

# The Canadian Courier

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The Caribou Hunter

Drawn by Arthur Heming


EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
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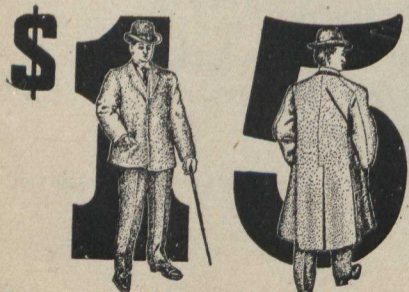
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# THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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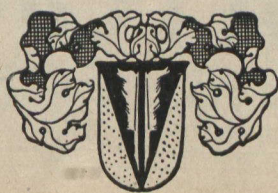
## PUBLISHERS' TALK

THIS week's cover design is by one of the best known nature artists. Mr. Heming's work has been used in all the leading periodicals of the Anglo-Saxon world. His home is in Hamilton, but he has studied in London and has a studio in New York. Other cover designs from the same brush will appear at intervals during the year.

NEXT week, Professor S. J. McLean will contribute an important article on "The Universities and Canada's Foreign Trade." This will be based upon Mr. Sifton's speech in the House last week. Prof. McLean is a skilful writer and his experiences in the United States, where he lived for some years, and in Europe where he pursued his post-graduate investigations, enable him to speak with some degree of authority.

A SECOND article on the Canadian police forces will follow the one in this issue. Some "old-time" photographs will add to the interest of the second article.

LAST year, as the result of a competition the Courier sent a young man to Toronto University and paid all his expenses for the year. Next fall, we hope to send three young men, one to Queen's, one to McGill and one to Toronto. If there are smart young men in the other Universities, it is just possible that one of these may have a similar opportunity. The full particulars concerning these competitions will be sent on application.



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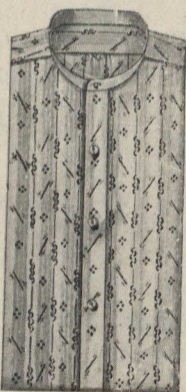
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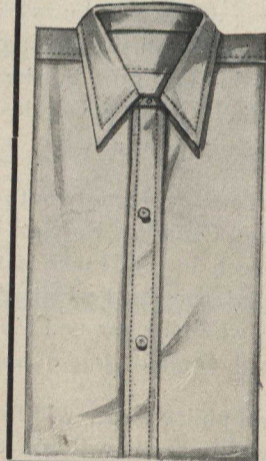


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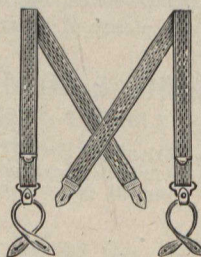


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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

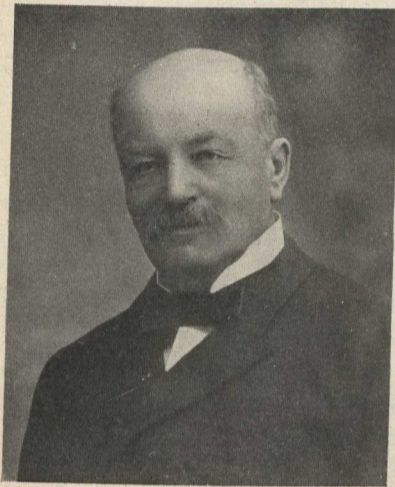
Vol. III.

Toronto, March 28th, 1908.

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No. 17

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Sir Alexander Lacoste

THE head of the Conservative Executive Committee for the Province of Quebec is one of the strong characters in politics. Sir Alexander Lacoste has somewhat reversed the ordinary process of evolution by proceeding from the Bench to the Forum. He is an ex-Chief Justice of Quebec; and he has brought the weight and judicial dignity of the Bench into politics. At first sight the ex-Chief Justice is not impressive. His forehead is wrinkled up, from the brows to the centre; down, from the front elevation of his skull. The corrugations meet in an apex, leaving two V shapes, full of fine lines of thought, extending to the ears. The whole is overtopped by a shiny bald head. What

hair is left is of iron gray. The eyebrows are half circles in straw colour, now uplifted, again expanded, according to the upward or downward direction of his gaze. The eyes themselves are mild, but fearless, in their gaze. They contain the idea of a brain, both skilled and massive. Massive hardly gives the meaning; ponderous, perhaps, would better convey the impression. The mouth is large, compression of the lips being absent, almost painfully so. But there is a tightening of the huge jaws. Then one sees the full pose of massive head, the decision, the firmness, the capacity for discreet and tactful domination. Whatever else the man's mouth may spell it is neither weakness nor vacillation. The head rests, not ungracefully, on a pair of powerful shoulders. One may, perhaps, wish the neck were longer. The figure is short, thick-set, stocky and not altogether free from corpulency.

When Sir Alexander stands, he bends slightly forward. His hands are in his pockets. He thoughtfully gazes straight ahead. He speaks slowly, convincingly—one knows he is in earnest; and one goes to the heart of the matter. Fact, logic, illumination and judgment follow each other from subject to subject. The business comes to an end. "I will see you to-morrow," says the ex-Chief Justice. He has evolved work for his interviewer and a mission for himself as a result of the meeting. Sir Alexander advocates purity in elections and practical measures to stamp out campaign corruption. He is healing factional sores; disposing of questions that keep so-called "leaders" apart, or sulking in their tents. His name has fame, and his fame is fair. He is a most valuable asset in party counsels, disarming the criticism of political opponents and teaching the value of cohesion in the ranks of the Opposition of his native province.

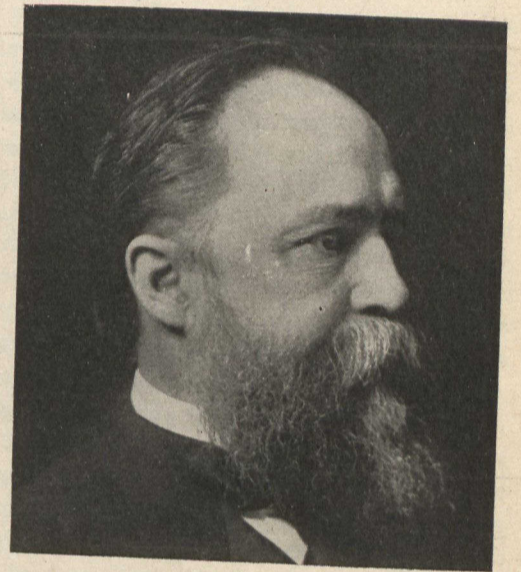
\* \* \*

TWO Hamilton gentlemen, Messrs. R. C. and A. B. Mackay, have effected what is said to be the largest steamship consolidation on the lakes outside of the railway steamship companies. The fleet of carriers controlled by this Inland Navigation Company with Mr. A. B. Mackay as manager will include ten large ships and a

number of dock properties. Six steamship companies are involved in the merger. The dock properties are at Hamilton, Montreal and Sault Ste. Marie.

\* \* \*

MR. B. E. WALKER, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has aroused some speculative criticism down East by his remarks concerning the Tercentenary at Quebec. Mr. Walker is a member of the National Battlefields Commission appointed by the Canadian Government to look after the major business of this celebration. Down in Halifax the other day Mr. Walker was credited with the statement that the Quebec Tercentenary would not be merely a Canadian but an Imperial celebration; that the centre of the Empire would for the moment be shifted to the St. Lawrence. Mr. Armand Lavergne



Mr. Byron E. Walker

brought this up in the House of Commons and asked the Prime Minister what it might mean. The Premier replied that Mr. Walker had no Government authority for any such statement. The probability seems to be that the suggestion credited to Mr. Walker emanated in part at least from Earl Grey, who in a conversation with that gentleman not long ago in Ottawa made the remark that Canada might some day become the effective seat of Empire. Mr. Walker has also given his opinion regarding the loan made by the Government to the banks for the moving of the crops last fall. He justifies the loan on the ground that Canadian crop conditions are such that a large bulk of

crop money is needed at one time and is not spread over a large part of the year as is the case with countries having a great variety of staple crops maturing at different seasons of the year.

\* \* \*

THE new Chief Justice of New Brunswick—Hon. F. E. Barker—has been honoured by his countrymen by a banquet in St. John, in recognition of his recent elevation to the Chief Justiceship in succession to Chief Justice Tuck. Judge Barker is one of the most prominent men in his province—prominent by force of character, public attainments and scholarship. He has served a long term in public office and may be set down as one of the modern makers of New Brunswick. He is within a year of the three-score years and ten, but has yet a long career of usefulness ahead of him.

Meanwhile his achievements have been varied and many in number. He has always taken an interest in educational work, and was for many years a member of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick, and also secretary and treasurer, and for a time president of the Associated Alumni of that institution. He was one of the board of governors of the Girls' Church School at Windsor, N.S. When the present school law was passed, he was appointed a member of the Portland school board. He also served a short term as chairman of the Board of School Trustees of the City of St. John.



The King of Spain at the wheel of his automobile, acknowledging the greetings of some of his subjects.

# REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

SEVENTY minutes were all that were required by the Hon. Mr. Sifton, on Friday of last week, to make the greatest speech that has been heard in the House of Commons this session. Mr. Graham's speech on the Government railways, and Mr. Fielding's speech on the Budget, were worthy efforts, but Mr. Sifton freed from departmental responsibilities and statistics was able to touch several subjects with a freedom and a conciseness which are unusual.

## A SPEAKER AND A SPEECH

He declared for a thoroughly organised consular service which would stimulate foreign trade; for civil service reform which would take patronage out of the hands of politicians and members of Parliament; for the throwing open of unallotted railway lands to homesteaders; for the building of a Hudson Bay railway out of the funds realised from the sale of Western lands; for private ownership of all great undertakings so long as these are well-managed; and for the All-Red Route. In dealing with each of these topics he was practical and not theoretical. His facts were well-chosen and almost convincing. He gave his reasons in each case clearly and forcibly. The whole effort was statesmanlike in an unusual degree.

When one reads that speech, he understands why Mr. Sifton does not care to again become the holder of a portfolio. He has found that there is more air outside. To get a proper perspective of Canada's great problems, one should not be hampered by party shibboleths and party necessities. A member of a Dominion Cabinet or a leader of the Opposition may know the truth and may be anxious to follow it, but he is condemned to consider the effect of his utterances and actions on the party's fortunes. Mr. Sifton slipped off the lasso a few years ago and he prefers freedom to bondage. He is as anxious as ever to serve Canada, but prefers to do it as a publicist rather than as a politician.

The speech also shows, what most of us have realised, that Mr. Sifton's forte is constructive work, not criticism. In his mental attitude, he recalls Hon. George Brown and Sir John Macdonald when they were working on Confederation. He has not the rhetoric of the Hon. Joseph Howe but he has much the same type of vision and is more practical. He would build up a nation as business men would found a great bank or create a transcontinental railway system.

THE fact that Australia is free from the near competition of any large industrial country gives it a freer hand in industrial experiments than Canada. Its experiments in connection with compulsory arbitration of wage disputes is in part an outcome of this condition.

## AUSTRALIA AND PROTECTION

In the matter of tariff legislation similar conditions prevail. For while Canada's proximity to the United States causes the tariff legislation of the latter country to be a factor which we must consider when we are drafting tariff legislation, Australia on the other hand has not the same external compelling influence.

Australia, although the separate colonies before the new Commonwealth was formed were not a unit on the question, has definitely adopted the protectionist policy. A recent Australian parliamentary paper states that a protective tariff is justified in order "to promote regular employment, to furnish security for the investment of capital in new and in existing industries, to render stable the conditions of labour and to prevent the standard of living from being depressed to the level of foreign standards." It will be noted that questions of labour and the standard of living are made central in this plea for protection.

In recently revising its tariff in the direction of higher protection an interesting attempt has been made to attain these ends. Provision is made for the establishment of a Board of Trade composed of three members appointed for a fixed period and independent of party considerations. This Board is to have wide powers in tariff matters. To a certain extent it suggests the propositions made in Canada and in the United States in favour of a permanent tariff commission —

although its powers are not so wide as those which would be involved in these suggestions. The Board is to see that the duties imposed give the proper amount of protection. It is to divide the country into industrial districts and publish scales of "fair and reasonable wages" for such districts. No legal compulsion is to be made use of with a view to having these adopted; the appeal is to be to the self-interest of the employers. On certain goods already protected excise duties will be imposed. If the employer accepts the published scale of "fair and reasonable wages" the excise taxes will be remitted. Otherwise he must pay these taxes.

With a view to protecting the consumer the Board has powers somewhat like the anti-combine provisions of the Canadian legislation. The Board is to prevent any undue inflation of prices due to protection. Its powers, however, are investigatory alone. It is to investigate the prices charged by the protected producers; if it finds the prices unreasonable it is to report to the Government. It is in the discretion of the Government whether it will take action or not.

Under protective schemes in general we find different points of appeal. In some cases it is the diversification of industry; in others it is the standard of living as affected by the level of wages. It is natural that in Australia, where such prominence has been given to compulsory arbitration, stress should be laid on the wage side of the problem. The complexity of the system and the far-reaching extent of the governmental intervention in industry attract attention to the implications of protection in this, the most thoroughly balanced scheme of protection yet developed. It is significant that the employers are to be allowed, in form at least, a certain amount of liberty in the fixing of wages.

A REVIEWER of the books and articles on the Colonial Conference of 1907 ventures a rather suggestive statement.\* He avers that had Mr. Bourassa met political defeat in Quebec before the Conference instead of after it, Sir Wilfrid Laurier might have been more enthusiastic in the cause of Imperialism. The reviewer says that "obviously he [Sir Wilfrid] went to the Conference resolved to oppose any new developments in political relations" and suggests as a reason for this attitude that "Sir Wilfrid had always in his mind a vision of Mr. Bourassa finding in the Conference new material for an anti-imperialist campaign in the province of Quebec."

## THE BRAKE ON IMPERIALISM

The reviewer in question has probably laid too much at Mr. Bourassa's door. It is questionable if Sir Wilfrid, with so large a following in Parliament and in the country, had any reason for fearing this arch anti-imperialist. Politically, Mr. Bourassa never counted for a great deal. He is well educated, well informed and a passionate speaker, but he has never been able to create an organised following. Only a party leader, which Mr. Bourassa never was and probably never can be, could create fear in the mind of Canada's foremost statesman. The man who had placidly accepted the resignations of Mr. Tarte, Mr. Blair and Mr. Sifton would not be likely to overestimate the political power of Mr. Bourassa.

There is every reason to believe that Sir Wilfrid's attitude at the Conference was the natural result of his long-held convictions. During his later years, Sir Wilfrid has become firmly set in his leading opinions. It is well known, for example, that he is thoroughly and unequivocally opposed to government ownership in all its newer forms. He has maintained this opinion and attitude in the face of stronger arguments and more potent influences than any Mr. Bourassa could state or exercise in his anti-imperialist campaign. Moreover, Sir Wilfrid is not a coward. To a certain extent he has followed public opinion instead of leading it, but that is a characteristic of nearly all great leaders. They yield on unimportant questions and

\* Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Edited by Wrong and Langton. Toronto: Morang & Co.

stand firm when they believe it necessary, trying always to keep the people with them. To admit that Sir Wilfrid was quiescent and conservative because of Mr. Bourassa would be to deny his possession of qualities which have made him the greatest statesman in Canada since the days of Sir John A. Macdonald.

**D**R. PARKIN has suggested that the day is rapidly approaching when the Canadian farmer, who sends his wheat and meat and other foodstuffs across the seas, will be ashamed to have it said that the workmen of England should bear the whole cost of the protection given to them. This means, if it means anything, that Canada will some day make a money contribution to the support of the British navy. If this be the correct meaning of Dr. Parkin's statement, then Dr. Parkin will not find many Canadians to agree with him.

The Hon. Mr. Brodeur, at the Colonial Conference, strongly attacked this position. Other publicists have done the same on other occasions. The development of the Canadian army, the garrisoning of Halifax, the supporting of the naval stations at Halifax and Esquimalt, the increasing of the number of coast defence guns, the building and equipping of a number of fishery-protection cruisers and other work of a similar nature is really a magnificent contribution to Imperial Defence. The national development of Canada along independent and self-supporting lines means much for the Empire. It may be true, as Dr. Parkin states, that Canada has in the past cost Great Britain several hundred millions of dollars in wars undertaken partially to preserve this portion of the Empire; but it is equally true, that if Canada were again to be attacked by a foreign foe she is in a position to render great assistance in her own defence.

