

# The Canadian Courier

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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
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# THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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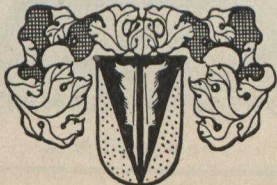


## PUBLISHERS' TALK

THE part to be played by Canadian Clubs in national development will be of primal importance. These organisations form links in a chain which is now of Dominion breadth. It is an aim of the "Courier" to keep its readers informed of the growth and varied activities of these nation-making forces, for a national weekly must recognise the significance of such vitalising associations. In this issue will be found a sketch of the Canadian Club of London, which will be followed by similar illustrated articles.

IN every State of our neighbouring Republic will be found Canadian professors. In the University of Denver, a former "McGill man," Dr. J. E. Le Rossignol, is a member of the faculty. Professor Le Rossignol is known as the author of "Orthodox Socialism" and other works on modern problems. But he has turned aside for the moment from sterner studies to write "L'Ange Gardien," a sympathetic and charming story of French-Canadian life, which will appear, with illustrations by Mr. C. W. Jefferys, in a February issue of the "Courier."

THE Province of Quebec is rich in historic and literary interest. As the celebration of the Champlain Tercentenary draws near, features in connection with that event will keep the readers of the "Courier" informed of its progress and of the development of His Excellency's project for a national park on the Plains of Abraham.



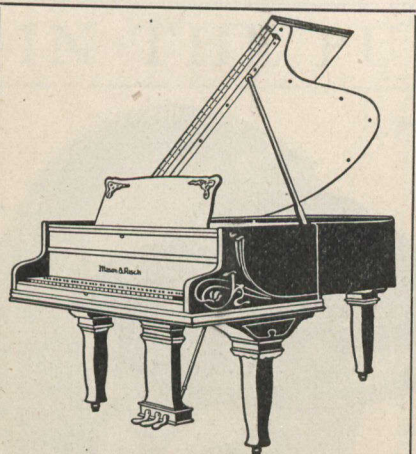
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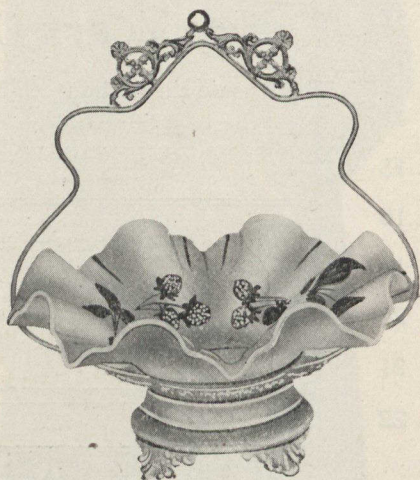
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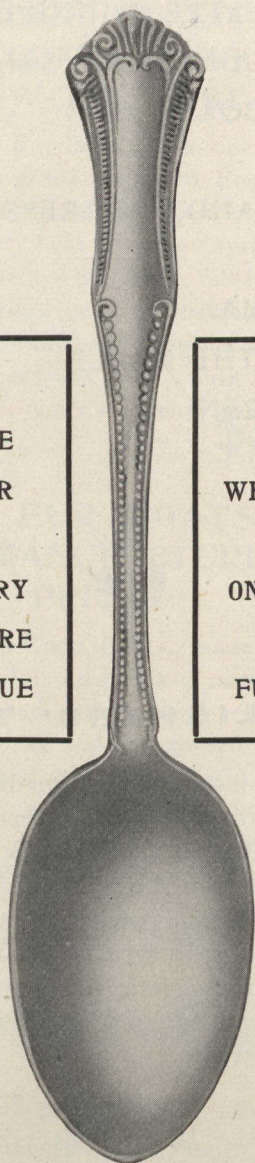
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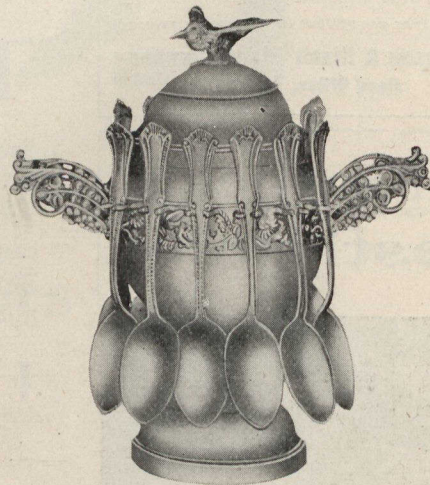
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

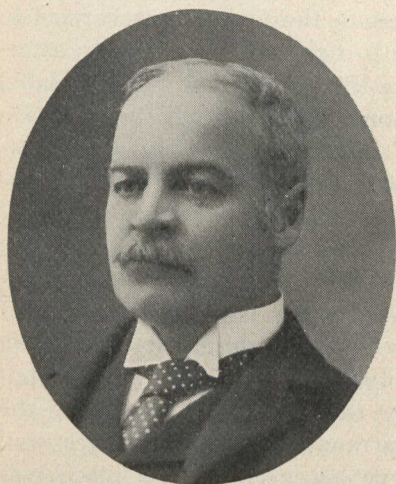
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. III.

Toronto, February 8th, 1908.

No. 10

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. Arthur Peters, the late Premier of Prince Edward Island, a public man who served with distinction both his Province and the Dominion.

THE Island Province has lost its Premier and one of the best men that ever entered the Island Legislature. The late Hon. Arthur Peters was a constructionist. Elected Premier in 1901, Mr. Peters placed himself squarely in the forefront of progress for the Island, which has had so much trouble getting its voice heard at Ottawa. The campaign on which he became Premier and Attorney-General was largely one of increased subsidies and settlement of claims against the Dominion. At King Edward's coronation he represented the Province; and again in a more practical way he was a colleague of Hon. A. B. Aylesworth in the argument before the Privy Council regarding provincial representation in the House of Commons. Since his

premiership he has been a strong supporter of the farming interests, of prohibition and of better roads for the Island. During his regime he interested Sir William Macdonald, the educationist benefactor, in the enlargement of Prince of Wales College for the better education of agriculturists.

\* \* \*

MR. A. S. VOGT, whose great choir gives its annual cycle of concerts next week in Toronto, is an instance of a musician who by business methods has reached well up to the top rung among the world's choral conductors. Those who best know "A.S.V.," conductor of the now famous Mendelssohn Choir, understand that his success has never been due primarily to mere musicianship. The choir of more than two hundred members was responsible last year for the expenditure of considerably more than twenty thousand dollars on a choral campaign. More than ten thousand dollars was spent on a trip to Buffalo and New York. The total revenue from the Choir's eight concerts last season in conjunction with the Pittsburg Orchestra was not less than thirty-five thousand dollars. To receive and to spend so large an amount of money in one season in the cause of musical art has made necessary a business organisation of the very highest type; a system as complete in the workings of its various departments as a bank or a departmental store. It means not merely retaining the spontaneous, unpaid loyalty of a large chorus, but as well the management of a staff of business men to each of whom is allotted the work which he is best able to discharge. The practical management of this business concern centres in the conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir. Mr. Vogt, as may be surmised, is a man of infinite detail and remarkable energy. He has a highly musical brain which he is able to convert to a brain of business without doing violence to his constitution. More than any of this, he has a tireless capacity for absorbing the ideas of other people and places. Except in its management, the Mendelssohn Choir is not a one-man creation as many have supposed. It is a mosaic of the best choral ideas and practices in the world, organised into one corporation by a man with a strong individuality and a business appetite for new things. A coincidence of this season's concerts is that one of the finest works given by the Choir was composed nearly two hundred years ago in the very church where as a student in Leipsic

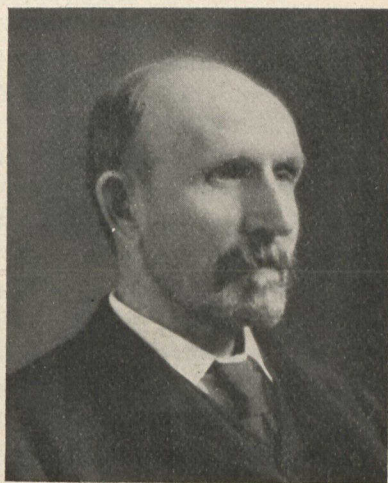


A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc.

Mr. Vogt got his first inspiration to produce unaccompanied choral singing in Canada—the famous Thomas-Kirche in which the great Sebastian Bach was organist for nearly half his lifetime.

\* \* \*

SIR R. G. REID, the man who built part of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, the International Bridge at Buffalo and the Lachine Bridge at Montreal, has a fresh dispute with the Newfoundland Government. A few years ago the Reids—who by some people are considered the makers of Newfoundland—were given the contract for carrying the steamship mails to all the north shore. As the Reid vessels were said not to have carried the mails as regularly as the inhabitants of the north wanted, the Government put on an auxiliary line of vessels, awarding the contract to a rival firm who through the mail subsidy have been enabled to cut into the freight earnings of the Reid fleet. The Reids are suing the Government for damages. It is only three



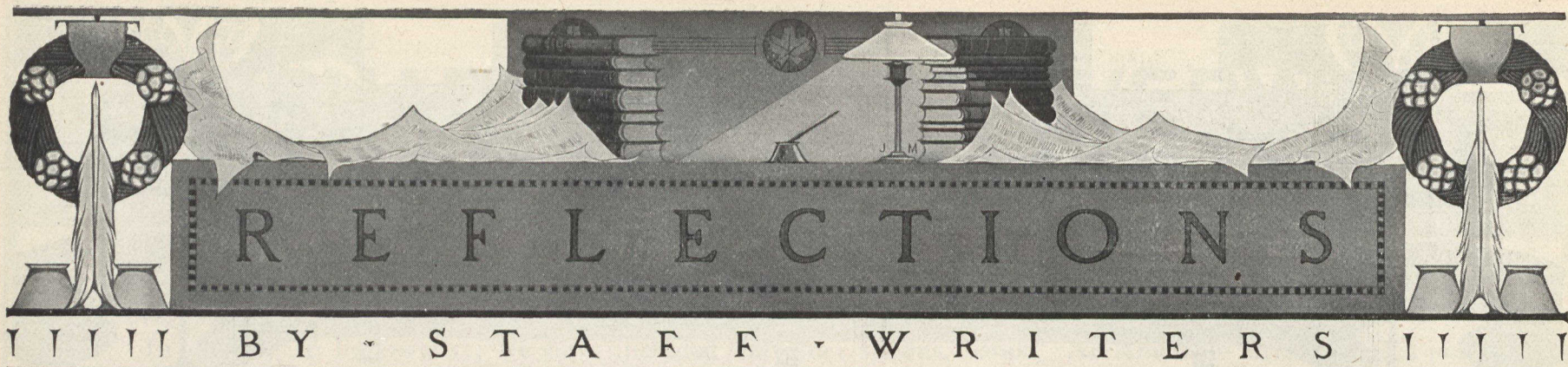
Sir R. G. Reid, Photo by Notman.

years since the last Reid dispute—an arbitration over the value of the telegraph lines which reverted to the colony after being extended by the Reids. Having been the pioneer promoter of Newfoundland and the owner of most of its public utilities, Sir Robert feels himself a sort of industrial "custos" of the Island. He is more talked about in St. John's than even Dr. Grenfell. He is a spectacular sort of man; a man of remarkable ability. A Scotchman—tall, angular and shrewd—born in Perthshire, he went to Australia when a young man; he came to Canada nearly half a century ago and made himself famous as the first Pontifex Maximus of America. On the Ottawa and the Rio Grande, at the "Soo" and at Cape Breton, Reid was the greatest bridge-builder of his day on this continent. Till the last decade of the nineteenth century he threw bridges over half the biggest waterways of America; then being weary of bridges he went to an Island where a bridge can never be built. For ten years the Reids in Newfoundland were the builders of railways and dry docks, street-cars and electric light systems. They operated the colonial railways and telegraph lines—and they built a fleet of ships. A few years ago they surrendered their proprietary rights over the railways and telegraphs when an arbitration was held in Toronto.

\* \* \*

HON. JAMES BRYCE was in Ottawa last week as the British Ambassador to the United States to confer with the Canadian Government regarding international affairs. To the interviewer he was as usual a sealed book. Mr. Bryce does not believe in the personal method of journalism practised by American reporters; he has a horror of the interviewer; and the "yellows" are to him a perfect nightmare. On one of his visits to Toronto he deplored in private conversation the growing tendency towards this sort of journalism on this side of the water as well as in England, observing that in Canada the practice was becoming as marked as in the United States. A thoroughly unobtrusive, scholarly man, Mr. Bryce does not care for noisy publicity. While in Toronto during the last Provincial election campaign he quietly attended a political meeting in Massey Hall and sat in a back seat studiously taking notes on the tendencies observable in Canadian public life. Mr. Bryce has been re-studying the United States democracy.





# REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**S**TORIES of Sir John A. Macdonald are becoming less common. Dr. Parkin's new "Life" recalls how on one occasion when he had been violently attacked in the columns of the "Globe" for some lapse into intemperance, he went before a large audience and declared he knew that they would any day prefer "John A. drunk to George Brown sober." Dr. Parkin also prints the yarn about the late Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee. When McGee first joined his government, Sir John warned him that he (McGee) must reform his habits, since "no Cabinet could afford to carry two drunkards."

**STORIES OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD**

This biographer also recalls a famous passage at arms between Sir John and Principal Grant. The late Principal was a great admirer of Sir John but could not support all his actions and measures. They met at a social gathering one day and Sir John remarked: "I wish that you would be a steady friend of mine." The Principal replied: "But, Sir John, I have always supported you when you were right." "My dear man," replied the humorous Sir John, with his usual merry twinkle of the eye, "I have no use for that species of friendship."

This excellent volume contains much that is as interesting as these stories and much that is more important. It does not over-praise and neither does it over-blame.

**D**R. PARKIN'S new life of Sir John A. Macdonald in the "Makers of Canada" series will attract considerable attention. The chapter on Confederation is short but brilliant. It recalls that it was during the first weeks in February, 1865, the famous debate on that subject took place in the Legislature of Canada.

**A QUESTION OF ACCURACY**

Strangely enough, Dr. Parkin says, "On February 3rd, 1865, he (Macdonald) introduced into parliament the resolutions adopted at the Quebec conference." In another volume published a few days ago, "Sixty Years in Upper Canada," by Charles Clarke, late clerk of Legislature of Ontario, it is stated that this event took place on the 6th of February. There is thus a difference of three days in the dates given by these two "authorities." The truth is that on February 3rd, Sir E. P. Tache, then premier, introduced into the Legislative Council, the Quebec resolutions, and moved "That an humble Address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that She may be pleased to cause a measure to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament for the purpose of uniting," etc. On the same day, which by the way was Friday, Attorney-General Macdonald, in the Legislative Assembly, mentioned the Address but owing to the Speaker's request that the discussion be deferred until Monday, it was not really introduced. Therefore it was not moved until Monday, the 6th. Mr. Clarke is right and Dr. Parkin is wrong.

Dr. Parkin or his proof-reader has made a further error in not quoting the words "in conclusion" when reproducing the last paragraph from Macdonald's speech. A misplaced quotation mark and a difference of three days in a date are not always important, but in a volume of such pretensions as this they are errors which are inexcusable. It is remarkable, in this important chapter, that greater pains were not taken by the editors of the Series, who are also persons supposed to be accurate historians, to verify the dates and quotations.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Joseph Pope, in his well-known Life of Sir John, says: "Parliament met on the 19th of January, and on the 3rd of February, Mr. Macdonald introduced the resolutions adopted at the Quebec Conference." Mr. Pope says nothing about Sir E. P. Tache, nothing about the three days delay in the Assembly, and nothing about the Address to the Queen which was constituted the main portion of the motion. In a footnote, he refers to "Journals Leg. Ass., Vol. XXIV., 1865, pp. 203-209." It is a pity Mr. Pope and Dr. Parkin did not read these more carefully. They would then have been able to distinguish between parliament and legislature, between Tache and Macdonald, between Address and Resolutions, and between Friday and Monday.

If authors who write books are not to be more accurate in their references to the events of Canadian history, there is much greater excuse for the journalists who make occasional slips by reason of their necessary haste. Yet these authors are continually complaining of the inaccuracy of the Press.

**T**HOSE two years, 1865 and 1866, must have been very trying for Sir John. In March the Address to the Queen was carried in the Assembly by a vote of ninety-one to thirty-three. Shortly afterwards, he found that his friends in New Brunswick had been defeated

**SIR JOHN'S DIFFICULTIES**

in a general election. This affected the situation in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. The latter two colonies finally withdrew altogether, while in Nova Scotia the anti-confederationists under Joseph Howe raised a terrific storm. In July, Sir E. P. Tache, the Premier, passed away, and the Coalition Government was temporarily broken up. The Governor-General wanted Sir John as Premier but the Hon. George Brown would not serve under him, though willing to do all he could for Confederation. Sir John suggested Cartier, but Mr. Brown could not agree. Finally they got together under the aegis of Sir Narcisse Belleau. This arrangement did not work well and in December Mr. Brown withdrew altogether. His place was taken by Hon. (afterwards Sir) W. P. Howland. A place was offered to Mr. Alexander Mackenzie and on his refusal it went to Mr. Ferguson Blair, another prominent Liberal.

