSON.

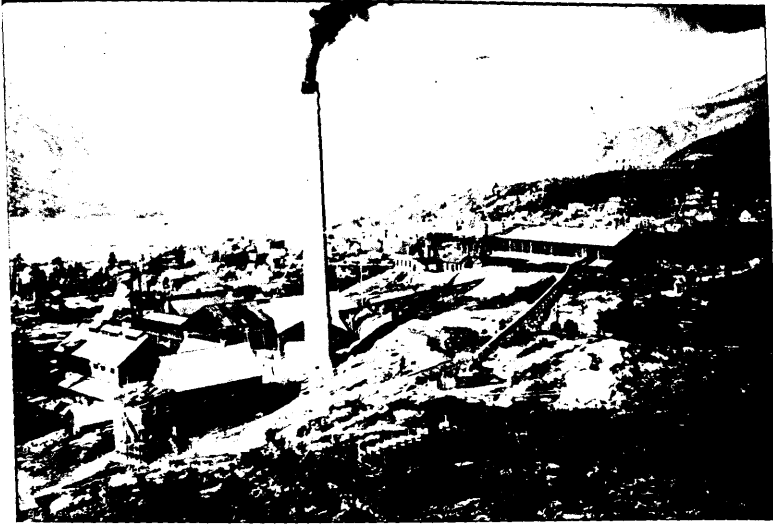
*By Permission of "The Nelson Miner."*

IN dealing with the history of a city like Nelson, which has grown without boom in twelve years from a few shacks in a wilderness of forest and rocks to the busiest and most progressive city of the Kootenays, it is hard to point out the occurrences which have been, as it were, the milestones of progress, there being such a multiplicity of events which were and are but details of larger movements.

These thousand and one incidents that after time has settled them into their proper relative proportions are easy to judge of, when viewed at close range, are apparently all of similar size

and importance. The recorder of what has happened a hundred years ago can speak with confidence, but when he has to deal with what happened practically yesterday, he has to tread warily.

Salisbury, the name by which Nelson was first known, was named by the mining recorder, Mr. Henry Anderson, in 1887. It was located in that year by Arthur Bunting. The mining recorder, Anderson, also made a location to the east of Bunting. Then in 1888 Mr. Gilbert M. Sproat, the Gold Commissioner, arrived, and declared that the land was covered by a Government reserve. Bunting and other pre-emptors



NELSON, B.C.—THE HALL MINES SMELTER.

The Hall Mines on Toad Mountain are about five miles from Nelson. The ore is brought this distance by a fine wire-rope, aerial tramway. The smelter has a blast copper furnace, capacity 280 tons per day, and a blast silver-lead furnace, capacity 100 tons per day.

were crowded off, with the exception of Anderson, who still stayed with it. Sproat re-named the town Stanley, and he and Anderson see-sawed against

each other until in the beginning of 1889 the Gold Commissioner left, and was succeeded by G. C. Tunstall.

What there was of the town bore two



MINING PROSPECTORS—WAITING FOR THE DINNER BELL.



names until the inhabitants, having put in a claim for a post office, the embryo metropolis was given one and named "Nelson," in honour of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. The first sale of lots was held in the fall of 1888 by Sproat, and on his way back to Vancouver he surveyed a waggon road from Nelson to Sproat's Landing.

Naturally the first great step in Nelson's prosperity was the discovery of the rich mineral deposits on Toad Mountain and the surrounding creeks. For the first two years of its existence

er once was proud of as his home, and many a wife living now in a comfortable house, with all the myriad conveniences and comforts modern civilization supplies, can well remember when on the site of her present home she has slept on a bed of pine boughs, with nothing but a canvas roof between her and wintry skies, and had to devise all kinds of make-shifts to eke out scanty outfits of culinary and other utensils, frequently comprised in a water-pail, frying-pan, coffee-pot, and a few tin cups and plates.



SILVER KING MINE.

Scenes of this kind are very common in British Columbia. About the larger building above the shaft are clustered the smaller buildings of the mining company and the homes of the miners.

Nelson was a collection of rough log shacks, mostly roofed with dirt, some of the better class of cabins having "shakes" for roofing, while quite a few were happy to possess canvas roofs. The appearance of the land where the present city stands was much the same as it is now outside the limits, plenty of fallen timber and rocks, but very little underbrush.

In many a back yard of the handsome residences in Nelson to-day stands a little one-roomed cabin, which the own-

The first general store in Nelson was started in a cabin on the site of the present Provincial Jail by Denny & Devine, who were shortly afterwards bought out by Lemon & Hume.

The first hotel was owned by John F. Ward, and was a commodious and airy tent. A year after it was put up the proprietor branched out and built a log house in place of the tent, which was purchased by John E. Walsh, who used it as a general store.

James A. Gilker also opened up a

store in a tent in 1889, between Hume's store and the Government Street, and was the first appointed postmaster in Nelson, the mail first being brought in weekly down the Columbia and across to Nelson. When winter came on a fortnightly service was the best the Government could do, although there was great dissatisfaction at the time.

The first railway, Columbia & Kootenay, was built in from Robinson in 1892, giving communication with the Columbia river steamers. Then in 1893

a Spokane Falls & Northern branch, under the name of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway, was extended from the State of Washington up the Salmon River Valley to the head of Cottonwood, and thence to Nelson.

Steamers were running on the Kootenay Lake from 1884, the best one being named the Midge, and was brought in by W. Baillee Grohman, in connection with reclamation work on the Kootenay River.

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## AN EDUCATIONAL BUREAU FOR CANADA.

*By Dr. J. M. Harper, of Quebec*

SOME time ago a little volume was issued from the American press bearing the title "From Colony to Nation," and though the purpose of the booklet is merely to tell, in simple narrative, the story of the growth of the neighbouring republic, there is in its title a fitting caption for the record of the present developments on this side of the line that are bringing to light every day the possibilities of our growth and prosperity as a consolidating community. Indeed so far have these possibilities of our coming nationhood been revealed that the term "colony" has come to be but seldom applied in these times to the federated provinces of Canada; and though its disuse has in it no sign that the ties which bind us to the motherland have become irksome, there is in it a manifest indication that the Canadian dependency is no longer unwilling to assume some of the traits of independence.

Andrew Carnegie, whose wealth now seems to give the stamp of the proverb to every word he utters, has declared that the genius of a colonial dependency can never reach the higher scope, nor its love of country the higher patriotism. But there is now no reproach to Canada in these words, for the genius of her sons and daughters has already

reached the higher flights in science, art, and literature, while the pages of her history are already golden with the deeds of a true patriotism. In a word Canada is on her way from colony to nation, and no movement which has for its object the maturing of its running in that direction, is likely to meet with lukewarm consideration. As one of our editors has meaningly said, when the national interests of Canada are at stake it is not so difficult now as it once was to know where to find all true Canadians. The Ashburton Treaty would hardly have received the support of such patriotic negotiators as Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Sir Louis Davies.

When the foundation lines of Canada's nationhood were laid in 1867, however, the game of give-and-take had to be very gingerly played by the statesmen of the time. Nova Scotia all but retired in a huff and Prince Edward Island refused for a time to have anything to do with the colony consolidation contemplated. It is therefore not a matter for surprise that some of the elements of nation building were held in abeyance, when the four provinces of Canada joined their fortunes. "Everything that leads to the true confederation or nothing" was no part of Sir John Macdonald's statesmanship during the months of deliberation pre-

vious to 1867, patriotic as everybody now confesses it to have been. The game of give-and-take has always had to have in it a strong element of patience.

And perhaps no question tried the patience of the Fathers of Confederation more than the school question. For a time there seemed to be no solution of the difficulty. A federal school system was an impossibility. Therefore the elimination of one of the strongest forces of nation-building had to become a political exigency; and, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, the negotiators finally decided to wipe their hands of the troublesome item. With a proviso or two for incoming provinces, the common school was left in the hands of the local legislatures and, as a constitutional offset, it is likely to remain as such, as long as there is a federation. Practical politics in Canada has no place for the "national school" idea; and the citizen who thinks of resurrecting the question may win some renown as a revolutionist, but is only likely to find a fruitless labour for his pains.

It is needless, therefore, to say that in the advocacy of a Central Bureau of Education for Canada, in which I have taken some share, there is not the faintest design of disturbing any of the educational systems within our borders. This I tried to emphasize in my Halifax address, and it has since been further emphasized by others. Besides, none of the provinces have any fear of interference, from the simple fact that the autonomy of their respective systems are not only acknowledged but protected by the constitution of the country. Indeed, in face of such acknowledgment and protection one would think that nothing short of perverse stupidity would ever be found raising the bugaboo of a possible interference. If there be a patriotism in our midst that nourishes itself in the wider national environment enclosing the provincial autonomy, he is but a shambling kind of Canadian who is always placing that patriotism under the ban, as he flutters and fusses over what no one has any

intention of injuring. The patriotism of the provincial, narrowing as it is in some of its effects, is a virtue which no one is unwise enough to stultify; but the fact of its being a virtue does not make a vice of the outer patriotism which every true Canadian is now trying to cultivate. In a word, the advocacy of a Central Bureau of Education for Canada, though of the outer Canadian patriotism, has no quarrel with provincialism nor need be suspected by it to the smallest extent. As well might the deliberations of the Dominion Educational Association, which originated the later phases of the advocacy, be suspected of disloyalty on account of its cosmopolitan traits and national tendencies. As the *Educational Monthly* has said in discussing the question: "The idea of endangering the provincial autonomy in educational affairs by the organization of a sub-department such as that under consideration cannot but have even less weight than any other possible argument against it. The Dominion Association of Teachers has endorsed it, and, so far, no word has been raised against it by any of the superintendents of education. If there were in it the faintest shadowing forth of a future national system of public schools, it might rightly be said that the provincial autonomy as guaranteed by the British North American Act would be in danger. But, as we have said, there is in it no element of a possible interference with any provincial educational rights; and since this has been so well understood by every one who has carefully looked into the proposal, it is not a matter of surprise that it has been so unanimously received." There may be a virtue in fearing the influence of the good, but the right kind of Canadian, let us hope, is never likely to be possessed of that virtue.

And when the functions of the proposed bureau are considered, there is to be met with in each of them, a further guarantee of non-interference. As one of the sub-departments at Ottawa, such as the Archives and Printing Bureaus, it would hold the same rela-

tion to the Canadian Government that the Educational Bureau at Washington holds to the Federal Government of the United States. The following of a good model is some guarantee of good effects, and it may be said that the man has yet to be found who has ever claimed that the Washington Bureau interferes with the educational systems of the individual States, just as the man has yet to be found who can shut his eyes to the magnificent work it has accomplished in maturing and making known the educational progress among the millions to the south of us. The administration of such a Bureau is confined to the immediate details of its own work of collaboration. It is neither supervisory of school systems in an official sense, nor has the administrative authority to enforce its suggestions. Its officers have an influence of reform, it is true, but it is not the influence of coercion or disintegration but the consolidating influence of a nationalizing outcome of work which, being of the outer and wider patriotism, enlists the sympathies and co-operation of all truly patriotic educationists.

It may be startling, but it is none the less true, that Canada is the only civilized nation or *quasi*-nation in the world which cannot tell, in unit form, the story of its own educational progress. As has been said, "the world can learn nothing of our educational status as a consolidating Dominion by applying to the central government for information. The Federal authorities have no more the means of giving co-ordinated information on the educational standing of the country as a whole, than they have the means of making a census of the South Sea Islands." And surely in such a fact there is an unanswerable argument that a collaborating sub-department of the kind advocated is a necessity, even if the plea of giving more play to the moral induction between all our school systems is to be discountenanced. The mere chronicling of provincial efficiencies in the matter of education would in itself be a fostering of our national

pride, and to possess ourselves of that simple function as a federation on its way from colony to nation is surely no unworthy project.

But there are several higher functions of an Educational Bureau, which are worthy of consideration; and I cannot do better than quote the following from the *Educational Monthly*, a periodical which has given no little attention to the subject of an Educational Bureau for Canada. As that journal says: "The following reasons may be enumerated to show how a Canadian Bureau of Education would prove a potent means for improving, vitalizing and co-ordinating the various school systems in the Dominion, and provide an interblending of educational influences that would bring us nearer to being one country, one people.

(1) "The proposed Bureau of Education would have as one of its most important functions the collection of all documents referring to educational developments in any part of Canada, and the preparation of historical memoranda connected therewith.

(2) "Such a Bureau would see to the issue of an annual report, containing a comparative statement of the school statistics of the various provinces, and referring to the prominent educational movements in the various sections of the country during the year.

(3) "The Bureau would also supervise the preparation of a compend of the great educational movements in other countries of the world, and offer suggestions as to the adoption of the best measures, based upon the experiments of administration made in these countries.

(4) "By judicious means, such a Bureau would also see to the diffusion among the people of all the provinces information respecting the school laws of the different provinces, the classes of school-officers and their respective duties; the various modes for providing and disbursing of school funds; the qualifications of teachers, and the best modes of training and examining such; the most improved methods of imparting instruction as well as organ-

izing, classifying and grading schools ; the collecting of plans for the building of commodious and well-ventilated school-houses, and the taking cognizance of any educational activity that might lead to a better insight into school work in all its phases, on the part of those entrusted with the management and supervision of our Canadian schools and school systems.

(5) "But besides being an agency for the diffusion of correct ideas respecting the value of education as a quickener of intellectual activity throughout the whole country, such a Bureau would have suggestions to make in regard to the educative means to be adopted to secure the higher industrial effects in science and art, without which there can be little advancement or even permanency in the manufacturing industries of a country.

And (6) "Through the influence of the Minister, under whose supervision it might be placed, and the public utterances at conventions and educational gatherings by the officers who have its affairs immediately under their charge, such a Bureau would tend to bring about a wholesome and general

knowledge of education as a subject intimately mixed up with the industrial, intellectual and moral advancement of the whole people."

It may be here stated that the movement is progressing. It has been inaugurated by the Dominion Educational Association, whose members are of all creeds and races ; and a deputation from that association lately waited upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier to lay before him the views of our educationists on the subject. The Hon. Dr. Ross, who, with others of the superintendents, has favoured the movement from the first, was one of the deputation. The newspaper press has given the subject very favourable attention ; and with an advocacy that shows no impatience about it, the public mind is gradually being educated to know what is involved in the proposal. Our public men have finally to understand that there is in it no danger to any public interest, but a great public gain in which no person or party's prestige is to be gained or lost ; and this, I think I have made plain, has been the object of my writing the above.

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#### WAIFS.

When ends Life's Masque, the gayest domino,  
Once cast aside, the saddest face will show.

Oft had Ambition's steed his rider failed,  
Had not the spur of Vanity prevailed.

We shine as heroes, or as martyr'd saints,  
When Love's own gilded brush the picture paints.

Weakness allows his barque to drift. Too late  
He 'wakes to danger ; blames "relentless Fate."

The keenest joy the human heart can know—  
O joy that follows in the wake of woe.

Deny him pois'nous sweets—the child will cry.  
We all are children, friend ; e'en you and I.

When Passion's vanquish'd, bound, and guarded well,  
Shall Reason's flag float o'er Life's citadel ?

*Helen Holton.*

**TWENTY YEARS**  
ON THE  
**WAR PATH.**

By **FREDERIC VILLIERS, WAR ARTIST & CORRESPONDENT.**

I.—UNDER THE RED CROSS.\*

IT was a warm time in the Morava Valley, not only climatically—for the summer was exceptionally hot and oppressive—but heated with the heavy atmosphere of battle, burning villages and blazing camp fires. Every night during the last week in August a dull red light flowed over the valley, colouring the limpid waters of the Morava with blood-like tints.

A low crackling and hissing came sighing with the evening breeze from the burning homesteads of the unfortunate Servian peasantry, as specks of bright flame shot up into the air. Each day's bloody work added to the night's lurid glow, for the Turks were always victorious and destroyed everything that came in their way as they advanced, illustrating the aphorism that where the hoof of the Turkish horse treads no blade of grass ever grows. I had watched the last shots one evening flicker against the purple background of the darkening hills, splattering in the gloaming like flecks of fire from a flint and steel, for the Turks were now within a few miles of our camp, and the morrow portended a warmer period still.

Far into the night the stretcher-bearers were trailing over the Alexinat

bridge and up through the winding streets with their suffering burdens of maimed humanity. Archibald Forbes and I would spend our evenings during this anxious time, starting from the schoolhouse of Alexinat (which was used for a temporary hospital by the English surgeons under their brave and clever chief, Dr. Mackellar), and give help to the patient sufferers lying on their litters as they waited their turn outside the lazarette. To-night there was an unbroken line of bearers stretching down the main street from the town out into the open country. Many of the badly wounded had waited since early dawn for treatment; some, growing impatient, had struggled out of their stretchers or the crowded wag-gons, and had crawled along the sidewalks towards the school-house till their life blood drained from their veins into the gutters. There they lay, some stiff and stark, staring up into the face of the mellow moon.

As we slowly walked down the sad procession we would turn aside those already dead to make room for the living to gain the hospital. Forbes and I toiled unremittingly backward and forward on this painful duty till the fires in the valley paled before the

\* The first of ten articles by this famous English correspondent. Published in Canada by special arrangement.

stronger light of dawn. The three or four rooms which constituted the hospital were crowded; there was hardly space for the doctors to work in, and this they had to do by the fitful flicker of a few tallow candles fixed in congealed pools of grease on the floor. I had been assisting the surgeons by passing the instruments from one room to the other, holding a candle or pressing the hand of some poor creature under operation, when, almost faint with the heavy atmosphere, I left the room for the fresh air.

Picking my way carefully through the crowd of wounded on the landing and staircase I had gained the street entrance, when my leg was plucked at by a poor creature in the shadow of the portal. As he lifted his head a moon-beam fell on a sight I shall never forget. His face, a mere pulp, was crushed by a fragment of a shell, and was as black as a negro's with clotted gore. Staring, appalled at the gruesome sight, he arrested me by touching my boot, and slowly lifting his arm pointed to the lower part of his face. He repeated this action more than once before I understood him: then I knelt by his side with my brandy flask and poured some of the liquid down his throat. He could not express his thanks by word of mouth, but his eyelids trembled and he lifted his arm again, bringing his hand gradually to the salute. The quiet patience of this soldier and his fearful plight will ever remain in my memory.

During the night a contingent of Russian volunteers arrived with a few officers. Then, when the sun was up, Servian reinforcements came in from Deligrad. To the blare of bugles, with swinging stride the troops tramped down the street. Some of the few remaining wounded of the previous night still lying in the roadway aroused themselves for the moment and tried to turn their groans to cheers, as regiment after regiment passed on. Far into the morn the points of the bayonets glittered above the dust cloud as the soldiers marched through the town out into the open into the valley—the val-

ley of the shadow of death, for the smell of powder and blood was everywhere.

The desultory shots that had been exchanged in the early morning gradually ceased, and for a time universal quietude reigned; but just before mid-day the opening of artillery fire on both sides and the sharp crackle of musketry presaged close fighting. I am easily stirred by some dramatic action in a good play, or the martial strains of a fine band, but the ping of the bullet and the whistle of shell that day certainly stirred me more.

"Plenty of time," said my friend Forbes, noticing my perturbed spirit. "They are just playing up to the grand finale, and that's when we ought to be there. Come, sit down and eat your dinner."

We took our accustomed seats at the little table in the corner of our hostelry facing the street. As we were beginning our meal a smiling young Russian, with Calmuck-like cheekbones, tip-tilted nose, sandy hair and small grey eyes, looked through the window.

On seeing us he opened the door, walked in, bowed, and marched up to our table. He smiled, and wiping his pince-nez on the sleeve of his jacket, placed them on the table by his side, then called for food and commenced eating.

Now, being more or less an old campaigner, I can put up with almost any kind of eccentricity in the manner of eating, but this little Russian's behaviour was, to say the least, nauseating. Not so much in using his fingers, or in the fact that if he had had such luxuries he would not have hesitated in eating peas with a knife, for that weapon he used with marvellous dexterity in conveying his food to his mouth.

When the feeding was done, he calmly seized his fork, which had been untouched for any edible service, and slowly began dislodging from between his teeth the stringy portions of the tough beefsteak he had been consuming. At one moment he seemed to be performing an act of jugglery, as the

three-pronged instrument almost disappeared down his throat in search of some molar, but would miraculously turn up once more. And he would smile, as much as to say: "You observe, ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception about it." My sense of decency was so aroused at this loathsome exhibition that I turned to Forbes and whispered:

"The young man will not be a great loss to society if he gets shot this afternoon."

After the Russian had made his mouth comfortable and lodged his goggles on his little sunburnt nose, his face widened into a broad grin as he told us that he had only arrived that morning, that he knew us by repute, that he was a brother war correspondent for a Moscow journal, and that he felt highly honoured in making the acquaintance of two such distinguished brethren. In spite of his urbanity and good humour, the uncomfortable sensations he had caused us by his novel use of the fork could not easily be effaced. We were glad to light our pipes and get once more into the street.

All the time during dinner the increasing rattle of musketry and booming of guns told us the fight was waxing hotter and hotter. We hastened to the *tête du pont*. The works at the bridge were bristling with bayonets, for the reserves that had arrived in the morning were packed closely in cover. About a half-mile from the bridge we joined Mackellar and his surgeons and jogged in their ambulance till we came to a favourable spot beside a deserted cottage, where we halted to receive the wounded. In our immediate front were fields of Indian corn; then a wood stretched from the river on our left flank as far as the foot hills skirting the right of the valley.

Through this wood close up to the foot hills, where it passed a village, our road could be traced by occasional puffs of dust as a shell struck it, or as a mounted orderly scampered along. The fighting was going on on the other side of the thicket. We could see the branches of the trees stand out in bold

relief from the yellow flashes of our artillery on the outer fringe. The little village on our right seemed almost deserted, but lazily hanging in the noon-tide heat was a red-cross flag on the roof of one of the houses. A surgeon whom I joined was told off to go as far as this hamlet and report the number of wounded.

As we began to move parallel to the wood a horseman passed us waving his arms in recognition, grinning from ear to ear. His horse, a rugged heavy-boned animal, seemed to be playing cup and ball with him, but the rider still held on.

It was the Moscow correspondent of the fork incident. One or two shells from the enemy missing our artillery, passed over the trees and fell upon the road. One whistled so near to us that we fell flat to the ground. It whisked along into the field on our right and burst in the soft soil. As the mud and stones were scattered around, more and more did our little Russian's horse play cup and ball with her rider, till we lost sight of horse and man as they galloped into the village.

On entering the hamlet, we found it rapidly filling with wounded, many of whom had maimed themselves by blowing off their trigger fingers. The stumps were freshly blackened with powder; and we could see by the look of these cowardly creatures and by the sombre faces of the more seriously hurt, that the day was lost. We made our way to the ambulance house. The wounded were being hurried out of the place into the country carts, which were sent off as soon as filled. To our surprise we found the Red Cross service worked devotedly by three Russian women, dressed in neat uniforms, with their badge of office painted on their black mackintosh aprons. Up to their arm-pits in blood those plucky little ladies had been carrying on the duty of the hospital all day, and they were now standing at their post seeing to the safe evacuation of the wounded.

The noise increased in the main street, now a gun thundered along,



and then another, followed by a few infantry fugitives. A shell skimmed over the roof of the hospital, loosening a few tiles, but leaving the Red Cross flag still flying. The Servians had already commenced to retreat; how soon the Turks might be in the street, Heaven only knew. I turned to the Sisters, lifted my hat, and said:

"Ladies, the enemy is outflanking our position, and will probably be in the town in less than half an hour. Let us see you on the road safely, and leave this business to us," pointing to the few maimed creatures still awaiting transport.

One lady, with top boots of Hessian cut, short skirt, Cossack jacket, and pistol slung across her shoulders, touched her little black silk Montenegrin cap, fixed on her mop of frizzy auburn hair, and after a mock salute, said sternly:

"Sir, who are you?"

Rather abashed, I was stammering out a reply. Not heeding me, she continued:

"Your are civilian. I can see this is no place for you."

"I am a war correspondent," I stammered.

"Then," replied she, "as a non-combatant, seek a place of safety, and leave us alone."

Our Moscow friend of the fork incident had ridden up, and hearing the remark of his countrywoman, that miserable stereotyped grin of his suffused his face. In my inmost heart I was sorry that his horse had not missed him at cup and ball.

The Russian Red Cross ladies stuck heroically to their post. Out of pique, we felt obliged to stay and see them off the ground, which was now being swept by the fire of the Turkish sharpshooters clearing the way in their front. As we left one end of the village with our contingent of wounded, the Turks entered the other. Luckily for us the Serbs made a bold stand for at least an hour, allowing us to come up with the current of the retreat. We were whirled along into thick clouds of dust, in which, struggling

and jumbling, rolled artillery, ambulance, and peasants' carts crowded with women and children and their goods and chattels. For a time a serious block occurred. The wheel of a waggon left its axle, down crashed the cart, shooting its contents of household goods into the road. The pots and pans rolling between the legs of some artillery horses, frightened the brutes on to their haunches, and they, backing the gun into a team of oxen, set these animals kicking out right and left, scattering the limping, wounded and cowardly stragglers. With shrieks, groans and curses the seething masses wavered for a time, then struggled on, all making for the protection of the reserves at the *tête du pont*.

On reaching Mackellar's quarters once more, I found that Forbes, with great forethought, had at the commencement of the retreat turned the doctor's ambulance-waggon with the horses towards Alexinat, and was now strongly urging one of the surgeons, young Hare, to hurry up into the vehicle. This surgeon was called "the timid Hare," not for want of pluck, but because of his modest and retiring temperament. Hare was tying an artery of a wounded soldier, who was still bleeding badly, and would not leave his charge.

"For goodness' sake, come along," cried Forbes, "the Turks are now at our side of the wood. Look! their bullets are drilling holes through the mud wall of the hut!"

But still "timid Hare" hung on to the man's artery.

We rushed at the surgeon just as the last turn of the bulldog *tourniquet* did its work, and Hare and his patient were at length bundled into the waggon. In another moment we were being whirled off with the rest of the column. As I looked back along the road the Red Cross flag in the village we had quitted was still flying, but over the heads of the followers of the False Prophet.

Flames leaped up in several places, and a column of black smoke rolled

towards the sky. Only a few shells burst on our line of retreat, for the Turkish guns were soon silenced by our heavier artillery at the head of the bridge. The Moslems did not harass the Servians further, for night was falling. Unmolested, our degraded column passed over the bridge up into the town to repeat the horrors of the previous night.

Entering the schoolhouse to see how the wounded were getting on, I discovered a body laid out for burial. The figure seemed quite familiar to me. Walking up to the table, I stood dumb-founded.

There was the little nose now almost black against the livid face. With a quiet smile on his lips lay our Russian correspondent friend of the fork incident. A handkerchief, tied round his throat, hid the wound that invited death. A stray shot had passed through his neck.

A great sadness fell upon me, for he was one of us, after all. I could picture his mother, or some other dear one, waiting anxiously for his return far away in the heart of Russia. While

I was still in the room, the soldiers placed the body on a stretcher, and a Sister of Mercy arranged a few white flowers round the little cross on his breast as he was carried out into the street.

As he was a civilian, the officials of the Orthodox Church were notified of his death. In rich vestments, four priests and a choir of boys headed the funeral procession, which I followed as it moved off to the little cemetery overlooking the town. It was almost dark before the service was over.

When I returned, Forbes had sent off his day's budget of war news, and was waiting for me to sit down with him to his evening meal at the inn. I told him of the fate of the little correspondent and my sad journey. Looking steadily at me, he said :

"Do you remember your observations about our Russian colleague at this very table this morning?"

