

OCTOBER, 1902

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THE N.M.P.C.
**NATIONAL
MONTHLY
OF CANADA.**

WORLD'S PROGRESS
CHARACTERISTICS OF
CANADIAN CITIES
EDUCATION
MANITOBA THE GRANARY
OF THE EMPIRE
A STUDY OF AN
AMERICAN INVASION FROM
A CANADIAN STANDPOINT
THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM
AT GUELPH
THE IMPRESSIONS OF
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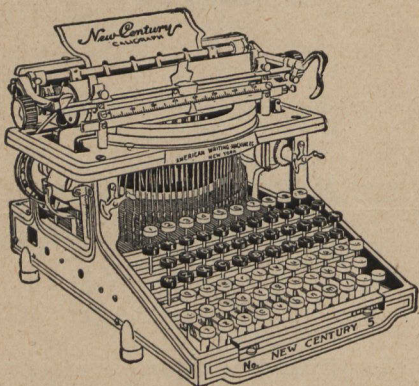
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. I

OCTOBER, 1902

No. 4

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

Canada's Opportunities in the St. Lawrence

CANADIAN Government officials have unfortunately not always looked at national interests from a business point of view. There has sometimes been too much political brilliancy and too little practical grasp of what Canada needs and wants. It is encouraging that at last a frank and accurate recognition of Canada's shortcomings, as well as a strong faith in her possibilities, has been acknowledged by one of our most progressive statesmen. To Mr. Tarte, Minister of Public Works, Canada is really indebted for a timely word of advice. In his executive capacity he recently made a tour of the Great Lakes, visiting the principal Canadian and American ports, and inspecting the transportation facilities. He returned with a practical grasp of the situation, and with characteristic frankness he summed up his impressions in this sharp but truthful statement: "The people of Canada must keep abreast of the times or close up shop."

Such a testimony, from such a source, carries weight; that it is correct is beyond a doubt. In the matter of interior transportation, to which Mr. Tarte had reference, Canada holds the natural key to the situation. She has opportunities in

the St. Lawrence route which, if only utilized, would make her a great commercial power; yet she does not even transport her own products. Some thirty or forty million bushels of Canadian wheat were moved last year in American bottoms, the reason for which was that the Americans were fitted for the work of transportation, and the Canadians were not. The United States Government have expended vast sums in making harbors, cutting canals, and dredging channels, and as a result American lake shipping is now on a thorough basis. On the other hand, Canada has a natural route from the West to the Atlantic, *via* Georgian Bay and the St. Lawrence, that is some three hundred miles shorter than the American route *via* Chicago and Buffalo. But the Georgian Bay and Lake harbors are undredged, and too shallow for ships to get into them; while the St. Lawrence will not be thoroughly safe until it is better lighted. If the Canadian route were properly equipped, not only our own business, but a great amount of the American business would be diverted to it; for the shorter and better route would win the trade. In any case, Canada should transport her own produce. It will be a national disgrace if Canada continues dependent upon the enterprise of another country.

Making Use of Niagara

THE United States and Canada also share between them the greatest water-power in the world. The harnessing of Niagara Falls to industrial purposes is one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering, in which both American and Canadian enterprise is taking part. Development first began on the American side, where the mighty cataract is already furnishing industrial power. The plant includes an inlet canal, drawing water from the river a mile and a quarter above the Falls; a wheel-pit, 150 feet deep, with immense turbines; and a great tunnel, twenty-nine by eighteen feet, 7,000 feet long, cut through the rock two hundred feet underneath the city, and emptying into the gorge below the Falls. The maximum capacity of this plant is 150,000 horse-power, one-third of which is at present in use by local industries, and in Buffalo, twenty miles distant. There is no apparent effect upon the volume of the cataract. One of the local factories has 130 motors drawing power from this source, and the wonderful success of electrical motive power in manufacturing is here illustrated most clearly.

On the Canadian side similar works are being constructed. One company has already expended a half-million dollars at Dufferin Islands, and a second company is now seeking legislative rights. The Canadian Power Company will use the largest generators ever built, weighing 200 tons each. The working principle will be the same as that of the American establishment. The power will be secured by the use of turbines at the bottom of a deep wheel-pit, which will connect with dynamos at the top. The water will be brought through a tunnel from a point in the river above the Falls, and after passing the turbines will discharge through a tail-race into the gorge. With such powerful force as this, the transmission of electrical energy to Toronto will be a comparatively simple matter, and

when both the power companies are in operation cheap motive power should be offered throughout Western Ontario. Power is now sold at the Falls at \$18.00 per horse-power per year of twenty-four hours a day, and it is expected that the new company can transmit power a distance of one hundred miles for \$30.00 per horse-power. This new enterprise on Canadian ground will mean much to local industrial interests, and while not affecting the artistic beauty of the great waterfall, will turn its force into channels of practical utility.

Electric Railways on the Increase

ONE of the chief benefits of this Niagara power will be felt in the impetus which it will give to electric railway enterprises in Western Ontario. Two suburban roads operating on the Canadian side already secure power from the American Falls, and the completion of the Canadian works will furnish a still more available supply. Radial railways are of immense importance to both town and country. Toronto now has four such lines, one of which extends forty miles into the country, while other projects are on foot. Three radial lines enter Hamilton, which is known as the "Electrical City," and Ottawa and Montreal also have connections with the outlying country. These roads pass the farmer's door, bring him his supplies from the city, and carry back a large part of his farm and garden produce. They give a quick and convenient passenger service, with well-equipped running stock, and in some cases carry the local mails. In short, they put the country in touch with city advantages, and in so doing earn good dividends for themselves. Electric railway stock is among the best securities in Canada. Including both radial and city lines, there are 43 electric railroads in the Dominion, with a total mileage of 688 miles. On a combined capital of \$24,471,240, these roads earned last year \$6,283,666, one-half of which was net profit. New

sources of power may therefore be expected to invite new enterprises.

Thomas A. Edison claims that in thirty years electric motors will have almost entirely taken the place of steam locomotives. They are especially fitted for suburban service, and have already proved highly successful in and around the leading Canadian cities. The Niagara peninsula and adjacent country has unique advantages in this respect, and electrical progress in Canada will probably centre there for some time to come.

Canada's Share in the World's Commerce

SOME figures of the entire world's commerce have recently been compiled by German statisticians. They may be taken as approximately correct, and as such give interesting testimony to the world's progress. For the year 1901 the total import and export trade of all countries is given as \$23,800,000,000. Nearly \$7,000,000,000 of this belongs to Great Britain and her colonies; Germany is second, with \$2,618,000,000, and the United States is next, with \$2,118,200,000. The three countries which lead the world in social, moral, and civic progress are thus also foremost in the world's business.

Canada's share in this grand total is \$398,811,356, made up as follows: Exports—to Great Britain, \$109,348,848; United States, \$71,196,505; Germany, \$2,692,535; other countries, \$12,781,872. Imports—from the United States, \$120,809,956; Great Britain, \$49,215,693; Germany, \$10,814,029; France, \$6,670,778; other countries, \$15,281,139. In all these directions, both in imports and exports, Canada's commerce shows great gains over the previous year.

An Unjust Trade Restriction

ONE of the things that England might and ought to do to encourage better trade relations with Canada is to let us send our beef-cattle to the English market. Our trade with England in agricultural

products is unfortunately hampered in that particular direction. The three largest items in our food exports are wheat, cheese, and bacon, and of these three England took last year nearly nine-tenths of our total export. With some few exceptions she is also our largest customer in the other forty or more items of farm produce. But an embargo on Canadian cattle prohibits what might be made an extensive and profitable trade, for which Canada is especially fitted. This is the more unfortunate because there is a chronic scarcity of meat in England, while the plains of Western Canada have the capacity of supplying the best meat in the world. But the British Government persists in the belief that Canadian cattle are more subject to infectious diseases than those of other countries, and on that ground excludes them. The same restriction applies to Argentina. Of late supplies have been coming from New Zealand, but the meat famine has become so serious that to meet the protests of the dealers the embargo against Argentina is likely to be lifted. It still remains, however, against Canada, with little chance of removal. Such discrimination does Canada scant justice. Infection may have been occasionally found in Canadian cattle, but anything of a serious or general nature is quite unknown.

With Canadians themselves, rather than with the English market, lies the fault of a decrease in the cheese trade last year. There is an excellent opening in England for Canadian cheese, but hitherto sufficient care has not been taken in its manufacture. Frequent complaints of its keeping qualities have led the Government to make a careful investigation, and experiments with improved methods of manufacture, particularly the introduction of cool-curing rooms, promise to remove the difficulty. Canada's dairy facilities are exceptional, and only a greater carefulness in preparation is needed to put the cheese trade on a thoroughly satisfactory basis. Our cheese exports now amount to about \$20,000,000 per year.

Financial Development

TWENTY years ago the amount of money in circulation in the daily business of Canada was an average of \$7.70 per head of population. It is now \$11.00. In 1856 the deposits in the banks of Canada were \$50,000,000, and are now \$470,000,000. A total money deposit of four hundred and seventy millions is not a bad showing, but unless that money is ultimately invested in the various industries of the country it does not argue progress. Money on deposit represents prosperity that has been, but future prosperity is to be had by using capital in industrial and commercial investments rather than by accumulating it in banks. The banks have done good service for the smaller depositors whose savings individually would not permit of profitable investment, yet collectively can be so disposed of to good advantage, and by acting as a medium in such cases the banks have materially assisted in developing the commerce of the country. Yet it would perhaps be a better evidence of native energy and individual enterprise if some of the wealth now on deposit were invested independently. A lack of confidence in local industries sometimes leads to a locking-up of capital and the consequent death of the industries, whereas a few thousands locally and privately invested would have yielded reasonably sure returns. The services of the banks are coming more and more to be used in financing the larger enterprises; there is still room for the local investor to lay the foundations of future prosperity on his own account.

In the progress that has been made, however, the banks have taken a most important part, and it is a matter of national pride that Canada has one of the best banking systems in the world. The best is admitted to be that of Scotland, and the Canadian system is closely modelled on the same lines. It is under Gov-

ernment control, and is safe and sound as well as up-to-date. An interesting testimony to this excellence of Canadian banks was given by a recent delegation of Japanese financiers, who visited Europe and America in order to study financial methods in vogue in the various countries. They expressed themselves as more favorably impressed with the general efficiency of Canadian methods than with those of any other banking system they had examined.

The New Movement in Population

THERE is room in the Canadian West for millions, but the thousands are already coming. The present year's immigration will reach 70,000, the great bulk of which is destined for the West. These people are coming from all corners of the earth. Of the present population of Canada, 690,000 are foreign born, and of these 500,000 came from Europe, and 128,000 from the United States.

This tide of immigration affords many interesting features. The great variety of races, with their various manners and customs, their ideas of civic, industrial, and social life, their attitude toward new conditions and their methods of home-making in a new country, are sure to awaken our interest. At the same time these several facts present a problem: How to make Canadian citizens of our new settlers, and how best and quickest to absorb them into our national life. It is less a difficulty with some than with others. The Germans, Scandinavians, and Austrians, have proved to be excellent citizens; but the settlements of Galicians and Doukhobors are as yet too experimental to warrant conclusions. They are, however, said to be prosperous, contented, and law-abiding. While there are difficulties to be encountered in nationalizing the foreign immigrants, there can scarcely be any real danger to our national life so long as the immigration continues to be, as at present, most largely from three sources—the United King-

dom, Northwestern Europe, and the United States. These settlers readily adapt themselves to Canadian conditions, and at once enter into the spirit of Canadian institutions. While we have enough of such colonists to maintain the balance on the right side, we can afford to make a few experiments with the less certain races, who may yet prove desirable also.

The influx from the United States is a noteworthy feature of the case. Last year 18,000 persons crossed the line and took up their homes in Canada, and in the first six months of the present year 25,000 more had come from the Western and Middle States. Some of these were Canadians returning. It must not be inferred, however, that either they or the American born immigrants were dissatisfied with their condition on the other side. Land in Canada, although rising in value, is now much cheaper than in the American West, where the available tracts have been nearly all taken. It was merely a shrewd business move on the part of the emigrant to sell his farm there, at a handsome price, and buy on much lower terms in Canada. At the same time he got better land, for while both are good, the Canadian West is better wheat country, and yields more to the acre. Many of these American immigrants are bringing money with them. Generally speaking, they are very excellent settlers. They already have good farming experience, sometimes superior to the Canadians, and they are in sympathy with the spirit of British law. In a few years' time it is hard to distinguish the man who came from the other side from the native-born. He came across to make a home and a living, and he was prepared to be a citizen. For these reasons the United States immigrants are the most desirable of all. The Canadian Government recognizes this fact, and is encouraging their settlement in the newly opened districts of the West, where an infusion of American enterprise will be a benefit.

The Pacific Cable

WHILE Signor Marconi is experimenting with wireless telegraphs across the Atlantic, a new cable is being laid in the Pacific. It is expected that by the end of the year Canada and Australia will be in communication, the line being already in operation between Australia and the Fiji Islands. Work on the Canadian end is well under way, and a complete cable station is being built at Banfield Creek, on the west side of Vancouver Island. Connection with there be made with the Canadian Pacific Telegraph, thus providing an all-British line for the entire distance.

The cost of the work was originally estimated at \$10,000,000. The cable was first projected at the Colonial Conference in 1887, when a survey of the route was ordered. This survey was not completed until three years ago, but since that time the work of construction has been going steadily on, and is now nearing completion. The cable is being laid under an agreement between the Imperial, Canadian, and Australian Governments, the entire cost being divided into eighteen shares, apportioned among the Governments interested. Canada's share is five-eighteenths. The management of the undertaking is vested in a board of eight members, two of whom represent Canada.

As a link in the telegraphic girdle of the world, and especially in Colonial and Imperial connections, the Pacific Cable is of great commercial and strategical importance. It is sure to play an active part in the development of Imperial commerce. At present it is impossible to foresee what the next twenty years will accomplish in the way of trade relations between Canada and Australia, but better acquaintance and closer connection will inevitably be followed by a widening of commercial interests. From a naval and military point of view, the value of telegraphic connection is at once apparent.

Trade with South Africa

ON the seventh of October there begins a regular steamship service between Canada and South Africa. A contract for five years has been made by the Canadian Government with the Allan, Elder-Dempster, and Furness lines for all-year freight, mail, and passenger service, beginning with monthly sailings. The subsidy is \$150,000. Montreal and Quebec will be the Canadian ports in summer, and Halifax and St. John in winter, while Cape Town and two other undetermined ports, will be the termini in South Africa. The contract is a Canadian one, and subject to Canadian laws. It is, therefore, to be considered as a Canadian enterprise, and the timely action of the Government has been received with great satisfaction in both countries and in England. The first steamer will have a full cargo, including a large shipment of flour, and the opportunity will be improved to extend Canada's trade in various directions. If the experiment proves a success, an Australian service will probably follow.

The promptness of the Government in making the contract is beyond doubt due in a large measure to the efforts of the various trade organizations in Canada, which have for some time past discussed the establishment of commercial relations with South Africa, and have agitated steamship connection as a first necessity. The Colonial Conference acted as a further incentive, and in the ripeness of the present time the scheme has materialized.

A New Canadian Country

IT is possible that a new and important country will soon be opened up in the extreme north-east of Canada. Labrador has hitherto been associated chiefly with Esquimaux, icebergs, and herring, but recent investigations have shown it to be a place of great industrial possibilities. Properly speaking, Labrador is only a narrow strip

of sea-coast along the North Atlantic, between Hudson Strait and the Strait of Belle Isle; the vast country in the interior, half as large again as the Province of Ontario, is mapped under the name of Ungava. It is this territory that possesses a hidden wealth of natural resources. As yet its only inhabitants are a few Indians, while the interior is not only uninhabited, but unexplored. So far as may be gathered from the reports of the Indians who have made partial explorations, there exists an immense plateau between Hudson Bay and the mountain districts near the Labrador coast. It is thought that this plateau may be similar country to the western prairies, and that wheat-growing may be profitably engaged in. It is in any case certain that nearer the coast there are immense timber tracts, which can easily be developed and which offer rich profits. A few years ago a party of Nova Scotia capitalists visited the Labrador country, made surveys, and afterward secured rights and privileges over a large tract of virgin forest, timbered with the finest of spruce and pine. During the present year a complete saw-mill outfit was sent to the spot, and set up on one of the rivers, where an excellent water-power was available. It is the intention of the company to manufacture lumber and ship direct from the Labrador Coast, the rivers providing an easy means of bringing down the logs, as operations are carried into the interior. A good trade in pulp wood is also expected. The natural and climatic conditions of the country are much more favorable than is ordinarily supposed. The climate of the interior is not more arduous than that of Quebec, and the rivers are open the greater part of the year. Parts of the Labrador coast are already sparsely settled, the last census giving a population of 3,634. These are engaged chiefly in the fisheries, and a curious fact is observed in the continued residence there of traders after their original mission has

been accomplished; they frequently return to Labrador to reside permanently after having left for their Canadian homes. It apparently is not an undesirable country to live in, and farther inland, where there is a greater diversity of resources, it is quite possible that settlement may some day be effected on a very considerable scale.

North-eastern Canada is of importance also because of its railway possibilities. Reports of a projected line from Port Arthur to Hamilton Inlet are no doubt largely conjectural, yet an exploring expedition under American auspices is now on the ground, and is said to be examining the country with that end in view. Should such a scheme ever prove feasible it will be of immense importance to ocean shipping. Hamilton Inlet is eight hundred miles nearer Liverpool than New York is, and it has excellent facilities for a great ocean terminus. A railroad from the Great Lakes, north of Ontario and Quebec, thus reaching the sea-port nearest England, would prove the most radical solution to the transportation problem that has yet been proposed.

Free Trade Not a Progressive Policy

TARIFF revision is nowadays a live question both in America and Europe. There has of late been considerable discussion in the press and on public platforms concerning the respective merits of free trade and protection, and it may be taken as a sign of the times that there is everywhere an increasing sentiment in favor of a more effective protection. A recent magazine article, written by a distinguished economist, summed up the well-known arguments for free trade in the assertion that England's prosperity under free trade was its own best testimony, and that the people had enjoyed so long the benefits of that policy that they had lost sight of the cause of their blessings. In reply to this, Lord Masham, who is a man of business as well as

a politician, won a point for protection by showing that England's prosperity had *not* increased. Progress under free trade, therefore, was only fanciful. The trade of the last ten years had actually decreased several millions, rather than increased, as compared with the ten preceding years. During the previous twenty years England's exports had grown rapidly, having more than doubled between 1854 and 1874. This had been claimed as a result of free trade, but it was in fact a result of protection. The farmers and manufacturers prospered not because of a free tariff, but because foreign products were not brought in, although the way was open. The other nations at that time were supplying their own needs, and had not yet a surplus for export, and therefore England enjoyed the benefits of natural protection. Yet because free trade was nominally in force during that period, the credit of the commercial prosperity of the country was attributed to no-tariff while actually it was due to no-imports.

It was Lord Masham's deliberate opinion, as an observant and experienced business man, that "no free-importing country could hope to compete with one that was protected." He is strongly in favor of preferential trading among the British colonies, as an offset to the competition of foreign nations. These statements, which are both sound and convincing, throw interesting light upon the inadequacy of the free trade policy, inasmuch as its actual results are shown to be disastrous.

Tariff Coalition in Europe

THE smaller states of Central Europe are beginning to realize the seriousness of foreign competition. They fear the economic ascendency which the United States as a protected nation, is gaining, and the most practicable precaution is, in the opinion of a German economist, a coalition of the central European states, with mutual pre-

ferential tariff among themselves, and a stiff tariff barrier against Great Britain and America. This, the writer thinks, will sooner or later be effected. The countries which would probably enter such a union would be Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, and thus united these nations would be in a position to hold their own economically against the world. As at present situated the smaller nations are commercially at the mercy of their stronger rivals, which possess much greater resources and threaten local industries with extinction.

Thus, protection is being more and more recognized the world over as the only satisfactory and efficient safeguard to national commerce. We do not usually look to Central Europe for political progressiveness or for economic wisdom, but a suggestion such as this is evidence of an awakening. That it is in line with the general trend of modern thought gives it, moreover, a foundation of reason. The only guarantee to sound business prosperity in any country is an adequate system of protection to national industries. To secure the benefits of this without incurring national isolation, trade coalitions or preferential tariff unions, among states or colonies most closely associated, would, without doubt, be of great value.

Government by the People

WHO best is fitted to frame laws and govern the nation—professional aristocrats, the monied men, or the men from the ranks of the people?—is a question that seems to be moving toward an answer in favor of the latter. Democracy is in the ascendant, and the people's representatives inspire the greatest confidence when they are in sympathy with the masses. Some interesting evidences of this popular tendency come from the

United States, which is essentially a democratic country, but which has nevertheless felt the influence of the aristocrats. Last year one of the leading manufacturing cities elected to its mayoralty a man whose business was that of fire-stoker. It was done because he was known to be a man of ability, strong purpose, and intelligent ideas; his humble calling was nothing against him. A few weeks ago the Democrats of Ohio nominated a blacksmith for Congress. They made efforts to get a suitable man among the lawyers, and failed; they tried to induce a prominent clergyman to accept, and he declined; they then went to the ranks and chose a knight of the anvil. It is altogether likely that if elected he will do his duty in Congress as he did it in his shop.

Members of Government are, or have been, mostly professional men. City councils are generally made up chiefly of business men, but the national councils are, in that respect, less practical. In Canada's parliament there is a majority of lawyers: naturally and perhaps wisely so, inasmuch as the framing of laws and discussion of constitutional problems is directly in line with legal practice. Other professions are represented in smaller proportions, including two clergymen. But there is also a sound business element, made up of merchants, manufacturers, and farmers. An infusion of this industrial and commercial element is of undoubted value in preserving the balance, and future elections will send more of our intelligent business men to the House. They know well the country's needs, and their knowledge will cooperate with the professional ability of others. The Canadian Parliament must be increasingly for and by the people. We have not yet reached the democratic point of sending up our blacksmiths; but why not?

CHARACTERISTICS OF CANADIAN CITIES

BY "ROLLINGSTONE"

IN the older countries, where human history is measured by centuries, the cities are not so apt to possess individual characteristics as in the newer lands where time is counted by decades. They vary in size, in style of architecture, and in wealth, of course, but otherwise they are much alike, and there is no possibility of change.

Quite different is it with the cities of Canada for instance. They each manifest features of their own whereby they may easily be differentiated, and they are not yet fixed in any mould precluding novel development.

It is the purpose of this article to pay a brief visit to the chief cities of Canada, and to glance at those characteristics which may be considered peculiar to each.