Early in 1866 came the fruitless negotiations for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty and then the Fenian Raid troubles. In April, however, Dr. Tupper succeeded in getting through the Nova Scotia Legislature a compromise resolution on Confederation. About the same time, Sir Leonard Tilley regained power in New Brunswick, and a resolution similar to that of Nova Scotia was passed on the last day of June. The Imperial authorities, deeply interested in the scheme, exercised some influence which helped to save the day down by the sea. Lord Monck, however, grew uneasy over the delays and threatened to ask for his recall, if Sir John did not make greater haste. Then "Old To-morrow" replied that if the Governor would just keep cool, and leave the matter in his hands, he would handle it expeditiously. Towards the close of a long letter, he quietly and somewhat slyly added that when the union was completed Lord Monck would get "all the kudos and all the position which would result from being the founder of a nation."

To make the situation more difficult, there was a change in the Government of Great Britain, and it was not until December 4th that the Canadian delegates assembled in London to frame up the Act which came into force on July 1st, 1867. Even then, as Dr. Parkin points out, Sir John was far from being satisfied with the work done. The British authorities did not make much of the Imperial significance of Canada's action and their lukewarmness over the accomplishment was not pleasant. Further, Lord Derby, who feared to wound the sensibility of the United States, refused the title "Kingdom of Canada."

**H**ON. L. P. FARRIS, Commissioner of Agriculture for the Province of New Brunswick, says that field crops and dairy products in that province in 1907 were fairly satisfactory. As all provinces are interested in the success of each, a few of his statistics may not be

**NEW BRUNSWICK'S PROSPERITY**

amiss here. Last year the wheat crop was just a little under ten millions of bushels, with an average of approximately twenty bushels to the acre. This is fairly good for New Brunswick, seeing that the wheat is worth about one dollar a bushel. Six million bushels of oats, one and a half million bushels of buckwheat and five million bushels of potatoes are to be added to the wheat. Butter and cheese products, so far as the factories are concerned, showed a decline as they did in



Ontario. The price per pound for each was, however, a little higher than in 1906. Still, products to the value of \$400,000 is not a sufficient annual output from these factories.

Like the other provinces, New Brunswick suffered from the backward spring, the lack of sunshine and the early frost. Both political parties are talking more about the inauguration of new systems and are also doing more to accelerate agricultural development. If there is as much action as talk, the continued progress of New Brunswick is assured.

**T**HE editor of a weekly journal is a busy man. He seldom has time to read the published opinions of his brethren, save in hasty snatches. This hurry of the sanctum must be held to account for the "Christian Guardian's" criticism of a "Canadian Courier" reflection in the issue of January 25th. In a burning paragraph the editor of the former weekly takes the latter to task for stating that moderation in drinking

#### A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

is a refinement which goes with a highly-developed civilisation. This lonely half of a sentence, bereft of the context, is made to mean shocking things and the editor of this journal is solemnly assured that common-sense is a quality lacking in his mental make-up, while the right of the "Canadian Courier" to the adjective "national" is the subject of grave doubt. However, worst of all, ancient Rome, that horrible example for all time, is flung at the young journal, whose editor is advised to read the inner history of that imperial power in order to see what happened to Nero, Caligula and the rest of them. The volumes by the late Edward Gibbon make excellent light reading but are hardly relevant to this question of beverages. It is to be regretted that the editor of so excellent a journal as the "Christian Guardian" does not agree with the "Canadian Courier" that moderate drinking is a mark of higher civilisation than that in which excessive drinking is the rule. Probably in the highest civilisation of all, intoxicating drinks will be excluded; but, in the meantime, it is the firm belief of the editor of this journal that social restraint in such matters is conducive to physical and political well-being. Temperance in all affairs is a desirable quality—even in editorial utterances regarding the flamboyance of a well-meaning contemporary.

**G**OVERNMENT inspection is one great need of the Canadian banks. The good banks need not fear it; the poor banks would suffer according to their weaknesses. The public interests would be safeguarded. When Mr. AEmilius Jarvis took charge of the Sovereign

#### GOVERNMENT INSPECTION OF BANKS

Bank last spring and investigated its affairs, he made a verbal report to the shareholders at the time of the annual meeting in June. He said: "I find that some of your largest losses are in accounts never authorised by or never reported to the directors; in fact, in some cases the directors were kept in total ignorance of their existence." Similarly in the case of the Ontario Bank, the president and directors disclaimed any knowledge of many transactions which had been put through by the general manager. From this evidence, the outsider must conclude that even a strong directorate is little guarantee against a designing or unscrupulous manager. Only outside inspection and audit can be relied upon to discover irregularities or unauthorised transactions.

At least two Canadian banks have recognised the principle of an independent audit on behalf of the shareholders, and have voluntarily adopted the practice. There is little doubt that a general inspection by the Government would receive strong support from the Bankers' Association. When the country was young, the banking institutions small, and the volume of transactions limited, government inspection may not have been necessary. To-day, the transactions are large, more numerous and more complicated. The sworn monthly returns are a safeguard but apparently not an all-sufficient safeguard.

Canada is proud of the efficiency, stability and solidarity of her banking institutions. The way in which both the Ontario and the Sovereign were absorbed by the other banks without causing even a shiver among depositors and note-holders is a tremendous exhibition of financial efficiency and resource. The twelve banks, which took over the business of the Sovereign in one night and assumed all its obligations between one day's banking hours and the next, performed a financial task worthy of considerable public appreciation and recognition. Nevertheless, neither these public-spirited institutions nor the general public can be anxious to see such a performance repeated, in spite of its brilliancy. Heroic deeds are always pleasant to the beholder, but the necessity for such occasions must not come through recklessness. Government inspection of an efficient character might have prevented the necessity for the magnificent

financial readjustment which the occasion brought forth. Moreover, even twelve strong banks cannot take over an institution with thirteen millions of liabilities and as many millions of assets without some disturbance of their own and the public's business.

The great objection to Government inspection is that it relieves the directors of a responsibility which should be theirs and theirs only. Yet, Government inspection and audit would not affect the legal position of directors, nor alter the provisions of the Criminal Code as to neglect or misuse of funds. If directors do not direct and if the Criminal Code is not effective to prevent financial institutions from reckless management, the situation can hardly be rendered worse than it is by adding Government inspection to the list of safeguards.

**T**HOSE who have never been in a "panicky" crowd have escaped a superlatively harrowing experience. There have been several instances, during the last month, of the dire havoc wrought by a crowd, transformed by fear or animal excitement, into an unreasoning but fearfully powerful mass. The psychology of the crowd has been discussed more ably by the French than by any other writers. It is a fascinating subject to most of us because it involves elements which our civilisation is apt to forget. Who that has heard it can ever forget that first ominous rumbling which shows that the control marking the high-class individual is giving way before the curious madness which fashions the crushing, trampling, frenzied mob? The helplessness of childhood, the weakness of womanhood make no appeal to that hurrying, wild-eyed Thing we call a panic-stricken crowd. To feel its force is one of the red moments of a lifetime; but, even more vivid, is the recollection of some strong figure which rose above the occasion and turned a terror into a triumph. The man who can keep his head and use his voice with the personality behind it to quiet the surging crowd is the born ruler, whether in the physical or the spiritual world. The worst condition imaginable is that of anarchy when there disappears all that makes humanity more than a stampeded herd.

#### THE POWER OF A PANIC

In this country of superb distances and scattered population the experience of panic is likely to be rare. Where there is more than elbow-room for the people, the physical horror of such scenes as those in the English play-house and the Pennsylvania theatre is not likely to occur. But there are panics and panics and no country is immune from the intellectual hysteria which occasionally seizes the public. The spirit of the crowd is seldom "the still small voice" of common-sense and justice.

**S**O much has been said about the banks and their relation to the public, that the subject is becoming somewhat threadbare. The discussion, both here and in the United States, has now resolved itself into one dealing with "call loans." On the southern side of the Line, the journalist, the economist, and the business man have combined to protest against the call loan system whereby Wall Street gets from the banks enough money to fly all sorts of financial kites and to place fictitious values on marketable stocks. They claim that if Wall Street could not get these call loans, stock prices would hover near the investment point all the time and financial panics would be practically unknown. The journals are pointing out that call loans are not considered legitimate banking by the larger national banks of Europe, and that this feature of United States finance is not supported by any reputable international authority.

**BANKS AND CALL LOANS**

In Canada, there is much the same feeling. The larger Canadian banks invest their surplus funds in call loans in New York as well as in call loans at home. The feeling is growing, even among financiers themselves, that the call loan business must be put upon a different basis. When the Sovereign Bank advanced two million dollars on the stock and bonds of an electric railway running out of Chicago, the absurdity of the system was manifest. This was the call loan system gone mad.

No doubt the bankers themselves will suggest a remedy in the form of a limitation. These gentlemen are directly and vitally interested in seeing that the Canadian banking system is kept sound and reliable. Further, they fully realise that, if the improvements do not come from themselves, some meddling law-maker or some ambitious journalist will undertake to stampede the public and parliament to pass restrictive legislation which may be harmful. The experiences of the past year are such as few of the bankers would care to have duplicated. The managers have certainly lived a strenuous life.

It is a case of stock-gambling versus sound banking, and sound banking must win. It cannot be otherwise.



# Through a Monocle

**A**N exasperating sort of mental exercise is that of counting the mistakes and the accidents by which battles are lost. How many times we have all gone over the familiar ground of the Waterloo campaign, and noted how the French blundered here and the Allies blundered there; and come to the conclusion that if this campaign had been fought without glaring blunders, we should now hardly recognise it as the same. The Allies might have done much better with less risk and cost; and there are many who think that a more alert Napoleon might have won. And so it is with politics. If, on the eve of a general election, the losing party had been told that it would win the seats which it actually does win, it would feel certain of victory; but it does not calculate upon the seats which it thought safe but which it loses by "accident." It is these unexpected losses which change the face of the returns. It is by its own blunders that a party is beaten.

\* \* \*

These reflections are suggested to me by a couple of recent blunders into which the embattled hosts at Ottawa have fallen. Surely no one will doubt that the Government blundered in attempting to prevent the Opposition from seeing the original documents in the case of the timber leases. Never did a misled army find itself in a more untenable position. To deny access to these documents was to arouse and foster the very suspicion which the Opposition would have sought to set on foot if they had got the documents to begin with, and which they are now fanning with the documents they could not help but finally get. To say that the Opposition cannot obtain the right to see such a public document if it really wants to see it, is to assert that Parliamentary government is at an end and that the despotism of an oligarchy composed of the Cabinet has taken its place. But equally stupid was the position which the Opposition assumed on the Japanese treaty question. Are we to tell Japan, our ally and a nation which has never broken faith with us, that we will not accept its promises to do what we know it is very desirous of doing for its own sake?

\* \* \*

The policy of the Opposition on this question would be impossible if that party were in office. No one can doubt that for a moment. A Borden Government would never deliberately make bad blood between Britain and her solitary ally by offering the latter the insult of a refusal to rely upon its good faith when that good faith in this connection had just been established by the Mackenzie King investigation. A Borden Government would have done precisely what the Laurier Government did. It would have tried to persuade Japan to agree to restrict its own emigration, and would have readily accepted any such promise to restrict it as Mr. Lemieux brought back with him. And if the Liberal Opposition, which would face such a Borden Government, had tried to angle for the British Columbia delegation by scouting this settlement of the case as insecure, can't you imagine how the loyal pro-British Conservatives would have hounded the Liberals as "disloyal", as failing to appreciate the responsibilities of the Imperial relation, and as betraying again the spirit which led them to advocate Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States?

\* \* \*

I am not a political prophet, but I am of the opinion that if the Conservatives never made any mistakes, they would get into power very soon; and that if the Liberals were equally immune from blunders, we would make their mandate unanimous. There will be those who will think that this is the assertion of the obvious, for they regard the proceedings of both parties as largely composed of "mistakes". But that is a pessimistic view. Sometimes a party does not do what we think it should, and we call it a mistake; whereas in reality the party is so hampered by conditions and crippled by "entangling alliances" that it could do nothing else. Its course was not a mistake but a disaster. In the cases to which I have referred, however, the parties were both free to choose their line of conduct;

and, in my humble opinion, they both chose wrongly. But such wanton mistakes are not so common as people usually imagine; and yet I fancy that they are frequent and important enough to make the difference between victory and defeat.

\* \* \*

The significant point about these two mistakes I have noted is that Mr. Borden made one of them and Sir Wilfrid Laurier did not make the other. Sir Wilfrid, indeed, unmade the other. There is little doubt that if Sir Wilfrid had been consulted to begin with, he would have ordered that Mr. Ames be given access to any original documents he might want to see. On the other hand, Mr. Borden seems to have walked open-eyed into his mistake. It was not made for him; he made it very ably for himself. The interesting question arises for Conservatives in this connection—well, perhaps I had better let it do its own "arising". There are domestic affairs into which the Monocle of the cold outsider should not peer. Just incidentally I notice that Senator George W. Ross has been carrying his rare ability to make mistakes to Ottawa with him, and has been proving his continued possession of it by identifying himself with the stupid and flagrantly unpopular proposal to saddle this long-suffering country with a system of Under-Secretaries. Secretary Scott is against it, and so is Leader Lougheed. But it is just like Your Uncle Ross to get tied up to it. If this country with six millions of people, governed by ten Parliaments and Provincial Legislatures, cannot get along without Under-Secretaries, what must we think of Britain which asks nothing more to govern with a solitary Parliament forty millions of people at home and an Empire abroad?

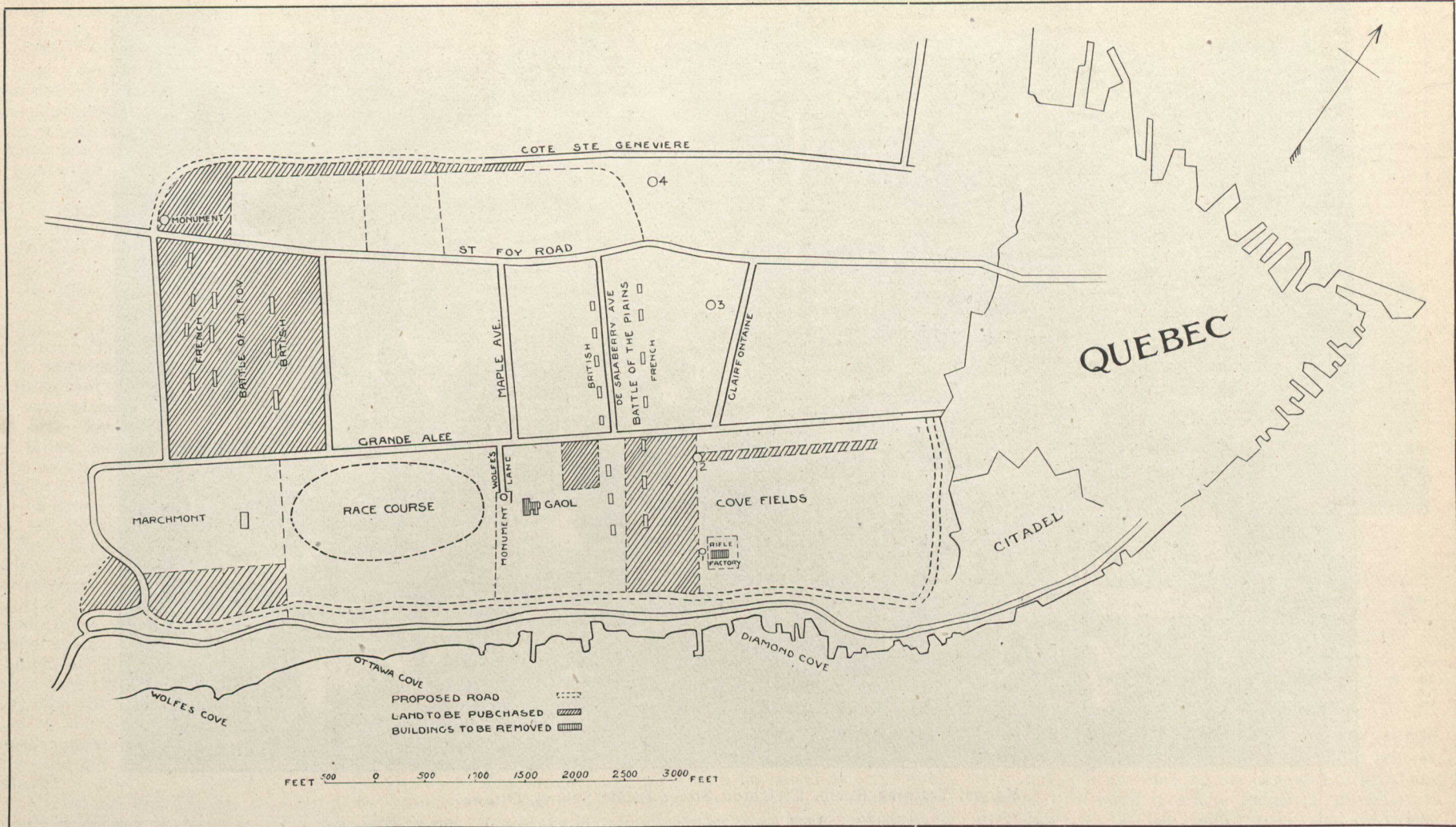
## A Shrewd Princess.

