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 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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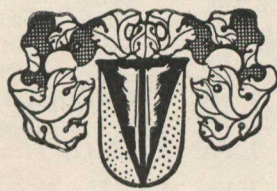
A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

AN advertiser who has been using the "Canadian Courier" to tell of his wares assures us that his returns from advertising in this journal are the greatest he ever secured. This gratifies us for two reasons. In the first place, it assures us that our subscribers are reading the paper carefully and that they are proud to mention "The Courier" when they write to an advertiser. In the second place, it assures us that our readers have confidence that we will allow no fake advertising in our columns. We trust that we shall always deserve and receive this mark of confidence from our readers.

NEXT week we shall publish an important paper entitled "The Strange Case of Miss Laut and Mr. David Thompson." It is a review of Miss Agnes Laut's latest historical work on Western Canada, especially that portion of it which deals with the geographical work of David Thompson. It may horrify some of Miss Laut's admirers but it will not do her an injustice. The author is Mr. Arthur Hawkes, an experienced journalist, whose work is found in the leading British reviews. He, in company with Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, has been making an extensive study of Thompson's journals. Indeed, Mr. Tyrrell will shortly publish a work on Thompson.

A REGINA subscriber, in sending in a renewal of his subscription, says: "I wish to express my appreciation of your paper. I think it to be the nearest approach to a national journal of anything we have yet had published in Canada." We would just add that such remarks are encouraging.



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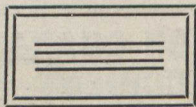
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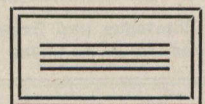
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A National Weekly

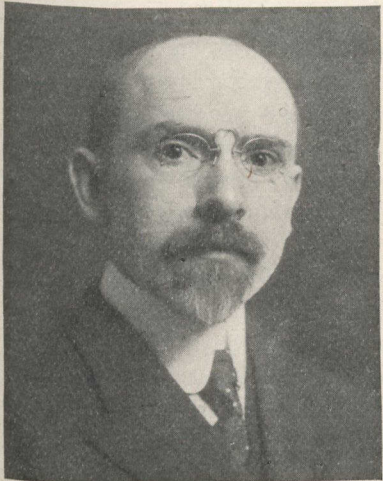
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Vol. V.

Toronto, January 23rd, 1909.

No. 8

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. E. R. Wood,
Vice-Pres. Dominion Securities Corporation.

Bank of Commerce, Canada Life, Sao Paulo, Mexican Power, Crow's Nest Coal, and National Trust Company. It was a great climb up the ladder for the Peterborough youth, but he is still active, still smiling-faced, still courteous and calm under all circumstances. He is the Canadian authority on "bonds," a subject which is discussed on another page in this issue.

WHEN Mr. George A. Cox, now Senator, began his business activities in Peterboro he discovered Mr. Edward Rogers Wood. Mr. Wood was a telegraph operator as Mr. Cox had been and that probably supplied the bond. To-day, it would be difficult to say which is the greater man, since both are distinguished. Senator Cox has, however, the years and the honour of a long record. For a young man, Mr. Wood has made remarkable strides. The story of his success would make a business romance of unusual interest. The son of an Irish schoolmaster, a former G. N. W. operator, is now manager of the Central Canada Loan Co. and the Dominion Securities Corporation, besides being director of the

ARCHBISHOP SWEATMAN, Primate of all Canada, has inducted his first bishop. On January 6th, Bishop Farthing was consecrated at Montreal—perhaps the most significant inauguration ever held in the Canadian Anglican Church. The ceremony was duly impressive with as much pomp and circumstance as befits so solemn an occasion. Indeed there were some critics who thought that part of the ceremony announced in the daily press might have been ruled out. There were present a large number of bishops and dignitaries of the church: Bishops of Huron and Niagara, Ontario, and of Nova Scotia and of Maine. That the inauguration was considered highly important even in England may be judged from the words of the present Archbishop of York, who, it will be remembered was invited by the Synod to become Bishop of Montreal and was compelled to decline owing to his prospective appointment to the high office of the Archbishopric. Part of Archbishop's Lang's letter is as follows:



Most Rev. Arthur Sweatman,
Anglican Archbishop of Toronto and
Primate of All Canada.

"It has been a time of much anxious thought and prayer. I can only trust and pray that my decisions have been right. Pray tell the Synod that I shall always regard their token of confidence as one of the greatest honours of my life; that it will bind my heart in a very special way to the fortunes of the Church in Canada; and that I will join my prayers to theirs that a bishop may be sent to them able to use and guide their high ideals for the future of their Church."

More impressive than any other figure at that inauguration was the venerable Archbishop Sweatman, who for so many years has been a commanding figure in Canadian church life. A year or two ago the venerable Archbishop was very ill; and it was feared by many of his friends then that he might not live

to take part in the consecration of any bishop. But he is still strong and active and able worthily to represent his Church in any great gathering of dignitaries.

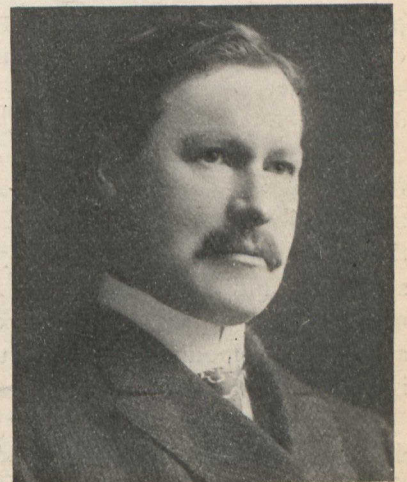
THE most unobtrusive member of the Ontario Cabinet is Colonel Matheson, the Treasurer—who has just put through a deal with British capitalists whereby the million dollars remaining guarantee of the Legislature to the Lake Superior Corporation has been raised. Incidentally a large amount of British capital will be invested in the works. The industrial results of this investment include the erection of large modern blast furnaces and the probable extension of the Algoma Central to join the new Transcontinental route. The "Soo" has been a nightmare for years. It began in a Munchausen dream with a wizard named Clergue at the head. The story of Clergue ended with the beginning of a very prosaic era in which the debris of a magnificent romance was succeeded by a reconstruction, in which the Ontario Government guaranteed two million dollars, half of which has been paid. Depression came and partially closed down the works. Fire came and closed down part of the remainder. The splendid dream of Clergue began to look like a temporary white elephant, and none knew this better than the canny Scotch gentleman who held the purse-strings of Ontario. Col. Matheson was not credited with the Midas touch of a William Mackenzie. He sat in his office up at the Parliament Buildings and smoked hard at his pipe, pondering the Soo, saying little, but thinking much. Always a bad speechmaker and never a financial spell-binder he was an unspectacular sort of man to take up the threads of a magnificent industrial romance like the Sault industries. But the thrift of the Scotchman and the persistence of a quiet, mathematical mind won a financial triumph which might never have come to a spell-binder. Colonel Matheson raised a million dollars and interested capital. The real new era at the "Soo" has begun.



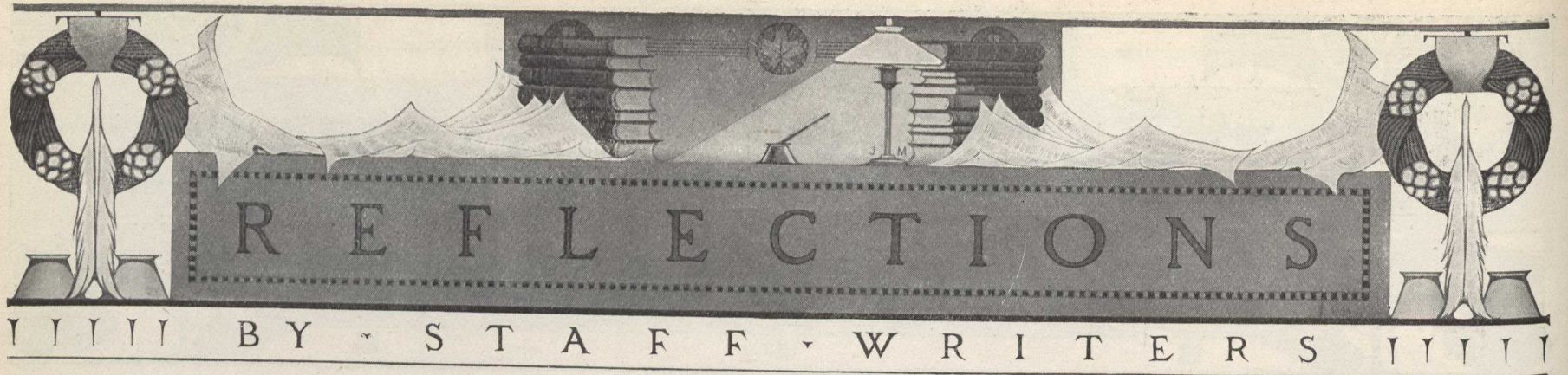
Hon. A. J. Matheson,
Treasurer of Ontario.

MR. GEORGE W. GOUINLOCK is the new president of the Ontario Society of Architects, which held its annual meeting in Toronto last week. Mr. Gouinlock is almost at the head of his profession in Ontario. Born in Paris, he studied in Hamilton, and then went to Chicago and Milwaukee for experience. Later he returned to Toronto, where he has been in practice for twenty-three years. He has been the designer of some of Toronto's largest buildings, for five or six years has been official architect of the Industrial Exhibition and was recently appointed to remodel the Ontario Parliament buildings. His characteristics are industry, frankness and progressiveness—a combination which means much.

The Ontario Association is just now trying to decide whether or not architects shall be required to pass examinations as are doctors, lawyers, dentists and school teachers. Examinations are now held but they are not compulsory; hence there are two classes, common or garden architects and registered architects.



Mr. George W. Gouinlock,
Pres. Ontario Architects Association.



MR. PRESTON IN JAPAN

A CORRESPONDENT in China sends us a number of clippings from "The Japan Weekly Chronicle" dealing with the doings and sayings of Mr. W. T. R. Preston, Canadian Agent. One states that Mr. Preston is "really outrageous in his statements and insinuations against foreign merchants." Evidently Mr. Preston has stirred up the Britishers living in Japan. In another, it is plainly said that "it would be well, perhaps, if his Government recalls him, before he does any further harm to his reputation." In still another, it is stated that "Mr. Preston is again busily at work endeavouring to foment a feeling of animosity amongst Japanese against the resident foreigner," and explains that the Kobe Foreign Board of Trade had forwarded a memorial to Ottawa in protest.

It appears that Mr. Preston is pursuing his ancient tactics of talking too much, protesting too much, and generally making himself disagreeable. In so far as he found it necessary to deny certain statements about Canadian rates of wages and important government matters, Mr. Preston was probably justified in some of his "talk." Nevertheless, his attitude in general has been as inadvisable as might be expected from his personal history. He was never credited, even by his intimate friends, with discretion of a high order. His famous telegram, "Hug the machine," is sufficient evidence of that.

Our correspondent, a Canadian who has lived in Asia for years, speaks of Mr. Preston as a "meddlesome cuss" and regrets his appointment. He also points out that Mr. Preston's predecessor was a man about seventy years of age, very deaf, and so weak that since he was moved to Shanghai he has spent all his time in hospital. Our correspondent adds that these circumstances are unfortunate for Canada, and that Canadian interests are suffering. On the other hand, the Australian representatives are young men, well versed in the affairs of the East, and "not ward-heelers who have outlived their usefulness."

Whatever may be the merits of these cases, Canada should be very careful of the class of men sent abroad to represent her interests. Ex-politicians cannot possibly make satisfactory trade agents. Only trained business men, with some experience in public affairs, should receive these appointments.

CANADA AND OPPORTUNITIES ABROAD

JUDGING by the remarks of the Canadian trade commissioners in Great Britain and other places, Canadian exporters are not living up to their opportunities. The Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa, through its excellent "Weekly Report," is doing much to explain these opportunities and to show the line along which the exporter may develop. The limited capital in most Canadian enterprises, the limited knowledge of the methods necessary to successful exporting, and the limited experience Canadians have had in this work can be overcome but slowly. They will be overcome in time, no doubt.

In the Report for January 4th, Mr. Larke has a letter, written from Sydney, showing how Australasia has developed her foreign meat export. In 1882, New Zealand sent out about one hundred thousand dollars' worth of this product; to-day the trade amounts to seventeen million dollars. In Australia proper the industry grew more slowly, but in 1906 the exports of beef, mutton, pork, poultry and rabbits amounted in value to over twelve million dollars. Here is a valuable lesson for Canada.

In the same issue, Mr. Ray writes from Birmingham that Canadian wood and wooden goods are not being sold in Great Britain to the extent of our opportunity. Canada supplies only seven per cent. of the manufactured wood requirements and not more than ten per

cent. of the timber demands. Only in paper have Canadian exports shown a reasonable and satisfactory increase.

Mr. Harrison Watson writing from London complains that Canadian exporters are discourteous and do not even answer letters addressed to them. He refers particularly to apple exporters. Canadian flour exporters have also been slow to furnish samples required for the Egyptian trade.

From British Guiana comes some good news, given in the Report for January 11th, that Canadian trade is improving. However, of the eight million dollars' worth of imports, only 7.73 per cent. came from Canada. The United States sold four times as much and the United Kingdom seven times as much as we did. This is not a great showing considering that Canada bought 56 per cent. of British Guiana's exports, mainly sugar.

No one may peruse these excellent weekly reports without a growing conviction that we are still amateurs in the export business. We have learned fairly well how to market goods at home and in Great Britain, but how to sell our goods in other countries is an unlearned lesson. Perhaps the Canadian Manufacturers' Association could assist by setting up a "School for Exporters" in which our younger manufacturers would be taught the elements of the business.

CANADIANS ON EASTERN MISSIONS

ONE of the greatest wrongs in which Great Britain has been concerned is the opium traffic in the East. It is difficult for those who believe in the general justice of Britain's dealings in the Orient to understand her action preceding the Chinese War. The suppression or diminution of this traffic is the object of all enlightened Chinese officials, who realise what a detriment this drug has been to the people of the great empire. The modern interest in such movements extends to all countries, and the Dominion of Canada has sent Mr. Mackenzie King to attend the conference at Shanghai next month on the suppression of the opium traffic. Mr. King is to visit India also and while in that country will have an opportunity of discussing the question of Hindu immigration with the Indian Government. Mr. Mackenzie King is one of our younger Members of Parliament but already his good judgment and capacity for administration have won respect from both parties. Mr. King is essentially a conciliator and performs the difficult Stevensonian task of keeping friends, "without capitulation" and playing the part of umpire with pronounced success. His visits to India and China cannot fail to benefit his own country, for the immigration of Orientals to the Canadian West is likely to involve us in Asiatic problems.

Another young Canadian now visiting the East in behalf of Methodist Missions, Rev. T. E. E. Shore, has found his Oriental travels not without dramatic incident. Mr. Shore was in China at the time of the late Emperor's demise, was in Constantinople not long after the "Young Turks" made the Sultan's government assume a democratic front and was in India about the time of Calcutta's threatened outbreak. Altogether Mr. Shore has reason for considering his Canadian home a fairly peaceable spot and will be in no danger of preferring Mahommedanism to Methodism. Toronto and Montreal are fairly comfortable cities, after all, and our political upheavals are not likely to paint the provinces red. Both State and Church will be all the better prepared to face modern conditions if their young officials have added foreign experience to training in the home universities.

A GRAND CITIZEN

MR. J. LORN McDOUGALL is dead and the national loss is distinct. Appointed under a Liberal regime, he served as auditor-general for many years of both Liberal and Conservative rule.

He fought hard and fairly successfully for the truth as he saw it. In the end, he was wounded in the house of his friends. Perhaps he was not an adaptable man, perhaps he might have accomplished more by smoother methods, but when he left the Service, he carried an unstained escutcheon. If he bore a broken spirit, it was not because of a duty overlooked or ill done; it was only that he found the forces against him too strong. Some men do a small thing and are accounted great; other men do many great things and receive no loud acclaims. Mr. J. Lorn McDougall was in the latter class.