Nor has Canada reached the point where she has decided to restrict her own military and naval development. Year by year, our appropriations for these defence organisations is steadily increasing, and year by year the country is becoming better able to take charge of her own protection. Within the next twenty years, Canada will have her own fleet of torpedo boats, submarines and small cruisers suitable for harbour defence and accessory naval work. Until the new transcontinental is completed, and its tremendous cost arranged for, there will not be a rapid development along this line. In another five years, however, we should be in a position to build, equip and man two or three of these vessels every year. In the meantime no Canadian need be ashamed of the progress which is being made in the development of Canada's ability to aid in a general defence of British interests.

**I**N December, 1906, when the initial number of the "Canadian Courier" was published, the New York weekly known as "Collier's" made friendly reference to the new venture but criticised the "Canadian Courier's" right to the term "national," since, forsooth, it had published a photograph of the Governor-General, an English nobleman. In the eyes of the New York editor, it was entirely impossible to be

**NATIONAL OR INTERNATIONAL?**

both Canadian and British. During the last month a curious transformation has taken place in the first four pages of the aforesaid New York weekly. In the "Collier's" of March 21st, for instance, three pages are devoted to twelve editorials, eight of which are Canadian, four being of United States inspiration, while a fourth page is devoted to Newfoundland sealers. The Canadian editorials are written in debonair and sprightly style but withal the pages are somewhat perplexing. There is the interrogation: "There is no danger of the Americans invading us, but what about the Eskimos?" followed by

an editorial in which Us plainly means U. S. This is a checker-board somewhat puzzling to the unsophisticated reader, who may be further bewildered by finding the remaining twenty-four pages devoted to strictly United States articles and advertising, the former including "Target Practice at Fort McKinley in the Philippines." One finds also the department, "What the World is Doing," by a New York writer, Samuel E. Moffett, the same Mr. Moffett, by the way, who contributed to the English "Nineteenth Century" in August, 1901, an article in which Canada was referred to in an unpleasant and ill-bred fashion as the cinder in the eye of America—the word "America" as used by Mr. Moffett signifying the country of which Mr. McKinley was then Chief Executive. Mr. Kipling's letters, which certain simple Canadian editors thought they had arranged for, are also appearing in this United States periodical. Thereby hangs a tale which is, as Mr. Kipling himself would remark, another story. The Canadian edition of "Collier's" may have the hands of Esau but the voice is distinctly that of Jacob—and the headquarters of this enterprising son of Isaac are in New York.

**T**HERE are some of us who are old enough to look back into history and remember when policemen were mounted on good bicycles in order to run down bicyclists of the class ordinarily known as "scorchers." All sorts of laws and regulations were drawn up to prevent foolish bicyclists from performing unusual feats upon public thoroughfares. Every bicyclist of note rode a bicycle with low handle-bars such as were designed for track-racing and was always ready for a spurt along a street which was well-stocked with pedestrians. To-day the scorching bicyclist is unknown; seldom do we hear of any old lady being knocked down by a "scorcher," and the laws and regulations have been forgotten.

To-day, we have a new theme—the scorching automobilist. The farmers of Ontario and Manitoba, especially, are fighting these gentlemen through the provincial legislatures. One law-maker proposes that they shall be allowed to use the public highways only on certain days, the farmers to have the other days on which to send their wives and daughters to market without fear of having them "ditched" by a furiously-driven automobile. It is hard to tell which the farmer fears most—the level railway-crossing or the speedy gasoline motor-car.

Even the most enthusiastic automobilist regrets that this excellent pastime and magnificent sport is marred in the public mind by the indiscretions of those who are unhappy unless doing something desperate. It is hard to know how to stop the "scorcher" without depriving many people of what is a legitimate and healthful pleasure. The automobile has come to stay, as have the canoe, the bicycle and the gasoline motor-boat. It is not dangerous when the man at the wheel is a normal individual. In the larger Canadian cities and their suburbs, these machines have ceased to be disturbers of traffic, because both pedestrians and horses have become accustomed to them. The situation would soon become normal if the "scorcher" could be eliminated. Laws and police regulations are alike powerless to prevent his indiscretions. Only time can do that. In the meantime, all those engaged in the enforcement of public order and all those interested in the progress of the horse-less vehicle must do what they can to secure the safety of the public and punish the blackguard, for there are blackguards among automobilists as there were among bicyclists. If any legislature passes laws which seem too strict, the users of automobiles must be patient, remembering that these laws will be forgotten when the reason for their creation is no longer in evidence.

## MR. SIFTON FOR CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

**P**OLITICS seem to be rising to a higher level in Canada, for Mr. Sifton has joined Mr. R. L. Borden and Hon. G. P. Graham in advocating Civil Service Reform. Mr. Sifton invites Sir Wilfrid Laurier to support the movement, and no doubt the Premier will do so just as soon as he is convinced that the movement is sufficiently advanced among the people to be capable of being practically considered.

Mr. Sifton has been in England and he finds that the graduates of Oxford, Cambridge and other universities are appointed in considerable numbers to the civil service, which is there controlled by a Commission. He wants to see Canadian graduates given a like opportunity. He would take the appointments to the Dominion Civil Service out of the hands of members of parliament and give it to an independent body. He would abolish patronage.

We doff our hat to Mr. Sifton for his display of courage, for his acute observation and for his high minded patriotism. He has put country before party, and set a new standard for parliamentary discussion of great public questions. Civil Service reform is now in sight, and those who desired reserved seats must speak quickly.

# Through a Monocle

ONE of the "two Weirs"—as long ago they were commonly known in Montreal—is Provincial Treasurer of Quebec. The other Weir is Recorder of Montreal—an office which answers in many respects to that of our Police Magistrate. There are two Recorders—one English and the other French—but there is only one Provincial Treasurer, and he has just had the pleasure of predicting a surplus of a million dollars. Such things do not happen often enough at provincial capitals to make them commonplace; and it probably would not have happened in this case if it had not been for the good gift of some \$600,000 added to the usual provincial subsidy. In fact, Mr. Weir promises that it will not happen next year, which is entirely proper when we remember that Quebec carries a good deal of direct taxation in provincial affairs. Treasurer Weir is a fighting politician. He has done very effective work on the "stump" for his party for years past, and is one of the best known English-speaking public men throughout the English townships outside of Montreal.

\* \* \*

WHILE Mr. Weir was announcing his surplus in Quebec, Colonel Matheson was announcing another in Toronto. This is a "surplus" time in Canada. Mr. Fielding's surpluses have become so familiar an annual event that they are hardly worth recording in a live newspaper. It might as well call attention to the sunrise. But Mr. Weir's surplus is accompanied by a reduction of the provincial debt, while surpluses at Ottawa for some time ahead will stand out startlingly against a rapid increase of the national debt. Again, the "Monocle" refuses to cloud up at this prospect. There are times when a young, growing and vigorous nation should run courageously into debt. Only in that way can it buy the machinery needful for the working of the farm—machinery which will pay for itself handsomely as the years go by. There is a possibility of being too much afraid of getting in debt. Fear of debt is, after all, a virtue of feeble folk. They are not strong enough to fight the swirling waters; so they are well advised to stay safely ashore. But the conqueror over circumstances—the man who makes progress and lifts his structures to strike the sky—is no more afraid of debt than of any other device for stealing strength from an opulent to-morrow.

\* \* \*

WHEN a Provincial Treasurer announces a surplus, he pays a compliment to his colleagues in the Ministry. If they had been extravagant—if they had insisted upon getting money to distribute among their henchmen with a view to enhancing their personal prestige—he would have had no surplus. A surplus is earned by abstaining from "patronage" and other delectable pursuits which attract the politician with an eye on the elections. A surplus is an appeal over the heads of the clamorous "camp followers" to the sober, sane, second thought of the solid citizens behind them who appreciate sound financing more than a generous distribution of the "spoils." Thus there is more in a good surplus than money saved. There is an evidence of far-seeing and high-principled government—a substantial proof that the Ministers have been studying the interests of the state and not altogether the temporary and purchasable popularity of the moment.

\* \* \*

NOTICE that the popular preacher who edits the "Globe" is proud of his string of libel suits, and expresses the wish that some of his brother clergymen should become so much in earnest that they, too, would be sued for slander. Brother Macdonald has forgotten the privilege of clergy. He would instantly resent any insinuation that he was not as earnest as a preacher before he became an editor as he is now; and I yet do not recall that he ever was served with a solitary writ for libel during all those years of holy zeal. The fact is the people will let the clergy say things which they would take from no one else, and that when a clergyman thinks to bring some of the

uncalculating courage and vigour of the pulpit into the sanctum, he finds the "pew" fighting back in an astonishing manner. As an editor, he is on a level with other men, and must take as well as give blows.

\* \* \*

WHETHER this license of the clergy is quite good for them, is more than doubtful. It tends in some cases to lessen their sense of responsibility and leads them to say things which they probably would not say if they were to be called to account for them in a court of law. This inevitably weakens the effect of what they do say, and creates a carelessness respecting the anathemas of the pulpit which does not exist with regard to the thunders of the press. When people begin apologising for a minister on the ground that he "is not in touch with his fellows" and "does not understand life," it does not matter very much what he does say. His criticism becomes the shrill outcry of the privileged child. It is a great thing to have a sense of keen responsibility for what one says. The fact that an editor may be called upon to prove his statements at any time, or go to gaol, has an excellent effect in steadying and restraining editorial comment. But what I started out to say was that Mr. Macdonald was hardly fair to his fellow clergymen in the matter of vigour. Most pulpits would accumulate more libel suits in a year than does the "Globe" if their utterances were printed as lay editorials in a local newspaper.

*Wid'importe*

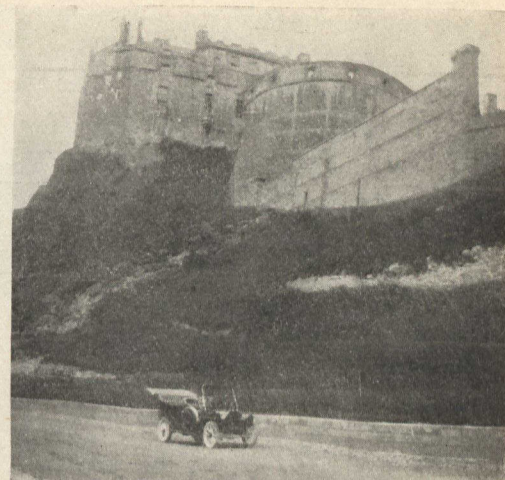
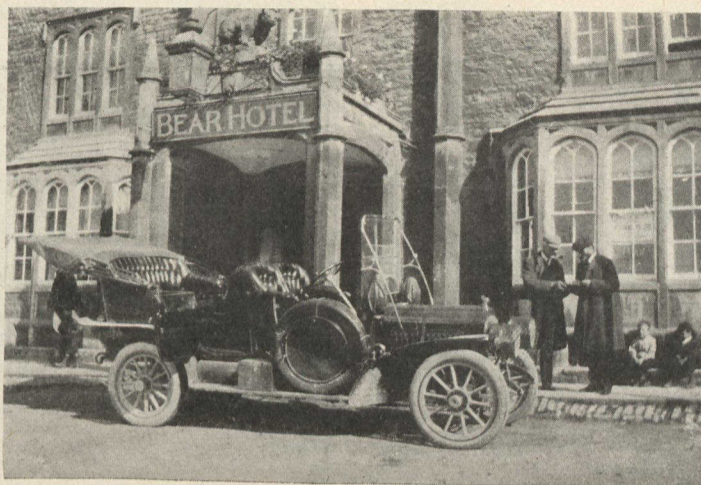
## Claridge's Famous Hotel

THE name of Claridge's is well known to every visitor to London. The famous hotel in which princes and millionaires are, so to speak, "three a penny," is about to celebrate its centenary. When it was opened, early in 1808, it was known as Mivart's, after the name of its founder, M. Mivart, a celebrated chef of the period. Mivart has one great claim to fame which no visitor to London should deny. He was the first hotel proprietor to provide his patrons with a bathroom, a fact which he advertised extensively. In 1850 Mivart sold the business to Mr. and Mrs. Claridge, a butler and housekeeper in a ducal family. It is now run by a company.



The Colonel (sadly): "I called twice for trumps, partner."  
Fair Bridgite (whom it has escaped): "Did you? I quite thought you weren't supposed to give hints."—Punch.



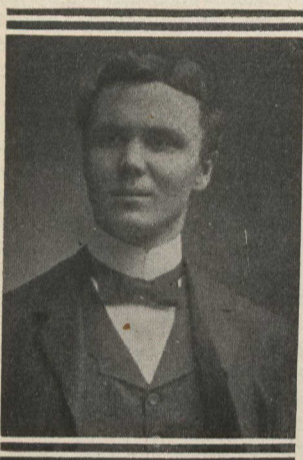


A Canadian Automobilist in Europe (Mr. E. W. Cox)—Near Glasgow—At Cottingham—At Windsor Castle

# The Honk of the Big Red Car

The Motoring Season Opens with a Flourish of Colour and Elegance at the Motor Show

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



Mr. T. A. Russell  
President Ontario Motor League

THE world is waking. Spring, that used to be known to all men by the robin and the crow, has in these days a new note. Honk! Honk! This is not the wild goose on the wing; but a thing more speedy—except for the awkward restrictions of roads and horses and speed laws. The Car is out. The call of the big red Car is heard in the land. There are those who curse it and those who bless. But the Car cares for neither. It is a big, joy-making thing that has the power of the mine in her tank and

the energy of the air in her cylinders. And the Car knows when the spring has come; when the snows that have clogged the rubbers all winter have leaked lazily into the rills, and the rills rush into the creeks and the creeks roar into rivers—out to the lake and away.

All this big primal motion the Car has, because of the power of the mine and the strength of the air; the gasoline in the tank, the air in the carbureter and the electric spark that explodes the two in the cylinder to drive the thing by a force akin to that of the cannon-ball. A thing of power; and if you hate this car she seems like a demon, but if you see it with the poet's eye it becomes a thing apart; becomes an epic of glad, glorious motion; of music and divine rhythm.

This is by way of noting that the motor-show season is on, and that this week down in the St. Lawrence Arena, Toronto, the first of the Canadian shows is being held—a show that as regularly attracts its crowd of connoisseurs as does the Horse Show or the Woodbine meeting.

Maeterlinck, the bees' poet and philosopher, has said some such things about his car. Others have rhapsodised more without knowing as much. He saw and felt the car as a creature instinct with some primal energy of life, and there were times when this car spelled to the poet the demoniac power, and sometimes purred to him of the low sweet music of contentment along the way.

Such it may be if you have a car. The man who has no car is apt at cursing the car he possesses not. Somewhere between the rhapsody and the curse is the real status of this modern speed-machine that has pictured the world's progress the past five years as no other machine has ever done in so short a time. Canadian roads are lively now with many sorts of cars. Some know them only by the colours—as though they were birds. But the car with the loud colour is not always the car with the great head. Black cars and blue cars and green cars and

red; cars that come in all the shades of these; some as dull as skim milk; some striped and pied and patterned. Down at the motor show you see them all this week.

Did you ever note what transitions have come over these monsters? Have you lately beheld one of those old-style lumber-jacks that used to block the roadways with colour and noise and smell? Somewhere in the back settlements are to be found these relics of the first years in this century when no man's car had any style; when there was less elegance in a motor-car than in a threshing-machine. They were ugly, obnoxious brutes; but no one seemed to realise how monstrous they were until the newer cars came in. Now the elegance of a car is studied as carefully as the drape of the lady's gown in the tonneau. The lines of a car are as scientifically and aesthetically drawn, and its contour as regally moulded as that of a craft at sea.

