

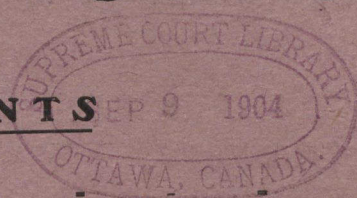
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THE NATIONAL

Monthly of Canada

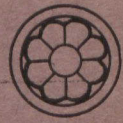
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AUGUST 1904

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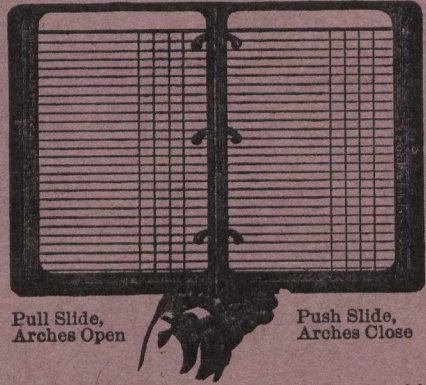
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

VOL. V.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1904

No. 2

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Showing Canada to the World

CANADA is beginning, none too soon, to "show off." The tendency to display is a common one in everyday life, and sometimes unpleasantly so; but what a man cannot safely do is often quite pardonable, and even desirable, in a nation. The doubtful modesty of Canadians has hitherto reflected itself too clearly in national affairs, and it is encouraging to note, even at this late day, that there is now a tendency to show off Canada to the world. It will no longer do to keep our national talents rolled up and hidden away.

One of the most successful attempts to advertise Canada that has yet been made is the Canadian exhibit at the World's Fair. Every Canadian visitor to St. Louis will find reason to be proud of his country, and to the thousands of other visitors the powers and resources that lie behind the display are proving a revelation. Good seed is being sown these summer months at the St. Louis Exposition that will bring forth fruit in future years. Attractive as the building and the exhibits are, there is an evident air of business about it all. Canada is advertising herself and is carrying on an active immigration canvass at the same time that she is helping to entertain the crowds.

Surely this kind of showing off is both justifiable and profitable. It has cost money, however, and a few weeks after the Fair

opened one or two of our members of Parliament raised objection to the policy of thus contributing to outside exhibitions. The Government intends sending exhibits to a number of coming fairs in England and the Continent, which these would-be economists deprecated as unwise expenditure. It is safe to say, however, that few people will agree with them. An appropriation of national funds, applied to as good purpose as at St. Louis, cannot but have a beneficial effect in making Canada better known to the world. We are now at a stage where we must do some national advertising, and that economy which would not dare to spend wisely now for future profits is surely false, or at least doubtful, economy. We have been modest long enough; it is time now to "show off" a little.

Protection for Canadian Labor

SOME attention has been paid of late to a phase of the labor problem not usually on the list. Strikes continue to be of frequent occurrence, and some of considerable importance have already made the situation uneasy. But another trouble has arisen in Canada out of the alleged employment of alien laborers on the new trans-continental railway surveys. It was asserted that workmen from the United States were given preference over Canadians, and the intervention of the Minister of Labor and a special commissioner was necessary before the difficulty was settled.

It is certainly a right and proper application of the theory of "Canada for Canadians" that our own people should be given the work on professedly national enterprises. The only conditions to this would be that there should be enough to do the work, and that they were capable of doing it. Too strict enforcement of an anti-alien regulation would be unwise, but within certain limits, there can be no doubt that some such measure is necessary to safeguard Canadian public interests. But just here both the Government and some of its critics are strangely self-contradictory. The Minister of Labor has said that Canadian labor must have the preference over American; yet the Government permits American manufactures to interfere with those of Canada, with very little restriction. If labor is to be protected, why should there not be protection also of products? On the other hand, some of the Conservative papers, which are ordinarily consistent advocates of a protective tariff, have been decrying the anti-alien labor movement; yet if products should be protected, why not labor also? They seem to be halves of the same proposition, and the consistent advocacy of one implies that of the other.

The Cry for Men

IT is not only in the cities and on the railways that labor troubles are being encountered. Trade unions, with their attendant strikes, are an outgrowth of city conditions, and such a question as that of alien labor arises only where some public work is going on; but a difficulty of another kind occurs in the country sections, the effects of which are felt most keenly by the farmers. The farmer is coming more and more to be an employer of labor, and as the demand for farm labor increases, its supply seems to be lessening. In Ontario, especially, the difficulty has assumed very serious proportions, and one farming industry in particular has suffered heavy loss. Dairy farming in the western part of the province has been so hard hit that for the past two or three years the output of cheese has been steadily decreasing; and

that this is due to scarcity of labor is shown by the fact that in eastern Ontario, where there is a better labor supply, the cheese output has been increasing. The dairy industry is one of Canada's best, and it is most unfortunate that the increase, which might have been general, has been retarded in half the province by labor conditions. Great difficulty is also reported from the fruit-farming sections.

A slight improvement in the situation is shown this year. The drain of the East to supply the demands of Manitoba and the West still continues; but, on the other hand, this is being partially offset by an increased immigration from Great Britain. Over five thousand persons have this year come to Ontario from various points in England. This is entirely distinct from the immigration movement to the West, as all but a very few intend settling in Ontario. Included in the number is a considerable proportion of mechanics, some of whom were attracted by the prospects of work in rebuilding burned Toronto; the majority, however, are farm laborers, and have found ready places among the farmers. The situation has thus been considerably relieved; it will be more permanently improved when the farmers adopt a more businesslike system of bargaining. Employing men only for a few months during the busy season, even at a higher wage, they find themselves short of help each succeeding spring; whereas if engaged by the year, at only a small extra cost, the laborers would be on hand when wanted for re-employment.

Making Our National Waterway Safe

WHATEVER may be the political and public opinion of the new trans-continental railway project and other transportation schemes recently proposed, there is at least one point on which all are agreed. The improvement of the St. Lawrence is a national work whose importance is self-evident. The great water highway is the key to the transportation situation in Canada, and the facilities which it provides are exceptional. Unfortunately, however, one serious drawback has retarded the

development of the St. Lawrence: navigation is at certain places and under certain conditions unsafe, and numerous disasters have marked the danger-points from the Gulf inward. Insurance rates have, as a consequence, been raised to almost prohibitive figures.

Something has been done from year to year to remedy this evil, but the Government's provisions seemed always to lack the needed efficacy. It is now announced that a more vigorous policy is to be adopted, and that the St. Lawrence will soon be as safe as any of the Great Lakes.

The most novel of the proposed measures is the establishment of seven wireless telegraph stations in the Gulf, by means of which communication may be maintained between the shore and ships passing in either direction. Work on these has already commenced. In addition, thirty new buoys, with submarine signal bells, will be placed, of a type similar to the buoys in New York harbor. In a year's time, when the dredging operations will be completed, it is hoped to have the entire channel from Montreal to Quebec lighted so as to be navigable night or day. Improved lighting from Quebec to the sea will also be considered. A lighthouse board has been formed with the express duty of looking after this department, and the Government has further decided to organize a Canadian marine fleet. These various measures will surely do much to safeguard the St. Lawrence and give it its rightful place among the world's great waterways.

What Niagara Falls Power Will Save

THE date is drawing measurably near when the great engineering works at Niagara Falls will be completed and their power made available for use. So mighty a force needs strong harness, and the works, when finished, will be a wonder second only to the Falls themselves. Meanwhile the adjacent towns are making plans for utilizing the power as soon as it is on the market. There are at least some thirty towns and cities which may be expected to become consumers of electric power from Niagara, and which are now

using approximately 100,000 horse-power of steam. Toronto is, of course, most largely interested in this new source of motive energy, which will be utilized in a variety of directions. Windsor, on the west, and Kingston, on the east, are presumably the limits to which the power can be profitably transmitted.

A phase of the project not as often considered as its importance deserves, is the relation of Niagara power to the coal supply. To produce the hundred thousand horse-power of steam now being used in thirty towns of the district, an amount of coal is consumed in a year sufficient to answer the domestic needs of the same district for many years; and the saving of this enormous amount will, by so much, postpone the inevitable exhaustion of the coal supply. A recent writer in an engineering journal says that we are burning our coal extravagantly, heedless of the fact that some day the mines will be exhausted. But waterpowers, such as that of Niagara, are practically inexhaustible, and, once developed, provide both a permanent supply and a permanent investment. The awaited completion of the works at the Falls means therefore not only more power, but cheaper and more convenient power, and a very great economy of the coal supply.

Caring for the Beauty-Spots

INDUSTRY and ornament go sometimes hand in hand. Canada is devoting more of her attention to her industrial development than ever before, but that fact in no way obscures the attention which she should and does give to the encouragement of the ornamental. Niagara Falls has for many generations been Canada's greatest show-place, and now that it is being turned to industrial purpose there has been some fear that its beauty would be marred. But Niagara will ultimately prove our most successful combination of industry and ornament, for an elaborate system of park construction has been planned and is already being carried out. It is intended to convert the entire shore of the Niagara River from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario into a series of parks and boulevards, and

the immediate vicinity of the Falls will be made more than ever attractive, the power works being for the most part out of sight. The æsthetic and the commercial are to be strikingly harmonized.

Another evidence of the national interest being taken nowadays in things ornamental is the action of the Dominion Government in reserving a number of park sites among the Thousand Islands. These islands are justly famed as gems of the St. Lawrence, whose beauties have been told by both the poets and the guide-books, but the greater number of them are now private property. Just before it was too late the Government realized the need of saving a part of the thousand for the public, and having reserved some of the islands, intends now to fit them up as pleasure parks and picnic grounds. In this the Government will be following the example of the New York Legislature, which provided some years ago for a number of such public parks on the American side. It is encouraging to note that our own legislators are coming to recognize that hard work and practical industrialism are not all our country needs, but that there is a place also for beauty and play.

Better Roads for the Public

HOW to maintain good or even passable roads throughout the wide stretches of country districts is a question as perplexing in its way as how to provide needed railway transportation across the continent. In dealing with this problem the lead has been taken by Ontario, where a good roads director is employed by the Government, with a marked improvement in the public highways as a result of his labors. Nova Scotia has recently followed suit, having engaged a civil engineer to act in a similar capacity. These directors have as an important part of their duties the education of the public as to what constitutes good roads and how to build them, for it is beginning to be recognized nowadays that there is a science in road-making.

It is the indifference and ignorance hitherto manifested by the public that is

largely responsible for the inferior condition of many of our roads. In a recent address, Mr. A. W. Campbell, the Ontario good roads director, showed that "the methods of road-making now generally prevailing are most wasteful and unbusiness-like, and that much better results can be had for even less money than is now being expended. In one township, for example, he said, there are some ninety road-masters, each with his own ideas of road-making, and one often undoing the plans of his predecessors. As a result, there had been expended during the past ten years upon the roads of that township some \$50,000 in cash and an equal value of statute labor work, or about \$100,000 in all. For this large expenditure it was apparent that no adequate results had been achieved, nor could it be otherwise until there was one system for the township."

New Ideas in Education

WHILE business is moving on apace it would be unfortunate for the country if education were not sharing in the progress. There can, indeed, be no lasting progress of national proportions, unless it includes both. In Canada there is at present much groping after light on the educational problem, but we are gradually shaping a system of our own, and have already made some important experiments in new and original directions.

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY has referred in former issues to the work of technical schools in Canada, and has shown that in this line we are working out a definitely Canadian policy, combining some of the best features of various systems in other countries. The Toronto Technical School has recently widened its scope by affiliating in a portion of its course with the public high schools, though still retaining also all its distinctive features.

A newer experiment now under way at one or two points in eastern Canada is the consolidated school system, which was described in these pages when it was first proposed. One of these schools is now in full operation in Middleton, N.S., and another will open at Kingston, N.B., in the

fall, both due largely to the beneficence of Sir William Macdonald. At each of these places the district schools within a radius of six miles have combined to support one central school, meanwhile closing their own doors, the pupils being conveyed the further distance in specially provided vans. By this concentration of forces it is hoped to procure greater effectiveness of results, and the experiment at the first school has so far proved a pleasing success.

Educational experiments are not being limited, however, to the public school system. One of the most novel of the new departures is the organization, under the auspices of the Ontario Bureau of Mines, of travelling schools among the miners. Classes are being held this summer at the mines in various parts of the province, in which instruction is given for a short time in practical mineralogy by two competent specialists. The purpose of these classes is to teach the miners the properties and characteristics of all kinds of minerals, so that they may the more intelligently assist in discovering and developing new deposits. All such attempts to raise the standing and economic value of the common people are worthy of encouragement, and may well be extended in other directions.

The Habit of Travelling

A PROSPEROUS farmer in one of the eastern provinces achieved a certain amount of fame a few years ago by his record of having until then never travelled beyond ten miles from his home. One of the members of the British Columbia Legislature had never seen a railway train until he went to take his seat in the House for the first time. It would be interesting to know whether or not there are many other such stay-at-homes in Canada, and whether their lack of travel is a matter of choice or necessity.

The travel habit may not be as general as it should be, but it has greatly increased in the last twenty years. The improvement in transportation facilities has, to a great extent, been responsible for this, but, it is probable that the matter of fares has a still closer bearing. Another important factor

is the electric railway, which by its convenience and cheapness has induced people to move about oftener and more freely than in the days before it came. This applies as yet, however, to only the vicinities of the cities and to a few country districts, but the tram-car idea is growing, as the number of charters applied for each year clearly proves.

In one way or another, Canadians owe it to themselves to travel, beginning with their own country. There are wonders in Canada of scenery, industry, and civic achievement that will furnish ground for many a grand tour, as we have not long since begun to learn. To say nothing of the broadening influences of travel in other lands, an increase of travel in our own country will give an appreciation of our national heritage that nothing else will, and, at the same time, it will furnish abundant and varied entertainment. If need be, let us have more railways and cheaper fares, but the habit of travelling is in any case one that can be cultivated with benefit.

What Canada Can Do

ONE of the many attractive placards displayed in the Canadian exhibit at the World's Fair reads to this effect:

NORTH-WESTERN CANADA CAN PRODUCE
800,000,000 BUSHELS OF THE BEST
WHEAT IN THE WORLD.

Such a claim is one that no country could afford to make without facts behind it, and in the case of Canada it may prove a matter of surprise even to thousands of the native born. Yet the figures given in the Dominion Experimental Farm's blue book, recently published, sustain the claim and show that the possibilities of Greater Canada are nothing less than wonderful.

Last year the wheat yield of Manitoba and the Territories was nearly 70,000,000 bushels from 3,280,000 acres of land. This, however, is only a fraction of the possible yield, for the total area suitable for cultivation is estimated at 171,000,000 acres. This estimate is the result of care-

ful explorations of the entire region, and may be accepted as fairly accurate. In addition there is an area of nearly 500,000,000 acres in Athabasca and Mackenzie Territories, whose value for wheat growing has not yet been fully ascertained. Experiments in some districts of Athabasca have proved very satisfactory, and the Hudson's Bay Company has hopes of soon supplying all its northern posts with Peace River flour. But meanwhile there is a vast wheat country yet to be taken up, to the south. Less than 4 per cent. of the cultivable area has so far been brought under crop; when the balance is converted from prairie waste into rich prairie farms, even if not all suited to grain-growing, Canada will have become the greatest wheat-producing country in the world. This is the actual goal set before us; only time and men are needed to make it fact.

In this connection a statement made not long ago by a United States official is worth quoting. He said that "If a person took a map of the North American Continent and a pair of compasses, and placed one point at St. Paul, Minnesota, and the other as far north in Canada as wheat grows, and then drew a circle, the arc would touch the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the Gulf of Mexico."

The United States, with 50,000,000 acres in crop, produced last year 637,821,835 bushels of wheat. This was considered a good yield, and was nine times as large as that of Canada; yet Canada does not suffer by the comparison. The average yield per acre in the western states was fourteen bushels, while in Manitoba it was more than twenty bushels, and in many cases of superior grain. If Canada had a crop area of 50,000,000 acres (which would be only one-third, or less, of the total cultivable area), she would have a production of 1,000,000,000 bushels, far greater than any other country in the world.

It may be many years too soon to build national hopes of so great proportions, but blue book statistics such as these show what our country is capable of, and point to a future in which every Canadian may well feel some pride and find an inspiration

for work. They mean that Canada will some day be a world power in a sense better than martial.

Joining Two Oceans

THE long delay that has attended the Panama Canal since it was first projected is at last nearing an end. Now that the enterprise is in the hands of the United States, with a Congress determined to carry it through to completion, the dream becomes more of a possible reality. To finish the work will cost, it is estimated, at least one hundred million dollars, and it will be entrusted to a commission acting under the authority of the United States Government. Operations have already partially begun and will be pushed vigorously forward. The greater part of the cost will be for labor, and this, too, will probably be the cause of the chief difficulty met by the contractors. The Panama climate is deadly to all but natives of the country, and the utmost precaution will be necessary to guard against fatalities. It is likely that the bulk of the work will be done by Italians, of whom thousands are already being brought to America. The oversight of the enterprise has been given to a prominent American railway president, who has been previously connected with some of the most notable engineering works in the United States.

As for the benefits to follow the completion of the Panama Canal, they may quite naturally be supposed to fall largely to the share of the country which has assumed the burden of the work. Both from commercial and strategic standpoints, the canal will be of great importance to the United States, which will be thus provided with easy water communication between its two coasts. The advantages and benefits of such connection are apparent. But the Panama Canal is not to be monopolized by the United States. It is a part of the original agreement, confirmed under the new arrangement, that all the other nations are to have open rights in common with the owning nation, and Panama will, in this way, be as valuable a short cut, for all the world, as Suez. In

case of war, however, it is quite likely that this policy and the Monroe doctrine, and the necessities of self-protection, might come into conflict. But the completion of the canal is a work in which all the world is interested, and the United States has everybody's good wishes for success in its immense undertaking.

Tariff Changes

AS foreshadowed there have been a few alterations in the tariff schedule that may operate favorably to Canadian industries. These portions of the British preference that have operated unfavorably against local manufacturers have been curtailed by a reduction of the preferential rate of 6 per cent. A remedy has also been devised against dumping, whereby an unfair market price will receive no recognition from the Customs officer. Additional articles are placed upon the free list, where Canadian industries are not interfered with. The great bulk of the old tariff remains unchanged, but nevertheless the changes are opportune and much more satisfactory than none at all.

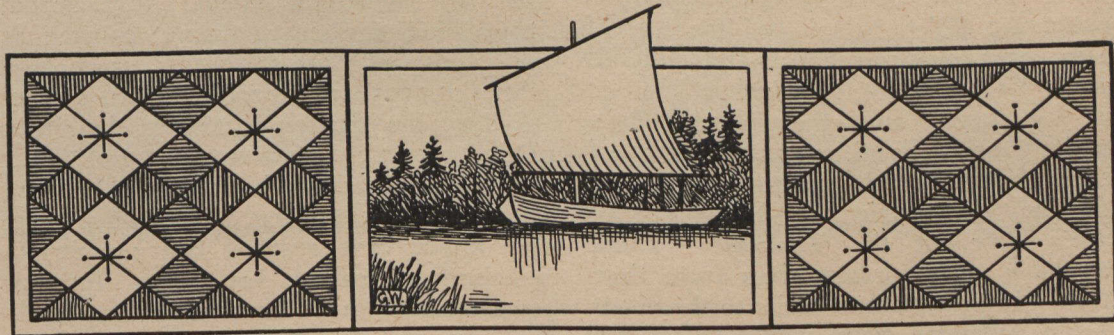
Morine on Confederation

AT a recent luncheon of the Canadian Club at Toronto, the Hon. Mr. Morine, leader of the Opposition in Newfoundland, expressed himself as politically

favorable to complete federation, and that he would make this the chief issue of the ensuing election. He advises the Dominion to be cautious and tactful, and believes that the disposition of Newfoundlanders is not so hostile as generally supposed. Greater generosity on the part of the Dominion, and a trifle more agitation on the part of the local statesmen would bring about the desired result harmoniously and finally.

Steerage Rates and Immigration

THE recent lowering of steerage rates on competing steamship lines has greatly enlarged the flow of American and Canadian immigration. There has been a great increase of the undesirable class—paupers and illiterates, and many afflicted with diseases of various kinds. Shipments from Havre to Canada prove of this latter class, and only the strictest quarantine examination at Quebec could protect us from undesirable citizens. Despite even the careful examination of the Hamburg Medical Board before sailing, malignant disease was found among sixty passengers upon arrival in Quebec. Moreover, there is already a congestion of pauper immigrants in the neighborhood of Canadian sea-ports, for whom no employment is yet available. The immigration offices need careful government supervision. Colonization by these classes is overdone already.



WHAT NEXT?

BY MAHLON HARVEY

AN impression has gone abroad regarding a possible claim by the United States of territorial rights in North-eastern Canada. From what source this claim originates is hard to define, but it is clearly an aftermath of the Alaskan boundary question. While the general public are but little informed of our rights in Ungava, Franklin, and the far northern islands, our claim is none the less secure. Possession counts nine points of the law. Close examination of the Alaskan award will reveal a decision upon that same legal precedent. British magnanimity looked kindly upon thirty-five years' usurped possession and forbade deprivation thereof. Canada's claim to her eastern territory is much older and far more stable than that of the Alaskan shore.

