The

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THE
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OF CANADA

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

Canada's Progress in 1904

PROGRESS was written large across Canada in 1904. Things have been moving steadily during the past year, and the tide of prosperity—to use a phrase that has now come into general favor—reached considerably nearer to its flood. Not that there was any boom in 1904; if we have ever had a boom stage in Canada, we have long since passed it. But we made, as a nation, very decided advances in the past twelve months, and added to our national importance in several directions, a few of which may be named in brief.

The immigration for the year amounted to about 140,000 persons. Of these one-third came from the United States, the rest from Britain and the Continent. What this means in the development of the country can hardly be estimated, for a continued increase of population is the one secret of our national growth. More men to work our resources marks real progress.

Of almost equal importance was the railway progress of the past year. Transportation business has so grown that the C.P.R. has approached very close to the million-a-week mark, surely an indication of prosperity. The final settlement of terms for a second transcontinental line, and the vigorous prosecution of work on the Canadian Northern and the Temiskaming roads have been further signs of new progress. Railways will have much to do with the Canada of the future.

A plentiful wheat crop showed continued progress in the great West. A yield of 60,000,000 bushels of the finest wheat in the world was a harvest of prosperity in itself.

Other natural products, of farm, mine, forest, and sea were also abundant in all the provinces. As a consequence all the industries were active.

Aside from this general activity among the industries, the most important evidence of industrial progress was the re-opening of the immense plants at the Soo, an enterprise truly national in proportions, and whose renewed prosperity may be taken as a matter of national gratulation.

There was marked progress in building. Toronto, Montreal, and Winnipeg, the three great centres of the Dominion, were particularly busy in this direction. New buildings mean increasing business.

Financially, the year was a good one. There were a few important suspensions of financial firms, but in general, business conditions were favorable throughout the country. Wholesalers and manufacturers, with few exceptions, report a good year, both in volume of trade and in returns.

In legislation, one of the most significant steps toward future progress was the passage of an anti-dumping measure, the object of which is to prohibit the importation of manufactured goods at slaughter prices, *i.e.*, at prices lower than those ruling in their home market. As promising fuller protection, this is an advance.

Territorially, Canada took measures to assert her rights in the far north, sending a fully equipped expedition to Hudson's Bay, for both exploration and police purposes, as already noted in these columns.

In these and other directions, 1904 was a year of progress in Canada. Existing enterprises were strengthened and developed, and some important movements organized, which will be put into action during this and following years. The new note of national confidence and hopefulness gained additional strength, with which it will go on into 1905.

Canada and the United States at the Polls

EXCEPT that they came within a few days of each other, and that the results of both were pretty well foreseen, there were few points of likeness between the recent general elections in Canada and the United States. Different in methods, they were also different in motive. In the United States, unlike former years, there was no sharp division of opinion on public questions, and party feeling did not run high. Previous elections have, among other things, decided some important phase of the money or tariff issue; but this year these, except to a small extent, were both lacking. The election was chiefly on the fitness of one candidate or the other to manage the affairs of the nation for the next four years. It was thus largely a question of the personality of two opposing leaders, both of whom were possessed of rare abilities and personal qualities. The Republican party, having no larger platform, made the fullest use of these qualities in their candidate, Mr. Roosevelt. One of the party workers is quoted as saying: "Our greatest asset in this campaign has been the personality of our candidate. We have played that up in every possible way." This being the method of the Republicans, the Democrats could not have done more wisely than to play similarly upon the personality of Judge Parker, a man of undoubted worth and ability. But in this they fell short, persistently keeping their candidate in the background, and giving him but the smallest opportunity to meet the people. A different course would not at all probably have reversed the verdict at the polls, but it would have been better campaigning.

Thus in the United States both parties had their chief campaign strength in their candidates, and one of the parties utilized this material to good purpose, while the other permitted it to pass unused. In Canada there were also two opposing leaders, both of them gentlemen and worthy of the country's confidence. But neither party in Canada made any more than passing reference to the personality of its candidates. Here there was instead an issue of a public character, somewhat suddenly raised, but serving nevertheless as a partisan battle-cry—the terms of the National Transcontinental Railway agreement. Wisely or no, Canada had what the United States had not, an issue, and there was no room for mere personality, however important that may be. It is a question whether in Canada, where the race difficulty has so lately been in evidence, we could safely campaign an election on the personality of the candidates without a public issue at stake.

Public Ownership Still Alive

DURING the past three or four months, public ownership has been much in the people's mind. Before that, however, the question had been raised in various sections of the press, and in our own columns it had from time to time been favorably commented upon. We have frequently had occasion to refer to the gains which public ownership has been making in our own and other countries, and we have in general approved of the idea, as applied to our great public franchises. At the same time, the NATIONAL MONTHLY has impartially welcomed, as a sign of national progress, the completion of arrangements for the new transcontinental railway. To thus approve of both propositions would be illogical, if it be true, as has been so wildly declared, that the Grand Trunk Pacific terms are a denial and a defeat of the principle of public ownership. Yet we still retain our approval of that principle and our welcome to the new railroad.

For, as a matter of fact, the country's

ratification of the Grand Trunk Pacific terms was not at all a defeat of public ownership, and in taking that position we do not necessarily take a partisan or political view of the matter. Public ownership, as a principle, was not an issue in the recent election, though the exact terms of the agreement may have been so. As the agreement stands, there is still a large measure of public ownership in it, for the eastern section of the road, from Moncton to Winnipeg, is to be built and owned by the Government—or, in other words, a longer stretch of railway is to be under public ownership than has yet been attempted on this continent. That is why we can consistently approve of both the road and the principle.

We are aware that an independent position such as this is open to misunderstanding, for the entire matter has of late been involved in political capitalizing; but even granted that a better bargain might have been made, it is still evident to the unbiased judgment that public ownership is involved in the terms by which at least one-half of the new road is to be built. Public ownership in Canada is still an experiment, and though it will ultimately come into general favor and use, it is to be introduced, so far as the Grand Trunk Pacific is concerned, by a partial trial. But that is not to say that public ownership is dead.

Better Pay for the Militia

AN article in the November number of the NATIONAL MONTHLY, on the question of reform in the militia, indicated certain directions in which the standing of our military could and should be improved. One of these was an increase in the remuneration attached to the service, though it was stated that the matter of pay affected to only a small extent the general efficiency of the militia. The secret of a good militia lies deeper than the money value of its offices.

In this, however, as in nearly everything else, the money value has some influence. "Good men, good pay" obtains in the militia as truly, if not as largely, as in business; and even if faithful service is rendered independently of the remuneration, for the country's sake, the latter should as closely as possible correspond with the former. It may, therefore, be noted, by way of supplementing the article referred to, that a revised scale of pay has, with other important changes, been since put into effect in the Canadian militia. By this revision the pay rates will be, as a general rule, twenty-five per cent. in advance of those previously in force. The officers of both the volunteer and permanent corps will in future receive from $2.50 to $5.00 a day, the permanent corps having a further advantage in a rising scale after four years' service. The rates for the rank and file in the volunteers remain as before, with good conduct pay of twenty cents a day for the first year, increasing to fifty cents for the third and following years. Non-commissioned officers and men in the permanent corps will be paid as follows: Gunners, privates, and drivers, 50 cents, increasing in three years to 60 cents, and in six years to 75 cents; corporals, 80 cents, 90 cents, and $1.00; sergeants, sergeant instructors, and sergeant majors, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50, increasing in three and six years to $1.25, $1.75 and $2.00.

Railway Station Facilities

IT is important that a city have as presentable entrances as possible. First impressions are apt to be permanent, and the land or water approaches have sometimes much to do with making or marring a city in the estimation of visitors. Hitherto but little attention has been given to this phase of city improvement in Canada, as many waterfronts bear sorry witness; but some of our larger towns are gradually making changes for the better.

So far as the railway stations are concerned, the need of improvement is more in the direction of accommodation than ornament. The average depot is small, inconvenient, and inadequate. There has been a marked improvement in the last eight or ten years, and the largest cities have some buildings that are really a credit to railway and city alike; but how a city outgrows its station facilities is shown in the case of Toronto, where a building that was considered large at the time it was erected has

now for several years been quite incapable of accommodating the increasing traffic. The situation is made the more urgent by the desire of a third line, the James Bay Railway, now under construction, to enter the city, Toronto being its proposed terminus.

The great fire of last April provided an unexpected solution to the difficulty. A large area almost adjoining the present station premises, to the east, was among those devastated, and the railway authorities at once saw in this their opportunity. Application was made for the right to expropriate this land for a station site, and the matter was for some months under discussion by the Railway Commission. Some opposition was naturally met with, but an order was finally passed late in October authorizing the expropriation of the land, subject to certain conditions. The most important of these conditions was the erection within three years of a new station building, to cost at least a million dollars, and to be shared by the three railway lines entering Toronto. Work on this is to be begun within one year. Toronto will thus have the finest railway station in Canada and one of the best in America; while the fact that three companies, one of them not yet ready for business, have undertaken this immense enterprise, speaks much for Canada's railway progress.

Prizes for Good Farming

ANYTHING that will encourage the Canadian farmer in the development of his great natural industry is to be rereceived with hearty approval. It has been found that favorable tariffs, good markets, and improved transportation facilities are not the only encouragements which can be thus extended to him. Improved methods, increased education, and continued experimenting have also much to do with strengthening the farmer and making his labor count for more in a national sense. For instance, the introduction of the cool-curing method in cheese-making has almost doubled the cheese exports in five years.

One of the earliest means adopted for giving an impetus to farming enterprise was the local fair, which has continued in favor for many years. That it has fairly accomplished its purpose, by its system of annual prizes, cannot be denied, but it is now asserted by the Ontario Superintendent of Fairs that there are too many such local exhibitions, and that they must in future be reduced to two for each county. The deficiencies of the system, as a real benefit to the farmers, are apparent. As a partial substitute, it is proposed to inaugurate annual good farm competitions, which would be to the farmers what the popular flower-garden competitions are to the city people. By this plan prizes would be given through the agricultural societies for the best farms in the counties; the winners would compete for better prizes given for the best-kept farms in districts consisting of groups of counties, and the successful ones in this class would in turn compete for the prize given for the best farm in the province. This plan has been tried in Quebec for the past twelve years or more, and with much success and practical helpfulness to the farmers. It is probable that a beginning will be made in Ontario next summer.

The World's Peace

ONE of the historic transactions at St. Louis, shortly before the close of the Fair, concerned the world's peace, and has attracted much attention in different countries. At a session of the Inter-Parliamentary Union in that city a resolution was passed that the several governments of the world be asked to send representatives to an international conference, at which should be considered especially the negotiation of arbitration treaties between the nations represented, and the advisability of establishing an International Congress to convene periodically for the discussion of international questions.

At Boston a few weeks later, at the thirteenth annual conference of the International Peace Congress, this resolution was heartily endorsed. In accordance, and under the call of President Roosevelt, a world's peace conference will be convened as soon as possible, though it probably cannot be

held until the close of the Russo-Japanese war. The prospect of another peace conference has been received with hearty interest all over the world, which is itself a token of success.

If arbitration treaties can through this or other agencies be negotiated between the nations of the world it will mean practically the accomplishment of universal peace. That it is not an impossible aim is shown by the advances which arbitration has made since the last Hague conference, most recently of all in the remarkably calm reference by England of the North Sea outrage to arbitration. The principle is growing in favor, and nations accept it to-day that not long since would have scorned it. Undoubtedly it is the road to peace, either between nations or parties, and as it wins wider support it will come to be recognized as one of the great world-principles. In Canada we are interested in it, not from actual or probable experience, but because Canada is herself growing in world-consciousness, and what affects the world will directly or indirectly affect Canada.

Why Japan has been Successful

ALL the world has been watching the progress of the present war and wondering at the remarkable successes which have been attending the operations of the Japanese. A nation that, comparatively speaking, has been born or wakened to life in a day, has, by repeated good turns, triumphed over an enemy that in such a conflict would have been thought invincible. The reasons for this have been variously given. Japan's nearness to the seat of war, her consequent ability to move her forces more quickly, her wonderful adaptability and modern equipment, and other such reasons, have been freely mentioned, and without doubt have had much to do with the success already won. But another reason, and one of the very chiefest, lies in a direction not ordinarily suspected.

Not so much in their ability to destroy their enemy as in the measures which they have adopted to prevent disease in their armies, lies the superiority of the Japanese over the Russians, according to a prominent American army surgeon. "Never in the history of warfare," he says, "has a nation approached Japan in the methodical and effectual use of medical science as an ally in war." One would not have expected this from Japan, but then all of Japan's recent achievements have been in the nature of a surprise. The news despatches have been telling of the terrible mortality among the Russian forces because of the lack of sanitary precautions; but at the same time and in the same country, exceedingly unhealthy as Manchuria is known to be, "the loss by the Japanese from preventable disease in the first six months of the conflict will be but a fraction of one per cent." This has been made possible only by the utmost vigilance. Medical officers have made examinations and tests, have set guards around dangerous places, have supervised the billeting of the soldiers and the cooking of the food, have practically stamped out contamination in every form, and have even given the men lectures in personal hygiene. The result has been the general good health of the armies, which in itself has been one of the chief reasons of the Japanese successes.

Nevertheless Japan would gladly be rid of the war. She has in fact expressed her willingness to arbitrate, though by no means forced to that measure by circumstances. The war is said to be costing the little island kingdom two millions a week, and Japanese officials who look for the conflict to continue for a long time, estimate the total cost at not less than $1,000,000,000. On the same basis, however, Russia's bill will be $2,000,000,000.

Canada and Music

WITH progress in so many other directions, it would be a matter of surprise and regret if Canada had not made corresponding advances in the finer arts. A nation's well-being is not expressed fully in its business relations; there must be a balancing of commerce with art, an action of one upon the other, and a healthful proportion of the two in daily life. We have some art in Canada; not as much as older countries have, but enough to prove to ourselves and the world that we have not over-

looked the artistic interests. Music may be taken as an example.

The time was when, to obtain a musical education, a Canadian student was obliged to go to the United States or Europe. There were but few music schools in Canada, and they but poorly equipped. Such is no longer the case. In addition to a half-dozen qualified colleges of music, or conservatories, there are a hundred or more institutions where a more or less advanced course in music is given, many of them very admirably equipped and managed. The larger conservatories, such as the Toronto, are, in some ways, not excelled in America, and within the past few years have made very marked progress. The list has recently been added to by the inauguration of a conservatory in connection with McGill University, which, with McGill's reputation for thorough work in all its departments, will mean much in the way of increased facilities for musical training. So far as the general standing of Canadians, musically, is concerned, the chief deficiency hitherto has been due to a lack of private teachers; but every new school like this of McGill's by so much increases the opportunities for teacher-training.

Another indication of Canada's progress in musical matters is the quite wonderful development within the past twenty years, and particularly within the past five years, of the manufacturing industries connected with music. The piano trade in Canada, for example, has made strides equalled by few others, and deservedly. As good pianos are made in Canada to-day as anywhere in the world, and the increasing demand for them shows that the people's musical tastes are also being developed.

The Tendency to Cheapness

THE cheapening of production is one of the chief aims in modern business. New machinery is invented to save labor; capital organizes to save expense; methods are changed from time to time to meet the demand for cheaper and more rapid production. When we speak of the great progress that has been made in recent years in the manufacturing industries, we mean partly the increase in volume of manufactured wares, but we also have in mind their increased availability because of their cheaper prices. The whole trend of modern life is in this direction. It is true that there has been an increase in certain living expenses, somewhat reducing the advantages of a cheapening in others, but the purpose and tendency remain the same.

The question arises, what effect has this cheapening tendency had on quality? Does cheaper production mean inferior products? And in answer it can only be said that in some cases it does and must, and in others it does not or need not. There was some few years ago a considerable amount of inferior manufacturing, and even yet there is reason for looking upon a low price as an indication of poor quality. Manufacturers have not yet been able to withstand the temptation of the profits from cheap-grade production, and so long as there is a demand for such products, openly sold upon their merits, there can be no greater fault found than to wish that in the interests of true economy it were not so.

As for a general cheapening of quality, that is a charge which cannot be substantiated. Better goods are made to-day, in most lines of trade, than twenty-five years ago, and in Canada the manufacturers' standard has so far improved that it is no longer necessary to buy imported goods because of the inferiority of the Canadian-made. There has been shoddy workmanship, but our workmen and leaders of industry are learning that it pays to be thorough. A man who is actively interested in the building trade said recently: "There is satisfaction in building thoroughly, in doing the best work, even if poorer would pass." When that spirit obtains among all our craftsmen, we shall have an industrialism more nearly perfect, and the tendency toward cheapness will not degenerate into a lowering of quality.

Some Impressions

Prof. Bryce and John Morley in Toronto

WITHIN the last three months, thanks to the courtesy of Dr. Goldwin Smith, Toronto has had the honor of welcoming two distinguished visitors—Prof. James Bryce and Mr. John Morley. Both of these gentlemen are eminent men of letters—as also parliamentarians, high in the councils of British liberalism. Whilst their visit avowedly has no political significance, there may be a grave suspicion, owing to their well-known hostility to the Chamberlain programme, that they are, while on their tour, seeking to ascertain the pulse of the outlying Empire. The fiscal opinions, as well as some anti-imperialistic notions held by these two, will be freely dissented from by many Canadians; and there is no doubt these gentlemen, earnestly sincere in their convictions, and by the competent prestige of their reputations, hoped to leave behind a justification of their views, such as would materially alter the by no means, dubious attitude of Canada.

Nevertheless, we fully believe that both of these great men, even in the brief interval of their stay, will have adopted in some degree a counter-impression—that will modify the most extreme phases of their attitude, and with at least a more enlightened appreciation of Canada they will, upon their return, express henceforth in their public utterances a greater confidence in Imperial unity. Both Mr. Morley and Mr. Bryce have been assailed as "Little Englanders," and short-sighted in principle. We do not believe that is true. Faithful, however, to their political education they have stood steadfast to the principles of British liberalism, and they have the inward satisfaction of knowing, in the face of all past mistakes, that the principle of true democracy has not suffered at their hands. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Bryce, as an expert in matters of political economy, and Mr. Morley, as an acute-minded statesman, will be impressed sufficiently with the Canadian portion of the Empire to secure their co-operation in lessening the tension of British feeling regarding the colonial dominions.

Tension does exist. It is folly to deny it. During the last few years it has cropped up in many significant ways. The total deduction of the trouble lies in the insular sentiment of Great Britain. For there we find preserved a considerable portion of the same autocratic temper which caused the American Revolution. There is just that quantity of pride, self-complacency, and pique in the breast of the average Englishman to make him resent the forward enterprise, and dynamic energies of colonial dependencies, and to make him long to show the envious continental powers how England can exercise her school-mistress authority. Such a spirit as this can be plainly seen in the utterances of foremost politicians, in inspired editorials of the British press, and in the affairs of diplomacy It is more than probable the agitation now in progress over the fiscal problem will yet contribute seriously to public irritation. It is questionable whether, after all, the commonalty are more than a football for ambitious politicians. The general action of the free trade advocates is to press home upon the masses the bogie of food taxation, and to lay the onus of the same on the cupidity of colonial producers. There seems no possible doubt now that the *argumentum ad hominem*—the free dinner-pail—will carry the day, and the preferential idea will come to a decided halt.

From considerations such as the British political campaign, where the facts of commercial profit and loss will have to be thoroughly sifted, and a balance sheet drawn regarding the solvency of Britain's world trade—the facts of colonial relationship will necessarily be weighed and examined more carefully than ever before. It is grati-

fying, therefore, that we find contingents of British public men—parliamentarians, publicists, economists, and financial agents—touring over Canada, and taking careful account of our resources and possibilities. Such facts are very pleasing to Canada, for it signifies a vast contribution towards the stability of Canadian trade with the home land, and a greater revelation of the part Canada will play in filling the British workingman's dinner-pail. In the end, even John Burns, M.P., may be better disposed to the Canadian preference. The future attitude of Mr. Bryce and Mr. Morley may be watched with interest.

The Rhodes Scholarships

RECENT advices from Oxford University announce the arrival and appointment among the various colleges of the city of the first contingent of students to secure Rhodes scholarships. To the number of seven hundred, it is said, they came from all parts of the British Empire, from the United States, and from Germany. Look upon it, however we may, the idea underlying this educational project is unique, and quite characteristic of the distinguished man whose bounty these fortunate students will enjoy; yet we question whether the object aimed at will be greatly furthered.

With all due regard for the optimism of Cecil Rhodes, and his praiseworthy ambition for future coalescence of the English-speaking and other Teutonic races in a perpetual alliance, or world federation, we doubt greatly whether the expenditure of his vast wealth upon this quixotic educational experiment will bring about the result in the manner designed.

In the first place let us see what he expects: Oxford is a place of classical culture. A youth, fresh from academic courses and with a superfluity of necessary cash, furnished by his bequest, is to go to Oxford and spend a few years in some course of studies, largely intermixed with social amenities and athletics, and eventually "graduates." After this he is expected to enter public life and preach a doctrine of human brotherhood. He is to cut a wide swath in public opinion, and create a focus of national fusion by means of a general co-operation with fellow-students he has met during his course and associated with in a friendly way. Superficially this looks all right. Practically, we firmly believe, and frankly prophesy it will accomplish nothing of value to the issues aimed at. The very nature of the scheme must show that. And wherefore?

The first difficulty lies in the selection of the candidates. The ideal student has been well outlined for this—so well, that we know that he must be a paragon in most qualities. He must be a general favorite through physical strength and mental acuteness—two things that are rarely known to co-operate very long together. He must be so popular with his fellows that they will elect him spontaneously for the job. Within the bounds of human nature the trouble will begin just there. Those who are best acquainted with student life are well aware that the presentation of so munificent an income, and such opportunities to spend it, will, in spite of all precautions, in a majority of cases end but one way—the impairment of moral habits, and the assumption of snobbery, so great as to unfit the future publicist from counting for much in the wider humanitarianism he is destined to secure. There will be comparatively few statesmen arise out of the arena of the Rhodes scholarship, and if the collegians are to retain their best individuality during the process of Pan-Teutonic affiliations for culture, an entirely new atmosphere will have to be created in classic Oxford. At present the Rhodes scholar may be expected to associate with the patrician sons of the British nobility, to do the same things in the same way, and imbibe the same sentiments of ethical relationships.

Except those who have entered Oxford for the attainment of real classical knowledge, the education given at that great university is of no great value. Latin and Greek are useful as collaterals, but there are other forms of culture equally valuable and much more practical. From the educational standpoint, the Oxford experiment will probably be of small results. The

social essentials will be the most potential, and how to avoid the inevitable result—snobbery—we have no suggestion to offer. Oxford must furnish expedient remedies in the progress of the experiment.

Mr. Rhodes, in framing his will, must have reasoned from an analogy, which is in itself deceptible. The invasion of English society by American families, whose great wealth forms the "open sesame" of respectability, gives an appearance of national fraternity. An occasional alliance between an impoverished peer and an American heiress lends color to the same inference. Nevertheless, were the temper of the United States thoroughly tested any day, society would find that these social amenities have but little weight in national relationship, and those Americans of wealth who are affecting British society most closely, very readily expatriate themselves, and were it not for remote remembrances of financial interests in their discarded country, it would have no concern of theirs. The same is true of continental relationships. Alliances between the various royal families furnish no stability to international amity. The innate notion of an Englishman, an American, or a German, if he is true-born, and of the democracy, is the final ascendancy of his own country, and they will on no account consent to the merging of their national character in a confederation of the character designed by the late Mr. Rhodes. A great many problems will have to be settled ere the dream of this man can be realized. The Teutonic element speaks for itself, in a book recently written in Germany, "Der Wellkrug," in which the subjugation of the British Empire, by Kaiser Wilhelm, is confidently predicted, or rather wished for. It represents the German ambition perfectly.

Apart from this, every sane student of world politics cannot fail to sympathize with the optimism of Mr. Rhodes, and to believe that he had, at least, a worthy object in the bestowal of his princely fortune. Putting a proper premium upon culture and true manliness, he has sought to further the cause of education, not by miserable dribbles to public libraries, but in the choosing of a worthy person and giving the full benefit of the bounty according to his deserts. The Rhodes scholar has been launched upon the educational world, and, in spite of pessimistic views of his success, we hope for them collectively all the success that is due them. We hope they will develop distinctive personalities, and in the swing of a changing era do honor to historic Oxford by leading mankind much nearer the goal of human brotherhood, when peace and plenty, beneficent spirits, shall go hand in hand.

A New Avenue of Trade

AN important development has resulted from the present Russo-Japanese war, which may augur well for Canadian agricultural industries. Hitherto the staple cereal food of the Orient has been rice. Japan, during the stress of the campaign, has been obliged to resort to the cereals of western civilization. The new departure has proven so acceptable that a general adoption of these will follow after the war, not only in Japan, but also in an extensive section of China. It is possible eventually that the rice cultivation will be entirely replaced by wheat and other grains. In the meantime a great field will be opened for the Canadian product, and better prices will prevail for the exportable product. The tension of eastern markets will be considerably eased, and for the railways, at least, a portion of the difficulty in transport of the North-West harvest will be removed. The construction of the G. T. P. will become even more essential to the country's development as an important accessory avenue to oriental trade. With the congestion of traffic thus greatly removed the way for more reasonable transport rates from Eastern points will be opened. Thus a variety of public benefits would accrue to the Canadian West were this trade materialized.

Canadian trade with Japan will, however, not be restricted to cereals. The modernization of that country will necessarily open the way for many other Canadian products of the farm, the workshop, the mine, and the forest. Canada, by virtue of her situation, has in all probability secured the first lien upon Japanese trade.

Best of all, the British alliance will greatly favor the acceptance of Canadian goods in preference to the American article, for in this, as elsewhere, the United States will exercise a determined competition.

Arbitration Treaties

THE recent arbitration treaty between Great Britain and France was an important step towards the attainment of the world's peace. Fortunately the moderation of British diplomacy has avoided war with Russia in reprisal for the homicidal folly of a Russian fleet *en route* for the far east. The lives of British citizens must be respected, but only those who are the genuine offenders should be forced to bear the punishment, unless out of further folly Russia should assume the onus for the act. There could be but two endings of such a war as was threatened. Either Russia would be relegated to the scale of a fifth-rate power, or some other continental powers would intervene to save the balance, and precipitate a general upheaval, whose issue would determine the final dominion of the Orient. Pacific counsels have, however, prevailed. Appearances now indicate that Japan alone will degrade Russian prestige sufficiently without any external aid, and possibly in a large measure replace the defeated power in the first rank of nations.

Upon the heels of the Russian incident, and as an echo of the American election which retains Roosevelt in the presidency, we are informed of the probability of a British-American arbitration treaty, as a perpetual agreement, ensuring an absolute guarantee against any future war between English-speaking races. Such an assurance will be welcomed. It will ensure stability to commercial enterprise, at least reasonable fair play, and a better understanding of national relationship. The human race represents a community of enterprise; but, owing to their cultivated abilities, English-speaking peoples hold the largest balance in directing the world's policy. In this, Canada will probably have a word to say. But when our just rights are fully recognized there will be no word of dissent to so important a consummation. In the interest of progressive civilization this movement should be pushed to a successful issue.

Laurier Again Victorious

THE general election of Nov. 3rd has declared with no uncertain sound the opinion of the country regarding the existing administration. The Conservative Opposition, committed to a policy of public ownership of a transcontinental line, and to an excessive increase of protection, has been badly defeated. The sympathy of all Canadians will be extended to them in the loss of a distinguished leader. Unless Mr. Borden is given a seat in some other province, he will be absent from parliament.

The people of Canada expect the Laurier administration to use their victory modestly. It is to be hoped that hasty action, such as characterized the Dundonald dismissal, will in future be avoided. For that unfortunate affair the Government has partially atoned by the enactment of wise militia reforms. A promise has been made to revise the tariff, for the relief of threatened industries. Its fulfilment will be awaited eagerly. The great task of the new parliament will be the launching of construction of the G. T. P. Railway. The Canadian people expect of the Government wise precautions over expenditures in this great enterprise; and now that the project is a certainty, we hope all that has been claimed for it will eventually be realized. It is at best a gift to the coming Canada. The teeming millions of the future will profit most from Canada's anticipatory provision. The G. T. P., in whatever way constructed, is the augury of a greater Canada.

The Great Hand

By MARIAN KEITH

HEYLAR sat on the ledge of rock before his cabin door and waited. He always sat thus in the evening; for he knew that some night the man would come back. He looked down the sheer precipice over which his feet swung, and watched the river boiling green and white far below him, or across to the opposite bank at the city with its tall, smoking chimneys and its endless movement of miniature trains and tiny people.

The place always seemed very far away and unreal to Heylar; for he never crossed the river now. He might meet the man there, and he could not kill him in the city. No; it was better to wait here in the solitude, he was sure to return to see if he could still cozen the man whom he had enslaved; and so, though the nights were long, Heylar was patient, knowing he was certain of his revenge.

There was just one thing which disturbed his fierce dreams of vengeance, as he sat waiting in his lonely eyrie on the face of the precipice; the dread of it followed him even in the daytime, as he wandered through the forest depths hunting and fishing. It came in the morning, after Heylar had spent the night silent and watchful like a beast waiting for his prey, and he learned to hate and fear its approach. For it always came, that relentless bar of light, stealing out from behind the city, a detective sent out by the rising sun. It pierced through the purple canopy of smoke, and pointed straight at Heylar's little cabin, lighting up his side of the river with a bright radiance, while the rest of the valley and gorge still lay in misty shadow. It made the old man on the cliff uncomfortable. It seemed to him like a Great Hand stretched out to touch the man who had murder in his heart, and show him to the whole universe.

In his long vigils Heylar came to dread its approach, and sometimes he retired before it came. He wondered why he ever remained to watch the relentless thing; but the awe of it fascinated him. When the first grey hint of dawn began to be felt, he seemed unable to move; but remained as if rooted to the spot watching fearfully, until at last slowly, stealthily, out came his accuser to steal across the river and point straight into his heart.

At such moments Heylar always felt glad that his deed would be done in the night; for it could not find him then. But the night had many voices, and sitting up on his airy perch, Heylar listened to them with growing fear. The whip-poor-will complained mournfully from his tree on a distant bluff; the night-hawk swept past with its startling cry; away back in the forest the long, lonely hoot of the owl came ringing down the aisles of his many-pillared mansion; the rapids talked busily far down in the ravine; and they all spoke of the same thing, of Heylar's sin. They repeated it over and over with wearying monotony until the Great Hand rose majestically from behind the darkness and pointed out to them the guilty one.

Heylar grew restless, and wished his opportunity would soon come. To-night would be a good time, he reflected, it was so dark and sultry; not a star peeped from the thick grey curtain of the sky. Only the lights of the city shone out, away across the river, and sent long lances of brightness piercing down into the black water. Far up on the edge of the darkness, the brilliantly-lighted station of the electric-car line sparkled like a jewelled crown. A little string of gems had become unfastened from it and was slipping down the dark face of the cliff. Heylar knew it was the pleasure-cars of the Incline Railway, with their load of hot city people going down to cool themselves in the spray of the rapids.

They were too remote to make a part of his world, as he sat and waited on the dark opposite bank. The rapids roared sullenly; he leaned his face over the edge to feel their damp, cool breath, and then he heard it, the sound that made his heart leap, the sound he had waited so long to hear. A footstep could be heard distinctly on the stony path above the cabin. Heylar shrank into the blackness beneath the cedars.

A man came slowly and carefully down the steep track. He moved so close that his foot brushed Heylar's sleeve. He stepped out upon the ledge of rock, as one accustomed to the place, and looked about him. His tall, well-dressed figure stood silhouetted against the pale sky. Heylar would have recognized that figure anywhere; he moved from his hiding-place with the noiselessness and stealth of the forest creature. The man on the rock stood motionless. Heylar crept softly nearer; one more step, a well-directed push, and the man who had wronged him would be hurled forward into the black abyss. He could hear him breathe now; once he sighed deeply. Heylar drew himself forward and crouched like a tiger for a spring.

What—oh, what was that! Like a great white sword cleaving the darkness, out darted a long shaft of light from the blackness beyond. It cut straight through the night and fixed its glaring point upon the two, the man with the sorrowful face standing out upon the ledge, the figure crouched behind him.

"The Hand! The Great Hand, and in the night!" Heylar sank to the ground, awestruck, paralyzed. The man standing above him uttered an exclamation and turned suddenly. He did not even notice the prone figure lying at his feet. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Conscience makes such cowards of us all!" he quoted, half-aloud, as he turned up the steep path.

But Heylar did not hear, he did not see; he lay like a man turned to stone, his wild glassy eyes fixed upon the circle of brightness that seemed to his excited fancy to envelop him like a flame.

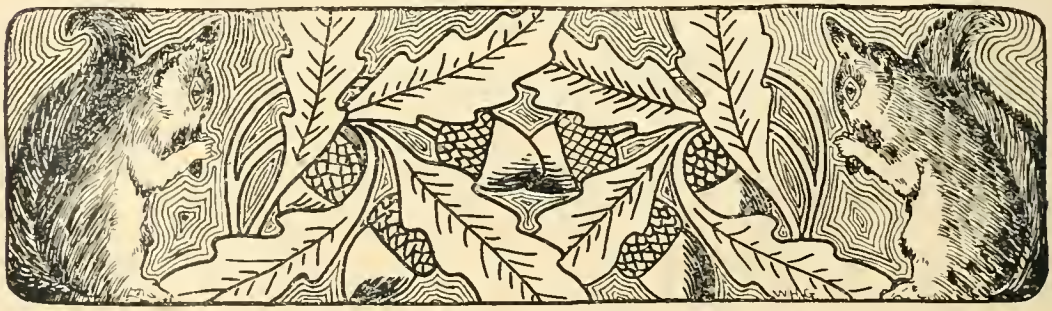
"Oh, God!" he whispered, with white lips; "oh, Great Hand, spare me!"

As if in answer to his prayer the light sank away; Heylar stealthily raised his head; the friendly darkness shrouded him once more. He struggled to his knees and raised his trembling hands to the grey, blank heavens.

And as he knelt there in awe and thankfulness, the gay electric car with its crowd of noisy pleasure-seekers bumped merrily down the side of the cliff. There was an unusual burst of hilarity in one car, for a sharp-eyed girl, watching the search-light which flitted here and there upon the opposite cliff, had sprung up with a shrill cry:

"Oh," she screamed, "I saw a man standing on a rock away up yonder!"

And her voice was drowned in a chorus of derisive laughter.



Victoria, the Queen City of the Coast

By J. MacDonald Oxley

When you speak of "the Coast" in Canada everybody understands what you mean, just as though the country had only one coast, the Atlantic side of the Dominion being generally known as "down East." Once upon a time it seemed so far away that he who travelled thither had reason to regard himself as somewhat of a daring adventurer, but of recent years, thanks to the luxurious equipment of the Canadian Pacific Railway system, the long journey may be made in such comfort that anyone can undertake it, and thousands of tourists include it in their holiday programme.

The capital of the province of British Columbia has more in common with its sister capital on the other side of the continent, Halifax, than with any other Canadian city. The atmosphere and spirit of the Mother Country is much in evidence in both. They are solid, dignified, and, it must be confessed, a trifle slow-going. They have a society in which birth, and breeding, and culture are really of some account even when not backed by a big bank account, and they are the only two cities which continue to be military and naval stations of the Empire.

It is just three-score years since that gallant explorer, and most valuable officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, James Douglas,

GOVERNMENT STREET—VICTORIA, B.C.

POST-OFFICE—VICTORIA, B.C.

questing for a site for a fort to be established upon Vancouver Island, steered the homely little "Beaver," the first steamship that ever ploughed the waves of the Pacific Ocean, into what was then called Camosun Bay, and decided that this was the very place he sought. The fort was built, and named Victoria, in honor of the good Queen, and the history of the future city had begun.

The first great event was the gold rush of 1858. Hither flocked the fierce seekers after sudden wealth from all quarters of the globe, and in a few months the population had risen to over 20,000 souls, for the most part men, and, there being no time to provide houses, they had preforce to dwell in tents. A tremendous amount of business was of course transacted, and had the population only become permanent Victoria's growth would have been very rapid.

But the rush presently spent its force, and then the population dwindled almost as rapidly as it had increased. Thenceforward the city had a very varied experience, its fortunes rising and falling with the fluctuations of the mining industry.

It was incorporated in 1862, and about 1880 entered upon a career of steady, substantial growth, which it still maintains, the population at present being nearly 25,000.

Victoria is beautiful for situation. It rises from the shores of a land-locked bay at the south-eastern extremity of Vancouver Island, and occupies a gentle slope that simplifies the problem of drainage. In front are the waters of Juan de Fuca Strait, and in the background the snow-clad peaks of the Olympic Mountains. The soil is dry and gravelly, the climate as mild as that of England; severe winter being unknown, and the summers being especially delightful because of the cool nights, which render refreshing sleep an easy boon. Within recent years much attention has been paid to the laying down of pavements, the macadamiz-

ing of roads, and the planting of trees in the streets, all of which has greatly improved the appearance of things.

Besides the natural beauty of her situation, Victoria is fortunate in having close at hand attractive pleasure resorts, which delight both residents and visitors. Beacon Hill Park to the south of the city, with the salt waves washing its eastern boundary, is uniquely picturesque; then the Gorge, an inlet of the sea, suggesting a Norwegian fiord, invites canoes and skiffs to float upon its placid bosom; behind the city, and easily accessible by electric road lies Oak Bay, a superb expanse of water, affording abundant room for sailing; while northward a mile or two is Esquimalt Harbor, the naval station of the Empire, an ideal haven from wind and wave in which the splendid vessels of the British Pacific squadron are snugly ensconsed when not out on duty. Here, too, is a huge dry-dock, and a complete establishment for the repair or equipment of the massive ships that form part of the greatest sea power on earth.

As the capital of British Columbia, Victoria, of course, is the seat of government for the Province, and within recent years there has been completed on a commanding situation on the farther side of James Bay a group of buildings not to be surpassed for architectural beauty by any other in the Dominion. Here the legislature holds its sessions, and here are the various government offices. Owing to local causes and conditions the political atmosphere has been much troubled during the past decade. Ministries have been formed, and have fallen with bewildering rapidity; and lieutenant-governors have been dismissed from office. No other province, indeed, has had such exciting experiences, and the lot of the legis-

METROPOLITAN CHURCH—VICTORIA, B.C.

BLUE JACKETS ON PARADE—VICTORIA, B.C.

lator is by no means a placid one, while the members of the successive cabinets have hardly had time to master the routine of their offices. But this stage of development will no doubt soon pass, and a quieter period follow.

Turning now to the commercial aspect of the city there are manifest abundant tokens of wealth and progress. Victoria is a port of call for all the trans-Pacific steamship lines to the Orient and to Australia, and in addition has direct communication with the cities of the Sound, Seattle, Tacoma, etc., and San Francisco to the south, and all ports north as far as Alaska. The opening up of the Yukon, and the great influx of population to the gold fields there, too, did Victoria inestimable good. Business of all kinds received a wonderful impetus, the effects of which will long continue. The shipping trade was, of course, particularly benefited.

In the matter of industrial establishments Victoria has not yet much whereof to boast, but there are a number of such, including oatmeal mills, iron foundries, machine shops, furniture factories, chemical works, preserving and pickling factories, and powder and soap works. According to the customs returns, the exports for the fiscal year 1903 totalled $1,360,966, being an increase of $203,222 over the previous year, while the imports were $3,023,761, a decrease of $250,684, which may be considered eminently satisfactory.

Victoria has no bank of its own, but is well provided with branches of the leading banks of Canada—the Bank of Commerce, the Bank of Montreal, the Bank of British North America, the Imperial Bank, the

Royal Bank, and so forth. By taking over the Bank of British Columbia, really an English institution, a couple of years ago, the Bank of Commerce greatly extended its business throughout the Province. The clearing-house returns for the city of Victoria for the past year will closely approximate $30,000,000.

Although situated upon an island Victoria has connection with three trans-continental railways, the Canadian Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and the Great Northern, the cars of each line being ferried across the Gulf of Georgia, and entering the city *via* the Esquimalt and Nanaimo, and the Victoria terminal lines. Moreover, it has the advantage of being a "common" point; that is, it enjoys through freight rates corresponding with those paid at the commercial centres on the mainland. Thanks to this arrangement it is possible to forward fresh fish, for instance, in refrigerator cars to any point in Canada or the United States.

There are altogether about 100 miles of

SHIPBUILDING YARD—VICTORIA, B.C.

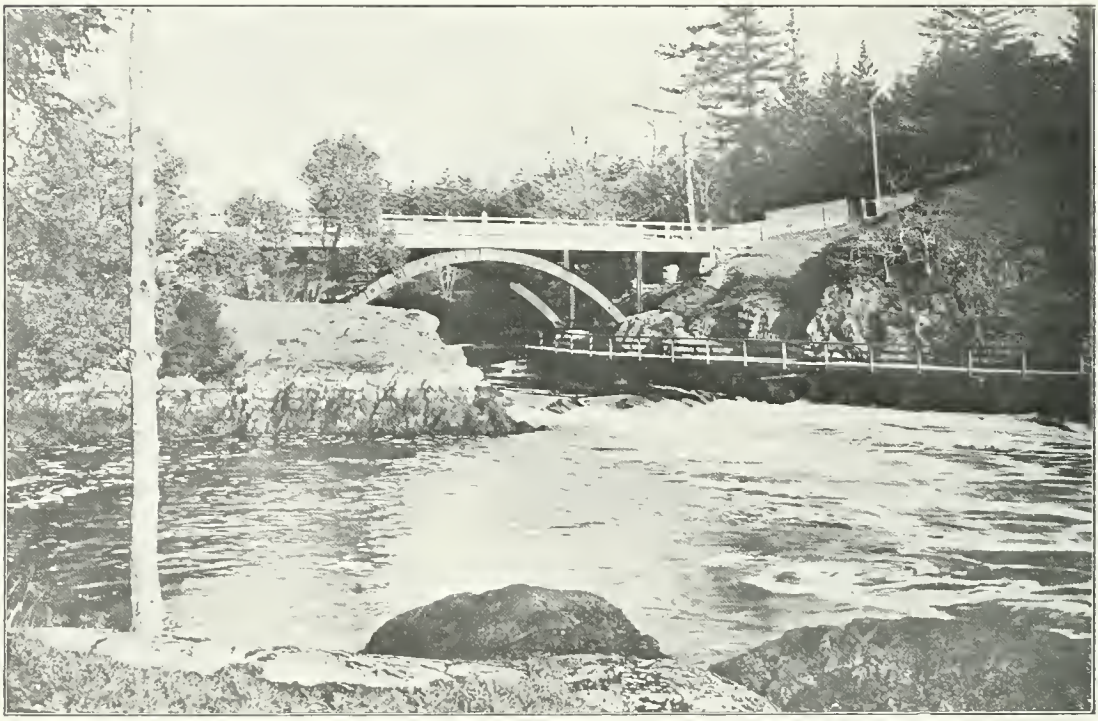
HEADLANDS AT VICTORIA, B.C.

railway terminating in Victoria, the Esquimalt and Nanaimo line being the greater part of this. The freight cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway enter the city over this road, the ferry connection being made at Ladysmith. In regard to electric tramways Victoria is well provided, the franchise being in the hands of a private company, but the electric lighting system and the waterworks are owned by the city.

A recent improvement of great benefit has been the filling-in of the unsightly and odoriferous James Bay mud-flats, whereby a large and valuable building area was added to the city, and a site provided for the stately and spacious hotel which the Canadian Pacific Railway is about to put up at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars.

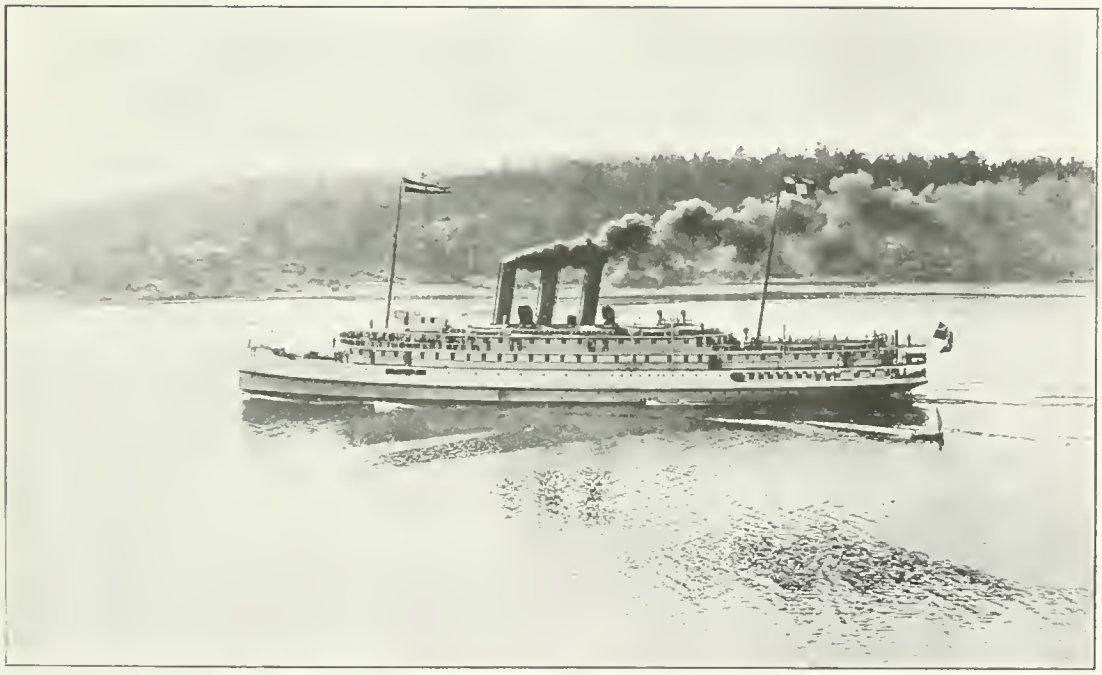
While there are few buildings of imposing proportions, Victoria has a number of handsome structures, and in the residence quarter attractive homes abound. The palatial Dunsmuir residence stands out from the others in unquestioned prominence, and is one of the architectural features of the city.

Although Victoria may not be able to boast of many millionaires she has a goodly number of solid men who stand well in the fields of finance and commerce. Among the leading business firms may be mentioned the following: The Hudson's Bay Company; the Shawinigan Lumber Co.; the Victoria Chemical Co.; R. P. Ribbet & Co., wholesale groceries and shipping; Turner, Beeton & Co., wholesale dry goods; Robt. Ward & Co., general merchants; T. N. Hebben, stationery; Peltier & Leiser, wholesale liquors; E. G. Prior Co., wholesale hardware; M. R. Smith & Co., biscuit manufacturers; Andrew Gray, iron works; Jas. Leigh & Sons, sawmills; Weeler Bros., furniture manufacturers, and S. J. Pitts, wholesale grocer.



THE GORGE BRIDGE, VICTORIA, B.C.

SAWMILL AT VICTORIA, B.C.

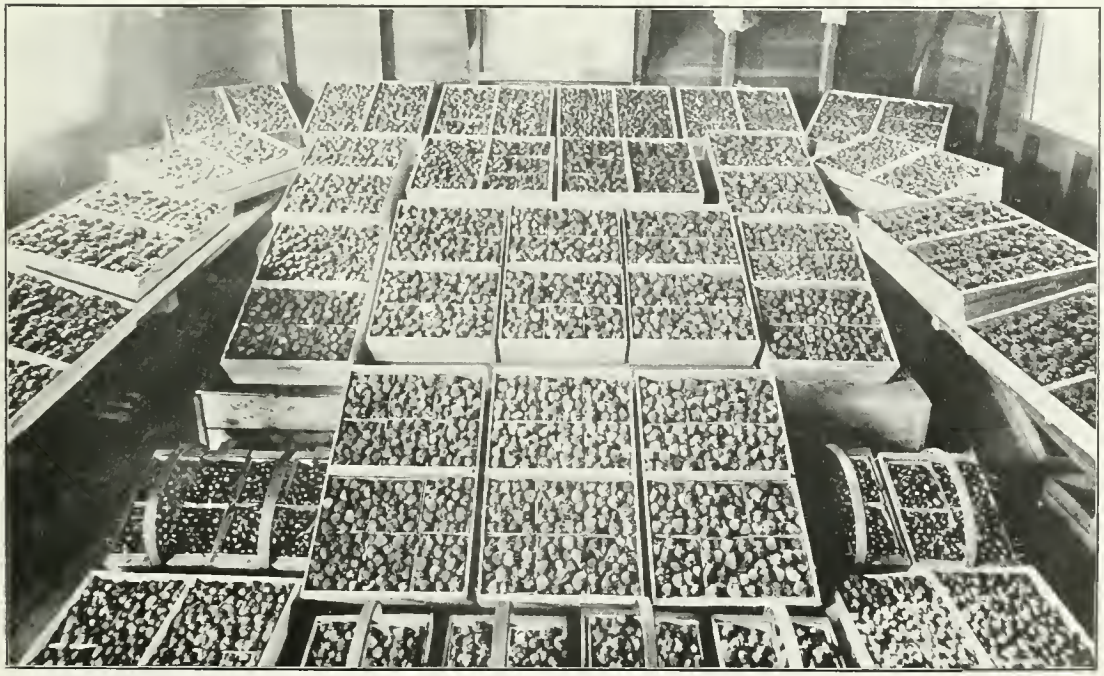


"PRINCESS VICTORIA"—THE FASTEST STEAMSHIP ON THE COAST, PLYING BETWEEN VICTORIA, VANCOUVER AND SEATTLE.

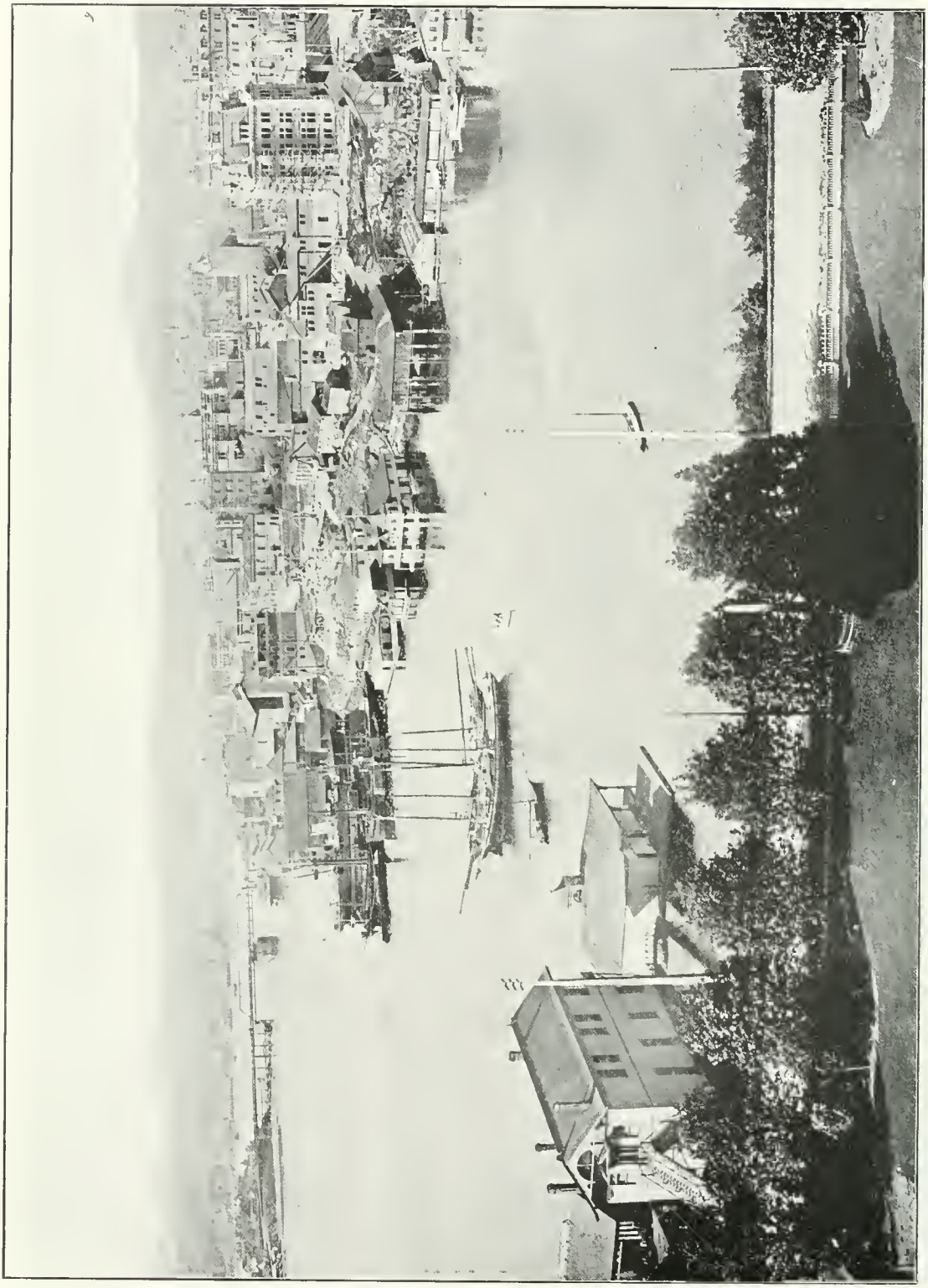
THE SURF AT BEACON HILL PARK—VICTORIA, B.C.

RETURNING FROM A HUNTING TRIP NEAR VICTORIA, B.C.

VICTORIA STRAWBERRIES ON THE VINE.

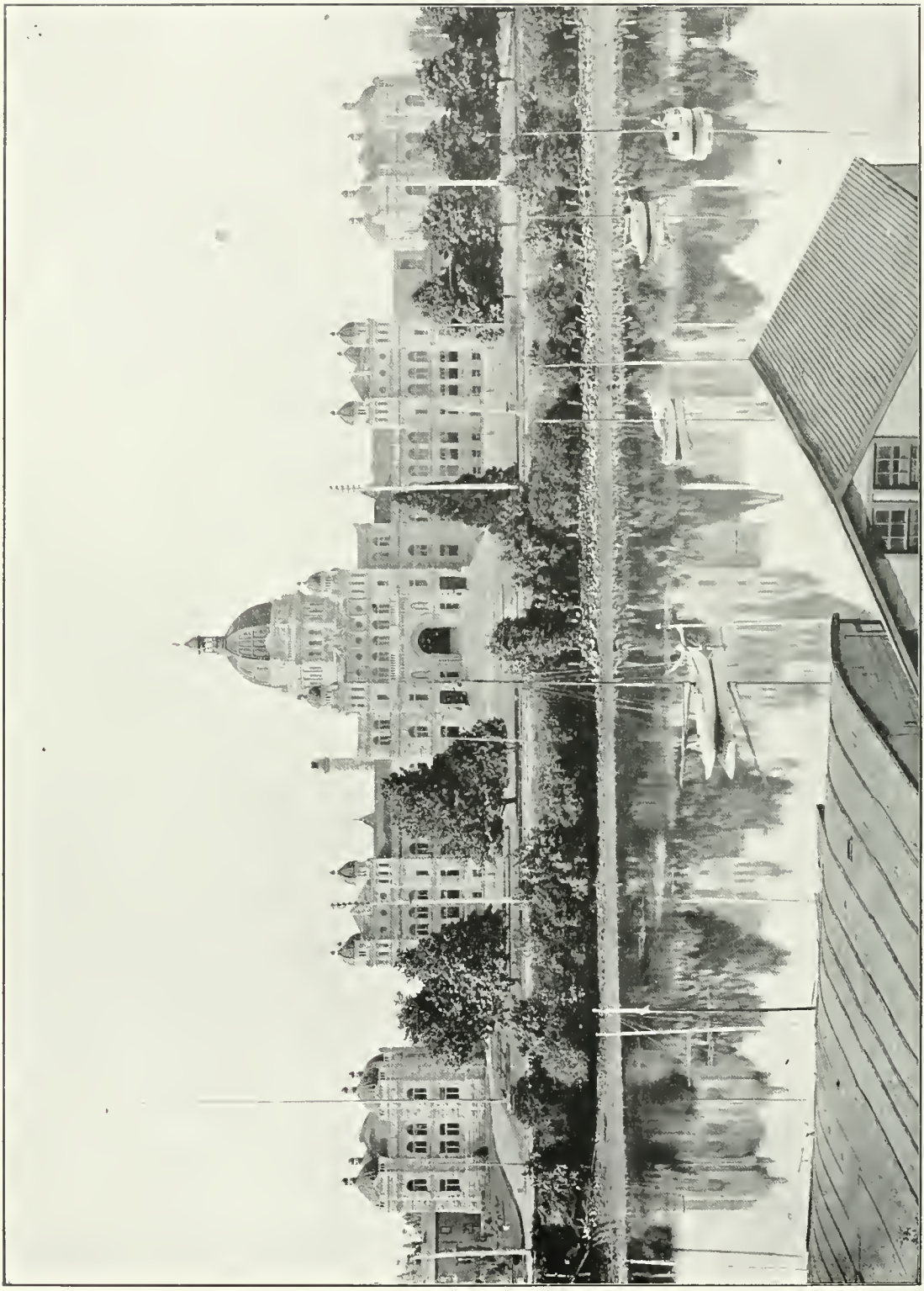


VICTORIA STRAWBERRIES READY FOR MARKET.



VICTORIA, B.C., FROM PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

THE SEALING FLEET IN VICTORIA HARBOR.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—VICTORIA, B.C.

ESQUIMALT HARBOR, SHOWING SAILORS' RECREATION GROUNDS—VICTORIA, B.C.

BEACON HILL PARK—VICTORIA, B.C.

The Strict Ethics of Love and Sport

By F. Grierson

I.

THE game's afoot. The appearance of the home team has been received with tumultuous applause, that of the visiting team with a modicum. The preliminary practice has been concluded, the Governor-General has faced the puck, and the chase begins. The game referred to is the Canadian game of hockey. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it might be well to explain that hockey is played on an enclosed sheet of ice by seven players on each side armed with sticks; the object being to place the puck between the goal-posts at the opposite ends of the ice. The afore-mentioned puck (a rubber disc three inches in circumference, and an inch thick) is not unlike the Puck of the fairy world, "the merry wanderer of the night." Puck of the fairy world, the elusive, the evasive, the enterprising, has transmitted all his migratory and sporting instincts to his namesake. Both have given delight to thousands. An important feature of the game of hockey is the body-check. If the player receiving the body-check happens to be in close proximity to the fence enclosing the ice, it is so much the worse for the fence, and all players agree that it is more blessed to give than to receive the body-check. In a word, hockey is one of the noblest of games, and in Canada is one of the chief ends of man.

What game of life, what game of love or chance, what game of hockey, is complete without a woman's bright eyes to encourage and sustain? Among the vast audience viewing this game, there are hundreds of fair women. Unlike other assemblies, very few ladies appear at a game of hockey, to be at once fashionable to life and bored to death. Any that do come to Canada's great winter game thus prepared to scoff, generally remain to pray.

The brightest pair of bright eyes, at least on the lower tier of seats, are those possessed by a young lady well enveloped in furs, seated by a youth of eighteen winters. The young lady's name is Mabel Wallace, of Scotch parentage, who has spent the last two years in Canada. The young man at her side is her cousin Jack. Mabel Wallace is handsome, her features are well-nigh faultless; her hair, complexion, and eyes speak of the infusion at some time of the blood of one of the Latin races. She had chosen her seat midway between the two goals, in order to see everything, and also to display her undivided impartiality.

In this connection it is necessary to state that the captains of the opposing teams —Jack Hardy, of the Montreal Britannia Club, and Harry Hazen, of the Rambler Club of Ottawa—were ardent admirers of Miss Wallace. Both men had proposed marriage, but so far she had not decided between them. The game just started was one of a series of three to be played in Ottawa, for the possession of the celebrated Stanley Cup, between these two clubs, champions of their respective leagues. In a merry mood Mabel had determined that the present matches should decide her fate, that is, she would see which team could win the cup, and then let her woman's instinct decide.

"Go it, Harry! Go it! Hurrah-ah-ah!" shouted Jack. "Did you ever see such dodging? Isn't he a 'peach,' Mabel?"

"Who?" asked Mabel.

"Why, Harry Hazen."

"He is a good player. Both teams are playing well," was her unbiased reply.

Conversation was interrupted by a quick

exchange of exciting rushes on alternate goals, ending in a pause for repairs to a skate.

"I believe you don't care whether our boys win or not, Mabel," said Jack.

"I wish to see the best team win," she replied.

At the end of the first half there was no score. The second half started off with a rush, both teams realizing the advantage of getting in the first score. Had Mabel closed her eyes, she might still have followed the fluctuations of the play by Jack's running comments. "Cut him off, Harry," meant that the Ramblers' goal was threatened, and Harry Hazen was called upon by all he esteemed sacred to frustrate their knavish tricks. "Foul! foul! Rule him off!" meant that the assault of the Ramblers' forward line had miscarried, and one of the home players had become the victim of a severe body-check. Then down the ice came the Britannias' cover-point, Jack Hardy, past the few opposing forwards, dodging Harry Hazen who had come out to meet him, and has only to pass the point in order to make a goal, when he receives a heavy body-check which sends him crashing against the fence. It saves the goal, but sends Harry Hazen to the bench for five minutes. Then there arose a loud dissent from the Ramblers' sympathizers against this decision of the referee. The referee's name was Sunday. From the gentlemen occupying the "standing room" end of the rink could be heard:

"This is not your day, Sunday." "Change your name, Sunday, you're very bad."

"Take another guess, Sunday," put in Mabel's companion, and the game proceeded.

Ten minutes after the beginning of this "half," the home forwards by fine combination scored a goal. Then the Britannias' forwards followed suit. The final score was made by the Ramblers, and the game ended two to one in favor of Ottawa.

Miss Wallace was a lady of fine sporting instinct, having been brought up with an array of brothers, all active in the field of amateur athletics, and now scattered throughout the world in various avocations. Her father, an old sportsman of the truest type, had imbued her with the British spirit of fair play, and contributed largely to the development of her naturally strong character. His death three years before had broken up her home, and she readily accepted the invitation of her uncle to make her home in Ottawa, where she was treated as a daughter. She loved the manly sports of the Canadian people, especially hockey, football, and lacrosse.

On the day following the first game of the series, Mrs. Wallace, her aunt, gave a tea in honor of the visiting team and their friends. The players did not respond in a hearty manner to this kind invitation. Perhaps the game is not strenuous enough. The two games are certainly diverse. One is all deeds, the other all words. The captains of the opposing teams arrived at the Wallace abode together. They were good friends. After shaking hands with their hostess, they approached Mabel Wallace, several young men moving from her side to make room for them.

"How do you do?" said Mabel, "I'm glad to see you both once more in your right minds. I hope the warriors have signed a truce."

"Yes, an armistice for forty-eight hours to bury the dead," laughingly replied Hazen.

"Then sit down here, one on each side of me, and we will watch the people. Are you satisfied with the game, Mr. Hardy?" she asked.

"Yes. It was a close call, and we may have a chance to-morrow night."

"I saw someone give you a pretty hard body-check," she said, with a mischievous glance at Hazen.

"That was quite all right. I can't see why Hazen was put off."

"Hello, Mabel!" called a lady friend, passing near, "a lamb between two lions."

"They have promised to be good," responded the lamb.

Then there were interruptions. Mabel had handshaking to perform, the young men helped various people to tea, and they forgathered again.

"Did you hear that Watters of the Quebec team had been professionalized?" asked Hardy, addressing Hazen.

"No; but I heard there was some trouble in the club. What has he done?"

"It was proven he was paid for his services."

"Not for playing hockey?" demanded Mabel.

"Yes," replied Hardy.

"What an outrageous thing! I never liked his looks, though he plays good hockey. If I were a man, I would have a clause put in the penal code to suit a case like that."

"Good for you, Miss Wallace," said Hardy, "there is too much of that sort of thing."

"Too much!" exclaimed Mabel, "there is surely nobody else receiving money for playing amateur games?"

"To anyone strongly in favor of the amateur idea," replied Hardy, "there is too much that suggests it. The derivative meaning of the word amateur is 'to love,' but among clubs receiving large gate money, that sense is as dead as the language from which the word is derived. We have witnessed the spectacle of a man practising football with one club on Friday and turning out to play for the opposing club on Saturday. A season or two ago, when a rumor went about that an important lacrosse game, carrying with it a big gate, was to be forfeited, three supporters of the home team offered $500.00 each to reimburse the club. This item appeared in the public print without any explanation of this great disbursement."

"I am in favor of amateurs and professionals playing together," said an Ottawa man, who had just arrived and heard part of the conversation.

"I know you are, Mr. Moran," replied Hardy, "but I think the further they are kept apart the better. An amateur may be likened to a volunteer who fights from motives of patriotism; the professional is the hireling who fights for any country and at any price."

"Are you betting on the game to-morrow night?" chimed in a youth from Montreal, addressing Captain Hazen. "How do you do, Miss Wallace, I hadn't seen you before."

"I might take—" began Hazen.

"How much are you betting?" interrupted Miss Wallace.

"I'd like to put $10.00 on Britannia."

"I'll take your bet. It seems to me the less players have to do with money the better," declared Miss Wallace.

Hazen flushed at this, and then remembered it was Mabel whom he loved for her strong wilful ways.

The party was breaking up, and the young men took their departure. The second game was played on Thursday, and the Montreal team, going in with a vigor that nothing could withstand, won by a score of four to three. The deciding game was played on Saturday night. With the score at two goals each, in the last five minutes, Harry Hazen secured the puck. It was one of many rushes he had attempted, but this time he seemed imbued with the spirit of the fairy predecessor of the puck he carried along in his dazzling evolutions. He dodged heavy body-checks, jumped over impeding sticks, and planted the puck with a high shot clean between the poles. It turned the heads of the audience, it took the heart out of the visitors, and was practically the end of the game. The Stanley Cup would remain in the possession of the Rambler Club. Fourteen tired Canadian heroes, exponents of the greatest of all winter games, met in the centre of the ice, and gave each other three cheers and a tiger. Where is the hockey player who, having been body-checked as from a catapult against the boards of a rink, or going at express speed, terminates his journey by heavy impact on the ice, or having been lacerated by the sticks in the hands of his opponents, would be inconvenienced by the petty incidents of mimic warfare, such as the explosion of case and shrapnel shell?

"He's a swell player, Mabel, isn't he?" asked Jack Wallace, as they arose from their seats.

"Who, Jack?"

"Why, Harry Hazen, of course."

"He is a fine player and a dear boy," was her response.

There is a lurking suspicion that the strictest impartiality in sport is susceptible to the insidious effects of love.

II.

The pursuit of manly sports is one of the secrets of the predominance of the English-speaking races. So thought Harry Hazen some weeks after the Stanley Cup games, when his engagement to Miss Wallace was announced, for he vainly supposed that his success in sport had something to do with his success in love. The young couple were very happy. By virtue of the special privileges granted under the "engagement rule," they became better acquainted, and they both improved on acquaintance.

Two months passed and hockey was forgotten except by way of reminiscence, when, one afternoon, Mabel was reading a book in a quiet corner in the drawing-room, and overheard a conversation in an adjoining room between her cousin Jack and a chum.

"Do you think there's any truth in it, Phil?" asked Jack.

"Between ourselves I would not be surprised," replied the one addressed as Phil.

"Don't you think it can be hushed up?" asked Jack.

"I hope so, but it's common talk about town."

"Who started the story, do you know?"

"It started in Montreal, but it's not known how much proof they have."

"I suppose we'll lose the Stanley Cup, if they can prove it."

"If they prove the Ramblers took money, and they'll do it if they can, the cup is lost, that's sure."

Mabel heard in a semi-unconscious manner, between the lines of her book, the foregoing conversation, until it came to "Stanley Cup," and "taking money." She dropped the book, and joined the boys.

"What is it you say about taking money for the Stanley Cup?" she demanded of Jack. Jack had said nothing about money or the Stanley Cup, and more than that he and his chum had an important engagement down town.

When Harry Hazen called that evening, Mabel asked him if there was any trouble about the Stanley Cup.

"Why, what have you heard?" asked Harry.

"I accidentally overheard Jack and Phil Raymond talking about the cup in connection with money matters. It's nothing to do with our boys, is it?"

"I sincerely hope not. In fact—in fact, I'm sure it is not. Some foolish gossip, no doubt."

The word of an engaged young man to his sweetheart is worth more than the bond of any other. Mabel uttered an earnest "I am glad," and the subject dropped.

The following week the sword of Damocles, suspended by the slender thread of a lad's tongue, descended. The newspapers printed a full account of the charges made to the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union, the caretaker of the morals of the amateur world, against the players of the Rambler hockey team of Ottawa. Four of the team were implicated on the charge of accepting money for their services, the charges were substantiated, the men were professionalized, and the union ordered that the cup, representing the championship of Canada, be transferred to the trustees. On the evening of the publication, Harry approached the Wallace abode with a heavy heart.

"What does it mean, Harry, is it true?" she asked as soon as he had entered the house.

"Mabel, it's true, I'm sorry to say."

"True! Impossible! You told me a week ago that you were sure there was no truth in the rumor I had overheard. How do you explain that?"

"You know, Mabel, I could not tell even you a thing of that kind. Oh, Mabel! don't—"

"Then am I to understand that you knew all winter that your men were being paid?" She spoke slowly and coolly. Her Scotch blood was in the ascendency now.

"Now, Mabel, dear, you can't understand all the conditions—" he began in a pleading tone, for he saw danger ahead, but he was interrupted.

"Answer me, please, did you know all the time?"

"I did know, Mabel, but we are not the

only team—" he stopped again, interrupted by something he saw that made his pulse stand still. Mabel had taken off the engagement ring he had given her so short a time ago, and was holding it out to him.

"Mabel! Mabel! you cannot mean it."

"I do mean it. Sit down, please, I have something to say to you." He sat down and then rose again, as he saw that she had no intention of sitting.

"I must tell you something of my history. By birth and training I am a Scotch Puritan. Besides a severe religious training, I received from my dear old father a strict grounding in the laws of amateur athletics. I was taught to love a game of manly sport played by pure amateurs, to view with pleasure a trial of skill and strength between pronounced professionals, and to abhor a game played by men posing as amateurs and accepting money."

She paused, and Harry said, "You have opened my eyes, Mabel. On my honor I had not thought of it in that light."

"It is a deception," she continued, "and a violation of the primal laws of honor. You deceived thousands of people. You deceived me. You remember the game of hockey when thirty-six men were ruled off in one game; you remember the football player who waited until within three minutes of the end of a game, and then assaulted an opponent to settle a private grudge; you know of all the deliberate foul play that disgraces the three great Canadian games. It all savors of money. It is, it must be money, and you are responsible for it."

She stopped, and sank into a chair. She had spoken with much suppressed feeling. Her face betrayed the storm within, and mayhap the tears were not far away, for was she not giving up the man she loved for the sake of what?—a principle.

"Mabel, my sweetheart, you are not going to throw me over for this. I swear I never realized what I did until I listened to you now. Forgive me." As he spoke he advanced towards her and placed a hand gently on her shoulder, but she arose from the chair and again held out the ring. Her face was set and bloodless. There was no mercy there.

"Your ring; take it."

He took it. His first impulse was to throw it far away to keep company with his hopes, but instead he put it in his pocket and held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Mabel." His cheeks were blanched of color, his eyes an unnatural glow.

"Good-bye," she said. Their hands met for an instant, and he was gone.

Love had fallen a victim to the ethics of strict impartiality in sport.

III.

The value of the concession which Mabel Wallace had made to her inherent principles was not fully realized until after the act was completed. Perhaps had she had more time to consider, the sacrifice would not have been made. Having made her choice, however, she faced the situation she had made like a true woman. No reason, at least not the real one, was given for the abrupt termination of the engagement. She was a follower of many athletic pursuits herself, and at golf and tennis no woman and few men could surpass her. This participation in athletic events often took her to Montreal, where she frequently spent weeks at a time with friends in that city. Jack Hardy did not waste his opportunity, and one was rarely seen without the other. The wise ones nodded their heads. "It is a case of 'on with the new,'" remarked one lady friend, who had had considerable experience.

Time passed and the hockey season came round again. There were the usual daily notices in the newspapers as to who intended to play, who intended to drop out, and what new blood was expected. Then there appeared hints of a stirring up of the "body of dry bones," as one newspaper named it, meaning the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union. Mabel read with interest that there would be no recurrence of the disgraceful happenings of the previous hockey season, that the true interests of amateur sport would be safeguarded as they had never been before. With all this in her mind, Jack Hardy, spending a day at the capital, called to see her.

"Have you heard of the changes to be introduced into the constitution of the C.A.A.U., Mabel?" asked Hardy, as soon as the greetings were over.

"No, Jack, nothing more than a reference to it in the papers."

"Well, a most extraordinary battle has been fought and won in the committee of the C.A.A.U. Some strong master mind has over-ruled all opposition. Who the prime mover is, nobody knows, as the press has been denied any account of the controversy."

"What changes are to be made?" asked Mabel.

"The new by-law is something like this: On account of recent developments showing that amateurs have been receiving money in violation of the amateur clause, it is ordained that all clubs affiliated with the union shall in future forward to the secretary of the union a detailed annual statement, duly attested, of the club's income and expenditure for publication in the daily papers, if the union sees fit."

"That is splendid, but still, perhaps, a club that would be mean enough to pay an amateur would render a false account."

"That is also provided for, as far as possible. Two new officers are added to the executive, to be chosen from impartial retired athletes of repute, to act as auditors with power to examine the books of any affiliated club as the union may direct, or at the request of another club."

"That's glorious," exclaimed Mabel, with enthusiasm, "I would like to know the author of that. I think I could just love him."

"So could I. If this by-law checks the money influence in amateur sport, he will deserve the laurel crown. But it is not of a hero I came to speak to-day. I have something to say for myself. Mabel, I have refrained from mentioning the old subject, but I came here to-day for an express purpose, to tell you again of my love; to tell you I cannot live without you. Mabel, will you—"

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Wallace," interrupted a maid, entering at the door, and advancing to present a card.

"Mr. Hazen!" exclaimed Mabel, reading the card, and then looking up from it glanced at her companion with questioning eyes. That gentleman assented, with a courtly bow, that his old-time rival should cause him to defer all he had in his heart to say, and Mabel said to the maid, "Show him in, please."

The meeting was as cheery as could be expected under the circumstances, and the conversation ran on general topics, but Hardy could not help a feeling of awkwardness, and soon took his leave. An embarrassing pause followed. It seemed impossible to pursue the idle gossip in which the three friends had been indulging, but finally Mabel broke the silence.

"What a fine fellow Mr. Hardy is," she ventured to say.

"Yes, a gentleman of the first water. I am very fond of him."

"He was telling me," and then she remembered that both subjects discussed by Jack Hardy were of a delicate nature.

"He was telling you—?" repeated Harry, who seemed to be content to allow Mabel to do all the leading.

"He was telling me," she went on boldly, choosing the least dangerous of the two subjects, "of the turn of events in the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union."

"What has happened?" asked Harry, simply.

Then she reviewed the new by-law, as she had heard it from Hardy, grew eloquent on the prospect of the good that must come of it; extolled the author as a fabulous hero, and, finally, in her excitement, bade Hazen for the sake of old times, to discover the name of the author.

"He is here," said Harry, holding out both hands to her.

"You, Harry! you; oh, Harry!" The next moment they were in each other's arms, and the next, Harry had produced a ring, the same ring, from his pocket.

There is an affinity between true love and true sport, and these two had found it.

Out of Much Tribulation

By R. M. Johnstone

I.

Willie Hargreave labored under a serious disability. As he neared his fifteenth year he realized for himself what had been apparent long before to his fellow-citizens of Morpeth, that he was a tolerably fat boy. His father, Anson Hargreave, a middle-aged widower, and a lawyer by profession, had an undeserved reputation for crustiness, inasmuch that he concealed a thoroughly humane and kindly heart behind a cold, reserved demeanor. He had for years expended a large percentage of his earnings in secret charities, by the aid of his family pastor. He had, however, while poor, comparatively poor, provided somewhat for Willie's future, for his only son was the brightest interest of his sorrow-darkened life. He viewed with alarm, therefore, his son's premature attainment to corpulency. He had hopes of a great and useful career for Willie; therefore he set about the removal of Willie's incubus by every means in his power. Willie was a dutiful son. He submitted willingly, even cheerfully to the rigid discipline imposed by his firm, but unvaryingly kind parent. He even aided in the search through medical books and patent medicine circulars for nostrums efficacious to remove his complaint. In spite of rigid gymnastic exercises, in spite of copious draughts of vinegar and other unwholesome condiments, and even the minimum starvation of a vegetable diet, he failed to reduce his weight materially. He had become an object for public merriment wherever his bulky, short-statured frame hove in view. He became well and favorably known as "Fatty" Hargreave, a name he accepted with smiling acquiescence. But good-natured as he was, he was greatly troubled in mind. For why?

Willie was a pupil in the middle grades of the Morpeth High School. Just opposite his father's front gate was the palatial home of Homer Aikens, M. P. for the county. He was a wealthy man, who had exchanged largely his extensive trade pursuits for the business of his official position. He was an astute politician, well versed in the timely topics of tariffs and revenues, and experienced most of all in lobbying to a successful issue the monopolistic schemes of certain large corporations. His only daughter, Marion, was a pupil in the local high school. Her father, though wealthy, was thoroughly democratic in sentiment. Therefore, he eschewed the prevailing social system of secluding young ladies in women's colleges. Morning after morning Willie and Marion proceeded to school upon opposite sides of the street. It was a real pleasure for Willie to appear exactly at the same time as Marion, whether the latter was late or early. Miss Aikens was a year younger than Willie. She was a vivacious, charming, and thoroughly unselfish girl. She gave promise of great beauty, when fully matured; yet wealth had not spoiled her. Therefore, she could recognize Willie if she chose. In fact, they had been playmates when children, long before obesity had marred young Hargreave's natural symmetry. Of late, however, owing to an acute parental estrangement over political matters, companionship between the two had been sternly interdicted by Aikens, senior. Now it happened that Marion always laughed merrily when she saw Willie. She, however, bowed with dignity each morning, and Willie would politely raise his hat. Then they proceeded on their way unconcernedly.

Nothing of interest transpired for a long time. They were both steady in attendance, even in the wearing restraints of a long and stormy Canadian winter. Day by day a deeply cherished secret was growing in the depth of Willie's heart. He was deeply

and desperately in love with his fellow-pupil, Marion. Viewed from his own standpoint his affection was hopeless; was he not "Fatty" Hargreave? Did she not laugh at him daily? Cruel maiden! One thing he was now thankful for: His weight was now stationary. He had gained also two inches in height during the winter season.

Spring was in its brightest glory of re-awakened life, when one morning something did happen. A savage bull had escaped from his stable, and in spite of all efforts for recapture was still at large on the public streets. Quite unaware of this the young neighbors were on their way to school, when turning the last corner they met the now infuriated beast, who was scouting for victims. The animal caught sight of a crimson hat and jacket, and that was sufficient. He pawed the dust and bellowed furiously; then with horns lowered and tongue lolling out, he charged for the object of his hate. Both were terrified beyond measure. Willie turned to flee; but he looked first to see what security lay for Marion. She had fallen in a faint; that glance saved her. Terror vanished, and with the courage of a forlorn hope, Willie rushed to the rescue.

He met the bull, half-halted preliminary to his final rush, and struck him a resounding thwack on the snout with his well-filled book-sack. This unexpected attack started the bull from his purpose. He raised his head and stared. No time for meditation was allowed, for the assault continued with battering rapidity. Willie rained blows on the surprised animal. He ended by entangling the satchel strap on the bull's horns. This the animal resented, and started to butt the satchel of books into the dust in the effort to remove it. This ruined the books, but it saved the situation. The half-frantic pursuers arrived and the bull was lassoed. By the aid of pitchforks and horse-whips he was thoroughly subdued in a few minutes, and all public danger removed.

The awakening of Marion to consciousness came simultaneously. So Willie was left the task of reassuring. His bravery had been witnessed from afar, and he was already a public hero. The smile of Miss Aikens, on welcoming her deliverer, was very sunny through many tears. She thanked him for saving her from serious danger. Modest as are always the truly brave, he refrained from boasting of aught but a duty done. He seemed glad it happened though. Said he at length:

"That was a fine beast, Minnie!"

"Oh, no! a horrid brute! I'm frightened yet. He would have killed me had you not come to my help, Willie. It seems like old times to speak to you again anyway. I must go home now."

"May I—may I take you home?"

"Yes, yes; you may come. I need some one after such a fright; and papa must thank you and be friends again. Oh, my! but your books are ruined! I'm so sorry, indeed I am. Come, Willie, we'll make that all right."

"Wait—wait a minute, Minnie; you see I—I want to say something. I am—I—I am so fat I'm afraid to. You see, Minnie, I—I love you; I'd die for your dear sake, and—and I want to marry you—when—when we're old enough."

"Willie, be serious! Don't you know—"

"Yes, hang it; I know I'm fat. You've been laughing at me. Can't help it, I guess; but I love you—the same as I could when we're both grown up. I hope I—I won't be fat then anyway. But I love you; you believe me, Minnie, don't you?"

"Yes, Willie, I understand, but we're so very young yet; but hush, Willie, I love you too; and I'll wait, so there. I'll never, never marry anyone but you."

Willie was somewhat braver for this assurance, for he kissed her to seal the compact. They proceeded slowly to the Aikens home. Reaching the gate she gave his fingers a reassuring squeeze.

"Don't mind what papa says at first; he'll be all right in a minute," she whispered. "Here he is now! Come!"

Saying this she ushered him almost forcibly into her father's presence. The latter was sitting with arms akimbo in his porch arm-chair meditating the procedure of a new option he was commissioned to obtain from the government on behalf of a large syndicate. He frowned when he saw

the guest his daughter had brought to interrupt him. He was still very sore over "Old Hargreave's" defection from his immediate following, on the ground of a questionable political deal. The two had been friends from boyhood, and it cut him sorely that the lawyer had proved a trifle squeamish and quarrelled with his party over trifles; but Hargreave had always been a strictly conscientious man, or he might long since have been wealthy instead of a comparatively poor man. Aikens' salutation was indicative of his personal feelings.

"Here, you fat lummox! What do you mean by coming here with my daughter? Get out of this quick, or I'll horse-whip you. I don't want either you or your old raccoon of a daddy anywhere on my lawn. Stir your stumps, you chunk of tallow, or I'll kick you down the steps!"

"Oh, father!" screamed Marion, interposing herself between them. "Willie saved my life just now. Don't hurt him, father! If you love me, don't!"

"Hey? What's that? Saved your life, pet? Why, what's happened?"

"Why a terrible animal was about to run at me when Willie stopped him with his book-sack and saved me! I fainted; I don't know everything about it, but others will tell you."

"So you met that bull, my pet? And Willie saved you? I forgot about the brute; I'm awful sorry you have been so scared and nearly killed. If that had happened it'd most killed your old daddy, too. Come here, my boy, and shake hands. I don't mean what I said just now, and I must 'a' been crazy to say it. Saved my jewel, did ye? Well, nothing's too good for you after this. Come and kiss dad." There were tears in the politician's eyes when this filial duty was performed. Turning to Willie he continued:

"Now, Willie, I'm going over to make up with your father. I'll have to eat humble pie, but I guess I can afford it to-day. We've been on bad terms long enough. I miss your father's advice almost every day, and I don't want to be out forever with the friend of my youth. Come along, boy! We'll have a real jollification this day. Mark my words! I say, Min, 'phone down to the butcher's for a turkey; tell him to get one or bust."

The anticipation of Homer Aikens regarding the joy of reconcilation was verified. Inside of half an hour he and the lawyer had obliterated their differences, and forgotten their former bitter recriminations. Bygones are bygones. Wilie's corpulency was even forgotten in the excess of admiration the father felt over his son's bravery. The turkey was partaken of with due rejoicing. This was the last occasion of reunion they had together.

Misfortunes usually come suddenly, if they come at all. There were sad things in store for Willie ere many days. The story of Willie's heroism soon faded from view owing to his own modesty; but his sojourn in Morpeth was of short duration. Hardly two months elapsed before Willie was alone in the world. His father was stricken suddenly with a long threatened crisis—heart failure. The blow stunned Willie for many days. But worse was to come. Stern executors came and inventoried everything, and without even consulting Willie's preferences sold his father's valued treasures practically at a sacrifice to meet the claims of unfortunate creditors, some of whom it was afterwards clearly shown were impostors. In fact, Hargreave, lawyer though he was, had been careless in domestic matters, and by a failure to exact receipts for payments, left room for extensive roguery after his demise. Thus it was that even moneys deposited for the express benefit of his son were garnisheed by these fraudulent sharks. Willie Hargreave turned away from his former home, not only an orphan, but penniless as well. At the funeral the fact of Mr. Hargreave's systematic charities, so long unsuspected, was beautifully revealed by an appreciative and sorrowing clergyman. It was afterwards discovered that several who had been aided gratuitously in serious difficulty during the lawyer's lifetime were foremost in robbing his son after his death, and this was gratitude indeed.

A little group of friends remained to

Willie in his hour of trial—Homer Aikens, the family pastor, his head teacher, and a legal associate of his father, one of the executors, it so happened. The latter suspected strongly the wrong he was obliged to sanction, and hoped for a day of reckoning. Homer Aikens mourned for his friend deeply. He would have adopted Willie and educated him at his own expense out of pure friendship, aside from any gratitude he owed. He had secretly purchased many of the valuable assets of the Hargreave chattels to retain for Willie's benefit; so after all they were not lost to him. Some of the most valuable he had overlooked. These could not be recovered at ten times the price paid at the sale. Willie, in spite of his dependent condition, would not accept the kind offices of his friends. He preferred to be independently responsible for his own future. He accepted a small loan from Mr. Aikens. He had procured, through Mr. Allen, his head teacher, an appointment as apprentice to a friend of the latter, engaged as a pharmacist, in a small town two hundred miles distant. This accorded fully with a portion of Willie's future designs, so he willingly consented to go. He must earn his own living, he decided finally. The love affair was as yet unknown to the townspeople. The hour of separation revealed it to them. Marion clung to him at the last moment and implored him not to go away and leave her, for the long years that must ensue; but in vain. Sorrowfully, but firmly, he went. He recalled at this moment of separation the loving words of the pastor at his father's funeral—when he spoke of the never-failing aftertime: "There shall be no more sea." In a moment he was aboard the train, and away from Morpeth. One more youth had essayed the unknown future—with the foreseen outlook of a strenuous life.