**P**ERHAPS the most businesslike younger member of our Royal Family is the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness received an admirable business training apropos of the work which she did even as a very young girl in connection with her mother's many philanthropic schemes. This was further increased by the fact, never concealed for a moment by the late Duchess of Teck, that the future Queen of England and her brothers had to be very careful with regard to their personal expenditure. This early training has stood the wife of the Heir Apparent in good stead, and so highly is her opinion valued concerning money matters, that even her private friends often venture to ask her advice concerning such important questions as marriage settlements and the granting of dowries. This business ability makes Her Royal Highness far more than a figure-head or kindly advisory consultant to the many important philanthropic societies with which she is in constant touch, for she is quick to detect any foolish extravagance, or equally foolish economy.—M. A. P.



The angry Pacific—The surf breaking on Dallas Road, Victoria, B.C., on Sunday, January 5th. A portion of the new cement sea wall, seen at the bottom of the high bank, was badly damaged.





PLAN OF THE PROPOSED NATIONAL PARK AT QUEBEC.

This plan shows the battlefield (centre) where Montcalm and Wolfe fought in 1759, and (left top) that where the French under De Levis made a strong attack upon the British troops in 1760. These two battlefields, Plains of Abraham and Ste. Foye, are to be combined into one park, surrounded by a unique driveway seven miles long. This road will on the south-east side run along the high bank of the St. Lawrence, and on its north-east side close to the walls of the Citadel. Wolfe's Monument is shown to the right of the race-course at the head of Wolfe's Lane. The amount of land to be acquired is not great, and the only buildings which it will be necessary to purchase are the gaol and rifle factory. The Grand Alee is already a beautiful driveway, and the Ste. Foye Road is also a pleasant avenue. Both lead from the proposed park, through the Wall into the city proper, shown to the extreme right of the map. The great park is to be further ornamented by a great Peace Monument, to be placed so as to be in full view of steamers passing up and down the mighty St. Lawrence. If too great haste is not displayed in the purchase and removal of the gaol and rifle factory, the undertaking should not be expensive nor burdensome.

### A National Hymn and a National Park.

THE movement to nationalise the Plains of Abraham, undertaken by Earl Grey with the assistance of the Canadian Clubs of Canada, has been brought to a worthy head, as will be seen from the sketch on this page. The historic plains will become a national park with a peace memorial of such proportions as to form a landmark for vessels coming up the St. Lawrence. The nationalisation of the Plains of Abraham at a cost of one million dollars will probably be part of the coming great tercentenary celebration of the founding of the city of Quebec by Champlain in 1608. This is the hope and the suggestion of Earl Grey.



Wolfe's Monument, Plains of Abraham.

One rather singular coincidence must be noted in connection with the proposed celebration. The song which for a generation past has been taken for the national anthem of Canada cannot be sung on this occasion. The opening verse of "The Maple Leaf Forever" runs, as any school boy knows:

"In days of yore from Britain's shore  
Wolfe the dauntless hero came,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag  
On Canada's fair domain."

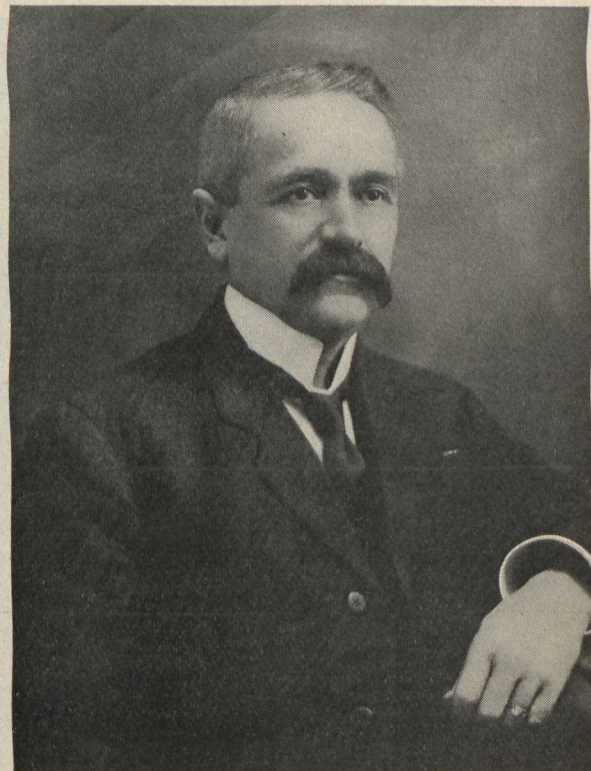
We remember the day in an Ontario country school when after the reading of the lesson on "The Capture of Quebec," the enthusiastic teacher had the school sing "The Maple Leaf Forever," by way of pointing the moral and adorning the tale. The piece was sung with much more enthusiasm than the lesson was read. Now, in accordance with the new peace gospel promulgated in the restoration of the Plains of Abraham, both must be amended. It will be remembered that another verse of the famous song contained a lively reminiscence of the war of 1812, which of course never could have been sung by any of the thousands of American citizens who have lately made their homes in Western Canada.

The nationalisation of the Plains of Abraham will call for a new national anthem, which will omit any reference to the wars between the English, French and American peoples on this continent. For a year past musicians, musical societies and newspaper writers have been busy with a discussion of "La Chant National," which is a noble hymn with both words and music by French-Canadian writers. Many have predicted that this will become the new national hymn. Others say that it is not British enough. So far as the tune is concerned no possible objection can be taken. The words are not so acceptable to English-speaking people—not, however, because they are anti-Canadian or anti-British. Some have suggested writing English words to the tune.

Whatever may be done it seems inevitable that at the tercentenary celebration to be held in Quebec next summer some new national hymn must be used—unless all are abandoned in favour of "God Save the King." Many patriotic songs have been made by Canadians. Most of them have been published.

Some are good as far as they go; others are bad. The late H. H. Godfrey wrote several, best known among them being "The Land of the Maple," which became rather popular for a time but had not the simple breadth and dignity necessary in a national hymn. The most recent attempt in this direction is the setting to music by Dr. Albert Ham of Mr. W. A. Fraser's "Canada." The tune of this is an excellent contribution to hymnology. The words are by no means so good as the tune.

Here the matter rests for the present. The nationalising of the Plains of Abraham is sure to revive it.



Mayor Payette, of Montreal, elected February 3rd.





Manual Training Room, Creighton Street Public School, Ottawa.

## Machine Shops in Canadian Schools

Boys Learn Economy at the Lathes and Girls with the Needle.

IN one of the Technical Institutes of Ontario a year ago the teacher chose an original way of getting good mechanical work out of his boys. In his institute there were fifteen classes from the various schools of the city. Ten of these he called into consultation on the best way of making something really useful to somebody else; something that a customer might appreciate. Each class chose a foreman, and the article to be made was decided upon; drawings were made and wood bought; individual parts were allotted to various boys. The result was a number of handsome Morris chairs to be presented to the principals of the various schools.

Twenty-three towns and cities in Ontario have technical school facilities either as separate Institutes or departments of Public and High Schools. Thousands of Canadian boys are learning how to carve wood and work in metals; thousands of girls

are learning the technique of household economy. The self-made man here, and there wants to know why this is so. He remembers the time not so long ago when the Canadian boy was in preparation for becoming either a farmer or a gentleman—some sort of professional man, whether in law, medicine or theology. In his boyhood days the three learned professions graduated from the three R's learned at school. The country boy who abandoned the farm for the school almost invariably went school-teaching till he got money enough to take a course at college. His highest ambition was to be a doctor, a lawyer or a High School teacher.

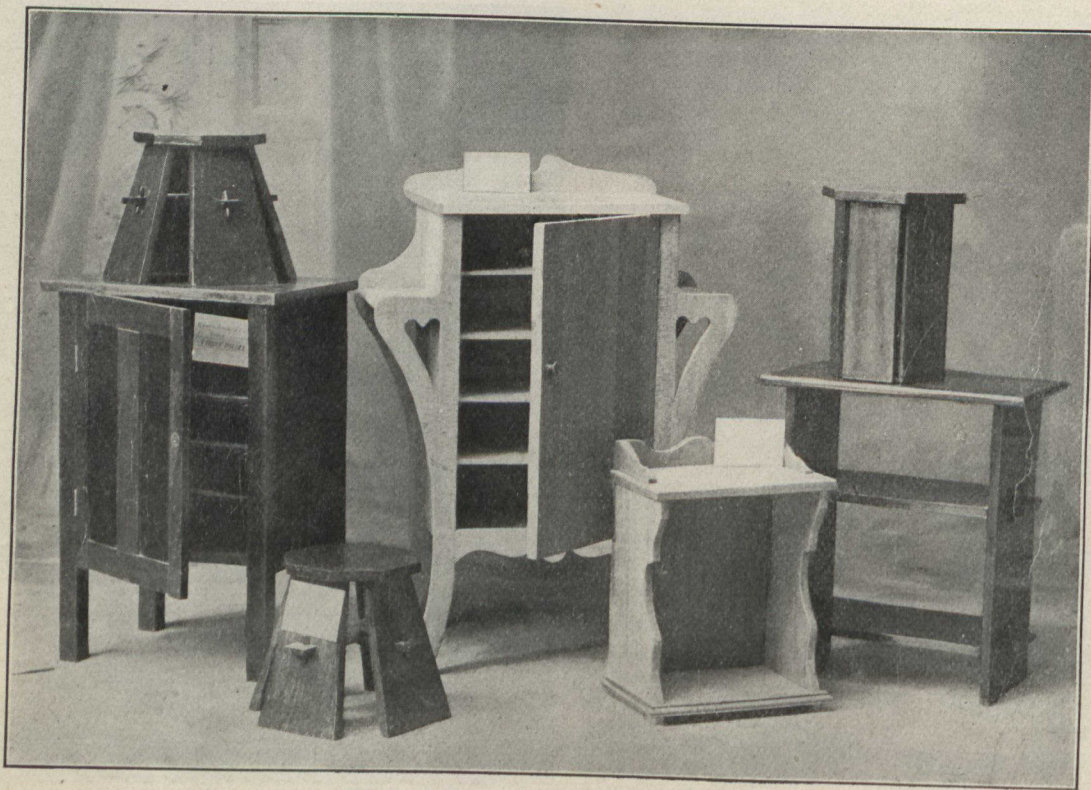
Canada soon began to turn out more professional men than she needed and began exporting her graduates across the border. Hence much of the exodus. The industrial idea had not yet got hold of the schools. To prepare boys for commercial or

industrial life was not considered as part of the curriculum. The first break-away from this came in the business colleges which soon led to commercial courses in High and Public Schools. Now that Canadians have become an industrial people the school authorities are widening the curriculum—to teach mechanics and domestic science.

The self-made man who learned his technique in the woods has an idea that this technical education is a fad. When he was a boy he learned to be handy by doing things; and the farm was a good place to learn technique, for the number of things a boy had to learn to do in the fields and the woods and the saw-mills of Canada was not set down in any curriculum. Any teacher who would have taught how to file a saw, to harness a horse, or to fix a pump would have lost his position at the next meeting of the trustees.

Now there are scores of teachers in Ontario who spend most or all of their time teaching boys to carve wood and work metals, and girls to cook and to sew and to manage a home. Technical education is extending its province with the expansion of the country. Towns and cities which a few years ago were merely market towns and places for merchants and retired farmers to live in, are now industrial centres with large populations devoted entirely to mechanical pursuits. Stratford, for instance, has an industrial population of nearly three thousand workers; Peterborough has as many; Berlin has more than two thousand; and this is common all over Ontario, where a generation ago the boy who lived in a town was likely to be either a clerk or a professional man.

Technical education has been put on the school curriculum in Guelph, Berlin, Stratford, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Hamilton, Cobourg, Kingston, Brockville, Brantford, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Woodstock, Alvinston, Galt, Essex, Cornwall, Owen Sound and Sault Ste. Marie. The towns and cities which have not adopted technical education are now in a minority of population. Many thousands of dollars are being spent in teaching the boys and girls of these industrial communities the technique which they never could have learned at mother's knee or by following father. It has been discovered that the average Canadian boy has an aptitude for tools; that the boy who whittles a toy windmill or makes harness for a dog is doing the kind of thing which under expert direction he may turn to good account



Work of Boys at Essex High School.



in the industrial building-up of the country—and incidentally to the getting of a job.

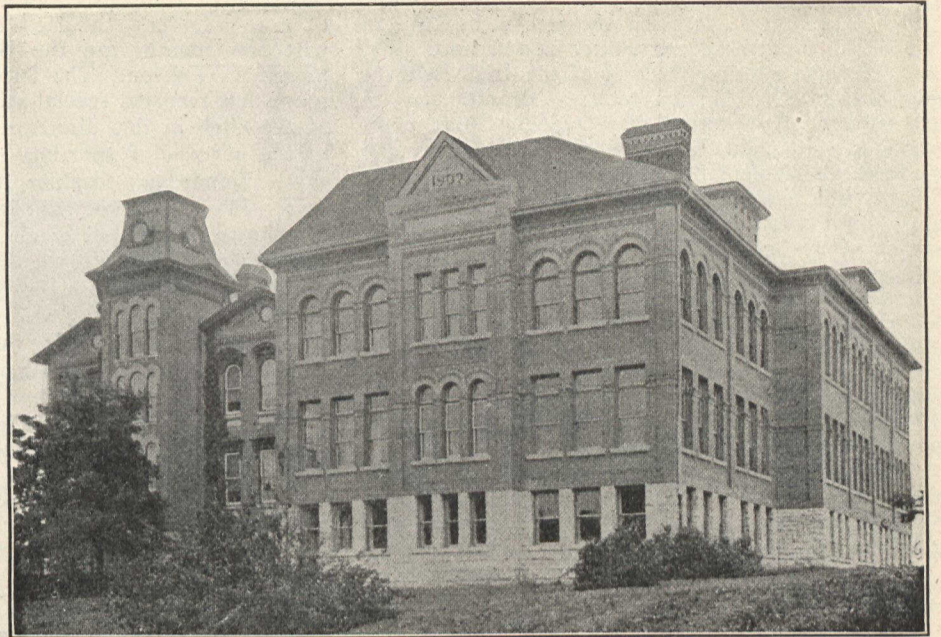
"Well," remarked a successful self-made man on a train a few years ago when this kind of education was new in Canada, "when I was a boy on the farm and I got stuck in the woods with a broken singletree, it was my business to get busy just as soon as I knew how with the axe. I had a sapling down and a new singletree whittled and clipped up before the horses had time to cool off; for I had to get out of the woods. Now—pshaw! My boy comes home every little while with some dinky thing he has been carving at for days at the manual training school. Why, it's just a sort of kindergarten!"

In those days there was some truth in this criticism; but since that time technical education has passed out of the amusement stage and has become practical. Technical school rooms are often miniature machine-shops. With the aid of generous Government grants, equipments have been installed in some places that make it possible for twenty-five or thirty boys to work at once in a large room full of lathes and benches and vises and forges, and whatsoever else may be needed to keep them diligently busy on the labour of the hands. There is no objection to a boy earning his scholarship even by the sweat of his brow. Of course equipments differ. Some schools have not room enough for thirty benches, and the best use must be made of what room and outfit may be possible. In many cases it is safe to say that the school with the small outfit turns out many of the best mechanics. In some parts of the United States where elaborate equipments have been installed educationists complain that the work has been made too easy. The boy who has to make the best and most economical use of his tools, even though he turns out only a small quantity of work, is getting a better education than the boy with an industrial silver spoon in his mouth.

Mechanical drawing has been put at the basis of all these courses in technics. The boy who is not able to draw the model of the thing he is about to make has a poor chance of learning to make it. If he has any sort of mental picture of the thing he should be able to put the picture into a sketch and the sketch into practice. So the blackboard has not been discarded in the technical school room. But that is about the only thing in the outfit that suggests the regular class room. In the metal-working room of the Berlin Collegiate and Technical Institute, for instance, a visitor will find an up-to-date machine-shop whose lathes are turned by electricity generated

by producer gas down at the power house. Here are drills, bandsaws and lathes such as are used in actual work by machinists who draw the union scale of wages. In other technical centres, such as Ottawa, Woodstock, Toronto, Hamilton, London and Stratford, lathes are driven either by electric motors or small gas engines installed on the premises. In the wood-working departments foot-lathes are provided along with benches and draw-knives and spoke-shaves and vises and chisels, and a dozen other tools that a really handy boy gets to know how to use almost in his sleep. Many public schools of course have no separate buildings devoted to technical education. Where either an old school building has been fitted up or a new technical institute built as in the case of Stratford, Ottawa, Berlin, Brantford, and the various Normal Schools, all these modern things are provided. In schools where perhaps only one room has been set aside for the purpose, boys and girls have to be content with a few benches and tools with no power-driven lathes.