UNITED STATES JUSTICE

IN some ways, the United States is able to set an example to Canada. A corrupt politician or a low-grade candidate for public office is usually treated more frankly in the Republic than here. The press has greater courage in such circumstances. Over here, we seldom tell the "bad truth" about a man until he is defeated and we are sure that it cannot do any harm. When it comes to criminal law and criminal justice, it is harder to see that we have any lessons to learn from them. The acquittal of Thornton Jenkins Hains for complicity in a murder by his brother prompted by private vengeance, and the public demonstration which afterwards occurred would seem to indicate a looseness of morals in New York State almost equal to that in the lynching districts. This verdict, following as it does on the Thaw verdict, would seem to prove that in the United States killing is no murder.

That such a doctrine will long prevail in that country, no one may believe. The bulk of the people in the United States have shown in other ways, that their ideas of right and wrong are fully equal to the best Anglo-Saxon ideas. These failures of criminal justice to punish law-breakers cannot but arouse the people to the necessity for some sort of administrative and judicial improvement. The citizens of New York State, who so distinguished themselves by sinking party differences and voting for the re-election of a great moral and legal reformer such as Governor Hughes, are not likely to tolerate many such unfortunate affairs as the Hains and Thaw cases. Private vengeance was abolished over a century ago and it cannot be revived amidst Western Civilisation.

SPORT AS A NATION BUILDER

NOTHING appeals to the average Anglo-Saxon so effectively as his sport. His business is a means to an end; his sport is a large part of his real life. So whether he finds his habitation on the green fields of merry England, beneath the stars of the Southern Cross in Australia, or amid the wheat fields of Our Lady of the Snows, he feels "the tie that binds" in the stories of the deeds of athletic prowess of his countrymen. And it is this same feeling that from time to time draws a Canadian curling team to Scotland, a Canadian lacrosse team to Australia or leads a merry bunch of bowlers across the ocean to test the hospitality of followers of ye ancient game in Great Britain and Ireland.

Are these trips productive of anything besides the pleasure they bring? Did not the Olympic lacrosse team bring back a respect for the fairness and good sportsmanship of Englishmen that years of business visits would not bring? The Briton is naturally reserved and he keeps his distance in business relations. It is only in sport that he forgets himself and shows himself as he really is—a rattling good fellow at the bottom. And since the return of that Olympic lacrosse team, have not the English newspapers been shouting its praises? That trip did as much to draw the people of two parts of the Empire together as even the preferential tariff.

And take the visit of the Canadian curlers to Scotland. It is some years since the Scotchmen sent a team to Canada. They took home with them an entirely new conception of the Dominion and friendships that no time can wipe out. They learned that the sons and daughters of the Empire living in its remote parts are the same people as themselves, with the same tastes, the same ideals and the same love of the old Union Jack. They were made to feel that in Canada they were still at home. And even now they are making the Canadians feel that they are at home in Scotland. It is the beginning of a lasting friendship between two large communities in widely separated parts of the Empire. For you do business with all classes of people; but you only take your pleasures with your friends.

BRITISH CONNECTION AND BRITISH CAPITAL

THERE is one advantage in our British connection which is seldom mentioned in the public press and more seldom in academic discussion. That advantage is the possibility of selling our bonds in the British market. Only a small percentage of people would know a bond if they met it, and a still smaller percentage realise how absolutely necessary to Canadian progress a bond market is. Yet Mr. E. R. Wood, vice-president of one of our large security corporations, says: "In this crucial stage of our development I venture to say that the reputation of our securities is of greater moment than the reputation of our material products, important as that must always be."

For example, how could the Ontario Government finance its hydro-electric power undertaking if it could not sell its bonds in London? Manitoba bought out the Bell Telephone Company with British gold. Every city in Canada sells its bonds in London to get money to put in new water-mains, water-pumps, and to make necessary civic improvements. The two new transcontinental railways are being built with money obtained from Great Britain largely.

The enquiring reader will naturally ask for the figures and the percentages. In 1908, Canada sold securities to the value of nearly two hundred millions of dollars, the highest in our history. This was made up as follows:

Government bonds	\$ 77,598,500
Municipal bonds	47,433,911
Corporation bonds	71,325,000
	<hr/>
	\$196,357,411

This was quite an appetite to satisfy. It will be noted that the governments and the corporations required about the same amounts, while the municipalities were much more modest. These bonds were sold in three markets, the Canadian, the United States and the British. None of the government bonds were sold in the United States and very few of the corporation securities. They took a small quantity of municipal bonds. At home, municipal bonds are very popular, but government and corporation bonds do not sell so well. The result was that the United States took 3¼ per cent. of the two hundred millions, Canada 12½ per cent. and Great Britain 84¼ per cent. Surely this is as strong an argument in favour of British connection as the British navy!

Some one will answer that Canadian securities could be sold abroad even were she an independent nation. This is true in a degree. Canadian bonds would still find access to the British market, no doubt, but not in such quantities nor at such prices. If Canada were independent, many enterprises which have been financed from Great Britain would still be dreams of their promoters and much of our boasted progress would be yet unsung. Our banks could not perform the work. They have deposits of 626 millions, and current loans of 515 millions, the balance being their reserves mainly. The banks are looking after current commercial needs, and less than eight per cent. of their total assets are in the form of bonds such as we are discussing. The loan and the trust companies have assets of 207 millions, but their chief form of investment is mortgages. Instead of buying securities, they go abroad to sell their own debentures. The insurance companies hold securities of 237 millions, and of these 34 per cent. are Canadian bonds; indeed, the insurance companies are the largest purchasers of bonds in the home market. Beyond these institutions there is only the private investor. He prefers real estate, mortgages, bank stocks and other forms of quickly convertible as well as somewhat speculative investments. These bring him better returns than ordinary bonds.

This review will show that Mr. Wood is fairly well justified when he says, in the address already referred to:

"It is, therefore, obvious that for great permanent investments necessary in railway development, in providing power, light, heat and other public and municipal services and in meeting the needs of the Dominion, provincial and municipal governments, we must apply to the world's financial centre. That this has been the situation in Canada, during the period of our general development, is shown by the volume of Canadian bonds now held in Britain.

"In November last the Dominion Government had bonds outstanding in Great Britain to the extent of \$239,198,205 and temporary loans aggregating \$15,606,333, a total of \$254,604,538. The Canadian provinces, according to statements furnished us by the various Provincial Treasurers, have a bonded debt in Great Britain as of December 31st, 1908, amounting to \$47,297,700. Of the entire present bonded indebtedness of Canadian railways, an amount in excess of \$500,000,000 is held in Great Britain; the total bonded debt of these three classes of borrowers being over \$800,000,000."

Seeing that Great Britain has aided us to the extent of a billion of dollars working capital, that she is the greatest purchaser of the goods which we have to sell, it behooves us to check the ignorant young man who in his enthusiasm talks of Canadian independence, and also to check the equally ignorant enthusiast who believes that the United States is our most important commercial ally. It is the Government of Great Britain which has given us a constitution, the mothers of Great Britain who have given us citizens, and the capitalists of Great Britain who have loaned us the money with which we have made Canada attractive.



IF the politicians are still thinking of Senate Reform, I would like to refer them to the "Ten Biggest Men" page which you printed last week. In the first "ten" were six giants whose names are not connected in the public mind with politics at all. Yet some of them are precisely the material of which a nation should make its "Upper House" if it is to have one. Let us imagine Lord Strathcona, Sir William Van Horne, Dr. Goldwin Smith and Sir Sandford Fleming appointed to the Senate, and actually taking part in its deliberations. Would they bring it strength and increased public confidence? The question answers itself. And yet we permit this material to go absolutely to waste so far as our national legislature is concerned. I have not included Mr. William Mackenzie and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy in my list as yet, for they are still active men of affairs; but the other four are practically retired and would have been awarded Peerages without fail, had they worked out careers of similar importance in the mother country. Lord Strathcona has, indeed, got his Peerage and is engaged in the national service.

* * *

IF the power of appointment were used to make the Senate a body of "heavy weights," we would be congratulating ourselves on our Second Chamber, instead of looking about for plans of reform. But this can never result, so long as the politicians regard the Senate as a part of the "patronage" of the party in power, and lift to its arm chairs the weary veterans of a hundred fights whose "scars" are mostly on their consciences. The appointive system has broken down, not because it is unworkable but because the politicians have abused it. In turning it from national to partisan purposes, they have betrayed a trust and stolen from the people. The crushing answer is that "both parties are equally guilty"; but there are some amongst us who hope that the day may come when the Canadian people will escape from the tyranny of these bi-partisan conspiracies and assert their ability to prevent theft and put a stop to treason even if both parties do combine to commit these crimes.

* * *

NOW this is not saying that there are not some good men in the Senate. But they are hidden from view by the mob of mediocrities with whom party exigencies have surrounded them. Occasionally a man of stature is called from the business world to the Senate. I think that Sir John Macdonald used to do this somewhat oftener than has been the fashion since. But these men usually take little part in the deliberations of that body, largely, I presume, because they can hardly hear their voices for the practiced clamour of the played-out partisans who have been given asylum there after having been turned out of the Commons by the people. The professional politician prides himself on his talking qualities; and when he can no longer talk in the Commons, he talks twice as much—to prove that he is still as much alive as ever—in the somnolent air of the Senate. In such a collection of political invalids who are all the time proving that they are quite well, the low-toned man of affairs who is accustomed to having his every word weighed finds himself wholly out of place.

* * *

YET these are the men who would give the Senate authority if they were listened to with half the eagerness they arouse in their auditors when they address a board of directors. But they are precisely the sort of men who will not push themselves forward in a clamorous mob. They have other ways of getting done what they really desire; and they take no pride in competing with "talking machines" in an effort to catch the ear of the people. Their whole training is toward reticence rather than garrulousness; and, unless the nation will take some pains to encourage them to contribute their skilled advice and their experienced wisdom to the guidance of its affairs, they will be more apt to stand in the back-ground and let the "talkers" vapour. How to bring them to the front may be a problem for statesmanship; but it will never be done by covering them from

sight by the appointment of Senators who have too little weight to gain or keep a place in the Commons.

* * *

THAT is a good subject you have just put up for discussion, Mr. Editor—"How to Improve Town and Village Life." You will get varied replies, some of which will advise the taking away of things which now exist in towns and villages. But I am of the opinion that what is wanted is addition, not subtraction. In this land of "magnificent distances," our towns and villages are a long way from our big centres, and they must themselves supply many of those objects of human interest which in older and more thickly settled countries may be concentrated in the cities. An English village—that last word in the way of romantic beauty—is an altogether different thing from a Canadian village. It is not likely to be more than a couple of hours or so from London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol, or some large gathering of humanity. Its people can taste the marvels of Bagdad almost at will. Then the English villager has often a taste for a quiet life which we cannot expect to find in a newer and more restless population. Our towns and villages require entertainment more than most things. They hardly know poverty in its uglier phases. They have a high average of intelligence. But they are cursed with dullness for the many, though there is usually a social coterie which manages to keep itself amused. Reading clubs, amateur theatricals, publicly supported sports, well-stocked libraries, are the sort of thing they need.

W. D. M. P. O. T. E.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that a public service corporation cannot capitalise the value of its franchise or consider it when fixing prices for its service. The public service corporations of New York State are barred by statute from issuing stock or bonds against the value of their franchise. Whether a lease is the same as a franchise is a question to be decided. In other words is a definite franchise in the same category as an indefinite franchise? If so, then the owners of the Winnipeg Street Railway have no right to ask to be paid for anything but their investment—which would be ridiculous.



Bernard Partridge

CUTTING BOTH WAYS.

The Old Year. "Pardon me, but do you refer to Mr. Wilbur Wright or to the Liberal Party?"—Punch.

The Waterways Commission

IN the years 1902 and 1903, the United States and Canada agreed upon an International Commission to deal with the waterways which were of common interest. The Canadians were Mr. W. F. King, Mr. (afterwards Judge) Mabee, and Mr. Louis Coste. Mr. Thomas Cote, editor La Presse, was appointed secretary. Mr. Mabee was appointed chairman, but in November, 1905, he was succeeded by Mr. George C. Gibbons. Last year Mr. W. J. Stewart replaced Dr. King.



Mr. Thomas Cote,
Secretary Canadian Section.

The United States Commission was composed of Col. O. H. Ernest, Mr. George Clinton, Professor G. S. Williams. The latter was replaced by Mr. George Y. Wisner, and after his death the vacancy was filled by Professor E. E. Haskell, of Cornell. Mr. L. C. Sabin, secretary, was recently appointed to take charge of the construction of the new American Lock at the Sault, and his place has

been taken by Mr. W. Edward Wilson.

This commission has been holding sessions in various parts of the country, and our photograph was taken at the session held in Buffalo on December 23rd. Mr. Thomas Cote was absent on that occasion, because of the fatal illness of his mother.

The work accomplished will be embodied in corresponding legislation by both governments and in the treaty between the two countries which is now occupying so much of the time of the British Embassy. It will make arrangement for the preservation of each nation's water-powers along the boundary lines from the Lake of the Woods to the Atlantic. The amount of water which the Chicago Drainage Canal shall use will be defined and limited. The development of electricity, generated by water-power, at Niagara Falls, will be limited on both sides of the river, so that the natural beauty of this greatest of all natural phenomena shall not be destroyed. The various canals and water-powers along the St. Lawrence River and Lake Champlain will also come under treaty regulations.

The Laymen's Movement

Editor "Canadian Courier":

Sir,—Referring to your comments on the Laymen's Missionary Movement, will you let me point out one element of its success in Canada. It is that, whereas the movement in the United States is for purely foreign missions, in Canada all the Churches have insisted that the pressing needs of our North-west are our first care. In consequence, when the movement began here, a clear understanding was come to that the North-west missions were to be included. Speaking for myself, I do not want in the least to ignore the extraordinary opportunities in the East, which it is nothing short of folly to neglect. But as a Canadian, and realizing that the immigration into the North-west amounts to nearly a quarter of a million per year, I feel that if we do not, in the next five years, bend our missionary efforts towards coping with its requirements, we will find the most progressive part of Canada has slipped away from our influence. And if so, Canada, as a whole, will be unable adequately to do its share for foreign missions. I think our plain duty requires us just now to place the North-west first among our missionary responsibilities. The Missionary Society of the Church of England devotes about 75 per cent. of its income to the North-west and while it does not neglect the foreign field, it is making every effort to afford Church privileges to those who settle in Western Canada. I do not doubt that all the other churches are doing the same. Hence the Laymen's Missionary Movement is becoming a national one, and will I trust be of the greatest service to our own Country.