Occasionally we hear of some foreign power seizing some little island in the far Pacific for a coaling depot. It was common enough in the days of privateer navigation for some enterprising mariner to raise his country's flag over some terra incognita. International complications were then concerned with larger issues, and coaling stations less required. Geographical precedence received, therefore, more consideration, and an island or two, if outside of Europe, was of no consequence. Yet, in spite of the zeal of the explorer, one or more unknown lands remain. One of these—whether land or sea, we know not—the North Pole, occupies the intermittent attentions of various adventurous mariners. Which nation will first attain the Pole? Pray Heaven it be not the Yankees! These latter have sent representatives from time to time. It is from these visits to the north that the American claim would be largely based. Explorations have undoubtedly been made, but they confer no priority of claim to territory, even in the extreme

north. Great Britain had been there before them. Moreover, should American fishermen and whalers have plied their business in Hudson Bay itself, the act gave them no claim to aught save the doubtful honor of affrontery and wholesale poaching.

The general supposition concerning the extreme north-eastern lands of the Dominion is that they are of no particular consequence. The same was thought of the Alaskan shores by Great Britain some years ago. These northern districts, the home of the Hudson Bay trapper and Esquimaux, have a distinct value that will be greatly augmented in the near future. This was vaguely recognized as a matter of priority when Charles II., in 1664, gave letters patent to the Honorable Hudson Bay Company, granting to their use all lands and waters to the north and west of New France. Those were not the days when Englishmen talked of "Our Lady of the Snows," when they were willing even to navigate the Arctic Circle to gain a little trade or, better still, a few furs to keep themselves warm. The value of this land was still further emphasized when, by the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, the same rights were confirmed, with the additional cession of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. It was still further confirmed, as well as the priority of claim to the new territories, when in 1735 an expedition from Bristol sailed up the Hudson Straits on their way to find a north-west passage. But for a mistake of direction this might have been found, for, discounting all misadventure, they might have reached Behring Straits and the far Pacific in due course. Instead, however, they sailed southward over Hudson Bay, and found eventually the Company's trading posts on the western shore. Subsequent events have had little or no bearing upon the title of this territory.

Though more recent charters limited the field of the great trading company, the sovereignty of this country was held by the Hudson Bay Company until 1890, when it was formally taken over by the Dominion Government and the various districts properly designated.

If any claim can be recorded (and basis for this we have failed to find), the United States would be restricted to the waters of Hudson Bay itself. Here, again, there would be failure, unless a claim could be adjudicated upon adjacent territory. A glance at the map will show that while the bay is joined by various channels with the ocean, it is really a large inland sea and altogether Canadian territory. Those islands to the north are merely the post-glacial fragments of a continent, and Hudson Bay a post-glacial lake, of which kind are many other adjacent waters. If the United States' claim antedates the glacial epoch, we may as well throw up the sponge and be annexed at once. It is the same kind of cheek they have displayed in sending patent medicine circulars to a local medical college.

The intrinsic value of the Hudson Bay waterways has been up to the present time mainly in fisheries and the fur trade. It is possible that the interior of Ungava, that portion of the great eastern peninsula, between Labrador and Hudson Bay, contains

immense quantities of valuable timber land, but it is as yet almost wholly unexplored. A great timber trade with western points is possible on Hudson Bay. A new possibility has also arisen, a problem of navigation, or rather of transportation. Cannot even the short summer be utilized for the shipment from Hudson Bay ports, of the export wheat to Europe, *via* Hudson Straits? It would be an immense saving in distance were the bay and straits made safely navigable for ocean-going ships. It would remove the congestion of traffic from eastern ports and equalize the stress of transportation rates. It would involve an international situation by the diverting of Canadian export grain from American ports. Likewise, by a possible trade in timber from the eastern shore to the west, a flourishing business may eventually spring up in this hitherto supposedly cold, uninhabited, and valueless region. The future will speak for itself. Whatever may be American feeling regarding Hudson Bay, Ungava, Franklin, or even the North Pole itself, Canadians may rest at ease. There will be no court of arbitration over Hudson Bay or any adjacent territory. Our American friends have nothing whatever upon which a claim may be based. Had it been so, we would have heard the eagle scream long before this.



PETERBOROUGH, THE WATER-POWER CITY

HISTORICAL.

IN the year 1818, a small party of immigrants passed up the beautiful valley of the Otonabee River as far as the township of Smith, then recently surveyed. In the next year a mill was erected at what is now the Cereal Co.'s dam. Here a town site had previously been reserved. The place at this period was called Scott's Plains. The population then consisted only of the miller and his associates, while the surrounding townships contained some five hundred settlers.

In 1825, the Hon. Peter Robinson, assisted by the British Government, brought out a large number of Irish immigrants. These took up land in Emily, Douro, Ennismore, and Otonabee townships, increasing the population over four times. In this year the town was laid out, and the first store opened.

In 1826, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of Upper Canada, visited the settlement, and the name Peterborough was chosen for the town, out of compliment to the Hon. Peter Robinson. A dam, bridge, and saw mill were completed about this time.

In 1827, the first school was built, the foundation of the old Grammar School. Agriculture also began to show signs of increasing prosperity, and the nucleus of a market was formed, which has since grown to immense proportions.

In 1831 the town received another substantial increase in population, consisting largely of mechanics from Great Britain. The population now numbered about five hundred.

In 1833, attention was attracted to the facilities for navigation offered by the remarkable water system of this fertile

countryside. A steamboat was built to ply between Peterborough and Rice Lake. The assistance of the government was obtained for the development of inland navigation, with the result that locks were built at Hastings and Peterborough. This was the initial step in the construction of the Trent Valley Canal, still uncompleted.

In 1837, a contingent of two hundred patriots marched the whole distance to Toronto to assist in suppressing the Rebellion. In this year also the pioneer newspaper, *The Backwoodsman*, was issued. The population had now reached about eight hundred. The erection of a court house was begun the next year.

In 1854, the first railway was completed, running to Cobourg *via* Rice Lake and Harwood.

1850 witnessed the incorporation of the town, with a population of about eighteen hundred.

In 1858, the Midland Railway to Port Hope was completed. This was put through to Lindsay in 1882. The Grand Junction was built in 1879, and the C.P.R. in 1883.

INDUSTRIAL.

Much of the initial growth and prosperity of Peterborough was due to the lumber business. This industry began to decline during the seventies, owing to the depletion of the timber limits. This depression was of short duration. Fine geographical position, excellent transportation, and, above all, abundance of water power, have combined to make Peterborough a most desirable location for industries. Several large manufacturing firms have already located here, and others are bound to follow.

SOME OF THE LEADING MANUFACTURING OF PETERBOROUGH.

INDUSTRY	HANDS EMPLOYED
Canadian General Electric Co.....	900
American Cereal Co.....	500
The Dickson Co., (lumber).....	300
William Hamilton Mfg. Co. (saw mill and mining machinery).....	210
Canadian Cordage and Mfg. Co.....	193
Auburn Woollen Co.....	160
Peter Hamilton Mfg. Co. (agricultural implements).....	130
Alfred McDonald, (lumber, etc.).....	120
Geo. Matthews Co. (pork packing).....	105
Peterborough Lock Mfg. Co.....	100
B. F. Ackerman, Son & Co. (harness and saddlery).....	75

Others are the Peterborough Canoe Co., J. J. Turner & Sons (tents, sails, etc.), Martin-Stanley Piano Co., Peterborough Sugar Co., Colonial Ink Co., Geo. Stevens (fertilizer), G. W. Green (foundry, machine shop, and pumps), McAllister Milling Co., Canadian Ultimator Co., Colonial Weaving Co., Canadian Canoe Co., Wm. English Canoe Co., R. Arnott (cheese boxes), Central Milling Co., R. Clinkscale (sashes, doors, etc.), W. H. Meldrum (flour), E. H. Mann (sashes, doors, cheese boxes), Peterborough Mat-tress Co., Hopper & Crofts (confectionery).

ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT.

The picturesque Otonabee, in its course from the southern arm of Stony Lake to Rice Lake, offers unusual opportunities for the generation of electric power. This fact is fully appreciated by the progressive citizens of Peterborough who already have at their disposal a generous supply of electrical energy. This supply of power, which is practically inexhaustible, is obtained from a number of dams constructed in Peterborough and the vicinity, and is sure to prove a still further attraction to industries.

MUNICIPAL FACTS AND FIGURES.

Peterborough has a well-deserved reputation as a healthy and pleasant place to live in. High and dry situation, excellent water works, and an efficient sewage system, contribute largely to this result. The population at present is 15,000 or over, the village of Ashburnham, situated just

across the river, having been recently incorporated. The assessed value of realty in the town is \$5,497,189; the surplus of assets over liabilities, \$135,228; and the rate of taxation for municipal and school purposes, 19 mills on the dollar.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

A Collegiate Institute, Business College, and nine Public Schools, supply the ordinary requirements of education. There are also twelve churches, representing the leading denominations. Other public buildings are the Post Office, Customs and Inland Revenue Offices. Education is still further rounded out by a well-furnished public library. Journalism is ably represented by such influential publications as, the *Times*, the *Examiner*, and *Review*.

PARKS AND SUMMER RESORTS.

Peterborough's park system exemplifies the belief of her citizens in the "utility of the beautiful." There are two large parks and several smaller ones, two of them situated centrally, all contributing greatly to the beauty of the residential section. A recent by-law, ordering the removal of over-hanging signs, shows a desire for civic improvement which is worthy of imitation.

Several popular summer resorts are within easy reach. These are at Balsam, Cameron, Sturgeon, Scugog, Buckhorn, Pigeon, Stony, and others of the great chain of lakes bearing the Indian name of Kawartha which signifies "Happy homes and bright waters." These beautiful watering-places, with their picturesque scenery and opportunities for sport, promise soon to outstrip in popularity the famous resorts of Muskoka.

TRENT VALLEY CANAL SYSTEM.

Our description would be incomplete without reference to the Trent Valley Canal, which promises to become of national importance. This system takes advantage of the natural waterways extending from Midland on the Georgian

Bay to a point near Lake Ontario, with which it requires only a short stretch of excavation to complete the connection. The completion of this canal would place Peterborough on a direct line of communication between the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario. The importance of this means of transportation from the upper lakes can hardly be over-estimated. This canal also directly drains a country which produces annually some fifteen million bushels of grain and over 200,000 tons of hay. The hydraulic lift lock at Peterborough is sixty-five feet high. Vessels are raised this height and sent on their way in eight minutes.

This magnificent structure, which is the largest of its kind in the world, was formally opened on Saturday, July 9th, in the presence of a great concourse of people from the surrounding country. A large Parliamentary delegation from Ottawa was also present, the leading members of which delivered speeches, showing the high estimation in which the work is held, and its excellent prospects for the future.

The lift lock has been eight years under construction, and has cost in the neighborhood of \$750,000. The purpose of the lock is to overcome, in one operation, the difference in levels mentioned above, thus affecting a considerable saving in time. Twenty-six thousand barrels of cement were used in building the concrete substructure.

A vessel desiring to be lowered sails out into a pontoon of water supported by a huge piston. The weight of water is then so adjusted that one pontoon descends and the other ascends in the same manner as a pair of scales when used in weighing.

The work, which is under the control of the Department of Railways and Canals, has been under the direct supervision and management of Messrs. R. B. Rogers, of Peterborough, Superintendent of the Trent Canal, and W. J. Francis, C.E., hydraulic lock engineer.

TRANSPORTATION BY RAIL.

In the matter of railway communication Peterborough is very happily situated. The town is the centre of a six-pointed star, whose rays, represented by railway lines, branch in six directions. The Canadian Pacific main line gives direct communication with Montreal and points east, also with Toronto and the west. Two branches of the Grand Trunk extend south-west and south-east, respectively, connecting the town with the main line, and giving easy access to the lake ports of Belleville and Port Hope. Another branch of the Grand Trunk runs in a north-westerly direction to Midland, noted for its fine harbor and great smelting works. Another shorter line runs north-west to Lakefield, the terminus of Kawartha Lake navigation.

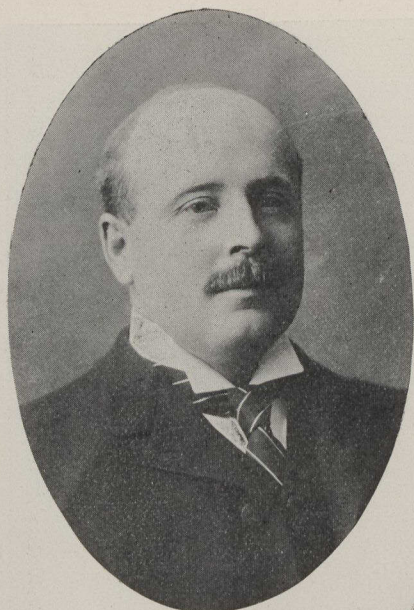
GENERAL REMARKS.

In a country of great possibilities and abundant industrial opportunity, no other town, probably, has greater advantages, than Peterborough. The town is beautifully situated, a fact which is sure to weigh with those who are attracted by the splendid business opportunities it has to offer.

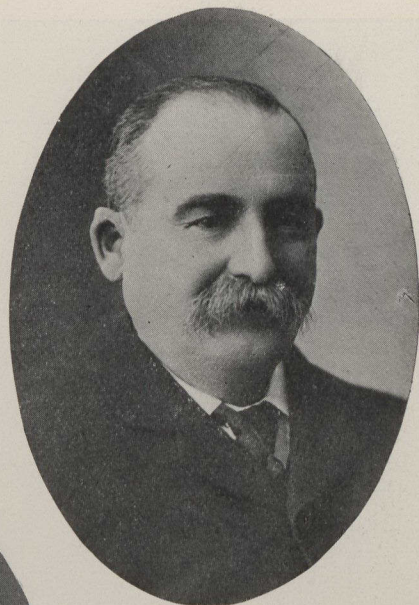
Its situation seems almost ideal with regard to future developments in navigation. It is surrounded by a country rich in natural resources. Its citizens, also, seem wide awake to their opportunities.

That it shares these advantages in common with many other Canadian towns and as a consequence of the rising tide of prosperity in Canada, is no detraction from its merits.

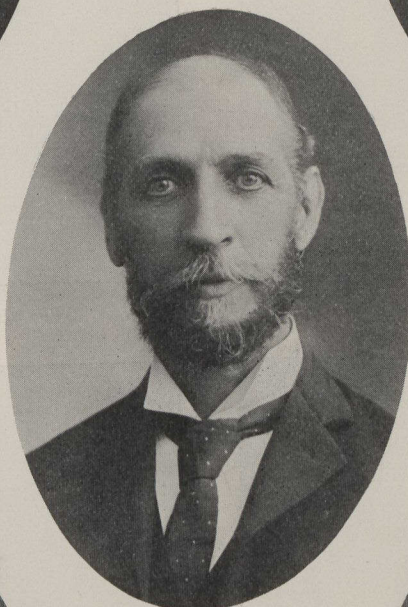
In conclusion, we would say that the facts seem to justify the conviction expressed by one of the Rothschilds in 1898, that the Peterborough district would one day become one of the great manufacturing and industrial centres of the continent.



T. F. MATTHEWS.



H. LE BRUN.



G. M. ROGER.
Mayor.

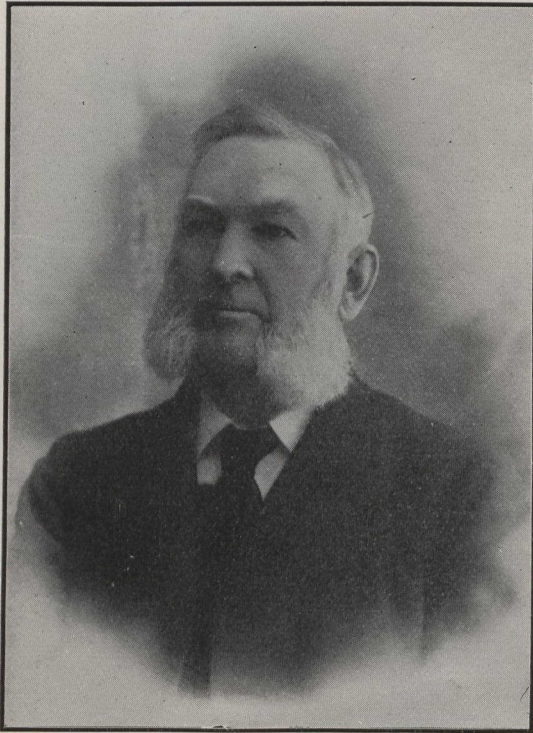


HON. J. R. STRATTON.

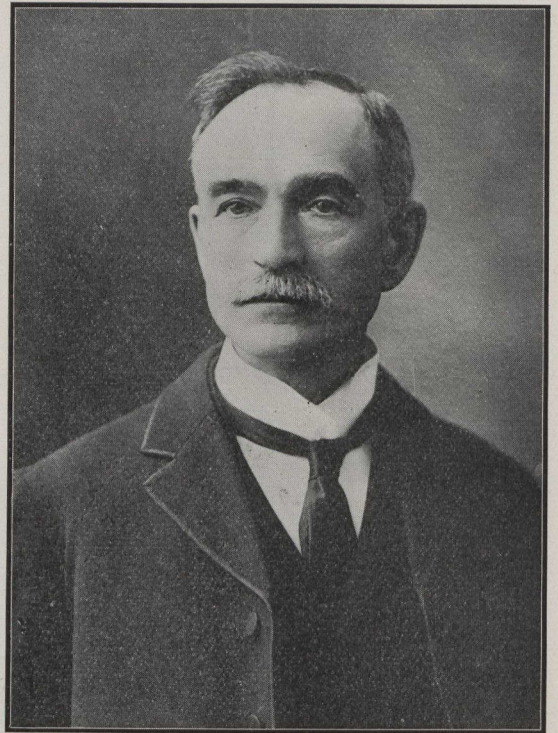


ROBT. FAIR.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF PETERBOROUGH



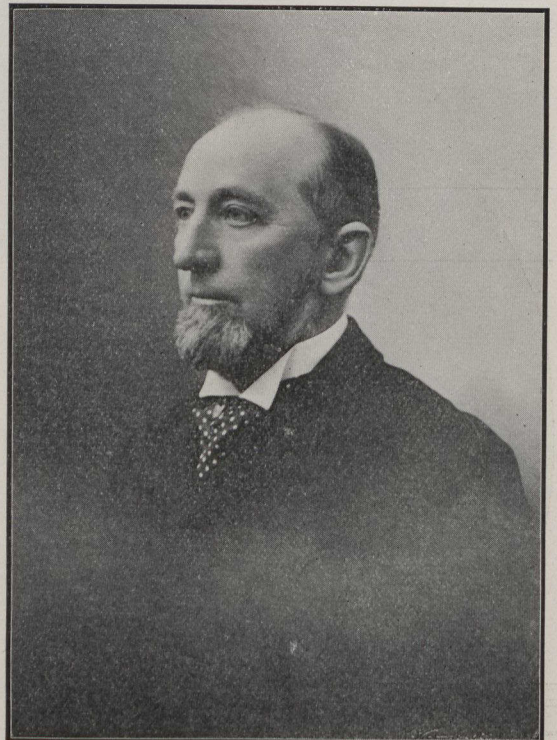
PETER HAMILTON.



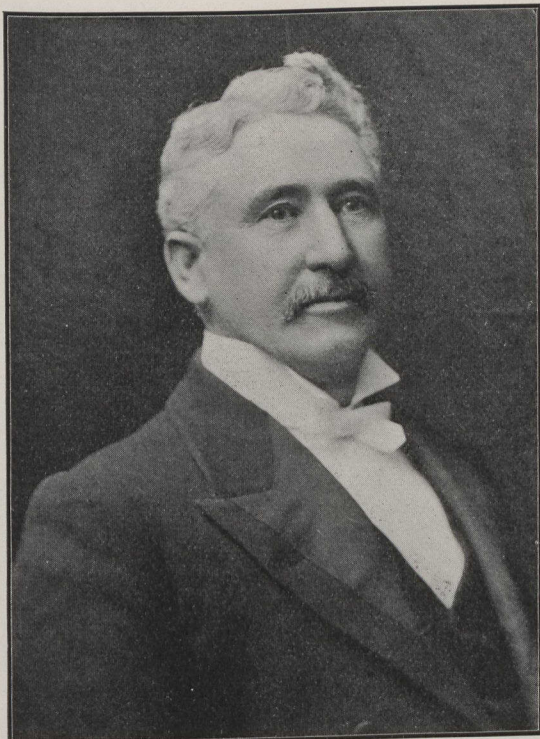
BENJ. SHORTLEY.