There is less machinery but quite as much industry in the household science departments which have been called the feminine of manual training. Indeed, the old-time sewing-bee when the neighbours got together to sew carpet rags or patchwork quilts, was a very slow affair compared to the modern class in household science. The Canadian girl whose mother may have made johnny-cake and sewed carpet-rags every night, knows a thousand things about cooking ingredients, the heating capacity of stoves, the ventilation of rooms, the war-upon microbes, and the latest things in aesthetics of colour-blending in the decorations of rooms, as



Berlin Collegiate Institute.

well as the most useful ways and means of sewing and darning and doing fancy work. Here again many a wise self-taught mamma has said, "Nonsense!" But the girls are able to demonstrate in the kitchen that there is such a thing as a real science and art of household economy, with a few things in the regime that their wise mothers are learning to imitate.

So whether in the manual training or the domestic science courses in these Canadian schools, boys and girls are learning the new way of becoming citizens in a country where industrial pursuits are spreading as fast as immigration and railways; where home-building and home-keeping are being practised in ways that best suit the ways of a young country without discarding the traditions of the old.

It is worthy of note that Nova Scotia has committed itself to technical education by an "Act Relating to Technical Education." Technical schools have already been established at Halifax, New Glasgow and Sydney. The next step will be a Technical College to be built in Halifax, plans for which are already completed.

## The London Canadian Club

By ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG.

IF the millenium ever dawns in London, a large share of the credit for bringing it about will be due the London Canadian Club. In perhaps no city of the Dominion has the Canadian Club idea taken such firm hold upon the citizens or aroused such enthusiasm as in London. Organised a little over a year ago, its influence is already evident in municipal affairs, in sports, and in the other interests that divide or unite men.

Hamilton and Guelph may dispute the honour of

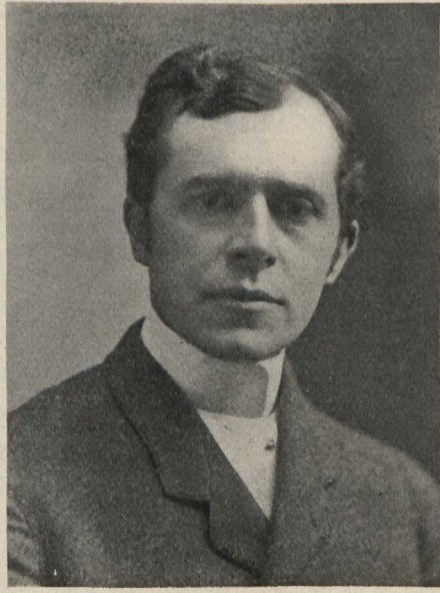
originating the Canadian Club idea, but London takes to itself the credit of making it popular.

Five or six years ago when Imperialism was claiming a large share of attention, many prominent men were urging the importance of forming Imperial Clubs for the purpose of uniting all classes and nationalities of men in loyalty to the Empire. In London there were many societies representing various nationalities and creeds. Dr. John D. Wilson, the recently elected Canadian Club president

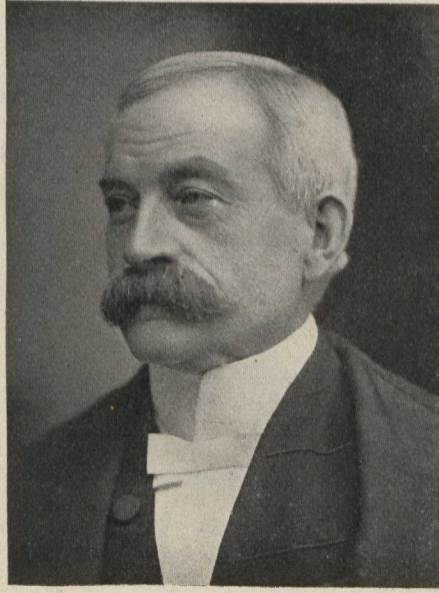
and a former mayor of the city, was the first to suggest the formation of a National Club. In addressing an Irish Benevolent Society gathering early in 1902 he said: "We have English, Irish and Scotch associations, but we are really all Canadians. Why not a Canadian Club in which differences of race and creed will be merged in a united endeavour for the welfare and progress of the Dominion?" Mr. E. Carty, editor of the "News," an independent daily of that time, took up the matter. Several of



Mr. Frank Lawson, an enthusiastic worker in the Canadian Club.



Dr. John D. Wilson, originator and President of the Canadian Club.



Mr. George C. Gibbons, K.C., First President of the London Canadian Club.



Mr. S. Frank Glass, Secretary of the London Canadian Club.



the foremost citizens, Sir John Carling, Senator Coffey and others, declared themselves heartily in sympathy. But there the matter rested until July, 1906, when at another meeting of the Irish Benevolent Society Dr. Wilson took a definite step in moving the appointment of a representative committee to wait upon St. Andrew's, St. George's, and the Irish Benevolent Societies, the educational institutions and associations, business men's organisations, clubs, members of the clergy, professional men and citizens in general with a view to securing their co-operation. At a largely attended and enthusiastic meeting of citizens the objects of the club were defined, viz., to foster patriotism by encouraging the study of history, institutions, literature, art and resources of Canada; to encourage clean, healthful sports; to endeavour to unite Canadians in such work for the welfare and progress of the Dominion as may be desirable and expedient.

The first mid-day luncheon was held in November. The first President, Mr. George C. Gibbons, K.C., introduced the first guest of honour and speaker for the occasion, Prof. Richard Green

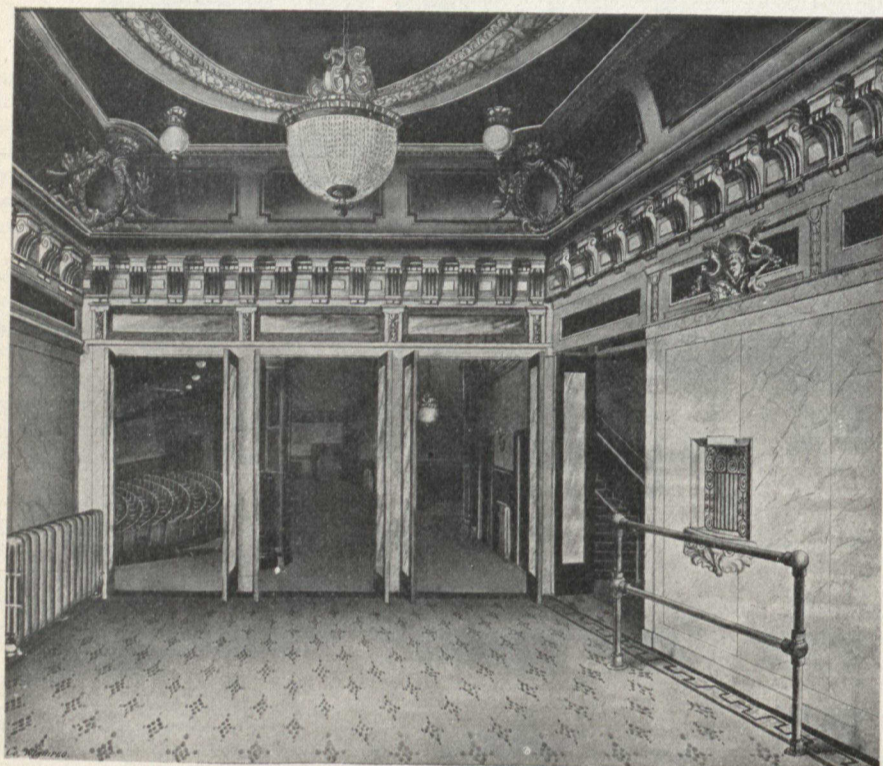
Moulton, of Chicago University. Amongst visitors of note who have addressed the Club during the past few months are the Bishop of London and Mr. J. S. Willison. The fostering of clean amateur sports has received special attention and the support of the Club in this direction has contributed much to the success of sporting events during the past year. Handsome trophies for competition have been offered to junior associations. The movement to improve municipal conditions, set on foot at a mass meeting for the discussion of municipal ownership, has borne fruit in the obliteration of much of the bitter party feeling which had formerly dominated civic elections. In the recent election, the leaders have met in a spirit of compromise to agree upon the best men regardless of politics.

The promotion of a Ladies' Club is at present being discussed. Dr. Wilson is deeply and sympathetically interested in such a movement, but the majority of the leading women feel that London is not large enough for another organisation and that the work outlined is covered by the National Council

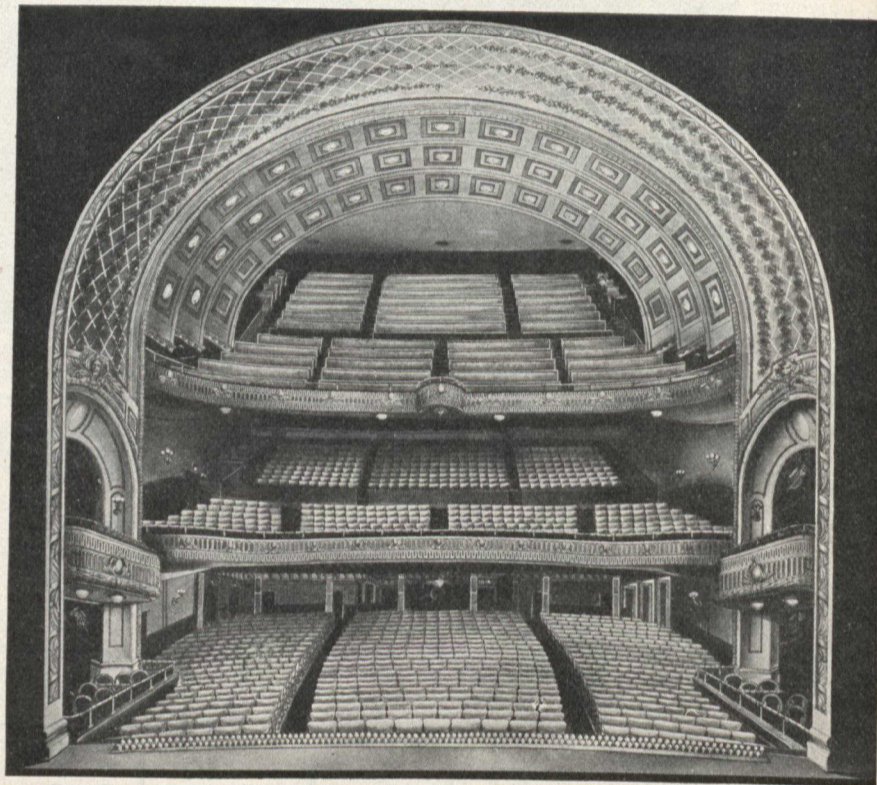
of Women and the affiliated society, the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire.

A leading Londoner suggested a federation of clubs, a central organisation of which all others would be affiliated societies. Circuits might be arranged whereby a number of clubs could reap the benefits of lectures from prominent men and not be entirely dependent upon addresses from occasional visitors. Conventions made up of representative delegates could be held to discuss questions of general interest and perhaps to suggest legislation. Such a parliament of laymen could do much to lighten the onerous duties of legislators.

In the good time coming when all politicians in Canada are statesmen; when partyism is banished from municipal elections; when each man values the franchise at its true worth; when every Canadian knows the history of his country; and when the most unmusical is able to stand patiently during the singing of the National Anthem, even at the risk of missing a car—then the Canadian Club of London will claim a due share of the credit.



Entrance to Walker Theatre, Winnipeg.



The Auditorium, Walker Theatre, Winnipeg.

# A WESTERN THEATRE.

By FLORENCE H. RANDAL.

IT is a far cry from Red River Hall, Winnipeg's first playhouse, opened in 1867, to the palatial place of amusement called after its manager and owner, C. P. Walker. In the former, people were requested not to stamp their heels, lest the place collapse, while in the Walker the balcony, seating 600 people, is destitute of post or support, this being achieved by heavy triangular trusses, cantilevered, making an exceedingly substantial and rigid, though costly, piece of construction. The masonry walls throughout, as well as the floors, are carried on a framework of steel resting on deep concrete foundations. The building cost a little over a quarter of a million dollars, exclusive of the price paid for the site. All the steel work is encased in concrete or terra cotta and the house is entirely fireproof. There are no columns or posts in any part of the house to obstruct the view, the upper gallery being carried from the roof with supporting rods. The truss which carries this gallery alone weighs forty-two tons. All the brick walls are hollow, making the building both warmer in winter and cooler in summer and the six inches of space thus obtained is utilised for the ventilating apparatus, which is not excelled in any theatre yet erected. The fresh air is drawn by two large fans from above the roof through large galvanised iron ducts to the basement, where it goes through a filter composed of running water over coke. It is then passed through a network of immense steam coils and forced up into the auditorium. Twenty cubic feet of pure air can in this way be allowed every occupant of the theatre, as the seating capacity is about two thousand.

The boxes are so arranged that two can be thrown into one for a large box party, if desired. The general scheme of decoration is very pleasing to the eye. Across the ceiling from the upper boxes run three garlands of maple leaves, the middle one being done in autumnal tints, and the others in green. Between acts some fifty electric lights in rosettes around the proscenium arch give the audience an opportunity to fully appreciate the beauty of the act drop, which shows a charming woodland scene. The stage is an exceptionally large one, being forty feet deep, eighty feet wide and seventy feet high, with a proscenium opening of thirty-five feet.

The panels in the walls of the main foyer are done in green silk tapestry, and that is the colour of the heavy velvet curtains dividing the auditorium from the foyer, also of the box draperies, which are richly embroidered in gold. The walls at the back of the boxes are covered with yellow silk tapestry. The green colour scheme harmonises well with the elegance of the weathered oak columns and general decoration, while the rich red of the carpets and opera chairs lend the necessary life and colour to the interior.

As for the class of plays given it may be sufficient to say that they are the Klaw and Erlanger attractions, similar to the offerings in the Princess Theatre, Toronto. The theatre was formally opened on Feb. 18th, 1907, with the Henry Savage Grand Opera production of "Madame Butterfly," in which Florence Easton and Francis MacLennan took part. Among other artists appearing have been Otis Skinner in "The Duel," Mrs. Leslie Carter, Viola Allen,

The Augustin Daly Musical Company, Lillian Russell, in "The Butterfly," Roselle Knott, McIntyre and Heath, Olga Nethersole, DeWolf Hopper, Frank Daniels, Mme. Schumann Heineck, Lhevinne, Kubelik, Marie Hall, William Faversham, Maude Fealy, Marie Cahill and Jennie Bushby, who played in "The Bishop's Carriage."

## The Call of the West.

By Celia Graham.

Blow me a whiff of the prairie grass  
Wet with the western rain,  
Give me the cry of the wild coyote  
Far out on the windy plain.

Show me a bunch of the new-lit stars  
Set in a close-hung sky,  
And let me lie near the dying fire  
With the river racing by.

Throw me a crust of stale brown bread,  
For gold give me a sigh  
But let me have only one day more  
On the plains before I die.





## A Sympathetic Account of the Nuptials of Bob and Bessie.

By GRACE E. DENISON.

THE "West Shore" trials and tribulations have been the bone of contention between statesmen interested in the prosperity of the Island of Newfoundland for many moons. That the West Shore is really the southern coast of Newfoundland is a detail which never troubles a native. For ages the south has been called the west, but the native knows just where it is, and bothers not his brains with misleading nomenclature. Beautiful beyond rivalry on this coast is Hermitage Bay, and the little nooks and coves and sea-ways that belong to it. And the people who live in these nooks and coves are primitive beyond belief of the stranger whom kind fate leads to know their ways, their blessed ignorance of forms and conventions, and their genuine, generous, hearty impulses, and great sensitiveness and shyness under criticism. Brave, self-denying, loyal, tender-hearted, patient and affectionate are the children of the little known precincts in which the little stretch I am about to write is located. Their simple, frugal lives, their happy philosophy and their goodness to one who strayed in among them, made learning to love them easy enough.

It was the evening of the tenth of September, "settling day," as it is called among the fisher folk, for then they receive the statement of their account from the storekeeper, and know whether they are ahead, or behind, or just able to keep a-going for the coming winter. The young folk are keenly interested in this matter, and when one knows that if the balance be on the wrong side, no orange blossoms will bloom on the bay shore, one can understand how they watch for the result of the additions and subtractions and divisions which have kept old Daniel and his clerk busy over their books for the past fortnight. This tenth of September, on which Bob and Bessie waited for the decision as to whether they should be married this fall, or wait another year, was, fortunately for them, a prosperous one. Bob had a substantial credit, Bessie's small trousseau was ready in the narrow japanned box which her great-grandmother had brought from Devonshire to the new world; nothing remained but to secure a minister, who would tie the nuptial knot as tight as the law allowed.