The recollection came back to me with painful vividness.

"Yes," I sighed; "I remember—I remember."

*To be Continued.*

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## CANADA : AN ODE.

Far from a western land  
 Wistfully wandering,  
 Seeing earth's cities,  
 And sailing its streams;  
 Hoping for happiness  
 Mine, not another's  
 Lured on by visions,  
 And driven by dreams.

Distant lands beckoned me,  
 Promising pleasure;  
 Farther I fared  
 For the regions of rest:  
 But to the homeland  
 Presently bending,  
 I found, like Columbus,  
 The land of the blest.

*Claude Bryan.*

## THE PROFESSOR'S DREAM.

*By Bradford K. Daniels.*

**I** WAS only seven years old when the dream first came to me, and I was so terrified when I awoke that I ran shrieking to my mother's bedside. She tried to comfort me by saying that I dreamt of the sea because I had seen it for the first time the day previous, and because I was tired from my long journey. Be that as it may, the dream haunted me for days and made me afraid to sleep alone in my little room. For years afterwards my first glimpse of the sea, after being away from it for some time, would awaken memories of that June night when I dreamed the strangest dream a child of my age ever dreamt. This is the dream :

I am a half-naked savage, squatting with a company of my fellows upon a sandy beach about a fire. The waves are breaking lazily along the shore, and the sea, sparkling in the sunlight, stretches interminably away till sea and sky are one. Stranded upon the beach is a strange-looking craft of monstrous size, and such as we have never seen before. Back of us is a high wall of rock, down whose black surface a stream tumbles and flows into a small lake at the base of a sandbar, which extends far out into the sea. Upon the fire is the body of one of the pale-faced strangers who were on the craft when it stranded ; to one side are the bones of his comrades—for we have been feasting for several days. My fellows sniff the roasting flesh and, with wild bloodshot eyes, glance ominously at the woman who is bound to a log at the foot of the cliff. As they look at her my grip tightens on my great stone club, and hearing me grunt in disapproval, they turn their heads away in dogged silence. My arm is stronger than any two of theirs, and my club is much heavier. The woman is the only survivor of those who came on the strange craft. Her flesh is very soft

and as white as the sea-bird's breast, and about her head is a mass of shining hair—so different from the straight black locks of our women.

After we have gorged ourselves we lie down upon the sand and sleep in the white moonlight, as only brutes gorged with flesh can sleep. But I do not sleep as soundly as the others ; the evil spirits plague me with bad dreams, and through them all I hear the dying groans of those we have slain, and ever the strange woman with the shining hair rises up before me and looks at me with sorrowful eyes.

The sun is high in heaven when I finally awake, but still my fellows sleep on around the ashes and charred remains of yesterday's feast. I arise and go to the woman, and she looks longingly at the falling water. I bring her a drink in a large shell. Then my fellows awake and begin to clamour for her. In a moment my club crashes in the skull of one of them, and then, placing myself between the woman and those who would have her, I fight the one great fight of my life.

In the midst of the struggle I suddenly awake and find myself pounding the wall of my bedroom with my clinched little fists. Then it was that I ran shrieking to my mother's bedside and refused to be comforted.

They used to call me the "coon" when a child at school, and then a fierce anger would flame up within me that made my tormentors quail before my very look. Although my parents were both light complexioned, I am dark as a mulatto, with a mass of coal-black hair, thick lips and a low, receding forehead. Once I overheard two old women talking about me, and they said that my mother must have been frightened by a negro. That evening I asked my mother what the two old women meant. She looked at

me strangely for a moment and then burst into tears.

As I grew older my great physical strength and ungovernable temper, coupled with a remarkable aptness at my lessons, made my playmates both fear and respect me. But I could feel that deep down in their hearts they hated me as much as young, healthy minds could hate.

I was undoubtedly the best student in the school. One noon one of the boys, who was piqued because I had solved a problem in algebra that he had failed to master when sent to the board, called me "cuff," a slang word for negro. I sprang upon him like a wild beast, and, although he was older and larger than I, beat him till his face was covered with blood. When a man, who chanced to be passing, dragged me away from my victim, I flew at him like a demon, taking him so completely by surprise that he turned and ran for his life.

Then came my college days. I had not been at the institution a week before a sophomore saluted me as "coon" one day on the campus. It was the first and the last time I ever heard it during my college course. The sophomore's battered body was under a doctor's care for several weeks, while I narrowly escaped being expelled.

At the close of the football season I was the champion half-back of the college team; and at the mid-winter examinations I easily led my class, and maintained the position till I was graduated. After taking a post-graduate course I was called to the chair of Geology and Mineralogy at my Alma Mater.

I am not a woman-hater, but, for some reason, the women always take an intense dislike to me. How often have I seen some sunny girl in her teens, with happiness overflowing in her voice, her eyes, her every movement, skrink back into herself like a snail into its shell, when our eyes met. Sometimes I look at my face in the glass; then I realize that it is not its ugliness alone that repels peo-

ple: it is my hard black eyes, which pierce them like daggers and silence them.

Naturally I felt ill at ease at all social functions, and came to live more and more to myself, devoting all my spare time to a treatise on geology dealing with the Glacial Period. Through this book I hoped to become famous and to receive a call to some larger university. "Old Fossil" the students called me behind my back; but none dared trifle with me to my face. The power to inspire people with a vague fear of me seemed to increase from year to year, and I took a grim satisfaction in exercising it.

I was getting well along with my book when an old fisherman, who had a mania for collecting rare specimens of rock, told me of some curious markings that he had observed on the bare top of Black Wall Island. They were gouged into the surface of the rock, he said, and ran in a south-easterly direction. I suspected at once that these scratches were the work of icebergs.

It was winter when the fisherman told me this, and from that time I could scarcely wait till I saw the island for myself. As soon as commencement exercises were over I set out for Black Wall Island. I found it to be a lonely rock, some sixty miles from the mainland, whose dark walls rose boldly out of the sea. About its base the waves beat and thundered, and over its barren heights clouds of sea birds wheeled and screamed till their clamour could be heard above the tumult of the water.

At the north-east corner of the island a sandbar runs far out into the sea, forming a cove with the coast to the west of it. Here I was put ashore by the Government tug, to live with the Doans, the family who kept the light-house, and the only people living on the island. From the sandy beach rose a wall of rock, over which a stream tumbled and flowed into a small lake at the base of the sandbar. The sea stretched away before me, sparkling in the afternoon sunshine like an ocean of shifting diamonds.

So eager was I to verify the fisher-

man's story that I hurried up the winding path and sought at once the most elevated part of the island. I found the island to be of aqueous formation, and had no difficulty in tracing the furrows that some monster berg had ploughed in its surface while drifting to the south-east. In confirmation of my theory, I found two large granite boulders near by, lying, in all probability, just as they had been left by melting ice ages before.

Here, at last, was proof of my pet theory. My fellow geologists had stoutly maintained that the ice had not drifted as far south as our latitude, and had poked a deal of fun at me for claiming that there were slight glacial markings on the top of a neighbouring mountain. Now they would have to acknowledge me in the right, and my name would become famous in the scientific world.

I was going about in a most excited manner, gesticulating and muttering to myself, when I noticed a woman seated on a slight elevation nearby, and regarding me with wide-eyed astonishment. For a moment we looked wonderingly at each other, but she quickly recovered her self-control, and, advancing and offering me her hand, said, "This is Professor Conrad, is it not? I am Alice Doan, the lighthouse-keeper's daughter."

I doffed my hat and stammered something—I do not remember what.

"Father said that he expected you soon, and that you were coming to study the rocks of the island, and could tell us where those big granite ones came from, and all about them. I have a curious stone in the house that I want to show you. A big storm washed it out of the sand in the cove three years ago."

Her frankness and simplicity of manner put me quite at my ease, and we walked over to where she had been seated. A nearly completed sketch of the west side of the island, with the sea shimmering in the afternoon sunlight, a solitary sail on the horizon, and in the foreground several gulls circling above the cliff, lay on the rock.

"So you paint?" I said.

"Oh, yes. I never took any lessons, and I don't suppose it is at all good; but I do love to paint the sea when it is sparkling in the sunlight, or the moonlight either," she added, thoughtfully. "I'll show you my pictures before you go away."

Presently she led the way to the building, which was lighthouse and dwelling house combined.

In the evening, while Jacob Doan, her father, was telling me some strange tales of shipwreck that had occurred along the treacherous shore of the island during the twenty years he had kept the lighthouse, his daughter seemed to be studying my face at every opportunity. Thinking, of course, that she was noting how very homely it was, I felt as uncomfortable as I ever had felt at a reception in the old college days. Presently she remarked, rather abruptly: "It seems like a dream that I have seen you somewhere; were you ever here before?"

When I assured her that I had never seen Black Wall Island until to-day, she said nothing more on this subject, but in a few moments got up and brought me the curious stone she had spoken of. It was fully two feet long, rounded at the ends, about six inches in diameter, and with a groove half an inch deep circling it in the middle. I recognized it at once as an implement of warfare that dated back to the stone age—to the time when our forefathers had advanced only a step beyond the brutes in their manner of fighting. When I told her about it her blue eyes dilated with wonder, and she said:—

"Perhaps that is why I always shudder when I look at it. I kept it in my bedroom at first, but—now don't laugh at me—I had the strangest dream about it one night. It frightened me so I put the ugly thing out in the kitchen."

That night I lay awake until long after midnight, listening to the wind about the lighthouse tower, to the deep, dull boom of the breakers on the shore, and trying to recall where I had seen this girl before. She was a charm-

ing woman, with a finely moulded and graceful body, and a face whose delicate beauty was enhanced by the wealth of bronze-coloured hair in which it was framed. I began with my earliest girl acquaintances and came on down the years, but could recall no one that even reminded me of her.

The next morning at breakfast I learned that Miss Doan was ill. Recalling the splendid specimen of womanhood that I had seen only the day before, I expressed my surprise at her illness, but the troubled look on the mother's face, and the general air of restraint about the whole family caused me to quickly change the subject of our conversation.

On rising from the table, I noticed for the first time a small oil painting between the two windows, and learning from Mrs. Doan that it was her daughter's work I examined it carefully. It was a moonlight scene from the north-east corner of the island. There was the sand-bar running far out into the hazy sea, and the silver-crested waves breaking along its entire length. The cliff and part of the beech were in deep shadow. Stranded upon the beach, and looming up large in the moonlight, was a strange-looking craft, that reminded me of a Chinese junk more than of anything else I could think of. When I turned to question Mrs. Doan about the picture she had left the room.

I spent the entire day in studying the surface of the island and in taking notes. That evening I sat in my room without a light, gazing absently through the open window at the witchery of the moon-lit sea, and thinking, thinking. It was all so puzzling. That I had seen Miss Doan somewhere, sometime, and that we both had a confused memory of the fact, I was morally certain. Indeed, the longer I thought of it the more certain I became that I had heard her voice before, and looked into her eyes. But when, where?

How long I had set there, musing, I have no idea, when a strange thing happened. The door of my room

opened noiselessly and, to my great surprise, in walked Miss Doan. She was dressed as I had last seen her, but there was a look in her eyes that I had never seen there before, and which awed me.

"Come," she said in a whisper, at the same time taking holding of my hand. Without a word I got up and followed her. She led me down to the garden, across the moon-lit field and into a dense growth of low, scrubby spruce, that a century of sea-winds had dwarfed and twisted into unshapely things when viewed by daylight. Still holding my hand, she led me along a path so dark that I could not see my guide, except when occasionally a little moonlight filtered through the dense mass of boughs above us. Presently we emerged upon the top of the cliff above the sand-bar, when my guide paused and drew me to her side. At first I saw nothing but the hazy sea and the long sandy bar; but presently, glancing below me, I noticed the hull of a strange-looking craft—the craft whose picture I had seen on the dining-room wall that very morning! Higher up on the sand, lying about a smouldering fire, were a number of dusky, half naked savages sleeping in the moonlight; and near them— Like a flash of lightning it came to me that these were the things I had seen in that first dream of the sea, when I was still a child! There I was, sleeping among my fellows, and lashed to a log at the base of the cliff was Miss Doan. Then I watched my former self dreaming, then awoken, and go to the woman by the cliff, look into her wide blue eyes, and fetch her water in a shell from the falling stream. When my fellows awoke and began to clamour for her, I fought for her, just as I had fought in my childhood's dream more than thirty years before. In the thick of the fight I suddenly awoke, to find myself sitting alone in my room just as I had sat down in the twilight, with the notes of my day's work still in my hand. The wind was moaning about the tower, the waves booming along the shore, the moonlight dancing on the water

like a million spirits—all just as it was when I fell asleep.

Miss Doan and I have talked the whole matter over. Finding an extraordinary coincidence in our dreams, she has decided that I am her rightful

protector from of old, and has promised to become my wife. She will donate the curious stone weapon that she found on the beach to the museum of my Alma Mater. It is a woman's fancy of hers that this weapon once saved her life.

### THIS CANADA OF OURS.

DO ye know the mountain meadow  
 Where the sunshine lingers long ;  
 Where the robin rears its nestling  
 And pours forth its low love-song ?  
 Where the grizzly roams in spring-time ;  
 And the bighorn sports in play ;  
 And the brilliant purple aster  
 Flings its petals to the day ?

Do ye know the brown reef stretching  
 Where the kelp sea-serpents twist ;  
 And the blue-white bergs from Greenland  
 Sail so ghostly through the mist ?  
 Where the eider drake is mating ;  
 And the curlew calleth clear ;  
 And the winds from dusk to dawning  
 Seem a dirge sung o'er a bier ?

Do ye know the flaming forest  
 In the dead of winter's night ;  
 And the shifting, sinuous, signals  
 Of the nimbus northern light ?  
 When the shadows of the spruces  
 Fill with formless, fearful things,  
 And the horned owl of the woodland  
 Saileth by on whisper-wings ?

Do ye know the arctic summer  
 And its laughsome, lusty life ;  
 When the shadows slant at midnight  
 On the caribou at strife ?  
 Where the tender tints of aspen,  
 In a woof most deftly spun,  
 Shame the gaudy tropic glory  
 Of the glaring tropic sun ?

Do ye know the wild wave lashing  
On the land-locked ocean shore,  
When the birch-bark of the fisher  
Dares to venture forth no more?  
When the trout is on the shallows;  
And the maple leaf is red;  
And the paddle and the tomp-line  
Yield to snowshoe and to sled?

Do ye know the prairie panting  
In the torrid noonday heat;  
When the air is full of fragrance  
From the roses at' your feet?  
Where the cattle in the foot-hills  
Wade knee-deep in grain and grass;  
And the wiry wheat is nodding  
As the sighs of summer pass?

Do ye know the wondrous west-strand  
With its fiords and headlands bold;  
And its wealth of mine and metal;  
And its forests dense and old?  
Where the salmon in the tideway  
Swim in never-ending throng;  
And the wavelet to the beaches  
Croons a sleepy, slumber song?

Say ye so! your foot has trodden  
The long, weary, winding way;  
In the depth of arctic winter  
Ye have watched the flashes play;  
On the marge of either ocean  
Ye have heard the sea-fowl cry;  
And the glamour of the forest  
Must be o'er ye till ye die!

*Then stand firmly in the vanguard  
Of the hopeful, patriot, band;  
For your soul has learned the legend  
Of this fair Canadian land.  
And the scenes your memory conjures  
Are the gifts of heavenly powers  
That would have ye know the meaning  
Of "This Canada of Ours."*

*Charles A. Bramble.*



## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

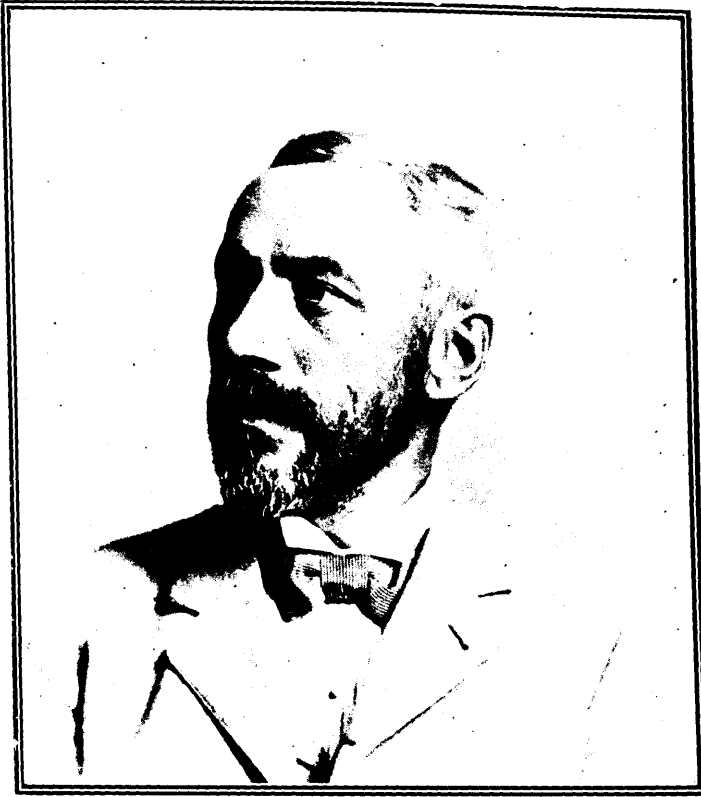
No. VIII.—MR. D. McNICOLL.

TO Canadians the Canadian Pacific Railway Company means something more than an organization of capitalists engaged in the business of carrying goods and passengers, even as to Englishmen the Company of Merchants of England trading in the East Indies came to mean something vastly more important than a mere trading organization. As in the one case John Company paved the way for the conquest by English arms of an ancient empire, so in the other the railroad has made possible the conquest of another empire, a conquest more peaceably achieved, but perhaps—who knows?—of more enduring tenure. Canadians have given freely of their lands and moneys to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and as recompense they have seen broad acres by the million wrested from the wilderness and cities springing from the plains. They have felt, in almost every phase of the complex commercial life of to-day, the influence of the great corporation. Even in the field of politics creator and created have jostled, not roughly, but yet with sufficient force to set men hoping that in the future the Company may be governed by as wise and moderate counsels as have generally prevailed in the past.

In a word, then, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is a national institution, touching the life of Canadians at a hundred points of contact. And it follows, quite naturally, that the work this organization is doing, and the men who are dictating its policy and controlling its destinies, should be subjects of widespread and deep interest to the people of Canada. That these men are of marked executive ability has been for years a fact patent to everyone who has paid any attention to the development of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Year by year,

as its rails and wires spread through province after province; as its sails began to whiten the oceans and the lakes; as its hotels, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, opened their doors to the passing guest, it was plain to all men that there was remarkable creative energy and administrative skill at the command of the Company. Great purposes found fulfilment in prompt and effective execution. The railway was being run with brains. An interesting fact—and significant in that it explains, in some measure, the achievements of the Company—is that the men who built the railway are the men who carried it through its days of experiment and discouragement, who formulated and executed its plans of conquest, and who now, in the days of its power and prosperity, guide its fortunes. There have been losses and changes, of course, but, broadly speaking, the rulers of the C. P. R. to-day are the men who made it yesterday. The Company has been loyal to its officers, and its officers have been loyal to it. Change has meant, in most cases, promotion; and while it should not be said that promotion has brought increase of loyalty, it has certainly implied continuity of policy, ripened experience and increasing devotion to the interests of the Company.

Mr. D. McNicoll, lately appointed Assistant General Manager of the Company, is a good illustration of the truth of what has been said. He was one of the makers of the railway. He is now one of its rulers. He has watched it grow from small beginnings; and now, when called to one of the highest posts in the gift of the Company, he brings to his duties a fund of knowledge of which no man has a counterpart—knowledge specific, concrete, exact. Not alone the knowledge of general principles that an officer



MR. D. MCNICOLL.

Assistant-General Manager Canadian Pacific Railway.

from another road would possess, but that intimate acquaintance with the detail of the work of the Company that could only have been acquired through strenuous years spent in its service. Long prominent in the ranks of the railroad men of the continent, and known to his colleagues as a railroader of exceptional ability, Mr. McNicoll, as the second in command of the greatest railway corporation in the world, now enlists the attention of the general public. He has become one of the recognized Captains of Industry, and as such his career, his character and his personality inevitably become the property of his fellow-citizens. He may not have realized it, but his acceptance of his present position has made him—in a wider sense than was previously the case—a public man. Neither modesty nor indifference can save him.

He is henceforth a fit and proper subject for the pen of the newspaper writer—perchance for the crayon of the newspaper artist.

The men who have made the C. P. R. have also largely assisted in the creation of themselves. Van Horne, Shaughnessy, McNicoll—these are names of men who a few years ago were to be found employed on different railways, drawing small salaries for work performed in subordinate and humble positions. But each of them was bent on proving for himself the truth of Emerson's apothegm—that "America is another name for Opportunity." Each of them proved it, and, luckily for the Canadian Pacific Railway, proved it while in its employ. Wise was the Company to assist in the demonstration. The career of each of these rulers of the C. P. R. carries with

it a lesson to every Canadian youth—the lesson that there is room at the top, and that industry, energy, and brains will surely overcome all obstacles.

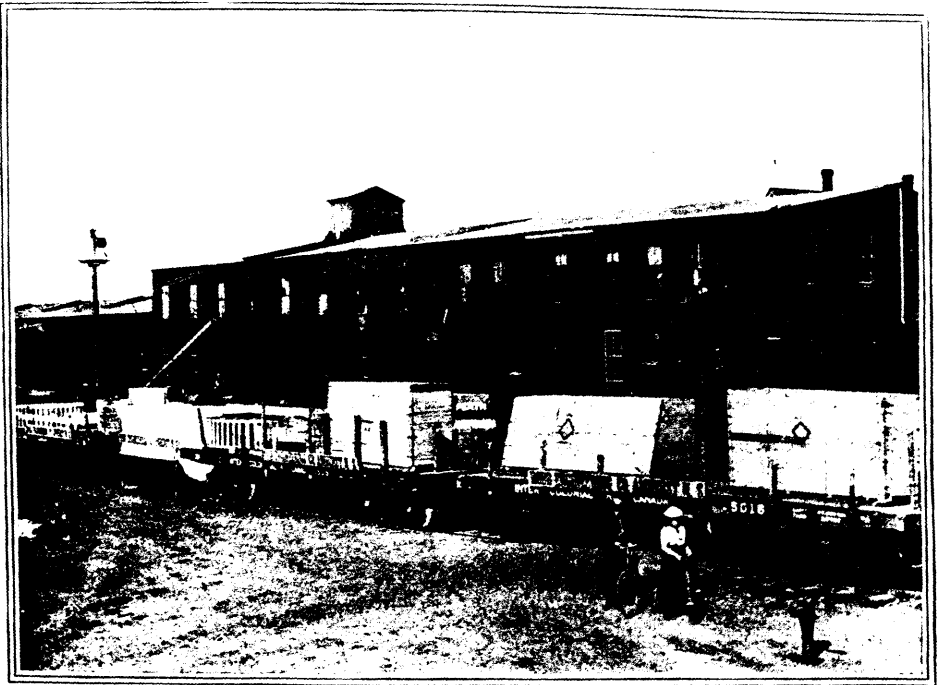
In the case of Mr. McNicoll, not a single adventitious circumstance helped him on the pathway of success. No accident of birth gave him position, money or influence. If asked the secret of his success, he would probably look at you with surprise—as though there were only one possible reply—and answer, in a voice that still retains something of the “burr” that makes the Scotchman born, “Hard work.” He would say nothing of a shrewd brain, an indomitable will, and a restless energy that vitalized the hard work and gave it intelligent direction. But this was the combination that Mr. McNicoll brought to bear upon his life’s task, and therefore it is little wonder if, while yet in the prime of life, he stands in one of the most responsible positions that the railway service of the continent presents.

A pen-picture of Mr. McNicoll’s mental make-up would tell in heaviest lines of his strength of character. Determination, courage, will—these are the dominant characteristics of the man. They are in evidence in his strong face, with its firm lower jaw and clear frank eyes. They have impressed themselves on all his work. His friends have known and benefited by them. His opponents—he has no enemies—have learned of them at cost of many a pet scheme and deeply matured plan. As Passenger Traffic Manager of the C.P.R., Mr. McNicoll has had many a bout with the officers of other companies, and time and again has carried his end by sheer force and staying power. He is a bonnie fighter, capable of delivering telling blows, but never an unfair one. In argument he goes straight to his point, brushing aside all irrelevancies. Knowing what he wants, he takes the shortest cut to it, both in discussion and in action. So quick is he in going to the heart of a subject, so abrupt may be his treatment of a proposition, that he might,

by a casual visitor and at first glance, be deemed ungracious. But the rapid decision is only quick thought uniting itself to equally quick speech; the apparent abruptness is nothing but the economy of time forced upon a man of affairs. Behind Mr. McNicoll’s business-like rapidity of speech and action lies one of the kindest of natures—ever ready to listen to a tale that deserves a hearing, ever on the alert to help a friend. And it is significant that Mr. McNicoll counts his friends by the host. He has made them, not by seeking them in the ranks of social organizations, not by striving after the title of “a jolly good fellow,” but day by day, out of the men who do his bidding, and out of the men whom business throws in his path.

One proof of Mr. McNicoll’s ability as a railway man is his rapid advancement from the position of clerk in the office of the Goods Manager of a Scottish railway, to the office of Assistant General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Born in Arbroath, Scotland, in April, 1852, on Aug. 20th, 1866, he entered the service of the North British Railway, and remained in it until 1873, when he became a clerk in the Goods Manager’s office, Midland Railway, England. In 1874 he decided to push his fortunes in Canada, and entered the employ of the Northern Railway at Collingwood as billing clerk. He found quick promotion to the office of chief clerk in the General Manager’s office of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Ry., Toronto, where he remained until 1881. He was then appointed General Freight and Passenger Agent of the same road. In 1883 Mr. McNicoll entered upon the field of labour that was to finally qualify him for the responsible position he now occupies. In that year he was appointed General Passenger Agent, Eastern and Ontario Divisions, C.P.R. In 1889 he became General Passenger Agent of all lines, rail and steamship, and in 1895 Passenger Traffic Manager. In June of the present year he was appointed Assistant General Manager.

*James S. Brierley.*



A SHIPMENT OF CANADIAN-BUILT ENGINES FOR ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.

## A CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS.

INDICATING CANADA'S RISING IMPORTANCE IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

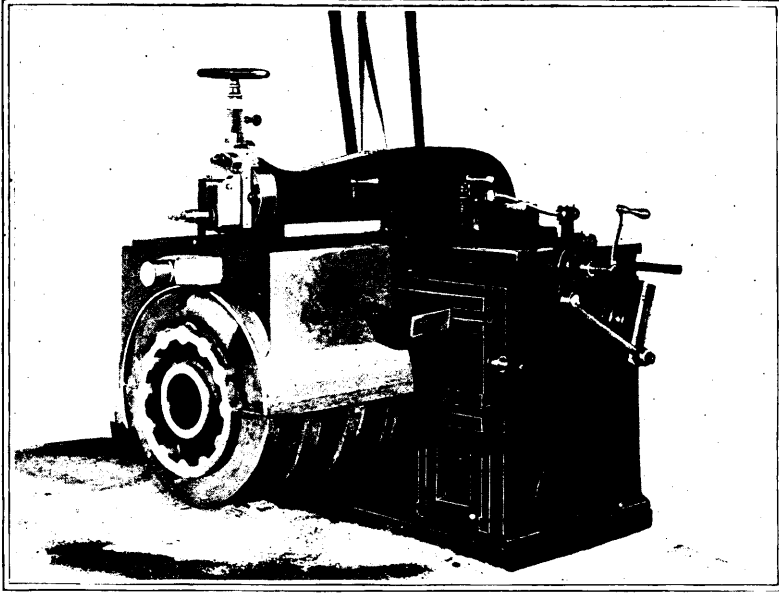
*By Norman Patterson.*

MANY years ago there lived near the then small village of Amherst, Nova Scotia, overlooking the beautiful Cumberland basin and the extensive marshes on the Isthmus of Chignecto, an old Yankee clockmaker named Barrett, who dwelt in single blessedness in a long yellow building, combining dwelling, workshops and stables. Some people have thought he was the original of Judge Haliburton's "Sam Slick the Clockmaker." In his manner of speech, a certain dry humour, and the proverbial Yankee shrewdness, he did resemble Haliburton's clockmaker, but in the opinion of the writer, our friend Barrett was of a higher order than the man of "soft sawder" and "human natur," inasmuch as he must have possessed considerable mechanical genius. He not only manu-

factured the clocks which he sold and kept in repair throughout the surrounding country, but he had in and about his establishment a variety of mechanical contrivances mostly of his own design and workmanship, such as a small vertical steam engine, a frictional electric machine and other things, the making and operating of which required scientific knowledge far beyond the average of that time and place.