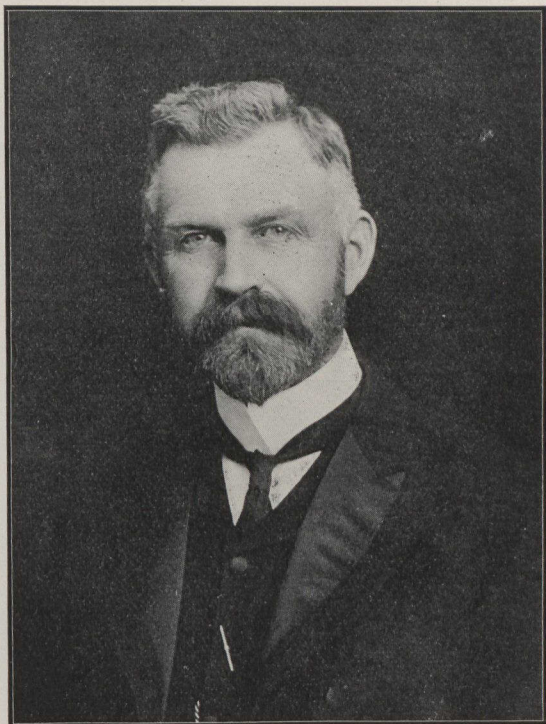
ROBT. STUART.



RICHARD HALL.



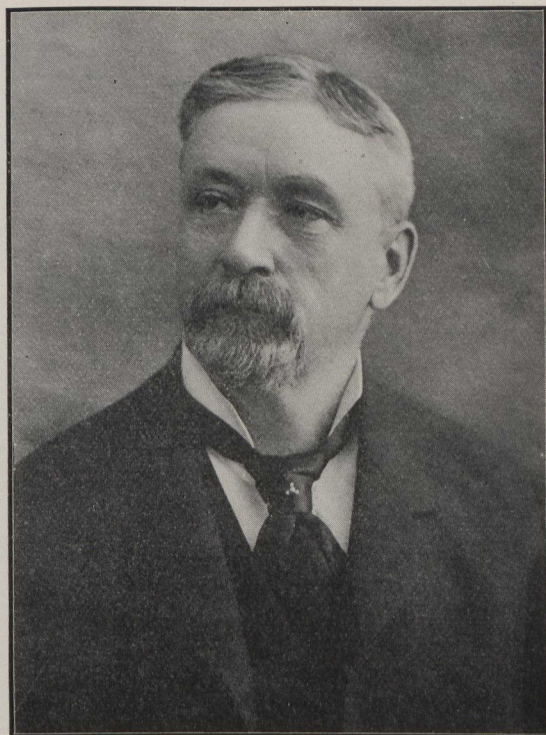
W. H. MELDRUM.



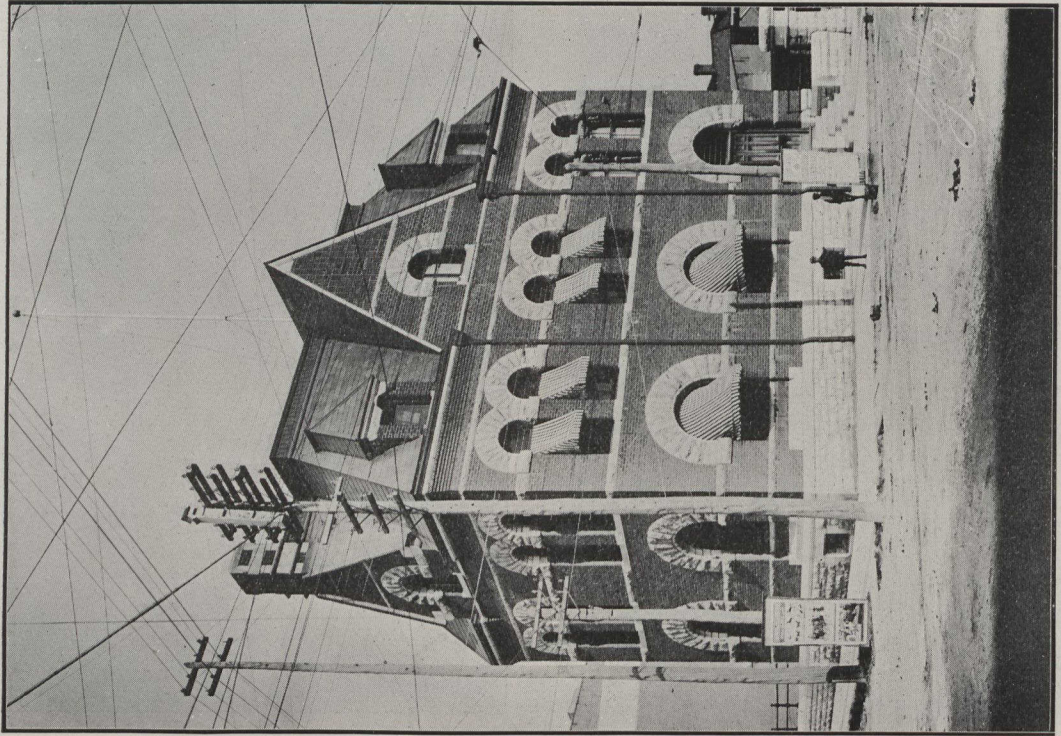
ADAM HALL.



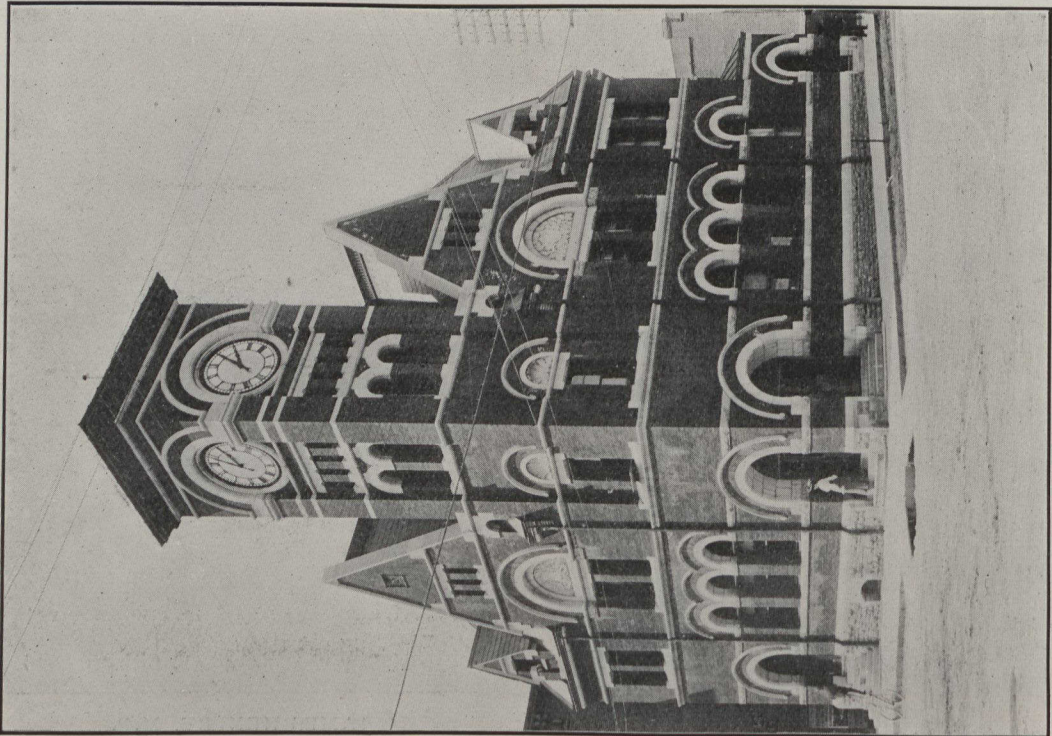
C. B. MACALLISTER.



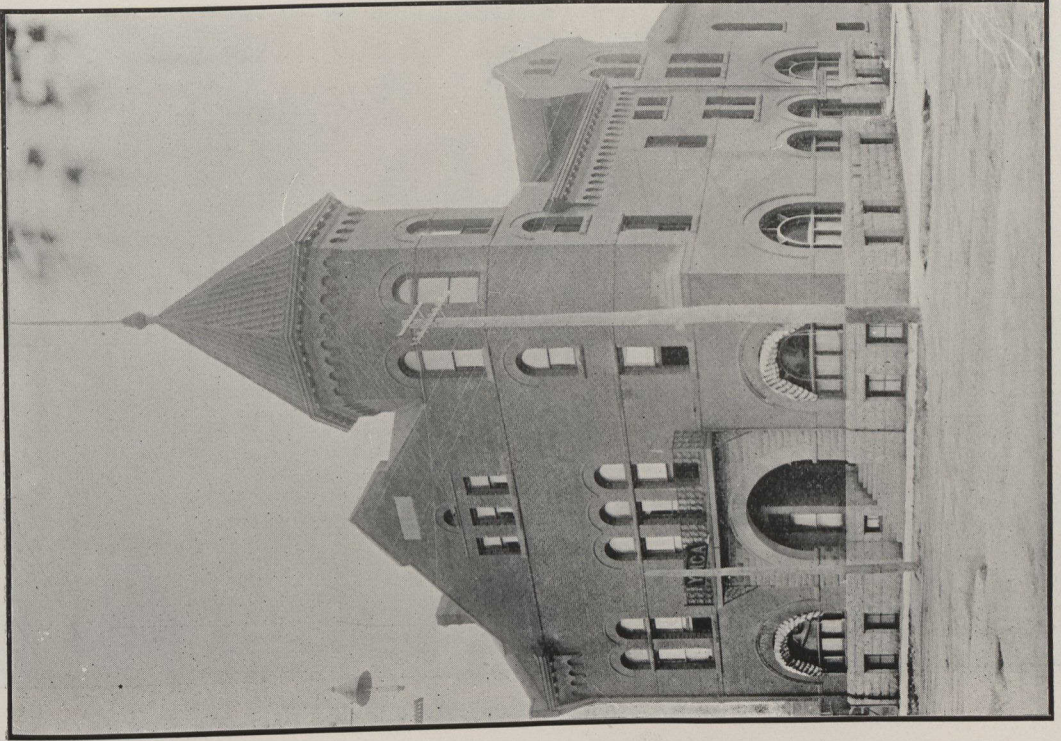
JAMES KENDRY, M.P.



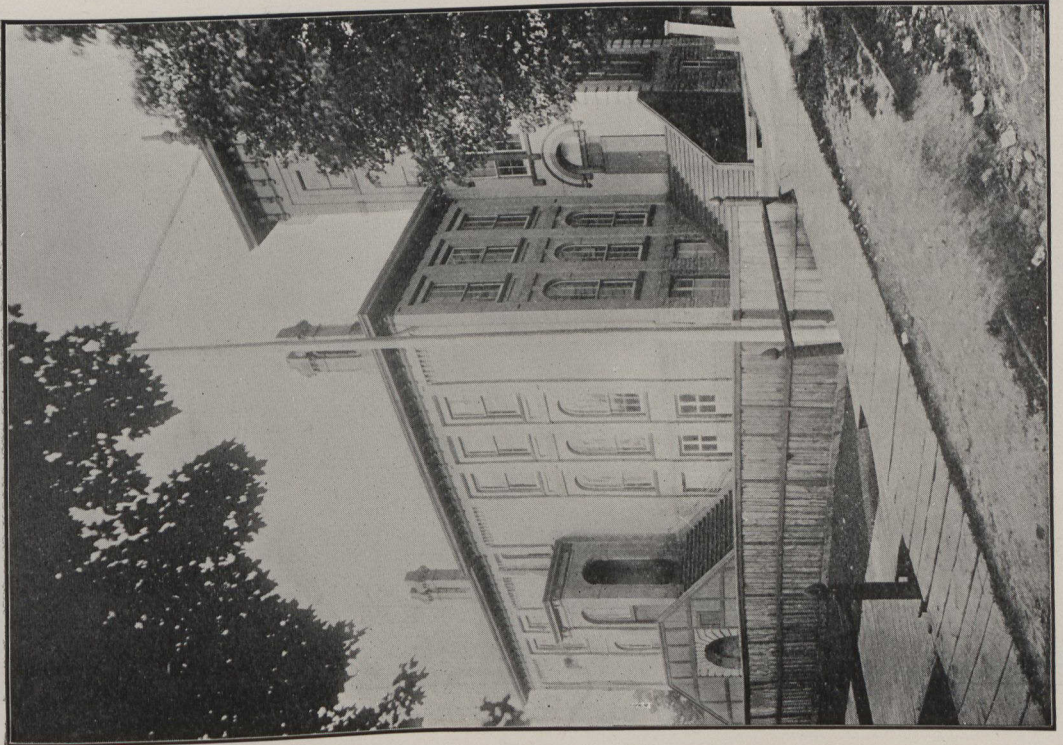
CUSTOMS HOUSE—PETERBOROUGH.



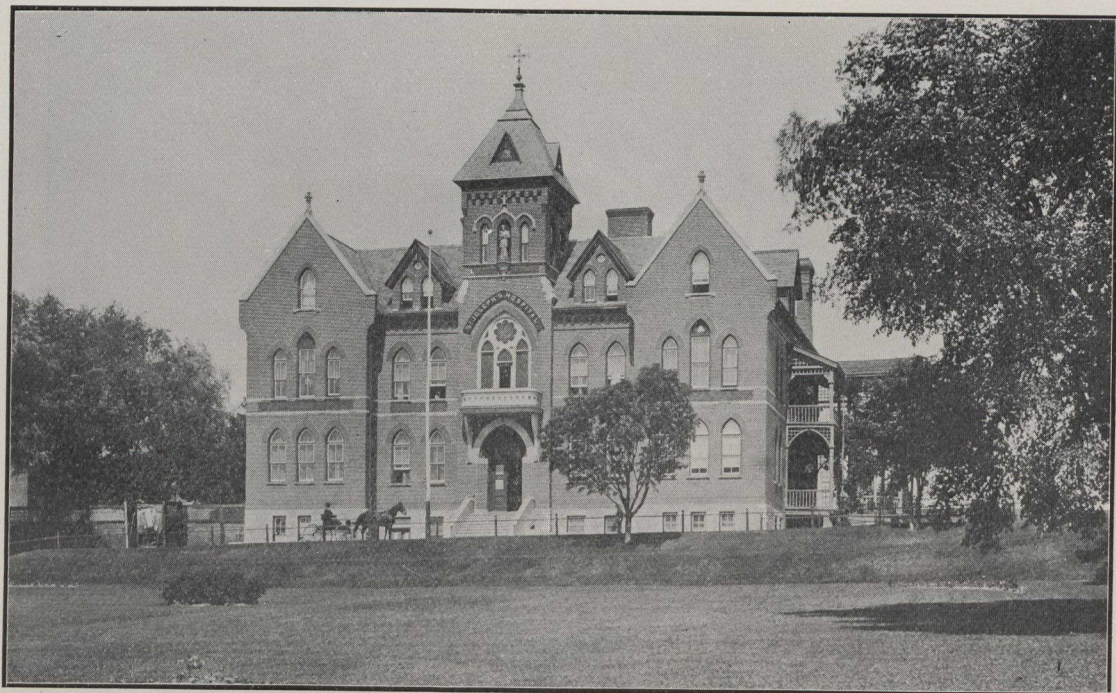
POST-OFFICE—PETERBOROUGH.



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING—PETERBOROUGH.



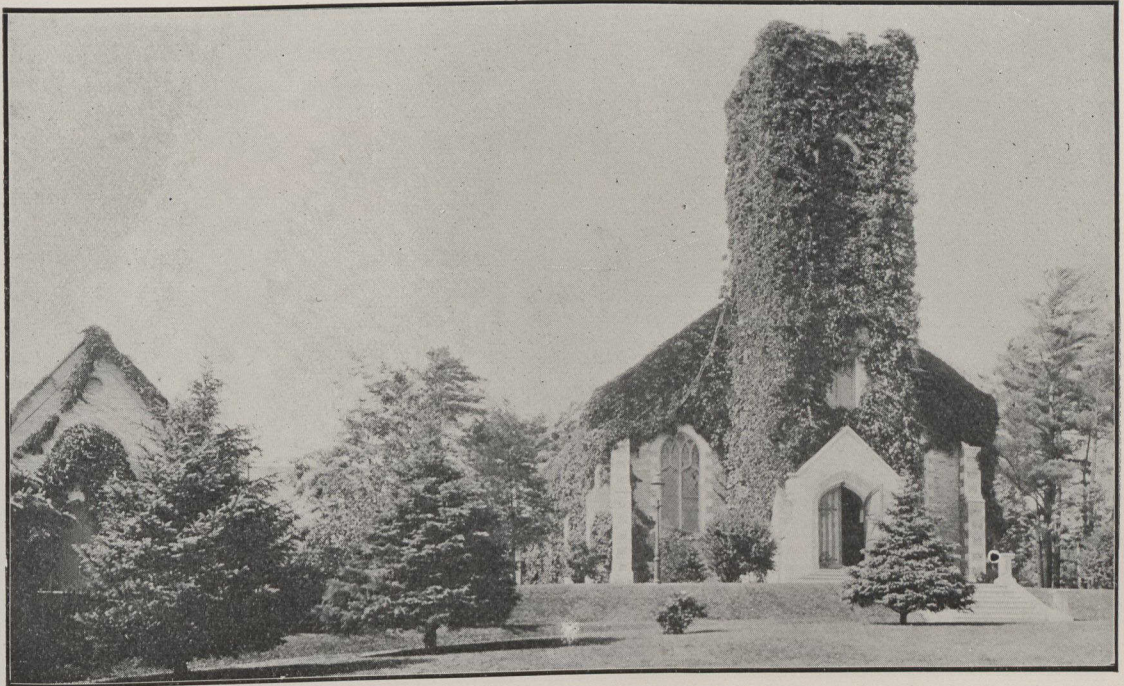
COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE—PETERBOROUGH.



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL—PETERBOROUGH.



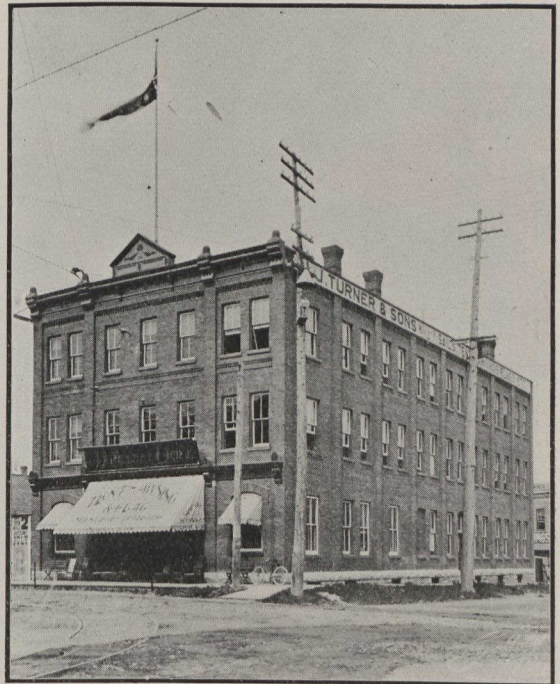
GEORGE STREET, LOOKING SOUTH—PETERBOROUGH.



CHURCH OF ENGLAND—PETERBOROUGH.