II.

The islands in the Muskoka bay were clad in the luxuriance of summer verdure. It was the holiday season. Everywhere, on land and water, were signs of life. Yachts, fishing boats, and sportive swimmers thronged the view. The weather had been fine and the water fairly glimmered with sunlight. A young man sat in a boat under an improvised awning, and alternately fished awhile with energy or mused to himself in the intervals of non-success. Far on the horizon he noticed a sailing yacht skimming smoothly along its way in the drift of a freshening breeze. Suddenly as his eye swept the far horizon, he started up, drew in his tackle with haste, and crumpled the awning under the seat. He reached for the oars, and began to pull shoreward. Anyone who had seen him would have admired this tall, well-proportioned young man. Handsome and a very picture of manly vigor, he plied the oars with tireless regularity and ever-increasing haste.

There was reason enough. A squall was coming, he knew from past experience. On the horizon rim a coiling ridge of vapor had appeared like magic, and was growing momentarily. The waves were beginning to chop against the bows quite savagely. The yacht was still running smoothly before the stiffening gale. Their course would apparently cross his. He signalled several times—excitedly—but notice was seemingly not paid to him. The yacht was in great peril if it continued on the course. He saw that the occupants were a man and two ladies, one of whom was steering. At last they seemed to veer towards the island refuge, nearly a mile distant. The squall was now almost upon them and the waves were running mountains high. It was hard work to meet them in the rowboat. In five minutes the sky was overcast by the whirling nimbus, and the yacht, now only a stone's throw away, was quickly capsized by the force of the wave. The occupants had evidently prepared for this, for they clambered on the rolling keel and managed to save themselves from being washed away. In spite of the terrible sea that was running, and the risk of upsetting his boat, the oarsman decided to attempt a rescue. After a tremendous struggle he succeeded in getting them aboard. By this time the squall was past, but the water was still running furiously. All he could do for some time was to steady the craft. A launch soon came to the rescue of all, in charge of an ener-

getic young man, evidently known to the solitary fisherman. This was Dr. Amos Wilkins. He called out, as he neared the boat:

"Are you all right there, Will? Did you get them all off that yacht?"

"Yes, Amos. I think so. There wasn't anyone drowned of your party, was there, mister?"

"No; you've got us all safe, young man. We're glad you came in time, though. It was a narrow squeak for my old bones. I guess my daughter and niece can say the same."

In a moment or two the whole party were transferred to the launch. The boat and the capsized yacht were taken in tow, and the party started for shore; and then came introductions.

The young man had been strongly attracted by the loveliness of the young lady pointed out as the old man's daughter. He handed the dripping and blushing lady his card. It read:

William Aikens Hargreave, M.D., C.M.,
14 Cresswell Gardens,
Toronto.

In return he received a water-soaked tablet, with the astounding information he had never expected:

M rion Aikens,
"The Beeches,"
Morpeth.

Ten long years had elapsed since these names had been so actively associated together. The two had never met in the meantime. They had passed from a frequent correspondence to an intermittent, and then a cessation altogether. The strenuous existence Hargreave had led ere the attainment of his cherished ambitions had pushed him further and further away from an active recollection of his boyhood's affection. Only this afternoon had come the longing to see sweet Minnie Aikens again: and she had come to him on the wings of a swashing gale. Would she depart from him as quickly again? He looked up to her with a joyful recognition in his eyes.

Miss Aikens in turn had divined partly the identity of her second preserver. What a handsome, noble fellow he was, she had thought when he was fishing them out of the water. The card said "Willie" Hargreave—almost by intuition. She knew already he was somewhere near a doctor's qualification, but just how near she had not ascertained until lately. If the identity was doubtful in this case, all this was removed by the extended hand and the first word—

"Minnie!"

"Willie Hargreave! Oh, excuse me, Dr. Hargreave! You bad boy! Why haven't you written your old friends? It's three years since we heard from you, and then only a few words. I suppose you were too busy. Everybody seems too busy in this world. Excuse me, this is my cousin—Esther Lambton! Don't you remember playing with her years ago? Esther, this is Willie Hargreave, grown up, just like us."

"Oh, yes, I remember you, Mr. Hargreave, but not so well as Minnie, I think. Don't you recollect the little girl who used to slap you and call you nasty names? That's me, you know!"

"Oh, yes, I remember you now; I have no old scores to settle, however; bygones are bygones. Heigh-ho! but it's been a century since I've seen you. I'm glad to have you here again, Minnie, even from the mouth of a waterspout."

"Yes, I should think so! You said something like that when you rescued me ten years ago. But here comes papa. He's a senator now, and doesn't meddle in politics so much as he did when you left home."

"Come here, papa! Quick! Here's Willie Hargreave. I beg your pardon; Dr. William Hargreave—our good friend we've been waiting so long to see."

"Ha! my boy! I think I could hug you. So you've saved us again, and made a bigger job this time. But you saved my life last time, too. It'd killed me sure to lose my 'Min.' I lost her dear mother long ago, the worst blow I ever got. So Minnie's all I have to keep me alive now. But, boy, you've been getting on lately, I hear. I thought I knew you when I saw you, but you're awful different somehow. Ten

years! My! It's been a lifetime without ye; and say, we caught some of those rascals that cheated you. They had to disgorge, I tell you. We've got the cash ready for you whenever you need it. That old lawyer sort of fished the thing out, and caught them red-handed. But never mind that; we've missed you lately badly, and I'm glad we've found you; always thought you were the kind to turn up on the right side. You are your father's son in that."

During this long adjuration the courtly old gentleman shook his hand briskly. He welcomed Hargreave more like a returned prodigal than a successful young doctor. Truly, the first holiday the young fellow had been able to take in the long course of years was panning out very well for his enjoyment.

The arrival of the launch at the dock put an end temporarily to their reunion. The capsized crowd were obliged to change their wet attire. The party reassembled in the evening.

The disposition of Marion Aikens was the same cheerful, unselfish type of yore. The incident of the afternoon had done more to cheer her spirits, however, than anything since the letters of her beloved had grown cold and informal, and finally ceased. She understood well the reason of this from her contact with social conditions in her maturer life. Therefore, she did not blame greatly her girlhood lover's forgetfulness, seeing that his whole energy was necessarily utilized in the struggle for existence, and a place in the front ranks of public utility. She had waited long, and kept alive her girlish faith in a future recompense. She had found her former lover again, and he had earned her gratitude anew. He was unmarried and apparently fancy free. Better still, his voice had betrayed remembrance plainly. The evening tete-a-tete forever righted matters. Mutual explanations seemed easy, and the crisis of a new decision came almost before they realized it. Said he after awhile:

"I declare, Minnie, I feel as though I'm awaking from a dream. I've been exiled from home ten long years, and I never felt it really so much of late till now. I felt, oh, so lonely this afternoon, as I sat out there on the glassy lake. I was ten years younger by the time the squall came up. Who'd 'a' thought you were out there in the danger line? Yet you were."

"Yes, Will, I was hoping so much to meet you sometime, and see if you were the same brave, kindly soul I knew years ago. I'm glad to see you are. You haven't thrown your life away, even though you paddled your own canoe."

"That's right, Minnie; I'm a lot better for the struggle I've gone through; more thorough, I think, in many ways. It wasn't easy, and I took it as it came; but I missed you often just the same. I didn't write. Why, I thought someone would cut in and marry you anyway. Life seems to shape that way mostly. But I was mistaken in your case. Now I've come to the point, Minnie: I want you for my wife, just as I did ten years ago. Your coming has called the old love back as strongly as ever. Is it to be, Minnie, dear? Do you love and trust me still?"

"Yes, Willie, I do; no one has a better right to me than you. You've saved my life twice. I've never forgotten the first time. I'm glad, so glad, for I must own it. I have always loved you since I was a little girl. It was a dim realization of late, but the fairy prince has come again. Father will be delighted. He has always hoped for and expected this. Yes, dear Willie, I am yours again!"

We will draw a curtain over the next half hour. It is no concern of ours how the compact was sealed. The coming of others dissolved the loving interview. Mr. Aikens approached.

Dr. Hargreave arose, and taking Marion by the hand, he addressed his future father-in-law quite confidently:

"Mr. Aikens, I must confess I have turned highwayman. I'm going to rob you of your pet; but I'll make you a present in return—myself. We're going to get married tomorrow and spend the honeymoon on Aikens' Island, or any other we can find handy. I hope that will please you?"

"Yes, my boy, I am very pleased, only you must adopt me after the honeymoon.

I'd be out of the world without my pet. Run away, dear, to your friend, Miss Lambton. Will and I must have a talk over matters—old times and new times. I've adopted you already, my boy. Come along, Will."

There was no hitch in the hurried arrangements. The affair came off as announced the previous evening. The whole watering-place was agog that afternoon to see the romantic open-air wedding. They saw the happy pair made one. Three weeks later another wedding came off—Dr. Wilkins and Miss Lambton had succumbed to the love microbe. The climax was two happy couples, and why shouldn't they be? Truly it could be said of Dr. Hargreave and Marion, they came "out of much tribulation." There is no greater tribulation than the woe of "sundered lives." It does seem that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." To the truly beloved the wedding day is registered in their recollection as the time when they had really "begun to live." The ark is anchored, anent that voyage which sooner or later must be taken by us all. Thence comes the after-time when "there is no more sea."

STORY COMPETITION

AN interesting feature in the magazine world, the last few months, has been the story competition commenced by the *Canadian Home* magazine in August last.

As story competitions are uncommon in Canadian periodicals, unusual interest has been attached to this one, and many competitors have been anxiously awaiting the outcome.

The decision has now been announced, dividing the prizes amongst the three successful competitors.

"The Canuck," the story taking the first prize of $100.00, was written by Dr. Jas. W. Barton, of Toronto. This tale is full of the excitement attending a great game of hockey, and is extremely good.

"The Call of the Cariboo Trail," by Miss Pauline Johnson, of Brantford, carries off the second prize of $50.00. Miss Johnson, herself of Mohawk blood, tells her story with great force. The story of Miss Johnson's life, which itself reads like a romance, will be told in the February number of the *Canadian Home*.

Miss Eva J. Carmichael, of Toronto, who has already won a reputation as an author, carried off the third prize of $25.00, with her story, "Cruel as the Grave."

Great interest will be taken in these stories, which will appear in the January, February and March issues, successively, of the *Canadian Home*, "The Canuck" appearing in the January number

The Leopard's Skin

By Charles Gordon Rogers

As Calhoun lounged about the Pembroke wharf, awaiting the belated departure of the little tug that did mail and passenger service between the Ontario lumbering town and Fort Bill, a small yacht steamed into view, from among the islands a mile up stream, and headed for the wharf.

"Benson's," laconically remarked "Cap" Huckabone, of the tug, as Calhoun levelled a marine glass at the approaching craft. "Speedy, too, ain't she? Doin' her fourteen now, with the current."

"And who is Benson?" said Calhoun.

"Son of a Chicago pork packer, if the gossips don't tell no lies. Him and the bunch on the yacht has been up at Fort Bill. They call the Anglers' Inn there the *Benson* House when he registers. I reckon he thinks he owns the place."

"Ladies, too," remarked Calhoun, under the glass.

"Always a bunch of *them;* the society of the town." The Cap made a loose gesture landward with a big freckled hand. "One of them girls is Miss Mansfield, the belle of the town. Money, too. Benson wants to marry her, I hear."

"The one in gray—dark hair—high color? Have a squint, Cap."

The Cap squinted. "That's her!" he affirmed. "An' I'll be dang-whittled if them ain't good glasses! Almost I can hear 'em talk. Folks on the yacht, I mean."

"Miss Mansfield is a handsome girl, Cap," said the young man, as he levelled his glass again.

Cap Huckabone grinned. "Wait till you've seen her close," he said, in a tone of promise. "My complexion ain't in it with hers." He caressed a weather-beaten cheek. "They'll come right in here. Hello! Ain't she got her glasses on you?"

"It's yourself, Cap," said Calhoun, lowering his glass. In that mutual long-distance survey, during which, through the powerful lenses, each had caught the smile of the other, it had seemed to Calhoun that he was informally introduced to the beginning of something important in his life.

A few minutes later the yacht came in. Calhoun, courteously indifferent, strolled away. An instant later he whirled about, the discord of a chorus of screams, a splash and a shout in his ears.

Miss Mansfield, standing upon the miniature brass-railed deck, had thrust at the wharf with a slender pike pole. The iron caught fairly; but the yacht's bow swinging in too sharply and suddenly to allow the girl to release her grip upon the pole, the latter snapped in two, and Miss Mansfield, losing her balance, pitched headlong over the bow into the eddying current sweeping and swirling from under the wharf.

Benson, at the wheel, was suddenly unstrung, and sent the yacht's head smashing into the wharf. He knew his mismanagement had caused the accident, and that knowledge shattered his nerve and aplomb.

"I can't swim!" he roared. "Can't someone—?" Then he saw Calhoun race to the wharf's edge and dive in.

Cap Huckabone, rising to the occasion, sprang nimbly into the yacht, where the hysterical girls were throwing everything except Benson overboard. With a husky order to the youth at the engine, the Cap pushed Benson aside, seized the wheel of the drifting yacht, and guided her to where Calhoun was keeping Miss Mansfield's fair chin above stream.

"You saved my life!" she said, five minutes later, as Huckabone ran the yacht back and tied fast.

"The Cap didn't give me a chance," said Calhoun, with a grin. "The honors are his." But the Cap waved a big hand in dissent.

"Honors are easy," he said, as he climbed over the yacht's bow to his tug. "But I couldn't have jumped off that wharf the way you did." He pulled a cord, and sent a warning shriek to the town. "I've been on the river for forty years," he called back, "but I can't swim a stroke."

"Well, as you are both equally modest, I shall never be able to sufficiently thank either of you!" said the girl, blithely. She turned suddenly to Benson, a little frown of displeasure between her dark brows. "Haven't you anything to say?" she said.

"Of course!" he answered, pursily. Since the results of his clumsiness were not serious, his assurance returned; and he disliked Calhoun heartily for having filled the heroic role; so he said: "I'm greatly obliged to you, of course. If there's anything I can do—" He broke off suddenly, pursing his lips, but perturbed by the sudden stiffening of Calhoun's tall athletic figure, and the scorn that flashed from the girl's eyes.

"There's just one thing," said Calhoun, with a faint smile; "for your own sake, don't finish what you were about to say."

"I'm disgusted with you!" said the girl, in a low tone, as Calhoun turned away.

"But you know I can't swim!" protested Benson, with politic obtuseness.

"Swim? You know very well what I mean!" she retorted, in a higher key.

"At least you can float, Mr. Benson," said Cora Lee. For Benson weighed two hundred pounds. Calhoun, on the wharf, was handing the girls up. Muriel Mansfield followed, declining Benson's hand.

"Let me advise you, Miss Mansfield," said Calhoun, "to walk briskly home at once."

"I'll send for a hack," said Benson, glowering.

"It will be wisdom to walk, and still wiser to run," said Calhoun, blandly.

"Then at least I shall walk briskly," the girl said. "But you—?"

"I will change in the cabin of the tug, and be as dry as a Huckabone in ten minutes. Have a good stiff hot whiskey; and get into bed," added Calhoun, an amused eye on Benson

"I hate whiskey, but I shall obey and drink to your complete recovery," she said, laughing, and squeezing out her still dripping skirts.

"A dry toast," said Calhoun; and the Cap blew his whistle again.

"Au revoir!" cried the girl.

"Au revoir!" he answered. "Auf wiedersehn!"

"We will!" she called back, and waved a hand.

"Now, what the mischief does that mean?" said Benson, testily.

"It means," said Miss Mansfield, striding on briskly, in spite of her clinging skirts, "that I have to hurry and get into dry things, and have a good stiff whiskey, *hot!*"

. . . . . .

Three days later Calhoun was lolling upon the bank of an island opposite to Fort Bill. In the supreme comfort of full health and perfect idleness—the luxurious idleness of a lazzarone—he stretched his long legs in the thick grass, and watched the blue smoke from his cigar climb spirally into the warm, still air, with a laziness that seemed emulative of his own. Fort Bill, beyond a mile of blue, unruffled river, lay in the autumn sunshine as if asleep. Beyond, the hills were adorned in all the beauty of the red maple's autumnal glory. Now and again, from the woods flanking the Fort, came the faintly reverberant echo of Dicky Brown's feather-weight small-bore, as that indefatigable sportsman, good fellow, and good shot, transformed a partridge or a woodcock into a bird of paradise. A brace of teal lay in the grass by the side of Calhoun.

"You're my bag for to-day," he remarked, stroking the beautiful and variously colored plumage of the birds. "I'll let Dick have the honors, without a struggle."

The whistle of a boat made him glance up. Far away, a yacht was steaming steadily and swiftly up stream, sharply outlined against the beach, that lay white in the sun.

"Benson's!" said Calhoun; and flushed as he sat up. "I wonder!" He went down the bank to his boat, and brought back the marine glass. He was quite alert now.

"Yes, there she is!" he said aloud. "At the wheel, too! And running her beautifully. In blue and white to-day, an out-and-out yachting suit. How well she looks!" He watched the yacht until the little party it carried landed at the long wharf, and then the glass followed the girl as she walked up to the inn, the rotund Benson at her side.

This was the girl's first visit to the Fort

since the day of her rescue from the river; and even to-day Benson had been loth to make the run. He hoped that when they arrived it would be found that the "hero" was off somewhere on a "fish" or "shoot," and he was, therefore, mightily pleased when the girls were told that Mr. Calhoun had gone out after dinner, with his gun, and that he would hardly return before dark.

"Here we are, Muriel!" cried the girls, who were overlooking the register: "James Calhoun, Toronto."

"Now we know who he is, I'd like to know what he is," said Cora Lee.

"Drummer, most likely, selling novelties and mixed candies to the general store," said Benson, with a fat sneer.

"And I suppose it has taken him three days to do business in Fort Bill," retorted Miss Lee. "Isn't it perfectly horrid, Muriel, not finding him here? And Mr. Brown away, too! *He* is the life of the place!"

Muriel said naught, but presently upon the wide piazza she uncased her field glasses.

A mile away, dead across the serene river, Calhoun still lay in the long grass, and held his marine glasses upon the inn. He saw the girl sweep the island's shores with her own. He felt her eyes travel along the pebbled beaches, in and out of little bays, over the wild rice and the reeds, until, like a searchlight, they found him. He lowered his glass, and smiled. And when he levelled the glass again, she lowered hers and smiled back, as if he were but a boat's length away.

She waved a hand. "Come over!" the gesture said. "How can you stay there a moment longer, knowing I am here?"

And he went.

. . . . . .

It was indeed dark when Dicky Brown, burr-covered, and game-laden, came in. His gun-shots had died farther and farther away, and at last altogether, as the afternoon wore on; and Calhoun had suggested, to the girls' chagrin, that Dicky had, perhaps, got upon the track of the mythical giant moose that woodsmen and Indians claimed to have seen.

"Never mind the moose," said Dick, from the depths of a rattan chair; when, bathed and feasted and refreshed, he sat among the girls upon the piazza and smoked the well-earned cigar of a long, hard day. "They have a yarn up the river," he continued, "that makes the moose dream sound like good old Gospel. A farmer told me there was the strangest sort of animal in the woods; a big, spotted thing, a creeping, cat-like sort of thing that wasn't like anything he had ever seen."

The girls, drawing their chairs nearer to Dick, gazed apprehensively toward the dark wood that grew down to the beach.

"I think you're horrid!" they said.

"So I see," said Mr. Brown.

"And what did the 'farmer' think it was?" said Benson, with his customary sneer.

"He didn't say," said Dicky, pleasantly. "But I should say it must be a hyena or a leopard."

"Make it an elephant next time," said Benson. "The farmer must have thought you looked soft and easy, Brown."

"Easy and soft, O elephantine wit!" said Mr. Brown. "Do I look as soft as thee? If you run across that farmer, Benson, he'll make it a *mammoth* yarn."

"A hit, a palpable hit, Mr. Benson!" cried Miss Lee. For Dicky, though a lightweight, is as hard as nails; while Benson, five feet six, is gross beyond repair.

"At any rate," continued Mr. Brown, "the farmer was in dead earnest. He wasn't the only one, he said, who had seen it." Mr. Brown suddenly leaned forward and stared toward the wood. The girls on either side of him—very pretty ones—shifted their chairs to his until arm touched arm. Mr. Brown, leaning back, patted their hands reassuringly.

"A shade less blood-curdling, please," said Mrs. Wray, the chaperone, "or there's no telling where Hilda and Irene may seek safety, perfect and absolute."

"I suppose talking of leopards and *things* has a tendency to make people change their spots," remarked Mr. Brown. "Another farmer had lost a sheep, that they couldn't get any track of, not even a lock of wool; but they found the track of this huge freak cat, or whatever it really is."

"What do you think of it, Mr. Calhoun?" Muriel said.

"I shall certainly hunt it," he said, with gravity.

"Then you believe in it?"

"Assuredly."

"But it may be just one of Mr. Brown's stories!" cried one of the girls.

"Oh, upon my honor, no!" protested Mr. Brown. "Not *mine!*"

Benson laughed.

"Wouldn't *you* care to come?" said Calhoun, to him.

"Not on a wild-goose chase!" retorted Benson, put suddenly out of humor by Calhoun's bland tone.

Dick laughed annoyingly.

"Imagine Benson, girls, doing fifteen or twenty miles through the forest primeval, climbing over trunks and boulders, stalking on hands and knees the wary game—" At the mental picture conjured up by this last suggestion, Calhoun laughed outright.

"I'll tell you what I *will* do!" cried Benson, falling back upon his unfailing reserve, "I'll bet Mr. Calhoun a thousand dollars that if he hunts for the next three days he won't shoot any animal that's not a native of British North America!"

"A thousand dollars?" echoed Calhoun. "Dear me! That figure's quite beyond my modest purse."

"The proposition isn't fair, anyway!" said Dicky Brown, with some heat. "The animal, if the farmers have really seen one, may be an enormous wild cat or lynx."

"You said hyena or leopard just now!" retorted Benson. "And anyway, you said a spotted thing!"

"I said the farmer said a big, spotted thing," said Dick. "And I take it the spots were the bilious ones that danced before his eyes when he saw the thing."

"I'll take Mr. Benson at one hundred even," said Calhoun. "If, within three days from this hour—"

"Make it midnight," said Dicky Brown, looking at his watch; "that gives you three days, and three hours' grace. You can begin the hunt to-night. Around midnight is the time when hyenas shriek and leopards yawn, *et cetera*. Eh, Mrs. Wray?"

"Don't be gruesome," she said, "or I won't let the girls come any more."

"Then," said Calhoun, "if by midnight three days hence I have not brought in to this place an animal to be identified by the farmers as the one seen at large by them—"

"At large?" cut in Benson, suspiciously; and pursed his lips. "Haven't you got something up your sleeve?"

"A fairly steady arm, on which I shall have to depend," said Calhoun. "Suppose, then, that whichever one of us loses shall give a hundred dollars towards the rebuilding of the little chapel that was burned three miles from here last week."

"I think the bet a one-sided affair!" said Muriel, with warmth. "I think that if Mr. Benson loses, he should rebuild the chapel. It's only a sporting bet on your part, Mr. Calhoun. You know you haven't one chance in a hundred—"

"Oh, I'm a craftier hunter than that!" said Calhoun, laughing. "Believe me, my chance is excellent."

"I'll make it two to one!" said Benson, grandly. "Chicago can always afford to give the Canuck odds."

"That depends on the squareness of the game," said Calhoun. "We're not in the wheat pit now, you know. In this instance the Canuck declines to accept odds, and will close at two hundred even, for the little church."

"Done!" said Benson.

"You will be!" said Dicky Brown.

"And I'll tell you what!" said Benson, "I'll make the same bet with you, Brown—"

"To make it done brown, I suppose," murmured Dick; "well, of course, I'm going after the beast, too."

"And if you kill it, you kill Mr. Calhoun's chance," said Muriel; "that wouldn't be sportsmanlike, would it?"

"But I want to hunt!" protested Dick, "and if I saw the thing, whatever it is, I couldn't very well help trying to bag it, could I? Benson and Calhoun will have to let me in some way."

"I'll let you in," said Benson. "One gun more or less won't make any difference in this case."

"I know you want to hunt, Dicky," said Calhoun, "and I know I can't expect you to hold your fire if you should run across the quarry."

"But I want to come in on the bet," pro-

tested Dick. "As Benson's agreeable, and as the stakes are for the little church, let's split the two hundred if neither of us succeeds in bringing in the game."

"And we'll all be back in three days," said Benson, with a grin, "to see the leopard's skin!"

. . . . . .

While the yacht was steaming merrily down the broad, moonlit river, Calhoun ransacked the reading-room of the Anglers' Inn for a certain comparatively recent issue of a little semi-weekly country newspaper. At last he found it, searched its columns, and pointed out to Dick Brown a paragraph that made him gasp and stare and grin.

"We'll hunt it day and night!" said he, as Calhoun folded up the little sheet and appropriated it unto his own keeping. "We'll begin right now! It's the greatest thing I ever heard!"

. . . . . .

But, alas, for the hopes of man! The tiring efforts of three days' hard hunting were their only reward. From dawn till eve, by dusk and dark and moonlight, the pair did hill and hollow, ravine and riverside, mountain and marsh, particularly any place that looked "jungly," as Dicky Brown said. They spent almost the whole of the second night in the deep wood; they set bait; they laid traps; but no sight or sound or trace of the thing repaid them.

"We might as well hunt for a gorilla!" said Dick, disgusted and depressed, upon the third day. "I believe that yarn was just a reportorial dream!"

"Country editors never dream," said Calhoun. Besides, more stories were gleaned from the farmers of the something, or scent of it, that had put horses into a frenzy of fear and frightened the farmers, too. It was, however, upon this third day that, coming suddenly upon the sandy shore of the river, three miles above Fort Bill, in a desolate looking place, Calhoun and Brown saw prints in the sand that sent their hopes up at a bound.

"They're it," said Dicky, his nose glued to the sand. "Fresh, too. It's been down this morning to drink."

The prints were feline and very large; but, to the hunters' chagrin, the ground above the beach was an outcrop of limestone, bare of soil, and the track was lost, though they searched indefatigably in the wood.

"Hounds?" said Dick, hopefully. He had made the suggestion before.

"There isn't a dog within reach that would follow such a scent," said Calhoun. "Will it come again to drink—here? That's the point."

"It can't have any defined habitat," said Dicky. "Look how it's been roving around. "This is the nearest, I believe, it has got to the Fort."

"We'll keep at it," said Calhoun. "We have until midnight, you know. We'll do the woods straight back here, for a while; and for the last half of the afternoon watch the shore."

The latter part of the programme, however, was not destined to be carried out. Early in the afternoon, a mile from the Fort, Calhoun tripped over a vine and wrenched his knee. He insisted on keeping watch along the river, but the pain swiftly became too severe for even his patience and stoicism, and with much difficulty and Dick's assistance he reached the inn.

Benson's yacht had already arrived, and Benson sat upon the piazza in high glee. Calhoun, the recipient of much sympathy—from the girls—got off to his room, where, to the tune of many softly-breathed imprecations, he doctored the injured knee with liniments that Muriel's own hands fetched from the general store of Fort Bill; though Benson had facetiously recommended machine oil from the yacht. Unwilling, however, to make his injury an excuse for retirement, Calhoun limped down to the piazza, at the cost of some pain, and joined in the banter which Benson directed at his expense.

Dicky Brown came in at sundown, with the intention, he said, of making another effort later on. In the meantime he would devote himself to the tea-table and the girls.

"We will wait until midnight, you know," said Benson; "perhaps the leopard will walk in on his own hook and offer himself as a sacrifice."

"We're well chaperoned with Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Wray," said the girls. "We can dance in the hall."

"The moon will be fine by twelve," said Muriel who felt aggrieved and angry,

though she could not have told herself why she should feel so. She had said hardly a word to Calhoun, except of sympathy about his knee. On that account he would not be able to dance. There were only two or three men at the inn who could dance, beside Benson and Brown, and if the former would only devote himself to the girls, she reflected.

Calhoun, however, excused himself early, and got up to his room. His knee was throbbing furiously, and he was depressed. He had a sense of disappointment akin to that experienced by Muriel, but that neither could have analyzed nor defined.

He gave the injured member a bath of liniment, and then sat at his window, overlooking the beach, and smoked. The moonlight was flooding river and shore. Benson and Muriel walked from the rustic hall in the grove presently, and sat upon the sand. The girl was dressed in white, and her figure in the bathing moonlight made a delightful picture to Calhoun's eye. He could see the ruby-like glow of Benson's cigar, and the gleam of a large diamond upon Benson's hand. They were not engaged, he had heard, and certainly her hand was innocent of a Bensonian diamond. Nevertheless, if it were not that he had saved her from the river, he could wish that he had never heard of the Anglers' Inn at Fort Bill. Moreover—

Suddenly Calhoun stiffened. He went hot and cold, a wave seemed to sweep up and down his spine, and his heart for a moment or two beat so fiercely that its sound was louder in the room than the ticking of a little clock upon a table there.

Something—a moving something—a shadow, it seemed, born of shadows—grew out of the blackness of the grove; a stealthy, silent, seemingly impalpable something, stealing along the sand. But no one saw; no one save Calhoun, sitting at his window, for that brief moment or two as motionless as stone.

And how still everything about him seemed! Save for the ticking of the little clock, there was now no sound; for the tinkling of a waltz played upon a piano in the rustic hall amid the pines was, or seemed to be, part of the silence of the lovely night.

Yet it was all in little more than a moment, as in a dream. Then came Muriel's voice; soft but distinct. And Calhoun was up, and Winchester in hand he stumbled, limped, leaped down the stairway in shoeless feet, and ran out of the inn through a side entrance, and fell upon his sprained knee in the deep shadow there thrown by the inn. And now he saw, not the shadow of the thing, but, silhouetted against the moonlit sand, the crouching, creeping body of the thing itself.

And at the moment that Calhoun levelled his rifle at the full left side of the thing, his involuntary vision caught an impression of Benson springing to his feet with amazing nimbleness, and the bulk of the man speeding down the hard sand, while the air was filled with the vocal expression of his fear. Then Muriel turned her head, and saw fastened upon her the horrid gleam, in the moonlight, of the terrible eyes, phosphorescent and green, that Benson had seen. Petrified by horror she sat, in her white gown, a statue of marble and of fear, fascinated, mesmerized, unable to stir or breathe. Then she closed her eyes, for the thing was about to spring.

But then Calhoun's rifle spoke, and with the report Calhoun leaped up and limped madly toward the girl, as the thing, dead in mid-air, fell dully to the yellow sand; its long shadow, a shadow of death, moving swiftly to meet it there.

The thing was dead; yet it is no wonder that Benson, ambling back, ashamed and breathless, found Muriel in Calhoun's arms, and turned and went up to the bar of the inn.

. . . . . .

Among the "valuable papers" of Calhoun and his wife is a copy of a little four-page semi-weekly country sheet, with a marked paragraph telling of the escape from its cage of a leopard belonging to a circus showing in an Ontario town; while in an arms' rack of the library is a Winchester rifle, in the butt of which is a silver plate bearing two Christian names, the name of a place, and a date; and beneath, upon the polished floor, where, no doubt, in the years to come the little Calhouns will play, there lies

The Leopard's Skin.

A Mysterious Signal

By F. D. Smith

I.

HAYDON'S ranch was situated just a mile north of the Indian Reserve, a choice corner on the Snake River allotted by a benevolent government to the decaying Redskin.

According to strict law, the Indian is confined to his own reserve. In fact, though many are still nomadic, knowing the country from lake to lake, visiting far off friends, and resting each evening in some particular sheltered spot, where their ancestors probably camped, years gone by, on a similar leisurely pilgrimage.

But Joe (Son of Buffalo was his Cree name) seemed to be a stay-at-home. Only in winter he might be seen with dog and gun tracking the deer in the fresh snow; and it was incidental to these hunting trips that he happened often into Haydon's.

The procedure was almost unvaried. The door would open noiselessly, and Haydon, without turning, would be aware that it was Joe, standing stiff, six foot odd in height, in the dark corner by the stove.

Glancing out of the frosted window, Haydon would see the gun and snowshoes leaning against the porch, with the black and white cur as guard.

Then he would say, "How?" solemnly.

"How!" Joe would reply in bashful bass.

"Hungry?"

"No!" usually, but on occasions Joe would timidly suggest "bread," as if a luxury only to be hinted at, and he would always refuse either meat or butter.

And, perhaps, Haydon would feel the great brown eyes of the Indian curiously watching him, but, behold when he turned, there was Joe intently examining the stove, or else his own cold finger-tips.

Eight winters, at least, the redman thus visited his white brother, but in the ninth winter there was a reversal.

One day looking up some stray cattle, Haydon discovered in the fresh snow a curious trail, leading on to the ice of the river, from a rabbit run in the osiers, and continuing along the shelter of the bank a space before reascending. Knowing the track of most animals, this was a puzzle to him. There was no distinct footprint—impression neither of hoof or claw—only a continuous dragging through the loose snow, with here and there a deeper circular depression, showing where the creature had rested. What animal had been here? Haydon pondered. It was not a wounded bear. One animal only could have made these marks. Suppose a man to be lame, and progressing laboriously on knees and mitted hands, that would provide a solution. Tying his horse, Haydon followed the trail on foot into the thickest bush. In a circular clearing stood a smoke-stained tepee with a black and white cur defiant in the foreground. Inside was Indian Joe, lying cold and insensible. Haydon saw that one leg had been badly wounded, and reached hastily for a blanket to cover him. Snatching one from a heap, he started in pure amazement.

He had uncovered a small, shrunken Indian, whose unkempt, white hair, wrinkled, flabby features, and claw-like fingers betokened no ordinary age. Shuddering and blinking at the light, the old savage seemed unable to collect his dull senses.

"Hillo, boy!" shouted Haydon, "what's the matter? Hurt his leg, eh?"

In a far away treble, like a weak gramaphone record, the old man began to speak:

"One—three days—no fire—no meat. Him shoot—" pointing at Joe—"gun go pieces—ugh!—leg all blood—bad! No shoot no more. No get match make fire. Me get plenty blanket, see? Him die quick—me die. Him tell often big white man over there. I speak in me, 'Come—help—

big white man!' You come alright. Fire-food—good!"

The old man, having finished, providently folded himself in his blanket again, and slept. Haydon had read of the mysterious telegraphy, by which uncivilized tribes are said to communicate over space. He had no faith, however, in the miraculous, and certainly, in this instance, had received no conscious message, still the incident and circumstances appealed to his imagination. He lit a good fire, rode home for his buggy, and conveyed Joe and the veteran to his own house, where medical aid could be more easily administered.

This was in the last month of the winter. Spring's arrival seemed to create unrest. Joe, who could now walk with two sticks, held long, nervous conversations with the old man, who would respond sparingly in phlegmatic monosyllables and side-looks at Haydon. Suddenly, one day, Joe approached Haydon:

"Indian go soon," he muttered.

"Yes," inquired Haydon, "when?"

"To-morrow," with decision.

"All right," assented Haydon, "but you have no gun. Here."

He reached down a well-tried breech-loader. Then, with generous impulse, laid also a Martini rifle and cartridges before Joe's glistening eyes. For perhaps fifteen seconds the Indian stood as if mesmerised, and then seized the old man's wrist. The latter, who was crouching by the stove, responded in a few words of Cree. Joe gathered up his new weapons with childish stealth, the old man went incontinently asleep, and Haydon delivered a soliloquy on savage ingratitude.

Early in the morning the Indians were gone, and the only sign of their occupancy was a small weasel-skin bag containing some dried herbs.

Haydon, with a smile, hung it on a nail.

II.

A pair of murderous outlaws had escaped from gaol, and, carrying a menace to human life, had been a week at large.

Haydon, reading the papers, gleaned that the desperadoes had been seen here and there, and sometimes in two places at one time, though the Mounted Police were scouring the country to no purpose. People went to sleep in fear, and woke to a fresh interest in the sensational man-hunt. Haydon learnt this, along with the rest of the news, and with as little interest. But he took the trouble of writing to the Snake River *Record*, a strong letter, in which he emphasized the difference between the criminal and heroic, and dropped a caution to over-active sympathizers. He had no fear on his own account, and felt that no one would seek to harm Dick.

Dick was Haydon's married sister's only boy, aged ten, and visiting his uncle on a holiday of adventure. The wild loneliness of the ranch, with its wonders of wood, river, and animal life, appealed to the boy's nature. Although Haydon, fortunately as he now considered, had given away his guns, Dick had formed a fast friendship with Indian Joe, who lately had commenced to make regular visits, and begun to teach his young friend trapping and other mysteries of woodcraft. Haydon saw this intimacy, at first, with a lenient eye, but, on consideration, decided to curb it. He was naturally opposed to Dick forming a character on this savage model—this creature without pride or gratitude, so he spoke to Joe the next time that unworthy chanced around.

"Hillo, Joe, what you want?"

"Him," replied Joe, indicating Dick with the flash of a smile.

"Dick no go," said Haydon. "Stay at home. Too much hunting bad. See?"

"Ugh!" said Joe, frowning.

He came back shortly and caught the boy alone.

"Ho-ho!" he laughed, pointing toward the river.

On the tallest tree-top a blue cloth flag fluttered. Dick was delighted.

"When Dick want Joe make him fly. Joe come—you bet!"

The signal was worked few times before Haydon's quick eye discerned it, and one night the blue flag lay, with rotting cord, at the foot of the tree.

Haydon was sitting on the porch smok-

ing, and Dick busy making rabbit snares, when a strange voice remarked:

"Up with yer hands, pardner, an' youse, too, Kid! Hurry!"

Haydon had never imagined his course in such a predicament. However, his hands went up reluctantly. Dick frowned a petulant astonishment, as for the first time he looked down the barrel of a loaded revolver. Then Haydon swore.

"Don't scare the boy!" he said; "there isn't a gun in the house, and you can watch the child anyway."

"March inside," said the man, waving the discussion aside with one of the guns.

He closed the door, and leant against it, examining the room with a stealthy roll of two cruel eyes. He was thin, starved, but dangerously active in pose, like a hungry tiger. His vanity was exposed in the upward twist of his moustache, not neglected even in this extremity of his existence, for Haydon could recognize in his visitor one of the outlaws, whose photographs had so lately figured in the press.

"All alone?" the man asked.

"Just us two," replied Haydon.

The man cautiously whistled from the open window, and a companion appeared grinning in the doorway. This man was stouter and bearded. Both, through their visible hunger and desperate condition, showed a jaunty swagger that proclaimed their callous nature.

"Ain't got a gun of any kind?" repeated the questioner, incredulously.

"No," replied Haydon, "I gave both away in the spring."

The men looked at each other with a peculiar significance.

"D'yer know who we are?" asked the one with the beard.

"I can guess," answered Haydon.

"Then we don't need no introduction. A man what writes to the newspapers an' says he has gave away his guns, but would buy another just to shoot us, an' signs his name 'Robert Haydon,' he's quite an old acquaintance, eh?"

"I wrote 'capture,' not 'shoot,'" said Haydon, regretting the letter, "and in the circumstances am willing to withdraw everything."

"Get some food and we'll talk later," said the one who had first arrived.

Haydon placed meat and bread on the table.

"Boil some tea!" growled the bearded man.

"The boy will get some water!" said Haydon, seeing the pail empty; "the river is a few yards."

"Not alone," said the other man; "I'll go with the Kid, and if he barks, he's a gone pup."

"Are you scared, Dick?" asked Haydon, with his kind, low voice.

"No," replied the boy, resolutely, and with something of mystery in his bright face.

Passing the tall tree that had formerly served as a flag-staff, he halted a step, but proceeded immediately, with hardly a glance at the man, who walked by his side, watching him, and when they came to the river, rinsed the pail calmly once or twice before filling it.

When they got to the house, the two men made Haydon and the boy sit facing them while they ate heavily.

After whispering for some time, the bearded ruffian spoke threateningly:

"See, here, Haydon," he said, "we're goin' to sleep turn an' turn, so don't try any monkey tricks. See you again in the morning."

And he stretched himself on the floor, while his partner took a position between them and the window.

Haydon sat, back to the wall, watching the two men, and being watched by the fellow who was awake, with one revolver grasped in his right hand, and another at his elbow, on the corner of the table.

A moth and a few mosquitoes fluttered through the open window to the lamp. It was a dark night by this, and the only sound, save the tick of the clock, was the croaking of the frogs in a near-by slough. An hour passed, and the watchman swore as he crushed a mosquito. He laid the other revolver on the table, and folded his arms.

Haydon felt Dick lean heavily against him. "Sleepy," he thought. "Poor Dick."

Half an hour more. Dick leaned more heavily. Haydon was thinking with a fixed clarity that would have devised some escape had there been any. He foresaw none.

Casting his eye round the room, he saw again and again the weasel-skin bag left by the Indians, and a ridiculous idea struck him: Supposing the old Indian had, in reality, been able to communicate with him, why should not the gift be reciprocal?

Instantly putting the theory into effect, he concentrated his thoughts into a call for help from the lonely tepee. Then he derided his own superstition.

Fifteen minutes more and he became aware of a strange optical illusion. The line of the window frame was blurred against the cloudy sky. It had become an irregular and contracted figure, instead of a perfect oblong. He gazed breathless.

A long, slender hand appeared at the opening of the window, trembled for a moment in indecision, then, darting swift as the tongue of a snake, seized the two pistols together, and flung them far into the grass.

The villains sprang together to their feet, but were confronted by Son of Buffalo (in peace, Indian Joe) armed with his Martini and death in his eye.

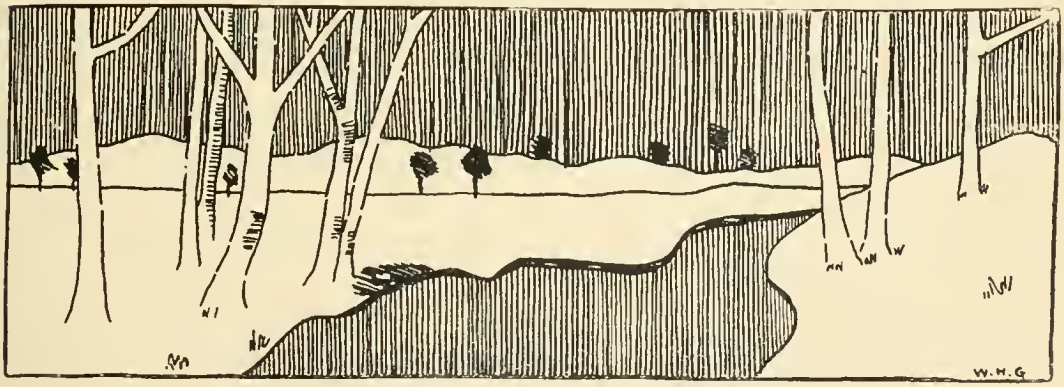
"When Indian called white man came," said Joe, with swelling veins; "now white man call—Indian here!"

. . . . . .

Joe wished to share his handsome reward for the capture with Haydon, and could not understand the refusal.

Dick explained the mysterious telegraphy to his uncle. In place of the flag-staff Joe had invented another signal: When Dick wanted him, he was to throw several pieces of marked poplar into the river; they would float ashore in the bend where Joe was always at hand. In filling the water-pail, Dick had kicked a dozen of these signals adrift, and the Indian's instinct told him to come prepared for something serious.

Haydon does not believe in "fetishes," but that weasel-skin bag is still hanging on a nail.



Aunt Delia's Doing

By D. S. MACORQUODALE

AMONG the passengers on the C.P.R. east-bound express from London was a young man of goodly proportions and clerical appearance.

Rev. Edward Atkinson was a theological student from choice. While sufficiently educated to enter a wider field, from a commercial standpoint, yet a high sense of duty to mankind and of his own powers for good, prompted the resolve to become a preacher of truth and righteousness. Plain living, exercise, and a naturally good constitution gave him that unmistakable quality that commands respect in other men, and that in time of danger or trouble would make any woman feel secure in his presence.

He was on his way to the Queen City, and, being without companions, he fell to observing his fellow-passengers. At G.— a young woman got on board and took a seat a couple of tiers ahead of him and on the other side of the car. Thus he had a fair opportunity to observe without becoming offensive. Her dress was good, but plain; her headgear modest, but expensive; and there were not many rings on her fingers. All this suited his æsthetic fancy, while the dimples in her hands, the turn of her delicately-tinted cheek, the poise of the fair head on a shapely neck, rising above shoulders such as a sculptor would enthuse over, made him look again. Little tufts of hair around her temple and her ear—each tuft a rebel and not to be put down, nor up—roused all the healthy young manhood that was his, for he was heart and fancy free. The more he looked the more he wanted to, and fell to comparing the cheek, the neat little ear, and the copper-tinted hair, and the verdict at each finding was always the same—"incomparable." Thus was Edward Atkinson made captive by the little tyrant god that smites poor and rich impartially.

He had a hope that something would happen, providing a reasonable excuse for speaking to her. Arriving at the Union Station he thought to offer assistance with her grip, but a porter anticipated his action, and she was soon lost to him in the crowd.

For a day or two during his stay in town he was moody and disconsolate. His host noticed it, but he laid it to the weather and having so much on his mind. While other matters came and went before his mental vision, one thing remained. It did not always appear quite the same, but always there were glimpses of dimples, refractory locks, a pink ear and cheek, and a hope that, if seen again, the eyes that would necessarily accompany such vision would be blue.

Such was the condition and mental attitude of Edward Atkinson when a week had nearly elapsed, and he determined to return to his labors in the West, and forget all about this earthly goddess. Entering a great departmental store to make a purchase, he was waiting for his change, when in a mirror opposite he caught a glimpse of a pink cheek and some rebellious tufts of copper-kissed hair, under a modest hat, at a counter behind him. Would she turn? Would she leave? Could he find an excuse for speaking? His parcel—a small one—lay unheeded on the show-case before him while he watched the mirror. She was about to go, as she made the usual deliberate feminine preparations. She put the purchase in her satchel, put the change in her purse, laid the purse on the counter, hung the satchel on her arm, took up her umbrella with her right hand, took her gloves in her left, and turned to the side of the aisle where stood her admirer. And—he always remembered it—her eyes were brown. He, still looking in the glass before him, noted the leaving of the purse. Here was a chance opportunity to address her. A full-face view showed her to be more lovely than his

imagination had painted her. If blue eyes would look pretty with such bloom and such wicked little tufts round the temples, brown eyes were entrancing.

The owner of the entrancing eyes stepped by his side and asked to see something. The purse still lay on the opposite counter, and the clerk there was examining it inquiringly. While she was inspecting the goods shown her, the saleswoman turned to her stock of wares to find something more enticing. Then was his opportunity during the pause. Blushing at his own audacity, and in much doubt as to whether he should call her "miss" or "madam," he omitted both, and touching his hat, he told her she had forgotten her purse. She looked up, and unconsciously saying, with her eyes, that she rather liked people whom she had to look up to, turned back to the counter she had just left. If his wits had not quite left him before, they did then. He turned and followed her with his eyes. Her whole personality, from her head to her neat little shoes, thrilled and enslaved him. With a dim idea that it would be rude to remain there longer, he groped for his purchase and put it in his pocket. His charmer, pausing to do something to her purse, returned to his side, giving him another look that said more than a common-place thanks.

He moved off a step or two, yet lingered to look at something, and presently was aware of a dispute between the saleslady and her customer.

"Where is the sample I was looking at first?"

"You must have it, lady."

"I laid it down to get my purse."

"You did not lay it down here." This was said very sharply.

"Excuse me, I did; but I don't think I will have any to-day."

"I must have that sample, or I will call the floorwalker."

The customer flushed and looked distressed, and the floorwalker conferred with the saleslady, then with the customer, and wanted her to open her satchel and show what it contained. This she quietly but firmly refused to do, and soon a policeman appeared on the scene, and the woman, still refusing to have the contents of her satchel inspected, was escorted from the store in a fainting condition.

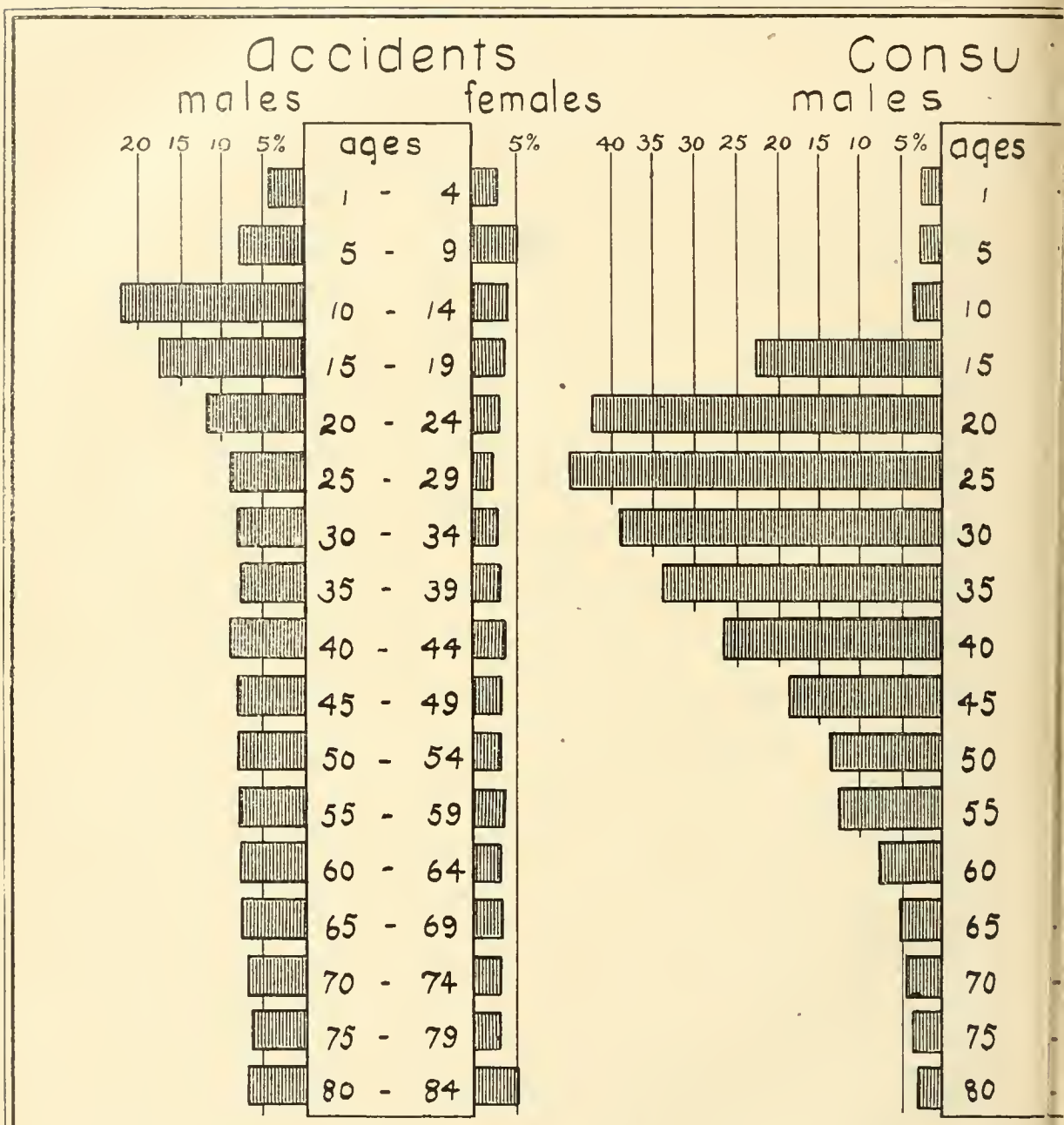
Atkinson was much shocked. Was this the kind of woman for whom he had been prepared to lay down the best that was in him? He must get off with all speed to his western home. Perhaps if he stayed he would be wanted as a witness. He did not see her take anything—but, then, when she turned back for her purse—he must away. It was very disagreeable to have to meet with these things; why should people be so heart-set on adornment as to bring trouble on themselves or others? The girl would have some friends who would bail her out, and the matter would be a nine days' wonder. He would go home and hear no more of it. It would be a lasting disgrace that a minister of the Gospel should mix himself up in a matter of this kind with a strange woman, and she young and pretty. Were it an old woman and very poor, it would reflect very much to his credit if he could render any assistance, if she were innocent. If it were a rich old woman whom he could befriend, it might lead to— Bah! Self-seeking knave! Ease-loving coward! The fact that he could so easily evade all responsibility in the matter made it all the more cowardly to run. But, then, he had no excuse to meddle. The girl was an entire stranger; would it not be impertinent to interfere?

Thus contending with himself he followed the police van to the station and asked to see the young woman who had just been arrested. In deference to his cloth, the constable volunteered the information that the young woman was in the office waiting-room, and had not recovered consciousness since being arrested. No; he did not know her name or where she hailed from. What goods was she suspected of having stolen? He did not know, but the sergeant in charge could possibly tell. Making it right with the sergeant, he saw her, and found her suffering from the after-effects of a severe attack of hysteria. Without counting the cost he formed a resolution and acted on it at once.

Ascertaining that an examination of her

Age and

Industrial Experience

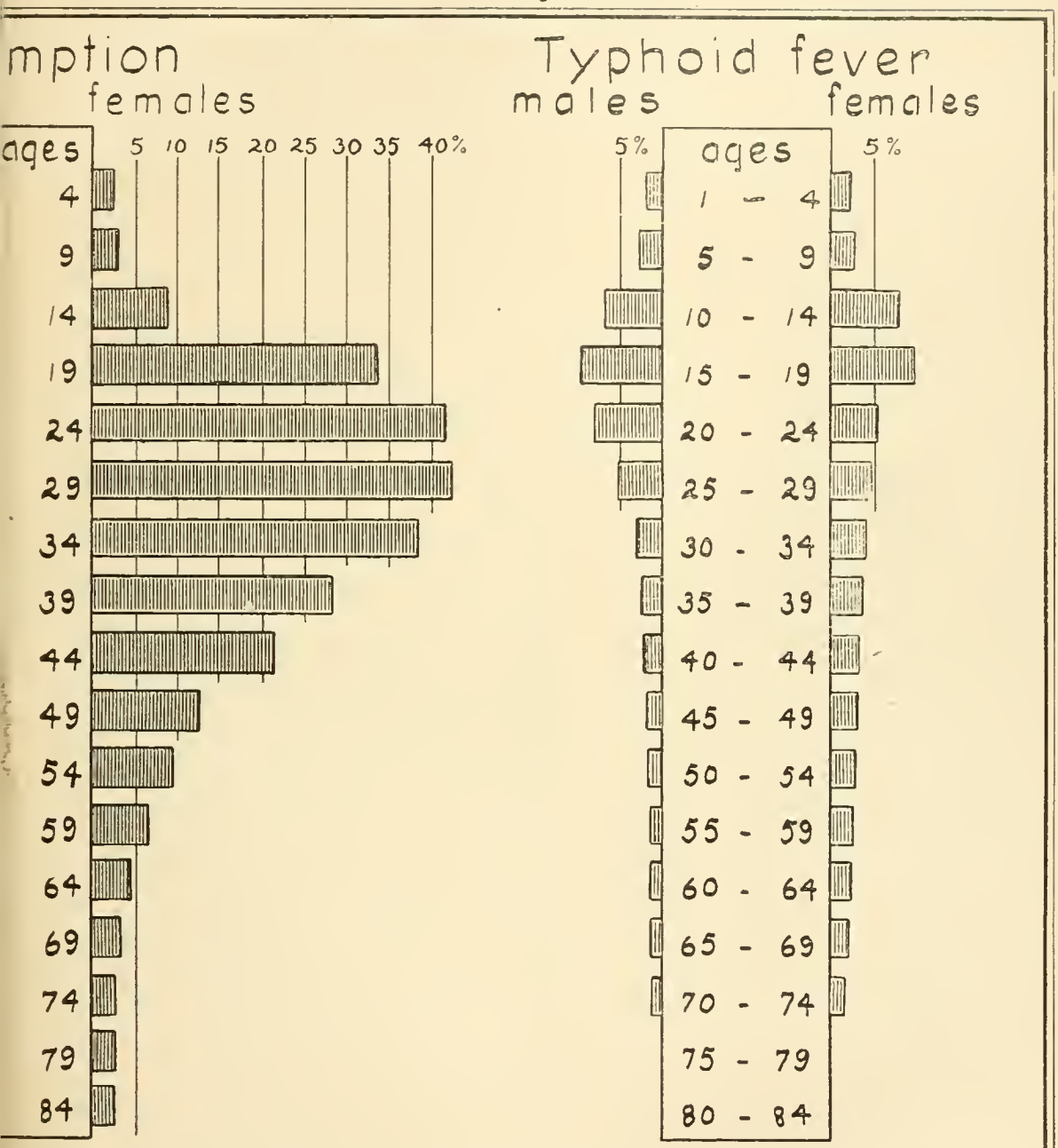


Illustration_Of every 100 deaths of Males at ages

The above chart is taken from the splendid exhibit o

Mortality

1891 - 1900



The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair.

satchel did not reveal any stolen goods, he told the sergeant that he knew the lady, and immediately applied for bail. As he had no difficulty in getting a person to vouch for himself, and as he gave the name and address of the young woman, the matter was easily arranged. He then got a cab, and called in the services of a doctor, and soon had her able to be moved. After they were seated in the cab, into which she went without question, he asked her where he would take her to, bidding the driver drive on.

"Where have I been? Oh, yes, I remember. What can they do to me? Who are you, and what have you to do with the—the case?"

"I was in the store, at the very counter where the goods were—when the trouble took place. I thought, perhaps, you might be without friends, so I got bail for you, and now, I will, if you do not object, see you home."

"You are very kind, but I have no home here. I have been stopping with some friends of my mother's and I am afraid that they'll—did that policeman get my name? He couldn't, though, as I was too sick to speak to him. How did you get bail for me without knowing my name?"

"Well, you see, you were not fit to be interviewed, and I had to get you out, so as long as my name is good for the amount of bail, your name won't make much difference; so I gave it as Rebecca Sharpe, and that you lived in London, Canada, with my mother. My name is Atkinson."

"Oh, Mr. Atkinson! How could you? My name is not Sharpe, or Rebecca either, and I never lived in London a single day. My friends, with whom I live, are in Cleveland."

Here he decided there was no place to drive to and dismissed the cab. He told her that the fact that she did not live in Canada, and that they did not get her real name were all in her favor.

"How so, Mr. Atkinson?"

"Well, you see, this is Saturday; the case can't be heard before Monday. As you are not Rebecca Sharpe, and as you might be in Cleveland by Monday, that would be the end of the case as far as you are concerned."

She thought to ask if he was serious, but a look at his face was enough.

"Then you think I took the—that I stole?"

"It's not what I think, but what they will swear to."

"Tell me this: You were there yourself; do you think that I took—took anything?" She was looking up again; the wicked little tufts were rioting round her temples, the cheeks were pink, the eyes were brown and welling with tears.

"Most assuredly not, Miss—ah,—"

"Travis, Mr. Atkinson."

"Did you ever live in B—, Miss Travis?"

"I was born there."

"And went to St. Hilda's Sunday School in '93?"

"Yes, Mr. Atkinson, and I do believe—"

"Then, that wasn't a lie anyway; I told them at the station that I knew you; I taught a class at St. Hilda's."

"Yes, but you meant it for—for—it—wasn't true; you didn't know that you had ever seen me before."

"Yes, I did, watched your side face for nearly two hours last Monday."

"In the car from G—?"

"Yes, and so when I saw what happened—"

"But it didn't happen, and I'm not going to run away from a false charge; it is the hardest thing to have to face, but Rebecca Sharpe will face her trial Monday."

"No, she won't; I'll get it settled somehow," and his air of confidence—a confidence he did not feel—lightened her heart and she let him see her to her lodgings. His brain was busy with the problem of how to save her from an examination by a magistrate, and he asked her what it was she had been about to buy, but she answered by saying that it didn't matter as she had not taken it. She dismissed him at the door, and he left after she had consented to see him on Sunday.

He returned to the big store and tried to locate the counter he had been at, but could not be positive. He finally decided, from the look of the wares on each side of where he thought he had been, that the missing article would probably be a pair of sleeve-links or a scarf-pin. He sought out the

head of the department and offered to pay for the missing goods. He was told that the article was of less value than the principle involved; the matter could not be compromised that way.

Sunday morning he visited Miss Travis and found her much dejected at the prospect of a Police Court on the morrow. To cheer her, he said that there had been a blunder. He had picked up the wrong goods and pocketed them and would make restitution in the morning.

"Oh, you did! did you?" with some confusion; "it was for Aunt Delia; so you can make it right in the morning. Where is it?"

"I have it on now."

"Have it on? You won't improve your appearance if you wear it long," with a look of approval at his wealth of hair and whiskers.

"How should a scarf-pin not improve my appearance?"

"Scarf-pin? You're fibbing again; you didn't pick up anything; you are just trying to find out what it was, so as to go and confess and get yourself in trouble." And the little woman tried to look bright and cheery, but there were signs of rain.

When Edward Atkinson rose on Monday morning he found it chilly, and on leaving the house put on a light overcoat he had worn on Saturday, and, putting his hand in the pocket, came in contact with the package of his favorite bath soap that he had purchased at the big store. He pulled it out, and was surprised to find it bearing the name—

"Prof. Hermon's Hair Destroyer—guaranteed to remove all superfluous hair without injury to the most delicate skin!"

A light broke on Edward Atkinson, in which he saw himself to small advantage.

"Oh, you donkey, to make trouble for the dear girl this way; that is, if I guess right."

He made his way to the big store; sought out the manager of the department; from there was passed on to the "lost article" department, and there found a package of soap, such as he had purchased, the bill enclosed tallying with the sale made to him. He produced the hair destroyer, and after explanations and cross-questioning the whole matter was straightened out and the charge of theft withdrawn.

By 9.40 a.m. he was at Miss Travis' lodgings, and found her pale and nervous and dressed ready for the court. He had intended to make an elaborate speech and explanation, and to beg to be forgiven for his most egregious blunder, but at sight of her face all formalities were cut short.

Rushing up to her he put the packet in her hands, saying, "For Aunt Delia; I had it in my pocket all the time, and didn't know it. I couldn't help it; when you turned to get your purse I turned silly, and lifted the wrong packet. There, dear, don't cry; everything is arranged, and you don't have to go to that hateful court."

The strained nerves had broken down, and the brave little woman, heedless of rebellious hair tufts, was having a good cry, leaning on—what do you think?

An hour later they were walking down town, he conscious that every man they met would envy him, while she looked up with pride to her latest possession, that was also her counsellor, guide, consort, master, and slave.

"It was Aunt Delia that brought this about," said she.

"I'll pay for a whole case of the stuff for her if she wants it," said he.

Insurance

Why Men Should Insure Young

DON'T put off insurance till you are older, have more money, or intend getting married. While you are still young is the time to insure.

In the first place rates are lower while you are young, and by taking insurance while still a young man you secure a lower rate of insurance for the balance of your lifetime or until your policy matures. Think of it! If you take out a policy now you save some dollars for every year ahead that you pay premiums on that policy. By acting now you secure a bargain, and a bargain that is renewable every year.

Again, it is the first step in saving. Begin now and you have begun to save. You become provident at once. Money attains a value with you, and you become a more serious and more responsible person. It will also give you a financial standing. If, for any reason, you have to incur a debt, you can give some financial security. The policy has a surrender value of its own, but it is more valuable than its surrender value.

In the first place, the very fact that you are carrying a life insurance policy is proof to the man whom you may ask to advance you money, that you are yourself a prudent man, and that you have looked ahead into the future. It is a strong recommendation to the man you approach that you appreciate the value of money, and the fact of your carrying a life insurance policy is *prima facie* evidence that up to the present you have not squandered your finances; and from this he will argue that he may trust you with some of his. It gives him a confidence in you that perhaps no other action on your part could have given him. How many young men owe their college education or their first start in business to the circumstance that in asking for money they could show this proof of their prudence, and could make over their policies to their creditors until the debt incurred was discharged.

The policy constituted a double security in that, if the young man lived he would be sure to pay, and if he died, the lender was still sure of his pay. Without the policy there would have been no reasonable certainty of either. On the contrary it would be almost certain that the young man was only entertaining some hazy, visionary scheme in which he would involve his patron to the certain ultimate loss on the part of both.

Secure a policy early in life, and make yourself and your friends secure.

A Grand Mortality

TO discover the rules or principles which govern mortality is one of the chief concerns of a life insurance company. The history of insurance in this respect has been most interesting. The application of statistics, now a vital necessity, is of comparatively recent appearance. Time was, and that not so very many years ago, when the principles governing successful insurance were practically unknown. As might be expected, in many instances, both customers and companies found insurance a very rocky business, and the way studded with disappointment and failure.

It could not be expected, however, that so progressive a period as the present would fail to react upon an industry of real merit, and to-day we have insurance occupying its proper place in public estimation.

From being a luxury which could be afforded only by the rich, and which could be dispensed with by those of poorer circumstances, insurance has passed into the rank of being one of the ordinary necessaries of life.

Thus we see that the reliability of mortality and other statistics, as compared with those in any other branch of insurance, has placed the business of life insurance in a particularly strong position.

Our chart for the current issue deals with accident, consumption, and typhoid. With regard to consumption, we believe a slight diminution in the percentage of deaths is reported for the United States. Board of health returns for the Province of Ontario

recently reported a decrease of 12.3 per cent. in deaths from infectious diseases for a specified period of time; of these 74 per cent. died from consumption.

Reference to the accident table shows a uniformly greater liability of males to accident at all periods of life, with a marked expansion between the ages of ten to twenty-four.

The table for consumption shows the sexes more equally balanced, but exhibits an expansion of frightful rapidity, reaching its maximum between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. The ages most exempt from attack are one to fourteen, and from about sixty to eighty. The maximum for males also exceeds that of females by several per cent.

The typhoid table shows a slightly larger percentage for females at most ages, with a maximum expansion for both sexes between the ages of fifteen and twenty.—*See chart on pages 52 and 53.*

Endowment Insurance

THE possessor of an endowment policy has taken a pledge to save the amount of his policy in a given time, and is thereby insured against the possibility of a dependent old age. Theoretically, he might pledge himself to do the same in a savings bank; but practically he will not. He must pay the premium in advance, and so the first year is provided for. He *must* pay the second premium to acquire the right to the advantages of non-forfeiture. By this time he has become established in the habit of saving, which is the main thing; and is also strong in the faith that he must continue to pay in order to obtain the full benefit of the venture. This *must* is the thing most people require to make them accomplish anything.

When the temperance reformation began, men signed the pledge of total abstinence, and kept it—until they broke it. The experience of those days led to the formation of societies, whose pledge was perpetual, and the taking of which was made as impressive as possible, and its violation subjected the guilty to some penalty. It was found that pledges so given were kept more faithfully, and the reform grounded on this principle was more firmly established.

Endowment insurance is the *must* of the prudent man. It gives him a system ready made and well adapted to his wants. It prompts desire and compels duty. The thing he would do, he *must* do, and when it is accomplished he wonders why he hesitated about its performance. If he would have a competency in old age, he *must* provide for it when provision is possible. If he neglects to provide, he *must* take the consequences.—*The Ætna.*

When Life Insurance Will Not be Needed

IS the time near at hand when life insurance will not be needed? According to an officer of one of the prominent companies, we may expect it: When all men live to be eighty or ninety years old; when every man is able to accumulate a fortune which will support his wife and children comfortably to the end of their days; when an untimely death from accident is unknown; when the many diseases which now bring to a speedy end so many young men and men in middle life, have no terrors; when a man is always successful in business or chosen profession; when it is an unknown thing for a man to make plenty of money for thirty or forty years and then lose it; when every man retires at sixty or seventy and enjoys a happy old age free from care; when young widows no longer are found struggling to support themselves and their children.—*Bulletin.*

WINTER SPORT AT BANFF.

IN Europe for many years people have resorted to the Engadine in the Alps during the winter in search of health or pleasure, but it is only recently that Canadians have discovered how delightful are the mountains when the days are short and the whole world is wrapped in snow.

It is not very cold there—not nearly as cold as on the prairies of Manitoba, and the thaws that make the winter hard to bear are entirely unknown. Day after day there is a steady, dry cold; the valleys are covered deep with snow; the mountains shield them from the wind, and in the crisp, still air the smoke rises straight from the chimneys, the voice rings out clear as a bell, and the eye discerns distinctly objects miles away. To breathe such an atmosphere is to know the most exhilarating of climates, and when it may be enjoyed among the grandest of scenery it is plain a most delightful spot has been found.

Mount Rundle and Vermilion Lake, Banff, Canada, Canadian Rockies.

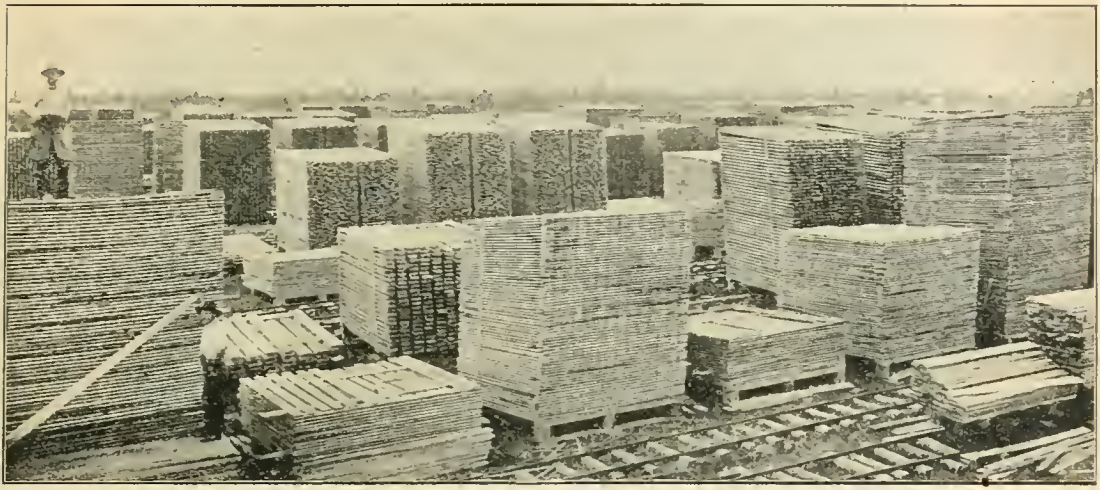
Such a place is Banff in the Canadian Rockies, to which more people are resorting every winter. The Sanitarium Hotel is open the whole year round, and within its comfortable walls stay many who certainly would find it hard to be classed as invalids. They are there simply to enjoy themselves and succeed in every way. All day they skate, they ski, they sleigh and they toboggan, and in the evening they foregather by the big log fire and while the time away with jest and game, dance and song.

Banff is really an ideal spot for a winter holiday. Of course, it is accessible enough from all parts of Canada, but it puts on a certain pretence of seclusion that adds much to the enjoyment of the visitors. The mountains towering all around suggest the idea of privacy, and they seem a little band shut away by themselves for the special purpose of pursuing winter sports. The doings of the great world outside pass almost unheeded, and they devote all their energies to the pleasures of the moment.

Banff Hotel, Banff, Canada, Canadian Rockies.

And what sport it is! To drive round Tunnel Mt. with the whole valley of the Bow spread before one's feet; to explore on skis the course of the Spray and pass beneath the shadow of Mt. Rundle; to rush madly down the slopes of Mt. Sulphur on a toboggan, or to tread on snowshoes the moonlit woods and gaze across the silent, glistening valley to the splendid pile of Cascade Mt., is to know the winter at its best and brightest. Every day there is something to do and something to see, and the visitors find the days slip by in one continuous round of the healthiest outdoor exercise. When the snows begin to disappear they leave with regret, conscious their holiday has passed all their expectations and has given them a store of health as well as pleasant memories.

The Lumbering Industry Along the Lines of the Canadian Northern Railway.



View of lumber yard at Rainy River, Ont., on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway, showing part of ten-days' cut of one of the large mills at that point.

FROM its present eastern terminus at Port Arthur to its most northerly point the development of the lumbering industry, resultant on the construction of the Canadian Northern Railway, has been remarkable.

Logging operations on the Gunflint extension keep up the output of a mill at Port Arthur of a daily capacity of one hundred and fifty thousand feet. Moving westward af er traversing some miles of mining territory, where numerous portable mills provide lumber for local consumption, Mine Centre is reached, and at this point is the first of a series of large lumber mills distributed along the Canadian Northern Railway, and covering a distance of over one hundred and fifty miles in each direction.

While lumbering has been in progress in this Rainy River District for a number of years, yet the rapid development of the industry in this section dates from the construction of the Canadian Northern Railway. Where formerly one mill maintained a rather irregular output, five now combine to produe 385,000 feet of lumber per day. This output is shipped westward to Winnipeg and other western distributing points. The lumber requirements of the settlers, who are rushing into this rich agricultural area, are taken care of by portable mills, a few miles apart.

The towns of Emo and Fort Frances have each a good sized mill. The two mills at Rainy River are not only the largest in the West, having a sawing capacity of three hundred thousand feet per day, but are the most modern on the continent—every known labor and time-saving device having been brought into their operation with a view to obtaining most economical and expeditious output. The erection of mills of such cutting capacity means the investment of millions in purchasing lumber limits to provide for the future operation of the mills.

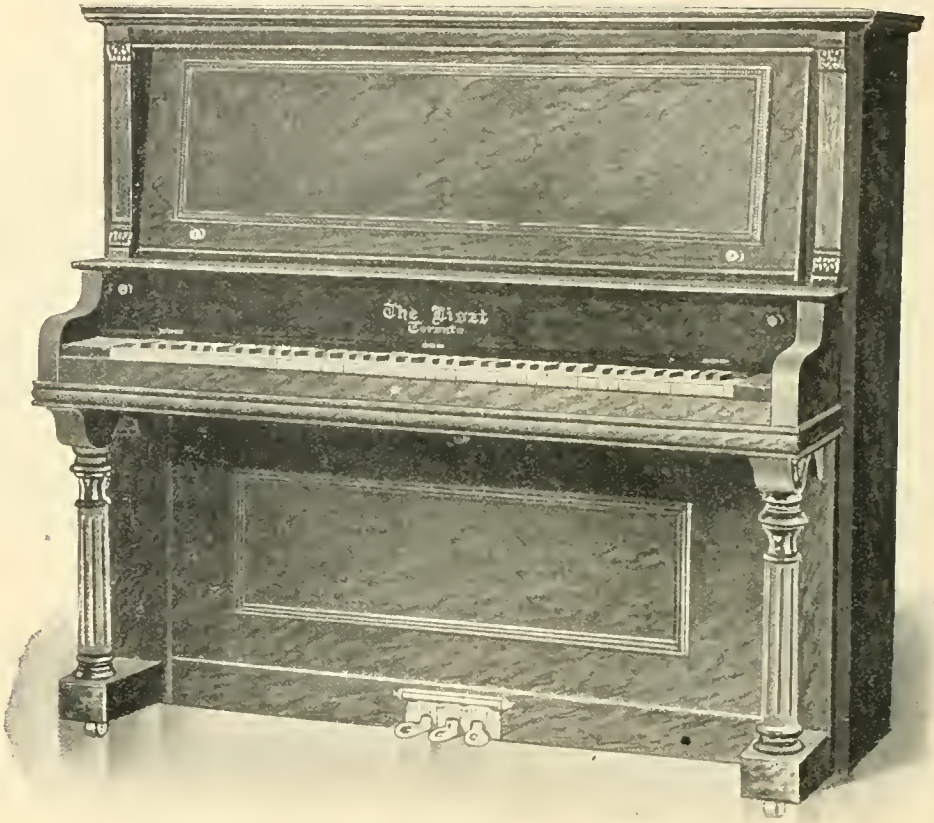
That part of South-eastern Manitoba tributary to the Canadian Northern Railway is productive of a large quantity of timber, which is hauled by rail to Winnipeg, in the shape of logs for cutting in the mills at that point. Here two large mills run night and day during the season, and their total cutting capacity of 135,000 feet is largely used at Winnipeg and the immediately adjacent territory.

Dauphin, 177 miles north, a seven-year old town, but the centre of a thriving district, supports a mill of fairly large daily output; and a still younger point, Grand View, until very recently the most easterly station on the Canadian Northern Railway main line, is the site of a mill of slightly larger sawing capacity. At Winnipegosis, the end of the Lake Branch, is found another large mill, to which logs from island forests in Lake Winnipegosis are towed down the lake to the mouth of the Mossy River where the mills are located.

Garland and Pine River have each mills producing twenty five th usand feet per day; and at Minitonas, some forty miles distant, a mill of thirty thousand feet capacity per day is situated.

It is eighty miles further north, however, that a mill is reached of the very large daily cutting capacity of one hundred and forty thousand feet. This is at Red Deer Lake. It is in the country of this immediate vicinity that spruce trees forty inches in diameter and one hundred feet high are found. The immense forests on the Red Deer River and its tributaries, including with others the North and South Etoimanis, the Greenwood, Prairie and the Fir Rivers, are being stripped of their best timbers to make homes for the incoming settlers.

Throughout Manitoba there are small mills in operation. One at Brandon brings the total cutting capacity of the mills mentioned to the enormous daily total, 1,050,000 feet, and it can be truthfully said, that of this per diem eight hundred thousand feet is the direct result of the construction of the Canadian Northern Railway. The fact that this Company has played a very important part in the rapid development of the lumbering industry in New Ontario and Manitoba requires no further supporting evidence—that this development will follow the extension of the Railway through the North-West Territories can confidently be expected.



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The

NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1905

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

Free Trade, Wanted and Not Wanted

AS time passes, our friends to the south of the line are becoming increasingly desirous of a reciprocity treaty with Canada. The movement in that direction, to which we referred recently, seems to have gained in strength since the presidential election. Some of the leading Republican papers in the country are now earnestly prosecuting a reciprocity campaign and reminding their readers how desirable it is that a better understanding should be reached with their Canadian neighbors. Says one of these papers: "We have the spectacle of two peoples akin in blood, ideals, and conditions, barring each other's way to progress. If the people of Canada are less wide awake to this incongruous situation than we are, let the joint high commission determine that fact anew for us." Another leading journal says: "Overtures should now be made by our government, and made promptly. Either we must begin negotiations for reciprocity within the next few months, or such negotiations will be barred by changed conditions that will not only affect seriously our exports to the Dominion, but also tend to further separate and estrange the two peoples."

But if this be the desire of the United States, it is not Canada's desire. It is somewhat late in the day for Canada to now consider such a measure as a treaty of reciprocity. There was a time when we wanted it, or thought that we wanted it, but all classes of our people are now pretty well agreed in this, that having been repulsed as we were by the United States, at the time when we were willing to enter into closer relations, we shall not be likely to leap at their offers, now that our own interests lie so plainly in another direction. Since that time Canada has become a nation; we are perfectly willing to maintain the best of good terms with our American friends, but our present inclination lies rather in the direction of increasing than levelling down the tariff wall. The United States, particularly the border states, want reciprocity; Canada does not want it; so plainly it is their move first.

New Provinces in the West

HOW the Canadian West is growing is evidenced, among other ways, by the movement for autonomy in what are now the North-West Territories. This is one of the matters to be discussed during the present session of parliament, and the result will probably be the erection of those territories into one or more separate provinces, with full systems of government as in the other provinces of the Dominion. The promise was given by Sir Wilfrid Laurier some time ago, and it is known to be in line with the wishes of the western people themselves. The matter of greatest difficulty is the settlement of the limits and the adjustment of the lands.

The territories concerned are Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. If these were formed into one province, Manitoba would be overshadowed, and the province would be too large for effective government. A way out of the difficulty would be to add a part of eastern Assiniboia and Saskatchewan to Manitoba, or to divide the three territories into two provinces. The latter would seem to be the preferable plan, though some of the western leaders, including Mr. Haultain, are advocating the one-province scheme. The valuation of lands is likely to prove still more difficult. It seems to be the purpose of the Territories to demand rather too much in the way of compensation for lands sold by the federal authorities or given to the railways. When these lands were given, they were at the sole and rightful disposal of the Dominion Government; the Territories had no controlling rights, as they will have so soon as they have become provinces, and what was disposed of under federal auspices was done in the interests of the country. Therefore, it is unwise of the Territories to assert their claims on too large a scale, as they seem inclined to do.

It is to be hoped, however, that the apportionment of this western country into provinces may be successfully arranged. It will be a step in advance which all Canada will be glad to see.

The First of our Navy

WHAT may, perhaps, be taken as the nucleus of a Canadian navy has recently been added to the fisheries protection fleet. A new cruiser, named the *Canada,* and built at the Vickers and Maxim yards in England, will at least give a greater visibility to Canada's claims upon the waters. The new vessel has been built as compact as possible and of such dimensions that she can pass through the canals, should necessity arise for her presence on the Upper Lakes. She has an average speed of 17½ knots, and a maximum of 20 knots, and is fitted and armed with the most modern and effective appliances. The four guns with which she has been mounted are of the newest type of armament afloat. Her total complement of officers and men will be about sixty.

The main purpose of this new cruiser is to protect the Canadian fisheries, which are more or less interfered with every year by the depredations of outsiders. Incidents have occurred within the past two years on both the Atlantic coast and the Great Lakes that have shown the necessity of some measure of protection for these important interests. During the winter, however, the *Canada* is cruising around the West Indies and may be attached to the British North Atlantic squadron for instructional purposes. The fact that all her officers have first-class gunnery certificates gives color to the theory that it is intended to make the new vessel the nucleus of a navy.

The Next Great Fair

THERE is to be another great exhibition. The fact that mammoth displays of this kind do not prove financial successes does not seem to discourage the promoters of new ones. Next summer the exhibition-goers will be asked to go to the Far West, to Portland, Oregon, where the centennial of the explorations of Captains Lewis and Clark is to be observed. The labors of these pioneer explorers are still remembered as a foundation step in the making of the great West. Crossing the Rockies, they went down the Columbia River to the Pacific in 1804-6, and were thus the real discoverers of that vast territory which has since been so marvellously developed. If expositions are to be in commemoration of historical events, there could hardly be a more worthy occasion than this.

It was at first thought that Canada would be represented at this centennial. As at St. Louis, the Canadian exhibit was to have been arranged with an eye to business, showing the opportunities and advantages for settlement in the great Canadian West, and an effort would have been made to direct a proportion of the resulting immigration into that territory. It has been finally decided, however, not to take part. Lewis and Clark did their part well and bravely, but Canada is more concerned with the future.

A Friend of Higher Education

THE men who give money stand out prominently nowadays among the thousands who devote their energies chiefly to making it. Canada has not many benefactors, not many men of wealth who have made it a practice to give largely. Perhaps the time will come, when the novelty of prosperity wears off a little, when public generosity will have a greater favor among our rich men. If that be so, there is at least one man in Canada who is ahead of his time.

Sir William Macdonald has already given largely to the cause of higher education in Canada, and he has given quietly and without display. His benefactions have been widely noticed, but his motives and methods have been as unostentatious as they well could be. To what he has already done for McGill University and for the system of schools which bears his name, he has recently added a plan for a great technical college which promises to exceed in importance any of his previous benefactions. It is a scheme to build and equip near Montreal an agricultural and technical school, which shall embrace all the principles and methods of modern education along its particular lines. This is an enlargement of the purpose which Sir William had in view when he provided the fine Macdonald Institute at the Guelph Agricultural College, mention of which was made in one of last summer's issues. It has been stated that this great enterprise will mean an expenditure of $5,000,000, and that it forms only a part of a scheme of higher education which is to be eventually widened to the whole Dominion. In this work Sir William has associated with him, as his lieutenant, Professor Robertson, than whom there is not a better man in Canada to administer a benefaction so important and so well-timed in its character.

Our Interest in Europe's Troubles

CANADA is ordinarily not very closely interested in the internal troubles of the European states. Discontent and revolutions have become chronic, and the news of some fresh trouble, while it awakens a degree of sympathy with the people who must suffer for it, does not cause either great surprise or concern in this part of the world. When, however, the result of such troubles is so far-reaching that it extends to our own country, the matter assumes quite a different aspect; and thus it is that Canada has some reason to be interested in the present political and industrial condition of Hungary and Austria.

An agent of several emigration societies in those countries spent some months, during the latter part of the year, in the Canadian North-West, carefully investigating general conditions and the prospects for colonization. He returned to Austria highly pleased with the country, and will report favorably upon a proposed scheme of emigration. The reason behind this action is the growing disaffection among the people of Hungary and Austria. Industrially the dual kingdom is at a standstill, while its political affairs give little hope for the future. The situation in both aspects is full of menace, and a large proportion of the people are looking to emigration as their only relief. Some of them are coming to Canada, and the recent visit of their agent was with this purpose in view. It is likely that next spring there will be a considerable influx of immigrants from both these countries, and thus Canada will gain from Europe's troubles.

Some Prison Reforms

THERE are nineteen aslyums for the insane in Canada, with over twelve thousands inmates. Of these, with eight asylums, Ontario has something over five thousand, who are cared for probably as well as in most other countries, at least. The asylums are under strict supervision, and on the whole are creditable institutions. For some years, however, a condition of affairs has been permitted which now is wisely to be remedied. Insane people have been lodged in the county jails and have been kept there in some cases even after their insanity was fully proven. This has not only been harmful to the inmates

themselves, for a prison is no fit place for persons of feeble minds, but it has been unfair to the jailers, whose guardianship can hardly be expected to apply to the insane as well as to the vicious. Therefore, a recent order looking to the prevention of this condition is to be received as an important reform.

This order provides that careful reports are to be made each month as to the persons under each jailer's charge who have given evidences of insanity. These reports are then passed on to the medical superintendents of the asylums, who will be expected to see that the unfortunates are removed as soon as possible to the asylums, where they can be better treated, at the same time relieving the jails.

Another reform that more directly concerns the industrial interests of Ontario is the ruling that prison labor shall not in future be employed in broom-making. It seems that this has been one of the chief occupations of convicts, and it has seriously interfered with the regular industry throughout the province. It is now promised that their labor shall be turned in other directions that will not compete with ordinary channels of industry. What applies to broom-making applies quite as truly, in principle, to any other industry in which prison labor is largely employed.

A Question of Climate

SHOULD Canada be shy about her winter climate? The native-born, who appreciate the spirit of the Canadian winter, know also the delights of the season and have no reason for apology in its behalf. The question was raised in another form, however, a few months ago, when the proposition to hold a winter carnival in Montreal was killed for the sake of the country's reputation.