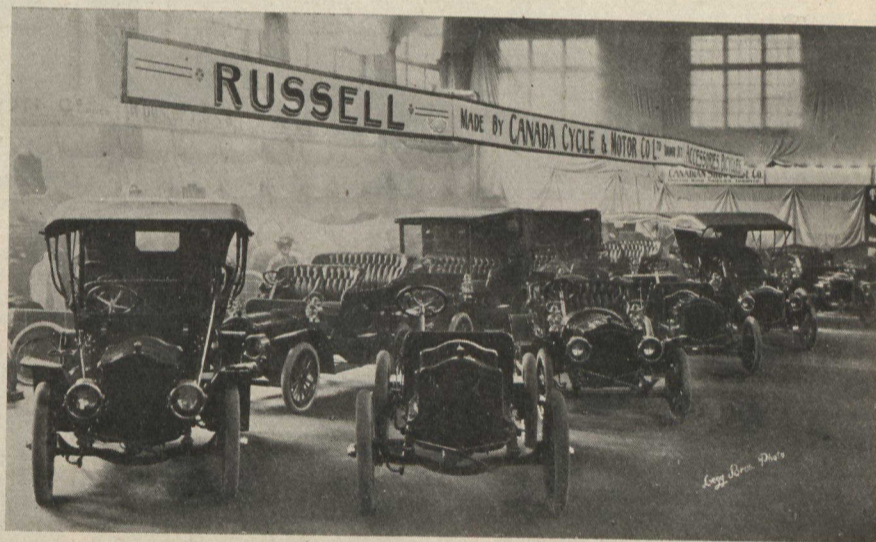
At the Motor Show you see all this; the studies in design that make the motor-car as much a pleasure to behold as a work of art on canvas to a connoisseur. No longer is it mere speed and power the car-user wants. He knows a plug horse from a hackney. The old cars were all great clumsy Clydesdales, hairy in the hoof, big in the joint and broad in the side. The modern cars are not so. They are broad only where strength requires it; they are long and rangy and low; they have a sweep that suggests motion even when they are standing still. They do not look as though it would need an explosion of dynamite to start them and a mud-hole nine feet deep to stop them up. They are gentle, docile creatures rejoicing in their elegance and their strength.

It is not strange that men should fall in love with these machines. There is a wonderful sensation to be gained by sitting at the "wheel" and directing the path of one of these swiftly-moving,

responsive creatures as they whirl along the even pavement or the slightly uneven country road. The driver must be always on the *qui vive*.

Unless you note these poetic attributes in a car your time at a Motor Show is an idle tale and a yawn. To recognise these things you do not need to be a buyer, but only to find the same quiet joy in the shape of a car as you do in the style and the build of a horse. For the horse is after all the model of the car. If you are an enthusiast on construction—expert enough to want to buy and to know what you want to buy—there will be joy in the anatomy; but the probabilities are that unless you speak slowly and go over it a good many times, the man at your

The Automobile and Sportsmen's Show

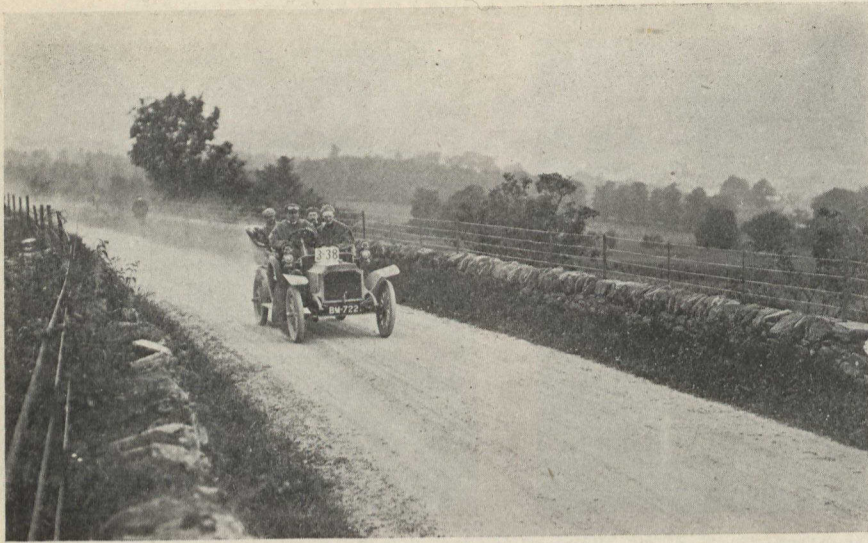


A "Made in Canada" Exhibit



This is the display which the Lieutenant-Governor described as "a very great exhibit." It is believed to be the best collection of new trophies ever assembled in Canada, and was obtained near the six railways of the Canadian Northern System. The canoe over the sign is that in which, on October 16, 1894, Mr. J. B. Tyrell paddled into Fort Churchill, after exploring the Barren Lands and Hudson Bay.

Photograph by Pringle & Booth



Climbing Loch na Craig Hill



Cars Waiting at the Foot of Tunafour Hill

MOTURING IN SCOTLAND—THE SCOTTISH TRIALS OF 1907

elbow who does not know the mechanics of the car will suspect you are a foreigner.

Yet there is nothing so mysteriously complex about a motor-car if you would simply get a notion of its power apart from its technical construction. Of course you would need to know a carbureter from

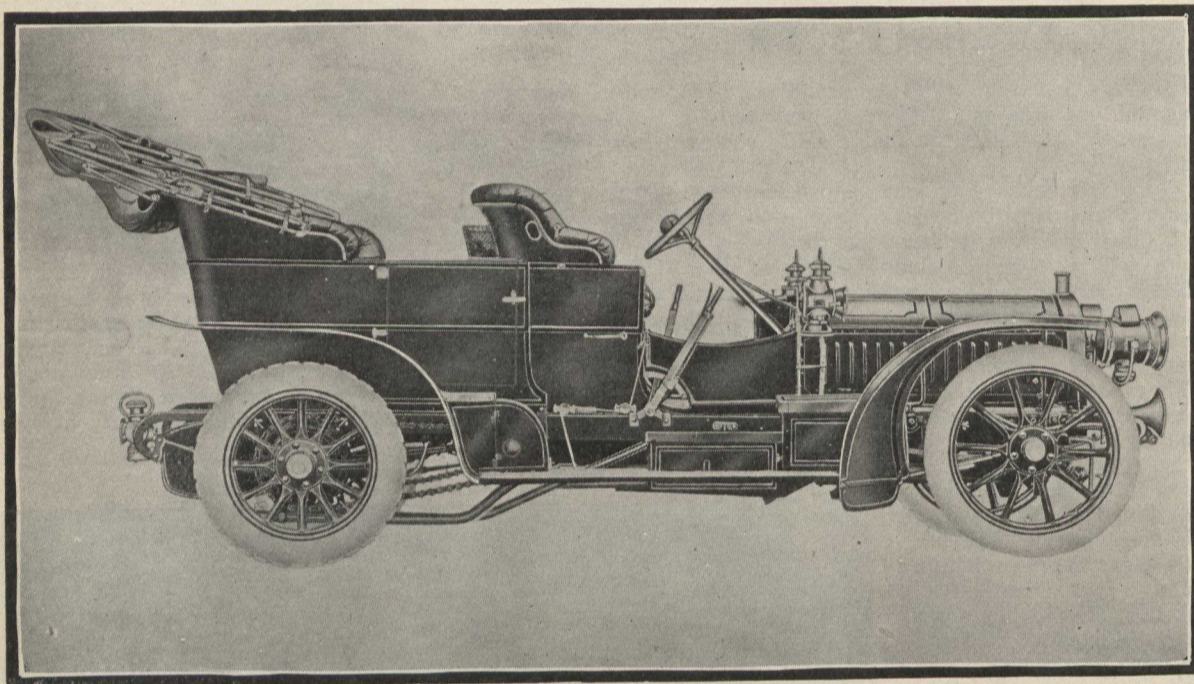
not careful to know so long as you feel certain that the outward mechanism is in good shape. Every one knows that the engine of the modern car is always in front under the hood; that the steering-wheel is no more mysterious than that of a boat; that there are cylinders in the engine ranging from

comes from that feeds into the cylinder for explosion you must look somewhere under the car, where it is carried in a tank. If you would know where the spark is derived that explodes the gasoline after it has been mixed with air in the carbureter, you must look in some little chest stuck securely away somewhere in various places according to the makes, and full of electric batteries.

Now these and a hundred other contrivances combined in one machine that works almost by an instinct, are that which makes the modern motor-car more nearly than any other machine resemble a thing of life. And in proportion as the car has been built on a basis of life-instinct with each part working to the highest effect on the least resistance, is a car able to become a thing of joy and a companion. But if the car is a mere assemblage it is likely to become a thing that the owner hates; a thing that leaves him on the road when he ought to be at home; that puts him in the ditch when he should be on the road; a thing that causes him more regrets to the minute than anything in the world except an unhappy marriage.

And of course there are cars and cars; the Show is a compend of the latest utilities and conveniences to be found in cardom. But it is on the road that the joy of the car comes to you; away from the garage and the floor and out from under the roof; away from the admiring, critical crowd into the opens of the long highways where green things are beginning to bud and where soon the frogs will be calling in the pools; where you may watch the lights and the mists and the clouds race over the land; feel the great romping winds that breathe over the waiting fields and meet the children coming from school; and if the youngsters heave clods into the tonneau you are sure they have not been taught the poetry of the car, and if the farmer with his horse is pernickety and gives you the evil eye—well, it will be quite evident that the joy of the car has never entered his soul. But with a fair head and no desire to upset rigs and frighten women and sling dust on the clothes-lines the road is as much yours as his.

So on—into the sweeps of the country! The spring is calling; the birds are on wing and the car is on the road, and the thing is feeling the vibration of the season.



The Napier—A Typical High-Class British Car

This 80 horse-power Napier costs nearly \$10,000, according to the style of body and the "extras." Mr. J. O. Eaton has ordered one, and Mr. H. D. Reid of St. John, Nfld. will drive a 60 h.p. This machine was the great favourite with the late T. Eaton, Esq. It holds most of the world's records made at Brookland's racing track and is a favourite with such enthusiasts as Lord Lonsdale and the Duke of Bedford. There are other cars—British, French and American, which are probably just as good, but the Napier was chosen to illustrate the general run of high-class machines.

a rubber tire and a hood from a crank-case—just as you would know the legs of a horse from the head of the animal. And to the man who is not anxious to be an expert there are not more parts to a car than to a horse, whose inner anatomy you are

one to six according to the power of the car. The cylinders stand on end in rows, and in the cylinder the force of the exploded gasoline is expended on driving a piston similar in principle to that in a locomotive. If you would know where the gasoline



A Six-Cylinder Car Designed for High Speed—Mr. J. C. Eaton at the Wheel



A Car Designed to Carry a Crowd at a Low Speed—In use last year at the Toronto Exhibition

THE TWO EXTREMES IN MOTOR VEHICLES

# The Men of the Baton

A Consideration of the Duties, Dangers and Rewards of the Members of our Police Force



Capt. Emile Trudel  
Chief of Police, Quebec

IT is the pride of the new nations on the American continent that their military forces are for defence, not for aggression; that there are citizen soldiers but no standing armies. The militia of Canada has proved equal to domestic emergencies in more than one instance and is regarded with local pride on occasions of annual encampment. However, there is another army, which is on march every day, to which we owe the preserva-

tion of law and order in city, suburbs and county and to whose organisation we may well direct our serious consideration. In Old London, when traffic is at its thickest and loudest, the uplifted hand of the policeman brings the automobile of the marquis and the cart of the huckster to a standstill and fills the foreign observer with respect for the man who rules the thoroughfare. If Canada has the reputation of a law-abiding country, a large part of the credit for such a state of affairs is due the quiet officers who patrol the country, day and night, for the purpose of preserving order and keeping the peace.

The origin of the word "police" is found in the Greek term for "city," from which we get such derivations as "politics" and "metropolis." It would seem, then, that the first officials of the kind were urban and performed their duties in the midst of a crowd. To-day every country in Europe has a uniformed, organised and disciplined body of men for the purpose of preserving order, preventing crime and detecting criminals. Perhaps of all nations, France has the keenest, most alert force. Certainly the records of the highest officials in the great cities of Europe would afford material for romance, beside which "Sherlock Holmes" would be tame and puerile. But such records remain a sealed volume. The importance of having a stalwart and reliable police force cannot be over-estimated, for it is the Army of Everyday to whom the weak may look for defence and whom the criminal should regard with proper awe. As Kipling has declared that the backbone of the Army is "the non-commissioned man"; so, in the course of our modern civilisation, the man who keeps the crowd "a-moving," lends a helping hand to the distressed wayfarer, watches for the enemy to public safety is at the very foundation of that order which constitutes a successful community's first law. The requirements and remuneration in the service of the force may well be more seriously considered by the Canadian public.

## QUALIFICATIONS OF A RECRUIT.

TO consider the conditions for enlistment in the police force is to recognise the essential "fitness" of the man who satisfies them. In the first place, he must be of good height—five feet ten inches in most Canadian organisations. He must pass a rigid medical examination, since the duties of his office require sound health and muscular reliability. No weakling is allowed to take his place as a public guardian. He must have a good common school education and be able to read and write intelligently. In Montreal it is necessary for him to add French, spoken and written, to his qualifications. After reading a list of requirements and regulations, one is likely to conclude that in no other class of work are the physical and moral conditions of enlistment so high. In the regulations for the Dominion Police, the section regarding courtesy to each other is a model of Chesterfield maxims.

While unusual physical strength is required for the policeman's calling, it is highly essential that the officer should have discernment as to the proper occasion for its use. To quote Mr. Kipling again, regarding the sergeant of the army:

"He learns to sweat his temper and he learns to know his man."

Strength without discretion is a most dangerous possession. The applicant for police position may not include a knowledge of Shakespeare in his fair educational qualifications but he must have an appreciation of the great dramatist's sentiment;

"Oh it is excellent to have a giant's strength  
But it is tyrannous to use it as a giant."

That most useful wisdom commonly called "a knowledge of human nature" is one of the policeman's most valuable qualifications and the man without it usually comes to grief. He must be able to distinguish between the mischievous or boisterous and the vicious. He must be energetic and prompt to check the riotous and yet careful to avoid the very appearance of officiousness. An esteemed clergyman in the city of Toronto bears the nickname of "Move-On" to this day because an over-zealous officer once hurried the minister to the station, in spite of his reverend aspect, mistaking a clerical conference for a wilful obstruction of a public thoroughfare. Students are, perhaps, the greatest trial to the patience and tact of the "force"; yet, in Montreal and Toronto, serious collisions between "the boys" and those known to 'Varsity men as "cops" are comparatively rare and are becoming very uncommon.

## THE POLICE OF MONTREAL, QUEBEC AND THE CAPITAL.

THERE was a time, according to Longfellow's *Evangeline*, when locks and bolts were unknown in Canada, but that Acadian condition has changed long since and even Nova Scotia finds a constabulary a grave necessity. With the influx of immigrants, such as we have known for the last three years, port towns such as Halifax and St. John have required additions to the force.

Montreal is the city in most urgent need of extensive police additions. Even in the report of 1906, Chief of Police Campeau states that the staff is not numerous enough to do a diligent service in the new wards and urges that the number of mounted constables must be increased. Since then Montreal has increased largely in both territory and

population and the Canadian metropolis will have to take prompt measures or its slum districts will attain unenviable notoriety. Some additions were made recently and the numerical strength of the Montreal force is now 526 with seventeen stations. The salaries in the largest city of the Dominion, with the cost of living correspondingly high, are not commensurate with the responsibility of the offices. The superintendent receives \$3,500, the inspectors receive \$1,600 each, captains, \$800, and so on down the list to the first constable who receives only \$598. When one considers the qualifications for the least exacting position and compares \$598 with the wages paid to labourers in other occupations, the financial methods of the City Fathers assume more than a tinge of meanness. The Montreal police force has a harder task than that of any other Canadian body, especially since the increased immigration from Southern Europe has set in. An interesting item is to the effect that the value of property recovered by the detective bureau during the year amounted to \$67,330. The Montreal Police Benevolent and Pension Society showed a revenue of \$20,994 with an expenditure of \$20,791. Most of this revenue came from 4 per cent. on salaries.