Halifax

To begin with Halifax, bearing in mind that throughout its history the capital of the Bluenose Province has been a fortified outpost of the British Empire, and has always had its contingents of red-coats and blue-jackets, it is easy to understand why the prevailing atmosphere is essentially English. The ideas and ideals, the manners and customs, the accent and the fashions of the Mother Land hold sway in spite of the fact that every summer brings an invasion of our American cousins who are cordially welcomed indeed, but whose influence works no change in the aspect of things.

Haligonians are wont to speak as naturally of England as "home" as if they had really been born there. They go "home" on business or pleasure; they send "home" for their clothes or their books; they write "home" to their friends, and this is no mere affectation,

but the expression of a genuine state of thought and feeling which may endure for generations yet.

Society in Halifax accordingly has a dignity of its own which inevitably commands respect. There is practically no attempt at ostentation or lavish expenditure. Many of the wealthiest families live in wooden houses that are simply very commodious cottages furnished for solid comfort, not for show. There are balls, and dinners, and receptions, and teas galore the year round, but there is no feverish anxiety on the part of the entertainers to eclipse other people's hospitality.

The military and naval officers, it need hardly be said, are the spoiled darlings of the drawing-rooms, and they occasionally manifest their appreciation by wedding one of the Bluenose belles.

They are capital fellows, as a rule. Gentlemen to the core, widely travelled, and full of spirit, and sometimes when their term of active service is over, they return to the country to spend the remainder of their days there.

Some would maintain that they have been a detriment rather than an advantage to the city. But to this we would not assent, and we think it would be cause for profound regret if Halifax ever ceased to be a military and naval station.

St. John

Crossing the Bay of Fundy to the capital of New Brunswick, we find ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere. Here the buildings, the dress of their occupants, their accent, their brisk, bustling movements, unmistakably reveal the American influence. In fact, were St. John to be lifted from its present picturesque situa-

tion, and set down in any one of the New England States, it would seem in no sense out of place.

Since the great fire, which gave so cruel a check to her growing fortunes, St. John has been rebuilt in brick and stone, and contains many creditable commercial structures which cast into the shade those of her sister (and rival) city. Yet she has not by any means the wealth of Halifax, however much she may outstrip her in enterprise.

Nor has she a similarly developed social *entourage*. She has her people of wealth, culture, and refinement undoubtedly, but they do not constitute an organized society as in Halifax, and it will perhaps require another generation before this is achieved.

Quebec

The gray old capital of Quebec poised proudly upon her mighty promontory, unsurpassed for situation in all the wide world, need brook no challenge to her title to being the city richest in historical associations on this continent. Jacques Cartier, Champlain, LaSalle, Frontenac, Montcalm, Levis, Murray, Wolfe, and a score of other names that have illuminated history are the heritage of Quebec, and the day is forever gone when such picturesque personages may be repeated.

Once the citadel of New France in a purely military sense, Quebec is now the citadel of Old France in New Canada in regard to the preservation of her language, laws, religion, and racial sympathies.

Here the French are practically supreme. For although the English still retain a goodly portion of the wealth, and control a number of the most substantial commercial establishments, they have little voice in the direction of public affairs, and must be content to have these administered for them by their French compatriots.

Not only so but they are steadily decreasing in numbers, and it can be only

a question of time when they will cease to form a distinct element in the composition of the population.

While it would be somewhat straining the figure to call Quebec a little Paris, yet there are many features of her social life which go towards justifying the phrase. The Church and the University are accorded an importance here that they are not in any other Canadian city. The arts, literature, music, painting, are taken seriously, and their votaries positively treated with the respect elsewhere vouchsafed only to the successful money-maker. The people are not afraid to applaud and encourage their aspirants to fame. This is effectively illustrated by the following authentic anecdote:

A Quebec *literateur* of repute was asked by an Ontario writer, ambitious for reputation, how it happened that there were so many more well-known writers in Quebec than in Ontario.

"*Mai foi!*" replied the Frenchman. "It is very simple. When one of us writes a pretty poem or clever essay we all clap our hands, and cry, 'Bravo! Bravo!' but when one of you does the same, you all turn up your nose and say, 'Poor stuff! poor stuff!'"

The precise proportion of truth there is in our vivacious fellow-countryman's explanation we leave to our readers to determine.

The commercial condition of Quebec is far from satisfactory. The once enormous lumber industry has sadly dwindled, her shipping trade has been hurt seemingly beyond remedy by the fatuous and perverse action of the Ship Laborers' Society, the wholesale trade is going to Montreal, and altogether it is not at present easy to find sources of cheer for the future of the beautiful old city.

Montreal

The proud distinction of being the commercial capital of Canada belongs without cavil to Montreal. Holding the coign of vantage at the head of ocean

navigation, and having the headquarters of the two great railroad systems, she is unquestioned mistress of the situation. That she should command so enormous a commerce in spite of the difficulties of the St. Lawrence route, and the consequent high rates of insurance, is sufficient proof of how much greater the volume would be were those difficulties removed, and better facilities for handling grain and other natural products provided.

Montreal is in many respects the New York of Canada. Aside from her financial supremacy, she is the most cosmopolitan of our cities. Here the French and British elements meet on very different terms from what they do in Quebec. The French outnumber the British three to one, but in regard to financial strength and social prestige the latter leave them far behind. With very few exceptions the great corporations are controlled by the English or Scotch who have shown such enterprise and sagacity, although it must be noted that in some branches of trade the French have made significant progress of late.

From the social point of view Montreal resembles New York in the lavish expenditure of her wealthy citizens. They build imposing mansions upon the mountain-side; they delight in dashing equipages; they maintain such expensive establishments as the Hunt Club, the Forest and Stream Club, the Racquet Court, and the St. Lawrence Yacht Club. Their luxurious summer retreats line the lake shore from Lachine to St. Annes, and they carry the art of entertaining to a pretty high state of perfection.

Not only so, but they have a wide reputation as patrons of art. It is said by experts that there is no city its size in the world containing so many masterpieces of modern art, and any one who has been privileged to see the collections of Lord Strathcona, Sir William Vanhorne, Senator Drummond, James Ross, Charles Hosmer, William Learmont, and the Art Association, will hardly feel disposed to question the statement.

They are also generous benefactors. They establish and endow splendid hospitals. They bestow princely gifts upon McGill University. They maintain charitable institutions by the score. They contribute handsomely to the churches, even if they do not attend them with edifying regularity, and altogether they use their wealth in a manner that does not justify much caustic criticism.

The French to a large extent live in a world of their own, lying east of the St. Lawrence Main Street. Only their most prominent personages come into touch with the English section. By sheer force of numbers they control municipal affairs, and the English, although the weight of taxation falls upon them, have to be content with a good deal less than half the loaf. A notable feature of municipal history in recent years has been the remarkable reform wrought by the movement inspired and directed by Herbert Ames, a young man of wealth who devoted himself to this difficult and ungrateful task.

In view of her deep interest in art, it is not easy to understand Montreal's indifference to the intellectual life which is perhaps best illustrated by the fact that this opulent city possesses no proper Public Library, the Fraser Institute being at best a mere apology. McGill and Laval Universities have creditable collections of books, but they are of course limited in their sphere of usefulness. The simple truth of the matter is that, as regards literary interests, English Montreal at all events is distinctly Philistinish. A successful author is of small account in her eyes in comparison with a fortunate financier.

Toronto

There is one point wherein Toronto enjoys an advantage over Montreal which is of signal value, and that is the homogeneity of her population. For all practical purposes they are British, and the various differences of race and religion cut no figure.

The full force of this can be appreciated only by one who has through residence in both cities, acquired an intimate knowledge of the circumstances, yet a recent incident will shed light upon the matter. Montreal has accepted Mr. Carnegie's offer of one hundred thousand dollars for a public library. The City Council, in preparing the regulations for its conduct stipulated that *only laymen* should be upon the Board of Direction. At once the Roman Catholic authorities were up in arms. They could not tolerate the idea of being excluded from the management of an institution which would be used by their people, and there is danger of the whole beneficent project being brought to naught through their action. It misses of being necessary to say that this could never occur in Toronto.

This oneness of her population, combined with the sterling stock from which so many of her leading citizens have descended, to wit, the United Empire Loyalists, no doubt goes far towards explaining the high intellectual, moral, and religious atmosphere whereby she is distinguished, for, let the groundlings jeer as they may, despite her shortcomings there is no more wholesome city in this globe than the capital of Ontario.

What some of these shortcomings are it may not be amiss to indicate. There is for instance, too little active interest taken in municipal affairs by the men foremost in finance and commerce. They are content to leave them in the hands of those who do not go into ward politics for their health, or from high altruistic motives. The consequence is a deplorable amount of bungling, even if there be comparatively little boodling, and the whole community suffers thereby.

Another shortcoming is the lack on the part of the rapidly-growing group of millionaires, of that public spirit which expresses itself in the endowment of learning, the provision of facilities for practical education and the fostering of art. The project for a city art gallery still hangs fire, while the University is notori-

ously in need of funds, and the example set by Lord Strathcona, Sir William Macdonald, and the Molsons in Montreal, might well be emulated by some of Toronto's provincial nabobs.

But it is more pleasant to consider those features of the city which may be cause for congratulation rather than for regret. Among these perhaps the most notable is the remarkable progress made within the past few years in her financial strength and influence. She has always been the chief city in Canada for Trust Companies, Building and Loan Societies, and Insurance Companies, but now she may dispute leadership with Montreal in regard to volume and profit of banking business, and stock exchange transactions. She no longer plays second fiddle to her sister city, but gives out her own time to which Montreal now and then has to dance.

The multiplication of proprietary residential schools, especially for girls, is matter for remark. These are all of the best class, housed in commodious buildings, thoroughly equipped, and admirably conducted, and without exception earning good dividends. In addition thereto are conservatories of Music and Literature, Schools of Art, Technical Schools, and other institutions which establish beyond cavil Toronto's primacy in the educational realm.

The social life of Toronto is still creditably simple, and free from ostentatious luxury. Long may it continue so to be!

The possession of wealth has not yet become the sole test of a person's status in society. Perhaps no city of its size has so many residents of moderate means who enjoy a high degree of culture, and constitute among themselves a desirable and delightful society.

Ottawa

If Montreal be the commercial, and Toronto the intellectual, then of course Ottawa is the political Capital of the Dominion. How she became so is an inter-

esting story too long to recapitulate, but we may recall Professor Goldwin Smith's sarcastic phrase to the effect that by the choice of Queen Victoria an arctic lumber village was transformed into a political cock-pit.

The lumber industry still survives, although somewhat shorn of its one-time magnitude, and the political mill is bigger, noisier, and more expensive than ever.

The globe-trotter and the cheap-tripper who visit Ottawa in session time, may be pardoned for forming the impression that lobbying, axe-grinding, and wire-pulling, are the chief industries of the place, but in so doing they would be very considerably astray. Always the centre of the lumbering interest, Ottawa has added many other important undertakings. In the use of electricity for light and power, for instance, thanks to the enterprise of a single firm, she long held the lead, and her magnificent water-power will always enable her to maintain a high place among manufacturing cities.

For half the year Parliament dominates, and during that period Ottawa is feverishly busy and gay. It is a harvest time for hotels, boarding-houses, and retail shops, and the money circulates freely, albeit many of the members and senators are of a frugal turn, and contrive to take a substantial portion of their sessional allowance home with them.

The vortex of the social whirlpool is not, however, Parliament Hill, but Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General. Here a miniature court is held, which imitates or, shall we say, parodies in rather an amusing way, the genuine article across the ocean, for, excuse or justify it as one may, this semblance of King, Lords, and Commons, does not set naturally upon the head of an essentially democratic country.

Yet there is something pathetic, too, about the passionate eagerness shown for recognition by Vice-Royalty. The Civil Service, for example, are equal to any self-denial that will enable them to figure

at Rideau Hall. They will even leave their baker, and butcher, their dressmaker and tailor unpaid, in order that they keep their place in the striving throng. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the successive Governor-Generals are flattered into the belief that they are really something more than costly figure-heads.

Let it not be supposed, however, that there is no society in Ottawa worth taking into account save that which flutters about Rideau Hall. On the contrary, there are whole platoons of people possessing wealth and culture whose names are never signed in the big book in the front hall of that rambling structure. Admirable and interesting folk they are, too, who really constitute the back-bone of the city.

A curious feature of Ottawa, considering its size, is the paucity of higher educational institutions. There is a Roman Catholic college, a couple of girls' schools, a boys' school, a collegiate institute, and that is all. There is no public library, but a fairly good Art Gallery, and an excellent Geological Museum, both belonging to the Federal Government.

Winnipeg

It seems a big jump from Ottawa to Winnipeg, and there are certainly cities lying between, such as Hamilton, London, and Brantford, which should not be passed over in silence, but the necessary limitations of space compel us regretfully to withhold.

For a parallel to the wonderful growth of Winnipeg we must cross the International boundary line. Statistics are superfluous. Suffice it to say that within a single generation she has expanded from a prairie village into a splendid city, with the certainty of a future development that will even surpass the past. There is nothing of the mushroom about her. She has had her boom. The bitter lesson then learned will not be forgotten. The burned child may be depended upon henceforth to fight shy of that fire.

Winnipeg is essentially a Western city, in the best sense of the term. There is nothing wild and woolly about her, but she is bright, breezy, buoyant. Her streets are wide, and as yet for the most part unshaded. Her buildings are new, and of an eminently practical style of architecture. Her people are new—by which we do not mean fresh—but vibrant with energy and enterprise, cock-sure of themselves and their city, illustrating in every movement the slogan "you cannot check Manitoba."

Nor are the amenities of life lacking. You can find as polished society in Winnipeg as in any of her sister capitals. Birth and breeding are duly appreciated, and combined with that largeness of heart and openness of mind which the West somehow seems particularly to develop, they result in an exceedingly attractive type not met with elsewhere in Canada.

Vancouver

Vancouver presents a curious instance of a city which is practically the creation of a great corporation. At first it seemed as though destiny had fixed upon New Westminster as the terminus of the trans-continental railroad, but the Canadian Pacific autocrats ruled otherwise, and at their bidding a brand-new city grew up on the shores of the superb harbor at the river's mouth.

Destroyed by fire a few years ago, Vancouver has been rebuilt in more substantial form, and presents a very creditable appearance for her age. She has not yet had time to cultivate the graces of life to any extent. She must be permitted to get her breath, to "loaf and invite her soul," as Emerson so strikingly puts it, before any definite social development should be expected of her. In the meantime she is growing bigger and richer, and must inevitably become an important factor in the future of the coast.

Victoria

Very different is Victoria, the capital of the Province. Here you have a cer-

tain measure of antiquity, a suggestion of mellowness, an assumption of dignity that are quite impressive in their way. Beginning as a Hudson Bay Company's fort, established by the renowned James Douglas, she has grown steadily, if not rapidly, to be a fair-sized city with a good volume of trade, and a sure although perhaps not brilliant future.

As in Halifax on the other edge of the continent, this English influence is paramount. This is due to the same cause. Victoria is another outpost of the Empire, and the neighboring harbor of Esquimaux is the rendezvous of the British fleet in the North Pacific.

There is accordingly a large leaven of what for our purpose may be termed aristocratic society in Victoria, rather inclined to dulness no doubt, yet having its own charm. The very weather of the place would seem to have been imported from England. Particularly in the winter time when rain falls instead of snow, and mackintoshes, rubbers, and umbrellas are indispensable.

The conspicuous lack of Victoria is enterprise. When the Yukon was opened up, for instance, she had a magnificent opportunity to enlarge her commerce, but she failed to seize upon it as she should, and the sound cities, Portland and Seattle, and even far distant San Francisco, profited vastly to her loss. What she needs is not only a waking up, but a shaking up, and until this happens she will never achieve her destiny.

Thus we have hurried, we might almost say scampered, from ocean to ocean. In our brief references to each city, we have assumed that their commission to us was:

"Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

and this commission we have striven to fulfil according to the measure of our ability.

"EDUCATION"*

BY LOUIS H. SULLIVAN

AFTER the long night and longer twilight we envisage a dawn-era—an era in which the minor law of tradition shall yield to the greater law of creation, in which the spirit of repression shall fail to repress.

Man at last is become emancipated, and now is free to think, to feel, to act—free to move toward the goal of the race.

Humanitarianism slowly is dissolving the sway of utilitarianism, and an enlightened unselfishness is on its way to supersede a benighted rapacity, and all this, as a deep-down force in nature, awakens to its strength, animating the growth and evolution of democracy.

Under the beneficent sway of this power the hold of illusion and suppression is passing; the urge of reality is looming in force, extent, and penetration; and the individual now is free to become a man in the highest sense, if so he wills.

There is no estoppel to his imagination.

No limitation to the workings of his mind.

No violence to the dignity of his soul.

The tyranny alike of Church and State has been curbed, and true power is now known to reside where forever it must remain—in the people.

Rapidly we are changing from an empirical to a scientific attitude of mind, from an inchoate to an organic trend of thinking. Inevitably we are moving toward the larger significance of life and the larger relations of the individual to that life as embodied in the people.

Truly we are face to face with great things.

The mind of youth should be squarely turned to these phenomena. He should

be told, as he regards them, how long and bitterly the race has struggled that he might have freedom.

His mind should be prepared to cooperate in the far-reaching changes now under way, and which will appear to him in majestic simplicity, breadth and clearness, when the sun of democracy shall have arisen but a little higher in the firmament of the race, illuminating more steadily and deeply than now the mind and will of the individual, the minds and wills of the millions of men, his own mind and his own will.

He should be shown, as a panorama, as a great drama, the broad sweep and flow of the vast life in which he is a unit, an actor; and that of a vital necessity fundamental principles must nourish the roots of his life-work and permeate its branches, just as they must animate the work and life of the neighbor, for the general harmony, the good of all.

He must be shown what the reality of history shows, namely, that optimism is an abiding emotion in the heart of the race, an emotion arising from the constant pressure of aspiring democracy seeking its own.

He must be imbued with that pride, that sure quality of honor, which are the ethical flower of self-government and the sense of moral responsibility. He must be distinctly taught his responsibility to his fellow-men.

He should be taught that a mind empty of ideals is indeed an empty mind, and that there will be demanded of him, if not self-sacrifice, at the least self-restraint, self-denial, and that the highest of ideals is the ideal of democracy.

To this end history must be illumined

* The above was a paper read at the Fourth Annual Convention of the Architectural League of America, held in Toronto in May of the present year, and afterwards appeared in *The Brickbuilder* and *The Inland Architect*. It is such an able contribution to one of the vital questions of the day, that we wish our subscribers to read and study it. It is suitable to the general public as well as architects.—EDITOR.

for him, and the story of his own day clarified.

To this end he must be inspired first and always with a clear, full conception of what democracy truly means, what it has signified and now signifies for the emancipation of man; what its cost in time, blood and sorrow that it might emerge from the matrix of humanity; how priceless is it as a heritage—the most priceless of heritages, and how valiantly, how loyally, how jealously should he, as co-partner in its beneficence, cherish its superb integrity.

He, born into democracy and therefore especially apt to deem it negligible, must be taught with persistent, untiring assiduity, by constant precept, warning, and eulogy, that its existence, its perpetuation, its development, is as necessary to the fulness of life as is the physical air he breathes.

The beauty of nature should most lovingly be shown to him, and he encouraged to venerate and to prize that beauty.

He should be taught that he and the race are inseparably a part of nature, and that his strength must come of her bounty.

His mind and heart should be opened to the inspiration of nature, his eye directed to the borderland of that infinite and unknown toward which she leads the thoughtful view, that he may know how great is man and yet how fragile, so will he see life in its momentous balance.

He should be taught that the full span of one's life is but a little time in which to accomplish a worthy purpose; and yet should he be shown what men have done, what man can do.

An art of expression should begin with childhood, and the lucid use of one's mother tongue should be typical of that art.

The sense of reality should be strengthened from the beginning, yet by no means at the cost of those lofty illusions we call patriotism, veneration, love.

He should be taught that high ideals make a people strong.

That decay comes when ideals wane.

He should be taught that civilization has a higher reach than the goal of material things, that its apex lies in the mind and the heart.

He should be taught common honesty, and that there is but one standard of honesty.

He should be taught to despise hypocrisy and cant.

This, in my view, is the fundamental of education, because it leads straight to manhood, because it makes for the moral and mental vigor of the race, because it leads toward a constantly expanding sense of humanity, because under its ægis a true art may flourish.

I am not of those who believe in lackadaisical methods. On the contrary, I advocate a vigorous, thorough, exact mental training which shall fit the mind to expand upon and grasp large things, and yet properly to perceive in their just relation the significance of small ones—to discriminate accurately as to quantity and quality—and thus to develop individual judgment, capacity, and independence.

But at the same time I am of those who believe that gentleness is a greater, surer power than force, and that sympathy is a safer power by far than is intellect. Therefore would I train the individual sympathies as carefully in all their delicate warmth and tenuity as I would develop the mind in alertness, poise, and security.

Nor I am of those who despise dreamers. For the world would be at the level of zero were it not for its dreamers gone and of to-day. He who dreamed of democracy far back in a world of absolutism was indeed heroic, and we of to-day awoken to the wonder of his dream.

How deep this dreamer saw into the heart of man!

So would I nurse the dreamer of dreams, for in him nature broods while the race slumbers.

So would I teach the art of dreaming
as I would teach the science of thinking,
as I would teach the value of action.

He who knows naught of dreaming
can, likewise, never attain the heights of
power and possibility in persuading the
mind to act.

He who dreams not creates not.

For vapor must arise in the air before
the rain can fall.

The greatest man of action is he who
is the greatest and a life-long dreamer.
For in him the dreamer is fortified against
destruction by a far-seeing eye, a virile
mind, a strong will, a robust courage.

And so has perished the kindly dreamer,
on the cross or in the garret.

A democracy should not let its dream-
ers perish. They are its life, its guaran-
tee against decay.

Thus would I expand the sympathies
of youth.

Thus would I liberate and discipline all
the constructive faculties of the mind,
and encourage true insight, true expres-
sion, real individuality.

Thus would I concentrate the powers
of will.

Thus would I shape character.

Thus would I make good citizens.

And thus would I lay the foundations
for a generation of real architects—real
because true men and dreamers in action.

THE INDIAN'S APPEAL

You have taken our rivers and fountains
And plains where we loved to roam,
Banish us not to the mountains
And lonely waste for home !
No ! Let us dwell among you ;
Cheer us with hope again ;
For the life of our fathers has vanished,
And we long by your side to be men.