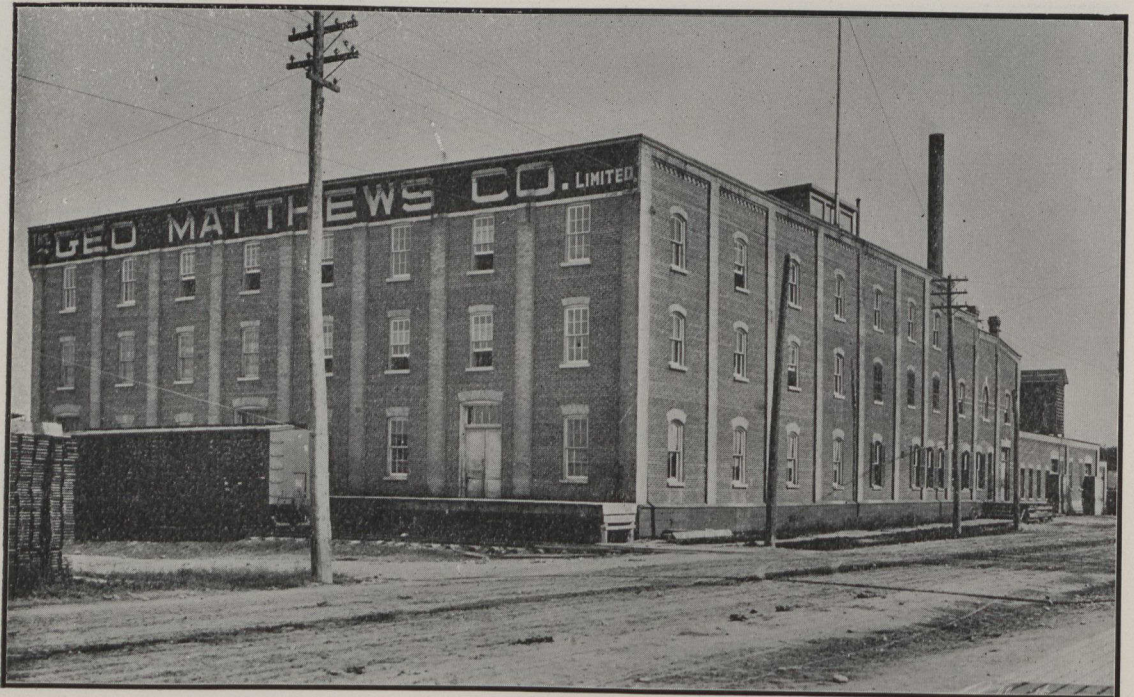
ST. LUKE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



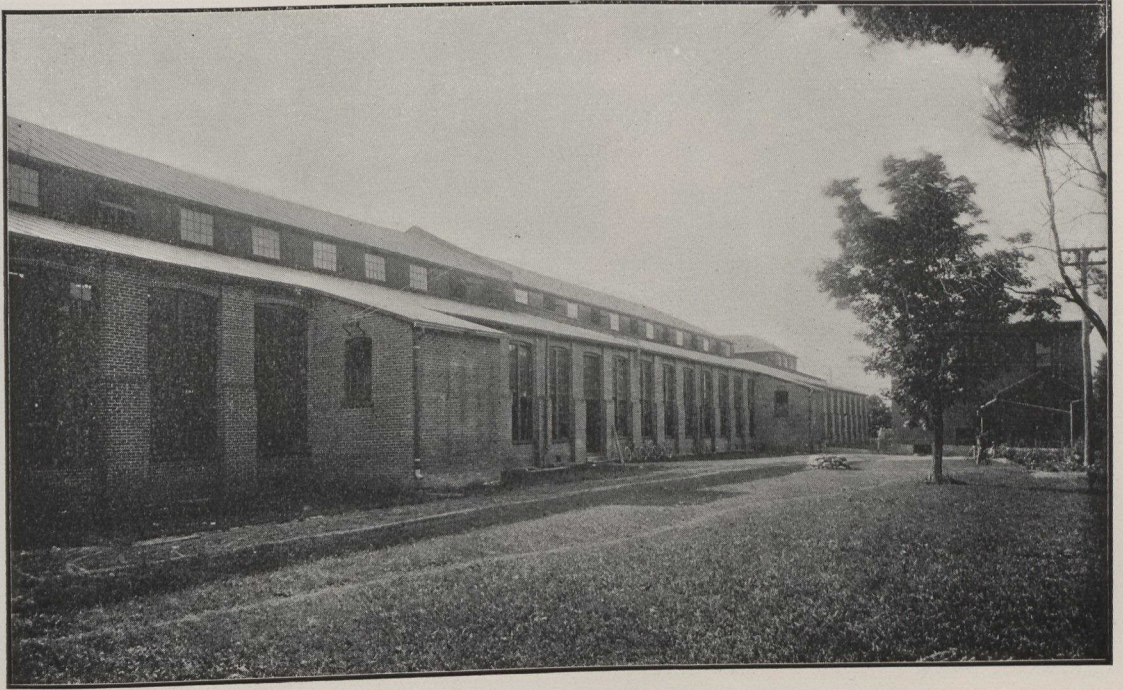
J. J. TURNER & SONS—PETERBOROUGH.



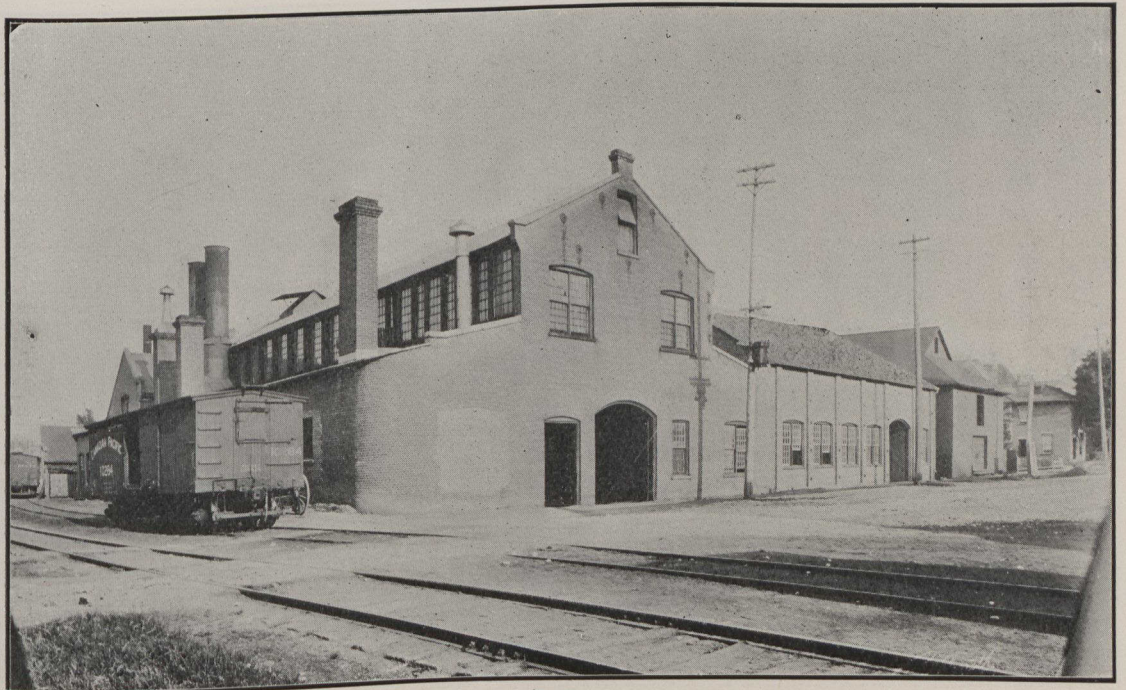
THE CENTRAL MILLING CO., LIMITED—PETERBOROUGH.



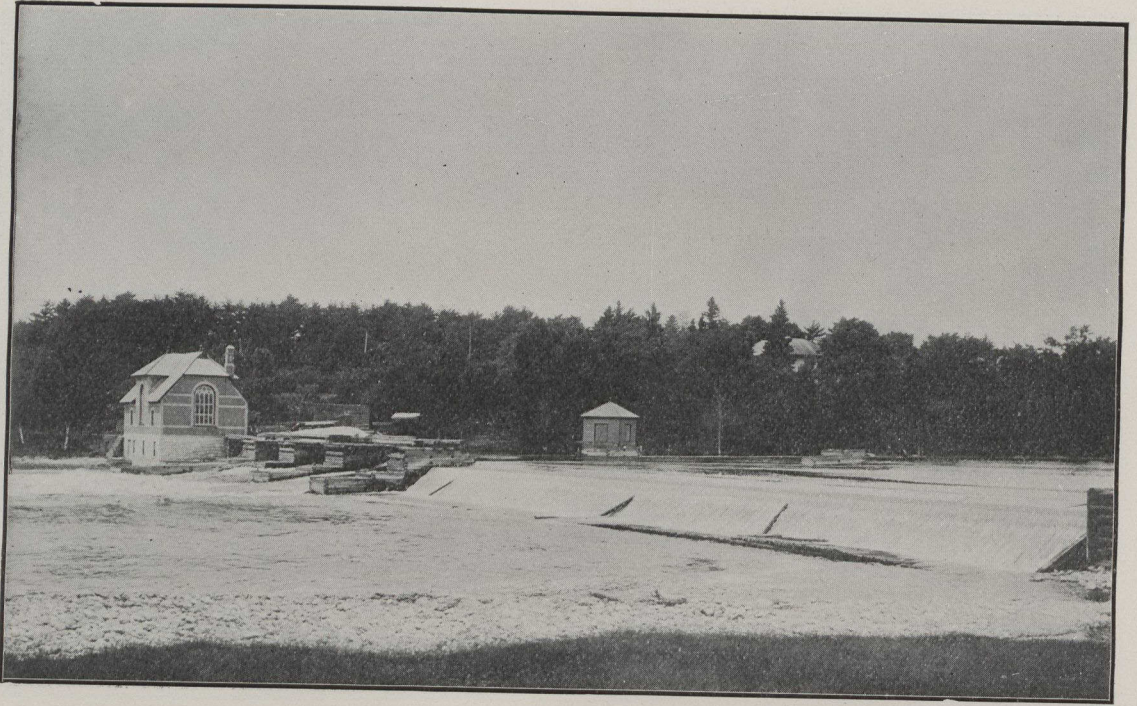
THE GEO. MATTHEWS CO., LIMITED—PORK PACKERS—PETERBOROUGH.



PETERBOROUGH CORDAGE COMPANY.



THE WILLIAM HAMILTON COMPANY, LIMITED—PETERBOROUGH.



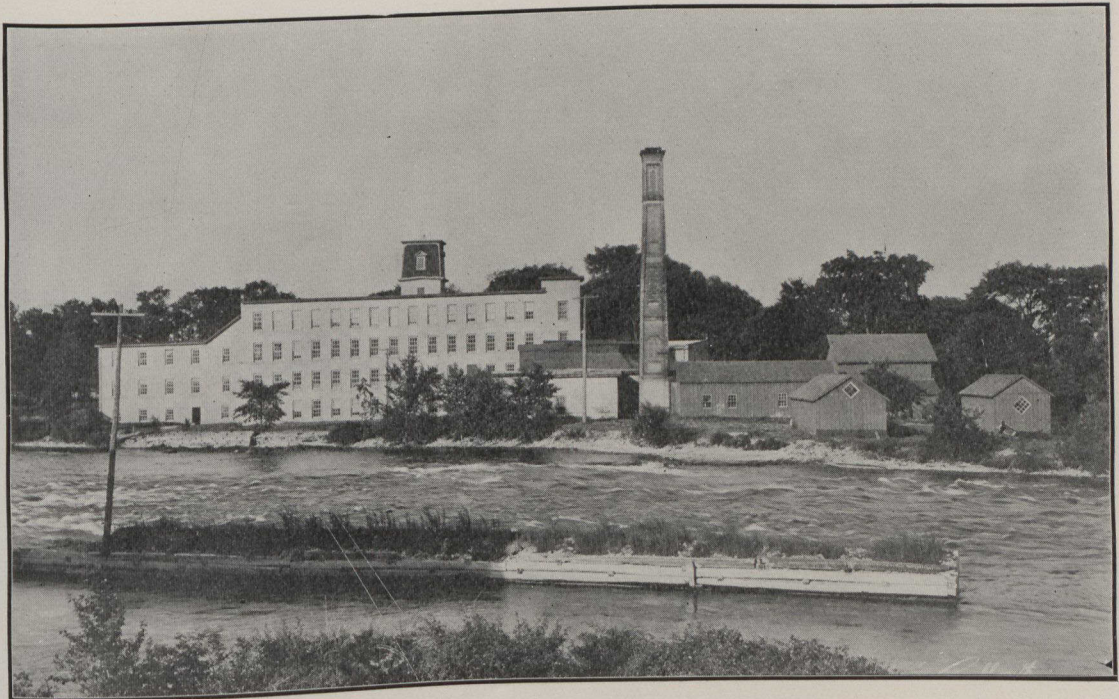
WATER WORKS POWER HOUSE AND DAM—PETERBOROUGH.



AMERICAN CEREAL COMPANY—PETERBOROUGH.



ELECTRIC LIGHT POWER HOUSE AND DAM—PETERBOROUGH.



AUBURN WOOLLEN MILLS--PETERBOROUGH.



RICHARD HALL'S RESIDENCE—PETERBOROUGH.



A RESIDENTIAL STREET— PETERBOROUGH.

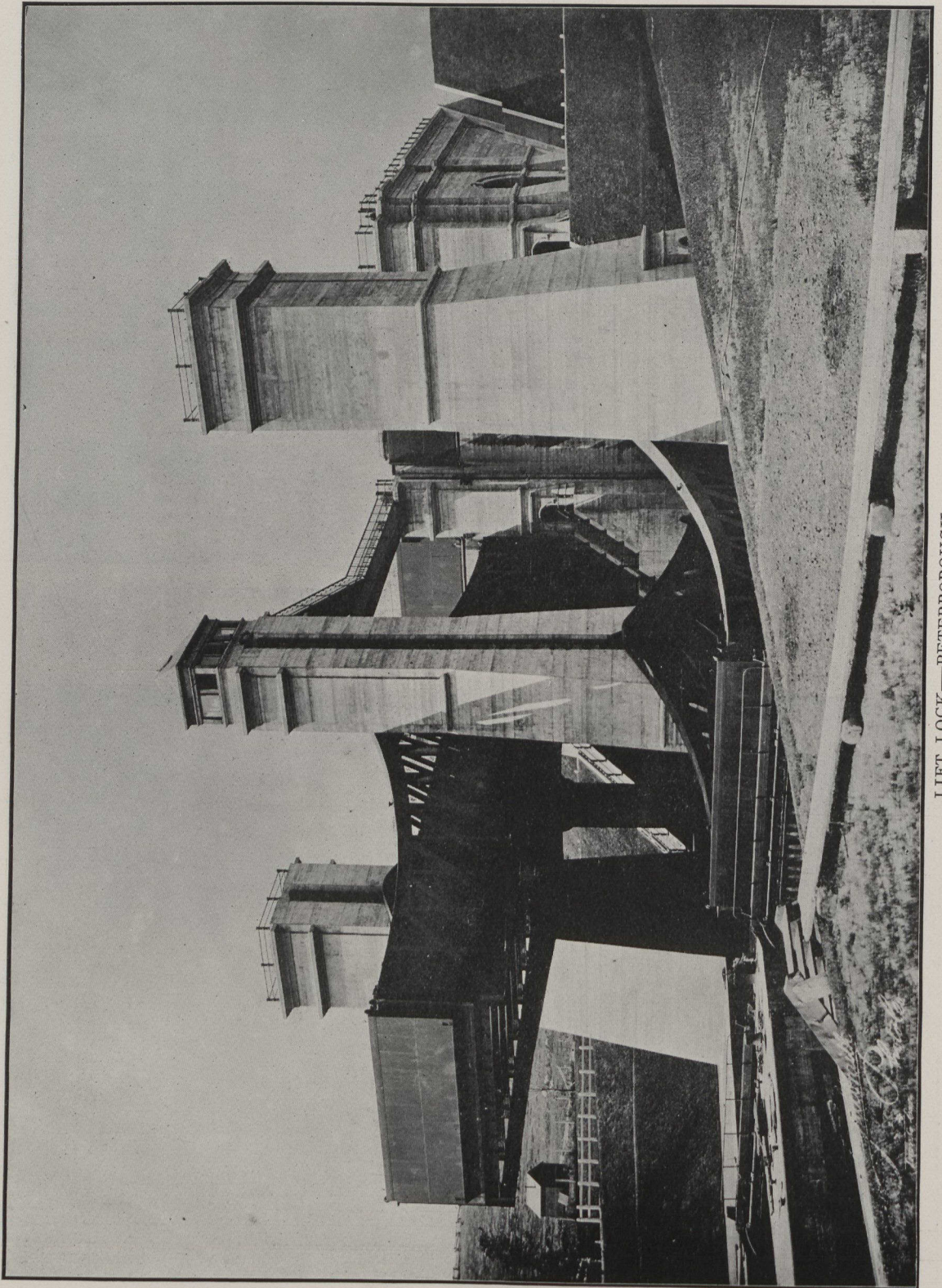


HON. J. R. STRATTON'S RESIDENCE—PETERBOROUGH.

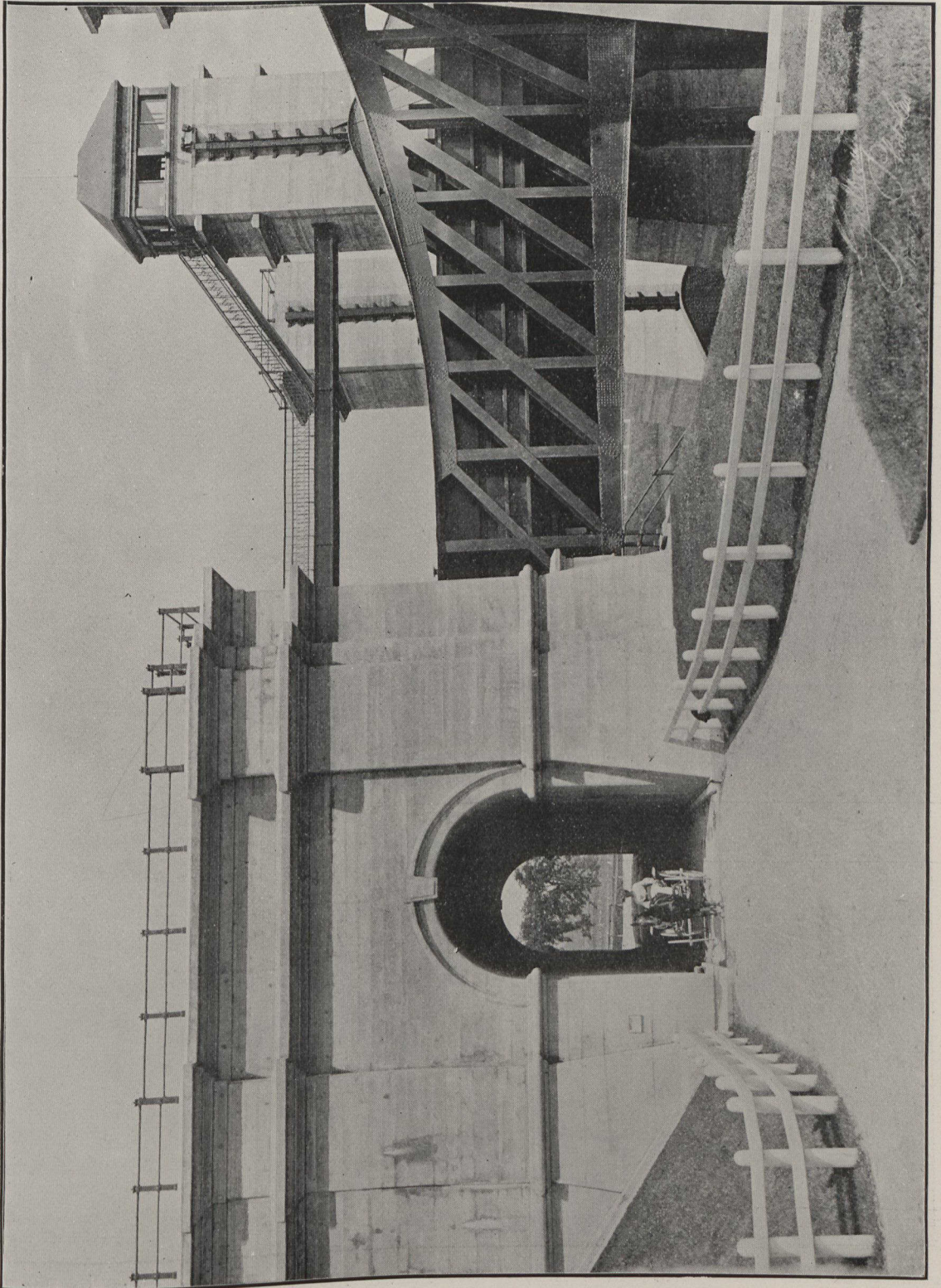


COURT HOUSE PARK—PETERBOROUGH.