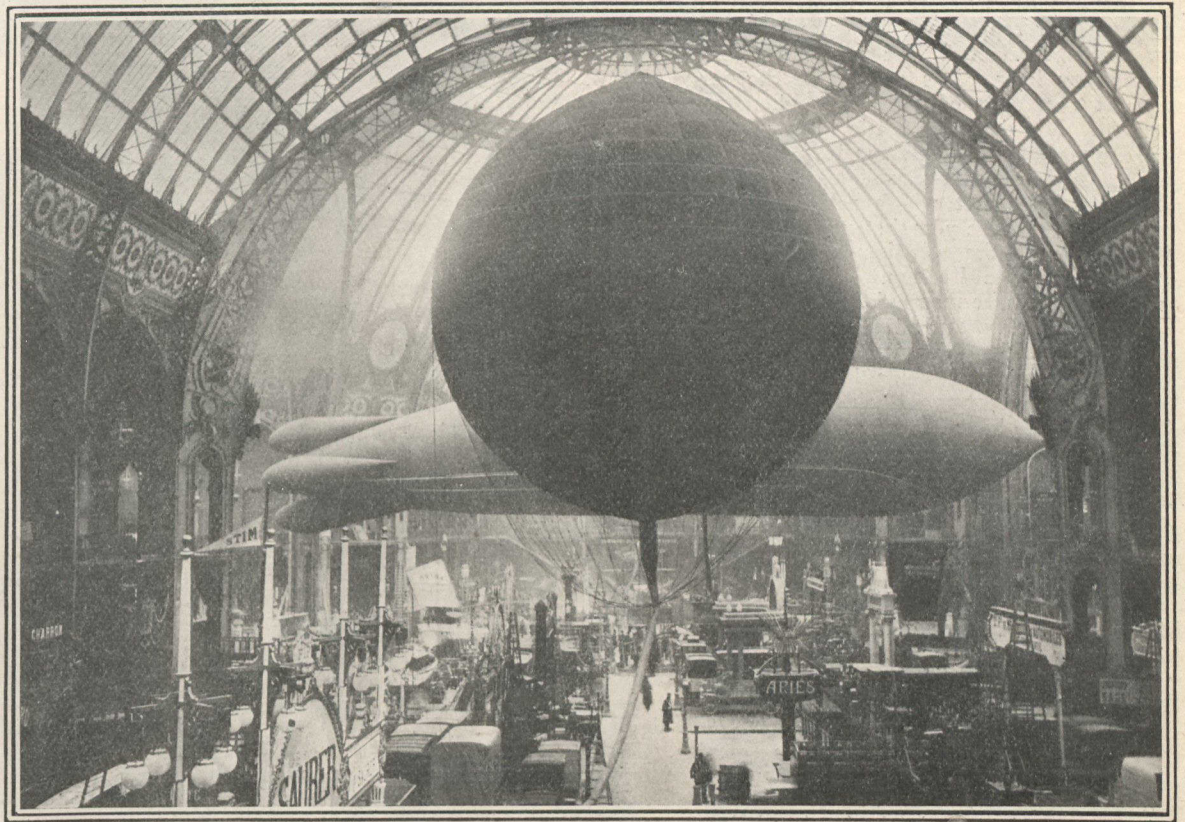
Yours truly,

FRANK E. HODGINS.

Toronto, Jan. 18th, 1909.



The International Waterways Commission, in Session at Buffalo, on December 23rd. Photographed specially for the Courier.



General View of First Aeronautic Exhibition, recently held in Paris. This view shows dirigible and military Balloons suspended from the roof.



Santo Dumont's "Demoiselle" (on top) and flying machine "Ader" (below), the latter was the first flying machine.

CANADIAN HEROES SERIES

A REVIEW OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

CANADIAN books are growing in number and the purpose behind the books is broadening and deepening. Just as a wise municipal policy supported and advocated by all the newspapers in a certain city will soon have behind it the feelings and sentiment and judgment of the community, so a national sentiment may be developed and fostered by national literature. A recognition of this has animated the Education Department of Ontario in encouraging the production of a series of books on Canadian Heroes. These books will be available for public libraries throughout the province and for supplementary reading in the schools. The Department is not publishing the books but have wisely made arrangements with reputable publishers who will undertake their production. The Department, by a sort of bonus system, will keep the prices of the books within certain limits.

The first of this series is "The Story of Isaac Brock," by Walter R. Nursey, which is handsomely bound and beautifully illustrated from photographs and from drawings by Mr. C. W. Jefferys. Some of the latter are reproduced in colours. No greater hero could be selected. He was Ontario's first and last military hero. His success in the early campaign of the War of 1812 was phenomenal and immortal. His death in battle before the war was fully begun was a tremendous loss, but his dashing courage, intrepid bravery, and masterful enthusiasm had inspired a spirit which remained in evidence throughout the three years' struggle. He lived long enough to teach the colonists that in spite of tremendous odds, one freeman fighting for home and flag was worth three men fighting for the destruction of other men's homes and for a cause which was based on very flimsy foundations. Every boy who reads the story of Brock's life will be a better Canadian and cannot avoid being stirred by the high patriotism which he exhibited on behalf of the country of which he was governor and on behalf of an Empire in which he was a servant.

Mr. Nursey begins with a description of the rock-bound Isle of Guernsey where "Master Isaac" was born in 1769, the year which saw the birth of both Wellington and Napoleon. His days at school and at play are next described. At sixteen he was commissioned as an ensign in the 8th Regiment and a soldier's career was begun. At twenty-one, after five years of uneventful service, he was a young gladiator, standing six feet two inches in his "Guernsey stockings." For a time he was at Bridgetown in Barbadoes and at Kingston in Jamaica. In his 28th year, we find him lieutenant-colonel of the 49th. Returning to England, he was sent off to the Zuyder Zee to take part in the battle of Egmont-op-Zee. Later he went with Nelson to Copenhagen. Then he was ordered to Canada. In the summer of 1803 he was at York, now Toronto.

From 1803 to 1811, he had not much to do except manage his regiment and perform regular military duty. He, however, learned much about the country, its roads and trails, its people and its

needs. He wanted to get back to Europe and get into active service under Wellington, but he was needed in Canada and he had to be content. Finally in 1811, he was appointed President and Adminis-



Brock's Coat worn at Queenston Heights and recently sent to Canada by Brock's Family. Showing hole made by entry of bullet.

Illustration from "The Story of Isaac Brock."

trator of Upper Canada and began the serious part of his life's work.

"If Brock's promotion brought him distinction, it also brought him work. Executive Councils, court-martials, reorganisation of militia, reconstruction of the ruined forts on the Niagara frontier, the building of gun-boats, the making of roads. Never idle. To-day he was inspecting a camp of the 49th at Three Rivers, near Montreal; next week at Fort Erie. Ever busy, ever buoyant. Whether perusing documents, scouring the muddy roads at Queenston, surveying the boundaries of the dreaded Black Swamp, or visiting the points between Fort George and Vrooman's battery on his slashing grey

charger, he had a smile and cheery word for everyone.

"Little York was now Brock's headquarters. He built dockyards to shelter His Majesty's navy, which consisted of two small vessels! He planned new parliament buildings and an arsenal, prepared township maps showing roads and trails, fords and bridges, all of which latter were in a shocking condition. At York the timber and brushwood was so dense that travel between the garrison and town was actually by water. His mind was made up that war with the United States was inevitable; he was confronted with crucial questions demanding instant solution. Chief of these was defence of the frontier 1,300 miles in length, which entailed repairs to the boundary forts, the raising of a reliable militia, the increase of the regular troops, the building of more gunboats, and the solving of the Indian problem."

Then came the war and Brock's real trial. The events are fully described. The author is in places too enthusiastic even for a biographer of the Great Brock, whose monument rises so majestically over Queenston Heights. When he speaks of the United States statesmen of the day and their statements as "spread-eagle bombast of amateur filibusters," he is not inculcating moderation in youthful readers. Indeed, Mr. Nursey seems to forget, in his enthusiasm, that he is writing for young people. At times his language and sentiment are hardly suitable to his theme and its purpose. The War of 1812 is nearly a hundred years old and moderate language in its description should be used on our side of the Line as well as on the other. A population of 320,000 with limited resources and a couple of thousand regulars defended itself successfully against a nation of eight million and an army ten times as large as that opposed to it, but that in itself is no justification for bombast and idle vaunting. If we cannot be modest and reasonable about an event so long past, how can we carry a sweet reasonableness into the toil and turmoil of to-day?

But how did Brock die, that sad day on Queenston Heights? The battle was going against the British and Canadians. The Heights were lost and must be retaken. Reckless of danger, the tall, scarlet-clad General led his men to the attack. "Push on, York Volunteers," was his cry. But let the author describe the last scenes:

"So far he had escaped the hail of shot by a miracle. Picking his footsteps—it was treadmill work—he sprang forward, urging on his men by word and gesture.

* * * * *

"A deflected bullet struck the wrist of his sword arm. The wound was slight. He again waved his sword, smiling his indifference and still speaking words of encouragement.

* * * * *

"They were getting at close quarters now. The redan was less than fifty yards below.

"He was calling to those nearest him to hold their fire a moment, to prepare to rush the enemy and use their bayonets, when, from a thorn thicket, an Ohio scout, Wilklow by name, one of Moseley's riflemen, stepped forward, and singling out his victim, deliberately aimed at the General. Several of the 49th, noticing the man's movement, fired—but too late. The rifleman's bullet entered our hero's right breast, tore through his body on the left side, close to his heart, leaving a gaping wound.

* * * * *

"Brock sank slowly to the ground, quite sensible of his grievous fate. A grenadier, horribly mutilated, fell across him. To those who ran to aid our hero, anxious to know the nature of his injury, he murmured a few broken sentences and turned to die.

"He tried to frame messages to loved ones, and then, more audibly as he gallantly strove to raise his head to give emphasis to his last faltering words—the same Isaac Brock, unmindful of self and still mindful of duty—he said, 'My fall must not be noticed, nor impede my brave companions from advancing to victory.'

"And with a sigh—expired.

* * * * *

"Above the dead soldier's head, clouds, sunshine and rustling foliage; beneath it, fallen forest leaves, moist and fragrant. Above the motionless body swayed tussocks of tall grass and the trampled heads of wild-flowers. The shouts of the regulars, the clamour of the militia, the shrill war-cry of the Mohawks, and the organ notes of battle, were his requiem. Then the corpse was hurriedly borne by a few grief-stricken men of the 49th to a house in the village, occupied by Laura Secord—the future heroine of Lundy's Lane—where, concealed by blankets—owing to the presence of the enemy—it was allowed to remain for some hours, unvisited."



Cenotaph Queenston Heights. Erected near the spot where Brock fell.

Illustration from "The Story of Isaac Brock."

AN ARTIST OF THE OCCULT

A Group of Mr. John Allan's Strange Studies



Salle d'Adonais.



The Witches' Flight.



Winter—A Frost Fancy.



Princess Paprika | A Burlesque.



The Girl in Green.

“Angelic and Demonic Art.”

IT is curious, for the Canadian who has regarded the genius of his country as essentially matter-of-fact and mundane, to discover in the work of John Allan, creations so weird and unearthly as to associate themselves with the writings of Verlaine or Edgar Allan Poe. Before one reads the account of the Canadian painter's early life, one feels assured that he has read the poetry of the imaginative genius who produced “The Haunted Palace” and “The Fall of the House of Usher.”

John Allan's productions may be called “decadent” by those to whom his riots of colour and orgies of unearthly creatures are a stumbling-block and a mystery. Our everyday philosopher has certainly never dreamed of such an assemblage of angelic or fiendish forms as the artist presents on the canvases of “The Evocation of Scorfaella” and “The Witches' Flight.” The latter supplied the Canadian poet, Charles G. D. Roberts, with a theme for a fantastic poem, of quality harmonious with the extraordinary picture it accompanied. The five pictures reproduced here give some idea of the most unusual power of this artist in depicting ethereal or grotesque scenes. The lighter and more pleasing aspects of his work are depicted here, giving none of those ghoulish countenances, in which



Mr. John Allan.

“the eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming.”

In “Princess Paprika” may be seen the airy, yet grotesque phase of his work which associates it with the fancies of a Scheherazade. “Winter” has a subtle malevolence of aspect, quite the reverse of

the wholesome and *bourgeois* style of the commonplace Miss Canada in scarlet blanket costume with which we are so deadly familiar.

The most comprehensive review of this Hamilton artist's work appeared some years ago in *L'Emporium*, published by the “Italian Institute of Graphic Arts.” A translation of this article gives us a striking impression of the artist's most famous water-colour, “The Evocation of Scorfaella,” and the critic continues: “After seeking, I was enabled to see some of his other paintings in water colours, various designs in charcoal and chromolithographs, which, if they did not all as completely please, caused me the aesthetic satisfaction procured by the sight of ‘The Evocation.’ I was firmly convinced that I stood in the presence of a true artist, passionately enamoured of his art, one whose pencil and fantastically poetic brain seek perfect individuality—not remaining content with the formal virtuosités of the brush (which dominate everything to-day in American painting) but even despising too much normal reality.”

Indeed that which most of us consider the real, this lover of the weird appears to ignore. It is only “the angels in Heaven above and the demons down under the sea” which appeal to his genius and, if he should somewhat prefer the demons he has excellent artistic example for his excuse. But such work is not the outcome of tradition.

MILK FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION

Conditions Affecting its Purity.

By J. W. WHEATON.

THE average citizen does not know much about milk. He thinks he does. But when his views on the subject are carefully analysed, his knowledge of milk is of a very superficial character indeed. If the milk left at his door every morning looks rich, and there are indications of a good thickness of cream on top, no objections are raised and business relations run along smoothly between the milkman and his customer. And so what appeals to the eye is accepted as evidence of the good quality of the most nourishing food the householder buys. But to show how useless these indications may be in indicating the good quality of milk, it is only necessary to point out that a little colouring matter would provide this richness in appearance and that the thickness of cream on the top of the bottle in the morning is dependable to some extent upon the condition of the milk. Good, honest milk the consumer should have, free from adulteration and with the proportion of fat or cream which nature has endowed it with. But when he has this he has only made a beginning. There are other things more essential in milk for human consumption than the amount of butter-fat or cream and the other substances of which this food is composed, important as these are.

Good, wholesome, pure milk is one of the best of human foods. It is useful for other purposes as well. Milk is one of the best known mediums for the propagation of those microscopical forms of life we call bacteria. These thrive in it with a surety and quickness that is appalling. One bacterium placed in milk at a suitable temperature will reproduce itself many times over in an incredibly short space of time. If there is nothing to interfere, a single bacterium would produce, in twenty-four hours, seventeen million others. A cubic centimeter or about fifteen drops of milk, will often contain many millions of bacteria. It is well for the milk vendor that these living things cannot be detected by the naked eye or his business would soon cease. Milk in its normal state in the udder of a healthy cow is free from bacterial life. But as soon as it comes into the atmosphere colonisation begins, with some of the results we have stated.

The purer the atmosphere, the better the sanitary conditions surrounding the cow, and the more cleanly the manner in which the milking is done and the milk handled and cared for afterwards, the fewer bacteria the milk will contain when it reaches the consumer. It is impossible to get it to the consumer under the most improved treatment that would be practicable without them. But what can be done is to control the kind of bacterial life so that only comparatively harmless forms come in contact with the milk. For instance, by precautionary measures, the producer can prevent disease germs coming in contact with the milk. The most common form and the one to be most feared is the tuberculosis germ. To prevent this infection the health of the cow must be looked after. But that is another story. It is possible, and practicable as well, to produce milk free from disease germs and containing comparatively few bacteria. One well-known authority states that milk which contains more than 1,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter is not fit for infant consumption. Other standards for general consumption are not more than 10,000 to 30,000 per cubic centimeter. Boston has a standard of not more than 500,000, which is too high. Milwaukee has a maximum of 250,000 per cubic centimeter. Much will depend upon the kind of bacteria.

But whatever the standard of comparative freedom from bacteria may be, the householder should aim to get milk for his family that is as clean as possible and free from disease-producing germs. Dirt and disease are the great perils of the milk supply of our towns and cities. Man is to blame, and not the cow, for the contamination of milk. And it is just here where the great difficulty in the milk problem comes in. Different individuals have different standards of cleanliness. It is easier to make some people honest than clean. It is a comparatively easy matter to compel milk vendors to supply honest milk. If they will not do it of their own volition, legislation can be secured that will compel them to do so. Not so with cleanliness. Stringent and effective sanitary laws will do much and to the extent that they are valuable they are necessary. If, however, the milk producer does not know what real cleanliness means, as applied to the milk business, all the legislation in Christendom will not make him understand it. Along with all sanitary legislation, educational methods are required.

The producer and dealer must be taught the standard of cleanliness required and if when they understand it they do not live up to it, people who will do so, should take their places.