The small circle of their neighbours was exactly informed as to the state of affairs, and already Bessie's choice had been made of the four bride-girls, and also of the four bride-boys, on whose ample shoulders would rest the hard work of the bridal. For on the south shore of Newfoundland, among the more primitive inhabitants, one does not choose a bride-girl for her position, beauty or even friendship, so much as for her brawn and muscle, and a bride-girl who knows her business often passes by the man she personally prefers and invites as her helper on the august occasion some sturdy son of the sea, known to be extra handy and obliging in the use of his strength. Upon these bride-girls and boys devolves every preparation, culinary and decorative, and their united inventive genius is often hard put to meet the demands of wedding hospitality. As Bob and Bessie were very popular, the former as a visiting fisherman and the latter as a native of the bay-side, Bessie's father was supplicated by the bride-girls to deny nothing for the feast. Four sheep were knocked down, and the butcher had his hands full getting the carcasses ready for the roast and the stew-pot.

Bob had sailed off in search of a parson, and Bessie, her mother, her sisters and brothers were

turning their small dwelling out o' windows, improvising seats, gathering spruce boughs for the bride-girls to decorate the one room big enough to hold the bridal group, and knocking together temporary seats and tables for the service of the bridal feast, to which some eighty guests were to be bidden. On the south shore one can calculate to a unit, as it has never been known that anyone refused the invitation to such a festivity. The bride-girls baked piles of cakes, and choosing the best of all, sprinkled it with comfits and sugar, and made paper flowers to pin upon its sides. To secure a bit of that cake was the sacred duty of every maid, that, placed under her pillow, it might evoke visions of her own happy bridal yet to be. Tarts and cakes and berry pies and great loaves accumulated under the enthusiastic labours of the bride-girls, the bride-boys were dancing attendants, hustling for fire-wood, carrying the heavier loads, and chaffing one another in their simple rough humour, while the bride-girls beat, and rolled, and kneaded, and floured, and tried and browned with zeal untiring. It was dark night of the eve of the bridal when Bob sailed back to the bay. "Have him ary minister?" said the mother of Bessie, apprehensively. "Yis, sir, him have," shouted wee Dannie, from a high place of rock. "Him's a mighty wee minister, but him's there all safe."

\* \* \*

BOB and Bessie and her parents and the wee minister were all ready in the spruce-bowered room at seven of the clock next morning. The bride-girls had been up since five, tying the wedding soda-pudding, which was soon bobbing and boiling in a huge fish-kettle over a glowing out-door fire of dry logs, cosily packed within a circle of smooth boulders on which the fish-kettle was firmly poised, while wee Dannie fed the fire through an aperture in the stones to windward. Wee Dannie did not want to see the ceremony. He was sulky and sore at heart, for Bessie was going down the shore to bide, and she was Dannie's very best loved sister. So he tended the roaring fire and nursed his grief, while the minister, in a high-toned drawl, read the prayers and pledged either to other. Then a bride-boy rowed the little minister out to sea to catch the mail boat, and Bob and Bessie, man and wife, started forth, hand in hand, to invite the guests to the bridal dinner. For that's the way on the South Shore. A personal bidding is the only correct invitation, and should the much-excited pair unhappily overlook one remote or too familiar friend, such a one would never dream of attending the festival, no matter how he or she was supplicated later on. Bob and Bessie forgot no one; in their joy and content they even invited Mad Hagarty and his two dirty-faced daughters who had not for years been recognised by the scandalised community. Bob looked very fine and very uncomfortable in his best suit; Bessie was the dearest little bride, golden-haired and blue-eyed with cheeks like roses, and her curls all ablow in the saucy sea breeze, as she trudged bare-headed and clinging to her husband's hand for miles along the shore.

After five hours' hard tramping, the bride and groom returned, many of the guests having reached the rendezvous ahead of them, and others quickly following, so that by one o'clock everyone had arrived. The bride-girls had cut hundreds of slices of cake, the bride-boys had carved scores of pieces of mutton, the tarts were heaped high on the table

and there only remained the task of unpotting the soda pudding. Very carefully the pot was swung off the fire by the sturdy bride-girls, and each seized a corner of the sheet in which the pudding reposed, to lift it out. It rose to the caving rim of the kettle and there it stuck.

"'Tis a wonderful light puddin'," said the first bride-girl.

"Maybe Sue's put too much sody in she."

"Take a big breath, and pull hard, and get she out directly," said Sue shortly.

"The bridegroom's rare fond o' sody. I asked he, an' so I put a bit more, maybe." But taking long breaths, and pulling hard and strong couldn't budge the soda-pudding from its lair, so the bride-boys were called and each clasped his bride-girl by the waist and all eight pulled mightily, but in vain. Sue's face was crimson, and from every pore she wept mortified moisture. "Sure, niver was such a thing before, not to git the sody-puddin' out o' the pot," she wailed. "I can pull no more, Eleazer. Take your arms from round I." Dannie, watching round-eyed and open-mouthed, rushed to his father. "Sue can nary way git the bride puddin' out o' the pot. What's to be did, father?"

The bride's father looked at the panting octette, and a grim smile stole across his weather-beaten face. "How, lad, we'll maybe ding the pot," he said resignedly. "Hike off an' fetch th' axe." So the axe was brought and the bride-boys dinged the pot, and the soda-pudding was snatched from its fragments and borne in triumph to the serving-table. Then the most important guests, twenty in all, for that was all the plates available, gathered about the board, where each was confronted with a heaped plate of fish, mutton, vegetables, and, atop of all, a generous slice of soda-pudding, smothered in a flood of molasses. Such eatings, and such drinkings of tea, sweetened with 'lasses and innocent of milk, such hustling of bride-girls and bride-boys to wash the plates and cutlery and pile up fresh eatables for the second table, and the third, and the fourth!

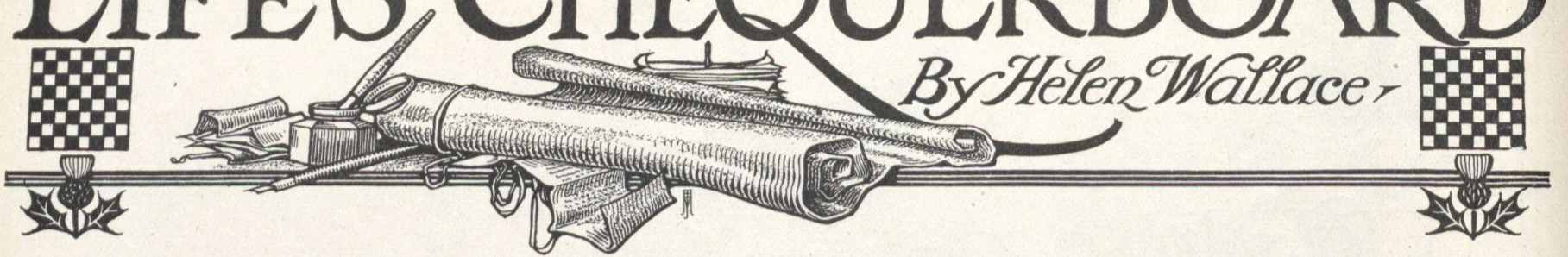
There was one passage-at-arms between Sue, the first bride-girl, and the dirty daughters of Mad Hagarty. "Here, you girls, gie's a help and wash up for the fourth table," cried Sue, staggering with her load of plates and exhausted strength. "We be asked guests, an' you be bride-girls, an' 'tis you to wash the plates," retorted the dirty daughters of Mad Hagarty. Sue looked fiercely at the pariahs. "Well said," she muttered wrathfully, "and 'tis to the bride-girls to fill the plates too, and there will none be washed or filled by we for such as you, asked guests or other."

So the daughters uncurled themselves from their perch in the moss and set to vigorously, and washed the twenty plates speedily, for they were starving. At the fourth table were all the wretched, the disreputable and such outcasts as Mad Hagarty and his frowsy twins. But there were the same heaped plates and the same kindly service for them, though when the last seat was vacated and the reserve store for the eight hard workers was gaily set before them by eager volunteers, Sue voiced the sentiment of the four bride-maids by crying hysterically, "Mother o' Moses, but I be fitter to sleep than to eat!" However, she and her helpers did eat, and later on danced with the bride-boys, while in the fair full moonlight, Bob and Bessie sailed out around the point to the house of Bob's father where the golden dream of a love that one sees often in Newfoundland began for him and for her.



# LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



Resume: Lady Marchmont and her grandniece, Lesley, are visiting the former's nephew, Richard Skene, at "Strode," his Scottish home. They withdraw from the dining-room, after Lady Marchmont has pled with her nephew to forgive an erring member of the family. Mr. Skene's lawyer, Dalmahoy, ventures to refer to this injury of many years before. The offender, Adrian Skene, the son of Richard's cousin, had refused years before to marry Lesley and the old lawyer advises his friend to alter his will. Mr. Skene tells of how Adrian had won Mary Erskine, the girl whom he had loved, and the emotion called up by this recital of past wrongs proves too much for his failing strength. He falls to the floor and dies of an attack of heart trouble. Lesley Home, after her uncle's death, dreads the prospect of meeting Adrian again. Adrian arrives and is greeted warmly. At the reading of the will it is found that the property is left to him, on condition that he marries Lesley. Otherwise the latter becomes owner of "Strode." In the excitement following this announcement, Adrian's wife appears. Lesley wishes Adrian to accept position of manager of the Strode estate. The latter accepts and informs his wife, Alys, a shallow and rather disappointing young person, of his new position with which she is naturally delighted since Adrian had not been successful as a London journalist. Sir Neil Wedderburne, one of the trustees, is dissatisfied with Adrian's management and shows plainly that he desires Lesley to become his wife. In the meantime, Alys becomes restless and discontented with the quiet life of "Strode." One day, while looking over some old papers, Alys comes upon an unsigned will which gave "Strode" to Adrian. She forges the signature and places the will among papers which Lesley Home is to examine. The latter finds the will and arranges for a meeting of legal authorities.



LESLEY will be there, of course, and she has far more at stake than me. The suspense will be all the greater for her. If the will is wastepaper, then we are no worse off than we are, except that I must leave Strode, though in any case I had meant to do so—"

The words had slipped from him before he had realised that they were spoken, but before he could say any more, Alys burst out:

"You meant to leave Strode! Oh, Adrian, why do you keep things from me? Oh, if I had known—if I had known!"

"Alys, my dear wife, what do I keep from you?" said Adrian, gravely, though with a stabbing consciousness that there was one bitter truth he must keep from her till his last breath if he could. He could not understand this sudden emotion, but Alys had surprised him in many ways of late. "Our staying here was only an experiment. I don't think it has answered very well, and I don't know if you, any more than I, have been very happy here. I had just come to this decision when this affair of the will turned up, and everything must hang upon that. But if it turns out to be only another pretty bubble broken, would it make you very miserable to go back to Mostyn Mansions? At least we could live our own lives there; surely that would be something dear."

Adrian did not know that every word was a barb planted in his wife's heart. Alys clung to him in an anguish which he could not divine. Within the past few days she had been learning what a great gulf is fixed between the hither and the further side of a mortal temptation. One step, and there is no going back for evermore. Now it seemed to her that all which she had madly coveted, the wealth and ease, the pomp and place, ay, and the revenge on the woman who had supplanted her, were but as the small dust of the balance. To have Adrian to herself again, to have the hope of regaining his love, that had finally weighted the scale, and now—now she might have had that without—without—

A tap at the door was followed by Soames's colourless, respectful voice:

"Beg pardon, sir, but Mr. Ferrier desired me to say that, if perfectly convenient for you, he is waiting in the library."

Alys moved towards the door like a sleep-walker, but Adrian closed it upon Soames and caught her hand.

"My dear Alys, don't go as if you were being led to execution," trying to laugh, though his own pulses were not too steady. "Ferrier can't drag you anywhere against your will, and most certainly I won't. I fancy he merely thought you would like to hear for yourself, but you had far better stay quietly here," drawing a chair nearer for her, "and I promise I shall bring you the news at once, whatever it may be."

He tried to draw Alys into the chair, but she suddenly shook off his hand.

"No, it would be worse waiting here alone," she said; "I shall go and hear for myself."

## CHAPTER XII.

As, with a hasty word of apology, Adrian entered the library with his wife, he was conscious that his heart was beating with heavy, sickening thuds. For once life seemed to have turned its pages backwards, and, save for a slight change in the actors, the former scene in this room seemed about to be repeated. Involuntarily he glanced at the door, half expecting to see that starting apparition of Alys's slim, black figure, but to-day she was sunk in the depths of one of the big leather chairs by his side.

Mr. Dalmahoy's place was filled by a tall, thin man, as neutral-tinted as one of his own calf-bound law books. His sharp face lacked the genial humanity which tempered the keenness of his partner's, nor had he the same close links of friendship for his clients at Strode. Now, as then, Lord Palmont, with his eye-glass—none could think of the one without the other—and Sir Neil Wedderburne were present. With Lady Marchmont and Lesley, they were already seated on the further side of the writing table when Adrian and his wife entered, and he had an odd fleeting sense that the little company seemed divided into two camps—he and Alys ranged against the others.

But the vague fancy swiftly flickered out before the issues at stake. Adrian had taken one blow manfully, but a second would be harder to bear. He had striven to maintain a neutral mind, but in spite of reason and resolve, he was inclining—and he knew it—to the belief that the will was genuine. The thought of dispossessing Lesley which had prompted his quixotic impulse in the Round Room was hateful to him, but while he had no desire for riches, five mortal years of the mill-round had taught him that it is only a fool who despises the power of money. To him it would give freedom from ungrateful toil, time and breathing space to do the work he was fitted for, deliverance from haunting, harassing care. Now was this liberty to be granted him, or must he bow his neck to the yoke again? A moment would tell, for with a little preliminary legal cough Mr. Ferrier prepared to speak.

"I have asked only the immediate members of the family to be present who have been actually in the house since Mr. Richard Skene's death, or rather, I should say, his funeral, as this document which I now hold in my hand calls for some further inquiry. The trustees are also necessarily present, but I know that, if needful, I can wholly count upon their discretion," with a glance toward Lord Palmont and Sir Neil, who responded with mechanical bows. What was to follow this surprising beginning?

"My partner," went on Mr. Ferrier, in his dry, colourless voice, "who is more conversant than I with the affairs of Strode, is, I regret to state, too ill for me to consult with him on the matter, but I am aware that he had our late client's positive assurance that all important documents were in our hands or in the library here, which doubtless led to a less thorough examination of the other repositories of the deceased, which I am sure Mr. Dalmahoy would be the first to deplore. Your letter, Miss Home, explains the finding of this document in a bureau

in the Round Room, which, I understand, adjoins the late Mr. Skene's dressing-room. May I ask how the keys came into your possession? Pardon me," as Lesley opened astonished eyes, "I have a reason for the question."

"Mr. Dalmahoy gave them to me along with some others when he left here after the funeral," said Lesley.

"And they were in his possession or your own until, with the assistance of Mr. Adrian Skene, you began a week ago to examine and destroy the old letters?"

"No," said Lesley, a sudden note of discomfort in her voice.

"No," struck in Adrian, in the same breath, "Miss Home gave me the keys a few days previously and asked me to keep them until we should have time to look over the papers together."

Mr. Ferrier turned his cold gaze upon the young man.

"And have you any reason to suppose that anyone could have had access to the keys while they were in your charge, so that the bureau could be tampered with?"

"Really, I can't say," said Adrian. "I admit that I did not take very special care of them. I did not keep them under lock and key, as I never dreamed there was anything of importance in the bureau. But is there any question of tampering? Why are you asking these questions?" with a sudden touch of haughtiness.

"I am making these very necessary inquiries," said Mr. Ferrier slowly, "because, while the body of the will is a genuine document, the signature is—forged!"

Forged! The word was like the plunging fall of a stone into deep water. Blank amazement, dumb consternation, held everyone silent for a moment, then "Forged!" was echoed in every tone of disbelief and wonder.

Adrian set his teeth. The bubble of vain hopes had burst with a vengeance, for, fool that he was, he had allowed himself to hope. A shuddering sigh, like the breath that precedes dissolution, came from the depths of Alys's chair, and he turned anxiously towards her. Her face was turned away, pressed against the dull buff leather of the chair. He could only see the waxen curve of one cheek and a delicate ear under a wave of russet hair. He would fain have put his hand on hers, and murmured some word of cheer, but inborn reticence forbade, and pride wished that she could have presented a braver front—cruel though the blow was. But for the moment its smart was almost forgotten in amazement at the manner in which it had fallen.