It was in the workshop of this curious old man that the present head of the Robb Engineering Works, then a small boy, saw for the first time the two machines which have since become the most important factors of this age, the steam engine and the electric machine.

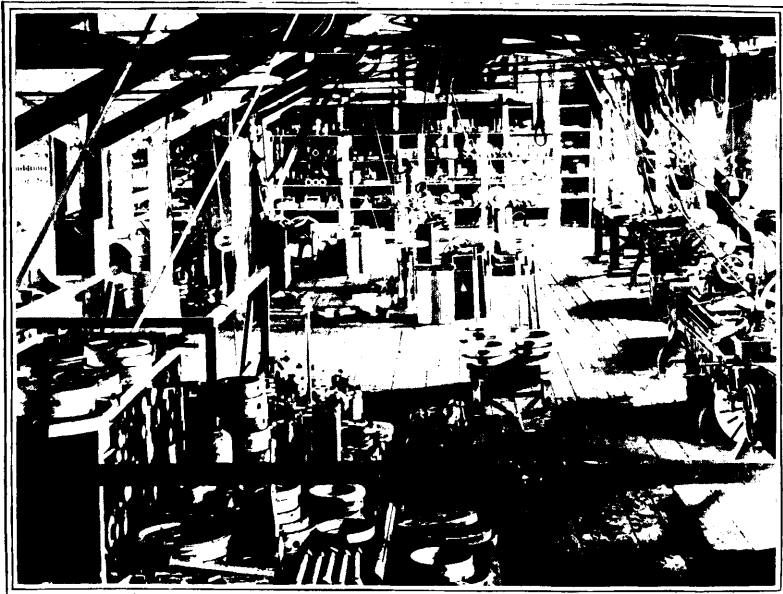
Whether the sight of these contriv-



CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS—PLANING A CYLINDER.

vances awoke in the youthful scholar an inherited Scottish tendency to mechanics, or in this instance, the real Yankee clockmaker brought about that which the author of "Sam Slick" aim-

ducts, it is certain that one young "blue-nose" was stimulated to make the design and manufacture of steam engines his life study and business, with the result that the Robb En-



CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS—A CORNER OF A STOCK-ROOM.

ed to accomplish, viz., to arouse Nova Scotians to the "getting up of steam" and to making that progress to which they are invited by the natural advantages of their country in minerals and other pro-

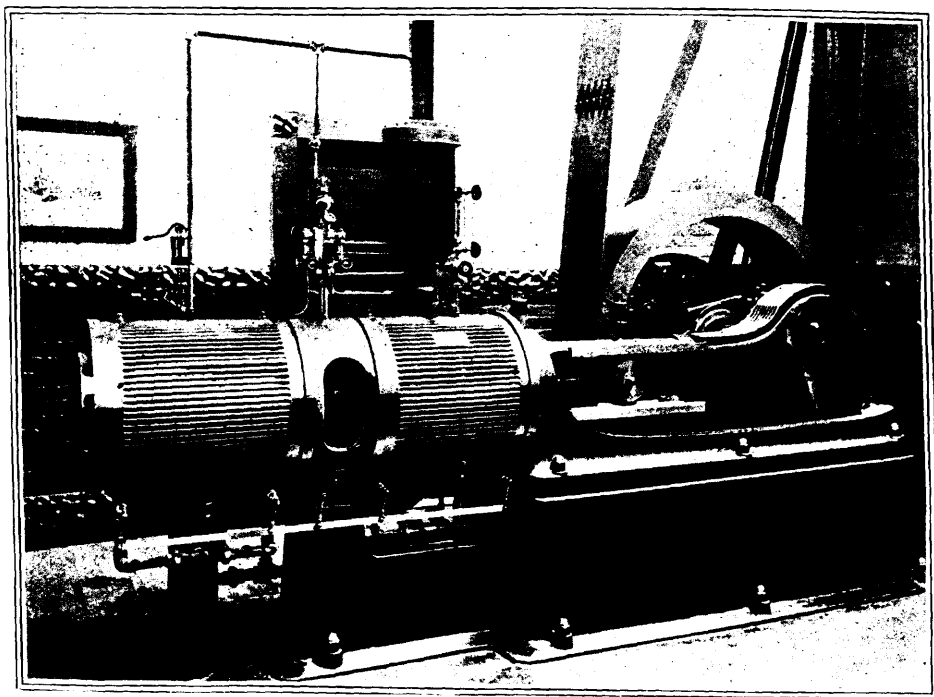
ducts, it is certain that one young "blue-nose" was stimulated to make the design and manufacture of steam engines his life study and business, with the result that the Robb Engineering Co. are at present exporting from their works at Amherst, engines to England, Australia, Cuba, Brazil and other distant countries.

This is an age in which the people of the world travel, write,

speak, fight their battles, live and die by means of machinery, and although only a small proportion of the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE are mechanics or engineers, probably most of them will be interested in a brief description of some of the processes of manufacturing engines as practised in this Canadian engineering works.

The machine work in this establishment is done on the interchangeable system, first introduced in America in

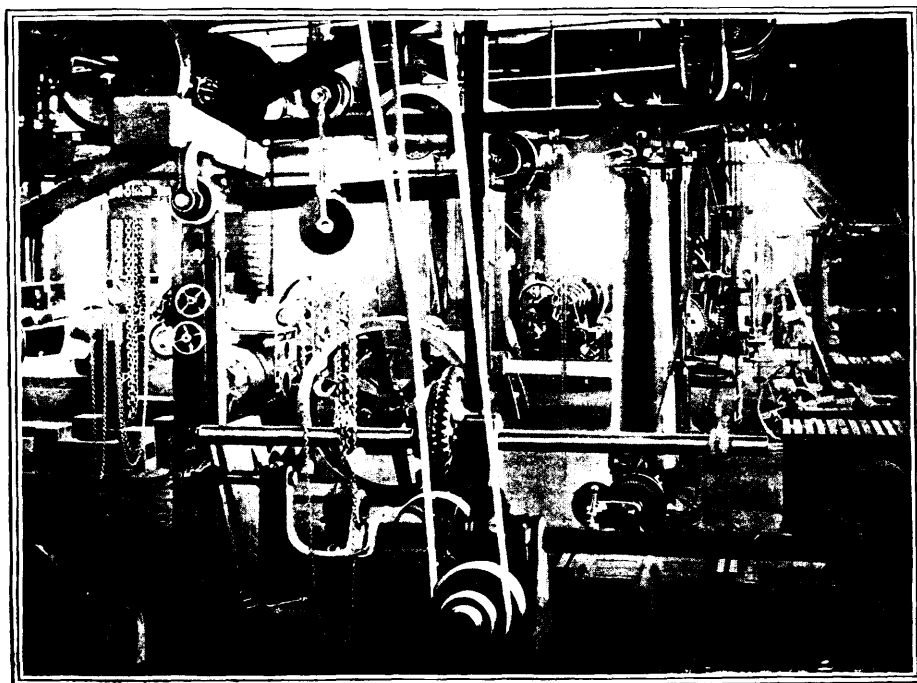
produce, in an incredibly short time, dozens of locomotives and other machines, and to secure orders from foreign countries, even from England and other parts of Europe far advanced in the production of machinery. The interchangeable system is founded on the old axiom that "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another," and consists in making a large number of pieces all exactly alike, the accuracy of workmanship



A 125 HORSE-POWER CANADIAN-BUILT ENGINE.

the manufacture of watches, fire-arms and other small articles requiring accurate workmanship, and by means of which it was made possible to produce them in large quantities, perfectly uniform in quality and workmanship, and at a comparatively low price. This system has been gradually extended to the manufacture of large machines, such as stationary engines, locomotives, and even to large structures such as bridges. As a result American manufacturers are able to

being secured by automatic machines and processes instead of by the old system of fitting every piece to its associates in each individual machine. It is clear that when a number of pieces are made exactly alike, if one will fit its associates all the others will, and consequently it is not necessary to do hand fitting. The old system required not only a high grade of manual skill, but a certain amount of technical knowledge and experience; whereas, by the interchangeable system, the



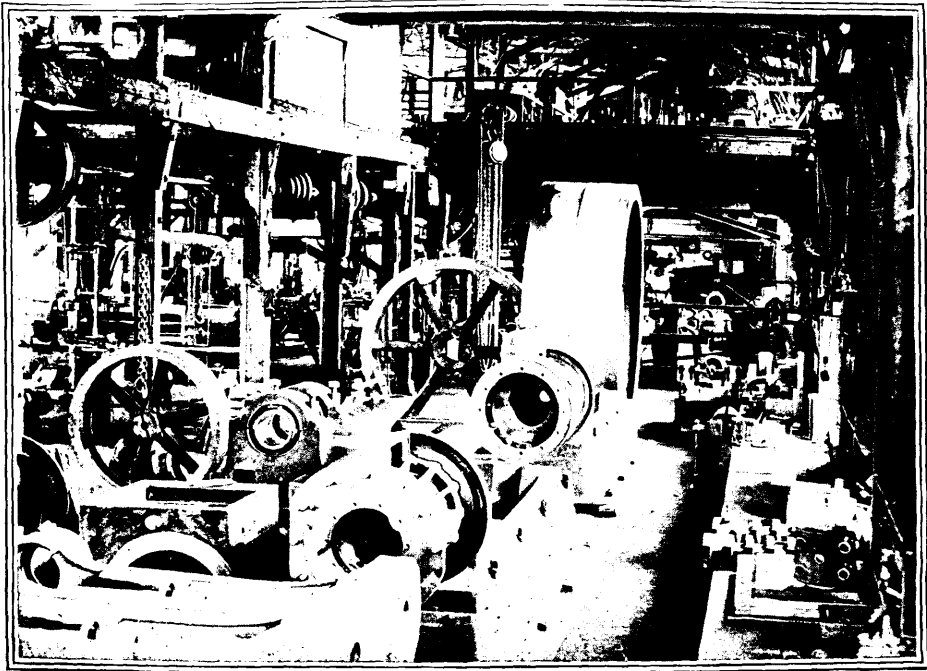
CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS—PORTION OF A MACHINE SHOP.

office supplies the brains and experience to a large extent. Skill and scientific knowledge being required only to design the automatic machinery and develop the system; afterwards the work is done automatically or by those who have experience in only one operation.

First I visited the draughting department, which may be termed the brain of the institution, since it controls and directs the muscular activity of the establishment, and in the large collection of drawings showing every minute part of each engine, we find a counterpart of the human memory. Every bit of knowledge and experience in engine designing and building acquired by this engineering company, as well as that learned and adopted from the work of others since engines were first built, is here stored, the diagrammatic and written records being corrected from day to day, as new experience is gained. The draughting department, by means of blue print impressions made from original draw-

ings on tracing linen, directs every man and boy in the establishment what to make and how to make it. Every workman is provided with these small blue print drawings containing exact directions and minute measurements for the piece he is required to make. These blue prints, after being once used in the shop, are placed in large envelopes with indicator diagrams showing the performance of the engines while working, and other records, and the number and location of the engines built from them. These envelopes are then filed in a large safe as a permanent record of each engine produced.

Proceeding from the draughting department to the machine shops, one is at first confused by a mass of moving machinery, revolving, reciprocating, slow, fast. I stop before a man who seems to have no use for machinery, but who is industriously scraping a piece of iron with a hand tool. I am told that this man's business is to "make the crooked straight and the rough places plain," the machinist hav-



CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS—PORTION OF AN ERECTING SHOP.

ing found that in machinery as in other human affairs there is no such thing as absolute truth, and the nearest approach to "truth" in a flat surface of iron is produced only by the old and slow method of hand scraping. It is interesting to observe the process and the results of this laborious operation. When a piece of iron, such as the steam valve or crosshead of an engine, which has been planed in a machine, is applied to an instrument called a surface plate, the machined surface is found to be all hills and hollows which have to be reduced by repeated scrapings and trials to the surface plate. The surfaces having been brought to comparative truth, it is curious to find that when one piece of iron is laid upon another, the "trued" surfaces refuse to come together, the upper one floating on the film of air between them for some time, or until the air has had time to escape. But when the air has made its escape, it is so thoroughly excluded from between the "trued" surfaces that the pressure of air on the outside

of the plates, which, it will be remembered, is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, holds the plates together, so that when the upper is lifted, the lower one follows.

In a similar manner round surfaces, such as the journals of engine shafts, are made as true and smooth as possible by grinding with fine emery wheels which revolve at a high rate of speed while the shaft revolves slowly, and by careful burnishing and polishing.

Why, I ask, is it necessary to take so much trouble to get the flat and round surfaces true? Because the wear of machinery is due entirely to want of "truth." When the journals and sliding surfaces are made "true" and kept "true," and if the area of surface is large enough to sustain the weight or strain without squeezing out the oil, the metals will be completely separated by oil, so that they will not touch each other and run smoothly on the oil without wear. But if they are rough, or even slightly out of truth, the high places project through the oil,



producing friction and wear. As an illustration of this, I was shown some surfaces which had been running together for months or years without wear, as was proven by the marks of the cutting tools being still visible.

In this department I was also shown some illustrations of the minute and accurate measurements necessary in this class of work, when conducted on the interchangeable or duplicate system, by which every similar piece of a machine is required to be exactly alike, within a limit in some cases of

inch as easily and more accurately than the ordinary divisions of an inch, eighths or sixteenths, can be measured by the ordinary rule. The hair was shown to measure about two thousandths of an inch, and as I was able to see light about three-quarters of the length of the straight edges, it was evident that the eye is capable of seeing light through a space as small as half a thousandth of an inch.

All measurements are made by standard steel gauges which are warranted by the makers to be correct within one

ten thousandth of an inch.

In walking about through the shops I saw many interesting machines designed especially for manufacturing the engines made here. In almost every case several operations are performed at one

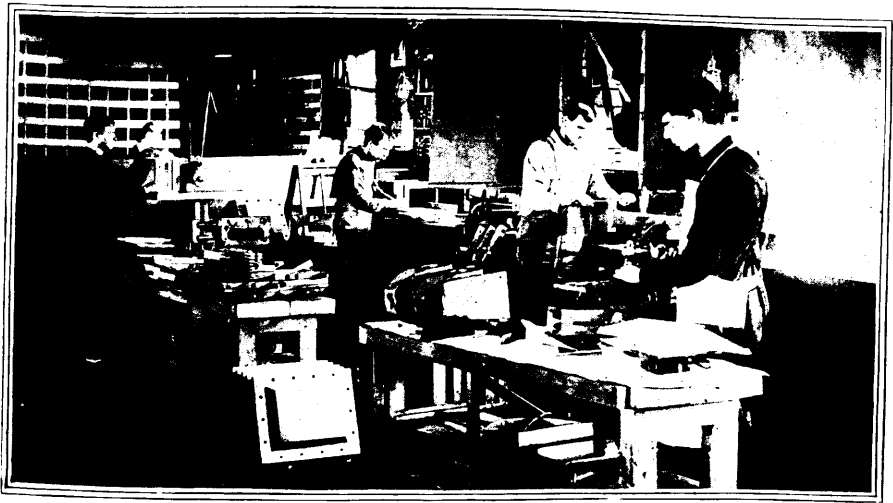


SURFACE PLATES HELD TOGETHER BY AIR PRESSURE.

one quarter of one thousandth part of an inch. When a pair of straight edges, which, like the surface plates are of cast iron scraped accurately straight on one edge, are laid together and placed before a window, it is not possible to see a glimmer of light between them, but when a fine hair is laid between them at one end light could be seen about three-quarters of the way along between the straight edges. This hair was then measured by a little instrument called a micrometer calliper, which is ingeniously arranged to measure thousandths of an

time on each machine, so time is saved, and the machined surfaces are made as true as possible with each other without special care or adjustment, as the machines perform this work automatically.

As an example of several operations being performed simultaneously by one machine, I noticed a large machine which had infolded in its steel embrace a large casting, which seemed to my unaccustomed eyes to constitute nearly the whole of the engine, but which I was told is called the engine frame. This machine was "facing-off" the end



CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS—HAND-SCRAPING OF FLAT SURFACES.

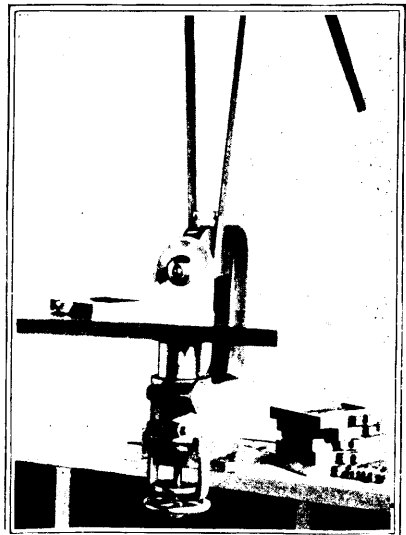
of the engine frame to receive the cylinder, boring the guides where the crosshead is to reciprocate and boring the main bearing to receive the crank shaft, these operations all proceeding at once under the care of one workman.

Another machine was turning and boring engine wheels or pulleys, three tools being operated at once in this operation, and the hard cast iron was being turned off so rapidly that the chips of iron were hot enough to burn the hand.

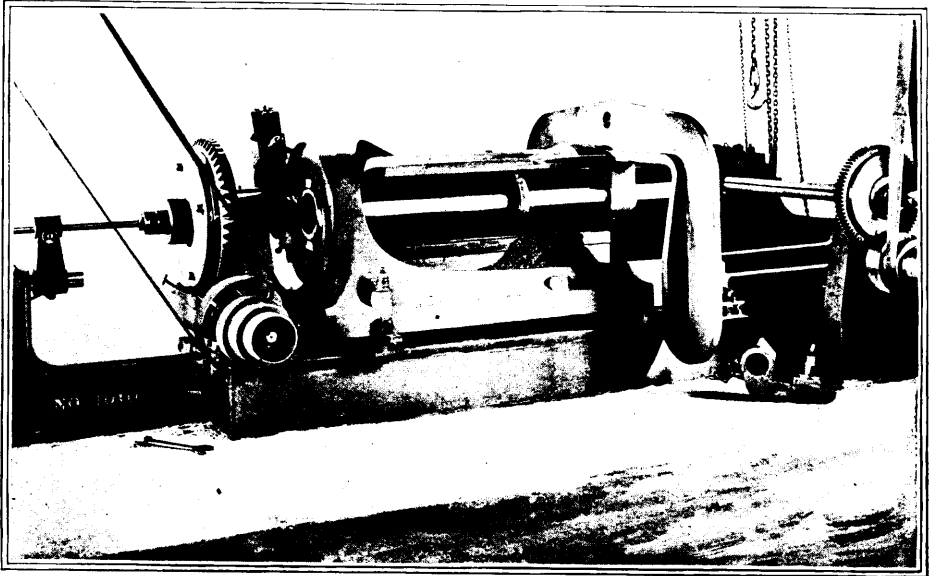
In passing along, I was especially struck with the large proportion of young men among the workmen, the clean and beardless faces revealing to good advantage the bright intelligence usually to be found in young men who have an interest and pride in their work. I was told that nearly all these young men had served their apprenticeship in the shops, each apprentice being selected for his adaptability to the work. Strange to say, a large majority of them bear Scotch names, and although born in Canada, are of Scotch descent, illustrating the tendency of the Scottish race to mechanics.

After being conducted over the boiler shops, foundry and pattern shop, I finally arrived at the testing department which contains large foundations

arranged for receiving engines of any size, with steam connections to the boilers and condensers, pony brakes for measuring the power, indicators for taking diagrams of the action of the steam in the cylinder, tachometers for indicating the changes of speed, apparatus for weighing the steam used by the engine, by means of which it is possible to subject an engine to all variations of work, and to test its

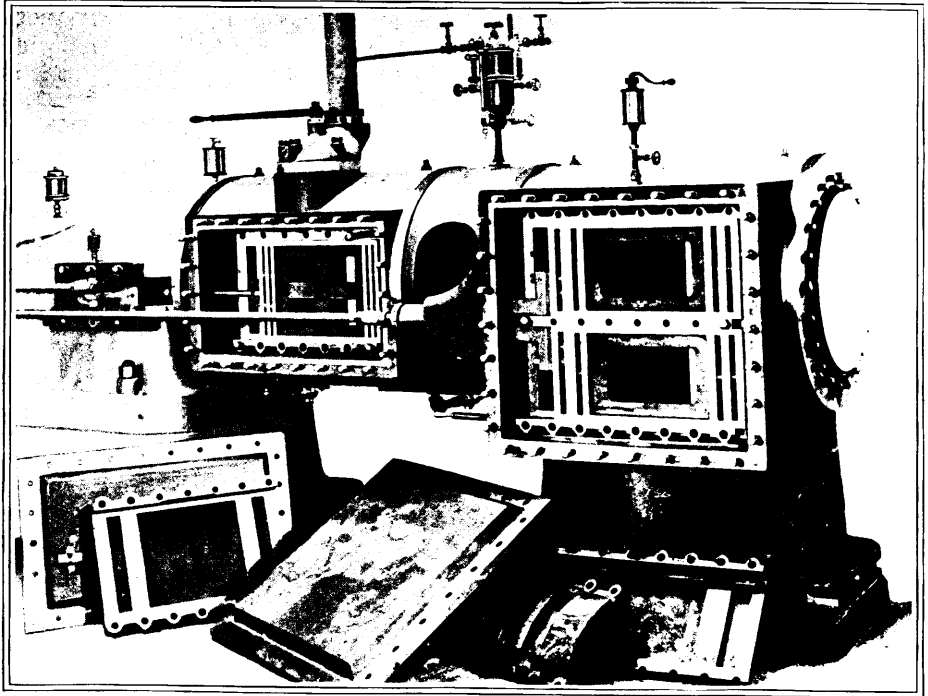


MACHINE FOR GRINDING FLAT SURFACES.



CANADIAN ENGINE WORKS—BORING A BED FOR 300 HORSE-POWER ENGINE.

speed, regulation, consumption of steam and general performance before it leaves the works. Every engine, large and small, is tested in this way ; working parts



HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE CYLINDERS OF 300 HORSE-POWER COMPOUND ENGINE SHOWING STEAM CHESTS AND VALVES.

are carefully adjusted, valves corrected and indicator diagrams taken, which are filed away with the drawings and other records of every engine that is built.

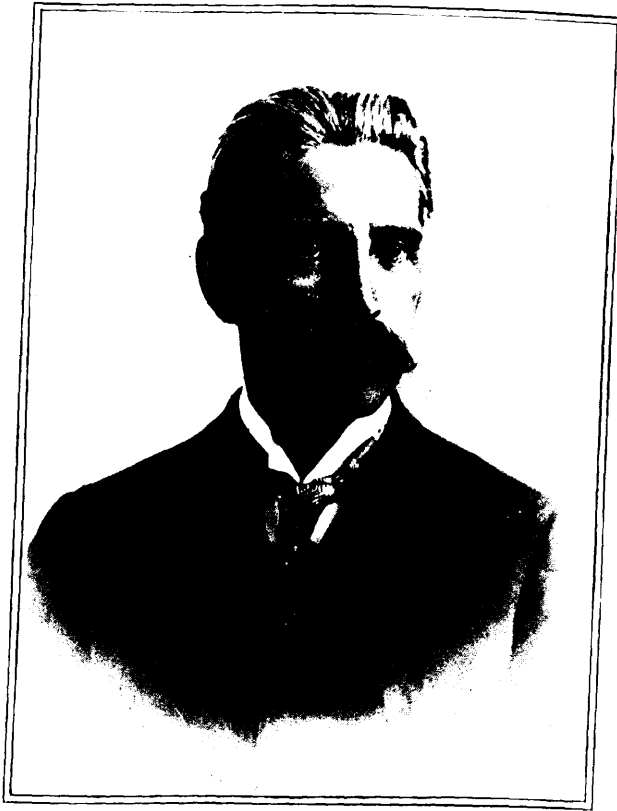
At the time of my visit a large engine was being tested which was to be shipped to Perth, Western Australia. This engine is one of a duplicate pair of compound engines and electric dynamos which are to furnish power for an electric railway system for the City of Perth, W. A. While watching this large engine in operation, I was much interested in an explanation of a new system of automatic cut-off and regulation for compound engines, by means of which the steam is distributed and expanded so that under all changes of load, no matter how sudden or variable, the regulation of speed is instantaneous and the work equally divided between the high and low pressure cylinders. This system of governing was developed at first by Mr. E. J. Armstrong, M.E., of New York, who organized the engine department, and has been elaborated and adapted to the present form of the engine by Mr. A. G. Robb, the mechanical superintendent of the works.

It occurred to me that perhaps many of the readers of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, like myself, although we read and hear much of compound and triple expansion engines, did not really know what is meant by these terms, and having the advantage of the friendly guidance and instruction of the superintendent of the works, thought it a good opportunity to obtain this information. It was explained thus:

Steam is a gas under pressure, produced from water by heat. The more heat the higher the pressure. Of course, the higher the pressure the greater the amount of work a certain volume of steam is capable of performing.

The study of all engine designers, from Watt down to the present, has been to utilize as much of the pressure of the

steam as possible before allowing it to escape. This is accomplished by allowing the steam to expand in driving the piston of an engine. If steam was allowed to fill the cylinder full of high-pressure steam at each stroke, and then escape at full pressure, much work would be lost, whereas, if the steam is only allowed to partly fill the cylinder, or to flow into it during a part of the stroke of the piston, and



D. W. ROBB.

the supply is then cut off, it will expand, still exerting some pressure and doing work until it expands down to the pressure of the atmosphere into which it escapes.

As the art of steam engineering advanced, it was found that the greatest possible economy in the use of steam was obtained by raising the pressure in the steam boiler as high as possible, because it does not require as much heat or fuel in proportion to work done with a high pressure as with a low one, and by getting as much expansion out of the steam as possible; but further experience and investigation showed that when steam was expanded beyond a certain point in a single cylinder the cooling effect on the interior surfaces of the cylinder was sufficient to almost offset the gain by expansion. For instance, steam at 100 lbs. pressure to the square inch has a temperature of about 338 degrees Fahr., while the same steam if expanded down to atmospheric pressure has a temperature of only 212 degrees, the same as boiling water. The difference being 126 degrees, or more than the difference in the temperature of the atmosphere on the coldest day of winter and the warmest day of summer, it will readily be seen

that when the interior of the cylinder is subjected to this great difference it will have a tendency to cool the hot steam while entering, and to be cooled itself by the expanded steam before it is expelled from the cylinder. In order to overcome this loss, the steam is used in two or more cylinders consecutively, being first expanded partly in one, and then used over and further expanded in another cylinder, so that the variation in temperature in each cylinder is much reduced, and the economy of steam correspondingly improved.