Our clans that were strongest and bravest
Are broken and powerless through you ;
Let us join the great tribe of the white men
As brothers to dare and to do !
We will fight to the death in your armies ;
As scouts we will distance the deer ;
Trust us and witness how loyal
Are the ranks that are strangers to fear.

And the still ways of peace we would follow
Sow the seeds and the sheaves gather in ;
Share your labor, your learning, your worship,
A life larger, better to win.
Then, foemen no longer, nor aliens
But brothers indeed, we will be,
And the sun finds no citizen truer
As he rolls to the uttermost sea.



MANITOBA HOMESTEAD

MANITOBA

THE GRANARY OF THE EMPIRE

SHOWING HOW THE GREAT PRAIRIE PROVINCE BIDS FOR THE MASTERSHIP OF WHEAT—THE PLENTY WITHIN HER BORDERS—THE BONE AND SINEW THAT ARE NEEDED—AND AN EARNEST OF THE FUTURE.

By MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

MANITOBA is the most "level-headed" province in Canada. On her flat prairie lands the best wheat in the world is grown. Not only does the Prairie Province lead in quality, but she has a big idea that one day she will lead in quantity, for already she plays no small part in the feeding of the world. *The American Miller* lays before the American economists the unpleasant fact that the American wheat-grower no longer is the controlling factor in Mark

Lane. This is the more notable when it is considered that owing to the car famine a large portion of our grain was held back. Before long the Northwest will be able to place annually 100,000,000 bushels of wheat on European markets.

The patient man who makes statistics tells us that the total yield last year amounted to 50,502,085 bushels, the value of which was \$25,251,042.50. There has been absolutely no expenditure for artificial manure, and the outlay for wages

has been very small. In the last ten years the crop has been increased by 27,310,486 bushels.

In Manitoba there are 35,000 farmers, and their total receipts in 1901 from cereals, cattle, hogs, roots, and dairy produce amounted to \$39,368,051.77, that is an average of \$1,121.95 per farmer. It is also an average of \$13.00 per acre, for the cultivated area totals nearly 3,000,000 acres.

From the following figures may be seen the total produce, with their average yields and computed values :

| | Total Yield. | Average Yield, Bushels. | Total Value. |
|------------------|--------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| Wheat | 50,502,085 | 25.1 | \$25,251,042.50 |
| Oats | 27,796,588 | 40.3 | 7,505,078.76 |
| Barley | 6,536,155 | 34.2 | 319,704.00 |
| Flax | 266,420 | 12.7 | 319,704.00 |
| Rye | 62,261 | 23. | 24,904.40 |
| Peas | 16,349 | 18.6 | 88,348.32 |
| Cheese | 1,039,392 | | 88,348.32 |
| Butter | 5,208,740 | | 837,964.69 |
| Potatoes | 4,797,433 | 196. | 1,199,358.25 |
| Roots | 2,925,362 | 286. | 88,348.32 |
| Cattle | 44,500 | | 1,052.00 |
| Hogs | 25,000 | | 250,000.00 |
| Poultry and Eggs | | | 250,000.00 |

The prices upon which these computations were made are as follows :

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| Wheat, per bushel..... | \$.50 |
| Oats, " " | .27 |
| Barley, " " | .35 |
| Flax, " " | 1.20 |
| Rye, " " | .40 |
| Peas, " " | .60 |
| Potatoes, " | .25 |
| Roots, " " | .10 |
| Butter, creamery, per lb..... | 14.04 cts. |
| " dairy, " | 17.89 " |
| Cheese, per lb..... | .08.5 " |
| Live stock, cattle per head..... | 40.00 |
| Yearlings..... | 14.00 |
| Stockers, per head..... | 14.00 |
| Hogs, " | 10.00 |
| Poultry, " | .25 |
| Eggs, per dozen | .15 |

From these figures it will be seen that

Wheat is King

The climate and soil are perhaps better adapted for the production of this great staple than in any other part of the world. The soil is an alluvial deposit of clayey mould resting on a deep subsoil. The light rainfall prevents its getting sour, and

the severe frost pulverizes the soil deeply and penetrates to the subsoil. The latter is kept moist through all the heat of summer by the slow process of thawing out, and as the moisture rises to the surface it nourishes the grain and stimulates its wonderful growth. Thirty successive crops have been taken off this ground without producing any apparent exhaustion of it.

The wheat from the black muck-like soil of the Red River Valley is used to "tone up" flour manufactured from other wheat. No. 1 Manitoba wheat is celebrated for its heavy weight, full flint-like kernel, and exceptional milling qualities. *The Nor' West Farmer* publishes an interesting thesis on the superior value of the Manitoba flour in yield of bread as compared with the Wild Goose and Michigan Amber varieties. Bread made from Manitoba flour had a good color, and made a large loaf very fine in texture. That from the Wild Goose flour made almost equally as large a loaf, but a little more open in texture and very dark. The bread from the Michigan Amber, a fall variety of wheat which was a little dark in color, did not rise as well, and dried out more quickly than the others.

This is owing to Manitoba flour having more gliadin than the others.

This gliadin has been called plant gelatine, and when separated it is very much like animal glue. It is this substance that gives the sticky, adhesive property to the dough from wheat flour, and it is because of lack of this constituent that corn will not make good bread.

It has been found that the yield of bread from the three mentioned varieties of wheat are as follows :

| Name of wheat from which flour was made | Gluten | | Lbs. of bread made from 100 lbs. of flour |
|---|--------|-------|---|
| | Wet | Dry | |
| Man. straight flour | 30.17 | 10.86 | 154.9 |
| Wild Goose " " | 26.53 | 10.00 | 151.9 |
| Mich. Amber " " | 18.95 | 6.48 | 148.5 |

Oats produce enormously, and oat-meal millers greatly favor it. Last year 89,951 acres of this cereal were cropped.

Barley ripens fifteen days earlier than wheat, and resists the fall frosts better. In 1901, in Manitoba, 191,009 bushels were grown, and brewers pay a higher price for it than any other.

Mixed farming is becoming more popular, for the farmer is learning that it is

Ninety-six species of wild grasses grow on the prairies, and are exceedingly nutritious.

At Brandon cultivated timothy and rye yield from two to three tons to the acre.

Large crops of corn have been grown, but as the early frosts do not allow them to mature, they are used for fodder or converted into ensilage and fed to milch cows.



RANGE CATTLE, MANITOBA

not wise to put all his eggs in one basket, but as yet flax, rye, and peas have received but scant attention—only sufficient to show that they can be grown with magnificent results. Peas are bound to be raised extensively for fattening hogs. Nine varieties have been grown at Brandon on the Experimental Farm, and give an average yield of forty bushels to the acre. There are no grubs or bugs to hinder their perfect cultivation.

The Root Crop

The showing of the root crop is eminently satisfactory, 286 bushels being the average yield per acre. Mangels grow to an enormous size, thirty-five tons having been raised on one acre.

Nor do the humble potatoes lag behind in the race. *The Farmers' Advocate* gives the name of a man who, from three pounds of seed, planted in five hills, had a yield of 114 pounds. Some fine large

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A WESTERN WHEAT FIELD

cookers, weighing five pounds each, were raised at Springfield. From a three-pound sample of Early Rose obtained in Ottawa, J. S. Telfer of Portage la Prairie got 215 pounds.

Fruits

If properly pruned, manured, and cultivated, small fruits will thrive in Manitoba as elsewhere, and usually bear fruit of wonderful size. The culture of currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries, has long since passed the experimental stage. These fruits also grow wild in immense quantities, and are of good size. The saskatoon, or blueberry is perhaps the most popular of the small fruits, being easily obtained, and requiring but little sugar for sweetening. Cranberries grow in great abundance.

In the Prairie Province apples are the "forbidden fruit," even as in Eden, and it is a sore point with Manitobans. Pomona has not emptied out her cornucopia on the land. Poor Manitoba!

Emerson has called the apple "the social fruit of America." How can the settlers become really acquainted without the apple and convivial cider? How can the true apple-eater, the farm-boy, thrive? Burroughs says of him, "His own juicy flesh craves the juicy flesh of the apple. Sap draws sap." No boy (or girl, for that matter) can claim to be properly reared who has not known the delightful terror of fleeing a neighbor's orchard with a hatful of bonny-cheeked pippins.

It is only the hopelessly old who can calmly contemplate a farm without the distracting odor of harvest apples that are just mellowing to the fall. But hope dies hard in the breast of a would-be orchardist, and at present nurserymen are experimenting on a hardy growth of apples that will be suited to the climate of Manitoba. They hope to produce a variety similar to the rock-like Tasmanian which the Australians export to England. Hardy apples, such as the Terofsky, have

been crossed with Siberian crabs with some measure of success.

Lovely complexioned crab-apples grow abundantly, but are rather puckery to the taste.

The greatest difficulty the fruit-grower experiences is the necessity of having a wind-break. The high winds shake the fruit off and break the limbs, so that it is usual to plant apple trees between two hedges of maples. This being the case, Manitobans can only hope to grow sufficient of this crop for their own use.

Timber Lands

Outsiders are surprised when they learn that there are one and a-half million acres of timber lands in Manitoba. The title of "The Prairie Province" is in this respect misleading. The reserves are under the control and protection of the Dominion Government, who place forest rangers and fire guardians in charge, thus reducing the danger of destruction to a minimum. There are thirty-one lumber mills in the province, and their annual output is about 30,000,000 feet of lumber. The lumber ranges in price from \$12.00 to \$17.50 per thousand feet, board measure, at the mill. The Riding Mountain reserve, which is the largest, embraces an area of 1,000,000 acres. Tamarac, spruce, Jack-pine, and poplar, are indigenous. United States oak and maple also flourish.

Farmers who have no trees on their land are growing the Russian poplar, which is propagated from cuttings. It serves as a wind and snow break, and gives the farm a home-like appearance. The ash, basswood, and birch, will also grow in the open plains.

Homesteaders who have no timber of their own are entitled to a permit free of charge to cut the following quantities: 2,000 fence rails, 500 fence poles, 400 roof poles, and 3,000 lineal feet of building logs. They are also allowed to cut timber for their own use on the farms for



A CORRAL OF HORSES

fuel. The approximate value of cord-wood at Winnipeg in car lots is as follows:

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------|--------|
| United States Maple, | \$5.00 to | \$5.50 |
| “ “ Oak | 4.25 to | 4.75 |
| Canadian tamarac | 3.50 to | 4.00 |
| “ Jack-pine | 3.50 to | 4.00 |
| “ spruce | 3.00 to | 3.50 |
| “ poplar | 2.50 to | 2.75 |

Manitobans import 50 per cent. of their horses from Ontario, and the demand is for heavy Clydesdales. There is a duty of twenty per cent. on American horses, but this does not prevent mustangs being shipped across the line in great numbers. The people of this Province have not paid much attention to the breeding of saddle or cavalry horses, but, nevertheless, Lieut.-Colonel Dent bought up four carloads of remounts for the British Army in South Africa during the last twelve months.

Cattle

On 160 acres, ten head of cattle can be raised without in any way burdening the farmer, but at the present time the average to this area equals fifteen. That the stock raised is of desirable quality is amply demonstrated by the red ribbons awarded the cattle from the Prairie Province when exhibited in Eastern Canada. For the year 1900, the reports of the Department of Agriculture show that 44,000 cattle were exported. In rough figures, that would be about five per cent. of the cattle raised in Manitoba. The rest supplied with food the “five meal meat-fed” men who live on these wide plains.

The prairie grasses are so nutritious and of such luxuriant growth that the problem of feeding is not nearly so costly as in Ontario, and opens illimitable pos-

sibilities for those who are willing to take advantage of them. The prices do not fluctuate much. Stall-fed steers bring five cents for home consumption, and the average price for shipped cattle is from 3 1-2 to 4 1-2 cents.

The hog "census" for 1901 shows that 94,648 porkers were reared, demonstrating that they are no inconsiderable portion of the live stock. Yet the packers in Winnipeg state that they cannot get a sufficient supply for the home market and have to import cured bacon. According to *The Telegram*, Winnipeg, it would pay the farmers to feed pigs with wheat at sixty or even seventy-five cents a bushel, the product is such a profitable one. The average price at Winnipeg was six cents a pound on the cars. It is to Manitoba that British Columbia should naturally look for hams and bacon, so that the farmers should be alert to seize the advantage of this most promising market.

Dairy Produce

Last year was the banner year for dairying in the province, the products of cream-

eries and dairies, totalling up nearly a million dollars. It is estimated that the average butter bill for a family is twice as much as the flour bill, so that the importance of this industry cannot be overestimated. There are 29 creameries in Manitoba and 34 cheese factories. The Provincial Government have a dairy school at Winnipeg where varied and exhaustive instructions are given in home and factory work. Examinations are held and diplomas granted. The entire expense is borne by the Government. That their efforts are being ably seconded by the farmers is shown by the marked improvement in the quality of butter and cheese.

Shipping Facilities

The question of placing all this enormous produce on the market is one that is severely taxing the railroads of the province. Its capital and distributing depot, Winnipeg, is the half-way house of the continent, and is a railway centre radiating in all directions over 100,000 square miles of territory. In the last ten years, 1,111 miles of road have been laid



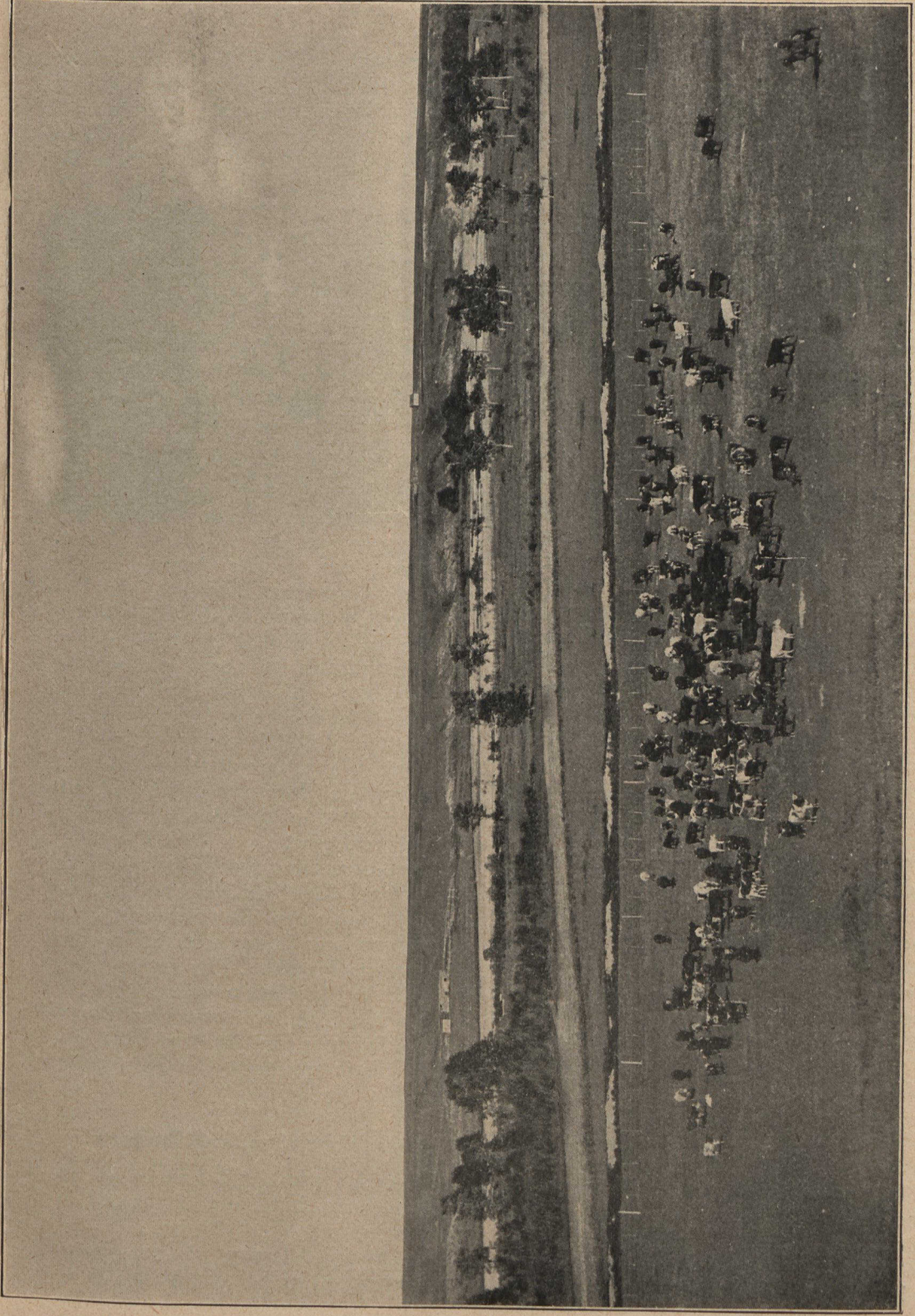
IN MANITOBA.

W. J. Hudson & Son, Photo
Montreal

REAPING WHEAT ON THE PRAIRIE

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CATTLE RANCHING ON BOW RIVER

in the province. In the Red River Valley, there are virtually five lines of railway running east and west, besides numerous lines binding them together from the north and south. No other agricultural district in the world is so well supplied. Notwithstanding all this, great inconvenience and annoyance was caused in 1901 by the inability of the railways to handle the grain. It was expected that the Great Northern road to Port Arthur would have been completed sooner, and thus the grain surplus carried out of the country, but scarcity of labor prevented its extension as fast as could be desired.

It is necessary that the farmers should market their crop at the earliest possible moment, for at the close of harvest their exchequer is naturally at rock bottom. About November 30th navigation closes on the Great Lakes, so that any grain left in the country after that date must be held over till Spring. At the close of the navigation season of 1901, out of a total yield of 50,502,085 bushels, 23,932,000 bushels had been shipped, thus leaving over half the yield in the country, 1,000,000 bushels of which were taken by the milling companies. It shows that the people of the province had a grievance that was very real.

The Canadian Northern reports having carried 8,000,000 bushels of wheat over their Emerson branch, and the Canadian Pacific had 6,200 cars engaged in the service, each car with a capacity of 850 bushels. The Canadian Northern are at present considering the construction of a further extension of 600 miles of road in different localities, thus giving the farmers a railway service that will fully meet their needs.

Elevators

There are very few barns in Manitoba. The farmer hauls his grain to the nearest elevator and sells it at the prevailing market price. In the elevator the grain is weighed, graded, and placed in bins ready

for shipment. Or if the farmer wishes to leave the grain in storage for the prospect of a rise in the Spring, he may do so by payment of the regular fees. There are 500 elevators and warehouses in the Province of Manitoba, and their total capacity is 21,298,000 bushels. More elevators are in course of erection for this season's crop.

The Banks

With the unrivalled banking facilities of Manitoba, the farmers and merchants have been enabled to dispose of their produce to advantage, the crop having been put on the world's markets on an even footing with all competitors. The combined capital of the twelve chartered banks in Manitoba amounts to \$47,800,000. There are also 28 loan and trust companies, 18 private banks, besides numerous Guarantee, Accident, and Life Insurance Companies. The approximate estimate of the capital controlled by all these institutions has been reckoned at \$100,000,000. It might be argued that insurance companies should not be classified with banks and loan societies, but, nevertheless, they are important factors in the financial development of the country on account of the loans which they make on real estate.

The returns from the banking business shows that Winnipeg now stands third in the Dominion in the volume of banking transactions, being exceeded only by Toronto and Montreal. In 1893 a Clearing House Association was formed in Winnipeg, and the returns for 1901 show that the business amounted to \$134,199,483. This is an increase of \$83,658,835 since 1894.

Area, Population, and Prospects

The entire area of Manitoba is 47,332,840 acres, but only 2,952,002 are under crop.

The Dominion Census of 1901 showed an enumeration of 254,945 people in the



STEAM THRASHING

province. There are 1,106 schools, and the farm buildings are estimated as being worth \$16,857,299.

The manufacture of cement, furniture, stationery, bricks, paint, carriages, leather, clothing, tobacco, food products, tents, and mattresses, are carried on, and offer safe and remunerative investments for men of push and capital.

Although in the last year property in Winnipeg has almost doubled in price, the people will not allow you to call it a "boom," for the increase, they declare, is soundly progressive, and the values are not fictitious. Few cities in the world to-day afford better opportunities for the investment of money. It seems almost an affront to commend Winnipeg and metaphorically pat its back, as many people do, for having made so much of its time. The city has long since passed the stage when it requires such patronage. Its unique position as a railway centre at the head of numerous navigable waterways, makes it a commercial centre of highest importance.

Immigrants are pouring into Manitoba this season in thousands. Each stranger

within the gates represents the addition of wealth to the country. He represents the cultivation of some land and an increased value to more, additional taxes, imports and exports, and national strength.

And this Province at the portals of the setting sun bids all peoples welcome. She cries to the world, "Ho, every one that wants a farm come and take it, without money and without price!" Emerson called North America "the last opportunity of Providence for the human race," and Manitoba is one of the best gems in her bosom. Here is a home for the redundant Anglo-Saxon race. Here is a land that has lain idle ever since the world has known it, but is a land of boundless possibilities. It is "God's out-of-doors." The air is like wine, and thrills men with the deep delight of animal well-being, so that *Manitoban* is synonymous with *vitality*. The skies are so clear and sunny that you can look right into heaven through them.

We are not wide of the mark when we say that millions will turn their feet this way, and the wide-lying, shadowless

plains, hitherto a "waste heritage," will blossom with corn. It is a big country, but there is no room for idlers. Men are needed who have competency to deal successfully with the practical work of life. Pioneering is not always picnicking. There is a rough, hard work to be done before homes of comfort and affluence are built. The English emigrant will find the summers short, the winters cold, and labor scarce, but there will be no rent days, no burdensome taxes, no tithes, no sparrows, no costly manures, few insect pests, and no antiquated landlord's restrictions. There is not the tedious and exhausting labor of years that confronted the settlers in the older provinces—no chopping, rolling, burning, grubbing, stumping, nor levelling. Yet it is

a life calculated to produce hardy, independent, self-reliant men—men who will live long in the land, and whose children will be cast in manly mould. The cap of Fortunatus can grant nothing better.

In older countries men are much alike. They are built on too stilted a pattern. The rubbing and polishing of generations cuts down the grain and wears out the fibre. The result is a finished article, with not much left except the finish. Men of the West are of ampler cast. They have energy and health to throw away in an abounding surplus of vitality. A new country develops self-poised characters. The creed of the pioneer is one of endurance. His shibboleth is to dare. His etiquette is not to murmur. Such principles are not for weaklings.

THE WOLF

The wolf came sniffing at my door,
But the wolf had prowled on my track before,
And his sniff, sniff, sniff at my lodge-door sill
Only made me laugh at his devilish will.