Police games are taking a more prominent place every year, as the value of gymnasium practice and athletic diversion is more generally recognised. Chief Campeau refers approvingly to the gymnasium established in the Bonsecours Market Hall as having facilitated the task of the men by providing them with the distractions and recreations necessary to alleviate the fatigues and wearisomeness of patrol duty. The photograph, reproduced as illustration, of the Quebec tug-of-war team shows the invigorating effect of such manly sports.

The municipal police force of the city of Quebec consists of four special officers, an accountant, twenty sergeants and sixty-two constables. The salary of the constables is \$1.43 a day, sergeants \$1.65. The force has an annual military drill of one month's duration under the direction of the chief, Captain Trudel. The force is then passed in review before the Commandant of the Fortress of Quebec, His Worship the Mayor, President of the Police Committee and Lieutenant-Colonels of the city battalions.

The regulations for the Ottawa force, known as the Dominion Police, whose duties are largely parlia-



Three Types of Canadian Police

This trio of members of Canadian police organizations are sturdy representatives of their calling. To the left is a member of the Dominion Police, the special force at Ottawa; the centre figure belongs to the Ottawa City Police and the remaining member represents Montreal.



Tug of War Team, Quebec City Police, winners of silver cup donated by Ladies of St. Bridget's Bazaar, October, 1907. In the third row, from the left, are Constables Charland, Stapleton, Wellman, Trudel and Sergeant Auclair; in the second, Constables Hunter, Laine, Power, Thibault, Pogner. E. Power: in the third, Detective Defoy, Chief Trudel, Constable Copeman (captain of the team), Deputy Walsh and Accountant Ferland.

Photograph by Livernois

## LORD CROMER ON GORDON

Further Light on the History of British Occupation

By H. LINTON ECCLES

**A**N event of considerable political and literary interest has been the recent publication of the Earl of Cromer's two-volume work on "Modern Egypt." The world has long been familiar with General Gordon's estimate of Lord Cromer—or Sir Evelyn Baring, as he then was—for Gordon's "Journals," although submitted to strict and judicious sub-editing before they were made public, still contained a mass of outspoken criticism.

Lord Cromer, who was of course for a score of years Pro-Consul of Egypt, is the very soul and ideal of the cautious statesman. His book is a fascinating and an admirably told narrative, but it is remarkable for its statesmanlike discretion. The most notable omissions from it are his judgments on the Fashoda and Denshawi affairs, which, we take it, are left for a future book. But "Modern Egypt" claims a big interest because of the new light which it sheds on the relations between Lord Cromer and General Gordon. Here is what Cromer has to say of Gordon's character:

"Impulsive flightiness was, in fact, the main defect of General Gordon's character, and it was one which, in my opinion, rendered him unfit to carry out a work which pre-eminently required a cool and steady head. I used to receive some twenty or thirty telegrams from General Gordon in the course of the day when he was in Khartoum, those in the evening often giving opinions which it was impossible to reconcile with others dispatched the same morning. . . . I remember that it crossed my mind that I had better not interfere, but leave General Gordon to work out his plans in his own way. It was, however, clear that, in going to Suakin, General Gordon would foredoom his mission to failure, and that he would never have made any such proposal had he been well acquainted with the state of affairs then existing in the Eastern Sudan. I had, therefore, excellent reasons for interfering, but, looking back upon events as they subsequently occurred, I regret that I did so."

This was Lord Cromer's method of dealing with the stream of telegrams that came from the General:

"I generally found a batch of them waiting for me when I began my work in the morning. My practice was to put them on one side and wait till the afternoon, by which time more had generally arrived. I used then to compare the different telegrams, to try to extract from them what it was that General Gordon really wanted, and then to

decide what could be done towards carrying out his wishes."

It would have been difficult indeed to find a more complete contrast than was presented by the characters of the two men, the sane, level-headed, almost passionless superior at Cairo and the hot-headed, impulsive man of moods serving under him at Khartoum. Lord Cromer could hardly fail to give Gordon the credit that was due for his personal bravery and his great military talents, but that the two should agree in their methods was about the last thing to be expected of them. Says Lord Cromer:

"He was extremely pugnacious. He was hot-headed, impulsive, and swayed by his emotions. It is a true saying that 'he that would govern others, first should be the master of himself.' One of the leading features of General Gordon's strange character was his total absence of self-control. He was liable to fits of ungovernable and often of most unreasonable passion. He formed rapid opinions without deliberation, and rarely held to one opinion for long. His Journal, in which his thoughts from day to day are recorded, is, even in the expurgated form in which it was published, a mass of inconsistencies. He knew nothing of English public life, or, generally, of the springs of action which move governing bodies. He appears to have been devoid of the talent, so valuable to a public servant in a distant country, of transporting himself in spirit elsewhere. His imagination, indeed, ran riot, but whenever he endeavoured to picture to himself what was passing in Cairo or London, he arrived at conclusions which were not only unworthy of himself, but grotesque, as, for instance, when he likened himself to Uriaah the Hittite, and insinuated that the British Government hoped that he and his companions would be killed or taken prisoners by the Mahdi. In fact, except personal courage, great fertility in military resource, a lively though sometimes ill-directed repugnance to injustice, oppression and meanness of every description, and a considerable power of acquiring influence over those, necessarily limited in numbers, with whom he was brought in personal contact, General Gordon does not appear to have possessed any of the qualities which would have fitted him to undertake the difficult task he had in hand."

And then Lord Cromer, throwing aside for a moment his mantle of official reticence, gives us this fine summing-up of Gordon, as he intimately knew him:

"When all this has been said, how grandly the

mentary, entirely distinct from those of the Ottawa City force, already referred to, are of military stringency and include several special duties, naturally belonging to a Capital. It is required, for instance, that constables whether on duty or not shall salute the Governor-General and suite, the Premier and His Majesty's other Ministers of State, the Chief Justice and the Judges of the Supreme Court, and Exchequer Court of Canada, the Speakers of the Senate and House of Commons, the Major-General commanding the militia of Canada, the Adjutant-General, Deputy Heads of Departments, and the Commissioner and Superintendent of Police. It is no wonder that Ottawa has a reputation for being the most polite community in the Dominion, when one considers the excellent effect of such salutation of those in authority. This force, according to the enactments of 1900, is not to exceed 125 men. The constables receive for their services during the first six months \$1.50 a day and afterwards \$1.80; but, after ten years of satisfactory service, a constable is given \$2.15 a day, hardly a magnificent reward.

In all cities the constables on night duty have to keep a constant watch for the outbreak of flames. The Montreal chief points out that constables lose much time when on night duty, for they must see that all the doors of stores, in certain sections of the city are securely closed; at least an hour and a half is required in certain districts to make such inspection. It thus sometimes happens that the constable on duty notices the commencement of fire too late to give the alarm and prevent, by his notification, an extensive conflagration.

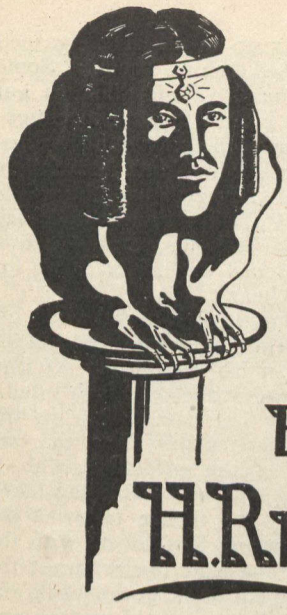
The Toronto and Winnipeg forces, the County constabulary and considerations regarding promotion and payment may be treated in a second article on the men who help the wheels of executive government to revolve.

character of the man comes out in the final scene of the Sudan tragedy. History has recorded few incidents more calculated to strike the imagination than that presented by this brave man, who, strong in the faith which sustained him, stood undismayed amidst dangers which might well have appalled the stoutest heart. Hordes of savage fanatics surged around him. Shot and shell poured into the town which he was defending against fearful odds. Starvation stared him in the face. . . . Many a man before General Gordon has laid down his life at the call of duty. Many a man, too, has striven to regard death as a glad relief from pain, sorrow, and suffering. But no soldier about to lead a forlorn hope, no Christian martyr tied to the stake or thrown to the wild beasts of Ancient Rome, ever faced death with more unconcern than General Gordon."

Lord Cromer is at one with Lord Kitchener in blaming the Gladstone Government for having sent out the Relief Expedition too late:

"I maintain that of all the mistakes committed at this period in connection with Egyptian and Sudanese affairs, the delay in sending an expedition to the relief of Khartoum was the least excusable. The House of Commons practically condemned the conduct of the Government. In a full House, the Government only escaped censure by a majority of 14. 'If,' General Gordon wrote on November 8, 'it is right to send up an expedition now, why was it not right to send it up before?' The fact that General Gordon's pathetic question admits of no satisfactory answer must for ever stand as a blot on Mr. Gladstone's political escutcheon. . . . But the situation was one of inordinate difficulty, and those who have had most experience in the conduct of political affairs, and who know how difficult it is to be right and how easy it is to make mistakes, will be least of all inclined to criticise severely the principal actors on the scene."

Though Lord Cromer does that justice to the immense difficulty of the position, he omits to state that Mr. Gladstone, all through this trying time, was absent from duty through illness. Even had he been well and at his post, how could he have foreseen that Gordon, when ordered to evacuate Khartoum, would refuse to obey that order? Gordon admitted that he disobeyed his instructions, and in so far as his doing so affected after events, culminating in the fall of Khartoum, it certainly seems that a grave injustice is done to Mr. Gladstone in blaming him.



THE

# YELLOW GOD

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD.



AUTHOR OF "SHE".

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES."

"THE WITCH'S HEAD", ETC.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret.

## CHAPTER V.

### BARBARA MAKES A SPEECH.



WHEN Sir Robert Aylward came down to luncheon he found Barbara, looking particularly radiant and charming, already presiding at that meal and conversing in her best French to the foreign gentlemen who were paying her compliments.

"Forgive me for being late," he said; "first of all I have been talking to your

uncle, and afterwards skimming through the articles in yesterday's papers on our little venture which comes out to-morrow. A cheerful occupation on the whole, for with one or two exceptions they are all favourable."

"Mon Dieu," said the French gentleman on the right, "seeing what they did cost, that is not strange. Your English papers they are so expensive; in Paris we have done it for half the money."

Barbara and some of the guests laughed outright, finding this frankness charming, and even Sir Robert smiled as he went on:

"But where have you been, Miss Champers? I thought that we were going to have a round of golf together. The caddies were there, I was there, the greens had been specially rolled this morning, but there was no you."

"No," she answered, "because Major Vernon and I walked to church and heard a very good sermon upon the observance of the Sabbath."

"You are severe," he said. "Do you think it wrong for men who work hard all the week to play a harmless game on Sunday?"

"Not at all, Sir Robert." Then she looked at him, and coming to a sudden decision, added, "If you like I will play you nine holes this afternoon and give you a stroke a hole, or would you prefer a foursome?"

"No, let us fight alone and let the best player win."

"Very well, Sir Robert, but you musn't forget that I am handicapped."

"Don't look angry," she whispered to Alan as they strolled out into the garden after lunch, "I must clear things up and know what we have to face. I'll be back by tea-time, and we will have it out with my uncle."

The nine holes had been played, and by a single stroke Barbara had won the match, which pleased her very much, for she had done her best, and with such heavy odds in his favour Sir Robert, who had also done his best, was no mean opponent, even for a player of her skill. Indeed the fight had been quite earnest, for each party knew that it was but

a prelude to another and more serious fight, and looked upon the result as in some sense an omen.

"I am conquered," he said in a voice in which vexation struggled with a laugh, "and by a woman over whom I had an advantage. It is humiliating, for I confess I do not like being beaten."

"Don't you think that women generally win if they mean to?" asked Barbara. "I believe that when they fail, which is often enough, it is because they don't care, or can't make up their minds. A woman in earnest is a dangerous antagonist."

"Yes," he answered, "or the best of allies." Then he gave the clubs and half-a-crown to the caddies, and when they were out of hearing, added, "Miss Champers, I have been wondering for some time whether it is possible that you would become such an ally to me."

"I know nothing of business, Sir Robert, my tastes do not lie that way."

"You know well that I was not speaking of business, Miss Champers. I was speaking of another kind of partnership, that which Nature has ordained between men and women—marriage. Will you accept me as a husband?"

She opened her lips to speak, but he lifted his hand and went on. "Listen before you give that ready answer which it is so hard to recall, or smooth away. I know all my disadvantages, my years, which to you may seem many, my modest origin, my trade which, not altogether without reason, you despise and dislike. Well, the first cannot be changed except for the worse; the second can be, and already is, buried beneath the gold and ermine of wealth and titles. What does it matter if I am the son of a city clerk who never earned more than £2 a week and was born in a tenement at Battersea, when I am one of the rich men of this rich land and shall die a peer in a palace, leaving millions and honours to my children? As for the third, my occupation, I am prepared to give it up. It has served my turn, and after next week I shall have earned the amount that years ago I determined to earn. Thenceforth, set above the accidents of fortune, I propose to devote myself to higher aims, those of legitimate ambition. So far as my time would allow I have already taken some share in politics as a worker; I intend to continue in them as a ruler, which I still have the health and ability to do. I mean to be one of the first men in this Empire, to ride to power over the heads of all the nonentities whose only claim upon the confidence of their countrymen is that they were born in a certain class, with money in their pockets and without the need to spend the best of their manhood in work. With you at my side I can do all these things and more, and such is the future that I have to offer to you."

Again she would have broken in upon his speech, and again he stopped her, reading the unspoken answer on her lips.

"I have not told you all. Perhaps I have put first what should have come last. I have not told you that I love you earnestly and sincerely, with the settled, unalterable love that sometimes comes to men in middle-age who have never turned their thoughts that way before. I will not attempt the rhapsodies of passion which at my time of life might sound foolish or out of place; yet it is true that I am filled with this passion which has descended on me and taken possession of me. I, who often have laughed at such things in other men, adore you. You are a joy to my eyes. If you are not in the room, for me it is empty. I admire the uprightness of your character, and even your prejudices, and to your standard I desire to approximate my own. I think that no man can ever love you quite so well

as I do, Barbara Champers. Now speak, I am ready to meet the best or the worst."

After her fashion Barbara looked him straight in the face with her steady eyes, and answered gently enough, for the man's method of presenting his case, elaborate and prepared though it evidently was, had touched her.

"I fear it is the worst, Sir Robert. There are hundreds of women superior to myself in every way who would be glad to give you the help and companionship you ask, with their hearts thrown in. Choose one of them, for I cannot do so."

He heard, and for the first time his face broke as it were. All this while it had remained mask-like and immovable, even when he spoke of his love, but now it broke as ice breaks at the pressure of a sudden flood beneath, and she saw the depths and eddies of his nature and understood their strength. Not that he revealed them in speech, angry or pleading, for that remained calm and measured enough. She did not hear, she saw, and even then it was marvellous to her that a mere change in a man's expression could explain so much.

"Those are very cruel words," he said. "Are they unalterable?"

"Quite. I do not play in such matters, it would be wicked."

"May I ask you one question, for if the answer is in the negative, I shall still continue to hope? Do you care for any other man?"

Again she looked at him with her fearless eyes and answered:

"Yes, I am engaged to another man."

"To Alan Vernon?"

She nodded.

"When did this happen? Some years ago?"

"No, this morning."

"Great Heavens!" he muttered in a hoarse voice, turning his head away. "This morning. Then last night it might not have been too late, and last night I should have spoken to you. I had arranged it all. Yes, if it had not been for the story of that accursed fetish and your uncle's illness, I should have spoken to you, and perhaps succeeded."

"I think not," she said.

He turned upon her, and notwithstanding the tears in his eyes, they burned like fire.

"You think—you think," he gasped, "but I know. Of course after this morning it was impossible. But, Barbara, I say that I will win you yet. I have never failed in any object that I set before myself, and do not suppose that I shall fail in this. Although in a way I liked and respected him, I have always felt that Vernon was my enemy, one destined to bring grief and loss upon me, even if he did not intend so to do. Now I understand why, and he shall learn that I am stronger than he. God help him! I say."