Some years ago very successful winter carnivals were held both in Montreal and Quebec, the leading features of which were truly imposing ice palaces. Such an event it was proposed to repeat this winter, the citizens generally favoring it. Strong opposition, however, was encountered from the railway and other interests, on the ground that to thus advertise the Canadian winter would tend to create wrong impressions outside. The attempt has been made in recent years to popularize Canada as a summer land, and the good work already done in this direction would, it was urged, be given a serious set-back by such emphasis upon its cold-weather features. We have suffered from climatic misrepresentation before, and even yet there is an idea abroad that Canada is a land of ice and snow. It would be a mistake to bear this out by our own example.

There is a degree of reason in this. Winter carnivals would be appreciated at their real value by our own people, but we cannot afford to ignore the stupidity of the people who form their opinions from the merest and hastiest impressions.

For People of Broken Fortune

AMONG the newest immigration schemes is one which it is claimed will provide Canada with a constant stream of young citizens of the kind that the country stands most in need of. At the same time it is something of a philanthropical scheme, aiming as well at improving the lot of the immigrants as furnishing Canada with new material for citizens. There are in England a great number of people, of good families, who have fallen upon evil days, and who usually are unable to recover themselves before death overtakes them. Their children are left helpless, and are at once passed on to the none too gentle care of the workhouses. At three years of age these children are placed by the Government in training schools and maintained at the public cost until they are sixteen, when they are farmed out. These young wards of the Government are not, however, to be confounded with the offspring of the English slums; they are usually children of good parentage, and have in most cases proved to be very desirable stock.

It is now proposed to bring some of these youths to Canada, and train them here in special schools, so that when they have reached their sixteen years they will be at

once ready to go out into active life as Canadians already half-made. There would thus be coming from England a steady stream of intelligent boys and girls who could be trained to suit Canadian requirements, in technical or farm pursuits, and who, when the time came to go out on their own account, would understand Canadian conditions. The expense would be borne by the British Government, and Canada would thus be given a class of the best immigrant material at no cost to herself. The scheme seems to have more possibilities of success than that of bringing Englishmen or foreigners who have already reached mature age, and have first to unlearn much before they can learn Canadian ways.

A Sign of the Times

A MOVE in the direction of public ownership has been made by the city of Toronto. One of the most important franchises in the city is the gas business, which is in the hands of a corporation under contract, and at various times propositions to acquire civic control of the business have been made with more or less reasonableness. The purchase of the works and goodwill seemed a burden too heavy to assume, however, though it has been admitted on all hands that some means of controlling a traffic which affects so large a proportion of the population was very desirable. A way recently appeared and has been taken advantage of.

The Gas Company announced its intention of putting new stock on the market to the extent of five thousand shares. Thereupon a by-law was presented to the citizens providing that the city should purchase a portion of this new stock; it carried almost unanimously, and at the sale of the shares in December representatives of the city secured 200 shares, of the par value of $50 each. In this way the city has gained the right to have a voice, in the person of the Mayor, in the directorate of the company, besides having acquired a valuable property which will yield good returns. It is likely that additional purchases of stock will be made from time to time, full rights of purchase having been accorded by the Legislature. One of the advantages of this arrangement is that the city will have an opportunity to learn to just what extent it is or is not possible to reduce the price of gas to consumers. But more than all, it is an experiment, in a very safe and guarded way, in civic ownership, and it may be regarded as a step toward a fuller adoption of that policy.

A New and Cheaper Fuel

SINCE there is a lack of natural coal supply in Central Canada, it would be good news if a substitute fuel could be found. Anthracite, of course, holds first place in fuel-value, and it is much to be hoped that the new north may have some as yet undiscovered stores for future use. Our wood-supply is gradually lessening; while, notwithstanding the growing favor of electricity for industrial purposes, the demand for a serviceable fuel, be it coal, wood, or something else, is yearly increasing. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that recent experiments in the manufacture of peat have proved very successful, and that there is good prospect of a new and excellent fuel from our own resources.

There are known to be vast beds of crude peat in various parts of Ontario, and the coal famine two years ago gave rise to a number of propositions for the development of these and the manufacture of a merchantable fuel. Experiments were made in several localities, with fair success, and some manufacturing is now being done on a small scale. In the western part of the province, however, the scheme has already assumed the proportions of an industry. Near Fort Frances and along the lines of railway west of that district are thousands of acres of peat bog, offering a supply of natural fuel practically unlimited. A company has been formed to work these beds and arrangements made for the erection of a plant of fifty tons capacity per day, and it is expected that the finished product will be placed on the market during the coming summer. As it reaches the consumer it is in pieces two and a half inches in diameter and about three inches long, of a light brown color. Its calefacient value is about five-

sevenths of that of anthracite. Compared to wood a ton of peat is equal to one and one-quarter cords of tamarac, and the cost to the consumer will be about seventy per cent. of that of wood. The chief market of the Fort Frances product will be Winnipeg, but the success of this initial enterprise will mean the establishment of others in eastern Ontario.

What Printer's Ink Can Do

PRINTER'S ink nowadays shows its power in many ways. It was one of the chief conditions in the election of the new Governor of Massachusetts, and that not so much through the medium of newspaper support but through the publicity of many years' persistent advertising. W. L. Douglas, the new governor of the Bay Tree State, is a man so modest and unobtruding in his character that the announcement of his gubernatorial candidacy was at first received as a joke. But the joke proved a very real fact, for in a strongly Republican state, Mr. Douglas, a Democrat, defeated his opponent by a majority of 15,000. The reason lay very largely in the fact that for years he had been known to the public through the judicious use, in the ordinary course of business, of printer's ink.

Mr. Douglas began his career with a capital of less than a thousand dollars. From that he has worked up to be the largest manufacturer of shoes in the world. In gaining this remarkable success, he advertised in many different mediums, and the picture of Douglas, the shoe-man, which always appeared in his advertisements, became known all over the country. It is not our purpose to further emphasize from this the value of advertising from a business standpoint, but to point out that the publicity thus gained, together with the reputation he had made for honest goods, were largely responsible for the support given Mr. Douglas at the polls. He will, it is believed, prove a good governor, and will give an eminently business-like administration; but aside from that, it is of interest to note how greatly printer's ink may help even to make and unmake governors and legislators.

Canada's Water Power

ONE-TENTH of the total water power of the world used in electrical production is used in Canada. The world's total is something over 2,000,000 horsepower, divided among all the principal countries of both hemispheres; but no other country uses so much as Canada, except the United States, the respective figures being 228,225 and 527,467 h.p. When the power works now being developed are added to this, Canada will be more than ever a world's leader.

There are few more significant signs of Canada's industrial progress. The application of water power to the production of electricity is a comparatively recent achievement in engineering science, yet some of Canada's works are among the most remarkable in the world. Chief of these are, of course, the Niagara development, but there are hundreds of other water powers all over the Dominion which can be, and eventually will be, turned to similar purpose. In this electrical age, we expect to see Canada not only hold her place next to the top, but to materially gain upon the one country that exceeds her.

Some Impressions

An Educational Tangle

THE commencement of a new experiment in public education by the introduction of nature study and manual training into primary schools is awakening considerable interest, not only among educationists, but in the mind of the general public. A great diversity of opinion exists regarding the trend of public education. Some deal entirely with the practical and mechanical side, and insist on an absolute simplicity in pedagogical methods, and would limit all primary training to the assimilation of the three R's. On the other hand, many insist on the introduction of a more æsthetic type of training, with the introduction of various complexities of a distinctively novel character, but quite in harmony with the scientific development of the age.

Apart from these considerations, and accounting fully even the failures of mental development so often cited against our existing educational methods, there is still ample proof remaining for assuming an enormous reformation of pedagogical methods in the last two decades. The disposition of the educator has been powerfully shaped by the facts of scientific investigation into the phases of developing mental life, with all its physiological and psychological accessories. Doubtless the facts that have been learned and have been sought to be turned into efficient use, are quite mystifying to the uninitiated, and, perhaps, often also poorly discerned by those whose duty remains to apply them. To satisfactorily apply these scientific developments there will be needed a more efficiently trained and more essentially professional type of teachers than the Canadian provinces have as yet generally secured. The problem of education will no longer be how to teach, or what to teach, but how to obtain capable teachers of the adopted methods, and to give them support adequate to their professional dignity.

The battle of educational procedure will concern most essentially the primary schools. In these the rank and file of the nation will receive their first definite notions of life and citizenship. There is reason for assuming that frequent disastrous failures in after life are due to wrong direction in school experience. A system of primary education that does not produce an average of satisfactory results upon the children trained, had better be speedily abandoned. For a long time great dissatisfaction has prevailed over the training given in rural schools. In very many cases the children, when leaving school, were little better than illiterate. Worst of all, they were absolutely in the dark regarding the principles of agricultural life which they were about to enter. Some one will doubtless say, read the papers. But that would be no help to them; for an agricultural journal is practically useless, unless the reader has an intelligent appreciation of the scientific side of its contents.

To remedy this the agricultural colleges have, through the agency of trained men, sought to have introduced into the primary curriculum a system of nature study as suited for the proper direction of rural education. The enthusiasm of Professor Robertson and others has finally led to the interesting of Sir William Macdonald in this project. He came to the rescue with ample funds for the establishment of special rural schools in all the provinces, and the training of special teachers for the special work of nature study. The "consolidated school" will undoubtedly prove a great success wherever tried, once the merely local difficulties have been overcome. The experiment has only begun, but we believe, in the rural sections particularly, it will result in a wholesome interest being created in the minds of the pupils in out-

door nature and the natural processes of agriculture, and will likewise conduce greatly to the improvement in domestic management of future wives and mothers. Manual training also will aid those not afterwards destined for artizanship in countless expedient situations.

The gist of this process is, however, quite apart from the merely practical. Professor Robertson, who is keenly enthusiastic in the new departure, and a full and earnest believer in it, has given to the Canadian Club in Toronto what he considers the essentials of a primary education, as represented in the influences exerted upon our boys and girls during their school days. These are three in number—intelligence, ability and public spirit. When we remember that sixty per cent. of the Ontario teachers of common schools, in deference to their meagre salary, have in the past made little or no effort to develop in their transient pupils even the first of these essentials, it is well to insist that some other system be introduced in rural sections and all other places to amend this condition. There could be no more pitiful wail than that over the price of school books that we hear so commonly among Ontario parents. It is this same parsimony that offers to a school teacher no prospect of a permanent profession on the munificent salary of two hundred dollars per annum, and encourages poor service in return.

The Ontario school system has been held up to the world as a paragon of perfection. In many senses this may be true. The general policy is progressive. The serious defect remains. In rural sections, at least, it is altogether too diffuse. Consolidation could often be effected and better work done in every way, and all pupils young or old, kept judiciously employed for the whole school day. A better class of teachers could be obtained; one professionally interested in teaching for the art's sake, and with a greater living interest in the personal well-being of his temporary charges. In this way a healthy stimulus may be given towards those three essentials, without the attainment of which, our juvenile population would be little better than criminal.

Forestry Training

SPEAKING of educational needs, another phase of the question has just transpired. The importance of scientific education in the guardianship of Canadian forest reserves was ably set forth during a recent lecture before the University Political Science Club, by Mr. E. Stewart, Dominion Inspector of Timber and Forestry. Casually he threw out a strong criticism of the inadequacy of our university capacity when he stated that the experts and assistants in forestry employed by the Government were largely obtained from American University graduates. A special scientific education was necessary in order to superintend forest areas, and control the lumbering operations against a lavish destruction of a future wood supply. The men who are needed for this ought to come from Canadian schools. Certainly the Government has been over-dilatory in not providing adequate instruction in this special branch. We trust it will not be long ere the University of Toronto will have a well-equipped department of forestry, after which we expect our American brethren will be no longer needed.

Canadian Defence

UNDER the direction of the Minister of Marine, a new movement is taking shape towards the extension of the Canadian Home Defence System. A naval militia will shortly be organized. There will be probably three training depots—one at Halifax, another on the Great Lakes, and the third on the Pacific Coast. The enlistment will be for three years, with training periods corresponding to the ordinary militia. After this the trained men will be held as a reserve organization, to be available on any grave emergency. It is expected to have a force of 10,000 reservists within ten years. There will be in addition a small permanent naval force, available as a training nucleus, and the manning of three government training ships, which, with the necessary instructors, will be drawn from the admiralty.

The new force will be rendered necessary, pending future contemplated changes

in the naval policy of the British War Office. From recent advices it appears that at Halifax and Esquimalt both the naval squadrons and the military garrisons will be either greatly reduced or entirely withdrawn. The duty of manning these important garrisons will then devolve upon Canada. The present disposition of the Canadian Government seems to indicate a complete willingness to accept this responsibility.

The action of the War Office may awaken some surprise throughout the Dominion; but it could well be expected. Considerable animus existed in the British mind over the attitude of our representatives at the Colonial Conference regarding an Imperial defence scheme. Whether from a fear of militarism or from anticipation of great sectional opposition in Canada, Premier Laurier withstood, perhaps wisely, any suggestion of a naval contribution or a substantial increase in our domestic military forces, such as was contemplated by the War Office authorities. Without a definite mandate from Parliament, that pledge could not have been given. But British opinion was disappointed. The reply to the conference decision may be interpreted in the verdict of the Alaska Boundary Commission, and may, later on, be further emphasized in territorial questions not yet settled.

The removal of the active naval base is, however, no danger or hardship to Canada. The action of the admiralty, if carried out, shows a certain degree of confidence in Canadian efficiency of defence. Moreover, the change is due to strategic policy, which insures that Halifax will be, in event of international trouble, always within six days' sail of a naval squadron—a quite sufficient security. The garrisoning of the fortresses, and the provision for marine protection will be an immediate obligation of the Government, and in accepting this the Canadian people will furnish refutation of the parsimonious charges against us by British critics. At the same time Canada will gain materially in national prestige; for by relieving Great Britain of an onerous task we will have rendered to Imperial defence a noteworthy contribution.

Diverting Waterways

RECENT indications point to the need for strong representations on the part of our Government to Washington. The continued exploitation of power, and the energy of countless corporations to that end, has led to mechanical interference with waterways or projects pointing thereto, that threaten seriously the impairment of Canadian water levels. While this is true at various border points, no more flagrant a scheme was ever conceived than that which, though as yet not fully outlined, but likely to be carried to a mature stage, proposed to alter the direction of the watershed of the States bordering on Eastern Manitoba and New Ontario. Further information will be necessary before the full scheme is explained. Let it suffice to say that should the plan materialize, enormous damage will accrue to the district of Southern Manitoba, both in the climatology and water supply.

From this and other points there is room for active inquiry and an aggressive protest to American Legislatures. If Canada must insist on anything it will be the intact condition of border waterways, and the fair employment of the same for either country.

Our Inland Fisheries Threatened

IN this same connection another condition of affairs has been some time existent to the vexation of Canadian rights. The recent launching of the Canadian protective cruiser, *Vigilant,* from the Polson's Iron Works Wharf, Toronto, and her subsequent trial trip to Cleveland in acceptable form, gives to inland waters a much-needed additional safeguard against the persistent encroachments of American poachers upon Canadian fishing grounds on the Great Lakes. It appears that not being content merely with draining to depletion the supply of available fish upon their own shores, rendered possible by the laxity of American fishery laws, they seek also to rob Canadian shores of the remaining available supply.

From this we judge the stringency of the Canadian regulations is being exercised in

vain. The fish which are properly protected against exhaustion upon our shores, are being captured upon the American with improvident ruthlessness, for the supply of the American markets. Both by artificial fish hatcheries and careful enactments of close seasons Canada has sought to protect the inland fisheries for all time to come. The provisions of Canadian law and practice are quite undone by American privileges that assist her own fishermen to empty the lakes of fish. The reckless system is already causing severe shortage in some places upon our border. No system of hatching can keep up this supply if this fish stealing practice continues.

It is quite possible that an intelligent international conference might alter this American unfairness and foolish wastefulness of an international asset. Pending such a possibility the Canadian Government has decided to enforce her sovereignty upon our own shores. The *Vigilant* will doubtless prove efficient in teaching American poachers proper etiquette in reference to Canadian rights. A speedy understanding is, however, very desirable concerning the general question of fish protection on both shores of the Great Lakes.

A Canadian Shipment of Coal

DURING the present period of depression experienced by the Dominion and other coal companies operating in the Maritime Provinces, the quality of enterprise does not seem to have deserted them. A decided move is being made for a more general patronage amongst Canadian dealers. In the meantime a ship-load of coal is being sent to South African ports in the hope of establishing there a depot for the Canadian product.

Unfortunately for successful trade, the geographical situation of the Cape Breton coal fields is unfavorable for land transport; entailing, as it does, a very long haulage ere extensive markets are obtainable. The most reasonable market lies in the border States. This market remains closed owing to a prohibitive American tariff. The only recourse, therefore, is in Canadian territory, and the Dominion Coal Company are desirous of support, otherwise the maritime coal industry will fail. Therefore it is expedient that users of the quality of coal mined in Cape Breton come to the rescue with the needed patronage of a worthy Canadian industry.

The Sault Rails

ANOTHER Canadian industry that has been feeling the pinch of adversity has been that operating at the Canadian Sault. The resumption of operations is a gratifying fact to Canada. The unfortunate circumstances concerned in the suspension for a time, which threatened the closure of the whole industry, is now practically obviated —no doubt to the chagrin of the American steel trust. The Sault will soon be in the swing of its former activity. The recent claim made by a prominent Sault representative, that the best steel rails made in the whole wide world came from the Sault works, deserves, if well-founded, due consideration and congratulation to Canadian industrial energy.

Now that the construction of the G. T. P. is a certainty, the Sault industry, consequent upon Government provision will profit greatly in an unlimited home market for the finished product. A greatly increased solidity of industrial activity will, therefore, result, in which many other places elsewhere will share a measure of prosperity. In the meantime if the Sault-made rail is really the best in the world we will hear much more about it hereafter.

A Recent Trip to the Klondike

By DEMAR

ONLY a few years ago the names of Dawson and Klondike were entirely unknown to the outside world, and geographers were as ignorant of their existence as were at that time the less learned laity. To-day it may be questioned if any two localities of foreign and uncivilized lands are as well known, by name at least, as these that mark the approach to the Arctic realm in the north-west of the American continent. One of those periodic movements in the history of peoples, which mark epochs in the progress of the world, and have their source in a sudden or unlooked-for discovery, directed attention to this new quarter of the globe, and to it stream, and will continue to stream, thousands of the world's inhabitants. Probably not less than from thirty-five to forty thousand people, possibly even considerably more, have in the short period following the discovery of gold in the Klondike region already passed to or beyond the portals of what has not inaptly been designated the New Eldorado. To some of these a fortune has come, to many more a hope has been shattered in disappointment, and to still more the arbiter of fate, whether for good or bad, has for a time, withheld the issue.

In its simplest geographical setting, Dawson, this Mecca of the north, is a settlement of the North-West Territory of Canada, situated at a point twelve hundred miles as the crow flies north-west of Vancouver. It is close to, if not quite on, the Arctic Circle, and it lies the better part of three hundred miles nearer to the Pole than does St. Petersburg, in Russia. By its side one of the mighty rivers of the globe hurries its course to the ocean, but not too swiftly to permit of sixteen hundred miles of its lower waters being navigated by craft of the size of our ordinary river steamers, and five hundred miles above, by boats of about half their size. In its own particular world, the longest day of the year drawls itself out to twenty-two hours of sunlight, while the shortest contracts to the same length of sun absence.

During the warmer days of summer the heat feels almost tropical; the winter cold is, on the other hand, of almost the extreme Siberian rigor. Yet a beautiful vegetation smiles, not only over the valleys, but on the hilltops, and the birds sing in the thickets. For some three hundred miles farther north the hungry forest stretches out its gnarled and semi-naked arms.

Up to within a few years ago the white man was a total stranger in the land, and the Indian roamed the woods and pastures as still do the moose and caribou. To-day this is largely changed. The banks of the once silent river now give out the hum of the saw mill and click of the axe. A busy front of humanity has settled where formerly the grizzly bear snatched the stranded salmon from the shore, and where, at a still earlier period, although, perhaps, not easily associated with the history of man, the mammoth, the musk-ox and the bison were masters of the land. The red man is still there in lingering numbers, but his spirit is no longer that which dominates.

The White Pass and the Chilkoot Pass, or Dyea trails, start from points barely four miles apart, cross the summits at very nearly the same distance from each other, and virtually terminate at the same body of inland water, Lake Lindemar, the navigable head of the great Yukon River. Mountains of aspiring elevations, six to seven thousand feet, most symmetrically separated into pinnacles and knobs, and supporting enough snow to form glaciers of no mean proportions, look down upon the narrow trough, which to-day is the valley of the Skaguay River, and at the foot of this ancient fiord lies the boom town of Skaguay. Charming forests, except where the hand of man has levelled the work of nature to suit the re-

quirements of the railway, yet clothe the mountain slopes and fill in the gap that lies between them. The second habitation of white men in Skaguay was established less than a year before my visit, yet at that time, presumably to meet the demands of a resident population of about five thousand, the destructive hand of the advertiser had already inscribed upon the walls of rock, in characters twenty feet or more in height, the glories of cigars, the value of mental and physical specifics, and of other abominations contrived to fatten the Yankee pocket. In the Dyea Valley the timber line is sharply drawn along the bordering cliffs at an elevation of some 2,500 feet. Above that the mountain sides are stern and rugged; below is a dense forest of gigantic hemlocks, festooned with long streamers of moss, which grows even more luxuriantly than in Florida. The ground beneath the trees and fallen monarchs of the forest is densely covered with a soft, feathery carpet of moss, lichens, and ferns of all possible tints of brown and green. The day I discovered this enchanted valley was bright and sunny in the upper regions, but the valley was filled with vapors. One condition of the Chilkoot Pass, and that a not altogether unimportant one, places it during certain months at a disadvantage, as compared with the White Pass. I refer to the danger from avalanches. The appalling catastrophe of 1898, which caused the loss of sixty-three lives, and followed closely upon an earlier event of like nature, had its seat in the steep, rocky ledges of the east wall between Sheep Camp and the Scales. It is said that the Indians clearly foresaw the impending event and announced it, but their warnings went unheeded. They themselves did not make the traverse on that fatal day. However useful these trails may have been in the past, how well or how indifferently they met the wants of the pioneers, they are now thrown back into the same obscurity which was theirs when the Indians and a few adventurous trappers and traders alone made use of them, and all through the advent of the railway.

Regarding this same railway, I should, perhaps, not conclude without telling you what an old friend of mine, then a section-boss, said about their experience with bears in the Skaguay. They had noticed that, however early in the mornings the men left the shanty there was never to be seen a particle of the cast-out victuals of the night before. They supposed the bears came regularly for it, and all agreed not to frighten them, but to see how far they could succeed in making friends of them. Soon two bears made a habit of coming about the place at dusk, and staying after daylight. Those were duly encouraged by feeding. After a time they remained day and night, and would appear when summoned by the rattle of their feed dish. Given a bowl of porridge, which they loved above all things, they would sit right down in sight of the whole gang of men and lift it in handfuls to their mouths. Lastly, they would take food from the men's hands. But the fun was spoiled by a man with a gun who happened along one day, and not knowing they were pets, fired at them. They were never seen about the place again.

BARRIE

A Beautiful Summer Resort

Barrie, a Beautiful Summer Resort

BARRIE is sixty-five miles north-northwest of Toronto, on the Northern and North-western division of the Grand Trunk Railway. It is the county town of Simcoe, and is already widely known as a picturesque and healthy summer resort. It is situated on the sloping shores of Kempenfeldt Bay.

During the season of navigation, boats ply daily to and from various summer resorts and other points on Lake Simcoe. Barrie is also a railway centre, and divisional headquarters for the Grank Trunk system of Central and Northern Ontario, the buildings and offices at this point being second in size and importance to those at Montreal. Barrie at present possesses five lines of railways, connecting with all the important commercial centres of the province, while the partly constructed line to Sudbury by way of Parry Sound will also furnish connections. Thirteen passenger trains arrive and depart daily, while some eighty engines are housed in the adjoining railway yards.

The population of Barrie, including Allandale, is over 7,000. The streets and sidewalks are first-class, a number of the latter being paved with granolithic. The town possesses three parks, located quite centrally. Brick is used quite extensively in building, and handsome residences are numerous. The streets, public buildings and dwellings are lighted with gas and electricity. The waterworks and sewerage systems are very efficient, and provide spring water, good drainage and reliable fire protection to every part of the town. The postal service is all that can be desired. Thirteen mails arrive daily, while there is prompt postal collection and delivery throughout the town. Telegraph, and day and night telephone systems connect the town with all places near and distant.

Branches of the Bank of Toronto, the Union, and the Bank of Commerce are situated in Barrie, also one private bank, and two chartered loan companies. There are also agencies of most of the standard fire and life insurance companies of Ontario.

Barrie is the principal market for a wide surrounding district, and three days a week are devoted especially to this purpose. Here are also car-shops of the Grand Trunk Railway, head offices of the superintendent and despatchers for the N. N. W. division; engine and boiler works, machine shops, a foundry for the manufacture of milling machinery, planing mills, grist mills, saw mills, woollen mills, wicker-work factory, cigar factory, marble cutters, bicycle works, boat builders, tannery, breweries, a number of first-class hotels, three liveries, three laundries, and all other modern conveniences. It also exports live stock, farm and dairy produce, fuel, grain, flour, machinery, and leather. Stores of every description are numerous, and competition is as keen and prices as low as in any large city.

In addition to other attractions, Barrie possesses a good opera house, also several music halls, and is visited periodically by first-class theatrical companies, entertainers and vocalists, while a good band and orchestra have been organized by local talent. It is in the summer, however, that Barrie appears pre-eminently to the best advantage, and that crowds of visitors are attracted to the town and surrounding resorts. There are some ten or twelve churches, representing the various denominations, a public library, and eight schools, including one business college and one collegiate institute. Journalism also is represented by four good weeklies, the *Examiner*, *Advance*, *Gazette*, and *Advertiser*.

The delightful situation of Barrie; its elevation, bracing atmosphere, and picturesque surroundings; its opportunities for boating, bathing, and fishing, unexcelled elsewhere in Canada; its location upon a great thoroughfare to the "Highlands of Ontario," and its nearness to the great city of Toronto, all promise to make of Barrie, when these advantages become better known, a great popular summer resort of the future.

1. Residence of Lawyer Donald Ross. 2. Residence of J. H. Bennett. 3. Residence of Nat. Dyment, Front Street.
4. Residence of Dr. Percy Vivian, Dunlop Street. 5. Residence of J. J. Hunter.

1. Residence of Major Rogers. 2. Residence of J. J. Brown. 3. Residence of John Colville. 4. Residence of Rev. Mr. Pedley.
5. Residence of Lawyer Hewson. 6. Residence of Mrs. McCarthy. 7. Residence of Magistrate Ross. 8. Residence of Lawyer Strathy.

1. Residence of Lawyer H. D. Stewart. 2. Residence of Mr. S. Lount. 3. Residence of J. W. Plummer. 4. Residence of Jas. Vair
5. Residence of J. B. Joyner. 6. Residence of Benj. Lawrence. 7. Residence of Mr. Cotter. 8. Residence of Mayor Boys.

1. The High School. 2. Central Public School. 3. The Opera House. 4. The Market Square
5. The G.T.R. Station and Canadian Express Co.'s Office.

1. Residence of Mr. Todd, Deputy Postmaster. 2. Blythe Cottage, residence of Judge Ardagh. 3. Residence of Dr. McCarthy. 4. Home of the Rev. Dean Egan. 5. Residence of Mr. Warnica.

1. Residence of H. J. Grassett, Clapperton Street. 2. Residence of Mr. Jas. Burton, Allandale. 3. The Creamery. 4. "Gravgables," residence of Mr. Morseley, editor of the *Examiner*. 5. Residence of S. Dyment.

1. West Ward Public School. 2. St. Mary's (R.C.) School. 3. The Jail. 4. The Royal Victoria Hospital. 5. The Court House.

1. The Registry Office. 2. The Power House. 3. The Bank of Toronto Block.
4. The Barrie Hotel. 5. The Queen's Hotel.

1. The English Church. 2. The Baptist Church. 3. The Roman Catholic Church.
4. The Roman Catholic Convent. 5. The Methodist Church, Collier Street.

1. The Church of England, Allandale. 2. Methodist Church, Allandale. 3. Bayfield Street, Barrie.
4. The Presbyterian Church, Allandale. 5. The Public School, Allandale.

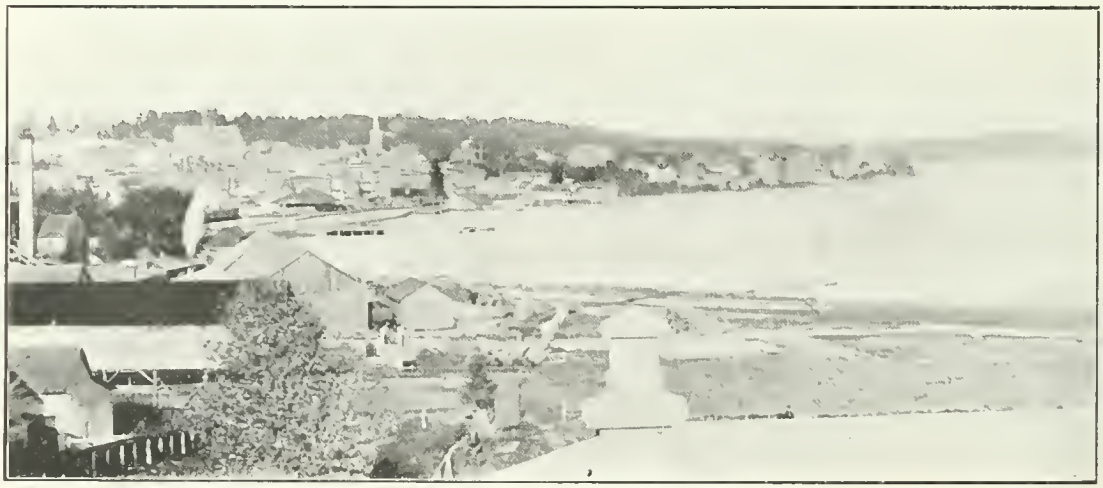
1. Lovers' Lane. 2. Overlooking the Bay. 3. A Suburban Way.
4. Collier Street, looking East. 5. A Shady Nook.

1. Palk & Smith, Furniture and Carpet Store. 2. The Ross Block. 3. The New Round House, Allandale.
4. Dunlop Street. 5. The Bennett Block.

1. The Jas. Vair Block. 2. Bank of Commerce and Sander's Block. 3. View of Allandale.
4. The McCarthy Block. The Otton-Irwin Block and Union Bank.

Barrie, from head of Bay.

Dunlop Street, Looking East—Barrie.



From Top of Tannery—Barrie.

Seed-Time and Harvest

By Helen A. Saxon

"I SAY, just hold on a minute, will you? I want to get some roses for my wife," said Hadley, running into a florist's as he spoke. Templeton followed more leisurely. It was a pretty enough place to be in, and he didn't mind waiting. He leaned against the counter where he thought there was least danger of knocking over the plants which were heaped about everywhere, and looked indifferently around. Hadley was rather particular in his choice; he must have yellow roses, it seemed, and complained that those shown him were not freshly cut. Presently he disappeared through a back door, led on by a seductive young clerk. A girl stood at the counter hesitating over some flowers. She had asked for violets, but they had none left. The woman indifferently offered her daffodils and overgrown lilies. The girl bent her face to them. "I want something that is very sweet," she said.

The woman took down a jug of roses, but they did not seem to suit her customer any better. She brought a bunch of carnations. The young girl selected from them a few white ones, and one of deep rose-pink, and drew out a thin, little purse.

Templeton watched her with the interest of a man still young enough to find panoramic life worth watching. She was very girlish in figure, but the face looked a little care-worn for its years. She was neatly but quite plainly dressed. As she passed Templeton, she dropped one of the flowers held loosely in her hand. He stooped to pick it up, and presented it courteously, lifting his hat with a grave look straight into her startled eyes. She breathed a low "Thank you," and hurried out. Templeton drew up his eyebrows the least bit, and twisted the ends of his long moustache. It was a way he had when he was reflecting, and he reflected a good deal.

After dinner that evening he and Hadley sat in the latter's library for a comfortable chat about old times. The wood-fire burned cheerily, and the yellow roses drooped from a tall, crystal vase on the table.

Templeton was but just back from Europe, and after a protracted course of hotels and steamers, a man is in the mood to appreciate home comforts. Not that Templeton ever was slow to do so; he was, perhaps, readier than most men, since he had missed them in his boyhood. While Hadley was recalling thrilling college adventures, his eye kept wandering to a little, woolly lamb which lay dislocated and overturned under a corner of the sofa. He had not been permitted a sight of the owner of this strayed property, but it told a tale!

"And poor Severn was there that night, I remembered," Hadley was saying.

"Ah, what about Severn?" broke in Templeton, rousing himself. "Where is he now? I expect something brilliant from that fellow yet."

"Why, don't you know? He's—a—he had an accident awhile ago, and lost his sight."

"What!" exclaimed Templeton, shocked and startled.

"Yes, poor fellow, terrible thing. He had every prospect; was assistant at Brailston, and was preparing to go abroad to complete his course, but he's left pretty badly off, I'm afraid."

"How did it happen?"

"A retort burst when he was making experiments one day, and bits of the glass flew into his eyes. There's no hope, they say."

"Where is he?"

"I believe he's in the city somewhere. I've been intending to look him up. I can get his address if you want to see him. I remember you and he were pretty good chums."

Hadley spoke a little hastily, putting for-

ward Templeton's better acquaintance with Severn as a sop to his own conscience. He had really meant to go, and he was sorry now he hadn't. But life takes in so much, and goes so fast that a man hasn't time for everything; and the voice within is so still and small that it doesn't get heard half the time or heeded the other half.

"Do you mean you haven't seen him since it happened?" asked Templeton.

"Well, you see, I've been so driven all winter, and since baby came, I've had to spend more time at home; wife rather poorly. By the way, Templeton, you haven't seen that young lady of ours?"

"No," responded Templeton, absently.

"Well, I suppose they've got her to bed now, or I'd have her down. You must come up earlier some night, and witness our parental pride. I tell you she's about as lively a youngster for eight months as I ever saw."

"Did you ever really see any youngster but your own?" asked Templeton, with the ghost of a smile.

"Oh, come now, I see you are as bad a chaff as ever. If I didn't see any youngsters before my own, I've seen millions of them since, and they serve but to point the virtue of ours. She excelleth them all."

"I'd like to get Severn's address if you have it," said Templeton, half an hour later, when taking his leave.

"Yes, certainly, I think I have it somewhere. I meant to go and see him myself—before—" Hadley left the room with his sentence unfinished.

Mrs. Hadley, who had finished the evening with them, turned to Templeton.

"Such a sad thing about that poor Mr. Severn," she said. "I felt so sorry for him. Mr. Hadley often speaks about it. I wish there were something one could do, but, of course, there can be no alleviation for such an affliction as that."

She concluded with a little sigh, just the size to be gracefully accomplished, and gazed into the fire pensively. It was token of her own prosperity that she could sigh gracefully over the sorrows of others. One of the long-stemmed roses was fastened across her breast, and she fingered it caressingly now and then.

"When I am married," said Templeton, to himself that night, "I shall not give my wife yellow roses to wear, though certainly they are becoming to that dark skin of hers. I don't admire the kind of women who can wear yellow roses. What do women wear flowers for, anyhow? The sweetness, isn't it? A breath of nature's perfume? Then they ought to wear fragrant and unobtrusive flowers—lilies of the valley, say, or violets."

His thoughts went back to the scene at the florist's, and he saw again the startled look in the shy eyes of the young girl, as he handed her the flower she had dropped. It was a sweet, pure face, and the eyes haunted him a little as he fell asleep wondering vaguely into what sort of a home those few sweet-scented carnations had gone, and if the young girl had worn them on her breast.

He was destined to see those flowers again.

He saw them in a rather shabby apartment house the next day. They stood on a little table beside the old sofa where Frank Severn half reclined with bandaged eyes and emaciated face.

"My poor fellow!" Templeton exclaimed, taking his friend's hand with unwonted gentleness. "I had no idea of this till last night. How did it happen? You must tell me all about it. Did you suffer much?"

There was a silence before Severn answered, and his voice had strangely changed.

"Templeton, I am a ruined man." He paused. "I spent all I could honestly lay hands on to fit myself for the work which one single moment has unfitted me for. I cannot readjust myself to this living death. I sit here in darkness till I sometimes begin to wonder if—"

He stopped and turned his face toward the window where his sister sat sewing. Tempelton's eyes followed. He had recognized her the moment she opened the door, and she had also recognized him, if the quick blush was any sign. She was a slight creature, and seemed scarcely more than a child as she sat in a low chair with her work piled about her. A thread of sunshine fell across her bent head, burnishing the brown

hair into gold. She sewed on steadily without apparent consciousness of his presence. Severn did not finish his sentence. He turned his head away with the dreary listlessness of one to whom the impossible has happened. Templeton was inexpressibly moved by the sight of his friend's misfortune and suffering. He tried to comfort him, but what comfort can a man with sight give to him who has no sight? He felt his words dissolve before they became words. He could only listen while Severn poured out in broken sentences the story of his calamity.

But while, with all his voluntary powers Templeton listened to, and mourned with, his friend, his involuntary powers were cognizant of the girl at the window—so subtle are nature's ways—and he found a certain pleasure in her delicacy and youth. Severn had not introduced his sister, not thinking but that they knew each other He took small note of the conventions of life; they were obliterated to him.

Templeton remained in the city longer than he had at first intended, chiefly, he told himself, on Severn's account. He knew his father would be looking for him daily now, and there was some one else who might be looking for him, too. He forwarded his trunks, filled mainly with presents, and wrote that he would follow soon. He was in no hurry to resume the home duties which he knew awaited him, preferring to linger a little in the atmosphere of his recent travel which he was disposed to cherish.

He went frequently to Severn's little quarters and tried to rouse his friend to take hold of life again, and to get him out more. The fresh air, the companionship, and, above all, the wholesome influences which Templeton's presence set into motion, stimulated Severn insensibly. He began to go for long walks, gathering confidence in the senses of hearing and touch; he talked more cheerfully, and nature's wonderful restorative processes set in.

"Why, you must not talk of being out of the world just because you cannot get at it in the way you set out," Templeton said to him one day in his cheery, hearty way. "There are other roads which lead to Rome. Why not try your hand at writing? You were by far the best man we had on the *Journal* in the old days. You have a ready pen and material enough to start on. Why not set to work?"

"I've sometimes thought of that," answered Severn. "I am learning to guide my pen a little, but it is slow work."

"You should get an amanuensis for a couple of hours a day."

"Can't afford it," said Severn, shortly. "Do you know, Templeton, that is one of the hardest things. I used up all my share of what was left us in getting my education, and there's nothing left now but Amy's. The doctor's fees have been heavy, and so now we are pinching along as best we can on what little there is left."

"My dear fellow," began Templeton, eagerly, "I have been wanting to speak of that. You know I have plenty and to spare. I should be glad to have you draw on me at any time."

"Thanks," said Severn, with the ghost of his old-time pride hovering about his pale lips. His friend thought it best to change the subject for the present.

"You are a lucky fellow in having such a good sister—so devoted to you."

"Amy? Yes, she is a good girl. I never knew her very well until this happened. She was so much younger than I, and after our mother died she was always away at school. She ought to be there yet. She was always a quiet little thing. Sometimes I get to wishing I could see her. I really hardly know what she looks like any more. Girls at her age change so fast."

"How old is she?" asked Templeton, and immediately berated himself for asking. What business was it of his?

"She must be eighteen now, or nearly nineteen, I guess. She must be almost grown up. I always think of her as little, she is so young for her years."

Was she really so young for her years? Templeton asked himself as he watched her going about the simple duties of the household, or sewing at the window. The girlishness of her form was accentuated by her shyness and elusiveness, but there was a look at times in the tender, dark eyes as they

rested on her brother that was not young, and her watchful care for him seemed more that of a mother than of a sister. It was evident that she bore the greater share of the responsibility and management of their affairs; and Templeton guessed that the sewing she was forever doing was not all for herself. He felt a sort of anger that fate should have been so hard to her. He could so easily have released her fingers. A few dollars more or less mattered nothing to him, and he chafed under the necessity of withholding the aid which he knew must be needed. He was at the philanthropic age when he wanted to set everything right. But he could only watch Amy with growing admiration and something like reverence. He had never exchanged a word with her alone beyond the common civilities at the door, and he began to wonder how she would talk if they should ever be alone together, and a warm sensation shot through him on a sudden as he imagined what he would say and how she would reply.

A brilliant thought came to him one day when he and Severn were out for their daily walk. "I say, old man, let's go into Calley's and have dinner. If you don't mind waiting, I'll go back and bring your sister, and we'll have a jolly little spread."

"She won't want to come," Severn demurred.

"If you'll stay here, I'll guarantee to fetch her," said Templeton, with assurance. He was elated, and happy as a conqueror, or a school-boy, as he hurried back and put the invitation in such a way as to make it seem all for her brother's pleasure. Her hazel eyes deepened with excitement, and the color came and went in her delicate skin, but when she found herself on the street with him she was at first very shy, perhaps because she felt shabby beside this handsome, well-dressed gentleman. She tried to keep the mended tips of her old, silk gloves out of sight. They talked of her brother, the subject nearest her heart, or rather, Templeton did until she was betrayed into some reminiscences of their childhood, of his early love for chemicals, and his attic laboratory where she was sometimes permitted to assist him in concealing the noxious smokes and odors which were wont to alarm the household. It had been her greatest delight to attend him there, to hold his vials and watch him mix the queer compounds. He had always been her ideal, the object of her childish worship. She broke off abruptly at this point, as if she had said too much.

"He was always considered the most gifted man of our class," said Templeton, without appearing to notice her trepidation. "I remember how our old professor in chemistry used to say, 'Ah, he has the head!'"

Praise of him delighted her.

"I have wanted to thank you," she said softly, "for your great kindness to him. You have done him so much good. Every one has been sorry for him, but no one has tried before to get him thinking of other things. Of course, that is hard for him to do, for he has lost everything." Her eyes grew misty as she spoke, she was so unused to telling her thoughts about him.

"Not everything," said Templeton, "he has what many a man might well envy him."

"What is that?" she asked, wondering.

"A good sister," replied Templeton, decisively.

"Oh," she exclaimed, as if it were a relief for her to say it, "I do almost nothing for him, and I have never wished for anything so much as to be of some use to him, and now when he needs some one—" she broke off abruptly.

"He has her," said Templeton, cheerily finishing out her sentence.

"The only danger I see," he went on, growing courageous, "is lest you become so necessary to him that he could never do without you."

"He will never have to," she said simply. "I am strong, and I will never leave him so long as he needs me."

They were at the door of the café as she spoke, and she looked up at him half questioningly. Then as his meaning became clear to her she flushed and her eyes fell, but she repeated distinctly, "I will never leave him."

There was a ring in her tone that was

new to Templeton, revealing a strength of will he had scarcely guessed in her. He felt half ashamed of himself as he held open the door for her to pass in.

It was a gay little dinner they had. Templeton ordered every dainty he could think of, and they made merry. The unwonted excitement acted like wine upon Severn. He threw off his gloom and depression, and Templeton was reminded of the college days when no spread was complete without the brilliant and witty Severn. His sister had the knack of drawing him out, though she said but little herself, but she glanced shyly at Templeton as if seeking his sympathy in her pleasure. She was radiant, and an unsuspected dimple came out in one cheek, revealing her smiles. Templeton could hardly take his eyes from her. He felt exultant. There is nothing more contagious than good spirits; it is an elixir which has no bitter dregs. They parted late at Severn's door, lingering over the adieus, each attributing to the others the evening's pleasure.

"Stupid!" said Templeton to himself, as he turned away at last. "Why couldn't I have thought of it before? But I'll have them out often now."

He was mistaken. He never had them out again, for when he reached his room that night, he found letters awaiting him which were imperative. His father was growing impatient, and the home-going could no longer be deferred. He sat some time musing over his letters.

"Why have I been waiting here?" he asked himself. "Is it really on Severn's account? or—no, impossible! Even if I loved her she would never marry me. She is scarcely aware of my existence except as a tonic for her brother. Well, I've come precious near making a fool of myself. I'll go home now, and turn a new leaf."

He took up one of his letters written in an angular, feminine hand, and re-read it slowly. "No," he repeated. "I have staved too long; I must go and fulfil my duty."

He crushed the letters in his pocket, got up, and went out, late as it was. Something chilly and forbidding met him in the atmosphere as he stepped into the street, and there was no warmth in his heart to defy it as there had been a few hours before. He turned up his collar and faced it moodily.

The next evening Templeton made his last visit to the little apartment where he had become so familiar. He and Severn talked long and with unusual animation, and at last when the conversation lulled he said abruptly:

"Severn, I have something to tell you." He paused and let his eyes rest again upon Amy. She was sitting under the light of the tall, shaded lamp, sewing and quiet as usual. She so seldom took part in the conversation that the men had fallen into the way of talking as if she were not present; but while Templeton's tongue was busy with Severn, his eyes were apt to be equally so with Amy. To-night he had watched her needle sparkling in and out of the white seam; the gleaming thimble that crowned one of her slender fingers; the gold in her hair brought out by the strong light under which she sat, and the little curl on her neck as she bent forward. He even recalled that the dimpled cheek was on this side, and wished that he could make her smile so as to see it again.

"Well, what is it?" asked Severn, after waiting a bit.

Templeton felt his pulse rising for some reason, and found himself strangely at a loss for words.

"I—I want to tell you a little about myself." He still hesitated. Amy put aside her sewing. He was instantly aware of her intention.

"Do not go, Miss Severn," he said; "I—prefer you should stay."

He spoke so earnestly that she glanced up at him, but dropped her shy eyes quickly when they encountered his. She resumed her work, while the ready color flamed in her cheek.

"The truth is," he went on, with some effort, "I ought to have been home before now. They have been looking for me this good while. I—Severn, old man," he said, trying to speak jocularly, "congratulate me! I am thinking of joining the benedicts before long."

"Ah," deliberated Severn, "meet her abroad?"

"No, she's a Virginia lady—sort of third cousin, and heiress to her father's estate, which adjoins my father's place."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Severn, shortly.

"A good deal, since we were predestined for each other by our respective parents, subject, of course, to certain later contingencies. She's a nice girl," he added defensively.

"I don't doubt it," said Severn, with a touch of his old sarcasm; "but are you going to marry the girl, or the estate?"

"My dear fellow, you needn't be so stiff about it. There's been a sort of tacit engagement this long while, and it was understood that after my return things would be settled up, unless—"

"Well, I wish you joy," said Severn, but he said it as one who would add, "but I don't expect it."

A slight constraint fell upon them after that. Tempelton could not bring himself to look over where Amy sat. He felt conscious and uncomfortable, and after a few commonplace remarks rose to go.

He turned to Severn and the two men bade each other farewell with a long and silent hand clasp. Severn had no need to speak his gratitude or Templeton his loyalty; they understood each other.

Templeton turned at last to Amy. He wanted to say something to her. Words burned upon his lips, but he remained silent afraid to trust his tongue, till at length she timidly raised her eyes to his. What she saw there, could she have read it aright, was a mind at variance with itself. Doubt, longing, restraint, all mingled in the look he bent upon her, and the next moment he was gone.

Half an hour later, a box of flowers addressed to Amy brought Templeton's last message to her, a great bunch of white carnations with one solitary, crimson bloom glowing among them like a heart. With trembling fingers she lifted them out, their fragrance filling the room.

"How kind he is," said her brother, as he caught their spicy odors. "He's a fine fellow, Amy, and a good friend to us. I hope his marriage will bring him the happiness he deserves."

And then he fell into a reverie. He was at the age himself when men marry!

But Amy turned mute, questioning eyes upon her flowers, and the breath of Eden lurked in their perfume. She touched them with lingering fingers, and when they faded with their secret still hidden in their withered petals, she folded them in their white paper as in a shroud, and laid them away among her few and simple treasures.

II.

The eyes of all, young or old, love to linger upon a bride, and the hearts of all are tender towards her. Fancies cluster about her, dreams are braided in her hair, romance lurks in the folds of her garments. To some she speaks in memories, to others in prophecies, but we all have part and share in the smile with which she fronts destiny.

Amy Severn felt something of this when she looked at Maud Warren, her old playmate and friend, robed for the bridal, and soon to become her sister. For fortune had dealt kindly with Frank Severn during the past few years, as if in atonement for its former harshness. Already he had gained some note as a contributor to literary and scientific journals, and he had won the hand of a true and rich-natured woman to guard his future happiness. Amy had watched the unfolding of their story with unselfish gladness in her brother's growing brightness, but yet this morning as she stood pinning the orange blossoms in Maud's dark hair, she felt suddenly as if confronted by some new and not wholly welcome fact. The heavy perfume of the symbolic flowers in her hand was fraught with prophecies of a joy in which she was not to share. She had never touched a bride before, and Maud seemed strange and remote all at once. They were alone together, and suddenly she felt a hand upon either shoulder. She looked up to meet Maud's dark eyes, glowing and fervent, and to hear Maud's voice in a passionate whisper: "Amy, Amy, I can hardly believe I am so soon to be really his wife! I have loved him so long. Oh, you don't

know! You never guessed what I was hiding all these years—no one guessed. Let me say it out for once! I think I have loved him always, ever since we were children together; he was so strong and good, but I never thought I would be so happy as I am to-day. Oh, Amy, I have been so wicked sometimes! You don't know! I was almost *glad* when I heard about his eyes, for it seemed to bring him nearer, and I would have given anything—anything—oh, I loved him so!"

She grasped Amy's passive shoulders with unconscious force, her cheeks flushed, her eyes dilated. She felt that Amy's girl-heart, unused to tempestuous feeling, did not fully respond.

"Amy," she went on, "you do not know what it means! You have never loved as I do; you do not understand; but let me tell you. It is all you ever dreamed of or wanted—it is the whole world and more to love and be loved as I am!"

She breathed as if in ecstasy, gazing beyond Amy into realms invisible to other eyes. On her face was a look that was new to Amy's throbbing consciousness.

A rustle of silk was heard in the corridor, and Mrs. Warren, a woman of somewhat formal bearing, entered the room. Maud was found looking into the mirror.

"Thank you, Amy," she said, in her usual composed manner, "that is very pretty."

She turned for her mother's scrutiny.

"Yes, it is pretty," said her mother; "Amy knows how to arrange flowers; but come, Maud, it is growing late," and they went out together.

"You have never loved as I do!" How the words seemed to vibrate through Amy, carried by some current deeper than volition, and piercing through all the excitement and movement of the hours which followed. She heard them even at the altar, as she stood beside her brother's bride, thrilled and awed as she was by the impressive service which was new to her. Those solemn words meant much to her, too. No one thought of that, but it was no less an epoch in her life than in theirs. The words which gave into Maud's hands the precious task of caring for the one they both loved, left her own empty. But when she saw her brother's bearing, as he turned from the altar, and read the look on his handsome features, all thought of self was swallowed up in joy for him. How noble he looked! No wonder Maud loved him so. And the sorrowful blight that had fallen upon him but called forth additional tenderness. At this moment when every thought was concentrated upon the brother whom she had loved with such devotion, she raised her eyes, she knew not why, and directed them straight into the eyes of John Templeton. He was leaning forward, self-forgetfully, looking at her. Quick as volition can act, Amy turned away without sign of recognition. Her pulse throbbed violently. She could not give him greeting then; indeed, she did not even think of it, she longed only to escape the tumult, and at the first chance she slipped away without again looking in his direction.

But she thought of it afterwards; it came to her that same day when, the wedding over and the guests gone, she went for the last time to the little home where he had come to them in their need, and she was sorry not to have spoken to him again. She was afraid, too, that her avoidance of him had been noticeable. Yet, mingled with her regret was a strange shrinking from the thought of meeting him face to face. She tried to put it out of mind, as she climbed the long stairs to their rooms. There was still a little packing to be done, and she was glad of the excuse it had afforded her to be alone for a time, and also to bid farewell to the place about which clustered the associations of four years.

As she let herself into the dim hall there came to her that hollow sound of deserted rooms, and the unwonted silence struck her with a chill. She went into the sitting-room softly, as one might enter a chamber consecrated by recent sorrow. The room was dismantled, only such furniture remaining as had been deemed unworthy a place in the newly-furnished bridal home up town. But there was still enough for Amy's tender recollections to fasten themselves upon. There was the familiar, faded wall-paper,

and the shabby mantel, whose imitation marble was peeling off, disclosing the dusty plaster beneath; there was the old sofa upon which her brother had spent many hours of darkened gloom, and which "gave" beneath every motion, and from the window there was the same army of chimneys with the sweet, blue sky between.

She had dreamed a girl's dreams, and borne a woman's burdens sitting here in her sky parlor, with the hum of the street traffic in her ears. She had not been eager for change as some girls are; above all else she had longed for the safe abiding affections of home, and her greatest happiness thus far had been in the love and care for her brother, and in such home as they could make together. His new home might still be hers, of course. But it was not mere shelter that Amy craved; it was to be needed. Her brother no longer needed her watchful care, and in that lay her new-felt want. She had won his consent to return in the capacity of pupil-teacher, to the school she had left, and he never guessed how little pleasure there was to her in the prospect. It is not an enviable position, that of pupil-teacher in a girl's school; one belongs neither to teachers nor pupils, and Amy did not make friends easily. But she would not let herself think of that now; she did not dare yield to her feelings. She was accustomed to set them aside when work was to be done; so, taking off the long gloves and pretty new hat, which were part of her new outfit—for the new was replacing the old in everything—she buttoned herself up in a large apron; and going to the tiny room which had been all her own, she pulled out into the larger and lighter room an old, leather trunk, with the initials E. M. S. in brass-headed nails upon one end. It had been her mother's, and she kept it with a certain fine distinction for her more precious and intimate possessions—her photographs, the old, silk, crape shawl, which had been new at her mother's wedding and was still delicate and beautiful, and other things about which association had woven its subtle charm. Removing these things one by one, she came upon a paste-board box which she held with hesitating hand. Then sitting down on the floor she opened it. A few withered flowers lay within, but the odor of the dead things, as it floated up to her, recalled some happy hours and woke memories of kind words and kinder deeds. She thought of the little dinner at Calley's. How happy they had been, and how much he had done for Frank at that dark time! She wondered if he were happy now; she wondered if she ought to destroy these poor ghosts of flowers. Maud's words rang again in her ears, and with them came a vision of John Templeton's face as he had looked at her that morning. Then suddenly a sense of loneliness and desolation surged up in that young heart, and swept aside in an instant the restraint she had endeavored to fix upon herself. Tears rushed to her eyes, and leaning her head against the old trunk, she let the pent-up grief have its way.

"Oh, my mother; my mother!" was the cry that came from this heart burdened beyond its years. That need for love and comfort and wisdom beyond our own, which in childhood we find in our mother's arms—do we ever grow beyond it?

The first rush of her grief had spent itself, but the tears were still upon her cheek, when a sharp ring at the door cut through the stillness, startling her into consciousness of her position. It was the woman who was to help her with the things, but she had not expected her so soon. She trusted that the dim light of the hall would hide her flushed face, as she pulled back the heavy spring and opened the door. Without, stood John Templeton, tall and broad-shouldered, filling up the narrow passage.

"Your brother sent me over," he explained, taking her passive hand. "Or rather, he kindly allowed me the privilege of taking his place for a bit. He said there were some things to be done in which you might need assistance."

Amy shook her head.

"There is nothing," she said, still holding the door.

"Well, may I come in and see you a moment?" he asked.

Poor Amy hesitated, but not having the resources a more sophisticated woman might have had, she silently opened the

door for him to pass in, and led the way to the disordered inner room.

He paused at the threshold, looking into the humble room, as one might look into the place of his dream. His eyes passed from wall to wall, resting at last upon Amy's averted head. In an instant he read the whole page, and stepping quickly forward, he said with grave tenderness:

"Miss Severn, I am intruding. I beg you to pardon me for thrusting myself upon you at such a time. It is your last hour alone in your old home, and I should not break in upon it, but the hope of being of some little use to you in your brother's absence, and the selfish wish to see again the place where some of the happiest hours I have known were spent, brought me here."

She tried to command herself, but his quick apprehension of the situation, and his sympathetic tone so unexpectedly answered her longing for a friendly token, that she dared not trust her voice at first. She gazed out steadily and silently into the wide, comforting sky. To Templeton, she seemed no older than when he had seen her last. Her great apron, buttoned up behind, made a little girl of her, and the tear-flushed cheek turned half away from him had in it something of that subtle power which moves men's hearts. A great compassion filled him and declared itself in the tones of his voice as he said:

"I think I understand something of what this change is to you. When I was here three years ago, I saw your devotion to your brother. I never had a sister myself, and, perhaps, for that reason I thought more about it. I thought that if God had given me a sister like that, I might have been a better man. When Frank wrote to me about his coming marriage, my first thought was of his little sister, and what the change would mean to her, and to-day when I saw you still beside him, even at the altar, I could not help wondering if other hopes and duties had come to replace those you are relinquishing."

Why did she tremble so, and feel that old, stupid shyness upon her? She must say something. She tried to collect herself, and presently turned towards him, but without lifting her eyes, and began a little falteringly:

"You have always been so kind to us. You did so much for him when he needed it most, and now—"

She broke off in a sudden confusion, and a flame mounted to cheek and brow, burning deeper and deeper.

He followed her eyes to see the cause of her distress. It was a box of withered flowers, open and overturned, beside her half-packed trunk! Whether he recognized those flowers or not, cannot be said, but all at once the color sprang into his own cheek above the brown beard, and going closer to her, he broke forth:

"Amy, Amy! I must speak. I must tell you, whether rightly or not, God knows! You are here alone and lonely, yet you are the world and more to me!"

His voice rang out with passion—the first words of love that had ever fallen upon Amy's heart. She sat motionless and tense.

"Three years ago, when I met you," he continued, "you seemed to me to be bearing more than your share of hardship, and you bore it with a woman's strength, although such a tender little thing. I wanted to spare you, to shield you. I thought it was only common compassion I felt, but afterwards I knew!"

He paused again, but she did not move or speak. The song of a little caged bird came up through the open window. It poured out a torrent of vehement trills, and when it ceased, a moment of vibrating silence fell between them. Then he went on again:

"I thought I was doing right in fulfilling my father's wish, in going my destined way and leaving you to yours, but when it was too late, I saw there were other, higher claims I had ignored. If—if she had loved me it might have been different, I don't know. May God spare you from ever knowing what a loveless marriage means!"

He struggled with himself, and then resumed: "I cannot ask you now to let me be the friend to you that I long to be, and that you need, but you will at least know that there is one whose first prayer is for your happiness, and who will never be indifferent to what befalls you in the years

to come. You will forget my madness some day in the love of one who is worthier than I, and who will be free to offer it. I hope it may be so. I hope your future may redeem the past. I have barred myself out from any share in that future; even from seeing you again, but it may not be wrong for you to know why I go away, and what you have been and shall ever be to me—an ideal of woman's tenderness and devotion such as I never knew before, and which is the best influence of my life."

He placed his hand for a moment upon her bowed head, lightly and with ineffable tenderness.

"God keep her in peace—my well-beloved," he breathed, in a scarcely audible tone, and turned to go.

But she made a sudden movement as if to stay him, lifting, at last, in utter self-unconsciousness, her dark eyes to his. And in their soft depths there was something he had never seen before, something he dared not stay to see. She was pierced by the one swift thought that he was going—her only friend! Involuntarily she made an appealing gesture. It was, perhaps, the keenest temptation of John Templeton's life. He stood still a moment, turning white to the lips; then with a sort of blind rush he stumbled out into the hall, and so was gone.

III.

When Amy heard the door close upon him, and knew it was over for ever, she felt desolate and forsaken indeed. Later, she understood. In leaving her, as he did, he proved his honor and loyalty, and it may have been for that very reason that her woman's judgment, later, confirmed and abided by the girl's instinctive trust. Other men paled beside him in her estimate, and she braved a lonely future for his sake. Hers was the faithful nature which, in happy experience, expends its treasure in unswerving devotion and service, knowing no other kind of utterance; and in less happy experience, is still constant, though it be only to the shadow of what might have been. As time went on, love became to her an abstraction, an ideal, about which her holiest aspirations converged. And it may be that a woman who can keep such an image of love in her heart, even though it be never realized, is more blest than she who exchanges it for a reality about which her holiest aspirations do not converge. Amy Severn grew into a sweet, self-contained womanhood, winning a fair measure of success in her chosen work as teacher of modern languages. She rarely heard of John Templeton, and never sought intelligence of him. John Templeton, the person, scarcely existed for her; but the abstract ideal of love, which he had awakened, was with her always, the subtlest, and, perhaps, the strongest influence of her life. Women do sometimes love in this abstract, impersonal way; men rarely.

So the years drifted on with but few changes for Amy Severn, and if the sweet-scented flower fields of youth closed up behind, other fields opened before her, broader and more productive though less gay. Youth, seeing only the closing up behind, pities middle life and shudders at old age; but to the eyes of each wayfarer, his own season is beautiful, and there are few who would turn back.

Among the happiest years of Amy's middle life were those she spent abroad in the furtherance of her work. They brought her many pleasant associations, new friendships and a store of happy memories. She lingered in old German and Swiss towns, where life flows more sluggishly than with us, and gives endless variety of types. She grew familiar with comfortable fraus and quaint children whose tongues babbled in foreign words; and she saw women whose lives were set in far narrower limits than her own, smile in wholesome, unfeigned content, and she felt humbled and thankful. Her own life seemed sweeter to her by the contrast, and she was glad to return to it; glad to be among her own people again and to see the changes in her brother's children.

But after the currents were running again in the old accustomed grooves, she became aware of a lurking unrest that had somehow crept into her life. She found herself, at times, looking with a strange wistfulness upon women with whom she would never have exchanged places. She learned one day what it was. It was re-

vealed to her in the moment that the science master asked her to be his wife. He was a quiet man, one whose friendship people counted themselves fortunate in winning. There were heavy lines in his face, and gray spots at his temples; but when he bent his eyes upon her in that unexpected moment there was a tender light in them, which wakened that subtle unrest to full life. She knew it then. It was what every true woman craves in some shape—shelter, companionship, home. When that and love come together, happy is she whose guests they be, but to Amy they came separately. She chose love, or the ideal of it, rather, for that was all she had.

"I have said it was imperishable," she said to herself. "It has given me all that is most worth having; I could not put other things in its place as though it had not been."

So, gently and a little sadly she put away this last offer of companionship, and set herself steadily to conquer the need of it, even as she had conquered the need of a greater thing. Had she conquered that other? Can a woman ever grow wholly beyond the need of love and power of bestowing it? Amy thought she had, at any rate. The years that came and went, leaving soft touches on her hair and brow, left also steadier pulses and a quieter heart.

So calm had she become, and self-poised, that she felt hardly a stir when one day John Templeton's name was brought to her. There were some important-looking initials after it on the card; he had won some of the world's honors. She stood long at her window looking out with unseeing eyes into the unfathomable blue, before she went down into the little school reception-room to meet him. He bore little resemblance to the image so deeply graven on her girl's heart. Time had been busier with him even than with her. His hair was frosted and his broad shoulders were stooped. He looked a prosperous, elderly, commonplace man. He was a stranger to her, and she was conscious of no heart-glow as she met his gaze, but only of a kind of pity, as if an old wound were being probed.

There were few words between them at first, but the silence was fraught with deeper expression than words could have conveyed.

When at last he spoke, it was in a voice that sounded to her measured and formal.

"Miss Severn, I have come to say the words that I should have said many years ago, when I saw you first. I have come to ask you to be my wife. I know well what has been swallowed up in the long interval. It is but a remnant I have to offer you; yet I come to offer it."

"We are old," she was saying to herself. "We are old. What can it avail now?" But she answered, composedly:

"We have sown all these years in different fields. Our lives have been separated, and our work and interests lie apart. We have passed the season when hopes and plans, yes, and prejudices can be transplanted. You came to me when I was young, with pity for my loneliness and my unpromising future. These are past now, and the time is past, too, when hearts choose of their own will or desire."

She looked at him sweetly, but with unpromising calmness. He, also, was calm, but it was the calm of self-mastery. There is a difference.

"That is true," he replied. "We have passed through the gardens and the stretches of green meadow, and there is only the downward slope left. But is old age so barren, then, that one needs no companionship there? That one has nothing to receive or bestow? Because we no longer feel the exhilaration of youth, or the keen emotions we once did, do we desire less, suffer or realize less? Even if we are, as you say, beyond the choosing time, are we beyond the need of what we chose in our far-off youth?"

"What do you know of me, or I of you?" she asked him. "We may possess characteristics entirely at variance with, or even distasteful to, the other. We have been together but a few hours in all our lives, and yet think to spend the rest of life together!"

"Still, if love—" he began, but she answered hastily:

"Do not let us talk of that. We have surely reached a point where we perceive

the existence of other motives and requirements. We may have once thought it essential to happiness, but let us ask ourselves if we are not simply trying to transfer that old want to the present: make ourselves what we once were."

As he did not at once reply, but gazed out at the smooth-shaven lawn, with a curious, musing look on his face, she continued:

"I speak frankly, but it is a matter on which it is needful to be frank. I have lived through some troubled hours; I may have longed as women do for love and home, but I have other things and good things in their place. Is it worth while at this late hour when the tale is almost told, to set the work we are doing aside, and take up that which is no longer necessary?"

Surely Amy Severn had travelled a long way! Then he turned to her, and there was something of the old look in his eye as he said:

"Amy, I want to tell you something. Youth is past, I know, and I am getting to be an old man, but all these years since you and I parted in the little room, I have kept the promise of something alive in my heart. I have lived outwardly as other men do, but inwardly, I have held fast to a faith and hope that I believe few men know, because I have continued to believe in something that I could never test or fathom. My life has been what men call successful; I have mingled with the world, but my interest, my heart, has not been in that. My real interest has been centred in something which never attained fulfilment, some germ of life which lay awakened but undeveloped within me, and which would have made my life a very different one from what it has been. All that I dreamed or hoped of myself, clustered about that; all of good that is possible to a man clusters about that germ in his heart, and it is only in love of some kind that it can ripen its fruit of righteousness. A thousand times I have turned wearily from work and from my life, but the thought of that possibility, which lay at the bottom of my heart, with your name written across it, has brought fresh courage, and I have known that somewhere there was meaning to the perplexities, compensation for the losses and pain, and justification of the hope that blossoms for ever in men's hearts. I have not the love of my youth to offer you now; not even you could inspire that again as it burned once. I do not want it again; I have what is better, the peace and strength of a heart that has been tried and not found altogether wanting. I ask of you fulfilment of this long-nourished promise, justification of the hope. Be whatever you may, you cannot be less than that to me."

Was it her own heart pleading from his lips? The warm color softly tinged her cheek, and the tears were not far away. Her heart struggled as if trying to escape the bonds these years and her own will had woven about it.

The scent of carnations was in the air. A great bunch of them lay on the table, white, yes, and one crimson bloom glowing in their midst. How he had remembered!

She lifted them up and buried her hot cheeks in their cool, sweet depths, gaining courage there to lift her eyes to the elderly gentleman opposite. But, lo, he had vanished, and in his place sat the lover of her youth, with the same conquering love-light in his eyes!

The Decline and Fall of Bertram Ghent

By Laura Mason

It may be that even in his days of adolescence Mr. Bertram Ghent cherished a weakness for health foods and emotionalism. If so, during his father's lifetime he found it safer to keep these predilections in cold storage, rather than expose them to the fiery scorn of that stern warrior. Thirty years' active service in remote corners of India does not usually inoculate a man with a craving for hygienic buns, patent medicines and maudlin sentimentality—a rule to which Major Ghent was not the unhappy exception. When the life and climate of the Orient had made him unfit for further service, retiring to Canada on half-pay, he addressed himself to the delicate problem of bringing up his five younger children on that princely allowance—and the Thirty-nine Articles. This period of the Major's existence may not have been an epicurean dream, but if so he never talked in his sleep; played his last game of whist within an hour of his death, and, though compelled at last to surrender to a rheumatic heart, marched out of life with the honors of war.

Up to this time, young Bertram had apparently devoted a great deal of attention to "getting on" in his bank, and none whatever to inquiring into the state of his health, —a surprising fact when one considers that he was the youngest member of a family containing four worshipping sisters. Such a blissful state of indifference was not, however, destined to continue. Scientists tell us that strong men sometimes succumb to suffering which would not prove fatal to a delicate child, and, perhaps, the fact that he had never known a day's illness in his twenty-three years of life accounts for many otherwise inexplicable facts in the young man's career. Beyond giving a simple statement of these facts with their extraordinary climax, the writer has no desire to harrow the feelings of the public. To the psychological reader is left, therefore, the congenial task of drawing his own deductions, wherewith to point the moral and adorn the tale which follows:

Shortly after his father's decease, one of "Bertie's" sisters—Mary—remarked that he was looking rather pale, and anxiously inquired whether he had ever had a pain around his heart. Bertram couldn't remember the sensation, but the question made him vaguely uneasy. Up to this moment, it is doubtful whether he had quite grasped the fact that he had a heart. They didn't teach physiology to the little boys of his day, so he was in a state of tranquil ignorance as to the workings of his thoracic cavity. Now, in the twinkling of an eye, all was changed; five facts obtruded themselves on young Ghent's consciousness:

1. He had a heart. 2. He had just made its acquaintance. 3. It was thumping ominously. 4. He had never heard it thump before. 5. There must be something wrong.

During the next twenty-four hours, he gave his own physical phenomena an attention which handsomely compensated for twenty-three years' neglect. From a friend who was house-surgeon at the General Hospital he borrowed a book on "The Heart" and diligently perused the same. As a practical application of his newly-acquired knowledge, he took his pulse seven times, but it seemed to be quite normal. Bertie felt slightly disappointed.

The following day having run up three flights of stairs, two steps at a time, he was startled to find his heart beating violently. Hastily taking his pulse, he confirmed his suspicion that the action was unusually rapid. Several days later, after chasing a street-car for two blocks, he had another attack of the "palpitations." He now felt that his case was serious, and after confiding his

fears to his sisters, consulted the family physician.

"Tut, tut, my dear fellow!" exclaimed the incredulous doctor, "your father's trouble was not organic, and you needn't have the slightest fear of inheriting it. However, I'll examine you for the sake of setting your mind at rest."

"Sound as a bell," said he, after the usual stethoscopic investigations.

But on the gloom-clogged spirit of Bertram this cheerful dictum cast no ray of hope. "Thank you, Doctor," said he, "I see that you are afraid to tell me the worst;" and before the astounded man of physic could recover his powers of speech, the victim of sisterly solicitude had wandered out into a heart-diseased world.

Of the five years which followed this touching scene, no detailed record is necessary. If fate had planted Bertram Ghent in the unsympathetic but bracing air of a boarding-house, rather than in the hot-house atmosphere of a maiden domicile, it is possible that he might have rallied from his attack of self-analysis. As it was, his case grew rapidly worse, and under the influence of sisterly entreaty he abandoned as "too violent" the athletic pursuits in which he had once delighted. But even yet the gods did not forsake him, without giving him one last chance. Bertram fell in love. For a time it seemed as though the later heart affection would cure the earlier form of the disease.

Having been made manager of a bank in a country town, the happy benedict moved out of the sphere of sororal coddling and for over a year forgot his "palpitations." Then came an unlucky visit to the ancestral roof. The four ladies thought he was looking well and had certainly gained in weight, but remembered with a shudder that dropsy was one of the complications attendant on heart disease. Diligent inquiries elicited the fact that Mrs. Bertram Ghent, so far from discouraging her husband's athletic tendencies, joyously lured him on to the golf links by day and the ballroom floor by night. Such want of consideration shocked the four sisters, and they gave voice to their feelings. At first Bertram sipped the nectar of their solicitude with languor, if not with secret shame. Gradually, however, the repeated inquiries as to his health, the entreaties not to be "so reckless" as to run upstairs, the tabooing of all forms of active exercise fostered the latent weakness of his nature, and in six weeks' time sent him home to his bewildered wife, an embryo invalid.

To tell the truth, he was beginning to feel that since his marriage his health had not received the tender consideration which it required. Henceforth he turned a heart-diseased eye on golf, cricket, sculling and dancing. Naturally as time passed his appetite failed, and within seven years he had developed all the symptoms of dyspepsia set forth in patent medicine advertisements, as well as a few of a purely original type. The heart disease myth had depressed Mrs. Ghent mentally; the indigestion panic wore her out physically. Mr. Ghent fed fat his suffering on "Health Talks," and "Heart to Heart Converse with Faddists." The result of this high thinking was some painfully plain living, spiced by equally plain talking on the part of the family physician when called in to attend Mrs. Ghent. That unfortunate lady had collapsed under a six months' course of bran coffee, hay tea, oat biscuit, and breakfast foods made into mock soup, mock entrees, mock poultry, mock dessert—with everything but the mockery left out. After the irate doctor had made a few scathing remarks on "the insanity of killing one's self by starvation, in order to prolong one's life," Mr. Ghent allowed his wife and two little daughters to return to the flesh pots, but he clung to his health-talk diet, supplemented by all the most "recherche" innovations in the way of pills, tonics and tablets.

So far, his hypochondriacal tendencies were not generally known outside his family circle, and had in no way interfered with the performance of his official duties. Indeed the bank, ten years after his marriage, gave him the post of manager in a large city office, as recognition of the ability which he had always shown. Shortly after this promotion, the Misses Mary and Florence Ghent paid a prolonged visit to their brother's home. Into their ever-ready ears he poured

long accounts of his sufferings—a subject which by reason of ten years' repetition had begun to pall somewhat on the emotions of his reserved and high-strung wife. The climax came one evening, when Mr. Ghent complained of "constant languor and drowsiness," which oppressed him during the afternoons and interfered with his work; he feared that it was a symptom of incipient brain trouble.

"Our mother died of paralysis of the brain," said Miss Florence, looking at Miss Mary with horror-stricken eyes.

"No," replied Miss Mary, weakly, "she died of a broken heart when our eldest brother was drowned."

Mr. Ghent did not remember his mother or the manner of her death, but he knew that a broken heart was not hereditary—and immediately fell a victim to inherited brain trouble. This complication was the most serious of all; for after two years of mawkish self-pity, Mr. Ghent decided that his nerves could no longer stand the strain of a city bank and asked to be transferred to a branch office in some small town.

While the officials of his institution were debating an answer to this unusual request, something happened which settled the matter for all time. Going to the medicine chest one evening to take his usual quota of dyspepsia pills, Mr. Ghent felt around in vain for a match to light the gas overhead. Not finding one, he located the little square box of which he was in search and hastily swallowed three of the contents. As he did so, a terrible thought occurred to him—what if he should have made some mistake? Hurrying to the light he examined the box—then with one despairing cry summoned his wife. "Quick, Gertrude, send for a doctor. I have taken strychnia in mistake! For heaven's sake don't let anyone bang a door!" Somewhere or other he remembered hearing that a sudden noise or jar would bring on the spasms of strychnia poisoning, but he could not recollect the antidote.

Neither could his wife, the maid, or the hastily summoned neighbor. Into the breach stepped his little daughter, Violet, and henceforth let no one revile a school system which prints on the last page of its physiology, a list of antidotes. The child in the excitement of the moment could not recall the particular one required, but she could repeat the whole list backward and forward, and, after a hurried consultation, her panic-stricken elders decided to begin at the top and work down. Mustard and water, warm vinegar, castor oil, raw eggs, and baking soda followed each other in quick succession down the throat of the wretched sufferer. When the egg course was brought on, Mr. Ghent's olfactory nerves warned him that the treatment had been too long delayed, and he tried to wave off the relief corps. But to the enthusiastic dispensers of First Aid to the Injured, such epicurean tastes were unworthy of pampering and the eggs paved the way for a dose of baking soda.

By the time the brandy and hot coffee treatment was reached, a trap drove rapidly up to the house and in a moment the doctor entered the room. A quick but thorough examination of his patient revealed the fact that Mr. Ghent was undoubtedly a very sick man—but to the professional eye he had none of the symptoms of strychnia poisoning. The agitated group around the bed scanned the doctor's face in a vain search for information; his face was the face of a graven image. "I think," said he, "that if everyone but Mrs. Ghent will leave the room, it will be better for the patient, and if we want help we will call you. For the present your treatment seems to have been quite successful."

As the door closed on the last of the amateur life-savers, Dr. Munro turned to the remaining inmates of the room: "I do not at present know just what you have taken, Mr. Ghent, but had it been strychnia, considering the 'treatment' you have received, you would now be beyond my aid. As it is, I do not think you need fear any serious consequences. I should like, however, to see a sample of the medicine which you took."

Mrs. Ghent walked to the door: "Violet, bring me the little pasteboard box from the bathroom floor."

In a moment the little girl entered. Dr. Munro took the box from her hand and opening it, removed several pills. He examined them critically, broke one, and touched his

tongue to it. The glimmer of a smile in his eyes lighted his otherwise impassive face. "Evidently," said he, "these are 'Bang's Iron Pellets'; but however did they get into this box marked 'Strychnia Pills?'"

A sudden wail of anguish broke from that amateur physiologist, Violet. "Oh, mamma, mamma," cried she, hurling herself into the arms of that startled lady, "I wanted the dear little bottle the pellets were in, so I poured them into the empty box that used to hold papa's nerve medicine. I didn't know it would make any difference, indeed I didn't!" Here followed another series of ear-piercing wails.

From the bed on which lay the patient came a groan of anguish, but not of physical anguish. In all the years in which he had fussed, complained and sentimentalized over his "health," Mr. Ghent had turned a dignified front to the world, reserving his selfishness, pettiness and whining for home consumption.

A glimpse of death at five-minute range strangely alters a man's point of view. Perhaps Mr. Ghent's heart and brain suddenly readjusted themselves; perhaps heredity at last got in its work and the spirit of the gallant old Major woke in his son; perhaps the thought of the amusement his strychnia experience would afford the public made him wince. His groan may have signified all these things.

Such, in part, at least, was the interpretation put upon it by Dr. Munro, as turning towards his patient he said: "There is no reason, Mr. Ghent, for the true explanation of this affair ever becoming public. As I go out, I shall tell those waiting for news that you are recovering, but must not be disturbed. Personally, I should advise you to take a few weeks' rest in Muskoka. You are evidently in a peculiarly nervous condition, but will come back as fit as ever.

All of which duly came to pass. The bank, after granting Mr. Ghent two months' holidays, asked him to reconsider his request for transference, as they preferred, if possible, to keep him in the head office. To this proposition the ex-invalid thankfully assented, and no one ever hears him refer to heart disease, dyspepsia or brain trouble.

As for patent medicines and health foods! —his hatred of them is positively rancorous.

The Typical Canadian Girl

By Erin Grahame

Some years ago, as we were walking beneath the fragrant magnolias of an old Southern town, a New Orleans girl asked, "What is the typical Canadian girl like?" I could make no definite reply, and so the question remained unanswered. Since then, I have often thought of the qualities suggested by the sister of "Johnnie Canuck," and wondered if they could be given an outward and visible sign. We all have some idea of what is meant by "a typical English girl," or "a typical American girl." Perhaps we think of Du Maurier's figures for the first, and of the Gibson girl for the second. But when we consider our own country, so new, so vital, so full of "the to-morrow," what is suggested by "the Canadian girl"? It is no trivial question to consider, for the girls are the "makers of Canada," just as truly as any statesmen who fathered the British North America Act, or any soldiers who stepped out in 1812 or 1885 to defend the land of the maple.

We all are inclined to resent the "Miss Canada," dear to the old-fashioned Christmas card and calendar—the wintry young creature whose face was framed in fur, and who wore a bulging blanket suit, while a toboggan trailed behind her. There was also a snow-covered hill, and evergreens weighted with icicles—all of which was entirely misleading to the easily-deceived foreigner. Nearly every Canadian woman who has gone far from home has been confronted with some strangers, who have displayed a mild curiosity as to her extensive wardrobe of furs, and who have even manifested a delicate inquisitiveness as to the mixture of Indian blood in the veins of the average Canadian. Ours has been a badly advertised country, and, while womanhood is hardly a matter for advertisement, there is no doubt that the traditional toboggan girl has given rise to much misconception regarding a maiden whose manner and nature are not always in keeping with "Our Lady of the Snows."

The Canadian girl is inevitably to be compared with the English girl, and her American cousin (for Mr. Hay seems determined that we shall accept the word "American" for the United States). To the English visitor, the girl of Toronto, or of Winnipeg, seems decidedly American, while the traveller from Missouri or Idaho very often declares that our women are "varry English." It would be impossible for the girls, who grow up in a big, new country, without the restraints of class and customs felt in an older world, to be as conventional and decorous as those of Great Britain, while the differences of tradition between the United States and Canada are such that we must expect the girls of the Dominion to differ in some respects from the highly-lauded maidens of the Land of the Dollar.

Speaking of the French-Canadian girl, it may be said that she is an unknown quantity to the English-speaking compatriots. Her girlhood is so brief; she changes so suddenly from the convent or the village school to the management of the "habitant's" dwelling that she is hardly known outside the little white parishes along the St. Lawrence. Of course, the Acadian type of the past finds its fairest exponent in Evangeline; and no less a man than the Canadian writer, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, has called one of his romances "A Sister to Evangeline." It would be pleasant to think that even in the present day such simple maidens as the dark-eyed peasant, who loved her Gabriel so faithfully, live in the modern Grand Pré, and other quaint spots of the province of apple-blossoms. But they belong to poetry, not to prose of our everyday life, and it is only in the pages of Drummond that we English-speaking Canadians come in contact with "La Canadienne."

Physically considered, the Canadian girl is stronger than her republican cousin, while she cannot claim the complexion of milk and roses, of which Devonshire and Dublin and Perthshire may be justly proud. If you see a rosy-cheeked lassie in the streets of Ottawa or Brandon, she is more than likely to have brought them across the seas with her. Some time ago an absurd controversy arose in the Canadian papers because an Englishwoman residing in Toronto had written to London dailies in criticism of the Canadian girl's lack of roses. The Canadian editors, to their credit be it said, lied like gentlemen, declaring that the women of the land had complexions such as even England might envy. But let it be confessed that, except where the salt air gives to the fair New Brunswicker and the maiden of Halifax such caressing as brings its own beauty, the "wild-rose bloom" of the Old Land is hardly found. However, neither do we often see the haggard, leathery faces such as are seen in the factory towns of England and Scotland. There is also another blessed difference which most Canadians who visit Glasgow and London fervently remark. It is a rare experience to see the flush of intoxication on the cheek of a Canadian woman, or to behold feminine frequenters of the gin-shop. The typical Canadian girl is darker than the fair-haired, blue-eyed English girl, and suggests more physical vigor, if less elegance than the American.

When we come to the question of dress, which is far from trivial where a woman is concerned, we find that the Canadian must walk behind the girl from New York or Chicago, while she displays more taste than the girl of Great Britain, whose shoes are large and unbeautiful, and whose skirt is frequently a little uncertain as to annexation to the waist. Max O'Rell is authority for the statement: "The Americans are adorned, but the French are dressed." There is no doubt that in the way of making much out of little, in the knack of wearing a simple gown "with an air" the Canadian can learn much from her Southern sister.

But, if our gowns are not as faultless in the back as those worn by the Daughters of the Revolution, we have the consolation of reflecting that the Canadian girl is less nervous and more self-controlled than the girls of Uncle Sam's broad acres. The American woman is undoubtedly the most high-strung and nervous creature in existence. The United States is a country where the quick-lunch counter and the "rest cure" are close neighbors. The rush of the American business man is almost equalled by the rush of the American society woman. She is nearly always vivacious and is sometimes charming, but she is hardly ever restful. Here it is that the better physique and steadier nerves of the Canadian come as a welcome relief. It is admitted in many American cities that Canadian nurses are superior to those native to the States. Even *Town Topics* has lately admitted the fact, and another journal has taken the trouble to interview New York doctors on the subject. The reason for this better poise may be that the typical Canadian is, in comparison with the New Yorker or Chicagoan, a country girl, simply and healthfully reared with a sound inheritance of a clear brain in a strong body.

One of the New York physicians asserted that the Canadian girl is more obedient than the American. Now, "obedience" is an old-fashioned word, which often disappears from the marriage service, and which may be regarded by the ultra-independent girl as degrading. The Americans, in following the amusing little fiction, "All men are born free and equal," have, perhaps, gone too far and have forgotten that the gentler graces may flourish with a spirit of true self-respect. We have an excellent modern authority for the truth, "Save he serve, no man may rule," and the youth of America would do well to study the saying. Matthew Arnold said that America is lacking in dignity and in reverence. Most of the wisest thinkers in the country have acknowledged the justice of the Englishman's criticism, and the faults are discernible in Canada also. But if the Canadian girl shows a more obedient and teachable spirit than the American, it may be because we have felt more of the chastening influence of an old country, and the Canadian, therefore, has stood midway be-

tween the conventionality of Europe and the unrestraint of republican America. The Canadian woman, if somewhat behind the times in book clubs, art leagues, and the cult of new religions, has remained comparatively free from fads. There has been no Carrie Nation come out of Hamilton or Calgary. The Canadian girl does not clamor for a vote, although she would probably use it quite as sensibly as the maiden of Australia. When a woman takes it into her head to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel we are not surprised to find that she hails from "over the border." The Canadian remains ignobly satisfied with coasting down the local hillside. Wherefore, if we have not as yet shown the initiative and the splendid daring of the American girl, we have not fallen into the worst extravagances of Kansas and Wyoming.

The Canadian girl's simplicity of taste is owing doubtless to her slender means. The "heiress" is almost unknown in so undeveloped a land, and, therefore, we read of no Canadian Miss Leiter, or Miss Vanderbilt, capturing the British aristocrat, although the Canadian girls who have taken high places have been equal to the occasion and have shown the American virtue of adaptability, which flourishes in the soil of a new land. Accustomed to such pleasures as come in the quiet life of small towns, the restlessness and consequent domestic discomfort of American life are comparatively strange to Canadians. One has only to look at the startlingly dissimilar records in divorce to realize that home life must be regarded in Canada as a serious and sacred sphere. The "matinee girl" is not a remarkable feature of Canadian life, and her ravings are but seldom heard. There is more than a flavor of Scotch caution in the girl of the north, and she is not given to hysterics and sentimentality, although she has an exceedingly warm heart, which she is in no unbecoming haste to give away. She is fond of home and is inclined to the domestic side of life, although she shows a plucky face to the world when she goes forth to earn her own bread and butter. She is usually "chummy" with her brothers and their friends, and is remarkably "unchaperoned" in French and English eyes. To the English girl, she no doubt often appears distressingly unconventional, but she expects more deference from her men friends than the Englishwoman exacts. She regards men in a more matter-of-fact and frank fashion than is possible to the girl brought up in an English household where man is waited upon and regarded as an altogether superior being. It is quite impossible for the Canadiani girl, who has proved herself quite as capable at the "collegiate" and university as her masculine friends, to believe in the subservience of woman. When it comes to a matter of courtship she does not expect such an extravagant outlay of "American Beauties" and Huyler's candy as does the girl from Gotham, while she is far more likely to take an interest in her lover's business affairs, and in all the details connected with their modest new home.