I stirred my fire and read my book,
And joyed my soul at my ingle nook,
His sniff and his snarl were always there,
But my heart was not the heart of a hare.

I cursed the beast and drove him away,
But he came with the fall of night each day,
And his sniff, sniff, sniff the whole night through
I could hear between the winds that blew.

And the time came when I laughed no more,
But glanced with fear at my frail lodge door,
For I knew that the wolf at bay
Sooner or later would have his way.

The Fates were there, and I was one,
About my life a net was spun;
My soul grew faint in the deadly snare,
And the shrewd wolf knew my heart's despair.

A crash and my door flew open wide,
My strength was not as the beast's at my side,
That night on my hearthstone cold and bare
He licked his paw and made his lair.

A STUDY OF AN AMERICAN INVASION FROM A CANADIAN STANDPOINT

By ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

SOME years ago a Canadian Pacific Railway sub-contractor brought the last of his men down from Algoma to the North Shore of Lake Superior, and as he embarked them by the little doll-house Mission and Hudson Bay Company station at Magpie Falls, he waved that country a grim adieu. "Good-bye, Michipicoten," he said, "you've had company for four years now, —but you'll never have any more of it!"

Those men had built their railroad along the "height of land," perhaps the only really barren and hopeless stretch of the great New Ontario country. Above that "height of land," in the broad and sheltered valleys of the Moose and Missanabie, and Abittibi, lay the now famous "clay belt," a region as large as Ireland, and promising to be no less fertile; but they did not know that. Their waggon trail had crossed one of the great iron ridges of the world. They had caught trout in a lake which is a gigantic hematite caldron, with sides a thousand feet thick; but they had been in

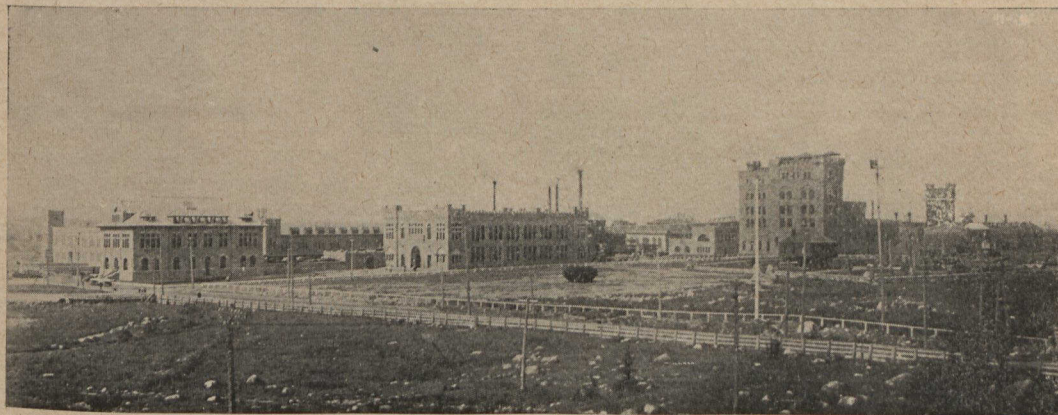
no wise aware of it. Two hours up the trail from where they had embarked was the gold and silver of Wawa, all unguessed by them. They had camped at the foot of the rainbow, and had no more seen the glittering pot-full at their feet



THE SITE OF THE PRESENT CLERGUE
INDUSTRIES IN 1895

than they had beheld the shimmering and iridescent arch of promise high above their pessimistic heads.

At this same time Sault Ste. Marie, on the Canadian side, held some 2,500 inhabitants, and they were a population



A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE SAME SPOT SIX YEARS LATER

hopelessly discouraged. For their discouragement was in proportion to the belief they had had in their town, the ambitions they had cherished for it, and the completeness of their disappointment. They knew that Sault Ste. Marie was the "throat of Lake Superior," and that in the St. Mary's Rapids was "power" enough to digest all the raw material that throat could swallow. Yet no one else appeared to see it. The Canadian Pacific came to their door, and two other railways from the South. But the capitalist and the manufacturer passed together without knocking. The "Soo" might be sitting "at the receipt of custom," but it could collect nothing. In their desperation its citizens went to work and dug a 5,000 H. P. canal themselves. But the enterprise only brought them a quarter of a million dollars nearer bankruptcy. And as they sat waiting there for the final worst that could come to them, the Michipicoten country, now altogether deserted, was fast falling back into primal wilderness. The bear and deer returned to it in numbers unknown for a century.

It was then that there entered the "American invader," in the person of Mr. Francis H. Clergue; and he led his particular "company" of the invading army in his corps of prospectors and master mechanics, geologists, and metallurgists, and mining experts—the sappers and pioneers of the division, as it were. And they proceeded to possess the land. From Sault Ste. Marie to beyond Michipicoten they possessed it, and as far north as James Bay—as far, indeed, as there seemed anything to possess. They took the spruce woods, they took the mineral-bearing rock, the water-power and water rights, the land itself in railway grants—everything, indeed, they could in any wise obtain. And they took it all openly and without shame—nay, with much pride in their enterprise, forsooth!

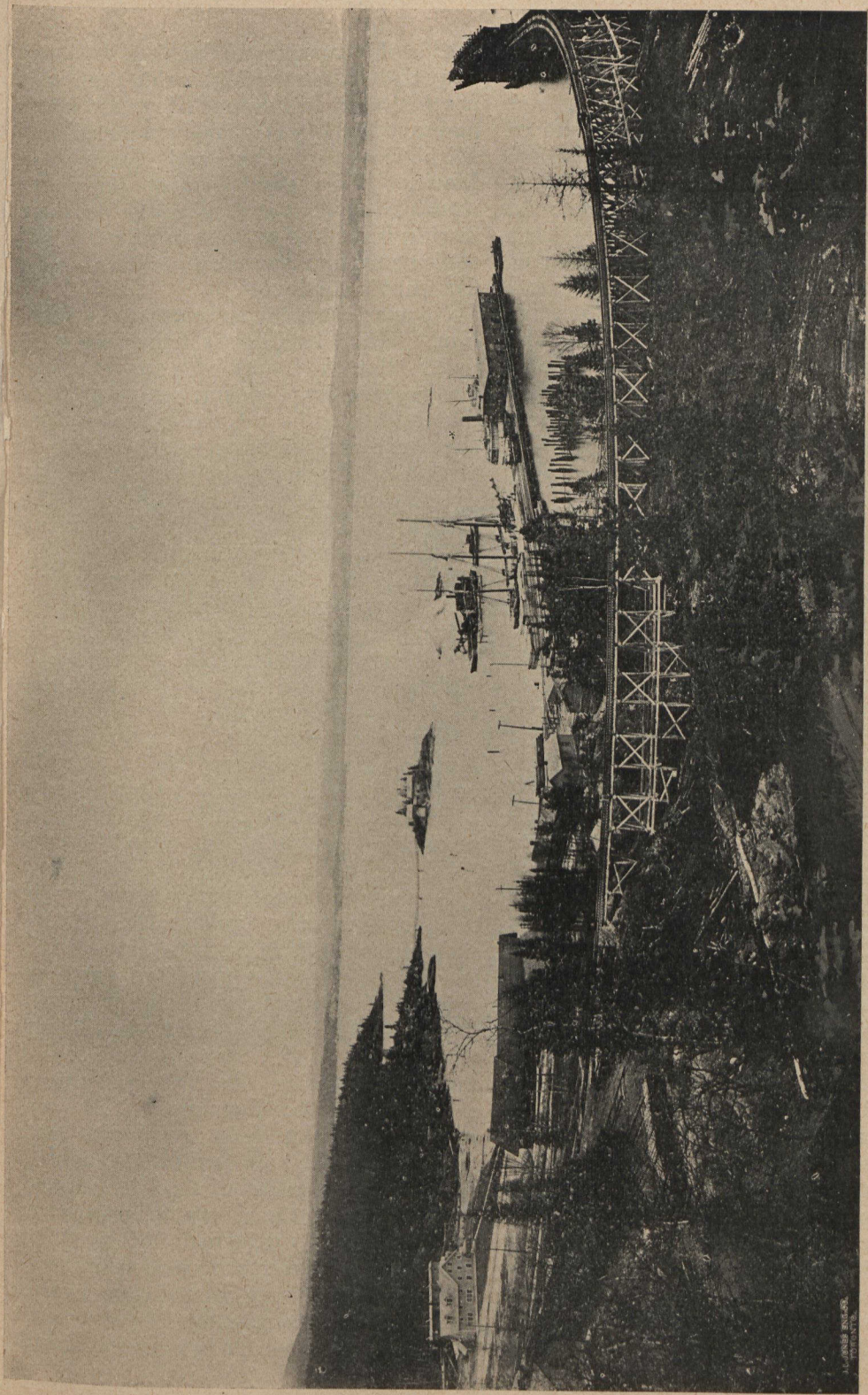
They have now been in possession for almost eight years, and by this time we

should know them for what they are. We should know what kind of men they be, how they have dealt with the country, and what they intend for the future. To take a common image, these locusts have now had time to devour everything before them. We can now see what havoc, and waste, and famine they have left behind.

Well, in the first place, they bought the bankrupt "power" of Sault Ste. Marie at par. Then, when *they*, too, found that no manufacturers were going to come to them to use it, they shut their teeth and resolved to be their own manufacturers. To turn to use the vast spruce forests which their exploring parties had discovered, they built a great pulp mill, and doubled the working population of the "Soo." A trust of their own vigorous countrymen sought to crush them in the beginning by marking down the price of Canadian pulp. But Mr. Clergue invented the "dry pulp" process, and made opposition fairly call for quarter. Then his chemists took the sulphurous acid gas that had been going to waste and blighting the landscape at Sudbury, and setting it to work in a great "chemical pulp" mill, gave employment to another five hundred men. An alkali works followed fast after it, and a reduction works, and a ferro-nickel plant, each started with a view to conserve by-products which had hitherto been overlooked or neglected, and all alike huge of design and clamorous for more hundreds of workers. To get their raw material to the mills railways became necessary. Three are already under construction, and the main line counts in another two years on giving commerce easy access to the inexhaustible and wonderfully-varied fisheries of Hudson's Bay.

They had already turned out a perfect grade of nickel-steel, and the Krupp's had contracted for all they could manufacture in the next five years. What other metals might be lying within their reach? They went into the bush, Mr.

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MICHIPICOTEN HARBOR

On the right is seen the ore dock from which is shipped the iron ore of the Helen Mine ; in the centre is the Commercial Dock ; on the Island in the foreground is built Mr. Clergue's picturesque Michipicoten home " The Wigwam "—across the bay, in the centre of the picture, is seen the mouth of Michipicoten River, the site of one of the oldest Hudson Bay Company's posts.

ALFRED FISHER PHOTOGRAPHY

Clergue himself, his lieutenants, and prospectors, and packers. They tramped the wilderness of southern Algoma for months, and they discovered a series of iron hills that stretched north like the weather-browned vertebrae of some vast, prehistoric monster! They found gold and silver, too; and always more huge forests of spruce for the pulp-mills; of pine for the saws; of bird-eye maple, and curly birch, and half a dozen other fine furniture woods—enough to turn the "Soo" into another Grand Rapids, which indeed is said to be one of the "Clergue Company's" designs for the not distant future!

But in the meantime there were being erected great steel works and blast furnaces. And ore boats—fetched from over the Atlantic because Mr. Rockefeller had most frostily said there were none to be had on the Great Lakes—were bringing down the rich, red hematite at the rate of ten and fifteen thousand tons a week. Six months ago the first Canadian steel rails went through the rollers at Moore's Point; and saving Sundays, since then those rollers have never stopped by night or day. Yet already the Company is being sued for being unable to fill its contracts fast enough. In three years more the capacity of the works will be quadrupled, they will be employing four thousand men, and will be in a position to turn out everything in sheet steel, in tubular and structural, from gas pipe to armor-plate. Nor is even the fuel for the blast furnaces to be brought from across the border. Coal and coke will be replaced almost altogether by charcoal. And, while the great ovens which are to "burn" it will use three hundred cords of hardwood daily, they will almost pay for themselves from the by-products—the gas and tar, wood alcohol, and acetate of lime.

New docks have been built and new steamship lines established. A 300-ton nickel smelter and a 500-foot dry dock are ahead. A new "power" canal, of

double the capacity of the first, is under way, and on the Michigan side the water has just been let into one of 50,000 horse power. Big hotels have been erected at Michipicoten Harbor and Sault Ste. Marie. Two great lumber mills are working over time, and much of their sawing is for half a dozen different model settlements and boarding-houses for the Company's employees.

No man's wealth is being taken from him. No Canadian is being crowded out. But thousands of Canadians are being given employment, and the other thousands who have come in to work beside them are the most valuable kind of producers a country could obtain. For seven years every spring has seen the inauguration of a new industry, and an addition to the population of Sault Ste. Marie almost equal to what it was when the "invading" company first turned its galvanizing current into it. And greater than this even has been the growth of the outlying Algoma country. The Company is bound by contract to bring in one thousand settlers a year. And if, in that same contract, it is granted 7,400 acres per mile for its railroads, to make those railroads pay it interest, it must bring in very many thousands of homestead workers more.

Of the millions of money being yearly brought over from opulent Philadelphia and invested in New Ontario, only a small fraction of what those millions earn can ever be taken out of Canada again. Two millions are being paid out annually in wages alone. And practically everything that the Company can buy in the Dominion it is buying here. Not only good-will and convenience, but hard-and-fast tariff considerations compel this. And the demand is ever creating the supply. Nor are the "consolidated" industries of a kind which it would ever have paid to inaugurate if a few years might end them again. They are as inherent to the Algoma country as the stone which has housed them,

and housed them with such architectural beauty. They are the primal industries of wood, and iron, and rock, of their own nature hardly less eternal than the waterfall which turns their turbine wheels. Even of the spruce forests it has been estimated that the seven pulp companies now incorporated could not exhaust them in a thousand years, and the tree renews

Where our native lumberman took but the pine, they have taken the spruce, and maple, and birch, and poplar. Where the local prospectors kept their drills only for gold, these "outlanders" have uncovered the iron; and iron means to a country even more than gold means to the individual. The nickel "reducers" of Sudbury were pouring out the sulphur-



THE HELEN IRON MINE—A MOUNTAIN OF HEMATIC IRON ORE

itself in thirty! In England the mines which furnished the Phoenicians with their tin, have been worked continuously since, and with no decreasing profit.

But we seem to have travelled an illogically long way from the "devouring locust" idea. And, if our eyes are good, this American variety seems to devour only what Canadians have rejected!

ous acid gas through their "exhausts." The "invaders" took it, by the sheer genius of conquering brain-work perfected a process which turned it to half a dozen uses, and made it value in the end almost like the other yellow element itself. These "locusts" are eating away the wilderness, but they are also clearing the fertile land beneath it by the thousand

acres. They are devouring the rugged Huronian hills, that roads and railways may run the smoother. What has been taken none of us wanted. What has made them richest we Canadians ignored. Thousands of dollars a month are being paid us, through the Government, for pulp wood which we did not know that we possessed!

And, let us confess it frankly, my brothers, does not all this give us pause for shamefaced contemplation? We are quite willing to admit that the industrial conservatism of present-day Englishmen is very much like national dry-rot, that their calm self-satisfaction is only less stupidly unfounded than that of the Chinese, that they are hopelessly behind the times because, indeed, they have not the use of electricity and harvesting machinery as we Canadians have them. What of ourselves now? In the light of what our Sault Ste. Marie was ten years ago, and what it is now that these "base mechanicals" to the south of us have laid their desecrating hands upon it—are we just the phoenixes we thought we were? Is it possible that we have been "talking mandarin" to ourselves? When those great pulp mills opened their doors, the people of the "Soo" took it for granted that they would be called upon to take the foremanships and superintendencies—until they realized that they could not even furnish the master mechanics that were needed. Nor could all Canada. The country had no more training for the work than its boiler-shops had the capacity to roll the plates for the huge "pulp digestors" which the Company was calling for. It is humiliating enough to avow it, but we have much to learn.

And these same great invading companies, no matter how solely they are working for their own interests, are doing much to teach us. For years now the amalgamated enterprises in Algoma have been so many big schools of engineering and mining, of technology and practical economics, nay, even of architecture and

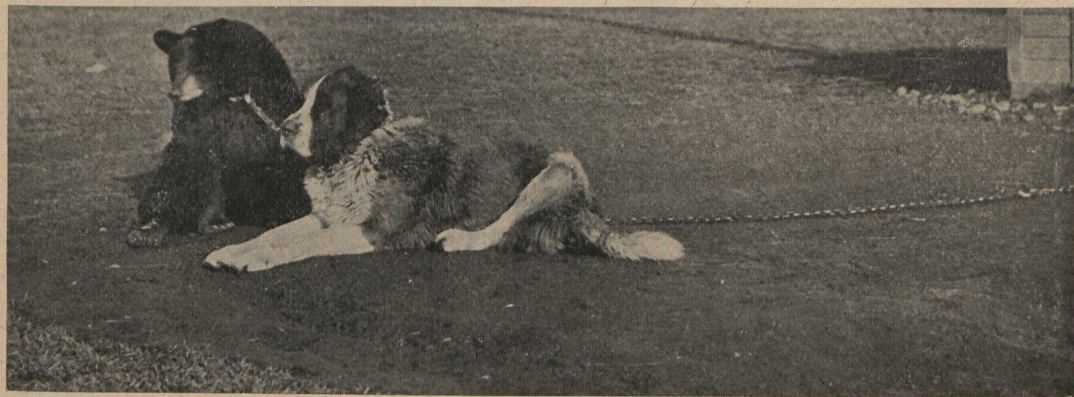
agriculture. And hundreds of young Canadians are now taking the most profitable of courses in them. Not only that, but, under this great industrial impetus, throughout all Canada the same courses,—the natural and altogether necessary college courses in a great, new, undeveloped country—are rapidly becoming the most popular in our universities. At Toronto and McGill they have recently been re-endowed. At Kingston, where they were altogether lacking, they have been established. And the Company is still calling unceasingly upon these colleges for more young chemists, and engineers, and geologists, and metallurgists. It has done as much for the neglected branches of education as it has for the neglected industries.

It is teaching by example, too. Its success has done more to pry loose that dead conservatism of Canadian capital—clinging blind and sponge-like for a half century to the unmoved, stagnant ocean-floor, than could ever have been done by unnumbered financial earthquakes and tidal waves. Already six well-capitalized local pulp companies design to rival the great mills at the "Soo." By the St. Mary's Rapids, Toronto and Montreal money is now as plentiful as Toronto and Montreal men. Throughout New Ontario scores of parties of Canadian prospectors are now a-roam, and they reckon being mine-owners before many more years shall roll. And probably enough they will be. As one of the "Consolidated's" metallurgists in the Wawa gold district put it: "It has paid us to spend six months finding out just what was on one forty-acre lot, and up above the "height of land" there are stretches, absolutely unexplored as yet, that it would take you three days to travel over!" It is not a pleasant country, most of it, for the first who enter its woody gates, but its further exploration should be very well worth while.

And this "invading" American Company is giving lessons in a dozen other

ways, too. It is the Government's business to build more docks—but the Government does not. The Company builds them, but they are its own docks, and the Government itself must pay to use them. Sault Ste. Marie should equip itself with a trolley service. It does not. The Company does the work, and it is going to make money out of it, too. The local contractor will not build the kind of houses the Company's men demand, and he will not build enough of any kind. The Company decides that circumstances compel it to do that building itself,—and the local contractor is left painfully agape. So learns the private citizen, the municipality, the Government itself.

lime and chlorine for the "chemical pulp" mills. The steel works and foundry are rolling the rails and building the ore-cars for the railways; and those railways are bringing down the ore for that foundry and steel works. The men who are cutting the spruce for the pulp mills and felling the hardwood for the charcoal ovens, are also clearing the land for the Company's settlers. No useful energy, no by-products of any possible value, are allowed to escape. Everything is conserved and turned to use as in the large economy of Nature herself. But of that great, complex, working frame and digesting body at Sault Ste. Marie, the laboratory and the designing-room of the



MR. CLERGUE'S DOG AND BEAR AT THE BLOCKHOUSE DOOR

However, if the Company "teaches," that is but accidental and aside. From its own standpoint its one thought is to learn. Its hunger for new ideas, those tools of opportunity, is insatiable. It has a faith in modern science and a reliance upon the resources of latter-day invention, which amount almost to a religion. It has the latest and best machinery that Europe and America can make for it, but it is in no wise content with it. Almost every week it is adopting some new use for steam, and electricity, and water-power. Its dozen great enterprises have been made to feed each other mutually. The alkali works supply the sulphite of

machine-shop may very well be called its two brain-lobes. And the ideas they have contributed have been no less essential, and have valued no less than the billion tons of raw material contributed by the million acres of Algoma. In all this there is instruction of a kind not obtainable in any university. Blessed is that country into which has been turned the flashing, never-resting, pharos-light of new ideas!

And with *new* ideas, the Company at Sault Ste. Marie has brought in the *large* idea. The Mogul engines its Algoma Central demanded were too heavy to run over Canadian railroad bridges. The

concrete-mixers for the foundations of its steel works had to be made on the ground. It took hold of a country greater in area than the whole Eastern States, and went to work upon it like a good house-holder going to work to clean up and "dig under" his quarter-acre of back garden. When it could not get freight-carriers on the Lakes, it serenely brought them from the Newcastle-Spanish ore trade; and when the close of navigation came, it as calmly sent them back to earn winter wages on the ocean. Mr. Clergue, with that magnificent disregard of nationality, when it is a question of intellect, which stamps him as your true "citizen of the world," has brought his lieutenants from Sweden and Germany, from Holland and England, from French Canada and the Western States. And the Company sends its pulp and ore and chemicals to Japan, Australia, to Spain and Russia, over all the Seven Seas, indeed. And why not? Sault Ste. Marie is no less the centre of the world than London or Paris or New York. But it seems mightily astonished at finding itself so; and its eyes are ever opening, bedazzled to new vistas hitherto undreamed of. Continually, too, fulfilment is following promise. The great industrial corporations are your true prophets. They foresee the future,—because they are creating it.