After all this has been secured—legislation to make people honest and effective measures to make them be clean—is the producer then safe? If all milk sold were produced under proper sanitary conditions, both as regards the health of the cows and the surroundings in which the milk is handled and cared for, he would be. But under present conditions, with hundreds of different producers and vendors, whose ideas of what "milk" cleanliness means and its proper treatment may be as varied in kind as the fishes of the sea, some safeguard is required. Pasteurisation supplies this. By heating milk to a temperature of at least 160 degrees, about all the injurious forms of bacteria in milk are destroyed. Some claim that 140 degrees is sufficient and it may be for some kinds of bacteria. But it is always well to be on the safe side and a higher temperature than 140 and even 160 degrees will be a better safeguard, especially if the milk is kept at the required temperature for some little time. The higher temperature may impair the digestive quality of the milk to a slight extent, but a little injury here is better than a whole colony of active disease-producing germs left to do their nefarious work. Denmark took up pasteurisation of milk in a thorough and systematic way several years ago, resulting in a very gratifying decrease in the ravages of the "white man's plague" in that country.

Some people say they do not like pasteurised milk. It has not the flavour of genuine milk, they say, and is not so palatable, which is a piece of "bosh," and quite in keeping with the conviction that so many have that so long as milk is rich-looking it is all right. The trouble is that so many people have a vitiated taste regarding milk. They have become so accustomed to drinking milk with all kinds of foreign flavours, that they believe these flavours are the actual flavours belonging to pure milk. Therefore, when they get pasteurised milk or even pure, clean milk, they conclude that it is not good because it has not the right "smell" about it. A few years ago when creamery butter was first put upon the market, many people, who had become accustomed to eating butter with all kinds of foreign flavours, gathered up in the country store and elsewhere during the journey of that butter from the producer to the consumer, said it had a "flat" taste and was not as good as the kind they had been buying. But there are no doubts about the superiority of good creamery butter to-day.

People have become educated to its good qualities and are willing to pay an enhanced price for it.

And so it is with milk. The more pure, clean milk, and also pasteurised milk, there is put upon the market, the less inclined people will be to pay the same price for these "high" flavoured milks.

The demand for better milk is growing. The health departments of large cities are becoming more active and if the producer and the city milk vendor do not make an effort of their own accord to supply their customers with pure, wholesome milk, they will shortly be compelled to do so or quit business.

On January 1st, 1909, there came into force in the city of Chicago one of the most sweeping ordinances dealing with the milk supply question that has ever been enacted. So sweeping is it, that it is doubtful if it can be enforced in every particular. It provides that all milk, cream and ice cream offered for sale in that city must either be pasteurised or from tubercular-tested, sound, healthy animals. But it covers more than milk and cream. It stipulates further that under penalty of confiscation, all butter and cheese "sold or offered for sale or kept with the intention of selling in the city of Chicago after January 1st, 1909, must be made only from the milk of tubercular-tested, healthy animals and each package plainly stamped." The ordinance is modified for the first five years to the extent that butter and cheese made from the milk of herds not tubercular-tested may be sold if the milk used be pasteurised.

This latter feature of this ordinance creates the suspicion in one's mind that the large packing-houses in the "Windy City" may be at the back of this legislation and that an attempt is being made to "boom" oleomargarine and kindred spurious food products at the expense of butter and cheese. But, be this as it may, this Chicago ordinance is an indication of the trend of things in connection with this whole question of securing clean, healthy milk for human consumption. The milk producer and the milk vendor should make a note of this. If Canadian cities and towns are somewhat lenient on the milk question now, they may not always be so.

A closing word to the consumer. Do not be deceived. Milk may be ever so rich in colour and show a large percentage of cream, and yet be totally unfit for human food. On the other hand, milk may be pale in colour without any indication of large cream content and yet be worth more for food than the richer milk. In other words, richness alone is not a true test of milk for human consumption. The important thing is its freedom from disease germs, its cleanliness, its wholesomeness. Make sure of these things first, then see to it that you get value for your money in honest milk. Honest milk is the milk in its natural state as to fat or cream content. Honest milk is not always of the same quality. The cow has something to say about that. One cow will give milk testing four per cent. fat. Another will give milk testing only three per cent. fat. Both will be honest milk and the man who sells either will be doing an honest business, though the richer milk should be worth more than the poorer.

THE COWARD IN LITERATURE

THERE is a coward in everyone, even if our consciences, which "make cowards of us all," are as innocent as sucking-doves. It is curious to note how many writers, having discovered this coward in themselves, have tried in one way or another to justify him, or at least to show reason why he should be there. He used to be a purely comic type.

But the coward of early comedy was a rough-hewn and vulgar production; the first really finished, complete, and philosophic coward, the first coward who was essentially tragic, subject for sympathy, not mockery, emanated from the brain of a Frenchman, Guy de Maupassant, in some ways the most perfect writer of short stories who ever lived. He set out deliberately to prove in his precise, logical, but very realistic way that a man could be such a coward that he would do anything to avoid the terror of a personal encounter, a theory that, carried to its final analysis, means that a man would face death rather than the fear of death. Like the Irishman who said that he'd kill himself before he'd allow anyone to exult over his corpse, Maupassant's miserable hero in the end actually kills himself because he is terrified not so much of being killed in the duel as of facing an opponent. It appears in the story not only possible but natural; and possible, even natural, it is. Courage is just a question of control of mind; the more sensitive the nerves the more the courage necessary before you reach the pitch of courageous action. A horse, the most nervous of all animals, is too great a coward to save himself from fire, but nothing will stop him

in a charge. The natives who helped to defend Mafeking were so sound in the nerves that they laughed when they were shot and roared with laughter when the surgeon extracted the bullet. Yet their courage in battle was by no means great. Maupassant's hero so worked himself up with natural fear of his opponent that the day before the duel came off he put an end to his life rather than risk the chance of someone else doing it.

To draw such a character fitted the French genius as little as it became the English. The one real failure to be laid to the charge of Sir Walter Scott in the period of his "flaming days" is "The Fair Maid of Perth." In that unhappy book he tried to do exactly what Maupassant had done. He drew a hero conscious, miserably conscious, of his own cowardice and the doom to which in an environment of courage it would lead him. It led to suicide, an act in which is involved, in almost equal proportions, the ultimate fear and the ultimate courage. But such a psychological problem did not suit the robust imagination and picturesque rhetoric. It needed the cold steely precision of the master of the short story. All the philosophy of cowardice and courage is contained in Hamlet, a man too brave for suicide, too thoughtful and sensitive for revenge, too faithful for condonation. But Hamlet was free from the weak physical side of the coward; and perhaps no writer has quite done justice to physical fear. Even Macbeth, a coward beside Lady Macbeth, was a lion of physical courage in the face of daylight and open enemies.—*The London Outlook.*

OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WINTER PERIOD



The Farmer's Sleigh rides over the Drifts.



Digging the Auto out of a Drift.



Saturday Afternoon.



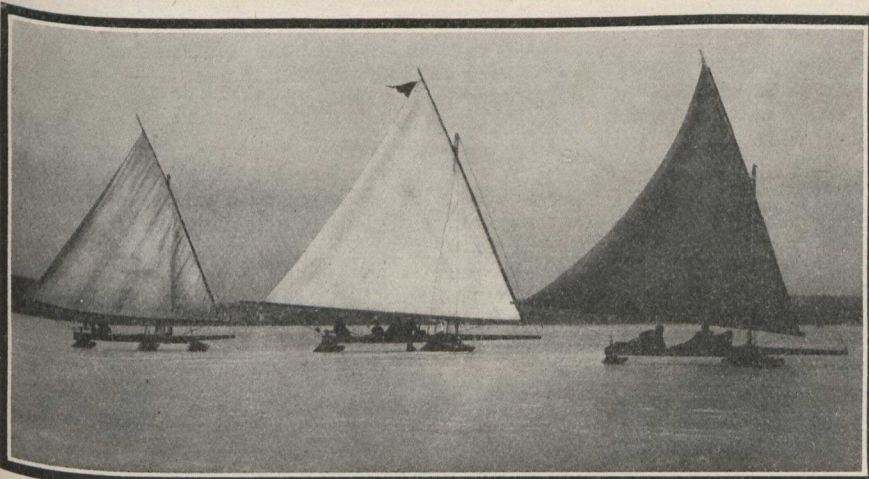
On the River Don, Toronto.



Skating on Lake or River.



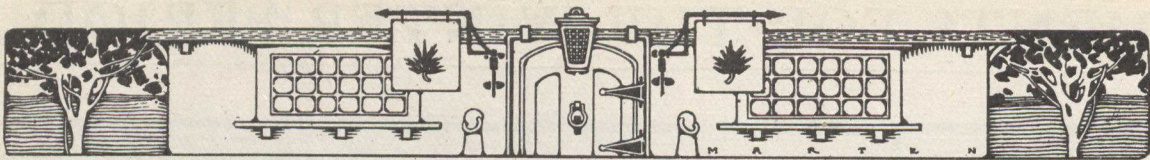
Fun for the Young People.



Ice-boating—chilly but exciting.



An amateur Hockey Game.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A COMPASSIONATE QUEEN.

THE recent horrible disaster in Sicily has afforded, as such catastrophes always do, the spectacle of humanity in its pitying aspect. Warships, from potential agents of destruction, are transformed into messengers of help and comfort, and international complications are forgotten for the moment, in the desire to extend practical sympathy to the stricken region. It is significant of the essential democracy of the modern monarchy that among the first assistants on the scene were the King and Queen of Italy, who spent several days as near to Messina as the relief line was allowed to go.

Queen Helena of Italy is a princess of the troubled realm of Montenegro and is considered one of the most attractive "royalties" in Europe. She is not fond of public life nor state entertainments and is said to be devoted to her bright little family, of whom the only boy, the Prince of Piedmont, is the most prominent member. The dainty, dark-eyed princesses and their sturdy brother make a pleasing group, but these are troubled days for Southern Europe and, since the Portuguese tragedy, Queen Helena's anxiety over the hidden dangers besetting her husband and her small son has been intensified. The grace and gentleness which characterise the Queen of Italy have never been more admirably shown than during the last fortnight of stress and the stronger sympathy between ruler and people called forth by the disaster which shook Sicily from its foundations may lead to a better condition of affairs throughout the peninsular kingdom.

* * *

AS TO WOMEN'S CLUBS.

THE matter of magazines is being much debated in these days of unlesurely reading when a three-volume novel is almost unheard-of and a lengthy review is a serious undertaking. At the present, when the rival merits of British and United States publications are discussed so frequently, most of us are given to expressing magazine preferences. Where a weekly or a quarterly is concerned, there is nothing in the United States quite so good, as those which come over fifty-two or four times a year from the British Isles. But the monthly publication is entirely another story. There, Uncle Sam has very much the better of his British friends and among the twelve-times-a-year guests, give me the *Atlantic Monthly* with its cinnamon binding—no coloured cover thank Heaven—and its absence of illustration! Should there ever be an illustration in the dignified pages of the Boston magazine, James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes will surely turn in their honoured graves.

Not the least delectable spot in the *Atlantic Monthly* is "The Contributors' Club," where a variety of wise folk discourse lightly and yet significantly of such things as seem worthy of a passing paragraph. In the January issue there is a short homily in this corner of the magazine, "As to Women's Clubs," which will strike a whole symphony of responsive chords in the feminine soul. The writer, evidently a woman, admits that she has often considered how men have the best of life. They do. Every woman thinks so. There is not a woman who has not, at some bitter moment in her life, envied her brother with a heartfelt longing. On the other hand, there is not a man who regards the average woman's lot as anything but abominably dull. Thackeray was frank about that masculine opinion, as he was about most subjects.

The writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* continues,

in playfully reflective fashion: "The question, which of women's alleged disadvantages has operated the most seriously against her, is one of individual opinion. For myself, living as I have done in a village of small size and few diversions, the thing I have resented most, hated most, has been, and is now, that it is not possible, that it never has been possible, for me to hie with my menfolk to the village store, or to the shoemaker's shop, or to the railing of the old creek bridge, every evening of my life and talk. . . ."

"Take these menfolk of mine! In the pauses of gossip and of yarns old and new, they have more or



Queen Helena of Italy, who was among the first to go to the aid of the suffering Sicilians.

less thoroughly exploited, take it the year round, every event of importance that has occurred on the face of the earth during their entire lives; and echoes of the past and portents of the future have not been lacking. Here they have forged their beliefs, and here they have nerved themselves to action. No wonder I have envied them! Nothing like it ever came into the life of any woman since the world began."

The writer of this honest confession, with which most of us will more or less publicly agree, admits that woman's seclusion has looked like a necessity but ends the description of such a walled-in existence by exclaiming: "I must yet insist that, as a rule, it has been DULL for the woman!" Of course it has! Life has become so wretchedly drab that women have sometimes hated every brick in the walls, every square inch of the backyard and have even exulted when the whole house, including the kitchen and pantry, went up in smoke and they had to begin all over again. Anything for a change!

Anything more dreary than the eyes and lips of the woman who knows nothing but drudgery does not exist among galley slaves or quarry toilers.

The vivacious contributor goes on to say that the modern woman's club has been evolved out of the gossip in the neighbour's kitchen. There came the sewing-society and then the work for the heathen. After a while, the heathen became a trifle wearisome and it dawned upon women that there would be no harm in assuming their possession of brains and discussing something more than the Hottentots and the shiftless immigrants. Slowly but surely there came the woman's club—civic, where clean streets and pure water-supply were discussed—literary, where "Sordello" and "Sartor Resartus" were investigated for the 'steenth time—musical, where Liszt and Beethoven yielded rhapsodical and harmonious mornings. "As a result, suddenly, unexpectedly, for the first time in history, the woman finds things beginning to be evened up; finds she can begin to look her menfolk, even her own menfolk, in the eye, with something of the equality that a dawning comprehension of her gifts, as well as of her graces, gives her.

"Now if the woman's club can do this one thing, this one most desirable thing, and for the women who need it the most, it is my contention that it does not matter how it goes about it; that no matter if it does make mistakes, no matter how much it overestimates its influence, nor how much too seriously it takes itself, in its inexperience; if the woman's club can do this one thing, I say, the least the world can do is to stand off and allow it to do its work in its own way and in its own time."

This is a vigorous and reasonable plea for the broadening of woman's outlook and there is not a word of it which does not apply to the Canadian woman, as well as to her Southern Sister. The unrest or desire of the modern woman for the club or the circle is a healthy, not an unhealthy, stimulation. There will be critics, as a matter of course, to declare that the home is going to the "bow-wows" because the wife and mother is spending an hour or two every fortnight in the consideration of Ruskin's ideas on art or Chesterton's views on Ibsen. These fussy and apprehensive critics are so sure that while Mrs. Thompkins is at the club, Susie will fall down the well or Johnnie be burned to a sad little cinder. But they never consider how many women have been driven to nervous melancholy by too much of the deadly indoors, by the wearing monotony of three meals a day and nothing beyond the common task.

There are, to be sure, society butterflies, and these dangerous little creatures are preached about as if every other woman in Canada were likely to become a butterfly and forget to be a useful honey-making bee. The danger in this country is just the reverse. The lives of too many Canadian women are dull and monotonous and it is in no disloyalty to their homes that they envy the men who can always find a half-hour for a smoke and a chat. Our women do not want the smoke—the men are welcome to the nasty, malodorous cigarettes. But let us have the club, by all means, and get away from the pettiness which has too often been a just reproach of the serviceable sex.

There will be abuses, as a matter of course, in connection with the woman's club movement, but the ultimate effect of the change on social and domestic circles will be refreshing. The cure for freedom, said a wise man, is more freedom. The first feminine club members may be inclined to take their duties and discussions too seriously but familiarity will breed ease and a proper discrimination between the trivial and the essential. The "bees" of pioneer days have been succeeded by less laborious forms of social co-operation and no woman will be so unwise as to lament the disappearance of the toil and hardships of those trying times.

SUBTLE FINANCE

A Sea Story

By FRANK LAYTON, Author of "The Line of Life," "The Cobra's Fang," "Jenkins," &c.



PRESIDENT PEDRO O'LEARY was feeling nervous and irritable as he lay in a long chair in the verandah of his presidential residence. Like most of his predecessors, he was learning that the post of President of the Republic of San Silomo was no sinecure; indeed, he more than half

regretted that he had ever entered the presidential profession.