It is difficult to read the poetry which has fallen from the Canadian fountain-pen without perceiving that to the young writers of our country the season of autumn is unusually attractive. Carman, Roberts, and Stringer, in color and warmth, turn again and again to the autumn woods. One golden October day, as a car was slowly passing an orchard glowing with ripened fruit, I caught a glimpse of a girlish form and face that seemed to answer the question of the Southern woman. Wind-tossed brown hair with a gleam of sunshine, hazel eyes with laughter, good-fellowship and determination gleaming from their depths, and a form that showed vigor and health in every line seemed a girlish incarnation of our glorious young country, with all its crudity, with all its possibilities. There was youth with its boundless belief, courage to go into an untried world, and reap its harvests, and, above all, the hope that reads the fortune of to-morrow. Above her was the gold of poplars, the crimson of perfect fruit, and through the brown oak-leaves in the distance came the blue gleam of the broad lake. But the girl meant more than all "the scarlet of the year," and stood as a picture of the "typical Canadian."

The Man from Smoky River

By THEODORE ROBERTS

KATHLEEN PRESTON and Maud Brownlow shared a big studio at the top of an old house not far from Washington Square. Miss Preston studied music and Miss Brownlow bound books in tooled leather. Both were clever girls, both were good-looking, and both had come to New York from a quiet town in Connecticut. Kathleen's brother, Richard, roomed on a lower floor of the same building. He was a sub-editor on one of the sensational daily papers, but a quiet enough fellow, personally. He had put himself through college, and was still a hard student. Oxen and wain-ropes would not drag him to the little social frivolities of the studio-dwellers. But one day, he, his sister and Miss Brownlow received an invitation which he could not ignore. It was from a lady who had known the elder Prestons and Brownlows in Connecticut, and who now claimed Richard, Kathleen, and Maud for "old sake's sake." Her husband was Dixon, the historian. The Dixons had just returned from a prolonged trip abroad, and were domiciled up town. The girls were delighted with the invitation. Richard grumbled, and sent his evening clothes to be pressed, and his hat to be blocked. When he wanted diversion an evening of billiards, cigar smoke, and heated argument at the Press Club was more to his taste.

During that delightful evening at the Dixons' apartments Kathleen was introduced to Darnell, the composer; Harrison, the novelist; Benton, the painter, and Wentworth, the poet, and to a young man with a tanned face, named Jones. Darnell was a stout man with an olive complexion, glowing eyes, and long black hair. She told him how she adored his work, and could play some of his longest compositions without a note before her. Harrison was a dapper gentleman, with a dozen poses suggestive of the lecture platform rather than the study chair. To him she made complimentary references to a scene in his last book. Benton was a big fellow, with an affected gruffness of manner. He wore a pointed beard, and his claw-hammer coat looked too small for him. Wentworth was long and lean, clean-shaven, and thatched with an overhanging mat of straw-colored hair. He smiled kindly when Kathleen gushed a line or two of his "Ode to a War Horse." As for young Mr. Jones, why the girls noticed nothing remarkable about him but his tanned face. Kathleen wondered how he had crawled into that lion's cage. By way of a feeler she asked him if he knew many of the people present.

"No," he replied. "I arrived here only yesterday, and hope to get out again before long."

The conversation languished, and presently expired. Darnell came along and rescued his admirer from the big outsider.

Both Kathleen and Maud had a splendid time, though poor Richard did not appear to be so fortunate. The supper was all that one could dream, and the lions waited on them with the most charming airs of domesticity, and tripped over their trains and trod on the feet of the servants in doing so. Kathleen was even so fortunate as to have a fine, large helping of wine-jelly deposited on her bare shoulder by that inimitable poet, Henry Wentworth. Richard, beholding the incident from a corner, wondered if he would have received that gracious smile had he ladled the jelly. He heard someone say: "By George, that girl has a sound temper." He discovered the man Jones beside him, with a glass of iced punch in one of his big fists. Richard smiled. "I wonder," he said. "You see, she is my sister, and it would not be safe for me to try any experiments of that kind."

With that the two fought their way from the supper-room, and had a quiet smoke in Dixon's tiny den. A moose head looming from the wall above the mantel started

Richard on a description of a shooting trip he had once taken. Jones listened attentively, and then offered to show him several caribou heads he had in his room.

"I'll be settled and unpacked by to-morrow night," he said. "I'm going to move into a room in 'The Cumberland' early in the morning."

"Good," exclaimed Richard. "I pitch my tent in that same old caravanserai. Queer that you should have happened on it. New York must be a smaller place than we think."

Jones murmured some trite remark to the effect that the whole world is none too large. "But I am glad we are to be house-mates," he added, "for you'll be able to look over my things at your leisure. I have a few pelts, and quite a collection of minerals and curiosities that may interest you!"

"Are you an explorer?" asked Richard, looking keenly at the other.

"In a very small way," replied Jones. "I have travelled over some unblazed trails in Quebec, and Newfoundland, and Labrador. I like that sort of life. I dream truer in a sleeping-bag than in a bed."

"Then New York is a queer place for you," said Richard, "and this entertainment the queerest part of it. I do not imagine that you have much in common with all these poets and things. I've put it crudely, but you know what I mean. These fellows can string you a very beautiful set of rhymes about sunrise on the sea, and sunset in the woods, but they are not followers of unblazed trails by any means."

Jones laughed heartily, and Preston experienced that glow of heart and expansion of chest that is the portion of the appreciated philosopher. He decided that Jones was a young man of exceptional parts.

Richard Preston took his sister and her room-mate out to dinner on the night following the Dixons' affair. He told them what a capital fellow Jones was, and held forth, at great length, on his adventures by field and flood.

"He has taken the two rooms across the hall from mine," he said.

"Who is he?" asked Kathleen, indifferently. "I was rather surprised to see him at the Dixons', where it was quite evident that most of the guests were chosen because of things they had done. He looked to me like a—a stockbroker."

Richard laughed. "Stockbrokers do lots of things," he replied.

The girls were in a literal mood.

"But not things that live," said Maud.

"You are right," said Richard; "they usually die after the stockbrokers do them."

"Please be serious," murmured Kathleen, whose mind was with the poet and the misplaced wine-jelly.

"Do you think I am fool enough to be serious when you two girls are talking about things of which you know nothing?" he retorted.

"What do you know of stockbrokers, or any other kind of business men? What do you know of Mr. Jones? And, for that matter, what do you know of any other of Mr. Dixon's guests?"

"We know their works," replied Kathleen, calmly. Richard pulled a face, and winked at nothing in particular.

"If it will amuse you, please tell us all about your precious Mr. Jones," said his sister.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," replied he. "If you want to know all about him, you can ask him to tell you it. I'm through with that business after office hours."

The dinner was not so jovial as most of its kind, and Richard, contrary to his usual custom on these occasions, bade them good-night at his own door. Then he crossed the hall and spent three hours in Jones' canvas deck-chair, with a pipe in his mouth, and talk of snowshoe, rifle, and fishing-rod in his ears.

As the friendship between Richard Preston and the newcomer grew, Jones told the other something of the heart of those far lands and desolate coasts, and less of the sport. Richard was of a matter-of-fact turn of mind, but he found the poetry of his friend's experiences more entertaining, in its way, than the tally of snipe and big game, and the stories of sheer adventure. Also, Jones improved in his manner of telling things.

One day Kathleen and Maud Brownlow

asked Richard to bring Mr. Jones to see them that evening. The attractive lions of Mrs. Dixon's drawing-room were evidently hunting and roaring, and upsetting jellies far from "The Cumberland"—or, perhaps, no further away than next door, if they only knew. The houses of Gotham and the ways of Gotham are not the houses and ways of a Connecticut town. Richard gave his friend the invitation, and it was eagerly accepted.

Mr. Jones became a frequent vistor at the big studio on the top floor. At first his conversation was not enlivening, but the girls were patient with him, for Richard had told them that Jones could not talk until he got accustomed to his surroundings. Kathleen noticed that the tan was fading from his boyish face. She wondered just how old he was, and what he was doing in New York with so much leisure and such big, muscular hands. His face suggested clearly manual labor.

When the stranger made his fourth call Miss Brownlow was out. It was afternoon. He drank two cups of tea, with neither cream nor sugar, and had very little to say.

"You must be fond of New York?" remarked Kathleen.

"I'm not," he replied, frankly. "But the business is going more slowly than I thought it would."

"I wish you would tell me where you have come from," said the young woman. "It is very unsatisfactory not knowing whether one is talking to an Englishman or an American."

Jones smiled, and receiving permission to smoke, diffidently lit a cigarette.

"I was born in England," he replied, "but have lived 'round the north of this continent for the last twelve years. I have just come from a camp on the Push-and-Bust Rapids on Smoky River."

Kathleen gazed at him with hints of many emotions in her remarkably fine eyes. The caller's face showed no signs of levity.

"What sort of camp?—a lumber camp?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "Push-and-Bust is still beyond the horizon of the lumbermen. The camp belongs to Peter Gabriel and me. It is built of logs and chinked with moss. It has a first-class floor of squared sticks, and a real iron stove that we got out of a schooner that tried to shift the coast line by butting it. We spent just six days moving that beastly little stove from the landwash to our cabin. It was awkward on a portage."

Kathleen's eyes were shining by now, and she leaned forward in her chair.

"Please tell me," she cried, "is all this 'honest Injun,' as we used to say?"

"Why not?" returned Jones, smiling. "It is ordinary enough, surely."

"But is it?" she repeated.

"Of course," he assured her. "Honest Injun and hand-on-heart."

"Then you are a trapper," she said—"a second Leather Stocking."

"I do a good deal of trapping," he admitted, "but the tribes do not tremble at the mention of my rifle. I've never shot an Indian or a Husky in my life."

"What's a Husky—and where is Smoky River?" asked the girl, eagerly.

"A Husky is an Eskimo, and Smoky River is in Labrador," replied the young man.

Then, warmed by her sympathetic interest, he told her many diverting stories of Peter Gabriel and the cabin on Push-and-Bust Rapids.

When Maud returned to the studio she found her friend seated by a cold tea-kettle, with no lights to drive back the shadows of the great room.

"Dreaming?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Of poet or musician?"

"Don't be silly," replied Kathleen, sharply.

"Of course, it does not do for only one of us to be silly at a time," retorted Maud. "I am glad you have recovered."

Kathleen paid no attention to this barbed rejoinder. She was thinking of other things—of Peter Gabriel's quaint philosophy, of clear rivers and purple distances, of levels of snow beneath blue shadows, and of a habitation on a rapid of unusual name. She was very quiet throughout the evening, and though Maud was full of

curiosity and asked many questions, she did not even tell her of so unimportant a matter as Mr. Jones' visit.

Next morning Kathleen received the following note:

MY DEAR MISS PRESTON:

"I have sold what I brought to New York to sell, and shall make merry to-night. Please help me—you and Miss Brownlow. Your brother has promised to attend, and Mrs. Dixon, whom I saw last night, will chaperone the little celebration. It will be very informal otherwise. I am inviting the few other people in New York whom I know."

Yours sincerely,
JONES OF SMOKY RIVER.

P.S.—Please inspect my diggings this afternoon and pass judgment on my decorations. Just you, please.

J.

Kathleen read all of it, except the postscript, to Maud.

"He seems to know Mrs. Dixon pretty well. I wonder who the others will be?" commented Maud. "Certainly not the people whom we met at Mrs. Dixon's. Business acquaintances, very likely."

"Very likely," replied Kathleen, with a show of indifference.

"By the way, have you found out what his business is; what he brought here to sell?" inquired the other.

Miss Preston shook her head.

. . . . . .

Mr. Jones opened the door to her furtive knock. He was smiling bashfully, and looked unmistakably conscious of his new frock-coat. Perhaps he was wondering if she would guess that he had replaced a patched shooting-jacket with that glorious garment only ten minutes before.

"Oh, how quaint," she exclaimed, looking past him at the room.

"I've tried to make it look something like our hut on the 'Smoky,'" he said, standing aside for her to enter; "but I'm afraid it is not much of a success. You must not imagine that the cabin is really anything like this."

"Did you bring all these fur rugs with you?" she asked.

He replied in the affirmative.

"And the horns?"

"Yes."

"Are these things what you brought to sell?"

"I hope to sell them," he replied, "but they are a small part of my stock-in-trade—though," he added, smiling; "for a while I thought they'd prove the only sellable part of it."

"You have not sold the cabin, surely," she said, looking at him reproachfully.

By this time she was seated in his canvas chair, over which a bright Indian blanket was spread. The man's eyes met hers for an instant, and he blushed.

"Would you care?" he stammered.

"Why should I, except for Peter Gabriel's sake?" she replied, calmly. But her heart was not calm.

Jones busied himself with the tea things. Presently he said, "Do you know how I happened to come to this house?"

"How should I?" she asked.

"May I tell you?"

"Please do."

He knocked the cover of the tea-pot on to the floor at her feet, and dropt on his knees, evidently to recover it.

"I saw you—on the steps," he stammered, and reluctantly regained his feet.

This was more than Kathleen's calmness could withstand. She blushed as crimson as Jones himself.

"But—how absurd," she murmured.

"I had read of such things in books," he said, huskily, "but I had always considered them rather idiotic—until—until I—"

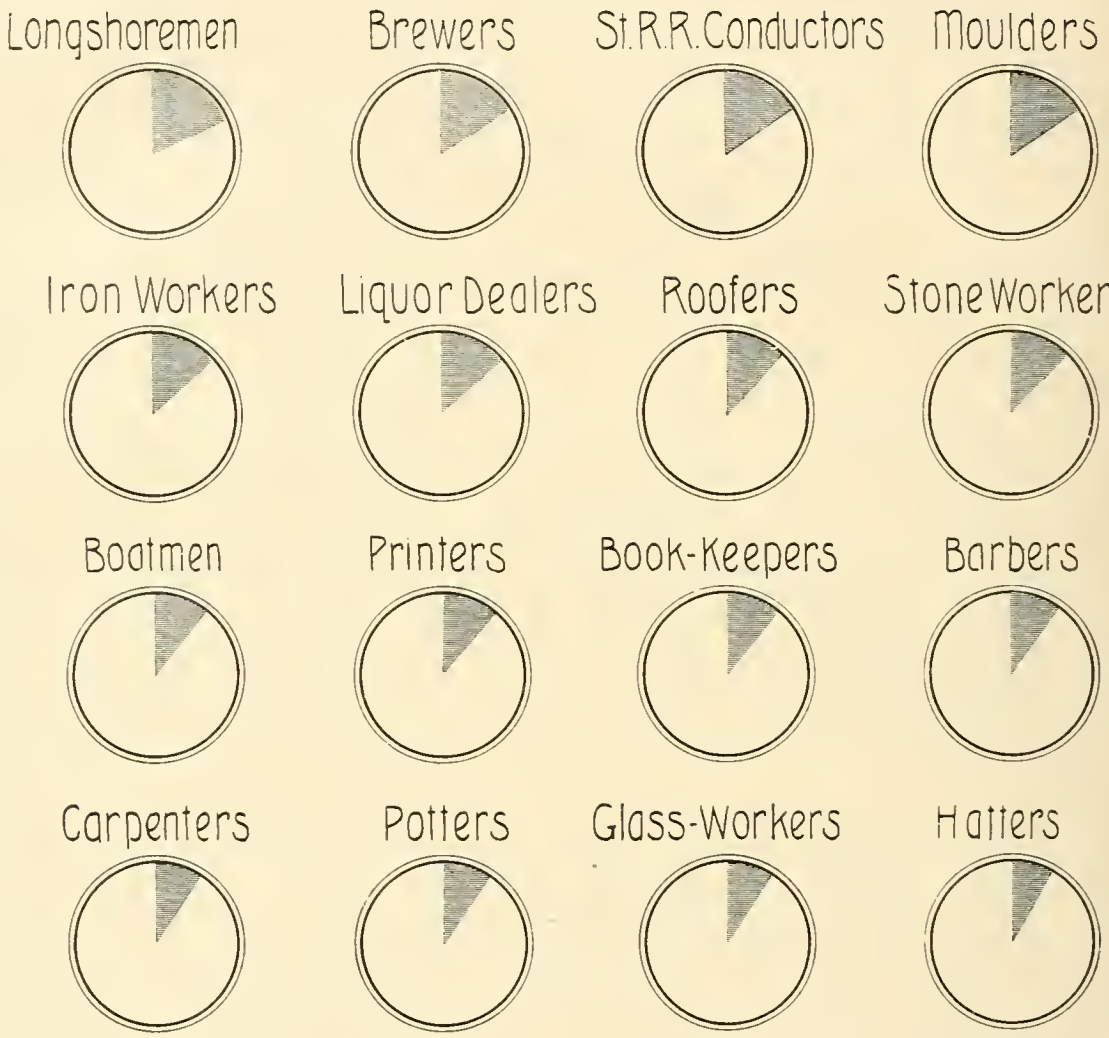
"Mr. Jones," she interrupted, "you came to New York, from your beautiful wilderness, to sell furs. You must not spoil your trip by saying rash things to—to comparative strangers." Her voice trembled, and though she smiled, tears of embarrassment glittered on her lashes.

"I am sorry," he said, turning a colorless face to the window. "I'll go back to Peter and the river, and try to forget it."

She was shocked at this display of grief. She had not counted on it. Could it be that he really cared? She had heard that men who spend their lives in desolate places, amid perils and the wonders of nature, do

Occupations and

Pneu

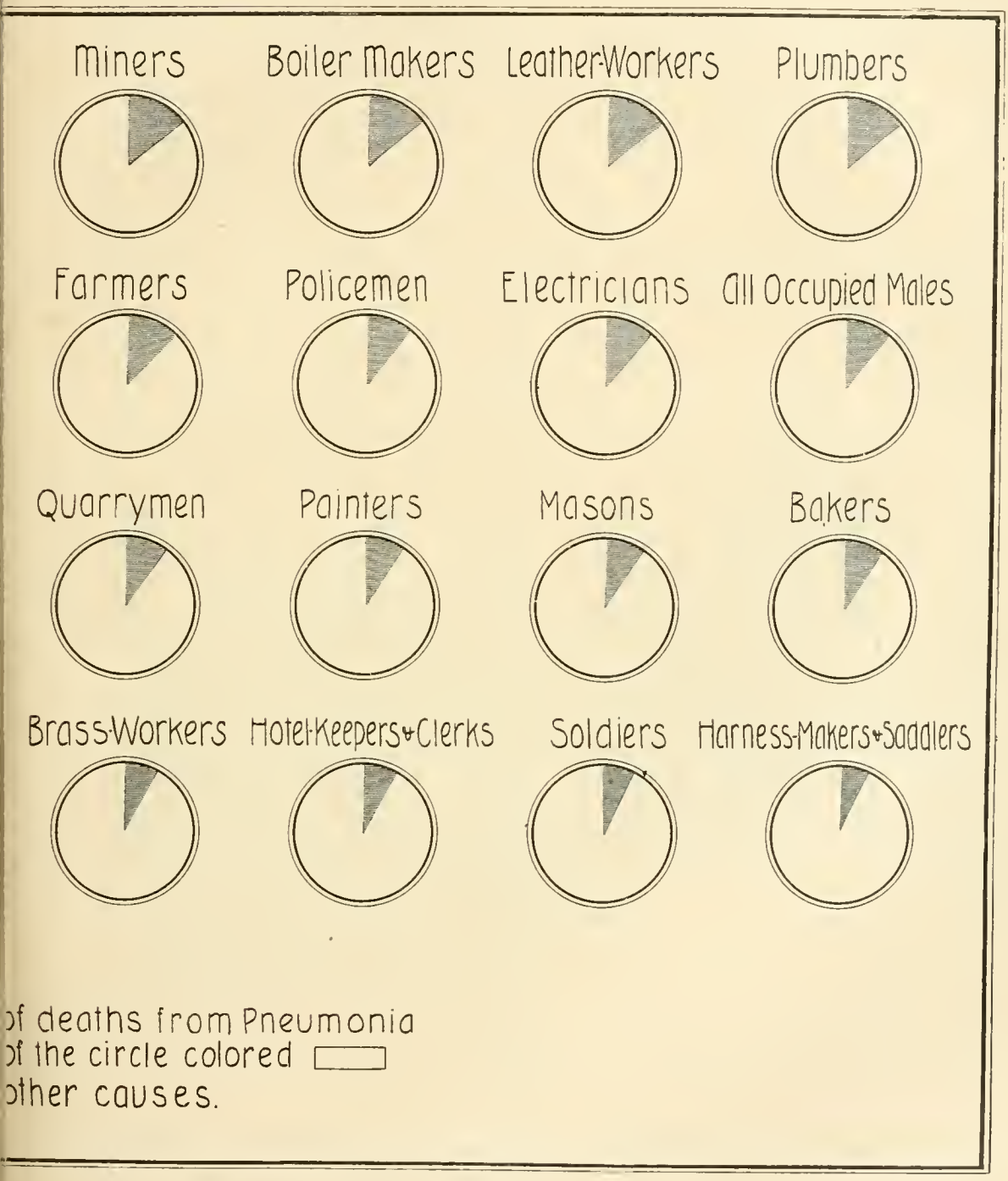


NOTE_ The segment colored represents the percentage in the total Mortality of all causes. The remainder represents the percentage of deaths from all

The above chart is taken from the splendid exhibit of

Mortality

monia



The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair.

not always behave like their more favored city brothers. He continued to stare out of the window, with his shoulder toward her.

"Back on Smoky River," he said, "the regret that I had told you only half would haunt me like a ghost. So I'll tell you all to protect my future peace of mind. Miss Preston, I love you sincerely and—and with all the best of my heart. If you think me impertinent you can just—why, go away without your cup of tea."

At this effort at lightness his voice choked. But he did not turn his head. She sat in the chair, breathing quickly, and gazing unseeingly at his broad shoulders.

"*A trapper—a seller of skins,*" said a voice within her.

"*A gentleman,*" said her heart.

"*A stranger. A man from another world. What do you know of him? A poor man, and, perhaps, a rough one.* But her heart answered stoutly.

"Are you still there?" asked Jones, without turning.

"I want my tea," she faltered, and hid her face in her palms.

He came and knelt beside her, and drew her hands away from her face.

She would not look at him.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in a voice that rang tense as a bow-string. He held her hands tight in his, tighter than either of them realized until they noticed, later, the red marks of his fingers.

"When you return to your cabin," she said, scarcely above a whisper, "you must not forget me. Please say that you will not forget me."

"Kathleen," he whispered.

She lifted her head and looked surely into his face. Her eyes were moist, but luminous, with a fire that was strange and wonderful to the man.

"Do we go back together? Is not that the way of it, dear heart?" he whispered.

"Poor Peter Gabriel," she sighed, smiling.

So! Here was love in all his recklessness. Here was a clever, modern damsel, with musical talent and no small ambition, promising to go to a camp in Labrador with a trapper named Jones. And still our grandparents wag their heads and say that romance went out with inflated skirts and Dundreary whiskers.

When Maud, Richard, and Kathleen entered Jones' apartments that evening they found the Dixons, and Mr. Wentworth, and Mr. Hoddens, of the *Oceanic Monthly*, already there. Jones was radiant. The look that accompanied his handshake with Kathleen did not escape Maud's sharp eyes. She also noticed her friend's fine color. Other guests arrived, two by two, and one by one. Much to Maud's surprise, and a little to Kathleen's, it proved a distinguished assemblage—from an artistic point of view. Here were a sculptor and his wife, an artist with his wife, a woman problem-novelist with her husband, two poets without their wives (they hadn't any), three editors, a woman journalist, and several more not so easily defined.

As soon as an opportunity offered, Jones returned to Kathleen.

"Come over and see old Hoddens, dear," he whispered. "He is the chap who bought what I exported from Smoky River. He has been taking small consignments of the same stuff for the last three years.."

"What *do* you mean?" she asked, looking up at him in a way that proclaimed the state of things to everyone who happened to be looking in her direction.

"Come," he said, and led her to the corner where Mr. Hoddens was already considering a glass of iced punch. He was a big, jovial-looking man, with a fatherly beard and a school-boy eye. It was easy to know him well, easy to like him, and well worth one's while to do both.

"What have you been buying from Mr. Jones?" she asked. "*He* won't tell me."

Mr. Hoddens looked his surprise.

"Why, my dear lady," he began; but he was interrupted by Kathleen turning quickly to her lover.

"Are you Melville Jones?" she demanded.

"Right," he laughed.

Mr. Hoddens looked puzzled. "I don't understand," he said.

"This is what comes of promising to

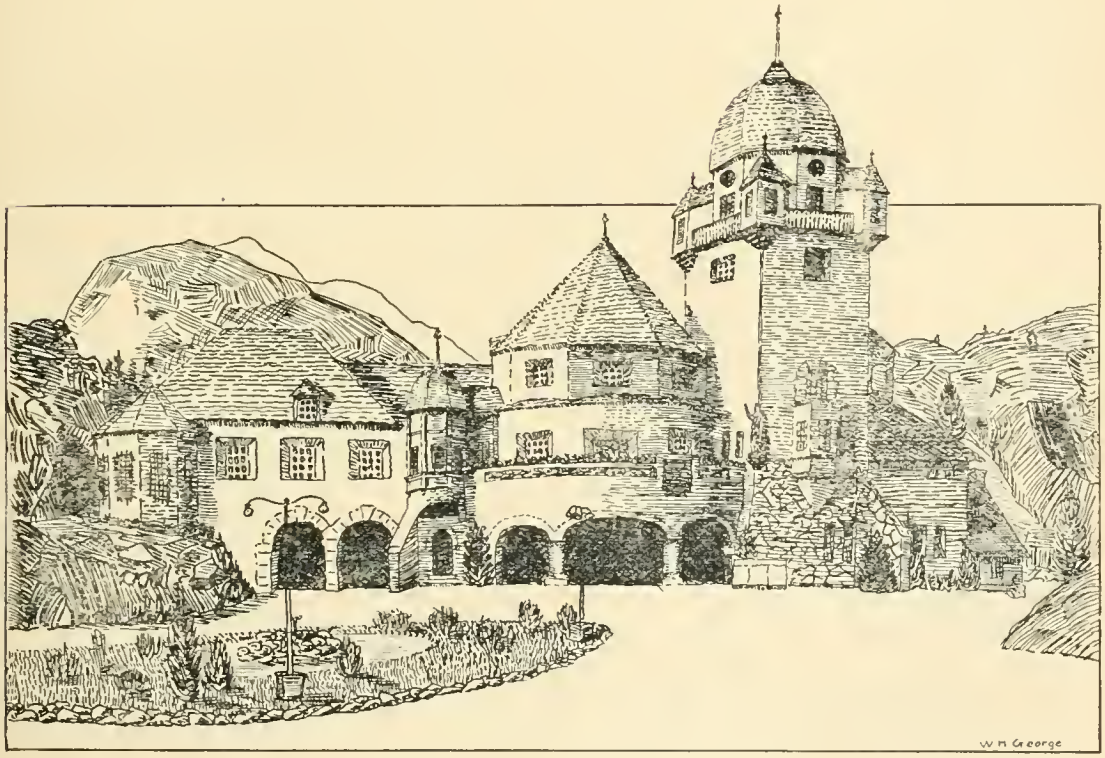
marry a man without first asking his name," said Kathleen.

"I wanted to see if—if you would accept the trapper from Smoky River," explained Jones, penitently.

"My dear boy," said Kathleen, softly, "did you imagine I'd do it any faster if I knew you for the second Kipling of the North?"

"My dear lady," said Mr. Hoddens, with a look of understanding, "there is certainly a glamor about that sort of thing, and Jones was wise to play the game a bit slyly. Now, for instance, look at Wentworth over there. If that young lady thought him to be a trapper of foxes from Smoky River, do you imagine she would be eyeing him as she is now doing?"

"Poor Maud," sighed Kathleen, as she surreptitiously squeezed her lover's hand.



Insurance

"Where There's a Will, There's a Way."

FREQUENTLY young men, who are approached on the subject of life insurance, excuse themselves on the ground that "they cannot afford it." They are getting small salaries, and it takes it all to keep them. Yet there are plenty of fellows getting exactly the same amount who are carrying insurance. How do they do it? Simply by curtailing their expenses. It may be in very trifling matters. Yet it is the trifles that count. A little self-denial, or often the cutting out of a worse than useless luxury will do the trick. It is nothing more than keeping strict account of the expenditure. It is a question of method in arranging one's affairs.

The matter in question constitutes a parallel to the well-worn adage, that "only the busy man can afford time for everything." Others fritter away their time as the unmethodical spenders their change. They can't tell where it is gone; but it is gone. They are always "short," always "behind," always borrowing. They never have enough money, and if they had twice as much, would still not have enough. They get little for their money, and are always in "hot water." Systematic saving means well-ordered accounts. It means an appreciation of the value of money. It means systematic spending. The fellows who have never learned this secret are the hardest ones to induce to form a habit that has so much to commend it. They are the ones who most resent being approached by an agent, who would help them to better habits. They "know what they want." They don't. More than that, they don't get it. Because they have not recognized this they abuse the agent. Yet, when, after a world of trouble, the agent does succeed in inducing them to take a policy and to meet the payments regularly, they make the best friends of the agent. They find that through system in their affairs they can not only meet what seemed to them impossible payments, but that they still have far more money over than they ever had before.

They are hence indebted to the agent whom they vituperated, not only for the policy and all it implies, but also for the greater principle involved in the taking out of a policy. And such converts, when they have been brought to see the real value of what the agent has to offer, constitute co-operative workers. They tell friends, who, before, were unapproachable to the agent. The friends, in turn, became clients, and so the circle widens. Moreover, the first policy which was probably a very small one, is soon supplanted by another, often of a considerably larger amount. When a man has been taught how much he really can save, and how good is the system of life insurance and its regular payments, he wants to get as much benefit as possible from it. Applications for additional insurance are sure to follow. "Where there's a will, there's a way;" and it is a pity the agent should have so much trouble in showing the way for that will. A general appreciation of all that is involved would make the agent's path so much easier. But, alas! it would also take away his very reason for existence. For people would then buy insurance as they buy butter at the grocer's. Insurance companies would then have no need of soliciting agents.

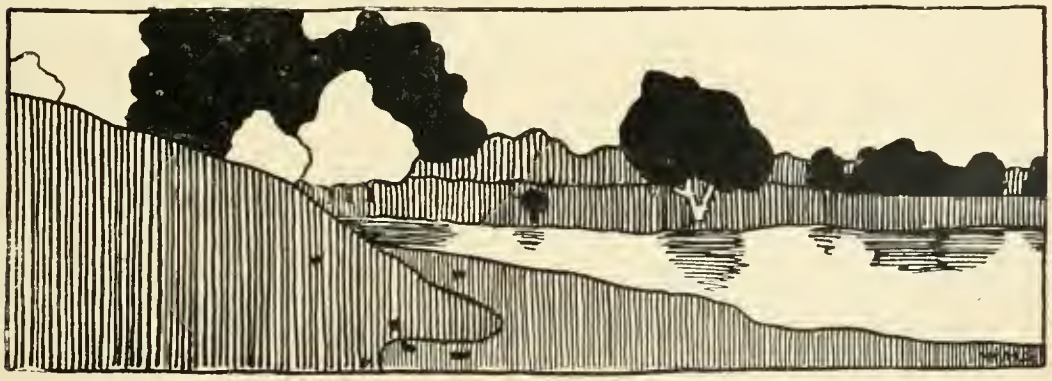
The Hygiene of Occupation

THE effect of occupations upon the health and longevity of those employed in them has long been a subject of investigation among life insurance companies. Laws dealing with the inspection of factories and workshops, the prevention of accident, and the regulation of child-labor, have been passed in this country, but it has remained for Great Britain to show the best example of efficient industrial legislation. These laws provide for protection against the injurious action of special industries upon the lives of the workers employed, and also for the medical supervision and inspection of factories and other manufacturing establishments.

Considerable good has no doubt been accomplished in this direction by the life insurance companies. The system of medical selection required is constantly jogging the public mind, and drawing attention to the dangers which threaten the life of the wage-earner, and debar him from the benefits of life insurance. The insurance company takes note of existing conditions, and adjusts its rates in accordance with mortality statistics.

The following is a classification of some of the principal risks to which wage-earners are exposed: (1) Over-fatigue; (2) exposure; (3) dust, gases, and other injurious products of manufacture; (4) accidents; (5) unsanitary dwellings and manner of living.

With regard to pneumonia, the subject of the chart in this issue, there are two principal predisposing causes. These are physical exposure, and dust or injurious products of manufacture, and these may occur either separately or in combination in the occupations enumerated. Longshoremen, for instance, who head the list, have acquired this prominence from frequent exposure to cold and wet. Those trades carried on in a more even temperature, and free from undue exposure to wet, will be found the least dangerous in this respect—for instance, carpenters, soldiers, and potters; while those which involve sudden exposure to cold after extremes of heat, such as moulders and ironworkers, are among the most dangerous. Among those possessing a high death-rate from pneumonia are a number, such as plumbers, stone-workers, painters, printers, in which the worker is exposed to dust, or other injurious products of manufacture. The substances just mentioned, even when not present in quantities sufficient to produce their most distressing symptoms, no doubt weaken the system, irritate the organs of respiration, and otherwise predispose the worker to contract pneumonia.



THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

A TRIP to Fiji sounds a little out of the way, yet it is perfectly possible to leave New York, have a stroll through the cocoa-groves of that spicy isle and be back inside of two months.

The Fiji Islands are one of the show places of the Pacific, and are passed on the voyage from Vancouver to Australia They are mountainous and beautiful—hardly a level acre on one of them, and tropical vegetation growing strong and luxuriant on all the hills. Nothing can exceed the picturesqueness of the fibre-built huts nesting beneath bananas, oleanders and cocoa-palms. Those tropical plants are well worth seeing, with the bright-hued butterflies flitting among them.

Then there's the Government House with its cricket-ground next it—English without a doubt—and the Barracks close by with the native soldiers. But don't expect to see any redcoats there. Nature clad the Fijian in a sort of khaki from his birth, and with the British officers in white uniforms and the men in white kilts fringed at the bottom a little below the knee, a parade is as smart as it is original. They are a first-class fighting lot, all the same.

But after all you may never get to Fiji. You have to tear yourself away from Honolulu first, and it would not be at all strange if you preferred to stay in that romantic place.

What do you want on a holiday?

Society? Well, you have it here—a delightful little coterie, mainly American, bent on having a good time and generally succeeding. Who could be dull beneath that blue sky and bright sun, and in a climate that registered 89 as its highest and 57 as its lowest last year? There is nothing to interfere with charming walks and drives in all directions.

Of course everyone goes to the great "Pali," or precipice of Nuuana. It is only six miles from Honolulu, and the view is marvellously beautiful. Think of a great ridge of rock running 20 miles across the island, with little villages and sugar-cane and rice fields stretching from its base to the yellow sands that bound the sea.

Three splendid heights, Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet; Mauna Kea, 13,805 feet; and Hanlalai, 8,275 feet, rise in Hawaii almost straight from the sea, with no elevations near to take away from their bulk.

You have bathed before? Of course you have; but speak not of Atlantic City or even Los Angeles in the same breath as Honolulu. For here there are miles of firm warm sands and miles of lovely coral reefs, and the surf comes rolling in in splendid waves that seem miles long, too.

RAINBOW FALLS, HILO

The natives have a sport of their own, which any good swimmer may try. They call it surf-riding, and it is a sort of tobogganing over the waves. They swim out to sea with a little bit of a board, get astride it and let the waves carry them in. It is a most exciting sport and not so dangerous as it looks, as the Hawaiian waters have a good deal more buoyancy than the sea in other places.

Then there are the wonderful moonlight bathing parties in water rarely below 75 degrees.

We must not stay all the time at Hawaii, however—more's the pity—and the good steamer sails on past Fiji, till Australia comes in sight. We first call at Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, and end our voyage at Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and one of the most lovely harbors in the world.

A DATE-PALM AVENUE

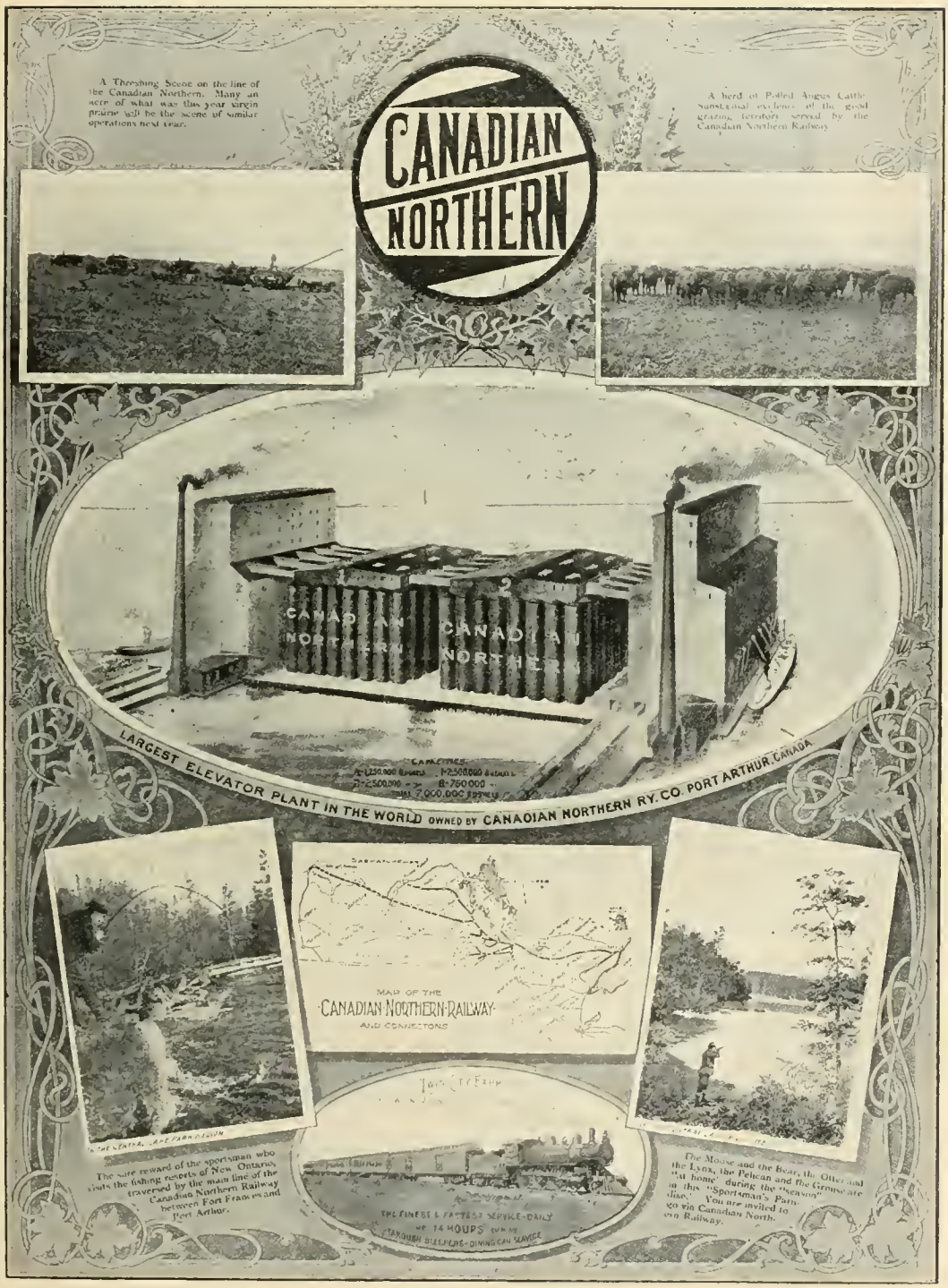
It is a great country this Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth in the Antipodes, and any one with a taste for politics will find much to interest him there. In cricket the Australian is at least equal of his English cousin, and his horses are known everywhere. There are not many people would refuse a chance to see the Melbourne cup won, were it offered them.

Then it is easy to get to New Zealand from Australia or Fiji. In its interior are all manner of mountains and waterfalls, glaciers and geysers, and its rocky coast line with its deep, narrow inlets may only be compared to the fiords of Norway and British Columbia.

Go aboard one of the Canadian-Australian liners that sail from Vancouver every four weeks. In eight days you will be at Honolulu, in eighteen at Fiji, and it's only five days from there to Brisbane and a week to Sydney.

It is a most enjoyable trip the whole way. The sea is calm, the days warm and no worry can bother much, as the throbbing screw drives the ship peacefully on over an apparently boundless, blue ocean. Remember, to reach Vancouver the Canadian Pacific Railway takes you through magnificent mountain scenery. Stop over a day or two at the Sanitarium Hotel at Banff, where there is a regular carnival of winter sports this year, or at Field and Glacier, and be on the lookout for a bargain in furs from the trappers who live all the winter in the mountains.

In any case you will enjoy yourself in the scenery and exhilarating air, and prepare yourself by the very force of contrast for a fuller appreciation of the **SUNNY SOUTHERN SEAS.**


A Threshing Scene on the line of the Canadian Northern. Many an acre of what was this year virgin prairie will be the scene of similar operations next year.
A herd of Polled Angus Cattle, sometimes exclusive of the good grazing territory served by the Canadian Northern Railway
CANADIAN NORTHERN
CANADIAN NORTHERN
CANADIAN NORTHERN
LARGEST ELEVATOR PLANT IN THE WORLD OWNED BY CANADIAN NORTHERN RY. CO. PORT ARTHUR, CANADA
MAP OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY AND CONNECTIONS
The sole reward of the sportsman who visits the fishing resorts of New Ontario, traversed by the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway between Fort Frances and Port Arthur.
THE FINEST & FASTEST SERVICE DAILY
THE 14 HOURS
THROUGH SLEEPERS - DINING CAR SERVICE
The Moose and the Bear, the Otter and the Lynx, the Pelican and the Grouse are at home during the "season" in this "Sportsman's Paradise." You are invited to go via Canadian Northern Railway.

THE LISZT

STYLE—A.

There is one characteristic of the LISZT PIANO which stands out prominently, that is tone ; it appeals with singular eloquence to the refined and musical. It admits of every possible shade of expression, and charms the ear with its delightfully rich, full quality.

It is an instrument representing the embodiment of the latest modern thought in piano construction.

The case design, reflecting an artistic colonial spirit, delights the eye of the refined, and it is the ambition of the company to maintain a high degree of excellence in beauty of design.

In Mahogany or Walnut, overstrung scale, 7 1-3 octaves, three strings, repeating action with brass flange, three pedals, double fall-board, patent noiseless pedal action, full desk.

Length, 5 ft. 3 in.; width, 2 ft. 2 1-2 in.; height, 4 ft. 8 in.

The
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TOPICS OF THE TIME

Canada and the Navy Again

VARIOUS hints, at various times, have been made that Canada should bear a portion of the cost of Imperial defence. The other colonies contribute more or less liberally, but thus far Canada has resisted all arguments and suggestions to that end, whether from her own citizens or from outside. And so, when the Imperial authorities, within the last few months, announced that the naval stations on both the Canadian Atlantic and Pacific coasts were to be permanently closed, it looked, as some thought, like a measure of retaliation: if Canada will not pay, she shall have her defences cut down.

At Halifax, on the east, and at Esquimalt, on the west, have been important naval works, equipped and maintained by the Imperial Government. A squadron of war ships has been stationed at each port, and capacious dockyards and workshops have furnished facilities for the most extensive repair work. At Halifax the dockyard force alone numbered three hundred. By a recent Imperial order both of these stations have been closed, the men dismissed, and the ships withdrawn, and Halifax and Esquimalt have ceased to be naval headquarters.

The cause of this is not, however, a desire on England's part to avenge Canada for her lack of financial support. It is rather part of a definite plan to reorganize and reform the British navy. The basis of this rearrangement is that the fleet shall be so distributed in time of peace as to be also of the greatest strategical advantage, and stations of no immediate value to the fighting efficiency of the navy are being done away with. Better service at smaller cost will thus be ensured, and so far as Halifax and Esquimalt are concerned, the dockyards at both places were closed because repair work on the redistributed fleet can be done more advantageously elsewhere.

The natural result of this will be that, while Britain is by no means entirely abandoning Canada or withdrawing her defensive support, the defence of Canada will be more than ever in her own hands. And since that is so, why cannot Canada undertake not only to guard her own shores, but to garrison her own forts? There may be very good reasons why we should not contribute to the Imperial defences, but we might very well undertake to look after ourselves.

Awakening Down East

APPARENTLY the eastern provinces have decided to make a bid for a larger measure of western progress. They have now for several years seen thousands of immigrants arriving at their shores, stopping a few hours, and then passing westward. They have been the gateway to the land of promise beyond, but they have done little to attract the new

arrivals themselves. At the same time they have seen their own people, the strongest and brawniest of their own sons, following in the same direction and moved by the same desire to "get west." And now, though somewhat late in the day, there is an evident purpose among the easterners, if we may judge from some of their newspapers, to even matters up by iniviting immigration to the east as well as to the west.

There is room in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for new settlers, and very good possibilities in the way of industrial openings. The wonderful resources and fertility of the west cannot, of course, be matched; yet the annual reports of these eastern provinces reveal a far greater variety and volume of production than we are accustomed to suppose. The natural facilities are there, and old though the country may be as compared with the west, there still are tracts of land and acres of forest waiting for development. The east is by no means exhausted yet. What is needed in the Maritimes, however, is some of the western spirit. Natural resources will never accomplish anything without enterprise, and men of enterprise and spirit are wanted down east. It would seem as if a portion of the stream of immigration might very easily be attracted to Nova Scotia and its sister province if a systematic attempt were made. So far, practically, no effort has been put forth in that direction, and as a result, Canada, in the minds of most outsiders, means Manitoba and the North-West. The tide will continue to flow mostly westward, but there is room for some of it in the east. Why should we not have a great East as well as a great West?

Our Savings

IN a recent issue reference was made to the growth of the savings idea in Canada. Some figures which have been made public since then show even more conclusively that Canadians are a money-saving people, and that they rank in this respect among the thriftiest in the world.

There are about a million and a half savings depositors in Canada, and their aggregate deposits amounts to no less than $420,000,000, or over seventy dollars per inhabitant of the entire population. This includes the government, chartered, and special savings banks.

A grave injustice was done to Canada in the last report of the United States Department of Commerce, where these figures were reduced to one-seventh. In that report the savings deposits in Canadian banks were given as $60,000,000, which is less than the amount shown by the post-office and government banks alone. As a matter of fact, however, the great bulk of Canadian savers make their deposits in other banks than these, and to base a report upon such incomplete statistics is manifestly unfair, the more so because it will have a wide circulation. It is, however, considerable satisfaction to Canadians themselves to know that they have the saving capacity so well developed.

To Keep out "Alien" Money

ONE of our Canadian M.P.'s proposes that the circulation of American money in this country be made a criminal offence. His purpose is to force out especially the American silver which circulates in considerable quantities throughout Canada. It will be remembered that only a few years ago, during the silver scare in the United States, the American coin and silver-certificate money then passing in Canada was subject to a heavy discount; when the scare subsided, however, the money once more went at its face value in the ordinary channels of business, and a considerable amount of it is now in circulation, especially near the border. At the same time, Canadian money is still discounted in the United States, and great inconvenience is sometimes caused by the refusal of hotels and business houses to accept it at par. Should we continue to submit to discrimination of this kind, while taking their money as freely as we use our own?

The proposition to make the circulation of this "alien" money a criminal offence is, however, somewhat extreme. We have not yet reached so independent a stage but what we are willing to receive the cash

patronage of our neighbors, and so long as they offer us their money we will probably accept it. To do otherwise would be foolish. But having accepted it, to continue it in circulation in this country is not desirable. We have our own coinage and scrip, and foreign coin should be converted into this at once. To facilitate doing this, and as a means of getting rid of American silver, the Canadian Bankers' Association is making an arrangement with the Government to take it from the public, thus substituting our own money without the necessity of making the other illegal.

An Experiment in Taxes

REDUCING taxes on dwellings is the means by which Toronto hopes to remedy the present house famine. For the past three or four years the demand for houses has been increasing enormously, and though building operations have also greatly increased, they have not nearly kept up with the demand. Overcrowding has resulted. and quite too large a portion of Toronto's population is uncomfortably housed. The natural remedy for such a condition is to build more houses, but investors have not been anxious to put their capital into the class of moderate-priced houses most wanted. Among other reasons for this hesitancy has been taxation.

A by-law presented to the voters at the recent municipal election and carried by a large majority, provides for the exemption from taxation of all dwellings to the extent of $700. As this includes the poorest as well as the costliest houses in the city, an aggregate valuation of over twenty-five millions is involved, and the exemption of that amount means a general increase of 4.06 mills on the dollar. Naturally the manufacturers and capitalists, upon whom would fall the burden of the increase. opposed the scheme, but it was favored as a benefit to the small owners and a remedy for the house famine; discouraging the holding of land vacant, "it will encourage the building of houses," said its advocates, "thus increasing house accommodation."

Professor Goldwin Smith was one of the prominent opponents of the exemption, holding that it would be unjust to capital. The voters, however, looked at it from the standpoint of the smaller owner, as was to expected, and endorsed it almost two to one. As there is much to be said on both sides of the question, its ultimate disposition may be a matter of considerable debate, but so far as it would help to solve Toronto's housing problem, it is worth a trial.

Lumber for the Future

ONE of the largest railway companies in the United States, fearing a lumber famine in the territory in which it operates, is planting forest trees along its lines as a future source of supply. Foresight of this kind, applied as conditions might require, would be timely in Canada also, for here, too, the lumber supply is yearly lessening. Reforestration will be one of the live questions a few years hence, and is already receiving some attention. Two things are absolutely essential to the preservation of a future supply: that the reckless wasting of timber by fires and over-cutting be stopped, and that systematic replanting of trees be adopted as generally as possible.

In Ontario the system of forest reserves is being tried as a means of saving our lumber resources. Over two and a half million acres have been set apart as follows. A reserve in the counties of Addington and Frontenac, comprising 80,000 acres; a reserve on the north shore of Lake Superior, forty miles east of Port Arthur, with an area of 45,000 acres; the Temagami reserve, comprising the region surrounding Lake Temagami, an area of about 1,400,000 acres, on which there is estimated to be three billion feet of white pine; and the Algonquin Park, of more than a million acres.

The World's Supply of Gold

THE gold crop of 1904 is estimated at $340,000,000, the largest amount ever produced in one year, and some $15,000,000 ahead of 1903. The chief factor in the world's gold supply is now South Africa. The mines of the Rand were

seriously interfered with by the war, but have now recovered their normal position, and may be expected within a few years to produce no less than $200,000,000, or double their present output. Other gold-producing countries throughout the world do not promise so well. Australia is still maintaining a foremost place, but it is not considered that she has a permanent supply. The mines of the United States are hardly holding their own; while the Yukon may not be expected to ever reach again its past record, though it still has immense resources. South Africa is the only country in which a continual increase can be looked for.

To produce this large amount of gold involves an immense expenditure of labor and money. Is it worth the while? As a commodity in itself it ministers in no way to direct human needs, but aside from its place in the fine crafts it serves as a very useful standard of value. As such it is much safer than silver, and therefore has an economic importance. Moreover, all the gold that is mined seems to be quickly absorbed; there is use for all the market affords.

Fighting the Trusts

IT is a rather unique coincidence that the agency through which the modern trusts and combines have been most bitterly fought should itself be one of the chief victims of trust methods. The daily newspapers have furnished a natural means of attack on these "business pirates," while in certain sections of the United States they have been undergoing what is perhaps the best recent example of monopolistic oppression.

The press of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan has, after ten years' fighting, succeeded in bringing the Paper Trust before the Federal courts. For years these newspapers have been paying exorbitant prices for their printing paper, and it now transpires that all the paper-making firms in the three states are united into one general company. This, as told by one of the leading journals concerned, is how the Trust does business: "It has been impossible, since this trust obtained complete control, to do business with anyone else, or to do business with it except upon its own terms. It districted the country, assigned to each mill its territory, and told each consumer when and where alone he could buy. If he did not like the price asked, he could refuse to pay it, to be sure; but he could also go out of business, for there was no one else of whom he could buy."

But the methods of the Paper Trust are identical with those of all the trusts, and the others are equally fit subjects for judicial investigations as this. The same general objections apply to them all, their common purpose being to "kill competition and capitalize its corpse." It happens, however, to be an admirable test case, and the investigation before the United States court will, no doubt, have wider results than its immediate effect upon this particular case. The time seems ripe for a war on trusts, and if they can be killed before they gain a footing in Canada, so much the better.

Adulteration in Foods

SOMETHING even more despicable than the business methods of the modern trust is the adulteration of food supplies, a practice carried on nowadays to a surprisingly large extent. This, too, has been under investigation in some of the American states, and astounding revelations have resulted. It is found, for instance, that fifteen per cent. of the entire commerce in foods in the United States is adulterated. Flour, potatoes and vegetables are seldom adulterated, but nearly everything else is made to pass through various drug or chemical processes, either to preserve or flavor it, or in imitation of some other food.

Some of the tricks resorted to are quite harmless, such as ordinary coloring and the use of chemicals in artificial drying and evaporating processes, and the fact that the public is constantly using these goods without bad results goes to show that some forms of so-called adulteration are really not so dangerous as the pure-food advocates would have us think. But others are positively a menace to public safety, and may be at the root of much of the common

ill-health. In these cases adulteration ceases to be merely tricky and becomes properly criminal, and the effort to secure a national food law is important enough to deserve success. And not only foods are adulterated. What is still worse, the drugs which are used in medicines and prescriptions are tampered with. Out of 139 druggists in Chicago to whom test prescriptions were sent, only 31 furnished pure drugs, the others either adulterating or substituting. Preying thus upon the public health is deserving of penitentiary punishment.

Both as regards foods and medicines, there is no evidence of such wholesale adulteration in Canada, but if this kind of thing is being regularly practised across the line, Canadians have need to be wary of buying American food and drug preparations, unless from reputable firms. It is a fit case for higher tariff.

England Falls Short

TIMES are bad in England. Despite the optimistic reports that have been made whenever the industrial supremacy of Britain was called in question, the country is now in the midst of a depression which is making itself widely felt and causing actual suffering. Whatever may be the first cause, the fact remains that about thirteen millions of men, women and children throughout England are this winter in want. In London the situation has assumed the seriousness of a famine, and a number of relief agencies are at work, fighting the grim prospect of actual starvation. That is strange for rich and mighty London, but it indicates that something is wrong with industrial England.

The army of unemployed is not made up of tramps and incompetents. It is of course quite natural that when times slacken the first to be discharged are the least skilful ones, but there are thousands of capable mechanics and artisans now out of work, partly because of the cessation of building operations during the winter months and partly because of depression in the general industrial market. If, in turn, the reason for this depression be sought, it will be found to consist, in part at least, in the sharp competition of German and American industries, in England's slowness in adapting herself to changed conditions, and in her mistaken ideal of "plently to eat rather than power to earn."

At the same time, there are vast tracts of empty land in England waiting for workers. Agriculture is decadent, as Rider Haggard has pointed out in his book on Rural England, for the working people persist in crowding together in the cities, where just now they are starving, rather than taking up the vacant farms where they might at least make a living. It is to be expected, therefore, that among the schemes proposed for the relief of the hungering multitudes should be some looking to the settlement of labor colonies in the country, away from the grinding conditions of industrial depression. There is a chance on the farms, but industrially England has fallen short.

The Municipal Ownership Cure

AMERICA'S greatest peril, according to John Burns, a prominent British M.P., is in the growing power of the monopolist. This is the opinion of an outsider, but there are good grounds for it, and Mr. Burns is a man whose views on any subject are sure to be sane. In a recent article he points out how paramount the influence of the Trust and the Boss is becoming in America, and raises the question whether a sufficient number of patriotic citizens will unite to avert the conflict which must otherwise come before many years. The cure for the trust evil, as he sees it, is municipal ownership, and while his remarks chiefly concerned the United States, they are of interest to Canadians also, because we have already made a beginning in public ownership, and may, therefore, be said to have applied the trust cure in advance.

Municipal enterprise has made great progress in England, however behind that country may be in certain other respects. Over one thousand towns and cities own their gas works, electric lighting systems, water works, street car services, and other enterprises, and to exactly that extent the

monopolist has found it impossible to gain a hold. The experiment has been a success wherever tried. Public franchises, owned and operated by the public, have paid their way, and in many cases with handsome profits. In contrast with this: "Private ownership of public utilities in America has assumed the magnitude of a scandal that threatens to become a national crime."

Considerable publicity is being given nowadays to the methods and operations of the combines in the United States. With some of these, such as the Paper Trust referred to in a preceding paragraph, the municipality has no immediate concern, but the public utilities, such as water and light, belong essentially to the civic body. In Mr. Burns' testimony to the value and practicability of municipal ownership there is encouragement for Canada to continue in that direction.

A Nation that has Learned Quickly

LITTLE island Japan continues to surprise the world. It is frankly acknowledged now that she has shown how modern war should be conducted. Bravery and ingenuity have been known before, but every new war nowadays brings new problems, and the clever Japs have proved singularly successful in meeting these modern conditions. In doing so they have furnished a valuable object-lesson to other nations, which may now find it necessary to completely revise their military and naval methods. It needs the actual processes of a great war campaign to show how much a theory or system is worth, and the Russo-Japanese conflict has already given some startling evidence of this kind. This in itself is not remarkable, but that it should be Japan, a country so recently come into new life, is what surprises us all. Even now England, Germany, the United States, are discussing army reform, and it may be assumed that Russia is taking some of the lessons very seriously to heart.

But another respect in which Japan has surprised the world is her humaneness. She has learned within a decade not only skill but mercy. Ten years ago, when she won Port Arthur in the war with China, her victory was followed by a carnival of barbarity. According to her ideals then, a massacre was the fitting celebration of her triumph, and at that celebration the rest of the world shuddered. But when Japan took Port Arthur for the second time, a month or two ago, she was as humane as England herself could have been. Instead of massacre for the defeated there were honors of war, and instead of a barbarous victor was now a generous victor. And this in ten years—a significant evidence of Japan's progress. She deserves to keep Port Arthur this time.

Some Impressions

A New Railway Project

THANKS to the creative enterprise of McKenzie and Mann, a new railway project has materialized and will in all probability be pushed to fruition. It is no less than the incorporation of the Toronto and James Bay line which will shortly be constructed to Sudbury. With the interests of the Canadian Northern and the further construction of two lines, they will have a very important bearing upon provincial connections.

The first is to construct a line from the French River to Ottawa and Montreal and thence to the seaboard by using the Intercolonial, making connection meanwhile by a fleet of boats with the eastern terminus of the Canadian Northern at Port Arthur, giving practically a third transcontinental line.

The second line is projected from Toronto eastward to Ottawa, thence to Montreal, and connecting near Hawkesbury with the Great Northern of Quebec, which has lately been acquired by McKenzie and Mann, giving an entrance to Quebec city and the Quebec bridge. By this means Toronto will be given two new avenues to Montreal, seeing that the James Bay Railway will also be available.

Judging from these facts, there is no diminution of railway possibilities. The carrying power of the Canadian Northern will be greatly increased by the new development, also the principle trading centres of Canada will be brought into closer touch with each other. The new project is deserving of every support and will be a real boon to the newer sections of old Ontario. It will likewise introduce some healthy competition.

The completion of the transcontinental chain for this road is not yet contemplated, but the day is not far distant when such an innovation will be looked for and welcomed. The gratifying feature of the present enterprise is the willingness to use the Intercolonial, a road deserving of some consideration, but variously snubbed and neglected by other companies. Any increase in the usefulness of the Intercolonial will, we believe, be welcomed by the Government. Considerable results may, therefore, be expected from the efforts of McKenzie and Mann.

Kingston Locomotives

A recent order of ten Mogul engines from the Kingston Locomotive Works by the C.P.R. is an eye-opener as to the possibilities of Canadian manufactures. The fact that the Kingston product compares favorably with, if it is not superior to the American article, is a great encouragement to an enlargement of the enterprise.

Indications begin to appear that this industry and that of steel rail making have awakened the British iron-masters very unpleasantly, and there is a disposition to supplement the Canadian article, if sufficient encouragement were offered, in preference to the American-made engine. The Canadian industry is still quite inadequate to supply the field of demand. How much greater this will become through the newly-projected railways is easily apparent.

The New Point of View in Education

In all the progress that our modern age can show there is nothing more important than the change of attitude towards education. At last we have come to recognize that education is essentially a training for the business of life. And we are beginning to recognize that the most essential thing in life is the gaining of a livelihood. If we do not know that we do not know anything. If we cannot get that we cannot get anything. Provided we can get a living, everything is open to us. It is true of every class of people, from the day laborer to the professional man without exception.

Hence we are becoming direct in our methods and are going to teach the knowledge which shall enable men and women to live. Anything which does not forward that object is to be ruled off the curriculum. Not only are methods of instruction to be improved, but the whole subject-matter is to be most closely scrutinized. A great deal of useless matter is to be ruled off to make way for what will help directly in the attainment of the object desired.

What kind of education is necessary?

Evidently the modern world is on a business basis. Everyone, willingly or unwillingly, must take a part in the business world. Everyone must enter into commercial relations. The man and woman best fitted for these will get the largest prizes; others will receive their rewards in proportion to their ability and application, but neither the finest natural ability nor the most assiduous application can hope for the highest awards without proper training. A part of this training can only come from actual practical experience. But those who begin with the right sort of training will have all others at a decided disadvantage.

What constitutes proper training?

The most elemental is that which opens to us the field of knowledge, which enables us to make simple calculations upon it, and which empowers us to communicate to others the sum of our knowledge—in the loose language of earlier days, " the three R.'s."

The consensus of opinion of business men to-day is that not one of these elements is well taught. The youth of our day cannot read and understand any ordinary selection, cannot with accuracy make the simplest calculations, and cannot communicate to others, either in oral or legibly written language the few ideas they may wish to convey. The most elemental instruction is not imparted in such a way as to make it available for use when occasion demands it. Evidently we must secure the elements, the foundations first.

Those secured, we can pass to the most essential knowledge. Evidently this is the knowledge which is required in every-day business life. Personal finance may be considered, first, as relating most directly to the individual—insurance and other forms of saving, and the keeping of accounts. Next comes the larger commercial relations which are only an expansion and extension of the personal affairs.

What commerce is concerned with, how it is carried on, production, transportation and distribution. The individual who does not understand something of these cannot enter intelligently into ordinary commercial life.

Hence such subjects as the Geography of Commerce and the Economics of Industry, with some knowledge of Industrial Processes, are to be given a place in the curriculum of those who are to enter intelligently upon the business of life.

Those who possess this practical knowledge will experience no difficulty in finding a place in the world of commerce. Others will seek in vain to sell unmerchantable in-

formation. It is a practical age, and if we would sell our services we must be able to offer such as are of proven practical utility.

In the past, the men who entered commerce were not able to secure such practical knowledge in any school. They had to acquire it slowly and at immense cost of time and labor. To-day this knowledge is being gathered and systematized and offered to the public. The youth of this generation can secure this knowledge if they will seek for it in the right places, and they can utilize their unproductive years in preparing for the years when they must expect to apply it.

The competition to-day demands it. The old time "education" will not suffice. For the alert ones are mastering the best of the new education, and so equipped, will monopolize all the good places and reap the rewards of their more practical instruction. The mere day laborer will more than ever complain of the smallness of his wage, while the commercial world will offer its immense rewards to those who have something more to offer than simple manual labor.

Thinking people see justice in this, in offering higher rewards for a higher kind of service.

For most young people it is not yet too late to profit by the new ideas in education, which have gradually gained ground in our more progressive and more practical age. In most cases it will be useless to look for the practical carrying out of this newer point of view in old institutions of learning. These are still very largely pursuing the old impractical lines. The change there must come slowly. In those which have made any change at all, any attempt to meet the demand of the age as embodied in the new point of view, the change has been very reluctantly made, and as yet is very small. They are hampered by *tradition*.

If you would get the new point of view and profit by it, you must seek it among those who stand for it, and who are making a deliberate attempt to carry it out.

By the Aid of Bill Jones

By Walter E. Gunn

It was Thursday afternoon in the great departmental store of Crandal & Co., and the tide of bargain day shopping had reached its flood. Over to the right on the ground floor, Dave Livingstone, chief of the book section, stood leaning against the side of his office door. He liked and disliked the scenes of activity before him. It was true a splendid general business was being done in the area under his special care, and the extra quantity lots of "standard authors" would melt away before this, the first week of their advertised sale, but those boasted "library sets, worth $5.00, for $2.39," were atracting no attention.

"I'm stuck," he mused, "four thousand of 'em, sixteen thousand volumes in all, and stock-taking only five weeks away."

He was about to turn on his heel when along came the advertising manager, William Jones, called Bill all the way down from the august floor-walkers to the most irreverent broom boys.

"Hello, Livy; you're looking out of sorts."

"Come into the office," was the reply, and then, with an imitation of indifference, "why should I worry?"

Once inside, Livingstone threw off every vestige of reserve. They were neighbors' boys and life-long friends.

"Bill," he began, "I can see trouble ahead for me."

"Oh, you've always got some dire foreboding," interjected the other, laughingly.

"I'm in dead earnest, if ever a man was."

"Don't tell me now," said Jones, continuing his banter, "wait and see how you feel in the morning."

Livingstone ignored such good-natured raillery, and went on:

"When I was in New York three weeks ago I ran across what looked like a good chance in library sets—small oak-finished book-cases containing four well-bound volumes of classical works."

"I don't like that word 'classical,'" said Jones, becoming serious at once.

"Neither do I now—that's just what makes 'em slow. People shy at the word 'classical.' They want something 'popular' or up-to-date."

Jones was about to dismiss the whole subject with a word or two of encouragement, when Livingstone arose, closed the office door and returned to throw himself into a forward attitude of extreme confidence.

"In this store," he explained, although Jones knew it to many a man's sorrow, "it costs a department manager his job if he loads up with an unsaleable line. Each section is a store in itself and must stand alone when the profits, losses and stock sheets are made up."

"That's right," assented the ad. man, reflectively.

"Well, this morning, Mr. Crandal remarked with a glaring significance, that the new library sets had developed 'a touch of the slows'—weren't moving very fast, and at the present rate of sale would stick like barnacles."

Just then an imperative young printer's devil came, *via* the advertising branch, with "a bunch of proofs for Bill Jones." The latter made a move to go.

"I'll think it all over and see you again in the morning," he said, and then, by way of amendment, "but you'll not be here tomorrow? Well, then, I'll come up tonight."

II.

When he arrived at Livingstone's home about eight in the evening, it was with an accompaniment of mental notes on alternative plans for a brisk clearance of the library sets. Cigarettes were lighted, a few

nebulous clouds blown high in air, and the preliminaries were at an end.

"I've canvassed the whole situation," was Bill's introduction, "you must either call on Reynolds in New York to-morrow and induce him to take back the bulk of the goods, or else launch a courageous advertising campaign that'll sweep the decks. If you decide to accept the initial course, quantities of future business will have to be guaranteed to the jobber for coming to your aid, and it's just possible he may demand advanced prices on early deliveries. In any event, your department will be out the freight both ways."

"A resignation rather than that," declared Livingstone, emphatically. "I won't sacrifice every shred of business sentiment and honor to the mere holding of a situation. If a man can't qualify for a position on his merits he should be reduced to the ranks. Besides, it would be making the firm pay for my mistakes and incompetence."

"Your're a brick, Dave, and an orator, too," cried Jones, emphatically. "I knew you'd turn down that proposition. Order me to start a big advertising campaign at once. You can't lose."

Livingstone was dubious at first, but seeing no other course open, eventually agreed. He argued, however, that the necessary decisive selling should be sought for at the Xmas Sale, now only three weeks off. In this he was strongly opposed by Jones, who insisted that an event of such importance would be minimized by the low-priced attractions of other departments, and must be brought on without delay.

After a veritable flood of argument, the latter's opinion prevailed, and Jones received orders to commence a generous series of sale ads. at once.

"Win or lose, my department is charged with the newspaper bills," cautioned Livingstone, "use all the space necessary, but not a single line more. I'll leave preparatory orders for the assistant manager, and be back myself in time for the opening, Tuesday morning."

On the way to the metropolis, the step he had taken seemed a rash one to Dave Livingstone. If the sale failed, there would be a big hole in his small savings before another situation as good as the present one was secured. And then his wife, so susceptible to worry, would conjure up an endless train of disasters. During the entire journey he weighed and measured, and measured and weighed. Now the "pros" were up and again the "cons." Finally a compromise caught his fancy, and he wired Bill:

"Keep big sale ads. out of morning papers. Letter follows."

The telegram reached Jones soon after "copy" had been sent down to the different composing rooms, and his first impulse was to have it returned.

"Here, Fred," he called to the office boy.

Then a thought struck him, "Dave's married, I'm single." The messenger was dismissed, down came the roll top on his desk, and he hurried to the book department.

"I know you've received instructions from Mr. Livingstone," said Bill to the assistant manager, "but let me urge upon you the necessity of having the most perfect arrangements for the sale of the library sets—clear counters for inspection, at least one hundred price cards, announcements in all our bulletins, extra clerks, and a dozen auxiliary cash boxes for the pneumatic tubes. I'll see to it myself that you get the two best Craig Street windows."

When Dave's special delivery letter arrived the next morning, Bill read what he had already surmised, a veto of the remaining ads. and the expression of a wish that the sale hang fire till Xmas week, when it would command better chances of success.

The note was carefully folded, creased, and laid away with the telegram in Bill Jones' inside pocket.

And the big sale ads. went on.

III.

"Gee whiz!" yelled an office boy, as the great front doors swung open for business Tuesday morning. "I guess the bargain hunters are out for fair."

Down three main aisles six hundred of them rushed to the rotunda, and, converging about a vacant orchestra platform, swung in a swirling, whirling current away to the right. Fluttering ribbons at next to nothing, were no attraction; shoe, shirt, and clothing specials caught but scant attention—it was library sets the main force of the economists were after! Cash boxes banged and whistled, clerks flew hither and thither, customers elbowed and jostled. All the visible calm was with the store's watchful detectives, who stood in plain clothes on the edge of the crowd.

Not till noon, and only at intervals during the rest of the day, could one read the signs, through the crowd, on the front of the counters—

$5.00 Library Sets, $1.98, brass rods and curtains free till Friday.

. . . . . .

Elevators were too slow—up the stairway he leaped, two steps at a time, and into the ad. branch.

"Bill."

"Dave."

"You got my telegram—and the letter?"

"Yes, here they are."

"So you kept them to clear me if you failed?"

"Sure, but don't say a word about it, old boy," said Bill, and he laughed as he led the way to lunch.

Collingwood, the Head of Navigation for the Great Lakes

COLLINGWOOD, a town of 7,000 inhabitants, is situated on the Georgian Bay a distance of less than seventy miles from Toronto in a direct line, but ninety-five miles by the Grand Trunk Railway. To the north of the town stretch the calm waters of the bay, while the Blue Mountains skirt along its western border and protect it in a great measure from the severity of the western winds. To the south and west lie some of the most fertile districts of Ontario. Indeed, it is a recognized fact that the surrounding portions of Simcoe and Grey are unsurpassed for their product of grains, and especially of all kinds of fruits, such as apples, plums, pears and peaches.

With other parts of the province the town is connected by the Northern branch of the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto and by the North-Western branch from Hamilton, which connects at Georgetown with the main line of the Grand Trunk east and west. It is also connected by the North Grey Railway with Meaford, a flourishing town, twenty-two miles further west.

Perhaps the possession on which the town prides itself most, next to its picturesque and salubrious location, is its harbor and magnificent dry-dock. Within the past seven years the government have expended some $600,000 in deepening and protecting the harbor, so that it is now one of the safest, most commodious and in every respect the finest on the Georgian Bay. On the north-east the harbor is protected by a pier running out some 1,800 feet, and the north-western side is similarly defended by a breakwater extending from the shore out to the channel, so that when vessels once enter the harbor, which is easy of approach in all weather, they are immediately within a perfect shelter. The dredging done by the government within the past few years has given a 22-foot channel to the entrance and a 20-foot channel to the elevator and wharves.

The dry-dock is a most important feature of the harbor. It is the only one of its class on the lakes in Canadian waters. The dock is 520 feet long, 84 feet wide and 18 feet deep, affording accommodation for the largest vessels on the lakes. The walls are constructed partly of cement and partly of cut stone, the floor is formed of three feet of concrete and cement, and the gate is a huge floating pontoon. The well is likewise constructed of cement and is furnished with a pump and engine capable of drawing off the entire contents of the dock in two and one-half hours. The dock with its accessories is estimated to have cost about $540,000.

The dry-dock, however, is merely one of the component parts of the steel shipyard. This enterprise was undertaken a few years ago by some of the prominent citizens in conjunction with Capt. Alex. McDougall of Duluth, of whaleback fame. Already a number of steel vessels, including the *Huronic* of the Northern Navigation Co., have been built, and a large amount of repairing is annually done, many vessels wintering here for refitting and repairs. The buildings have this year been completed and the machinery fully installed, so that the company are in a position to do all parts of the work in their own shops.

The financial men of the town have long taken a warm interest not only in shipbuilding, but in the owning and management of steamboat lines. The chief merchant vessels plying in and out of this harbor at present are the boats of the Northern Navigation Company. Besides these are the *City of Windsor*, the *Telegram* and various tugs engaged in general work.

Scarcely less important is the fishing fleet which consists of tugs and a large number of sail boats. Most of the fish landed at this port is handled by the Dominion Fish Co. and is largely exported to American cities. It is estimated that 300 people are interested in the fisheries of the town.

The Collingwood Meat Co. is another of the important industries of the town. The buildings which were thought quite sufficient at the inception a few years ago have already been increased to double the original capacity. The Company gives employment to about 125 hands, and is of great benefit to the surrounding country as well as to the town itself. The output has in the past totaled over $1,000,000 per annum, and under the energetic management of Mr. Peter Paton promises still better for the future.

Another valuable industry is the Charlton Saw-mill which employs 125 to 150 men. This mill is equipped with the latest modern machinery and produces annually about 20,000,000 feet of lumber, besides 5,000,000 of lath and large quan'' es of staves and headings. Mr. T. J. McClennan, the Manager, is

considered one of the most skillful producers of lumber on the Georgian Bay, and since locating here has ably retained his reputation in this respect. There is also another mill known as Cooper's which cuts a considerable quantity of lumber during the season.

Among the newer industries is the Collingwood Furniture Company, the factory of which was only completed and the machinery installed during the past year. The buildings are of a substantial character, and the boiler and engine, which were built by the Collingwood Shipbuilding Co., are powerful and perfect. The machinery which is partly from Canadian and partly from American makers, is all of the latest design. The factory is up-to-date in every respect and is turning out beautifully finished goods.

Messrs. Tobey & Co.'s tannery in the east end has long been established, and at present is doing a greater business than at any previous period in its history. The product is entirely confined to sole leather, which is manufactured by a special process.

The Northern Iron and Steel Works, formerly the Cramp Steel Company, has also expended large sums in buildings and plant. The Imperial Wire Company has erected a number of substantial buildings and installed a large amount of modern machinery for drawing wire and making nails. They have already begun to operate. Messrs. Cameron, Shipley & Co.'s grist mill is another flourishing industry of much immediate benefit to the town as well as to the surrounding country.

There are three builders' factories, two of which, that of Messrs. Wilson Bros. and the Bryan M'f'g Co., do a large outside trade in dressed lumber as well as in all kinds of builders' supplies. All three take contracts for complete buildings, and give employment to between two and three hundred hands.

Telfer Bros. Biscuit Factory is well known for its famous products as far as the Pacific coast. Its capacity has been doubled during the past year to meet the growing demands of their western trade. There are numerous other small industries, such as laundries, marble works, bicycle works, boat-building and the like. The Collingwood market, for numerous reasons, is one of the best in this part of the country. The town has also a number of first-class hotels, a good opera house and several other public halls.

Most of the religious denominations are represented, and the leading ones have beautiful and commodious churches. A very fine library building is the gift of Mr. Carnegie, and the site a gift of two prominent citizens of the town. The schools, which are ample to meet the needs of the town, consist of a Collegiate Institute, a large Central School with sixteen rooms, and three other ward schools.

Journalism is represented by two good weeklies, the *Bulletin* and the *Enterprise-Messenger*, each having a well-equipped printing plant.

There is also a General and Marine Hospital with a full staff of physicians and nurses.

There are four banks, Toronto, Commerce, Montreal and Ontario, also agencies for the leading insurance and loan companies.

One of the striking features of Collingwood is its large and beautiful stores, some of them the finest to be met with in any Ontario town. Indeed, all the shops are assuming a city-like appearance, a natural consequence of their large and ever-widening trade. Nor should we omit to mention the large wholesale businesses which reach out for the trade of New Ontario, the Sault and the West. The most prominent of these houses are C. Stephens & Co., T. Long & Bro., Telfer Bros. and A. H. Johnson.

The municipality owns its own system of waterworks and electric light, so that citizens are able to secure these privileges at low rates, and to enjoy whatever profits arise from their operation.

For several years the town has been laying granolithic sidewalks, and now possesses more of these permanent walks than perhaps any other town of its size. A beginning has also been made in the construction of permanent streets as well as in the building of a sewage system.

There are two spacious and delightful parks. The town park containing twenty acres is occupied by the buildings of the Great Northern Exhibition Association, and has a half mile clayed race-track. The second park, which also contains about twenty acres, is situated on the lake shore. It is covered with the original cedars and is a delightful spot, visited by picnic parties and tourists throughout the summer.

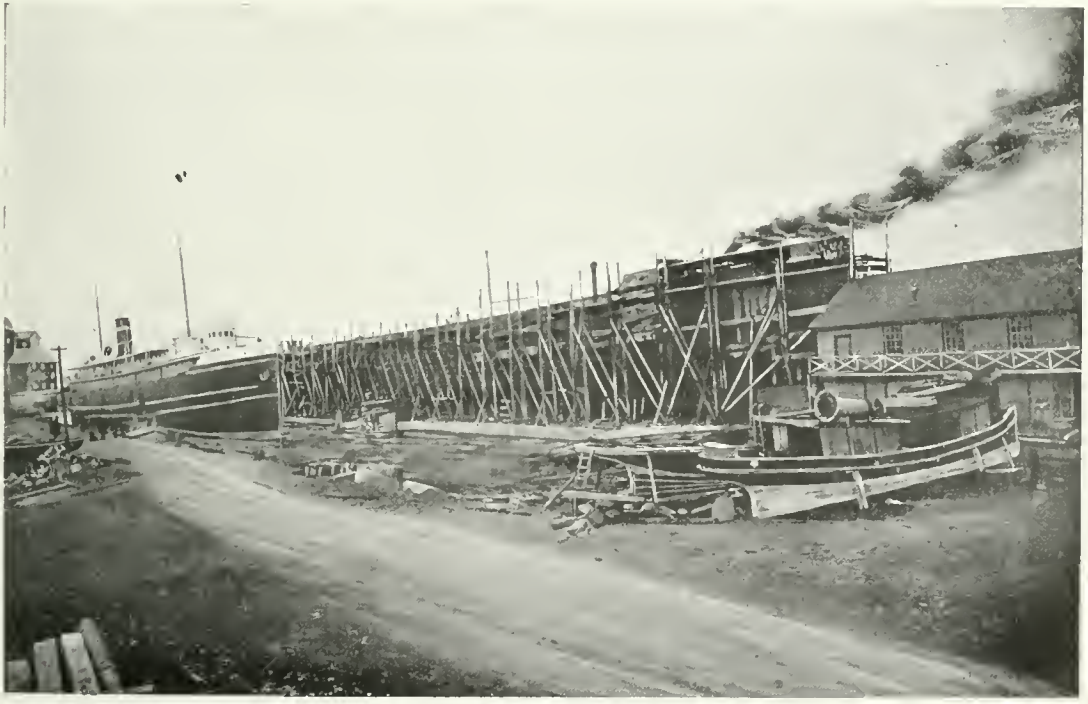
With its shady parks, clean streets, well-kept lawns, beautiful private residences, lovely drives, and a location free from malaria, Collingwood is a most desirable place to live in, cool in summer and sheltered in winter.

1. Bell's Block. 2. Henderson's Block. 3. The Town Dock with Elevators in distance. 4. Post Office. 5. Grieve's Block.

General View of Town Looking South.

View of Dry Dock.

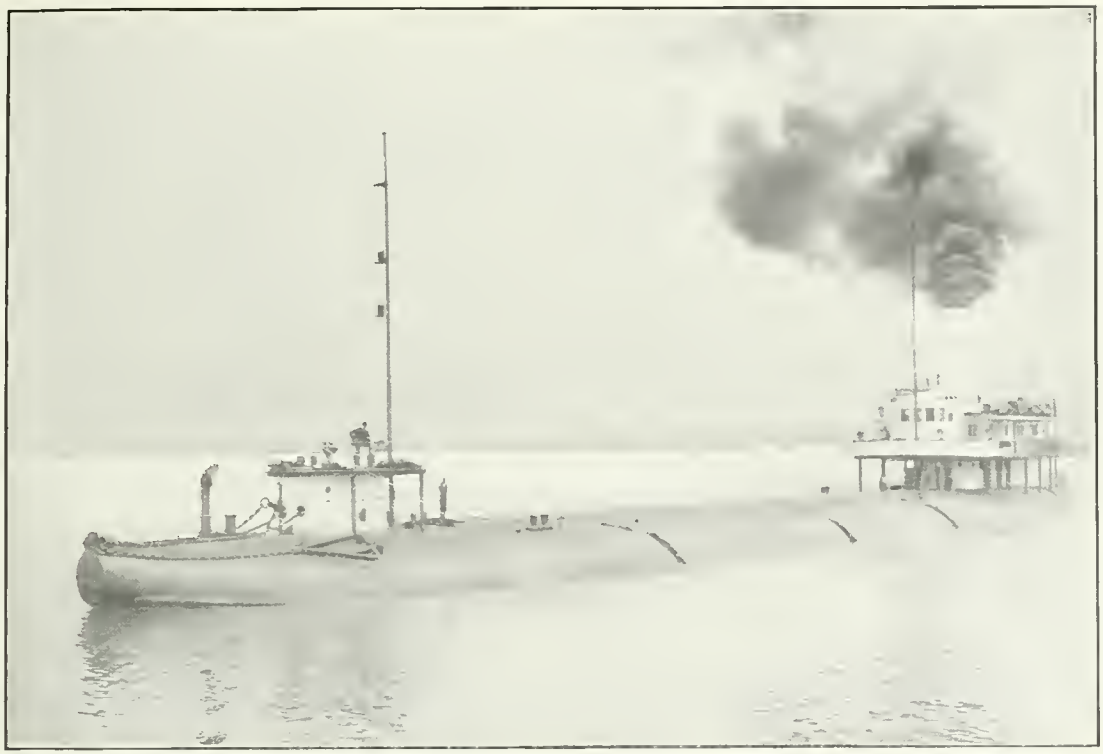
Modified Whale-Back.



View of Shipyard.

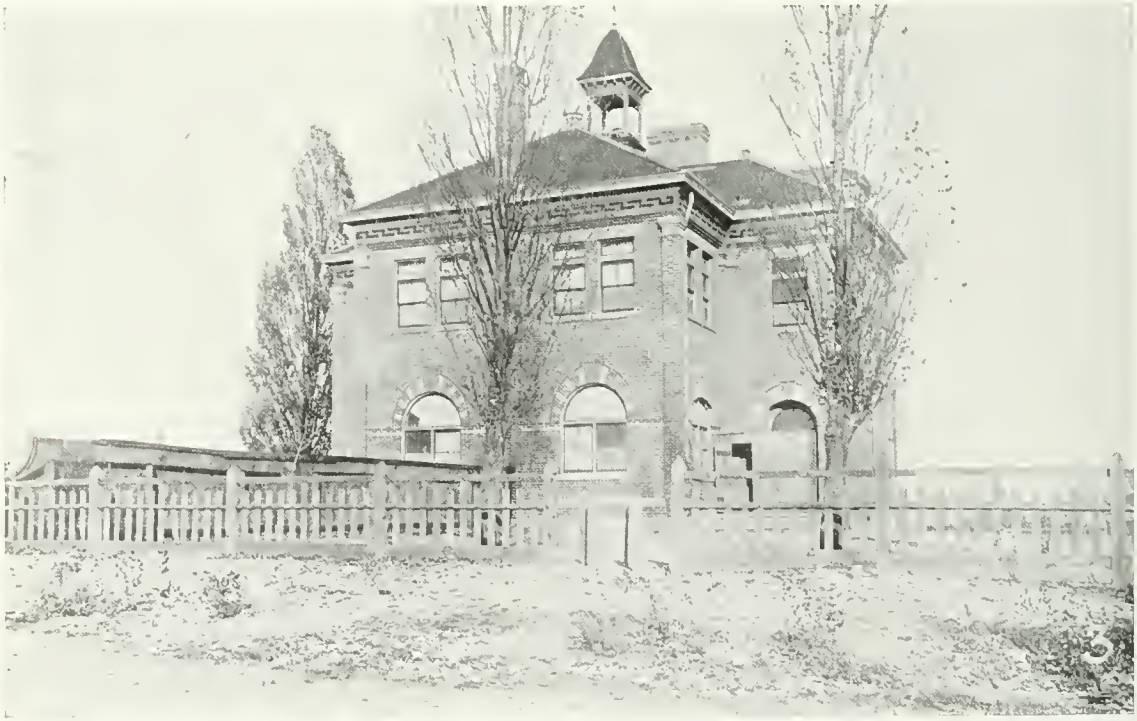
The Elevators and Harbor.

General View of Harbor.



The Whale-Back or "Pig."

S.S. "Huronic"—North-West Transportation Co. of Sarnia.