And with what pride are they creating! Listen to Mr. Clergue himself as he points out what nobility of architecture they have been able to put into their dozen big sandstone piles at Sault Ste. Marie; or what sanitary perfection and homelike comfort and roominess you will find in those hundreds of electric-lit cottages which make up "Steelton." He is laying out wide streets and saving the big, old trees. He is putting in the most modern of water and sewage systems. He is making a dozen improvements almost before his men have realized they want them. And he is building his own house where his study windows can over-

look it all. But you need not confine yourself to Mr. Clergue—that Moses who smote the rock for the thousands who were behind him. Listen to any of his lieutenants. Over at the steel works is a superintendent whose love for his great rollers and converters is only second to his feeling for his men; and to them he is like an elder brother. In this last year he was twice almost killed because he insisted upon taking risks he might have asked a hundred under him to take. Those men who have made the "Algoma Central" take you up a line along which the big ore-cars glide like rubber-tired sulkies over asphalt, and that line is their joy in life. But with what pride, too, do they show you the little settlements which are already springing up along their road! And how keen is their anger against that camp-fire carelessness which has so wantonly burned black great tracts of countryside. Up at the mines they beamingly point out to you the homes which have this year been established; it is almost comical, like a hen swelling forth with her chickens. "We have ten families now," they tell you, "and we will have as many more as soon as we can build the houses for them!" This is not the voice of the "locust," the land-flayer, the grafter; for the single men in the great common boarding-houses *pay* much better. No, it is the expression of that big pride which deep-hearted men feel when they are doing all that in them lies to make a country.

And this is the "American Invasion,"—this, and naught other! Is it a good thing, think you, or a bad? Is there something very suspicious about it? something balefully sinister? Does its ragged "shoe-packs" look as if they held the covert bowie-knife? Doth its capacious hip-pocket bulge with anything more deadly than the prospector's hammer? Is it going to rise up some night of doom and slay us all? Or is it doing what only a great developing-Company and many men and much money *can* do,

to turn a wilderness into a land good to live in, to open wide roads through it, to found new industries, new markets, new towns and territories?

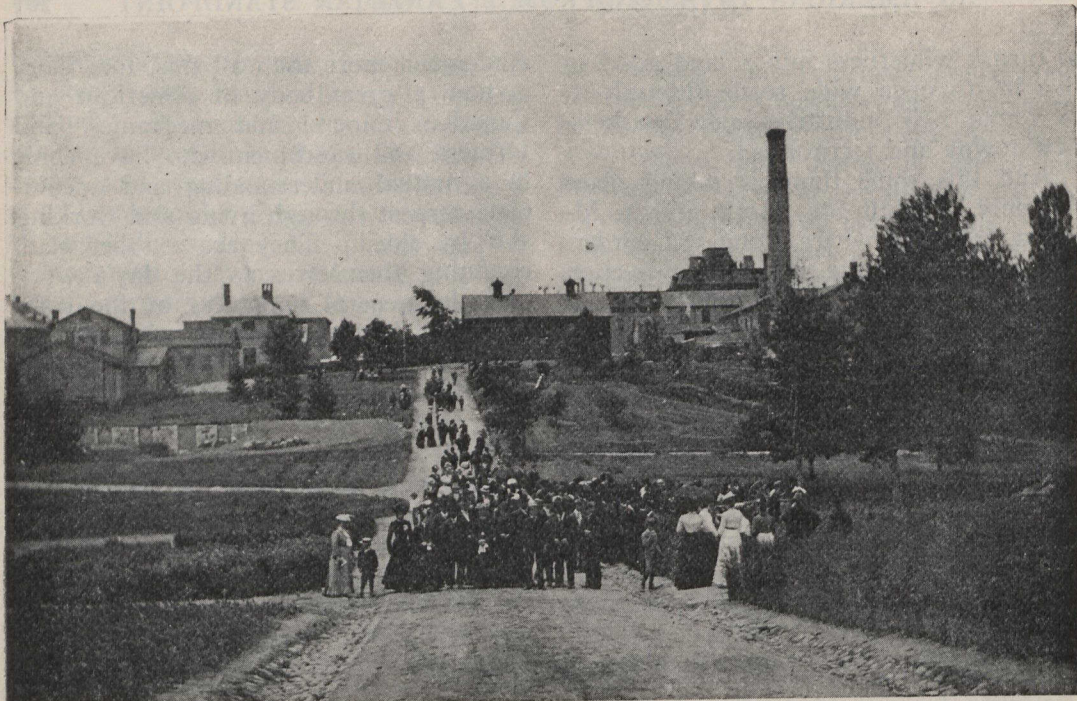
And this same thing is taking place not only at Sault Ste. Marie and in Algoma, but everywhere along the border. You can see it in the coal-and-iron section of Cape Breton, in Quebec both north and south of the St. Lawrence, in the lumber districts above the Nipissing, at the Sudbury nickel mines, along the Rainy River, in the great wheat and ranching country of the Northwest, and most of all in British Columbia. The tide which for half a century has been flowing southward, has now set back again. A million men went out poor, looking for a chance to earn a livelihood. A million are now coming back seeking to spend it. A million went out with the narrow ideas of their own straitened furrows. As many are coming back who have gained that stature and breadth of view which can only be given by a huge country. They are not the same men, say you?—Well, then, why not confess it openly?—They are as good a breed. They have the same language, the same education, the same principles of religion; they have the same theories of government, whether it is a matter of doing the roadwork of the village community or building transcontinental railways; the same conceptions of the duty of a man towards his neighbor, and of the state towards other states.

And this great industrial invasion must henceforth make very powerfully for peace. Among the large and goodly tribe of Anglo-Saxons, this "Dominion," once the fretful chafing-place, is now the point where the severed people are beginning most strongly to re-knit. And the big companies which now in scores so yoke and bridge the boundary are like so many great international "war-insurance" companies. If it is a true saying that in these modern days capital can make or veto a declaration of war, it will be long years before such a declaration ever again hatefully divides America.

And much more than all this, too, there is now a great body of American and Canadian miners, and mechanics, and farmers, and ranchmen who have come to a mutual understanding and a complete respect through living and working side by side. They are a sober clan, confining themselves to the day's work and the general happiness of the community. And the jingoes who seek to remind them that their great-grandfathers cut each others throats in 1812—(where both sides won the battles, and thereby doubled the exceeding glory of that war)—will be listened to with most marked disfavor.

Let no one be afraid. This new thing is no bad thing. On the south side of the border there are windy-voiced politicians who call it the "march of a victorious host," and say, too, (God save the mark!)—that it was even *they* who did it! And they will listen to no pleading to keep their silly mouths shut. Among us there are those in authority who cry out that we are being undone, and need their leadership, and wave the bloody shirt. Would that they might learn to keep that harmless, necessary garment *on!* But the sane people, the quiet, plain, hard-working millions care nothing for the surface politics of it. Though they may never have formulated their philosophy, they know that in that great, silent, shoreless, tidal-current down which the restless life of all peoples is aflow, those who say they govern are for the most part but gnats and bugs afloat on chips and leaves; and even when they have agreed among their loudly-buzzing selves to what compass-point the current is taking its tremendous way, perchance it may even then take a many of them to stop its flowing!

Let hysterical Cassandra shriek her prophecies. We say again that those most clearly see the future who, in the present, are creating it. Our part is to do our work as best we may, to look truth trustingly in the face, and when a thing is plainly good, to say so without fear.



FARMERS ENTERING THE EXPERIMENTAL PLOTS, 1902

THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT GUELPH

SHOWING THAT AGRICULTURE MAY BE ONE OF "THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS"—
THAT CORN IS COIN—THE CROSSING OF WHEAT—SOMETHING ABOUT COVER CROPS
—THE NATURALIZATION OF FOREIGN GRAINS—A PAGE FROM NATURE'S BOOK.

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

WHEN farmers rise to a proper conception of the importance and dignity of their calling, they will be able to enthuse their children with a love of agricultural pursuits which may induce more of them to stay by the farm for a love of the farm. There was a time when farmers thought a bright boy was only fitted for the professions, but every year farming is becoming a broad study, which calls for more skill and sharper intellects.

Agriculture covers the process from the humus in the earth up through the

plant, and reaches its zenith in the well-fed animal which the skill of the breeder has brought to perfection, and again it embraces the process of returning to the soil all the waste product which goes to keep up the fertility taken therefrom for the wants of animal life. Of all the arts of civilized man, it is transcendently the most valuable and essential. Other arts may contribute to the comfort, the convenience, or the embellishment of life, but this stands in immediate connection with our very existence.

Moreover, the study of agriculture

should be a highly honorable one. God first placed man in a garden. Bancroft, in his history of the United States, says: "No occupation is nearer heaven." In ancient times it was the business and relaxation of kings. Lidell tells us that in the early days of Rome, the work of the farmer was the only kind of manual labor deemed worthy of a free citizen. That this feeling long survived may be seen by the encomiums bestowed on agriculture by Cicero, whose enthusiasm was caught

the Hannabalic war, agriculture lost ground in Italy.

When Rome had the mastership in wheat she had the mastership of the world. Of yore, the rich man in Roman classics is said to have measured his money instead of counting it. The Canadian farmer may do the same. He may measure it by roods, for corn is coin, and coin is corn. No one can live on wool, wood, or iron. The laborer exchanges his wages for bread, and the object of the



PARTIAL VIEW OF EXPERIMENTAL GROUNDS, 1902—FARMERS EXAMINING THE PLOTS

from one of his favorite heroes, old Cato the Censor. The taste for books on farming continued. Varro, the antiquarian, a friend of Cicero, has left an excellent treatise on the subject. A little later came the famous *Georgics* of Virgil, followed by Pliny's *Notices*, and then by the elaborate *Dissertations* of Columella, who refers to a great number of Roman writers on the same subject. It manifestly possessed a strong and enduring charm for the Roman mind; but from the times of

financier on Lombard Street, as he loans out his gold, is really sacks of corn. All ends in the same. Therefore, in the mind's eye, sacks of wheat are not wheat, but gold filled to the brim like those in the magic caves of the "Arabian Nights."

It is evident, then, that any institution or course of study which will cause the seed which men sow to increase and multiply, must accrue in the financial gains of a province or country. Knight, in his history of England, tells us that in 1390

A.D., the average produce per acre in England was less than six bushels. To-day it is over six times that amount. Suppose the yield of the oat crop in Ontario were increased a bushel per acre, this would be worth approximately \$500,000 a year to the Province. This being the case, the value of the experiments at our Ontario School of Agriculture can hardly be over-estimated.

A visit to that Institution cannot but convince the most sceptical of its practical value. A study of agriculture is the primary object of the curriculum, and everything else is subsidiary to that idea, no other education being imparted than such as may give increased value and efficiency to agricultural study. Looking to this end, the departments of instruction are admirably planned.

The study of English is with the object of giving the students such skill and proficiency in composition and literature as will enable them to write letters or newspaper articles clearly and correctly.

The mathematics taught are confined chiefly to arithmetic and mensuration, interest and discount, the measurement of land, lumber, pits, bins, etc; questions of buying and selling, and of calculation involved in the management of a farm, such as the profit or loss in feeding animals.

The course in bookkeeping embraces single and double entry, including the use of field books and stock registers, a short course of lectures on commercial law, and an acquaintance with promissory notes, drafts, and checks.

A study of the Natural Sciences cover (1) the physics of solid, gaseous, and liquid bodies, including the physical analysis of soils, the properties of clay and sand, and the principles and effects of drainage.

2. Chemistry.—The course is intended specially as a preparation for life on the farm, for special attention is given to the analysis of water, fodder, manures, butter, milk, and cheese.

3. Geology.—Giving special attention to the geology of Canada.

4. Botany.—The study of weeds, fungi, rust and smut, and a practical knowledge of the grasses and clovers found in Ontario.

5. Zoology.—Animal life from the lowest to the highest; the study of earth-worms which act as pulverizers of the soil, and parasitic worms, which prey on cultivated plants and domestic animals.

6. Entomology.—The history and characteristics of the insects which attack Canadian trees and crops, and illustrating the best known methods of preventing their ravages.

7. Bacteriology.

Another department is that of Agriculture, which embraces a wide range of topics, such as the plant food of the soil, draining, rotation of crops, etc.

The College flocks and herds afford exceptional advantages for the study of livestock. Animals are regularly brought into a class-room designed for that purpose, and are critically examined by the students. The young men are shown the immense advantage of improving common stock through the simple medium of up-grading, and the information thus obtained will be more and superior to what he could glean in a lifetime in the absence of such aid.

The Poultry Department is furnished with incubators and brooders, and the course of instruction is most practical.

Apiculture, horticulture, forestry, veterinary science, and economics, are all well to the fore.

No department is better attended or more interesting than that of the dairy. The students assist in looking after the dairy herd, running cream separators, churning, testing milk, packing butter, cleaning cans and floors, and learning all phases of the work required in farm dairying. Experts are busy nine months in the year experimenting with different milk and cheese, with a view to cheapening production, improving the quality of



PARTIAL VIEW OF EXPERIMENTAL GROUNDS, ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

the products, and acquiring information for the guidance of farmers and factory-men throughout the Province. From 4,000 to 5,000 pounds of milk is daily provided in order to furnish ample material for practical work and illustration. A three weeks' course, known as the "Creamery Course," is specially intended for butter-makers who are unable to stay longer. The Pasteurization of milk and cream, and the preparation of cultures, are included therein. Every year several hundred men and women avail themselves of this instruction.

In the Bacteriological Department, we found a clever young Swiss physician experimenting on the bacterial contamination of milk. The *bacillus tuberculosis*, under the microscope, looked a most harmless little affair, but it is as hard to kill as original sin. Mallein for diagnosing glanders, and Tuberculin, which is used to test animals for tuberculosis, are manufactured in the laboratory, and are sent free to farmers, with instructions for use, on condition that the results be reported to the Bacteriologist.

There are 550 acres in connection with the farm, 50 acres of which are devoted to experimental work with grains, grasses, roots, fodder crops, etc. These 50 acres are divided into four sections. Each section is divided into ranges, and the ranges are again divided into plots, the majority of which are the 100th part of an acre in size. These plots are surveyed so as to be made accurately correct, and a bullet sent through one label stake would split those of the entire range. In all there are 2,200 plots. On these plots are grown leading varieties of grain, many of which are imported. The grains are grown five years in succession on soil of the same fertility, and treated in exactly the same manner. If at the end of that period any of these varieties do not prove successful, they are thrown away, and the good ones kept.

So far, the Ontario College has experimented with 235 varieties of potatoes, and 265 of oats, with other grain in simi-

lar proportions. The varieties that are exceptionally good are sent in one-pound packages to the farmers throughout the country who apply for them, on condition that they report carefully the results of their work. Over 3,000 farmers are carrying on experiments. The farmers take notes on the length of straw, its strength, percentage of rust and smut, yield per acre, and weight per bushel measure. This is what is known as co-operative work. It is the summary not only of the experience of the College, but of the farmers throughout Ontario. In this way a definite decision can be made on the grain, and it gives confidence to the work.

In one plot, we observed a plant with which we were unfamiliar. It was Lucerne clover. It is grown in the Western States of America, and is adapted to poor, dry land. It is rather coarse, but will give four crops in the season, and is unsurpassed as a green feed.

Spelt, we were informed, is an intermediate between wheat and barley. Its habitat is in the highlands of Switzerland and Austria, where the climate is too severe for ordinary wheat. It is used for bread in Europe, but is coarse and dark. A special machine is required to hull it. Here it is used for feed, as it is very rich in nutriment. Its yield is larger than wheat, where grown successfully.

"All among the barley" are to be found some interesting experiments. One variety is a real radical. It is hullless and beardless, which is a flouting of public opinion, that has always run in favor of "the bearded barley."

Mandscheuri, a Russian barley, is the leader for general growing. This immigrant with the big name is surely "cock of the walk," for he averages 72.5 bushels to the acre. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we might explain that there is 2-rowed barley and 6-rowed barley, and the rows refer to the beards, and not as one might suppose to the grains.

One of Toronto's leading lawyers,

while stumping York County for the late N. Clarke Wallace, vastly amused the farmers by explaining how his party had done so much for the farmers by importing a new barley which gave them four extra grains to each head, when in reality it was chaff only.

Some interesting experiments are being made in "cover crops" for fertilizers.

perity discounted. His great aim should be to use the soil, which is his capital, so that he will always be able to keep it up to a profitable standard of productiveness, with the end in view of ascertaining the best fertilizers. Four plots were treated as follows:

Plot A was covered with 20 tons of farmyard manure to the acre. The yield

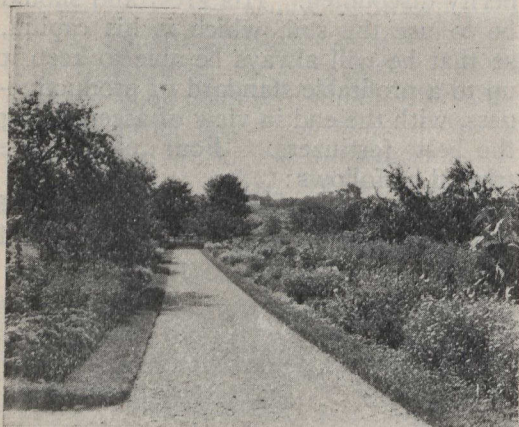


PLOTS OF DWARF ESSEX RAPE—OVER TWENTY-SEVEN TONS PER ACRE

These crops are leguminous, and take the free nitrogen from the air, and in turn give it to the wheat. The hairy vetch, common peas, and soya beans, are put into the summer fallow and ploughed down for manures. Nature keeps strict account with the farmers, and if he overdraws his account by taking too much from the soil and returning too little to it, his draft will sooner or later be dishonored, and he will find his future pros-

of wheat the next season was 42 bushels. B was planted with peas—yield, 39 bushels. C was left bare—yield, 33 bushels. D was sown with buckwheat—yield, 27 bushels. Where a sufficiency of manure is not available, it will thus be seen that the leguminous fertilizers make a good second.

In several plots heads of wheat are to be seen done up in papers, indicating experiments in hybridizing. A hard wheat



FLOWER BORDER, ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

with a weak stalk and poor yield is being crossed with a soft wheat with a firm stalk and good yield. The result anticipated is a hard wheat, a firm stalk, a good yield. Acting on this principle, it would not be a bad plan after all if people who decided "to be man and wife together" should be obliged to submit their qualifications to a School of Affinities, and so prevent ill-assorted marriages and delicate, weak-minded offspring. There is no reason why a weak-lunged man should be allowed to marry a consumptive woman, or that a woman who wants to rule everything" and everybody should choose as companion-piece a man of like temperament. "All the ecclesiastical glue that liturgy and layman can compound cannot solder up two such incongruous natures into the one flesh of a true, beseeeming marriage." So wrote Milton, and of course he ought to know.

While turning these thoughts over in my mind, my cicerone was explaining that the weevil had played such havoc with the pea-crops of Ontario that farmers were almost in despair, and so the Agricultural Farm have been experimenting with peas that are proof against this pestiferous insect. Two such varieties have been found. One is the Egyptian pea. We saw the ripe peas bottled up

in the Museum later. Egypt's once proud boast that she could feed all men and feast all gods, almost holds as true to-day as when first uttered, for from the larder of her "waste heritage" comes these precious seeds to replenish the cupboard of young Canada. The peas look like nasturtium seeds, and the pods are exactly like small, silky cocoons. They never produce more than two peas in a pod, and often there is just one "keeping back." The College had some difficulty in inducing this pea to feel at home in Canada, and for the first few years it hardly ever matured. Now it hardly ever fails.

Another variety that has proven itself absolutely bug-proof is the grass pea. The pod is small, and the peas are angular and uneven like pebbles. It is a fair yielder, giving an average of 23 bushels per acre, taking in the whole Province.

Other plants that are being acclimated are the soya bean, which is an indigene of Japan and the White Lupines.

The Dawson golden wheat has proven itself for five years to be the best yielding wheat among eighty varieties. It is, however, soft for milling purposes, and will be crossed with a hardy variety.

The green sorghum stood stiffly up like glorified cat-o'-nine-tails. The canes grow large, but do not accumulate much sugar. I have tasted very palatable sorghum molasses made from canes that grew along the Thames River near Chatham, and again in Oxford County. It is likely to grow in favor as the maple molasses becomes scarcer.

Sugar beets are grown at the farm with the object of ascertaining their value as fodder. The saccharine matter is fattening for animals, but the beets are deeply rooted and hard to harvest, and the tonnage is slightly smaller than that of the ordinary beet-root. The plant of a sugar-beet refinery costs \$500,000. There is one in operation at Warton, and another is being erected at Berlin. The Germans in Waterloo County planted their beets this year in rows of 18 inches, as they do

in the Fatherland, but alas! they reckoned without their horse, for it is only a man or an ox that will work in an 18-inch row.

The calculations are so accurately made in the experimental department that not a straw is left on a plot. They are all picked up by hand. This requires what Charles Dudley Warner declared to be a prime necessity for hoeing: "a cast-iron back with a hinge in it."

Out beyond the experimental plots the wheat fields are crowned with 'the joy of harvest,' and the reapers are at work. The grain seemed a triumph of culture. Such regularity, such perfection of myriad plants springing in their true lines at the same time, and each particular ear perfect. As I walked through it, I remembered that Mrs. Browning says of the heroine's way at a particular point of the story, that "Her path lay through the wheat," and a more suggestive background you could hardly have than the level, moving tablelands of grain. Sunshine and shadow sweep over its golden glory in billowy exchange, and the wind sways it with a soft sibilant sound that is like the swish of the sea. Down the centre the reapers have cut a wide swath, and each sheaf looks like the knot of a girl's hair, woven

in and bound. It is not strange that of all the plants wheat is the favorite of poets. Up in the campus the workmen are putting the finishing touches on the new Massey Library, which has been erected at a cost of \$40,000, it being the gift of the late Walter Massey, Esq. All the buildings are stoutly planned and executed, thus presenting a massive, dignified front calculated to impress the visitor with the seriousness of the studies pursued within. And they are serious studies. The tiller of the soil need no longer be a mere working automaton, who takes Drudgery to wife till death them part. A man who has graduated and taken high honors in this school of scientific agriculture is an educated, thinking man. He may not be able to read the dead languages, or many of the live ones, but the book of nature is an open volume to him, and as he turns page after page, he will learn practical lessons in every department of his calling, for to him "who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language." Yes, the profession of an agriculturist is one to be proud of, and—

"A heritage it seems to me
Worth being poor to hold in fee."

SOMEBODY'S GARDEN

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON.

The rose is made of little frills,
The lily is a cup;
And goblets are the daffodils
From which the fairies sup.

The daisy is a dairing sun,
So small and round and sweet;
The sunflower is a bigger one,
Though never half so neat.

It sounds mysterious, and yet
You really can't deny,
The lovely little violet
Was once a piece of sky.

The orchids, that I may not touch,
Are curious, like shells;
The hyacinths remind me much
Of lots of little bells.