A two-cylinder engine, intended for the use of steam at 100 to 125 lbs. pressure, is called compound; a three-cylinder engine, intended for a higher pressure of steam is called triple expansion; and so on for higher pressures, until we have quadruple and quintuple engines.

Before taking my leave I enjoyed a brief visit to the model engine-room of the works, where I saw a beautiful, smooth-running engine which drives a large part of the machinery, and which I was told is a duplicate of three engines sent to Barcelona and Madrid, Spain, where they are used for an electric tramway.





## THE BIG GAME OF CANADA.\*

### I.—THE MOOSE.

*By Charles A. Bramble.*

**I**N the year of our Lord 1892 the Ontario Fish and Game Commission issued a report. This in itself would not be worthy of mention, because commissions have an inveterate habit of issuing reports upon very slight provocation, but in the particular document under consideration there are some statements reflecting upon Alce Americanus which I desire to challenge.

On page 318 occurs the following paragraph: "An indiscriminate slaughter of this noble animal has long threatened the total extinction of the race, and it is probable that the time is not far distant when the moose, like the buffalo, will be seen no more in Can-

nada." This would be very sad if true—but is it true?

I feel free to assert that though the moose is no longer to be found in certain parts of the Canadas and Northern States, where it once abounded, yet that the area over which it yet roams is vast beyond adequate conception. Moreover, I am positive from what I have myself seen in the far Northwest, that the moose is undoubtedly much more numerous there than it ever was within the memory of living man. I shall go into this subject at greater length before laying down my pen, but for the present let it suffice if I assert that the comparatively small portion of

\*This series will consist of six articles. With the sixth will be issued a coloured map of Canada showing the habitats of the various big game.

its southern range from which the moose has been driven is as nothing to the great stretch from the Saguenay to Cook's Inlet, in which the moose yards in winter as of old, and in numbers such as were unknown when there were thousands of Argus-eyed, tireless red men continually hunting for meat. The moose is by no means a simple animal, and no doubt it preferred retiring before the white man to being exterminated by him, so that from the first landing of Jacques Cartier, and the rest of that restless band of roving spirits who gave North America to the world, the moose has been slipping away north and west.

These animals are wonderfully abundant in regions that suit their habits and provide for their needs. Once upon a time Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were great moose preserves, and of late the latter is said to have regained much of its lost prestige; but to-day the territory inhabited by moose in the Lower Provinces is, if anything, smaller than was once the case, as might be expected from the comparatively dense population of those districts. Yet in more distant regions the moose is more than holding its own against all comers, and the time is not yet in sight when the dismal prediction quoted above shall come to pass.

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock they found Virginia deer extremely abundant, but for moose they had to go 40 miles to the northward and eastward of the present site of the city of Boston, where, however, according to the author of the *New England's Prospect*, published, if I am not mistaken, about 1637, they could be found without trouble. He says quaintly: "There be's great store of them." From this we may infer that the natural range of the moose on the Atlantic seaboard did not extend south of Boston, although along the Alleghanies they undoubtedly penetrated at least to the Virginias. The Adirondacks, western New York, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin, as well as all New England, excepting

perhaps Rhode Island and Connecticut, were undoubtedly parts of the original moose range. A glance at a map shows, however, that, after all, this was but an insignificant area compared with the Canadian range of the animal, and had the young Dominion elected to adopt the moose instead of the beaver as a national emblem, it would have been equally justified in so doing.

Excepting for a few scattered animals in Maine and in Northern Minnesota, our American cousins have made a most thorough and business-like clean-up of their moose; that is, as far as the eastern range is concerned, for there are yet moose in Montana, and Idaho; and the Sea Alps of Alaska about Cook's Inlet is, of all moose-ranges, the best stocked. With the exception of Southern Ontario, we Canadians have not quite driven the moose from any of its pristine haunts, although we have thinned their numbers cruelly in spots.

Last year I was in Northern Cassiar, and although the moose were local in their distribution, I have never seen them more abundant than in certain sheltered valleys, 40 miles or so N.W. of the Thaltan River, in lat. 58 North, long. 129 West. There were no moose on the seaward flanks of the Coast Range, nor did I find any before an occasional stunted white birch showed that the Pacific flora had given place to one more typical of Canada.

Fifty years ago there were five hundred Indian hunters preying upon the game of the Upper Stikine, Dease and Liard Rivers; to-day there are not fifty, and the moose, caribou, and sheep have increased enormously in consequence. It is no uncommon sight to see two or three moose during the course of a day's march with pack train, and an Indian can get one at short notice any day.

The Northwest is so vast that no man's personal experience can cover it all, but by putting together the fragments of information given me by Hudson's Bay men and miners over the



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN WINTER.

This represents the death of a moose that has been chased out of the bush on to an ice-covered lake and there shot. The Indian Guide is kneeling down and making explanation to the successful hunter.



camp fire, I am convinced that moose exist in enormous numbers all through the wooded region, extending in a broad belt from the Ottawa to Western Alaska. They keep clear of the prairies, and do not go north of the tree limit, but between those bounds you may find moose almost anywhere.

It is somewhat strange, that while moose do not exist in British Columbia, south of Cariboo, they are found in

season seems never to have been practised except by the Abenakie or men of the East. The Western Indian kills all his game by still hunting. He certainly is a master of the art. Moose in the Northwest, at least in the Manitoban and Saskatchewan districts, do not yard, as the snowfall is light and feed is scattered; had they to remain imprisoned on an acre or two of ground, as they do in Nova Scotia and New



A MANITOBA MOOSE.

This amateur photograph was taken about a year ago in Northern Manitoba, between Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba. The lucky hunter was a Winnipeg merchant. For this photograph, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is indebted to the Hingston, Smith Arms Co., Winnipeg.

Western Montana and Idaho. The only explanation I have ever been able to get is the somewhat lame one that deep snows and extreme cold killed them off several years ago, previous to which catastrophe they were numerous. This remarkable theory is rather absurd, seeing that at a higher altitude and in a region where the snowfall is enormous—sometimes 20 feet during a winter—they flourish exceedingly.

Calling the bull moose in the rutting

Brunswick, they would infallibly starve to death.

Some of the most exciting stalks I have ever had were in company with a Scotch-Cree half-breed, in one of the best moose districts of Saskatchewan. Fine fresh moose tracks, newly fallen snow and a shot were almost a certainty. The moose is very crafty, but as it always does precisely the same thing, it is easy to circumvent the animal. Before lying down, a cast is

taken to leaward and a half circle made. The object is, of course, to be able to see or at least smell any pursuer following the tracks. The Western hunter understands this little precaution, however, and as soon as the tracks give indications of the nearness of the quarry, the Indian or half-breed divests himself of every superfluous article of clothing and equipment, and leaving the trail proceeds by a series of gigantic loops, keeping carefully downwind of the tracks and only visiting them at intervals. At length a time comes when the tracks are no longer to be seen running in the general direction they have heretofore followed, and then the hunter feels tolerably certain the moose is lying down within the area partly circumscribed by his last loop. He was careful before, but now his recent caution seems mere clumsiness to his present stealth. He treads on his toes like a ballet-girl; his rifle, fully cocked you may be sure, is in his right hand; while his left carefully wards off any branch or twig that might rub against his clothing, and so perchance alarm the game. In the end his reward generally comes in a murderous hot shot at short range, and then the work of gallowching or butchering the great beast has to be begun.

The time-honoured Eastern method of moose hunting is by calling. It is no doubt admirably suited to the lazy sportsman, as it combines the maximum of pleasure (from his point of view) with the minimum of exertion, but it would not suit the Western hunter who has to live by his skill in fencing, and who cannot afford to recognize any close season. Calling has been so often written up that there is no possible excuse at this late day for repeating the offence. All the world knows that during September and part of October, a bull moose may be brought within range by imitating the call of the cow, or the roar of a rival bull, through a birch-bark horn. Lots of men have been out calling, and a few have actually killed a moose or two. But if likely to do much of this sort of "hunting," the sportsman had better learn to

call; it's very easy, though professional callers that are any good are almost as rare as eggs of the great auk, and much more valuable.

I have already quoted from the 1892 Report of the Ontario Game and Fish Commission. I will place myself under a still deeper obligation by abstracting another pearl or two from that masterly document. Regarding the average size of the moose, we are told by the Hon. J. M. Gibson's merry men that it is "equal to that of a large horse." Unfortunately the name of the horse is not given, and as "large" horses vary between 15.3 and 18 hands, we should be groping in the dark did we depend entirely upon the O. G. & F. C. report. Happily moose in captivity have been measured many a time and it has been found that an ordinary bull stands 16 hands, or 5 feet 4 inches at the withers, which are out of all proportion to the hindquarters, which latter are low and mean as compared with the forehead. A mane of stiff, bristly hair adds still further to the disproportionate height of the withers.

All wild animals are deceptive as to weight. They are thin and slab-sided, and never weigh as much as domestic animals of the same apparent size. Wherefore I disbelieve most strongly in the weight credited to some moose; though I think it possible that moose, especially in the Cook's Inlet country of Alaska, may reach 1,200 pounds live weight. The ordinary "gigantic" bull, with a 44-inch head, does not exceed 800 pounds. Moose and fish always grow after death, in fact I have known a dead moose to put on 50 pounds a year regularly until his slayer also took the Styx canoe-route. Moreover, last winter I found that a certain grey timber wolf slain in the Manitou region of Western Ontario, grew just one foot for every score of miles I journeyed from the place of his undoing; eventually he will be worthy to rank beside the 14-foot tigers of the retired Anglo-Indian.

The bull moose is at his best when six or seven years old, but there can be little doubt he occasionally lives to twice

that age. He has no foes to dread in the northern woods, and must frequently live out the full span of moose life. The cow, according to my observation, always produces two young at a birth, though she is said to produce but one in the spring of her second year. The youngsters are born in the latter days of April, or early in May, and within three days can run faster than the old lady herself. The cow generally chooses some heavily wooded island as a lying-in ground, and it is no easy task to find her at that season. As for the bull, he is an exile from the bosom of his own family, and his presence is neither desired nor tolerated. It is said the bull will destroy the young calf during the first day or two of its existence, should he get the chance—which may or may not be true.

The moose is an ungainly animal, a hideous animal if you will, but nevertheless I think it is the king of Canadian game. During the past 19 years I have had opportunities of hunting almost all the large Canadian mammals, and I think to-day, as I thought in the early eighties, that there is no more interesting sport to be had in the world than hunting our Canadian moose in the depths of the great sub-Arctic forests of the Dominion. Dwellers in the Eastern provinces are truly fortunate in having at their very doors the moose, the brook trout, the Atlantic salmon and the woodcock; for among all the Western forms, grand as many of them are, I cannot find any that equal as game animals, or fishes or birds those I have named.

In October, 1900, the long close season on Ontario moose will be over, and I sincerely hope there will never be another. Close seasons extending over years merely prevent legitimate sport, but do not interfere in the least with the pot and skin hunter. Moose are exceedingly abundant in the extreme west of the province, near the Manitoba boundary; they swarm between Lakes Nepigon and Superior; they jostle one another west of Lake Nipissing; they impede railway travel on the Temiscamingue colonization line. Why,

then, in the name of common sense, was a long, cast-iron close season ever advocated? A close season extending its protecting ægis over any seriously depleted districts would have been well enough; but a close season which turns every white hunter who kills a moose between the Ottawa and Lake Winnipeg into a malefactor, is a perversion of authority that is simply nauseating. I found this summer, when fishing on the north shore of Lake Superior, that all the white men between Peninsula and Rat Portage hardly kill a score of moose in any one year. Surely, seeing the illimitable and fully stocked wilderness to the northward, that stretch of country 700 miles long by 500 deep, could well stand a drain of twenty moose a year. As to the Indians, they kill just the same as ever, and small blame to them either. I saw two or three unfortunate families of Chippewas living on an exclusive diet of rabbit last winter, because their hunters were ill with rheumatism or disabled by accident, and I do not think any one would have begrudged them the moose meat they certainly would have had but for unusual hard luck.

Possibly few will read these rambling notes of mine, except they be sportsmen, therefore a few remarks upon rifles may not be amiss. Ten years ago there was no weapon to compare with the 450 or 500 double-barrel express for moose shooting. To-day the express has a serious rival in the .303, made up as a sporting rifle with double barrel and hammerless action. The repeater I do not like. I have owned many, and tried them under all conditions. They are, I grant, cheap and accurate, but are also heavy, ill balanced, badly finished, and sure to get out of order in camp. A brand new repeater in a gun-shop is a dream of beauty, but for genuine hard work, a good English double rifle, either express or .303, is very far ahead of any repeater I have ever handled.

The moose is not a very tough beast, and, moreover, is usually shot at short range, owing to the wooded nature of

the country he frequents, so that a rifle of extra power or particularly flat trajectory is not necessary; but, still, power and flat trajectory are such admirable things in a rifle that I should certainly recommend a .450 express carrying a 330 gr. bullet and 110 grains of powder, or a .303 taking the government cartridge with soft point bullet. Anything more powerful is not required, and I found last year that many of the best hunters among the Crees are discarding their 45-70-500 repeaters and buying the new 30 calibre Winchester to use the new American army cartridge. These men are very safe guides. Their families depend largely upon the meat provided by the one rifle belonging to the head, and you may be very sure no risky experiments are made. When a Cree hunter gives up a 45-70 and changes to a 30 it is because he is convinced the latter will kill as well or better than the old rifle.

Many cartridges are not required in moose hunting. The shooting is generally easy work, the finding of the game and getting within range being the arduous part of the undertaking, and no one but a butcher would kill more moose than he could use while the meat remained fresh. One moose should last any ordinary man for a year, though, of course, in the case of nature's children, or of surveying or mining parties far from civilization, a dozen moose might well enough fall to one gun during the twelve months. If, instead of making long, useless close seasons, the government would offer a reward of \$1,000 for the apprehension of anyone killing a moose for its hide alone, and make the penalty a long term of imprisonment, we should have more moose near civilization than we have. The Indians of the wilderness are not hide-hunters; the harm is done by the white loafers near settlements.

## MEN OF BLOOD.

*By John McCrae.*

THE "Athens" sleeper was rocking along at the end of the night express that was leaving Omaha behind it in the darkness, to the eastward. There were only seven or eight occupants of the car, including a lady, who seemed to be travelling with a young fellow named Smith, whom I knew slightly. She was elderly, severe-looking, and was reading Augusta Evans Wilson. I afterwards learned that she was Smith's aunt, and that with regard to her he had no expectations and even less love.

The porter and I had a speaking acquaintance of long standing, and when he came to make up my berth I beckoned to him to sit down.

"Well, John, have you got a king or an archbishop on board?"

John smiled, for he generally tells me of some exalted personage who has travelled with him on his last run.

"No, suh! but dat gen'le'm'n (pointing to a tall, quiet-looking old gentleman in the corner of the car) shot a man!"

"Eh?" I queried.

"'t least, he came along two weeks ago, and down t' Well's City. He says, 'Dis is de place I shot ole ——' aw, I fu'git his name—but dat's shuah, suh!'"

"Do you think he'll get up in the night and slay some of us, John?"

"Oh, no, suh!" replied John, gravely. "I do'an suppose it's a habit. No, suh!"

Well's City had once been my home, and even now I spend several days every year there, so I was naturally interested. Besides, I thought I knew by detail all the black deeds that had ever been marked down upon the not-too-virgin page of that thriving town.

Next morning after breakfast I took the opportunity of making the old gen-

tleman's acquaintance, and we had a pleasant chat; but I had not the tact requisite to lead the conversation to murder or sudden death. He was slightly autocratic, and I do not like autocrats; possibly I am one myself, and resent competition. As we were speaking, the smoking compartment filled up with hard-smoking passengers—all commercial men, as it happened.

"Excuse me," said the old gentleman to one of them, "will you let me see your time-table?"

"Certainly!"

Scanning the list of stations, he looked up and said, "I see we are due at Well's City in half-an-hour; for all I know there may be a warrant for my arrest there. Oh, don't look startled, for it has been out for seventeen years now, and I don't think they care much whether they get me or not."

"Tell us the yarn," said somebody.

The old gentleman bit the end off his cigar in a reflective way.

"We used to have pretty lively times then," said he. "Whiskey was abundant, and gun-powder was more plentiful than tooth-powder by a good deal.

"I had been ranching, and decided to come east with two men, named Jackson and Collins; but on the day just previous to our departure there was a murder in town. A man named Hagan, who ran an insurance business, killed a big bully named—I forget what his name was—anyway he was a plague to humanity—and was pulled for it. It wasn't love of justice, but merely that Hagan had few friends, and the bully was an old resider, so the upshot of it was that Hagan was sentenced to be hanged. It was all done very decently, and in order, but Collins, Jackson and I thought Hagan ought to have had a grant of land instead.

"I think," said Jackson, "that we should help Hagan to break jail."

"Too darned risky," said Collins, briefly.

"We suggested a good many plans, but none were feasible; it will be judged that time was not precious with us,

or we would scarcely have lavished it so generously, in the interests of philanthropy.

"Look here," said I, let's try to get the Governor to pardon him, and if he won't—well, we could forge a pardon, I should think. I know a lawyer's clerk over in Miggsville who knows all the forms and that sort of thing.

"That ought to do us," said Collins, complacently. "It's a question of stretchin' Hagan and stretchin' the truth, an' the truth has it."

"So away we went and got the lawyer's clerk——"

The old gentleman stopped to light the cigar he had been holding. In the lawyer's clerk of whom he had just spoken, I recognized myself as I had been seventeen years before. I remembered him now; in fact, the details of the whole case had been gradually coming back to me as he mentioned the names.

"The lawyer's clerk," he continued, "was game, and not only offered to fix up the pardon, but sent a reprieve, also forged, to Well's City the day before the hanging; so that if we were unable to see the Governor at once, Hagan might not suffer in the meantime. He was an oily-tongued beggar.—'That's one I owe you,' said I, mentally, to the old gentleman.—So we sent him up to Well's City to present the reprieve to old Billy Price, who was gaoler, hotel-keeper and several other things. He pretended that he thought old Billy a high legal official, and called him 'your worship,' and showed up the reprieve as bold as brass."

"Of course your worship understands this point."

"Oh, yes! oh, certainly!" says Billy, as solemn as the biggest judge in the land. Finally, Billy very graciously gave his assent to the reprieve—it was the first he had ever seen, and our friend the clerk persuaded him that the power lay in his hands as well as the Governor's—and Hagan was safe in the meantime.

"Well, to make a long story short, we went to the Governor and were refused; came back and, with the clerk's

help, forged a pardon, sent him with it (he was to represent that he was assistant-secretary to the Governor), and the Justice of the Peace at Well's City gave orders to liberate the prisoner next day at noon. He thought it looked more legal-like to name a certain day and hour, just as for an execution; although I dare say that ordinary procedure would be to let him off at once. Legal proceedings were a little crude in those days.

"'Chub' Harper, another of the prize bullies of the country, who had been very zealous in having Hagan convicted, heard about the pardon and immediately set out for Miggsville to persuade the Governor to nullify it. We three, having left Well's City for good (thinking ourselves better away during these happenings), had taken up our quarters at a village half-way between Well's City and Miggsville.

"Late at night, as we were in the bar-room, Chub rolled in, drunk, but not so drunk as he looked. After a few minutes' talk with the hotel-keeper, he beckoned Collins and me into the little sitting-room. Jackson followed and shut the door.

"'You fellows,' began Chub, in a husky voice, 'an' me are all out on the same job!'

"He proceeded to give me a sportive dig in the ribs.

"'Aint that so?' he asked, with a drunken wink. 'Now, you're all agin my side of the question, I know. Aint that right, again?'

"None of us returned any answer.

"'Now, y' think I'm drunk. Aint I right?' with another wink. 'Well, let's talk business. That's all square, aint it? I'm not askin' anything out o' reason.'

"'Say what you're going to say!'

said Jackson, angrily, with an oath.

"'No hurry, Mister Jackson,' replied Chub urbanely. 'Now, I'm on my way to Miggsville to see Governor Miggs. He'll say when he sees me, "What can I do for you, Mr. Harper?" Then I'll say, "I'd like the extreme penalties of the law to be inflicted upon the aforesaid Hagan." Then he'll say,

"If that's your will, Mr. Harper, it's my will!"

"Collins smiled contemptuously.

"'Ain't I right?' pursued Chub.

"It struck me that since Chub was so extremely sociable this evening, that we might safely offer to detain him, and if we could get him sufficiently drunk, it would be quite certain that he could not reach Miggsville in time to do our plans any hurt.

"'Yes, I guess you are right, Chub,' I hastened to add. 'Sit down; there's no hurry.'

"Chub bowed ceremoniously; he was scarcely courtier-like, for his outfit was extremely dirty and tattered.

"Divining my thought, Collins and Jackson sat down and drank. Then someone proposed a game of the usual, and Chub called loudly on the hotel-keeper for cards, and I ordered more whiskey.

"For an hour things went on quietly, Chub getting steadily drunker.

"'I'm goin',' he said, as he staggered to his feet.

"'Hold on, Chub,' I said, 'one more drink. Look here, let's play for Hagan. If you win, go ahead; and if I win, let him go. How's that?'

"'All right,' said Chub thickly.

The first hand brought me the poorest of luck. I spied a card on Chub's knee.

"'You—thief!' I cried, as I reached for the card.

"At that moment I was dimly conscious of his striking at me with a knife. I cannot to this day see how he got that knife so quickly. I sprang back, but scarcely avoided the blow. My jacket was cut for nearly a foot down the front, and it was a moment or two before I could assure myself that I was uninjured.

"Jackson rose to follow Chub, who had by this time shut the door and escaped, but Collins seized him. 'You stay here,' he shouted authoritatively. 'He's too handy for you. He's not as drunk as he looks.'

"'That's so,' said Jackson thoughtfully.

"I was wild with indignation.

“ ‘When I see Chub,’ I thundered, ‘I’ll bore him full of holes, as sure as I live!’

“ ‘I say Amen to that,’ said Collins. This was unexpected, and had the effect of quieting me. ‘I don’t know,’ I added more quietly, ‘if we have any right to take his life—’

“ ‘I don’t give a curse for his life,’ retorted Collins.

“ ‘There was a long silence.

“ ‘There’s no use goin’ after him to-night,’ said Collins. Then he added, as coolly as I am speaking now, ‘we’ll go out in the morning and kill him on his way back. I’m tired of him!’

“ ‘After all my threats, this proposition stuck in my throat, but I cared less then for a human life than I do now, so I soon fell in with the idea.

“ ‘Having ascertained that Chub had ridden off to Miggsville, we concluded that he would be back about nine in the morning, for Governor Miggs was notorious as an early riser, and Chub could easily see him early in the morning. Our plan of campaign arranged, we three went to bed and slept the sleep of the righteous.

“ ‘In the morning we held further council of war, and concluded that Chub would not return by the road on which the hotel lay, but would take another road, nearly as direct, but some four miles distant from the hotel.

“ ‘After breakfast we cantered out for our hunting-party. Five hundred yards out I reined up.

“ ‘I’ve got no ammunition!’

“ ‘The blazes you haven’t,’ yelled Collins, ‘I’ve a good mind to pull y’er teeth for slugs!’

“ ‘He was considerably my senior in years as well as experience so I permitted him to make such remarks.

“ ‘Well, never mind! But if you think that’s goin’ to let you out of shootin’, yer mistaken. ‘But come on.’

“ ‘When we were about half a mile from the road, we saw a horseman coming towards us in the distance; it was evidently our quarry, so we galloped up a couple of hundred yards and dismounted. It would be an increase of risk to go nearer, lest Chub prove

too dangerous, but for all that our proceeding struck me as a little underhand; but I remembered the treachery of the past night and hardened my heart.

“ ‘Best stay here,’ said Collins. ‘He’ll smell a rat if he sees us, and we can plunk him from here!’

“ ‘I thought, I remember, how expressive a word ‘plunk’ was, but we had no time for etymological studies.

“ ‘We’ll toss who’s to do it,’ said Collins, as he picked up a flat stone. ‘You and Jackson. Round or flat?’

“ ‘He tossed.

“ ‘Round!’ I yelled.

“ ‘Flat it is! Now you an’ me. Yell again.’

“ ‘Round!’

“ ‘Flat again. You’re it!’

“ ‘Collins handed me his rifle with a cartridge. ‘About five hundred yards,’ he said briefly.

“ ‘I lay down, adjusted the sight, and slipped in the cartridge.

“ ‘Hold on,’ said Collins, ‘pull that feller again!’

“ ‘I took out the cartridge and placed it in his outstretched palm. He took it, and rolled the bullet between his lips; then he solemnly spat on it, and repeated some Spanish or Mexican sentence—it sounded for all the world like ‘Hot radishes eat high.’

“ ‘What’s that lingo?’ asked Jackson.

“ ‘It’s a charm. If them words don’t work, nothin’ will. I never knew it fail. Spit on it!’

“ ‘He held it out to Jackson, then to me. I could scarcely refrain from laughing at his earnestness, but we obeyed.

“ ‘I reloaded, lay down, and glanced over the barrel, but my hand shook and my eyelashes got in the way till I could scarcely see the sights.

“ ‘Yer shakin’,’ said Collins, with a touch of scorn.

“ ‘I selected a white stone to sight upon, but my hand shook more than ever. Collins reached for the rifle, but I waved him away, and with a final effort steadied myself.

“ ‘I lay still, watching the figure on the horse. Suddenly he reined up, then advanced a few yards, halted

again, just at the edge of some bushes that would have prevented us from seeing him. Unexpected of our attack, he leaned over in his saddle to look at one of the horse's fore-feet.

"Let him have it," Jackson whispered excitedly. I made one supreme effort, took the clearest sight I ever took in my life—and fired. I was certain I had got him.

"He plunged forward and fell, the horse falling with him; then, apparently freeing itself, it galloped down the road at full speed.

"That's settled," said Collins, with a sigh of relief. "Let's go."

"Hold on," said I, "I'm going to see. Wait for me!"

"What's the use," growled Collins. "Dead or alive, we'll never be back here to find out."

"I mounted and made for the thicket; the riderless horse's hoofs pattered on the hard ground, growing fainter and fainter in the distance. Within a hundred yards of the bushes where the body lay I pulled up short, the word 'murder' began to print itself in my brain, and I ignominiously turned and fled.

"As I rejoined my companions, Jackson said jocularly: 'By your face you evidently saw his ghost,' but I was not conversational. 'I didn't go all the way,' I said. 'We made straight across country for the nearest town, other than Well's City or Miggsville, sold our horses and came East—and never went back!'

"As the old gentleman ceased speaking I almost disclosed my identity, but some impulse induced me to withhold it for the moment. We listened to the rattle of the train and pulled at our cigars.

"What was the outcome of it all?" asked somebody.

"Well, as I said, we never went back. We saved Hagan, but he never even thanked us for it. Of course he may not have known where we went, but he could have found out. Or again, he may have thought he was pardoned on his merits. But I don't want you to have the impression that

western life was all murders; those were the only shootings I knew of during those three years I was there.

"Poor old Chub," said the old man, reflectively, "he had a pretty hard account to balance, I guess."

As he finished speaking I broke in: "That's a nice fairy-tale ending to such a story—a kind of 'lived happy ever after!'"

The tall passenger flushed.

"But it's true!"

I do not know why I should have been so disagreeable, but I laughed a contemptuous little laugh, which seemed to nettle him.