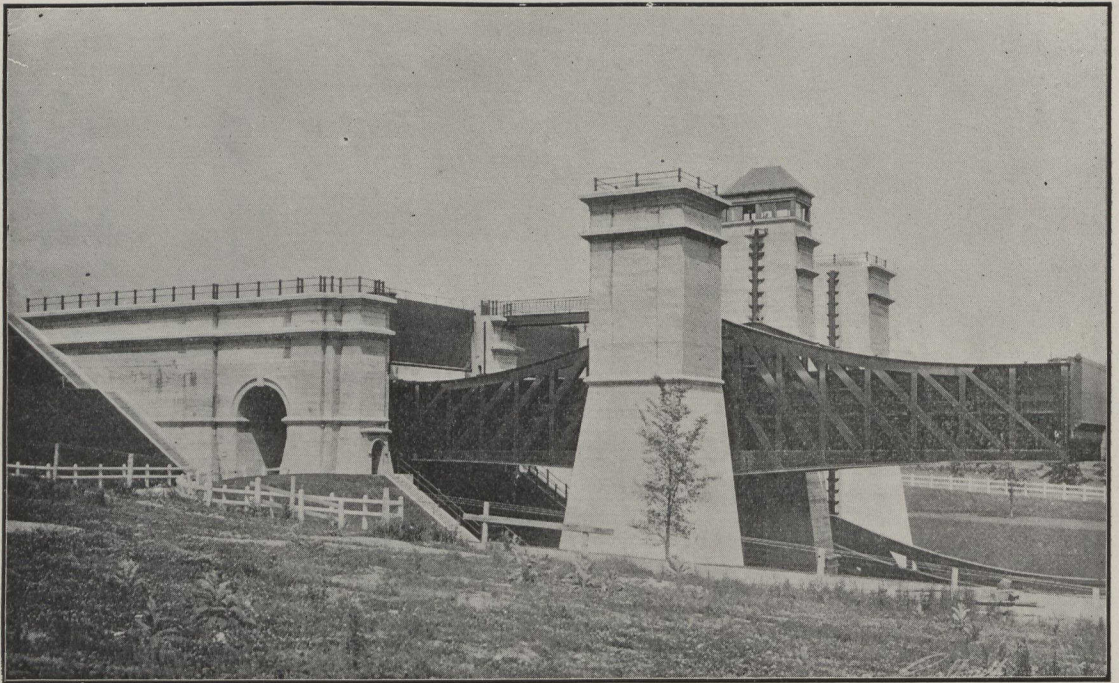
This is Red Seal Coated Paper made by Ritchie & Ramsay, Toronto



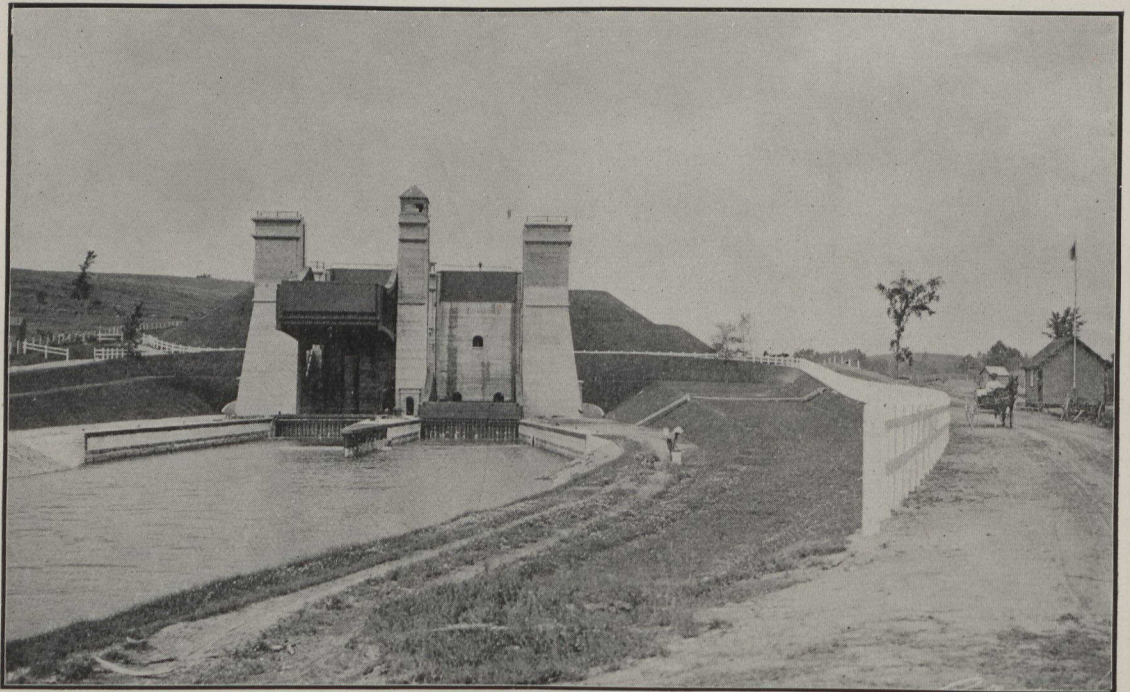
LIFT LOCK—PETERBOROUGH.



LIFT LOCK—PETERBOROUGH.



LIFT LOCK—PETERBOROUGH.



LIFT LOCK—PETERBOROUGH.

THE BRITISH-FRENCH TREATY

BY R. M. JOHNSTONE

CITIZENS of Canada have evinced considerable pleasure over the news of a recent territorial arrangement between Great Britain and France. From public announcement it is inferred that a possible cause of national friction has been materially obviated, and a renewed impetus given to international relations between great powers. It might also augur well for the world's peace as a guarantee against the precipitation of a world-wide crisis in the course of the present Russo-Japanese war. No greater calamity could occur than the interference of the great nations for other than the preservation of neutral interests during the progress of this territorial dispute. There is now good assurance that with France and Great Britain a policy of non-intervention will be pursued.

An analysis of the agreement as regards North America suggests for Canada at least a pleasanter prospect than hitherto enjoyed. It appears that a portion at least of what has been a prolonged vexation in recent decades, the "French Shore" question of Newfoundland, has been finally adjudicated. By a barter of privileges in more remote areas of influence we secure the withdrawal of the French territorial claim on the mainland of Newfoundland. The sovereignty of the islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, remains with France. The islands, however, have not played so serious a part in the maritime disputes as the adjacent shore. The people of Newfoundland are now quite freed from an incubus which has seriously hampered their chief business, that of coast fishing, for nearly a century. It has been shown many times over that the presence of these exclusive French privileges presented a grave barrier to confederation with the Dominion. The present outcome may lead to the completion of federation and the accomplishment of a united British North America.

Just at present it appears that the bent of Newfoundland politics is against the project of union with the Dominion. The terms upon which they would discuss federation are in excess of what the Dominion would normally grant. Subsidies are hard matters to properly apportion, and most of all the submission of local policy to the will of a vastly greater number, is an unpalatable dose for this semi-independent island colony to swallow. But in the interests of Greater Canada federation should come speedily.

Two factors are at work to urge this conclusion. The far-reaching claw of the American eagle is keen to grasp this little piece of territory for her own. Trade inducements and various favors have been extended to the colony which the mainland cannot obtain. Anything that favors the legitimate expansion of the Dominion's enterprises, unless the profits be shovelled into the coffers of American corporations, is quietly but sternly combatted by our ambitious neighbors. So much for the Americans.

For Canada, this fact is important: Newfoundland lies directly in the pathway of St. Lawrence navigation and ocean-going commerce. This seemingly bleak, barren, storm-beaten isle has a far-reaching value, if only its relationship to the mainland were made uniform. Finally, this important island controls the sovereignty of the Labrador coast, and, in a measure, all the adjacent fishing grounds. St. John city, being the port of call, has an enormous business connected with the fishing trade on the Newfoundland banks. The almost monopoly of the ocean fisheries is the treasured prize of the islanders, hence their jealousy of the "French Shore." The fact that this major portion of their industry would pass under Dominion control with federation is worthy of fair treatment. No

wonder they are reluctant of Dominion interference.

The control of the Labrador coast is becoming more and more important. Labrador is a long, narrow strip over which the Dominion should have control. The hinterland of Labrador is an area of problematical importance. From what meagre information surveying parties and explorers have furnished, it may soon be better known by virtue of mineral and forest resources, hitherto inaccessible and unknown. It is becoming apparent that the great North-East territory lying between Labrador and Hudson Bay may be extremely valuable in the near future. The growing encroachments of the American fishermen and their cool poaching in the neighboring waters, makes it necessary for the Dominion to watch her own. It is notable that enterprise and men will always move where money can be made. It is being more clearly shown that many valuable assets of "Our Lady of the Snows" lie in the regions far north. And there are many who are willing to gain a share of them.

From these considerations it is manifest that the Dominion can well afford to extend more liberal inducements to her sister

colony, and thus remove the sole remaining barrier to the rounding off of Confederation. This opportunity lies at our door in a time when vast expenditure is contemplated upon the Grand Trunk Pacific project, an undertaking which must, in spite of the rosy expectations of politicians, be considered of problematical value. If such expenditure is warranted by known facts, in all consistency just as liberal provision ought to be made to complete the unity of British North America, and thereby remove one more vantage ground for American interference with our rights. It is plain that just as long as Newfoundland remains a crown colony, so long will American diplomacy work against our interests within our sister colony's sphere of influence. We certainly should look to a favorable ground for unity and meet our sister colony half way. In the meantime, good feeling might be promoted, seeing that a great part of the former irritation is already removed. We hope that a wiser diplomacy will, in the near future, remove all that remains. French papers may glory in a good bargain, and losing nothing, but if they lose nothing, they forget that North America gains in the further unifying of British sentiment and a further guarantee of peace.



THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION

BY LEX

THE subject of copyright has for a long time been a vexed question in Canada. The rights of the Canadian people have been opposed by the Booksellers' Association in England. So far, this Association has shown itself strong enough to have all Canadian legislation on the subject nullified by the English Government. A Canadian Copyright Association was organized to advocate the rights of Canada, but of late years we have heard little of it. It is to be hoped, however, that when the people fully understand the question, and the impossibility of forming a Canadian literature so long as our powers are so restricted as they are now, interest in the subject will revive, and the agitation will be continued until it is placed on a footing which will be satisfactory to the people of Canada.

In times not distant, prosperity was not attained through literary work. The great writers of Elizabeth's time, including Shakespeare and Milton, did not attain prosperity as a reward of their literary labors. It is probably as well for us that they did not, or they would not have been so fruitful. For a long time before prosperity was attained through literature, however, there was a respect for the rights of the author which preserved to him the fruits of his work. During this time the word "pirate" was applied to plagiarism. It sprang from Grub Street, and is still extensively used in England. When a man sits down to make money by writing a book, the production of his pen is usually called a "pot boiler." As the motive is not a high one, neither is the production. Moreover, every author before he writes knows where his copyright extends. If this is not sufficient to pay him for his work, then he should turn to some other employment; but, knowing all this, when a publisher in a country to which his copy-

right does not extend publishes his book, to sit down and abuse such publisher by calling him "pirate" is utterly indefensible and absurd.

The remarks of an eminent English judge, Lord Camden, illustrates this very forcibly: "Glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner views." I speak not of the scribblers for bread who tease the press with their wretched productions. Fourteen years—ours is twenty-eight years and an extension of fourteen years—are too long a privilege for their perishable trash. It was not for gain that Bacon, Newton, Milton and Locke instructed and delighted the world. When the bookseller offered Milton five pounds for his "Paradise Lost," he did not reject it and commit his poem to the flames; nor did he accept the miserable pittance as a reward of his labor. He knew the real price of his work was immortality and that posterity would pay it.

The first Copyright Act in England was passed in 1709, in the reign of Ann, and extended copyright to the whole British Dominions. This was followed by another Act in 1842 which also included Canada. This did not give any reciprocity; Canadian copyright only extended to Canada. At this time and up to 1891 there was no copyright for British authors in the United States; and the American publishers published what English books they pleased. Of course they were "pirates," and everything that was bad; but this did not prevent them from publishing cheap editions of English works and charging Americans fifteen cents for the same, and Canadians eighty-five cents. They did this by purchasing the first sheets from the English authors, and as the authors' English copyright included Canada, the latter country was "thrown in" to the Americans in the bargain made between the American pub-

lisher and the English author. Besides the bargain mentioned, there was a notion abroad at this time that a part of a copyright could not be assigned and, however willing a Canadian publisher might be, he could not purchase the right to publish in Canada.

To remedy this grievance a little, an English Act was passed in 1848, allowing cheap editions of English works to be imported into Canada on payment of ten per cent. to the author by the Canadians. This lasted only ten years and was put an end to by the English authors.

In 1875 a Copyright Act was passed by the Canadian Parliament giving copyright in Canada to anyone on condition of printing and publishing in Canada, English reprints legally published in England to be admitted into Canada. This Act was disallowed by the English Government.

In 1876 the English Government appointed a Royal Commission to report on the question of copyright. After investigating the matter the Commission reported in 1879, and their recommendation was that, should the owner of a copyright in England refrain from availing himself of the provisions of the colonial copyright law, a license be granted to republish the work in the colony upon the payment of a royalty to the author. The English Government refused to accept the recommendation of their own Royal Commission. Canada adopted it by an Act, but the English Government disallowed it.

In 1885 the Berne Convention was held for the purpose of considering international copyright. This convention came to the agreement that reciprocal copyright should exist in every country joining the convention. By this convention a number of countries have copyright in Canada, but practically we have no copyright in them, as no Canadian is likely to write a book in Flemish or other foreign language. Moreover, as the United States did not join the convention, it was no use to us. Canada at first refused to join it, but as it was promised that, on giving a year's notice, Canada would be allowed to withdraw from it, she joined it.

After the Canadian Act of 1889, which adopted the recommendation of the English Royal Commission of 1876, was disallowed, the Canadian Government gave notice to the English Government that it desired to withdraw from the Berne Convention. This request not being complied with, an address to the same effect was passed by the Dominion Parliament in 1891. This was also ignored. Again in 1894 a similar request was made by the Canadian Government, but all to no purpose, and we are still harnessed to the Berne Convention, solely for the benefit of foreigners, and to the injury of ourselves and England.

To show the effect of English copyright legislation it is only necessary to cite the case of Smiles and Belford, heard in an Ontario court a few years ago. Samuel Smiles wrote a book called "Self Help," which was copyrighted in England. Belford, a Toronto publisher, published the book in Canada. He was sued by Smiles for infringing upon his copyright. Belford urged before the court that, although Smiles had taken out copyright in England, he had not taken out copyright in Canada. The court held that by law it was not necessary to take out copyright in Canada, and gave judgment in favor of Smiles. Thereupon Belford and a number of publishers in Montreal pulled up stakes in Canada, and moved to New York, where they have remained ever since. Canada has no right to legislate on copyright except with regard to books published in Canada; that is, she had no right to educate her people by drawing on the superior intelligence of older civilizations. Thus her own market is lost to her, owing to its being entirely exploited by American and foreign publishers.

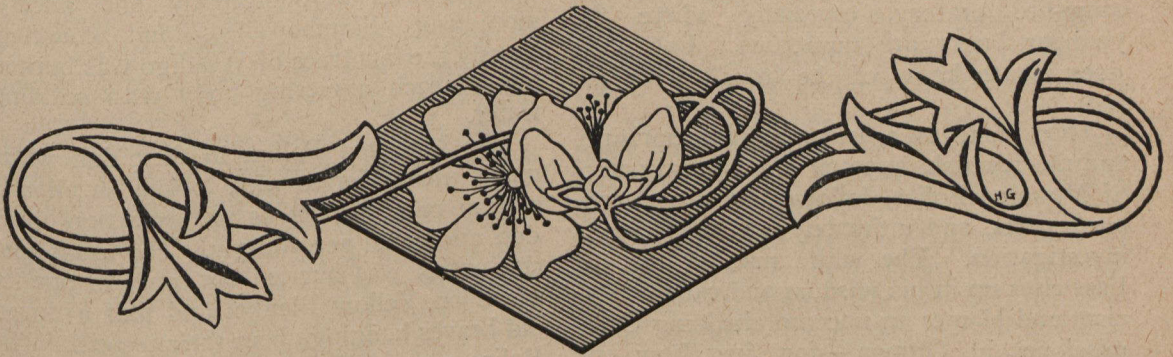
Every effort has been made by Canada to alter this state of affairs. In 1895 Hall Caine and Mr. F. L. Daldy, representing the British Authors' Association, and John Ross Robertson and Daniel Rose, representing the Canadian Copyright Association, came to an agreement respecting a Canadian Copyright Act. A bill was drawn up and submitted to the Canadian

Government. As this had been assented to by the two representatives of the English authors, Caine and Daldy, every one supposed it was safe. But no, when it was passed in Canada it was reserved by the Governor-General, and the English Government allowed two years to elapse without confirming it. This was equivalent to a veto, and so nothing came of it.

Finally an Act was passed by the Canadian Parliament in 1900 in an endeavor to improve the situation, which had become almost desperate. But this Act only relieved the tension; it is no good. As two years have elapsed since it was passed, however, it cannot be vetoed under the Confederation Act.

It provides that if a holder of an English copyright has granted a license to reproduce in Canada from movable or other types, from stereotype plates, from electro plates, or from lithograph stones, an

edition of the copyright book for sale only in Canada, the Canadian Minister may prohibit the importation into Canada of any edition of the book printed elsewhere. This is an attempt to preserve the Canadian market to the Canadian printer and publisher. But—you must first catch the hare. Who is to force the English author to grant a license, especially when he is under the dictation of the American publisher and his huge market of seventy-five millions? And if a license is granted, will the matter of the book not be from plates made in England, and the author may refuse to sell anything. Plainly, this Act is only to relieve the tension. It does not alter the present conditions. Canada is surely entitled to the control of her own market, and the only way she can secure it is to have the full and complete control of copyright legislation that she has of the tariff and patent legislation.



THE ANGEL BUSTER

A STORY OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ALTHOUGH the iron hoof of Industry has trodden an aboriginal picturesqueness from what was once the nebulous and romance-shrouded North-West of "The Great Company," there remain remoter corners in that mighty land of plain and muskeg where the Indian still tears his sinews in the frenzy of the Sun Dance, and still holds faith in his Medicine Man, and over his steaming dog-meat still chants his hatred of all white intruders. Even the meekest of Indians, now and then, have their bad days. Then for a week or two they run amuck in the teeth of Destiny, and talk about driving the Paleface back into the Great Water. Having talked themselves out, they go whining and cringing to the Agent at the nearest post, crying like hungry children for their rations and *pistucken* once more.

Sometimes, though, it goes further than camp-fire oratory, especially where the younger bucks are numerous. For what does Youth know of the iron heel of the Law!

Then there is a utopian little uprising, and the feverish despatch of a special patrol of Mounted Police, followed by many written reports, and ultimately a very pompous investigation. The white man in the far East rises up in his wisdom and calls it Atavism and blames an uncomprehending Commissioner at Ottawa,—for just how, or why it all is, he has never been able to fathom.

The little affair with the Blackfeet of Yellow Blanket's following began with nothing more momentous than a Sun Dance. The Sergeant at the nearest Mounted Police outpost officially, and with despatch, reported them as non-treaty Indians, and mentioned with much underscoring certain signs of unrest. He asked Headquarters what he

had better do, and for the seventeenth time begged for a handful of new carbines and half a dozen fresh mounts.

In the meantime Yellow Blanket's young bucks became hysterical, very much after the manner of a band of boarding-school girls. When the Indian Agent from Rabbit Tail Crossing ventured cautiously up to look into the matter, they shot at him with Remington's, and put little stripes of paint on their reckless young faces—which is always ominous—and the Agent cantered into barracks with a handkerchief about his wrist, cursing alternately in Cree and Highland Scotch. In the meantime the Blackfeet Sun Dance had developed into a Wnidoigo hunt. Three protesting squaws were found to be conveniently possessed of those hated little invisible Indian devils, and for the sake of their own immortal spirits these three squaws were promptly and unceremoniously disembowelled, and conscientiously the last trace of Windigo was burned out of each quivering body with scalding water.

The Mounted Police, in their dull white man's inconsiderate way, looked on all this solemn religious rite as merely artless murder, and acted accordingly. The usual special patrol was hurried out, only to pounce down on Yellow Blanket and half a dozen old braves hanging about their teepees. The Police were willing enough to wait for the younger men, being deplorably short of carbines.

The second incident in this strange affair with the Blackfeet began quite differently, and many miles away. It was when Morris T. Belmont, in his Napoleonic, American way, first laid out before a modest Wall Street desk of rosewood and green-baize, his audacious plans for the absorption of the Canadian Northern Railroad, as a coun-

ter-check to the aggressive Hill interests. And when his only daughter, Miss Dorothy Agnes Belmont, learned over the coffee cups, the following morning, that her father's leisured tour of inspection over his newly-projected line was to be converted into a three-weeks' vacation, with much promised inhalation of prairie air from a private-car window, the girl burst into a sudden and unlooked-for fit of weeping, and, through her tears, confessed that she was lonely, and tired of the city, and that she wanted to be with him. Then she wielded her handkerchief for a shamefaced minute or two, and explained that they could take Clarence Stephens with them, for Clarence, she argued, was always going to Colorado or to Maine to shoot things, and could keep them posted on frontier life. Clarence, it might be added, was Dorothy's second cousin, a pale, blue-eyed young man, already slightly bald, restless, over-wealthy, luxury-loving, blandly peevisish with the emptiness of life, yet pensively content with the good things it flung in his lap. Among these was Dorothy herself, his capricious, self-willed, over-indulged, often misunderstood, incongruous, and quite as spoiled cousin, to whom, six months out of the year, when she condescended to take him seriously, he hesitatingly considered himself engaged. He lost little sleep over the uncertainty of their relation, however, and had formed the habit of frequently and placidly informing Morris Belmont that his daughter's uncertainty and exuberance of youth would bubble itself away with time.

When the Wall Street financier finally yielded to Dorothy's strange whim, it had been his intention to leave her in safe-keeping with his old friend, the Bishop of Alberta. From the little foot-hill town of Calgary she could sally out and see squaw races on the river flats, and interview Indian boys in the Government schools, and buy beaded mocassins and polished buffalo horns at the railway depot.

But instead of decorously and sedately drinking afternoon tea with the daughters of the Bishop of Alberta, and beholding dull-eyed Indians tottering on the brink of respectable citizenship, Dorothy once more

rebelled, and insisted on seeing the Redskin in the raw. And when, at an inopportune moment, Clarence informed them that he had run across an old stage-coach up at Wapiti Gap, and explained that with half a dozen bronchos and a couple of cow-punchers it could be made into just the thing for a cross-country trip, Dorothy caught at the idea with enthusiasm.

Morris Belmont heatedly, but uselessly, declared that no daughter of his should go gadding about a half-civilized country, escorted by a gang of altogether uncivilized cow-boys. He even went to the Bishop about it.