1. The High School and Collegiate Institute. 2. The Town Hall, Court House, Opera House and Market.
3. The East Ward Public School.

1. Manitoba House. 2. Canadian Bank of Commerce. 3. Hurontario Street, looking North.

1. Grand Central Hotel and Ontario Bank. 2. Dominion Hotel and Stephens-Foule's Block. 3. Carnegie-Long Library. 4. The Globe Hotel. 5. The Arlington Hotel and Stephens Block.

1. Wilson's Block. 2. The Temple Building. 3. The Connell-Telfer Block. 4. Trott's Block.
5. The White, Long and Cameron Blocks.

1. Dr. McFaul's Residence, 2nd Street. 2. M. S. Bryan's Residence, 2nd Street. 3. E. R. Carpenter's Residence, 3rd Street.
4. Dr. McKay's Residence, 3rd Street. 5. F. F. Telfer's Residence, 3rd Street. 6. H. G. Telfer's Residence, 3rd Street.

1. Mennonite Church. 2. Baptist Church and Sunday School. 3. Presbyterian Church, cor. 3rd and Maple Sts. 4. Methodist Church, Maple Street. 5. St. Mary's (R.C.) Church. 6. Church of England.

1. The Collingwood Furniture Co.'s Works. 2. Peterman's Planing Mill. 3. Tobey's Tannery.
4. The Northern Iron and Steel Co.'s Works.

1. Pretty River. 2. The Driveway. 3. "And the breakers on the beach making moan."
4. 3rd Street, looking West. 5. Pine Street, looking North.

Central Public School.

The General and Marine Hospital.

A False Arrest

By D. D. DESHANE

When Bruce Holden alighted from the train at Toronto, with a small grip in one hand and an overcoat thrown carelessly over the other arm, he failed to notice a fashionably dressed young woman coming directly toward him, intent on boarding the outgoing train. He was made aware of her presence by coming in violent contact with her, and as he turned to apologize he was met with a stony stare from a pair of cold gray eyes, which seemed to take him in from head to foot in one glance. Without the least acknowledgment of his hasty apology, she ascended the steps to the train, leaving Bruce lost in wonder and admiration.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "what a beauty! But a deuce of a temper, I'll wager!"

As he hastened along the platform his eyes caught the glitter of something bright hanging from his coat, which on examination proved to be a lady's gold watch and a few links of chain, which were caught on a button of his overcoat.

"Now, how the deuce did that get there?" thought Bruce, as he disengaged the chain and held the watch at arm's length, surveying it with dismay. "Must have got caught when I ran against Miss Gray Eyes, and pulled off when I gave the coat a wrench. Such a foolish fad for women to wear a watch pinned to their persons! But what shall I do with it? Guess I'd better give it to this policeman," as he saw an officer approaching. This he did, telling the policeman how it came in his possession, then adding:

"I think if you were to advertise it the owner would soon put in an appearance, for, if I'm any judge, it is a valuable timepiece."

He had barely time to catch his train, and in the hurry and bustle of business the matter slipped completely out of his mind.

Three months afterward, as he hurried along one of the busy streets of Niagara Falls, he discovered that he was being carefully followed. Turning sharply around to see who it was that took such an interest in his movements, he was confronted by a burly policeman, who, placing his hand heavily on Bruce's shoulder, said:

"Young man, I arrest you on a charge of theft! Come along now, and give an account of yourself."

"What the dickens do you mean, sir? Why are you detaining me? Don't you see I'm in a hurry?"

"Too much of a hurry! It don't go with me, young feller! That game's too old, played out in fact; come on, now, and no more foolin'. Miss Carling pointed you out to me as the man who stole her watch in Toronto, and I reckon Miss Carling knows what she's talking about."

"Why, I never stole anything in my life! There is some mistake here, my man; don't detain me, please; I have an important appointment to keep, after which you'll find me at the Prospect House if you still persist in this absurd charge."

"No, you don't! I've caught my fish and I'm going to land him;" and despite Bruce's protests he was led along to the police-station.

After a short delay, Miss Carling appeared to press the charge against him, and Bruce at once recognized her as the young woman with whom he had come in contact on the Toronto platform. The episode of the watch returned to his mind, and instantly he understood the reason for his arrest. Of course, he was released as soon as his explanation of the affair could be corroborated by telegram, but too late to keep his appointment. As he angrily left the police-station, Gertrude Carling approached him, and frankly extending her hand, said in a sweet, winning voice:

"Mr. Holden, I hope you will forgive me for my absurd mistake."

Bruce took the proffered hand, and although he felt rather resentful, his voice was quite pleasant as he said:

"I suppose your suspicions were quite natural under the circumstances, but they have caused me a lot of trouble and annoyance, nevertheless, besides compelling me to miss an engagement which meant much to me. But I suppose I must make the best of it, Miss—Miss—"

"Carling is my name—Gertrude Carling, and I do hope you'll forgive me for my unjust suspicions! I might have seen that you were a gentleman, not a thief."

"Why, yes, I forgive you readily," answered Bruce, much mollified. "Carling, did you say? I was on my way to keep an appointment with a man of that name. I wonder if by any chance you could be related to him?"

"I am the daughter of Henry Carling, and if it should be he whom you were on your way to see, I am sure I can satisfactorily explain to him your failure to keep your appointment."

"Henry Carling, President of the Little Giant Gold Mine?"

"The same."

"Then it was your father whom I was on my way to see when I was so summarily detained."

"If your business with my father was so important that your detention will cause you trouble, I am sure I can explain and make it right for you."

"I fear not, Miss Carling. You see, he only gave me till ten o'clock to close an important deal with him, and it is now nearly two. I needed the money so badly, too," he added, almost unconsciously.

"Where are you stopping?" she asked, eagerly.

"At the Prospect House, and here it is. Well, good-bye, Miss Carling! I am glad you no longer think me a thief."

"Good-bye, and don't despair! Perhaps I may be able to cry quits with you yet," and she went on her way smiling brightly.

Bruce dispatched a message to the office of Henry Carling, and on receiving an answer fixing an interview for the next day, he set out for a quiet walk, his mind occupied with thoughts of Gertrude Carling. What a pleasant girl she was, and so different from what he had supposed after that haughty stare with which she had favored him on the Toronto platform. He wouldn't mind being arrested every day if it would result in winning the friendship of such a noble-minded girl. But what had he in common with the daughter of a wealthy mine owner? Nothing! Then he tried to turn his thoughts into other channels, with the result that he thought more about her than ever.

Meantime, Gertrude hurried home, determined to explain the cause of his delay to her father, and repair in part the wrong she had done. How quietly he had taken it, when all the time she could see how disappointed he had been! He needed money, too! She wondered if he would be much offended if she were to offer to lend him some. But no, he was a gentleman, and such a course was out of the question. The only thing she could do was to persuade her father not to let his detention interfere with the "deal," whatever it might be.

Henry Carling and his partner were in the former's library when Gertrude arrived, and as she passed the open doorway, she overheard some words which caused her to pause and listen with bated breath.

"I can't imagine what has detained the young man," her father was saying. "He seemed more than anxious to sell his invention, and when I offered him five thousand dollars for it he nearly went wild with delight."

"Perhaps he has had a better offer," said his partner.

"No, no! He had no conception of the value of the machine, and when he placed it in the mine on trial he fairly trembled with excitement, fearing it would fail. He has expended almost his last dollar in perfecting the thing, and is practically penniless. That's why I offered him such a small figure for it. I would readily give one hundred thousand dollars rather than have him remove it from the mine; but what's the use when we can get it for a

mere nothing? The question is, Why is he not here according to appointment? I have the cheque made out, feeling sure he would be on hand to accept it."

Gertrude had heard enough. She was both shamed and grieved at her father's eagerness to take advantage of the young inventor's simplicity and poverty. The enormity of this offence, she felt, justified her in playing the eaves-dropper, and the knowledge so gained she determined to turn to Bruce's advantage.

Bruce was agreeably surprised that afternoon as he was leaving his hotel for a walk, to meet Gertrude Carling at the very door.

"I am glad to have met you, Mr. Holden," she said, after a pleasant greeting. "I have something important to tell you. Are you going for a walk? Then I will join you—if you don't mind?"

Bruce did not mind; on the contrary, he was both pleased and happy to have her accompany him. Being a stranger in a strange place he had been feeling lonely and wretched. He might have called it homesickness, but having no home he could call his own he was at a loss to account for the feeling of dejection which sat so heavily upon him. Now he felt strangely elated, and as he looked wistfully into her clear gray eyes, he said, in a voice which was rather unsteady:

"You are very kind to a stranger, Miss Carling; but I hope it does not spring from the belief that you have wronged me. I have been more than repaid in your kindness for the inconvenience I suffered through your mistake, which, after all, was but natural."

"Mr. Holden, I do not want you to misunderstand my motive in seeking you out. I do think I have done you a very serious wrong, but it is one I hope to be able to repair, and that is why I have sought you to-day. I have learned something of your history, and know that you are an inventor. You have a machine used in mining which you have been trying to sell to my father. Is it not so?"

"Yes, and I have received a message from him appointing an hour for me to call to-morrow, so I may be able to make the sale in spite of the delay."

"How much has my father offered you for your machine? Don't think I ask out of idle curiosity. I have a good reason for wanting to know—one you will know later."

"Five thousand dollars," said Bruce, in surprise.

"And do you think that a fair price for your invention?"

"To tell you the truth, Miss Carling, I had hoped to receive more, but your father rather discouraged me, and I suppose I'm lucky to get that much. Five thousand dollars means quite a lot to me, and I can't afford to let such an offer go by. I went to great expense in perfecting my idea, and then a lot more time and money were spent in getting it placed on trial, which left me in rather a bad shape financially. Oh, yes, I shall take the five thousand, all right, and glad to get it!"

"Don't take it!"

"What?"

"Don't take it, I say! Your machine is worth many times that, and you only have to ask more to receive it."

"But I don't understand."

"Please don't ask me to explain, but when you call on my father, ask one hundred thousand dollars, and refuse to take any less."

"One hundred thousand! But that is too much. Your father will never consent to pay that," he said, looking doubtfully at her.

"Will you trust to my guidance in this matter? I know what I am saying, although I cannot explain, and if you will only do as I ask I am sure you will not regret it."

"Oh, of course, I am quite willing to follow your advice, but I can't help thinking I shall lose the sale by so doing."

"You will not! Trust me for that."

"But, Miss Carling, I couldn't have you intercede for me, you know."

"No, no! I haven't mentioned it to my father, nor will I. You will not fail?"

"You have my word that I'll ask your price, but I am still doubtful of the result."

"Doubt as much as you please, only stick to your price. I must leave you now. Keep up your courage and all will be well," and he was left bewildered and wondering.

Sharp on time he was ushered into the presence of Henry Carling, and as he faced the haughty mine-owner his courage all but deserted him, but he recovered himself quickly and entered the battle with zest.

"Well, sir," said Carling, "you failed to keep your appointment yesterday."

"Yes sir, I was unavoidably detained, and am sorry if it caused you inconvenience."

"I am not accustomed to holding over a business engagement, and should make this no exception to the rule, but as I have decided to purchase your machine and have offered you five thousand dollars for it, I am prepared to give you a cheque for that amount as soon as you have signed this receipt."

Bruce had fully recovered his courage now, and looking the wily man of the world straight in the eyes, he said steadily:

"I am not prepared to accept that figure, knowing as I do the real value of the machine."

"But I thought it was understood that you were to accept the price offered if your machine proved a success?"

"You might have thought so, but such is not the case," answered Bruce, determined not to be bullied.

"And what do you consider the real value of the thing?" his thin lips curling in a sneer.

"One hundred thousand dollars," said Bruce without a moment's hesitation.

"You are joking, young man!"

"I assure you I am not."

"No? You must be off your head, then, for you will never get that price for it—from me, at any rate."

"I certainly will not take less, so I suppose there is no need to prolong this interview," said Bruce, rising to depart, but with a feeling of keen disappointment at his heart.

"Who told you your machine was worth that sum?" asked Carling, hastily, as if fearing his visitor was about to depart without giving him another chance.

"That is neither here nor there! The question is, Do you want it?"

"Not at that price; but I know some one has been trying to undermine me in this deal, so I will make you an offer of twenty-five thousand for it, and that's my outside figure," he said emphatically, watching Bruce out of the corner of his eye.

"I must refuse again," said Bruce, warming to the battle of wits.

"Fifty thousand, then! I will not be outdone by any one."

"Let me see," said Bruce, consulting his watch, "I have been here just fifteen minutes, and in that time you have jumped from five to fifty thousand. No, the thing is increasing in value too fast to sell now; I think I'll hold on a while longer," buttoning his coat.

"One hundred thousand, and be damned to you!" said Carling, desperately.

"Ah! I thought you'd see the value of it!" said Bruce, quietly, although he was consumed with secret satisfaction.

"But I don't see the value of it! It is not worth half that much, but I'll not be beaten by any underhanded scoundrel in existence!" and he dashed off a cheque as if in fear that the price would go higher.

Bruce could scarcely credit his good fortune, and as he sought his hotel he longed for some friend to whom he could make known his success, one who would understand and enjoy his rapid advancement from poverty to comparative wealth, and whose congratulations would add to his happiness and encourage him to greater efforts. He did not forget to whom he owed his success, and wondered if she would be glad for his sake, or if she would merely think it a debt well paid. She seemed kind and sympathetic, and perhaps had been actuated by kindly feelings; if he might call and thank her he would be able to form a better opinion of her motive in helping him against her own father. What a pleasure the friendship of such a girl would be! But he could never hope to secure that; she was too far above him in rank. The cheque in his pocket was for-

gotten in his thoughts of her, and more than one passer-by looked curiously into the yearning eyes and took note of the handsome figure of the young inventor. But he heeded not, turning off into a shady lane that he might be alone with his thoughts.

Fate, or providence—Bruce would have called it luck—seemed to have him in special charge this day, for it so happened that Gertrude Carling had been calling at a house at the end of that very lane, and was returning just as Bruce threw himself down on a rustic bench beneath the branches of a thick spreading tree.

She saw him first, and hastened forward with outstretched hand, saying eagerly:

"Did you see my father, and did he give you your price?"

"Yes, Miss Carling, thanks to you, I am richer by one hundred thousand dollars," said Bruce, almost indifferently.

"Oh, I'm so glad! You will not mind about your arrest now, and I can feel that I have made amends for my part in it."

"I did not mind before! I was glad of it, in fact, because through it I had met you. You make too much of what transpired yesterday, and had I failed in disposing of my machine I would have felt amply repaid in the kind words you had spoken to me. I had hoped that your kindness had sprung, not from the mistaken idea that you had wronged me, but because you felt a kindly interest in the affairs of a friendless man," and he looked wistfully into her eyes.

"Not friendless, surely, Mr. Holden! Any one would be honored in possessing the friendship of a man such as you!"

"Miss Carling, I have never known the meaning of either friendship or love. Will you listen to my simple story?"

For answer she placed her hand in his, and together they sat down on the old bench, while in subdued tones he told the story of his life.

"My parents died when I was very young, leaving me to the care of an uncle, a farmer in Canada, whom, I am sorry to confess, I did not like. He put more work on my young shoulders than I could bear, and farm work being distasteful to me, I ran away. With only a few silver coins in my pocket, I landed in Toronto one bright spring morning, and set about to make my fortune. I will not weary you with the story of my early trials and struggles, but it was uphill work for me from the start. After suffering untold hardships I finally mastered the trade of a machinist, and then I began to plan and think for myself, saving my earnings and spending my evenings in study. During all those years I made but one friend, a young fellow, my own age, whom I loved as a brother. Poor fellow, he is dead now, killed in the machine-shop before my eyes!" His voice grew soft and tender and he looked away to hide the emotion that showed so plainly in his face. The mention of his dead friend's name seemed to awaken some tender memories, and he went on in a tone of half soliloquy: "How often I have envied him his mother and sisters! How often have I wished he could share with me their love as he was always willing to share his last dollar! And he, who had everything to live for, was taken, and I was left!

"It took me years, Miss Carling, to perfect the machine your father has purchased, and what now? I have one hundred thousand dollars, but I care nothing for it because I have no one to share my good fortune, no one to stretch out a glad hand and congratulate me. I could go on and do better, but why should I? There is no one in this whole wide world to care whether I succeed or fail, and I don't care for money in the way most people do. This sum, with my simple way of living, is sufficient to last me a lifetime, so why should I strive for more? That is how I feel, Miss Carling; those are the questions I ask myself, and the answer will not come."

Several changes had passed over Gertrude's face as she listened to his but too common story. The look of interest she had worn when he began had given place to indignation at the hard usage he had received at the hands of his uncle, and this had changed to sympathy and sorrow as his story progressed. But all of these had been superseded by pride in his achieve-

ments and success, and as he finished, almost unconsciously to herself, she nestled closer to his side. Her shining eyes looked frankly into his, and in an eager, questioning voice, she said:

"Oh, Mr. Holden, if I could only say something to encourage you to go on! You are bound to succeed in all things if you will only not give up. Can I do anything to help you? Ask what you will, and be sure I will not refuse!"

"Miss Carling, you can understand now the hunger that is gnawing at my heart. It is not much to you, perhaps, that which I am about to ask of you, but it means a great deal to me—your friendship. Am I presumptuous in seeking as a friend one so far above me in the social scale?"

"No, no! I am your inferior in everything! I have been an idler all my life; with unlimited means at my command I have accomplished nothing, while you have done wonderful things, and against such fearful odds, too. Oh, I do want to be your friend—if you think me worthy—but I must do something great and noble before I can feel myself your equal."

"And do you really feel like that?" a glad light in his eyes.

"Indeed I do!" earnestly.

"Then you have done the noblest thing possible in giving your friendship to one so much in need of it. I can go on now, having money to carry me through, and come success or adversity, there will be happiness in the knowledge that there is one who takes an interest in my affairs; one who will rejoice when I succeed, sorsow when I fail, and encourage me in all things. You have made me very happy, Miss Carling, and perhaps a little bold, but you will forgive me that, I trust," and his eyes searched hers wistfully.

"You are more modest than bold," she said, looking frankly at him. "It seems so little—a girl's friendship!"

"I am satisfied—that is, perhaps not quite satisfied, but content. If I now possessed the name and wealth I am determined to earn for myself, I might say more."

"Say what you will, Mr. Holden, or I will think you already repent of our compact."

"Do you like me, Gertrude?" he asked, abruptly.

She was startled at the question, and dropping her eyes in confusion, she stammered:

"Why, yes, of course! How could I be your friend if I did not like you?"

"Did I frighten you? Don't think that I intend to take advantage of your kindness! When I asked if you liked me I expected nothing more. You have been accustomed to the society of better men than I, and, for aught I know, may be the promised wife of some man worthy of your love, but I could not help wondering if I should come to you when success has crowned my efforts and ask for more than I have received today, if you would care to listen?" Her heart was strangely stirred by his tender tones, and she answered, tremulously:

"I am no man's promised wife, and I shall always be pleased to hear anything you have to say."

"I shall remind you of that, some day, soon, I hope," he said joyously. "But you must not grow tired of waiting if the time seems long."

She was silent a moment; then, looking archly into his eyes, she said:

"Don't you think it would be safer to tell me now?"

"But do you understand? I love you, and want your promise to be my wife! Not at once, but when I am in a position to offer you the luxuries to which you have been accustomed. Do you think you could learn to love me in time?"

"I have learned already! How could I help it when you are so brave and noble?"

Bruce's happiness was so great that he could find no words in which to answer, but, heedless of who might be looking, he took her in his arms, and inwardly blessed the mistake which had led to his arrest.

The Canadian as Humorist

By Eldon Gray

Some years ago a famous Scottish writer—none other, indeed, than the writer of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"—visited Canada, and in the course of one of his lectures discussed and illustrated by anecdote various forms of national humor. He pointed out, in a most vivacious manner, the differences existing between the humorous ideals of European nations, and ended his classification by declaring that he could not understand American humor—it was too broad for his appreciation, but altogether characteristic of a nation which stretches from New York to San Francisco. After the lecture a young Torontonian observed, thoughtfully, "I wonder if there is such a thing as the Canadian joke—as humor which is distinctly Canadian."

The subject is not unworthy of consideration, if it be true that a man is known by what he laughs at. But, in the first place, we can speak of Canadian humor only in terms of comparison. We are neighbors to a people who have called themselves the most humorous nation of the earth, although in wit they yield the palm to the French, and it would be difficult to find among the nineteenth century writers a man who has contributed more to the gayety of the English-speaking nations than has Mark Twain. It may be admitted that Canadians understand the American joke much more readily than the Englishman does. This quicker understanding comes about, not because the latter is incapable of seeing a joke (which is the common accusation), but because social conditions enable the Canadian to grasp the amusing element, which is often foreign to the European. But there is an element in American humor, especially that which, like Lochinvar, "comes out of the West," which is not appreciated by most Canadians, and which is positively distasteful to the older generation. That is the seeming blasphemy and irreverence which characterize much of the light-hearted jests which come to us from Oregon and Wyoming.

An instance of this difference of viewpoint was embarrassingly brought home to a man from the Western States who gayly told of how a lynching party got hold of the wrong man and administered summary justice, and of how, when they discovered their mistake, the leading lyncher exclaimed to the widow of the innocent man, "Well, ma'am, I reckon you've got the joke on us this time." To the surprise of the narrator, his Canadian audience was unmoved to smiles, and he expressed his disgust to one of his hearers afterwards. "The trouble is," explained the said hearer, "that in Canada we respect law and order, and it's hard to make us see the fun in lynching the wrong man."

In the matter of humor, as in so many other things, the Canadian stands half way between the Englishman and the Yankee. Yet he can, perhaps, get more enjoyment out of *Life* than out of *Punch*. Canada was visited by several distinguished Englishmen during the autumn of 1904, and one of these took occasion to remark, in a manner exceedingly mild, that Canadian and American journalism is somewhat too personal in tone. Assuredly, in humorous anecdotes concerning public men, we go much further than the British papers, and yet no Canadian publication of a humorous nature, with caricature of prominent citizens, has led anything but a precarious existence. Why? One authority declares it is because we like to import our jokes, and another says it is because our daily papers give sufficient of the enlivening element.

The French-Canadians have remained socially and lingually so distinct from those of British origin that we have small opportunities of judging what will be the final effect on Canadian humor of the infusion that may come from the Gallic strain in

Quebec. There may be noticed in several of our young French-Canadian orators a delicate play of wit, a tactful fashion of exhibiting even an opponent's weakness which is quite different from anything else on the continent. It lends a grace to debate and keeps controversy from degenerating into violent contention. It certainly gives piquancy to our complex characteristics, and in the long years to come, when, it is to be hoped, the French and British Canadians will come to know each other better, the light and vivacious features of the former will vary our Saxon conceptions of men and manners.

A writer in the *Windsor Magazine* once declared that Canada is more akin to Scotland than to any other country. Now, we all know what Sydney Smith was unkind enough to say about the Scot's inability to appreciate a joke, but, as the author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" very happily pointed out, the Scot quite often sees the joke, but disdains to give it too ready recognition, in fact, likes to take it into his "conseederation." Humor is not to be too lightly treated, but is to be subjected by the critical man "frae Glasgie" to searching test. Never was there man readier with retort than the citizen of that same old town of Glasgow, and he has left his traces on Canadian life in a certain dry distrust of anything which sounds too much like gush. Among the great men of Canada there have been two political leaders who afforded a curious contrast in this matter of jesting. Honorable Edward Blake, whose name is reminiscent of Galway, and who now represents a constituency of the Emerald Isle, was essentially grave and serious in the House at Ottawa, while his famous opponent, Sir John Macdonald, whose name, also, sufficiently indicates the land of his ancestors, fairly sparkled with mirth and witticisms. Probably there is no Canadian about whose ready and merry retort there are more stories told. It was said of Sir John that he began a political campaign with a joke and ended with a smile. How much his bright, indomitable wit may have pointed his policy and contributed to his victory it would be difficult to say. A characteristic and not very widely known story is told of him after his defeat in Kingston. Popular though he had been, the crowd gathered in the market-place the night of election refused him a hearing. At last, raising his voice above the clamor, Sir John exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I'm going to do what the devil never did yet." This remarkable declaration created interest and drew attention at once. "Gentlemen," said the defeated statesman, bowing with friendly good-nature, "I'm going to leave you."

The average Canadian is not familiar with the jokes of the theatres, for the simple reason that ours is not a country of large cities, but rather of rural life. It may be noticed, however, at theatrical performances in Canadian cities, that the jests in American plays at the expense of those who have known domestic misfortune are seldom met with much applause. The simple conditions of social life in Canada have been such that alimony and South Dakota hardly appeal to our risibilities. A forsaken wife or a broken-up home are yet regarded as tragical rather than amusing, and most patriotic citizens will fervently hope that such a state of things may continue. For instance, George Ade's satires at the expense of American civilization lose much of their force when presented in a country where the millionaire is as rarely found as the genuine pauper. In the smaller towns, the church entertainment and the political meeting give occasion for local wits to brighten their neighbors' lives with bits of humorous philosophy.

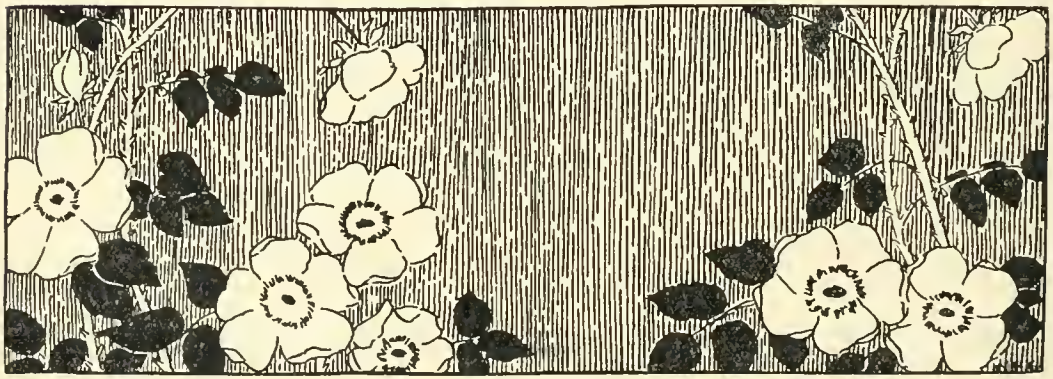
There is one respect in which Canadian humor resembles strongly that of the United States, and this feature is somewhat curious to the visitor from the Old Country. We all know what local jealousy or municipal rivalry means and to what crude witticisms it gives rise. An Englishwoman asked one day at a gathering of Toronto women, "Will you tell me what the joke is about Hamilton? Is there anything wrong with Hamilton?" Everyone smiled in a half-shamed fashion, and there was silence: but when the question was repeated a resident of Parkdale answered, hesitatingly, "Why,

it's a very pretty city, there's nothing wrong with it. It's just a joke." The surprised stranger persisted in true British fashion, "I suppose I am very stupid, but when they laughed at the theatre last week at some simple little reference to Hamilton, I couldn't see any fun in it at all. Do the Hamilton people have the same jokes about Toronto?" The Toronto maids and matrons looked sad and injured for a moment, and then a golf girl laughed, "Yes, of course they do. We really don't mean anything by it. Hamilton is one of the jolliest places I know, and when Toronto has a big fire Hamilton is the first to send us help, and we'd do the same for Hamilton. It's just a joke, but where it is I don't know." In almost every large town of Ontario you will find that there is a local joke at the expense of a rival town, and no mere outsider can ever get the flavor of such humor. In the United States there is the eternal enmity of Minneapolis and St. Paul, while New York and Chicago occasionally exchange municipal thrusts, although the American metropolis is rather above the average witticism concerning inferior communities. It is interesting to note, regarding this peculiar humor, if such it can be called, that it is more common as one goes West, in either Canada or the United States. Out on the Pacific Coast it flourishes almost to a violent degree, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling had occasion to remark when he visited Oregon and made certain observations which did not contribute to his popularity. In the East, on the contrary, the older communities seldom retaliate on the occasion of such jests. Boston culture has been for more than a generation the object of petty ridicule; but dear old Boston placidly bears it all and goes to its magnificent public library and proceeds to read Browning and Matthew Arnold. Montreal, likewise, seems to have outgrown the humor of municipal attack. But it must be admitted that to many Canadians such jests make telling appeal, and are not explicable to the stranger who is within our gates. Barrie sees something amusing in the aspirations of Orillia; Kingston smiles at the ambition of Belleville; while, if a London man came to a Toronto hotel and blew out the gas, it would be matter for serious consideration only, but if a Hamilton man were to be so absent-minded, Toronto might be sympathetic, but it would be wreathed in smiles from the Don to the Humber. Some day, however, we shall be old enough to lose interest in the local gibe, and in the meantime it is comforting to reflect that we have never gone as far as a certain town in Europe, which, some centuries ago, had an image of wood set up on the bank of the river, the said image forever thrusting a hideous red tongue at a rival community across the stream.

We must come reluctantly to the conclusion that there is no distinctively Canadian humor. We have the Englishman, with his good-humored chaff; the Scot, with his grim flashes that always suggest a bit of granite somewhere; the Irishman, with his irresistible drollery; the Frenchman, with his light heart that goes many a mile on the strength of a song. But there is no production of which we may truthfully say, "That is Canadian humor." It is curious that "Sam Slick," who many years ago wrote sketches correctly described as "Yankee" humor, was a judge of Nova Scotia, that picturesque province which has sent forth more than one talented writer. A Canadian crowd is nearly always good-humored, responding very readily to a touch of that humor "which makes the whole world grin." It may not be alert to catch the subtler forms of wit, but it is not in the nature of a crowd to be anything but crude. If it could with justice be said that Canadian people are lacking in humor, the charge would hardly be a laughing matter, for humor is one of the most sane and blessed influences in the world, and a sense of humor is more to be desired than much fine gold. It is as far removed from the senseless giggle of the vacant-minded as a Corot sunrise is from the chromo which accompanies a pound of tea. Canadians have not had an easy life. They have hewn their towns and villages out of the forest, sometimes during a generation. But it has been, altogether, a bright and healthful

life, with freedom all around them and progress ever ahead. But Canadians have not forgotten how to smile, nor have they been without the kindly influence of unsneering laughter. Nor is it at all improbable that in some future day one of the "best-selling books of the year" will be written by a Canadian humorist, who will have the merriment of Jean Baptiste, the fun of John Bull, the dry keenness of Sandy, and the blessed buoyancy of Paddy. I have been told that the following fine lines are by a Canadian woman, and whether that be so or not, they should be known by all of us, for they voice a truth all too seldom heard:

"And I heard the Spirit singing, 'Laughter is the
Strongest prayer,
And the zest of faith is measured by the mirth
That toys with care;
And he who plays the hardest, and dares to laugh
aloud,
Beyond the carven's shadows may some day
Work with God.'"



The Eradication of Camp Driggett

By Arthur Stringer

"THIS here Little Bill," said Timber-Line Ike, leisurely recrossing his long legs before the grub-tent fire, "were square and sociable enough for a Montana maverick. But Bill were always assertive. And not bein' bridle-wise, and havin' a unhappy capacity for nosin' out trouble about as perseverin' as a coyote 'll nose out carrion, I s'pose that affair with young Driggett of the Mounted P'lice did Bill a heap o' good. Which mebbe you'll allow when I take the wrappin's off and expose them various proceedin's.

"About a year after Bill ambled some hasty over the line from Montana, with numerous bullet-holes in his head-coverin', and a three-day old froth on his cayuse, he took to puttin' on consider'ble dog and got the idee he ought to have a homestead and settle down. Not bein' overloaded with Klondike clinkers, and not havin' the needed collateral, Bill acquires gratuitous a quarter section of sand and gopher holes in the foothills, up Cochrane way, and puts up a shack in the middle of his ranch, and calls her 'Villona Villa.'

"A week or two later Bill congregates seven or eight of the measliest lookin' steers that ever defaced a prairie landscape, addin' to this herd at odd times and in ways that mebbe wouldn't endure no prolonged lime-light of publicity on 'em. But Bill took a heap of pride in that beef of his, and got to enlargin' his idees on stock raisin'. First go-off he allowed his ranch were just a quarter section. Then he quietly takes in half a section Calgary way, and by-and-by absorbs another half section up Cochrane way. Then, seein' there was nothin' but prairie-dogs to interfere with Bill's idees of expansion, he flings a somewhat wider loop and ropes in a couple more sections of gopher-holes and sand on the north. And in about three months Bill has the firm-planted idee that he owns a good ten square mile of that foothill country. And I guess Bill were welcome enough to it, for the feedin' in that coulee were about on a par with the eatin' in a ord'nary alkali-swale.

"Now this weren't ample excuse for Bill gettin' so grievous big and lordly in his feelin's. But when he once got the idee in his peak that some one were jumpin' his claim, or layin' rails on his stated rights, Bill were a reg'lar human hornet.

"The openin' overture to this here calamity that blights Bill's buddin' career happens the season smallpox is uncommon bad among the Blackfeet. 'Tween you and me and this here halter-shank, I allow that weren't no grievous calamity, for this here North-West ain't goin' to wear crape on account of any departed Injins. But the Mounted P'lice at Calgary sees fit to bring in this new assistant surgeon called Driggett, for active campaignin' agin' the pest. Driggett were a little red-faced cuss, hungerin' to scratch his name on a slab of posterity—a cuss who'd founder a horse for the sake of blisterin' a fetlock. So when a gentle little ripple of nothin' more'n chicken-pox spreads through Calgary, this Driggett clean loses his lever-grip, and layin' it down as smallpox, has the authorities order a quarantine camp up Cochrane way. When Driggett is sent out to locate that camp he's that happy he lopes round singin' to himself like a Canadian nightingale. He fingers round the foothills for a nice dry and sandy spot, pretty quiet and even a trifle lonesome-like. Without consultin' our friend Bill, he locates on what Bill has long regarded as the south-eastern wing of his own partic'lar prairie domain. Bill mebbe weren't holdin' double-barrelled mort-

gages on that special section of sand and gopher-holes, but he got that worked up when he cast his eye down the coulee and discovered 'a small army squattin' most sociable on what he regarded as his own partic'lar homestead, that I allow he clean frothed at the mouth. This fact I subscribe to some certain, for Jim Lemon and me were both bunkin' tempor'ry with Bill at the time, bein' on our way from Macleod to Wetaskiwin.

"'Mebbe,' says Bill, with numerous bookays of speech that I ain't repeatin', pointin' down the coulee. 'Mebbe you see consider'ble settlin' and squattin' goin' on down below on this here ranch of mine. Well, just watch me while I cruise down and gently eradicate them claim-jumpin' anarchists.'

"Bill goes whoopin' down the coulee till he comes to where they'd set out a impertinent line of little red flags, markin' off their claim in a nice reg'lar square. Bill rides his cayuse down this line, scatterin' them red flags most artistic as he goes. Then he bears down on the camp itself. But there weren't a sign of life in one of them half-dozen tents, and Bill is consider'ble cast down at not meetin' with opposition.

"He pours a couple of rounds into the canvas, kind of inquisitive-like, plantin' his bullets somewhat high. Seein' there's no response, Bill takes his reception pretty hard, havin' his mouth all made up for a somewhat strenuous and cheerin' welcome.

"But while Bill's rampagin' round camp pourin' lead into the tents pretty promiscuous, up rides this here little Surgeon Driggett, proud as a peacock, at the head of what he deems the finest convoy of quarantine patients ever corralled by a discernin' gover'ment.

"'What's the meanin' of this, my young friend?' asks the youthful surgeon, haltin' his train with a stately wave of the hand. He were consider'ble upset at Bill's gun practice and the way he was ruinin' them tents, but he keeps uncommon calm and quiet.

"'What's the meanin' of it!' says Bill, wavin' his seven-shooters in a genuine cherry-glow of consuming indignation. 'What's the meanin' of it! Why it means, my calm-eyed young friend, that I entertain some consider'ble and natcheral objection to this here cavalcade of land-grabbers invadin' my home-circle. And it means that I'm roundin' up this here immigration convoy and leadin' 'em pretty quick out of this coulee of mine!'

"The little red-faced surgeon smiles a smile like the tail end of a Chinook wind at this, and asks Bill if he'll please stop puttin' bullet-holes through his tents, while he endeavors to explain this apparent misdeal.

"'No,' says Bill, 'I ain't lingerin' round this landscape for exhaustin' arguments. I give you and your perambulatin' friends just five minutes to eradicate this here immigration outfit. If she ain't accomplished in that time, I do the eradicatin' myself!'

"'And you ain't listenin' to reason?' says Driggett, pleadin'-like.

"'Stranger,' says Bill, in that kingly way of his, powerful decided, 'I have spoke.'

"Driggett sits and thinks for some time, then he turns to Bill and says, with a somewhat disturbin' smile, 'Very well,' says he, 'I wash my hands of all final results in this proceedin'.'

"'Mebbe,' says Bill, not dreamin' he was meetin' his match in this here little red-faced pill-box, 'but meanwhile just begin that migratin'.'

"'You ain't givin' me a fightin' chance,' says Driggett, sorrowful-like, backin' off.

"'Are you goin' to move?' says Bill, playin' with his triggers. I guess that menacin' attitood of Bill's somewhat riles little Driggett. 'Yes, I move,' says he, backin' his train over into the red-flag square and then facin' Bill uncommon calm.

"'Hold on there, stranger,' says Bill, goin' off the handle again; 'that ain't the direction you moves with safety!'

"'I reckon yes,' says little Driggett, kind of wincin' at Bill's guns, but standin' on his rights. 'This here land inside these red flags is gover'ment ground, and I fear, my overbearin' outlaw friend, that mebbe you might have to face the charge of inter-

ferin' with a officer in the discharge of his dooty if you steps over thereon!'

"And he tries to lay out to Bill who he is, but Bill were too impatient to listen just about that time, and, moreover, bein' raised in Montana, Mounted P'lice and their ways weren't brandin' much beef with him.

"'What,' says he, 'you low-down, land-thievin', short-horned pill-box, do you reckon I'm swallowing any oratorical hand-out like this!'

"'Mebbe not,' says little Driggett, 'but I tell you plain and straight, stranger, if you cross this line and attempts any pirootin' round this camp your promisin' young life won't be worth much more'n a Siberian crab!'

"This mebbe weren't the most conciliating way to talk to Little Bill, and I acknowledges Driggett kind of makes a misdeal first hand round.

"'What!' says Bill, that hot he were splutterin' in the throat-valves, 'you onery little miser'ble under-growth, stunted varmint of a bone-scrapin' claim-jumper, do you s'pose I'm standin' here and allowin' a sucklin' babe to bluff me off my own cattle-range?'

"And with that Bill swoops down on the little surgeon like a bull moose. The little surgeon says nothin' but just backs his bronco in under the tent flaps. Bill thereupon jumps off his cayuse and sails in under that tent like a strikin' rattler, and if that little surgeon had so much as pulled his hands out of his pockets I guess he'd have been about as full of holes as a Klondike cullender-shovel. But he just sits there, lookin' Bill up and down with a quiet smile, and there's something so mysterious triumphant about him when he once gets Bill in the tent, that Bill cools down consider'ble.

"'I allow,' says he, 'I warned you most convincin', my fire-eatin' friend, for you're movin' on uncommon bad ground!'

"'Bad ground,' says Bill, makin' sure of his drop and proddin' his gun up agin' the little surgeon's chin whisker. 'Mebbe it is bad ground, and mebbe it isn't. But I guess I feel consider'ble at home on this ground, and ain't encounterin' anything as yet that's servin' to give me any special scare!'

"'No,' says the little surgeon, natcheral as though he was readin' it out of a book. 'the symptoms won't appear for several days yet.'

"'Symptoms!' says Bill, growin' threatenin'. 'What symptoms?'

"The little surgeon looks him up and down. 'Smallpox,' says he, wavin' his hand round to his patients.

"'What?' says Bill.

"'Why, my dear young friend,' says the little surgeon, 'ain't you aware of the fact that this camp is a gover'ment smallpox quarantine and that I've been warnin' you to keep alive for the last half hour?'

"'But I—I ain't took it?' says Bill, incredible.

"'No, you ain't *took* it. That's too mild a word. You've just chased it round and winded it and roped it down and sat on it. Why, all the time you've been wavin' that especially ugly-lookin' gun of yours round this tent you've been fannin' smallpox microbes like a bronco'd fan black flies!'

"Bill turns blue and green and yeller, and does a power of hard thinkin' in them two minutes' soliloquizin'. He looks round the tent again, kind of dazed, and then he turns on the little surgeon.

"'By the serpents of Saskatoon,' says Bill, sightin' his gun uncommon slow and solemn, and gettin' purple round the mouth, 'I'm goin' to blow the last flicker of daylight out of your dirty little hide for this!'

"'No, you ain't,' says little Driggett, takin' out his drug cases. 'I reckon you'll be needin' me some durin' the next few weeks.'

"'But, how d'you know I've got 'em?' asks Bill, that child-like and despairin' the little surgeon has to cover his mouth with his hand.

"'Why, you couldn't miss 'em,' says he, 'and I see it's goin' to be a uncommon hard case. But I'm goin' to do what I can for you, stranger, even though you have been a heap disagreeable to me. I'm not resentin' the fact that you've been slingin' round some uncommon mean language, and just to show there ain't no malice in the

matter, I'm willin' to nurse you through this here attack, for I like your proud and independent speerit,' says he; 'I do, indeed!'

"'Now I advises you to tend to all them earthly jobs that may be needin' any final touches,' says the little surgeon confidential to Bill, leadin' him out into the open air, 'for there's no tellin' how this here ailment is goin' to take you. Now, the thing for you to do right away is to go and isolate yourself. Get a tent, and camp out somewhere up the coulee where I can get at you twice a day. It may be some cold and a trifle lonesome, but I'll do what I can to keep you bright and chirpy. And if the worse happens, stranger,' says the little surgeon, lowerin' his voice and givin' Bill a look that made his knees fall in, 'I can have you put in with the reg'lar gover'ment remains, and it won't cost you a cent.'

"When that little cuss gets through givin' Bill advice and cheerin' him up with all the horrible and revoltin' details he can think of, Bill is that limp and broken you wouldn't reco'nize him. He trails out of that camp about as dejected as a wet prairie-hen, and crawls up to about three hundred yards of the shack and asks for his things, layin' special emphasis on the pail of lard. He says he'll take it uncommon grateful, too, if we'll keep an eye on his cattle for him for a month or so, and trails off to pitch his tent so meek and cast down that you'd never know it were Bill. Bein' a most genial and sociable cuss by natcher, both Jim and me allowed it must have been pretty lonesome-like and monotonous campin' all alone down there by the crick, watchin' for symptoms.

"That low-down little Driggett rides over twice a day most reg'lar, and goes away every time lookin' as cheery and pleased with himself as though he hadn't been sleepin' for two weeks in a leaky tent.

"But as time goes on we see that this here disease were hangin' on Bill most extraord'nary long. So we hold a council of war and decide unanimous to sneak down to the crick and look into Bill's case for ourselves.

"Bill were uncommon glad to see us, but he were doin' a heap of groanin' and moanin'.

"'The doc' says I'm rather low to-day, boys,' he says, pretty resigned.

"'He does, does he?' says Jim, who always had his s'picions of that young surgeon, pullin' down the blankets and runnin' his eye over Bill's six feet four of bone and sinew.

"'But he allows,' says Bill, with a proud and happy smile, 'he allows I'm makin' a powerful big fight for it!'

"'Mebbe,' says Jim, some cold.

"'Yes,' says Bill, 'it's the lard does it! Use up a pail of lard every two days now, and the doc' says if I just keep well greased for a couple of weeks more I'll be out of the woods. Kind-hearted cuss, that doctor! But this lardin' business do have its drawbacks,' says Bill, liftin' up the sod-cloth of the tent for a sniff of fresh air.

"'Bill,' says Jim, tryin' to hold himself in and speak calm-like, 'Bill, you ain't had smallpox and you ain't a-goin' to have 'em. This kind-hearted young doctor's you're throwin' bookays at has been guyin' you, Bill; for I guess mebbe he took that interferin' with his camp some hard.'

"'Say that again,' says Bill, dazed-like, slidin' out of his greased blankets same as a copper-head'd slide out of a knot-hole.

"'I say you ain't got no more smallpox than this here old cayuse of mine, for I've seen a heap of that ailment in my day, and deems it a uncommon obvious disease when you rounds it up.'

"Bill's language—well, Bill always were a loose-jointed cuss, and when he took to language he just let his tongue out like a Mexican lariat. In two minutes he's on Jim's cayuse, rampagin' down the coulee after that little surgeon like a Pembina breed after a whiskey flask. Driggett kind of gets wind of his approach and allows he's wanted some urgent back in barracks.

"Now, there was a race, I reckon, that has no equal in the annals of medical science. Bill weren't carryin' his guns, but I'll be tarnally treed if he didn't chase that doctor all the way into Calgary, and it'd have gone some hard with Driggett if the p'lice hadn't barricaded him up in barracks and hauled

Bill off and kept him three weeks in quarantine as a smallpox suspect.

"Before they turns Bill loose they transfers Driggett up north for keepin' sixty-three respectable citizens planted out in the middle of the prairie for a month when they had nothin' more'n chicken-pox. But the final stroke what crushes Bill is when that low-down vindictive little police surgeon comes and vaccinates Bill on both arms before leavin', feelin' purty certain that Bill were hungerin' to do considerable gun-practice on him before startin' back to his estate!

"It was pretty hard on Bill, I allow, but mebbe that's the only thing that kept Bill from runnin' amuck when they turned him loose, and gettin' himself disliked."

CANADA AND THE WAR

CANADA'S interest in the war between Russia and Japan has been that of an onlooker. We have followed the progress of the campaign almost as closely as that of the South African war, to which we had sent our own sons, and we have, in common with the rest of the world, taken a more or less scientific interest in the tactics of the two armies; but until lately we found no reason to be more closely concerned with how matters went in the Orient. About two months ago, however, the newspapers began to tell of the arrival at Montreal and other sea-ports of considerable numbers of Russian exiles. Then we began to see that, in one way, at least, the war in the East was affecting us even in Canada.

These ill-timed immigrants, arriving in the midst of winter, were exiling themselves in order to escape service in the Russian army. The heavy losses which Russia has sustained in the war have made it necessary to call out more men, and some of the peasants who feared that their turn might come next, deemed it the part of prudence to leave the country while they could. Those who have come to Canada are mostly Russian Jews, and their arrival here has brought new problems to be settled. They were cared for to some extent, on first landing, by their Jewish compatriots, and in Montreal the city authorities set them to work at clearing the streets of snow. But if more of these people come, what shall be done with them? Are they the kind of settlers we want in this country, and have they the makings of good citizens? In Canada we are somewhat suspicious of the Russians, having had experience with some of them already, and there is a strong objection, reasonable or not, against the Jews; but since these exiles are now here, it will be the simplest way out of the difficulty to give them a chance and see if they will make braver Canadians than Russian soldiers.

The Duplicity of Count von Ruess

By Donald Gordon Beaton

London in August! On the whole, there are worse places. One seems to have the teeming hive to one's self. The notable ten thousand have packed their portmanteaus, and have hied themselves away to their grouse shooting. Virtually I am alone. It has been a long time since I enjoyed the roar of London's multitude, and have trod the precincts of Downing Street. The sensation is rather pleasant, even in August.

Did I say alone? No, not exactly alone, for I met Count Von Ruess this morning, as I stepped from my hansom in front of the Foreign Office. I was not surprised, as one is likely to meet the Count anywhere under the sun. The last time we met had been in Russia, on the road between Kukui and Chadova. The Count was calmly contemplating the broken runner of his drosky, and was smoking an Egyptian cigarette. He was standing in three feet of snow, thirty miles from any habitation, and was swearing softly in four languages. His driver's face was piously turned toward Heaven. I proffered aid, and saw him safely aboard the St. Petersburg express, at Chadova.

Nothing but strenuous affairs bring a man to London in August. My business was with the Foreign Office and touched an agreement which had been drawn up between France and Russia. It was slight, but urgent. When one has to do with affairs diplomatic, one is under pressure exerted by the exigency of the moment. Personal convenience has nothing to do with them.

The agreement was not very important, but its existence was known only to three persons. It affected the inhabitants of a strip of country lying between the fourth and sixth cataracts of the Nile. They had long been a bone of contention between France and Russia, allies though they be, and to remove it, an agreement had been drawn up in settlement. As England's interests in Egypt were involved, our Foreign Secretary had had a roving eye upon negotiations for some time past.

It was understood between the contracting countries that there should be no copies of the agreement, and that the original should remain in the possession of France. As Russia's policy is never wholly sincere, and as her influence is not bounded by the walls of the Kremlin, the French Secretary quietly dropped the sealed envelope containing the document in the inside pocket of old Pierre Beauchamp's green coat; with the remark that he should leave it there until called upon to deliver. As the request was on par with many of the Secretary's little eccentricities, Pierre thought nothing of it. Old Pierre was the attendant at the doors of the Chamber of Deputies, and was entirely unaware that he was being made a receptacle for international treaties.

Until this morning, the whereabouts of the document were only known to the French Secretary of State, Pierre Beauchamp, and myself. My visit to Downing Street had been to place my information in the hands of our Foreign Secretary. For four months past I had been endeavoring to locate it, and, at last, acting on a hint from our embassy at Paris, I had arrived there from St. Petersburg about a week ago. Having found the nut, the cracking of it was light work.

I lunched in lonely state at the Union Club, and while there, ordered dinner for Count Von Ruess and myself. I looked forward to his company, as he is a man of wide experience and rare conversational powers. Further, and more to the point, I was desirous of learning what cog in the wheel of events had brought him to London in August.

The octagonal dining-room of the Union

Club is admirably suited to help one enjoy his dinner, and is really the most tastefully decorated room I have ever been in. The Count showed his appreciation of it and of his dinner. Bolton, who has grown grey in the service of the club, and who regards the octagonal room as his especial charge, served the courses in his own noiseless fashion. Nothing was lacking to make us feel that we were not favored among mortals; and when chairs were pushed back and tobacco lighted we talked and acted as men do when they have dined well and sumptuously.

From behind a cloud of smoke I was curiously regarding the Count. This man, with a French face, a German name, and a Russian office, has aroused complex feelings in many breasts. He speaks French as though he might have been born on the Rue de Rivoli; German as though The Lindens had sheltered him since a boy; Russian as though his home were the Winter Palace. There is the faintest blur in his English, but that might come from speaking foreign tongues. I have known Englishmen to return from their travels, during which they had habitually spoken another language, and their blur was more pronounced than that of the Count's. Kith or kin he has none, and, so far as the world knows, he stands absolutely alone; or, at least, has done so since his break with Prince Otto. The friendship which had existed between them had been as remarkable as the men themselves. When the rupture became public property Europe wondered and speculated, but learned nothing of its cause.

"Ah, Sir Harry, your little dinner has been charming," the Count smiled, as he dashed his coffee with cognac. "It has made this sweltering wilderness endurable for the few hours that I shall be in it."

He looked over the flowers and cut glass, and I nodded, smilingly.

"Of what are you thinking? I'll wager a pint bottle that I can tell you."

"Done, Count; tell me!"

The Count scrutinized me closely, and showed his teeth in a little smile of assurance.

"You were thinking," he said, slowly, "of what it possibly could have been that caused the breach between Prince Otto and myself."

"Your penetration amazes me. However, I was but wondering on a subject over which half of Europe has wildly speculated."

The Count flicked the ashes from his cigarette, and settled himself comfortably in his chair. He seemed inclined to talk; I was inclined to listen.

"I am in a conversational mood. If you should grow weary, blame your dinner and wines, not me. It has been my lot to arouse curiosity in many minds," he began, with fine egotism. "And perhaps it has been because of the solitary path I have chosen; perhaps it may be that I am peculiarly constituted. No one knows; I, least of all.

"Some men only allow themselves to become sentimental on the anniversary of their birth. Sentiment has never figured in my scheme of things. A year ago I had a large quantity of it thrust upon me. As this is the annual dinner of it, as it were, it clamors for expression.

"I have known Prince Otto for many years. Perhaps I have stood closer to him than any other man. Out of all the men with whom I have brushed elbows in my journey through life, he is the only one who has been able to draw from me the faintest spark of admiration. His utter disregard for law and conventionality, his world-known excesses and dissipations, and his iron will, commanded my admiration—not, you understand, for his deeds, but rather for the magnificent courage which lay behind them. We men, I surmise, like to see that strength which faces unflinchingly the world, the flesh, and the devil. Prince Otto rode rough-shod over everything that came in his way. He was thoroughly honest, and never sought to cloak a questionable action—and there were many such—under any pretext whatever. He feared nothing, nobody, and laughed hugely when his actions drew forth the criticism they so well merited. He bore no grudge against the world, and as long as it did not

interfere with him, he was disposed to ignore it. He could not brook opposition, and, therefore, none opposed him. He is what I call a strong man, and one whose nature is inherently disposed to run counter to the world. Accident of birth placed him in a high position. Were it otherwise, he would undoubtedly have been hanged. But we shall leave that for the causists.

"When he married, he did so because the principality demanded that he should have an heir. It was his sole concession to public opinion. The Princess Adela soon found that her life was likely to prove a turbulent one. She was finely constructed, both as regards intellect and physique, and was not content to adorn the foot of the Prince's table. She made the mistake of endeavoring to mould his actions to his station. The result is obvious. The Prince resented her interference; and she declined to have her name blazoned across Europe as the wife of the most dissolute prince on the continent. She retired to her estates at Parmelo, from where she endeavored to procure a separation. This the Prince bitterly opposed; partly, I presume, because it worried him to be beaten by a woman; and partly because, being once married, he did not wish to undergo the ceremony a second time. He set his face so decidedly against the separation that the courts, dreading his power, refused to act. Princess Adela promptly sought an audience at the Vatican, and His Holiness promised his aid.

"At this juncture it appeared that, when in her teens, the Princess had written a number of compromising letters to the Prince, which he said he had destroyed on their wedding-day. He communicated with her to the effect that the letters were still intact and in his possession, and if she persisted in her attempts he should make them public. This effectually quelled any overt rebellion on her part, and the Prince endeavored to bring about a reconciliation. She, however, proved unyielding, and the Prince, thinking that I might be more successful, proceeded to St. Petersburg, where I was."

The Count paused, and motioned Bolton to fetch more coffee. He added a lump of sugar, and again dashed it with cognac. He lighted another cigarette, and eyed me interrogatively.

"You follow?" he asked.

"Closely, Count; proceed."

"Affairs in St. Petersburg were being rushed at the time of the arrival of the Prince. What with turmoils in the far East, and this little agreement between France and Russia, and which is now—is now—"

The Count halted uncertainly.

"In the hands of our good friend, Pierre Beauchamp, in the Chamber of Deputies," I supplied quickly. "Go on."

"In the hands of our good friend, Pierre Beauchamp, in the Chamber of Deputies—thank you—my time was fully employed. The Prince refused 'No' for an answer, and I promised to leave St. Petersburg within the fortnight.

"My instructions were to interview Princess Adela, point out to her the error of her ways, the trouble, annoyance and publicity of the whole unhappy matter, and to beseech her to own Prince Otto's roof once more as her own. As a last resort I was to hold the letters over her head, and literally force her to recognize the supremacy of the Prince. Armed with the letters, I could not help but prove victorious.

"When I reached Parmelo, I learned that the Princess was visiting her cousin, the Duchess of Villonne, at her country seat, and that she would not return for five or six days. I settled down to one week's delicious idleness. I needed a rest, and in that delightful spot felt that I should not be wasting time if I remained quiet for a few days.

"On the second day of my sojourn, I learned that the Marquise de Monsigny, who, by the way, is an old acquaintance of mine, and a close intimate of the Princess, was staying at her villa. I paid an informal call, and was favored with an invitation to dinner on the following evening. The Marquise, in her charmingly graceful way, made me infer that the dinner was to be *tête-a-tête*.

"To one who has lived for any length of time amid the ice and snow of St. Petersburg, the warmth, color and charm of Southern Europe are infinitely pleasing.

To dine alone with the Marquise in her wonderful little villa is a boon bestowed upon few mortals. I counted myself as favored of the gods, and anticipated accordingly. Nor did the event fall short of the anticipations. You know the Marquise? Then to attempt to describe her would be an injustice.

"Now, Sir Harry, can you tell me why God has given to woman the power which makes a man lose that fine sense of control, that sense of splendid equipoise and logical sequence with which reason has endowed him? Can you tell me why it is that he loses all sense of proper perspective and is, under this influence, made to see only roses, the sheen of satiny skin, and the crimson dash of curved lips? No? Neither can I.

"Up to the time the Marquise de Monsigny invited me to dine with her, no woman had ever made my eyelid flicker; no woman had even inclined my pulse to hurry; no woman had even caused my blood to leap and race through my veins. It was reserved for the Marquise to do all three.

"We dined. Some hold that when eating a woman is at a disadvantage. She cannot be as witty, as entertaining, or as graceful as in the drawing-room. It is a mistake. As you may know, the Marquise possesses a fund of humor, a gift of sparkling wit; and under the spell of an exceptionally good dinner she grew satirically humorous, brilliantly cynical, and charmingly observant. We were at table two hours.

"She then led me into her favorite apartment—her Court of Content, as she calls it. Here was placed—attribute it to the dinner, if you will—all that was most pleasing to the eye and comfortable to the body. I sank into a deep-bottomed chair, and mentally exclaimed that my cup was running over. Not yet; again I was mistaken. She drew forth her violin.

"What did she play? My friend, she played, and every note spoke personally to me—to me, Von Ruess, one time a diplomat, practical, and hard-headed. She played, and through the weaving, wonderful melody, she told me of love, of green fields, of flowers, and of skies that smiled. The music floated in upon me, and I—we—stood in the rosy dawn of a new creation. I experienced pure delight; I tasted love, and felt rich, warm caresses on my cheek and brow. It would seem that I had partaken of some clear, rare wine, on whose radiant surface floated rose-leaves, crimson against the purple.

"When she stopped, I essayed to rise, but she forbade me under penalty of her high displeasure.

"Then she spoke, and, while I listened, I could feel my hold on the perspective slipping—gradually slipping. The world held only one thing now, and it was this lovely—dear Heaven, how lovely!—woman. Then she spoke of the Princess Adela—of her beauty and of her wrongs. I agreed. She said that Prince Otto was a brute. I agreed. She said that the Princess was an angel from heaven, and had never written any compromising letters. I signified a cordial assent. She said that the Prince should be ostracized for his wickedness. I heartily concurred. She implored me to tell her, on my honor, that Prince Otto had destroyed the letters, as he said he had done. I solemnly assured her that he had done so. Then she came behind my chair, and her hands nestled close to my cheeks. She entreated me to swear by all that I held most sacred that the letters were no longer in existence. I swore they were not; and further, that when Prince Otto said he had not destroyed them, he lied.

"I felt the bloom of her flesh at either side of my face. The perfection of her presence held me in thrall. I dared not move. I dared not endeavor to imprison one of the slim, cool hands. I dared not look up. I felt as though every drop of blood in my body were in my head. And then, ah then, there was a rustle of silken robes, a clasping of cool, slim hands, a flash of glorious eyes, a glimpse of crimson lips—and then I felt the fainest, most ethereal pressure of a mouth against my mouth.

"When I looked up, I was alone. That nothing might dispel the atmosphere of untoward events, a servant entered, asked me if I had rung, and handed me my hat and cane. As I passed down the broad staircase I heard behind me, a rich, low

laugh, which sent the blood tingling in my ears. In that night, I learned that I was not too old to flush. In a moment the cool air of the night apprised me that I was outside the door."

The Count paused, and thoughtfully lighted a fresh cigarette.

"The rest," he went on, "is not so pleasant." He smiled apologetically.

"When Princess Adela returned, I saw her immediately. When a woman chooses to wrap her dignity about her she can present a very formidable aspect. The Princess chose to do so. She informed me that she knew my errand, and also its futility. She utterly refused to consider my proposals. She stated that Prince Otto was a wicked man, and that she should never return to the principality. She informed me that he had lied to her. The letters which he said he held were no longer in existence. She said that she had the information from a most reliable source. She unpleasantly emphasized the reliability of the source. Being absolutely forestalled, I shook hands with her with as much grace as I could muster. Just as the door was closing behind me I heard a repetition of the musical laugh which had rung in my ears two nights previous. This time I winced.

"Prince Otto? I wrote him a letter, explaining, as best I could, the resistless tide of circumstances which had served to ruin my attempts to reconcile them. I awaited a reply at Parmelo for four days, and then returned to St. Petersburg."

"Then you have never—?"

"Never!" smiled the Count, as he lifted his cup to his lips.

I regarded him curiously. In some way the story fell short. I was striving to identify it with Count Von Ruess as I knew him. He read my perplexity in my face.

"My only indiscretion in forty-three years," he said. "There lies in wait a counter-check, and a Waterloo; whether they be by field, flood, or drawing-room. An unwritten law," and he smiled, genially.

The Count rose.

"Now, my dear Fawcett, I have you to thank for a most enjoyable evening. If you will excuse me," and he glanced at his watch, "I shall endeavor to catch the Dover express. I travel to Paris to-night."

At his request, I summoned Bolton. The Count desired a telegraph blank. Having written the message, he requested Bolton to have it transmitted immediately. I caught the tinkle of silver, and Bolton so far forgot his dignity as to hurry.

The Count leaned for a moment against the back of his chair, and his eyes came to rest upon the flowered dial of the little ormulo clock on the mantel.

"Ah, I see I have mistaken the time," he ejaculated, "I have still half an hour. We'll take it out in tobacco."

And we talked "shop" for thirty minutes.

I walked with him to his hansom, and shook hands heartily. For an instant he held mine, and said, "Sir Harry, I came from St. Petersburg to learn the whereabouts of the agreement. Pierre Beauchamp, Chamber of Deputies, Paris, did you say? My thanks are yours. I knew you were the only man who knew."

He showed his teeth in a little smile; the whip cracked, and the horse clattered over the cobble stones.

When I regained the octagonal dining-room I laid a hand on Bolton's shoulder.

"A brandy and soda, if you please." And then I sat down to think it out.

Evidently the Count had relied upon my interest in his well-told story to little heed an abstract query, if gracefully and ingenuously put. He had not been mistaken.

There was little use in telegraphing the French Secretary, as the Count's ruse regarding the spare half hour had given his message ample time in which to reach its destination.

Bolton entered, bearing my brandy and soda.

"Bolton," said I, apropos to nothing, "we are never too old to learn."

"No, sir," replied that faithful functionary, with a puzzled knot between his eyes.

I had learned what had caused the break between Prince Otto and the Count, and, quite incidentally, what cog in the wheel of events had brought the latter to London in August.

The Magic of the Red Arrow

By Theodore Roberts

I.

ONCE upon a time, in the great forest-lands of the north, three Indian boys rescued a brown hare from the cruel jaws of a lynx. They beat the lynx with sticks, and he sprang, snarling, into the woods. Then they carried the wounded hare to their father's lodge and washed and dressed its hurts. In a day or two the little creature was able to hop about the lodge and play with its rescuers. One morning, when the mother was busy in the maize field and the brave was afar in the wilderness, the brown hare paused in its gambols and addressed the children in a human voice and words of the Milicete tongue.

"My little friends," it said, "to-night I must take upon myself another form—the form of a crow—and fly westward a ten days' journey. Gluskap, the Master, has called me. It may be that I shall never see you again; so, to show my friendship and gratitude, I wish to present a gift to each of you."

The boys were dumb with wonder, and drew away, as if in fear.

"I shall name the gifts," said the hare, "and each shall make his choice now, in my hearing. To-night the gifts will come to your lodge door."

The boys drew closer, for curiosity had overcome their awe.

"First," continued the hare, "are the moccasins of the wind. With these on his feet a man's speed becomes that of the north wind and his endurance thrice that of the strongest stag. Second, is the wallet of plenty. With this at his belt a man will never lack either food or water. The third gift is an arrow of red wood, feathered with red and barbed with yellow metal."

"But what of the arrow? Is it no more desirable than other arrows, save for its beauty?" asked the children.

"It is of Gluskap's making, as are the other gifts," replied the other.

"Give me the moccasins, O chief," cried the eldest, "for then I shall be mighty in the chase and the battle, swift to overtake my enemies and to succor my friends."

"And give me the wallet," begged the second, "for it seems to me the most desirable of all the gifts."

The youngest clapped his hands together. "Then I may have the red arrow," he cried, in glee, "and all my days will be full of eagerness to discover its virtue."

"It shall be as you wish," replied the hare.

II.

The seasons passed. The eldest of the three boys won renown for his prowess in the chase, even at the age of sixteen years. His lodge was spread deep with the pelts of wolves, bears, and foxes. His advice was sought by the old men at the council-fire, and he led a war-party in time of danger. When he was twenty years of age, he was made chief of the tribe. His heart was full of pride and arrogance. And all this he owed to the magic virtue that lurked in the moccasins of the wind.

The second brother grew sleek and slow of foot. Neither the chase nor the battle tempted him to activity. For a long time the people wondered if he were not a great dreamer, seeking wisdom in meditation and day-long consideration of the firmament; but at last they realized that his wise deportment was due entirely to laziness. And all this he owed to the cooked meats and clear water that filled the wallet of plenty.

The youngest of the three brothers grew up to an undistinguished manhood. As a hunter he was no more skilful than many of his companions. He was well-built and a fine dancer, and also a maker of songs. He had many friends, and lived his life eagerly. But he won no glory beyond

the lodges of his own people. Many times he had put the red arrow to one test or another, but had always found it as other arrows save for its beauty. It shot no straighter and flew no farther than the other shafts in his quiver. But he kept it ever near him, ready for whatever might befall, for his faith in its virtue was undiminished.

In the early autumn of his twenty-second year the possessor of the red arrow left the village of his people. Something had called to him with a voice of allurement, turning his peace to discontent. He journeyed northward and westward, by whatever trails came most readily to his feet. Game was plentiful, so he did not want for food. When twilight overtook him, he sought the shelter of rock or thicket, and slept soundly, entertained by his dreams. On the evening of the third day of his journey he came to the edge of a great barren. It spread before him from horizon to horizon, treeless, but warmly tinted under the fading radiance of the sky. Here and there rough hummocks of granite thrust above the moss and juniper. In many places the ruddy partridge-berries carpeted rock and knoll. The voice at his heart and the unknown quest still lured him onward. That night he slept at the edge of the great barren. Early in the morning he set foot on its trackless breast. Sometimes he sighted herds of caribou. For food he killed the plump grouse that fed on the berries, and caught trout from the numerous cold lakes. There were no song-birds in that land. Snipe and plover called, with plaintive pipings, from hollow and hillock. One morning, after he had travelled for many days in that treeless place, he beheld far to the north a low barrier of blue. Hope strengthened to him at the sight, for he felt that surely the adventure was now at hand. He moved onward with a singing heart. By sunset the varied, rugged contour of the mountains was plain in his sight.

"Surely my adventure lies on those heights," he thought.

At the breaking of dawn the young man was again afoot. He had gone scarcely a mile on his way when he beheld something running toward him over the uneven ground. It came from the direction of the mountains. As it drew nearer he saw that it was a girl. Her black tresses flashed back in the wind of her flight, and her eyes were bright with terror. When she saw him she swerved in her course and ran to him, crying that Fox, the wizard, followed, in the form of a great bear. The youth set an arrow to the string of his bow, and, as he waited for the enemy, alert and courageous, the woman told him that Fox had killed her father and her brothers during the night, and was now hunting her, determined to carry her to his black wigwam beyond the changing of the seasons. "He is the greatest of the evil ones," she whispered, "and can take upon himself, at pleasure, the form of any animal."

Suddenly the great bear appeared, shambling swiftly along. Its small eyes burned with ferocity. Its narrow, scarlet tongue hung from its jaws. As the youth drew his bow he noticed that the red arrow was the one he had chanced to draw from his belt. He loosed it straight at the shoulder of the advancing beast. It flashed from the string and vanished. The bear advanced. The young brave trembled. The girl cried out in dismay. But in a second the red arrow fell at its master's feet, and across its haft hung the moccasins of the wind. In a flash the young man understood. He tore his own moccasins from his feet and replaced them with the magic pair. Then he returned the red arrow to his quiver and caught the girl in his arms. She felt no heavier than a young fox, so great was the magic of the moccasins.

"Have no fear," he said, and sprang away. Under his speeding feet the earth swam back and melted behind them, and the grey, brown, blue and red of its tinted surface mixed like colored waters. For a thousand miles Fox followed, now with the stride of a moose, now with the wings of an eagle; but he was left so far behind in the first half-second that he lost both scent and sight of them before the magic moccasins had made a dozen strides. So you may believe that, at the end of his thousand miles, he was very far on the wrong trail.

When the young man paused to take breath, he found that floors and heaps of ice stretched away on all sides. The air was bitterly cold. Overhead the dome of heaven was alive with the magnificent, drifting radiance of the North Lights. The girl lay weakly against his arm, for the speed of their flight had held her breath in her nostrils. Presently she opened her eyes and looked about her fearfully.

"How came we to this place?" she asked.

"By the magic of the moccasins of the wind," he told her, pointing down at the gaily-beaded shoes on his feet.

She trembled, and hid her face. "It was like death," she said.

Then her companion understood that, to endure the tremendous flight of the moccasins, one must also be possessed of their strength. For hours they wandered about in search of shelter and food. In unhurried motion the young man's feet experienced none of the magic. He was thankful for that. At last the girl sank on the ice, faint for want of food and drink. The man was in despair. Then he bethought him of the red arrow, and, fitting it to his bow, fired it at a distance.

"Its virtue is so great," he thought, "that it may bring a fowl or a fish to me, to keep this woman from death."

In a second the arrow was at his feet, and midway on the red shaft hung the wallet of plenty. Thankfully they ate and drank, and hearts and bodies recovered strength.

III.

For many days the fugitives from the wrath of Fox wandered in that far land of ice and frost, sustained by the wallet of plenty. The meats and drink contained in that wonderful bag never diminished, and were of such remarkable excellence that they were both food and warmth. Journeying southward, the pair came at last to a mighty stream of salt water that ran to right and left as far as the eye could see. Its surface was thick strewn with cakes of drifting ice. Beyond it the wanderers beheld gradual hills and dark, warm forests. For the second time the moccasins of the wind were put to a test by the youth. With the girl in his arms he sped across that tumultuous river, and the black waters and ponderous ice-jams crashed and leapt harmlessly beneath his flying feet.

In the forests the snow lay deep, for it was now mid-winter. Partridge, hare and deer were to be had in abundance. In a little clearing they found an old man in a lodge of painted skins. In the prime of his life he had been chief of seven villages. Now he dwelt alone, dreaming great dreams, and painting figures on the cured skins of deer. To him the wanderers told their adventures, and the old man was glad that Fox had been outwitted. Then the young brave told of his love for the maiden whom he had rescued, and the dreamer married them, by right of his age and wisdom. They built themselves a wigwam in a grove of pines. The moccasins of the wind and the wallet of plenty were laid aside in a safe place, for the young man felt that they, even as the red arrow, served more truly if called upon only in time of need. He made snowshoes for himself and his wife, and many ingenious traps for the taking of animals for food and fur.

Two years later the possessor of the red arrow, accompanied by his beautiful squaw, approached the lodges of his own people. At his belt, securely wrapped in watertight skins, he carried the moccasins of the wind and the wallet of plenty. He was an honest man, and wished to return them to the rightful owners, uninjured. Five miles from the village they met the second brother, the man who had chosen the wallet of plenty from among the three gifts. Upon his shoulders he carried a great stick of maple-wood. In appearance he had changed surprisingly since the other's departure. The muscles stood out on his lean arms and legs, and his eyes were merry; whereas, of old, his limbs had been heavy with fat and his eyes dull.

"Why do you carry that great log?" asked the wanderer, after they had exchanged brotherly greetings.

"To split and store away, for the making of paddles and arrow-shafts in the stormy days of winter," replied the other.

"At the time of my leaving the village you did not concern yourself with work," remarked the younger.

"I was a lazy oaf," was the reply, "until my bag of magic food flew away from me, and then I learned industry."

The other handed him the wallet of plenty—but, upon opening it, they found that it was empty.

"'Tis better so," remarked the maker of paddles, as he hoisted the stick of maple back to his shoulders.

At the outskirts of the village, in a modest wigwam, the young couple found the eldest of the three brothers, the man who had chosen the moccasins of the wind. He was lying on a couch of skins, and his children played about the door. His greeting was modest and kindly. But he could not rise from his couch to welcome them.

"In my pride," he said, "I forgot that my prowess in the chase and the battle was all of the magic moccasins. I thought myself the very equal of Gluskap, the Master. But the moccasins flew away from me, and in the next hunt I was stricken to the earth by a wounded moose—for I was no stronger than the youngest warrior and no swifter than the oldest chief."

The newcomer produced the moccasins of the wind from the bag at his side, and gave them into the hands of the fallen chieftain.

"Nay, do not tempt me to repeat my foolishness," returned the man. "In suffering I have learned kindliness, and a strength of the spirit greater than the old magic strength of the body. The people no longer fear me, but they pity me—yea, and love me."

At that moment a tall stranger entered the wigwam and took the moccasins from his hand. Then, turning to the other, he took the red arrow from the quiver. Already the wallet of plenty hung at his belt of blue wampum.

"The three gifts were equal in the sight of Gluskap," he said, "but you see how you have driven their magic to the desires of your own hearts. Only the red arrow worked to its full power, and in doing so it has doubled its magic. Now Gluskap has need of it, and takes it back as a gift from this young man."

He turned, and glided from the lodge.

Insurance

Captains of Insurance

WE frequently find the wise sayings of the past generation reversed in the present. This is especially true in the case of those which inculcate patient industry by promising "all things" to "him who waits," where humanity is advised to "make haste slowly," or admonished with regard to the evils connected with the ambition to "get-rich-quick."

There is no modern calling which furnishes larger opportunities to the energetic and ambitious worker than life insurance, and none which furnishes a greater record of success in the field.

The qualities which fit a man for success in the active service of these great "saving banks of posterity" do not as a rule last for many years of a man's life, and for this reason the wise sayings quoted above do not so aptly apply.

It will be of especial interest to agents to study the methods of some of these Napoleons of finance, who dazzle the insurance world with their brilliant achievements.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that, in many cases, their attention is devoted particularly to certain classes of risks. A Canadian, for instance, who recently made the remarkable record of $1,100,000 for the year in the City of Montreal, was astute enough to perceive his opportunity in the wants of certain religious bodies ambitious to erect grand churches, hospitals, and schools. The method adopted by certain companies of lending money only to those who insured in large blocks, furnished a valuable hint, while ordinary business ability did the rest.

This is merely a single example of what an ordinary measure of ability, coupled with tireless energy, will accomplish.

A number of devices have been instituted from time to time to stimulate the already hustling agent to greater exertion. Clubs like the "Two-Hundred-Thousand-Dollar Club" have been organized, which has a membership all over the American continent; but in spite of these external aids and stimulants the greatest incentive will continue to be the possibilities contained in the field of legitimate insurance.

Distant fields often look the greenest to the agent. It is generally found, however, that when these fields are reached their hue is much the same as that of the fields just left. It is not large territory that gets the business, it is the agent. A very essential consideration in this process is to start now. Resting on the past or the future will not assist you. The strongest kind of effort must be put forth to-day. The opportunity is yours for the taking, to make a great success of the business in which you are engaged.

A Plea for the Insurance Agent

THERE is scarcely any pursuit in modern commercial life that requires greater tenacity of purpose than does the business of life insurance. Indeed, so indefatigable and energetic is the agency staff attached to each insurance office, and so persistent are they in the pursuit of business that numbers are captured, who, if left to themselves, would have made application direct. The intentions of such are frequently forestalled by the active agent, and every detail smoothed and made so easy that they find it difficult to resist what is so clearly demonstrated to be for their own benefit or that of their families.

It is probably not claiming too much to assert that by far the greater proportion of the policy-holders upon the books of the insurance companies to-day would not be there if the matter had been left entirely to themselves, and if they had never been approached by the agent of a company and solicited to enter into a contract of such a beneficial nature.

It is frequently asserted that insurance can be effected quite as well without the services of the ever-vigilant agent. While this may be true in the abstract, it is seldom true in the practical application. Men do not, as a rule, insure until the matter is thrust upon their attention. Far more fre-

quently they postpone the matter from month to month, and from year to year until finally the expense of insuring has increased to such an extent, with advancing age, as to cause dismay, and act as a deterrent to the investment.

The present is the century of aggressive business operations. Every successful merchant and manufacturer has his agents and travellers in the field. The insurance agent is the active representative of the insurance company, whose banner he proudly and confidently carries to every corner of the globe.

An Education in Thrift

IN the moral and business training of children, the life insurance policy can be made a great influence for good. Boys and girls should be taught early in life the wisdom of thrift and the care of money. Youth is the formative period, and habits fixed then will remain for life.

A good example should be set to children in financial as well as in moral affairs. If your home is without an insurance policy, get one without delay. A boy who is brought up in a home where life insurance is a part of the regular household economy, will come to look upon it as one of the essentials of a home, and when he grows up he will regard it as only his proper duty to get insured. On the other hand, if his early life is spent in a home where life insurance is never mentioned, his idea of thrift and responsibility will remain undeveloped, and he will grow up in ignorance of this great subject of social economics.

Do not defer this branch of his education until it is too late. Lessons of thrift and duty inculcated now will be of the greatest value in the years to come. Thus it will be seen that, entirely apart from a man's obligations to his family with regard to maintenance and provision for future needs, he has other obligations which should be reasons for his carrying life insurance, and among these is the fact that the best and highest training of his children requires it.

Take your boy with you when you go to the office to pay your premium. Let him know what you are doing. Educate him to the insurance idea. Do not leave the education of your child in this respect for strangers to undertake when the child is of age. Take out small policies for the boys and girls. There are a number of industrial policies which provide the means, and you will thereby attach an interest to insurance which can be gained in no other way.

Children are strongly influenced by example, and where a respected parent has put the seal of approval upon life insurance by taking a policy, the example is more than likely to be followed by the rising generation. "Like father like son," is constantly verified. Many of the older insurance companies can boast of two and three generations of certain families among their policyholders. This is a practical illustration of the subject in hand, and shows that in such families the important matter of insurance education has not been neglected.

Canadian vs. American Companies

IN the competition for life insurance, all sorts of arguments for and against various companies are advanced by agents of the respective companies.

An examination of that phase which institutes a comparison of Canadian with foreign companies, cannot fail to interest. It is a subject in which Canadians as a whole are concerned. They wish to know where Canada stands in the matter of life insurance. It is not only a question as to the progress of our important financial institutions, but Canadians as insurers are interested to know whether, in patriotically supporting home companies, they are, by so doing, advancing their own best interests, as well as those of their country.

To this question can be returned the unequivocal answer that there is nothing in the nature of the insurance business which makes it possible for a foreign company to offer any advantage that a home company cannot.

On the other hand, the insurance business of Canada is so conditioned that Canadian companies are in a position to offer distinct advantages over any foreign company. The possibility of these will be apparent from an understanding of the workings of the insurance business. In the first place the expenses

of the leading foreign companies operating in Canada are higher than those of Canadian companies.

Moreover, the Canadian companies operating in Canada only, are subject to a tax on their total premium income, which is much smaller than that of any foreign companies operating in Canada on their total premium income. So great is the difference that foreign companies are obliged to earn nearly 1 per cent. more interest on their total assets in order to balance the greater taxation imposed upon them. It will thus be seen that foreign companies operating in Canada labor under these two distinct disadvantages.

Have they anything to offset these? Greater returns might do it. But their returns are no greater. The result is that foreign companies in Canada require to charge more for insurance, which is equally safe with that provided by good Canadian companies. A comparison of the premiums shows the difference. *Canadian companies can afford to, and do, give insurance at cheaper rates.*

Nor is this the only advantage to those who insure in purely Canadian companies. For, while the premiums are lower, the profits in proportion to the premiums are higher.

The cheaper rates and the proportionately higher profits in Canadian companies on a solid financial basis constitute the strongest argument that can be placed before men of keen business judgment. The business people of Canada are Canadian as well as quick to appreciate the advantages offered by home companies. They recognize that in giving their business to Canadian companies they are also helping to build up business which shall assist Canadian finance generally, and so revert to their own business.

It is no small matter that those who control such large volumes of business as are represented by insurance companies to-day should be residents of Canada. To patronize Canadian companies means to support their high officials within our own territory, and to have the advantage of the influence among us of their alert business methods. It means also increased opportunities in advanced positions for ambitious Canadians; and that, from their residence in Canada, they shall spend their money here so that all other business men may get the advantage of the additional business thus created.

Seasons and Mortality

THE chart published in the present issue illustrates very graphically the influence of climatic or meteorological conditions on health and longevity. The diagrams and percentages given are from one of a series of charts exhibited by the Prudential Insurance Company at the St. Louis Exhibition. The figures show the results of observations made between the years 1891-1900, and are for ages 1-14.

Six causes of mortality are here dealt with, which are related only by the point of view adopted. For instance, it is well known that measles is directly traceable to a bacteria, or germ, which, judging from the observations recorded, finds the system more receptive, or least able to resist, in spring and winter, and less liable to attack in summer and autumn.

For diphtheria the period of activity is found to be more uniformly distributed, although the winter, and especially autumn, exhibit considerably increased percentages.

Pneumonia, an inflammatory disease attacking the organs of respiration, reaches its lowest percentage in summer and its highest in winter, with intermediate figures for spring and autumn.

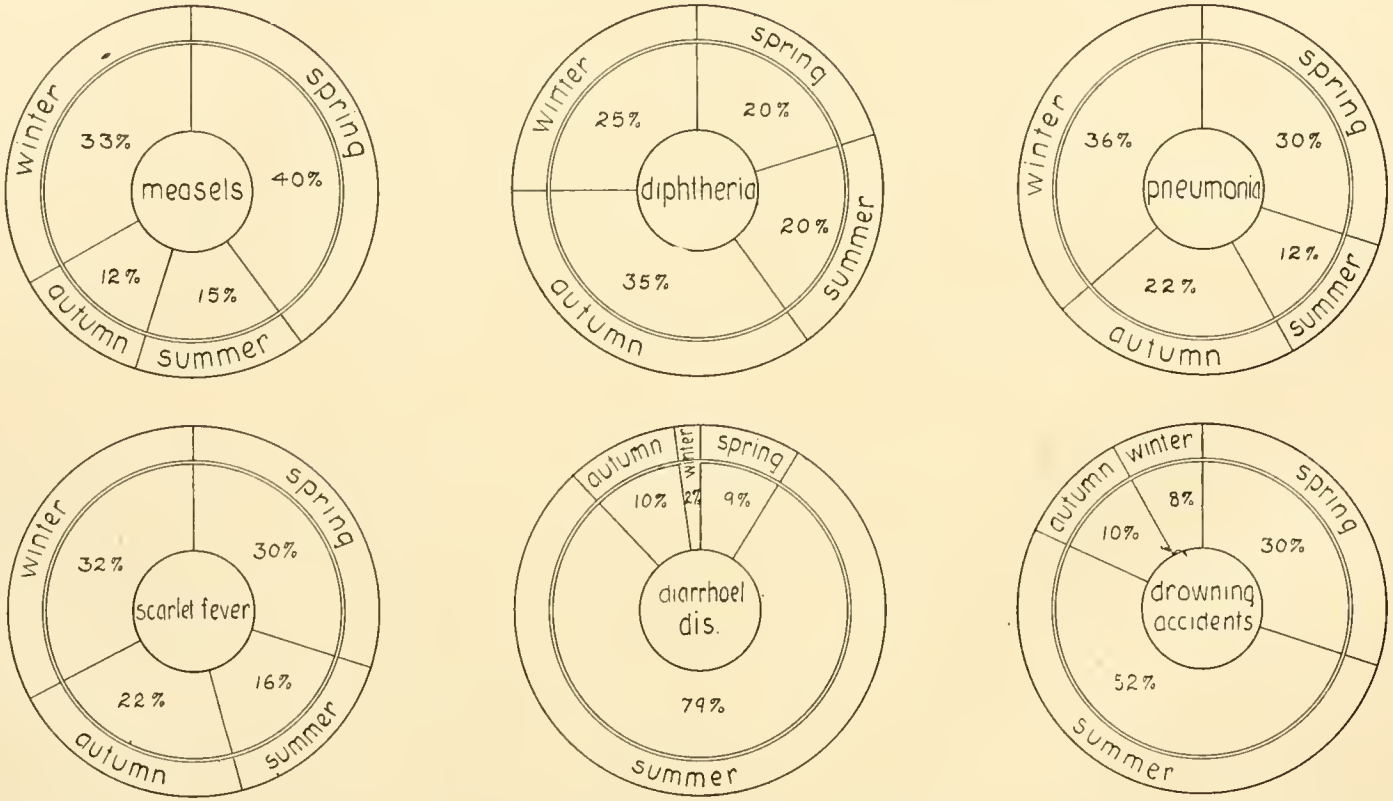
Scarlet fever exhibits a striking similarity to pneumonia, with regard to its periods of greatest and least activity, while the percentages for spring and autumn were found to be exactly the same.

The last two causes of mortality, viz., diarrhœa and drowning, while entirely dissimilar in other respects, exhibit an extremely large percentage for the summer months, with diarrhœa greatly in the lead.

Of the six causes mentioned, two are most prevalent in winter; pneumonia and scarlet fever; two in summer, diarrhœa and drowning; diphtheria in autumn; and measles in the spring.

Seasons and Mortality. ages 1-14.

Industrial Experience. 1891-1900.



NOTE _ The 4 segments of each circle shew the proportion of deaths from specified causes during the seasons of the year. For Illustration - The mortality from Measels 40% of the deaths occured during spring and 15% during Summer.

The above chart is taken from the splendid exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair.

TIMISKAMING

TIMISKAMING is the terminus of a branch of the C.P.R., which leaves the main line at Mattawa, 315 miles from Montreal and 199 miles from Ottawa. As it is only 46 miles east of North Bay, where the Grand Trunk connects with the C.P.R., it is also very accessible from Toronto. At Timiskaming the Bellevue is superior to many well-known Ontario summer hotels. The lake is of singular beauty. Sometimes its shores are only a few hundred yards apart, sometimes they are three or four miles. Cliffs, 150 to 300 feet high, rise sheer from the water's edge, and as the steamer turns some lofty point a vista of quiet bay and peaceful reaches is unfolded before the tourist's eye.