"I think He will," Barbara answered calmly. "You are speaking wildly, and I understand the reason, and hope that you will forget your words; but whether you forget or remember, do not suppose that you frighten me. You men who have made money," she went on with swelling indignation, "who have made money somehow, and have bought honours with the moneys somehow, think yourselves great, and in your little day, your little, little day that will end with three lines in small type in 'The Times,' you are great. You can buy what you want, and people creep round you and ask you for doles and favours, and railway porters call you 'my lord' at every other step. But you forget your limitations in this world, and that which lies above you. You say you will do this and that. You should study a book which few of you ever read, where it tells you that you do not know what you will be on the morrow; that your life is even as a vapour appearing for a little time and then vanishing away. You

think that you can crush the man to whom I have given my heart because he is honest and you are dishonest, because you are rich and he is poor, and because he chances to have succeeded where you have failed. Well, for myself and for him I defy you. Do your worst and fail, and when you have failed, in the hour of your extremity remember my words to-day. If I have given you pain by refusing you it is not my fault, and I am sorry, but when you threaten the man who has honoured me with his love and whom I honour above every creature upon the earth, then I threaten back, and may the Power that made us all judge between you and me, as judge He will," and bursting into tears she turned and left him.

Sir Robert watched her go.

"What a woman!" he said meditatively. "What a woman to have lost. Well, she has set the stakes and we will play out the game. The cards all seem to be in my hands, but it would not in the least surprise me if she won the rubber, for the element that I call Chance, and she would call something else, may come in. Still, I never refused a challenge yet, and we will play the game out—without pity to the loser."

And that night the first trick was played. When he got back to the Court Sir Robert ordered his motor-car and departed on urgent business, either to his own place, the Old Hall, or to London, saying only that he had been summoned away by telegram. As the 70-horsepower Mercedes glided out of the gates a pencilled note was put into Mr. Haswell's hand.

It ran: "I have tried and failed—for the present. By ill-luck A. V. had been before me, only this morning. If I had not missed my chance last night owing to your illness, it would have been different. I do not, however, in the least abandon my plan, in which, of course, I rely on and expect your support. Keep V. in the office or let him go as you like. Perhaps it would be better if you could prevail upon him to stop there until after the flotation. But whatever you say at the moment, I trust to you to absolutely veto any engagement between him and your niece, and to that end to use all your powers and authority as her guardian. Burn this note.—R. A."

## CHAPTER VI.

### MR. HASWELL'S VETO AND AN IDEA.

The same evening Alan and Barbara sat in Mr. Champers-Haswell's private sitting-room, and before them, by the fire, Mr. Champers-Haswell reclined upon his couch. Alan, in a few brief, soldierlike words had just informed him of his engagement to Barbara. During the recital of this interesting fact Barbara said nothing, but Mr. Haswell whistled several times. Now at length he spoke, in that tone of forced geniality which he generally adopted towards his cousin.

"You are asking for the hand of a considerable heiress, Alan, my boy, he said, "but you have neglected to inform me as to your own position."

"Where is the use of telling you what you know already, Mr. Haswell? I have left the firm, therefore I have practically nothing."

"You have practically nothing, and yet—. Well, in my young days men were more delicate; they did not like being called fortune-hunters, but of course times have changed."

Alan bit his lip, and Barbara sat up quite straight in her chair, observing which indications, Mr. Haswell went on hurriedly:

"Now, if you had stopped in the firm and earned the very handsome competence in a small way which would have become due to you this week, instead of throwing us over at the last moment for some quixotic reasons of your own, it might have been a different matter. I do not say it would have been, I say it might have been; and you remember a proverb about winks and nods and blind horses. So I ask you whether you are inclined to withdraw that resignation of yours, and bring up this question again, let us say next Sunday?"

Alan thought a while before he answered. As he understood, Mr. Haswell practically was promising to assent to the engagement upon these terms. The temptation was enormously great, the fiercest that he had ever been called upon to face. He looked at Barbara. She had closed her eyes, and made absolutely no sign. For some reason of her own she had elected that he should determine this vital point without the slightest assistance from her. And it must be determined at once; procrastination was impossible. For a moment he hesitated. On the one side was Barbara, on the other his conscience. After long doubts, he had come to a certain conclusion which he quite understood to be inconvenient to his partners. Should he throw it over now? Should he even try to make a sure and certain bargain as the price of his surrender?

Probably he would not suffer if he did. The flotation was underwritten and bound to go through; the scandal would come afterwards, months or years hence, long before which he might "get out" as most of the others meant to do. No, he could not. His conscience was too much for him.

"I do not see any use in re-considering that question, Mr. Haswell," he said quietly. "We settled it on Friday night."

Barbara re-opened her brown eyes and stared amiably at the painted ceiling, and Mr. Haswell whistled.

"Then I am afraid," he said, "that I do not see any use in discussing your kind proposal for my niece's hand. Listen—I will be quite open with you. I have other views for Barbara, and, as it happens, I have the power to enforce them, or at any rate to prevent their frustration by you. If Barbara marries against my will before she is five and twenty, that is, within the next two years, her entire fortune, with the exception of a pittance, goes elsewhere. This, I am sure, is a fact that will influence you, who have nothing, and even if it did not, I presume that you are scarcely so selfish as to wish to beggar her."

"No," answered Alan, "you need not fear that, for it would be wrong. I understand that you absolutely refuse to sanction my suit on the ground of my poverty, which, under the circumstances, is perhaps not wonderful. Well, the only thing to do is to wait for two years, a long time, but not endless, and meanwhile I can try to better my position."

"Do what you will, Alan," said Mr. Haswell, harshly, for now all his *faux bonhomme* manner had gone, leaving him revealed in his true character of an unscrupulous tradesman with dark ends of his own to serve. "Do what you will, but understand that I forbid all communications between you and my niece, and that the sooner you cease to trespass upon a hospitality which you have abused, the better I shall be pleased."

"I will go at once," said Alan, rising, "before my temper gets the better of me, and I tell you some truths that I might regret, for after all you are Barbara's uncle. But on your part I ask you to understand that I refuse to be cut off from my cousin, who is of full age, and has promised to be my wife," and he turned to go.

"Stop a minute, Alan," said Barbara, who all this while had sat silent. "I have something to say which I wish you to hear. You told us just now, Uncle, that you have other views for me, by which you meant that you wish me to marry Sir Robert Aylward, whom, as you are probably aware, I refused definitely this afternoon. Now I wish to make it clear at once that no earthly power will induce me to take as a husband a man whom I dislike, and whose wealth, of which you think so much, has in my opinion been dishonestly acquired."

"What are you saying?" broke in her uncle, furiously. "He has been my partner for years; you are reflecting upon me."

"I am sorry, Uncle, but I withdraw nothing. Even if Alan here were dead, I would not marry that man, and perhaps you will make him understand this," she added with emphasis. "Indeed I had sooner die myself. You told us also that if I marry against your will you can take away all the property that my father left to me. Uncle, I shall not give you that satisfaction. I shall wait until I am twenty-five and do what I please with myself and my fortune. Lastly, you said that you forbade us to see each other or to correspond. I answer that I shall both write to and see Alan as often as I like. If you attempt to prevent me from doing so, I shall go to the Court of Chancery, lay all the facts before it, as I have been advised that I can do, not by Alan—please remember—all the facts, and ask for its protection and for a separate maintenance out of my estate until I am twenty-five. I am sure that the court will grant me this, and would declare that considering his distinguished family and record Alan is a perfectly proper person to be my affianced husband. I think that is all I have to say."

"All you have to say!" gasped Mr. Haswell, "all you have to say, you impertinent and ungrateful minx!" Then he fell into a furious fit of rage, and in language that need not be repeated, poured a stream of threats and abuse upon Alan and herself. Barbara waited until he ceased from exhaustion.

"Uncle," she said, "you should remember that your heart is weak, and you must not over-excite yourself; also, when you are calmer, that if you speak to me like that again, I shall go to the Court of Chancery at once, for I will not be sworn at by you or any other man. I apologise to you, Alan; I am afraid I have brought you into strange company. Come, my dear, we will go and order your dogcart," and putting her arm affectionately through his, she went with him from the room.

"I wonder who put her up to all this?" gasped Haswell, as the door closed behind them. "Some infernal lawyer, I'll be bound. Well, she has got the whip hand of me, and I can't face an investigation in Chancery, especially as the only thing against Vernon is that the value of his land had fallen. But I swear that she shall never marry him while I live," he ended in a kind of shout, and the domed and painted ceiling echoed back his words—"while I live," after which the room was silent, save for the heavy bumping of his heart.

When Alan reached home that night after his ten-mile drive, he sent Jeeki to tell the housekeeper to find him some food. In his mysterious African fashion the negro had already collected much intelligence as to the events of that day, mostly in the servants' hall, and more particularly from the two golf-caddies, sons of one of the gardeners, who, it seemed, instead of retiring with the clubs, had taken shelter in some tall whins and thence followed the interview between Barbara and Sir Robert with the intensest interest. Reflecting that this was not the time to satisfy his burning curiosity, Jeeki went, and in due course returned with some cold mutton and a bottle of claret. Then came his chance, for Alan could scarcely touch the mutton, and demanded toast and butter.

"Very inferior chop"—that was his West African word for food—"for a gentleman, Major," he said, shaking his white head sympathetically and pointing to the mutton—"specially when he has unexpectedly departed from magnificent eating of the Court. Why did you not wait till after dinner, Major, before retiring?"

Alan laughed at the man's inflated English and answered in a more nervous and colloquial style:

"Because I was kicked out, Jeeki."

"Ah! I gathered that kicking was in the wind, Major. Sir Robert Aylward, Bart., he also was kicked out, but by smaller toe."

Again Alan laughed, and, as it was a relief to talk even to Jeeki, asked him:

"How do you know that?"

"I gathered it out of atmosphere, Major; from Sir Robert's gentleman, from two youths who watch Sir Robert and the Miss Barbara talking upon golf green No. 9, from the machine driver of Sir Robert, whose eyes he damn in public, and last but not least from his own noble countenance."

"I see that you are observant, Jeeki."

"Observation, Major, it is art of life. I see Miss Barbara's eyes red like morning sky and I deduct. I see you shot out and gloomy like evening cloud, and I deduct. I listen at the door of Mr. Haswell's room; I hear him curse and swear like holy saint in Book, and you and Miss Barbara answer him not like saint, though what you speak I cannot hear, and I deduct. Jeeki deduct this—that you make love to Miss Barbara in proper gentlemanlike, 'nogamous, Christian fashion such as your late reverend uncle approve, and Miss Barbara, she make love to you with ten per cent. compound interest, but old gent with whistle, he not approve, he say, 'Where corresponding cash?' He say, 'Noble Sir Robert have much cash and interested in identical business. I prefer Sir Robert. Get out, you Cashless.' Often I see this same thing when boy in West Africa, very common wherever sun shine. I note all these matters and I deduct—that Jeeki's way and Jeeki seldom wrong."

Alan laughed for the third time, until tears ran down his face indeed.

"Jeeki," he said, "you are a great rascal—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Jeeki, "great rascal. Best thing to be in this world, Major. Honourable Sir Robert, Bart., M.P., and Mr. Champers-Haswell, D.L., J.P., they find that out long ago and sit on top of tree of opulent renown. Jeeki great rascal and therefore have Savings Bank account—go on, Major."

"Well, Jeeki, because, if you are a rascal, you are kind-hearted, and because I believe that you care for me—"

"Oh! Major," broke in Jeeki again, "that most 'utterably true. Honour bright I love you, Major, better than anyone on earth, except my late old woman, now happily dead, gone and forgotten in best oak coffin, £4 10s., without fittings but polished, and perhaps your holy uncle, Reverend Mr. Austin, also coffined and departed, who saved me from early extinction in a dark place. Major, I no like graves, I see too much of them, and can't tell what lie on other side. Though everyone say they know, Jeeki not quite sure. May be all light and crowns of glory, may be nasty black hole and no way out. But this at least true, that I love you better, yes, better than Miss Barbara, for love of woman very poor, uncertain thing, quick come, quick go. Jeeki find that out—often. Yes, if need be, though death most nasty, if need be I say I die for you, which great unpleasant sacrifice," and Jeeki in the genuine en-

thusiasm of his warm heart, throwing himself upon his knees after the African fashion, seized his master's hand and kissed it.

"Thanks, Jeeki," said Alan, "very kind of you, I am sure. But we haven't come to that yet, though no one knows what may happen later on. Now sit upon that chair and take a little whiskey—not too much—for I am going to ask your advice."

"Major," said Jeeki, "I obey," and seizing the whiskey bottle in a casual manner, he poured out half a tumbler full, for Jeeki was fond of whiskey. Indeed, before now this taste had brought him into conflict with the local magistrate.

"Put back three parts of that," said Alan, and Jeeki did so. "Now," he went on, "listen: this is the case, Miss Barbara and I are—" and he hesitated.

"Oh! I know; like me and Mrs. Jeeki once," said Jeeki gulping down some of the whiskey. "Go on, Major."

"And Sir Robert Aylward is—"

"Same thing, Major. Continue."

"And Mr. Haswell has—"

"Those facts all ascertained, Major," said Jeeki,

contemplating his glass with a mournful eye. "Now come to point, Major."

"Well, the point is, Jeeki, that I am what you called just now cashless, and therefore—"

"Therefore," interrupted Jeeki again, "stick fast in honourable intention towards Miss Barbara owing to obstinate opposition of Mr. Haswell, legal uncle with control of property fomented by noble Sir Robert, who desire same girl."

"Quite right, Jeeki; but if you would talk a little less and let me talk a little more, we might get on better."

"I henceforth silent, Major," and lifting his empty tumbler Jeeki looked through it as if it were a telescope, a hint that Alan ignored.

"Jeeki, you infernal old fool, I want money."

"Yes, Major, I understand, Major. Forgive me for breaking conspiracy of silence, but if £500 in Savings Bank any use, very much at your service, Major; also £20 more extracted last night from terror of wealthy Jew who fear fetish."

"Jeeki, you old donkey, I don't want your £500; I want a great deal more, £50,000 or £500,000. Tell me how to get it."

"City best place, Major. But you chuck city, too much honest man, great mistake to be honest in this terrestrial sphere. Often notice that in West Africa."

"Perhaps, Jeeki, but I have done with the city. As you would say, for me it is 'wipe out, finish.'"

"Yes, Major, too much pickpocket, too much dirt. Bottom always drop out of bucket shop at last. I understand, end in police court and severe magistrate, or perhaps even 'Gentlemen of Jury,' etcetra."

"Well, Jeeki, then what remains? Now last night when you told us that amazing yarn of yours, you said something about a mountain full of gold, and houses full of gold among your people. Jeeki, do you think—" and he paused, looking at him.

Jeeki rolled his black eyes round the room and in a fit of absent-mindedness helped himself to some more whiskey.

"Do I think, Major, that this useless lucre could be convert into coin of King Edward? Not at all, Major, by no one, Major, by no one whatsoever, except possibly by Major Alan Vernon, D.S.O., and by one Jeeki, Christian surname Smith."

(To be continued.)

## THE ETERNAL FEMININE

By MRS. HAROLD GORST

"I SUPPOSE," remarked Molly, pausing in her occupation of trimming a hat with snippets of ribbon attached by pins, "as I am determined to adopt literature as a career, I ought to study all the—the big questions of the day?"

"Such as—?"

"Oh! War, international alliances, Free reform and Tariff-what-do-you-call-it, State children, Politics, and all that sort of thing, you know."

I suppressed every sign of a smile. "A large order," I remarked.

Molly sighed. Then, looking wistfully up at me, she added, "But I suppose it really is necessary, isn't it?"

Knowing her so well I felt that the prospect bored her immensely. To save her, I ventured on an emphatic "Oh, no, not at all." Which was stupid of me, taking into consideration my original intention. It only strengthened her resolution.

"A conscientious writer should endeavour to know something of everything," she remarked, "and if you really had my interests at heart you would encourage me, instead of throwing cold water on every scheme I propose for the enlargement of my mental horoscope."

I seldom argue with the child, however unreasonable her remarks may be; and when she proceeds to the use of "Journalese" in her ordinary conversation I surrender unconditionally.

She picked up a section of polyglot bird and a cluster of mauve roses, trying the effect of each under the brim of the hat she was trimming.

"And how do you propose to begin?" I asked, when I had sufficiently recovered from the snub she had dealt me.

"Begin, oh begin?" echoed Molly somewhat vaguely, and it was clear that she was not thinking of what she was saying. "I shall—which do you think looks best, the flowers or the bird just here?"