San Silomo is a small republic in South America; but, owing to some oversight, it is not to be found on any map. It is possessed of abundant natural wealth; but, unhappily, the adult male population has a rooted objection to work, and a great liking for excitement and political intrigue; and, consequently, San Silomo is perhaps the most lively of all the South American States. The history of the Republic is one long record of revolutions; and up till the time when Pedro O'Leary took the reins of government into his hands, president had followed president at monotonously short intervals.

But Pedro O'Leary was a man of greater strength of character than any of his predecessors, as was evidenced by the fact he had already sat upon the presidential chair for six months, and was not imminently threatened by any rival. More than this, the country had remained comparatively quiet during those six months, and the number of assassinations in the streets of the capital had diminished in the most extraordinary manner. He was an acute observer, and recognised that until San Silomo was provided with some settled form of government it could never progress. He had set out upon the extraordinary enterprise of giving San Silomo settled government and prosperity, and he meant to succeed; and to that end he had attracted to his side assistants of variegated nationality, and of really remarkable efficiency.

It was one of these assistants who walked out on to the verandah, and interrupted the President's irritable musings. Eustace Oliver, ex-lieutenant in the British Navy, and at present Commander-in-Chief of the San Silomo fleet, had left his native country under a cloud. Fate had brought him to San Silomo, and had cast him up before the President; and that acute judge of character had at once offered him employment.

The President nodded as Oliver approached, and pushed the box of cigars over to him. "Help yourself, and sit down," he said. "If you want a drink, ring the bell."

Oliver acted upon the hint, and then, when the servant had withdrawn, after bringing in a spirit-stand and syphon, he carefully examined the door leading on to the verandah, to make sure that they would not be overheard. Then, sitting down, he asked, "How are things going?"

"Badly," replied the President, "very badly. The Exchequer has run pretty nearly dry, and unless I can get hold of some money soon we shall find our castle tumbling about our ears; and then we shall have to get out quickly."

"What reply have you had from London?"

"Oh, just what I expected. There is absolutely no chance of a loan. The money-lending people have burnt their fingers too often; and they say—with absolute justice, I must admit—that I can offer no sort of security. You see, this Republic has repudiated its liabilities before, and now we are out of favour with the money markets of Europe. But I must have money, and plenty of it. Well, I have tried the ordinary means of getting it: now I must fall back upon the other sort."

"Meaning me, I suppose," remarked Oliver.

O'Leary laughed. "Yes; I suppose that is about what I do mean. How are your plans working?"

"Like ducks in a pond; that is, swimmingly. Don't you worry your presidential head; I am going to stock the Exchequer all right."

The President sat up sharply in his chair. "What!" he exclaimed, "you don't really mean to say that that mad plan of yours is going to crystallise into anything?"

Oliver chuckled. "It is crystallising already. Haven't you seen the newspapers? Look at that."

O'Leary took the paper and read. "The captain of the barque Sarah Jane, of London, has arrived at Trinidad, and tells a strange story. He says that three days ago his ship was stopped by a small

heavily-armed steamer. His ship was searched, and all the money on board was carried off. Orders have been sent to the nearest warship to go in pursuit of the pirate."

"Well?" asked O'Leary, putting down the paper.

"There will be a couple more stories of that sort in a day or two," answered Oliver. "I am the pirate, of course."

"What! You!" exclaimed the President.

"Yes; why not? Ground-baiting, of course; I did not take anything worth having. But I hope and I certainly think, that I have succeeded in raising a scare."

"But, excuse me, I cannot quite grasp this as yet. What ship did you take on this rather unusual expedition?"

"Oh, just a dockyard tug. At least, she has served as a dockyard tug until recently; that is, until I took the liberty of making some alterations in her engine-room. She is rather too fast now for that lowly service; and, indeed, I think we can find a better use for her in the future. But you need not be alarmed; she did not look like anything out of your Navy yard when we were doing our business, and if any of those captains should happen to come across her to-day, they would not recognise her."

"But what about your crew?" asked the President.

"You need not worry about them either. We were rather a picked lot on board that boat, and none of the men will talk. But look here, just you leave this business to me and don't ask questions. You have given me leave to do whatever I think fit with your fleet, and I am going to repay the compliment by putting £200,000 into your Exchequer within ten days."

He got up to go, but the President held up his hand to detain him. "You arouse my curiosity," he said; "cannot you tell me more of your plans?"

Oliver laughed. "No, my dear President. Just you watch the newspapers. We are not given to talking of our plans in the Navy until they have been carried out. Good-bye."

The President did not attempt to delay him any longer. He lay back in his chair, and lighted another cigar. Certainly this English sailor had driven his worries away for the time being, and it was just possible that he would do what he said. He had a way of carrying out his promises.

Two days after his interview with the President, Eustace Oliver was standing on the bridge of the Chiquita, a small cruiser belonging to the San Silomo Navy. As a matter of fact, with the exception of a few ancient and useless big warships and a couple of destroyers, together with a few tugs, she was the San Silomo Navy. But though she was almost the only outward and visible sign that San Silomo professed to have a Navy at all, she was a worthy representative of the Republic. She had been splendidly built in an English yard, she had an exceptionally high turn of speed, she was well armed, and, at present, thoroughly well manned, and as she slipped through the water at half-speed, Oliver felt supremely happy and confident.

There was an air of suppressed bustle about the ship. Everyone knew that something unusual was in the wind, though for the present no one, except Burridge, the first lieutenant, was in the captain's confidence. Orders had been given to make the ship look as though she belonged to the British Navy, and as at least half the crew, together with several of the officers, had been in their time in the service of the British Navy, this was being done with very considerable success. The ship was speedily being painted the colour affected by British warships, and the set of her rigging and so on, was being altered to suit her fresh character.

Eustace Oliver watched the transformation from the bridge, and was very much pleased at the result.

"My word," he exclaimed to the first lieutenant, "she might not pass muster at a Fleet Review at Spithead, but she will certainly serve to deceive a Frenchman. Come along, we will have a council of war."

He led the way to his cabin, and shortly afterwards his officers joined him.

"Gentlemen," he began, "it is time that I should inform you as to the meaning of what must seem

to you somewhat strange evolutions. You may be wondering why I should want to change this ship temporarily into a British cruiser. Now, I feel confident that I may trust you implicitly."

He looked round at the circle of faces, and each man rose and bowed; but no one spoke.

"Well, the fact is, our President, Pedro O'Leary, is in rather a tight place, and with your assistance, I propose to get him out of it. As you are aware, he is an unselfish man, whose one object in life is the advancement of the welfare of his country. Unhappily he is at present crippled for want of funds; and unless he is provided with a considerable sum at once, he will have to say good-bye to San Silomo, and all his hopes of making it a prosperous country."

He paused and wiped his forehead. Talking was not his strong point.

"Now," he continued, "I did not come to San Silomo for the good of my health; and I imagine that the same may be said of you. I hope to make something out of the country; and I am under the impression that this can be done most certainly if President O'Leary is allowed to remain at the head of affairs. I am sure he can help me, and you; and I intend to help him from selfish motives. But that is not all; he is a white man all through, and I would do my best to serve him, even if I saw no chance of making a halfpenny out of it. There is wine on that table in the corner, and I shall be glad if you will do me the honour of drinking with me to the health of our President."

A couple of the junior officers opened the bottles of champagne, and filled the glasses.

"Gentlemen," cried Oliver, "to the success of President O'Leary."

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm. The officers did not yet know what was wanted of them; but they were quite ready to fall in with any scheme, and to take their part in any course of action.

Eustace Oliver looked round at his officers with approval. "Now, I do not think it is necessary to tell you more than this," he began. "The money markets of Europe have refused a loan to the Republic of San Silomo. An opportunity presents itself to me of obtaining possession of £250,000 belonging to the French Government. I propose to lay hands on this; that is to say, I propose to borrow it on behalf of the San Silomo Government. £200,000 will be paid into the Treasury of San Silomo, £50,000 will remain to be divided amongst the members of this ship's company. The brokers who arrange a loan in the ordinary course of business always receive a substantial sum by way of commission. This £50,000 will be our commission, and I think we shall earn it. And, mark you, this is to be a loan. The money will be repaid as soon as the Public Exchequer of San Silomo is put into a condition of solvency."

He paused to give his words time to sink into the minds of his hearers. Then, speaking slowly and very distinctly, he continued:

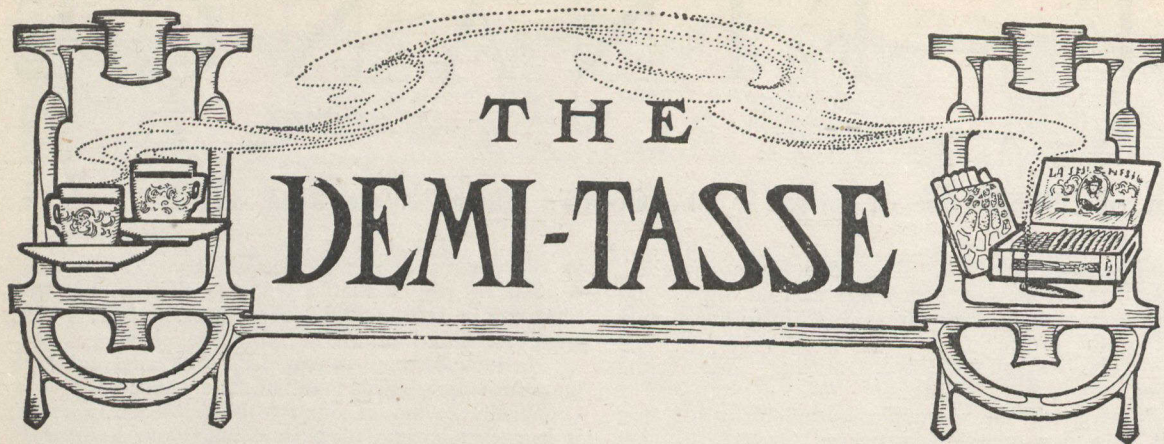
"According to the strict letter of the law, the course which I intend to follow will be construed as an act of piracy. That we shall be acting in a good cause will not be regarded as any extenuation. Indeed, there are many people who will be ready to deny that it is a good cause. I propose to borrow the £250,000 from the French mail steamer *La Patrie* which is due to pass within one hundred miles of where we now are, some time to-morrow morning. Just exactly how I propose to carry out my plan you will see—that is, if you are prepared to throw in your lot with me, and with President Pedro O'Leary."

He stopped speaking, and for a moment there was silence. Then, as if moved by one common impulse, the officers sprang to their feet, and reaching for the wine, filled their glasses. Then raising their glasses aloft, they cried with one voice:

"To our Captain, and his Venture"; and swallowing the wine, each man cast his empty glass beneath the table.

On board the French mail steamer *La Patrie* there was a general feeling of uneasiness. During the last three days news had been received at her port of departure, of three separate acts of piracy—piracy of the old fashioned stand and deliver style—which had been committed in the waters

(Continued on page 21)



WHERE THEY WENT.

DURING Christmas week when, a certain Satanic attraction was on at a down town theatre, the clerical uncle of Mrs. Bjonas came to Toronto, intending his visit as a little surprise. He arrived at the home of his favourite niece about nine o'clock in the evening and the new maid, given to needless information, replied to his remark that he would come in and wait.

"I don't know as it will be worth while, for Mr. Bjonas has taken Mrs. Bjonas to 'The Devil'." "Good gracious!" ejaculated the horrified uncle. "At least, that's what I heard them say at dinner and I guess they'll be awful late."

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

THERE were several Canadian newspaper-writers telling of absurdities into which type had betrayed them. It remained for a woman who writes a fair but "frilly" hand to tell the most heart-rending instance of mixed-up lines. She had written a glowing article of highly democratic sentiments, concluding with the Burns quotation:

"The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

What was her consternation when the proofs came to hand to read:

"The rum is but the gunner's stamp,
The man's the gods for a' that."

THE MINISTER OF MARINE.

Oh, Brodeur is happy
And smiling and gay,
For Cassels' report
Is ready, they say.



"On a Whaling Trip with Father."—Life.

A BIT OF COMEDY.

TWO citizens of Toronto were discussing the propriety of Mayor Oliver's receiving Harry Lauder at the City Hall.

"It's a strange precedent, isn't it—a comedian being received by the Mayor?" said the first.

"Well, why shouldn't Mayor Oliver receive a brother artist?" was the horrible reply, as the city clock tolled twelve.

THE RAILROAD.

THE Hon. Edward Lauterbach's first law partner, says the *Argonaut*, was the late Colonel Charles Spencer. The firm had successfully transacted some business for a prominent railroad, and the senior partner asked the junior what should be charged for their services. "Well, say two hundred and fifty dollars," was the answer.

"You're not accustomed to dealing with corporations. Let me make out the bill," proposed Spencer. Some weeks afterwards, the latter showed

Lauterbach the railroad's cheque for \$1,275. What do you think of that?" he queried.

Lauterbach, the Hebrew partner, looked first at the cheque, then at his smiling partner and gravely replied: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

HIS EXAMS.

"I tell you what it is," said a student at Osgoode Hall the other day, "when I write on my next exams, my paper will look like the conclusion of a New York murder trial."

"What's that?" asked a startled chum.

"It'll be more unwritten law than anything else."

AT THE SEANCE.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam."

"What does he say?"

"He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—*The Bohemian*.

CAREFUL SANDY.

IN Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" there are many tales illustrating the caution of the Caledonian. Certainly, says the author, this cautious spirit pervaded the opinions of the Scottish architect who was called upon to erect a building in England upon the long-lease system, so common with Anglican proprietors, but quite new to our friend. When he found the proposal was to build upon the tenure of 999 years, he quietly suggested: "Cud ye no' make it a thousand? Nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine years 'll be slippin' awa'."

But of all the cautious and careful answers we ever heard was pre-eminently one given by a carpenter to an old lady in Glasgow for whom he was working. She had offered him a dram and asked him whether he would have it then or wait till his work was done.

"Indeed, mem," he said, "there's been sic a power o' sudden deaths lately that I'll just tak' it noo."

AN ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

THERE have been many absent-minded professors, but Toronto is said to have one who is a leader in this respect. When a young man, he was away playing cricket with the team from Lindsay, his native town, and when he went to buy a ticket to get back home, he was forced to ask the boys the name of the town in which he lived. When he became a bridegroom he took the ordinary honeymoon trip, but the day after his return, he forgot the existence of his wife and new home and went to his mother's for luncheon, as usual.

One bright October morning he went over to visit his sister. On the way, he met a tin-can band of youngsters making an attempt to play the "Protestant Boys." When he arrived at his sister's, he found her playing the "British Grenadiers" on the piano. On his return home, with those tunes running in his musical head, his wife asked him to ring up the livery and get a cab to take them to the station. She was greatly surprised to hear him tell the liveryman to make sure that the cab came early.

"This being the Twelfth of July," he told the man; "you know the streets are sure to be crowded!"

HE DUSTED.

AMAN had been invited unexpectedly to make an automobile trip, and was not fully prepared for it. The roads were very dusty, and after travelling several miles, the party came to a village, where the man thought he might be able to purchase something to protect his clothing.

The automobile halted before the general store

of the village. The man alighted and accosted the single clerk.

"I want to get a linen duster," he said.

"I am sorry," returned the clerk, easily, "we are just out of linen dusters. But I can let you have a nice feather duster."—*New York Times*.

A PRACTICAL NOBLEMAN.

ONE of the best stories of the late Duke of Devonshire, that most blase of noblemen, is told in Lady Randolph Churchill's "Reminiscences," and concerns the author's visit to one of the duke's places. When the writer told the then Lord Hartington that she had been "over" Chatsworth with her husband and his chief lieutenant the virtual owner cut short her expressions of admiration of the glories of the place with "Did you break anything?"

NOT THAT KIND.