In fact, through all our garden plot,
In summer time or spring,
There's hardly any flower that's not
Just like some other thing!

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

BY EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME LONDON TYPES.

November 12th.

THE average omnibus driver is a mine of information, and knows all the interesting places along his route. Now he points out with his whip Lansdowne House on Piccadilly, yonder, it is the home of the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, and further on that of Baron Rothschilds who, he says, sends every omnibus driver in London a brace of pheasants at Thanksgiving. Baron Rothschilds is being buried to-day, and each driver has crape on his whip. They speak of him as "Our jolly pal."

At 138 Piccadilly lived the notorious Duke of Queensbury, known as "Old Q." At 139 Lord Byron wrote "*Parisina*" and "*The Siege of Corinth*," and from it Lady Byron fled with her infant daughter. The Duke of Wellington's house faces Green Park. This park contains about sixty acres, and is bounded on the north by the Buckingham Palace drive, where Queen Victoria was shot at on three occasions.

My "Knight of the Whip" told me that he works seven days in the week; always sixteen hours a day, and often eighteen. He only sees his children when they are asleep. He is a sire, not a father. To pilot his cumbrous vehicle through the narrow and sinuous thoroughfares, and amid the intricacies of London's traffic, requires great alertness of movement, keenness of eye, and steadiness of nerve. He can hardly be expected to be at his best at the close of an eighteen hour drive, and such an arbitrary, cruel strain must mitigate against the interests of the employers.

We got down at Hyde Park. Near the entrance the women of England have erected a gigantic bronze statue of Achilles, in memory of the Duke of Wellington. It is copied from one of the Diocuri on the Monte Cavallo at Rome, and is the most magnificent public monument I have ever seen. To the young Byron, whose sun went down while it was yet day, the nation has erected a memorial stone—a feeble and unworthy one.

On the bridle-path called "The Rotten Row" (supposed to have been originally *Route du Roi*) many equestrians and rosetted flunkies cantered smartly. The horses curveted and champed their bits, as if to say, "Look, you gaping colonials, at our glossy hides, the easiness of our gait, our beautifully dappled flanks, and grandly crested necks." "Oh, yes!" we reply, "we know all about your pretty tricks, and about your symmetry, style, good breeding, and intelligence, and about your lineage and collaterals too, for after all, you are only colonials and come from Canada."

There were some smart turn-outs on "The Lady's Mile." The horses were showily and ornately harnessed, and the carriage-ropes were of mink or other beautiful fur.

It is interesting to watch the pedestrians lounging idly by, for here one sees the aristocracy of England and the real monocol Briton. The carefully toiletted men are the very acme of elegance. Each has the correct frock-coat, with snug waist and drooping shoulders, varnished boots and "tile" of metallic smoothness. The young men do not look as robust and manly as their seniors. Many have figures like the ladies in *Harper's Bazaar*. They are pallid and languid, as if all their

vitality were exhausted. It would do them good to loosen out in a street fight.

Dainty be-ruffled dames suffering within tight-laced corsets, hold their skirts coquettishly in finger and thumb. Madame wears a maximum of lingerie, and I cannot say what in silk stockings. She is proud of her finely-turned ankles. In general she is stout, lymphatic, loquacious, and what the French call "full of temperament." She uses her long silver lorgnette with admirable effect. Mademoiselle is of the "flaxen Saxon" type. Her skin is of a delicate softness. Her eyes are like wet violets, and she has a queenly set of head and throat, but alas! a loose-jointed walk.

Close to Hyde Park, at Knightbridge, is Tattersall's, commonly known as "Tat's," the world's most celebrated mart for horses. On entering this town of Houyhnhnms, we were met by a horsey man with a beard like a scrubbing-brush, and a nose that proclaimed him to be a son of Bacchus. He volunteered his services as guide. We entered a square, cobble-paved yard, which our voluble cicerone explained was where the horses were brought out from the stables to show their action, and to be auctioned off. The Tattersall's get five per cent. of their sales.

Bacchus, Jr., took us to the stalls and stripped the satin-skinned beauties of their body-cloths that we might see they were thoroughly fit and in good fettle. "Did Madam want a hunter," he queried, whereupon the Padre hastened to assure him that we had absolutely no idea of purchasing, being mere curious sight-seers. Our friend's visage fell several degrees, until with a knowing air and a nod, I told him I could not say just what I would buy before returning to Canada.

The Padre blushed for my shameless duplicity. There were high-stepping carriage-horses and lean nervy racers, lithe, "fleet-limbed and beautiful," with heads like the Nedjd Arab.

A spare hunter, black as a sloe, with

well-ribbed up body and generously muscled hindquarters, made me forget the commandment about covetousness. What a proud thing he was, a very king of horses—as intelligent and sure as the English themselves. Some of the horses were blemished. One had a stocked leg and others old wounds caused by hunting accidents, but on the whole it is a magnificent collection that the Tattersalls offer the public. Leaving here, we took a hurried run through Harrod's stores—England's largest departmental. There are seventy-six departments, a safe deposit, a grand restaurant with a silver grill, a banking department, and a rail and steam ticket office.

* * * * *

Vespers are over, and it is dark when we visit the Oratory of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, usually known as the Brompton Oratory. The vaulting of this Cathedral is remarkable, having four lesser domes and one centre cupola. At the door stands the baptismal font, or "the laver of regeneration." The great organ is silent, the censers are extinguished but still the cloying odors hang heavy. The candles are lighted on the black altar of Our Lady of Sorrows. In the half-light, hushed and devout worshippers bow low before the great white Virgin, the Christ-child, and the aureoled saints. It is tranquilizing to rest here a little: it is a halting in green pastures.

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Piccadilly was ablaze with light as we drove home. I was deeply impressed by the majesty of London by night. I felt as Nathaniel Hawthorne when he wrote, "By night London looks wild and dreamy, and fills me with a pleasant dread." The opulence of the streets, their blurred complexity, the confused medley of sight and sound, the lurid duskiness of the atmosphere, and the entrancing brilliancy of the shifting lights, stupify and confound me.

It is good to get back to the roof-tree and rest one's travel-tired brain, for at last we have secured rooms that have not the usual comfortless, hired look, and the landlady is not entirely piratical.

And then, too, she has a heaven-sent talent for cooking chops. King Kettle on the hob is singing like "an unfallen black angel." I watch the table being laid in a languid ecstasy of expectation, and a sense of the rest that remaineth. She busies herself toasting the muffins, and tells me of her latest successful efforts to cast aside fetters matrimonial, for Cupid plays queer pranks with even London landladies.

A young lawyer has promised to put her case through the Divorce Court for £6. It would seem that her husband, from whom she is separated, counts his wives in figures of some arithmetical score.

It no longer needs an angel with flaming sword to keep man from re-entering Eden. Indeed, on the whole, he prefers life as an outlander. It is in the negative that he answers Juvenal's lines:

"Wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain
When hemp is to be bought and knives remain?"

Ah, well! *L'homme est un mechant animal.*

CHAPTER IX.

AT TEMPLE BAR.

November 5th.

Like Satan, "From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it," I finally landed at Temple Bar. The Temple Bar memorial stands on Fleet Street. It is the most hideous thing I have seen in England. Why the effigy of a beast, half eagle and half lion, should perpetuate the fame of Temple Bar is not clear, and one tries hard to find justification for what appears to be a very bad joke.

Under a narrow gateway we entered the Inner Temple Lane, where the guide

at once pointed out to us Dr. Johnson's house. It was here that Boswell visited him. Near by lived Charles Lamb.

Soon we came to the Temple Church, which may be said to blush unseen. It is down steps on the old level of Fleet Street. It dates back to 1185, and was one of the few churches that escaped the great fire. This is the famous Round Church built by the Knights Templars after their return from the second Crusade, in memory of the Round Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here on this very pavement worshipped these mail-clad, cross-decked knights "and their sepulchres are with us till this day."

"Dead the warrior, dead his glory,
Dead the cause in which he died."

Their bronze figures lie prostrate on the floor, "In cross-legged effigy devoutly stretched." The shields of these feudal warriors are of Norman design. Their hooded heads rest on cushions.

The floor is tiled with figures of the *Agnes Dei* and the *Pegasus*—the heraldic emblems of the Templars. It has been ironically said of these armorial bearings in their relation to the lawyers that, "The lamb sets forth their *innocence*, the horse their *expedition*."

The church has been greatly restored in what Miss Thackeray calls "the shabby tide of progress," but the restoration has only been a new patching of the old garment, for the stones, crumbled with the grime of centuries, are still there. The coal of England is very bad coal. It leaves cruel scars of soot. The preacher at the Temple is known as "The Master." "The learned and judicious" Hooker was Master at one time, and here wrote his "*Ecclesiastical Polity*."

In the little green court without the church, on a solitary grey sarcophagus, are the words, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." Standing by his grave, you think of the mischances and blunders, and of all the bitter vicissitudes of poverty that hurt this gentle poet; you think, too,

of his peach-colored coat, and remember that he wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll. And then you wonder if that was because Garrick, Johnson, and Boswell never gave him a chance. You pick up a bit of calcined stone that marks the resting-place of this bright heart, to be one of your penates in the home across the sea.

There are fine old cloisters here, built by Sir Christopher Wren. Surely Thompson's eulogium on architecture is just :

"The art where most magnificent appears
The little buidler man."

Through brave old oaken doors, that have swung on their ponderous hinges for nine hundred years, we entered the Temple. They are black as polished ebony, wonderfully carved, and studded with enormous brass nails. They have been pushed ajar by Somers, Curran, Blackstone, Cowper, Burke, Eldon, Thurlow, Bacon, Coke, Erskine, and all the great and eminent lawyers.

In the noble dining-hall, with its timbered roof and stone tables, there is a dias at the western end where the benches belonging to this famous fraternity dine. It is an indispensable qualification for being called to the bar that a student should "keep commons"—that is, should dine in Hall for three years, or twelve terms.

The walls are panelled with escutcheons, emblazoned with the arms of the Templars who have attained positions of honor in their profession. The old cow's horn, which formerly summoned the judges to dinner, is still to be seen on the wall, as are the kettle-drums, and flags used on the occasion when the military company of the Temple received its name. They were parading past the King, who made enquiries regarding them. On being told that the company was composed entirely of lawyers, he said, "Then call them 'The Devil's Own,'" the fairness of which title is still an open question. "The Devil's Own"—they

would be undeniably useful in actual warfare. Just fancy if the other side wanted to settle, and it came to a question of terms—Ah!

We hurriedly visited the middle Temple, and Lincoln, and Gray's Inns of Court, which arose in England's legal infancy, and of which Ben Johnson speaks as "the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the Kingdom."

It was in the Temple Garden that Shakespeare made the Yorks and Lancastrians to pluck the white and red roses as their emblems of feud :

"Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?"

After luncheon we set out for the New Inn, where there was an "Ancient" who was to convey us through the Royal Courts of Justice on the Strand.

The Inns are owned by corporations, but each Inn is vested in a barrister during his life. The barrister is called "An Ancient." The New Inn opens off Wych Street. Now, to the average Cockney, "Wych" and "which" mean the same thing, so that if you ask for "Wych Street," he will at once say "What street?" and mentally catalogue you as a raving lunatic when you again say "Wych Street." However, it is not well to be discouraged. Londoners do not know London. You are sure to find your way if you keep on enquiring and implicitly disobey the directions. There is just one thing to be borne in mind—*Never, under any circumstances, take "a short cut"; it is invariably the longest way home.*

The Courts of Justice cover five acres, and cost over seven million dollars. Here are assembled all the divisions of the High Court of Justice, and both branches of the Supreme Court. There are nine Queen's Bench Courts, and in the first we entered, Lord Justice Halsbury was presiding. In the next "a jury case" was being heard. It was all about a woman falling down stairs. In the third, Lord Chief Justice Russell sat, and beside him, with a "don't-talk-back-to-me" air, was

Sir Walter Fillimore, the eminent ecclesiastical expert. In the Court of Appeal, that evidence of our ultra-refined civilization, were Judges Romer, Smith, and VonWilliams. They yawned frequently, wrote with quill pens, and, unlike our Canadian Benchers, asked quite as many questions as the barristers.

I began about this time to realize what Whittier meant when he spoke of "weary lawyers with endless tongues."

In the second Court of Appeal, Lord Justice Lindley, Lord Justice Rigby, and the Master of the Rolls "took sweet counsel." A Mr. Montagu Lush had the floor here. Our "Ancient" told us that he was one of the cleverest barristers in England, and he certainly did appear to be "a downright lawyer."

A large gilt anchor entwined with a rope, was the chief decoration of the Admiralty Court.

A lawyer is not permitted to speak unless be-wigged and gowned. If the judge asks for him, he says, "I am present your Lordship, *but I am not visible.*" I was glad to know this, for it gives me ever hereafter the legal authority of the first Court in the world, to state that I am not visible to callers if not properly coifed and robed.

A lawyer who once had to speak for sixteen hours, obtained permission to lay aside his wig, but with the stipulation that this permission was not to be made into a precedent. I can understand now why justice is not more often done. The wig, not infrequently, covers both ears of the judge, and so prevents his hearing either side of the case.

A *perruquier*, in the days of George II., with an eye to the first chance, hung out as an advertisement, a picture of Absalom suspended to the tree by his hair, and underneath the perturbed David, who is made to exclaim:

"O Absalom! O Absalom!
O Absalom, my son!
If thou had'st worn a periwig
Thou had'st not been undone."

A few minutes in the Court where the merciless fiend, Bankruptcy, drags his victims to the fierce light of publicity, and then we passed on to the room where another judge, surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, carries on the divorce industry. It is here the course of untrue love is daily exploited, for marriage in England is by no means a-world-without-end bargain. It was the usual story of "young blood" and an "old decree," a story of disillusionment, incompatibility, unbridgable differences, blighted affections, osculatory indiscretions, and other post-nuptial unpleasantness. The "spoons" had become knives and forks; the "eligible match" had turned out a *mesalliance*.

We sat in the seat of the scornful, and so the Padre discarded prose, and like Mr. Wegg, dropped into poetry; at least I heard him say to "the Ancient":

"The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person than your goods away."

Yet, they are not the saddest cases that come to this Court. There is a more terrible divorce—I mean the divorce of souls. Only light sorrows are clamorous. The deadly griefs are silent: they bleed inwardly. What a funeral the dead loves of the world would make!

"The Ancient" asked the Padre if he would like to be a lawyer, but the Padre gave it as his opinion that it was easier to preach than to practice. The Courts had "risen." The "gowned vultures" were going home and we went too, all the time thinking of George Elliot's words, "Law is one of them smartish businesses as is all profits and no outlay."

London, December 17th.

Nothing in Madam Tussauds', or for that matter in London, interested me as much as the knife which, during the French Revolution, found its sheath in the bared and quivering throats of twenty thousand people, and among them those of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and

Robespierre. Assuredly it was a knife that "cut friendship."

The Chamber of Horrors is not so terrible as one would suppose from its name, but is chiefly designed to show that the course of murder never runs smooth.

The Tussauds' have gathered many of the relics that go to make up Napoleon's life-story. These remains form an epic of battle, fame, victory, love, defeat, and death: a history of a man who never had a conscience. His tooth and tooth-brush, the cot upon which he slept the night after Waterloo, his shirt, waistcoat, handkerchief, coffee-cup, dressing case, camp equipage, stockings, sword, coronation robes, and his snuff-box, are all displayed for the public good. It was an awful vengeance this nation took on its fallen enemy, for it exhibits at the Royal College of Surgeons even Napoleon's diseased intestines.

Is it cause for wonder that the French hate the English?

December 19th.

Yesterday morning I went to St. Mary's, Islington, where the Padre was the preacher. The cavernous pews are like little railway coaches. Indeed, Leith once drew a picture for *Punch*, where a dozing churchman, on having a bag passed to him, exclaimed, "season ticket." Perhaps they were better described by the child, who when taken to church for the first time, complained that a cross old man had shut her up in a pantry and made her sit on the shelf. These enclosed pews deform the architecture of the church and offend the taste. Moreover, they minister to the exclusive spirit and laziness of the people. The pulpit is of the almost obsolete style known as a "three-decker." The clerk sits at the bottom, or in what might be called the steege deck. The curate is booked intermediate, while the Vicar up near the ceiling on the third deck, goes first saloon.

Before the sermon, the verger marched the Padre into the vestry, and helped him

exchange his surplice for a black gown. Then this wonderful person escorted the Padre to the pulpit, and with profound bows ushered him up to the saloon deck. He then proceeded to make me the cynosure of all eyes, and consequently thoroughly uncomfortable, by coming to my pew and handing me a note with another deep abasement. I hid my blushes in the corner of the pew while I read what proved to be an invitation to dine at the Vicarage.

In the vestibule, about a score of faded women, most of them lean as Pharaoh's cannibal kine, gathered after service to receive a dole of bread, which is meted out upon the basis of an old endowment. The official dispenser did his work with a graciousness of manner that could not fail to make the women feel it was no ordinary or gross nutriment they were receiving.

In the afternoon we went to St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, to a meeting called in the interests of peace, and to take into consideration the Czar's rescript.

The Archdeacon of London presided, but the star of the occasion was Mr. W. T. Stead, the Editor of *The Review of Reviews*. I cannot describe Mr. Stead's style of speaking, except that it is good, for Sydney Smith says, "Every style is good that is not tiresome." His voice is pleasing and flexible. He speaks just as he writes; indeed, I would have almost recognized him without an introduction.

This famous editor is a cogent and logical reasoner. His mind is singularly acute and well-furnished. He is a master of bitter and caustic irony, and knows his mother tongue, which he used with a boldness which nearly approximates dogmatism. His views are enunciated in a way that leads you to believe that they are incontrovertible. To Mr. Stead, "words are things." He reminds one of what *Humpty-Dumpty* said to *Alice*, "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—nothing more or less." He has an uncompromising hostility to war, and would inaugurate a holy war against

it. He would "drill the raw world for the march of mind."

The subject of international disarmament was thoroughly threshed out, and winnowed for an intellectual and highly enthusiastic audience. One went away with a whirling brain, trying to think whether the burning words were only the clothing of a highly chiseled or transcendent ideal far beyond mortal reach, or whether in the golden age to come, men should in reality beat their spears into pruning-hooks.

"Who can fancy warless men?

Warless? war will die out late then—will it ever late or soon?

Can it? till this outworn earth be dead as yon dead world the moon?"

In the evening we went to hear the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the editor of *The Methodist Times*, and ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference. He is immensely popular, and is usually conceded to be an engaging, intellectual personality. I felt guilty and stupid, that I was disappointed in both his matter and style. His remarks might be termed "felicitous." Then he told us much, too, about himself, where he had been, what he had done, what the newspapers said of him, and of the wonderful results of his preaching. His prayers were precisely articulated instructions to the Almighty as to what the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes expected of Him, and some little information as to what was going on down here in naughty England.

Mark Guy Pearce, another great Methodist, is of an entirely different stamp. You could not hear him too often or too long.

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London is the most voracious city on the earth. Her kitchen absorbs all the world's surplus, which she classifies under two heads—"home-grown" and "foreign." Any English beef which turns out fibrous, is pooh-pooed as foreign, by which she means continental and

colonial, and the juicy, toothsome meats are English. The best mutton is labeled "Canterbury lamb," and the poor superannuated trash goes under the designation of "Australian frozen." She will point to the gigantic Canadian turkeys that have been butchered to make a British holiday, and will tell you that they are English—all English.

It has been said that the only fruit which ripens in England is the baked apple, so of necessity England must look to alien sources for her supply. California sends her pears; Florida, oranges; Tasmania and Canada, apples; her cherries and apricots come from France, while the Mediterranean fills her lap with grapes and tangerines. Yet these wonderful English people grow under glass, better grapes than are ripened by the hot suns of France, and pineapples which surpass any imported from the West Indies. This kindly fruit of the earth is, however, only raised to relieve palate-weary people who are embarrassed with riches, for it is well-nigh as rare and as precious as diamonds.

The best butter London gets is from Denmark. It is unsalted, and costs from thirty to forty cents a pound. Canadian butter retails at twenty-four cents, which is less than one can purchase it for in Toronto. Our white cheese is known as "Canadian Cheddar," but the favorite is the Gorgonzola. It is made in Italy, from goat's milk, and takes about three years to ripen, when it presents queer, chiaro-osuro effects. Eggs are not sold by the dozen, but according to their size, and at the rate of from eight to fourteen for a shilling. *Punch* says there is a gentility in English vegetables, and so the green-grocer is able to classify his customers by their purchases. Asparagus, sea-kale, peas, cucumbers, and tomatoes, belong to the first class, while the second is made up of turnip-tops, cabbages, beet-roots, and carrots.

Those who are supposed to know say that at no time has England more than

fifteen days supply of food in advance of her need, yet what a variety of food it is, and what "halesome farin'": truly "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns."

St. Albans, December 23rd.

We were anxious to place K. & E. in a boarding-school, and with the help of Messrs. Gabbitas and Thring, the scholastic agents, finally settled on one in St. Albans in Herefordshire, twenty-five miles from London. I often come down here to see the bairnies and to wander about this old town. It stands on the site of Verulanium, the ancient capital of Britain. Here Rome planted her eagles, and this was the conterminous limit of her Empire. The shadow of the ancient city is about twenty feet long, for only one bit of its archaic wall remains. A soft mist of antiquity hangs over it, and over the semi-fabulous deeds of Boadicea and her half-naked warriors who overwhelmed the Roman Legions and massacred the inhabitants of this city, not one of the seventy thousand Romans being left alive.

We attended the Abbey which was founded by Offa, the Terrible, King of Mercia, in memory of the Proto-Martyr of Christianity in Britain, Albanus, a soldier of Rome, who was executed in 304 A.D. With no custode to distract me, I wandered through the building, studying the old frescoes, which, thanks to Lord Grimthorpe, have lately been freed from their coating of "patriotic lime-whiting and democratic glue," or in trying to discover why the windows known as "The five sisters" are different heights from the inside, and all the same height outside. The nave of this Cathedral is the longest in the world. St. Albans also leads the world in having the oldest inhabited house. It is an inn known as "The Fighting Cocks," originally a part of the old monastery.

My landlady has just been in and left the visitor's book asking

me to read some doggerel verse which a departing guest had written in praise of the house, and which effusion she tells me is very clever. This is a custom in England, and she has hinted that she would appreciate a like favor at my hands, but I fear I am not equal to the task. Each time I leave for London, the servants stand about painfully anxious to perform some office, and all modestly expectant of rewards. As one is often arrested in England for a smaller offence, I invariably give to them and then declare all the way back to London that nothing—absolutely nothing, shall ever induce me to do so again.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON.