She adjusted the hat at right angles, and placed first one and then the other monstrosity towards one side.

Privately I thought each equally hideous, but I did not venture to hint at my true opinion. "Perhaps the flowers," I said.

She chose the bird, and stabbed it with a bonnet pin.

"I shall begin with Politics," my cousin went on, surveying her handiwork with evident pride.

"By the way, what do you mean by the word Politics?" I inquired, curious to hear her definition: for she spoke of it as something quite distinct from her other subjects.

Molly reflectively nibbled a gutta-percha rose stem. "Oh! the Administration of Budgets, National Warfare, and compulsory abuses in the House of Commons," she said at length, and peeped suspiciously up at me in case she had made any mistake in her terms.

"I see," I replied with admirable gravity.

"Yes," feeling now more sure of her ground, "and then there's that other Budget on Income Tax, you know, and Labour Parties, and Woman's Sufferings, and Mr. Haldane, and Home-Something for Ireland. It's all got to do with Politics, hasn't it?"

"Well—er—yes," I allowed.

"You see," triumphed Molly, "although I'm only a woman I am not entirely ignorant of the subject. I have a little knowledge already."

"You have, indeed," I agreed fervently.

She affected modesty. "Of course, I don't pretend to know much as yet, not as much as a man naturally does; but I can easily learn the rest."

"H'm. And how do you propose to add to your knowledge? Hansard? Blue Books?"

She had never heard of either. "No, I shall go to the House and listen to the debates and quarrels and things. . . . You shall take me."

"Delighted," I murmured.

Molly threw the completed millinery on one side. "We'll go to-night," she announced, and she looked quite delighted at the novelty of the prospect.

I suggested difficulties in the way of obtaining a seat in the ladies' gallery at such short notice; but Molly does not acknowledge defeat in anything on which she has set her heart.

"Nonsense," she said. "There's always somebody who has returned a seat at the last moment. Go and find out. And come back here for me at seven and we'll dine somewhere—Prince's, I think, before we go in."

It was evident that my young cousin regarded her proposed expedition as she would have done a visit to the theatre or to any other place of amusement.

I departed to do—or endeavour to do—her bidding.

As luck would have it, I ran up against old Sir Christopher Bladen. To him I explained my cousin's wishes, and asked if he could help me.

He shook his head at first, for the balloting for seats had been keen all the Session, and to-night's debate promised to give rise to exciting developments.

Incidentally I mentioned that my cousin was a very pretty girl, not yet in the twenties. (I have known Sir Christopher for many years, and am well acquainted with his little human weakness.)

He brightened perceptibly. "Well, I'll tell you what," he said at length. "Bring the lady down about nine o'clock, on the off chance; and if I can possibly manage to get her a seat, you may depend upon it I certainly will."

I called for Molly as arranged, and we dined at Prince's. As a rule she has a great liking for that popular *restaurant*, but to-night found her unheeding of her gay surroundings. She refused champagne and drank nothing but water, saying she wanted to keep her brain clear for the purpose of studying later on.

At a quarter to nine we entered what Molly, in an awed whisper, was pleased to describe as the "sacred precincts of the vast hall of English Justice and Law." I suspected she was trying on me the effect of sentences which would figure later in her manuscript book, and I think she was a trifle disappointed at my not applauding what she evidently regarded as a well-rounded period.

The dim grey light, the stealthy approach and penetrative glances of sundry policemen on our way to the public lobby, thrilled my companion with delight, and with a vague hope that we might be mistaken for conspirators concealing deadly bombs beneath our cloaks and coats.

Sir Christopher was waiting for us in the lobby, and beamed delighted welcome upon my fair cousin. Talking all the while, he led the way into the inner lobby. He explained the subject of the debate down

for hearing that night, and Molly appeared to be greatly interested.

Sir Christopher was in no hurry to part with his new companion; and sought for every pretext by means of which he could keep her a little longer by his side. He pointed out the peep-hole, and, of course, she must softly tip-toe to it.

Bored members, leaning back listlessly in their benches, and eager for some droning speech to be over, were delighted to discover her fresh radiant young face beaming impartially on them through the murky dinginess of the dividing window.

Somebody came up to Sir Christopher. A lady had just left the Cage, and there was now room for the would-be political student. We escorted my cousin up in the lift, and left her in charge of an attendant at the door of her gaol.

I am afraid it was nearly two hours later when, after an exciting night which must forever remain famous in the history of our times, I, guiltily fearing an indignant reception at the hands of my temporarily forgotten cousin, presented myself with Sir Christopher once more at the door of the Ladies' Gallery.

Most of the ladies were leaving. I caught enthusiastic murmurs from some as they passed me. "A really brilliant evening! What magnificent oratory!" "An unqualified success —'s speech on the —!" and the like. After all, then, women did sometimes understand these things.

I looked upon my cousin, picturing with pleased delight an interesting conversation with her on the subject of the night's debate. She was gazing wistfully immediately in front of her. Then she turned and saw me.

In the lift going down she barely spoke. We said good-bye to Sir Christopher, and she thanked him very prettily, saying with great fervour that she had enjoyed her evening immensely.

"And now," I said, when at length we were alone in the carriage and bowling homewards, "now, my little cousin, tell me all about it."

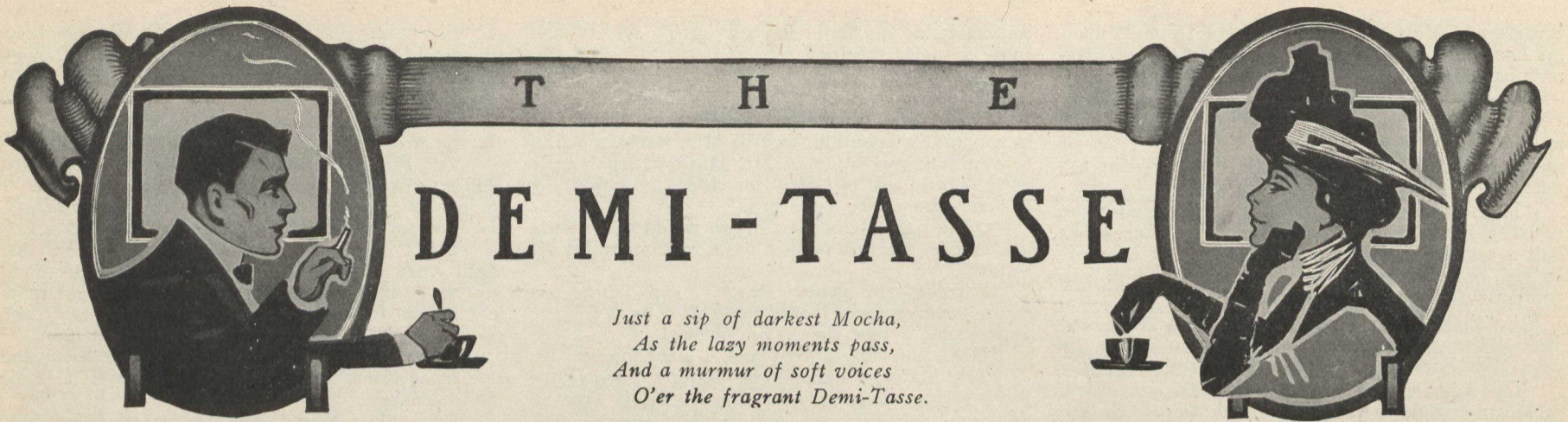
"I wouldn't have missed this evening for anything," she affirmed, and there was a note of real enthusiasm in her voice. "You see, next month the Springlets are giving their moonlight fete, and I most particularly wanted to choose a dress for the occasion which would be becoming, poetical and expressively uncommon; and though I have racked my brains night and day, I couldn't think of anything which would be suitable. And there, to-night, was a woman in the loveliest shade of mauve veiled in palest *cau-de-nil* chiffon, powdered with Empire roses and—"

I do not remember the rest of the description, neither did I understand the feminine jargon in which it was couched, but I listened to her as patiently as I could until she had finished, before I asked, using her generic term for the subject:

"And Politics, what of them?"

"Politics! Oh Politics, I think they are simply childish," she replied, as the carriage stopped and I prepared to help her down the step. "Life is so full of really big things, things that matter, that I can't understand grown men getting excited over silly little trifles such as we heard to-night. . . . Good-bye—come round to-morrow, and I'll show you the preliminary sketch for my new gown."

I have sometimes, since, wondered if there was more wisdom in my cousin's verdict than she wot of.



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

**THE LENTEN LADY.**

In other days fair Ethel would  
My humble gifts admire,  
Devouring chocolates while we sat  
Before a rosy fire.  
But now upon my bon-bon box  
Reproachful looks are bent;  
"Oh, no, I couldn't touch them yet,  
Because, you see, it's Lent."

Fond Phyllis has artistic moods,  
And loves the daisies meek;  
She thinks it is so sweet of me  
To offer flowers each week.  
But when to her bright daffodils  
And mignonette I sent,  
She said: "The violet's the flower  
I care to have in Lent."

And Margaret is of romance fond,  
She Weyman likes and Hope,  
And can discourse of heroes bold  
Who just escaped the rope;  
But when last week a thrilling tale  
All bound in red I sent,  
She looked on me in pained surprise:  
"I mayn't read *that* in Lent."

Sweet Helen brought me deepest woe,  
And turned my skies to grey;  
Since her I deem the best of all  
And gave my heart away;  
But when some sweetness from her lips  
To steal I surely meant,  
She sternly shook her golden head—  
"Oh, no, Dear Boy. It's Lent."  
J. G.

**THE PRICE OF HIS PRINCIPLES.**

THERE are certain Canadian editors whose loyalty is of the lip variety and who could not endure the strain of the regulations made last year regarding fairer postal rates to British periodicals. Some of these have clamoured so loudly that their petty views have been heard at Ottawa. Such a scribe went to the Capital some time ago in quest of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, whom he desired to influence in behalf of those picayune paragraphs who were likely to lose a few dollars by the new postal rates. This Ontario editor is not lacking in

nerve and he actually button-holed the Minister on the steps of a parliamentary building. He presented his case with plaintive eloquence, stating that his own loss from the new rates was nine dollars a year, and hopefully awaited a reply.

"You are a Canadian by birth, Mr. H——?" asked the Postmaster-General, with piquant French accent.

"Certainly," replied Mr. H——, with expanding chest.

"And British?" inquired the Minister blandly.

"Of course I am," was the prompt response of Mr. H——.

"Well," said the Honourable Gentleman with an eloquent shrug, "I am of French blood and of Canadian birth. But I would lose more than nine dollars a year in order to keep that flag waving above me." The Minister glanced towards the staff from which the Union Jack was unfurled and for the space of twenty seconds the Ontario editor felt almost as small as he really is.

**AN APOLOGY.**

MR. JAMES CONMEE, member from the Rainy River district, is invariably a source of liveliness when given committee duties. Last week Mr. Henderson, of Halton, speaking on the Railway Committee, aroused Mr. Conmee's ire and the Halton man found himself described as a "coward and a liar." Mr. Conmee afterwards apologised for his impetuosity and all was smiling once more. In the days when Mr. Conmee had not yet aspired to Ottawa honours but was content with a seat in the Ontario Legislature, he and the late J. W. St. John used to make the meetings of the Public Accounts Committee of 1903 decidedly eventful for the chairman, now Hon. G. P. Graham. On one occasion, Mr. Conmee actually challenged the stalwart Member for West York to personal combat "outside" and brightened the morning session for weary committee members. But the physical argument was not practicable and the opposing members had to content themselves with throwing paper bullets. In the afternoon, following this stormy scene, Mr. St. John met Mr. Conmee at the head of the staircase and solemnly laid his hands on the Algoma man's broad shoulders.

"Conmee," he said impressively, "I want to apologise for threatening to fight you this morning."

"Eh?" exclaimed the other, who could hardly believe his ears.

"Straight goods," continued the genial St. John, "you see, Conmee, I didn't know that you are over seventy years old." The disgust of the middle-aged member from the west then became unconcealed and vehement.

**INFORMATION.**

ONE day a well-known politician was enjoying a chat with a friend at a London hotel, when a strange young man came up and said:

"Can I see you for a moment, Mr. Dash?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Dash, rising.

The young man led him across the room and seemed to have something important to say to him. Arrived in a corner, the stranger whispered in the politician's ear:

"I am on the staff of an evening paper and I should like you to tell me what you think of the situation in the East."

Mr. Dash looked a little puzzled at first, then he said:

"Follow me."

And leading the way, he walked through the reading-room down some steps into the drawing-room, through a long passage into the dining-room, and drawing his visitor into the corner behind the hatrack he whispered:

"I really don't know anything about it."—Christian Observer.

**QUITE CRUSHING.**

NO other Canadian statesman has possessed quite so keen a sense of anecdotal fitness as Sir John Macdonald, whose memory nearly always produced a story to suit the occasion. During a summer in the eighties, a great Conservative picnic was held at Lucan and Sir John was secured as orator for the afternoon. The place of assembly was densely crowded and a part of the gallery gave way, with no serious results, however.

"Ah, my friends," said Sir John, beaming on the crowd, which was largely Roman Catholic in religious belief, "this slight accident reminds me of a friend of mine, an Orangeman, who was going along the road one day when he came upon a Catholic friend.

"Pat," said the first man, 'did ye hear that the bottom of Purgatory has fallen out and all your friends have dropped into Hell.'

"Faith, an' the Protestants will get a terrible crushing," was Pat's reply.

"The only man injured in the recent collapse," continued Sir John gravely, "was Mr. Henry B—— who is a confirmed Grit and has been voting against me for the last fifteen years."

**HER FORMER PASTOR.**

THERE are certain ancient standards of judgment which are held stubbornly by conservative folk. An old lady of firm convictions living in a small Canadian town was asked how she liked her new pastor and replied slowly:

"Well, I'd not say but what he'll suit some people. But no one can ever take the place of Dr. Macdougall. My, how that man would perspire after one of his great sermons—and he had a fine way of flourishing his handkerchief before he'd bow his head in prayer. This one will never have the Doctor's power in the pulpit, though he may do well enough for the sinners and the sick."

**CONTINENTAL CRITICISM.**

First Auto Fiend—"How was Europe?"  
Second Auto Fiend—"Rather rough. But better than Asia."—Life.



What Did She Mean?

Pater (with a hail-fellow, good-cheer sort of spirit on him)—"I'm sure, my children, we ought to be very thankful for all these good things!"  
Mater (thoughtlessly)—"And such a goose I never saw at the head of the table in my young days!"—The Girl's Realm.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

DOWN in the Niagara peninsula, that "garden of the Lord," the fruit farms these wooing March days are getting lively. The pruners are out. The snow is going off the orchards and the vineyards and the inquisitive fruit-growers, inspired by the sentiment of Nature that made old Virgil write his beautiful book called the "Georgics," are prying into the buds to see what the prospects may be for 1908. They are delighted. The heavy snows of this much-abused winter have been a great boon to the peach-tree and the grape-vine; the buds are full of nutriment and the plowshare will soon be going down the rows with the patient, whistling fruit-man behind. The only danger now is in premature warm weather.

\* \* \*

AN Alberta Englishman named Lamb recently lost his life in a brave attempt to save five of his comrades from the pit of a burning coal mine at Strathcona. Three times Lamb went down to the pit, but he failed to save the men and he lost his life in the attempt. This man was as good a sample of a hero as Canada ever had. He had no motive but a desire to save his fellows. He had no vision of blaring trumpets and public acclaim. He only thought he saw his duty and did it. It is some consolation to know that his sister, who lives in Newcastle-on-Tyne, got the King Edward medal for her brother's sake.