The Bishop, in turn, called on Dorothy. But his visitation was without result. Understanding the young lady's turn of mind, he discontinued the argument. He even advised her agitated father to let her go, if she was so set on it. It would be a good lesson to her. It would knock a little of the romance out of her head; it would teach her that the untamed West had its essential rind of bitterness about the kernel of its so-called picturesqueness. As for the propriety of the thing,—well, the Bishop could at that moment place his finger on a man, a quiet, faithful dog of a fellow, who could be sent along to look after the young people. He was an Oxford man, one of the hardest workers in all the Bishop's flock, with a mission-house not thirty miles out of Wetaskiwin. And he would be interesting, too, for he had been out some eight or nine years, and had read up Indians and that sort of thing. A most trustworthy fellow, the Bishop repeated.

While this was going on Clarence secured his men; one, Redney Fraser, to look after the horses; the other, Hunker Bill, to "rustle the grub." Thereupon our enthusiastic apostle of the picturesque at once rigged both men out with Colts and Winchesters and cartridge-belts, to say nothing of the bravest of Mexican "chaps," and the most dashing of buck-skin shirts, quite as new to their uncomfortable legs and backs as they were to the eyes of the urbane young lady who clasped her hands appreciatively over their uncouth charms. It had been pointed out to each of these

uniformed impostors that any tale of northwestern adventure and sudden death would not be unwelcome; and it was also intimated that the Indians of any territory through which they might pass were not to be robbed of their more strenuous attributes.

All of this Clarence's two burly cow-punchers looked on as interesting, and hilariously novel, the only cloud on their horizon being, at the last moment, the arrival of that gentleman whom they variously designated as "The Angel Buster," and "The Sky Pilot."

In the Angel Buster, Dorothy had expected to find a pompous and solemn old gentleman in black. Instead he wore knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, and his accent, Dorothy noticed, was exceptionally broad. He was, indeed, nothing more than a tall, thin, bashful young man with slightly stooping shoulders and a love for Horace. His spare, ascetic-looking face, through all his eight years of prairie sun and wind, still wore a detached and calm reserve, which Dorothy, in her first moment of malicious antagonism, described to Clarence as the expression of a gentle-eyed mastiff. But when he smiled, his face became a boy's. She confessed that his smile was his one redeeming feature.

As the Bishop had foreseen, Dorothy, in the ordinary run of things, would have tired of an overland coach in one short day. The novelty of Hunker Bill's camp "sinkers," of over-cooked tea and under-cooked bacon, of converting the interior of a rattlebox old stage into a sleeping apartment by curtaining it with blankets that smelt sickeningly of horses,—all would have died a speedy and natural death, if it had not been for one thing,—and that was the Angel Buster.

But from the first day of their journey the Angel Buster, with his calm, imperturbable, English smile and with his uplifted and yet ever equable eyebrow, stood a challenge and a temptation to the audacious spirit of the American girl. She saw that he had joined their party unwillingly, and tried to gnaw from that bone some marrow of intended discourtesy. She felt, as well, that he looked on her all the while as little more than a piece of camp baggage; he certainly

responded to each of her sallies of questions with a calmness that was phonographic. He preferred, indeed, reading his Horace to talking to her; and when, in desperation, she grew more serious, and tried to show him that she was not all froth and foam, he deliberately caught her up, as it were, and dragged her out beyond her intellectual depth, and soused her in her own absurdities, and held her down in the brine of her own sophistries, and then smilingly carried her ashore again, as though she were nothing more than an over-confident and sadly-mistaken child.

All this aroused Dorothy's latent combativeness, and she fought with him, or tried to fight with him, tooth and nail. Yet by only one means could she ever get the best of her enemy. That was through his painful bashfulness. So she planned an artful campaign of continuous shocks. She openly consumed a cigarette or two from Clarence's case. She sat between Hunker Bill and Redney and demanded tales of gore. She took pot-shots at rabbits, and turned tomboy, and did things which even the easy-going Clarence thought unlike her. Then, seeing that the Angel Buster—for such she had mockingly called him from the first—was still keeping the closest of eyes on her, for all his outward unconcern, she took to stealing away from camp and wandering perversely about coulee and muskeg, till the anxious face of her guardian appeared over the divide, and mildly suggested, as a too palpable subterfuge, that the prairie lillies thereabout were very large, or the sunset very fine. These were matters of opinion, however, on which she undeviatingly disagreed with him. At last, unsatisfied with her success, she changed her tactics, and, in her softly alluring and wilfully deliberate way, made love to him, militantly and maliciously, subjugating him with a sudden womanly gentleness which left the heart of the lonely young student of Horace in a strangely bewildered condition.

When, on the third day out, they passed an Indian encampment, Dorothy could see nothing but a cluster of dirty-looking canvas teepees, a herd of lean and howling mongrels, prosaic iron pots swinging over fires, and half-naked children and slovenly squaws

sitting about hobbled ponies that browsed peacefully in the background.

"We git 'em wilder, m'm, further north!" was Hunker Bill's apologetic remark.

Thirty miles up the trail they drove into a special patrol of Mounted Police. Dorothy thought them very dashing fellows—and well she might—with their scarlet and yellow facings, until their sergeant rode up and brusquely demanded just what their business was in that part of the territory. It was the Angel Buster who grimly explained the situation, and agreed with the sergeant that it was all a little outlandish.

"Yes, it's no place, sir, for women!" frowned the little sergeant. And he advised them to swing round West at Wilson's Forks and get down into more open country. Then he saluted and trotted back to his men, and in a body of dancing crimson they went loping easily off over muskeg and hogback.

Dorothy's blood was boiling. The Angel Buster had openly made fun of them. From the first he had been throwing cold water on their plans, and pointing out purely imaginary dangers.

"I believe you're a coward!" she cried, turning on him with indignant eyes.

He looked at her for a minute with his calm gaze, and then took out his Horace.

It was not until they came to Wilson's Forks that she once more felt that she had got the best of him. She had decided to follow the route she had first laid out, and would hear of no turning aside. If the others were afraid, she would go on alone, with Hunker Bill.

"With Redney, m'm, mebbe!" interposed Hunker, and then added weakly, "Seem' as Redney's drivin' this trip!"

But she insisted, and won her point in the end. And out of that victory she also won consolation enough to buoy her up through three more long, hot, dreary days of hard seats and muddy drinking-water and tin washbasins.

The Angel Buster's reassertion of masterfulness came quite unlooked for. They had left behind them the broken Wapiti Trail and were lurching down a chain of lonely and sterile coulees, when they drew up for noonday dinner. Hunker Bill suspected they were on the fringe of Yellow Blanket's

country, and ventured the opinion that it wouldn't do any harm to keep an eye peeled for "Injuns."

In this seemed to lurk some alluring spice of actual danger. There was to Dorothy, a new delight in slipping away from camp and roaming from coulee to coulee, bewildered by the strange sense of desolation, touched by the novel atmosphere of barbaric loneliness that brooded over the place. At the brink of a little broken canyon she flung herself down to rest, remembering with silent joy that she was miles from any living being.

Then a small, shifting cloud of dust caught her eye. A little startled, she sank back flat on the rock, and listened. Into her ears stole the strange sound of a busy, perpetual, little pattering that grew in volume as she listened. Then a sign of life crept over the distant brink of the canyon and she made out a line of horsemen swinging toward her. As they swept down the canyon Dorothy could see that they were Indians. Her pulses tingled with a new thrill—a thrill that was more joy than fear. As the ponies pattered nearer and nearer there seemed something so laughable in the carriage of their nervous, impertinent little bodies, so ludicrous in the protruding, long legs of their riders rigged out, as they were, with feathers and trinkets, that she smiled in spite of herself. On their faces, too, she could make out ridiculous blotches of paint; and as the little scattered band swept past under her she was tempted to stand up and call after them.

Stumbling back to camp, she met the Angel Buster with a Winchester carbine over his shoulder. He said he was trying to get a crack at a rabbit, but looked worried. Something in his manner silenced her, so she decided to say nothing of her discovery till back in camp. Then she went to Clarence.

"Indians, Clarence! Think of it, at last I've seen real Indians!"

Clarence was sitting with Hunker Bill in the shadow of the stage-coach, for the sun was hot.

"Injuns?" Hunker Bill knocked out his pipe. "We're a leetle fur South for genooine Injuns, m'm, I guess!"

But Dorothy described them to him, minutely. As she did so the Angel Buster turned on her and looked oddly into her eyes.

"Did they have travoys—poles, tied to any of their horses?"

The girl had not seen any. That was all the Angel Buster asked.

"Did y' say, m'm ye mebbe seen squaws in this yere party?" It was Hunker Bill who asked the question, with ill-assumed carelessness.

"No, they were all men, with smears of stuff on their faces and feathers and jingly things!" Then she turned to the Angel Buster.

"What difference does that make?" she demanded.

He did not answer her. He spoke a word or two to Hunker Bill instead. The next minute she could see the two cowboys make for the tethered horses, a hundred yards down the coulee.

She repeated her question, imperiously, but still the Angel Buster did not answer her. He turned to Clarence with a manner quite new to him.

"Pack this duffel in the coach, Mr. Stephens!" It was a command. Clarence, who was not used to commands, looked up at him languidly.

"At once, please!" thundered the other, and there was no mistaking his meaning.

"But what does it all mean?" asked the girl vacuously, as she saw the Angel Buster going hurriedly over the rifles and slipping the cartridge-belts out on the foot-board of the coach. Then she grew hysterical, and cried a little, while Hunker Bill snapped up the traces near where she stood.

"Them Injuns is rampagin', m'm! They're out on the warpath some sure, an' they ain't pleasant comp'ny for white wimmen!"

"But they would never attack *us*, here, nowadays!"

"Them's Yellow Blanket's bucks, m'm, they do uncommon what they like, up in these parts!"

The last of the duffel had been flung in, and the Angel Buster was holding the coach door for her. He looked down at

her and smiled—it was a smile that nettled the hysteria out of her.

"I'd rather be outside, with the others," she said, with the ghost of an answering smile on her white lips, remembering what she had once called him.

"It's all the same, just now!" and he helped her up, while Redney shook out the reins and they swung slowly round to the southeast.

There was little said as the heavy coach lurched down over the first few miles of rock and sand and muskeg-mud. The sun beat down on them stifflingly; Dorothy had never dreamed it could be so hot above the fifty second parallel. It was worse than Arizona, pensively lamented Clarence, wiping the dust from his eyes. They lumbered down out of the country of sand and rock, and crawled up a shallow coulee where grass grew green once more. There Dorothy caught sight of orange lilies and ox-eyed daisies and red prairie-roses. She pointed them out to Clarence.

"You know the Angel Buster's made a study of these North-West Indians!" he said, following out his own line of thought. "Those were Blackfeet—Yellow Blanket's men. They're going to raid the Hudson Bay Post at Little Moose, and probably load up one firewater, and then wipe out some old scores."

"Oh, that's it!" she said, trying to be brave.

"He was telling me the way they treat whites now and then, when they rampage like this—especially women!" He paused, before the atrociousness of such deeds, and then added, as he glanced into Dorothy's blanching face: "I guess, perhaps, we ought to have stayed down country a bit, after all!"

"I suppose so!" she murmured.

"You see that low line of hills huddling down against the sky, to the south-east? Well, we're going to make that before we camp."

"And then what?"

"Then, if the Angel Buster's right, and we don't slip through their circle, we can get among the broken rock, and hold them off till they get tired, or Mounted Police come up!"

As the afternoon wore painfully away Dorothy thought of her quiet-fronted Madison Avenue home; of the cool, quiet security walled in by its austere brown-stone front; of the companionable press of crowds and carriages in the city. But the little plateau still stood off in the distance. They travelled slowly, cautiously picking their way along muskegs and coulee bottoms. And all that time nothing more than a gopher had scampered across their track. The Angel Buster, on the driving-seat with Redney, was remembering somewhat dolefully that he could no longer sit and muse idly on the many tints that sun and wind brought into Dorothy's brown hair. From time to time he looked back at her, with a boyish smile, though it was not until they began to climb the little tableland that he spoke to her.

"Won't you rest inside now, for the next few miles?" he suggested, casually. She threw a sudden glance at him, which made him add, "The sun is tiring you, I know."

"Isn't this where we're likely to run across them?" she asked, trying not to show the sickening sinking of her heart.

"They may be forty miles away, at this moment!"

"I'd rather be here with the others!" was all the girl said.

Silence fell over them again, and the muffled jolting of the heavy coach-wheels was the only sound. Still no sign of life came to their watching eyes. The incongruous humor of it all, the stealing away of well-armed men from an enemy not even to be seen, filled her with a sudden suspicion that it was all some well-planned hoax.

"I must say them Blackfeet have uncommon revoltin' fashions o' treatin' white wimmen, when they git 'em!" began Hunker Bill, to break the silence.

"We'll hear about that later, Hunker!" cried the Angel Buster, sharply.

Then, of a sudden, the Angel Buster was standing up in the lurching coach-seat, holding his hand high above his face,—at first the girl thought he was shading his eyes from the sun, till she noticed the hand was held far too high, and that the palm was turned oddly outward. While she was still wondering at this little tableau he shook his

head and called out sharply, "We must run for it!"

"For what?" demanded Clarence.

"Injuns," said Hunker Bill. "He's makin' the peace sign to 'em there, an' they ain't answerin'!"

Then a little far-away puff of smoke, followed by a rising, wailing "pin-n-n-ng," smote on their ears.

"What is it—are they shooting?" cried the girl.

No one answered, for a little trail of dark figures was stealing ominously between them and the horizon to the west. To the girl they looked like nothing but dancing shadows, but to the practised eyes they were Indians, mounted and armed.

Dorothy's face was colorless as a second bullet tore through the woodwork of the coach. She looked at the Angel Buster, the man she had called a coward, and kept her lips pressed together. He was taking it very calmly.

"We're caught in the circle!" cried Clarence to her, excitedly; "that's why we're running for the broken rock yonder!"

With dazed eyes the girl swept the rough, half-timbered plateau that surrounded them. By this time she could clearly make out the ridiculous little pattering ponies once more, as they circled restlessly back and forth. Then she heard the voice of the Angel Buster, and it sounded thin and far-away. He was telling the men to hold their fire; it kept the beggars guessing, and held back the rush. Then he laughed a little, and explained to them that the Indian was a good enough hunter, but really a very poor marksman—a thing for which they could thank their stars. It was not until long afterwards that the girl, huddled down in the seat on the coach-top, learned that her solemn-eyed young guardian spent most of his vacations north of Slave Lake, shooting musk-ox.

He turned to her as a bullet whistled uncomfortably near them; he knew by the wide area of those bullets that it was the Hudson Bay rum of Little Moose behind their rifles.

"Slip down here!" he said, motioning to the narrow space behind the tooling-seat. It seemed too much like crawling into a

hole, and she courageously told him so. "I'd rather be up here!" she added, with a touch of her old imperiousness.

"Do what I ask, please!"

She looked at his for one intent, pregnant moment. He looked back at her in the same way; and during that moment a wordless and bloodless battle was lost and won. Suddenly she flushed up to her temples, like a school-girl, and then slipped meekly down on the horse-blanket that he had folded and placed ready for her.

What happened after that she scarcely knew. She saw one of the leaders of their bronchos go down at full gallop, saw the impetus of the heavy coach carry the other teams over him, felt the coach itself swing sharply round, lurch, hang balanced for one perilous moment, and then roll ponderously over on its side. She had a confused memory of hearing Hunker Bill crying out to make for the timber, and then, for one terrible moment, she thought that she lay there alone and deserted. She tried to struggle to her feet, but something she found, was holding her down.

It was the lean and wiry arm of the Angel Buster. The heels of a wounded broncho were kicking menacingly near her head. Calling to her to lie still, the Angel Buster crept out, with his Colt in his hand, and sent a bullet through the animal's brain. Then he cut loose the kicking, fighting, blood-stained teams, and turning the body of the dead animal in towards the coach, called for her to creep in behind it. Once there, the Angel Buster pulled the lever of his rifle down and back, and with a strange hardening of his boyish mouth looked about him.

"May God forgive me," he murmured, "if I have to take His lives!"

He saw nothing but a band of many colored little ponies circling and dodging in on him. To Dorothy they seemed riderless. Yet with his free hand he slipped his Colt down to the girl.

"Have you ever used one?" he asked her hurriedly.

"No," she whispered back tremulously. She looked up at him, hesitatingly, and he could see she wanted to say something.

Second by second the shifting circle was closing in on them.

"You hate me?" she said, with a little sob in her throat.

He shook his head, almost shyly, as he watched the circle. She was crying now, openly. Then he spoke:

"It's not likely we two will ever get out of this alive. I mean the both of us. Things don't count now; so I must tell you"—his Winchester went up to his shoulder as he said the word—"I must tell you; I love you, and have loved you from the first."

She dashed the tears from her eyes, and reached out an uncertain hand, as though to touch his knee.

"If anything happens to me first," he cried, as he sighted, "you must never let them take you, remember that!" Then he put down his rifle and looked at her again.

"I know!" she answered, as she took up the Colt from her lap; and her fingers resolutely closed on it.

"But remember, not until the last, the very last!" he added hurriedly. He saw a buck swing about, and send a wing shot in at them. It whined past him and struck. He thought it had struck the girl, as he felt the sudden weight of her body on his feet.

"Damn you!" he cried, aloud, "now I'll show you!"

Then he forgot—forgot even the rigid figure across his feet, and the madness to kill came over the Angel Buster. His first shot went wild, but a second sent the buck tumbling and sprawling down on the prairie sod. The Indian tried to crawl away, but a third bullet left him prone on his back, staring up at the wide skies.

Then the Angel Buster shot wickedly, but never wildly, as he stood with his back to the wrecked coach, coolly wondering just how he would get a chance to load again. Four bucks went down, and still he waited for the final rush.

Then, of a sudden, he saw the narrowing circle shift and turn in a body, and accepted the movement as his last moment of life. He took one deep breath, and waited.

With a bewildered gasp he slowly lowered his rifle. There, before his astonished eyes, horse by horse the shifting circle was melt-

ing away like a mirage. He pondered what new move it could mean. While he still had time he flung himself down beside the girl, wondering if she were dead. His searching eye swept the huddled little body from head to foot, and he suddenly shouted aloud with joy. There was not a scratch on the girl. She had fainted away—fainted from sheer fright.

He cut open her waist at the throat, and bent over her, waiting for her first breath, watching her pallid face with a new and strange thankfulness singing through his veins.

She opened her eyes slowly, and shuddered.

"Where are they?" she cried, clinging to him in a sudden reawakening of terror. He could only shake his head hopelessly, and held her in his arms until her paroxysms of frightened sobbing subsided. "Oh, I'm a coward, a coward!" she murmured, while he silently wished with all his heart that those besieging, encircling demons in red would surround them till the end of time, as he felt the weight and warmth of her body on his arm. He asked for nothing better. He even forgot his bashfulness, and brushed back the wealth of golden brown hair from her pale brow.

She smiled up at him contentedly, at that. "It is so much more than I deserve, to die with you!" she cried, with a new light on her face.

He looked out through the late northern afternoon, but no sign of life came to his eyes. How long, he wondered, could it last? Then a touch of audaciousness came to him, bringing a pallor to all his powder-blackened face.

"Supposing this should turn out as we don't expect—supposing, in some way or other, this day is not the end of everything for us, could you ever learn to care for—er—for a fellow like me?"

This girl looked at him wistfully. She lifted a passionate hand and caught his, then remembered and became a woman of the living world once more.

"Is there any hope, at all?" she asked, instead.

"Not if night comes before help of some

kind. But that isn't the question?" He leaned over her with a new boldness.

"Could you ever learn to love me?" he asked her once more.

"I do!" she murmured. And at that he sighed deeply, and gazing out, took one hungry and comprehensive look at life.

"Then we'll die hard," he cried, exultantly, as he caught up a cartridge belt and turned to fill his magazine.

The woman gazed forlornly out into the strange unknown land that lay about her, suddenly quailing at the thought of what the night might still hold for them both. Then she grew ashamed of her cowardice, and turned away her face that he might not see it.

"Look!" she said quietly, as he came back to her with Hunker Bill's carbine. And she pointed to the west, where the sun, a ball of molten, blood-colored fire, was going down beyond the horizon of the Great Muskeg Country. He looked out at it for a silent minute, and then his eyes widened, and he gave little bewildered gasp.

On the southerly horizon of the plateau, indistinct in the yellow light of the early northern evening, a flickering, dancing line of crimson caught his eye. He pointed it out to the woman beside him. It could be only one thing, and as he realized what it was he understood why the menacing circle that had hemmed them in had turned and melted away so suddenly before his eyes.

That flickering blurred line of crimson, he knew, could be nothing but the red jackets of a patrol of the Riders of the Plains.

"What is it?" cried the woman, as her companion sprang to his feet and shaded his eyes with his hand.

"It's Stephens and the others, with the Mounted Police," he answered, almost regretfully. "We're saved!" he said slowly.

"Then kiss me, before they come," she said, as she crept into his arms again.