London, Jan. 10th, 1899.

Petticoat Lane, now Middlesex Street, presents a novel prospect of squalor and dinginess. It is a *terra incognita* to us, and so we pressed through the bidding, jostling throngs with all the zest of discoverers. We found miles of "toggerly"—dress-coats, pilots jackets, checker-board travelling suits, "sober livery," and livery of bright sulphur yellow; flaming plaids, millinery confections, flapping trousers, knee-breeches, gay kerchiefs, bedraggled skirts, box-cloth spats, cumbersome petticoats, bootblacks' coats, dressing-gowns, jerseys, and in greatest contrasts of color, "dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall." Old Londoners boast that they can tell to what class a man belongs, by the degrees of dirtiness on his coat. This being the case, whole volumes could be written on the "old clo'" of Petticoat Lane. Superlative inducements are offered the passer-by to invest in dead men's shoes. Cuff-buttons, combs, and shoe-laces may be had at bottom-rock prices. Jews and Gentiles bandy words over second-hand ulsterettes, and then proceed to "wet the bargain."

A policeman took us through the East-end Ghetto, and pointed out the Mezuzah,

a narrow piece of metal that is nailed to the door-post of each house. It is a fulfilment of the command, "Thou shalt write them upon the posts of the house in thy gate." On the scroll are the words of Deut. vi. 4-9 and xi. 13-21. In the butchers' stalls we saw the seal of the *shoumier*, or watcher. It bears the word *Koschen*, "right," meaning that the meat was good and pure, and had been slaughtered by a Jew. All diseased meat is disposed of to Gentiles. The butcher is profusely extravagant with gas. He unscrews the burner, and lets it belch forth in great torches of flame.

"Mine Uncle" is driving a good trade in his pawnshop, under the device of three golden balls. A "pavement artist" is on his knees drawing pictures with chalks. He blends the colors with the palms of his hands. We pass into a synagogue, and someone shows us the sacred scripts. The building is filthy, and the benches unpainted, yet in spite of their mean surroundings the lowly worshippers unfeignedly "rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."

Old Montagu Street is mostly inhabited by tailors. It is the home of the sweated. Only those who give up their lives in the redemption of this place, know of the cruelty and hunger that madden the galley-slaves of greed; know how the rich grind the face of the poor, for this is "Darkest England," and these are "the unreached majority." Some people quickly kill their decrepit and starveling poor, but these English torture them in a slow and more refined method. The Bishop of Winchester says, "The zones of enormous wealth and degrading poverty, unless carefully considered, will presently generate a tornado which, when the storm clears, may leave a good deal of wreckage behind."

We pass out of the Jew quarters, through streets of untraceable crookedness. They might have been marked out for an Indian trail, or by the meanderings of a drunken man. It is best, I imagine,

when alone, to wander forth without any preconceived plan and lose yourself for the nonce, making enquiries later. We visit the scenes of the murders of Jack-the-Ripper, and afterwards, I shudder past the hulking ruffians who "lurk privily" in dark alleyways, but the fear is almost groundless, for the police are Argus-eyed, and crime no longer runs riot. Whitechapel thugs prefer to ply their iniquities in "hells" that have screening walls, and in gin-palaces, where ugly vice is shrouded by a tawdry glitter. It is a land that flows with blood and beer.

Dockers, stevedores, rag-pickers, stokers, thieves, butchers, bakers, and candle-stick makers, live in the squalid quarters we hastily pass through. Here and there, a fine, large tenement house has been lately erected, for the City authorities are turning their attention to the housing of the working classes. The beggars startled us with their quiet, gliding movements, their beseeching hands and plaintive crescendoes. We see no such adepts of the art in Canada.

The men of the slums, as a general thing, do not fare sumptuously every day. It is only the passing rich who dine on the sausages and onions that are fried in the front windows, and which send out such "spicy breezes" to the pedestrians. It is more usual for them to purchase a half-penny's worth of fish, most likely plaice or grilled herring. The women buy tea, hot water, flour, or sugar, by the farthing's worth. A stew may be cooked for a half-penny, which is more economical than lighting a fire.

The street-cries of Whitechapel are not uninteresting. Itinerant vendors of catsmeat, rabbits, matches, coal, kindling-wood, and shrimps, shriek the nature of their wares with harsh insistence. Chair-menders, china-riveters, and scissor-grinders, join in a riot of vociferation. "Buy a clothes-prop," "milk-o," "Lavender, sweet lavender," "all alive, catch 'em alive," shriek men in varying tones, but all with voices of fog-horn power.

An old woman is singing a ballad, an Italian leads about a dancing bear, but the star attraction is a mangy-looking fellow who holds out his hat for pennies, and calls "Jesus." On the street-corners sit men roasting chestnuts over braziers of charcoals, or girls selling roses, carnations, mimosa, and daffodils. The bell of the muffin-man rings out, and his luscious discs of straw-color disappear as if by magic.

One cannot fail to observe the numbers of women with bruised faces—women who appear to have drained the draughts of poverty to their very lees. They are having their hell in this world, no matter what may lie in store for them in the future. Men are black beasts. One day science will teach women how the race can be propagated without their aid, and then we will sting the drones to death. An American essayist has more truthfully than gallantly defined marriage as the insane longing on the part of a young man to pay the board and lodging of a young woman. It is not so in the East end of London. It can be said of the youths, "They want nothing proper to the married state except wives." Nor do the maidens burn the Vestal fires indefinitely; harlotry is rampant. Indeed, the sexes pair like any beasts of the field. As in mercantile life, the full-purchase system has largely become obsolete, so marriage by the instalment plan has supplanted wedlock as described in the Book of Common Prayer. Who can wonder that it is otherwise, when so many girls have a history like this: "The bastard of a harlot, born in a brothel, suckled on gin, and familiar from earliest infancy with all the bestialities of debauch, violated before she is twelve, and driven into the streets by her mother a year or two later."

This sin-cursed region has rightly been styled, "The borders of the Kingdom of

Darkness." It is the garbage-heap of the wealthiest city in the world, into which the refuse, offal, and unsightly things are dumped out of sight. The Church Army and tambourine lasses are doing an incalculable amount of good in the district. Without the alloy of selfishness, they pass in and out, dealing bread to the hungry, binding up the broken-hearted, repairing the breach, and restoring the paths for men to dwell in. Their methods are practical. Once a man is converted he is sent to work among his own class. Dean Farrar, speaking of the relation of the Established Church to these people, says: "Our present methods do not reach them; to our elaborate theologies and our routine ceremonies they have nothing to say; for rubrics and millinery, and stereotyped services they care no more than they do for the idle wind."

James Greenwood, who has studied this "riddle of the painful earth," has embodied his ideas in a book entitled "The Seven Curses of London." The curses are :

1. Neglected children.
2. Professional thieves.
3. Professional beggars.
4. Fallen women.
5. The curse of drunkenness.
6. Gambling.
7. Waste of charity.

All dig at the question, but few dig deep enough, for intemperance, the fifth curse, is largely responsible for the others, excepting only the seventh.

The English, like the Canadians, are mightily afraid of legislation being in advance of public opinion. England, as a whole, is said to be a country of very temperate, very intemperate, and very abstemious people. The intemperate class have congested in Whitechapel. The result can only be untold depravity and unalloyed misery.

LITERATURE

UP FROM SLAVERY: By Booker T. Washington

THIS remarkable autobiography by "the Moses of the black people" is an outgrowth of a series of articles published in *The Outlook*.

Mr. Washington is not sure of the exact place or date of his birth, but at any rate he was born somewhere and sometime. The sometime was about the year 1858. To relieve our readers of troublesome calculations, we will state that at the present time he is forty-four years of age. His mother was a full-blooded negress, the cook of the plantation, whose particular traits were ambition and good hard common sense. His father was a white man.

The story of his life begins in slavery, with an interesting insight into the life of the cabins in the ante-bellum period, and a vivid and pathetic picture of the slaves protecting and supporting the families of their masters while the latter were away fighting to perpetuate black slavery.

The unfolding of how the blacks were gathered in front of the "big house" to have the Emancipation Proclamation read to them is written with power. He tells of the wild ecstasy of joy followed by the feeling of responsibility that settled down on the people and saddened them. It was very much like turning a youth into the world to provide for himself. In a few hours the great questions with which the Anglo-Saxon race had been grappling for centuries had been thrown back upon these people to be solved. These were the questions of a home, a living, the rearing of children, education, citizenship, and the establishment and support of churches.

No one can rise from the perusal of this book without his best resolves invigorated and with a fuller understanding of the proverb, "with will one may do anything." In his well-nigh incredible strug-

gles for an education, and later in his efforts to elevate his race, Mr. Washington bequeaths to posterity an enduring source of good that will breathe fresh life into men. It is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up for a people yet unborn.

In his desire to represent his life without a bias of prepossession, the author presents the faulty sides of his character with an impartiality that is rigid—rigid indeed, but never frigid. To-day Booker Washington occupies the principal's chair in an institute of his own founding, for his own race. Twenty years ago the school started in a broken-down stable and an old hen-house, without owning a dollar's worth of property, and with but one teacher and thirty students. At the present time the Institution owns 2,300 acres of land. There are upon the grounds forty buildings; and all of these except four have been erected by the labor of students. In connection with thorough academic and religious training, there are twenty-eight industrial departments training each year the minds and bodies of 1,100 students. The annual expenditure is \$100,000, and the endowment fund reaches the total of \$215,000.

Mr. Washington is the only negro who has ever received a degree from Harvard. He has been the honored guest of the Presidents of the United States, of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and many of the leading people of our time. He is acknowledged to be one of the first speakers of America, possessing as he does all the magnetic eloquence, force and fire that go to make up the impassioned orator.

As you look over his life's work (and he is only yet in his prime), you feel inclined to couple with his name the words Eugene Field used of Boccaccio, "Humanity his inspiration, humanity his theme, humanity his audience, humanity his debtor."

He has done more than any other man to solve the great intricate race problem that has been laid at the doors of the South. The black men constitute one-third of the South. Shall they constitute one-third of the intelligence or progress and contribute one-third to its business and industrial prosperity, or shall they prove a veritable body of death stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort of the body politic.

Booker Washington claims for his race the right to more education and industrial training, and the administering to them of absolute justice in a response to their willing obedience to the mandates of the law. The negro must be taught thrift, industry, self-control. What he needs to-day is a chance to make a dollar in the workshop rather than to spend one in an opera-house. "In all things that are purely social," he says, "we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

He wisely points out that lynchings, and not law, are more injurious to the character of the white man than to the negro, and that—

"The laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And close as sin and suffering joined
We march to fate abreast."

Yes, it is a vexed question, but time will right it. In the meantime we would recall the words Livingstone wrote in the heart of Africa even while his fingers were growing numb in death: "God bless all men who in any way help to heal this open sore of the world."

THE DIARY OF A GOOSE GIRL: By Kate
Douglas Wiggin

THIS is an out-of-door book, written in a clever, entertaining style. "The Goose girl" belongs to the city. She has an immodest competency, and in consequence a superabundance of friends. Tiring of people and longing for things,

she runs away from a hydropathic hotel and finds her way to a poultry farm at Barbury Green.

In a highly diverting manner, she introduces us to her host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Heaven, their daughter Phoebe, and to Albert Edward, "the square baby."

The theme of the book is the insight this city girl gets into poultry life and character. Into the whole is interwoven with delicate touch a dainty little love-story. It would be well if our blase friends would read this diary just to learn how much pleasure there is in simple things, and how much can be profitably eliminated out of our complex lives.

The goose girl makes psychological investigations into the hen cackle. Is it exuberant pride or simple elation that causes Madame's excitement over the newly-laid egg? Is it intellectual or emotional agitation incident to successful achievement, or is it simply "fussiness"? On the whole, she concludes it is conversation that runs something in this style: "I have laid my strictly fresh egg, have you laid yours? Make haste then, for the cock has found a gap in the wire fence and wants us to wander in the strawberry bed."

It probably did not occur to the goose girl that Madame cackles simply because it is her nature, for does she not belong to "the shrieking sisterhood."

The goose girl has not a high opinion of the cock, whether Black Spanish, Dorking, or Leghorn. He is pompous, indolent, and selfish, has no particular chivalry, and gives no special encouragement to his hen when he becomes a prospective father, and renders little assistance when the responsibilities become actualities. "In short," she says, "I dislike him; his swagger, his greed, his irritating self-consciousness, his endless parading of himself up and down in a procession of one."

The author is of the opinion that nothing on earth is so feminine as a hen—not womanly, simply feminine, and that

the wise men who write the Woman's Page in the Sunday newspapers study hens more than women.

The doings of "Cornelia," the hen who was the orphan asylum of all the incubator chicks and for four young kittens, and those of "Cannibal Ann," who ate her own eggs, spice the pages of these delightfully humorous sketches.

George N. Morang, Toronto.

THE LOVE STORY OF ABNER STONE:

By Edwin Carlisle Litsey

THIS is the story of "Annabel Lee" in prose. Like the poem, it has no plot, and only fascinates by its inimitable style.

The love story of Abner Stone sings its way into your heart and somehow or other stays there. It is a book redolent of freshness and purity, and about which there is a charm neither easily analysed nor easily overrated. The author has a sensitiveness to the beauty of the material world which is the gift of those only whose senses transmute its impressions in the alembic of the soul.

The story tells how an old-world gentleman, past middle life, a bookworm and student, falls in love for the first time with a beautiful girl in the Blue Grass State, and how his love was reciprocated for one brief hour before death snatched her away.

The author has exactly caught the spirit and chaste language of the antebellum period. As literature, it is work of surpassingly fine quality. Its poetic and idealistic treatment will commend it to the best class of readers.

The publishers are to be congratulated on the artistic paper and typography. Just one word—cut the pages with a sharp knife. William Briggs, Toronto.

A SPECKLED BIRD: By Augusta Evans Wilson

AFTER sixteen years' silence, the author of "St. Elmo" and "Infelice" once more delights the public.

Five London publishing houses applied

for the English rights of her new book, and no wonder, for the first edition numbered seventy-five thousand copies. The title of the book was suggested by Jeremiah xii: 9, "As a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her."

Augusta Evans Wilson is a keenly sympathetic observer of life, and her stories are always cleanly, energetic, and interesting. Her latest work is no exception. It sparkles with cleverness, and the conversations are invariably entertaining. The climax of the story reaches its zenith in the marriage of the heroine, *Eglah Kent*, to one *Noel Herriott*, a man who comes very near the ideal of the average woman.

"The old, sweet song" was, however, sadly jangled. A few hours after the marriage ceremony the groom learns that this proud, beautiful girl has only married him to save her father from the disgrace into which a dishonest financial transaction has landed him. Someway or other, the subject of the wife and husband who part on their wedding eve, is always an alluring one for authors. There is no phrase more coveted for their pages than that of "wife in name only." The public have only one consolation, we always know from every precedent of fact and fiction how it will end.

The woman in this case was remarkable for her individuality, brilliant vitality, and filial affection, and the man made a mistake in expecting all the human virtues in any one daughter of Eve. A woman cannot be dove and all dove. There is necessarily something of the serpent in the sweetest of the sex.

In a wrong-headed paroxysm, the bridegroom goes on a three-year's tour to the Arctic regions to discover three things:

First—Were the cliff-dwellers of Asiatic origin?

Second—Are the Eskimos survivors of pre-glacial man?

Third—Are kames and drumlins infallible index features?

Now it is indubitably manifest that no man can remain at boiling-point near the North Pole, and so eventually he comes to more genial climes to make the *amende honorable*. The "happy ending" is arrived at by an extremely circuitous

route, but it is so very happy that it suggests the sentence once written of love:

"For people who have not known it, any description seems overdrawn, and for people who have it, it is quite beyond description."

The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

THE HOME

BY JANEY CANUCK

OUR FOOD

PHYSIOLOGY shows us how inevitably the food on which one subsists determines the texture of his flesh. The old adage, "Whatever a lion eats becomes lion," is another way of expressing this same thought.

Not only is the quality of food important, but also the quantity. The capability of work in the human race is greatly dependent on the proportion consumed. It is said that the English and Americans are the best fed people of the present age and, therefore, they accomplish the greater amount of work and are more prominent for power and courage. A computation made shows that the average consumption of meat per inhabitant for the United States is 120 pounds a year; for the United Kingdom, 110 pounds; France, 66 pounds; Germany, 48 pounds; Russia, 44 pounds; Spain, 29 pounds; Italy, 28 pounds; Portugal, 20 pounds.

As a rule people are not careful enough about their food. They eat what is set before them just as *Nicholas Nickleby* "distended his stomach with a bowl of porridge, for much the same reason which induces some savages to swallow earth, lest they should be inconveniently hungry when there is nothing to eat."

Others there are who deify intellect by "keeping the body under." They renounce the stomach and all its works. To them it is only "a diabolical machine."

Elijah, they will say, was content with a raven for his cook. Daniel thrived on pulse and looked fairer than those who ate the King's meat. John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey, and the apostles had ears of corn for their Sunday dinner. Now, we have but a poor opinion of these gastronomical idiosyncracies, and would remind our argumentative friends that Jacob's mess of pottage is the most expensive dish on record.

The question of what we should eat ought not to be a difficult one. Man is an omniverous animal. His system requires variety. Crude cereals and the phosphates of fish must be eaten to strengthen muscle, tissue, and brain. Fruits are required to temper the blood, and meats to enrich the same.

While most people will agree with these statements, it is remarkable how few practice them. Watch the average girl order her lunch in a restaurant. She has what the old women in the country would call "a peaking appetite." She mocks nature with a piece of lemon pie, a bit of angel cake, or an ice-cream soda. But nature is not so easily conciliated.

The sturdy old dame will have her pound of flesh. Sweets may dull the edge of the appetite, but do not appease it.

If the girl should by any chance take a juicy steak, it must be drenched in condiments. Curries, peppers, and spices are her essentials. Acids and sweets must be

raised to the nth to suit her weary palate. Salt is an excellent astringent, but she takes it in large quantities, and hence is bloodless. Pepper may stimulate her lazy appetite, but in excess it is highly inflammatory, and has been known to cause cancer in the stomach. The fact of the matter is, the girl's health is impaired by an irrational appetite. She should be treated as a sick person, and her diet selected. Juicy meats, fruits, well-cooked vegetables, eggs, milk, and a minimum of sweets should be prescribed and insisted upon. It will save her "nerves," "longings," and other troublesome fads in the years to come.

Nor are girls the only culprits. How often the fathers and brothers make the serious mistake of omitting food at noon, or of only taking a biscuit or something of equal insignificance. They arrive home jaded and worn out expecting dinner to revive them. The result is that after the meal they are heavy and drowsy, for the digestive power is not equal to the amount of work thrown upon it. The victim becomes dyspeptic, and health and brain suffer with the derangement.

The laboring man suffers in like manner. He is given an hour at noon. It means a hurried run home, a hurried meal, and a hurried run back. There is no time for table-talk, and he eats when "tired to death."

On the whole the boy has the best digestive conscience. We dare not gain-say the proverb that he is "hollow down to the heels." All is grist that comes to his mill, be it fish, flesh, or fowl. He has a seaside appetite all the year round. Observe him when the apples are ripe. His flesh is firm, and his skin is as glossy and smooth as satin. He is at his best. If his mother would substitute fruit for pies and sweets at dessert, she would keep him at his best all the time.

It is the mother who should look well to the ways of her household, and order aright the dietary thereof. She should know that frying is an objectionable pro-

cess of cooking. The heat is applied through the medium of boiling fat, and the article of food thus becomes more or less penetrated with fatty matter, which renders it resistant to the solvent action of the stomach. Such food appears to form the source of the gastric trouble known as heartburn.

Food which has been submitted to the processes of salting, pickling, and smoking, should be avoided by the dyspeptic, except in the case of bacon, which happens as a rule, to sit easily on the stomach. Indeed, the cured article, particularly the fat belonging to it, is more easily digested than fresh pork.

In spite of all that is said to the contrary, there is no better beverage for the household than tea. It is neither heating to the system nor oppressive to the stomach, in which respect it differs from coffee. Taken in moderate quantities, it is exhilarating, and has a restorative action. It clears the brain, disposes to cheerfulness and mental activity, arouses the energies and diminishes the tendency to sleep.

As a medicinal, it affords comfort and relief to persons suffering from nervous headache, and counteracts the effects of alcoholic stimulants. It also appeases the sensation arising from want of food and enables hunger to be borne. Green tea is objectionable because the astringent matter it contains impedes digestion.

Above all, cultivate a cheerful state of mind at meals if you value easy digestion. Quarrels, heated discussions, or sullen taciturnity while eating, are highly injurious. Neither body nor spirit receive nutriment, and are starved in the midst of plenty. Do not speak of pain or disease at the table. You are in a receptive or negative state while eating and unconsciously give out strength. Laughter is the best aid to digestion. Our forefathers excited it at table by jesters and buffoons. A small amount eaten in repose, and deliberately tasted, is infinitely preferable to a large quantity eaten in a hurry. Many

people swallow their food very much as a locomotive does fuel. To them, one thing is as good as another so long as it is filling. Such a method of eating not only deadens the palate, but is hurtful. In taking in food, you should take in health, strength, and repose.

A word about boarding-school diet. Reared in such an institution myself, I have never quite forgotten the pangs of hunger which daily tortured me. It was not altogether that the supply was insufficient, but it was often badly cooked, and there was but little variety. Dickens has given us an admirable type of a boarding-school master in *Mr. Squeers*, whose favorite advice to his unhappy boarders was, "Subdue your appetites, and you have conquered human nature."

In our school, the matron discouraged the beef trust, but carried on a heavy line in oatmeal. She had rhubarb sauce to burn, and sometimes did it. Perhaps things have changed since then, but, my dear madam, before sending your daughter to school, do not be modest in making minute inquiries into the bill-of-fare. It will be money for you at the end of the year, and health for your daughter.

ABOUT MARRIAGE

A MARRIAGE is called "a match." This does not refer to the little wooden thing tipped with brimstone, though frequently the simile might not be incorrect. It means that the parties who contract marriage should be matched, and should choose and accept partners of their own rank.

The white man who is "mated with a squalid savage" must daily lower to the savage level. When "crabbed age and youth" are "joined together in holy matrimony," the union cannot but prove the cemetery of happiness. Husband and wife should be equally mated in all things, except with perhaps a suggestion more of intelligence to the man's credit—to make up for his insufficient morals.

"How can two walk together except

they be agreed?" was a pertinent question of old. Nowadays, the query is put to us, "How can two walk together unless one of them have it entirely his own way?"

Love reverses the order of conjugal obedience. It makes the struggle an eagerness to serve, and not to command.