\* \* \*

MR. FRANCOIS ADAM, a Canadian Belgian, is in Belgium lecturing on Canada. Mr. Adam is one of the few Belgians who have settled in the Canadian West. In seventeen years of Alberta life he has made money enough to be the leading citizen of Camrose, one of the new towns of middle Alberta, and to spend a winter abroad with his family whenever he feels disposed. Mr. Adam was for years a fur trader. He went up from Calgary before there was a railway to Edmonton. With his coachman he bought a waggon and team and drove up the stage trail. The second day out they reached the Battle River. In a short while Mr. Adam had a store started at a half-breed settlement known as Duhamel. Here in a most picturesque and inviting spot he remained for years as the lord of the settlement; the little white chief of the hunters who had lost the buffaloes and who brought him furs. Now Mr. Adam owns three thousand acres of the finest land in Alberta, most of it got from the half-breeds who never would have learned to farm it. He is a model landlord and a sort of general adviser to all sorts and conditions of people who may not happen to know the ways of the West as well as he does himself. He is enthusiastic over Camrose, which is one of the newest and most ambitious towns in Alberta—nine miles from Duhamel and the old store which Mr. Adam set up years ago, and from the spot on

the entire word "one," the forger scratched off, with a penknife, the letter "e," and the right hand upper section of the letter "o." Then he placed a little dash on the right hand upper corner of the "o," making it look like a capital "T." By erasing the joining line between the "o" and the "n" a space was made for the letter "e." In the upper left hand corner of the money order were the figures "\$1 65," a fairly wide margin separating the "1" from the "6." A cipher inserted here finished the job. Homer must have taken a long while over this forgery. His brain should be given a post-mortem examination in the interests of psychology. Furthermore, Homer is defending his own case.

\* \* \*

TWO Murphies near Port Arthur were lately treed by wolves. They spent all one cold night in a tree with a pack of timber wolves at the bottom of the tree. The treeing took place at dusk, and it was dawn before Pat Murphy, who had his gun, got a chance to shoot four of the wolves, for which he got the bounty of ten dollars a head, which as he concluded was better than paying ten dollars each for the privilege of rooming in the jack-pine, and another proof that it's better for a man to be descended from a monkey than to descend into a wolf.

\* \* \*

REV. JOHN MACKAY, principal of the new Presbyterian Theological College in connection with the Provincial University at Victoria, has left Montreal and gone to the coast to take charge of the work. A lively interest is being taken in this college and Principal Mackay, who is one of the many new college principals that have lately gone from the academic East to the bustling West, will find the people west of the Rockies as strong on theology as on most other things. He is an exceptionally able man and will be heartily welcomed in the western capital. Mr. Mackay has been pastor of the Crescent Street Church in Montreal.

\* \* \*

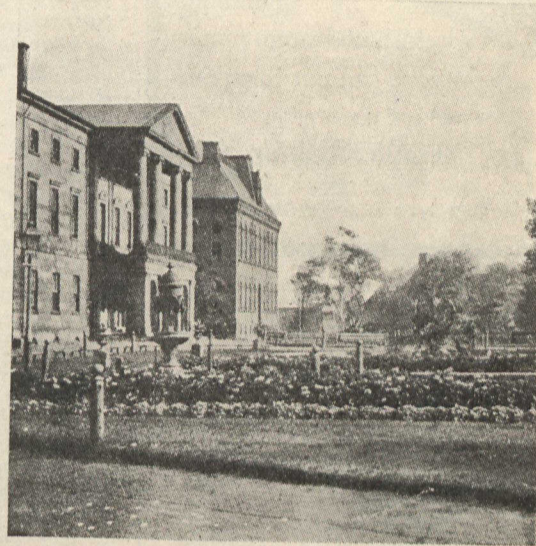
FRANK T. SAMPSON, an English immigrant in Toronto, has been writing home to the newspapers. He has been doing his best to warn friends in England against the seductions of the Salvation Army. His letter to the editor reads in part:

"There are nearly 500 families in this district, most of whom are out of work owing to the closing down of most of the large factories, and the outlook is most serious, and unless the sum of money in hand is considerably enlarged, I dread to think of what must be the result. Capt. Manton is in a way right when he says that there is plenty of work out here. So there is; but are all the people who emigrate to this Land of Promise farm hands or railway navvies? Even for the last-named occupation they

profession out there might adopt the title of a Toronto dentist who on his sign styles himself an orthodontist—probably meaning that only the right teeth will be pulled and mended.

\* \* \*

IT took a railway to keep British Columbia in the Confederation. Down at the other end of all the railways in Canada Mr. Alex. Martin, the mem-



Legislative Buildings at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

ber for Queen's, P.E.I., intimates that it might require a tunnel to keep the Island Province from cutting the painter. He says that in 1903 the island was excommunicated from the mainland for 59 days and in 1905 for 64 days, on account of no ferries running. He even went so far as to hint that unless the Government should build a tunnel the islanders might shoulder arms as the half-breeds did on the Saskatchewan. For a pastoral people this is pretty strong language; but the islanders are sturdy men. Nevertheless they have more poetry on the island than in most other parts of the Dominion—the poetry of whispering waters and shady nooks. To think of losing the island from Confederation would be to think of losing the most distinctively charming province in the family; besides, we should lose dairy industries to the extent of \$300,000 annually.

\* \* \*

SEEDING is starting in the West and already the prophetic Winnipeg "Commercial" begins to forecast the crop—long before nine-tenths of the seed is in the ground. According to that paper the West this year is to have a crop of 140 million bushels. This rosy estimate is based on the fine weather last fall and the fact that the farmers had a chance to get fore-handed with their fall plowing. This of course means much to the crop. Seed sown over the frost in the spring has a chance to grow while the frost is coming up. Seed which has to wait until the frost is sufficiently out for the plough must take its chances on being a month later; perhaps late enough to be caught by a precocious frost in the fall before it has a chance to ripen—the kind of frost that did so much damage to last year's crop. However, the Winnipeg "Commercial" has been guessing before now, and it is remembered that the publisher of that paper lost a box of cigars last summer on a wager over the aggregate of last year's crop.

\* \* \*

THE restless American lumber companies that have for years been so prominent on the Pacific coast and are now pushing up into the Peace River Valley, the last West, are becoming busy also on the St. John River. At a point where this historic river forms part of the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine, this company has started to block the river. Acting under alleged authority from the State of Maine, they have begun to fling booms across the stream to catch down-coming logs and have built works on both sides of the river. This is said to be in violation of the Ashburton Treaty by which Maine narrowly missed being a part of New Brunswick and by the terms of which no interference was to be tolerated in navigable boundary waters. That is any stream not navigable might have booms flung over it to obstruct logs by either of the parties concerned in the treaty; but the blocking of a navigable river like the St. John is a different matter.



First Train-load of Lumber Hauled into Camrose, Alta., by a Traction Engine over the Trail

the prairie where one beautiful fall day the year after he came out he was married in the open air near a creek to the lady who had come all the way from Belgium to meet him on the prairie.

\* \* \*

ONE of the cleverest Indians in Canada is now on trial at London, Ont. Isaac Homer is his name; he hails from Muncy on the Thames—one of the Six Nations Indians—and Isaac has been stimulated by his last name to take an interest in literature. So far his technic has not gone beyond forging in favour of himself a postal money order. Here is a case of psychology. A red man whose ancestors made picture writing takes a money order made originally for \$1.65; having made sure that this paper is good for any amount he can get written on it in legal hand he raises it to \$10.65 by the following ingenious and back-handed process: The words "One dollar" were written on the top line of the order, and the cents beneath. Instead of erasing

prefer Italians and Poles; in fact, anyone who is not English gets the preference. For the good of many people who are on the point of being gulled by the passage-gaining statements of the Salvation Army, I will heartily thank you to insert these few lines of warning in your columns. I remain, yours, etc."

\* \* \*

THEY are having a drastic time over the Dentistry Bill in the British Columbia Legislature. This is Attorney-General Bowser's Bill and ostensibly aims at establishing a Dentist College and Council and any other professional machinery likely to place tooth-pulling on a real professional basis in that province. Some members are hotly opposed to the Bill and claim it will establish a close corporation. Others as warmly advocate the Bill because at present there is no restriction on who shall or shall not pull and repair teeth. Meanwhile the dentists will continue to send in their bills as usual. Perhaps some of the

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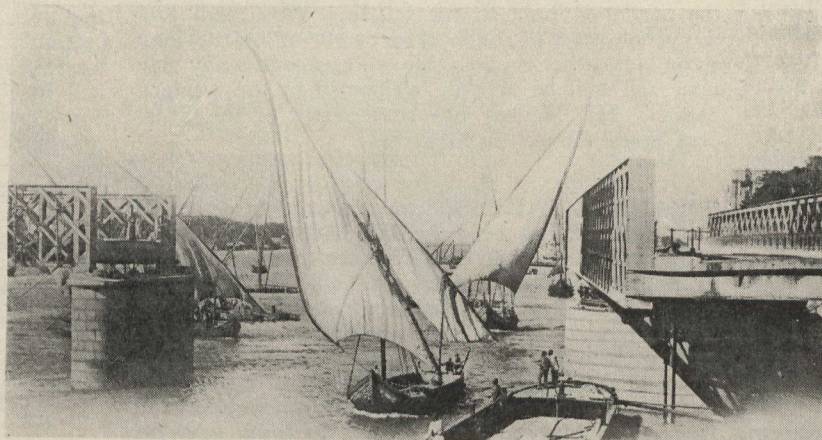
Name.....  
Address.....

THE centenary of the birth of Charles Darwin occurs on February 12th, 1909—less than eleven months hence. A movement is now on foot at Cambridge University to mark the occasion by founding a Chair of Biology, whose occupant shall devote himself to the study of those subjects which were the chief concern of Darwin's life. The year 1909 will also see the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the great professor's crowning work, "The Origin of Species," which adds still further to the appropriateness of the Cambridge movement. An anonymous member of the University has already promised to guarantee \$1,500 a year for five years, provided that the University will make the income of the new professor up to \$2,500. It is suggested that the professorship shall be called the Darwin Professorship of Biology. The University authorities have accepted this offer, but with the reservation that Darwin's name shall not be attached to the professorship until it has been placed on a permanent footing. It may be recalled here that Darwin had a double tie with Josiah Wedgwood, the celebrated potter, whose daughter married Darwin's father. Young Darwin came back from his extensive travels

extend over a week, namely, July 22nd to 29th. It is understood that the Prince of Wales will make the voyage on board the *Renown*, which is the same vessel that took him and the Princess to India. The *Renown* is one of the newest and finest of British warships, and was specially fitted up as a yacht for the voyage to India. She will, in all probability, be accompanied by the *Dominion*, as well as other first-class battleships. The presence of the Heir-Apparent will undoubtedly add to the interest of the occasion, and it will afford him another opportunity of acquainting himself with the *Dominion*, its people, and their aspirations.

\* \* \*

EGYPT is yearly becoming more popular as a pleasant resort for such English travellers as wish to escape the winter rigours. The blight of the globe-trotter, grumbles the true lover of the East, has fallen upon the cities of this river-blest land. These are fast losing their old-time charm and becoming a hunting-ground for antiquities, many of which, say the Wise Men from the West, are of Birmingham manufacture. But the most inveterate globe-trotters and curio-



Scene at Cairo, a popular winter resort for British tourists

on board the *Beagle* in the then little known Antipodes to marry his cousin, Miss Wedgwood.

\* \* \*

THE most interesting wedding of April will probably be that of Lord Errington, eldest son of Lord Cromer, and Lady Ruby Elliot, second daughter of Lord Minto. Lord Cromer's career in Egypt forms one of the most interesting chapters in modern Empire-making, while the Earl of Minto has served Great Britain in both army and state. Canada and India, alike, have found him a satisfactory representative of the sovereign. The union of these two families seems in accordance with the imperial fitness of things, a consideration, however, which has probably not occurred to those immediately concerned.

\* \* \*

GRATIFICATION has been aroused on both sides of the Atlantic by the official announcement that the Prince of Wales will attend the celebration in connection with the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain. The proviso is made that the celebration shall take place during the last week in July. This arrangement has been suggested in order to make the Prince's visit coincide with the stay of the Atlantic fleet in Canadian waters. If the arrangement holds good, the visit will

fiends are unable to divest Egypt of its attractions for the serious student who takes care to go far from fashionable Cairo, even unto the temples of Luxor. There is the modern, industrial Egypt, also the new financial miracle which Saxon supervision, whose visible sign was Lord Cromer, brought into being. This is of supreme interest to the modern politician, especially since it has been rumoured that all is not serenity under the new regime.

\* \* \*

THE Seventeenth Universal Peace Congress will be held in London—at the Caxton Hall, Westminster—on July 27th and succeeding days. Not since 1890 has a conference of this kind sat in London, and the occasion of July next is to be celebrated on a big scale. Last year's Peace Congress was held in Munich, when four hundred delegates, representing fourteen countries, attended the sittings. It is anticipated that Lord Courtney of Penwith—who is better remembered, perhaps, as the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney, a former Colonial Secretary—will preside over the Congress. In connection with this gathering of peace advocates from all parts of the world, a united conference of Christian churches is being organised to demonstrate the feeling of the churches on the subject. Also, peace services are to be conducted in the English, French, German and Italian languages.

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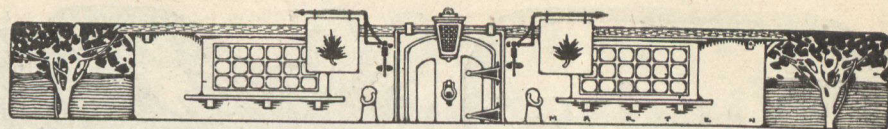


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## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### THE HUGE HATS.

A WHOLE flowerbed seems to be crowded on the hats which are blooming in these blustering March days. A parterre of roses or morning-glories fairly dazzles the gaze of the masculine beholder. By the way, the fragile morning-glory is being represented in rather bold and heavy fashion. Absurd brown velvet and orange satin arrangements are travesties of the delicate bit of morning freshness with the mauve or pink beauty fading so early in the day. But fashion is no respecter of Nature and the saucer-like morning-glory is likely to be worn until the real summer hats appear upon the scene. The present huge affairs are not unbecoming to a "daughter of the gods" but a small woman has a pathetically disappeared and swallowed-up effect as seen beneath their rugged shade. In fact, to use a patriotic and British Columbian expression, the March hats seem to belong to the Douglas fir school of millinery.

\* \* \*

### MY LADY'S NICOTINE.

THE question of women smoking has hardly come to the point of discussion in Canada, since the Canadian girl has shown little liking, so far, for the "noxious weed." But in England, so it is said, the fashion has become so common that a discussion of its propriety is being carried on by a London weekly which has asked various prominent men and women to express their opinions of whether women should smoke *publicly*. The editor seems to take it for granted that they will smoke in private. Lady Harberton writes with no uncertain pen:

"From my point of view, all smoking in public is an outrage on society, as those who do so pollute the air that all must breathe, and by gross selfishness inflict a nuisance on their fellow-creatures. If some people desired to infect all drinking-water with musk or peppermint, there would be a violent outcry, yet practically it would be little worse than infecting the air with a horrible smell." The majority of those asked to give an opinion appear to be opposed to the practice.

On this continent, only the extremely-fashionable set has shown a decided preference for cigarettes and, as Canada is a modest young country her women are slow to adopt the unlovely habit.

A Canadian man, who has been away from his native land for several years was recently asked his opinion regarding tobacco for women and replied:

"I don't like it at all. Smoking spoils a woman. Of course she has as much right as a man to soil her fingers and pollute the atmosphere. But, in my opinion, a woman who chews gum is guilty of a more vulgar practice than cigarette-smoking."

"Only shop-girls chew gum," was the reply of the inquiring friend.

\* \* \*

### LACE COLLECTIONS.

THE old-fashioned "Fall fair" is no poor indication of the changing tastes and industries of the country. The prize quilt is not often seen in these days but the quality of the hand-made lace shows decided improvement. In an article by Monsieur Worth, recently published by Harper's, the famous "artist" urges the

modern girl to seek to become possessed of pieces of real lace. If one should be reminded that Canada is not a country of luxuries and that real lace is an expensive article, it might be urged that lace is less expensive than the jewellery with which most women are bedecked and is much more satisfactory. In the Horticultural Hall, London, England, an exhibition of lace has recently been held which has attracted great feminine interest. Queen Alexandra, it is said, has been from her earliest girlhood an enthusiastic lace collector, while, next to that which successively passes into the possession of each reigning Pope, the lace of Her Majesty is the most valuable. The most splendid modern piece in Queen Alexandra's collection of laces, says M. A. P., is undoubtedly her own bridal gown, which was the wedding gift of the King of the Belgians, and which was actually ordered on the day when Queen Victoria ratified her eldest son's formal betrothal to the "Sea-King's daughter." As her marriage took place at a time when monstrous crinolines were being worn, Her Majesty's wedding gown is of imposing breadth. It is said that Queen Alexandra was the first Royal lady who responded to the appeal made by the late Queen of the Belgians, begging those who were in a position to afford it never to wear an inch of machine-made lace. Irish lace has always been admired by Queen Alexandra who chose as her wedding-gift from Ireland a shawl of Limerick lace. Lady Aberdeen, during her residence in Canada, lost no opportunity of displaying the beauties of Limerick lace, which also formed an attractive part of Lady Marjorie Sinclair's trousseau. The exhibitions of the Women's Art Associations in Canada have recently included some lovely specimens of this daintiest of hand-work.