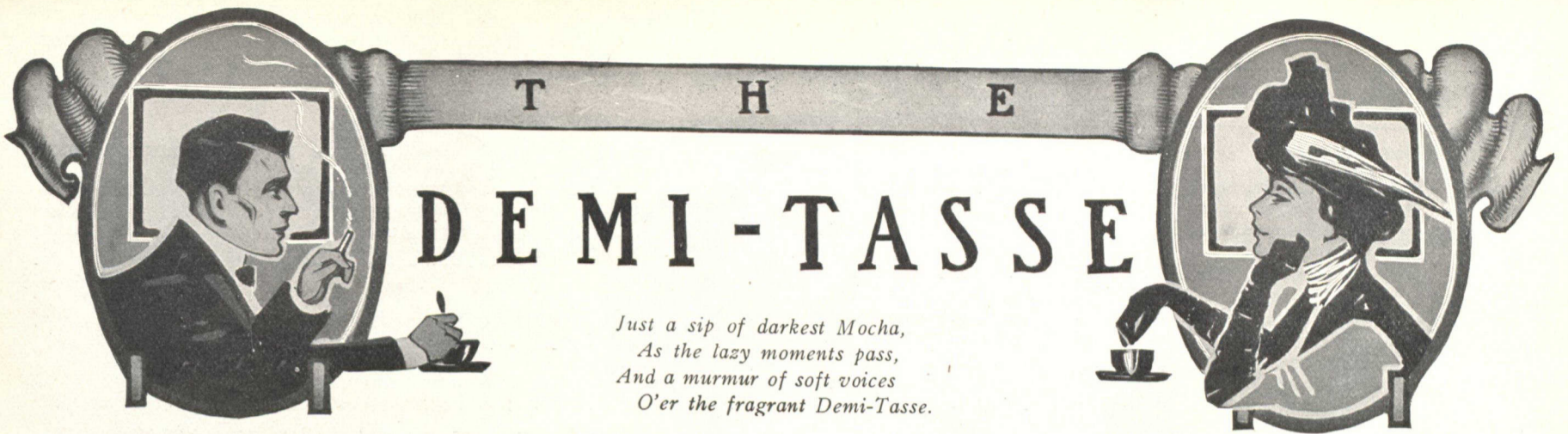
"Dear—dear—dear!" fussed Lord Palmont. "You are quite sure of this, Mr. Ferrier? How could it be done?"

"That is what we have to discover, but of the fact there is no doubt whatever. The forgery is cleverly executed. At the first glance I was almost deceived by it, but a closer scrutiny aroused some doubt, and as this was confirmed by our head clerk, who has charge of all the Strode papers, I submitted it to two eminent experts, both of whom have unhesitatingly pronounced it to be a forgery. Your second question is harder to answer, Lord Palmont. Those keys, I am assured, were never out of the possession of the deceased in his lifetime, but it is inconceivable that the forgery could have been executed before his death or before the contents of the will were made known. Immediately after the death Mr. Dalmahoy assumed charge of all the deceased's keys and private effects. On leaving he gave the keys to Miss Home, and Miss Home, as we have just heard, passed them on to Mr. Adrian Skene. May I ask you, Miss Home, if you think it possible that anyone could have got access to the keys while they were in your care?"

"No," faltered Lesley, battling for a desperate moment with the temptation to admit some carelessness. Something monstrous, wholly inconceivable, but which yet would have to be faced, was looming up dark before her, and before each man and woman present. "Like my cousin, I understood that there

(Continued on page 16)





# THE DEMI-TASSE

*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,  
As the lazy moments pass,  
And a murmur of soft voices  
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*

## TIMELY RHYMES.

There was a bright member called Ames,  
Who made quite obstreperous claims  
To see the display  
Of some documents gay,  
And called foxy Frank wicked names.

The stately old steamer *Montrose*  
Has brought, as the news will disclose,  
To our friendly young land  
A Hungarian band—  
But the foreigners say they are froze.

What a very great treat it would be,  
To sit down to afternoon tea  
And listen to words  
From that rarest of birds—  
A real live Toronto K. C.

## HER QUALIFICATIONS.

**BOOKKEEPER:** "Miss Smith, the new stenographer, is just crazy to go on the stage."  
**Manager:** "She would make a better actress than a stenographer."  
**Bookkeeper:** "What makes you think so?"  
**Manager:** "Her typewriting."



**Another Japanese Love-Letter to John Bull.**  
The Big Fellow—"Very interesting! I can't read the language, but no doubt it's something affectionate."  
—Bradley in the Chicago Daily News.

## ONTARIO ENGLISH.

**MR. W. S. ELLIS**, Principal of the Kingston Collegiate Institute, was recently misreported by a newspaper which made that gentleman speak in disparaging fashion of certain Kingston trustees and aldermen, who made practical protest against the alleged remarks. Mr. Ellis has made it quite plain that it was the paper man who "got it all wrong."

However, it was a Kingston trustee who was charged with saying that "we should play the part of the good *Sarmatian*." But it was a Kingston Collegiate teacher who was said to have remarked to his class: "The bells has rang; so there ain't no time to learn you another proposition." A Toronto member of the Ontario Legislature, with a like happy disregard of academic rules, solemnly said: "Mr. Speaker, I should not have arose to speak on this question; but I feel that we have went too far."

## WIT AT THE POLL.

**IN** 1892, says M. A. P., Lord Albemarle, or Lord Bury, as he then was, entered Parliament as Conservative member for Birkenhead, and his

opponent on that occasion was Mr. Lever, the head of the well-known soap firm. Shortly before the election, Mr. Lever issued a poster, having upon it the words: "Vote for Lever and swim with the flowing tide."

Lord Bury was determined to cap this, and promptly issued another poster, with the inscription: "Vote for Bury and dam the flowing tide."

## A LITTLE LETTER.

**A** STORY told in Halifax of a witty Nova Scotian relates that years ago over the barristers' door, when the court was held in the Province building, the words "Robing Room," were inscribed upon a sign board. Some wag added another letter "b," so that it was made to read "Robbing Room," which annoyed the lawyers very much. When Doyle came along he remarked: "No wonder at the annoyance, for the sting is in the 'bee.'"

## A SURPRISE FOR THE PREMIER.

**A** STORY upon St. John is told by a St. John man. It appears that when the deputation from St. John went to Ottawa some years ago to urge the importance of granting subsidies for a trans-Atlantic steamship line, Mr. P— was one of the deputation. Each member of the deputation had spoken and each delegate appeared to say two words for himself and one for St. John. Finally it came to Mr. P.'s turn, and in his stately manner and measured tones he said:

"I am here, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, to endeavour to get a steamer subsidy for St. John. I want you to particularly notice that I am not here looking for anything for myself."

The Premier replied: "Mr. P., I would like to have your photograph."

"You shall have it, Sir Mackenzie, if you promise to put it up in your office."

"I shall do that, Mr. P.," said Sir Mackenzie. "and every time I look at it I shall say to myself there is the portrait of one man from St. John, N.B., who did not want something for himself."

## HE KNEW.

**THE** minister was addressing the Sunday school. "Children, I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world," he said. "What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing, rhythmically all your life long?"

During the pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard: "I know; it's the gas meter."

## TO THE LADY OF THE TUBS.

**I** PROMISE thee that some day I will come  
In answer to thy oft-repeated dun,  
And in thy eager hands I then will lay  
The dollars ten I've owed for many a day.  
I will not censure thee for rips and tears  
For e'en the socks that now thy husband wears.  
Yes, some day in the dim futurity  
I'll pay it all, I promise thee.

—Yale Record.

## THOSE CLEVER GERMANS.

**SAID** a W.C.T.U. member: "When I was crossing the Atlantic last summer I asked Mark Twain his opinion of the prohibition law.

"I am a friend of temperance, and want it to succeed," he said, "but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans, you see, prevent it. Look at them. I am sorry to learn that they have just invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now what chance will prohibition have when

a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy smashes out of the shingles on his roof or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs off the kitchen chairs?"

This story is vouched for by no less an authority than the Rochester "Herald," which tells more good yarns in less time than any other paper on the south shore of Lake Ontario. But, to carry this wooden problem a little further, some men would only need to put their heads together in order to produce a beautiful inebriation.

## PART OF THE HALO.

**WHEN** Sheriff Dolan faces the final tribunal he may find awaiting him testimony for the defence none the less effective because of its unconscious humour. A few days ago he was approached by an elderly man of some refinement, who told a harrowing tale of destitution and his ineffectual pursuit of the elusive dollar in times of financial stringency. His clothing, he pointed out, was reduced to rags and his shoes were pitiful wrecks. Would Mr. Dolan kindly lend a helping hand? "Larry" would. Impressed with the needy condition of the old fellow, the sheriff hastily provided him with a meal ticket, engaged a room, and concluded his bounty with a gift of warm but partially worn clothing. The unfortunate man was staggered at the cloudburst of generosity, and when the last gifts, a pair of discarded trousers and a pair of shoes, arrived, he took his pen to thank his donor. Sheriff Dolan was startled by the following letter: "Accept my thanks, kind sir, for your kindness to a needy, friendless old man. The pants and pair of shoes arrived to-night and I am now wearing them. May your noble gifts be entwined in the laurel wreath of your good deeds in heaven."—The Argonaut.

## STRANGE.

An Irish country doctor, conversing with a friend about the high rate of mortality then prevailing, remarked: "Bedad, there are people dying who never died before."

## THE DIFFERENCE.

**AN** English immigrant who has recently come to Toronto was informed for the sixteenth time since his arrival in that courteous town that an Englishman never sees a joke.

"He frequently sees a joke," said the son of Albion, "but in this country he seldom hears one."



"An Unsolicited Testimonial."

"Gentlemen: After a good dinner I know of nothing more enjoyable than one of your cigars." Yours faithfully  
P. Morgan.—Pall Mall Magazine.



## Life's Chequerboard.

(Continued from page 14)

was nothing of any special importance in the bureau, or in my uncle's rooms, but I put all the keys into my jewel-case."

"Then we can only regret that Mr. Skene did not exercise the same care," said the lawyer drily.

For a moment Adrian made no reply. His pride would have taken fire at Mr. Ferrier's tone, but the matter was too serious for such personal considerations, and he was absorbed in the effort to recall what he had done with the keys after Lesley had given them to him. He had been culpably careless, certainly, but who could have dreamed that such a reckoning would be demanded for a little harmless heedlessness. He had found them in his pocket, and had put them into a drawer of his dressing-table, but who was likely to be in his dressing-room save the servants or—good God! no—not that!

"Come, Mr. Skene," broke in Mr. Ferrier with a subtle change of tone, "have you no suggestion to make? I am sure that no one can be more anxious than yourself that this distressing business should be cleared up. It seems impossible to doubt that the contents of the bureau were examined, this hitherto unknown document found, and the forgery executed, which, pardon me saying it, so entirely alters the relative positions of yourself and Miss Home, and all this while the keys were—well, nominally in your possession. I surely need not say another word."

He would never had space to utter so much, but, as Adrian Skene would have sprung to his feet and flung back the barely-veiled accusation and the hideous doubt with it, Alys drew herself out of the depths of her chair and turned to her husband. Every eye was turned on Adrian, expecting that hot and instant repudiation, but a dead and dreadful silence fell and lengthened, for in that decisive moment, big with the fate of his name and honour, he saw nothing but his wife's face.

And that face! The mediæval frescoes of the tortures of the damned now strike the note of the grotesque rather than the awful, and yet amid the rout of writhing forms and busy demons there stands out some face, stamped not only with helpless, shrinking horror, with frantic, despairing appeal, but with such a realising of utter hopeless loss that the careless smile of the onlooker dies away and the blood chills.

And as his wife leaned towards him with that despair, that vain appeal in her little waxen face, her grey eyes wells of anguish, Adrian Skene's heart turned to stone within him. The hot words which had sprung to his lips froze there, as the blood seemed slowly freezing in his veins.

It was Alys, his own wife, who had done this thing, the woman whom he had taken to himself for better, for worse, who now cried to him out of her own voiceless torment. What was he to do?

What but the one thing could a man do! And yet if it had been his life she had claimed instead of this—this—

It was his life she asked—the life of an honourable man amid his fellows—what did the tarnished remainder matter? There and then he took his farewell of it, looked his last upon familiar faces, faces on which he no more than the dead could hope to look upon again—the woman he loved—the upright, honest man who loved her—who was now his judge—

The wonder in Lesley's eyes grew to distress, in Sir Neil's to doubt as blank despair dulled the dark, elo-

quent face. The silence, so portentous to Adrian, grew intolerable.

"Adrian—you are a Skene—remember that!" came thin and strained from Lady Marchmont as the wind might shrill through a dry reed.

Sir Neil sprang to his feet. With all his heart he loved the fair woman beside him. Instinct told him that more than aught else, early memories and, it might be, something softer and tenderer stood between him and his desire. Yet because he truly loved, he forgot himself for that moment, and divined what Lesley was feeling. Things look black enough, but since *she* cared for the man he couldn't have done this thing.

"Skene, for God's sake, speak!" he exclaimed. "We can't but see what Ferrier is driving at, but none of us believe it—it *can't* be—it isn't possible, but speak—deny it!"

The vibrant echoes of the appeal had time to throb out and die into the silence before from stiff lips there came the answer in two words:

"I—can't."

Not another word was uttered. Even to Lord Palmont the shock was too great. A faint gasp from Alys passed unheeded. For the moment she was forgotten.

Adrian did not lift his eyes. Like enough he saw nothing of it at the moment, but that fleur-de-lys on the faded carpet at his feet was branded on his memory for ever. If he had wronged her in thought though never in intent, verily it was a full cup which Alys, his wife, had wrung out and put to his lips. But that cup was not yet drunk to the dregs, no, nor ever would be till life had run out. Before even Mr. Ferrier had recovered himself enough to ask what was to follow, Adrian rose and said heavily:

"There is nothing more to say. I am in your hands—you can do with me as you think, but you will find me in my room when—when you have decided."

Putting out a groping hand, as if the full, cold daylight were darkness, he moved towards the door without looking round. The high dark head was sunk, the shoulders seemed to stoop, already under their load of shame.

Was this her Cousin Adrian who had flung that lying paper into the fire, and would have watched it burn with a smile? It couldn't be—no one man was capable of the two actions. He—or they—must be under some monstrous delusion. Before he could reach the door Lesley had sprung forward to his side, and seized his arm with the clutch as of one drowning.

"Adrian!" she cried in a voice which none there ever forgot, and which told its own story.

Alys, who had fallen back as if in a stupor, sat suddenly erect, the pinched terror of her face crossed by some other emotion, hard to read, but none had eyes for her.

"Adrian, you must not, you shall not go! You have not done this thing—you could not do it—I will never believe it. You said you could not deny it—God knows what you mean, but I challenge you"—the brown eyes were ablaze with passionate, desperate appeal—"look me in the face, and say that you did—then—I shall let you go."

Like the shudder that runs through a tree before its final crashing fall, when the trunk has been all but severed by the axe, a quiver ran through Adrian's tall figure. For one instant he lifted the dark anguish of his gaze in a last look, then the words came, one by one:

"You must—let—me—go."

It was time flesh and blood could endure no more. Lesley fell back as if he had struck her on the face. Alys, who sat breathing hard, a red spot

## Surprise



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\$150 Persian Lamb Jackets,  
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surprise price, \$41.

\$55 Natural Muskrat Jackets,  
as per illustration; surprise  
price, \$41.50.



\$60 Royal Ermine Muffs,  
surprise price, \$47.50.

\$100 Canadian Mink Sets,  
surprise price, \$73.50.

\$15 Alaska Sable Scarfs,  
very large, with 10 tails;  
surprise price, \$11.00.

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15 cents per can or two cans for 25 cents.

## SNAP COMPANY LIMITED, Montreal

like the impress of a bruising finger upon each cheek-bone, dropped with a faint cry back into her chair.

"Poor child—poor child—none of us have been thinking how terrible this is for her!" exclaimed Lord Palmont.

Adrian mechanically stooped over her, as if he would have lifted her from the chair, but Lesley suddenly stepped between.

"Don't touch her, she shall be my care. Go—since you must," she said hoarsely.

And Adrian Skene went, leaving behind him love and honour and all for which a man gives his life-blood and counts it a light thing.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Through the lowered sunblinds the June sunlight was filtering into a room which, in its elegant bareness, the last word of the modern revolt from over-ornamentation and over-furnishing, might have served as a background for one of Orchardson's pictures. The resemblance would have been complete had its two occupants, instead of the man's conventional

frock-coat and the girl's gauzy white draperies, worn eighteenth century dress. Under such a title as "*Solitude a deux*," it would have made a very charming *genre* picture, a graceful embodiment of that old story which never fails to touch and to please, to awaken the sigh and the smile of memory or of hope. But the strained anxiety, the hardly-suppressed passion on Sir Neil Wedderburne's face were emotions too keen and visible for such pleasant drawing-room art.