"When Mastery cometh, then sweet Love anon
Flappeth his nimble wings and soon away is
flown."

A wit has said, women regard marriage as a license to eat onions and to wear ill-fitting clothes. Leaving the onion question aside for future consideration, we are persuaded this is unfair. The average woman will dress just as modishly as her husband's purse and generosity will allow. It is only the poor girl with tawny hair and direct manner that can have one thousand dollars' worth of clothes that fit her everywhere and all the time.

Never cease to be lovers. If you cease some one else may begin. That does not mean an indulgence in those post-nuptial unpleasantnesses—public caresses. This is washing one's clean linen in public. There is but one thing worse—dirty linen. We would roll this old planet a deal nearer Paradise if we would let our mouths speak the love our hearts feel.

I heard of a man who married a girl for her head of curls. Soon after the event he met an old chum who asked him how he liked his wife: "Like her! why, bless you, man," said he, "she is a perfect gem. I don't think there is another wife like her in the whole town. She's an angel. I believe I could eat her, I like her so well."

A year afterwards the same man met him again, and, after a friendly greeting, enquired for this angelic wife. "Oh, don't name her," said he in sadness. "Don't name her!" "Why, what's in the wind? You told me when I saw you

last that you could eat her!" With an emphasis that was as suggestive as it was expressive, he instantly replied, "Ay, man, and I wish I had eaten her." Moral: If you want only a plaything, if you want a doll, go to the toyshop and give \$5.00 for a good big one. When the color and wax are worn off, and you are tired of it, you can go back and buy another one.

Men and women don't need to swing clubs to murder concord. A sneer from a cynical mouth, the sting of a waspish tongue, are just as effective. You were lady and gentleman before you were wife and husband. Don't forget it.

The great drawback to wedded felicity often lies in the fact that we get too familiar with one another. My dear madam, you have no more right to search your husband's pockets than he has to do the same service for a distant acquaintance. Don't smile, sir! On the other hand, you have no more right to obtrude your conversation upon your wife when she is in the midst of an absorbing story, than you would have to interrupt Queen Alexandra at her devotions.

SHOULD WOMEN PROPOSE?

CERTAINLY! A woman should do anything she chooses, with perhaps the unimportant exception of becoming the father of a family. It was the sarcastic remark of a crusty old parson in Connecticut that woman has the undoubted right to shave and sing bass if she wants to; and why, my dear sir, should she not propose?

The business of marriage is essentially woman's province, and should be handed over to her. She is a kind of a blank census paper waiting to be filled up with marriages, births, deaths, and other domestic affairs. Talk to her about a man whose exploits are filling the world, and she will only ask you two questions—was he married, and whether he had any children.

To say the least, it is galling to a woman's dignity and proper sense of pride to be ever referred to as a young "thing," an "old maid," or a "relict." The Germans speak of a turnip as "she," a young lady as "it." Apart from this glaring disrespect, the unmarried woman is weary of the plaint, "He cometh not." She feels it is time she should fetch him—and she will, too.

Young men, do not get frightened at the prospects before you, nor blindly attempt to fight fate. If you don't want her, you can screw up your courage, trample your profound chivalry under foot, and say her a good round no. It will be pleasant thereafter to tell your envious male chums every word she said, and how you promised to take her on your list of sisters. If, however, the worst should come to the worst, and she is not good to you, you know you can go home to your father.

When woman proposes, it will be an unmixed boon to the business-engrossed man. He wants to get married—when, how, or to whom, is of no great moment. He has neither time nor taste for the elusive intricacies of flirtation, and so has not to be wheedled into acquiescence, but on the contrary is wonderfully relieved to find himself landed into the *marriage de convenance* without the accessories of bait and hook.

It will be a good thing, too, for the ugly men. An unaccountable trait in femininity is the proneness to fall in love with men that are plain. Her love has the habit of "glorifying clown and satyr." The greyer the gander, the deeper the passion of the goose. It is a habit with which few men will quarrel. She gazes on a piece of common clay, and thinks him "the centre-point of God's creation." Thank heaven, my good friends, it is so.

Mirabeau was one of the most unprepossessing men in France, and yet, when he died his rooms were found to contain heaps of letters from women who would have drawn him into the maelstrom of love.

When woman becomes the wooer, it will also be a real triumph for the frivolous man. I am not alone in this opinion, for Mr. Addison once wrote in *The Spectator*: "When I see a fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favorite—noise and flutter are such accomplishments as she cannot withstand. To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object: *She would have the lover a woman in everything but sex.*" Dryden has expressed the same satire in the lines:

"Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form
And empty noise, and loves itself in man."

Now, there are those who would draw our attention to the fact that this radicalism would be a blessing to all men, in that all are either ugly or frivolous, but we shall not take time to contradict a statement which is so evidently mere hyperbole. Hitherto, woman has been acting on a principle that is deceitful, but on the whole effective. As man advances, she retreats; as he be-

comes tender, she simulates indifference. Her principal here is pique. To sum up the situation brutally, she keeps the hawk hungry that he may freely stoop to the lure, but once "lovely woman" takes the initiative and puts her foot on the stiff neck of Madam Precedent, that musty mother of mischief, things will be very different. It will relieve her sex of an immense deal of mental and physical strain. At present the pursuit of a husband is the supreme struggle for existence. It was all very well for one of old to ask the pertinent question, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" but it is not applicable to this century. He is very much on our minds, and sometimes on our hands.

The press make much ado over the fact that an un-kissed man has never been found. There is no difficulty in finding thousands of women in this predicament. We speak feelingly, being in this class ourselves. Indeed, we are just looking carefully around for "a square-set man and honest"—you ask us why? To propose to him, my dear sir! To propose!

BREAKING A BRONCHO

IF you go to see the "breaking" of wild horses in the North-West Territories you must expect to hear something absolutely new in swear words. The "buster" can swear volcanically, methodically, volubly, comprehensively, concisely—I had almost said prayerfully. Offensive personalities, execrations, maledictions and deprecatory disparagement fall from his lips in a rapid, turbid torrent.

I have not yet been able to decide whether man or horse is the most interesting. The "buster" or "wrangler" has a hardy moulded figure with not a superfluous pound of flesh to hinder the free play of his muscles. His skin, swart and tough from sun and wind, is ripened to the same durable hue as his saddle. All over

him is writ roughly the record of his adventurous life. Thorough utility is the keynote of his costume, yet it is not wanting in picturesqueness. His broad felt sombrero, while it is calculated to repel the rays of the sun and to act as an umbrella, is the "editing" of his whole dress. No other headgear could be quite so effective.

His legs are encased in "chaps," or to be more correct, chaparéjos, trouserettes of calfskin that protect him from mosquitoes and briars. These are adorned at the bottom with a fringe of the same leather. His shirt is not of the "biled" variety. A loosely-knotted colored kerchief about his throat adds a dash of color to all.

The "buster" is usually a cowboy who

has had more courage and stronger will than his fellows, for both these traits must be developed to the extreme limit that phrenologists class as "nine." His average pay is five dollars per horse. The horse—well, think the worst you can about it and then it is a great deal worse than that. It is said that a horse at its best is an amiable idiot; at its worst, a dangerous maniac. The broncho combines these traits at once. It makes no difference that it has reached the years of discretion, for the discretion never arrives with the years. Indeed, the word "broncho" is the Spanish for "wild."

Emerson Hough, who has known it for thirty years, tells us that the broncho has a long history. The Moors brought it from Spain. It had come from a hot, dry, waterless land, and could subsist on the desert. On this side the Atlantic it became the horse of the Spanish-Indian, or Mexican. The environment of Mexico was similar to that of Northern Africa from whence it came—small shade, parched land, burning suns, short grass. It had no more water than would keep it alive, and so for generations it lost in curves and gained in angles, lost in good looks but gained in speed, bottom, wind, and that admirable characteristic known as "sand." It eventually evolved into a wiry, untamed, ugly-dispositioned brute, wild as a hawk, fleet as a deer, strong as a lion. Its ribs are flat, its hips cat-hammed, and its tail often looks like a used-up shaving brush. The neck is hopelessly ewed, and the back is humped up like a one-humped camel. Its forelegs would not commend it as a saddler. Indeed, it has not a single line of beauty. Yet, without this cow pony there could have been no cattle industry. The ranchman's success is due to his horse.

This summer morning on the prairie there is but one horse in the corral—a piebald, leggy roan. Its eye is by no means assuring, and its Roman nose is sufficiently pronounced to declare the most stubborn propensities. It is seven years old and has never felt a bridle or "cinch"—the Western word for girth—and has been as free as air, an absolutely wild animal.

The "buster" is seated on a high-pom-

meled Mexican saddle. The pommel or "horn" is made of forged steel and covered with leather. It is to this he anchors the bad plunging "broncho." It is his "snubbing" post. One end of the rope is attached to this while the other chokes Miss Broncho into something very like submission.

This saddle is not only the horseman's saddle, but it is his workshop. It has cost him one hundred dollars. Nothing could induce him to use another man's saddle, and the Fates be with the man who would make so bold as to use his. It is told that an Englishman said to a broncho-buster, "I say, old chap, you couldn't jump a fence in that thing, you know." "Stranger," replied the Westerner, "this yer is God's country, an' there ain't no fences; but I shore think I could jump more fences than you could rope steers if you rid that postage-stamp thing of yourn."

The "buster" wears spurs and rides with his legs straight down. His rope is about thirty-five feet long, and the noose works freely through a leather eye. The Canadian never calls it a "lasso" or "lariat." He only knows it as a "rope."

Miss Broncho must be halter-broke first, and so the rope is sent uncoiling through the air with a movement that looks as easy as the graceful and traditional act of falling off a log. But the rest is not so easy. The overwhelming insult has sent her flying to the end of the rope, only to find something tighten around her neck. Tighter! tighter! She pulls, she tugs, she strains. Her eyes gouge out and so does her tongue. The rope is over the pommel, and the man is firm as the everlasting hills. Surely, you ruminant, the Spanish bull-fights can be no more exciting and hardly more cruel. Will he never slacken? Yes, but *Mademoiselle* must learn by dire experience to stop stock still when she feels a rope around her neck.

But horses are not so intelligent as they are usually conceded to be. Trainers say that they are among the least intelligent of all animals. Everything has to be drilled into them, and especially by their sense of touch, in which they are peculiarly sensitive. On the other hand, they are ten-

acious of memory. This is why the "breaking" takes on the character of an art.

With a fine disregard for consequences, out she goes again "with a spring in every muscle," only to be jerked off her feet when she comes to the end. Still she refuses to be taken in leading or to be tied, so to speak, to another horse's apron-strings. Her wind is cut off, but nevertheless she struggles, though all to no purpose. After a bit there is bloody foam at her mouth and nose, and even then she makes strong and furious plunges against the rope. "Ah, my dear wild thing! you are hopelessly entrapped in the snare of the fowler. Your heart may bleed, your heart may break, but for all the years you have found a master."

Another period of foolish rebellion, and at last she leads. Here is a picture for Rosa Bonheur! But her troubles are not over. The rope is transferred from her neck to her leg, and she is helplessly hobbled while a fifty-pound saddle is thrown on her back and the girths tightened. She is corseted for the first time, and not in any "common-sense" corset either, for, speaking comparatively, her 26-inch waist is squeezed into an 18-inch "straight-front." The man is in the saddle and her leg is unroped. Now for some impromptu rough-riding! By all the rules of dynamics the "buster" ought to have been turned over half a dozen times; but the high cantle gives firmness to his seat, and he sits back at an angle of forty-five degrees.

We thought Miss Broncho was tired, but

her pyrotechnic repertory of feats was only beginning. Now, she seemed a bunch of muscles flying through the air; and again, in the vindictive menace of her soul, she tries to kill the man by rolling on him. This is the congenital iniquity of the cow pony, that has come down in almost as straight and ancient a line as original sin. It is no use. She is always worsted by the quick wit and daring of her rider. We are glad when it is over. To-morrow, and the next day, she will go through a similar performance, till she is declared broken.

From the Eastern standpoint, we would consider her education still highly superficial, and so it is. The finishing touches are given by the poor cowboy who has to ride her. After awhile he will teach her to turn by the pressure of the knee and to stand when the bridle is thrown over her head, and to drag a big steer out of the mire or all over the plains for that matter. She will have first place in her rider's affections, for while the cow is his interest his passion is horse.

And Miss Broncho? Perhaps one day she will break her leg in a badger hole, and the cow-puncher will despatch her with his gun. Or it may be that one thundery night, when the herd stampedes, she and her rider will fall in a *coulee* under the hoofs of a maddened avalanche of flesh; or a rattlesnake, "whistlin' wid its tail," may give her the quietus. In the meantime she will be hungry, thirsty, cold and tired, but never lazy—a real companion of her rough but chivalric master, the natural son of the plains.

FINANCE

THE GROWTH AND DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN THE UNITED STATES

SINCE and including 1850 the Federal Census has collected statistics relative to wealth. The wealth at the different census periods, as collected, is represented as follows:

| Census Year. | Wealth. |
|--------------|-----------------|
| 1850..... | \$7,135,780,228 |
| 1860..... | 16,159,616,068 |
| 1870..... | 30,068,518,507 |
| 1880..... | 43,642,000,000 |
| 1890..... | 63,037,091,197 |
| 1900..... | 94,000,000,000 |

By "wealth" is meant all the tangible property of the country at its true valuation—that is, its market value. In 1890 this true valuation or market value (\$65,037,091,197) was distributed as follows:

TRUE VALUATION OF ALL TANGIBLE PROPERTY IN THE UNITED STATES, EXCLUSIVE OF ALASKA, IN 1890.

| Classification. | Value. | Per cent. of Total. |
|---|------------------|---------------------|
| Real estate, with improvements thereon..... | \$39,544,544,333 | 60.80 |
| Live stock on farms, farm implements and machinery..... | 2,703,015,040 | 4.16 |
| Mines and quarries, including product on hand.... | 1,291,291,579 | 1.99 |
| Gold and silver coin and bullion..... | 1,158,774,948 | 1.78 |
| Machinery of mills and product on hand, raw and manufactured..... | 3,058,593,441 | 4.70 |
| Railroads and equipments, including \$389,357,289 for street railroads..... | 8,685,407,323 | 13.35 |
| Telegraphs, telephones, shipping, canals and equipment..... | 701,755,712 | 1.08 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 7,893,708,821 | 12.14 |
| Totals..... | \$65,037,091,197 | 100.00 |

Of the total, it will be seen that 60.80 per cent. consisted of real estate, with the improvements thereon. This, of course, embraced farms, land, and all city property as certified to by the assessors, city and State officials.

The total money in the United States, consisting of coin and including bullion in

the Treasury, United States notes and bank notes, is stated by the Treasury officials to be \$2,483,147,292, which is \$31.94 per capita, as against \$14.06 in 1860. The circulation of money at the present time is \$27.98 per capita, as against \$13.85 in 1860. These figures show an enormous increase in the efficiency of commercial mechanism. Circulation must increase as business prospers, and the per capita amount of money represents very positively the requirements of a great industrial community.

Another indication of the financial efficiency of the people is shown very clearly by savings banks deposits. At the present time there are 1,007 banks, the number of depositors being 6,358,723, their deposits amounting to \$2,597,094,580. According to careful investigation about 50 per cent. of the deposits in the savings banks belong to wage-earners. This is a vast sum and shows an exceedingly gratifying feature of the general distribution of wealth. Building and loan associations have total assets of \$581,866,170. These assets with few exceptions are the property of small holders.

In eighteen different States there have grown up what are known as school savings banks. The total number of pupils having deposits in such banks is 63,576. They have from time to time deposited nearly \$900,000, from which sum they have made withdrawals, but the net deposit to their credit after such withdrawals is now nearly a third of a million dollars.

These school savings banks, building and loan associations and savings banks indicate the rapid increase in the distribution of wealth to small holders.

According to the census of 1900 there were at least 18,000,000 wage receivers in the United States. It is safe to assume that the average wages paid this large number of persons annually is \$400, making an aggregate of \$7,200,000,000 paid to

that class alone. This statement shows that from the annual accumulation of wealth in the country a large share is distributed to those who are wage-earners.

We hear a great deal about the rich growing richer and the poor poorer. Those who make this assertion argue that because of the increase of millionaires their wealth has been taken from the small holders. This would be true if wealth did not increase and millionaires increased, as then there would necessarily be a concentration of wealth in the hands of the few at the expense of the property of the many; but as we have seen, wealth increases at tremendous strides, and the assertion that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer

cannot be sustained. While it is true that the rich are growing richer, many more people are also growing rich, and the poor are better off. The poor must participate in the expanded distribution of wealth.

The millionaires of the country are distributing their wealth with more and more wisdom. During the past year more than \$100,000,000 were distributed for educational and religious purposes by the men who had accumulated vast wealth. The distribution of accumulations in the country results in benefit to every member of the community, and relieves those who accumulate wealth of the charge of using it in enervating distribution rather than in beneficial ways.

FACING A COAL FAMINE

REPORTS from all over eastern Canada are that emergency fuels will be resorted to during the winter as a substitute for coal. In this connection the coal famine promises to develop to an extraordinary degree and permanently establish a new industry in Canada. Throughout the Dominion there are hundreds of thousands of acres of the finest peat beds in the world. In northern Ontario alone there are bogs of sphagnum moss, many feet deep, covering an area estimated at 10,000 square miles. Several companies have already been chartered, and others are in course of organization, to exploit the vast peat districts of Ontario and Quebec. One plant in

the vicinity of Ottawa will be turning out this month about 100 tons of peat fuel daily.

Once peat fuel becomes established in the favor of the consumer, any future strike in the coal regions of Pennsylvania need have no terror for the people of this country, and it will make Canada for many years to come practically independent of any other country in a material so essential as fuel for comfort and existence. Even should the strike speedily terminate, the actual distress in Canada could not be materially abated before midwinter, and not only will there be great suffering, but a terrible increase in the mortality rate will result.—
The Chicago Record-Herald.

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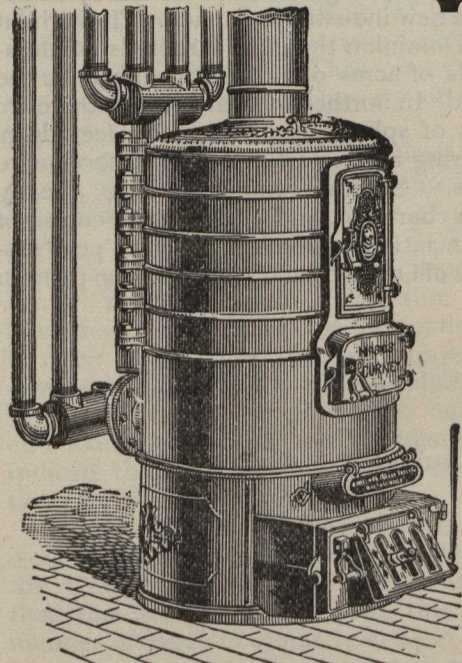
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Blunders in Advertising Canada
A Residence at Toronto
The Impressions of Janey Canuck Abroad
Literature: The Home: Finance

AUGUST, 1902

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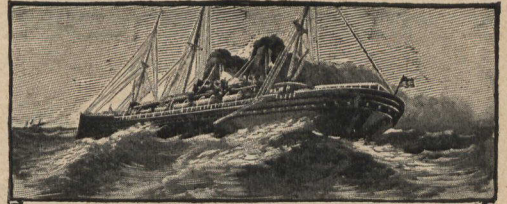
NOTICE

The second number of The National Monthly being late in coming out, it was thought desirable to date it August instead of July. Consequently there will be no July number for 1902. This will not prevent subscribers from having the full number paid for.

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which will be fully explained
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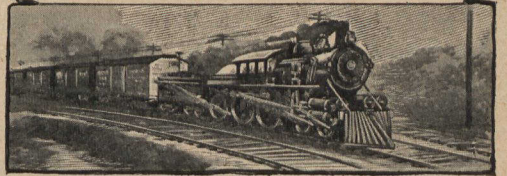


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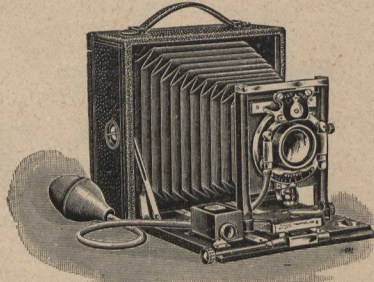
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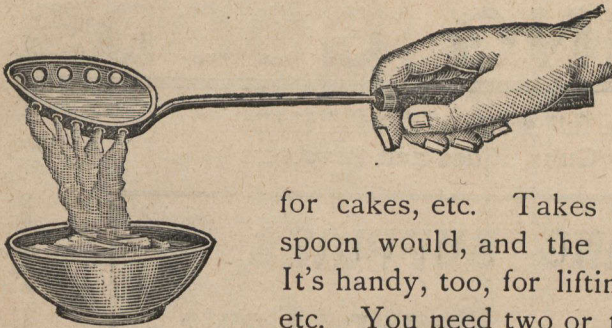
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OF THE

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(INCORPORATED)

.... OF

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| ASSETS. | | LIABILITIES. | |
|--|----------------|--|----------------|
| Mortgage Loans on Real Estate | \$642,954.04 | Capital Stock Paid in | \$1,013,590.17 |
| Real Estate | 513,955.38 | Dividends Credited | 37,079.34 |
| Loans on this Company's Stock | 70,051.60 | Amount Due Borrowers on Uncompleted Loans | 1,771.14 |
| Accrued Interest | 7,785.70 | Borrowers' Sinking Fund | 42,675.48 |
| Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc. | 3,136.74 | Mortgages Assumed for Members | 11,300.00 |
| Accounts Receivable | 1,050.97 | Reserve Fund | 45,000.00 |
| Furniture and Fixtures | 6,699.93 | Contingent Account | 131,392.13 |
| The Molsons Bank | 27,408.43 | | |
| Cash on hand | 9,774.47 | Total Liabilities | \$1,282,808.26 |
| Total Assets | \$1,282,808.26 | | |

THOMAS G. HAND, }
G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President.
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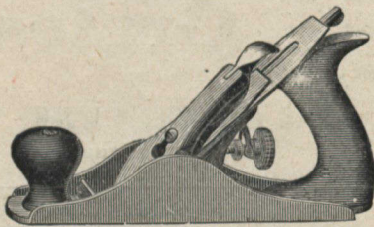


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THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA

| | | |
|--------------------|-----------|-------------|
| Authorized Capital | - - - - - | \$2,000,000 |
| Subscribed Capital | - - - - - | 1,300,000 |
| Reserve Fund | - - - - - | 300,000 |

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