"You see," said the professor, "the science of chemistry depends on the discovery of certain affinities."

"Pardon me," interrupted Miss Prym. "I trust the conversation can proceed without drifting into scandal."—*Washington Star*.

SAW HIM FIRST.

ABOUT the year 1707, says the *Youth's Companion*, William Penn became heavily involved in a lawsuit, and the author of a recent biography, entitled "Quaker and Courier," states that he was greatly in fear—under the laws of the day—of being arrested. Many noble personages were in the same plight, but no other, it is believed, resorted to Penn's expedient in meeting the situation.

In the door of his London house he had a peeping-hole made, through which he could see any person who came to him. A creditor one day sent in his name, and, having been made to wait more than a reasonable time, knocked for the servant and asked him:

"Will not your master see me?"

"Friend, he has seen thee," replied the servant, calmly, "and does not like the looks of thee."



Mike (as someone knocks): "Sure! If oi don't answer, ut's some wan t' give me a job, an' if oi do, ut's the lan'lord ather the rint."

HOW HE ADVERTISED.

Wife: "Be sure to advertise for Fido in the morning newspapers."

Next day the wife read as follows in the newspaper: "Lost—A mangy lap dog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. If returned stuffed, large reward."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

INEXCUSABLE BLUNDER.

"Fanny has given notice."

"Why?"

"She says you spoke in a brutal manner to her on the telephone yesterday."

"Yesterday? I thought I was speaking to you."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

BUSY.

"What kind of people are they?"

"Well, when they are not playing bridge, they are working a phonograph."—*Life*.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

THE Pittsburg of Canada is busy estimating its school children. The census of the Sydney population at fifteen thousand does not satisfy those who count the young ones at school—which at the present time in that flourishing town number about three thousand. Charlottetown with an estimated population of twelve thousand is said to have thirteen hundred children; so that it is clear to all good mathematicians that Sydney with a school population twice as large as Charlottetown must have more than three thousand greater population. The increase in the children of Sydney has been very marked and steady. Ten years ago it was about six hundred. Five years ago the number had almost quadrupled. Now the number is about five times what it was in 1899.

* * *

TOO much religion among some of those Mennonites near Warman, Sask. A sect of these useful and interesting people has been practising an instrument of tyranny almost as terrible as was the Inquisition. This sect is known as the Old Colony—and it has an eye out for extreme rigor of morality among members of the sect. The instrument of discipline is the boycott—which as everybody knows was Irish long before it became Mennonite. A whole calendar of sins and crimes is drawn up as it used to be in the old Levitical law. The boycott is eligible for gambling and drunkenness and heresy and a number of other things. Members who are discovered guilty of any such practices are passed upon by a formal sentence of excommunication. The boycott follows. The victim is treated as "a heathen and a publican"; not to be dealt with in business by the orthodox members, nor to be visited nor taken into the houses nor in any way regarded as a social being. Extreme instances of this boycott are cited by a western paper, among which are the following:

"Peter Dyck stated while in business in Osler he did not dare to send his children to the public school, the bishop having forbidden it. There were other differences, too, and the result was that he was excommunicated.

"Jacob A. Friesen had seceded from the body 23 years ago. He had trouble with the Ministers in Manitoba, because he wished to have his son educated at a school where he could be taught English. The result of this and other matters was that he was put out of their communion.

"Cornelius Van Niessen, labourer, at Hague, immigrant from Russia, said he had ceased to be a member of the old Colonist church about 11 years ago. He wanted to have the privilege of sending his people to a school where they could have a good education. As soon as he came to Saskatchewan he joined another church in order to have that privilege. Seven weeks ago he received notice of excommunication from the old church. This witness, who had himself taught in private schools, stated that in Manitoba there was very little indeed taught. Such things as Bible history were prohibited; only reading, writing and arithmetic were taught."

* * *

AN eloping couple from Halifax recently made a trip that deserves to be celebrated in a ballad. They boarded the good ship *Lady Sybil*, bound for Boston—not dreaming that there could be any storms at sea so dire as the anger of other folks on land; but, alas, the storm came and it was a fury. The *Lady Sybil* got into the worst of it; a battering, blinding storm that had no regard for marriage or anything human; taking no note of the fact that there was a couple on board that needed to make Boston on schedule time. The *Boston Transcript* thus describes the little steamer as she landed in port:

"Ten hours late and frosted like a birth-day cake—only the frost was of the frozen north variety—the little steamer *Lady Sybil* arrived late last evening from Halifax (N.S.) It took the 130-foot craft almost forty-eight hours to make the trip, in the gales and high seas, in fourteen hours of which she was hove to. The crew could not remain on deck, and even their sleeping quarters were made untenable by water, which found its way within.

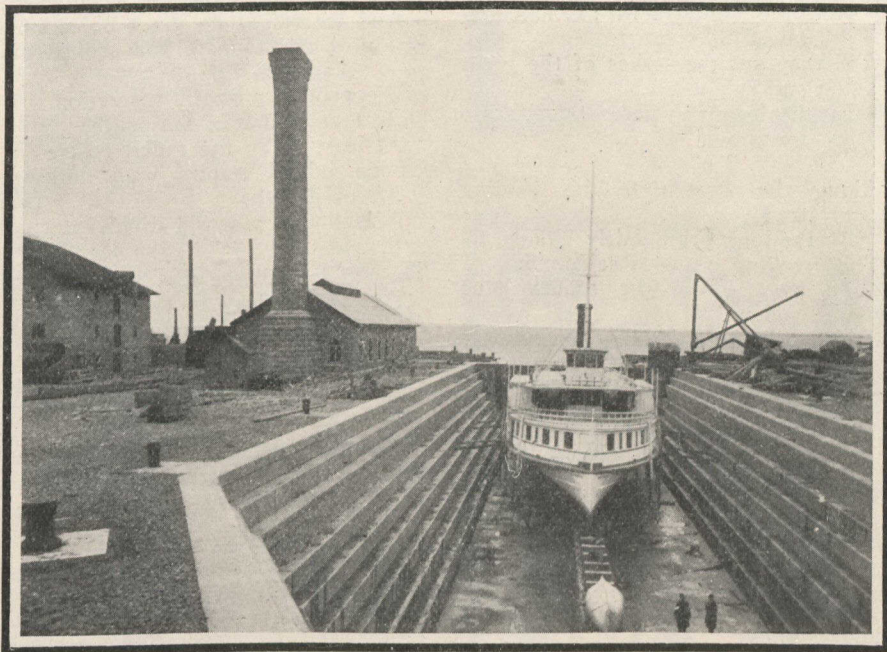
Stateroom doors were encrusted with ice from the flying spray, which froze as it fell, and when the *Sybil* arrived in port it was necessary for members of the crew to go about and release the imprisoned passengers."

* * *

TO one man only was it given to be king of the Klondyke. He is dead. Big Alec Macdonald died splitting wood. He was worth five millions. Born in Nova Scotia, he went west at the age of forty to the gold fields; reached the Yukon in '96 just in time to stake claims ahead of anybody else. Luck favoured him. The rush came; Dawson sprang up. Macdonald's claims grew in wealth faster than Finney's turnips. Millions were nothing. Alec had his troubles, but he got through them—for the sake of five millions. Then he died as prosaically as any man—just splitting wood on a chip hill; for in that country it is highly necessary to keep warm, and even the king of the Klondyke was not above splitting his own wood.

* * *

A NOTHER Nova Scotia vessel, the *Annie* was having a far-away time of it thousands of miles from the cod-banks, down in the tropics, round the Honduras—when a water-spout happened along and capsized her. The crew climbed out on the keel. Among them were a couple of San Blas Indians; and it was a poor place to be sitting on that comfortless keel out at sea with the masts and the rigging raking the bottom. The boats were down



The Government Dry Dock at Kingston, which, it is rumoured, will be taken over for repair work by Collingwood Shipbuilding Company.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.

there, too—tangled up in the rack. The captain ordered the Indians to dive and cut the boats loose. It was that or sit on the keel for a term of days—perhaps get washed off by the next water-spout. So the Indians dived; they got one of the boats clear. In that the crew pulled ashore landing at a small town from which they went to Belize and were there picked up by the schooner *Annie Smith*. But the *Annie* went down—all the way. She was owned in Liverpool, N.S.

* * *

THE most exultant city in the world over sports now is Edmonton which has succeeded in teaching hockey to almost every city worth while in that part of the world; and when the great puck-chasing aggregation from the city on the Saskatchewan got tired lambasting Strathcona and the towns down Wetaskiwin way, and even Calgary, they took a thousand-mile scoot out to Winnipeg and did some championship work there; having cleaned up the Wheat City, they shunted down to St. Paul and gave that very fast city a shock—score nine to three in favour of Edmonton. Now there is nothing on ice to beat them, and they are sad. In the old days it was half of life to beat Strathcona and, oh, the feuds were long and the frays fast and furious when each town picked itself up and went to the other for return matches; when even staid school inspectors lost their hats in the jubilation, and the trail across the canyon was the wildest thing known since the days when the Blackfeet and the Crees

used to scalp each other near the old fort. The old spirit survives even in these modern times; and the Edmonton team is as good now as ever it was.

* * *

NO city in America has so keen an ambition to be considered as surpassingly beautiful as Victoria, B.C. Washington is a faded relic beside Victoria. There at the far-out end of Canada is a people determined to achieve pre-eminently one thing—a beautiful city. Commerce is not the chief desire of Victoria. Railways are not prayed for. Factories and smokestacks and power plants are not vexing the minds of the residents of Victoria—but only such of these things as are consistent with a comely city modelled upon lines of art and governed by art ideals. They take this matter seriously in Victoria. It is worth striving for; absolute passion for beauty; the Athenian spirit that prefers culture and art to mere progress. The ideals of Victoria are best epitomized in the words of a newspaper scribe:

"We want a clean, healthy, dustless and mudless city. We must have an abundant supply of good water, delivered to the consumer at a cost which will encourage its use. We must have a perfect system of sewerage, streets well paved and lighted, with permanent sidewalks, boulevards, and shade and ornamental trees in all residential districts, and we can have all this, if we will only wake up and say we will. We can have more, we can have parks and breathing spaces in every section of the city."

* * *

THE cosmopolitan condition of culture in Regina may be judged from the fact that the Public Library there has just laid in a stock of books written in German for the edification of the large German colony in and around that city.

* * *

THE approaching centenary of the opening of steam navigation calls to mind that the first steamship that ever floated was built in Three Rivers, Que. Hon. John Molson was the builder. The pioneer steamer was built in 1809. The engines were built in the ancient engine works of that very mediaeval old town, Three Rivers, which was nearly wiped out by fire last summer. The hull was built in Montreal. The *Accommodation*—handy old name—opened up the first steamship route in the world, covered by any steamer built outside the British Isles. The pioneer craft of Robert Fulton, which navigated the Hudson in 1807, was not entirely built in the United States. Her engines were made in England. The *Accommodation* was built altogether in Canada. She ran between Montreal and

Quebec at the rate of five miles an hour down stream, and took three days to make the distance between Montreal and Quebec. From Nov. 1st, 1809, however, till the present day there has been unbroken steam navigation on the St. Lawrence. The *Accommodation* had accommodation for twenty passengers. Only ten risked their lives and reputations on that memorable voyage. Now there is talk of opening up the St. Lawrence to enable ocean-going steamers to make Montreal as a winter port. Some day, a hundred years or so hence, it will be recorded as a matter of history that such an attempt was made. For the present, however, St. John continues to be the only winter port of Canada, and that St. John intends to hold that vantage may be inferred from a few positive remarks made by the editor of the *St. John Globe*, who says:

"As winter comes on annually there are people who profess to believe that the Lower St. Lawrence could be easily navigated; and we do not know but that there were enthusiasts who held that with good ice breakers even Quebec might be reached. An experience this winter—which, by the way, has been quite mild this far—is against the hopes of those who think an experiment would be successful. It has been found by actual experience that the coves and bays along the lower shore of the great river speedily fill with ice, and that it is an impossibility to enter them. Seven Islands are two hundred and fifty miles below Quebec. St. John will continue to do a winter business."

Edmonton: Past and Present

Edmonton has a poet of its own. The following is part of his latest effort, as it appeared in the *Bulletin*:

WE stood as an outpost of the world
On the margin of civilisation,
Where the three-cross flag remained unfurled,

But we scarce were part of a nation;
Exiles far from the motherland
In trading posts stockaded,
And little we thought what the Lord had planned
As we bartered and trucked and traded.

The wind that rustled the prairie grass

Blew shrill as it broke for cover,
Fresh as it came from the mountain pass

To travel the broad plains over;
And the thunder was heard of the flying hooves,

Where the buffalo wild stampeded
Out over the ridge where the dust-cloud moves,
And the hunters pass unheeded.

Far away from the haunts of men,
The beaver dwelt secluded,
Where the wild duck hid in the marshy fen

And the moose alone intruded,
But the lonely trapper forced his way
And the white-faced axeman followed

'Till they put the stakes of the great survey
In the place where the buffalo wallowed.

Along the stretch of the winding trail,

By the long grass fairly hidden,
The creaking ox-carts seldom fail
To pass where the scouts have ridden,

And this is the trade that the country boasts,

The unvarying load they carry,
The bales of furs from the northern posts
That go out by the old Fort Garry.

The red-coat trooper from "Pile o' Bones"

To the "great lone land" came riding,
Bringing the law with its strident tones

For the points that need deciding;
A law that the land had never known—

The law of the eastern cities—
The law that the white man carries around

For trials and peace committees.
Then the prairie schooners followed fast

Along in straight succession,
And the watching red man stood aghast,

For he knew they took possession;
That the men had come to claim the soil,

To hold what they won securely,
That the earth might yield to an honest toil

And give to the settler surely.
'Twas then that the little frontier post

Crept into civilisation,
When the progress we, as Britishers, boast,

Had brought us into the nation,
And being such, and thinking as such,
With the blood and the brain behind us,

We couldn't refrain from doing as much
As would put us where now you find us.

We used to be in the far Northwest,
And we raised no great objection,
But now our climate has proved of the best,

We proffer a slight correction.
Only that if not in the south,
At least we're the radial centre
Of an inland empire with nothing of drouth,

A land that a world could enter.
The old log village that stood alone,
Has faded away in the distance,
And a proud new city of brick and stone

Now raises with calm persistence.
Beneath it the broad Saskatchewan flows

As swift and unchanged as ever,
While the steady stream of our commerce grows

With the tide of our own endeavour.
—ROBERT T. ANDERSON.

Edmonton, December 19th.

"No Refuge but in Truth."

A SLENDER volume, bound in grey boards, contains seven letters by Mr. Goldwin Smith which appeared last year in the columns of the *New York Sun* and which are now published under the title, "No Refuge but in Truth." Of these epistles, "Man and His Destiny" and "New Faith Linked with Old" are the lengthiest and most significant. In the latter, this profound student of history reaches the conclusion: "It seems to me still that history is a vast struggle, with varying success, toward the attainment of moral perfection, of which, if the advent of Christianity furnished the true ideal, it may be deemed in a certain sense a revelation. Assuredly it may be in this most mysterious world there is, beneath all the conflict of good with evil, a spirit striving toward good and destined in the end to prevail. If there is not such a spirit, if all is matter and chance, we can only say, What a spectacle is History."

The last article in the book, "The Religious Situation," is republished from the *North American Review*. It is a characteristic consideration of

the present attitude of the world towards religious belief and attributes the unrest of to-day partly to the great physical discoveries of recent times. The greatness of Christianity as a civilising force is emphasised, though its "miraculous revelation of the Deity" is questioned. The limitations of evolution, as a theory for the progress of humanity, are delicately indicated. "It may explain even our social and political frame and our habit of conformity to law. But beyond conformity to law, social or political, is there not, in the highest specimens of our race at least, a conception of an ideal of character and an effort to rise to it which seem to point to a more spiritual sphere?"