He had succeeded in persuading Lesley to accept his sister's eagerly-urged invitation to spend some weeks of the season with her, and had meant to be content for the moment with seeing Miss Home and Lady Marchmont installed in Mrs. Kenyon's pretty London house—a victory indeed to his persistence. But with more sympathy than prudence, Agatha Kenyon had chosen to efface herself this afternoon, and from the friendly talk which long habit had made so easy and familiar between Lesley and himself, Sir Neil found himself hurried, he hardly knew how, into hot avowal of the love which had grown strong in silence.

(To be continued)



# PEOPLE, PLACES AND PROGRESS



Art Critic in the Woods.

the backwoods farmers, prospecting with the axe and the pick, is the head of the celebrated firm of Duveen Bros. of London and New York, who hold the world's record for the purchase of works of high art. Recently in Paris Mr. Duveen bought the famous Kanne collection of art treasures for several million dollars. A few days ago he arrived in New York to inspect American collections of Rembrandts. But in all his career of dealings in high art Mr. Duveen assured the writer that he never had so good a time as he had up in the woods of Hastings with a pick over his shoulder. In the picture he is standing at the left. The gentleman to the right is Mr. Allom, who has a perpetual contract for the decorations of Marlborough Castle and does a great deal of the most luxurious decoration contracts in New York. Mr. Allom had the contract for the famous Pierpont Morgan library, valued at \$500,000.

THREE years ago a polished Englishman wearing a tie-pin worth fifteen hundred dollars drifted into Toronto from the woods in Hastings County, Ontario. He had been looking over the rocks for precious stones and marble — both of which he found in large quantities. The stone was known as blue sodalite, and the marble was said to be better than the famous Carrara. Mr. Joseph Duveen, the English gentleman who for two weeks bunked among

know, who carries so much as a stick or a revolver. We trust these men, and they respect the trust. We used to lock them up in the workhouse in the city, and we put them at pulling brushes, a laborious and confining work. We now put them on this beautiful farm. They live out of doors. We have a splendid quarry from which we can build miles of roads, and lay the foundations of our buildings. We will supply the city hospitals, infirmary, and other institutions with good milk, with fresh vegetables. We can also supply the police and fire departments with hay and grain. We restore the prisoner's self-respect. He grows strong by outdoor work. He goes back to life again able to meet the temptations which the city offers. And a very large percentage of these men never come back."

A FEW weeks ago that eminent ex-Canadian, James J. Hill, said that New York had reached its limit in the world's shipping and that in future the increase in water-shipping to the Atlantic must be via the St. Lawrence. In his annual report to the New York State Government, Superintendent of Public Works Stevens recommends that Congress be memorialised at its next session to join with New York State in constructing a new deep waterway from Lake Ontario to the Hudson. This is to offset the proposed Canadian scheme of a canal from Georgian Bay to Montreal. Mr. Hill thinks that the Hudson cannot hope to compete with the St. Lawrence. Mr. Stevens thinks that the St. Lawrence ought not to be allowed to become a serious competitor with the Hudson. The Georgian Bay waterway, via the French River, Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa River, makes a total canal scheme of 440 miles of which all but 357 miles are navigable water, leaving a balance of 31 miles of the French River to be canalised at a cost of \$13,799,589, and 55.5 miles of river improvement. This is practically retracing backwards the famous voyage of Champlain and another proof that the great carrier highways whether by land or water on this continent stick pretty close to the routes of the red man. This route with a saving of distance by 806 miles over the route via New York is second in future importance to the ultimate Hudson's Bay route with a saving of more than a thousand miles as compared with the St. Lawrence route. A secondary United States scheme puts the Hudson still further in competition with the St. Lawrence route by a waterway from Montreal to New York by way of the Richelieu River, Lake Champlain and the Hudson. At the United States end of Lake Champlain this would cost \$30,000,000 and \$7,000,000 at the Canadian end. The whole of the capital for this project has been subscribed.

LORD STRATHCONA is one of the heaviest subscribers to the capital stock of the London "Times," which has lately passed under the control of C. Arthur Pearson. For sixty-four years Strathcona has been a stock-holder in the "Times." He got his first stock certificates before he entered the wilds of Labrador as a boy clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company. In those days, though perhaps not the most distant, he was at least the most hard-to-get-at subscriber the Thunderer ever had. He was so far by dog trail and ice pack from the ocean liners that carried the paper across the Atlantic that he got the daily but once a year. Then he got a huge bundle of "Times"—three hundred in a pack—enough to keep the inhabitants of the Fort reading for a whole year till the next package came in on the dog sleighs.

SASKATCHEWAN farmers are up in arms against the extension of Manitoba's boundary. They want the big province to have its share of the railway outlet to Hudson's Bay—a position all the more significant in view of the amendments under consideration in Parliament to transfer important railway powers to the Provinces. They do not believe that Manitoba should have a monopoly of the northern sea shore. Saskatchewan is a fighting province. It was at Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, that the first shots were fired in the Riel Rebellion. Fort Carlton, Battleford, Prince Albert, Fish Creek, Cut Knife Creek, Batoche and Fort Pitt—all these centres of war paint and gunpowder in 1885 were in Saskatchewan. In those days it was the Metis fighting for the land against the settler, on the assumption that the Lone Land was too big to be measured and farmed. Now it is the farmer clamouring against giving a railway monopoly to a sister province whose standing complaint is that she has not room enough for her population. An historical coincidence—Honore Jaxon, who heads the Saskatchewan farmers in this claim, was the man who as secretary of the Metis Council in 1885 signed the demand of the Metis upon Fort Carlton to surrender—and Fort Carlton is the home of the delegation that wants to buck Manitoba on the extension!

IT has been recently proposed in Canada to move jails to the country in order to give the inmates a chance to get reformation by working on the land. The Cleveland Farm Colony is the latest enterprise along that line, administered by Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland and Dr. Cooley, a clergyman. The farm has nineteen hundred acres. The prisoners work on the land without guards, stockades or enclosures. Explaining the system Mr. Cooley says:

"There is no one about the place, so far as I

SEVEN thousand Doukhobors will probably "hit the trail" in the spring. Their tyrannical leaders have put these innocent people who dwell in the

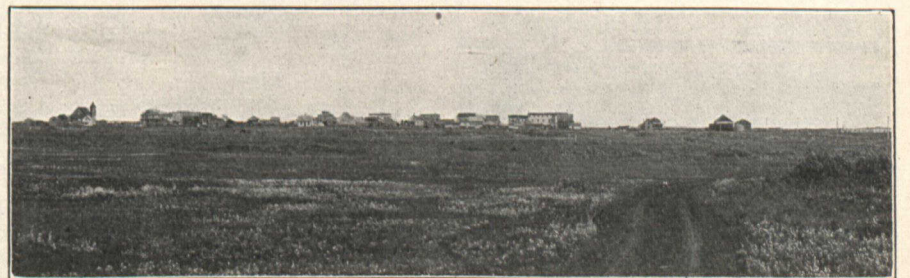


Some who will be marching in the Spring.

quaint mud villages on such fantastic regimen of diet and clothes that the poor wretches can no longer stand it. The sacredness of animal life is the main tenet in their religion that causes the trouble. According to this article in their creed they are not permitted to work horses and oxen, must not kill in order to eat, and must not wear anything which cost the life of an animal to get. They have even been ordered to sell fifteen thousand sheep given them by the Quakers; chickens have been sold and tea and coffee have been put on the animal list. The picture on this page was taken when these people were happy in their villages and when some of their women were still hauling the plough.

SASKATCHEWAN is likely to add to its chain of folk settlements a French-Canadian colony. Up to the present Alberta has most of the French-speaking people outside of Manitoba. She has the Galicians and Saskatchewan the Doukhobors; Alberta has the Mormons and Saskatchewan the Mennonites. Most of the Icelanders are in Manitoba. The only distinctly English colony that ever settled in the West has been divided between the two provinces. Lloydminster is the boundary between Saskatchewan and Alberta. The situation has some complications. In Alberta last summer the Government declared a close season for prairie chicken. In Saskatchewan the season was open. A man might stand in Alberta and legally shoot a chicken in Saskatchewan; but if he stood in Saskatchewan and shot a chicken in Alberta he was liable to a fine.

LIKE a jumble of packing-cases against the prairie sky-line glimmers the new town of Daysland which has just furnished a Conservative candidate for the House of Commons. Mr. E. W. Day, the new candidate for Strathcona, founded the town two years ago last October along the Wetaskiwin-Saskatoon line of the C.P.R., where the company represented by Mr. Day bought 120,000 acres of land. This town with the poetic name has another poetic rival—Camrose, twenty miles up the line.



Daysland—A new metropolis in the wheat belt.

FROM Charlottetown to Prince Rupert is likely to be the railway measure of Canada instead of the old reach from Halifax to Vancouver. Two Boston architects are on their way to Prince Rupert—the city without a railway—to make—on paper—a model city of the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus. They expect to emulate Washington. Mr. Alex. Martin, M.P., of Queen's, Prince Edward Island, has lately been in New York finding out the probable cost of a railway tunnel from the mainland to Prince Edward Island. Prince Edward was a more modern prince than Prince Rupert, but the Island has all the history, while Prince Rupert with its model city enterprise lays claim to most of the prospect. The editor of the Charlottetown "Examiner" has been looking backward. He discovers that fifteen years ago the Island had no debt; that to-day the Island owes nearly a million dollars. The debts of Prince Rupert are all to come. A model city without a civic debt would be a paradox. Last year every farmer on Prince Edward Island had to pay two dollars interest charges. The Island needs better roads and schools. Mr. Martin states that in the most easterly province of the Dominion at present only ninety-eight out of a total of 143 post-offices have a daily mail service. Charlottetown and Prince Rupert are both cities of the future. By the time the tunnel is built—which Mr. Martin says can be done at less cost than the Harlem River tunnel or the Pennsylvania Railway tunnel—Prince Rupert will likely be finding out what it costs to be a model city.

With a population anywhere between five hundred and a thousand, depending on by whom and when the last census was taken, Daysland has four churches, a newspaper and an automobile; a Board of Trade and a hospital—and an offer from Mr. Day to found a public park and a fair grounds with a race track and a band-stand. The commercial traveller who stays in Daysland over Sunday goes out hunting coyotes near the town. Last summer a steam plow was tearing up the buffalo trails on the edge of the corporation. In his address to the electors at Strathcona Mr. Day advocated Government steam plows to assist farmers in breaking land after they had complied with homestead regulations. He also suggested that the Government might borrow money at 3 1-2 per cent and make advances to farmers.



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## The Greatest Bank.

IN the February number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" is an interesting article, "Glimpses of London City," by Sir William Treloar, ex-Lord Mayor of London. In the story of great London institutions the author comes naturally to the Bank of England, the synonym for British solidity.

"Who is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?" She is one of the very near neighbours of the Mansion House, and lives just across the way—in the Bank of England.

"May I not fairly claim for this institution the title of a 'wonder'? It occupies a very central position in the city, entirely filling an 'island' site, surrounded by thoroughfares with entrances upon each side. Originally the Bank began operations at one of the City Companies' halls—that of the Grocers in the Poultry. This was on January 1st, 1695, and it stopped payment in the year following. The capital was then increased to £2,201,171. Just a hundred years later, in 1797, the Bank again experienced panic, owing to the report that French troops had landed in Wales.

"The Bank, upon removing from Grocers' Hall, in 1734, held such small premises in the house and garden of Sir John Houblon that they were quite invisible from the street, the entrance being through an arched court, surrounded by a church, taverns, and private houses. The church was that of St. Christopher, and its churchyard is now an enclosed garden which forms one of the most curious, because unexpected, features

of the city. The windows of the famous Bank Parlour look upon it.

"Dividend day until quite recently presented curious scenes at the Bank of England, when stockholders of every degree, and from all parts of the country, were accustomed to collect their warrants and sign the ledgers. To-day these warrants, representing interest upon Consols, Indian, Colonial and Municipal stocks, inscribed at the Bank of England, are transmitted by post to the proper persons.

"I do not know why the Bank is popularly called the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street,' but the story is told that in the early part of the last century, when 'the Green Man,' 'the Lady in Black,' and other oddities notorious for some peculiarity of dress, were well known in the city, the 'White Lady of Threadneedle Street' was a daily visitor to the Bank of England.

"She was, it is said, the sister to a poor young clerk who had forged the signature to a transfer-warrant, and who was hanged in 1809. She had been a needle-worker for an army contractor, and lived with her brother and an old aunt in the city. Her mind became affected at her brother's disgraceful death, and every day after, at noon, she used to cross the Rotunda to the pay counter.

"Her one unvarying question was: 'Is my brother, Mr. Frederick, here to-day?'

"The invariable answer was, 'No, miss, not to-day.'

"She seldom remained above five minutes, and her last words always were: 'Give my love to him when he returns I will call to-morrow.'"

## LATEST MILITIA AWARDS.

G.O. 3.—JANUARY, 1908.

### DECORATIONS AND MEDALS.

#### THE COLONIAL AUXILIARY FORCES LONG SERVICE MEDAL.

The undermentioned are awarded the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long Service Medal, under the provisions of the Royal Warrant, dated 18th May, 1899, and General Order 132 of November, 1901:—

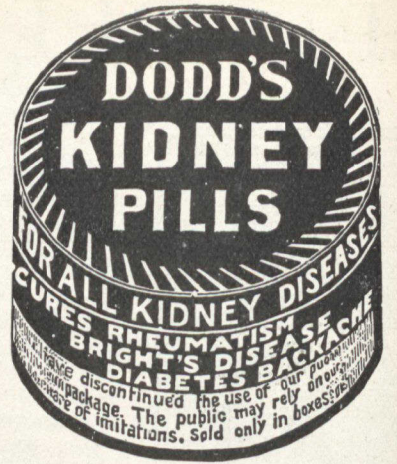
| RANK.                          | NAME.                 | CORPS.              |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Lieut.-Col. ....               | George Acheson....    | 2nd Inf. Brigade.   |
| "                              | Robert Starke .....   | 3rd Infantry Regt.  |
| Major and Hon.                 |                       |                     |
| Lieut.-Col. ....               | R. W. Garrett.....    | 14th " "            |
| Major and Hon.                 |                       |                     |
| Lieut.-Col. ....               | R. H. Phillimore....  | 7th Hussars.        |
| Major.....                     | F. W. Fisher.....     | 3rd Infantry Regt.  |
| "                              | L. J. Gilbert.....    | 7th Hussars.        |
| "                              | W. H. Gray.....       | 71st Infantry Regt. |
| "                              | E. A. Le Bel.....     | 9th " "             |
| Captain.....                   | L. P. H. Bourk.....   | 80th " "            |
| "                              | G. D. Fearman.....    | 13th " "            |
| "                              | L. B. Leard.....      | 82nd " "            |
| Lieut. ....                    | A. H. Rounthwaite..   | 13th Battery, C.A.  |
| Paymaster and                  |                       |                     |
| Hon. Major... R. S. Hays ..... |                       | 33rd Infantry Regt. |
| Battery Sergt.                 |                       |                     |
| Major.....                     | John McGregor.....    | 11th Battery, C.A.  |
| Battery Sergt.-                |                       |                     |
| Major.....                     | John Robertson....    | 11th " "            |
| Sergt .....                    | R. M. Balkwill.....   | 2nd Dragoons.       |
| "                              | James Boles .....     | 11th Battery, C.A.  |
| "                              | J. J. McPherson ..... | 11th " "            |
| Corporal.....                  | Thomas Lang.....      | 1st Infantry Regt.  |
| Gunner.....                    | Alex. McKechnie....   | 11th Battery, C.A.  |
| Driver.....                    | Edward Kinsella....   | 11th " "            |
| Private.....                   | Hilarion Giguere ..   | 65th Infantry Regt. |
| "                              | W. R. Pringle.....    | 2nd Dragoons.       |

G.O. 4.—JANUARY, 1908.

#### LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officers of the Permanent Force have been granted a medal for long service and good conduct:—

- No. 17, Conductor (w.o.) Robert Dalley, Canadian Ordnance Corps. (H.Q. 51-7-89).
- No. 74, Squadron Sergeant-Major Alfred Richard Skinner, Royal Canadian Dragoons. (H.Q. 51-7-92).
- No. 1924, Corporal Joseph Laflamme, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery. (H.Q. 51-7-89).



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Wurzburger  
Beer**

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Berlin Ontario**



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## LITERARY NOTES

### UNIVERSITY LECTURES.

THE establishment of a course of Saturday afternoon lectures is an excellent proceeding on the part of Canadian universities. The University of Toronto has arranged an unusually good programme this season, of which the first feature was a lecture by Professor MacNaughton of Queen's University, Kingston, on "Browning and History." Professor MacNaughton is a speaker who combines Celtic warmth of spirit with a scholarly finish of expression. In his Toronto address, he gave an exposition of Browning's relation to historic development which was entirely free from the laboured psychology that occasionally obscures the Browning lecture. The poem "Cleon," which has hardly come into its own, was mentioned as an instance of the great poet's illumination of another age. That wonderful historic imagination which gave Browning to understand the Early Christian philosophy, the mediaeval Spanish monasticism, the aesthetic flowering of the Italian Renaissance and the spiritual groping of an Arabian physician of the first century, was finely illustrated by the lecturer, who naturally showed a slight leaning to the Greek.