"I would swear to everything I have said."

"Don't perjure yourself," I replied loftily. I was trusting to clear it all up by disclosing my identity to him; besides, I owed him one for saying that I was "oily-tongued." But his wrath was now thoroughly aroused. "Am I a liar, sir?" he roared. I laughed again. Before anything else could transpire I was hurried out into the passage of the car by the arms, and found myself surrounded by the highly-interested drummers.

"Your time has come," said one.

"This case seems to call for blood," said another. A third said he had two pistols in his trunk in the baggage-car, and a fourth took me to the other end of the car on some pretext. In a few moments the other three reappeared.

"Look here," said the ringleader, "we're going to have a duel."

"The deuce you are," I retorted, for I was exasperated.

"Yes," said he, "don't object, like a good fellow. You see, Smith's aunt has a horror of that sort of thing, and Smith wants to give her a little surprise party. It'll come off opposite her car-window."

"Well, but —," I protested.

"Oh, come now, no refusals. I gave your apologies to the old fellow, and he thinks it will be a big joke. We've got two empty pistols, and he is just putting it on that he is mad. He understands—"



I suppose I was foolishly non-resistant.

"Well, only on condition that you offer him my most abject apologies, and let him know thoroughly that it is all a fizzle."

"Depend on us!" chorused the drummers.

Then these descendants of Ananias went away, said nothing to my adversary, came back and reported to me that my apology was accepted; that the old gentleman agreed to the duel, and said that if he looked angry it was all for the benefit of Smith's aunt; so I was persuaded.

We had long since passed Well's City, and the train was timed to stop for twenty-five minutes at a flag-station, while the engine ran ahead a few miles for water and returned.

Promptly at ten o'clock our small procession left the train, and made for an open space opposite the rear Pullman, so that the passengers in the forward cars might not notice the proceedings. As we passed the window where Smith's relative sat, I saw Smith ostentatiously display two small pistols. I was not allowed to be within speaking distance of my adversary, and, as a consequence, the old fire-eater was earnestly desiring my life.

One of the drummers paced off thirty yards from where the old gentleman stood, and I was led to the spot. Smith put one of the pistols into my hand, and carried the other to my opponent. It was a small weapon, but I consoled myself with the idea that all unloaded weapons are alike at thirty yards.

The ringleader took his place midway between us, but out of the line of fire.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

We nodded assent.

"Take aim!"

I raised my pistol. Great heavens! thought I, if one of these be loaded, I may be a murderer—or worse yet, he may be.

"Fire!"

Two reports, as of giant firecrackers, succeeded. At the end of my barrel

a beautiful little pin wheel was rapidly revolving, while from the muzzle of my adversary's revolver were rising beautiful little coloured stars. The pistols were fireworks toys.

I grinned inanely; my opponent grew red with rage, and threw his pistol as far as he could into the grass where it lay spitting impotent stars.

"What's this cursed foolery?" he gasped, as soon as he could get his breath. I could see now that he was quite ignorant of the nature of the duel.

I ran up to him. "This is all my fault. I ask your pardon a thousand times. But don't you remember me? I forged that pardon for you—the clerk!"

His face cleared. "Why, so it is. I remember your, your—red hair. But why—"

"Oh, all this nonsense. They told me they had given you my apologies, which I now offer again. They seem to have put up a little game on us."

The old gentleman shook hands cordially. "Confound you!" he added, by way of salutation, to the foremost of the drummers, who came up wreathed in smiles. "We'll go," said he, as he took my arm and led me back to the train.

"Hang it all, I would have drunk your heart's-blood when I came out here!" he pursued; "I suppose you were after mine, too."

"No, thank you. My diet is usually lighter than that. After you, sir," I said, as we reached the car step.

"Excuse my asking," said he, "but why did you say my story wasn't true? or hint it, perhaps I ought to say?"

"Well, you see," I began, as the drummers gathered around for the sequel, "it wasn't Chub Harper you fired at. It was myself, and you came mighty near me, too."

The tall passenger's eyes were as large as gooseberries.

"But you fell—"

"I know I did. I think that is what most people would do under the circumstances. The horse jumped and came to his knees, and I rolled off. I got under the bushes and lay still. I

felt relieved when I saw you turn and ride off. I didn't recognize you, though, I dare say, I had seen you the day before."

"But Hagan got off?" queried the old gentleman decisively.

"No," I said, "the reason Hagan never thanked you for getting him off was that he was hanged higher than Haman next day."

"And Chub?"

"Well, Chub got back with his message all right, and when they found

the reprieve and pardon had both been bogus, they just strung up Hagan. I didn't go back for awhile, either, I promise you. I thought somebody there must be after my life, so I prudently absented myself. The last time I saw Chub he was happy, and drinking himself to death."

Smith entered as I finished speaking.

"Was your aunt scared?" someone asked.

"She's short-sighted, and thought we had gone out to pick berries."

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LIFE.

I SAW a beam of light,  
It shimmered on its way through realms of gloom,  
More swift than shuttle in a weaver's loom,  
And shone upon my sight.

I saw a falling tear,  
It glistened in the glory of the sun,  
Like threads of crystalline reflection spun,  
But soon to disappear.

I saw a speck of white,  
Far out upon the bosom of the deep,  
Like some fair goddess sinking in her sleep,  
Into the liquid night.

I saw a falling star,  
It shot its golden course along the sky,  
But perished in the twinkling of an eye,  
Within the deeps afar.

I saw a human soul,  
It looked on Time, and with a piercing cry  
It faded into Immortality,  
A part of the Great Whole.

*I. R. Aikens.*

# WHEN THE BRITISH FOUGHT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

## THE FALL OF CETYWAYO.

*By E. B. Biggar.*

THOUGH there is to this day a wide difference of opinion as to the necessity or the justice of the Zulu War, there is a general confession that the Zulu monarch, Cetywayo (pronounced Ketch-wy'-o) was not only a remarkable man, but a king whose sway was beneficence itself compared with that of the average African potentate. Under him the Zulus reached the zenith of their glory as a military nation, and South African history yields nothing to compare with the discipline and power which the Zulus attained under this gifted ruler. When one speaks of the beneficence of Cetywayo's reign, one does not place the Zulu people side by side with the cultivated nations of Europe and America, but the comparison is rather with the state of the nation under its former kings. Chaka, the grandfather of Cetywayo, has been called the Bonaparte of South Africa. His reign began about the beginning of this century, and he made the Zulus a nation of warriors. His army was formed into regiments, each distinguished by a particular colour or design of shields; he introduced the short assegai, with which his men were obliged to fight with their enemies hand-to-hand, and woe betide the warrior who returned from a fight either without his weapons or wounded in the back. Chaka fought with the bravest at the head of his army, and all his warriors were forbidden to marry. He conquered far and wide, and in the nineteen years of his career of war and bloodshed, he swept off no less than three hundred tribes, some of whom were as completely annihilated as the British soldiers at Isandhlwana.

While like Napoleon in his genius for organizing men, and for the rapidity

of his movements, he was also like Wellington in this, that he never lost a battle in his long reign of ceaseless wars. There was something to justify his warriors in their favourite war-song :

Thou hast finished the nations—  
Where wilt thou go to battle now?  
Where wilt thou go to battle now?

It may be mentioned here that although he did not lose a battle, his last army was destroyed as if by a judgment from Heaven. In the wantonness of his ambition he sent his finest regiment out to crush a small tribe of the Palula. Before they accomplished their mission of slaughter they were smitten, like the host of Sennacherib, with a mysterious disease known as "blood sickness," and of all the fine army but a miserable remnant returned to tell the tale.

The atrocities of these wars are indescribable. As one of the small incidents of Chaka's reign, it may be mentioned that he stabbed his own mother to the heart, and then called on the nation to mourn her death. As an act of grace, he allowed a small party of English, under Captain Gardiner, to settle at Port Natal, and sent the following condescending message to George IV.: "If you will look after your interests in England, I shall look after mine in Africa, and I shall take care that no enemies are left. We will then be sovereigns of the world!" This bloodthirsty monarch fell at the hands of Dingaan, one of his own brothers, of whom he had three, and they are said to have drunk his gore while he, in his dying agonies, gave utterance to this prophecy: "You kill me, but the white race, a race you do not know, shall occupy this land."

We know how this prophecy has been fulfilled, and it is interesting to remember that, not a stone's throw from his grave, there now stands an English Mission Station.

Though regarded with terror by his enemies—of whom, at the time of his death, few were left within reach—and by his own subjects withal, Chaka's name was held in veneration, and is so regarded to this day. When an earthquake occurred in Zululand the superstitious natives believed it was Chaka turning over in his grave.

Chaka was succeeded by his brother Dingaan, or Dingana, a man more cruel while more crafty than he. He was the Nero or Herod of Zulu history. One of the titles he took to himself was the "Hyena-man," and the name was only too-appropriate. He had obtained the throne by treacherously plunging his spear into Chaka's heart while the monarch sat quietly in his kraal, talking to his councillors. A white man once saw him amuse himself by burning holes in the skin of one of his servants, with a burning glass. An infant was once brought to him by its mother, who hoped thereby to save its life; he seized the child by its heels and with one blow dashed out its brains before the paralyzed gaze of its mother who was immediately afterwards murdered. Such were the common whims of this fiendish king.

In 1830, the Boers came over the mountains into what is now the colony of Natal, large districts of which, owing to terror of the Zulu monarch, had been depopulated. Dingaan received them cordially and, with a magnanimity which surprised as well as delighted the Boers, granted them a large tract of land. A deputation of about eighty stalwart Boers were then invited to a friendly beer-drinking in the presence of the king, being first requested to leave their arms behind. In the midst of the convivialities, the treacherous king shouted "Kill the wizards," and the Boers were all beaten to death with knobkerries. The Zulus then fell on the Boer camp and slaughtered the unprepared men and women

to the number of 600. The spot has ever since been known as Weenen, "the place of weeping."

Dingaan had intended to kill his brother Panda, but spared him at the intercession of Capt. Gardiner. When he did so, however, he observed, "You wish me to spare a dog who will one day bite me," and his words afterwards proved true; for when Dingaan's treachery to the Boers became known, they gathered a small army and wreaked a fearful vengeance upon the cruel monarch, and actually succeeded in creating a revolution which placed Panda upon the throne. Dingaan took refuge among the Swazis, who paid back their old scores against the Zulus by putting him to death, and thus was proved the truth of an old Zulu proverb: "The swimmer in the end gets carried away with the stream."

Panda was of a more peaceful disposition and for thirty years sought to live on good terms with both Dutch and English, though it was very difficult for him to keep down the fighting spirit of his young warriors. Cetywayo was one of the youngest sons of Panda, but his brother Umbulazi was the eldest son. Umbulazi was his father's favourite and the natural heir to the throne, but Cetywayo was more in favour with the people, especially with the young warriors, who put him forward to serve their designs of aggression, and not because they saw in him the remarkable powers he afterwards developed. Panda was getting old and so indolent from obesity, that the cares of state weighed heavily upon him and finally he decided to let the question of succession be settled between the two brothers. This they did in the most natural method that would occur to Zulu minds, namely, in a fight. Umbulazi appears to have had misgivings as to the issue, and selected as the scene of the contest a spot only five miles from the Tugela River, so as to escape into Natal in case of defeat. The conflict was one of the bloodiest in the history of the Zulus. Cetywayo, who was but a boy, won the battle and his defeated brother was never after-

wards heard of. Multitudes of the defeated army, accompanied by the women, fled to the river where they were pursued and speared in the water, hundreds of women thus perishing with their babes on their backs.

Such was the family inheritance of Cetywayo, and such were the traditions which, according to Zulu ideas, he was expected to maintain. Considering the character of his predecessors and the martial disposition of the people, his reign may be regarded as a marvel of good-will and self-restraint. Although the whole Zulu nation hailed him as king when Umbulazi was defeated, he did not put his father out of the way, nor did he even take the reins of government out of the old man's hands, except in so far as Panda desired to be relieved of the cares of state. Indeed, Panda reigned nominally till the day of his death, which took place from old age and obesity in 1872, sixteen years after the battle which decided the succession of Cetywayo. Cetywayo, like his father, desired to be on good terms with the English, and in 1873, the year after he came to the throne, he desired a confirmation of his authority from the British through the Natal Government, and Sir Theophilus (then Mr.) Shepstone went up to perform the English ceremony of coronation, in order, as Cetywayo expressed it, that he might be one with the Natal Government, and that they might be "covered with the same blanket." Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Sir John Macdonald of Natalian political history, was a man of remarkably full knowledge of native customs and character, and possessed a commanding influence over the minds of natives and colonists alike. The young king spoke of him as "his father," and it was probably only his complete confidence in Mr. Shepstone which enabled him to accept, in perfect good faith, a ceremony by which he was crowned with a tinsel crown and invested with a kingly mantle which had done duty as an opera cloak. At the coronation Cetywayo was told that he held his power from us, and three conditions of the association were that

there should be a trial before anyone was capitally punished, and not, as before, at the will or whim of the sovereign; that witchcraft was to be discouraged; and that the missionaries were to be protected in Zululand, though as a matter of fact the missionaries had been well treated during the reign of Panda.

Cetywayo had already shown a heart far more humane than his royal ancestors. During the reigns of Chaka and Dingana nearly all the royal wives were put to death, either before the birth of children or afterwards, but this Cetywayo would not do. Mr. Shepstone, writing of Cetywayo at the opening of his reign, said: "He is a man of considerable ability, much force of character and dignity of manner, remarkably frank and straightforward, and ranks in every respect far above any native chief I have ever had to do with."

The conquests of Chaka and the terror inspired by his name had driven many thousand Kaffirs west of the Tugela River, and the cruelties of Dingana kept up the stream of fugitives from Zululand into the region which became the colony of Natal; and at the time Cetywayo came to the throne the native population of the colony had increased to about 250,000. This numerous people lived among a colony of only 25,000 or 30,000 whites; and though they outnumbered the whites by ten to one, they lived under their rule for twenty years in a peace uninterrupted, except by a small outbreak of no great significance under a petty chief called Langalabalela.

The first cloud on the horizon may be said to have been raised by the encroachments of the Boers of the Transvaal—the republic formed by discontented Boers migrating from the Cape Colony, the Natal and the Orange Free State—who in their greed for land squatted within the borders of Cetywayo's country, and afterwards claimed the lands on which they had squatted. In some cases they had got petty chiefs to sign papers which they did not understand, but which afterwards turned out to be deeds conveying away

their land. Cetywayo despised the Boers and resented their methods, and in his official messages to the Natal Government alluded to their President, with somewhat disrespectful familiarity, as "Uncle Thomas" (Thomas Burgers). Had the Zulu king had his will he would have settled the question of the Boer encroachments, and their existence as an independent republic, at the time they were in their straits in 1876-7, but by Sir Theophilus Shepstone's policy the Transvaal was annexed as British territory, and Cetywayo's warriors were robbed of their chance to "wash their spears." When Sir Theophilus, with his small escort, entered the Boer capital and proclaimed British authority, Cetywayo, hearing that the Boers were going to rise against Sir Theophilus, sent this message: "If they had done so, I should have said 'What do I wait for? They have touched my father.'" He no doubt meant all he said, and when, after the annexation of the Transvaal, the Boer land claims were, to some extent, supported by British authority, he was much chagrined. Of Sir Theophilus at this juncture he said, in one of his messages: "He is no more a father, but a firebrand. If he is tired of carrying Cetywayo now, as he did when he was with the Natal Government, then why does he not put him down and allow the Natal Government to look after him as it has always done?" We see here one of the figures of speech with which the beautiful Zulu language abounds, some of the speeches and messages of Zulu chiefs being poems in themselves.

Greed and fraud have characterized the Boers in their dealings with the Kafir nations regarding land, and few who know the history of the land dispute which culminated in the Zulu war, will not at this period of time sympathize with Cetywayo. Of the character of the Transvaal Boers it is enough to say that, so long as they could, they forbade the discovery and working of mines, as a sort of Satanic employment, and that they mobbed their own Surveyor-General for using a theodolite in

the streets of Potchefstroom instead of stepping off the distance like the "Veldt Valkt Meister" of their own good old days.

The Boer claims to the piece of Northern Zululand adjoining the Transvaal were finally referred to a commission, in which the Zulus, Boers and English were represented, and the commission gave an award substantially in favour of the Zulu position. But the question of the Zulu raids over the Natal border, came up and, as the negotiations went on, Cetywayo found himself more and more humiliated, till the acceptance of the decisions made would have completely abased him in the eyes of his people. At some of his councils his officers, who represented the younger warriors, taunted him to his face with such words as these, "You are a coward; you are not the son of Chaka!" Even yet he remonstrated, on the one hand with his blood-thirsty young warriors, and, on the other, expostulated with the Imperial High Commissioner, who was massing troops in Natal to enforce the demands made upon him. Regarding the charge that he put people to death without trial, he replied, "Evil-doers would go over my head if I did not punish them." A reply which has some force when it is understood that according to inherited Zulu ideas, the lives as well as the property of the people are held at the will of the king. Cetywayo explained his objections to an increase of the missionaries as follows: "We will not allow the Zulus to become so-called Christians. If a Zulu does anything wrong he at once goes to a mission station and says he wants to become a Christian; if he wishes to be exempt from serving the king he puts on clothes and is a Christian. All these people are subjects of the king, and who will keep a cow for another to milk it?" But it must be explained, in justice to Cetywayo, that the missionaries already in his country were treated with consideration and no case of outrage against them has ever been recorded.

During the Boer dispute, and subse-

quently, Cetywayo remarked to his white Prime Minister, John Dunn, that "he saw the English had thrown the bullock's skin over his head while they had been devouring the tit-bits of the carcass;" and it is not surprising that, while his spies brought word of the gathering of English troops, he, in view of the demands made on him, should prepare to defend himself. Miss Colenso, in her defence of him, says: "It is plain enough that when it became apparent that war would be forced upon him by us, the Zulu king contemplated nothing but self-defence."\*

However he may have ruled his own people, he could appeal to history as to his treatment of the whites. "Did I ever kill a white man or white woman?" he asked in one of his messages during the war, "or ever take cattle from a white man before the war? Did I ever walk over the words spoken at Umlambongwenya Kraal by Somtseu (Sir Theophilus)? If I am to be destroyed, I can die happy if I know first what wrong I have done." That he would be beaten in the war he foresaw more clearly than any of his counsellors or his warriors, and had they listened to his advice he would, to secure peace, have humbled himself more than he did.

"The white man," he said at another time, in a message to General Crealock, "has made me king, and I am their son. Do they kill the man in the afternoon whom they have made king in the morning? I want peace; I ask for peace."

Of his magnanimous disposition, his treatment of John Dunn is a striking evidence. Dunn, who was born in the Cape Colony, of English parents, had gone as a trader to Zululand, and after living among the Zulus a number of years, adopted the customs of the people and was made an induna (chief). Though Dunn had espoused the cause of Cetywayo's brother at the

time of the civil war over the succession, the young king did not take the revenge he might easily have taken, but accepted Dunn as a friend and even made him his chief adviser, employing him in his negotiations with the Government. Dunn took to himself a number of Zulu wives according to the custom of the country, and became wealthy in cattle and goods. When the Zulu war cloud was about to burst, Dunn secretly appealed to the English for protection, but Cetywayo, acting on his own generous impulses, sent him word that as the English were evidently going to invade the country he had better leave Zululand and go to a place of safety. Dunn very quickly acted on this advice, and leaving his kingly patron and protector to his fate, crossed the Tugela into Natal three weeks before the battle of Isandhlwana.

I have already given an account of that disaster, unique in the annals of modern warfare, and of the mournful end of the Prince Imperial of France, whose sword Cetywayo returned in a manner worthy of a knight of the age of chivalry.\*

After various battles, in which victory was sometimes with the outnumbering Zulus, sometimes with the British, the power of the Zulu nation was broken at Ulundi, the capital. Lord Chelmsford had sent an ultimatum to Cetywayo, giving him until July 3rd to comply with the terms, which he no doubt would have done had it not been for the obstinacy of his army. The day before the time expired a herd of cattle, known by their white colour to be the royal cattle, were seen being driven towards the British lines, but afterwards intercepted and driven back by one of the Zulu impi (regiments). The time of grace went by, and there was nothing to do on both sides but fight. Cetywayo himself personally planned the attack in which thirteen corps, numbering twenty thousand Zulus, took part. The Zulu army was massed at the

\* Messages such as the following appear to show his desire for amity: "Cetywayo thanks the Government of Natal for these words. They show that the Government of Natal still wishes Cetywayo to drink water and live."

\* See CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Vol. II., pp. 26-33, and pp. 256-264.

Nodwengœ kraal, hard by the Umvolosi River, on the opposite bank of which the British were encamped to the number of five thousand. It was on this spot that the Zulus had defeated the Boers in a bloody battle in the days of Dingana, and they counted on making the place renowned for a still greater victory.

They thought that if they could bring the British to battle in the open field the day would be theirs. For several days they had been parading and marching and counter-marching in sight of the British camp, apparently with the view of inciting a conflict, and when the British crossed the river early on the morning of the 4th, there was little opposition. Though the Zulus did not realize it, the British were as anxious as they to bring on the battle in the open field. When they had crossed the river they formed the whole force in a hollow square, with the 80th Regiment and a Gatling battery in front, the 90th and part of the 94th forming the left face of the square, the 13th and 58th, the right face, and the 24th and remainder of the 94th the rear. At each corner of the square was a battery of artillery, while inside the square were the Lancers (mounted), the contingent of Basutos and other natives, and the ammunition waggons. Maintaining this formation, the whole army moved forward to a high open ground, near the site of a ruined mission station. The ground sloped away in nearly every direction, with little cover save a few bushes, though the position of the Nodwengu kraal, but a thousand yards away, enabled the Zulus to form without being seen.

About half-past eight a halt was made, and while the British were burying one of their men who had been slain here the previous day, the Zulus were seen approaching in full force from both sides of the hill behind which they were formed, throwing out their ominous horns, as usual in an attack. Cavalry, under Col. Buller (now Sir Redvers Buller) had been thrown out around the square to check the advance of the enemy. The dark host of Zulus

swept around in perfect silence, advancing steadily and closing in their wide circle in the face of the fusilade from the cavalymen, who gradually retired within the square at the rear. The men in the front rank of the square were kneeling as if prepared for cavalry, while arrangements were made for a constant supply of ammunition from inside. As the British cavalymen cleared away from each side of the square, a volley such as the Zulus had never heard before, poured forth from the thick red belt, while from each corner of the flaming square the batteries of artillery burst out with their dreadful roar, levelling masses of the enemy as shell after shell exploded among them. More than once the Zulus, still advancing, tried to concentrate for a rush, but no savage foe could long stand up against this hurricane of death, and soon the main body on both sides hesitated. A few still pressed on, coming within thirty yards of the square, but while the main body wavered, an opening was made in the rear side of the square and the fleet Lancers were let loose. Riding with their lances levelled, the horsemen bore down upon the astounded Zulus like a whirlwind, and the host of Cetywayo, who himself sat with part of a regiment, viewing the battle from a neighbouring hill, broke in disorder on every side. As they fled over the plain the broadsword and lance were plied with deadly effect, and still, wherever an opening offered, the artillery added its work of destruction on the retreating army.

Many deeds of daring are recorded on both sides during this short but decisive battle. A narrow escape was that of Lieut. James, serving with the Lancers. He rode down two Zulus, who turned on him, and one of them threw an assegai which struck a thick leather cross belt, through which it penetrated inflicting a slight wound. He had often complained of the great weight of this belt, but had it been thinner this desperate thrust of the Zulu would have finished him. The Zulus were plucky even in their flight, and the Lancers tell more than one



story how the naked warriors would leap aside from a thrust, and with the agility of a tiger, catch a lance and endeavour to hold it while they could return the compliment with their own assegais.

The battle proper had lasted less than half-an-hour, during which the Zulus had about 1,000 men killed, while the British had 18 killed and 85 wounded.

When the Zulus had got the shelter of the bush and the mountains, the British rested a short time and moved on to Ulundi, Lord William Beresford, who distinguished himself in the fight, being first in the Zulu capital. The whole place was deserted, even the king's house—a modest dwelling of four rooms and a verandah—being emptied of everything except a few bottles, which, it is needless to say, were empty also. Fire was set to one of the huts, and in the dry air of the Zululand winter the city of the king soon disappeared in smoke. One after another, thick column of black smoke marked the destruction of the military kraals that stood around Ulundi, while the unhappy Zulu king was being hastened to a place of safety in the depths of the Ngomi forest, the wildest and most secluded part of his country.

The strength of the Zulu nation was suddenly paralyzed, and no more was to be feared from their army. It was now only a question of a hunt for the king. But here the loyalty of the Zulus for their king, fugitive though he was, was as touching as any recorded of Highlanders for their chiefs. The officers in pursuit got together at times as many as forty Zulus, but neither promises nor threats nor verbal traps availed to make them betray their king. Day after day the pursuing parties were reported close in his tracks. At one time they came to the place where he had slept the night before; at another time the remains of recent camp fires, or the remains of pots and calabashes dropped in flight led the pursuers to think the object of their hunt was within grasp. Then, again, all traces would be lost, and a few shy

“koodoos” or other creatures of the wild region would be the only signs of life in a day's hunt. When the Zulus obstinately refused to disclose their king's whereabouts, orders were given that a certain number of huts should be burnt and prisoners taken; but this soon got to be an inconvenient mode of punishment, and the number of prisoners taken from day to day and again let loose at night had to be reduced to eight, then to four, and afterwards to two, and finally to one of each sex. When this availed not, five prisoners were brought up and flogged to make them speak, but still they kept their secret. Bribes, threats and punishment alike were unavailing. At last trace was found of some of the king's girls, but when they were overtaken and examined they denied that they had anything to do with the king. Then a man was overtaken with a fine Martini rifle—evidently a servant of the king—but nothing could be got from him. It afterwards transpired that they were within 300 yards of Cetywayo, at one time in the chase. In one part of the hunt a Zulu was found who agreed to act as guide, but when he got into the bush he slipped off and was no more seen. At another time two men belonging to Oham, Cetywayo's brother, came in professing loyalty; but a little boy revealed the fact that they were misleading the pursuers, and they were denounced and sent off. Tracks were followed and stragglers examined, and cattle carried off, all to no purpose.