There are less than seventy pages in this collection of essays by the venerable historian, whose calm and serene twilight outlook follows a day of broad and generous efforts in behalf of toiling humanity—but every one of these pages contains some bit of philosophic truth or conclusion which makes the slender volume a wealth of suggestion. Toronto: William Tyrrell and Company.



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MUSIC AND DRAMA

MISS AUGUSTA COTTLOW, who will make her first appearance in Toronto under the auspices of the Mendelssohn Choir on Saturday, February 13th, is one of the most brilliant pianists on the continent. Her greatest triumph was won at the Worcester Festival and by some critics she is classed with Madam Fanny Bloomfield-Zeissler. Miss Cottlow has played in concert with most of the orchestras of the United States, and her coming to Canada is anticipated eagerly by the musical public. The choral work for that evening will be unaccompanied and will embrace a wide range of the noblest compositions, from the Italian of the sixteenth century to the most modern Scandinavian school. The Saturday concert in the Mendelssohn Choir cycle has come to be regarded as a "home" event, when the old days of a capella work have come back and the audience "settles down" to the choir and the assisting soloist. The orchestra is admittedly an artistic feast, but, last year, not the least enjoyable event was the closing night when Mr. Josef Hofman and the Mendelssohn Choir divided honours and doubled musical delights.

THE most interesting announcement for the theatrical season is that Mr. Henry Miller and his Associate Players are coming to the Princess Theatre, Toronto, for a fortnight, opening January 25th. Mr. Miller is a Canadian by birth and both his art and his personality make him welcome in his native province. Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin won a remarkable New York triumph in Mr. William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Great Divide," a drama which is a picturesque and almost tragic presentation of the rough life of the Southwest and its effect upon the conventional Eastern type. This drama will be given during the first week of the engagement in Toronto. Miss Anglin is away in another continent this year but the part of Ruth is taken by an actress of considerable temperamental charm. Mr. Miller will appear as the strenuous young hero, a part in which he has been most successful, as two New York seasons attest. During the second week, the play by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, "The Servant in the House," a unique spiritual drama, will be offered for the first time in Canada. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, wife of the dramatist, played the feminine role on its first presentation. That a play with deep moral and spiritual significance should have won such general favour on its appearance in the most materialistic city of the continent is a proof of its penetrating appeal to human needs. The players in Mr. Miller's company have an excellent reputation and Toronto is fortunate in this prolonged engagement.

THE Toronto Festival Chorus and West Toronto Festival Chorus, under the direction of Dr. F. H. Torrington, are progressing with the rehearsals of Gounod's "Redemption," which will be given in Massey Hall, Toronto, on the night of Good Friday, April ninth. A general rehearsal, with both choruses and orchestra, will be held in Victoria Hall on Tuesday, January 26th.

READERS of modern magazines and novels are acquainted with the work of Anne Warner, as of pleasing and wholesome texture, Miss Warner, like every other successful romancer of these days, has made a

contribution to the drama in a comedy, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," a delightfully entertaining play in which Miss May Robson will appear at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, during the week of February 1st. The recent attractions at the Royal Alexandra have been most acceptable, judging from the crowds which greeted "The Warrens of Virginia." There will be a Mephistophelian interlude next week when Mr. George Arliss will appear in "The Devil"—just as if poor Toronto had not suffered enough from Satan at the Princess Theatre during the Christmas holidays!

ON Monday night, January 25th, the famous singer, Madame Blanche Marchesi, will be heard in concert at Massey Hall, Toronto. The well-known prima donna will doubtless attract a large audience and an interesting feature of the event will be the introduction to a Toronto audience of Miss Gertrude Huntley, the St. Thomas pianist and violinist, of whose foreign study and subsequent home triumphs much has been heard. It is interesting to notice that Miss Huntley gave her second recital since her return from Paris in her home town last week and the "house" was sold out three days before the event. Toronto has the reputation of being somewhat slow to recognise youthful talent among her own people, but it is to be hoped that Miss Huntley's first appearance in that city will prove a brilliant success.

MR. FRANK S. WELSMAN, conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, has just returned from New York, where he heard Mischa Elmar, the young violinist who has aroused unusual interest in the musical world of Gotham. Mr. Welsman has been so fortunate as to secure this artist for the next orchestra concert and is confident that this event will be no less enjoyable than the "Gadski" success.

MR. WILLIAM SAUTER and Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott will give an evening of "Dramatic Episodes" on Thursday, February 4th, in which they will be assisted by Miss Brenda Smellie, Miss Laura Hughes, Miss Jean Kenny, Miss Margaret Pigott and Mr. Russell Marshall. The episodes will include a Pierrot play by Mr. Pigott and a farce by Mr. Sauter, also a tableau vignette, in which the latter will appear as Sidney Carton. This unusual dramatic entertainment will be given in the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression.

IT seems to most theatre-goers, says the *Argonaut*, to be but a few years since Mary Anderson, now Mme. de Navarro, in all her fresh youth and beauty, was one of the most prominent figures on the stage. But recently she celebrated her fiftieth birthday. She is now living on a pretty farm in Worcestershire, England. Before leaving the stage she had wearied of it, and no inducements have since availed to cause her to return to it. She has had many flattering offers from managers of public entertainments, but all have been rejected. Even so late as four years ago she declined an offer of \$200,000 to come to the United States and give a course of readings from the poets. For a time she was disposed to accept this proposition and to devote her earnings from the readings to charity, but her profound dislike for renewed publicity made her refuse it.



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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUNDER.

By DONALD A. FRASER.

When de win' is wild an' roarin'
An' de rain comes down a-pourin'
An' de lightnin' sets to chatt'rin' ev'y
toof;

Wid a whoop an' wid a bellow,
Comes a hurly-burly fellow,
An' he starts to rollin' bar'ls along
our roof.

All night long he keeps dem rollin',
Like a lot o' boys a-bowlin',
An' I get all sort o' creepy; dat's de
troof;

For I feel de house a-shakin',
An' I lie dere all a-quakin'
Cause I hate to hear dem bar'ls upon
our roof.

If dat fellow doesn't drop it,
When I'm big, I'll make him stop
it,

An' he'll have to show de quickness
of his hoofs;

For, if he don't skedaddle,
I will show him dere's a lad'll
Shoot de man who rolls ol' bar'ls
down people's roofs.

—Canadian Magazine.

* * *

The MARSHMALLOW TOAST.

By P. C. Bouve.

Aileen was the one who thought
about having a marshmallow toast.

"Lucius, Lawrence, Elizabeth, Bob,
Helen and me, that makes six, and I
want seven," said Aileen.

"Why not ask Annabel?" It was
mamma who asked the question.

There was silence for a minute.

"She's too little; she's only seven,"
objected Aileen.

"She isn't strong, and can't play the
nicest games," said Elizabeth.

"I know," said Lawrence, "but
she's jolly good at guessing."

"She can't run hard at all. She
isn't a bit of fun, and Lucius turn-
ed a handspring on the rug. "Don't
have her, Aileen."

Mrs. Bronson looked at Lucius in
some surprise. "I thought you were
friends. Didn't she make a pretty
book-mark for you?"

Lucius reddened. He was not an
ungrateful little boy, only too quick
to agree with whatever was said.

"Yes, but she's only seven."

"Shes' just right, then. You said
just now you wanted seven." Mrs.
Bronson was smiling. "I think we
shall have Annabel. I want her."

Aileen's face fell. "She'll spoil the
party."

"I don't think so; but you will spoil
it if you are unkind to a little neigh-
bour."

So it happened that Annabel was
invited to the marshmallow toast.

"I'll write the notes to all of you
and to Annabel," said Mrs. Bronson,
"and we'll do something different this
time."

"What, mama? Do tell us what
will it be?"

"Each child shall make up a game
to play after the marshmallows are
toasted," said her mama.

"What fun!" said Elizabeth.

"That'll be great!" said Lawrence.

"I don't believe we ever could do
it," said Lucius.

"We can try. It will be fun try-
ing," said Aileen. "There's a whole
week."

Such a week of delightful mystery
it was. So many whispered confiden-
ces between big and little broth-
ers, little girls and mothers and
aunts, and not a word to be told to

any of the other five! Everybody
talked about the party except little
Annabel.

When the day came, the children
hurried home from school to get
ready for the party; and at ten min-
utes of five the little girls and boys
had arrived at Mrs. Bronson's door,
each one greatly surprised to find the
others so prompt.

After an hour's play the children
went into the dining-room to a dainty
spread. Later on, Mrs. Bronson
placed a little lighted candle beside
each plate, then gave each a tiny fork,
and the toasting began. Each had a
bowl to fill, and when they were done,
they all had red cheeks and red fin-
gers. They vied with each other to
make the sweetmeats an even brown.

"I have toasted the biggest and
brownest of the whole lot," said Law-
rence, holding up a fat mallow on his
fork. "Who can make a rhyme to a
marshmallow toast?"

"O dear, I can't think of a thing
but ghost!" said Elizabeth.

"There's most," said Lucius.

"I can—I think," said Annabel,
shyly:

"It's not well to boast
Of marshmallows you toast,
But hand them right off 'to your
very kind host."

"Bravo, Annabel! You're right,"
Aileen's papa reached from the door-
way and plucked the mallow from
Lawrence's fork.

When tea was over, the children
went into the library and played the
games they had made up. Elizabeth
had made up a charade on Aileen's
name. She had painted a big paste-
board eye, and had borrowed Mrs.
Bronson's step-ladder to make the sec-
ond act. Lawrence had made a set
of cards with the names of towns and
cities on them, and when each child
drew one, he or she had to take a
corner or place in the room and call
it the name on the card. Then, of

course, there were flying trips be-
tween New York and Boston, Chica-
go and San Francisco. Lucius had
a conundrum and Aileen had made a
guessing-basket. Each child had one
guess as to what was in it—some-
thing beginning with "N."

"Nuts," said Lawrence.

"Nickels," guessed Lucius. "Nick-
els or nails."

Elizabeth said neckties. Aileen
knew, and it was Annabel's turn.

"A necklace," said the little girl.
Sure enough, it was a necklace, and
Mrs. Bronson said it was a prize, and
had to go to the child who had guess-
ed right. So she put the blue beads
round Annabel's neck, and kissed her.

"But where's your game, dear?"
Annabel darted out of the room and
came back with a brown-paper bun-
dle in her arms.

"It's not much," she said, "but I
got the pictures out of old books in
grandma's garret, and made some his-
torical paper dolls. See, they are the
kings and queens of England; and
the thing is set them up just as they
really came—Henry the Eighth, then
Mary, then Elizabeth. It's very in-
teresting. I call it a history game.
You have to think hard to make them
right."

"A beautiful game, and a very use-
ful one," said Mrs. Bronson; and as
the children gathered about the col-
oured dolls, in their fine robes and
royal crowns, it was voted that An-
nabel had made the best game of all.

"I'm so glad you like it," said the
child, "and I made it for a present for
Aileen. It was so nice of Aileen to
ask me, for I'm just seven, you know,
and not a big girl like the others."

Aileen's face flushed, "I'm really
and truly glad, too," she said, put-
ting her arms round her small guest;
and all the children said the next day
that the smallest girl was the biggest
success at the marshmallow toast.—
The Youths' Companion.

What Canadian Editors Think

ELEVATORS AT VANCOUVER.

(Vancouver World.)

THE news that the question of the
building of elevators at Van-
couver for the storage of Alberta
wheat is to be taken up jointly by
the Dominion Government and the
Canadian Pacific Railway, while it
will cause no particular surprise in
this city, will be none the less wel-
come. Vancouver generally has so
long been aware of the advantage
which this port offers for the ship-
ment of grain from the prairie pro-
vinces that the only surprise which
may be expressed will be over the
fact that action in the direction of
providing ample elevator accommo-
dation has not been taken long since.
This is not, as might be thought at
first sight, any captious criticism,
for it must be freely conceded that
large expenditures for the reduction
of grades and the building of new
bridges would have to precede the
arrangement of facilities for handling
at terminal points.

* * *

BERTHS COME TOO HIGH.

(Ottawa Journal.)

THE Canadian Railway Board has
not yet been given authority to
regulate sleeping car service. Mr.
W. F. Maclean, M.P., has made sev-
eral attempts in Parliament to secure
the amendment of the Railway Act
to this end, but has not yet been
able to overcome the indisposition of
his colleagues to set too strict a bond
upon a service which lends itself to
comfort rather than to naked neces-
sity. P

ficent distances, the sleeping car ser-
vice passes to the verge of necessity
for a considerable proportion of the
population, and the average travel-
ling man or woman in the United
States or Canada will be inclined
to agree that the sleeping car com-
panies get more than they give, and
that if the principle of public regu-
lation of utilities is to be acknowl-
edged the sleeping car services
should come under the prescription.
Mr. Maclean will doubtless renew
his attempt to have the sleeping car
companies doing business in Canada
brought under the operation of the
Dominion Railway Act. His project
should be approved by the Govern-
ment and Parliament.

* * *

SIKHS IN CANADA.

(Canada.)

WE have looked at the question
from the Canadian point of
view and from the Sikh's, and now
what of the Imperial aspect of the
question? It seems to us that the
evil of the dispute, as far as the
Empire is concerned, lies in the fact
that there are Sikhs, disgusted with
the treatment they have received, be-
ing returned to India, there to tell
their brethren that their faith in the
value of British citizenship is lost,
and that they have been treated as if
they were not members of the British
Empire, which they had hitherto
thought guaranteed protection and
fair treatment to all under its flag.
This sort of talk in India, where
there has been an alarming amount
of sedition lately, cannot but fan the
flame of discontent and rebellion. Of

course, we cannot help looking at
things from a Canadian point of view
first, but we must not forget that we
have also our share of duty to the
Empire to consider.

* * *

THINKING IN CONTINENTS.

(Montreal Standard.)

THE address which Professor Lea-
cock recently delivered at the
annual dinner of the Dominion Com-
mercial Travellers' Association in
Montreal, had a thrilling ring to it.
It was a fine incitement to patriot-
ism. The tendency is to think in
parishes, when you have local au-
tonomy, which seems to narrow the
mind. The appeal of the speaker was
for a larger outlook upon the Empire
as a whole. When Professor Lea-
cock insisted that in the supreme
crisis of the Empire, which might
come at any moment, the people of
this Dominion would rush to the
support of the Mother Country, de-
spite chilling conventions or regu-
lations which make for aloofness, he
was greeted with tremendous out-
bursts of applause. To think in con-
tinents rather than in counties, cer-
tainly makes for Imperial breadth.
That closer-knit feeling of Empire
which Professor Leacock urged
would be a fine national asset for
this Commonwealth.

* * *

TOO YOUNG FOR NATIONAL HYMNS.

(Victoria Colonist.)

EVERY now and then some one
tries to write a National Anthem
for Canada, and every effort is a fail-
ure. Composers have tried their
hands at the music for such a song
with very considerable success, but
when it has come to a matter of words
the results have been very unsatisfac-

tory. All the poets and versifiers,
whom the United States has been able
to produce in a century and a quarter,
have not succeeded in producing any-
thing which the people will accept as
an expression of national sentiment.
"The Star-Spangled Banner" is effec-
tive in a musical way, but is a little
"draggly"; the words relate to an in-
cident, and hence are not suitable for
a national air. The words of "My
Country, 'Tis of Thee" are too stilted
to be really popular, and they were
written only to go to the British
National Anthem. Verses made to
order are usually misfits. The musical
part of a national song is not a very
difficult matter. Almost anything that
will go with a swing will do. It must,
of course, be simple, so that any one
can vociferate it at full lung-power.
"God Save the King" is a good exam-
ple. You can almost play that with
a stick of wood on the head of a bar-
rel. But when you come to write the
words for a National Anthem it is
doubtful if any one ever sat down in
cold blood and wrote such a composi-
tion that ever amounted to anything.
Literary merit is not essential. Can-
ada is not old enough to have evolved
a National Anthem. The sentiment
of the people has not clustered around
any particular person, event or idea.
When the average rhymster sits down
to write a Canadian song he tries to
include everything in it from the
herring fleet of Nova Scotia to the
miners of Klondyke, and the result
is a species of directory. By and by,
something may happen, or we may do
something as a people, or some one
may think of something that will
catch the popular idea. Then some-
body will make it into a poem and
somebody else will fit it to music and
we will have a genuine Canadian
anthem.