Professor William James, at a meeting of the Association of American Alumnae at Radcliffe College, recently spoke on "The Social Value of the College-Bred," and among other advisory remarks, warned his hearers against the *nil admirari* spirit, declaring: "Real culture lives by sympathies and admirations, not by dislikes and disdains—under all misleading wrappings it pounces unerringly upon the human core. If a college, through the inferior human influences that have grown regnant there, fails to catch the robust tone, its failure is colossal, for its social function stops." In such an essentially manly and invigorating address as that delivered by the Queen's professor, we find the human core which belongs to the fruit of this genuine culture.

\* \* \*



COLERIDGE'S OLD HOME.

An influential movement is now being made, the purpose of which is to acquire Coleridge's House at Nether Stowey for the British people.

\* \* \*

### "ICHABOD"—THE *TIMES* MOTTO.

THE great change in English journalistic circles, the transference of the London *Times* to the control of Mr. Arthur Pearson, has occasioned general editorial comment in the United States, of which none is more illuminating than an article, "Journalism in America and England," in the San Francisco *Argonaut*. In Great Britain, the smallness of the country insures that a newspaper printed at London at three o'clock in the morning shall be carried and distributed to its readers near the northern limits of Scotland by noon of the same day. In England there is but one social and political centre. The English parcels-post system enables the remotest provincial to order from a London store on one day and receive the goods on the following day at a very small cost for carriage. This naturally is a stimulant to the London advertiser. The final consideration is the intense traditional conservatism of the British people which leads them to cling to one paper year after year, unfolding it every morning with a sense of comfortable recognition of familiar type and columns.

American conditions, as described by the Californian journalist, may be said to apply to Canada also. The vast stretch of a continent makes the supremacy of one journal practically impossible. We also have no one centre, "in which the interests of all the country are consciously represented." The mail order business is also a limited affair and the Canadian is midway between the Englishman who "takes in" one particular journal and the United States citizen who is fonder of a change than of a rest. Another broad distinction may apply to the Dominion. "American journalism addresses the multitude and caters especially to what we may call the popular elements of society because it is precisely these elements that patronise the bargain counter, the hand-me-down clothing shop and the patent medicine bottle."

"English journalism, on the other hand, has, until very recently, been addressed exclusively to the educated and property class. Your English editor is a conservative by instinct, because his readers are among the conservative classes of society. It is only within a relatively short time that the masses of English people have read the newspapers at all.

"The sale of the *Times* to a publisher of the 'popular type' is indicative of a change which has been coming on this ten years past in England. The tendency, political and social, is towards democracy, and with it there has come to the business of journalism a broadening of its field and a lowering of its standards. This is why the journalism of John Walter and John Delane has given way before the journalism of Arthur Pearson and Alfred Harmsworth."

# MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

"Out-Door Children" are healthy, happy, well developed children, the rose bloom on their cheeks tells the tale. Careful mothers daily use

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to guard tender skins from the effect of winter wind and weather, thus insuring a smooth, clear, healthy complexion. Use Mennen's after bathing and after shaving. In the nursery it is indispensable.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample Free.

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE inquiry in Toronto musical circles for the past week has been in colloquial form: "Have you got your tickets for the Mendelssohn?" The concerts on the 10th, 11th, 12th and 15th will hardly accommodate all who desire to hear the Choir which captured New York critics and drew from a Boston editor an expression of desire that the Canadian chorus should visit the city of the New England Conservatory. However, it is not the intention to go beyond Buffalo this year, where a concert will be given in Convention Hall on the 24th. It is especially comforting to a Canadian heart to witness the enthusiasm with which thousands of Buffalonians greet the members of the "Mendelssohn." These singers evoke the most enduring kind of international harmony and have made friends, in both the musical and personal sense of the word, in the city whose German burghers are most discriminating critics. Whenever an unusually vociferous admirer is seen, one discovers, nine times out of ten, that he is a Teuton who would scorn to call Mr. A. S. Vogt by any title but "Herr."

The programmes for next week have been extensively published and show the catholicity of choice and admirable balance of style which have always marked the conductor's methods. It has been a development of great interest to those who remember the early days when two consecutive concerts were considered a grave risk and an orchestra was an undreamed extravagance. With every confidence in finer achievement than ever, the public looks forward to next Monday night.

Some critics used to complain that Thomas was cold; but they never could say that of the effects he got from his orchestra. The truth was that he was a superb drill-master and had his men in perfect control; besides he was a profound musical scholar. Mr. Stock has never been in Canada, and to many Canadians he has been something of a wonder; for it was generally supposed that after Caesar died no one in America would be big enough to succeed him—especially the veteran's own concert-master. In Chicago Mr. Stock has come in for occasional criticism for having given the public a greater variety of lighter works than Thomas ever permitted them. But there is nothing the Thomas Orchestra cannot play in competition with any such organisation in America. New York of course is partial to two or three of the best bands in that town, and some of the Gotham critics have even joined with Boston to give the American premiership, for technique at least, to the Boston Symphony. There are those, however, who if they should hear the Thomas and the Boston Symphony successively without seeing the men would be unable to tell which was which—unless for the tone-colouring; for the Boston Symphony under Gericke became a superb machine.

\* \* \*

THE Elgar Choir of Hamilton of which Mr. Bruce Carey is conductor will give a concert in Massey Hall, Toronto, on February 28th. The reputation of this organisation is for musicianly work and a large audience may be expected. The assisting soloist will be Madame Marcella Sembrich who is to fulfil several Canadian engagements this month.

\* \* \*

MR. JAMES S. METCALFE, the dramatic editor of *New York Life*, the unflinching opponent of the methods of the Theatrical Trust, has been announced by the James B. Pond Lyceum Bureau for a limited number of lectures on "The Theatre" during February, March and early April. The University of Toronto gave the public the pleasure of hearing Mr. Clyde Fitch, the playwright. There is no dramatic exponent on this continent who can speak with more authority than Mr. Metcalfe and it is to be hoped that sometime he may be induced to address a Canadian audience.

\* \* \*

FROM Windsor, Ontario, comes an account of the successful production of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" by the Choral Society under Mr. H. Whorlow Bull. The soloists engaged for the occasion were Mr. W. Bertram Beer from Wisconsin, Mrs. Littlefield and Mrs. Arthur Warren of Detroit. In the second part of the programme the chorus sang Sir Edward Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." A large number of Detroiters "crossed the river" to attend the concert which was altogether highly creditable to Windsor's musical enterprise.

\* \* \*

EASTERN CANADA is quite familiar with the vocal ability of Mr. Herbert Witherspoon of New York who has sung in Montreal on several occasions and has been associated with the Mendelssohn Choir concerts in Toronto. Mr. Witherspoon has recently been giving recitals on the west coast of the continent, from San Francisco up to Victoria, B.C. The citizens of the British Columbian capital have developed considerable musical ambition when local societies bring to the Victoria theatre such an artist as Mr. Witherspoon who will be heartily welcomed by an Ontario audience whenever the best-laid plans of managers allow of his return.

\* \* \*

WRITING in the *Argonaut*, "Flaneur" of New York says of the first appearance of the great Italian singer: "It almost seemed as though Madame Tetrassini coquetted with her audience with an almost indifferent assurance that she could give them their heart's desire. And they certainly had it. Passing from the restraint which marked her opening notes she allowed her voice to use its utmost compass before the curtain fell upon the first act, and if there had been any possible doubt of her success it was dispelled by the tempest of applause that broke out from every part of the house amid a scene of wild enthusiasm, of which mere noise was the least conspicuous part. Women stripped the flowers from their costumes and rained them upon the stage, and it almost seemed as though the footlights themselves would be an insufficient barrier to the testimonials of delight in which the immense crowd was unanimous. The singer herself showed an almost childish delight. She laughed aloud and tried with a bewitching confusion to gather up the flowers that strewed the stage while at the same time kissing her hands to every part of the theatre. It was an ovation that might have been envied by any singer the world has ever known. The Manhattan has never seen anything more tumultuously emphatic."

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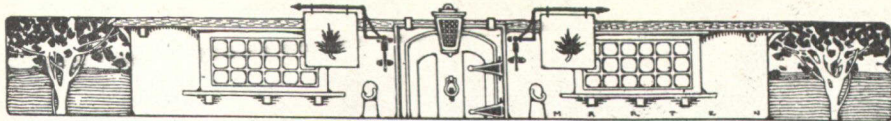
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

ANYONE who is familiar with the work of women's "book clubs" in the United States is aware that a great deal has been accomplished by them in the study of the works of native authors. In this matter they are an example to Canadians who so far have been not too well-informed regarding their own history and writers of their own land. A Canadian woman recently objected to such work in a small society in the protest: "There is no romance in Canadian history." Yet that very woman was looking as she spoke towards the site of an old fort where, a century ago, Indians came with their simple wares and which had witnessed many a scene of savage barter and warfare. It is taking no risk to say that the speaker was deplorably ignorant of the subject she considered unromantic. The names of Radisson, Frontenac, Lalement and Pontiac meant nothing to her unpatriotic soul. And yet there is such a wealth of historic lore in this wide country where the French missionaries preached three centuries ago and where the trade wars of the west afford as stirring a chronicle as any pioneer story! It has remained for a New England historian to write the most graphic description of our early settlement and conflict.

During the last fortnight, "Katherine Hale," a woman journalist whose reviews are well-known, gave an address on the subject, "Canadian Literature," which showed that the modern Canadian writer of verse or fiction is not without honour in foreign circles, whatever may be his fate in his own land. There are many Canadian women who rave over Corelli or Gertrude Atherton who have not read "Set in Authority," a better novel than either the English-woman or the Californian has written, and the work of a Canadian author. There are also Canadian women who become sentimental over the slushy songs of Ella Wheeler Wilcox but who know nothing of the poems of Isabel Valancy Crawford, Ethelwyn Wetherald or Wilfred Campbell. Is it not time for the Canadian women's clubs to consider the writers of our own country and to encourage the young generation to become better acquainted with them? No one would assert that a poor Canadian writer is to be studied in preference to a worthy foreign novelist or poet. But we have erred on the other side in the past and have allowed "our own" to go unrecognised and unpraised. Let us take a leaf, even if it is not a maple, from our New England cousin's book.

MRS. COBDEN-SANDERSON, daughter of Richard Cobden and a suffragette who has been arrested for the "cause," has been visiting New York where she has said several things to the enterprising interviewer. The distinguished Englishwoman stated that she was surprised to find that the women of the United States do not talk politics. She was also surprised, no doubt, to learn that the fair New Yorker is not at all anxious to have a vote—in fact, hardly considers the question at all. Of course she does not. She has so much more that is worth while that she would consider it a waste of energy to worry about the franchise. If Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson were to cross the border, get successfully past those horrid Customs officers at Niagara and reach Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, would she find the women of Canada more given to political conversation than the women of New York or Buffalo? I think she would; and yet the daughter of Richard Cobden would probably think us sadly lacking in zeal about woman suffrage. Cannot we conjure up a grievance in this cold, February weather and attack Premier Whitney on the opening of the Ontario Legislature, demanding votes in the manner of those English freaks who have made Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's life a burden? It would certainly cause a sensation and give the papers something new to write about. Premier Whitney, who is an honest man with a somewhat Celtic temper, would be quite capable of telling the vote-seekers to go home and look after the dinner. And what would be the discomfiture of that gallant Irishman, Hon. J. J. Foy, if a band of suffragettes presented a demand for the franchise?

THERE is something exceedingly pitiful about Ouida's lonely death and burial. Most of us read "Under Two Flags" ere we were sweet sixteen and fell hopelessly in love with the Guardsman and wept over the heroic end of wilful little Cigarette. Much that Ouida has written will be swiftly forgotten but two of her short stories should live: "Two Little Wooden Shoes" and "A Dog of Flanders." There is a piercing pathos about the story of Nello and his faithful Patrasche that makes the two patient figures entirely unforgettable. A tragedy of childhood is the worst of all and yet one is glad that such a story was written, for it is one of those glimpses which help one to understand the untold miseries.

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 The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs,  
 Two boiled potatoes passed through kitchen sieve  
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give;  
 Let onions lurk within the bowl,  
 And, half suspected, animate the whole,  
 Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,  
 Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;  
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault  
 To add a double quantity of salt;  
 Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,  
 And twice with vinegar procured from town;  
 And lastly, o'er the flavoured compound toss  
 A magic soupcon of anchovy sauce,  
 O green and glorious! O herbaceous treat!  
 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;  
 Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,  
 And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl;  
 Serenely full, the epicure woul say,  
 "Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day."  
 —Sidney Smith, in "What to Eat."

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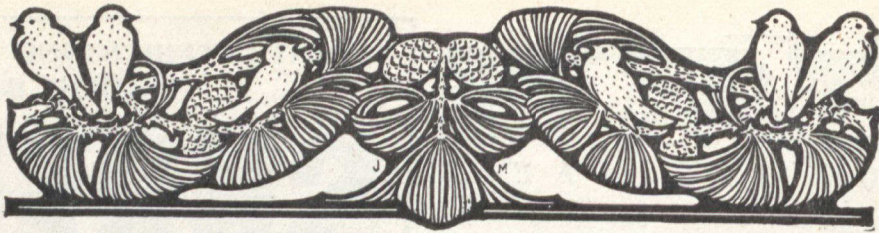
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FOR THE CHILDREN  
THE YOUNGEST HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE youngest Hippopotamus sat frowning on the bank,  
While his sisters and his brothers were sporting in the rushes,  
While his father a refreshing draught of Niger water drank,  
And his mother cooled her forehead, brown with burning summer flushes.

The youngest Hippopotamus at times would tap his brow,  
And then again, at other times, he'd move his lips and mutter;  
He glanced crossly at his brothers, as if worried by their row,  
And 'twas clear that he was thinking, though his thoughts he didn't utter.

The youngest Hippopotamus behaved in such a way  
That his father grew quite anxious—and his fond and careful mother.

"Our poor child has something on his mind—that's evident," they say;  
"Come, now, Hippy dear, out with it, or you certainly will smother!"

The youngest Hippopotamus had ready his reply,  
And he gave it to his parents without hesitating fusses;

"It's a little point of grammar," he responded, with a sigh:  
"Oh, which are we—HIPPOPOTAMI, or HIPPOPOTAMUSSES?"  
—Felix Leigh in "Little Folks."

\* \* \*

MOTHER HUBBARD.  
BY GERARD SMITH.  
(With apologies to the memories of Longfellow and Omar and to Kipling and Henry James.)

IN the cupboard Mother Hubbard  
Kept her store of meat and victuals

And she kept a faithful canine  
And the canine's name was Fido.  
When they felt the pangs of hunger  
She would hie her to the cupboard  
There to find the juicy beefsteak.  
Then she'd cook it on the fire  
And she'd give the bone to Fido.  
Happy, happy Mother Hubbard,  
Happy, happy little Fido!

But one day in depth of winter  
When she hied her to the cupboard  
It was absolutely empty!  
Naught there was for Mother Hubbard,

Likewise there was naught for Fido.  
Oh! unhappy Mother Hubbard!  
Oh! unhappy little Fido!

\* \* \*

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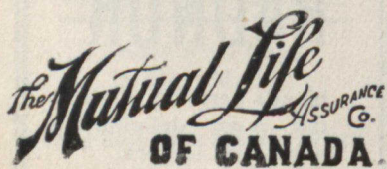
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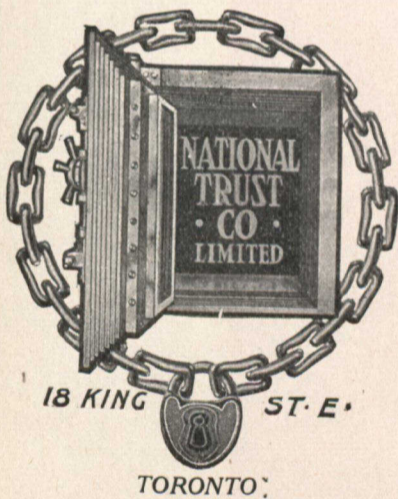
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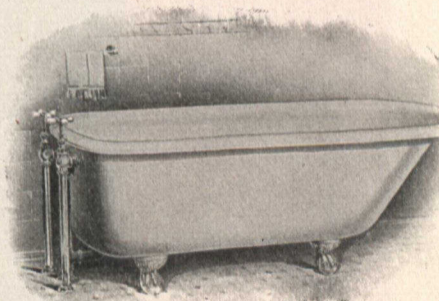
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National reputation,  
worn

Write for  
samples and

from Coast to Coast.

Measurement Chart

DEPT "D"

**FRANK BRODERICK & Co.**  
**TORONTO, CANADA.**