Lake Timiskaming is 75 miles long, and several well-appointed steamers, fitted with electric light, ply along its entire length as far as North Timiskaming. The tourist will, however, find many spots at which he will be tempted to launch his canoe and take to the woods. At Opemikan is excellent fishing and also 26 miles further on at the mouth of the Montreal River. At the latter, the "Notch," a wonderful gorge through which the waters of the river are forced, and some fine rapids, may be seen a quarter of a mile or so from the lake. At the Narrows, Timiskaming is but 200 yards across. On one side is a post of the Hudson's Bay Company; on the other the ruins of an Indian Mission, the relics of which may still at times be found in the woods of the neighborhood. Ville Marie is a growing settlement with stores, hotels and mills, and the tourist may put up in comfort at the Matabanik Hotel at Haileybury, while he prepares for one of the many canoe trips that begin here.

THE "NOTCH," MONTREAL RIVER

Haileybury is in truth situated at one of the most favored spots in the Dominion, from the canoeist's point of view. It is only necessary to decide the direction and the length of time to be expended to plan paddling excursions of the utmost variety and charm. One of the most popular is to make a short portage from Haileybury to a chain of lakes that lead into the Montreal River, and then through Lakes Evelyn, Timaganing and a thousand others to the same rivers again It traverses the district famed among the Algonquins as the true "Happy Hunting Grounds," and still known to the sportsmen of to-day as one of the most delightful of holiday resorts.

DIAMOND LAKE.

A little beyond Haileybury the steamer arrives at North Timiskaming, the end of its run, and the mouth of the Quinze River. It is the gateway of the far North, and in three weeks a canoe may have traversed Lake Abitibi and be afloat on James Bay. By Grand Lac Victoria the Ottawa may be entered by such streams as the Gatineau or the Lievre, or still more extensive tours may be taken, ending in the St. Lawrence itself after the St. Maurice or the Saguenay have been descended. Thus the tourist will travel a magnificent sporting region, where the trout, bass and mascalonge are as plentiful as ever, and the big game are actually more common than in the days when the Indian thinned out the herds.

Close to Lake Timiskaming is Kipawa, another lake region of infinite charm. There are 25 square miles of water, so broken into bays and inlets that its coast line measures 600 miles. To render it accessible, the Canadian Pacific Railway has built a short branch from the Timiskaming branch from Mattawa. It is 300 feet above Timiskaming, and pours its waters into it over some splendid rapids. It is particularly famous for its moose hunting and enjoys special advantages therefor. It is in the Province of Quebec, and consequently its open season begins on October 1st, a full fortnight earlier than in Ontario, north of the C.P.R. Moreover, the fatigue of the hunt is reduced to a minimum. Good guides may be obtained at the hotel at Kipawa, and the ramificatious of the lake allow the sportsman to proceed into the heart of the woods without leaving his canoe.

A New Field for Enterprise

MINERAL DEVELOPMENT OF NEW ONTARIO

ACCORDING to those whose opinions on such subjects are valuable, the most profitable product in the near future of New Ontario, rich as it is in economic minerals, will be the ore from the extensive iron deposits in the district between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods. This region is traversed by two iron ranges, the Mattawin and the Atikokan, which carry magnetite in immense bodies. Doubtless these ranges are spurs or continuations of the iron deposits that crop out in Northern Michigan, on the southern shores of Lake Superior. The Americans, ever alive to their interests, long since learned the value of these iron-ore fields in Michigan, and for many years past have been turning them into money. It is well known that more ship tonnage passes the Soo canals in a season than enters the port of Liverpool in a year. It is the general impression that this tonnage is employed in the transportation of grain, but as a matter of fact, the greater portion of it is engaged to carry iron ore to Cleveland and other American ports; and so remunerative is the traffic that a season's operations enriches the shipowners.

Those informed as to the importance of the iron region of Ontario are fully aware of its great value as a basis for future enterprise and wealth, and it would have been exploited years ago had not operations been precluded by the comparatively inaccessible character of the country; but recently the Canadian Northern Railway penetrated the district, crossing both iron ranges and bringing them within easy distance from Port Arthur or Winnipeg. Consequently interest in the development of these practicably inexhaustible ore beds has widely increased, and they have become a prime factor in the industrial expansion of Northern Ontario.

It is generally conceded that England owes her industrial prosperity and manufacturing supremacy mainly to her deposits of iron and coal, and on this side of the Atlantic the same conditions made Pennsylvania the most prosperous State in the union. So far there have been no discoveries of coal in Ontario, though it is reasonable to suppose that systematic search for it will reveal it. In the meantime, it will be necessary in treating the ores of the Atikokan and Mattawin ranges to bring the coal to the iron. That this can be profitably done in this instance is assured, and consequently smelting operations can be profitably undertaken.

Capitalists versed in the manufacture of iron, secure in the knowledge that the new railway into the iron districts, the Canadian Northern Railway, will enable them to command supplies of ore easily and cheaply, have a project afoot to establish a smelter at the head of Lake Superior to treat the ores from the two ranges referred to. The deposits are of pure magnetic iron, free from sulphur, and having no refractory qualities can be easily dealt with. The importance of an industry of this kind cannot be estimated, as the successful operation of it must mean a wide expansion in this particular line of business, and the founding of kindred industries; and not only will such works prove important to the particular point from which operations are carried on, but to the whole of Northern Ontario, where mining operations promise to shortly assume great proportions, opening a field for labor such as does not present itself in any other part of the Dominion. Those who have given the matter attention, and are supposed to be fully advised as to data, assert that the next few years will show that the Canadian Northern Railway's ore-carrying business in Ontario will be of greater consideration to the directors than its grain-carrying trade in the West. However that may be, the fact that this railway opens a new district and brings the greatest iron areas of Western Canada into the field of enterprise is something worthy of remark and a subject for encouraging comment.

The

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THE NATION'S PROGRESS

THERE is no cause for anxiety in the present condition of Canadian politics. The air is sharp with conflict, as it must always be where a party system is in vogue, but it is tolerably free from serious disturbances. Considerable has been said of late years about Canada's political decadence, and about the evils that have crept into our public life; and some of these charges, subject to qualification, have been only too well founded. Yet even the admitted wrongs have grown out of the development of the country, and our national expansion is evident politically as well as industrially.

Canadians are not, however, a people to be trifled with. They dislike humbug, and while they may for a time submit, for party's sake, to what their better judgment condemns, it will be found that sooner or later they will demand a reckoning. It has been said, for example, that Ontario, the political centre of the Dominion, was a hotbed of partyism, out of which reform was almost hopeless; a timely refutation of this charge was given by the recent provincial election, which had been preceded by one of the bitterest and sharpest campaigns on record. Without considering to what extent political reform was involved in the victory of one or the other party, the encouraging feature is that a large majority of the people expressed their convictions, irrespective of party. Otherwise, such a result would not have been possible. If people can be brought to do this, not once, but always, there will be bright hope for future Canadian politics, and it matters comparatively little whether Conservative or Liberal be in power, for both will then find clean records a necessity.

In federal politics the situation is nationally hopeful. The present parliamentary session is, more than anything else, a business meeting of a business administration, and through the majority of the discussions one may easily see national progress. Provincially, Canada has had some questionable politics, but Canada as a whole has had, and is having, clean government. There is reason in this for gratulation, and the patriotic Canadian need have no present fear for his country's public affairs.

North-West Autonomy

CONVINCING proof of Western progress will be the elevation of four territories into provincial rights, as provided for in a measure now before Parliament. North-West autonomy has for some years been a growing question; the time has now come, even in the opinion of our legislators, for it to materialize. The bill introduced by the Premier creates two new provinces, as follows: The area made up of the four territories of Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca will be divided almost equally by the 110th meridian; west of this line will be the new

TWINS! —*Montreal Star*

Province of Alberta, and east will be Saskatchewan. That portion of Saskatchewan north of Manitoba is reserved, and will probably be added eventually to that province which has been disappointed in not securing an extension westward.

The geographical apportionment has been the simplest part of the matter, the financial terms and the school question having been recognized from the first as more serious problems. The Dominion Government will retain control of the Crown lands and will pay therefor a compensation of $37,500,000. Interest on $8,000,000 debt will also be paid by the Dominion, and a subsidy of eighty cents per head of population, to be increased until the census shows 800,000 people. These and other details of the bill passed in the House unchallenged, but a storm of disapproval there and throughout the country at once arose over the educational clause.

The bill, as first introduced, provided for the maintenance of Separate Schools in the new provinces, Sir Wilfrid Laurier holding that only a continuance of existing rights was intended. Mr. Sifton, Minister of the Interior, took the ground, however, that the bill would virtually establish a dual system of schools, and disapproving of such a course, he resigned his portfolio. It is an old controversy, as between sectarian and public schools, and the simplest way out of the difficulty would seem to have been to have left it with the new provinces to settle for themselves.

The Two Provinces

ALBERTA and Saskatchewan will begin their provincehood with an estimated population of about 250,000 each. In area the former will have some 246,000 square miles and the latter 260,000, allowing for the section of the present territory that has been reserved. The resources of both provinces are magnificent. The southern part of Saskatchewan, or what is now the territory of Assiniboia, has finer wheat land than Manitoba, and is being rapidly settled. Alberta has not only wheat lands, but important ranching, forest, and mineral resources. Further north, as pointed out in an article elsewhere in this issue, are industrial possibilities that as yet can hardly be estimated.

As to the capitals of the new provinces, Regina will continue the political headquarters of Saskatchewan, and Edmonton has been named as the provisional capital of Alberta. Each province will have a legislature of twenty-five members, and in the Dominion House will be represented as at present until another election. Mr. Haultain will, in all likelihood, be premier of one of the provinces.

The Spirit of the West

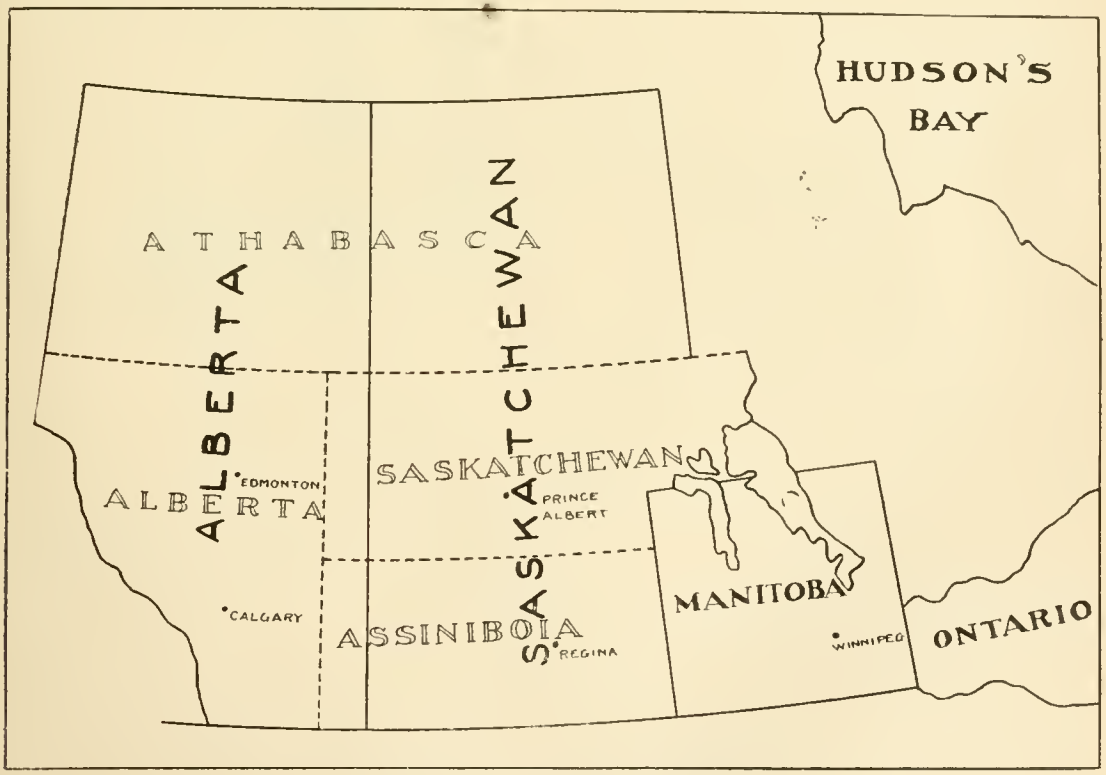
IT sounds well, but what does it mean? One often hears it or reads it, and perhaps without quite comprehending the expression, lays it away among his mental treasures as something worth thinking about: the chances are that he will *not* think about it again, but will repeat it, nevertheless, himself. There's a reason for it, too. Undoubtedly there is something about the West and Western life that gives it distinctiveness and that creates a certain peculiar temperament: and for lack of a more definite term we call that something the "spirit of the West."

A recent writer makes an attempt to analyze the character of the Westerner as influenced by the country he lives in, his remarks applying as well to the Canadian West as to the American States. The Western spirit is a composite quality. Natural conditions of geography and climate are at the bottom of it and beget, in the first place, enthusiasm; energy and optimism are the outcome of enthusiasm; and these three are balanced with a healthy sincerity. The West is pre-eminently an industrial country, and the men who live its life battle not with other men but with the forces of nature. Therefore the Westerner does not concern himself with social problems, but with industrial achievement. That is what makes the West such an economic force in the world to-day, or, at least, in the American and Canadian world.

The West is strong and free; it has no vain traditions; it is rich in possibilities and even richer in hopefulness. The ozone of the wide expanses has got into the ways and methods of business, and pioneer courage has developed courageous enterprises. Therein consists, as nearly as one can express it, the spirit of the West, which brings even the unenterprising under its sway and promises to change the whole complexion of our modern conditions.

More People Coming

A RECORD year in immigration is the outlook for 1905. We have grown accustomed to glowing reports, for every year is showing increases, yet the cry of "more people coming" is as welcome as ever. The country is ready for them, provided always that they are the right kind of people. So far as the arrivals to date and the reports from immigration agents indicate, there will be a heavy movement from the British Isles and a large influx from the United States. These are the two



THE TWO NEW WESTERN PROVINCES

The dotted lines show the present territorial limits, and the black lines the bounds of the two Provinces as proposed

sources of our best colonist stock, and the Government will do wisely to direct its canvassing efforts especially in those directions.

A new agency is at work in this year's immigration. An extensive and well-planned scheme is being carried out by the Salvation Army, which is showing as much energy in its immigration policy as in its usual religious work. The Army began to do something in immigration in a small way some years ago, but it has now launched forth upon an enterprise of considerable proportions. Arrangements have already been made for the first party, and during the latter part of April a steamer is to leave Liverpool with 1,200 emigrants for Canada. These will be escorted by the Army's officers, and on arrival here will be helped to find employment in Ontario and the West. The scheme is not such a one as the somewhat famous Barr colony, and no effort will be made to establish a separate settlement. The people are being brought from overcrowded cities in England to find roomier homes in Canada, and to relieve the scarcity of farm labor here; if they will accomplish the latter result the Army will have the thanks of Ontario farmers now handicapped for want of help. Emigrants who will stay in Ontario are to be given free transportation over railway lines in the province, and it is expected that a large number will accept the invitation.

English and American are adaptable; but what of the foreigners who continue to land at St. John and Quebec? They are by no means hopeless material, but it is worth noting that the people we want most we must invite, while those who are less desirable come without asking. In that respect Canada is not unlike a free-for-all social party.

Our Raw Material and the American Tariff

OUR friends across the line have a habit of taking off a few bricks from the tariff wall whenever it best suits their interests to do so. That is good business, from their point of view, but it does not always meet with favor in Canada. For example, the Attorney-General of the United States recently gave a ruling that raw material may be imported free of duty for use in manufacturing for the export trade. The logical outcome of this will be that the foreign trade will have the benefit of cheaper production, while for the people at home the old prices are to be maintained. This would seem to be a perversion of natural tendencies, but so long as Canada's anti-dumping law is in operation, we have in this country not so much to fear from the coming-in of the manufactured goods as from the going-out of the raw material.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL

Uncle Sam.—Just look at this beautiful specimen of Reciprocus Americanus Canadensis, my dear. How is yours getting along?
Miss Canada.—Oh, mine died long ago! I am cultivating a different kind of plant now.—*Montreal Star.*

This new customs ruling will affect particularly the wheat, lumber, hide, and wool industries of Canada, and of these, especially wheat. American millers are anxious to get our wheat, for their own supply of No. 1 hard is falling short, and if they offer a good market there is no means of keeping it away from them. But we want to manufacture our own wheat. Foreign-made flour from Canadian-grown wheat represents, in every case—in what goes to England as well as to the United States—indus-

trial loss to Canada. Our great need is sufficient capital and enterprise to use up our raw material in our own country, and we would then be independent of another country's liberties with its tariff. Such a remedy would be greatly preferable to retaliation by an export duty, as has been suggested in some quarters.

A Demand for Protection

ANOTHER tariff situation has been recently brought to the attention of the Government. The lumbermen of Canada have asked that a duty be imposed upon lumber coming into Canada equal to that imposed by the United States upon Canadian lumber. They have asked it, and with some reason, in self-protection, and they have asked it before: this time they hope for practical relief.

This is the situation: The Canadian lumber manufacturer who wishes to sell some of his product in the United States is confronted with a stiff tariff, but at the same time he is forced to meet the competition of American lumber that enters this country duty-free. It is said that eighty per cent. of the lumber being used in the construction of the new buildings in the Toronto fire district is yellow pine from the United States; while in the West, American lumber comes over the line in such quantities that in some cases the Canadian mills have been temporarily driven out of business. More than that, the British Columbia manufacturers complain of dumping, the prices given by the American dealers being frequently away below the list prices in their home market. In the face of an unequal competition like this, the Canadian manufacturer is seriously handicapped, and the American manufacturer has a perpetual harvest at his expense.

It is urged in excuse for the present situation that the free entry of American lumber was granted some years ago for the benefit of the settlers in the North-West, who were then largely dependent upon the imported article. But now that the Western farming country has developed quite as much as the lumber industry, it seems to be only fair that the latter be given an equal showing. The matter was laid before Sir Wilfrid Laurier in February, when he promised consideration.

Progress in Wireless Telegraphy

CANADA has not always been quick to take up with new things. She has sometimes, indeed, hesitated so long that she has lost her opportunity. But with one new idea, at least, she has been up with the times and has taken a greater interest than any other country, namely, wireless telegraphy. When the discovery was first announced to the world, the world was skeptical, but Canada has from the first given marked assistance to the inventor's experiments and to-day is reaping the benefits, for wireless telegraphy is now an accomplished fact and an important agency in commerce.

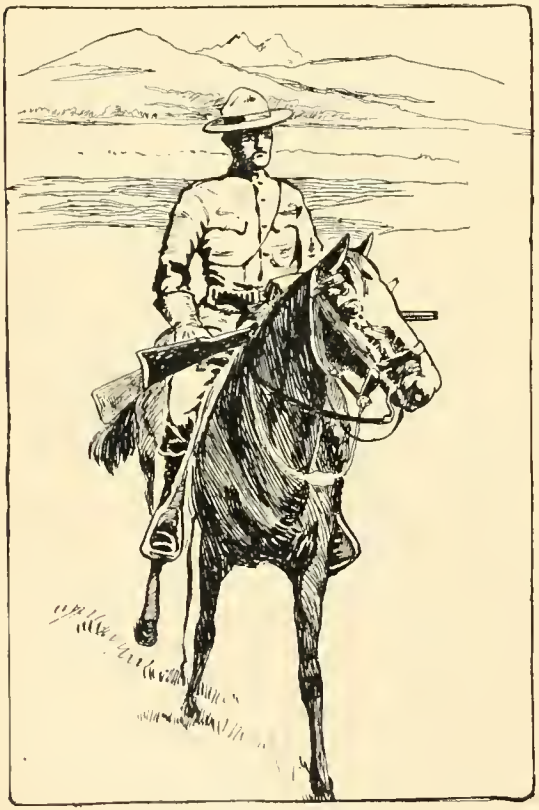
The original stations in Cape Breton, from which Marconi conducted his experiments across the Atlantic, have been followed by four others along the St. Lawrence River and five on the Labrador coast. These have proved of the greatest importance to shipping, many serious delays, and possibly accidents, having been avoided by the communication between ship and shore, made possible by the new telegraphy. In storms and fogs the wireless is of inestimable value as an adjunct to the marine signal system already in use, and the past year's operations have been marked with great success. The St. Lawrence has always been unfortunate as a steamship route, and any such means of reducing its dangers is a national blessing.

The first purpose of the Marconi Company has been to establish the feasibility of its scheme and to furnish proofs thereof by its service to the shipping interests; but the commercial side will from now on be also in evidence. It is intended to build and equip a chain of stations from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and at a recent meeting the Company decided to reduce the rates, thus signifying their purpose to make a bid for the general telegraphic business of the country.

The West's Defenders

IT was quite right that the Canadian militia should be given an increase of pay, and it is equally fitting that similar treatment be shown the Royal North-West Mounted Police, the defenders of law and order in the great West. They have been serving for thirty years for less than they are worth, for less than almost any one of them could command in the business world. It has been hard work, too, and that it has been successful is shown by the orderliness and prosperity of the country to-day. Therefore the recent action of Parliament in granting an increase of pay will commend itself to the public. The new pay-rate will give an advance of from twenty to twenty-five per cent.

We shall not be able to do without these soldier-police for some time yet. When the force was originally formed it was not with the idea that it should be permanent, but clearly it cannot be disbanded yet awhile, The widening of settlement, the opening up of new towns, and particularly the development in the far north, necessitate police protection of the kind that these men and these alone can give. Their forces number at present about nine hundred men, of whom one-third are stationed in the Yukon. It is proposed to increase the total to one thousand, so that regular patrol service may be maintained between all the posts. The question of autonomy for the North-West Territories will not affect the Police, who have made themselves too essential a part of Western life to be needlessly interfered with.



A MOUNTED POLICEMAN
After a drawing by Arthur Heming.

Canada as a Horse Market

CANADA has already attained a reputation as a source of food supplies, but another of her advantages was brought out in a recent meeting of army men in England. It is her importance as a future horse market for the Empire. The horse's day has by no means passed; the automobile has not yet put him out of business, and the prospect now is that horse values will within the next few years greatly increase, making an industry of this kind of as much profit at least as ranching.

It is estimated that the horse population of the world is about 80,000,000, of which Russia has the greatest number of any single country. The supply in all the British colonies is at present short, and in the emergency of war might prove a serious disadvantage. The Army Office has for some time been studying the sources of supply, and has come to the conclusion that the best market is Canada, or could be made such with the proper encouragement. There is no doubt as to the fitness of our eastern stock farms and western prairies for horse breeding, and large numbers are already being raised for the ordinary purposes of commerce, but so far as the proposition to undertake a more extensive industry is concerned, Canadian horse breeders will naturally first want to know the inducements. The only information as yet to hand is that the Army Office is considering the matter. Should the industry assume larger propor-

tions within the next few years, the British army would most likely prove our best customer.

A Business, not Political, Visit

LORD STRATHCONA, who arrived in Canada a few weeks ago, is an ever-welcome visitor. To his present visit no political significance is to be attached, despite certain reports that the High Commissioner would take a part in settling the North-West school difficulty. As he points

LORD STRATHCONA

out himself, it is his business to represent Canada as a whole, and that can best be done by keeping aloof from party interests. Rather, his visit is for the purpose of keeping in touch with the country which he represents, and to do that successfully at least a biennial visit is necessary.

Speaking about the prospects for further immigration to Canada, Lord Strathcona says that the business depression in England is increasingly attracting the attention of a desirable class of people to this country. Yet, notwithstanding, "I cannot help remarking that we have encountered much difficulty in making the people of Great Britain understand the significance of a country such as this; even with all that we have done to bring it to their attention, the people as a whole have very little idea of its advantages. But that is a condition of things that may be overcome in time."

The Cost of Living

IT assuredly costs more to live than it did ten or fifteen years ago. There are many qualifications to be made to such a statement, but after they have all been made, the statement still stands. It is true that many things are to be had for less money to-day than ten years ago, and in some directions there is a tendency toward still further cheapening; but on the other hand, a very great many of the ordinary living expenses have enormously increased, while the cost of production is mounting up year by year. In nearly all our cities and towns the one matter of house rent has become a bugbear to the average family, having in many places increased from forty to fifty per cent. in five years. Commodities have shown a corresponding increase; sugar and flour are the latest advances, but farm produce in general, meat, canned goods, and numberless sundries have made varying rises. Increased cost of production, also, has brought up the price of many articles of clothing and household use, and there are threatened advances of others.

This being so—and there is no denying it—it would be interesting to know to what extent the advanced cost of living is offset by the advanced earnings which form a part of the reason for increased cost of production. Investigations by the United States Bureau of Labor show that in that country the cost of living is from fifteen to sixteen per cent. greater than it was ten years ago, but on the other hand that the average wage is something more than sixteen per cent. better than it was then, with shorter hours of labor. This is about equal compensation, and it must also be borne in mind that the increases in living expenses have included in many cases a great improvement in the standard of living. Sufficient data are not available for a similar comparison in our own country, but it is quite certain that the general wages in Canada have not increased anything like

sixteen per cent. in the last ten years, though in most trades there has been some advance. It is not, however, the man who works in the factory who feels the increased living expenses the most, for he has a means of demanding more pay to meet them; but it is upon the tradespeople, struggling, professional men, and the great mass of people of limited income that the new burden falls most heavily. It looks as if they, too, must, like the factory man, accept the situation and put a higher valuation on their services.

More Salary at the Top

THE men at the top of the ladder feel the pressure of the times, too. The margin between barely-enough and affluence is constantly lessening, and the men who are drawing salaries of a few thousands are, considering their position, very little better off than the earner of a mechanic's wage. This is particularly true of our public officials, of our provincial and Dominion Ministers, of our judges, and of the responsible employees of our cities.

The Premier of Canada has a salary of $8,000, and other Ministers receive $7,000; the premiership of Ontario carries with it a salary of $7,000, and the provincial Ministers are allowed $4,000. On the face of it, these are good salaries, and the man dependent upon his daily wage cannot understand why they are not ample, and more than ample, sufficiency. But the fact remains that when the holder of a portfolio retires from office he is not uncommonly a poorer man than when he took his seat, and that not through any indiscretion of his own. The same applies to nearly all our public servants; a man of sufficient ability to act in such capacity could easily command very much larger salaries in business or could earn a larger income in his private calling. Of this there have of late been several examples.

The proposal that Ministers and judges should be allowed an increase in salary is, therefore, a very reasonable one. It has indeed met with nearly universal favor. It is not fair to call a man to the country's service and ask him to sacrifice his own interests. Increased dignity will not pay increased cost of living, nor will security of office compensate for smallness of salary. It is a day of greater money-earning and greater money-spending, and we might as well face the facts.

Women in Banks

WOMAN'S sphere is ever widening. Comparatively few interests remain that have not been appropriated by her, and it is safe to say that her entrance into the business world, so much feared twenty years ago, has neither robbed her of her womanliness nor deprived her brothers of their livelihood. One of the few callings that has not until now been touched by her is bank service. But even that has finally given way, and women bank clerks are no longer unheard of.

One or two banks in Canada have led the way with women clerks, in departments specially arranged for their women customers. A considerable portion of bank business to-day is done by women: why should they not have it made as convenient and agreeable as possible? And so the experiment of women's departments, with women clerks, is being tried, and promises to be successful. Aside from this, however, women clerks have in other countries proved themselves of value in general bank work. The famous Bank of England has in one of its most important departments a staff made up entirely of women; one of the leading banks in France has a thousand women clerks; and in the Western States a woman officer of a bank is not at all unusual. In all these cases they have proved as capable and as faithful as in the hundred other callings which women have entered of late years, here and in other countries.

WORLD AFFAIRS

AND still Japan keeps winning. The war has now lasted more than a year, and during that year what seemed impossible has come to pass—little Japan has worsted big Russia, not once but many times, and is still at it. The first stage of the game was the practical destruction of the Russian navy. On land, the Japanese forces fought their way into Manchuria, and in a series of brilliant engagements pushed back their opponents from one post to another. In the Manchurian campaign the Russian losses for the year were 72,700 men, and the Japanese 54,000.

Then came the victory at Port Arthur. A desperate siege of eleven months meant an additional loss for the Japs of 50,000 men, but in the end they won. Next was the Battle of Hun River, in January, one of the most important in the war, and another defeat for the Russians. But the most brilliant of all the engagements, showing to best advantage the clever tactics and strategy of the little Jap fighters, was the recent Battle of Mukden, in which, after being gradually hemmed in, General Kuropatkin was compelled to yield and, with a loss of 200,000 men, to give up Mukden to the Japanese general, Oyama.

Victorious as they are, the Japanese are willing to make peace. The terms on which they offer to do so include the payment by Russia of a large indemnity, but their insistence upon this is regarded by Russia as a sign that their finances are nearly exhausted, and that a few months more of fighting will compel them to "come down." But Japan has already proved that she is of a temper and spirit not given to coming down.

A Struggle for Freedom

IT was inevitable that internal troubles should come in Russia. The sores were there, and sooner or later they must have broken out; so the recent revolution caused no wonder in the rest of the world. The outbreak is virtually a struggle for freedom, though it began under the guise of a labor strike. In a short time the arm of the law had succeeded in quelling the disturbances, and the Czar promised attention to the demands of the people. But such promises have been made before and not a

THE RUSSIAN CROWN—AFTER TARGET PRACTICE
—Cleveland Plain Dealer

great deal of dependence is to be placed in them. So long as the Government, despotic as it is, has the support of the army, the people can, however, do little but to demand and wait.

Yet the rights of liberty must eventually triumph in Russia. The start has been made, and it is the more likely to go on to final success because it has been so long in beginning. The demands of the revolutionists, or more properly speaking, the reform leaders, are summarized as follows:

First.—The immediate cessation of the war.

Second.—The summoning of a constituent assembly of representatives of the people, elected by universal and equal franchise and direct secret ballot.

Third.—The removal of class and race privileges and restrictions.

Fourth.—The inviolability of the person and domicile.

Fifth.—The freedom of conscience, speech, the press, meetings, strikes, and political association.

With a platform of this kind, if upheld in reasonableness and orderliness, the Russian people must eventually gain their emancipation. The iron hand cannot always rule in place of the hand of justice; but the Russian autocracy stands to-day in the way of any great or speedy reform.

The Affair in the North Sea

WHAT might in other days have brought about a bitter war has ended peacefully in the settlement by arbitration of the North Sea outrage. Russia has good reason to be thankful that arbitration is in favor nowadays; she would not otherwise have come off so easily. As it is, according to the finding of the commission, she is held responsible for the outrage and will be required to make money compensation to the relatives of the fishermen who were killed. The Russian Government had, indeed, promised to do this voluntarily, but the official verdict goes further and declares the firing upon the trawlers to have been unjustified. Thus the commission's finding is entirely in England's favor, with a flattering statement, by way of soothing to injured feelings, as to the general efficiency of the Russian navy.

Justice for All—Perils at Home

ON the 4th of last month Theodore Roosevelt, for the second time, was inaugurated President of the United States. The occasion was marked with much ceremony, and of a kind unique in the history of America. The President's speech sounded a manly note, suggested in the following extracts:

"Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. . . . We wish peace, but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. . . . No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression.

INAUGURAL CONGRATULATIONS

King Edward: My dear Roosevelt! I wish I had your arbitrary powers!—*Toronto News.*

"Our relations with the other powers of the world are important, but still more important are our relations among ourselves. . . . We now face perils the very existence of which it was impossible that our forefathers should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial developments of the last half century are felt in every fibre of our social and political being."

About "Frenzied Finance"

THINGS have been interesting of late in American financial circles—not so much because of any unusual activity in stocks, as because of various disclosures which have been made of the methods of certain commercial and financial concerns. Following the prominence that has been given the trusts for some months past, the notorious Beef Trust has been declared illegal as a combination to stifle competition and control prices; the publication of Ida Tarbell's history of the Standard Oil Company has drawn further attention to the methods and aims of the trust, and has furnished some eye-opening reading; and another series of articles has made the name

of Thomas Lawson famous, and has elicited a reply as spicy as his own revelations.

It is to Lawson that we owe this timely expression, "frenzied finance." Himself a wealthy broker and promoter, he announced his purpose to be to show up in their true light some of the recent financial operations across the line, in which innocent victims of corporations and banks had been heartlessly and systematically fleeced. He has succeeded in telling a tale that is certainly an effective exposure of financial frenzy, and that has too many ear-marks of truth to be a fabrication. It is daring writing, and exciting reading; but the reply to Lawson, while not attempting to deny the facts which he puts forward, claims that his exposure is but a part of a deep-laid plan to serve his own ends, and that he is himself as systematic and persistent an exploiter of the public purse as the men whom he calls rogues. He is said to have become a millionaire by wrecking his clients. Yet that does not invalidate the other exposures: it only adds that much more force in proof of the existence of "frenzied finance." We are happily almost free of it in Canada; yet the advertisement of a surety company, doing business in Montreal, with a capital of ten million dollars, which proved on investigation to be a one-man company with neither charter nor money, shows that the spirit that makes "frenzy" is not entirely wanting even here.

WILL THE GOOD TIMES LAST?

THERE are two distinct types of prophet abroad nowadays—those who claim that the present period of national prosperity will be followed by a time of leanness and depression, and those who, on the other hand, assert that there is every reason to believe that the present good times will be indefinitely prolonged. As in most cases, the actual truth probably lies between these two poles of prophecy. It would be very satisfactory to optimistic Canadians to know that the country should continue for even a term of years the remarkable development which has now got so well under way; and, whatever the future may bring forth, there are at least no very apparent signs of depression dimming the prospect at the present time. After some five or six years of steadily increasing prosperity, Canada's outlook is to-day better than ever. Nevertheless, the warning that this prosperity may be checked, is worth paying attention to; it is folly to deny that danger is possible.

Professor Adam Shortt, of Queen's University, one of the foremost economists in Canada, carefully studied the situation in Western Canada not long ago, and claimed, as a result, that there is no reason why Canada should be an exception to the rule that depression follows prosperity. The two are in natural sequence, and have always been so; why should Canada especially escape? Present conditions, he says, can hardly be expected to continue uninterrupted; a bad harvest or a tightening of the money market in the United States, would act as a check to the prosperity in Canada, and this check, while only a temporary one, would perhaps have a beneficial effect in restraining "boom" tendencies. A Chicago banker, reviewing the situation in the States, says that the present is a time that calls for caution; good times will not last forever.

While in Canada there are no immediate signs of danger discernible, the safest and the wisest policy is to handle only sound business. During good times there is usually a marked tendency toward business inflation and speculation, and this it is which constitutes the greatest danger in Canada. There never was a better place or a better time for business investment than Canada to-day, and the industrial outlook is of the brightest; yet the warnings of the economists are worth heeding to this extent, that it will be unsafe to gamble upon the certainty of the future perpetuating the conditions of the present time. Conditions may temporarily change, and business should be in a position to meet the change.

FROM PASTURE TO FARM

By THOMAS GREGG

TO make two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a work that must exact commendation anywhere; but to cause wheat and other staples of human sustenance to flourish where hitherto they could not be brought to maturity, is an achievement that is a distinct benefaction to mankind.

Men continue to take pleasure in battling with nature, and pride in surmounting the difficulties she throws in their way, because some unseen force impels them to it, though gratification may be based on the prospect of profits to accrue in fame or fortune, the prime incentives to all effort.

It was given to a people of old to occupy the waste places of the world and to make the wilderness blossom as a rose. If the Anglo-Saxon race be not the lineal descendants of that people, it has inherited this peculiar destiny, because it is making the wilderness and waste places blossom in India, in Egypt, in Australia, in South Africa, in the United States, and in Canada. The great Assouan dam on the Nile, the result of British capital and enterprise, by storing the waters of the historic river, brings millions of acres into the area of cultivation that but recently were looked upon as desert, and increases by millions the revenue of the country.

Irrigation has been practised since the earliest times, and has probably bestowed greater benefits upon man than any other method of public improvement. But while the enterprises of antiquity in this direction may prove interesting, there are present-day projects that are more attractive.

While irrigation has been widely employed in the United States in reclaiming the million and a quarter of miles of arid lands recorded there twenty years ago, this method of increasing the cultivable area is but of recent introduction into Canada. The first to engage in it on a large scale were the Mormons, a colony of whom secured land some years ago in Southern Alberta, near the boundary line, and established a settlement there. The land round about was not what might be designated as arid land, because it comprised large tracts of excellent grazing land, but the absence of rainfall precluded the mixed farming operations which these settlers were accustomed to in their native state of Utah. There, by irrigation, the desert had been turned into a garden by their own exertions. It was a herculean task, compared with which the irrigation of the Alberta land would be simple. So, on their initiative, a system of irrigation was projected, which would ensure perfect humectation at proper seasons and permit them to utilize a large area for agricultural purposes that hitherto was not available for such uses. Ultimately, the Government, approving of the plans for these settlers, went to their assistance in completing their undertaking, which has since been elaborated into a system serving a large territory. This has been done by the Canadian Northwest Irrigation Company, of Lethbridge, and other companies.

When it is said that there are at present in operation one hundred and seventy-six canals, and lateral irrigation ditches of a total length of four hundred and ninety miles, the extent of the operations can be seen. These canals serve over six hundred thousand acres of pasture and farming lands, the value of which has increased over $2,000,000 in consequence of the availability of water.

But far surpassing this in magnitude, or any irrigation scheme on the continent, is the projected work of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the first section of which, near Calgary, is now well under way. Whether the far-seeing managers of that corporation were prompted to action by the success that attended irrigation operations on St. Mary's River, in Southern Alberta, is not known, but if so, they have vastly bettered the instruction. The scheme was carefully thought out and studied in all its bearings. It was found that the conformation of the country was favorable for irrigation to an unlimited extent. The declination of the land is from the Rocky

DITCHING ON THE PRAIRIE

Mountains on the west, and the international boundary on the south, so that the watershed from two directions would supply water in any quantity. The matter was then laid before the Government, and an arrangement was effected by which the Company secured three million acres of its land in block instead of in alternate sections, as had previously been the mode of allotment. This concession was made in consideration of the Company's proposal to supply irrigation, and fit for settlement by small farmers, land that had been regarded as being in the arid area.

At present the western limit of the wheat land is Moose Jaw, in the territorial district of Assiniboia. West of this lie the great grass plains, once the feeding ground of the buffalo, but now the range of innumerable cattle companies, where vast bunches of cattle feed out all winter. No grain is raised in any quantity west of Moose Jaw, until Northern Alberta is reached, when a country of mixed farming is again met with.

The Canadian Pacific Railway proposes to alter these conditions between Medicine Hat and Calgary, at least, in turning a large acreage of grass land into grain-producing farms, and at the same time improve the grass land so that it will afford better provender than at present. The block of land upon which it is proposed to work this great change, an experiment that will be watched with great interest, extends east from Calgary one hundred and thirty miles, the eastern end being about fifty miles west of Medicine Hat, and lies on either side of the main line of the railway, which runs through the centre of it. At the present time it is sparsely settled. The ranchers, who have practically been in possession since the country was opened to locaters, and who have no fences to their fields of enterprise, look in hostile distrust on two classes of men, regarding them as rank intruders, and these are sheep herders and small farmers. The sheep man is particularly obnoxious to the cattle man as a destroyer of the grazing ground, and the small farmer, with his ploughed land and assortment of domestic animals, is little less

so; but the land being prepared for the agriculturist, it is better for all interests that it should be portioned off into small farms than that it should be reserved by a few as a paddock for their cattle.

It is estimated that the land reclaimed from aridity will be capable of maintaining a population of five hundred thousand persons. To have an industrial population of this magnitude flanking its tracks, in a region the inhabitants of which can be reckoned at the present time by hundreds, will mean much to the railway company, which, in the traffic it will create, will fully justify the cost of the undertaking. That cost is estimated at $5,000,000, but it is believed that that sum will be exceeded. It is expected that the first section of twenty miles of main canal east of Calgary will be completed next year. During the past season seven hundred men, three hundred teams, four steam shovels, two one hundred horse power steam scrapers, and ten elevating graders were employed, and work was vigorously pushed. When completed this section will comprise twenty miles of main canal, charged from the Bow River, which comes in great volume from the Rocky Mountains. This canal will carry ten feet of water and will be sixty feet wide at the bottom. It will be supplemented by fifteen miles of secondary canals and nine hundred miles of distributing ditches. These will water three hundred and fifty thousand acres of farming land and will be available to improve the herbage on six hundred thousand acres of grazing land.

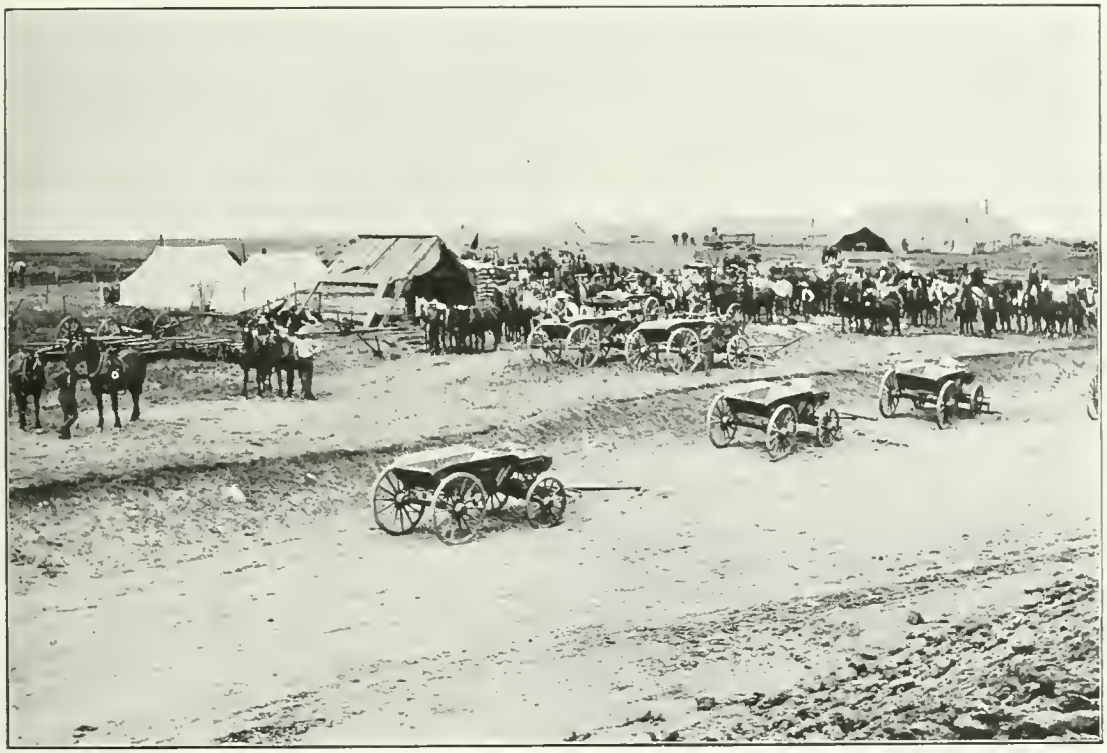
A GROUP OF IRRIGATION WORKERS

The engineer in charge is Mr. John S. Dennis, formerly in the service of the Territorial Government, at the head of the Public Works Department. He is an old resident of the Territories, and he has given the subject of irrigation much study. It was he who gathered the data upon which the Company acted, and he has had charge of the work since its inception. He is a thoroughly competent man, who stands high in his profession and in public estimation, and there is full confidence that when the

work is done it will be well done. He is satisfied that the first section will be a success. There is every reason to believe that it will be. Eminent American engineers who have been engaged in irrigation work in their own country, where the Federal Government maintains an irrigation department, have visited Alberta to gather information as to the undertaking, the greatest of the kind ever projected on this continent, and Mr. Dennis' plans have met with their highest commendation.

humidity that these hundreds of miles of ditches will supply. No land will be sold to speculators. The purchaser must become the settler.

One reason that so little has been heard in the East of this remarkable undertaking is that one-half of the Dominion does not know what the other half is doing. Had it been a government enterprise it would have probably been fully exploited in the press, but being a private or quasi-private project, it has gone along without exciting comment,



CONSTRUCTION CAMP, WHERE 700 MEN ARE CARED FOR

The land at present is worth $5 an acre, but when water is available, at the completion of the work the price to the settler will be $10 an acre, to cover the cost of irrigating. Unlike any other agricultural land in the West, this will not be affected by the dry seasons, so persistent in that part of the Dominion. The ditches will always be full, and water can be turned upon the land with ease. Each settler on irrigated land will be required to purchase a portion of the pasture land, which will not be watered, but which must be greatly improved by the

save among those who are aware of its magnitude and the labor and money it involves. Yet it is one fraught with much significance, not only to the Territories, but to the whole of the Dominion, and it must rank as the most important step this Company has taken in the making of the West. A couple of million acres added to the wheat-producing area of Canada is a matter of interest to all, and attests the fact that Canadians are becoming fully alive to the greatness of their country, destined to be, in fact, the "Granary of the Empire."

CAREY'S KID

BY GORDON ROGERS

ENTERING the hotel, Carey met a lady closely veiled. She paused abruptly, raised her veil, and stared at him. Carey had a glimpse of a pale face and a pair of large eyes electrically blue. Then the veil was hastily drawn, the wearer turned hurriedly, and was gone. Carey reached the office, wondering, and humming a tune.

"Biz is booming in the Soo," said Gus Allen, the clerk. "An' we're full up. I can put you in 107, on third; but don't do any singing up there, Jim. There's a kid, asleep, I guess, in 109, and mommer's just gone out. Perhaps you met her. Good figger, and wearing a veil."

"Who is she?"

"Search me. She didn't register. Here, boy, go up with Mr. Carey, to 107."

Carey had just closed his door on the way to supper when a sound arrested him. With a pucker of the brows he paused, then stepped to 109.

"Mammy! O mammy!" came plaintively again. Carey found the door unlocked, and put his head into the room.

By the corridor's light, Carey saw a very small, white-robed figure sitting up in what appeared, by contrast, to be a very large bed. Carey's gaze was instantly held by that of a pair of large eyes, electrically blue, in the shaft of light.

"What's the matter, kid?" said Carey. To his hypercritical ear, his voice sounded criminally gruff.

"I want my mammy!" replied the kid; and forthwith scrambled swiftly from the bed. Carey picked the child up—a feather from the sky—and placed it gently back.

"Where mammy donn?" There was a retaining clasp upon Carey's biggest finger.

"Oh, just out for a minute, I guess," he replied; but reflected that he might possibly be in for it.

"Oo nice man. Oo tay till mammy tum." And Carey obeyed the persuasion of the small palm by sitting upon the bedside.

"Tell Tommy 'tory, nice man," Tommy said.

A story? Carey, bewildered, set to his astonished memory the impossible task of recollecting even a torn page of the fairy books of his own childhood.

"What sort of story?" he said, conscious of defeat, yet vaguely playing for time.

"Bears!" said Tommy.

Lucky Carey! At the end of the fourth bear story, out of Carey's experiences in Canadian woods, Tommy did not appear to be a degree nearer to sleep. He expressed, like little Oliver, a desire for "more," and clapped his small hands; not failing, though, to resume his hold upon Carey's big finger, and insisting that the story-teller should "lie down," so that the man's dark head lay upon the pillow very near to the small golden head.

"Want dink!" remarked Tommy, suddenly sitting up.

Carey found a water bottle, but the contents were not fresh enough for a cherub, he thought.

"How would Tommy like a drink of milk?" And Tommy clapped his hands.

A boy answered Carey's call, and departed with the order and a grin. He returned with the grin and the milk.

"Want tookie!" said Tommy, draining his glass.

Carey sent a line of inquiry to the clerk. The boy returned with a tray and a note. Each spoke for itself. The note said:

"Mr. Carey. Nurse, 109.

"Cook says kid wants cookie. Same herewith. Please accept slight offering for self, and sympathy."

Mr. Allen's offering was a bottle of ale and some sandwiches. So Carey and the cherub supped together upon the bed. And when the room was switched back into shadow, Carey resumed, at Tommy's prompting, the interrupted bear story. And at last little Tommy drifted into sleep. Very slowly the small fingers relaxed their hold upon Carey's; and Carey, patient, smiling at his position, lay there with his gaze upon the shadowy ceiling, thinking many things.

He awoke with a start. Tommy's hand

had dropped away from his own. The other had been thrown out, and lay against Carey's cheek, like the petal of a rose. In Carey's ear was the low, regular breathing of the child; but in the other was the muttering of men's voices at the door. Then came a sharp rap. Carey felt Tommy start. The door was thrown open. Three men stood there.

"Get out!" hissed Carey, turning quickly.

"You see," said a sneering voice, "it's just as I supposed. He came back to the kid." The three men stepped into the room.

Carey stood up, taller by inches than the tallest of the three. With a swift, sweeping movement he pushed them to the door. The hall light fell full on his face.

"Why, damme!" said one, "this ain't your man! It's big Jim Carey himself!"

Carey pushed the others into the corridor, and noiselessly closed the door.

"Now, Sheriff," he said, brusquely, "what's all this about? And don't talk too near that door." He took a stride or two down the hall.

"This gentleman," said the Sheriff, "is Mr. Broughton, of Broughton's Detective Bureau, of Duluth; and this is Detective Mason, of the Ontario Detective Force—"

"Well?"

"Well, Jim, there's been a mistake; but it's Gus Allen's little joke. He told us there was a big man, about Jim Carey's size, he said, up in 109 with a kid. You see, Andrew Barton's wanted in Sudbury by the Nickellette Company. Barton was their manager, and they are fifty thousand out. And Barton's about your size."

"Yes; well?"

"Well, Barton got out of Sudbury on the Soo Express. We thought we'd nab him here; but he was wise, and dropped off at Garden, ten miles out of here."

Carey made an impatient gesture toward 109.

"I'm coming to the kid. You see, the kid's mother came on here, to the American Soo, from the States, to meet Barton. It was all arranged. But she got uneasy, I guess, when he didn't step off the Express the other side of the river, and so she crossed into Canada, and left the kid in here, and went out. And I guess Barton got over the line, and she located him all right, and by this time they are—"

"Do you mean to say," said Carey, "she's left her child here, deliberately?"

"What figure does a child cut with that kind of a mother, anyway, in a case like this?" Broughton chipped in.

Carey whirled on him. "You said, when you saw me in the room there, that you thought Barton had come back to the kid, didn't you?" he said, sharply.

"Well, seeing it was you and not Barton shows I was wrong, that's all. I thought the kid was Barton's own. Maybe it isn't even her's; just a sort of badge of respectability, like some of those women wear."

"I see," said Carey.

"Well, I feel dashed sorry for the kid," said the sheriff, rubbing his nose. "What's to be done with him? I suppose it's a boy."

"It's a boy, and don't you worry about what's to be done with him," Carey said. He stepped to the door of 109, but turned to fling a bouquet at the trio. "So you are detectives, eh?" he said, with a little nod. "Well, well! You ought to arrest the kid."

"Perhaps," said Broughton, with a sneer, "you'll explain what you were doing in the room—"

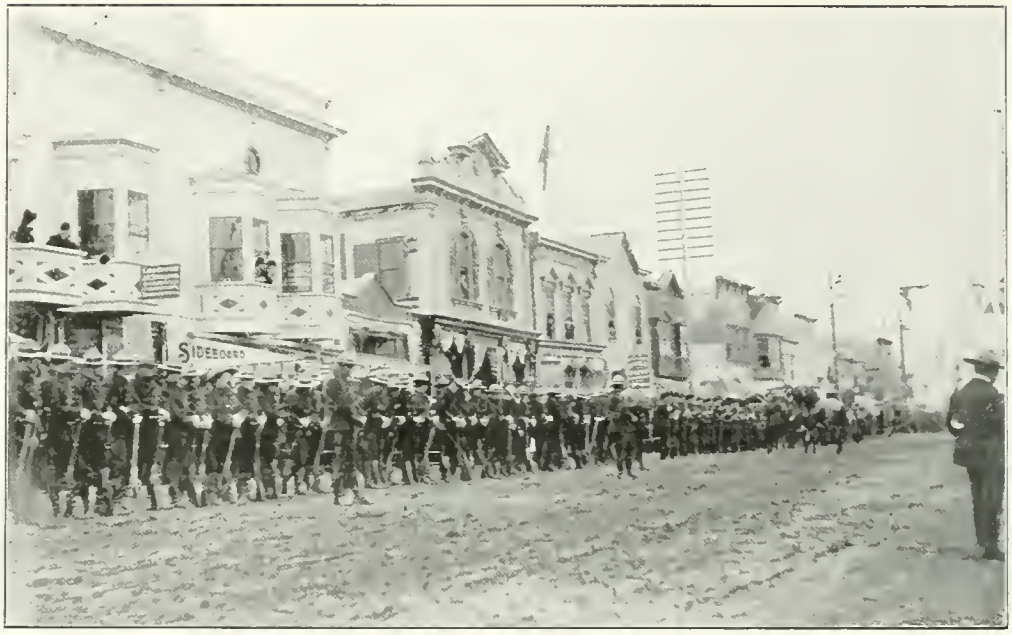
"How do we know," cut in Mason, "that there wasn't collusion—" The sheriff gripped his arm; and Carey, with a slight smile, stepped into the room.

"Don't stir him up!" whispered the sheriff. "He's got the biggest heart and the swiftest punch of any man in Algoma. Look at him, six foot two, two hundred and ten, all muscle, and quick as a flash; the strongest man and the worst in a scrap on the C.P.R. between here and Sudbury. What's he goin' to do now?"

Carey had stepped noiselessly to the bedside. The three men filled the doorway, watching him.

Tommy was still sleeping beautifully. One little half-open palm was thrown above his golden head. Carey very gently placed the tip of his biggest finger in the pink palm's centre. The baby fingers clasped tightly about it. Tommy smiled, and babbled in his sleep.

"Nice man!" he said.



A STREET IN DAWSON CITY ON MILITARY REVIEW DAY

FURTHER NORTH IN CANADA

By NEIL MACK

"THREE thousand miles from ocean to ocean" was the answer we used to make when Canada's proportions were asked for. It is no longer a sufficient answer. The Canada of to-day is measured not only outward but upward, and they who would know its size must now look north as well as west.

We have not been adding new territory: Canada has simply been stretching itself and filling up its clothes. For many years the border limits were marked by the St. Lawrence River and the transcontinental railway—only a fringe of the Canada that now is and is to be. These were comparatively narrow limits, within which, however, there has been remarkable progress; but beyond is a great Northland, where new surprises are nowadays being found.

Canada has never yet been fully measured, and many remote portions must be laid out more definitely on the map before its industrial greatness can be wholly appreciated. Its total area of 3,620,000 square miles—only a fraction less than that of all Europe—includes immense tracts of land that are as yet unexplored. If Canada were divided into three equal parts, the provinces and the older territories would be found to form but one of those parts; the other two-thirds would be the territory north of the present line of settlement, some of which is as yet unsurveyed, and but very little of which has yet been permanently occupied. Geographically, this is Greater Canada. It may be summed up as all that country north of the 55th parallel on the west of Hudson's Bay, thus including the territories of Keewatin, Athabasca, Mackenzie, Yukon, and Franklin; and, east of Hudson's Bay, the territory of Ungava. Travel through these regions has been made possible in some directions, by the great northern river and lake systems, but an immense area still awaits the first explorer. In the Yukon district, in Athabasca, and even in northern

British Columbia, but especially in the Mackenzie territory, are unknown tracts as large as many of the states of Europe. These unexplored tracts form in all perhaps one-fifth of the whole. The general character of the remaining larger part is fairly well known, through the reports of travellers, traders, and government agents. Wide stretches of this northern territory must necessarily always remain, as now, barren wilderness, but other portions are of undoubted value, with possibilities and resources waiting only to be developed. They are very similar to that country in which settlement is now so rapidly going on—the Canadian West. What we more particularly know by that name to-day comprises Manitoba and the three territories of Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, soon to be divided into two new provinces. This block of land, lying wholly south of the 55th parallel, has an area of 228,000,000 acres, of which at least 50,000,000 acres are suitable for grain-growing. So far only 5,000,000 acres have been put under cultivation, but at the present rate of settlement the entire 50,000,000 acres, capable of an annual yield of 750,000,000 bushels of grain, will be taken up in twelve years' time. Out of this Canada could supply Great Britain's demand of 200,000,000 bushels and still have a surplus for the rest of the world.

The Canadian West, as thus defined, has of late been much in the public eye. Every year is seeing more and more of its prairie lands changed into farms and homesteads, and as the country thus fills up, the tide of settlement moves steadily northward. In less than twelve years it will quite probably have reached into the new areas of Athabasca. The secretary of the North-West Grain-dealers' Association is authority for the statement that the hard wheat belt is receding northward at the rate of fifteen miles every year.

In the Peace River Valley, west of Athabasca Lake, three settlements have already been made by the Hudson's Bay Company. At one of these posts, half way to the Arctic Circle, and two thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg, there is a saw-mill and a well-equipped, electric-lighted flour mill, from which the various trading-posts of the Company are supplied. Last season ten thousand bushels of the best wheat were grown along the Peace River, a prophecy of what future development may accomplish.

Still further north, the Mackenzie, greatest of American rivers but one, flows for fifteen hundred miles to the very end of Canada, draining the immense Mackenzie territory and providing a natural highway for northern trade. In this region arable land exists only in small patches, but grain

PRESENT CITIZENS OF THE FAR NORTH

and vegetables are grown even beyond the Arctic Circle. Much of the territory being still unexplored, its resources are not fully known, but both in Mackenzie and Athabasca there are known to be vast mineral deposits which some day, when they have been made more accessible, will certainly be opened up. There is unused wealth also in the fisheries and the forests of this region.

Away to the north, fifty miles within the Arctic Circle, is Canada's remotest settlement, Fort Macpherson. The Hudson's Bay Company's buildings, a mission station, two houses occupied by the Mounted Police, and some log huts comprise this settlement. Dawson proudly points to to-day: Public schools, hospitals and churches; police and fire protection; two daily newspapers; electric light, telephone, and telegraph services; waterworks and well-paved streets, and a total assessable valuation of $10,000,000. Improvement is still going on, and the boom of a few years ago has settled into a more permanent growth. Railway connection is now proposed with White Horse, the northern terminus of the White Pass Railway, which runs for 112 miles to Skagway, in Alaska. With this material progress, it speaks well for Canadian colonization methods that from the rampant evils of a mining camp, Dawson, and the Yukon in

A HOME ON THE SHORE OF LAKE ATHABASCA

which is to be connected with Dawson City by a police trail. Two hundred and fifty miles further north is the great Arctic Sea, and even there, on Herschell Island, a police post has been established to protect the whale fisheries. Thus does Canada maintain her hold upon the north, whose industrial importance is every year becoming more apparent.

In the Yukon, west of the Mackenzie, and in latitude 64, is the wonder-city of the world—Dawson, six years ago a frontier mining-camp, now a capital of eight thousand population. This is the progress that general, have become as orderly and law-respecting as any settlement in Canada.

With unlimited natural resources in this new country, the one problem of vital concern is how to reach them, how to transport them to the outside markets. Future settlement depends very largely upon the several railway projects now on foot. The new transcontinental line, survey work on which has already begun, will cross the continent by a comparatively direct route, 3,500 miles long, and will open up immense new riches. A third line has been proposed, and quite probably will eventually materialize.

The farms and orchards of older Canada; the varied industries which have grown from small to great proportions; the cities and towns, with their New World progressiveness, their culture, and their applied comforts; the natural resources and the people's hopefulness: these are features which mark the Canada of to-day, the Canada known to the average traveller and the average resident. But great as is this Canada, there is a Greater Canada, which the people have not yet gone up to possess. Those who have spied out portions of it are telling us that we have so far touched only the fringe of our inheritance, and that the great North-West has unknown wonders in store. Meanwhile the northward movement has begun, and the way of the settler has turned toward the great and fascinating Further-North.

THE SCHOOL AT CHALMERS' FARM

By M. E. GRANT

IT was called Chalmers' Schoolhouse because it was built on a corner of David Chalmers' farm. It stood on a spot where four roads met—one leading directly to Belleville, the county town of Hastings, another passing through Rosslyn, a village which owned a foundry and a small Presbyterian kirk. The other two roads led into the back townships, which were sparsely settled and depended on Belleville and Rosslyn for their inspiration and progress. The schoolhouse was constructed in the most primitive style and after the rudest form of architecture. Its furniture consisted of a desk and deal chair for the use of the teacher, and backless benches for the boys and girls, who as yet were unconscious of the labor and honor that awaited them. Under those shocks of tousled hair lay the brains that were to work out the destiny of our young country, and in those untried arms was the muscle which was to hew the way out of the wilderness into the open of Canada's young history. A large blackboard adorned the wall behind the desk, while on either side hung maps of England and Canada. The furniture of the desk consisted of the roll-book, an inkstand of plain design, and the all-powerful birch, which stung the derelicts into law and order.

Miss Janet Macgregor, a Scottish immigrant, and a teacher of the old school, knew well how to wield the rod. She was a sworn foe to laziness and lies, and the urchin who had managed to run the gauntlet at home had to throw up his arms (and hold out his hands) before the sturdy woman who saw through subterfuges and brought to light his hidden besetments. When her clarion voice rang out clear and strong, "Coom to the desk, Roobert Seels, coom awa'," a tremor of fear coursed along our young spines, for we did not know on what day or at what hour we might be called. Bobby Sills, who was the imp of the school, always took his birching with placid fortitude, which won the admiration and pity of the girls and burdened him with the envy of the boys, causing him to fight many a battle to prove his courage.

If Janet Macgregor's treatment was heroic, it was also wholesome, and the ministers, lawyers and doctors who were taught by her during the thirty years of her professional work, and who are now among our empire-builders, owe their first spurring towards fame to the birch which lay so watchfully on the desk of the old schoolhouse. The attempt of Mrs. Partington to sweep back the ocean with her broom was as useless as for the scholars of Chalmers' Schoolhouse to hope to appease the wrath of Miss Macgregor or to stay her avenging hand when once she had convicted a boy or girl of "telling a lee."

Her dress also bore testimony to her force of character, for never, under any circumstances, on any occasion, however festive, was she known to wear an ornament or a fol-de-rol. No frills or laces or trinkets ever hung from her neck or arms. Her hair, which was abundant, was put back smoothly from her low, broad forehead and gathered into a comfortable knot at the back of her sensible head. Her plain linen collar was pinned on her dress with no bow or brooch to give it completeness. Her gown was invariably a brown calico with white dots, and her bonnet a black straw "poke" trimmed with ribbon which terminated in strings. She always wore stout shoes, which added force to her authority, for, when we stood up in class woe fell on the luckless toes which strayed outside the chalk-mark drawn to define our position! Without warning she would plant her generous feet and heavy shoes firmly on the offending members, and a groan of distress followed which gave us an impulse towards obedience.

The dunce's cap, which was kept locked up in her desk, frequently adorned the empty head of Bobby Sills. On the first day of my experience as a pupil, the sight which greeted me was Bobby, seated on the platform on a three-legged stool, the dunce's cap perched on his red hair and his right hand held high over his head. This was an extra mode of punishment, which was resorted to when whipping failed, for the torture of aching muscles brought penitence when all else was of no avail.

Miss Macgregor's face strongly resembled that of our good Queen Victoria, and her bearing had much of the same dignity. Though she was not sought in marriage, and while she could not be called attractive in a feminine sense, Janet Macgregor was a "character" in the county, and her methods of instruction were studied and copied by the young men of the surrounding townships who were trying—sometimes vainly—to train the Canadian "Young Idea." The examinations, which were oral and not at all after the manner of the modern public school torture, were usually seasons of delight, as various games of skill were held which sharpened the juvenile wits and memories as many modern methods hardly pretend to do.

There was the spelling-match, when the boy or the girl "who had spelled the school down" received all honor and a prize, which usually consisted of a book of poems with the name of the winner written on the fly-leaf by the inspector. There was the mental arithmetic competition, in which the fox-and-hare problem figured and which was nearly always won by Dick Addison or May Chalmers, both famous for their feats with figures. The parsing gave another exciting contest, when nouns and pronouns, verbs and adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions were allotted their lawful place and relations to each other.

I remember being called at one of these examinations when I was only a very small girl, to go to the map and bound Russia—it was as difficult a task to me then as it is to the more capacious brains of the modern statesman. Being seized with stage fright, I began to cry, and was condemned to defeat by the stern voice: "Go to your seat." But one of the young teachers who had come to sit at Miss Macgregor's large feet played the Good Samaritan and took me on his knee, dried my tears with a large red handkerchief and presented me with a huge "bull's-eye" and a copper. No modern bon-bons are so sweet as was that red-and-white treasure, and no bill, of however large a denomination, is half so valuable as that one "sou" was to the defeated and humiliated little girl who failed to bound Russia.

Our copy-books were displayed as specimens of penmanship, and, though not much could be said truthfully concerning them, there was one boy, Al Graham, who was acknowledged a genius. Such flourishes in his capitals, such long and graceful tails at the ends of his sentences, such wonderful figures of birds and reptiles were woven into the woof of his writing, that we all stood amazed at the greatness of his exploits. He invariably took the prize for writing, and we were proud to have it so, for he was the most popular boy in the school. He was the only one who had never been disciplined by

the birch-rod—the only one who had never answered the dread summons, "Coom to the desk, sir-r-r."

The most important examination in the school, however, was the one in history. Our text-book was the synopsis found in the "Fifth Book of Lessons." As my memory was considered remarkable for so small a person, I was called to the platform at the mature age of ten and asked to give the Roman emperors and their "characteristics," also the chief events of each reign. No words in the English language can describe the inflated condition of my small personality as I rolled the huge names glibly from my tongue—Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius—until, arriving at Nero, I was asked to give an account of his persecutions of the Christians and of his tragic end. The small illuminated cards of merit, daintily inscribed, were all we needed as rewards, and they seem to me more artistic than many of the daubs so common to-day.

Of course, the teacher "boarded round," spending two weeks at each home. The parents looked for her coming as for one who would strengthen their hands, for there was no soft sentimentality about Janet Macgregor, no petting of the prettiest one, no favoring the brightest one, but a calm, clear judgment which dealt unfailing justice. During her temporary stay at the homes of the neighborhood, an air of tempered festivity filled the air, to the delight of the youngsters, although they kept far from the inner sanctuary called the best room, which was her sitting-room during her stay. At meal-time she talked with ease of Scotch affairs, both of church and state. Her creed consisted of two articles, to which we all might subscribe—"Fear God, and pay your debts." She used to say that, if you owed no man, you had done your duty to your neighbors. She lived up to her creed, for she was never known to fear any human creature, great or small, and she never made the smallest purchase, unless she had the necessary funds in her shabby brown purse.

Not long ago, after wandering in the wilderness for forty years, I returned to the Canaan of my youth, and one afternoon I put a sun-bonnet on and started for the ruins of the old schoolhouse, for it has been deserted for many years, a flourishing new public school having taken its place in the village of Plainville. I sat among the stones of the old school's foundation, and the soft glamor of the day and the droning of the locusts must have given me sleep. As I sat there, the boys and girls came flocking around me—Bobby Sills, with the same impish grin on his face that he wore when he made grimaces at me the first day I went to school; Fred Clarke's bright face and merry laugh; May Chalmers' sweet voice and brown eyes, and Sarah Storey's mischievous giggle were all around me.

"Why," I cried, "Fred Clarke, I thought you were dead. You died, you know, with typhoid fever."

He laughed and answered, "There is no death. It is only an illusion of mortals."

"May Chalmers," I exclaimed, "I thought you had married and—and died, leaving six children." Her laugh was like the sweetest music as she looked at Fred Clarke. Then Miss Macgregor came from their midst, but she had no rod in her hand.

"We saw you coming," she said, "and we thought we should meet you here, for we are never far from the old schoolhouse."

The sound of wheels awoke me, and as I went back to the old homestead, carrying my sun-bonnet by the strings, as I did in the days that were gone, I felt a strange thrill, as though the burdens of forty years had been suddenly lifted.

A TYPICAL SUGAR HOUSE

A MILLION DOLLARS IN MAPLE SUGAR

CANADA has good reason to be proud of the maple-tree. Its leaf is the national emblem, concerning which we have come to have a rooted feeling of patriotic sentiment. A more practical reason, however, is the fact that its sap produces each year nearly eighteen million pounds of syrup and sugar. Canada's maple sugar is one of its most famed products, and commands a higher price than that of any other country in the world. The industry is a long-established one, and is of especial importance in Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia.

At the St. Louis Fair, last summer, one of the most striking exhibits in the Palace of Agriculture was a Canadian maple sugar pavilion, constructed of maple wood and decorated with jars of syrup and cakes of sugar. Samples were given to prospective settlers in Canada, and after the Fair two tons of maple sweets were distributed among the charitable institutions of St. Louis. The exhibit was suggestive not only of deliciousness, but it served as an excellent advertisement for Canada, attracting much attention from the exhibition visitors.

To the native-born the manufacture of maple sugar is a familiar story. In such

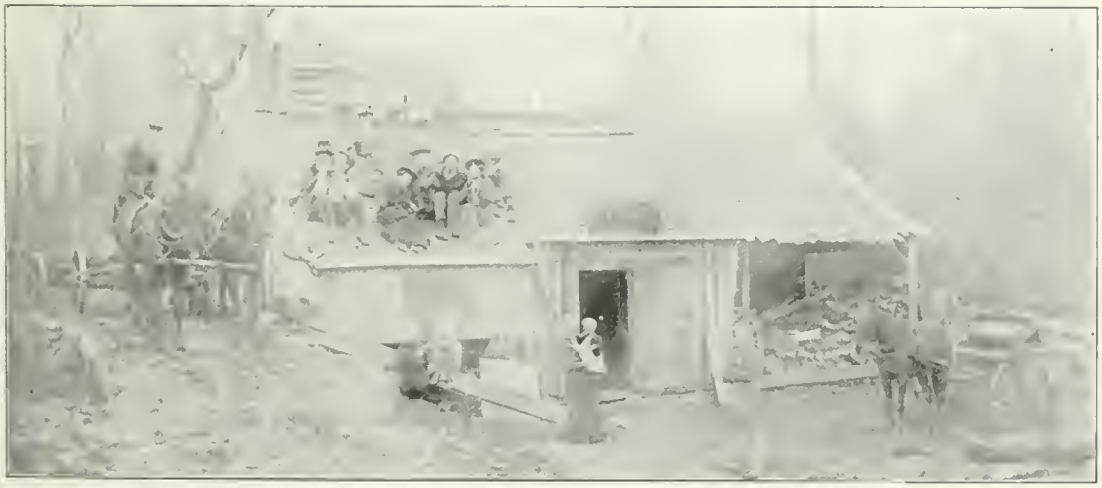
THE MAPLE WOODS AN EVER POPULAR RESORT

THE SAP COLLECTORS ON THEIR ROUNDS

communities as the Eastern Townships of Quebec, "sugar time," which comes between the middle of March and first of May, is the event of the year. It has always been a romantic time, in which fun and business have very satisfactorily combined.

Better methods explain the rise of the industry to its present standing. Up-to-date utensils and economy of labor have made larger profits possible. In pioneer days the tree was tapped with an axe, but an auger is now used, with less injury to the tree. A galvanized iron spile, with a pail at the end, takes the place of the old pine spile and wooden trough. Roads are cut through the "sugar bush" and a horse team makes the collecting tour at frequent intervals. Instead of the deep kettle, suspended over an open fire, a flat pan is now employed for boiling down the sap. This is built in a covered furnace, and the sap can be reduced to syrup as fast as it is brought in.

By such changes as these the farmer has gained much hard cash. His sugar is recognized the world over as the very finest that is to be had, and he has a ready market for all he can produce. He has not always, however, been the most careful for his own reputation. Maple sugar, probably more than any other Canadian food product, has suffered from adulteration, and the article offered for sale at the shops is in many cases grossly inferior. So numerous have been the complaints that the matter has been taken up by the Minister of Inland Revenue, and an order issued this year to guard against further adulteration.



WHEN VISITORS COME TO THE SUGAR CAMP

THE FATHER OF CONFEDERATION

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

FOR nearly half-a-century a representative of the people in Parliament, for thirty-six years the beloved and trusted leader of the great Conservative party, and for thirty years the Premier of the Dominion of Canada, the career of the late Sir John A. Macdonald is in one respect at least unique in the history of parliamentary institutions.

Like so many others who have contributed to the development and prosperity of Canada, Sir John was a Scotchman, having first seen the light at Glasgow in the year 1815. Five years later the family came to Canada, and settled in Kingston.

His school days over, at the age of sixteen he secured a position in the chambers of a leading barrister, and spent five years in studying law. Once embarked in business on his own account, he soon acquired an excellent practice. In those comparatively primitive days the possession of any decided measure of talent, combined with a good education, was sufficient to mark a man out for public life and insure opportunities for attaining political distinction. Mr. Macdonald had not been many years in practice before his brilliant defence of one Von Shoultz attracted general attention, and prepared the way for his entrance into political life. From that day the feeling grew and gathered force that this talented young lawyer must be sent to Parliament, and accordingly, in 1844, he was offered the nomination for Kingston in the Conservative interest. His triumphant election was the result of an exciting contest, in the course of which he gave unmistakable promise of very unusual ability as a debater.

In December, 1844, the Canadian Parliament assembled for the despatch of business, and Mr. Macdonald, who supported the party then in power, began his long executive career on the 12th of that month, being appointed a member of the Standing Orders Committee. Although he could hardly help realizing his marked superiority in intellect and attainments to the majority of his fellow members, Mr. Macdonald did not plunge into debate with premature impetuosity, as young members of promise are apt to do. Modestly as he bore himself, however, his merit went not unperceived, and in 1847 a request came from the then Premier, Mr. Draper, that he should accept the portfolio of Receiver-General. After a short continuance in this office, he exchanged it for the Crown Lands, a department which had then almost as bad a reputation for vexatious delay and masterly muddling as the English Court of Chancery in the Jarndyce days, but in which he instituted reforms of great and lasting benefit. A year later Parliament dissolved, and, although in the general election which followed Mr. Macdonald easily retained his own seat, so many of his party lost their that when Parliament reassembled the Conservatives found themselves in a hopeless minority.

Thenceforward, during six years of stirring events, which must be passed over in silence, Mr. Macdonald's abilities were confined within the limited sphere available to even the most talented member of an Opposition which could only count nineteen supporters in a House of eightyfour representatives. They were years of precious experience to him, however. Numerically weak as the Opposition was, he made it a power to be respected by the occupants of the Treasury benches.

The year 1854 was one of intense political excitement in Canada. The Reform Ministry of Mr. Hincks had resigned, and three distinct parties now presented themselves before the people, asking their suffrages,—the Government party, led by Mr. Hincks, the "Grits," as they were nicknamed, under the despotic rule of Mr. Brown, and the Conservatives, owning allegiance to Sir Allan Macnab. Mr. Macdonald belonged to the last, and was its real, although not nominal, leader, Sir Allan being still of service as a figurehead. The elections decided nothing, for each party came out with a fair following. When the House met, it was evident that, unless some coalition could be formed, public business was at a dead-lock, as neither of the three parties could construct a stable government

alone. Anxious, exciting days of conference, caucus, and combination followed, with the final result that by a coalition of the more staid and solid Liberals with the liberalized and progressive Conservatives, a Government was formed with sufficient support to insure its effective existence. Mr. Morin and Sir Allan Macnab were at first the joint Premiers of the new administration, but soon the former retired in favor of Colonel Tache, and the latter, who had pretty well outlived his usefulness, was by the unanimous wish of the party replaced by Mr. Macdonald. A year later, Colonel Tache, finding the labors of leadership too onerous, made way for Mr. Cartier, one of the ablest statesmen the old Province of Quebec has ever produced, and between whom and Mr. Macdonald there henceforth existed an intimate and cordial political partnership. Mr. Macdonald now became Premier in name as well as in fact, the Government bearing the title of Macdonald-Cartier, according to the fashion in those days of endowing governments with double-barrelled

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

titles, in order to indicate the leaders of the Upper and Lower Canada sections respectively.

Three great and critical questions, upon the satisfactory settlement of which it may safely be said the whole future of Canada as a nation depended, had for some time been clamoring for decisive action from successive administrations. These were: The choice of a permanent capital; Representation by population, and Government by double majority.

Ever since the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada had been united in constitutional wedlock, the country had been without a fixed capital, simply because no government had the courage to decide which of four jealous rivals for the honor should be preferred. Toronto and Kingston in Upper Canada, and Montreal and Quebec in the Lower Province, all vigorously asserted their claims. Mr. Macdonald suggested to his colleagues that the best way out of the difficulty would be to have the whole matter referred to the Queen for her arbitrament. This was accordingly done, much against the grain of the Opposition, and in 1858 Her Majesty decided that a quiet little country town in the Province of Ontario, having no other pretensions than the extraordinary beauty of its site, and the magnificence of its water-power, should be the capital of Canada.

Mr. Brown, who then led the Opposition, although an Ontario member, was especially loud and persistent in his protests against the Royal choice, and when the session of 1858 opened, he thought that in this question he held the lever which would lift the Government out of its place. Accordingly, among the amendments moved to the address was one disapproving of Ottawa as the capital. This amendment, having been carried by a vote of sixty-four to fifty, Mr. Brown believed that his time had come, and immediately upon the result of the vote being declared, sprang up and announced that, to test the sense of the House, he would move an adjournment. Mr. Macdonald, with calm irony, accepted the challenge, quietly saying, "Let the vote on the adjournment test the question whether or not the Ministry possesses the confidence of the House." The vote was taken amid much excitement, every one realizing that the fate of the Ministry depended upon its issue. The result showed sixty-one for the Government and fifty against it. The Ministry, despite the previous adverse vote, were therefore absolved from the constitutional necessity of resigning.

Notwithstanding this, the Premier counselled resignation. With that profound penetration which rendered him almost prophetic in the accuracy of his forecasts, he now descried an opportunity of dealing his relentless opponent, Mr. Brown, a blow from which he would be long in recovering. Next day the Macdonald-Cartier administration resigned, and Mr. Brown, being sent for by the Governor, undertook the task of forming a Government. Three days later the new Ministry was announced, and proposed to proceed with the public business; but the House had no sooner assembled than a want-of-confidence vote was moved by a leading Conservative, and, after an exciting and acrimonious discussion, the callow Ministry found themselves in a minority of forty. Under these circumstances they could do nothing but resign, which they accordingly did forthwith, after having been in office hardly forty-eight hours. His strategy thus crowned with complete success, Mr. Macdonald returned to power, supported by an even larger majority than before, and having around his council-board almost precisely the same faces as previous to his resignation.

His opponents, being utterly demoralized, Mr. Macdonald felt justified in adding two very significant items to the Ministerial programme. In view of the unsatisfactory state of the revenue, certain amendments to the tariff were proposed, wherein we may discern the germs of that protective system which thenceforth steadily developed until, under the title of "National Policy," it furnished the battle cry wherewith Sir John in 1878 led his forces to victory, and which to-day constitutes the fiscal policy of the Dominion. A far more important announcement, however, was that the expediency of a federation of all the British North American provinces would be anxiously considered.

and communication presently entered into with the Home Government and the Maritime Provinces upon the subject.

Reference has been already made to the question of representation by population as one upon the harmonious settlement of which the future of Canada depended. When the two Canadas united in 1841, although the Lower Province had then the larger population, it was stipulated that both provinces should send an equal number of representatives to the joint Parliament, and with this arrangement Upper Canada was for the time well content. But, as years passed by, the English province outstripped in wealth and population her slower sister, and began to think that the representation should be changed, so as to bear a just proportion to the respective population, and the Liberals of that day, seeking for an effective party cry, seized upon Representation by Population and made it their Shibboleth.

The rejection of the double majority principle by Mr. Macdonald's Government, on account of its utter impracticability, served only to intensify the demand for representation by population, and, linked ominously with it, the cry of "French domination," made itself heard throughout Ontario. It was a very critical juncture, and only the sagest statesmanship could avert the coming peril. Any attempt to alter the representation in favor of Ontario would be simply to ring the death-knell of the union, while persistence in denying Ontario what she, with so much justice, claimed, must prove equally disastrous.

In this emergency the scheme for a confederation of all the provinces presented itself to Mr. Macdonald's mind as a possible solution of the difficulty. First mooted by the British-American League in 1849, it had made but little impression, and perhaps might never have been heard of again but for the circumstances just indicated. Having been formally adopted by the Conservatives as a principal plank in the party platform, the great scheme now fully entered the arena of political politics, and henceforward until its execution formed a subject of engrossing interest.

Meanwhile, matters were indeed at a strange pass. Four administrations had fallen within a little more than two years. All public business beyond a mere routine was at a stand-still. Mr. Brown, who still led the Opposition, realizing the need of decisive action if the union was to be preserved, made overtures to Mr. Macdonald, which ultimately resulted in the former consenting to enter the Cabinet with two of his followers, on the express understanding that, as a substitute for representation by population, for which he had so consistently fought, Parliament would, at its next session, introduce the federal principle into Canada. On this arrangement being perfected the deadlock came to an end; the Conservative lion and the Grit tiger took sweet counsel together, and through their united action, supplemented by the eloquent advocacy and exhaustless ardor of Mr. Cartier in Quebec, Mr. Tupper in Nova Scotia, and Mr. Tilley in New Brunswick, Confederation was, in the year 1867, given to Canada. Throughout all the difficult and intricate negotiations that were required to perfect the scheme, although the ablest public men in Canada cooperated, Mr. Macdonald was *facile princeps*. Unanimously chosen chairman of the final conference held in London in December, 1865, to which came delegates from all the provinces, his perfect knowledge of all details, marvellous tact, and irresistible persuasive powers, proved equal to the herculean task of reconciling the vast and varied interests which at times seemed so seriously conflicting as to menace the whole scheme. Confederation may indeed be justly regarded as Sir John Macdonald's *magnum opus*.

It was but right and fitting, therefore, that to him should be committed the task of forming the first administration under the new order of things. In fulfilling this commission, Mr. Macdonald wisely determined to bring together, irrespective of all party considerations, those gentlemen who represented majorities in the provinces to which they belonged. "I do not want it to be felt," said he, "by any section in the country that they have no representative in the Cabinet and no influence in the Government."

Confederation necessarily wiped out all those issues which had in the past formed subjects of contention in the Canadian Parliament, and the new Government enjoyed the singular good fortune of beginning their career with a clean slate and a massive majority. The seven years of their rule were like the seven good years in Egypt when Joseph was Prime Minister, and peace, prosperity, and progress reigned throughout the land. The Dominion, moreover, extended its boundaries beyond the four provinces of which it was originally composed. Prince Edward Island, which had at first hung back from Confederation, recognized its advantages and became a partner to the alliance. The great *terra incognita* of the Northwest Territories, toward which Sir John had cast longing eyes ever since 1857, when at his suggestion Chief Justice Draper went to England to treat with the Hudson's Bay Company for their acquisition, were, after considerable opposition from the half-breed population, transferred to the Dominion, and so another province, rejoicing in the mellifluous name of Manitoba, was merged in this growing legislative union, to be followed within a year by British Columbia, thus completing the chain of provinces from ocean to ocean.

With the year 1872, the first Parliament of the Dominion of Canada completed its allotted term, and was accordingly dissolved. The general election which followed proved somewhat of a surprise to the Conservatives, as, although the ministry still retained a good working majority, its former proportions were significantly reduced, especially in the pivotal Province of Ontario, and there were unmistakable signs on all sides of that craving for change which inevitably permeates the public mind when one administration has held a long monopoly of office. Other causes were at work also, and principally the apprehension with which many people regarded the gigantic scheme of a trans-continental railway, whose construction within ten years had been the chief argument wherewith British Columbia had been induced to enter the union a short time previously. The Opposition proved conclusively enough that the carrying out of so stupendous an undertaking within the time appointed was simply impossible, and the spectre of national bankruptcy was successfully evoked to frighten the timid supporters of the Government from their allegiance, and give an impulse to the wavering in their leaning towards desertion. The crisis came sooner than even the most sanguine members of the Opposition could have hoped. During the session of 1873 the relations of the Government toward the Canadian Pacific Railway matter were made the base of a tremendous and unsparing attack all along the line. When the fight began, Sir John, trusting in the fidelity of his followers, went into it with cheerful courage and little doubt as to the ultimate result, but as each day witnessed fresh defections from his ranks,—defections which an eloquent appeal, displaying marvellous fertility of resource and all his peculiar persuasive powers in their very highest degree, failed to check,—he decided to resign without waiting for the final test, and accordingly, on the 5th of November, 1873, he placed his resignation in the hands of the Governor-General. Thus, after an unbroken reign of ten long and fruitful years, we see him once more consigned to the cold shades of opposition, while a Liberal administration, under the cautious, canny guidance of Mr. Mackenzie, became the guardian of the commonweal.

During the four years which followed, Sir John possessed his soul in patience, offering no factious opposition to the Government; but, on the contrary, cordially co-operating with them in perfecting any measure that was manifestly for the public good. Careful and prudent as was the Mackenzie rule, however, the country failed to prosper under it. Year by year the commercial situation grew worse, the revenue deficits graver, and the future prospects darker. The Ministry confessed themselves quite unable to mend matters, being, as their Finance Minister put it, "mere flies on the wheel." In this woful condition of affairs Sir John's keen eyes discerned the opening up of a route that would lead him back to power. Accordingly, in 1876, he came forward with a scheme for the financial rehabilitation of the country, which, under the title of the "Na-

tional Policy," was immediately adopted by his party, and the new protective gospel was so zealously preached that when, in 1878, the two parties met once more at the polls the Conservatives swept the country from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, and Mr. Mackenzie resigned without waiting for the assembling of Parliament.

Thus the year 1878 beheld Sir John restored to power, with a stronger following and a fairer future than at any time in his previous career, and from then until his death he guided the affairs of State with such consummate skill and unvarying success that his hold upon the suffrages of the people was never for a moment in question. The two chief events of these thirteen years, fruitful as they were of measures for the development and prosperity of the country, were undoubtedly the perfecting of the National Policy, whereby it became so vitally essential to the welfare of the country that it had perforce to be adopted and continued by his opponents when, after his death, they came into power, and the completion of that great work, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which may be said to have stood in Sir John's heart second only to the grand scheme of Confederation.

Under the administration of Sir John the progress of the country was rapid and solid. The alarming deficits which had preceded the introduction of the National Policy became only an unpleasant memory, being replaced by substantial surpluses. The influx of settlers into the Northwest revealed the incalculable value of the acquisition of that territory, and the whole country from ocean to ocean, in regard to her agriculture, commerce, manufactures, fisheries, and forests, enjoyed an ever-increasing prosperity.