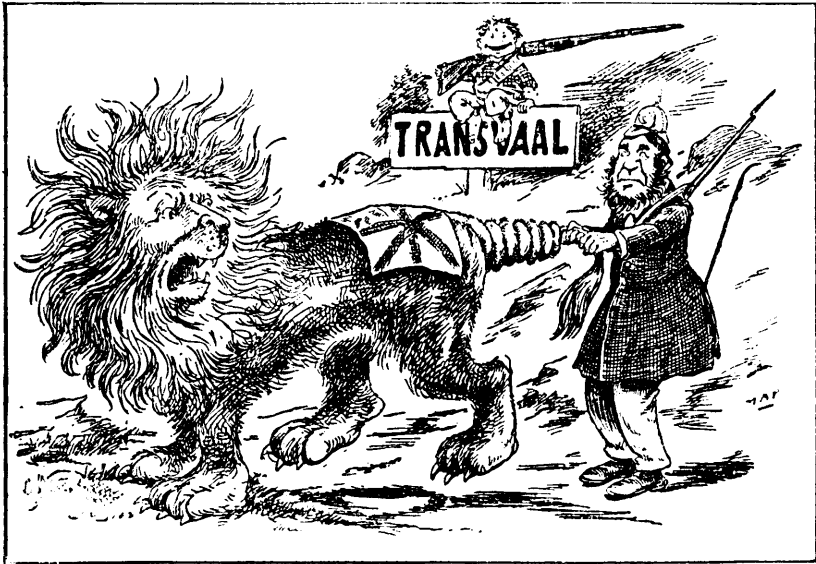
At last, scouring in the bush, they came suddenly on a woman who was so badly frightened by the apparition of white soldiers with guns that she confessed to where the king had slept two nights before. At this kraal they found three brothers, who, though threatened with being shot, denied solemnly that they knew anything of the king, and said, if shot, they would die innocently. These men knew the secret, but how to extract it from them was the question. A plan was hit upon. They were held till night and were each blindfolded, and led out, as

they supposed, to be shot. But even yet they refused to betray their king, and these faithful Zulus, standing apart in the moonlight, each silently waiting the dreadful moment when the threat of the white captors would be carried out, and they should have to speak or die. When they had again refused to speak, the report of a rifle woke the echoes of the night, and it seemed to each that a brother lay dead. The rifle had been fired into the air, but it is no wonder that under the strain of this awful moment one of them gave way, and thus was the hiding place of the king disclosed to Major Barrow. They were close to the forest, on the other side of which was Major Marter, who got a clue about the same time. A Zulu came up to him and after talking for some time on indifferent subjects, said in his figurative style of speech, "I have heard the wind blow from this side to-day," pointing to the Ngomi forest, and when his listeners began to comprehend the figure, he added, "but you should take that road till you come to Nisaka's kraal." On reaching Nisaka's they were sent to another kraal, where guides were found who led them to a rocky precipice. Here they were led to a bush, and crawling along on their hands and knees to the edge of this wild and rugged cliff, they looked down upon an indescribably weird and lonely forest 2,000 feet below them. After looking in vain for a sign of life they made out a kraal, walled in on three sides by steep precipices, and on the fourth side sheltered by the thick trees of the forest, into which a fugitive might escape. This was the king's last hiding place. A path was found into which it might be possible to go; and down here, over crags, through water courses, again through the tangled mass of gigantic ferns or floundering among mountain bogs, the king hunters made their way, at last emerging into the open space in front of the kraal. After a long parley the king came out of the

kraal remarking, "You would not have taken me, but I never thought troops could come down the mountain through the forest." In the kraal were found four rifles of the fated 24th, and the king's own assegai, which was sent to Queen Victoria.

He was brought back to Ulundi. When, instead of being taken to Natal, he was brought down towards Port Durnford, he said, "This is not the way to the Tugela," and after adding mournfully, "It is better to be killed than sent over the sea," he grew moody and did not recover his spirits till he was landed at Simon's Bay. The great guns of the man-of-war struck him with wonder, and when one of them was fired he exclaimed, "Waouh! I was only born yesterday." Though much interested in the machinery of the ship, he could not be persuaded to go down into the engine-room.

The rest of Cetywayo's life must be but briefly told. He was taken with two or three of his wives, to a place on the Cape Flats near Capetown, where he was placed in charge of a gentleman well known for his kindness of heart. Zululand was parceled out into 13 tribes over one of whom John Dunn was placed; but trouble soon brewed among the chiefs of these tribes, while the majority of the people pined for "their bone," as they termed Cetywayo. This state of things becoming worse the deposed monarch was restored in 1883 as king over part of his original territory. But the insolence of Usibepu, one of the new kinglets, led to a conflict in which Usibepu was joined by Oham, and poor Cetywayo was again defeated and would have been killed but for the heroism of one of his subjects, a Christian Zulu. This took place at Ulundi in 1883 in the same month in which his greater army had been routed by the British. He then gave himself up to British protection and died in March, 1884—some said of heart disease, others by the poison of an enemy.



"It looks as if Oom Paul had about used up all the slack."

—*The Journal, Detroit.*

## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

WAR between Britain and the Transvaal began at five o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, the eleventh of October. At that hour expired the time limit set by the Boers for Britain's acceptance of the terms of their ultimatum. A formal declaration of war was made by the Transvaal on the following day, and foreign nations were notified. Thus the disputes of nineteen years were committed to the arbitrament of force. This outcome was almost inevitable from the first; for underlying all differences as to the treatment of British subjects, or the respective rights of the two nations under the Conventions and under international law, was a fundamental conflict of national policies and ambitions. The Afrikaners, under which term is included all the men of Dutch race in South Africa, have been aiming to free South Africa from British control and establish there a great, independent Dutch Republic. There can be no doubt of this. It was known to be the aspiration of that comprehensive organization called the Afrikaner Bund;

it explains, as nothing else can, the whole policy of the Transvaal toward Britain; it was the ultimate object, hardly at all disguised, of the treaty signed in 1897 between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State; and it is the reason why the Orange Free State, which has no quarrel with Britain and which treats its Uitlanders fairly, and why so many of the Afrikaners in the British colonies, who enjoy more than Britain sought to obtain for the Uitlanders in the Transvaal, have joined in the war.

Such radical opposition of policies leads almost certainly to war. As I tried to indictate last month, in pursuing their ambition the Boers have transgressed their treaty obligations and have subjected to grossly unfair and unjust treatment the men whose money they used to fill their own pockets, to make vast preparations for war, and to subsidize and arm the Afrikaners in the British colonies. Britain had to act in defence of her subjects and of her own great interests in South Africa.

She asked only that the Uitlanders, who were willing to become subjects of the Transvaal, should have a fair amount of immediate representation, so that they could protect themselves and their property, and that the Transvaal, in other respects, should abide by the Conventions. On May 10th Britain asked for a friendly conference. On June 1 Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Kruger met at Bloemfontein, in the Orange Free State. Sir Alfred Milner proposed a franchise law for the Uitlanders similar to that in the Free State and to that which existed in the Transvaal in 1884. Mr. Kruger offered objections, and the conference ended with no conclusion upon that or any other point. On July 12 the Transvaal passed a franchise law which contained so many conditions that its effects could not be judged. Britain replied that she was willing to consider any law which would bring about a fair share of

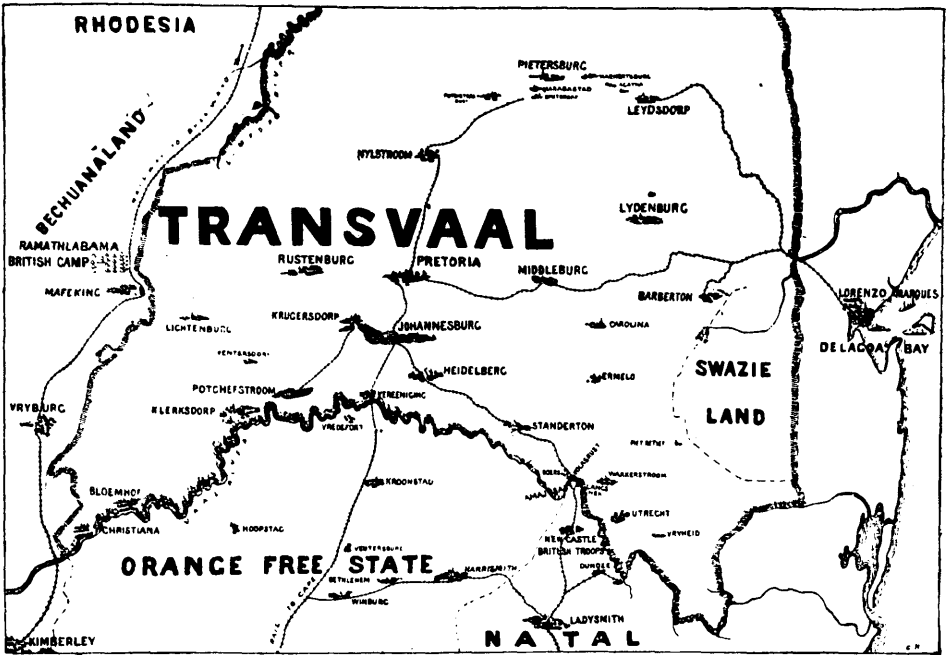


MR. CHAMBERLAIN: "Please do something, so I can hit you."  
—*The Record, Chicago.*



PRESIDENT STEYN.

immediate representation, but that this law was so involved and obscure that she must ask for a joint commission of inquiry to determine how it would work out in practice. The Transvaal employed three weeks in importing immense war supplies and then answered that she would grant Sir Alfred Milner's terms as to the franchise, provided that Britain would pledge herself not to interfere again in the internal affairs of the Transvaal and would not further insist on her claims to suzerainty. Of course Britain could not accede to these conditions, for a nation must always be free to take any action its interests demand, and to allow the Transvaal to make foreign treaties would only introduce further serious complications, since it would then become the centre for French or German intrigues



MAP OF TRANSSVAAL.

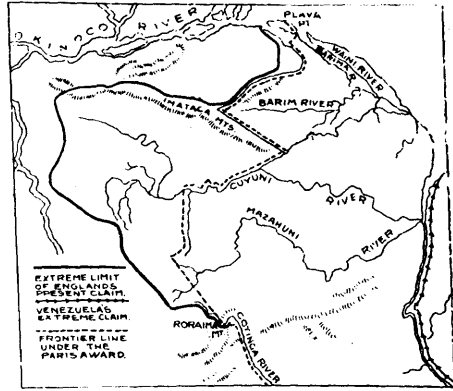
against Britain's position. Britain welcomed the franchise offer, but declared the conditions impossible, and suggested another conference on a few of the general points still in dispute. The Transvaal then withdrew its franchise offer, and conditionally accepted the idea of a conference, but in such a way that the whole question would be re-opened from the beginning. This could not be considered. So Britain picked out points to which the Transvaal had at one time or other assented, and proposed that these be agreed to and the other matters left for future consideration. The Transvaal replied, charging Britain with bad faith. It was clearly impossible to do anything with Kruger, so Britain said she must withdraw all her offers and present new terms. Before these new terms had reached him, Kruger, on October 10, issued probably the most absurd ultimatum ever recorded, and the war began.

This ultimatum was a deliberate resort to war on the part of the Boers. Had they wished only a fair settlement

of the details in dispute, the way was not yet closed to them. British public opinion was being kept sensitively alive by many recognized leaders of thought to every weakness in its own case and to every consideration that could be urged for that of the Transvaal; and Parliament, which is occasionally more cautious and generous than a Cabinet, had been summoned to meet. Any reasonable plea would still have received a reasonable hearing. It is true that the constant arrival of reinforcements would have made final defiance more hopeless, but this, taken together with all the other facts in the situation, only strengthens the conviction that it was defiance and not compromise which was all along intended. The event against which the Boers had been preparing for years had come, when British rule in South Africa was to be challenged. Indeed, the more carefully the question is studied, the less does Britain's course seem in need of defence. She could scarcely have asked less or done less without sacrificing many unquestionable rights for herself and for her subjects and running

even greater risk of losing her position in South Africa. Her care not to excite the Boers unduly, and thus put an additional obstacle in the way of a peaceful solution, induced her to be deliberate in the despatch of troops, with the result that the abrupt breaking off of negotiations found her unprepared for effective aggressive movements. The Boers were able to secure important strategic positions and otherwise to gain initial advantages. But the end cannot be in doubt. Enough Afrikaners from the Colonies may join the Transvaal and Free State forces to raise the total to 40,000 or even 50,000 men. This would be an extreme limit. Britain has now in South Africa about 20,000 regulars, and an army corps of 50,000 men is on the way. In addition to these there will be the recruits from among the Colonists, who will number several thousands. The Boers will be shut off from outside succor and will have to depend on rapidly diminishing resources, while the British can be constantly supplied with everything necessary. It is an unequal struggle, but it will prove a bitter one. Even though all the natives should array themselves on the side of the Boers, Britain will win and the question of paramountcy in South Africa be finally settled.

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, was born in that country on October 2, 1857. He was educated at Bloemfontein, and when nineteen years of age was sent to complete his studies in England and Holland. He has thus had exceptional advantages for an Afrikaner. Returning to his native country in 1882, he began the practice of law, became Attorney-General in 1886, and was raised to the bench in the following year. In 1896 he was elected to the Presidency. He is represented as a splendid specimen of physical manhood, with a vigorous intellect and simple tastes.



MAP SHOWING THE CLAIMS AND SETTLEMENT OF THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY QUESTION.

The award of the Anglo-Venezuelan Boundary Arbitration Commission was delivered at Paris on October 3. The finding was unanimous. Britain's extreme claims were not sustained, but, on the other hand, Venezuela obtained only about 200 square miles of territory out of 60,000 square miles claimed by her. On the whole, therefore, the award was decidedly in favour of Britain. Had Venezuela been willing to compromise, she could have obtained in that way more than the Commission granted her, for Britain repeatedly offered concessions. This fact is most satisfactory since it is strong evidence that Britain did not intend to be unfair. The dispute has lasted since 1840, in which year Mr. Schomburgk was appointed to survey and delimit the boundaries of British Guiana. As early as 1884 the United States tendered its friendly offices for arbitration, and came more and more to regard itself as a party to the dispute, until President Cleveland in December, 1895, sent his notorious message to Congress. Lord Salisbury's moderation alone prevented a serious rupture, and the award shows he was animated by other motives than distrust of the justice of his position.

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

AT a convention of newspaper men in Toronto a year or two ago, the presiding officer called upon Professor Goldwin Smith, who had happened to come in to do honour to this gathering of journalists, to say something on a question then under discussion. He arose and remarked that as he knew nothing at all about the subject, he would be glad to say something concerning it.

What the Professor humorously assumed to be the proper attitude of a journalist is sometimes quite characteristic of people who talk and write. We are all prone to air our views on subjects which we do not fully understand. Mr. Gladstone had that attitude in his early days, and therefore found it necessary in later times to contradict some of his earlier statements and to modify some of his earlier views.

In Canada during the past five years we have heard much in condemnation of military training. The Royal Military College, the yearly manœuvres of the militia, and the formation of cadet corps in the public and high schools has been condemned by many intelligent writers in the country press and by many persons who have not had the honour of running a weekly newspaper. And there is a danger in this criticism going so far and having so much effect that it may enter the House of Commons and diminish the amount spent in this direction. Already the influence of these narrow-minded, un-informed individuals has been felt there with unfortunate results.

To counteract this opinion, if for no other purpose, it would seem advisable that Canada should contribute to the British force in South Africa. It will be a splendid object lesson to our people. They will realize the debt Canada owes to the Empire of

which she is a part, and they would see more clearly that military training is necessary to individual excellence, to race development and to national importance. Without an organized military force in the country our domestic government and our national existence would be uninsured.

Canada was proud of her Jubilee contingent; but that pride will be but a small matter as compared with the national glory which must be ours if Canada is creditably represented in the forthcoming Imperial struggle.

✱

It is said that a small Catholic educational monthly in Ottawa has suspended publication for the reason that it advocated adopting the rule that all Catholic teachers should possess regular certificates from the different provincial Departments of Education. The Church has, of course, a right to do as it sees fit in the matter, but a move of the kind suggested by the unfortunate monthly would certainly decrease Protestant opposition to separate schools.

But even all Protestants in this country are not content with the public schools of to-day. A few days ago some Anglicans in the city of Toronto met together and decided that a well regulated system of voluntary schools in affiliation with the Ontario Public School system is desirable. Truly this separate or voluntary school system will not down. The defenders of and believers in national non-sectarian public schools had better look to their weapons. Sufficient light has, apparently, not yet been let in, and some more of the underbrush will require to be cut away.

✱

We are always hoping that the future will be better than the past. If we did not have this hope, much of the

incentive to progress would be eliminated. The tone of the speeches at the recent meeting of the Dominion Christian Endeavour Societies was hopeful and hope-inspiring. It was hopeful because these young people seemed to think they could help to make the world better and that it was their duty so to do. It was hope-inspiring because these future legislators and leading citizens saw and named some of the evils. They laid stress upon the evidences of Canadian enterprise and industry and upon the steady development that was going on in the country ; but side by side with these virtues were the saloon, electoral bribery, appeals to class and sectarian prejudices, and a disregard for the sanctity of the Sabbath. If these young people will endeavour quietly and persistently to remedy these evils, they will be doing the work which only broad-minded citizens are in the habit of doing. But they must not forget their aims when they mark their ballots. Canada is full of people who are just and good in theory, but who fail in practice. They vote Grit or Tory without regard to their principles of right and wrong ; or they do not vote at all, thus showing even greater weakness. What Canada requires is not good citizens, but citizens who are actively good ; not men who avoid politics, but men who go into politics and help to keep our political machinery from falling into the hands of the disreputable. Therefore, I say again, there is hope for a higher standard of citizenship if the Christian Endeavourers, the Epworth Leaguers and the members of similar organizations of young people will but live up to their ideals.

\*

Another bold Irishman has visited Canada, and some funny things have happened. One Wednesday evening he was given a dinner at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, at which one of the chief guests was the Honourable R. R. Dobell, of Quebec, who has just secured from the Government of which he is a member, a bonus of a million dollars for a bridge across the St. Law-

rence at Quebec. The next day, the distinguished Irish visitor was dined at the St. James Club by Senator Paquet, and among the gentlemen invited to meet him, were Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Honourable J. I. Tarte, the gentlemen who have recently been distributing bonuses everywhere, including several million dollars to the shipping interests of Montreal. Apparently Mr. Dobell and Mr. Tarte and Sir Wilfrid must have been talking about their generous subsidies, for the gentleman from Ireland took the trouble to give a shrewd reporter his ideas on bonuses. The *Gazette* of Friday (September 29th), contains the results of this interview, and the following paragraph is very interesting:—

“ The Right Honourable gentleman is no believer in subsidies. He does not favour spoon-feeding, and considers that every enterprise should stand upon its own footing. Subsidies, whether Government or otherwise, he regards as useless ; they kill independence in the individual. ‘ We have had,’ he observed, ‘ no subsidies in our business, and I think it has grown fairly well without them.’ ”

How chagrined Sir Wilfrid and his two honourable colleagues must have felt when they read the condemnatory remarks of the Irishman whom they had helped to entertain !

The name of the bold Irishman who spoke so sensibly is the Right Honourable W. J. Perrie, head of the famous ship-building firm of Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, and one of the members of the Harbour Board of that city. His firm have recently completed the *Oceanic*, the largest steam-vessel afloat.

\*

In view of the recent disaster to the *Scotsman* in the Straits of Belle Isle, and to the numerous other disasters on the St. Lawrence route, it might be well for the Government to pause before spending so much money on harbour improvements in Montreal. If the whole question were gone into thoroughly, it might be ascertained that it would be better to spend part of the money in improving the lighthouse service at the mouth of the



river. The managers of the marine insurance companies doing business at Montreal have been raising rates on vessels taking the St. Lawrence route, and this shows that there is something radically wrong. It is not fair or just that enormous expenditures should be made on this route unless the improvements are likely to be of permanent benefit. The people of Canada have a right to expect a declaration of policy on this matter from the Laurier administration at an early date.

Last month THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE published three articles on the British West Indies, in the hope of arousing some interest among Canadians in the other British Colonies of North America. A crucial point in the history of these islands is at hand. A reciprocity treaty has just been concluded between Trinidad, Barbadoes, British Guiana and Jamaica on the one side, and the United States on the other, whereby the latter gets some favours in lower rates of duty on what it sells in these islands. Canada and Great Britain are to be included in these favours, but the fact that these reductions came at the instance of the United States is significant.

It would seem advisable from several view-points that all these colonies should be placed under Canadian jurisdiction, or else sold to the United States. The present method of governing them from London is expensive and unsatisfactory. If they were handed over to Canada they would be better looked after, because Canadian statesmen would be able to devote more time to a consideration of their requirements. The benefit to Canada would lie in an extension of her West Indian trade and in a broadening of our political aspect.

This question of the annexation of these colonies to Canada is one which should receive some attention from our legislators, publicists and journalists.

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In a recent issue of this periodical Dr. George Stewart gave an apprecia-

tion of Francis Parkman's historical work. It was afterwards pointed out by a correspondent that Mr. Edouard Richard in his "Acadia" had charged Parkman with deliberately overlooking some historical data concerning the expulsion of the Acadians which would have contradicted, to some extent, his theories. In the August *Courrier Du Livre*, published at Quebec, the Rev. Thomas Hughes makes another attack on Parkman for his failure to appreciate the value of the work of the Catholic Church. Mr. Hughes says :

"The history of these great Provinces is recognized to be the history of Catholic faith and devotion. One of the most brilliant of modern writers, an American and a Protestant, has consecrated his pen to that precise service, to portraying the deeds of Catholic settlers, of nuns and priests and missionaries, and his account is adopted by the Protestant world in Canada, by the Anglican Englishmen there and by the Presbyterian Scotchmen, as the authentic history of the country which is now also theirs. Said a fellow-traveller to me : 'It is strange that our knowledge of the history of Canada should be due to the labours of the American Protestant, Parkman !' He did not remark, however, and perhaps he did not think it strange, that the Protestant historian, treading on the Catholic ground of virtue and zeal, of supernatural motives and highest spiritual gifts, presents as grotesque and repulsive a picture of all that he does not understand, as the English editors and bishops to-day are doing, in talking about Confession, analyzing, dissecting, mincing it and weighing it, when the poor people have never been to Confession in their lives ! Poor Parkman's views of high virtue are bounded by dismal mist of fanaticism, delusion and hysteria, and his logic halts and his pen runs wild, the moment he steps beyond what a man like he can understand.

"We are thankful that we Catholics have other sources to draw on, for the records of Canada, than the delusions and hallucinations of any historian who understands only \* one-half, and that not the better half, of Catholic virtue and heroism, and we have pledged, too, of the supernatural life which illuminated those early heroes and heroines, in the relics and shrines and graces, which are the heritage of lowly followers, who would fain, if they could, walk worthily in their footsteps."

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\* The word in the original text is "not," but that would negative the argument of the writer ; therefore I have ventured to substitute "only."

# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

## SIMPLER TEXT BOOKS.

THE text-books for use in the schools are being slowly simplified. Fifty years ago they were crude and uninviting. But the study of the child-mind, and of the best methods of imparting knowledge, has caused a change. Text-book writers proceed now from the known to the unknown, gradually, simply, evenly. All teaching will soon be a series of object-lessons.

The schools of Canada have, however, one text-book which is the opposite of being up-to-date, and that is the harsh and uninviting history of Canada by W. P. Clement. There are better Canadian histories in existence than it, and it is time it was relegated to the second-hand bookstores. Roberts' story of Canada, abridged somewhat, would be more suitable. Calkin's "History of Canada," published by A. & W. Mackinlay, of Halifax, is perhaps even more suitable than Roberts'. In his first chapter he deals with (1) extent of the Dominion, (2) condition four hundred years ago, (3) early inhabitants, (4) present inhabitants, (5) mother country, (6) British Empire, (7) France. In his second, he commences on the Discovery of America. His style is also much simpler and clearer than Clements, and his method of treatment much more scientific.

For public school use, however, the best history that has yet appeared is "Canada," by J. N. McIlwraith. This is a little volume issued by a London publisher in a series of histories which he calls "The Children's Study."\* It is suitably printed and bound in limp cloth. The chief characteristics of the book, as distinguished from that now set before Canadian children, are: en-

thusiasm, simplicity of style and language, absence of dates, elimination of unnecessary details, and the placing of the greater men and events in proper perspective. The author, with the instinct of the story-teller, has seized upon the details which illustrate the characters of the men, the races, or the events which have been most prominent in the story of Canada, and with these details she has made that story into a romance. The spirit of the work cannot fail to take a strong hold on the mind of an inquiring child.

Another subject of school study which has been simplified in a new text-book is geometry.\* Mr. H. S. MacLean, of the Normal School, Winnipeg, has given us a work decidedly new in treatment. Instead of starting off with definitions and axioms and postulates, he commences by asking questions about the shape, size, dimensions and surfaces of common objects. He then explains the meaning of a solid, a surface, a line and a point. Then he follows with a paralleliped, a cylinder, a sphere, magnitudes, spaces and works slowly up through straight lines, angles and circles. The author might have gone even farther in a simplification of nomenclature; but as the sweeping reformer is usually termed a lunatic, he was perhaps wise in proceeding no farther than he did. Mr. MacLean must be congratulated upon having abated the hideousness of one more of the bugbears of the school-room.

The next text-books to be issued will be on Domestic Science and Manual Training. One on the former subject has already been furnished, but it is

\* Introductory Geometry, by H. S. MacLean. Cloth, 50 cents. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

\*The Canadian publisher is William Briggs.

unsuitable and another must be secured. As manual training is shortly to be adopted in Ontario, this text-book will be along at once. Let us hope that in spite of everything, Canada will soon learn that her educational system needs much reforming before it will be consonant with modern common sense.\*



#### NEW FICTION.

Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes) is bone of our bone, but she has never done much for the literature of her native land. A Canadian newspaper reputation, a New York appreciation, the world of English literature—these have been her steps onward and upward; but a desire to live in the hearts of her countrymen seems never to have moved her. Can we call this wandering one back to assist in our literary development? Perhaps; but let us not try. Yet, if she would but come—

Her latest novel is a story of India. † An actress of presence, of resource, of womanliness; an Anglican priest, pure, gentle, steadfast, wooed by this actress. This is the real twain of the book. They are the great characters, the twin redeeming figures in a somewhat sombre and mechanical painting. Miss Filbert, the Salvation Army worker, is an inane creation which reflects little credit on the author or on General Booth's organization. Miss Duncan has gone out of her way to paint the Salvation Army as an insipid, uncouth, harmless fraud, and she is most unjust. Had she examined the whole missionary system of all the churches she would have been able to paint the efforts of all in the same dismal gray. It is unfair to select one church and let the others go free. The Christian world is spending millions of dollars every year in foolish, harmful foreign mission-

ary work—and Sara Jeanette Duncan should have said so or left the Salvation Army's missionaries in Bentinck Street out of her consideration.

But to return to the actress and the priest. Hilda Howe is the leading lady in a company which is endeavouring to make a profit out of legitimate drama in Calcutta in opposition to Jimmy Finnigan's side-splitting variety shows. The sailors and the mob patronized Jimmy, and only officialdom and the brokers were left for Stanhope's Company and Miss Howe. But though the success was not great, it brought Hilda into contact with nice people. At the home of Alicia Livingstone she meets the priest, Stephen Arnold. He goes to see her in *The Offence of Galilee*, and becomes much interested. In other ways they are thrown together, until the open-eyed actress is in love with the innocent, single-minded priest. "He warmed himself and dried his wings in the opulence of her spirit, and she was not on the whole the poorer by any exchange they made, but she was sometimes pricked to the reflection that the freemasonry between them was all hers, and the things she said to him had still the flavour of adventure." In her despair she confesses her passion, and with all her art endeavours to pierce past the crucifix and through the *soutane*. Impossible; he stands true. Then she abandons the stage, joins a sisterhood, and passes her novitiate in working in the hospitals. The author describes her as knowing "the sensations of a barbarian female captive in the bonds of the Christians." Determined to win the man, all "Hilda's vanity went into her intention, of which she was altogether mistress, riding it and reining it in a straight course." She has almost succeeded, when a treacherous, fanatical native knife ends the holy career of the Clarke Brother, Stephen Arnold, of New College. With his last breath he confesses that he had hoped to make her his wife, and to take her back home to some modest curacy where the birds might sing pleasure and sorrow to them forever; but "My God is a jealous God," he

\* Readers interested in educational matters are referred to two articles in this issue; one on "Technical Education," and the other on "An Educational Bureau for Canada."—EDITOR.

† *The Path of a Star*, by Mrs. Everard Cotes, with Twelve Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. Toronto: W. J. Gage Co.

said: "He has delivered me—into His own hands—for the honour of His name. I acknowledge—I am content."