"And you know what this means?" he said, looking into her eyes, which had suddenly grown grave and womanly.

She nodded her head. And they sat there against the old coach-box in the chill twilight, until the others rode up.

THE MUSHROOM

A STORY OF ACHIEVEMENT

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

QUACKENBUSH was plainly not at ease. As a matter of fact, he was not quite certain just how he ought to open the interview. Had it not been that he had sent for Jones, there would have been no difficulty. Under the circumstances he felt a trifle diffident about the matter.

"Jones," he cleared his throat, "Jones, you're getting to be quite an old man; you're not as young as you used to be. You must—that is—er—you should take a rest." The President spread his fat little hands apart as if adding strength to the suggestion. "Yes," he pursued, "you certainly ought to lay off; see if you don't feel better for it, you know."

"But," said Jones, in surprise, "I don't want a holiday. Why, it's only six weeks since I've been away. Besides, I'm not old; I'm three years and a half younger than you."

"I know; I know, Jones," answered Quackenbush, hurriedly; "but it's not that. I'd better come right out with it; I guess I'll have to put the matter plainly. Fact is, it's just this; I think it's about time you were being superannuated. You've been here twenty-two years now, and you're over sixty. We can make you a nice retiring allowance—a very nice allowance, indeed."

"Which in cold cash means—?"

The cool suddenness of the proposition staggered the General Manager, and left him rather at sea. His mind ran over the years of labor he had put on the road, and the triumphs he had achieved; the idea of being shelved now that the company was fairly on its feet and in smooth waters, left a bad taste in his mouth. He had seen the road grow under his care, from a small horse-car line to the controlling trolley company of the city. His whole

existence was wrapped up in it. Independently wealthy, the salary he drew was a secondary consideration.

"Eighty per cent. of your present salary. You're getting four thousand now; that would make it thirty-two hundred dollars a year. I think that's rather handsome. What do you say?"

Jones thought a moment. Quackenbush must have some motive for making such a demand as this, and he determined to learn what it might be. He felt certain that it must be a strong one, for the President was not the man to throw away over three thousand dollars a year unless he had a very good reason.

"Who's to take my place?" he questioned. "I suppose you have some one in view."

"Well," answered the President, flushing up guiltily, "I was thinking that maybe we might put Johnny in—that is if the directors approved—that is, for the time being, anyway. He could manage the road all right for a while if he had a little help."

Jones knew what that meant. Quackenbush, once he had his empty-headed son in the position of General Manager and Jones' influence for conservatism removed, would have the road right where he wanted it to do with as he pleased. Still, Jones felt that once out of it, what they did was no concern of his.

"Sure," he assented, "he could manage it all right; there's no reason on earth why he couldn't. Still," he added shrewdly, "the salary's not very large. You're surely not going to keep him at four thousand a year; the position has rather outgrown it."

Quackenbush fell into the trap without the faintest suspicion.

"I was thinking of raising it to five thousand," said he.

"Quite right," replied the General Man-

ager, concealing his pleasure, "quite right! Now, I'll tell you what you should do. It's not going to look well to fire me at four thousand and then put your own son right in at a thousand more. Raise me first to five thousand. Then, in a month or so, I'll ask to be retired of my own free will and suggest Johnny as my successor. Giving me my superannuation of eighty per cent., that'll just let me out on the four thousand I'm getting now."

"One for Johnny and two for yourself, eh? I always did admire your particular brand of nerve."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Quackenbush feigned astonishment.

"Do!" cried he. "Why, nothing at all. You surely don't mean to tell me you were making that proposition in good faith. It's quite out of the question; my directors wouldn't stand for it for a moment; and even if they would, I couldn't conscientiously do it."

"Too bad about your conscience!" sniffed the unbelieving Jones. "Seems to me yours is one of the convenient kind that only turns up when it's wanted."

"Besides," continued Quackenbush, "I can't wait for you to hold the job a month before Johnny takes charge. That little deal with the Southwestern Traction Company will be on in a couple of weeks more, and I would like Johnny to have hold when it comes up. My scheme is for you to resign; then, while we're waiting for a new General Manager to be appointed, we'll put Johnny in provisionally, and make him prove so successful that he'll get the job from the directors themselves without my interfering. That'll look like a smoother job."

"Have him make a reputation on a foundation that I've spent three months in laying! That's pretty good, too."

"It's nothing to you. What's one little triumph more or less to your credit if you're going to get out anyway? Besides, coming right at the beginning of his career, it'll mean a big thing for the boy. Are you willing to do it?"

"That won't be following out my scheme.

Your way makes me lose a cool thousand a year."

The President lost his temper.

"I'll tell you straight," said he angrily, "you'll never get that four thousand as long as I have anything to do with it. I've made you a very handsome offer as it is, and you can either take that or nothing. If thirty-two hundred doesn't suit you, you can get out without it."

Jones looked at Quackenbush contemptuously. The President squirmed beneath it. Then the Manager rose to his feet.

"That speech just about shows your size," said he, with a sarcastic snort. "You want to give me the dirty end of the stick, and, after all, I don't know but that's what I'd rather take. You may consider that I've resigned without asking for superannuation."

To Quackenbush, such a termination of the interview was highly satisfactory, and he showed the fact a little too plainly. As Jones twisted the door knob, he turned back and caught the other's expression.

"You don't need to gloat yet," he cried; "you aren't out of the mire until you get straightened up with the Southwestern. And, by ginger, I may be an old man as you say, but I promise you straight, I'm going to have a hand in that deal somewhere. If it's not on your side, it'll be on the other."

According to the terms of the franchise Quackenbush held from the city, in the event of another company wanting to build a road within the city limits, the option of constructing must first be given to him. Consequently, when the Southwestern Traction Company, controlling lines in all the leading towns in the state, cast covetous eyes on Avenue C, it was to Quackenbush they were obliged to come with their proposition.

"But I don't want to build the road," he had told them. "I have a line paralleling it on Avenue A, only two blocks east, and it would kill too much business for me."

"We don't expect the privilege for nothing," insisted the deputation; "we're offering you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That's at the rate of fifty thousand

a mile. Naturally, we'll expect you to take it in stock, but any way you look at it, it's a big thing."

"Out of the question," Quackenbush had replied. "Nothing under half a million would touch me, and even then, it would have to be in cold cash."

The leader of the Southwestern party got on his feet.

"I'm afraid we'll just have to go ahead and build it without giving you anything," said he.

"Not on your life you won't," answered the President.

"Then you'll have to build the road yourself," insisted the other.

"I guess not!"

"Then we will."

"Now, see here," Quackenbush had answered, "there's no use in pulling at loggerheads on this matter. You want the privilege of building this road; you don't want me to put it down any more than I want to do it. But I've got to get my price out of it, or you're not going to get a franchise. See? If you start doing anything, I'll get out an injunction to stop you and go ahead and do it myself; then nobody will be ahead, and you will only have had the satisfaction of killing your own scheme and putting me out of pocket a little where I don't need to be. I can just as well turn the Avenue A line over and bring it down Avenue C as not. A belt would pay well."

Thus it was that matters stood. Quackenbush figured on being able to close satisfactorily within the next fortnight and letting his son take the credit.

The morning following, the President of the Southwestern Traction Company received a surprise in the nature of a call from Jones.

"I presume you're here to make some arrangements about that franchise for Mr. Quackenbush," said he, after greetings had been exchanged.

"Not entirely," replied Jones. "Not entirely, I imagine we can do that incidentally, but that's not the prime object of my call. You see, Mr. Quackenbush and I have had a little difference of opinion re-

garding my salary, and I've left him. I've come now to make you a proposition."

"Which is?"

"That you make me General Manager of the new line you propose building on Avenue C. Salary to be the same as I have been getting."

The President laughed pleasantly.

"Just as you remark, Mr. Jones, that is a 'proposition,'" said he. "But I think that you ought to know better perhaps than anyone else, how much of a line we have or are likely to have for a while on Avenue C. I would like to consider you for the position if it existed, but under the existing circumstances, I don't really see that we can do anything."

"Suppose I were to make the position?" suggested Jones, soberly.

The President started.

"What do you mean?" he interrogated, quickly. "There's only one way to do that that I know. You don't mean that you can build the line?"

"That's exactly what I do mean!"

"Well, if you are able, the job's yours. Quackenbush seems to hold us pretty much in his hands at present, and if you know of any way to get round him, I guess you can command almost whatever salary you have a mind to ask."

"Four thousand a year will hold me for the present," replied Jones, dryly.

When Quackenbush heard that Jones had accepted the management of the Southwestern's new line on Avenue C, he laughed.

"I was afraid that when the old beggar left, he really had some ideas," he said to his son. "It's time he learned that he's got to catch his goose before he can cook it."

Jones wasted no time in setting about his scheme. Up in the northern part of the city, not too far from the proposed line, he secured extensive yards and commenced getting in material. Quackenbush watched the operations, and spent his evenings calculating how much he could advance his price after the Southwestern people had spent too much money to permit their withdrawal. That they could pos-

sibly get ahead of him never entered his head.

But matters failed to run smoothly. When the time came round for the conference with the Southwestern, the delegation asked for an adjournment of two weeks longer, and nothing was done. At the election of a General Manager during the following week, the President's son was turned down and the heaviest stockholder on the board of directors appointed to the position. Jones saw the whole matter, and was intensely amused.

As the day drew around for starting operations, Jones issued his final orders. The manager of every employment agency in the city was called in and given his instructions personally.

"We want every man you can let us have," said the General Manager. "Get them competent foremen, and have them at our yards at eleven thirty next Saturday night. We don't want them there a moment early or a second late; and furthermore, we don't want a word about this to get out. You had better instruct the foremen confidentially, and have them keep the men in ignorance until the last moment. Don't employ a foreman you can't trust to keep quiet. I'll get the walking bosses myself; I have men who understand the work they are to do."

As midnight on Saturday drew around, the Southwestern's hitherto deserted yards took on a new aspect. Beneath the flickering, violet glare of the arc lights, rough gangs of men swarmed over the place. From an undisciplined mob, the foremen started to lick them into an organization. It was little short of marvellous how soon order rose out of chaos. From a back street and into the side of the yards, came a long string of trucks. There were trucks of every type and description—reach trucks, flat trucks, new ones and old ones; Jones had engaged them all. As fast as they could be loaded, they filed out of the main entrance and down to Avenue C. Gang after gang followed. By half-past one, the whole Avenue was a scene of activity from end to end.

Jones' plan was simple. He was going to put his tracks down on the Sabbath,

when it would be impossible for Quackenbush to get out an injunction restraining him.

Four hours later, as a rosy glow in the eastern sky heralded the approach of dawn, a long row of torn-up pavement gave notice that a great work was under way. The men caught the idea that a big deal was being put through, and enjoying the huge joke they were helping to play, worked like beavers. Walking bosses on horseback rode back and forth giving orders. Busy time-clerks hurried along the line of labor issuing brass pay-checks. Teamsters cracked their long whips and shouted to the foremen to ask where they should dump their loads. No time was taken. Every man who worked, had twenty-four hours of labor ahead of him; when he was through, he would get his four dollars without question or demur. Jones, in a light buggy, drove up and down and watched progress.

So well had the secret been kept that not even the officials of the Southwestern Traction Company knew he was at work until almost noon. It was about nine o'clock when Quackenbush heard about it and appeared on the street. Jones was at the other end of the line, and he had some difficulty in finding him at first.

"What the dickens does this mean?" he fairly shouted when they met. "What in thunder are you doing?"

"Building the Southwestern Traction Company's new road down Avenue C," answered Jones, urbanely. The words actually rolled out of his mouth. Quackenbush was growing more heated, and the General Manager felt correspondingly jovial.

An unpleasant conviction was stealing over the President that he had been bested, and the idea did not tend to make him any better natured.

"I suppose you think you've done a pretty smart trick," he cried, irately. "You'll have all this work to tear up tomorrow. See if you don't."

"Hardly!" Jones grinned triumphantly. "If you will just think back a bit, you will remember that in the presence of three witnesses, you refused to do anything, and

even when you knew we were getting in material for it, you never stirred to make a start. I don't see how you are going to get around that."

Quackenbush muttered something and lashed up his horse. His son, who was with him, ventured a remark, and was sworn at for his pains.

It was high noon before the first rail was actually put down. Jones stood by, and as he watched it laid in place, a breath of relief escaped him.

"I guess we can take time for a bite to eat now," he said to his driver. "Let's go across to that restaurant on the corner and see what they have."

Beneath the glare of the afternoon sun, the laborers toiled and sweated. The day was hot, and the long strain was beginning to tell; all worked with less enthusiasm than in the morning. Yet almost as much was accomplished. Inspired by the untiring persistency of old Jones, they kept at it with the dogged energy that meant results. By four in the afternoon, the rails were in position for almost the full length of the line, and the work of getting the brick pavement back into place was under way. Two hours before midnight most of the men had knocked off, and the few who were left were busy cleaning up the loose bricks and dirt and loading it into dump wagons.

Jones' project had been a success; in a little less than twenty-three hours a street five miles long had been torn up, a railroad laid from end to end, and the pavement replaced again as if nothing had occurred!

It was a full week later, however, before any cars were run over the new road. Quackenbush, furious at the way he had been tricked, secured an injunction prohibiting the Southwestern people from using the rails until the matter was decided. Jones used the interval in getting the road into shape and putting his running equipment in perfect order.

"You can't carry it to the Courts," he told Quackenbush. "Your franchise doesn't give you the right to sell privileges to another company if you don't want to

use them yourself. We can prove by three witnesses that you had ample notice that we intended building. If you insist on going any further in the matter, we'll get right into details and have the whole thing out."

That was Friday. The next day Quackenbush drew in his horns, and on the Monday following, the first car made the trip.

The new road dealt a heavy blow to the old line which paralleled it on Avenue A. Running nearer the middle of the thickly populated district, it drew business from both sides where Quackenbush had formerly been able to pull only one way, though, indeed, that way had been all across the city. Quackenbush cut fares and made every effort to retain his patronage, but it was of no avail. The Southwestern demanded a straight five cent fare, and even at that got more business than they could handle. Quackenbush's endeavors, instead of making money, acted just the other way and served to weaken him. Yet, with bull-dog tenacity he kept up the fruitless struggle for a full year. Then it all came to an end within three days.

The first intimation Jones had of the matter came to him in the form of a letter from the Southwestern Traction Company's head offices. It reads:

"Dear Mr. Jones,—

"Several days ago we were approached by Mr. Quackenbush with an offer to sell out to us. He names a price to us of \$900,000, with good-will, and has given us an option on the road at this price until Saturday next. A special meeting of our directors was held this afternoon to consider his offer, and it was decided to place the proposal entirely in your hands to deal with as you may think best.

"We may say that the idea of joining the ends of the two roads and making them into a large belt, is one that seems to meet with favor from our people. However, this is for you to decide. It is understood, of course, that if we combine you will hold the same position as you now do—

that is, General Manager of the amalgamated roads.

“Kindly let us hear from you just as soon as you have investigated and appraised this matter. Yours very truly,

SAM. JOHNSON,
President.

Outside the day was just beginning to soften into the dusk of twilight, and across the city spread beneath the window, the

electric lights gleamed like fireflies on a meadow. To Jones, it seemed the embodiment of perfect peace and contentment. He leaned against the side of the window, and as he watched the myriad of lights in the office buildings twinkle into existence, there swept over him a great wave of feeling that life was good and the battle of achievement well worth winning.

“General Manager of the amalgamated roads,” he repeated to himself. “General Manager of the amalgamated roads!”



DIAMONDS OR HEARTS

BY ERIN GRAHAME

THE St. Lawrence, at its very worst, when the witches of November ride its dark-blue waves and wave their brooms of foam, is a stream to be defied and desired. But, when an August moon is turning its peaceful surface into a sheet of ultra-refined silver, when every rock and tree of the Thousand Islands takes on a mystery unknown by day, then the wicked little Devil of Chance, whose activities are not confined to India, as Mr. Kipling very well knows, slips into his bark canoe, and paddles abroad, for, although sightless, he knows very well where to go. He chuckles to himself whenever he hears the sound of a girlish voice, answering the dip of a paddle. He knows enough to avoid the clumsy family row-boat, filled with a joyous crowd, from which will arise the devastating sounds of the latest coon-song. But, when he hears such gentle murmurs as, "I feel you can understand," and "there seems to be an affinity," he knows that the very witching time of night has come, and the magic of his hour is upon the deep.

On such a night did Molly Forbes, a siren in a sailor-hat, float upon the blue St. Lawrence, and say evil words concerning her stars; for the man behind the paddle, who was bravely doing the work, was unfair, fat and fifty. His name was Samuel Reade, and he was the owner of sundry stocks which enabled him to indulge in purple and fine linen to an unlimited extent, and to fare, every day, too sumptuously for symmetry. His moist and bulging blue eyes had rested upon Molly's slender form with approval, and Molly was not long unconscious of this regard. She viewed the obese Samuel with mingled feelings, which were more mingled than otherwise. The purse of Samuel was much to be desired, but the person of Samuel was not to be viewed with delight. Then, he was just the kind of man

to refuse to retire to the chimney-corner or the club. After matrimony he would insist upon accompanying his young wife to all the poms of this wicked world, and would commit the unpardonable offence of regarding her in the light of a purchase, a little better than his turtle-soup, a little dearer than his *Veuve Clicquot*. All these thoughts and many others passed through the active brain behind Miss Forbes' pretty brow, as Samuel, the unsteady, puffed and glowed beneath the searching light of Diana. At last, he marred the stillness.

"Ain't this pretty fine? You and I can paddle our own canoe all right." Then he laughed, and the resentful fairies vowed vengeance upon this intruder from the world of humanity, and echoed his mirth in such elfin fashion that Molly hated him, and raised her head from the blue velvet cushion, with a force that made Samuel realize that a canoe is a vain thing for safety.

"Hold on, there! I don't want to die just yet." As the canoe did not upset, he added, "Though I don't know that I'd mind dying in your company." This noble sentiment was accompanied by a look that was meant to be tender. A fat man, paddling beneath the rays of the moon, may be a shining success in expressing the cheerful, but he should not attempt the sentimental. The "lean and hungry Cassius" is more dangerous in love, as in politics, than the members of the sleek-headed fraternity. So Molly continued to gaze across towards the boat-house belonging to the cottage where her friends had encamped for the summer; for she knew that Edward Jarvis was disconsolately smoking a cigar, and thinking various things concerning Samuel. Edward was a delightful young lawyer, with a small income and a large heart. For two years, both income and heart had been lavishly spent upon Molly Forbes. But neither the roses provided by

the former, nor the affection flowing from the latter, could entirely obscure the substantial figure of Samuel Reade.

Molly had been invited to spend the summer with her dear friend, Helen Marlowe, who had married for money, and who had proceeded, in spite of all precedent, to fall in love with her husband, instead of with a wistful-eyed bachelor, who would talk to married women about the higher nature and being misunderstood. Molly knew the story of her friend's marriage, and of its development from finance into affection. Helen's happiness had given Molly many doubts concerning matrimony that is founded on romantic passion. Had not Helen been desperately in love with Charlie Richmond, to the extent of criticizing his coats and his gloves? Yet, she was now eminently proud and fond of the worthy Henry, and, in spite of all that preachers and novelists had declared, she was supremely happy. According to what the poets and other prevaricators have said and sung, she should have been miserable, with remorse gnawing at her soul. If she had lived in a novel, Charlie Richmond would have reappeared to keep alive her old affection and to undermine her felicity. But Charlie had married a type-writer girl with a pretty face and a plaintive voice, and they had followed the course of empire—in fact, were prosperous inhabitants of busy Seattle. On these things Molly pondered, as the moist, blue eyes of Samuel, filled with what he considered a loving expression, looked into hers, which indicated an emotion that the honest man mistook for maidenly shyness; whereas, not even in her bassinette days, had Molly Forbes known the meaning of that retiring sentiment. If Helen had learned to love Henry Marlowe, why could not she—Molly—who loved lucre above every other consideration, learn to tolerate Samuel? But Henry's dark, gentle face and reserved courtesy arose in judgment against her, and she said to herself, with almost a sigh, "Helen was bought by a gentleman." Wherefore she scowled at the canoe and the waves, and declared with resolution that it was cold and that she wished to go in. Cold! A tiny breeze murmured a protest against such a libel on the night, but

Samuel willingly turned the boat towards the Marlowes' island home. As he held out his puffy hand to assist Molly from the canoe, the worthy paddler said: "Remember, you're to let me know to-morrow night. But, after our talk this afternoon, I guess things are about settled."

"I wish you would not be so absurd. I have a headache," said Molly, stormily, as she swept on through the pine alley. Samuel followed, but could find no trace of his lady-love. She had stepped aside from the path, and she watched, with great satisfaction, her burly adorer, as he plodded wrathfully towards the house. Even as she laughed an airy, malevolent laugh, her wrist was seized by a strong hand, and a stern voice said, "What are you going to tell that cad, to-morrow night? And what did he mean by your 'talk this afternoon?'" Molly was decidedly startled; but she had inherited a certain degree of diplomacy from an ancestress who was married to a gentleman, whose first wife was Lilith. Therefore she screamed daintily, and shivered in a pitiful little way.