Intensely devoted, as he was, to the interests of the country he so dearly loved, and which had honored him so highly, he was nevertheless a statesman of too broad a type to confine his attention to what was purely Canadian. Hence we find him strongly attracted by, and in hearty sympathy with the movement for Imperial Federation. On the occasion of the establishment of the Imperial Federation League in London in 1884 he made an eloquent speech, setting forth the desirability of drawing more closely the bonds which united the colonies with the Mother Land, while at the same time he pointed out that the many and great difficulties standing in the way rendered any immediate attempt to lay down cast-iron rules manifestly inexpedient. The problem presented could only be solved after much interchange of opinion between the Imperial and Colonial statesmen, and for this purpose time was necessary. Any scheme for Parliamentary federation of the Empire, or for a uniform tariff throughout the Empire, he regarded as impracticable, but a union for purposes of defence and trade was in his judgment the true Imperial policy, and that we are steadily, if somewhat slowly, drawing towards such a union would seem to be the correct reading of the present course of events.

He continued in the full tide of his amazing activity up to the beginning of the year 1891. In February of that year Parliament was dissolved, and a general election rendered necessary. At first he took an active part in the direction of the campaign, but the exposure necessitated by his public appearances resulted in a severe cold, which ultimately developed into a serious illness that was the beginning of the end. In the month of May symptoms of paralysis manifested themselves, and thenceforth his strength declined until on Saturday, the 6th of June, he passed quietly away without any sign of suffering.

Such is a brief and all too imperfect outline of Sir John Macdonald's public career. It still remains for us to endeavor to present some picture of the man himself.

"Who is he?" inquired the renowned special, A. G. Sala, as he watched Sir John Macdonald at a public ball in Quebec in 1864, passing and repassing with that easy alertness which distinguished his movements. "How like Disraeli! and with a strong dash of Milner Gibson, too. Remarkable man, I should think. One would inquire his name anywhere." This remark of Sala's aptly and accurately phrased the impression Sir John created upon the observer. Tall and lithe in figure, slightly stooped as became a life-long student; with

rich, waving locks of well-silvered hair, smooth-shaven face, corrugated like a glacier-scarred rock by a net-work of seams and wrinkles, wherein the most opposite emotions played hide-and-seek with one another according to the mood of the moment, bright, bird-like eyes, observant of everything around, and a quick, gliding step, whose jaunty grace the fast-growing burden of years did not impair—such were the Premier's most striking physical characteristics. As one watched him through the weary months of a parliamentary session, scarcely ever absent from his post at the Speaker's right, always alert, active, and prepared for whatever might turn up, charming to his supporters and courteous to his opponents, speaking often, yet never unnecessarily or at too great length, guiding and controlling the legislative machine with the same masterful ease as the captain of an ocean steamer rules his marine microcosm, you cease to wonder that interest should develop into admiration, and admiration into adoration, as it did with so many of his followers.

He was not by any means the greatest orator in the House, but he was unquestionably the greatest debater. When in good form he was a delightful speaker, and the prospects of a speech from him crowded the galleries to suffocation. On beginning to speak his voice was frequently low, indistinct, and hesitating, the words came slowly and were apt to be repeated, but as his subject warmed upon him all this disappeared, he was soon well under way, and proceeded from point to point with rapidity, clearness, and most satisfying felicity of expresion. He was never still for a moment while on his feet: now he had his back to the Speaker, and now looked him full in the face; this moment he hangs his eye-glasses jauntily astride his generously-proportioned nose, the next he shakes them menacingly toward the gentleman on the other side of the House. Lowering his voice to a thrilling whisper or raising it to a triumphant shout, ever and anon convulsing his listeners by some deliciously absurd joke or keenly effective allusion, the Premier, after more than two-score years of active service, showed himself as vigorous, as witty, as pugnacious, and as vivacious as at any time in the past. He captivated, even though he might not convince, and rarely failed to carry his point, however weak might be his side of the argument.

The peculiar feature which distinguished him as a political leader was the amazing dexterity wherewith he managed to hold together a set of heterogeneous elements—national, religious, sectional, personal—actuated each of them, be it confessed, more by regard to their own individual interests than to the welfare of the united people. Both as regards the instability of the medium which supported him and the wondrous skill with which it was made to seem as reliable as the solid ground, Sir John might not inaptly have been compared to the circus athlete in his " grand challenge-act of riding six fiery steeds simultaneously." Between not merely two, but half a dozen, slippery tools, the Premier was of course liable at any time to fall to the ground; yet by means of that personal magnetism which he possessed in so rare a degree, and whereby he scored so many successes in placating disaffected followers or alluring recruits from the hostile camp, he maintained himself impregnably intrenched in power.

No great statesman was ever more fervently loved or more loyally followed by his supporters, and this was not only because of his unique personal fascination, but because they knew that the memorable words wherewith he closed his impassioned speech in the critical debate on the so-called Pacific Scandal were true beyond cavil: "I can see past the decision of the House, either for or against me; but whether it be for or against me, I know—and it is no vain boast for me to say so, for even my enemies will admit that I am no boaster—that there does not exist in this country a man who has given more of his time, more of his heart, more of his wealth, or more of his intellect and power, such as they may be, for the good of this Dominion of Canada."

And because of this faith his memory will ever be warmly cherished and his name held in high honour by the people of Canada.

THE GALOOT

By COLIN McKAY

At sundown, the *Micmac,* a schooner of about seventy tons burthen, hauled away from the wharf at Pictou and anchored in the stream. She was fully laden for a trading trip to the Labrador, and all ready to proceed to sea, except that she needed another hand to complete her crew.

After a peaceful pipe, the cook and I turned in our bunks in the fo'castle; but about midnight the young mate's voice, booming down the scuttle, roused us, and we went on deck to see what was in the wind. A boat had come alongside, and a burly boarding master, seated in the stern sheets, was lamenting the scarcity of sailormen. The skipper, leaning over the rail, broke in, impatiently:

"But couldn't you get me a man of some kind? I don't want to have to send to Halifax. A blooming mossback, or coal-digger, would do me."

"Well, I've a chap here—dead drunk," drawled the boarding master. "You can take him if you like. He's no sailorman, though."

"You're not shanghaiing him, Spud?"

"Not exactly. Anyway, it don't matter. The fellow has no friends here. And besides, he's a bit daft; quite harmless, though, and willing enough to work. If you want him, I'll take the responsibility, Cap, and ten dollars for my trouble."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to take him," said the old man: "pass him aboard, and then give us a hand to get under weigh."

The boarding master and his runner shook up a shadowy heap in the bottom of the boat, and we hauled a long, lanky young fellow, drunk or doped, over the rail, and laid him on the hatch.

At dawn the schooner was laying her course up the North Bay, and reeling the miles behind her merrily. After breakfast the skipper came on deck, saw the new hand still lying asleep on the hatch, and, drawing a bucket of water, dashed it over him.

The young fellow shivered, muttered incoherently, then slowly and painfully raised himself to a sitting posture, and blinked about him. The clean-cut face was void of expression and drawn with pain; the eyes vacant and bleared, like burnt holes in a blanket. Apparently about twenty years of age, the unfortunate lad presented, in his wet and ragged clothes, a forlorn and disreputable, a pitiable appearance.

"Where the hungry dickens have I got to now?" he asked at length, dazedly.

The skipper informed him succinctly, then advised him to get forward, get coffee, and get ready to stand his watch.

"Who are you, Mr. Man? And whom do you think you're talking to?" queried the lad.

The skipper plumed himself with profanity. Then he declared that the article he was talking to was a silly simpleton, a daft galoot. Spud Murphy had said so, and Spud, though a rogue, told the truth when there was nothing to lose by it.

A glimmer of intelligence flickered into the young fellow's face, but only to give place immediately to its former expression of raucous perplexity.

"Spud Murphy, hey? Well, I'll be jiggered if I—"

"Come now, pull your wits together, what little you've got, and get to work," ordered the old man, angrily.

The lad stretched himself wearily on the hatch, muttering indifferently:

"Go to blazes!"

The skipper, with a curse, kicked him viciously in the ribs, and bade him get up and be quick about it. The youngster scrambled to his feet, hastily enough, and crying, "You'll kick a man when he's down, will you!" launched himself unsteadily at his tormentor.

The skipper stepped aside. Then, his big body shaking with rage, he swung quickly about, and struck out heavily from the

shoulder. The youngster promptly took the measure of his coffin on the deck.

"You'll raise your hand to me, will you?" roared the old man. "If you ever open your head to me again, I'll slaughter you. I'm a holy terror when I get riled, I can tell you. If you weren't half drunk, I'd knock daylights out of you."

Then, as the youngster made no effort to rise, he kicked him again, and turning away, walked aft and went below. The cook came along, helped the dazed and dismayed lad to his feet, took him to the fo'castle, and put him in a bunk. In a few minutes he dropped into restless slumber, or rather, painful unconsciousness.

At eight bells that afternoon the schooner was well up towards Cape North, but the breeze, which had served her steadily since leaving port, had at last died out, and left her, with sails hanging and booms creaking, stumbling idly over short, scuffling seas. After a little while, however, she got a breeze again—a head wind from the no'th-east, gusty and cold—and hauling her up to it we let her go, full-and-bye.

Ere long a heavy cloud-bank rose, like a monstrous bat, above the horizon to windward, and mounted zenithward with wings outspread, till it canopied half the sky with chaotic masses of inky cumulus. For a time it remained stationary, poised in ponderous menace over the darkening deep; then, as forked flashes of vivid lightning shot through its black belly, it broke up into detached fragments, which scurried in serried squadrons across the sky. The glass was falling swiftly, alarmingly. As the wind gathered weight the little schooner complained mournfully alow and aloft, as though dreading the drubbing before her. Before long she began to bury herself a good deal in the lee-roll, and by four bells we were forced to snug her down to close-reefed foresail, and put her head under her wing. The mate turned out the new hand and got him on deck, but he was as weak as a cat and as stupid as a simpleton—of no earthly use at such a time.

The schooner, for some reason, didn't lay to comfortably, and the more we tried to humor her with the helm the worse she behaved. After a time we put a balance-reefed mainsail and a bit of the jumbo on her, and took in the foresail, but she yawed about even more erratically. So we put her under the foresail again.

"She's down by the head—that's what's the trouble with her," said the new hand, suddenly. "You'd better lift a hatch and try to trim her a bit before it hardens down, Captain."

The captain was not the man to consider advice from any source, much less from a half-witted galoot. "Mind your jaw tackle, Macpherson," he growled angrily. "She's in proper trim. I stowed her myself. When I want advice from a Simple Simon, I'll ask you."

Macpherson, as the captain called him, shrugged his shoulders, and leaning over the house, watched the craft struggling in the seas with his former dazed indifference.

As night drew on the gale gathered force and fury, and the seas rose up and raged riotously. Ere long the schooner was floundering fearfully in the infuriated seas—falling off suddenly and letting great white-crested combers cataract across her fore-deck, coming up as suddenly, and putting her bows into toppling billows sheer to the foremast. The skipper stood in the cabin companion, fidgeting, ill at ease; and, noticing his trepidation, the mate, the cook, and I—all of us mere boys, with little sea experience—began to feel anxious, too.

"She's laborin' hard—makin' a terrible time of it," he cried at length in a scared voice. "Never saw her behave so. And the weather's getting worse. . . My Lord, I'm afraid she won't live through it."

"Isn't there anything we can do for her?" yelled the mate, who was at the wheel.

The captain—he did not hold a certificate, and was only a captain by courtesy—shook his head distractedly; and we realized with bitterness that he owed his position more to his ability to drive hard bargains with the natives on the Labrador than to handle a ship in a gale of wind. Presently he fell into a blue funk, and, after making a sickening exhibition of himself, went below and shut himself in his stateroom.

In the dying light the mate's young face

paled perceptibly and filled with flaccid lines, as though his nerve was failing him; and the cook and I began to feel mighty uncomfortable—very much alarmed. Macpherson, apparently seasick, rose off the house, staggered aft, and leaning over the taffrail, vomited convulsively. But we weren't interested in his troubles.

Soon the night, dense with driving spume, settled upon the raging sea. The schooner wallowed in the seething tumult of luminous waters like a frantic thing; and as her straining fabric trembled to the shock of the charging combers, our hearts trembled too in bodeful sympathy. At length, as a stupendous roller hit her with unwonted viciousness, and nearly threw her on her beam-ends, the mate cried out in nerveless, alarmed tones:

"She'll drown herself this way. 'Spose she'd do better runnin', boys?"

"She won't ride it out this way," answered the cook with conviction.

"We'll run her, then," shouted the mate. "As soon as we get a smooth, I'll up helm; and as soon as she gets off before it, you jump forward, cook, and give her sheet."

In a few minutes three big seas rolled by, and the mate started to put the helm up. But suddenly a tall form, ghostlike in the driving darkness, leaped upon the wheel, tore it from the mate's hands, and whirled it hard a-lee again; and a strong, resonant voice rang athwart the fierce, menacing hum of the gale and the sinister, discordant diapason of the breaking surges:

"Keep your helm down, you fool—hard down. This packet wouldn't run ten minutes in her present trim, and if she would she'd pile up on Prince Edward Island before daylight."

The mate, too amazed, too bewildered, to remember what was due his dignity, stammered querulously:

"But she won't ride it out this way, man. What else is there to do?"

"Well, by thunder!" exclaimed Macpherson, in powerful, full-chested tones, as he relinquished the wheel. "If this isn't a queer packet, I don't know. The old man in a funk in his bunk, and the mate out of his wits." And while we wondered at the masterful spirit that seemed suddenly to have possessed our giddy galoot, the vigorous voice went on: "Blow me! I've been up against some queer propositions in my time, but this beats me. Doped and shanghaied! By the splinters of the mighty, Spud Murphy has a nerve. Say, didn't the skipper of this little bathing machine hit or kick me? Hang me, if I can remember things clearly. That rogue must have given me a great dose. But I'm feeling better already since I got it off my stomach." And the young man began, in three languages, to anathematize Spud Murphy, the schooner, the skipper, all hands, and his own eyes.

"You'd better be saying your prayers," remonstrated the mate. "She'll drown herself before morning, if it gets any worse."

"You couldn't blame her if she did," growled Macpherson, after a pause, "with such a crowd of galoots in charge of her. Why don't you put out a drogue to hold her head up to it? She's flouncing about like a bathing machine adrift."

"We haven't a drogue aboard, and I don't know how to make one."

"Humph! Some of these coasting craft carry queer sailormen nowadays. But are there any spare booms, planks, or a gangway about decks?"

"Yes, there's a heavy staging and some planks lashed to the weather rail."

"Very good. We'll rig up some kind of a sea anchor. Give the cook the wheel and come with me, you and the other chap."

Macpherson, his tall form bending against the wind, staggered forward to the waist, and the mate and I followed at his heels. In a few minutes we cut the lashings which held the gangway—a staging of two-inch planks about ten feet long and three feet wide—to the bulwarks, lugged it aft, and laid it on the house. Then we lugged a strong piece of deal along.

Under the lad's direction, we lashed the plank and the gangway together in the shape of a cross, made a double bridle of stout rope fast to the four legs, and put a couple of spans about the middle to strengthen it. Then we got the kedge, which was lashed by the mainmast, and made it fast with a

tail rope of about five fathoms to the foot of the cross.

"Now, mate, whaat can you give us for a hawser?" demanded the lad.

"All our lines are down the fore-hatch, and we can't get at them now. The weather cable might do—it's a small hemp fishing hawser."

"The very thing. But we'll have to bring the end along aft. Get me an axe to cut it clear."

The schooner was taking heavy water over her forward almost continuously, but, holding on by the weather rail, we worked our way to the bows without other damage than a couple of good drenches.

"Now, sonny, fleet the cable round the windlass," shouted Macpherson. "Mate, get the outboard bight on the rail, and I'll cut it clear of the anchor. Give us slack—look alive now."

The schooner fell off into a deep trough, and suddenly a stupendous swell, its curling crest flashing with phosphorescent fire, its fore slope lividly luminous, rose high above the weather bow. Macpherson, raising his axe to cut, caught sight of it, and called out startlingly:

"Look out—lay hold of something. Quick—for your lives!"

Macpherson dropped behind the bulwarks and wound an arm about the cavel; the mate followed his example, and I jumped on the windlass and doubled over the jumbo boom—only in time.

Above us the towering comber hung poised for a single breathless instant, then its fiery crest toppled over, and with crushing fury it thundered over the bows. It rolled right over me, crushing me against the boom till I felt my ribs give, and breaking against the lee rail, swept away about ten feet of it and as many feet of bulwarks.

The schooner swung up to the wind again, flung the flood off her decks, and meeting the following seas—a smaller series—bow on, lifted to them, buoyantly. Macpherson rose up, shouting cheerily, but the mate had got a scare.

"I'm not goin' to stop here. We'll be washed away," he cried fearfully, starting aft.

But Macpherson, axe in hand, barred the way. "Get hold of that hawser, or I'll split your silly head," he roared, furiously, imperatively. The masterful spirit, the truculent bucko, with the viking ring in his voice, who had taken charge of things, impressed the mate mightily—startled him out of his funk.

"All right, all right," he yelled, realizing that Macpherson would be as good as his word, "I'll obey you—I'll obey you."

"I'm darn sure you will," laughed the lad.

As the mate caught hold of the hawser again, Macpherson chopped the end away, and as I paid it out, he started aft with it, passing it outside the rigging. The schooner soused us under nearly every plunge; the driving spray flayed our faces like whips, blinding, and at times almost choking us; now and then a roller broke over us, knocking us down, and nearly battering the life out of us; but in the raging darkness, upon the reeling deck, we worked on with feverish haste, with a fierce and wrathful energy. In a few minutes we paid out enough cable to reach the taffrail, and going aft, bent the end to the bridle of the drogue.

Then, when the schooner swung up into the wind, we threw over the kedge, and launched the drogue into the sea. She made sternboard, checked on the sea-kite, and, getting it about a point and a half on her weather bow, hung there, breasting the charging combers bravely.

"Now, we'll have to give her cable, boys—enough to let the drogue sink below the seas," shouted the lad. "Bring some parcelling along, sonny."

We made our way forward and started to pay out the hawser. She took it on the run, gathered sternboard, and fell off a bit; then she checked abruptly in the trough, and, ere she could recover, a heavy, high-walled swell walked over the bow, broke over us, and rolled aft like a tidal bore.

When she came out of the smother of foam, I found myself clinging for dear life to the windlass bitts, dazed, and smarting about the shoulders as if my arms had been wrenched from the sockets. As I gathered my wits together, the mate, who had been

driven under the fife-rail about the foremast, scrambled towards me, wound his arms about the bitts, and cried out fearfully:

"The lad's gone—gone overboard! Oh, my God—I never saw such a night. We'll all be lost!"

A muffled shout in the darkness of the waist startled us, and in a moment or two Macpherson emerged like a ghost out of the gloom. "Whew! The blasted bathing machine nearly drowned me that time. Close call that. Just caught the rail by the skin of my teeth. You lads hurt?"

Undismayed by his narrow escape, Macpherson again started to give the prancing raft more cable—carefully now and without further mishap. When we had given her about fifty fathoms of cable and had put some parcelling on it where it rested in the hawse-pipe, we went aft.

The schooner rode to her anchor splendidly, lifting bravely to the seas and keeping ing the foresail just full enough to steady her a bit. "She's making better weather of it now, boys," shouted the lad, cheerfully. "But it's piping up like blue blazes. It can blow a bit in this bay when it wants to, and when it does it kicks up an ugly sea—as uncivilized a sea as you want to see. If we had some oil bags out now she'd do better—now that she's backing away from the seas."

"There's plenty of coal oil aboard," said the mate.

"Mineral oils are not much good."

"Well, there's some seal and cod oil, and four or five drums of paint oil in the lazarette, abaft the cabin."

"They'll do very well mixed together."

So, at Macpherson's direction, we hunted up a half dozen small canvas bags, filled them with oakum and oil and some scraps of iron, and hung them overboard by the fore and main channels on either side.

In a few minutes our lubricators began to get in their work, and it seemed to fine down considerably. As if by magic the giant combers for a cable's length to windward were shorn of their curling crests, though all round about the storm-scourged ocean was a white and luminous welter of breaking surges and phosphorescent sprays. A big roller, charging down out of the smoky smother to windward, would leap towards us like a toppling wall, but just as it seemed on the point of breaking, it would strike the oil slick and become in a moment a smooth, round-barrelled swell, which swept easily under the keel of the leaping craft.

"She'll do," said Macpherson, at length. "But say, cook, I'm as hungry as a shark. Got anything to eat aboard?"

"Yes, but I don't care to open the forescuttle now. She might fill the fo'castle."

"Isn't there any grub in the cabin?"

"Yes, but the captain mightn't like it if I gave you his stuff."

"The captain be blowed. I'll help myself."

Macpherson dropped into the cabin, and, presently, looking through the scuttle, I saw him on a corner locker with a tin of meat, some cheese and crackers, and a bottle of stout. After making a hearty meal he glanced at the aneroid, and then went into the captain's room, where he remained for a minute or two. When he came out he carried a bundle of clothes in his arms, and seating himself on the locker, he proceeded with the utmost deliberation to divest himself of his wet rags and array himself in the old man's go-ashore togs.

"Well," said the mate, as he watched him, "that chap's certainly a cool customer. And he's a proper sailorman, too—maybe been a mate or something. Reckon the old man'll find he's got a tartar on his hands when he gets out of his funk. He doesn't act much like the galoot Spud Murphy said he was, hey?"

When he had donned dry clothes, Macpherson appropriated a sou-wester and long oil coat and came on deck.

"That skipper's a fine chap," he observed, amusedly. "He's filled himself with whiskey and is stretched off in his bunk with a blanket about his silly head."

"What are you, any way?" demanded the mate.

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. I'm the best man aboard the ship,

and I don't want any truck with you galoots."

"The skipper's a handy man with his fists, if he is afraid of a breeze, and he won't be pleased to find you in his clothes," said the mate, maliciously.

"Blast the skipper and you, too!" shouted the lad, in a tone that made further conversation ridiculous.

All night the gallant little craft strained over the tumbling surges—now poised, precariously, on a dizzy crest, now plunging perilously into the black terrors of a yawning trough. And all night we kept the deck, replenishing the oil bags occasionally, and watching, as if fascinated, the dim and phantom-like shape laboring in the turbulent water, like some monster of the time when the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the waters, wallowing in the tumultuous chaos of the primeval deep. Overhead, just above the mastheads, apparently, black-bellied clouds and whirling wisps of smoky vapor rushed by at meteor speed; and all round about the tortured ocean boiled and smoked like a witch's caldron, and shot livid tongues of phosphorescent spray. Now and then Macpherson went forward to see that the cable wasn't chafing in the hawse; but mostly he stood by the wheel, shouting defiant snatches of wild doggerels of the deep sea. His cool and careless bearing, and his fierce, defiant songs, soothed our fears. The skipper never showed himself.

Awhile before daylight the storm gathered its forces for its flurry, and swooped down upon us in a black squall of terrific fury. The schooner's straining hull disappeared in a blinding smother of driving spray; the reefed foresail changed to ribbons in the rush of the blast; and three seas, one after the other, broke over the bows and rushed aft in an avalanche of foam, burying us to the neck. The schooner trembled like a stricken thing, but freed herself valiantly. In a moment the sea, the air, everything, was a white and seething welter, a flying lather of foam. The furious blast seemed to tear off the tops of the seas and hurl them bodily over us; seemed to blow one sea over on to the back of another, and so beat them down. The schooner heeled over about forty-five degrees, and lay comparatively quiet, while the cascades of water rushed savagely over her decks. We could not face the rush of wind and water—could scarcely breathe. Anxious, appalled, at the fury of the tempest, we crouched behind the house, fearing she would part the hawser, fall off, be blown on her beam ends and swamped. But, thanks to the sea-anchor and the strength of the hawser, she kept her head up to it pluckily.

For fifteen minutes maybe, though it seemed an age, the gale raged with all the violence of a hurricane; then, having had its flurry, having spent its force, it died out suddenly.

As dawn broke, the schooner was lifting easily to the heave of rapidly subsiding seas, and broad on the larboard beam land appeared—East Cape, P.E.I. The skipper, blear-eyed but sober, came on deck, told us he had been very sick, but felt better, and asked how we had weathered the gale. The mate informed him shortly.

"And who told you to use the oil?" the old man asked.

"Macpherson. 'Twas his idea. If it hadn't been for him, we'd be stowed in Davy Jones' locker now."

The skipper turned on the lad, who stood by the wheel, clear-eyed and cool, looking every inch a man. The old man, however, didn't notice the change, and started in to bullyrag him.

"What d'you mean, wasting my oil?" he blustered. "Even if I was too sick to stop on deck, you should have asked my leave. I'll make you pay for every gallon wasted, you giddy galoot."

"Oh, go chase yourself, old man," quoth the lad, coolly.

The skipper even then didn't notice, or at least didn't heed, the menace in the steady, bold eyes, the square shoulders, and erect head. With an angry oath he raised his fist and lunged at the lad; but he struck only air. On the instant, the youngster came out of his oil coat; then, with a quick, panther-like spring and a straight-from-the-shoulder swing, his fist came to the impact fair on the old man's forehead. The skip-

per was lifted from his feet and hurled in a heap on to the top of the house.

"You haven't got a doped galoot to deal with this morning, you white-livered bully," laughed the lad, genially.

The skipper got up and made another rush. Macpherson met him fair; and in another moment the skipper was stretched out on the deck with all the fight knocked out of him.

"Get up, and take your medicine," begged the lad.

The skipper spat out blood and teeth, looked around, and growled at us, sheepishly.

"Take hold of him, men. What's the matter with you? Don't let him hit me again! Can't you see I'm a sick man?"

"If any of you chaps interfere with me, you'll regret it," menaced the lad.

We didn't intend to interfere, and said so; in fact, we were pleased to see the tables turned on the big bully. We gloated over his discomfiture.

"It's mutiny," growled the old man. "You can't assault a captain nowadays. I'll shove you up for seven years."

"Get up, and I'll assault you again," said the lad easily.

The old man begged to be let alone.

"All right," said the lad. "If you've had enough, I reckon I'll have to be satisfied. And now, skipper, I'll have to ask you to land me at Souris, provide me with a suit of clothes—this suit of yours don't fit me very well—and pay my passage to Pictou."

"I'll see you further first. I'll send you to jail—"

"See here, old man, I don't want any guff," interrupted the lad, sternly. "And you needn't try to sneak below; I've got your shooting irons. If I cared to I could have both you and Murphy arrested, but I don't want everybody to know how I've been shanghaied. I'm mate of the *Brynhilda*, that St. John ship, lying just above the Pictou Iron Company's pier, and my name's Sunderland—Sandy Sunderland."

The skipper stared, we all stared, at the stalwart lad.

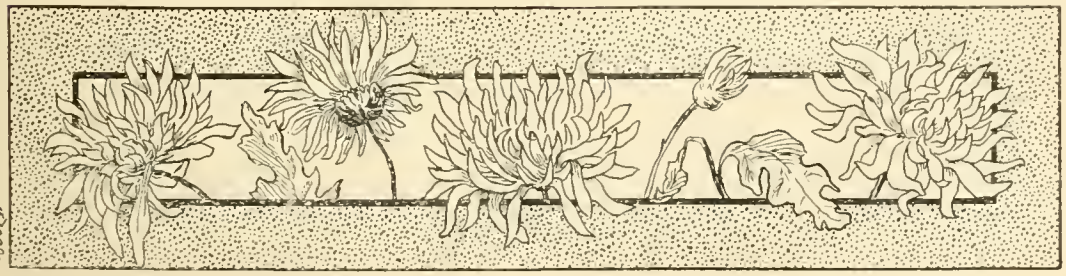
"Well, bless my eyes," exclaimed the old man. "Sandy Sunderland, the bucko mate—son to old Donald Sunderland!"

Old Donald Sunderland, master mariner, owned a score or so of tall ships, and had six tall sons following the sea. And Sandy was the best and wildest of the lot, a youth whose gallant exploits and heroic brutalities had made his name familiar to all down-Easters who follow the sea.

"Well, Mr. Sunderland, I'm very sorry, but I didn't know what kind of a bargain I was getting when I paid ten dollars for you. Spud Murphy told me you were a half-witted galoot."

"Spud has an exciting quarter of an hour coming to him."

"Well, I hope he has," said the old man. "I'll run into Souris as soon as we can make sail."



A DABBLER IN SCIENCE

By JEAN MURDOCK

"IT is all very well for you, Dorothy, to preach domestic happiness to me; you never were a student, nor interested in any of the questions of the day; but, as for me, with my training, I shall aim at something higher than the management of a man, an establishment, and children. You are of a domestic turn of mind; you love these things, and are at home among them, while I—I appeal to you, Dorothy—what should I do with a man, or a troup of children to think about all day? I should be distracted."

It was a tall young woman with glasses who said this, and having said it she lay back in her easy chair with so helpless an air that the pretty little matron, Dorothy, burst into a peal of amused laughter.

"You are young yet, Marion," said she, at last, when she could subdue her merriment, "and you girls with university trainings do give yourselves such airs, with your severely dressed hair, your statuesque gowns, and your glasses. You make a mock at matrimony; but wait till you see your first gray hair, say, ten years hence. But," suddenly changing her tone, "what do you mean to go in for, anyway?"

"I am going to study law," said Marion, with her grandest air, "and I shall make you so proud and envious of me. Five years from now I shall be a famous woman. People shall come to me for counsel, and I shall teach them never again to scoff at a woman for trying to do a man's work."

"Well, may your highest dreams be realized, but never grow so grand that you will not condescend to come to me for your holidays."

*

A year passed. Dorothy grew younger, gayer, and prettier in her home, while Marion sighed and yawned over misty tomes and legal phrases that she could never, despite all her boasted cleverness, keep ready for use when she wanted them. And she came gladly to Dorothy's home for the summer petting she never failed to receive and to enjoy, though she affected for it a great disdain.

When Marion had been at her friend's house for about a week, and all the home matters had been discussed, Dorothy made opportunity to question Marion as to the progress she had made in her law studies. A faint flush stole into Marion's cheek, and she did not raise her eyes to Dorothy's as she answered:

"Well, you see, Dorothy, it takes so long to get through the law schools, and it is such tedious work besides, that I have decided to give it up and study medicine." Then, after a pause, and with a little sigh, "You see, I have found out that the study of law is not what I thought it."

"And do you think you will like medicine better?" inquired her anxious friend. "I do not want you to make a failure of your life, and unless you have made up your mind to take the bitter with the sweet, you had much better leave the study of medicine alone. Remember there are some very disagreeable and gruesome things in connection with this study, as well as a great deal of hard work to be done before you gain the experience necessary to a skilled physician, and if you cannot be eminent in your profession, I know you would much rather not be in it at all: so consider well before you undertake this new work. We will not speak of it again until it is time for your vacation to be over."

Two summer months soon pass. Marion's trunks were packed and strapped, and her good-bye said to the children, before she could at all realize that her holiday was over.

"Good-bye, Dorothy; when I come next summer I will be able to mix you all sorts of doses, for I am determined to study medicine."

A little sigh fluttered over Dorothy's lips, but she answered, "Good-bye, dear; all success to you, but do not be too easily dis-

couraged, and do not ruin your health for the sake of your books."

No danger of the indolent, would-be medical student ruining her health in pursuit of any knowledge! And Dorothy knew this: hence the sigh, for she was much more ambitious for Marion than Marion would ever be for herself.

*

Each week brought to busy Dorothy tidings of her friend, who at last, so her letters affirmed, had found her vocation. Medicine was her *forte!* For the first six months her letters were long, interesting, and full of busy life; but after that the interest began to flag, so that when vacation time rolled round again Dorothy was not much surprised to hear her friend say, in answer to her question:

"Well, you know, Dorothy, there is no use of me, with my wealth, doing things that are distasteful to me; there are hundreds of girls who find it necessary to earn a living for themselves—let them study themselves gray-headed if they care to; let them toil in the dissecting-room till they are too sick and weary to stand up, if they must—but as for me, I give it up. I have found," with a little shame-faced glance at her friend, "that the glory of being a learned physician, and going about doing good, it too dearly bought. In fact," more boldly, "I have found that the study of medicine is not what I thought it."

Their eyes met, and then they broke into merry laughter at the failure, the disgraceful and utter failure, of Marion's grand schemes to make herself famous.

Nevertheless, though Dorothy did not say so, she held her friend in a little contempt—who had money and brains to enable her to carry her schemes out brilliantly, and who yet allowed a natural indolence to stand in her way and bring her only ignoble failure. But she wisely held her peace, and helped Marion in the same old pleasant way to spend a happy summer. The two months of vacation were drawing to a close, and still Dorothy asked no question concerning what Marion intended doing next, nor did Marion vouchsafe her any information.

It was the last day that the two friends were to spend together, and as they trifled over their fancy-work Marion said: "I am going home to try to help Uncle spend a pleasant winter, Dot. Do you think I shall make a failure of that? And will you have me back next summer, though I have achieved nothing brilliant?"

"Now you are sensible, Marion, and I am sure poor Mr. Marche will appreciate your company more than he would a thousand brilliant achievements. Go home to him, by all means, and when you come next summer be sure and bring him with you."

*

The next letter Dorothy received from her friend struck her dumb. It was postmarked India, and it informed her that Marion had gone out, in company with three other ladies, to teach the Gospel to the heathen in that far-off, burning clime. She could only exclaim, as she tossed the letter to her husband, "Read that!" before bursting into tears at her friend's folly.

Her husband laughingly said, "Do not grieve, Dot. You will have your friend back for the next summer holidays. Her missionary fever will have worn off by that time."

But it was not so. A few letters came, full of enthusiasm, and Dorothy at last began to gain back her pride in her friend that had been so rudely hurt. "God help her," was her daily prayer; "she is a grand woman, if only she allows herself to be."

*

Nearly two years had gone, and for a long time Dorothy had received no Indian mail. Then, when her heart had grown sick with dread, there came one morning a familiar tap at her door, and before she had time to answer it, two soft arms were thrown around her neck and a face hidden on her shoulder; the owner of these—Marion.

Too glad to have her friend back alive and well to think of uttering any reproaches or feeling any contempt, Dorothy welcomed her with all the old-time fervor. And then she presented her brother, who had come to spend his holidays with her.

"You see," she explained to her friend, "I had to have someone; I could not spend

a summer alone, and poor Jack was only too glad to come. He is a doctor, Marion, and he has so much to do that he is really worn out and needs the holiday. But tell me about yourself. You look older, browner, thinner. Tell me, what is it?"

"It is this, Dorothy," and tears welled up in Marion's eyes, no longer hidden by the spectacles she had so much affected in her student days, "that I have learned a lesson that will last me my life-time: I went out to India and took up missionary work as carelessly as I took up here my law-books and my medicine. But I found that India was no place for an idler; there is no room for drones in that busy hive. There are women out there doing work so noble, so self-sacrificing, that I was not fit to be among them; and when I saw that their hearts were really in their work, I, too, took it up in earnest. But I could stand nothing; my health gave way, and I was giving a great deal more trouble than I was doing good, so I left them a sum of money to carry on the work and I came home. I tell you, Dorothy, I know whereof I speak when I say that missionary work is not what I thought it." And she looked so pale and distressed that gentle Dorothy could not find it in her heart to scold her.

"But if you have your brother here, I will not intrude; I will go back to my uncle."

"My dear, Jack's being here need make no difference to us; he spends most of his time with Will and the children, so I shall be able to see nearly as much of you as I did in those other summers."

Dorothy spoke truly; Doctor Jack did not inflict his company on them quite as much as Marion, after she had become acquainted with him, would have liked. He was one of those quiet, intellectual men who do not think it necessary to pay court to every good-looking woman they may chance to meet. Besides, he took a sincere pleasure in the company of his sister's children. But he was, above all other things, a student of human nature, and when the children were safe in bed, he took time to study his sister's friend; and so interesting did this study become that, at the end of the two months they spent under one roof, Dorothy was not surprised to be asked to accept Marion as a sister, and Marion was so changed by her stay in India from a thoughtless, indolent woman, to a good and womanly one, that Dorothy was delighted.

They were married, and Doctor Jack proved so attentive a husband and made his wife so happy, that at the end of a year, in answer to Dorothy's query as to how she liked her new life, Marion answered in her old phrase:

"I did not know what I was talking about, Dot, when I scoffed at married life, for I have found out in this last happy year that matrimony is not what I thought it."

FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

READABLE PARAGRAPHS FROM MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER

Spring Rapture

[EVERYBODY'S]

Once more the spring's exultant joy
  And flowery dream have come to pass ;
Once more the birth of hawthorn white,
  The green revival of the grass.

Again the pageant of the leaves,
  The fragrance of the cherry-boughs ;
Again the April glamour comes,
  Again the young spring's wild carouse !

O heart of mine, once more for you
  The world awakes with bloom and song ;
Hushed are the voices of old Grief,
  And vanished is the face of wrong.

The April pæan rings again,
  Spring's flowery dream has come to pass,
And who shall weep when Love has given
  The green revival of the grass ?

* *

Letting a Man Alone

[COSMOPOLITAN]

THE MOST trying thing in women is that they can never understand this one need of man's nature—the need at times of being let alone. This is why the most tactful of hostesses, the most enjoyable of friends, the most tender of wives and lovers, so often fail from the very excellence of their intentions, the very strength and intensity of their affections. When a man begins to grow a little restless and to experience the need of other and less dainty companionship—if he wants to go shooting or off to a forest-camp, or just to smoke a pipe in the quiet of his own thoughts—those good women always fear that they have failed in their attentions to him. Then they beset him with new kindnesses and redoubled demonstrations, until at last he almost hates them, and breaks away from them roughly or with a burst of irritation of which he is thoroughly ashamed a short while after, and by which they are thoroughly astonished and deeply hurt, because this phase of a man's nature they never comprehend. But the man who does not marry is one in whom this feeling is very strong. Just because he so thoroughly appreciates whatever is exquisite and perfect in woman's society, he is the more fully cloyed by it. And so he comes to think that this perpetual *tete-a-tete* of matrimony would in the end be as maddening as at the outset it might be enchanting.

* *

Indian Hunting Grounds

[ARTHUR HEMING IN THE METROPOLITAN]

THE HUNTING grounds in possession of the various Indian tribes in "The Strong Wood" zone—that vast belt of timber which completely girdles Canada—have been for centuries sub-divided and allotted, either by bargain or battle, to the main families of each band. In many cases these hunting grounds have remained in the undisputed possession of the same families for generations. The hunting grounds belonging to the several families usually have natural boundaries, such as hills, valleys, rivers, or lakes; and the allotments of land are generally in the form of wedge-shaped tracts radiating from common centres. Thus from the intersection of the many converging boundary lines the common centres become the hubs of the various districts. The district centres, or hubs, mark convenient summer camping-grounds for the reunion of families after their arduous work during the long winter hunting season. Thus the tribal summer camping-grounds are not only situated on the natural highways of the country—the principal rivers and lakes—but also mark excellent fishing stations; and it is there, too, that the Indians have their burial grounds. Often these camping-grounds are the summer headquarters for from three to six or eight main families; and each main family may contain from five or six to fifty or sixty hunting men. Intermarriage between families of two districts

gives the man the right to hunt on the land of his wife's family as long as he "sits on the brush with her"—is wedded to her—but the children do not inherit that right; it dies with the father. Generally, an Indian will live upon his own land, but will make frequent hunting excursions to the land of his wife's family. In the past, the side boundaries of hunting grounds have been the cause of many family feuds, and the outer boundaries the occasion for many tribal wars.

* *

Song of the Automobile

[Outing]

Lord of all moving things,
Speeding on brazen wings,
Gaily I dash through the highway's bright gleam.
Sharply the iron rings,
Vital its quiverings,
As I go flashing past meadow and stream!

Loudly my heart doth sing,
As to wheel I cling,
Pulsing in time to the motor's swift beat.
Joyous all care I fling,
Bidding the rushing wind
Bear it away to some distant retreat.

Madly the horn I sound,
Daring, I dash around
Curves that may end in the ditch and the grave.
Coursing like fleetest hound,
Hot on Time's fleeing trail,
O could I catch him, the life-stealing knave!

Wildly the people stare,
As I dash here and there,
Shooting like comet with long tail of dust.
Scarcely my joy they share,
Judging from shouted prayer—
"Hope your darned auto will dry up and bust!"

* *

The Ties That Bind

[Collier's Weekly]

As years go on it will matter less if the political map shows Canada in one color and the United States in another. The systems of government are quite similar, and the same language and identity of thought make these peoples one. Opportunity and optimism make for both nations a common cornerstone. Flag sentiment and political isms will be spasmodic rather than prevailing influences. Ambition to do and be will ever draw the wholesome, energetic youth over the border line. Canadians who come into the States may not become American voters, and Americans who cross the line may not naturalize as British subjects, but wherever is found the best returns for their kinds of skill, there will their best talents be given. The loyalty of these peoples is already the loyalty of best endeavor. In every industrial and professional walk of American life proud sons of Canadian soil are found, and that almost without exception every great Canadian railway is directed by a genius of American birth, shows how well the good rule works both ways. We impose some injustices upon each other; we have differences and issues to solve, but happily the parallel forces of prosperity and progress lift us above the breach and make us one.

* *

The Herring Fishermen at Sea and Ashore

[Booklover's]

Only a cooking stove is allowed in the forecastle or cabin, lest the heat injure the cargo, so the men exist in an arctic temperature. On deck the cold is so intense that nose, ears, and fingers are speedily frosted; under hatches it is like living in a refrigerator. The storms, too, send heavy ice masses careering down on the defenceless craft, often obliging them to cut and run to escape foundering and being driven ashore, a fate that sometimes overtakes them. Blizzards also smite them, and many a dorry is upset, her crew perishing or being frost-bitten on her bottom before rescue arrives.

The days pass amidst a whirl of chaffering coastfolk, prying tidewaiters, importunate traders, and uproarious comrades from other vessels who come to discuss cargo prospects and to sample different liquors. The nights are periods of trying toil and sleepless vigilance, for every man is keen to load and get away as soon as possible; and each boatful of herring that arrives is the subject of animated bargaining. When the fish are scarce, or the weather mild, local festivities, dances, raffles, and "sprees" are held—all the expenses, of course, being charged against the cargo. While love of enjoyment mainly

prompts these, self-interest is also a factor, for a skipper socially popular will find many eager to supply him with herring; and often prizes, such as stoves, mirrors and watches, are given as an additional stimulus to the same end, while every frolic goes free, and all sorts of horse-play are resorted to. In one case a schooner's crew who had been ignored in the invitation to a dance, revenged themselves by getting a hawser around the building and attaching it to the ship; then they made sail, pulling the house and all its occupants into the landwash. Another crew, under similar conditions, fastened every door and window, and then closed the chimney, until the suffocating victims had to batter out the front door with an axe. A third instance was when a crew dropped a flask of gunpowder down a chimney while a dance was in progress, and blew a stove to pieces, besides nearly demolishing the house. But this landed them in jail, and such pranks are fewer since.

* *

Surgery and the Human Stomach

[McClure's]

The stomach proper has ceased to be a serious problem to the surgeon. He can invade and explore it with impunity. He can even, if circumstances demand, relieve the owner of it entirely, and so arrange the loose ends that the functions of nutrition are successfully maintained. To be sure, the patient can never thereafter derive much pleasure from his meals; he must restrict himself to a rigid diet; but for all the other affairs of life he may be as competent as before. There are, to-day, several stomachless men who are earning their daily predigested ration in occupations varying from clerk to expressman.

A common stomach ailment, and one which in the long run often proves fatal, is gastric ulcer. About ninety per cent. of these ulcers occur near the end of the stomach, where it opens into the smaller intestine. When healed, the sore leaves a scar which contracts the walls of the stomach, narrowing the exit and thus causing disturbances ranging from slight discomfort to poisoning and death. In serious cases the method of treatment has been to cut out the ulcer or scar—a complicated and dangerous resource, because of the proximity to the solar plexus, which (as everyone knows) is a nerve centre highly susceptible to shock.

* *

Song of the Plains

[London Spectator]

No harp have I for the singing, nor fingers fashioned for skill,
Nor ever shall words express it, the song that is in my heart.
A saga, swept from the distance, horizons beyond the hill,
Singing of life and endurance and bidding me bear my part.

For this is song, as I sing it, the song that I love the best,
The steady tramp in the furrow, the grind of the gleaming steel,
An anthem sung to the noonday, a chant of the open west,
Echoing deep in my spirit, to gladden and help and heal.

And this is life, as I read it, and life in its fairest form,
To breathe the wind on the ranges, the scent of the upturned sod.
To strive and strive and be thankful, to weather the shine and storm,
Penciling over the prairies the destiny planned by God.

And no reward do I ask for, save only to work and wait,
To praise the God of my fathers, to labor beneath the sky,
To dwell alone in his greatness, to strike and to follow straight,
Silent and strong and contented—the limitless plains and I.

* *

A Woman's Cheque

[Ainslee's]

Many married women do not know how to indorse or sign a cheque, and I have noted, in many instances, where the husbands have given them bank accounts, that their cheques are given out signed, "Mrs. John Jones," or "Mrs. Samuel Brown." I asked one Mrs. Brown why she did this. "It is incorrect and ridiculous," I said. "Why don't you sign your cheque Mary Smith Brown?" Her reply was that her husband insisted that if she was going to have a bank account, he was bound his name should come in somewhere!

Some Sayings of Golden-Rule Jones

[The Craftsman]

"The ideal robber, the lowest bidder."

"Charity is twice cursed,—it curses him that gives and him that takes."

"What heresy can be more fallacious than the prevailing one that superior ability entitles one to the right to live at the expense of his fellows?"

"We tie a balloon to one man and a saw-log to another, and then declare that they have an equal chance to rise in the world."

"If millionaires were three miles high, if they were a class of higher beings upon whom we depended for our cleverest inventions . . . then the tremendous disparity in matters of wealth might be overlooked."

"The best way to secure your own rights is to be diligent in securing the rights of others."

"The rich man has no neighbors—only rivals and parasites."

"It is only a lower-natured man who can be dazzled by the bauble of gold. Men who have discovered the true wealth of mind and character care little for the wampum of commerce."

* *

Why the Japs Win

[Toronto Globe]

It undoubtedly is true, as Russian despatches have often said, sometimes with unconsciously grim humor, that the Japanese have a habit of doing the unexpected, of refusing to fight according to the science of war—as the Russians understand it—with the result that just as the Russians were calculating on a brilliant victory they found themselves compelled to admit a defeat. But can it not be fairly claimed that the Japanese have a truer conception of the science of war than their opponents? Not only so, but do they not also possess the daring that, added to science, constitutes what men call genius? Napoleon in his day scattered the theories of the old school of warriors to the four winds, and won victories in the face of seemingly impossible conditions. The Japanese shocked the modern military world early in the campaign by dividing their forces and undertaking the siege of Port Arthur while dealing also by Kuropatkin's armies. Oyama, according to the experts of more countries than Russia, disposed his forces in the fighting around Mukden over so wide an area that Kuropatkin, acting on the interior lines the experts talk so much of, should have been able to crumple up and utterly destroy one of the wings before it could receive aid from other sources. The Japanese general not only accepted but made opportunities that were against all the theories and practices of the Russian generals and the rules laid down in the military text-books, with what result the despatches clearly indicate.

* *

Japanese Officer and Russian Spy

[Leslie's Monthly]

Under that stainless sun-down sky, Captain Hamamo, of the staff, accompanied by an interpreter, made his quiet way to the prisoner. When he was face to face with the Russian spy, he said: "Would you let me ask you a few questions?" The tone of the captain was low, modest and full of respect. I saw from the expression of the prisoner that there was something about the captain's voice that went home to his heart. The Russian assented humbly.

"Have you a wife?"

"Yes."

"Any children?"

"Two."

The captain, with increasing respect in the tone of his voice, said:

"Permit me to say that I am facing this day one of the bravest men in any army; perhaps the bravest among the fighting men of Imperial Russia. . . . Is there anything that you would like to say to your wife, and to your children? At this last moment of your life, is there something in your heart that you would wish to be carried to the people who are waiting your return? As a fellow-soldier, and upon my honor, I shall take upon myself, no matter what it may cost, to see to it that your last messages will find the people to whom you wish to send them."

And I saw that in the eyes of the Russian soldier were a flood of tears that would not be stayed, even by his heroic determination. . . . The light of his eyes was trembling through the flood of tears, and he said:

"At the time I was captured, I was thoroughly aware that this moment would come to me; nevertheless, your words of sympathy, as you see, have touched me deeply. This life of mine I have offered to my master, and at this time I have nothing to say to my wife, to my children at home. I only thank you for your words of sympathy and tenderness."

And with that, he stretched out his hand toward the captain. You can believe that the hand of the captain came out promptly, and there they shook hands on the Manchurian field, a Russian soldier and a Nippon officer.

* *

The Engine's Song

[Four-Track News.]

Through city and forest and field and glen,
I rush with the roaring train;
My strength is the strength of a thousand men;
My guide is my master's brain.

I borrow the senses of him within
Who watches the gleaming line;
His pulses I feel through my frame of steel;
His courage and will are mine.

I hear, as I swerve on the upland curve,
The echoing hills rejoice
To answer the knell of my brazen bell,
The laugh of my giant voice.

And, white in the glare of the golden ray,
Or red in the furnace light,
My smoke is a pillar of cloud by day,
A pillar of flame by night.

* *

Machines that do Arithmetic

[World's Work]

Of the many devices that perform brain work perhaps the one most widely used is the adding machine. All save the simplest computing machines not only add but subtract, multiply, and divide; and there are machines, devised for insurance companies and other concerns constantly working with immense figures, that do long problems in multiplication and division with a speed that makes one think of magic. Take some such problem as this: 65,678,425 x 26,782,359 equals? The ordinary man, working it the ordinary way, would put down more than a hundred figures and spend about five minutes before he could give the answer—and then he may have made a mistake. With a machine you move a few pegs, turn a little crank a few times, and within ten seconds there it is before you—1,759,023,156,904,575. And the machine makes no mistakes.

* *

Accidents to Ocean Liners

[The Technical World]

Because of Newfoundland's advantageous geographical position—equidistant, as it is, from Queenstown and New York, and likewise from Queenstown and Montreal—its chief port, St. John's, has become the half-way house of Atlantic commerce, the hospital wherein marine fabrics that meet mishap in traversing the great ocean lanes find shelter and effect repairs. Owing to the enormous tonnage annually crossing the Grand Banks, accidents and disasters are frequent; and this little harbor on the rim of the western hemisphere is rarely without some wounded or helpless steamer whose very appearance testifies to the gravity of her plight and the need for prompt remedial measures.

All the St. Lawrence traffic must pass within sight of the Newfoundland coast, whether *via* Belle Isle Strait or Cape Race; and therefore St. John's is the natural haven for its shipping when in distress; while steamboats bound to or from American ports, if ill-luck overtakes them east of the Grand Banks, also find this their most convenient landfall. Especially is this so if the vessel has many passengers or her injury is critical, for in such cases it might prove disastrous to attempt to reach another inlet, even if it afforded greater prospect of speedy curing of the wounds from which she suffers.

The chief causes of misfortune to shipping in the North Atlantic are ramming icebergs, striking derelicts, breaking shafts or propellers from the jars caused by heavy seas, colliding with other crafts, or meeting

wreck on the terrible Newfoundland seaboard. This last is usually fatal, for not one fabric in ten that strand there ever floats again or escapes a lodgment in the ocean graveyard—which it has proved to be—the worst in all the seas.

* *

Carnegie's Libraries

[METROPOLITAN]

IT IS interesting to note that, according to figures recently made public by Mr. Carnegie's secretary, the millionaire ironmaster has up to the present time given, for libraries alone, nearly forty million dollars of his private fortune. This vast amount has been expended for the founding of 1,290 public libraries, of which 779 are in the United States. Three-fourths of the entire amount, or nearly thirty million dollars, has gone to these American institutions, while England, with 275 libraries, and less than six million dollars, ranks second, and Mr. Carnegie's native Scotland, with 71 libraries and less than two million dollars, comes third. A little figuring has adduced the fact that eighteen per cent. of the entire English-speaking population of the globe has been given immediate and unrestricted access to the best that the world of books can offer.

* *

Ontario's Trout Waters

FIELD AND STREAM]

THE WONDERFUL North shore of Lake Superior is the ideal ground for the camping party, not that there is an entire lack of accommodation, but because the enthusiast might better have all that's coming to him, and of a surety a snug, well-ordered camp gives the finishing touch to a care-free, sporting holiday, especially during the pleasant fishing season, which in the great American hives of industry, means the dreaded heated term. Again, owing to the lay of the land, the railway has actually to cross every famous stream of a country which stands alone. Here are a few of the live waters, truly an imposing list: Wahnapitaeping River, Onaping, Spanish River, Mississaga, Apishkaugama, Mishipicoten, Steel, Magpie, White, Little Pic, Mink, Black, Maggot, Gravel, Cypress, Prairie, Jack Pine, Trout Creek, Wolfe, McKenzie and Current Rivers. Every one of these is a trout water, and by this is meant the real thing, such as untravelled sportsmen never saw. Of the bewildering lot I personally prefer Steel River, Prairie River and the Black, Gravel and Jack Pine. An additional advantage of these is that good trails lead directly to the cream of the fishing.

* *

The Coming of Spring

[METROPOLITAN]

SPRING FILLS us with vague aspirations. We seem to be buried under a flood of external objects, pressing upon us with a thousand appeals to sensation. But these objects do not possess the solidity with which language invests them. They dissipate in the mind of the observer into a group of impressions of color, odor, texture—so unstable, flickering and inconstant that they burn and are extinguished with our consciousness of them. A primitive mind, satisfied with the sensuous conception of things, is calmed by the serenity of spring. For the modern mind the contemplation of spring is less significant, as it lacks the intellectual sadness with which we like to endow all conditions of life. Our forefathers had, apparently, a truer appreciation of spring, beginning the legal year with the twenty-fifth of March; but to us, distracted by so many preoccupations, spring has become somewhat of an alien. . . .

Why always ponder on the vanity of things—why not rejoice in their eternal rehabilitation? The flowers and trees are satisfied in their task of producing life.

If we would take life in such a complacent mood, and regard its significance without metaphysical adjuncts; if we would work energetically toward one aim (presumably that of happiness) without losing the sense of freedom, the annual mystery play of spring, enacted all over the temperate zones, may become a growing revelation of the mind to itself, the awakening of ourselves to a serener contemplation of life and of nature.

Premier Balfour on Peace

[METROPOLITAN]

WHAT IS the danger which now threatens the peace of the world and has for many years threatened it? The danger does not lie in a contest between one civilized European country and another with regard to its own territories: the danger always lies—and look over the map and you will see it is so—outside Europe in connection with those of great regions, either barbarous or under a less effective civilization than our own, with which the civilized nations are conterminous; where civilized nations fight as to which is to have predominance, and where there is, as it were, a kind of rift in civilization, a running sore—in the Near East, for instance—a cause for dispute, which does not exist as between the civilized nations themselves, and which, if the civilized nations themselves were alone concerned with each other, could never lead to a breach of peace. With regard to France we have settled almost all of the dangerous outstanding questions. If only a similar arrangement could be made among the European nations, I believe that the chance of two great powers coming to blows would be almost entirely removed, and the dreams of all those who looked for eternal peace would be realized.

* *

The Next Great Fair

[THE PACIFIC MONTHLY]

THE LEWIS and Clark Exposition promises not only to be unique in its varied features, but the expectation now is that the Exposition authorities will accomplish the remarkable feat of having the Exposition completed on the appointed time. Four months from opening day finds all of the exhibit palaces, except the Liberal Arts Building, finished, and the installation of exhibits under way.

Not only are the buildings in a finished state, but the landscape is equally as far advanced. Green lawns, dotted with beds of budding roses, freshened by the winter rains, are awaiting the spring sunshine to bring forth a riot of color. The grass is green all the year round in Portland, and thousands of beautiful roses hold up their proud heads every day in the year, which fact is responsible for the naming of the Oregon metropolis the "Rose City."

The beauty of the Exposition site and the superb view to be had from it, coupled with the artistic grace of the buildings, will be an agreeable surprise to all visitors. Nestling at the base of the foothills of the Cascade range, on the gentle slopes and terraces overlooking Guild's Lake and the Willamette River, with an unobstructed view of sixty-five miles, which embraces the snow-capped peaks of Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens, the site presents a picture entirely original in exposition building. . . . Of the gross area of the site, 180 acres are on the mainland and 60 acres form a peninsula extending out into Guild's Lake, a fresh water body 220 acres in extent.

* *

England's Slums

[EVERYBODY'S]

AT THE close of 1903 there were 124,000 recognized paupers in London in receipt of Poor Law relief, and the number was steadily growing. Not fewer than 200,000 people there are without anything they can, by any stretch of the imagination, call home.

On the night of January 29th of last year, medical officers and inspectors of the London County Council took a kind of census of London outcasts. Between one o'clock and five o'clock in the morning, from Hyde Park to Whitechapel, and Holborn to the Thames, they counted 1,609 men and 188 women walking the streets without a place to sleep, or sleeping in doorways. On the basis of these figures, gathered in four hours' observations, the officers estimated that one person in every two thousand in London was a homeless outcast. And among the 1,797 wretched wanderers thus counted, fifty were little children!

When Mr. Jack London investigated these matters two years ago he found that twenty-one per cent. of the people of London were driven to the parish for relief: that there were in London 1,800,000 per-

sons that were destitute or lived on the imminent edge of destitution; that one person in every four in London died supported by public charity; that in the United Kingdom, with 47,000,000 inhabitants, there were 8,000,000 constantly in danger of starving, "and 20,000,000 more are not comfortable in the simple and clean sense of the word."

It is the same in all the cities. In York, with only 75,000 inhabitants, official investigation shows that six per cent. of the population live in most unsanitary conditions. The slums of Liverpool, Bristol, Edinburgh, are great breeding-places for disease, physical decay, and mental inanition. Investigation of the "board schools" (the public schools, which in England are used only by the children of the poor) shows frightful percentages of degeneracy and deformity.

* *

Keeping the Heart Young

(Public Opinion.

In the same way that bodily movements may injure the heart, so excessive mental activity may do the same. In the latter case we find not only that the nerves of the heart are affected but also that the heart-muscles become involved, the ordinary condition of the blood-vessels is disturbed, and the result is the well-known arteriosclerosis. Every thought and emotion, in fact, has an effect on the heart and blood-vessels, and through frequent repetition a permanent change in the condition of these organs is created.

Not only drinking and smoking, but also eating, may affect the heart. Excessive eating leads to a fatty condition of the heart muscles by giving them more work than they can well do. Insufficient movement is also bad when a great deal has been eaten, as well as too much movement when little is eaten. Professor Goldschneider says that it is impossible to answer the question of what food and how much is the proper thing. The excessive consumption of meat, which is characteristic of large cities, fills the blood with chemical products which have an injurious effect on the heart and which also increase the process of hardening in the blood-vessels. The author gives the general rule here of moderation, as well as the fundamental principle, of the more food the more exercise, the less food the less exercise.

* *

The Importance of Technical Training

[Scribner's]

Technical training is becoming of vastly more importance than ever before, and those nations which are offering the best technical training to their youths are making the most rapid industrial progress. A study of the international field brings that fact out with perfect clearness. Where education is lacking, industry is lagging; where education is stereotyped, industry is without initiative. The necessity for thorough education and the best technical training has become almost as great in commercial affairs as it has in the industrial field. The methods of commerce to-day cannot be as easily compared with the methods of a generation ago as can the process of industry now and at that time, but I believe that the changes in the methods of commerce have, in many cases, been as radical and the improvement as great as in the field of industry. Two generations ago the trained engineer was looked on with disfavor by the practical industrial manager. The man who grew up in the business was thought far superior to the man who got his knowledge from books. The necessity for a technical engineering training is now universally recognized, and no important industrial operation would be undertaken without the aid of technical experts. I believe the same change is coming in commercial life. The commercial high schools of Germany, and the start in higher commercial education which we are making in this country, are the forerunners of great technical schools of commerce. These schools will turn out men with as superior qualifications for commercial life as have the graduates of the great technical institutions in their special field. I believe the great masters of commerce will come to recognize the necessity for, and the practical advantage of such commercial training, just as the captains of industry have long ago recognized the value of technical training for engineers.

THE WAY OF PROGRESS

A LARGE number of settlers are moving into Northern Ontario, and the advance of the Temiskaming Railway promises to bring with it an important immigration. Already the traffic receipts on the road are far in excess of what was expected for the first year of operation.

Building operations in three leading Canadian cities last year were as follows: Winnipeg, $9,651,750; Toronto, $5,885,120; Montreal $3,646,484.

The report of Nova Scotia's Department of Mines, brought down a few weeks ago, shows that the output of coal in that province increased during the last fiscal year by two thousand tons.

The Temiskaming country has advanced to the stage when it needs the telephone. A company is now being organized to put up a system, connecting all the towns and villages in the district.

Next season's wheat crop will be handled with considerably more dispatch by the increased facilities at Fort William, whose new elevator, just completed, has a capacity of 500,000 bushels. This is one of the finest elevators in the world.

It is expected that more than 4,000,000 trees will be planted in Manitoba and the North-West during the coming summer.

The applications for free seed grain at the Government Experimental Farm have been unusually many this spring, the North-West Territories ranking next on the list to Ontario and Quebec. Among the applicants for samples are many Galicians, Russians, Doukhobors and other settlers of foreign origin, who go to their English-speaking neighbors to write for them.

Northern Alberta is on the eve of an important development in the oil and gas industry. Prospecting has been going on for some months, and it is stated that the Canadian Northern Railway is arranging to develop both the oil and mineral resources of the country tributary to its lines. Recent discoveries point to great natural wealth in these northern districts.

Grand Falls, on the St. John River, New Brunswick, are to be developed for power and light. This announcement formed the chief matter of importance in the speech from the throne at the recent opening of the provincial legislature.

The James Bay Railway from Toronto to Parry Sound is to be completed by September. The total distance is 150 miles.

A project is on foot to tunnel the Detroit River. Three railways, the Grand Trunk, Pere Marquette, and Michigan Central, are interested, with the latter as prime mover. The Pere Marquette had expected to expend at least two million dollars for ferries, docks and yards, but this expenditure will now be unnecessary, and it is understood the sum or something like it will be that company's contribution towards the construction of the tunnel.

In the far West an important deal has been made by which the C.P.R. takes over the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, on the first of this month. This is the only railway on Vancouver Island, and is to be extended to the north and west coast. Development of the iron fields will follow, and Vancouver Island promises to be as important an industrial centre as the Sydneys, at the other side of the continent.

"Ten million tons of coal in sight," is the encouraging report of the Mines Inspector in Alberta, on a new property near Macleod. The fuel deposits of the West are every year becoming more apparent.

The Canadian Northern Railway has now under construction five big steel bridges across the Saskatchewan River. They represent probably the greatest quintet of railway bridges built simultaneously by any railroad system on the continent. The enterprise involves an expenditure of $1,500,000.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association is urging municipal interest in the Niagara power enterprises. In one of its circulars it is pointed out that, while steam power costs from $50 to $50 per horsepower per annum, the same quantity of

electric power may be furnished, under municipal development, for $15.

A million-dollar company has been organized to work the Atikokan iron ore deposits in Western Ontario. A kindred enterprise will be a great coal and ore dock at Port Arthur, with a capacity of three hundred thousand tons. The contract for this has been awarded.

The beet sugar industry is growing apace. At one factory alone, at Berlin, over 7,000,000 pounds of sugar were manufactured last year. The acreage throughout the province will be greatly increased this season.

IS THERE AN AGE LIMIT?

ONE of the things that has never been quite settled, and probably never will be, is at what point a man ceases to be eligible for work. We do not hear as much nowadays as formerly about the age limit, but the recent statement by Dr. Osler that a man is comparatively useless after forty, and the reported ruling of the Carnegie Steel Company that men over thirty-five years are not wanted in its business, bring up the matter again and raise the question whether the age limit is to have another term of office. The only conclusion is that some forms of work may possibly demand more arduous labor and stronger nerves than others, for all the records of the past few years go to show that instead of these theories being generally held, the age limit is being defied.

It is still the day of the young men, but there are more men staying young now at sixty than there once were, and these older young men are doing and daring as actively as ever. In many branches it has been found that a sprightly step is not of so much importance as an accumulated store of experience, and this comes only after years in the harness. The dead line is not natural: some men are at their best at sixty, while others at thirty are strong, but inefficient. Or if there really be a dead-line there are a goodly number of dead ones on either side of it. Many of our largest industries and enterprises of all kinds are being managed to-day by men who have passed this imaginary line, and they were never better managed. This does not disprove the fact that this is a young people's age, but it does prove that men are staying young longer than they used to, and that the tyranny of a few extra years has been largely overcome.

A SEASONING OF HUMOR

A Real Cold Spell

They were exchanging stories about the cold weather. The Oldest Inhabitant had listened impatiently for a while and then rubbed his ears reflectively.

"No," he said, "dunno's I remember a colder snap or snappier cold than this spell, except one. Back in the '50's I recollect one mornin' when the steam froze to the spout of the tea-kettle as 'twuz sittin' on the red-hot kitchin stove. Yes, 'twuz pretty cold that day. Sally Boggs, our hired girl, laugher while she wuz out feedin' the pigs a few cakes of ice, an' her mouth froze wide open, an' she couldn't get it shet until the February thaw set in!"

*

Choice Words for Sore Throat

Doctor—"Madam, I can never cure you of this throat trouble if you don't stop talking."

Lady—"But, doctor, I'm awfully careful what I say, and I never use anything but the choicest language."

The Rule Was Too Short

Pat was busily engaged laying bricks one day when the foreman came to him and said:

"Pat, go back to the end of the building and measure the length of the foundation for me."

Pat vanished, and after a stay of some duration returned.

"Well, Pat," said the foreman, "did you measure it?"

"Oi did," answered Pat.

"How long was it?" was the question.

"Altogither," answered Pat, "'twas as long as me rule, me arm, an' two bricks."
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

*

What Happened

Mary had a little lamb
With fleece as white as snow;
The rest of all the tragedy
Perhaps you may not know.

It followed her to school one day,
According to the book:
Alas, the school where Mary went
They taught her how to cook!
—*Lippincott's.*

*

A Candid Explanation

When the young mistress of the house entered the kitchen she carried herself with great dignity. She had come to call the cook to account.

"Mary," she said, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night I was kept awake because of the uproarious laughter of one of your young women friends."

"Yis, mum, I know," Mary replied cheerfully, "but she couldn't help it. I was telling her how you tried to make cake yesterday morning."

*

He Was Flustered

A flustered young minister, on the occasion of his first service in his first pulpit, arose and said: "We will now sing Hymn No. 213, 'Little Drops of Water.' And I hope, my good friends, that you will put plenty of spirit into it."

INSTEAD OF CHLOROFORM

An American cartoonist's suggestion for treatment of sixty-year-old men as an alternative for Dr. Osler's proposition to chloroform them.

If Professor Osler really thinks a man is no good after he is sixty, he might try to beat Uncle Russell Sage on a stock deal.—*The New York World.*

*

Let Him Have His Own Way

Eminent Specialist—"Yes, madam; your husband is suffering from temporary aberration, due to overwork. It's quite a common occurrence."

Wife—"Yes; he insists that he's a millionaire."

Eminent Specialist—"And wants to pay me a couple of hundred pounds for my advice. We'll have to humor him, you know."
—*Pick-Me-Up.*

*

Another Puppy

A certain lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little poodle dog when out walking, "Come along, sir!"

A would-be witty gentleman stepped up to her one day when she said this, and asked, "Did you call me, madam?"

"Oh, no, sir," she replied, with perfect composure, "it was another puppy I spoke to."

Insurance

Canada's Life Insurance

The total life assurance in force in the Dominion for 1903, including the foreign business of Canadian companies, footed up $530,911,000. Of this the British companies carried about $37,339,000, and American companies $158,796,000. Thus it will be seen that Canada carries the great bulk of her own life insurance, the Canadian business being somewhat more than double that transacted here by United States (American) companies, and nearly ninefold that of British companies. The last-named offices, save two or three, devote themselves almost exclusively to fire underwriting, a fortunate distinction, it is believed, for the country. The life business in Canada shows marked increases, as shown by the table:

	Canadian	British	American
1902.. ...	$307,444,800	$36,874,600	$146,136,000
1903	334,776,000	37,339,000	158,796,000
1904 ..	367,105,000 (a)	38,500,000 (a)	169,000,000

(a) Estimate.

—*The Journal of Commerce.*

Insurance Profits

There are three chief sources of profits for life insurance companies. Every company allows a certain proportion of its premiums for expenses. Any economy in management which amounts to less than the allowance is a profit to the stockholders and policy-holders of the company.

The second source of profits is the difference between the percentage which it is assumed the company's investments will yield, and the actual earnings.

The third source is "light mortality." When the death-rate experienced by the company is lower than that of the mortality table used, there is an evident gain to the company.

Successful Assurance

Some interesting light on successful modern business methods is given in the story of an insurance expert, as told a short time ago in *Everybody's Magazine*. After recounting his earlier experiences as an agent, he says:

Among the big lumber operators of the northern region was one man, a German, who was the king lumberman. He was said to be worth $30,000,000, and of unbounded influence. If I could get him I was sure of doing business with a good many of the others. But he was a stubbornly difficult case. Several brilliant agents had been sent on from New York, and all had failed to interest him.

My first step was to become acquainted with his closest friend, whom it was not difficult to assure for $75,000, and our business acquaintance ripened into personal confidence and regard.

I soon told him it was my dearest ambition to assure his friend, Mr. W—, for $100,000.

"It's absolutely no use for you to try," replied he; "he hates the idea so much that he won't even talk about it." Nevertheless, he gave me a letter of introduction, which, for simplicity and effectiveness, I have always kept as a model. I read:

"Dear W.,—This will introduce my friend, Mr. ——,through whom I have just taken $75,000 of assurance, and it gives me great pleasure to make you acquainted. Let me tell you in advance, you will be glad to have met Mr. ——, whether you do business together or not."

I went three hundred miles into the lumber region to find my man. I knew he was so busy I could not see him until night. As he was leaving the dining-room after supper, I presented myself with the letter of introduction. He surveyed me grimly, and said, not unkindly: "I am pleased to meet you. What can I do for you?"

"At your convenience, I would like to make the subject of life assurance interesting to you."

"There is no better time than now, though I am not in the least interested in your subject. Let us go to my room. It is now a quarter to seven, I am due at my

office at seven. I will give you ten minutes."

I risked that ten minutes wholly in an attempt to get an appointment for the next day. To his asseveration that another interview would be as fruitless, I urged that, after I had travelled so far to see him, my people in New York would deeply appreciate his courtesy in giving me an uninterrupted chance to present the business.

"Very well," he said, hastily. "Come at ten o'clock. Come in no matter who is there, and I will give you fifteen minutes."

My first work was to see our medical examiner for that town, and his alternate, and to engage them both for 9.45 the next morning. Then I went to the lawyer whose office was next to Mr. W——'s, and engaged his room at 10 o'clock for half an hour for the medical men. I instructed my doctors that they must make the expected examination the most painstaking of their lives. At ten o'clock I walked boldly into Mr. W——'s inner room.

"I have come for my fifteen minutes, and I wish to use the time in my own way. I want you to step into the next office, and be examined by our doctors."

"Why, what rubbish! I want no assurance. It will do me no good to be pawed over by those doctors."

"Nevertheless, you said I might use the fifteen minutes as I chose, and this is the way I select."

With a bustle of impatience he went into the next office, where my doctors proceeded to put him through the most thorough examination I ever saw. I kept up a running fire as well as I could, but he was growing interested in the thumping and in the questions of the doctors, and he asked if every one was examined in that careful fashion. Before he got his coat on he had plenty of time to talk, and as he turned to go back to his office, I said:

"Before we part I want you to sign this application for $100,000. It is entirely optional with you whether you take the policy or not. The society certainly does not want a man like you unless you heartily want a society like ours."

He readily gave his signature, and shook hands cordially as we separated. Before leaving town I made a fast agreement with his secretary that I should be promptly wired as to the train he would take when, a fortnight later, he was to make a trip to a different part of the State. The policy had arrived when the telegram came.

On a certain day, at a certain hour, accordingly, I was taking my seat at a railway lunch-room table at Spooner Junction just opposite to Mr. W—. We exchanged greetings, and fell into a pleasant conversa-

"Where are you bound?" said he, as he rose.

"To Chippewa Falls, by that train out there."

"Why, that is my train, too. Come into my car, and we'll ride together.

After some chat over our newspapers, he suddenly asked:

"By the way, have you got that policy yet?"

"Yes; it is in my pocket."

He read it through, asked questions, and we continued the discussion for two or three hours. As we were leaving the train he said:

"If you are going to be in town this evening. I wish you would call at my office at seven o'clock, and I will give you my decision. Here is the policy; you had better take it; I don't know that I shall want it."

I was not discomfited at this, however. I had become able to distinguish the final flurry. As I went into his office that night, his first question was: "Have you got that policy with you?" He looked at the amount of the premium subscribed on it, compared it with a cheque which he drew from a drawer, and handed me the cheque. In response to my congratulations, he looked me in the eye, and asked:

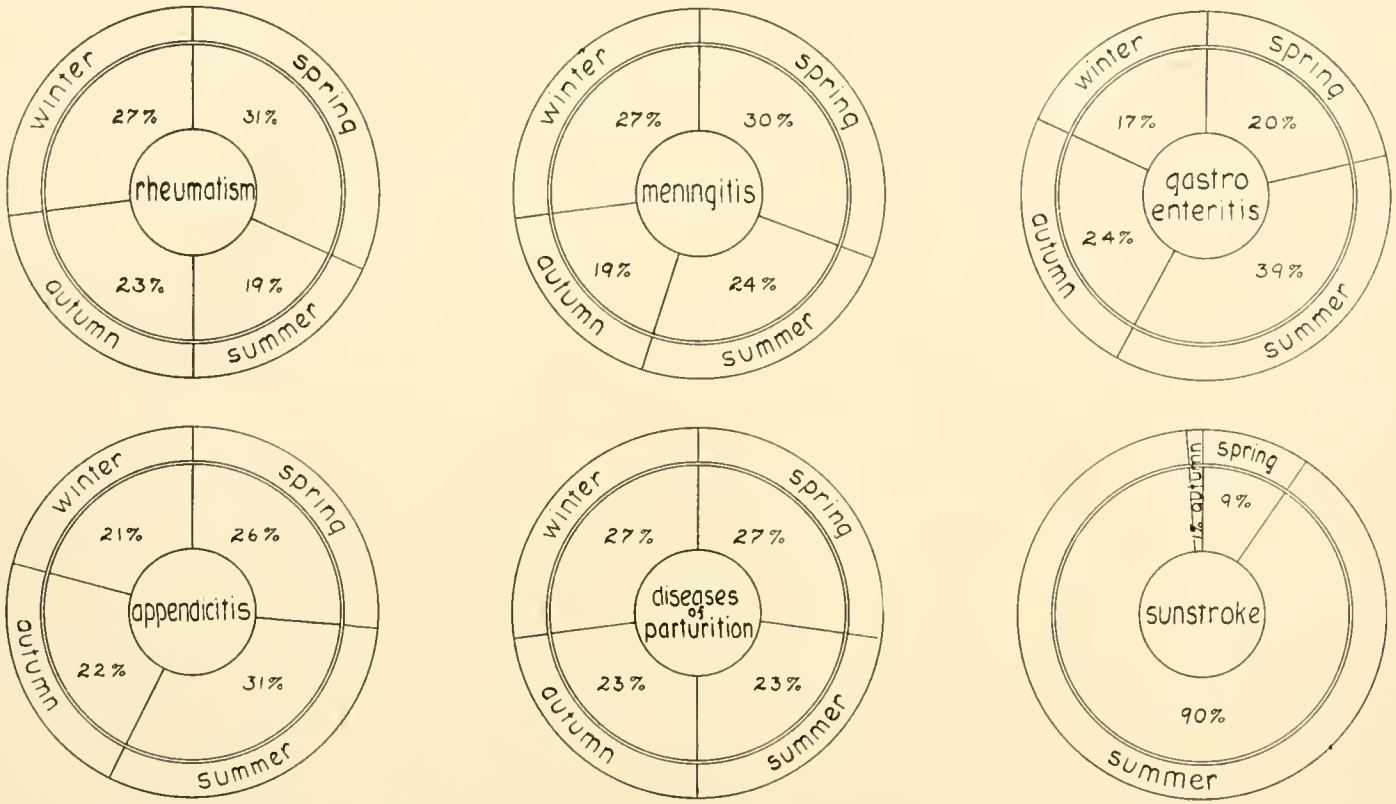
"How did you happen to be at the Spooner Junction lunch-room this noon?"

"In order to meet you."

"I thought so. Let me tell you that in my thirty-five years of business experience, your method with me has been the best business I ever saw.

Seasons and Mortality. ages 15-44

Industrial Experience. 1891-1900.



NOTE _The 4 segments of each circle shew the proportion of deaths from specified causes during the seasons of the year. For Illustration-The mortality from Rheumatism 31% of the deaths occured during Spring and 19% during Summer.

The above chart is taken from the splendid exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair

WHEN TO GO FISHING.

FOR a man who has been shut in all winter there is no enjoyment like an outing in spring, just after the snow has left the ground, when the birds have returned from their winter home, and all nature is awakening from its solitude. Then the water ripples in the sunlight with renewed vigor, joyous and free from winter's icy grasp. The fish have more life than at any other season of the year, and are hungry for the first fly and early worm. Go at such a time to where the buds are bursting, and the crows are cawing their noisy welcome, to the brook and river, where the water rushes fast and clear. Hear again the hum of the reel and feel the quick, sharp tug on the line as it cuts through the water.

DIAMOND FALLS
On line of the Canadian Pacific Railway

Then will you forget all the cares and worries of your business as you match your skill against the cunning of a fish. After a game fight you land your prize, and then comes to you the pride of having accomplished the object of your outing. But this is by no means all the pleasure, for as you return with a well-filled basket you feel that away from business is a world of nature, where walls and streets made by hands give place to forest and stream where one can forget the things that weary and oppress, the never-ending struggle that fags, jades, and clouds the life.

To breathe once again the free air of the country is indeed a wholesome relief. To take a holiday in the springtime is not extravagance, but to all men and women an exceedingly profitable investment, paying big dividends in renewing body and mind.

It is prudent to select some place where the beauties of nature and the sport of fishing make a happy combination. The month of May is one of the most delightful months of the year to fish for trout.

Ontario and Quebec, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, abound in many splendid fishing places, and a visit to the ticket offices, or a note to any of the Company's agents, will bring numerous suggestions.

Ranching and Mixed Farming Lands in the Great North-West.

SO much has been put on record recently in connection with the wonderful possibilities of the great West, looking at the matter from a purely wheat-raising point of view, that opportunities along other lines, offering equal advantages, are apt to be overlooked. True, the West's greatest wealth depends upon its grain trade, yet there are vast sections of territory throughout the North-West which are much better adapted for ranching and mixed farming than for the simple production of wheat.

Stock raising has now become a most important feature in the growth of the western country. For years the lack of convenient markets and the limited railway facilities kept back the growth of this business, but through the remarkab'e influx of settlers, which has been closely followed by the still more remarkable progress in railway building, though the former may well be said to have followed the latter, the establishment of markets has resulted and a steady demand has been created for stock, so that now the man with sufficient capital to invest in a few brood cattle has the assurance of fortune in their increase.

The climate is a favorable condition which cannot be overestimated. In Saskatchewan cattle run at large the greater part of the year and only slight shelter is necessary, while horses winter out and come through in fine condition.

The extension of the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway northwestward from the western boundary of Manitoba into the Territories—soon to be raised to the dignity of Provinces—gives easy access to great areas of park land admirably suited for the raising of stock and the carrying on of mixed farming.

West of Grand View where the road passes between the Duck Mountains to the north and the Riding Mountains to the south an excellent stock country is served.

Further west the Whitesand District is traversed, where along the banks of the river bearing the same name stock raising has been in progress for years. To the ranchers the construction of the Canadian Northern Railway has been a great encouragement, and new interest attaches to operations under the improved conditions.

Further west again the Elbow District is tributary to the line, and westward still the famous Battleford section, and while grain shipments will predominate from these points for some time to come, yet a large stock traffic is expected, as a number of the settlers going to this region are turning their attention to mixed farming and cattle raising.

Perhaps, however, it is the region along the most northerly branch of the Canadian Northern which extends from the north-west corner of Manitoba through the famous Carrot River District to Prince Albert that is most attractive to the prospective rancher. This territory has long since been known to all interested in the question as a great cattle country, and its development will be greatly hastened by the completion of the branch this summer. Without doubt this district is one of the best in the West, and there is plenty of land available to supply all demands for some time to come.

Mixed farming operations are bound to be more valuable to those engaged therein as the development of the great West proceeds; the local demand cannot but increase very rapidly on account of the tremendous inflow of immigration. All the products of the farm will be required in large quantities to maintain the ever-growing population. Important market towns will grow out of what are now mere villages. All kinds of vegetables can be raised successfully and the yield per acre of grains is astonishingly large—a failure of crops has yet to be reported. Great advantages of selection can be had at the present time. These mixed farming and ranching lands present new fields for enterprise, and those in quest of favorable locations will do well to write A. D. Davidson at Winnipeg, President of the Saskatchewan Valley and Manitoba Land Company, the selling agents of the Canadian Northern Railway's lands. The Land Company will furnish full information on all matters relating to desirable locations in the West, and enquirers may feel assured of the best possible aid in securing the land desired.

The

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CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1905

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THE NATION'S PROGRESS

NOT for many years has so great an interest been awakened over a public question in Canada as that occasioned by the North-West autonomy question. In Parliament and out of it, it has been uppermost. This concernedness is not about the main object of the measure, although that is of national importance; nor is it a matter of dollars, although autonomy will mean a heavy cost to the federal treasury; but the question of educational rights was closely interwoven, and to that the Canadian public has always been sensitive. Another principle also is involved: the control of provincial affairs by the provincial government.

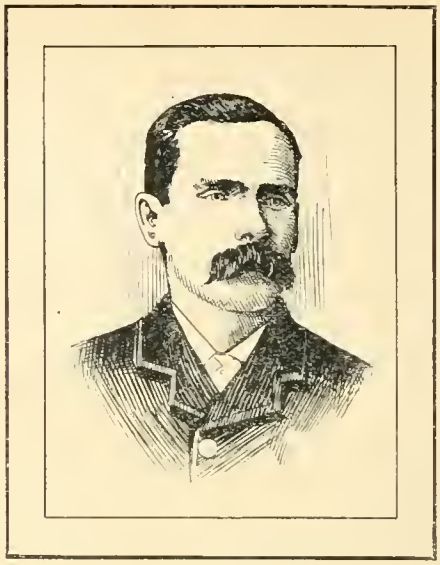
Within a few days of the introduction of the Autonomy Bill, it had proved in its original form so unsatisfactory to the public that important amendments were made. These in effect provided for the continuance of the school system as now in force in the Territories. The amended school clauses were plainly a compromise and, like all compromises, failed to satisfy the extremists, but were received generally as fair and reasonable. Mr. Sifton, who had resigned his portfolio as Minister of the Interior, on the ground of his strong disapproval of separate schools, declared himself satisfied, and promised to support the measure as now amended. He will not, however, resume his office in the Cabinet, which was still open to him for thirty days. His successor is Mr. Frank Oliver, member for Alberta, who was sworn in on April 8, and whose selection appears to be quite satisfactory to the West. Mr. Oliver is a representative Westerner; and, as a journalist and publisher in Edmonton, is in close touch with the life of Greater Canada—which is an essential qualification for a Minister of the Interior.

AN OUTCOME OF AUTONOMY

OUT of the autonomy question has risen another and a more troublesome. The apportionment of the Territories into two new provinces opened the question of a change of boundary for Manitoba and Ontario. A matter of this kind might and should have been settled upon its own ground: the school question rightly had nothing to do with it. But the two have been confused, and the result has been a muddle, if not a crisis. Members of the Manitoba Government advised dissolution as an expression of dissatisfaction with the boundary proposals; then Hon. Mr. Rogers, the Manitoban Minister of Public Works, made the statement that representatives of his Government had been approached by the Papal Delegate, who had implied that Manitoba's wishes concerning the boundary would more likely be carried out if further concessions were made to the separate schools. The charge was also made that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had consulted with the Delegate. This the Premier has denied, and has declared that the Government, in the treatment of the boundary, has in no way been influenced, adversely to Manitoba or otherwise, by any sectarian or party interests.

The intrusion of the school question is unfortunate, and not at all creditable to Canadian politics; and were it not that it has been thus made to bear upon a phase of national progress—the enlargement of the provincial boundaries—neither that nor the alleged in-

HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON
Ex-Minister of the Interior



HON. FRANK OLIVER
Minister of the Interior

terference of Mgr. Sbaretti would be deserving of notice. But the Government is at fault, too, as frankly admitted by the Toronto *Globe*, which says that the crisis had its origin "in the seemingly incurable tendency of the Federal Parliament to encroach on the sphere of the Provincial legislatures."

THE NEW BOUNDARIES

THE boundary question itself is a comparatively simple one. Manitoba wished an extension westward, but that being denied, is now most urgent in its claims upon the Keewatin territory, to the east. When the Premier introduced the Autonomy Bill he stated that in the ultimate division of Keewatin the interest of not Manitoba alone but the other neighboring provinces also would be consulted. To this Manitoba has entered an emphatic protest: she wants all of Keewatin for herself.

What makes Keewatin provincially desirable is Hudson Bay. Some day there will be railways across the country to Hudson Bay ports, and the great inland sea will be a factor in Canada's transportation. Hence the advantage of owning the Hudson Bay coast line. But Manitoba can not fairly have it all: Ontario shares the right of ownership. Ontario is already large—large enough for convenience—but she can afford to assume an additional burden for the gain of a Hudson Bay coast line.

What will likely be done with the boundaries is suggested in the accompanying map. Manitoba will enlarge northward, taking in a corner of old Saskatchewan, and eastward to Hudson Bay, running as far south as the point indicated by the dotted line. This line, a diagonal from Manitoba's northeast corner, will be the Ontário boundary, the latter province thus acquiring the southern portion of Keewatin.