The story, so far as it relates of these two characters, is charming. The other dramatis personæ are hardly pleasing, and certainly Miss Filbert, the ethereal Salvationist, is displeasing. The book lacks a jolly character, a reckless, hearty chap, who would relieve the strain of the commonplace. Further, the style is hardly suited to a love-story. It is too mechanical, too laboured, too patiently wrought for perfect ease and freedom. Nevertheless it is a book no Canadian interested in current fiction or in life in India should miss.

When one starts into a new novel by Anthony Hope, one involuntarily prepares for the swish of sword, the ring of revolver, or the gleam of dagger; one looks for thrilling situations, dashing adventures and hair-breadth escapes. However, "The King's Mirror"\* is a charming disappointment; and yet it is hard to think that the book will be as popular as "The Prisoner of Zenda." It does not appeal to the fighting qualities of the English race, but rather to their reason. This in itself is dangerous. If the author of "David Harum" had written a book which appealed to our reason instead of to our hearts, the booksellers would have made much less profit in the year A.D. 1899.

The King, who rules a kingdom which has Forstadt as its chief town, and which lies somewhere east of France, is introduced to us as a boy of seven years of age, and he tells us the story of his life until the time of his marriage. At eight years of age he is crowned, and begins to learn the meaning of self-control. His life is dominated by the dignity of his kingship, which represses his boyishness, makes him a man when yet in his teens, and prevents always that ebulli-

tion of natural feeling which marks the young man who is coming of age. He was taught to be his own jailer and says rather bitterly: "If our soul be our prison, and ourself the gaoler, in vain shall we plan escape or offer bribes for freedom; wheresoever we go we carry the walls with us, and, if death, then death alone can unlock the gates."

His sister Victoria has suffered from the same training. Each falls in love, but each must marry, does marry the person whom the political situation as defined by the ruling parties in the state, demanded he or she should marry. They were trained in this hiding of ideals, emotions, passions, souls. And yet the king has some compensations. He enjoys falling in love with the Countess Sempach; he takes much pleasure in bringing a beautiful operatic singer to his arms; he has some rollicking escapades; but after all these he returns to his kingly duties and the requirements of his position. "The king was the king, be he never so unruly."

"The Black Douglas," by S. R. Crockett, was criticised in these columns because of the fiendish character introduced in the latter part of the book. It is strange that this author's next story should be open to the same criticism. "Kit Kennedy"\* as boy and youth is delightful; Christopher Kennedy, senior, has redeeming qualities which finally triumph over his human weaknesses; Lilius Armour, who trusted Christopher Kennedy with her all, is a sweet womanly woman, if not admirable, at least understandable; Matthew Armour, her father and the ruling elder, was a man of the stern, uncompromising Scotch type which has been the moral and physical backbone of that nation; Heather Jock, Willie Gilroy, Mr. Bisset and Alexander Strong, all are admirable; but Walter MacWalter, money-grasper, liar, cheat and wife-murderer, is enough to spoil any book. The vicious villain is not as suitable in a story as in a drama,

\*"The King's Mirror," by Anthony Hope. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, gilt top; 310 pp.

\*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 384 pp.

and is hardly necessary in either. Otherwise "Kit Kennedy" is an excellent story, exhibiting the author's thorough acquaintance with Scotland and with Scottish manners, customs and people. Moreover it has the saving grace of occasional humour which heightens the pleasure to be derived from a perusal of it. Yet "Cleg Kelly" will undoubtedly rank higher in a general estimate of Mr. Crockett's books.

✽

"The Auld Meetin'-Hoose Green"\* is a collection of reminiscences of the happenings in a Scotch village, by Archibald McIlroy, author of "When Lint was in the Bell." Some of the stories are very entertaining; others are mere incidents and hardly worthy of mention in themselves, but combined they help to shed light on the character of the village people.

✽

The Musson Book Company, Toronto, has recently issued "The Voyage of the Pulo Way," by Carlton Dawe, whose novel, "The Mandarin," was favourably reviewed in these columns not long ago, and "Far Above Rubies," a beautiful Scotch story, by George Macdonald. The latter is neatly bound in cloth at 50 cents.

✽

"The Adventures of Jessie Baxter, Journalist," is issued in paper covers at 15 cents, by the Copp, Clark Co. This story shows Robert Barr's ingenuity in creating complex incidents and his genius for telling startling tales. When, however, he gives a Chicago merchant a French stenographer who does not understand a word of English, one's faith is sorely tested.

✽

There is some Canadian interest in a gruesome volume published by Frank D. Rogers, the author, at Clayton, N. Y., with the title, "Reveries of an Undertaker."

✽

In his Overseas Library, T. Fisher

Unwin publishes two books which are rather attractive. "The Well-Sinkers" is a love story of the Australian desert, a pastoral with pathetic incident and equally pathetic local colour. "In Guiana Wilds," is more stirring in its incident and fully as meritorious in its carefully detailed painting of the habits, customs and "atmosphere" of the district in which the scenes are laid. The aim of this particular series of novels is to present the actual life of the English outside of England, to present the atmosphere and outlook of the new peoples at the outposts of the Empire. This is certainly an experiment, as the publisher admits.

✽

The adventures of two young Englishmen in and about a European castle in the seventeenth century, is the theme of a very entertaining story entitled "Castle Czvargas,"\* by Archibald Birt, published in Longman's Colonial Library. To those who love tales of stirring adventure, this book may safely be recommended.

✽

"The Barrys,"† by Shan F. Bullock, is an Irish tale of man's weakness and fate's peculiar workings. It is an April story, sunshine and rain, light and shadow. The analysis of the impulsive Irishman is thorough and telling; and the handling of the domestic tragedy is skilful if not masterly.

✽

Henry Seton Merriman, in order to protect himself from the United States piratical publishers, has found it necessary to use American editions of some of his earlier books. One of these is "The Phantom Future,"‡ a truly clever story, even though marked by the author's disapproval. A young medical student with a weak heart knows that his future is uncertain, and hence indulges in a gay recklessness which is worrying to his friends, who are una-

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\*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

‡Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

ware of the reason for it. He is the central character in a group of London Bohemians, who are revealed rather than described in this volume.

#### ALFRED THE GREAT.

An interesting volume on "Alfred the Great,"\* whose thousandth anniversary is now approaching, has just been issued in England and Canada. Alfred Austin, poet-laureate, contributes a poem to it in which is the following stanza:—

Of valour, virtue, letters, learning, law,  
Pattern and Prince, his name will now abide,  
Long as of conscience Rulers live in awe,  
And love of country is their only pride.

After the introduction, by Sir Walter Besant, there are chapters as follows: Alfred as King, by Frederic Harrison; Alfred as a Religious Man and an Educationalist, by the Bishop of Bristol; Alfred as a Warrior, by Charles Oman; Alfred as a Geographer, by Sir Clements Markham; Alfred as a Writer, by Rev. John Earle; English Law before the Conquest, by Sir Frederick Pollock; and Alfred and the Arts, by Rev. W. J. Loftie. It will thus be seen that this is a peculiar book, but at the same time most valuable.

#### MISCELLANY.

"Happy," is the simple title of a collection of six addresses, by Melville A. Shaver, minister of the Congregational Church of Cobourg. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)

The Carswell Co., Toronto, have issued a third edition, revised and enlarged, of their well-known volume, entitled "The Canadian Lawyer." It is a handy book of the laws, and of legal information, for the use of Canadian business men.

In the French series of one franc scientific books, entitled, "Les Livres D'Or de La Science," there are several new issues. "Les Chemins de Fer," by Louis Delmer, gives much interesting information about railroads, with 56 illustrations in the text and four colour-

ed plates. "La Mer, Les Marins et les Sauveteurs," by L. Berthaut, gives a history of the French and other navies, the history, battles and other exploits of the French sailors, a history of its merchant fleet, and all sorts of similar information. It is illustrated very profusely. "Les Pyrénées Françaises," by Géza Darsuzy gives a history of the inhabitant of the most southerly districts of France, the geology, flora and beauties of the French Pyrenees. A book with seventy-three illustrations and nearly two hundred pages of text at one franc is a marvel. The enterprising publishers are Schleicher Frères, 15 Rue des Saints-Pères, Paris.

"Ontario Game and Fishing Laws," by A. H. O'Brien, 25 cents, is published by the Ottawa Despatch and Agency Co., Ottawa.

"A Selection of Readings and Songs," suitable for Scotch-Canadians, is prepared by the author, John Imrie, and published at 25 cents, by Imrie, Graham & Co., Toronto. The fourth edition is now ready.

"A Popular Exposition of "The Theory of Evolution," is the pretentious title of a very small but clever book, by Effie Macleod, a Charlottetown lady. It is published by Clark & Co., Chicago, and dedicated to Dr. Murray, of McGill.

Those interested in the study of art, and every intelligent citizen should be, will find much to interest them in "The Studio," an illustrated monthly, published at 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W.C. The illustrations are magnificent. "Brush and Pencil," published at 215 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, is a somewhat similar publication, which displays much enterprise and unflinching taste. These are the publications which should be taken in preference to ten cent magazines that tend to degradation of artistic taste rather than elevation.

#### CATHARINE PARR TRAILL.

There died at Lakefield, Ont., August 29th, 1899, Canada's oldest authoress, Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill, aged 97 years and 8 months. As was her

\* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

custom, Mrs. Traill had been spending the summer months at her daughter's cottage, "Minnewawa," Stoney Lake. It was one of her chief pleasures to wander around the island gathering grasses, ferns and flowers to add to her collection; but during the last few weeks of her life she was unable to do this, and felt herself rapidly failing. The end came suddenly. She was taken seriously ill on August 27th. The next day she was removed to her home at Lakefield, where she died on the morning of the 29th.

Mrs. Traill was the fifth daughter of Thomas Strickland, Esq., of Reydon Hall, Suffolk, England. In 1832 she married Lieut. Thomas Traill, an Orkney gentleman, and soon after they emigrated to Canada. Although we claim Mrs. Traill as a Canadian authoress, her earliest efforts were published in England before she came to Canada, her first book being issued in 1818. Being in poor circumstances after coming to this country, Mrs. Traill continued her literary work, not merely for love of it, but in order also to increase the family income. Mrs. Traill's love of nature and her fondness for children permeate her books. Living in a picturesque part of our country, she found plenty of material close at hand, as the titles of her books will show. In 1835, "Backwoods of Canada" was published. Then followed "The Canadian Crusoes, a tale of the Rice Lake Plains," "The Female Emigrants' Guide," "Lady Mary and Her Nurse," and "Rambles in the Canadian Forest." Among her later works are "Pearls and Pebbles, or the Notes of an old Naturalist," "Cot and Cradle Stories," and "Studies of Plant Life in Canada, or Gleanings from Forest, Lake and Plain."

In late years Mrs. Traill's circumstances became much reduced, especially through the failure of her lawyer some two or three years ago. Some

friends in England interested themselves, and with the help of Lord Lansdowne, succeeded in obtaining for her a grant of £100 from the Royal Bounty Fund, in recognition of her work as a naturalist, provided that her friends in Canada should add to the testimonial. This was done, and a cheque for \$1,000 sent Mrs. Traill. She knew nothing of it until she received it. Later the Dominion Government recognized her work by presenting to her a small island in the Otonabee River. So, through the thoughtfulness of friends, the closing years of her life were made brighter and she was spared much anxiety and care.

#### NEW BOOKS.

Among the more important works by Canadian writers in course of issue by William Briggs are: "The Pioneers of Blanshard," by William Johnston, of St. Mary's; "The Life of the Rev. William Cochrane, D.D.," by Rev. Dr. Grant ("Knoxonian"), of Orillia; "Lectures on Christian Unity," by Rev. Hubert Symonds, M.A., of Peterboro'; "The Lives of the Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada and Ontario," by D. B. Read, Q.C. This house has arranged also to issue in the near future Rev. Dr. Bryce's "The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company," which will include also that of the French traders of Northwestern Canada, and of the Northwest X.Y., and Astor Fur Companies. Dr. Bryce has for years been engaged upon this work, and with the advantage of thirty years' residence in Manitoba he should be able to write a history comprehensive and thoroughly satisfactory. Mr. Briggs will also publish collected volumes of the poems of Alexander McLachlan and Frederick George Scott, as well as a "Treasury of Canadian Verse," gathered together by Dr. Rand.

# THE MOMENTS

## "THE POLITENESS OF PRESS LEWIS."

THE palm for picturesque, comprehensive and polyglot swearing has been awarded to the old "bull-whackers" of the plains.

I have heard a freight brakeman try to express his feelings when wrestling with a stiff brake on a car going down grade; I have seen strong men jamb their fingers when trying to set up stove-pipes, and many times have I been with the festive cowboy in pursuit of a refractory steer. The brakeman, the stove-pipe artist and the cowboy are not wanting in eloquence, but they are as infants when compared with a "bull-whacker" exhorting a string of balky oxen, with his waggons stuck in the mud of some creek.

It was universally acknowledged that old Press Lewis, who used to "freight" from Fort Benton to Fort McLeod, stood a head and shoulders above his brethren on the road when it came to the use of winged, burning words. But this is the true and simple little story of the time when Press had to acknowledge that there were limits to even his powers.

It had been raining just enough to make the long hill out of Fort Benton a veritable Slough of Despond. The soil was "gumbo," delightful stuff which sticketh closer than a brother. The waggons were rather heavily loaded—I would not go so far as to say that Press was "loaded," too, but it is probable—and half way up the hill the long line of oxen and creaking waggons came to a stop.

Then Press opened up; at first (like the skirmishers' fire at the beginning

of a battle) with mere preliminary remarks, comparatively mild personal remarks on the characters of the oxen considered individually and collectively. Then, with heavier artillery, he blazed away at their ancestors far back to remote ages, embracing in this volley the waggons in all their parts, and the unfortunates who made them.

After this he ranged yet wider, and a special corner in his anathema was reserved for Christopher Columbus for having "nosed-around-and-raked-out-such-a-dog-goned-ornery-locoed-son-of-a-gun-of-a-mud-heap!"

About this time it is said that his remarks became so exceedingly sulphurous that the sage-bushes in the vicinity shrivelled and died.

From the beginning Press had been liberally punctuating his sentences with strokes from his bull-whacker's whip, which is no toy. But, as far as results showed, he might as well have been quoting hymns to the oxen, or fanning them with a feather duster; like the everlasting hills, they stood fast and would not be moved. Then Press sat down by the side of the road, in the mud and the wet, and with a still, small voice mildly remarked to the stubborn oxen: "Gentlemen, please pull."

And now a strange thing happened, for each and every ox did straightway brace himself, and, with one mighty pull, drag those heavy waggons out of that sticky "gumbo," and up the steep hill as though the oxen had been "2.40 trotters" hitched to pneumatic-tired sulkies, leaving the bewildered Press Lewis to plunge through the mud in pursuit.

*Basil C. d'Easum.*



## A LESSON IN DISCIPLINE.

(The following incident occurred at a training camp of the Canadian Militia, held at Niagara-on-the-Lake in July, 1899):

The six guns of the Field-battery were drawn up on the shore for shell practice. The buoy-targets were placed nearly a mile out in the Lake.

An officer on the left of the battery noticed that number one gun, on the extreme right, was a couple of yards in rear of the muzzle line, so he sang out—

“Run up number one gun!”

The order was passed from mouth to mouth with the usual military salute, and the word came back—

“If number one gun is run up she will be out of action.”

The officer only repeated his order, “Run up number one gun!”

Up went the order, and back came the explanation:

“If number one is run up she must go into a hollow where we can't see the target.”

This was too much for the officer, whose comment was brief and to the point: “Shut up! Run up number one gun!”

The gun was at once run up into line with the others, and the gunner did his best to lay his piece for the target which was out of sight.

Then came the sharp word—

“Number one gun, fire!”

There was no time to waste—the lanyard was pulled, the shell sped on its way, and when, a few seconds later, the puff of its explosion came back to the shore, *the shell had found the target!*

Well done, number one gun!

G. F.

## “APPLIED MATHEMATICS.”

“My daughter,” and his voice was stern,

“You must set this matter right:

What time did the Sophomore leave  
Who sent up his card last night?”

“His work was pressing, father dear,  
And his love for it was great;  
He took his leave and went away  
Before a quarter of eight.”

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes  
And her dimples deeper grew;  
’Tis surely no sin to tell him that,  
“For a quarter of eight is two.”

R. Wilmot.

## HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN THAT'S FALSE!

There's a maiden with a face that's fair,  
And she knows it, and she shows it  
Everywhere.

She's positively pretty; but fickle, 'tis a pity!  
And she fooled me, which is really  
Rather rare.

So here's to the maiden that's false,  
To the fair, fickle, faithless fay,  
To the frolicsome fairy,  
Artless and airy,  
Who entices our hearts away.

There are maidens whom to love is not a task.  
Love they'll give you, freely if you  
Will but ask.

Nature made them pretty, winsome, wily,  
witty,  
That men in Love's elusive, liquid  
Beams might bask.

So here's to the maiden that's false, etc.

There are maidens who have never sinned a  
sin.  
Virtue bristles from 'em like thistles,—  
Pure within.

If they love, it's love on ice, in a prudish par-  
adise.

So a very merry, free and airy maid's the  
Maid I'll win.

So here's to the maiden that's false, etc.

Then if you're fooled by such a maiden fair,—  
For they'll meet you and they'll greet you

Here and there,—  
Don't subside and blubber; brace your soul  
and seek another:

Change your tune and try again and  
Don't despair.

So here's to the maiden that's false, etc.

Samuel Maber.

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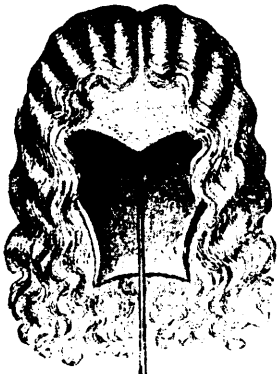
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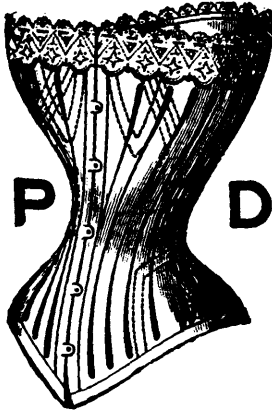
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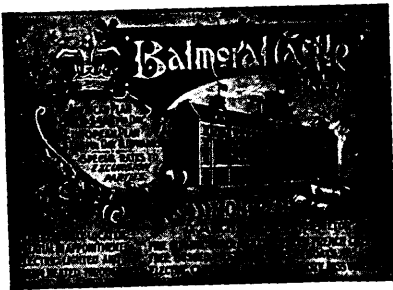
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**THEY OUTLAST ALL OTHERS**

# Boeckh's Bamboo- Handled Brooms

Make sweeping easy.

No household complete without them.

ASK FOR BOECKH'S { THEY ARE ALWAYS  
RELIABLE.



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## THE PIANOLA.

**T**HIS marvellous attachment enables you, without musical education, to play upon the piano any music you please and whenever you please. It renders you independent of the player.

The Pianola converts many a piano that seldom, if ever, had an opportunity to give pleasure, into a most enjoyable instrument.

In every home in which there is a piano, there should be a Pianola. It makes every member of the family a player.

Inspection Invited.

Correspondence Solicited.

**THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Limited,**

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# Somatose

A TASTELESS ODORLESS  
NUTRIENT MEAT  
POWDER



It contains all the albumi-  
noid principles of the meat  
in an easily soluble form.  
It has been extensively em-  
ployed and found to be of the  
greatest service in Consumption  
and diseases of the stomach.  
It is of great value in  
convalescence from all diseases.

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43 to 49 Bay St., Toronto, Canada.

# A BIT OF THE TRUTH.

The most pertinent and startling question ever asked is this:—"What is truth?"

A Roman Governor propounded it once, under circumstances which greatly worried and perplexed his official mind. And he was not the first man or the last—not by myriads. So far as I know there has been no satisfactory answer. Some people (radicals and come-outers of various sorts) fancy that in this, the tail end of a rather braggart and conceited century, they have flushed a fair-sized covey of truths by firing speculative shotguns into every wayside bush and bog.

But have they done it? No, gentle reader, no. They have put up crows and sparrows, the same crows that picked the bones of the cave dwellers, and the same sparrows that sold two for a farthing in the time of Pilate. There were plenty of fools of old, and there are plenty now. The ancient doctors, indeed, prescribed some horrible stuffs as medicine:—they used electuaries of viper's flesh and recommended pomegranate seeds for toothache because those seeds resemble human teeth. Very shallow and silly, to be sure, this sounds to us. But if you wanted to find things that come very near matching them in modern practice, I could show you where to look. On my table I have a list of about 300 new "remedies" introduced to a suffering world within the past twelvemonth. "Must be some good ones among them," do you say? Possibly. Time will tell. Meanwhile let us stick to whatever we are sure of. "We learn how to cure diseases," said Celsus, "by experience, not by reasoning."

"Some of the greatest truths in medicine," said a learned Scotch doctor, "came by the humblest means; not by synthesis or venesection, but by the observations of peasants and the experiments of motherly women."

Concerning a medicine discovered by one such woman, thousands of stories have been told and letters written. Here is an example:—

"For many years I have suffered from indigestion and weakness. I seemed to have no energy for anything. I had a poor appetite, and what little food I ate caused me violent pains at the chest and

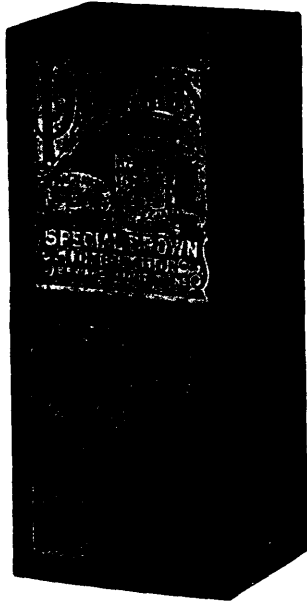
between the shoulders. Frequently I had attacks of giddiness, and when I stooped I suffered from an unnatural rush of blood to the head. The pain which I was called upon to bear was often very severe; it affected all parts of my body, and at night I got little proper and refreshing sleep on account of it.

"As time went on and the complaint grew fixed upon me, I came to be exceedingly weak, and now and again was obliged to take to my bed. I lost flesh and became quite thin, living, as I did, only on milk, beef tea, and other kinds of liquid food. It will be understood, of course, that I had medical care, besides attending the South London Dispensary. Yet I received no benefit from what was done for me.

"It happened that in January, 1889, a friend, Mr. Pullen, told me he had suffered in a similar manner and been cured by a remedy called Mother Seigel's Syrup. Acting on his suggestion I got a bottle, and after having taken it I found great relief. Presently my appetite returned and food no longer distressed me. Convinced that Mother Seigel's Syrup was adapted to my ailment, I continued the use of it until it was no longer needed. My health and strength were re-established, and I have since been well. This medicine had done what no others had been able to do. My husband, who suffered from biliousness, used it with the same result. You have my free consent to publish this brief statement if you desire to do so."—(Signed) Mrs. Julia Massey, 133, Lorrimore Road, Kennington, London, S.E., January 20th, 1898.

There is no royal road to the discovery of truth or knowledge. Anybody may find it anywhere. It is not always he who seeks that finds. Valuable discoveries are usually made by what, for lack of a better word, we call accident. The medicine that *cures* is the medicine we want, no matter whether it is old as the earth or was picked up yesterday in the fields by a child. That Mother Seigel's Syrup *cures* is proved by a cloud of witnesses. *It is a bit of the truth.* Therefore it will not die out, and nothing can take its place.

**PACKARD'S "SPECIAL"  
SHOE DRESSINGS**



25c., at all Shoe Stores.

**ATTENTION**  
IS CALLED  
TO OUR  
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**"SPECIAL"**  
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FOR FINE KID  
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**Gentlemen's**  
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can be  
**KEPT SOFT**  
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**Ladies' Mahogany Desk.**



**\$9.75** buys this dainty desk, No. 245, direct from the factory, **PREPAID, sent** "On Approval," to be returned at our **EXPENSE** if not positively the best ladies' desk ever sold at so low a price. A dainty birthday, wedding or Christmas gift.

**Front** is figured mahogany, tastily inlaid with pearl and white holly. Has French legs both back and front, two locks. Small drawer inside, places for paper, pen, ink, etc. Bottom of large drawer is of pretty bird's eye maple. This desk is polished like a piano, and from a dealer will cost \$15 to \$20.

THE VERY QUEEN OF  
GIFTS FOR A LADY.

**\$19.85**

DELIVERED.

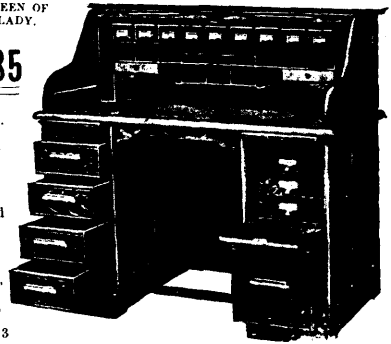
**This Desk** is 48 in. long, 30 in. wide, 48 in. high. It has a fine quarter-sawed oak front, closed back, front base movable, 2 pigeon-holes, 9 file boxes, 5 arm rests, ball-bearing casters, and 3

**COMPLETE LETTER FILES.** This desk has a good polish finish, and from a dealer would cost \$28.00 to \$35.00

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**COWAN'S  
HYGIENIC COCOA**

is winning praise from all who use it, on account of its purity and excellence.

SOLD ONLY IN TINS.

The most delicious confections are :


**Cowan's** **QUEEN'S DESSERT CHOCOLATE**  
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**CHRYSTALIZED GINGER.**

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THE BEST INK  
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**WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.**  
 THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED  
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For the exclusive treatment of cancer, tumors and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths, except cancer and tumors within the abdominal cavity. The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium is conducted by a graduate of the regular school of medicine. Remedies are not withheld as secret from physicians of standing. Remedies are not given to make a personal investigation. He will be given every opportunity to gain a knowledge of our method and its success. When writing for information please describe the case as clearly as is possible and state its situation. Address:

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 GUARANTEED.

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**212**  
 LOAVES  
 IN 8 HOURS

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42 STYLES AND SIZES

The number in open door, showing exact heat of oven without opening door.  
 Aerated Oven, continually drawing fresh warm air and carrying fumes from baking up the chimney.  
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 Duplex Coal Grates. Flush Reservoir. Cast Iron Coal Lining.

**Will Bake Perfectly with Less Coal Than Any Other Range.**

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ONE  
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A little woman can do a big lot of cleaning with little effort with Gold Dust. It lightens the labor of cleaning more than half and saves both time and money.

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## Washing Powder



is a bringer of brightness, comfort and health to every housewife who uses it. Don't waste your energy in scrubbing hard and rubbing hard with soap in the old-fashioned way. Gold Dust makes hard cleaning easy.

For greatest economy buy our large package.

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MONTREAL CHICAGO ST. LOUIS NEW YORK BOSTON



A Better Cocktail at Home than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.



# THE CLUB COCKTAILS

**Manhattan, Martini,  
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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 rail roads of the United States.

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AVOID IMITATIONS.

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SOME OF THE REASONS **WHY** THE CELEBRATED **STANLEY PIANOS** DESERVE YOUR PATRONAGE. THEY ARE, DISTINCTLY SPEAKING, A GOOD PIANO **ALWAYS**.

They are only made in one grade, and that of the highest, are thoroughly up-to-date in every particular, both as regards style and finish of their cases, but what is more important in the qualities of tone and touch, and after you hear and see them our claims to excellence are endorsed by your own opinion.