\* \* \*

### THE FASHIONABLE COLOUR.

THERE is one Spring fashion of which we are assured—Copenhagen blue is the shade of the hour. Already it is seen in gowns, hats, gloves and shoes. Thin women, fat women, dark women, fair women, are revelling in Copenhagen blue until it is a weariness to the eye. Just as brown was an almost universal hue a year ago, so the present feminine world is buying Copenhagen blue by the bolt.

Monsieur Worth of Paris who is contributing a series of articles to Harper's Bazar has something to say regarding Queen Alexandra's taste in matters of this sort. Her Majesty, according to the Paris authority, is a born artist in matters of dress, as was her mother, the late Queen of Denmark, and never wears a certain style or colour, merely because it is fashionable. Queen Alexandra, says M. Worth, does not ask "Will panne or stiff brocade be favoured?" or "Will fur be admitted for evening wear?" or "Will tight sleeves last through another season?"

CANADIENNE.

\* \* \*

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW recently described a section of the fair sex as "A parcel of silly women in big hats." One of them, in the same frank, outspoken spirit, writes to say that women in big hats are no sillier than men with swelled heads. — M. A. P.

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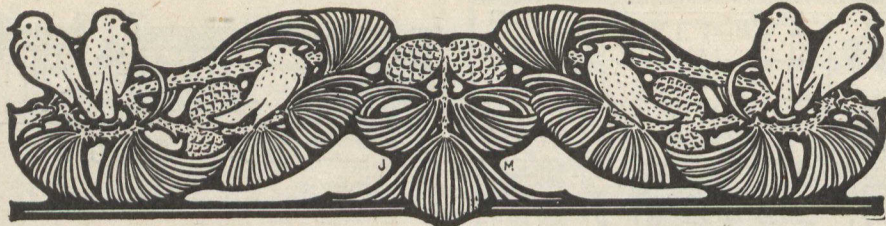


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FOR THE CHILDREN

MARJORIE'S VICTORY.

UNCLE HOWARD," asked Marjorie, looking up from the book she was reading, "what is a coincidence?"

"Let me see," replied Uncle Howard, trying to think how to make a simple definition. "When two things happen at the same time that have nothing to do with each other, but seem to have a great deal to do with each other, we call it a coincidence."

Seeing that Marjorie still looked puzzled, he started to explain further, when a telephone message called him away. As he took down his hat in the hall, however, he paused long enough to say, "I'll look out for a first-rate coincidence to show you, Marjorie, and then you'll understand better."

The next day happened to be Friday, and because there was no one to drive Marjorie to school, and because she was not able to walk so far, she was obliged to remain at home.

Mama and Uncle Howard were very sorry, and they all thought of the two shining gold pieces in Marjorie's bank that meant two whole years without an absence, and of the third that was to have joined them so soon; for Great-Aunt Morton, who lived in the big house on the hill, had laughingly told Marjorie the very first day she went to school that she should have a five-dollar gold piece at the end of each year that she was neither absent nor tardy.

But the gold piece was as nothing compared with the broken record, and Marjorie sobbed aloud for a few minutes; then, like the brave little girl that she was, she dried her tears, got out her paint-box, and began colouring up some sunbonnet babies for the other children.

When she went to school on Monday morning everybody was talking about the fire that had occurred the day before, and to her relief, nobody said anything to her about her absence. She said to herself that she just could not have stood it, if anybody had.

Two weeks later the monthly report-cards were given out. Marjorie received hers with a sad heart, as she thought of the broken record. She did not even open the envelope until Gertrude Harris had turned off on her own street and she was alone.

But as she glanced over the card, something within her gave a great leap. Could she believe her own eyes? There were no marks in the absence column! The teacher must have made a mistake.

Mama and Uncle Howard looked the card over, and said they were glad Marjorie had gone from "G" to "G plus" in her reading, but neither of them thought of the omission.

Then came a great temptation to Marjorie. If she should say nothing about the mistake, the record would remain as it was, and the teacher and pupils would forget by next year, and Great-Aunt Morton need never know. So the report-card was returned to the teacher without anything being said.

All the next week Marjorie struggled with the temptation. She seemed unlike herself.

Friday came again, the last day of school. Marjorie could stand it no longer. Summoning all her courage,

she came back into the school-house at recess, after the others were all out, and sobbed out her story to the teacher.

"So you thought I made a mistake, did you?" asked the teacher. "I'm so glad you told me, because I can assure you that you are the one who has made the mistake. That day was a very cold one, you remember, and something broke about the furnace early in the morning, so we couldn't have school that day. We sent word to all whom we could reach easily, and dismissed the others as soon as they came. You live so far away we could not notify you. I'm sorry this has troubled you so much; you should have told your mother or me sooner."

Marjorie ran round to Great-Aunt Morton's after school with her report-card, and then fairly flew home to tell her story to mama and Uncle Howard.

"That's what I call the happiest kind of a coincidence," said Uncle Howard, as he heard the five-dollar gold piece rattle down with its mates. "Now you know the meaning of the word."

"I call it a great victory," said mama, thinking of something quite different. But Marjorie understood both.—Youth's Companion.

\* \* \*



Mrs. Giraffe: "Give me two hundred yards of flannel. My husband has a sore throat."

\* \* \*

LUCK.

Now, ain't it aggrivatin'  
How other chaps you meet  
Can go to work and fin' things  
Jus' lyin' in the street?  
Why, Billie struck a jack-knife  
As had a screw, I'm told!  
An' Fred picked up a hat-pin  
What looked like solid gold.  
Len's brother los' a marble,  
An' huntin', found a dime,  
'Twas waitin' right before him!  
An' onct, at playin' time  
When I stayed hid, and Bobby  
Got sent to town by mar,  
He seen a hull half-dollar  
Roll off a trolley-car.  
I've hung aroun' the sidewalk  
An' poked in all the cracks;  
I've shuffled up the gutter,  
I've loafed along the tracks.  
I've kept an eye out steady  
For weeks, and I'll be beat  
If I can fin' a penny  
A-lyin' in the street.  
—St. Nicholas.



Take it in time.

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Right now, take

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

MISS JULIA MARLOWE is an artist who is always welcome in Canada, since the days when she first captured Montreal and Toronto as *Rosalind* in Shakespeare's daintiest comedy. The English tour of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern last year was an artistic success, whose interest was somewhat heightened by the fact that Miss Marlowe is English by birth although American in education and methods. Miss Marlowe will appear in Toronto on April 2, 3 and 4, with Saturday matinee, at the Princess Theatre in *As You Like It*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, and a new romantic drama entitled *Gloria*.

The theatre-goer will be relieved to learn that *Gloria* has nothing to do with *Glory Quayle*, the horrible heroine of Mr. Caine's melodrama, *The Christian*, but is, on the contrary, a new play by James B. Fagan, a writer hitherto unknown to dramatic fame and said to be a "discovery" made by Miss Marlowe herself. The manuscripts which surround a newspaper editor are but a mole-hill in comparison with the pile which confronts an actress, who invariably hopes to find in the mounting heap of would-be dramas the material out of which a successful play may be made. *Gloria* is a bit of sun-lit, laughing Italy, a play which shows,



Miss Julia Marlowe, who will be at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week.

also, a seldom-realised side of the Renaissance. "We take the Renaissance in awe. It means to most of us something dignified and splendid. Yet Browning strove to modify that idea; he gave us *My Last Duchess* and *Fra Angelico*, poems which reflect the light humour, the cynical wickedness of Florence and Pisa."

*Gloria* is said to reflect successfully the sunny spirit of that day. Its heroine is a care-free hoyden, a countess of youth and bubbling spirit, who takes delight in sending her lovers on fools' errands and who regards the world as a lifelong jest, to be laughed at under the bluest skies and amidst the most luxurious gardens and palaces. "The joy of life unquestioned" makes this play of Sixteenth-Century Italy a source of unalloyed mirth and Miss Marlowe, whose Roman name of Julia suggests,

Italian memories, takes to the part *con amore* and adds a new charm to the many she already possesses for a not-easily-pleased public.

\* \* \*

IN order to realise just how paltry the modern entertainment known as musical comedy has become, it is necessary to hear a revival of one of the good old Gilbert-and-Sullivan operas. Montreal had such an opportunity lately, in which "the flowers that bloom in the Spring had nothing to do with the case." It is to be hoped that other Canadian cities will have similar opportunities and that amateur companies will also turn their attention to the tuneful and ideal productions which show up the ultra-modern stuff as flimsy material. Mr. George Cohan, who is guilty of some of the poorest of the late "entertainment," recently sent to certain United States publications a communication expressing his views on English theatrical and operatic productions and the epistle to the Western Hemisphere makes weird reading. Among other remarks Mr. Cohan delivers the following judgment regarding *Peter Pan*:

"I decided I would have thoroughly enjoyed it when I was a small boy taking violin lessons in Orange, New Jersey."

So Mr. Cohan took music lessons. Unlucky violin! And unhappy James M. Barrie whose delicate dreams have failed to ensnare the Cohan fancy! The more reputable journals in New York have joined in ridicule of the Cohan lucubration and it is to be hoped that further critical details from that source will not find a fool publisher. Mr. Cohan's dramatic productions are tawdry and vulgar beyond what we deserve; but his dramatic comment on the attractions of the city he playfully terms "Edward's village" are a painful revelation of the effects of a rush of dollars to the brain.

\* \* \*

MADAME LE GRAND REED, who has delighted Montreal audiences during the last month by her singing at two concerts, is to be the assisting soprano soloist at the People's Choral Union concert in Massey Hall, Toronto, next Tuesday night. Mr. H. M. Fletcher, the conductor of this organisation, will then conclude what has been an unusually heavy season of choral work.

\* \* \*

SO far, there has been no announcement of outdoor theatrical performances during University Commencement week. The un-June-like weather of the last three years, during the closing days of the college year, has probably deterred the authorities from making any "Ben Greet" arrangements.

WAITING FOR DINNER.

When one is very hungry,  
It's hard to wait, I know,  
For minutes seem like hours  
And the clock is always slow.

There isn't time to play a game,  
You just sit down and wait,  
While mother says, "Be patient,  
Our cook is never late."

It's best when one is hungry,  
To think of other things,  
For then, before you know it,  
The bell for dinner rings.

—St. Nicholas.

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LITERARY NOTES

THE STORY OF QUEBEC.

THOSE who intend visiting Quebec this year will find an excellent historical sketch of that three-hundred-year-old city in a little illustrated volume by Emily P. Weaver, recently issued by William Briggs. The pen-and-ink sketches are somewhat crude but the text is excellent. The illustrations, however, convey much that could not be given if photographs had been substituted.

Those who would like fuller information will find it in "Quebec Under Two Flags," by Doughty and Dionne, or in "Old Quebec," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Both volumes have numerous illustrations. "The Fight for Canada" by Captain William Wood gives a very full account of the two battles which are known as the Plains of Abraham and Ste. Foye. The latter battle is not so well known, but according to Captain Wood, the British lost 1,124 men and Levis "half as many again."

\* \* \*

A CANADIAN HISTORY.

EVERY home in the Dominion should contain one or more Canadian histories and children should be taught to consult them. Young people who have left school should also be encouraged in historical study. There are several one-volume histories which are suitable for general use and reference. Mr. Roberts' book is excellent and so is either volume by the late Sir J. G. Bourinot in the "Nations" series. Most of the smaller histories used in the schools are abominable—dry, statistical, political and poorly-printed. The only exception is the new edition of Emily P. Weaver's "A Canadian History." At the price, fifty cents, it is the best value obtainable. The maps and illustrations are more numerous and more valuable than in any other single volume, while the story is wonderfully clear and lucid considering the limited space. The book is published jointly by William Briggs and the Copp, Clark Company and it is to be hoped that it will come into general public school use.

\* \* \*

THE NORTH AND WEST.

"THE PEACE RIVER TRAIL," an illustrated pamphlet published by the Journal Company of Edmonton, contains a story which every Canadian should read. "The Yukon Territory: Its History and Resources," an illustrated pamphlet issued by the Department of the Interior is also to be commended. The Report of the Select Committee of the Senate on the great Saskatchewan, Peace, and Mackenzie valleys is a valuable document. It is printed in Vol. 42 of the Journals of the Senate and is also issued in separate form. It gives all the latest information concerning that unknown district and also about Keewatin and Ungava. Being a government report, it is likely to be overlooked by the general reader but many wise ones will find pleasure and profit in the perusal.

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CANADIAN PUBLISHING CENTRES.

AN article on "Canadian Literature in 1907" in the *Nation* (New York) bears on the question of book sales. The article opens with the following paragraph: "The old reproach against the Canadian reading public is rapidly becoming obsolete. To-day the meritorious work of Canadian writers is nowhere more thoroughly appreciated than in Canada; and more than that, English and American editions of Canadian books are not only immediately produced in Canadian editions, but many important Canadian books are now published originally in Toronto or Montreal. Toronto is, in fact, rapidly becoming an important publishing centre, and the time is not far off when it will be as much the rule for an English-Canadian book to bear a Toronto imprint as for a French-Canadian book to see the light first in Montreal."

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THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE.

"THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE OF BOOKS" for 1907 has just appeared in London, and this catalogue is such a time-honoured and useful institution in the literary world that a word or two on its history may not be without interest to Canadians.

Among the earliest catalogues of books known were those compiled by Robert Clavell, under the name of "Term Catalogues," during the period 1666 to 1709. He seems to have taken his title from the fact that the catalogue was issued quarterly—that is, at Michaelmas Term, Hilary Term, Easter Term and Trinity Term. Robert Clavell was Master of the Company of Stationers in 1698 and 1699, and a contemporary of his left it on record that Clavell "is a great dealer, and has deservedly gained himself the reputation of a just man. Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, used to call him the 'honest bookseller'"—a high tribute, indeed! After Clavell's "Term Catalogues" came "London Catalogue," founded by W. Bent in 1700, and running on, under various proprietors until 1855, when it was incorporated in the present "English Catalogue," published by Sampson Low & Company.

The "English Catalogue" gives in one alphabetical list, under author and title, the size, price, month of publication, and publisher of books issued during the year in the United Kingdom. Not only this, but it furnishes a tabulated statement showing how those books are distributed among their various classes. The year 1907, we are told, has been by far the busiest in the annals of English publishing, no fewer than 9,914 new books and new editions having appeared in the twelve months. This is an increase over 1906 of 1,311. The most notable instances of increase are in the Religion and Philosophy class, with a 213 jump over 1906; Arts and Sciences with 610; and History and Biography with 232. That we are getting ready for the Millennium is the natural conclusion one would draw in regard to the Religion and Arts and Sciences increases. But the third-mentioned increase—History and Biography—would seem to indicate that we are not, especially when one discovers that it is the "spicy" memoir that has sent up the figure.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable feature of the whole year's publishing is the marked drop of 246 in the number of new works of fiction. If this means, with fewer novels, a higher standard of writing, then we can but be grateful, for there have been a deplorably large quantity of books issued recently that were really not worth accepting at any price—even as waste paper.

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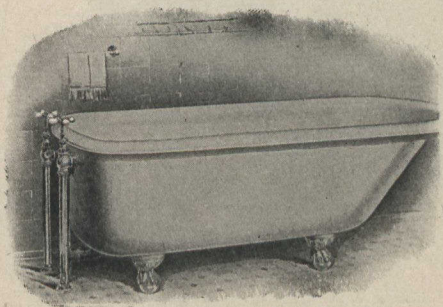
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