Subtle Finance

(Continued from page 15)

through which the mail steamer would have to pass. More than one nervous passenger had changed his mind at the last minute, and had decided to postpone his voyage to Europe. Others scoffed at the idea of a modern liner being held up on the high seas, and were not backward in expressing it as their opinion that the stories of the outrages were nothing but figments of the imagination, hatched in the brain of some enterprising journalist.

The Captain himself was not by any means easy in his mind. He had the mails on board; in his hold was a valuable cargo; and in his strong room was £250,000 in gold. He was inclined to believe the stories of the pirate; and he thought it was quite likely that an attempt would be made to seize the money. But to the anxious questions of certain nervous passengers he gave a reassuring answer. Ship captains are not in the habit of sharing their anxieties with their passengers.

On the second morning of the voyage the look-out reported to the captain that a small steamer had appeared over the horizon far astern, and that she was gradually overhauling the liner. The captain's face fell as he hurried up on the bridge, and observed the stranger through his glasses. The other steamer was a great distance off, and at first it was difficult to make out very much of her appearance; but as she rapidly approached, the captain's heart sank, for the ship astern fitted exactly the descriptions of the pirate which had been circulated.

The ship's company and passengers had collected on deck, and were watching the approach of the stranger with interest. But soon this feeling of interest gave way to one of alarm. Most of those on board the liner had read the descriptions of the pirate, and had no difficulty in recognising the resemblance between them and the small steamer. Several of the lady passengers broke down and sobbed audibly, while more than one of the men became very pale; and as the captain turned his eyes from the stranger to his own decks he realised that he was likely to have a panic to deal with, in addition to his other troubles. He called his officers together, and gave a few orders quietly. He knew quite well that if the other steamer should turn out to be the pirate, resistance would be useless; but he intended to do all he could to preserve his honour. He had already rung down to the engine-room, giving orders that the very last ounce should be taken out of the engines and boilers; but the *La Patrie* was an old ship, and completely outclassed in the matter of speed by the stranger.

Indeed, the other ship had approached to within signalling distance and was even then sending a message by means of her semaphore, "Heave to."

The captain bit his lip. This peremptory order put all doubts as to the other ship's identity on one side. This was the pirate right enough. But he replied by asking the reason for the order, instead of complying with it at once.

Again came the signal, "Do as I tell you. Heave to."

But still the captain took no notice. His temper was roused; and though he knew that no useful purpose could be served by his delaying to obey, his pride made it very difficult for him to stop the ship.

But the stranger did not mean to be trifled with. No more time was

wasted in signalling. Instead, she fired a gun across the liner's bows, and as the shot splashed into the sea fifty yards ahead, a loud wail arose, and the passengers turned in a body to demand of the captain that he should stop his ship. They were thoroughly frightened, and quite expected the next shot to fall among them, or else to send the ship to the bottom.

The captain reached his hand towards the engine-room telegraph. He realised that to hold out further would mean that his passengers' lives would be placed in extreme peril; but he had not actually given the order to stop the engines, when he was checked by an exclamation from the first officer, who was standing by his side on the bridge.

"My word!" he cried, "we shall get out of it yet."

Something had gone wrong on board the pirate. She had suddenly become enveloped in a cloud of steam, had ceased to move forward, and was lying rocking violently in the trough of the seas. But the captain of the liner did not wait to make enquiries. He thanked his lucky stars, and continued on his course at top speed.

A feeling of relief spread through the ship, though there was still room for anxiety. The trouble in the pirate might be only slight, and at any moment she might start once more after her quarry. Indeed, as all eyes were turned towards her, she was seen to move forward again, but only slowly, and before long she was left a long way behind; so that by lunch-time she was nothing but a small speck upon the horizon; and the passengers went down to the saloon with grateful hearts.

But as the end of the meal was being reached there was a shout on deck, which brought all to their feet. Everyone rushed up the stairway, and there was a general feeling of consternation, as it was seen that the pirate was once more approaching, though not so quickly as before. They were not to be let off after all. The trouble was doubly bad, because of the recently-born hopes; and many gave way to feelings of utter despair.

But as they turned towards the captain they noticed a grim smile on his face. He was not looking at the pirate, but beyond, to where a small black mark appeared on the horizon; a black mark which was rapidly growing larger, and in which he recognised through his glasses a British cruiser. He was smiling at the prospect of seeing the biter bit; for, assuredly, the cruiser would give the pirate short shrift.

It seemed that the pirate had not yet seen the warship, for she continued the chase; but this took longer than before. Evidently the damage had not been entirely repaired. But slowly she crept up; and once more she fired a gun, and once more a shot splashed into the water close to the liner's bow.

A scream of terror arose from the lady passengers. What use would the British warship be to them if she did not arrive until after they had been sent to the bottom? There was a frenzied rush for the life-belts; for, in imagination, the scared passengers could already feel the decks sinking beneath their feet.

But suddenly another gun rang out its challenge, and a shell passed close over the pirate and fell into the sea. The British cruiser was taking a hand in the game. Instantly all was confusion on the decks of the pirate. From the liner men could be seen running hurriedly here and there,

For the Asking

The best table salt costs no more than the poorest—and can be had for the asking.

Windsor SALT

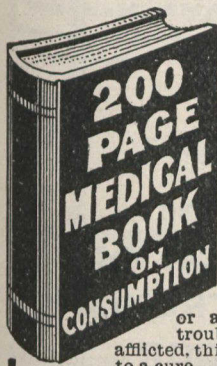
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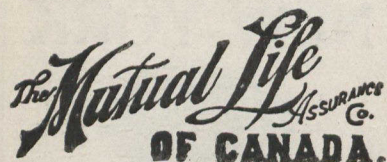
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The measure of a Company's prosperity is its steady growth, along safe lines, at a moderate outlay for expenses of management.



fills the bill in these respects, its operating expenses for many years having been much lower than any of its competitors while its growth for the past ten years has been abundantly satisfactory in every department of its business.

Year	Income	Assets	Surplus	Business in Force
1897	\$ 819,980	\$ 3,790,777	\$ 218,140	\$ 21,487,181
1907	2,248,570	11,656,410	1,508,719	51,091,848

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The Editor of The Canadian Courier will pay the highest market price for new and interesting photographs.

59-61 VICTORIA ST., - TORONTO

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

while the pirate captain was observed to shake his fist towards the cruiser. But it was apparent that her defects had been made good, for she suddenly increased her speed to a marvellous extent, and seemed literally to fly through the water. She showed her spite as she departed by firing a farewell shot at the liner, but, fortunately, the shell passed harmlessly overhead.

The cruiser followed in chase, firing as she went; but all the shots fell wide, and it was quickly seen that she had no chance of catching the pirate, which increased her lead at every revolution of the engines; and soon the warship gave up the chase and returned to the liner.

Lowering a boat the cruiser's captain was rowed across to the liner, where he was received with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs. He was greeted as a hero, a deliverer; and the relieved passengers thronged round him to shake his hand and to express their thanks. But as quickly as possible he made his way to the captain, and after a word of greeting asked that he might have a private interview with him in his cabin.

He dismissed the French captain's voluble words of thanks with a bow and a quick wave of his hand, and, producing a folded paper from his breast pocket, handed it to him.

"Just glance through that, will you," he said. "I have been following you at full speed to deliver that to you. It is lucky I arrived when I did, for that fellow meant business. I suppose he is the same person as the one we have heard so much about lately. Oh, well, he won't have much more of a run for his money. We are sure to get him pretty soon now. By the way, I must ask you to act on the directions in that paper as quickly as possible, for my orders to hurry are imperative."

The French captain read the paper, and as he did so a look of intense surprise spread over his face. The paper contained nothing less than explicit orders to him to transfer the £250,000 to His Britannic Majesty's ship *Sappho*, in order that it might be taken back in safety to the strong room of the French Colonial Bank, whence it had come. It seemed that the order was the outcome of a cable from France. The reports of the recent piratical outrages had frightened certain French officials at home, and they had taken what was a very unusual step to escape the danger of losing the money.

"But why to a British ship?" asked the captain in perplexity.

The British officer shrugged his shoulders. "How can I tell you?" he replied. "I am not in the confidence of either the British or the French Government. But the *Sappho*, which I have the honour to command, was the only warship in the neighbourhood; and I suppose that is why I have been chosen to perform what is evidently an act of international courtesy. My orders are to take the gold, and to give you a receipt for it; and, as I said before, I shall be obliged if you will carry out the directions on that paper as speedily as possible, for I must hurry back."

Now, if the French captain had been in his usual calm frame of mind, he probably would have acted differently. But his nervous system had sustained a series of violent shocks during the last few hours, and he was a little off his balance. He realised that it was possible that he might fall in once more with the pirate when there was no protecting warship at hand; and in that event he would assuredly lose the gold. He hesitated a little; but after reading the orders through again, and having examined the signature most care-

fully, he gave in. Within an hour the gold had been transferred from the liner's strong room to the cruiser, and the necessary receipts had been signed and delivered. Then, with an exchange of salutes, the two vessels parted company.

Late that night two ships might have been seen jogging quietly along together—one *H. M. S. Sappho*, the other the pirate. But they were rapidly undergoing a transformation. Men were busy with paint pots and brushes; and when the sun shone once more on them, they had changed, not only their appearance, but their character; and instead of a cruiser of the British Navy keeping questionable company with a piratical steamer, the cruiser, *Chiquita*, of the San Silomo Navy, steamed towards her home port, with a fast tug close astern.

In the captain's cabin of the larger ship there was the sound of laughter, and the occasional pop of a cork.

Thus it was that when the two vessels came to an anchor in the only naval port of San Silomo, they carried with them £250,000, borrowed from the French Government; and Eustace Oliver, ex-lieutenant of the British Navy, and now Commander-in-Chief of the San Silomo fleet, was enabled to make good his promise to pay £200,000 into the Exchequer of Pedro O'Leary, President of the Republic of San Silomo.

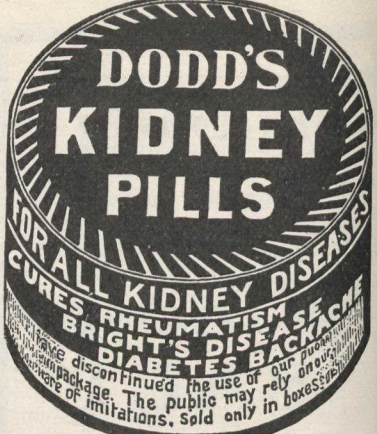
Mysteries of Windsor Castle

KING EDWARD, in directing that a fresh inventory should be made of the treasures of Windsor Castle, and that a map of the subterranean passages—if any—should be executed, ministers pleasantly to the instinct for accuracy as well as of wonder. A castle with a history of over seven hundred years is worth exploring. Its modern history, however, begins only with George IV, observes the *London Chronicle*. When that monarch announced his intention of making the castle his home a grant of £300,000 was voted him by Parliament in 1824. Four architects were called into consultation—Soane, Nash, Smirke, and Jeffrey Wyatt.

Wyatt was the lucky man, and under his direction work was begun. The first stone of King George IV gateway was laid on August 12th, 1824. Everybody was delighted, the architect so much so that he implored the king to allow him to alter his name to Wyattville, an odd request which his majesty graciously granted. On the king taking possession of his private apartments in 1828 "Wyattville" was made a knight. After the first grant of £300,000, others were successively made until by the end of the reign of William IV very nearly a million had been swallowed up.

A Needed Invention

THERE has been an offer of many thousand dollars, standing for over a hundred and fifty years, in the name of a great company in London, for anything that will dissolve fogs by the penetration of a created light. The money has never been earned by any inventor yet. Fog still persists, increasing the tax of commerce in proportion as the volume of commerce multiplies. The man who can clear the ship channel of New York harbour from fog, even for a few hours at a time, will be hailed as the wonder of the age.



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250 rooms.
American Plan \$8.00 to \$5.00.
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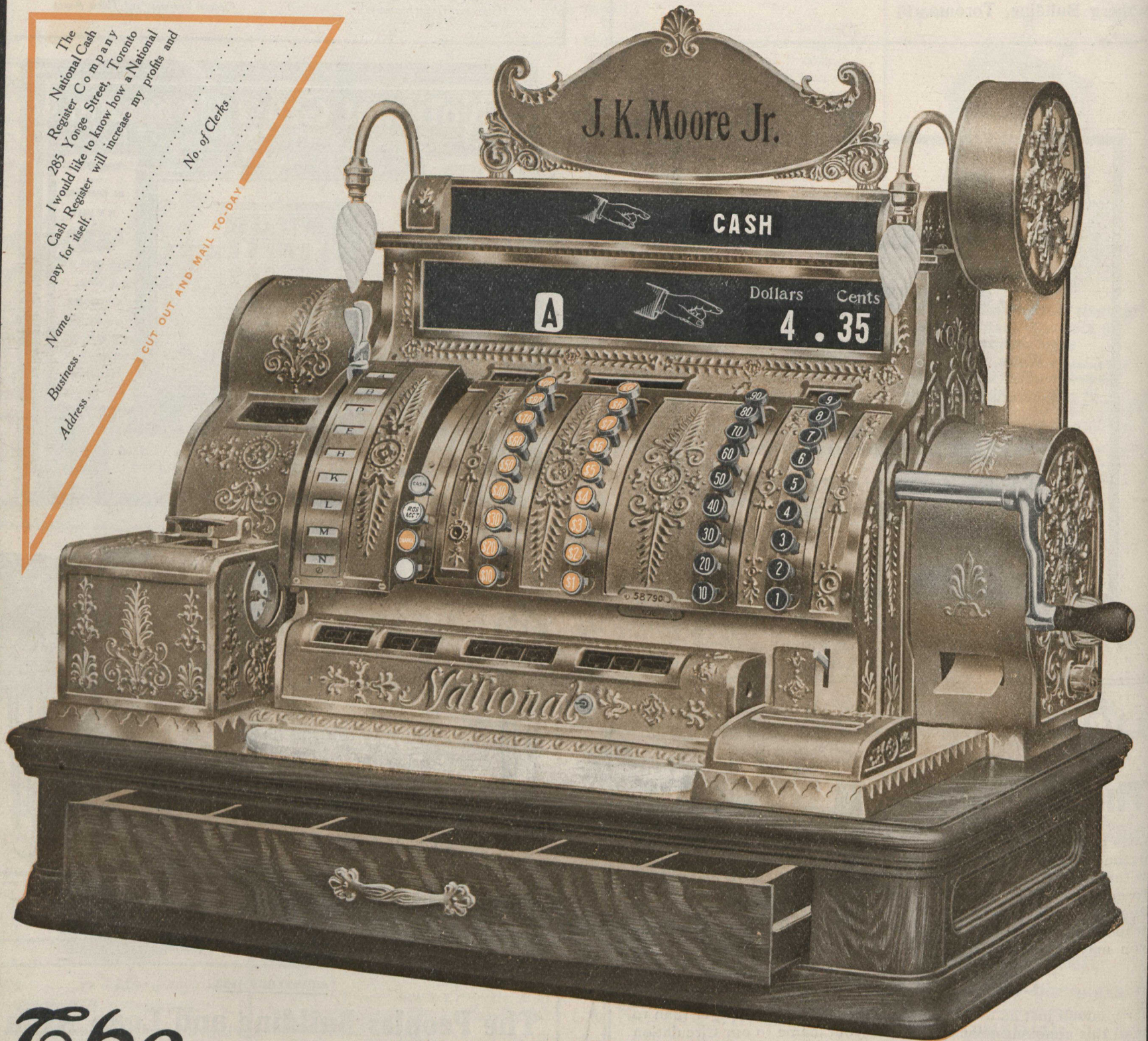
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