In less than four years our business has grown to its present immense proportions, and from a small paid-up capital to a present capital stock of one quarter of a million dollars. The future of this Piano is an assured fact, and our guarantee of seven years cannot be read over without its value being appreciated.

A MASTER BUILDER'S experience of 18 years is sufficient to insure our having expert superintendence and an American success vouched for by a Chicago World's Fair Diploma, 1893, is not a little part of our title to your good opinion.



**MORE THAN ALL** the Piano itself **SPEAKS** for us.

We will ship this Piano to any part of Canada, on approval, to responsible parties, and sell it for cash or on easy payments. Write to us for particulars, and by buying direct from factory secure the lowest price obtainable, and every satisfaction will be assured.

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# King Quality

For a quarter of a century we have been studying, perfecting and improving footwear. We have now got close to perfection.

THE KING SHOE of to-day is the survival of the fittest.

THE KING SHOE is to be had at all first-class shoe stores in Canada.

THE J. D. KING CO., Limited,  
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## Grey and Premature Grey Hair

Restored to its Original Color and  
Beauty by the use of

### Armand's Instantaneous Grey Hair Restorer.

IT NEVER FAILS.

It is not one of the old-fashioned nitrate of silver or lead preparations, but an entirely new composition of elements, which acts upon the grey hair instantaneously. Natural in effect and lasting color, the hair can be washed and curled. It

is not sticky or oily, nor has it any offensive odor. It is perfectly harmless, once used always used. Thousands of ladies and gents use it all over Canada and the United States. We are sure you will be pleased.

**PRICE—\$3.00, or Two Boxes for \$5.00.**

Sent by express to any part of Canada and United States. No person can afford nowadays to go grey young either in social, business or professional standing, you have just as much right to use something for your grey hair as to dress nice. When ordering send a sample of your hair and the amount, and we will send you by return express the right shade with full instructions how to use it. All correspondence and goods sent concealed from observation.



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often is the result of neglect of the hair and scalp. If the scalp and hair is dry, dandruff and colorless, it requires attention at once to save it from falling out and turning grey. Armand's Eau de Quinine and Cantharides used every evening for about two or three weeks, and Armand's Brilliantine Nourishment for the scalp and hair in the morning, will not only stop your hair from falling and promoting its growth and healthy action of the scalp, but it will effectively Prevent the growth of Grey Hair.

Price of Armand's Eau de Quinine, \$1.00 ;  
Armand's Brilliantine, \$1.00.

Hundreds of the best families in Toronto use Armand's Preparations. Sent by express to any part of Canada and the United States.

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**J. Trancle-Armand & Co.,**  
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When ordering please mention "The Canadian Magazine."

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## INDO-CEYLON



# TEA

**I**S a very cheap drink, when you consider that one pound of the 40-cent line will make 225 cups of delicious tea. "A handful of value at small cost." 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound.

## SHAVING REQUISITES.

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ENGLISH AND GERMAN  
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King and Victoria Streets


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**Air** enclosed in tiny cells of Woven Wool retaining the heat of the body with a luxuriousness of feeling gratifying to the most sensitive skin: That's Wright's Health Underwear

*Illustrated Catalogue Sent on request.*

Wright's Health Underwear Co.  Wright's Health Underwear

84 Franklin St. New York



## IT IS NOT THE PRICE

although the price is exceedingly low, considering the price of a hair mattress—still, it is not the price that sells the Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, it is the *quality*.

Think of it, a mattress which *never* requires remaking! An occasional sun bath, as every good mattress should have, will keep it indefinitely as good as new. It never becomes hard or lumpy, and it is purer than any hair mattress can possibly be.

The best Hotels and Institutions in Canada are using Ostermoor's Patent Elastic Felt Mattress in preference to the best curled hair.

**\$15.00**  
 Size 6 ft. 3 ins. by 4 ft. 6 ins.  
 Express prepaid anywhere East of Winnipeg.

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# Buy the Best Silverware

When you purchase either Sterling Silver or Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Spoons, and they are stamped with our Trade Marks, you are getting the very best Silverware made.



Sterling.

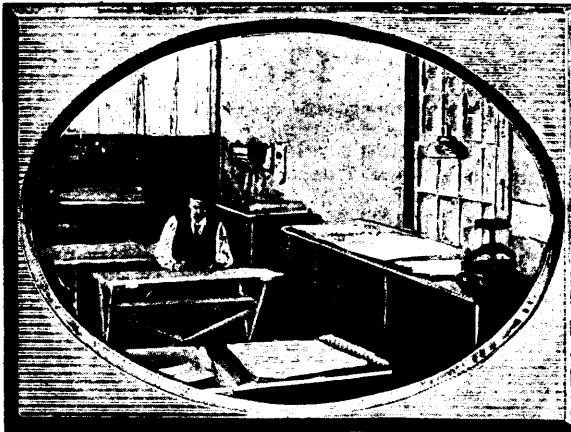
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The purchaser consults his own interests by insisting on getting goods bearing our Trade Marks. Every good dealer can buy them.

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by the advance information we are able to supply them and the full detail drawings and foundation plans freely furnished when an order is placed with us.

We invite inquiries from those about to instal high-grade Steam or Water-power plants. Representative sent to any point for Consultation.

The Jenckes Machine Co., <sup>23 Lansdowne Street,</sup> Sherbrooke, Que.

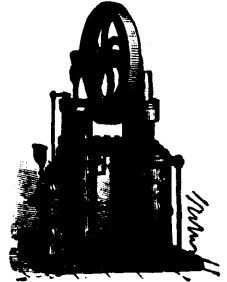
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more than those people who having sanitary appliances in their houses find their water supply uncertain. If they had a

## RIDER or an ERICSSON HOT AIR PUMPING ENGINE

certainly would take the place of uncertainty.

*Prices Greatly Reduced. Catalogue "A 12" on Application to Nearest Office.*



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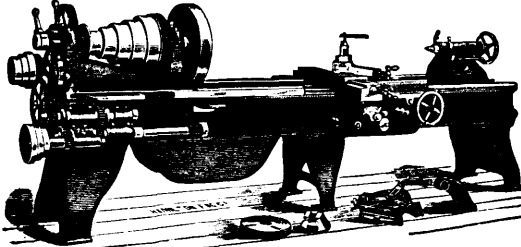
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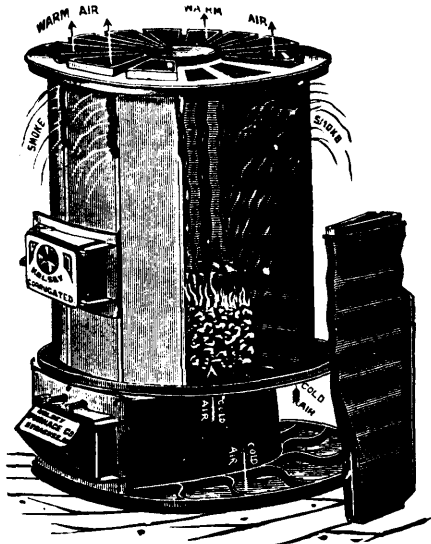
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Consisting of Machine Tools for  
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you will be just as badly off as you were last winter unless you get a

## KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR

(PATENTED)

This is the apparatus that will  
**WARM ALL YOUR HOUSE ALL  
THE TIME.**

Send for our "Kelsey" Booklet that tells  
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**MRS. WINSLOW'S**  
**SOOTHING SYRUP**

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
**Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.**

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**FOR CHILDREN**  
**WHILE CUTTING**  
**THEIR TEETH**

*An Old and Well-Tried Remedy*

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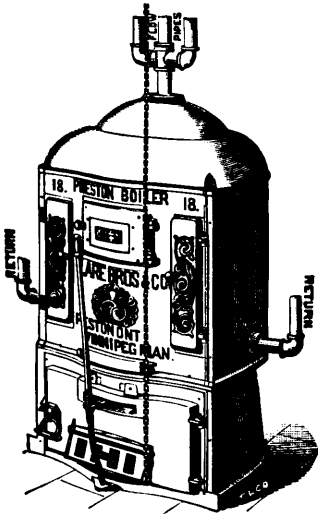
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The only shade rollers that you can always depend upon. Hartshorn Rollers work right all the time. Their only fault is, they are so good that they have a host of imitators, and to protect yourself from cheap imitations, ask for the Improved Hartshorn, with the new fixtures and the patent clamps for fastening on the shade, and see that you get the genuine Hartshorn, with the Stewart Hartshorn autograph on label.

ACCEPT ONLY THE GENUINE HARTSHORN.

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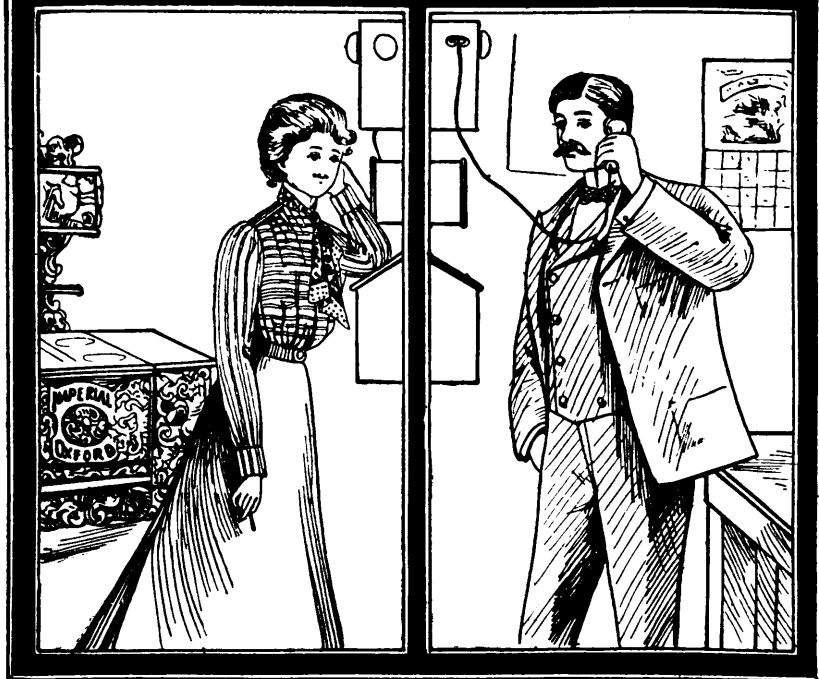


their buildings with HOT AIR or HOT WATER should consult CLARE BROS. & CO., PRESTON, ONT., if they want the latest and up-to-date apparatus to burn either wood or coal. Heating has been our specialty for the past thirty years. Our goods are of SUPERIOR quality and fully guaranteed. If you send us dimensions of your building we will cheerfully give you an estimate for heating, and advise you as to the best way of doing it.

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“ Hello, Tom—when you’re ordering coal for the kitchen, don’t forget that 2 tons less will do us this year.”

“ But Mary, are you sure? I want to get it all at once you know.”

“ Yes, indeed I’m sure—my new Imperial Oxford Range is making a big difference—why a small scuttle full keeps the fire going 24 hours.”

“ All right, then, we’re that much ahead, and you can have the difference in the bill for showing such good judgment in choosing your range.”

You can see the many improved features of this popular new range at leading dealers in every locality.

**The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited,**  
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The "Dominion"  
Pianos

60,000  
IN USE



An  
instrument  
of which

Canada is justly proud

**Dominion Organ & Piano Co.**  
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**Any  
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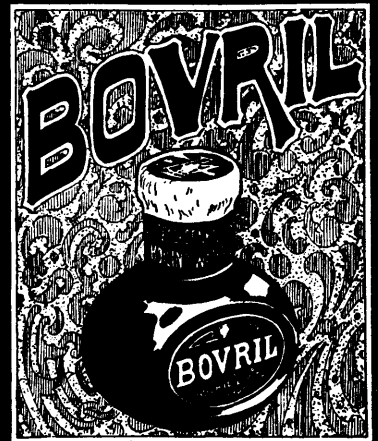
who wants to increase his output can find a means of doing so in judicious advertising.

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 ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL WHEN  
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PASTE  
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TEETHING  
POWDERS**



**.. WARNING.**—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S  
TEETHING POWDERS.**

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.

Depot—125 New North Road,  
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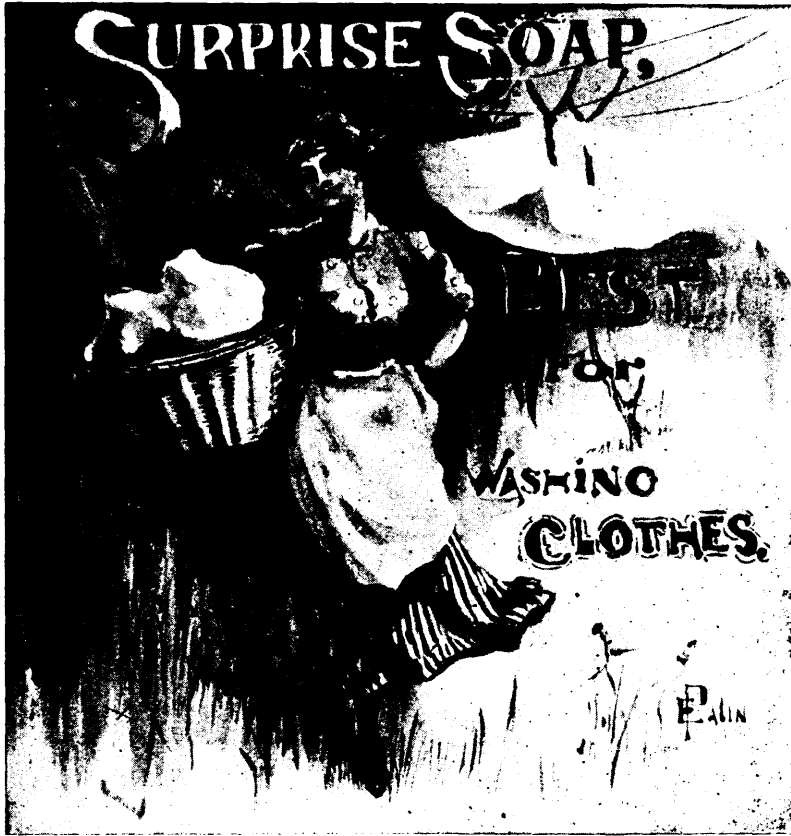


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H. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

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The Ladies' Hair Soap,

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**TARINA** is not only a perfect Shampoo and Skin Soap, but also a specific against the evil effects of perspiration.

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If your druggist does not keep it, remit us price, and we will send box by return mail.

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The Specific for Every Kind of Stomachic Disturbance.

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### A TRUE STORY.

It was a morning in the late autumn, heavy mist hung round, sodden leaves lay under the feet, and the air was damp and—what country people call—muggy, just the time for fevers and ague, when a country parson was at work in his study, his wife employed in household duties. A woman came up from the village to ask them to go and see a child who was in a very bad way. They immediately started, and found the poor child very ill; her pulse alarmingly high, but hot, burning cheeks, sore throat, foul tongue, hot dry hands, and headache. The clergyman and his wife telegraphed to each other that they thought very badly of her. "This is a case for LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE," said the lady. "Very decidedly," replied the parson. They returned home for a bottle—you may be sure they had it at hand—and administered a dose. Later in the day they returned to find the child a little better and decidedly quieter. They then administered another dose. The next day they called again with their bottle, to find to their satisfaction that the feverish symptoms were greatly abated, and the child beginning to look like herself. By continuing this treatment the little girl entirely recovered. The story got abroad, and the parson was besieged with requests for LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE, which, I need hardly say, he never refused, and its results—in I may conscientiously say "every" case—have been most beneficial.

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Thousands of men, women and even children, who suffer from nervous weakness, prostration, sleeplessness, nervous headache, frequently get the cart before the horse in the treatment of their trouble. In all cases of nervous exhaustion, the digestion and appetite are poor or entirely lacking, yet they invariably ascribe this condition, not to the stomach, but to the nerves.

The real fact is that all nervous troubles arise and are caused by a weak digestion, and this is plain because nervousness is simply an indication of tired nerves, STARVED nerves, and the only way they are starved is because the stomach fails to digest a sufficient quantity of nourishing food to supply the immense expenditure of nerve force wasted daily. Nervous people expend more nerve force than the weak digestion can replace.

Is it not plain that the common sense treatment to give in all nervous weakness is to begin with the stomach? Build up a good appetite, thorough digestion of wholesome food, and whoever saw a nervous wreck who could eat a hearty dinner and digest it?

Nervousness and good digestion are never found in the same individual, and how quickly the nervousness vanishes when the appetite becomes normal and the food is promptly digested before fermentation and acidity can take place.

Treat the stomach first, and do it with a safe, well-tested reliable remedy like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are no wonderful decoction warranted to perform miracles, but are simply a pleasant absolutely harmless digestive to be taken after each meal. They do not act on the bowels, but do the only thing really necessary, they digest the food promptly and completely leaving none to sour, ferment and poison the blood and nerves.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used and advised by physicians because they are no secret patent medicine, but contain only the natural digestive acids, fruit juices and peptones. They increase flow of gastric juice and build up the appetite, nervous system and increase flesh as no other remedy has done before, because by performing the work of digestion they rest and build up the whole digestive system.

So popular have they become by reason of their merit, the pleasant taste and convenience (can be carried in the pocket) that all druggists now sell them at 50 cents per package.

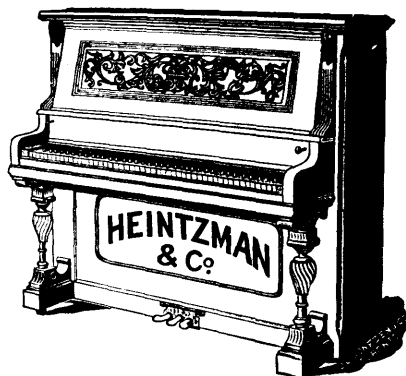
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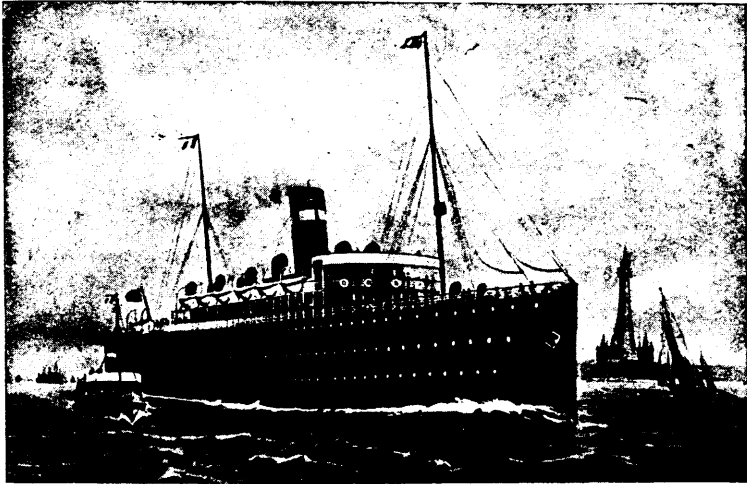
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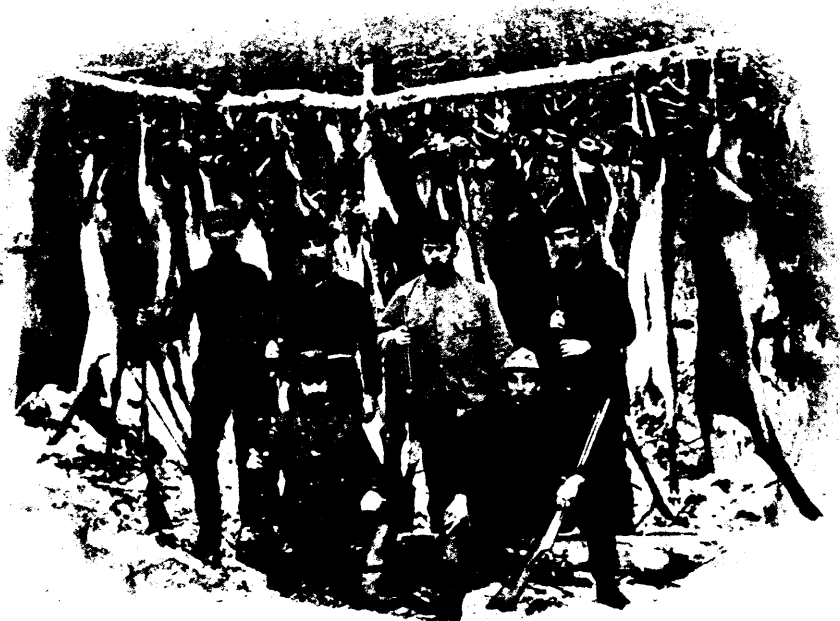
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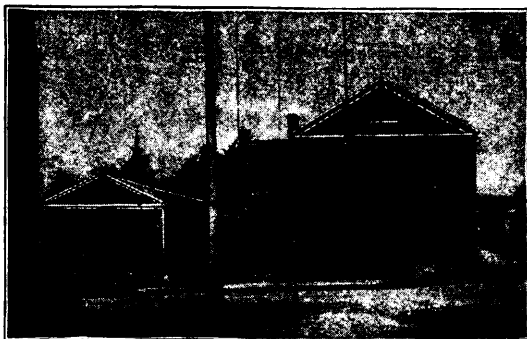
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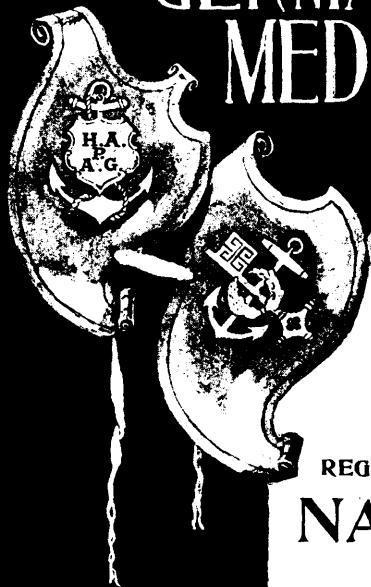
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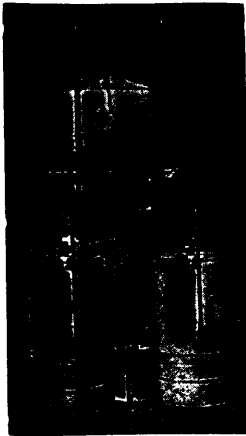
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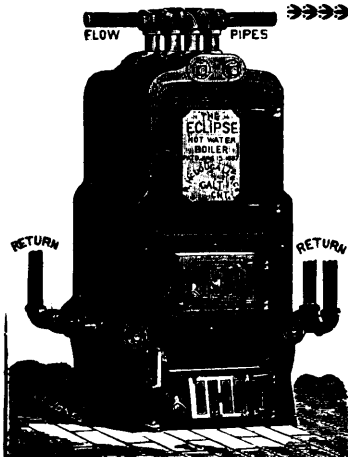
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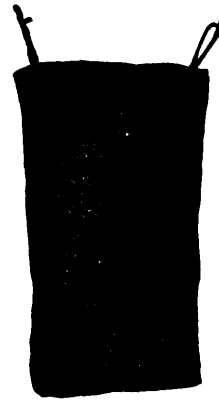
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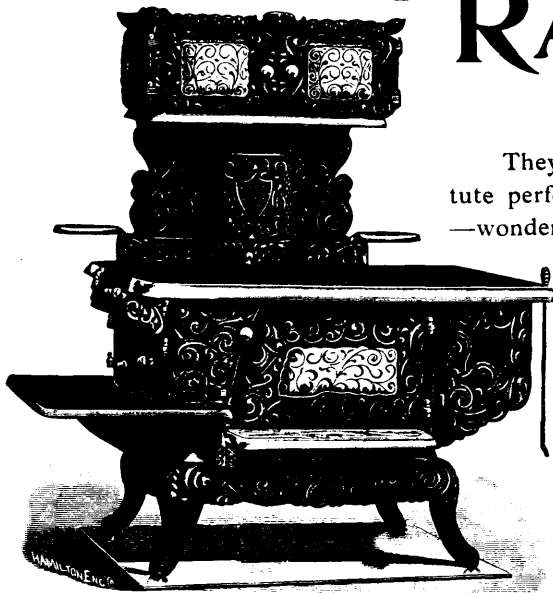
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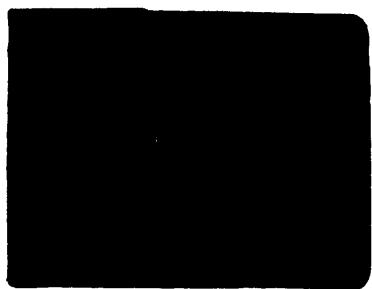
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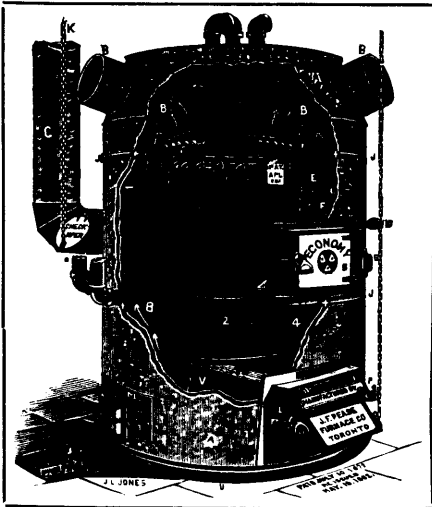
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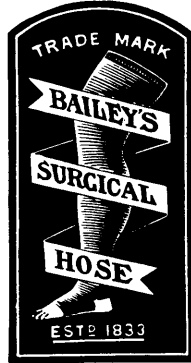
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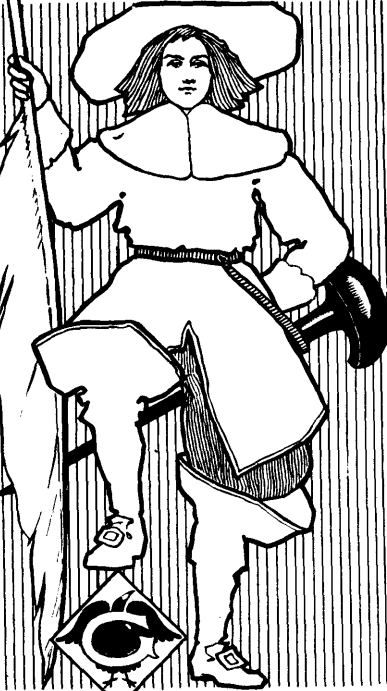
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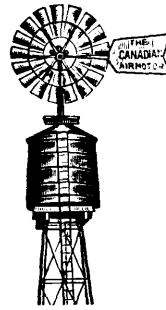


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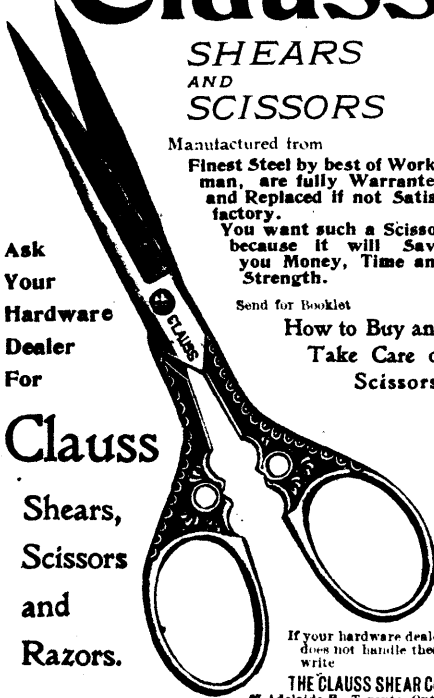
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