"Oh! how you frightened me!" Then she put her hand—the one the man was not holding—over the place where her heart was supposed to be fluttering.

"I didn't mean to startle you; but I don't see how you can endure that man." The stern voice had softened.

"He is rather dreadful," with a plaintive sigh, "but he has a canoe."

"So have I, and it is not *very* late. You must be tired, and I want to talk to you, and there is a crowd at the cottage."

Miss Forbes must have been very much startled, for she allowed the stalwart young man to keep her hand in his protecting clasp until she found herself once more off terra firma. This canoe was a small and rather plain affair in comparison with Samuel's gorgeously-upholstered craft. But, although beauty may not be in the eye, it is surely in the heart of the beholder, and Molly felt very much at home, as the 'Red Rover' drifted into the broad river-channel.

"I'm afraid you won't find this canoe very luxurious after Reade's 'Spirita.'

But the moonlight should make amends for the roughness of the boat."

"Thank you, I am very comfortable. Happiness is not altogether a matter of velvet cushions."

"What do you mean, Molly?"

"I wasn't aware that I had given you permission to use my Christian name, Mr. Jarvis."

"I knew better than to ask for your permission. And—is Molly a Christian name?"

"I have never considered myself a heathen."

"Have you not? But then I was speaking of your name, not you. And, as Shakespeare says, 'What's——'"

"If you quote that tiresome question, I shall upset the canoe."

"Then we shall be drowned together, and you will not become Mrs. Reade."

"I am not going to be Mrs. Reade. You are very insolent, and I wish you would go back."

"Aren't you going to be Molly Reade some day? Of course, I thought it was nearly arranged, for he has almost a million, and he is awfully in love with you. Hasn't he told you so?"

"Mr. Jarvis!"

"You had better not be restless, as we nearly went over then."

"I wish to return."

"I am very sorry to say no to a lady, but it is such a delightful night, and there are many boats out yet."

Edward Jarvis had never been a meek and lowly order of being. But now Molly gazes at him in despair, for he had assumed a tone of tyranny that was almost reckless. Had she better cry? No. That is always unbecoming, unless a divan is near, and it would also be very dangerous, as well as unprofitable, to weep in a canoe. What would be the sense of crying, unless Edward could comfort her, and where would be the wisdom of being consoled, at the risk of having cold water thrown upon the scene? Wherefore, dry counsels prevailed, and Molly simply looked in reproach at the strong, and undeniably handsome, young man, who wore a cream flannel costume with a grace that put Samuel Reade at a disadvantage.

"You are most unfair."

"Unfortunately, this is a world of unfairness. Unto Samuel, who has an infinitely better boat than I possess, has been given what I value more than many canoes."

"What is that?" said Molly, quickly. The woman who asks questions is lost, and Molly blushed crimson.

"Why, a trifling gift that you call your heart."

"Why will you talk to me like this? Do you suppose that a man like Mr. Reade, who wears yellow ties and doesn't know rag-time from Chopin, could be really and truly loved?"

"The yellow ties and rag-time do not spoil the man. I don't want to talk against Reade—but—do you love him?"

"It does not concern you in the least. Yet, since you have asked the question, I don't—can't and won't. You must have a very poor opinion of me, to think I would ridicule the man I love."

"I haven't a *very* poor opinion of you. I wouldn't be so troubled with insomnia, if I had. But your heart does concern me, because, you see, I want it."

"To play with, and break, I suppose." There was a long pause, during which a steamer, ablaze with multi-colored lights, went on to the lake.

"You ought to know something about me by this time, Molly, and I don't think I deserve that last remark."

"You deserve everything that is horrid."

"Then—won't you be my wife?"

"No. I am going to marry Mr. Reade. He may not be brilliant, but he doesn't call me names."

"I haven't called you anything. But I should like other people to call you Mrs. Jarvis."

"But I don't know how to manage a house, and you ought to marry a practical woman. Besides, I don't believe you care for me in the least."

"I hate practical people; you are the only woman in the world, and we needn't live in a house. We can board."

"But, even then, we shall still be in a house, and the women in a boarding-house are always cats."

"Molly, you force me to be primitive. Do you love me? I shall never ask you again."

"Please do. You have no idea how I like to hear you say it. Oh, remember that this is a canoe."

"I am horribly poor, my dear, but house-keeping will be all the simpler, and you won't need to worry over many servants."

"Rich men are nearly always uninteresting, but you ought to marry a rich girl. I have not said a word about marriage. I am going to be a perfectly lovely old maid, and be good to your wife."

"You can't possibly combine those occupations. If you don't give me a sensible answer within the next five minutes, I shall clasp you in a last fond embrace, and the 'Red Rover' will bob up serenely to-morrow morning, to let Mr. Reade know that you are the bride of the St. Lawrence."

"One of us should be sensible, and if life were all moonlight and islands, it would be easy to step into your canoe. I really do hate you so much, that I believe I'll marry you, and torment you forever."

"And you won't worry about losing Reade's fortune?"

"Don't talk about his fortune. I should tie myself in one of his money-bags and be drowned in this river, before I would be endowed with Samuel's worldly goods." Then, with compunction, "But he said that you were a bright young man who might get on."

"The deuce he did!"

"Well! Haven't you got on? Why are you paddling back so quickly?"

"Because a canoe is all very well under certain circumstances."

"But I don't wish to go back yet."

"You have changed your mind very recently, then."

"I have changed my mind about several things, within the last minute."

"Indeed!" But the shore was reached,

and Molly was transferred, with infinite care, from the canoe to safer and yet more dangerous surroundings.

"You needn't take such care of me. I am quite safe now—besides, some one at the cottage may see us, and misunderstand."

"He would be a fool, indeed, who wouldn't understand. Molly, tell me what Reade meant by referring to the answer you are to give him to-morrow night. I couldn't help hearing him."

"You are very impertinent, and, if he *does* want to marry me, you need not care."

"Tell me why you didn't say 'no' to him at once."

"Because I didn't know whether you—Mr. Jarvis, you are so much stronger than I; don't you think it cowardly for you to force me to remain here?"

"Not when you are so unreasonable as to change your mind every five minutes. Do you hate me still?"

"As much as I ever did."

"And you will have 'Mrs. Edward Jarvis' engraved on your next visiting cards?"

"With a mourning edge."

"Just as my lady pleases."

"Your lady is a foolish creature, Teddy, but—she loves you."

Mr. Edward Jarvis, barrister-at-law of the city of Toronto, felt that the words and the smile and the blush were worth waiting for. He did not say so, but he became eloquent after an ancient fashion. Sages of every age and clime! You have called speech silver and silence golden, but you have left something better all unnamed.

But the St. Lawrence understood, and when the Man in the Moon, who had, like a gentleman, looked away for a moment, again shone forth, the river winked at him placidly and then hurried on past the islands, to tell the great sea that the "little blind Devil of Chance" had been abroad that night.

A CANADIAN VIEW OF BRITAIN'S TARIFF

By W. FRANK HATHAWAY

GREAT BRITAIN'S tariff, and its effect upon British colonies, is ever a puzzle to the Canadian mind.

The total revenue of the United Kingdom in 1901-2 was £143,000,000:

Estate Duties, Stamps, Property and Income Tax returned	£57,400,000
Excise.....	31,598,000
Customs.....	31,046,869
Sundries.....	23,000,000
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	£143,044,869

Of this sum (Customs duties, 1901) per Statistical Abstract No. 39, we subjoin the following:

Cocoa, raw, 42,320,724 lbs. at 1d. per lb.	£ 176,366
Cocoa or Chocolate Prepared, 7,561,630 lbs. at 2d. per lb.	63,013
Coffee, raw, 283,606 cwt. at 14s. per cwt.	174,342
Tea, 255,824,617 lbs. at 6d.	5,793,000
Tobacco and Cigars, 78,400,000 lbs. at 3s. to 5s. 6d. per lb.....	10,567,705
Wines, 15,202,369 gals. at 1s. 3d. to 3s. per gal., and in bottles at 4s. to 6s. per gal.....	1,449,687
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	£18,224,083

Above quantities were for home consumption. A total duty, in 1901, of £18,224,083 on these five articles, whereas no duty was levied on meats, wool, butter, cheese, flour, and wheat.

Considering these taxed commodities, ad seriatim, one asks, Why impose such a light tax on cocoa? It is not consumed specially by the working classes, but rather by the middle and upper classes. Would it not be wiser to impose a duty of 6d. on cocoa, giving the colonies a 50 per cent. preference?

Trinidad, Jamaica, Guiana, Ceylon, and the Gold Coast, which export now over 42,000,000 lbs. of cocoa, would then have a distinct advantage in United Kingdom markets over cocoa imported from foreign nations.

Coffee, the drink of the well-to-do, is taxed one-fourth the rate on tea. Why

should it not pay the same duty as tea—6d. a lb.?

On what ground can any economist defend 1½d. per pound on coffee and 6d. a lb. on tea? If any difference, should not coffee and cocoa be 6d. a lb., and tea 1½d.?

India, Ceylon, and West Indies now export 369,145 cwt. of coffee. Would not a duty of 6d. a lb., with a preference to the colonies of 50 per cent., assist those colonies and divert trade from Brazil and other foreign countries? The duty on coffee and cocoa are alike to foreign nation or friendly colony. Portuguese and Germans in South America are on the same level as the British-bred whites of Jamaica, Guiana, Ceylon, and India. Is it any wonder that the colonies murmur?

Tea.—It is incomprehensible why the masses of Great Britain still permit this duty. When the housewife begins to realize that she pays yearly, on account of the duty, an additional \$8 to \$9 for tea, it may cause a change of heart towards the political party that makes the breakfast table pay this annual £5,800,000.

Suppose a duty of 1d. a lb. were placed on butter; the United Kingdom imported in 1901, for home consumption, 409,000,000 lbs. at 1d. a lb.—£1,708,000 duty. Abolish the duty on tea of £5,800,000. What would be the result? Every average family would save £1 12s. 6d. a year in duty paid on tea, and in place thereof would have to pay 12s. 6d. yearly in higher prices for the 150 lbs. of butter yearly consumed.

What would happen if a 50 per cent. preference were given to colonial butter, that is, colonial butter would pay ½d. and foreign butter 1d. The price of butter would advance to a point fixed by the ability of the colonial consumer to get an advance, borne down by a desire of the foreign producer to retain the United Kingdom market. That point would be mid-way between a ½d. and

a ¼d. Every dairy in Great Britain would reap an advance in price. Every farm, farmer, and farm laborer would feel its influence, in price of land, cows, milk, and wages. The people of the United Kingdom would pay for this in the advance. The 1d. duty would be paid by the importer, who would get ½d. back in lower prices from the foreign countries who competed against British farmers and the preferred colonies.

Thus the 150 lbs. per family would cost only 6s. 3d. higher per year, and not 12s. 6d. Against this 6s. 3d. a year would ever be the £1 12s. 6d. a year saved by free tea.

The mother of the family that could afford to use butter, would see on the breakfast table free tea and a yearly saving of £1 12s. 6d. taxed butter, and a loss of 6s. 3d. to 12s. 6d. a year. More than that, the butter may come from her own kith and kin in Canada or New Zealand, and from the way the boy is doing out there, the father decides that if they do leave their Sussex home, or the London flat, they will go to Canada and not to the United States.

Britain has vast interests in India and Ceylon, which two countries shipped in 1901, 328,011,462 lbs. of tea. The low prices ruling in Britain on account of the abolition of the 6d. a lb. duty, would so increase the demand for tea that every planter in Ceylon and India would feel the advantage. This also would assist British capital in shipping, by providing more cargo.

Tobacco.—The duty on tobacco in 1901 drew £10,567,705 out of the 42,000,000 people in Britain, about £1 10s. per family of six. As the work-people of the United Kingdom consume considerable tobacco, it is within the mark to say that the average working-class family pays yearly £2 duty on tobacco.

Wine, which is the luxury of the middle and upper classes, returned in 1901 only £1,450,000 duty.

The enormous duty of 3s. to 5s. 6d. per lb. on tobacco, paid mainly by laborers, mechanics, and farmers, seems an injustice compared with the duty on wine.

1 gallon wine, in bottles, valued at £1 15s. (that is, 15 per cent.), pays 4s. to 6s. per gallon duty.

10 lbs. of tobacco, valued at 6d. per lb., equal to 5s. (that is over 600 per cent.), pays 3s. 4d. per lb. duty.

It is reasonable to ask that the duty on tobacco be reduced one-half, giving a 50 per cent. preference to the colonies, which exported 136,187 cwt. tobacco in 1901.

Raise the wine duty at least 100 per cent., and even then the man who consumes it would not be contributing as much to the Treasury as does the miner, the factory hand, or the mechanic.

On what ground can the British statesman tax the workingman's necessary, tea, and his luxury, tobacco, £16,360,000, and at the same time tax the luxuries of the well-to-do, cocoa, coffee, and wines, only £1,864,000?

This is manifestly so unjust to the labor element of the United Kingdom, and so unwise to the agriculturists of the colonies, that it should require only the exposé to have it changed.

The North American colony has just begun to feel the word "Canadian." Up to 1880 Canada had great faith, in fact quite a "Provincial" trust in the good sense and kindly politics of the different British statesmen who guided colonial affairs.

We are now beginning to feel that Great Britain's trade interests with the United States appear to her too great to be disturbed. We realize that the British merchant and farmer are insular. Hedged around by a wall of water, they have stumbled forward, looking back to Cobden. The German economists have urged them on, secretly glad of this Cobden policy. The Yankees have praised the open door which permits them to pour numerous manufactures into London and other cities.

As we note the decline of Britain's exports from £291,200,000 in 1900, to £283,540,000 in 1902; the £6,000,000 increase in imports during the same period, and the excess of imports over exports (some £160,000,000 a year for the last ten years), we are led to believe that there must be a steady drain on capital—that Britain is living on her principal.

Her total entered and cleared tonnage is

stationary, in fact has declined from 98,524,000 tons in 1900, to 97,351,000 in 1901.

The acreage of corn crop has decreased:

1874	9,431,490 acres
1902	7,184,290 "

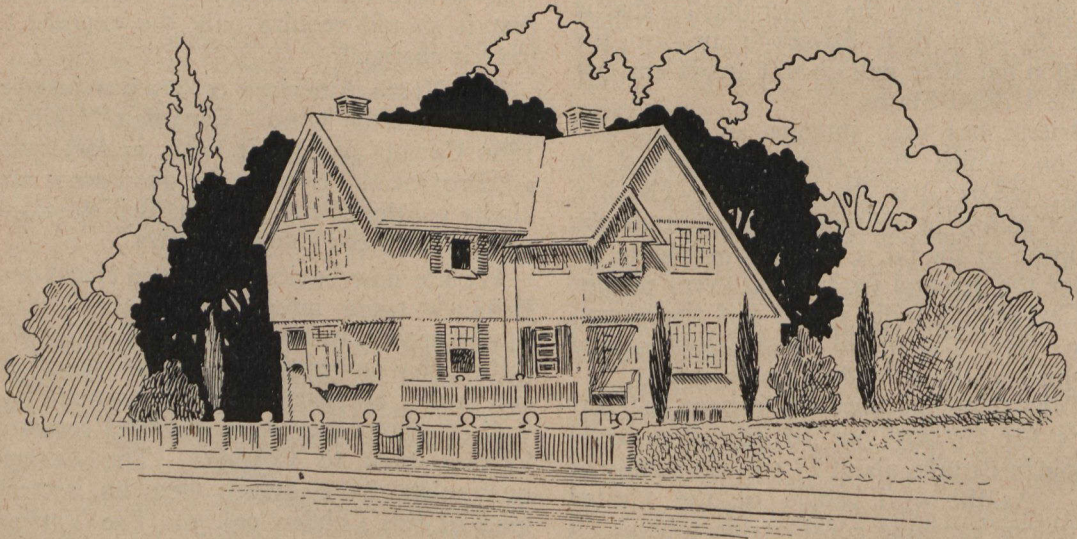
Iron and steel exports have decreased from 3,244,350 tons in 1898, to 2,897,719 tons in 1901.

Cotton exports likewise have decreased

since 1898, and wool exports barely hold their own.

The 2 per cent. increase during this period demands a proportionate increase in the export trade. When we reflect on these results and the probable refusal of England to accept the Chamberlain proposals, we think of

"The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung,
To their first fault and withered in their pride."



Insurance

The Large Policy

THERE are a multitude of events in every-day life that point to the wisdom of life insurance, while the large policies taken out yearly by men of means and business acumen point conclusively to the fact that insurance is a sound investment

The day of large policies has arrived. For something like half a century, life insurance business was developed extensively without the appearance of the large policy. In those days a man would have been considered mentally deranged who invested in a policy of a hundred thousand dollars. At the present time there are estimated to be nearly two thousand individuals in America who hold policies for that amount or over. Two well-known Americans carry policies of \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000, respectively. In the \$1,000,000 and over class, eight names appear; in the \$900,000 class, one; eight at \$100,000; three at \$600,000; and twenty-seven at \$500,000—making a total of some forty-seven persons carrying half a million and over. The \$400,000 class is estimated to number seventeen; the \$300,000 division, fifty-nine; the \$200,000 division, two hundred and fifty-eight; and the \$100,000 class, the magnificent total of one thousand three hundred and forty-four individuals.

The above furnishes a striking and convincing answer as to what our men of wealth think of insurance. If keen, shrewd, men of large affairs give life insurance such an unqualified endorsement, why should the man of smaller resources hesitate

Life Insurance as a Profession

"Life insurance," says L. G. Fouse, "is a promising field for young men; it affords

a most excellent opportunity for the development of faculties essential to thrift, self-reliance, and independence. The college graduate who is looking around for something to do can find it in the field of life insurance if he is made of the right stuff. He must remember, however, that the process of education must be continued through life; in college he has merely laid a foundation for a broader and practical education. In such process the body must be disciplined to obey the will and the mind by daily exercise, and be subordinated to the higher aspirations and nobler emotions, so that the will may direct opportunely and wisely. In entering upon the contest of life, in any pursuit, concentration and determination are essential to success. Others will always be found to challenge one at every step for supremacy, and in life insurance, this is pointedly true. When entering upon the life insurance field, equipped with rate book, applications, and the prospectus of the company you represent, you are challenged first, by the apparent indifference of the public; second, by agents representing other companies. As to the first, this is readily overcome, because it is only apparent. The fact is, every producer has a monetary value, and it is now universally recognized that such value should be protected and secured to dependents by life insurance. It is, therefore, necessary for you to cultivate and train your faculties in order to enable you to overcome indifference and procrastination. To meet the second challenge successfully, it is necessary to be intensely loyal to the company you represent. Loyalty will at once suggest the necessary diplomacy and expediencies."

Correspondence

I N the Great Exhibition of Hyde Park, 1857, promoted largely by Albert the Good, when the world was said to be at peace for a little while, until Russia spoiled it by the Crimean War, England showed her hand to the wily foreigner, feeling her great supremacy in manufactures and home and foreign industries, and she was soon copied, and her wares produced in many cases at almost 50 per cent. reduction. Dealers and distributors had a glorious chance for making large profits; the middlemen worked the two for their own advantage, often sending out patterns for reproduction abroad at greatly reduced prices. "Cheap! cheap!" was the universal cry. The game went with a swing. American goods flooded the markets with domestic and household goods, physic pills and novelties, new in design, simple in construction, and at popular prices. Splendid opportunities for making money. Alas! then cometh the change. British manufacturers realized that they were being played one against the other until their profits stood at zero. Combines, syndicates, and co-operative companies banded together to stay the destroying conditions. But the foreigners and colonials must now be checked from pouring their goods into our markets. How could it be done? Only by reversing our fiscal policy. The landed and agricultural interests had been sorely pressed under free trade. Birmingham, Manchester, Yorks, and other great commercial centres, saw in the near future that, like the rural districts by the depreciation of corn values, their game

was partially played out by competition. Machinery was pouring out volumes of merchandise, foreign markets competed more fiercely, and they were at their wits' end. "*Down with the foreigner. Down with free trade.* No dumping. No cheap wares for good old England. Let us hark back to the land. Supply home markets with home-made goods. We are not beaten, only hampered. *Tax* what comes into competition with us. Fair trade, not free trade. But food must be dealt with preferentially because it is a prime necessity. The people will not stand their daily bread being heavily taxed. Canada, being in somewhat similar commercial straits as we, from the pressure of the United States' competition, England must win and woo her, to assist in developing the new policy. So, hands across the sea under the British flag with reciprocal understanding, and Canada is to be the granary of Great Britain until the land can be brought into cultivation. Yes, and so it will be just so long as it answers the purpose of each to unite for common commercial interests. There is business in it, and on this basis it will work. The impulse on other foundations may look pleasant and pretty, but it would require some one other than a Birmingham seer to induce a nation of young aspirants to play into the Old Lady's pocket without it was manifestly to the new country's advantage. Let us then be willing to make the new game a fiscal mutual benefit concern on the give and take plan.

PLAYFAIR.

Isle of Thanet, Kent, England, May, 1904.