FROM THE LAKES TO THE SEABOARD

THERE was some disappointment among the advocates of government ownership when the Government railway failed to acquire what had been called its "missing link." The Canada Atlantic Railway, connecting Montreal and Lake Huron, was in the market: many thought that the Intercolonial should buy it, and thus gain an access to the West, but it was allowed to pass into the hands of the Grand Trunk for a consideration of $16,000,000.

As an alternative, however, it is now proposed that the Intercolonial shall have running rights over the road, and a bill to so provide was introduced in the House last month. By this plan the Government road will have the practical advantages of the line, and will be enabled to take cargoes by a direct route from the lakes to the seaboard. The outcome may be that the Intercolonial will be given running rights over all railways. The compensation and rates are to be fixed by the Railway Commission.

'PHONES FOR THE PEOPLE

IF the Postmaster-General succeeds in certain efforts that he is now making, a telephone in every farmhouse will be a possibility. The telephone question in its entirety has for some weeks been the subject of discussion by a special committee under the chairmanship of Sir William Mulock, and some enlightening facts were brought out. One of these was that Canada and the United States are paying twice as much for their telephonic services as any other countries in the world. A lower rate will mean more 'phones, and as the spread-out character of the country makes telephonic communication very desirable, it was a fitting matter for parliamentary investigation.

Sir William Mulock's proposal was to nationalize the telephone system, operating through the municipalities wherever possible. Thus, the local lines, which would include the rural circuits of from twelve to twenty farmers' 'phones, would be under municipal control, while the long distance lines would be owned and controlled by the Government. To simplify as much as possible, the farmer, who is increasingly desirous of telephonic connection, might be assessed for the service in his tax-bills, the Government's part being thus confined to the larger lines. The Union of Canadian Municipalities has declared itself in favor of such a plan, by which a greatly cheaper service could be given.

THE MANITOBA BOUNDARIES
The dotted lines show the probable division between Manitoba and Ontario

It has also been suggested that the Government take over, with the telephone, the telegraph services, and operate them through the Post Office Department, as in England. To acquire the existing telephone and telegraph lines in Canada would cost $3,300,000, a moderate expenditure in the face of the possible development. It is claimed, however, that all the lines now in operation could be duplicated to-day at much less than their original cost.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE

THAT the St. Lawrence may be made the national highway which Nature seemed to intend it to be, various shipping interests have preferred numerous requests to the Government from time to time, and with something done each year in response, a great deal apparently still remains. A recent deputation asked that the St. Lawrence harbors be brought to a proper standard, that free wharfage be provided, that hydrographic surveys be made, that the river channel be improved, and that permanent beacons be placed at certain points. Shipping men in Montreal are also agitating that that port be made a free national port. The present Harbor Commission system has not worked well, resulting every year in a heavy loss, and as a remedy it is suggested that the Government take control of the harbor. The Government's decision to continue the free canals is, of course, welcomed by the shipping interests, and will give a considerable stimulus to St. Lawrence route business.

PARLIAMENT AND THE WHITE PLAGUE

THAT Canada cannot prosper without good health is self-evident, and therefore it was quite in order that a resolution should have been passed a few weeks ago in the House of Commons declaring that, "in the opinion of this House, the time has arrived when Parliament should take some active steps to lessen the widespread suffering and great mortality among the people of Canada, caused by the various forms of tuberculosis."

Without doubt, there is need of such steps. It is estimated that there are in Canada

HON. J. P. WHITNEY, ONTARIO

HON. LOMER GOUIN, QUEBEC

THE TWO NEW PREMIERS OF THE SISTER PROVINCES

8,000 deaths a year due to consumption, or, in other words, one-tenth of all the deaths in the Dominion are caused by the ravages of this white plague. In addition, some 30,000 persons are affected, of whom more than one-tenth are unfitted for work. Any steps, therefore, by which this fatal disease might be fought would be a distinct economic gain to the country, and it was probably this side of the question which led the Commons to consider it within its sphere. What will be done beyond passing the resolution remains to be seen. Government aid to sanitaria would seem to be the simplest method, following the example of Nova Scotia, which already has a Government sanitarium in successful operation.

THE TWO NEW PREMIERS

ONTARIO and Quebec have, by different courses of events, arrived at the same result—a change of premiership. Mr. Whitney, in Ontario, has by this time worked out the main features of his administration, and has the wheels well a-going. One of his special concerns is to be the development of New Ontario, in line with which is the proposed creation of a new Department of Mines. Mr. Whitney has begun his term under particularly favorable circumstances, with the public unmistakably in his favor.

In Quebec the new premier reaches office, not through a political turn-over, but because of a disagreement within the Government itself, which resulted in the resignation of the former premier. Hon. Mr. Parent was exonerated from the somewhat sensational charges made against him, but it was clearly evident that his resignation was expedient, while it coincided with his own personal inclinations. Mr. Parent, aside from the premiership, has been a man of much business and many interests, and his health has suffered.

The Hon. Lomer Gouin, Quebec's new premier, has, since 1897, represented the St. James Division of Montreal in the Provincial Legislature. He is a practising barrister in Montreal, and one of the leading counsel in the city. As premier, one of his chief opportunities will be the improvement of the educational system, concerning which he is known to have ideals, and in this connection the Montreal *Witness* says that "his advent to power is hailed by all progressive people as the opening of a new era." It is well that both Quebec and Ontario, at the threshold of new development, should be under new leadership, if that leadership means, as it promises, progress. Both provinces have virgin resources; both have industrial opportunities of an unusual order; and to conserve and develop these calls for progressive administration.

NIAGARA FOR OURSELVES

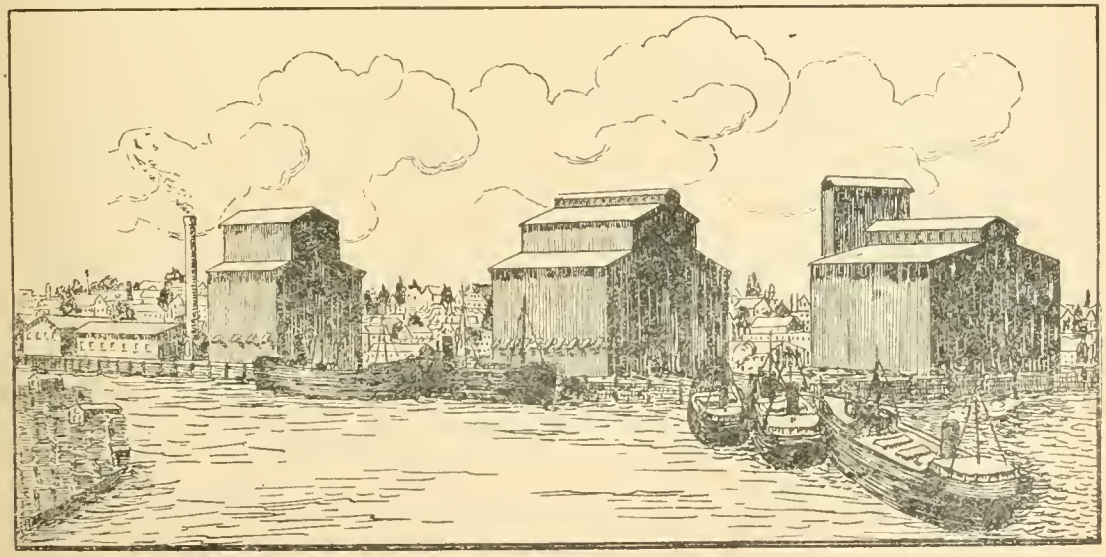
IT is just possible that there will be no further development of Niagara Falls power beyond that already provided for in the charters of the present companies. A strong movement is setting in across the line against any further diversion of the water, and certain bills now before the New York Legislature to permit the organization of new development companies will be opposed, it being even suggested that a treaty be sought with Great Britain for international limitation of future diversion. The reason for this opposition is given by the New York State geologist, who shows convincingly that the American Falls are even now in grave peril. The channel on the New York side has always been a feeble flow in comparison with the Canadian Falls, and it is the estimate of competent engineers that the diversion of another forty thousand cubic feet per second will reduce the water to the rock bottom at the edge of the American Falls. The works now constructing will take 48,000 feet, and therefore, says this authority, "the death knell of the American Falls has already been sounded."

Whether this be so or not, Canada has a very lively interest in this Niagara power supply. The possible limitation of American development means that the neighboring towns in New York State will look to the Canadian side for power. Of the three companies now developing around the Horseshoe Falls, two are practically American and will send a large portion of their power across the river: the third company, it is gratifying to know, on the authority of one of its chief promoters, intends to dispose of its entire output in Ontario. It is plainly a time for Canadian manufacturers and municipalities within the radius of the Niagara power zone to arrange for such supply of electric power as they will require: for, very evidently, the future demands from American cities will compete the market, and present delay may mean that Ontario people will lose their opportunity. Perhaps, after all, Niagara is exhaustible; in any case, our rights are worth our own guarding.

THE "CHICAGO OF CANADA"

FORT WILLIAM, already the Lake terminal of the Canadian Pacific, has now been chosen also as the Grand Trunk Pacific terminal. A site of 1,600 acres has been provided for shops and works, and the town, besides granting bonuses of $350,000 in all, agrees to deed to the Company 1,300 feet of water frontage. The Company, in consideration, is to expend about a million dollars in terminal plant, swinging bridge, etc., and to make the port its principal Lake Superior terminal.

What this means beyond its merely local significance is that there will, in a few years, be a Canadian lake port approaching in importance the American ports of Chicago



A PORTION OF FORT WILLIAM'S WATERFRONT

and Duluth. The C.P.R. has already spent over five millions on its terminal property at Fort William, which includes five elevators, with a capacity of nearly 10,000,000 bushels, 6,000 feet of docks, and immense freight sheds. In the sheds and elevators alone a thousand men are employed. The entrance of another railway, promising operations of similar proportions, means not only that Fort William will prosper, but that business on the Canadian lakes is to take on new life.

WHAT THE TURBINE MEANS TO CANADA

A NEW steamship's arrival from the other side of the Atlantic has not ordinarily a national significance, but nothing less than a new era in ocean navigation is promised by the successful sailing of a new Allan liner, the turbine steamer *Victorian*. It is of importance to Canada, because it means quicker travelling, and will thus give increased geographical advantage to Canada, putting us in closer touch with the world's markets.

The *Victorian* made her maiden trip early last month, arriving at Halifax on her eighth day out. When fully proven she will reduce the Atlantic trip, from Moville to Halifax, to five and a half days, as compared with from six to seven days for the fast mail steamers between Queenston and New York. The *Victorian* and her sister ship, the *Virginian*, also a turbine, are under contract for the Canadian mail service, and are to receive $2,000 for each round trip. The recent arrival of both these ships, therefore, marks the inauguration of the fast mail which has been so much discussed during the past few years.

STERN VIEW OF THE TURBINE STEAMER "VICTORIAN"

Showing the three screw propellers

The advantages of the turbine steamer are the quicker speed, the economy of space, giving one-tenth more cargo room, and the steadiness of motion, by which one of the banes of ocean travel is removed. The *Victorian*, the first turbine liner to cross any ocean, came through some fairly rough weather without any noticeable vibration, and a future speed of eighteen knots is held to be entirely practicable. These two facts alone will tend to make the turbine popular with the people who travel. Whatever advantage is to be had from this new method of steamship propulsion, Canada is in a position to receive it.

A description of the turbine and how it works is given in the department "The Way of Progress," elsewhere in this issue.

CITIZENS AWAKE

A PROGRESSIVE step that commends itself to progressive people has been taken by the citizens of St. John, N.B., who have organized a Citizens' League, and adopted a platform for the treatment of civic questions. Ordinarily the general public are too content to elect a Council and then to leave to that body the whole discussion, investigation, and management of public affairs; but the St. John Citizens' League purposes to, in future, take an active interest in municipal matters. Their platform has ten planks, the chief of which are the separation of municipal affairs from Provincial and Dominion politics: the appointment of thoroughly competent men as heads of all civic departments, who shall have as nearly as possible absolute control; the revision of the civic by-laws and the abolition of those which have been found impracticable; an equitable distribution of taxation, by which also the public franchises shall contribute more largely; the desirability of a larger proportion of the ablest business men of the city on the Council Board; and

the selection, by an executive committee, of a mayor and aldermen, who shall be thoroughly competent and trustworthy men. The League promises support to such an administration, and believes that good civic government would result.

THEY LIKE US

IT should be encouraging to Canadians to know that a kindly regard for us is increasing among our sister colonies. The fact that Canada has now taken a position as the most promising of the British possessions has, no doubt, had much to do with bringing about this warmer feeling: but whatever the motives, Canada receives the proffered friendship in a friendly spirit.

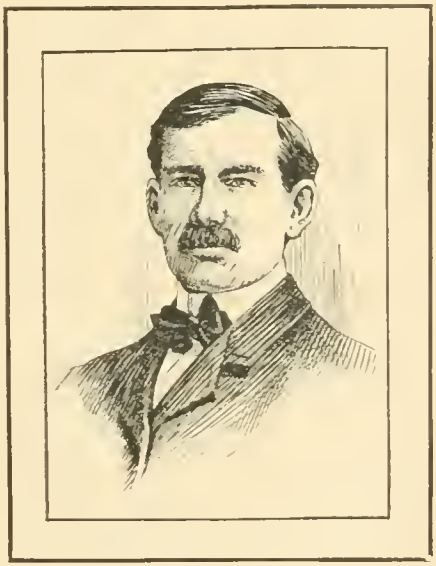
A leading member of the Legislative Assembly of Dominica, who recently visited this country, is authority for the statement that sentiment in the British West Indies is steadily growing in favor of confederation with Canada. He personally considered the step desirable for both business and patriotic reasons, and even hoped to see it consummated within a few years. It is not apparent, however, that Canada would gain materially by such a step. Canadian destinies and Canadian methods have little in common with the West Indies, and tying the colonies together would give an unequal team. Yet, while the suggestion lacks either authority or probability, it is of interest as an evidence of the regard in which Canada is now felt among the colonies, for it was not always thus.

COAL FROM NOVA SCOTIA

THE coming season will see a forward step toward supplying central Canada with Canadian coal. The Dominion Coal Company purposes to bring cargoes of Nova Scotia coal to Toronto, amounting to 100,000 tons, and has made careful plans for the shipments. Hitherto Montreal has been considered the farthest point to which it was practicable to bring eastern coal, but the increased output of the Nova Scotia mines, and the increased demand for fuel in Ontario have led to the experiment now to be made. From the Sydneys to Toronto is a long sea-carriage, and the St. Lawrence presents some considerable difficulties of navigation for heavy craft; yet, if the experiment is at all feasible, Canadian pluck and ability will make it a success. It will be eminently more satisfying to receive even a portion of our fuel supply from our own resources than from a foreign market.

ANOTHER WIRELESS

BESIDES the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, which is that in operation along the St. Lawrence and in the Gulf, a



LEE DE FOREST

rival system is entering Canada and making a bid for business. This is the De Forest system, the invention of Lee De Forest. Previous to a recent adverse decision of the United States courts, business was being done between various American cities, and messages have been successfully carried 1,300 miles overland. A service is now being arranged between Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto. In the former city a station has been operating for some months, and the Ottawa station was equipped a few weeks ago. With two wireless telegraph systems in operation, and the prospect of nationalized telephones, Canada is making progress in communication

WORLD AFFAIRS

PEACE in the East has been much talked of, but still there is no peace. Various negotiations were reported, including the mediation of President Roosevelt, but the difficulty so far has centered in Russia's refusal to pay an indemnity and Japan's insistence that an indemnity must be one of the first conditions in any peace prosposal that may be made. Japan has further indicated her determination to continue the war until she has gained her point. Russia, with equal determination, is meanwhile making elaborate preparations for more fighting. Orders for immense quantities of ammunition have been placed, the Siberian railway is being prepared for the transit of troops, and every effort is being made to increase the Russian strength in Manchuria. Apparently Russia's theory is that if she can place another large army on the spot Japan will be more ikely to waive her demands for indemnity and be willing to treat for peace on easier terms. It is an open secret that the Czar's treasury would be severely taxed by the necessity of thus compensating Japan for her losses.

JAPAN AS A MONEY-RAISER

THE Jap's credit is evidently considered good. The continuance of the war made a new loan necessary, and when the transaction was put on the market it was taken up with a surprising eagerness, although the issue was a large one. A total of $150,000,000 was apportioned among the different money centres of Europe and America, and within a few hours of the opening of the loan it was many times over-subscribed. The fact that large subscriptions came from Germany and other European countries points to a better opinion of Japan's financial stability. This good opinion is shared by Canadians, too, for about $15,000,000, or one-tenth of the whole, was subscribed in Canada, chiefly by insurance and trust companies. Considerably less than that was obtainable, however.

BRITISH POLITICS

IT is the impression of an increasing number of people that Premier Balfour should resign. He is apparently clinging to office against very plain indications of the public temper. The strongest of these was the recent defeat of one of his candidates in the elections at Brighton, when a previous Government majority of 3,000 was changed to an opposition majority of 800. Against such repulse as this, it may be heroic to fight, but it is not wise, and no former premier has done it. Ultimate defeat is inevitable, and the feeling of the press seems to be that Mr. Balfour should persist no longer, but should at once advise the King to dissolve Parliament. The British political situation as a whole is unsatisfactory and precarious.

THE CANADIAN INVASION

ENGLAND is confronted with the prospect of another combine, which purposes to take certain lines of England's business in its own hands. This time it is a Canadian combine, and its promoters are the growers and shippers of apples. Canadian fruit growers have, for some years past, been dissatisfied with the methods by which their fruit was marketed in England, and they now propose to attend to the distributing and marketing themselves, offering their goods at a fixed price, to the exclusion of the commission men. The experiment will begin with a shipment of 150,000 barrels, and the prospect is that the long-established system will be revolutionized and Canadian fruit become much in demand. Naturally the English fruit interests are concerned.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL MERGER

A PLAN is on foot to consolidate three of the great American railroads, so as to form a line under one management straight across the continent. Canada's transcontinental, the Canadian Pacific, has been such a marked success, and the projected Grand Trunk Pacific has met with such enthusiastic favor, that the American railroad interests have desired to follow suit. The present lines across the continent are controlled by a number of separate companies and the proposed merger will unite some of these under one management. But the proposition has given rise to considerable fear as to control of rates and the political power which such a merger might exert.

NEWFOUNDLAND HITS BACK

AFTER many years of good-natured sufferance, Newfoundland has revoked the privileges enjoyed by American fishermen of buying bait and fishing in Newfoundland waters. The Island Government has heretofore granted licenses at a merely nominal cost, in the hope that eventually the United States would reciprocate by giving certain trade advantages that have been often asked for. A treaty was, in fact, negotiated about a year ago, providing for the free entry of Newfoundland fish at United States ports, with other reciprocal rights, but it was so amended in the Senate as to be of no value to the Newfoundlanders, who have now, in retaliation, cancelled the fishing rights so long held by the Americans. The New England fishing industry particularly will suffer by this step, but there is no ground of protest, as the privilege was purely a matter of comity. The way is now cleared for closer relation between the Island Colony and Canada.

IN SOUTH AFRICA

A NEW constitution for the Transvaal is being framed and will soon be placed before the British Parliament. South Africa has been making progress since the war, not rapidly, yet surely; and order has been gradually re-established. But the political affairs of the country have never been satisfactory. In the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony there are some 450,000 whites, and these are quite naturally demanding representative government. The Boers will, of course, assert their claims to equal representation, and each party will probably want a form of government that will guarantee their own influence. To satisfy the demands of both, and at the same time to protect the best interests of the colony, is the problem now.

THE PURE FOOD CAMPAIGN

TRUER word was never spoken than this, that it is a merey we do not know always whereof we eat. The policy of asking no questions is often a wise one, commended especially by those who travel. Yet the questioning instinct is strong, and in no direction more reasonable than in this: so we have governmental pure food inspections, with the result that many foods are found to be not pure.

There is an Adulterated Food Act in Canada, which says that any person who adulterates any article of food or any drug, shall incur a penalty of $600 or six months' imprisonment, or both, for a first offence, and $1,000 or one year's imprisonment for each subsequent offence. This is the penalty for adulteration which is injurious to the health. If the adulteration is not injurious to the health, but consists only of mixing inferior ingredients with a food product, the penalty incurred is $200 or three months' imprisonment for a first offence, and $500 or six months' imprisonment, or both, for each subsequent offence.

Still there are adulterators abroad in the land, for recent investigations have shown that a large proportion of jams, spices, and other food products made in Canada are not entirely what they seem. The adulteration is not always harmful; sometimes it is merely tricky. Mashed turnips, for instance, as an ingredient of jam are quite harmless and may even be tasty; baking powder mixed with corn starch may be weak, but is not injurious; maple sugar into which some other sugar is stirred is still sweet; and pepper is still hot after the introduction of various gritty and dusty substances. But the public has a way of resenting these tricks once they are found out and persists in the demand for Pure Food.

Though all these and other cases of adulteration have been discovered in Canada, fraudulent practices of such kind are not nearly so numerous as in the United States, where intense interest has been aroused over recent disclosures. Many of the adulterated goods in Canada have, in fact, been found to have been manufactured in that country. So far few serious cases of impurity or danger to the public health have been reported: but apparently there is need of buying one's package-foods discriminatingly.

GOOD WORDS FOR CANADA

CANADA, like certain articles of trade, is advertised by its friends, and no small part of its present popularity among travellers and globe-trotters is due to the appreciation of former visitors. For such tribute we are always open. To Lady Minto, for instance, the country is grateful for her own appreciation of Canada as expressed since her return to England. We were somewhat disposed to regret the eagerness with which our late countess and her family displayed their "Canadian furs" in England, an advertisement, it seemed, of our severer qualities; but by way of reparation may be taken an article which Lady Minto has written for a recent number of the *National Review*, in which she tells, with warm appreciation, of the beauties and greatness of the Canadian Dominion.

Lady Minto, in this article, takes occasion to refer to the remarkable ignorance which obtains in some places and among some people concerning this country. She thinks that to this ignorance is due the fact that so comparatively few Britishers visit a country of such varied attractions:

"I have been told by a Canadian, that in discussing with an English general the possibility of sending troops from England to the Far East via Canada, the latter raised the objection that it would not be desirable for them to travel over United States territory! I have been told of an English official having condoled, shortly after McKinley's assassination, with a Canadian on the loss of his President. I have myself heard an educated Englishman express to a Canadian audience his surprise at finding modern civilization existing in a country which he had, till then, believed to be under permanent ice and snow. And many of us no doubt have studied geography books—till recently the accepted textbooks in our schools—in which the Dominion is described as a vast tract of endless forest, the abode of wild beasts, and spellbound by an Arctic winter."

Of the country itself Lady Minto speaks appreciatively. After telling of the beauties of the St. Lawrence and the attractiveness and interest of older Canada as represented by Quebec and Montreal, she takes her readers west:

"And still on, on, forever on, through the mitless prairie, with its thousands upon thousands of acres of wheat, bringing wealth to the farmer and prosperity to mankind; past mighty irrigation-works, enormously increasing the value of the land, and great grain elevators storing the golden crops—crops which might be increased a million fold, if men, instead of starving in the over-populated towns of England, would but come and till the soil."

Lady Minto's article is the more valuable, because it takes account, not merely of the scenic features, such as would appeal chiefly to the tourist, but of the solid industrial resources of the country. Canada's limitless waterways seem to have strongly impressed her:

"Their hitherto latent power is being utilized by science and capital, working hand in hand for the further development of the country; lonely islands are being converted into beautiful homes: yachts are to be seen lying in harbors which, till recently, afforded shelter only to Indian canoes; enormous resources are daily being made more evident; the limitless agricultural capacity of the prairie, the unmeasured wealth of mineral lands, are daily being more and more developed. Everywhere, and in everything, progress is the password, energy the 'open sesame' to individual success.

"The way, indeed, in which the mining towns spring into existence seems almost as miraculous as the jugglery of the Eastern conjurer who produces mango trees in the sandy desert. In British Columbia I have seen a city with tram-cars, electric light, telephones, imposing shops, and even a skating rink, standing on a site which, less than ten years before, had been but a rocky waste."

By writing thus Lady Minto has given Canada some very good advertising, for her story is of interest for three reasons: for its own sake as a statement of actual conditions, for the fact that it is a woman's impressions, and for the fact that that woman is the wife of a late Governor-General.

Nor has Lord Minto himself been behindhand in similar appreciativeness. In a recent address before an audience composed largely of business men, he spoke in high terms of Canada's resources and of its attractions as a field for commercial enterprise. Its possibilities had not been exaggerated, and its industrial life was throbbing with new energy. Lord Minto had also found the Canadian's true to the Imperial sentiment towards which they have themselves contributed much.

MONTEREAU'S DEFIANCE

A TALE OF 1813

By VICTOR LAURISTON

THE PICTURE.

IT hangs in the grim old chateau, in the Audience Hall, just where the sunlight streaming through the lofty window falls full upon it. A background of grey wall, a stone balcony half hid with battle-smoke; and, in its midst, a girl, fair-haired, defiant, leaning far forward, proudly waving, red and white and blue, a tattered Union Jack. Sunlight falls full on the picture, in which the past still lives.

They call it "Montereau's Defiance."

THE STORY.

The autumn of 1813 was a time of dark foreboding for the patriots of Canada. True it was that twice already the Southern invader had been hurled back from her gates; but, seeming merely to gain strength from each repulse, an American army, many times greater than any which had yet taken the field, hung on the border, preparing to sweep like a resistless tide into the very heart of Lower Canada. It was in this dark hour that the gallant Louis Etienne Joseph Marie Fauriel-Viteile Sieur de Montereau, stout of heart as well as of body, being summoned with his loyal habitants to the patriot rendezvous at Caughnawaga, bade farewell to his ancient seigneury and to his daughter Clarisse. Knowing right well that Chateau Montereau, as he grandiloquently styled it, lay but little out of the path of the American advance, the gallant seigneur would fain have induced Clarisse to seek shelter at Quebec.

"I am a Vitelle of Montereau," the wilful girl defiantly responded. "May I go with you to the battle?"

"No," he replied curtly.

"Then I shall stay here. What Vitelle of Montereau ever turned his back on the foe?"

She stamped her little foot by way of emphasis.

"But," said the artful seigneur, "who knows what young captain may not be on duty at Quebec?"

Clarisse laughed, turning for a moment every shade of red; for, as the Seigneur spoke, there rose vividly before her fancy the picture of young Captain Cyril Esmar, gallantly riding at the head of his company the previous summer at the Grand Review in honor of Governor Prevost.

"If there be any such captain," she responded saucily, "let him come to the front, where, if he wishes to see me, he will find me."

The Seigneur sighed. Since his wife's death, his daughter had ruled him—and he knew full well that if his last sly argument had no effect, none other would. Perhaps, as, lingering behind his company, he now paused in the courtyard to bid Clarisse farewell, he vaguely meditated carrying her away by force: but at the moment his steed, wilful as his daughter, set out down the road at a sharp trot, almost jolting the fat Seigneur from his seat. A moment later the gate clanged-to behind him; and Clarisse, a vision in white, laughing at him from the wall, was the last he saw through the dust clouds that rose up between them.

The chatelaine straightway called her garrison to arms, and held a grand review of women, children, and a few decrepit old men in the stone-paved courtyard. Then, having seen to her defences, instructed her troops, and looked to the old bronze culverins over the gates, she placed old Michel, the butler, and the laundress, Dame Angelique Mardette, on guard, and retired to her slumbers—her conscience never stirred by thought of that sly pin-prick which had set her father's horse going and left her master at once of Chateau Montereau and the argument.

Like a good chatelaine she was up at dawn, going her rounds with the sun.

Old Michel grumbled. He was filled with a great dread of the American Rangers, for he remembered their terrible exploits in the fierce border warfare of sixty years before, and, magnifying them through the intervening time, spoke of them even yet with fear and trembling.

"What use?" he growled. "If the Rangers choose to flay us alive and then eat us, that will they do. It is indeed true that they do such things, *mes garcons*."

The chatelaine laughed.

Old Michel growled and the chatelaine

laughed through three days. They met on the wall the morning of the fourth.

"Hark, Mam'selle."

She listened. Far off, very far off, she heard a faint crackling, like that of dry twigs when one steps on them. Old Michel shook his head.

"What is it?" she asked, with a sudden dread.

"It is the battle!" he cried, with a shiver. "They are destroying our people. Yonder"—and he pointed—"toward Chateauguay."

She stood a moment before him with clasped hands, gazing into the far-off distance as if she could see the strife.

"Nay, Michel! Our people are destroying them," she cried at last, with forced confidence.

Then, turning sharply, she hastened to her room, to fling herself, sobbing, upon her bed: to pray for her country—and for *him*.

. . . . . .

"Ma'mselle!"

She heard old Michel in the room below, running to and fro in frightened search of her. How long she had been there she knew not. Rising, she descended the long stair.

"Ma'mselle! Oh, Ma'mselle! The Rangers!"

"Yes"—calmly.

"They are at the gates, Ma'mselle! Oh, hurry! hurry!"

"Why?"

"They ask to be admitted. Oh Ma'mselle, make haste, lest they destroy us all."

She eyed the old man with a look that would have pierced to his shivering soul had he not been too intent upon his own terrors.

"How does that concern me, Michel?" she laughed.

"But Ma'mselle has the keys."

"And Ma'mselle will keep them."

From below there came to her through the balcony window the sound of shouting. A Union Jack hung over her father's picture. Quickly seizing it, she crossed the floor to the balcony, the old dotard tottering along the floor after her as far as he dared, vainly crying to her to stop.

"Ma'mselle!"

She never deigned to hear, but, proudly erect, stepped forth upon the balcony. Below was the gate, the Rangers outside battering on it, cursing and threatening those within.

"Americans," she cried, "this is Chateau Montereau. If you would enter here, you must do so as prisoners under guard."

Then she flung forth the broad folds of the flag, hurling Montereau's proud defiance into their angry, upturned faces. The bullets rattled round her, and round the hated banner. Red and white and blue its folds, torn by many a bullet—blue as the battle smoke curling upward at her feet, white as her face and dress, red as her sleeve where a crimson stain had touched it. But as to that, she was a Vitelle of Montereau, and proudly gave no sign.

. . . . . .

On the defence of Montereau it is needless here to dwell, or on the courage and resource of its chatelaine—how, heedless of her wound, she went her rounds, encouraging the faint-hearted, keeping up their spirits by word and example, loading and firing the old bronze culverins with her own fair hands. For a few days the Rangers hung about the Chateau, seeking now and then by a sudden dash to gain some point of vantage, to take the defenders unawares; but the chatelaine was too steadfast, the garrison were too watchful. Moreover, they were but a party of discomfited marauders from Hampton's retreating host, and wisely hesitated a grand attack, knowing not what array of steadfast redcoats or fiery voltigeurs those grim grey walls might hide. A day or so later a small detachment of British regulars came upon them at dawn, when there was a skirmish, brief and brisk, amid the fallen leaves.

Of course it was only fair that the gallant victor, now Major Esmar, especially as the bearer of the ever glorious tale of Chateauguay, should be entertained right royalty by the more gallant chatelaine. And before he left her, he whispered a question and received a promise—though, after both have trod the long dark path of ninety years ago, perhaps it does not matter.

But the story still is told, after all these ninety years—told by the grey old chateau, told by that picture hanging in the dim hall where the sunlight falls full upon it, told by the quiet Montereau rippling by. And, as the stream flows on and on forever, so the story of Montereau's defiance, and of all the heroic deeds of that great time will go on and on, even to the world's end.

THE WAY OF PIONEER TRAVEL

IN NEW ONTARIO BEFORE THE RAILWAY

By JAMES W. BARRY

HITHERTO the only means of reaching the north country, except by canoe, has been a line of steamboats plying on Lake Temiskaming. The advent of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway —the Pennsylvania of the north—has broken this monopoly.

Trains are now running regularly from the town of North Bay for a distance of 110 miles north to Haileybury and New Liskeard, communities that voice the growth of most Canadian towns in the North and West.

In 1898, when our party first canoed into the Temiskaming country, these towns then comprised only a few shacks set down among fallen trees. To-day there are creditable brick churches, public buildings, and hotels, and over all a keen but friendly rivalry obtains.

The railway's advent forever robs the Indian trails lying between Lake Temiskaming and Lake Temagami, used these hundreds of years, of their business usefulness and picturesqueness. The stones that lie strewn in the Indians' path on the portages that his father and grandfather and great-grandfather side-stepped, will know the soft quick moccasined feet no more; the stately oaks on the Matabechawan, witnesses of many a redman's life's work on the portage, must be satisfied now with the tamer sights of tourists, or "sports," as the Indians designate them.

Speaking of portages reminds one of the "Clay Hill" proposition, upon which many a Waterloo among the palefaces has been fought and few Wellingtons have emerged.

In the older days the Matabechawan River route was the shortest collection of vicissitudes to be suffered in reaching the Temagami country to the west from Lake Temiskaming.

Imagine a half-dozen "sports," fresh from office desks in a heated city—possessed of ice-cream-fed stomachs, weak necks, flabby

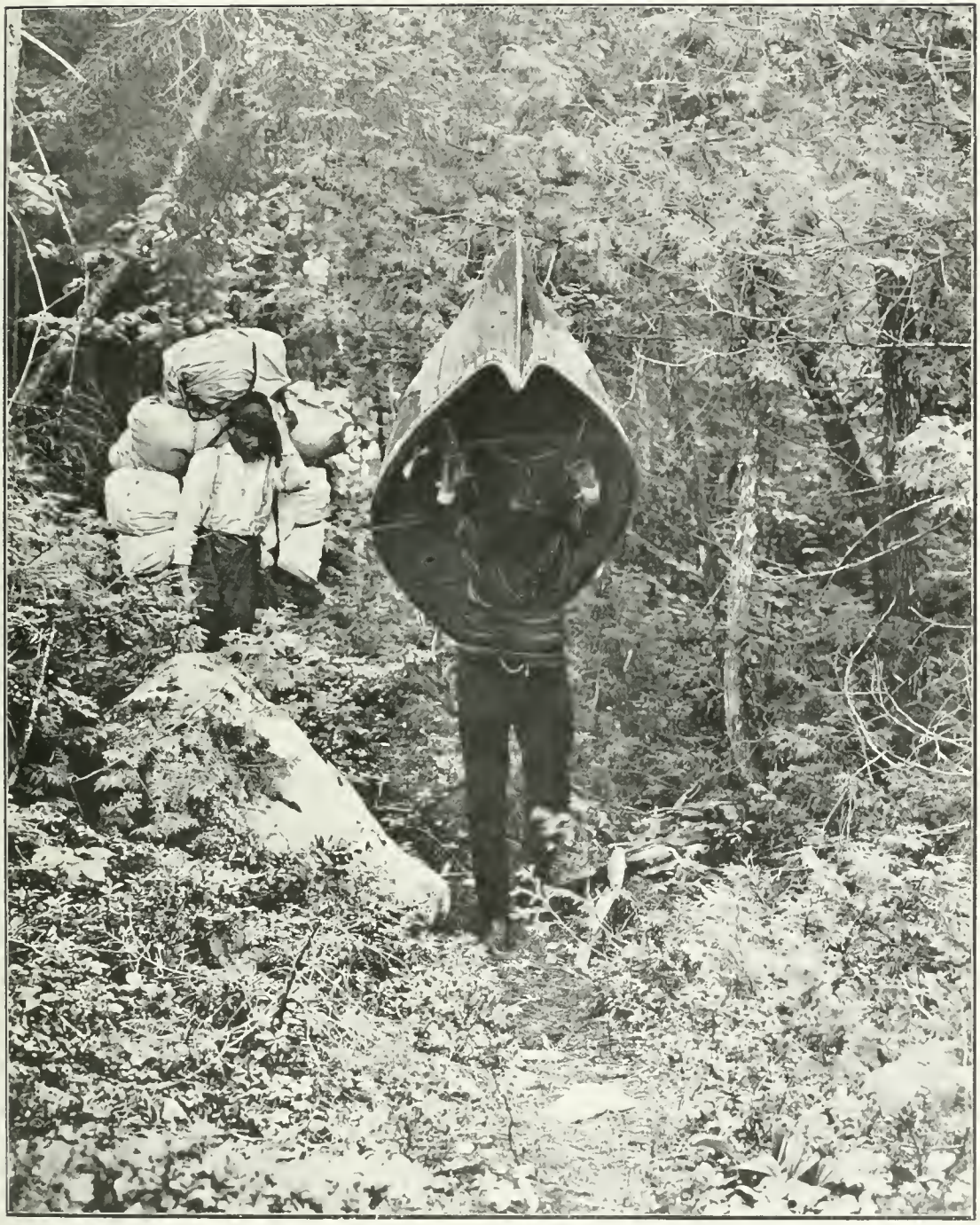
muscles and tobacco-soaked lungs—with canoes and baggage (generally about twice what is conveniently required), encountering for their first portage our dear old friend, the Clay Hill, the sky-scraper of the north country. Whether the novice be my friend or foe, I freely grant him his spurs when he has conquered the Gibraltar that forever holds at bay the weak-hearted and those who would fain climb but fear to fail.

The Clay Hill portage is about a mile long and commences with an ascent steep enough to remind one of looking up a chimney. Needless to say, it is a far cry to the top. The summit, reaching an altitude of about 300 feet, overlooks a magnificently wooded country of spruce and firs, and if the novice, on reaching this elevation, does not feel as though the bottom was out of everything in the world, he must stop to drink in the majesty of his surroundings. Far away, on a bright day, may be seen, on the Quebec side, Fort Temiskaming, where first the Jesuit Fathers settled centuries ago, encompassed round about by farms that are likened in color to a crazy quilt; while close by is Beaver Mountain.

Under ordinary circumstances the Clay Hill is a "cinch" for the Indian portageur; but put a green one on the trail, with a canoe on his shoulders or a heavy pack on his back, and you may know the result. The ascent is divided into three sections. Each section has a landing stage, where "broken wind" is repaired, shoulders rubbed, and words of comfort poured into the soul, if it happens that an old hand is along who is diplomatic enough to do it. Nothing helps a would-be more than "You're doing fine, the best I ever saw for a new 'un"—even though you are ready to kick the poor unfortunate for being a "quitter." Lies told under such circumstances, I believe, will be put down in nothing more lasting than lead pencil.

Generally it takes a raw party more than half a day to conquer what the Master Builder has set down as an elevation—what we call the Clay Hill. Last May, Chief White Bear, Geo. Friday, and I struck our old friend on a day when the rain never stopped once, and the hill being clay, the condition of the trail when we hit it can be imagined. White Bear tumped a heavy trunk, Friday had the canoe, and I had an 80-pound pack. We commenced the ascent by hanging on to small trees by our hands and eyebrows. The clay oozed its wetness to a depth of several inches and refused to give us foothold. It was worse than trying to climb a toboggan slide, and more dangerous, as we were liable to fall

THE ADVENT OF THE RAILWAY IN THE TEMISKAMING COUNTRY



THE PORTAGE THROUGH THE WOODS: AN INCIDENT OF PRE-RAILWAY TRAVEL

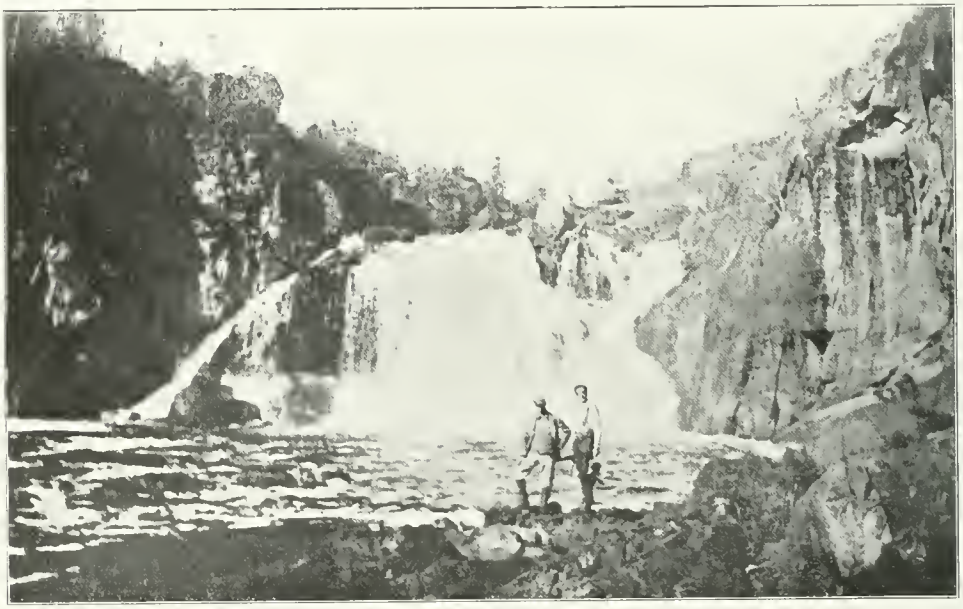
backwards from the weight of our loads. The falling rain and the clouds of chilling mist that enveloped us the higher we got, added to our discomfort; but with a natural backwoods philosophy that obtains if you are natural, we strongly combated the marshalled forces of Nature and counted victory ours when, under an inverted canoe for shelter, we cooked a toothsome meal of moosemeat and strong pork.

The Matabechawan River, from earliest spring till the middle of June, is a maddened torrent, with an increased depth of over six feet of water. Grounds where we had camped the previous summer were then covered with a raging volume, running wanton, that swept away everything movable in its savage career out to old Temiskaming, itself showing an enhanced depth of seventeen feet. Most of the rapids were impassable. At low water they are navigable, but with an increased volume of six feet of water, whose waves shouldered each other like men running to a fight, the approach to Side Rock Rapids was not inviting. The river rose and swelled with quick uneven passion; everything rushed madly downward, and below was raging fury. It was here that Geo. Friday, Indian, decided to initiate me into the ancient and honorable customs of the redman in shooting rapids.

George took the bow, I took the stern. There was a secret pathway and George knew it. The trick was to dart across the right-hand current at the proper moment and thus avoid a huge boulder that reared its shaggy head aloft like an Eddystone, and catching the current let it sweep us around; then shoot a series of lower rapids. It was easy at low water. But now!

The canoe shot obliquely into the stream under our lusty strokes. It seemed almost to leap from wave to wave and the shore to fall behind at a mile-a-minute gait. Trees and rocks were a conglomerate mass as I watched George use his paddle, straight down, as a lever to keep the proper course. You may talk about white man's skill, but he is beaten by a mile compared to an Indian in rapid-shooting. His eye detects a pathway of safety; his paddle movements are quicker than the working of springs; he appears more than human. Your confidence goes out to him, and he seems something good to lean upon.

Down, down we went. The whole river, unbridled, rushed with a ferocity that defied language and carried us away like a leaf. Up and down we went. Once I came near being thrown clear out of the canoe. Then we shot across, the cold, chill water slapping our chests till they stung. Then down we ran again, the crowding forces of the rear-



ONE OF THE MANY WATERFALLS IN NEW ONTARIO

guard doing their best to wrestle our frail craft from beneath us. But George knew them too well; yet he respected them withal, and in another ten seconds we shot into a quiet little cove, wet to the skin, but glowing with excitement and achievement.

The water recedes in the lakes and rivers of the north about fly time, which commenced last year on the 3rd of June. The day before there was hardly a fly, but on the Prince of Wales' birthday they initiated numerous unfortunates and celebrated a good deal. The black flies attend to you very well all day, and at nightfall, these gentle reminders of bush life retiring, their places are ably filled by mosquitoes, *à la* New Jersey size. Many innocents believe that the flies last all summer. This is a mistake. By Dominion Day the pest season is past, and tranquility and peace of mind once more obtain. It is claimed now by railways advertising summer resorts, that the smoke from their locomotives annihilates these little darling of the gods. This is simply a joke. When the fly season is "on dit" it reigns supreme.

For many generations the Hudson's Bay Company have portaged and canoed their supplies into the Temagami district and the far north *via* Haileybury, the Montreal and Matabechawan Rivers from Lake Temiskaming. Huge eight or ten-fathom canoes were used for this purpose, and tons of merchandise were transported by hardy redskin voyageurs. No portage, no matter how long or difficult, was ever too hard for these faithful servants of the great trading company, many of whom would gladly have laid down their lives, and did, for that honorable concern.

The advent of the railway into Northern Ontario has worked wonders (and havoc, too) upon the redman. In the older days he did not understand that comforts extended beyond shagg tobacco. Now you see him at the station waiting for the train, displaying an almost important air, puffing one grand cigar and wearing a real paper collar. So much the pity that their lives, in the true sense, no longer harmonize with the moose trails of Temagami. The sounding-board of the forest, upon which Nature played its tunes to her children, has been bartered for the steel harp-strings of the railway—harp-strings that have relieved the redman of the burden of the pack-strap, an occupation enjoyed and loved by their savage ancestors before they took to *la longue traverse*.

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS TO A MAN ON A NORTH ONTARIO PORTAGE

A NEW FORM OF COMBINE

THE CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL
SYSTEM AND HOW IT WORKS

BECAUSE our fathers were perforce content with their weekly newspapers is no reason why we should not have our dailies; because we have ridden horseback is no reason why our children shall not ride in motor cars.

The corner store which catered to the wants of the community within the four walls of a single room answered its purpose: but business to-day is a matter of larger proportions. The idea of centralization has been immensely expanded.

And so, too, the little red schoolhouse served its day very well, but the present and future generations demand something larger and better. It is a cherished memory to many of the men and women of to-day, but that is no reason why it should be perpetuated.

Thus, by applying to our educational system the same principles that have marked our progress in other directions, even so simple a thing as the method of "going to school" has been completely changed. If consolidation is desirable and profitable in business, why should it not be so in school management as well? A business man asked himself and his advisers this question, and their answer took form in the scheme of consolidated schools, with which is associated the name of Sir William C. Macdonald. The scheme has been put in operation, and thus far the experiment has been successful.

It is done very much as consolidation of any kind is done. Three or four business firms combine to save expense of operation and to increase efficiency: a number of small school sections unite to support one main institution which, though it may increase expense, immeasurably increases the efficiency and thus gives better returns for the expenditure.

To see how this plan would succeed in actual operation, Sir William Macdonald offered to defray the cost of a three years' experiment in each of the three Maritime Provinces.

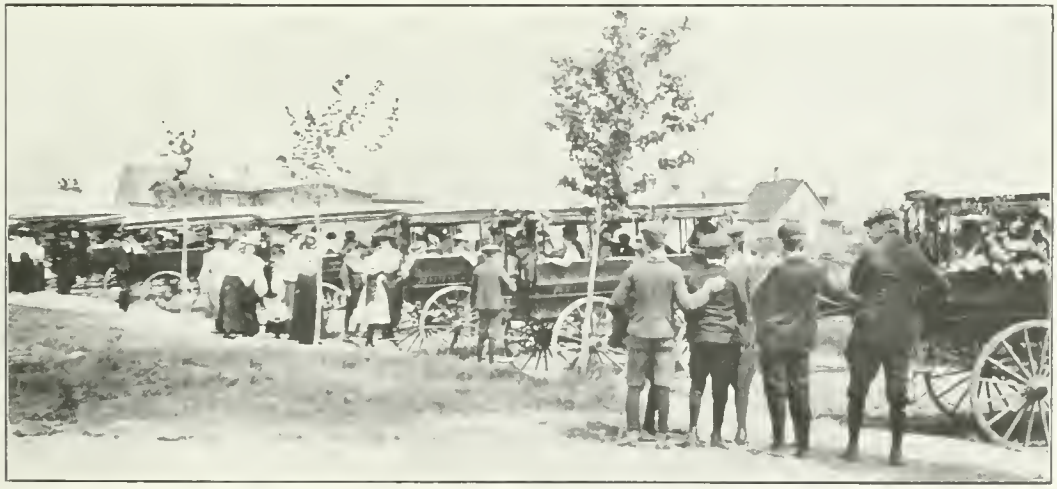
The first consolidated school in Canada was

THE CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL AT GUELPH, ONTARIO

ONE OF THE VANS ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

established at Middleton, Nova Scotia, in the fall of 1903. It quickly enrolled over four hundred pupils, from an area of eighty square miles of the surrounding country. Within these limits were eight former school sections, which now closed their school buildings and gave their support to the central institution. Thus, where there had before been eight small schools, with one or two teachers in each, there was now one consolidated school, with a staff of eleven teachers. By this centralization it has been made possible to specialize the instruction and to introduce such departments as manual training, nature study, and domestic science, which had not been within the reach of the old system. The consolidated school is practical in its working as well as business-like in theory.

One of the new features of the Middleton school is a school garden, which is used for two purposes: for the growing of vegetables for use or for sale, and for the purpose of affording practical instruction in plant growth. Some of the plants are, from time to time, pulled up in order that the children may see for themselves the process of growth. There is a kitchen department, in which food is provided for the noon-day lunch. Vegetables grown in the garden are used for this lunch, which comprises a bowl of soup, milk and bread for each child. The parents are expected to pay three cents per head per meal,



THE VANS LOADING FOR RETURN HOME

A CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL AND ITS CONSTITUENTS

YOUNG CANADA: THE NATION'S HOPE
One of the junior classes in a Consolidated School

and this will meet the entire expense of providing the meals.

The unique part of the system is the way the pupils reach the school. The outlying portions of the district are from five to seven miles from the town, and the children from these and from all but the central section are taken to the school every morning in large vans and in the same way brought home at night. The Middleton school employs twelve of these vans, each carrying twenty-four children: they are in charge of trusty drivers, and cover as many different routes, converging from all sides to the school The children like it. It is a novel way of going to school, and withal comfortable, while it has had the effect of securing regular attendance.

Similar schools are in operation in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Ontario. For the latter province, the centre chosen for the experiment was Guelph, which has special advantages as the seat of the Ontario Agricultural College. The consolidated school was built on the college grounds and will very likely serve in some respects as a preparatory school to the larger institution, although quite complete and independent in itself. It offers, however, a strong attraction to the farmers' young folk of the surrounding country, as its founder intended it should, and it may therefore be taken largely as an educational experiment for an agricultural district.

President Creelman, of the Ontario Agricultural College, thus summarizes the advantages of school consolidation:

(1) The children are properly graded according to their several ages and abilities.

(2) Each teacher has a particular class of work to do throughout the whole day.

(3) The classes are uniform and are therefore enabled to accomplish much more in a given time.

(4) Specialists are provided in the different branches of the work.

(5) Vans are sent out for the children in outlying districts, and they are brought to the door dryshod, returning to their homes in the same manner.

(6) By specially selecting the teachers, the trustees have been able to secure such as are in touch with the soil. Hence the principles of agriculture are taught in every branch of the work, that the children may be educated *for* rather than *from* the farm.

(7) The teacher in every instance is able to give more individual attention to the pupils than was possible under the system of several classes and several ages in the one room.

"While, from a standpoint of dollars and cents there is no doubt that the system will be more expensive, it will be left with the farmer himself to decide whether he would rather pay $5.00 more per year for each child attending school and get the benefit of such instruction as consolidated school teachers are able to give, or to leave his children under the guidance, in most instances, of a young girl not out of her teens, who is employed for the purpose of imparting all of the instruction which most of the children will get in a small one-roomed school, without facilities for demonstrating anything in a practical way. Incidentally it should be mentioned that the daily attendance at the consolidated school over the attendance at the several one-roomed schools in their own sections has increased over 90 per cent."

The consolidated school is an experiment, but it bids well to be as successful in its way as have been the numberless consolidations in the business world.

Following a description of the Consolidated School system, mention may fittingly be made of the new Macdonald Institute at Guelph. Some three years ago Sir William submitted a plan to the Ontario Government for the establishment of courses of instruction in domestic science at the Guelph institutions, and for this purpose supplied funds of $175,000. With this amount two handsome buildings were erected: the Macdonald Institute, where classes in home science, manual training, etc., are held, and the Women's Residence. This latter building is shown in the illustration on the following page, together with a group of the lady students.

The new plan proved popular from its inception. Farmers' sons were being educated in scientific agriculture; why should not the farmers' daughters be educated in scientific home-making? To this end, two courses were established in practical housekeeping, one for those who wish to make it their professional life-work, and a second course intended more particularly for home-makers.

The Macdonald Institute also provides training for men students in manual arts and crafts. Mechanical equipment of the best and most serviceable type has been supplied by the Government.

MACDONALD HALL, WOMEN STUDENTS' RESIDENCE AT GUELPH

A GROUP OF MACDONALD INSTITUTE STUDENTS

GUL-BAHAR OF THE BOSPHORUS

By F. BEECHER

JUST as the sun was setting one summer day in 1873, our steamer made its way into the harbor of Constantinople. It was a beautiful evening. Far in the distance could be discerned the outlines of the surrounding country. The picturesque coast far and wide was aglow in the light of the evening sun. Scutari lay to the right, and Constantinople, with its adjacent suburbs—Galata and Pera—were to the left. Gilded domes and minarets rose skyward, looking as if they were on fire in the rays of the departing sun.

After landing, I proceeded to the residence of my friend, an attache of one of the foreign legations. A few days I devoted to visiting my old schoolmate: then I occupied my time in sight-seeing, and during this time occurred the event which I am going to relate.

It was a Friday, a lovely day, that I made an excursion to the "Sweet Waters of Europe." Arriving there early in the afternoon I found a large number of people present. The spot is most charming. Here on one side are the tall trees of the East, and yonder the fresh-water streams—one coming from the hills not far from Constantinople, and called the "Sweet Waters of Europe," the other coming from the Asiatic hills, and called the "Sweet Waters of Asia," and both emptying into the Bosphorus.

Under the shade trees sat groups of ladies, upon rugs spread out upon the ground. They seemed to be enjoying themselves. Here in the crowd could be seen the olive-hued, beak-nosed Armenian; the elegantly attired Greek, with his classic face; the handsome, but fierce and treacherous-looking Albanian; the richly-attired Jew; or the fair-skinned and well-formed Circassian, dressed in a long-skirted, drab coat, to the breast of which were fastened brass cartridge cases.

I wended my way slowly through this picturesque crowd. While walking along I was involuntarily attracted to a group of women, one of whom seemed to have her eyes upon me. I paused for a moment and looked at her. She was the picture of loveliness. Beautiful large eyes, abundant dark hair, gracefully-curved mouth, and delicate features made up a pure type of Oriental beauty. Her face was partly covered by a thin yashmark, and she was attired in most costly material.

As I stood there, in admiration, there seemed to be some unknown power influencing me. When our eyes met, the true expression of the two souls seemed to fade into one another like the colors in the rainbow. It was an involuntary surrender of the one to the other.

Fearing that I might attract too much attention, I passed on. As I walked away, she watched me until I vanished from her vision. After some time, I returned to the place where we had met, for something kept saying to me, "I want you:" but my lady was gone. A search through the crowd did not reveal her: so, longing to see her once more, and reproaching myself for not having ventured to address her, I took a caique and returned to the city.

II

Some weeks had gone by since I was at the "Sweet Waters." During this time I had been restless and uneasy. I felt as if I had lost something that I prized very much, and that I must find the lost object.

One afternoon I found myself in the silent home of the Cypress at Scutari. The day was bright and clear, yet here the brightness was suggestive of gloom; though it was warm, everything appeared cold and unfriendly. Desertion, desolation, and waste were the general characteristics of this spot.

The tall trees stood like funeral plumes above the graves. Marble gravestones marked the resting places of the dead. Here and there a ray had penetrated, to light up the cold, white marble. Solemn stillness reigned, broken only by the cooing of the doves in the tree-tops. The avenues of the city of the dead were wide and straight, and crossed one another variously. Beautiful sarcophagi rested beneath domes supported by marble columns. Interspersed here and there were the plain headstones of the poor.

I had been strolling about for some time, when I halted for a moment to determine into what avenue I should turn. As I started on again I heard the voices of ladies, and concluded that they must be near by. Turning and walking in the direction from which the sound came, I beheld, a short distance from me, two female figures. One was that of an elderly lady, dressed in brown silk, while the other was of a woman, young and handsome, attired in a modern tscharschaf, with a white yashmark over her face.

Almost instantaneously we recognized each other. Again I beheld my lost lady of the "Sweet Waters."

She leaned on her elderly companion and blushed, while she put forth a neat little foot, daintily encased in a finely-made Parisian shoe. A few words of Turkish were interchanged between the two, and then the younger lady allowed her head to sink upon her bosom.

I could contain myself no longer. I made a deep bow, stepped forward and said, in French, "I am a stranger from the cold North, where women are not so beautiful as here."

She smiled, and would have answered, but her companion placed her finger on her mouth.

"You know you are forbidden to speak to to us: you are too forward," the elder woman said, quietly.

"You cannot prevent the butterfly from fluttering around the rosebush. Why do you expect me to be otherwise?" I exclaimed passionately. I indulged in this extravagant way of speaking because it is the custom of the East.

"Strange man, thou knowest how to talk," she answered.

"Where do you reside?" I asked.

"Why do you want to know?" she asked in return. A few Turkish words were again spoken by the companion. The dark eyes sparkled with joy.

I ventured now to ask: "What does she say?"

"She says all Christians are false."

"Sweet flower of the East! do not believe that!"

She arched her eyebrows and said: "Whether I believe it or not—" whereupon she smiled so that her white teeth were visible.

"What is your name?" I asked, eagerly.

Now she turned and looked up at me sadly, as if to say, "What good will my name do you? we can never be more than friends." Then she whispered, "Gul-Bahar."

"You shall be the constant theme of my thoughts and dreams," I murmured, bending towards her.

As I said these words she started suddenly. Her eyes were fixed upon a marble column, from behind which a face, most hideous to behold, peered forth. It was saturnine in aspect, threatening in expression, and cruel in its determination.

Upon beholding these features I became as if transfixed. My heart seemed to cease beating, and I could feel the blood recede from my face. The penetrating gaze of the human distortion was terror-inspiring.

"Come, we must go!" said her companion, when the face had vanished, and they started off. As they passed me I handed her a rose, which she slipped under her tscharschaf.

"Gul-Bahar," I whispered, "when will you come here again?"

"In one week," she whispered in reply.

"At this time?"

She nodded assent, raised her eyes to meet mine, and then proceeded onward. I followed for a short distance, but the threatening look of the companion told me to remain behind. Immediately I took the shortest road to the boat-landing.

The memory of that hideous visage hastened my footsteps. It was not long before I was on board the boat, and taking a seat in a remote corner by myself, I thought of the misfortune and injustice of this world; to love and to be loved, yet to have caste, sect, race, and customs all prohibit a realization of the bent of one's inclination. Nature demanded it: why should she not be obeyed?

My quiet musing was broken only by the beautiful scenery about me. A reddish gold spread wave-like upon the heavens. The home of the cypress was alternately tinted and shaded by the hovering clouds above, and the cypresses stood like gloomy mourners before their dead. From the minarets a muezzin called to prayer: "God is great! Mohammed is the prophet; come to prayer!"

When I heard these exclamations, I thought, "May not my sorrowing heart find peace and consolation in praying for the happiness of Gul-Bahar, the rose of my life? May not the great God unite those whose hearts beat as one, thus removing man's conventions and allowing nature's laws to reign supreme?"

But I was destined to wend my way to the home of my friend and await the day to meet Gul-Bahar.

III.

My peace and rest were disturbed. I became more silent. The days appeared like months. The appointed time to meet Gul-Bahar seemed to be far in the dim future. The perspective of my thoughts became more distorted; only the beautiful countenance of Gul-Bahar was always present. Wherever I looked I beheld her. Her features never vanished from my mind's eye.

The grand architecture of St. Sophia, with

its magnificent interior, formed like a Greek cross: with its beautiful mosaic decorations, composed of small cubes of porphyry and other precious marble: with its many gilded parts, like the great cherubs and the marvellously constructed dome, had no charms for me. Likewise the grand mosque of Sultan Achmet, with its interesting surroundings, the vast square, called the Hippodrome, and the obelisk, brought from Egypt by Constantine, hardly awakened my attention.

I went from one place of interest to another, expecting to see Gul-Bahar, but without success. I went from Pera to Stamboul over the old and the new bridge. I climbed the tower of Galata and Saraska, to witness the grand sunsets. I visited the sarcophagi of the Sultans of ancient and modern times. Occasionally I looked over to the beautiful cypress forest near Scutari. I tried to study Turkish, so that I could express to her all my feelings and sensations.

It was the fourth day of the week, when I returned home in the evening utterly tired out. The weather had been exceedingly warm and sultry. After a few moments' chat with my friend, who had questioned me quite closely as to my moroseness and want of cheerfulness, I retired to my room.

It was not long before a terrible storm began to rage. The heavens appeared to be on fire. One lightning stroke followed another, and the thunder seemed never to cease. The waters roared, and the tall trees creaked, as the wind passed through them in all its fury.

I undressed and went to bed. It seemed that I had been sleeping but a short time when I partially opened my eyes. I could see a small, white hand slowly pushing the curtains of my bed aside. Gradually a face most horrible to behold come into view. It was the same visage that I had seen at Scutari. Every muscle in me seemed paralysed. I could not move.

For a moment it vanished, as the lightning glared within the room. I tried to move, but I could not. Slowly it appeared again, this time with the hand extended as if to strangle me. My heart stood still. I tried to call, but the sound stuck in my throat.

Again it disappeared with the lightning. I thought: "I will make one effort to rise!" but before I could turn to carry out my intention, the hideous face again appeared, and the hand of the deformed human being held Gul-Bahar by the throat, strangling her in my very presence.

I jumped from the bed as the room was lighted up as if by a blaze, and a clap of thunder shook the very foundations of the city. I lighted a lamp and looked all through the room, but no trace of anyone or anything could be seen. I returned again to bed, but my rest was broken for the remainder of the night, and all the following day this weird dream haunted me.

. . . . .

The day came when I took the little steamer for the Asiatic shore. It pleased me to see how the little boat threaded its way past the many large steamers that lay at anchor and the islands near the coast. The day was beautiful, only now and then the sun would be hidden from view by passing clouds, which lent a melancholy gloom to the surrounding country. A gentle wind slightly moved the tops of the blue-green cypresses.

My feelings swayed between pleasure and pain. There seemed to be no doubt in my mind that she would be there: but accompanying this feeling of certainty, I felt a sadness come over me which dispelled, momentarily, all feeling of pleasure.

The steamer landed, and I proceeded rapidly to the old cemetery, the great city of the dead. Soon I was near the spot where I had met Gul-Bahar. Yonder stood the temple of columns, but there was no one present. I paused for a moment and then walked by one of the large monuments, where I saw Gul-Bahar's elderly companion resting her head against a cold marble slab.

I stepped forward and watched her. She was moving her head to and fro as if she were in agony. Then she knelt before a freshly-made grave.

I stepped forward and said: "Gul-Bahar," when a slight puff of wind moved the leaves and branches Immediately she arose, uttering a bitter cry. I touched her shoulders, and she repeated sadly. "Gul-Bahar!" pointing to the grave as she spoke. Then she fell into a paroxysm of crying.

Gul-Bahar had kept her word. She was there as she had promised, but not gracefully coquettish, winning and laughing—dead—resting in the damp, cold earth.

I put my hand to my temples. My eyes burned like fire. My throat was parched and my lips dry. Bidding farewell to the old companion, I left the spot. The same evening I made arrangements for my departure. Constantinople had lost all its charms for me.

SPORT WITH MONEY IN IT

THE FUN AND THE PROFIT
OF CANADA'S FISHERIES

"A FISHERMAN'S Paradise" is a term applicable to Canada, both in a sporting and a commercial sense. The name fits. Since the days of the first explorers, people—Canadian people and other people—have been fishing in Canada, and still the supply holds out. From east to west, and from the Great Lakes to the very Arctic, there are fish in all the waters—big fish and little fish: fish for the tables of the thousands: fish that are no good at all. But

A SIX-POUND SALMON

the latter are few, while Nature offers the former in a profuse variety. The blue books show that there are thirty kinds of fish in Canadian waters in quantities large enough to be merchantable, and this list runs all the way from the tiny sardine to the many-pound halibut or salmon.

For sport trout and salmon have long held the first place. Both are well distributed throughout Canada. The salmon, for instance, abounds in the streams of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, is freely fished in the rivers of the central provinces, has its home in British Columbia, and thrives in the waters of Hudson Bay and the Arctic Sea. This gives the sportsman who wants salmon a wide scope. But the trout, too, is a fish of wide diversity, and fortunately so, since there is no fish that quite so well answers the purpose for sportsmen, amateur or adept, boy, man, or woman. Yet the trout is not found everywhere. Edwyn Sandys, author of "Sportsman Joe," and himself an expert sportsman, says, in a recent article: "While the best Canadian streams are unsurpassed by any in the world, it does not necessarily follow that every province is closely netted with them. The truth is that hundreds and hundreds of miles of Canadian territory have not, and never had one trout. There are plenty of 'lunge, black and other basses, etc., but not one speckled fellow, excepting certain artificially stocked private waters. The Dominion is so large that it embraces all sorts of country, of which only about half possesses those characteristics which go to make a trout region. Eliminate New Brunswick, Quebec, northern Ontario and British Columbia, and the remaining trout waters scarcely would interest an outsider."

Perhaps the finest of all the Canadian fishing waters, from a sportsman's standpoint, are those of northern Ontario. The Muskoka district, the Kawartha Lakes, the Temagami country, and the region north of Lake Superior, are most truly "the fishermen's paradise." Their fame has gone outside Canada, and every year sees sporting parties galore from the other side of the border, and even from the other side of the ocean. The tourist and railway guide books tell the story

AN UNWILLING CAPTIVE

in more glowing words: and usually it is a true story.

But this sport is more than mere fun; it is a sport with money in it. For the fisherman who carries it a point further and makes a business of it catches a harvest not only of fish but of dollars.

The last annual report of the Fisheries

FISHING BOATS ON THEIR WAY OUT

CASTING THE NETS

Department, as presented at the present session of Parliament, shows that the value of Canada's fisheries for 1903 was $23,101,878, an increase of more than a million over the preceding year.

Always first in importance on the list is the salmon, which totals nearly one-third of the whole production. The salmon fisheries of British Columbia, particularly of the Fraser River, are world-famous, and their product goes all over Canada and to England. On the Pacific Coast the halibut is the closest rival of the salmon in a commercial sense. It is found in exceeding abundance all along the British Columbia coast, but is principally sought for north of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The fish from there are frequently five to six feet in length and up to two hundred pounds in weight.

In eastern Canada the cod has first place, and it is the cod-fishing of the north Atlantic and its inlets that has furnished material for the many recent tales of the deep-sea fisher folk. It is also the chief dependency of the population of such typical fishing communities as may be found on the south shore of Nova Scotia, the Magdalen Islands, and the Bay Chaleur coast. A hard life it is, but usually a fairly profitable one, while in the sum total it represents a national industry.

The rest of the twenty-three millions is made up of some twenty-eight different varieties of fish, of which the most important are, in order: lobsters, herring, mackerel and whitefish. The latter is pre-eminently the fish of the Great Lakes, where it is caught in immense quantities. The average Ontarian is acquainted chiefly with two fish—the whitefish and the salmon trout. Farther west, in the Manitoba rivers and the Great Slave and other lakes, the whitefish is also caught in merchantable quantities. Some of the accompanying illustrations are from photographs of fishing scenes on the Red River.

A CATCH OF WHITEFISH

THE WOMAN IN YELLOW

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE snow fell quietly over the midnight city. In the Major's shadowy doorway crouched a yellow cat, waiting. The sifting snowflakes covered the worn stone steps, and muffled the sound of passing hansom wheels. But still the yellow cat crouched motionless in the doorway, and waited.

The streets grew silent. The old Italian barber in the basement put out his lights and went home through the snow. Stillness and a blanket of white fell over the city. But still the yellow figure crouched in the doorway: and still it waited. A muffled figure made its way slowly down the avenue, and stopped at the foot of the stone steps. A pair of luminous amber eyes watched the figure; but only once did the yellow cat move—that was when the muffled form of the old Major slowly climbed the steps. At the top he caught sight of the cat, and recoiled suddenly.

This had been the third time. Twice before It had followed him, stalked him through the streets like a shadow. Twice he had escaped from It, but now It was there, waiting for him. He lifted an infirm arm, as though to strike It: but It looked up at him with its unflinching amber eyes, and he knew such force was both futile and foolish.

He stood and looked down at It. He laughed uneasily, as he looked, and wondered why he should be afraid of It. Then, with a slightly palsied hand, he placed his heavy brass key in the old-fashioned lock and swung open the door. The yellow cat stepped in after him. Climbing the long, winding stairways, he could see Its amber eyes in the gloom behind him. The halls were empty and cold, and the Major shivered.

His rooms were at the top of the old lower Fifth Avenue house, the centre of a New York of fifty years ago. Stairway by stairway It followed him to his own door, through the cracks of which he could see the glow of the fire, which the janitor had made and left burning for him. The yellow cat glided in before him. Then It walked softly from room to room, as softly almost as a woman in the house of the dead. The old Major looked after It in wonder, as It glided back once more to the room at the rear. There It paced hurriedly up and down, with tense, quick, stealthy strides—paced up and down, as he had seen caged tigers pace their cages.

It leaped suddenly up on the wide-silled window, and for one second It looked out through the night. Then It drew back quickly, and to the watching man Its sudden cry seemed almost like a cry of human horror. It shrank away from the window, and glided once more to the front of the house. It stopped before a large portrait hung on the Major's wall, motionless, and gazed up at the figure in the great gilt frame. With infirm hands the old Major threw off his coat and wraps, and he, too, came and stood and gazed at the portrait.

It brought back many shifting memories to him. His mind flashed back to the days when the roof he stood under was not an old roof. Half a century ago what was now an antiquated house had been the substantial home of the Van Kuylers, in the days when the world of fashion lay about lower Fifth Avenue and Washington Square. Under its roof, when those moldering cornices had been sixty-three years younger, Catherine Helen Van Kuyler had been born. Twenty years later she had been known as one of the beauties of the town. Pierre Dumond had even come over from Paris to paint her portrait. That was the canvas which still hung in the Major's room, and from that wonderful canvas a slight, fragile little woman, robed loosely in yellow, still looked down with soft amber eyes, over which arched slightly oblique, delicate eyebrows.

He had been the dashing Major Weyburn in those days, and two years after the painting of the portrait had occurred his affair with the little woman in yellow. If he had seen much of the world, and the girl had not, was that any fault of his? Busy tongues had wagged in those days, and when the news that there was to be a runaway match between his daughter Catherine Helen and a penniless young major whose escapades had shocked even the busybodies of three easy-going continental capitals. When this strange news reached the ears of stern old Deidrich Van Kuyler, he had taken decisive steps. Peremptorily the young lady had been made

a prisoner in her own room; and, as she remained still obdurate, it had even been given out that her reason had left her—that in some unlooked for manner the girl of coquetry and laughter had become a woman of strange moods and much melancholy. But an escape and flight had been arranged for, from the little back window. She was to creep out on the narrow ledge of the buttress-wall, and from there the Major was to rescue her from the adjoining roof, with ladders. But in the meantime the stern old father had learned his child's temper. At the last moment he had come to the Major and bought him off—bought him off, body and soul, for money. The Major had never dreamed the girl had taken him so seriously. For from the back window she had thrown herself to the area below, where one snowy morning they had found the little body impaled on the sharp iron pickets.

Then the Major had bitterly repented, and had walked the valley of remorse, but too late. The Van Kuylers went abroad, and for many years the house remained vacant. Then it had finally been made into a lodging house, and still later its lower floor had been converted into a piano wareroom. Its upper stories had been turned into studios and apartments, much haunted by artists and musicians. But as time went on the old house had fallen into decay. The tall office buildings which had sprung up about it had shadowed its sky-lights and darkened its studio windows. So at last the old mansion had been abandoned to its rats and its old ghosts.

Then at times the bent figure of an old man stood before it, and gazed up at its blank windows. Sometimes this bent man had even ventured timidly into the barber-shop of the Italian who had taken possession of the basement, where once the rotund cooks of the Van Kuylers had waddled about, and had asked to look at the rooms, and had talked strangely to himself as he wandered from room to room, and told how a great painter named Dumond had once painted a picture of the Hudson River from one of its back windows, shut in by brick and mortar this many a year.

Indeed, the old bent man had even finally rented the top floor, and into it had moved his meagre and shabby old remnants of furniture, together with a carefully guarded canvas—a canvas of a young woman robed loosely in yellow, looking into the gloomy old rooms with soft amber eyes over which arched slightly oblique, delicate eyebrows.

It was at this canvas that the old Major gazed through the deep gloom of that wintry night. Out of Its luminous eyes the yellow cat also looked at the picture. The fire burned up more brightly, and the Major glanced from the picture to the cat, and once again at the picture. Then a sudden cry of terror burst from his lips, and he started back in fear.

"My God, they are the same!"

The yellow cat started at the cry, and leaped lightly to the top of the heavy gilt frame that surrounded the portrait. The dust of years fell in a little cloud about it. From the broad gilt crown of the portrait-frame It gazed down at the man, with soft, glittering amber eyes. Out of those amber depths seemed to glow the unhappy eyes of a soul on which some judgment of eternal silence had been placed. They were ghost-like, unreal, mysterious.

Little beads of sweat came out on the brow of the old Major, and step by step he drew closer to those watching eyes, with out-stretched arms, and foolishly parted lips. Could it be, he wondered, that through all those grey years of sorrow and loneliness and remorse that poor lost soul had come back to him in this strange form? He kneeled and grovelled before It. He cried out to It, and implored It to give some sign, to say some word.

Out of Its luminous amber eyes the yellow cat looked down at him, but not a muscle of Its tense, gaunt body moved. Out in the night, through the falling snow, the old Major thought he heard a far away cry. The yellow cat started and looked up; the amber eyes altered and darkened, or seemed to alter and darken, even while he gazed at them.

At the sound of that cry the old Major hurried to the window, and raising it with his half-palsied hands, looked down into the night There was nothing to be seen; nothing but the dull brick walls and the gently falling snow.

He felt a sudden warmth pass over his hand. and the figure of the yellow cat glided past him, and crept out upon the narrow ledge of the buttress wall. There It sat on the white snow, gazing in at him with eyes that shone like two live coals.

He closed the window, and drew the curtains, and he tried to shut out the fire of

those glowing eyes, but they seemed to burn in on him even through brick and mortar. Still dressed, he flung himself down and tried to sleep, but still those eyes seemed to glow remorselessly in on him. At last, trembling, he crept to the window and looked out, half hoping it was all some trick of the fancy.

Through the gently falling snow he could see them, luminous as amber, looking in at him.

A wave of insane anger swept over him. With a muttered curse he threw open the window, savagely, and crept out on the narrow ledge of brick. Inch by inch he crawled nearer and nearer to those implacable immovable eyes. He was face to face with them. He would endure them no longer. He raised his hand; his knee slipped on the snow-covered ledge: his body lurched heavily, and he turned and fell. For one moment he hung, clinging helplessly to the icy redge, then his strength relaxed. Silently the dark figure dropped down through the gloom and the gently falling snowflakes.

In the morning they found it, impaled on the rusted old iron pickets, amid the snow. And beside the old Major's dying fire the next morning they found a gaunt, yellow cat, purring contentedly.

AFTER MANY YEARS

By R. M. JOHNSTONE

I.

"MEG! Meg! Where are you?" called a shrill, querulous voice. "What a nuisance you are, anyway—never around when wanted. Where are you, I say? Come here this minute!"

"I'm up here, Aunt Lizy!" echoed an impatient childish voice from the upstair regions.

"Yes! Come down at once! Well, I declare, you've torn Eddie's geography again. Shan't I euff you, though! Come down, you baggage; I'll learn ye!"

"I'm comin', Aunt Lizy. I didn't tear that book, though. Eddie did it himself—the mean thing—just to make trouble. An' you're so stingy I can't have books of my own or go to school. I'd rather go to that poorhouse you're always jawin' me about than stay with you."

"Oh, you would, eh? Talk back, will ye? Where's my strap? Take that: and that: and that!"

Every stroke brought a shriek of agony from the rebellious little girl. When the unfeeling relative had gratified her anger fully she pushed little Maggie aside, hissing through her teeth meanwhile her ultimatum for the day.

"There now, you ungrateful imp, I'll learn you to mind me! Take your berry-pail and get out of sight. And don't come back without a pailful, mind that!"

A little girl of ten went forth from the kitchen door into the solace of the morning sunlight laden with a misery that lay far back of mere corporal punishment—the consciousness, namely, of habitual unkindness and charity sufferance.

The sting of the personal element soon vanished in the invigorating influence of the open air. Her jaded, tearful countenance developed a kindlier aspect, and gradually a resolute expression crept into her dark brown eyes. The sight of the flowers, and the animated activities of woodland life removed the greater weight of her wounded feelings. Her appearance was none too impressive, for clad, as she was, in cast-off, made-over garments, she presented the unmistakable aspect of poverty. Left an orphan, at an early age, her immediate relatives had assumed guardianship and quietly borrowed a modest inheritance for their own use. For the rest, their selfish natures were content to make a mere family drudge of the little girl, and they were succeeding very well.

But Maggie was not the only orphan so treated in the little country hamlet of Glenvale. On the very next farm, Abner Markles, hard-featured and close-fisted, assisted by his two sons, was extracting as much as he possibly could out of the person of "Larry," his twelve-year-old apprentice. The latter had been placed under his care some three years before, by relatives whose generosity had no room to incur orphan burdens. Shortly after that, his boyhood had

practically ceased. He was on the jump throughout the three-hundred and sixty-five days of the year and represented a great saving of labor to the "hard-worked" farmers. Larry and Maggie were but slightly acquainted. They were tolerably sympathetic.

Larry had that very morning learned the consequences of a grave omission—that he had failed in one of a multiplicity of tasks. For lack of something else to do "Jim" applied the horsewhip to Larry with the keen delight that belongs to some people in causing pain to others. In the intervals between the lashes Larry busily calculated how long it would be ere he could safely hit back. Though a trifle stunted by his ill treatment Larry was still in good health. He had a remarkably bright face and a clear honest eye. He had, through long hard usage, acquired a quiet endurance that tided him over the worst experiences. He was rigidly kept from school, and as the family were wholly illiterate, he had no access to books or papers; but Larry was not by any means content with ignorance.

After the whipping was duly administered, to Jim's satisfaction, Larry was sent away, breakfastless and without the prospect of any dinner, to the economical task of herding Markles' cows on the public highway. He was glad of this opportunity to be free of his tormentor's company. Of late his faith in human kindness or justice had dropped to a very low ebb.

When he had passed well out of sight of the homestead he assuaged his smarting and aching sides by a bath in a cool creek bottom and a free aftermath of vaseline. Then he kindled a little fire and, with the aid of an old kettle, boiled first some eggs and then a half grown chicken, which he had cautiously foraged before setting out. The eggs and chicken soup made him tolerably cheerful. Meanwhile the cows were grazing quietly. He seated himself contentedly on a grassy knoll and watched the swallows and the squirrels. Finally he stretched himself under the shade of an elm and was soon asleep. The cattle, once free of human restraint, went where they pleased. They speedily broke into a neighboring wheat field, whence they were promptly impounded by the owner, who had long awaited just such an opportunity.

Larry awoke to consciousness with a queer sensation oppressing him. Could he be dreaming still? A little girl was sitting by his side, and contemplating him ruefully, while she shaded carefully from him the warm rays of the afternoon sun, by means of a heavy, thick branch she had broken from a nearby elder bush. Larry rubbed his eyes, stared hard a moment, yawned, and straightened up.

"Ahh-h! Hello! Maggie! How'd you come here? Been asleep, haven't I? Never slept better in my life. I haven't had a pile of sleep lately, anyway."

"Ye-es, Larry, I guess so. I've been waiting two hours for you to wake up an' talk. Ye see I had an awful row with Aunt Lizy this morning. She's sent me out for berries. I can't find none; and I—I dassent go home, either."

Why don't you run away? I'm most ready to go myself. Jim licked me fer somethin o' ruther this mornin',—don't know zactly what, but I ketched it hotter'n blazes. I'm herdin' cows, fer a change. Oh-h my! Where are them cows? What time is it? Afternoon? A-h-h-h! I've lost 'em sure. Ha! I'm in fer it now. Old Markles will just about skin me alive with that rawhide of his'n. But he shan't ever ketch me! No! I won't go back! I'm agoin' to get right now. Them cows are in pound an' I'm glad of it. You'll never see me here again, Maggie. Good-bye! I'll be goin' now. Take my 'dvice an' run away, too. So long! I'm off!"

The resolution of the moment was promptly executed. The little fellow pulled himself to his full height—waved his hand and started down the road at a slow run. Suddenly he halted, appeared to consider for a moment, then waving his hand again as a last farewell, he crossed the road to a fence and, climbing over, entered a field of grain, where he was soon lost to view. Glenvale saw no more of Larry. All attempts to trace him proved fruitless, but none cared greatly.

II.

A few minutes before eleven, one chill March morning, the church bells were pealing over the roofs of a large Canadian town, when Margaret Allen stepped gracefully to the organ in the Milton Avenue Congregational Church. As the voluntary was being played she became conscious, by means of the organ mirror, of an unusual expectancy in the congregation regarding the entry of the presiding minister. He would be a stranger—a

young man of great promise whom the church had invited to preach with a view to an immediate call.

The personal appearance of the minister remained entirely concealed to the organist during the opening service. Only on the beginning of the sermon could a view of him be obtained. Miss Allen's inventory of the preacher was searching, but on the whole it was satisfying. She saw a tall, well-built and well-dressed man of twenty-eight or thirty. He had a well-set head covered with wavy brown masses. The one feature about him most noticeable was the piercing keenness of eyes, which seemed to focus simultaneously every face in the congregation. Most of all there was an electric sort of gesture and a firmness of utterance which showed a fighter whose attitude on all moral questions would be uncompromisingly direct. The congregation were satisfied at the sermon's end that in the person of the Rev. Lawrence Dunbar they would secure a faithful monitor and pastor. After the service a unanimous call was tendered and at once accepted, and was so announced to the waiting congregation.

As the weeks passed by, success attended the work in the Milton Avenue Church and the wisdom of the call was fully justified.

Lawrence Dunbar and Miss Allen met frequently, both in their official and in a social capacity. The minister was becoming powerfully interested in his organist. This was excusable, for, aside from her official position, Miss Allen was the most popular young lady in the congregation. The growing attachment became noticeable, but there was no jealousy aroused nor any opposition offered. Still it was considered financially "a poor match." The minister was poor; so was also Miss Allen, who supported herself mainly by teaching in a Young Ladies' Seminary; yet on the whole the congregation was pleased.

The two were talking one evening of success. The young pastor remarked how great an opportunity this Canadian land offers to the submerged element to better themselves and tread down unfavorable circumstances. Having seated themselves in a quiet place—they were in the park—Dunbar turned to his companion with an air of subdued earnestness.

"I wish to tell you the story of my life. I was at one time a poor boy and as badly off as I could well be. It is sixteen years since the tide turned. I was then a miserable farm drudge, when one day I ran away. I had allowed the old farmer's cows to get into pound, and he had already used me so roughly that I decided to leave. By morning I was miles away. I kept going for a whole week, avoiding towns and villages carefully, sleeping in barns, and either begging or stealing what food I required. At last I found a home and work with kind old people, and a chance to go to school as well. I had a hard up-hill climb, and now through the grace of God I am here.

"But there's a picture of that day in my memory that I'll never forget. I had been whipped cruelly that morning, and as I was weary from want of proper rest I fell asleep on the road, bruised and sore though I was. I had about lost all faith in human kindness or honesty. But I awoke to a vision that truly and really restored my nature. A little girl I had known slightly as a similar victim at a neighbor's place, sat beside me shading away the sunlight from me with a green branch. The only name I ever knew that girl by was Maggie. I formed my resolution more from that sight than any other, for I took courage and believed again in the world's fair play, and I went right away to verify my sudden hopes.

"I've never seen that little girl since then that I am aware of, and I have been unable to trace her. I returned to Glenvale a few months ago. The place was entirely changed and no one remembered me. Neither did they know anything of Maggie. There had been a lawsuit wherein the girl had gotten some of her rightful property. Then she had gone away. Old Markles was in the poorhouse and his sons were day laborers. Time has its revenge, you see!

"Since I have come here and have met you, I confess I have not been so eager to find the long-lost Maggie. I love you, Miss Allen. Have I any hope that you will be mine?"

"Oh, Larry! Can it really be you? I—I am Maggie. I've never forgotten you. It seems so strange—but I am glad! I am yours whenever you want me."

"Maggie! Truly the ways of Providence are wonderful and kind. I shall repay the good you did me so long ago."

"It was nothing, Larry. My story is much like yours, only I didn't run away. The rest is hard work, and I am cheerful still. You have seen the harder lot, I think. But the dew is falling; let us go."

THE SIMPLICITY OF LIZETTE DUBOIS

AN EPISODE OF MOUNTED POLICE LIFE IN THE TERRITORIES

By R. HENRY MAINER

HIS mother was a Red River Frenchwoman, who had come into the West prairie after the suppression of the first Riel rebellion: his father, an oldtime half-blood voyageur of the Bay Company, who had squatted on the virgin wilderness a mile or two from Dillion's Crossing. Joe, or Limpy Joe, as he was more generally known, never boasted of who or what his ancestors were, but lived in squalid independence, and made the best of it.

Joe had been a brainy youth, considering his humble surroundings and lack of the least pretense to the education of books. He had hunted some and traded on his own account, and was allowed credit at the store, which stood for integrity in the locality. But that was when he had two legs. That last long trip with a car-load of range horses into Northern Montana had been the death-blow to his ambitions, and in an open car packed with freezing, struggling broncos, he had lived through a howling blizzard, lasting a night and a day, only to lie for three months in the St. Boniface hospital, while the frost-bitten stump of his right leg (all the doctors had left) had healed sufficiently to permit of a crutch and a wooden limb. His whole earnings had been consumed, and he drifted back to his home, to a life of odd jobs and passionless happiness, for he was a philosopher and had never learned to worry.

The days were fairly interesting to him, especially during the summer when it was hot and dreamy in the sun, and he could sit on a box in front of the store and share in the conversation of the wise who loafed there. The police barracks was also a favorite source of entertainment and some profit. The red uniforms and generous helps of tobacco had their own peculiar charms. Then when a trooper was in a generous mood, an honest dollar could be earned cleaning a horse or doing some other errand. His judgment of horse flesh, too, had its value, and his verdict could be secured for the asking.

The day following the annual dance at Dillion's was depressing in its torpidity, and Policeman Murphy appreciated the fact as he brushed the glossy coat of his mount in the unsheltered yard of the stables. He was out of sorts with everything around him, including Limpy Joe, who lolled luxuriously in the shadow cast by the buildings, watching the proceedings and commenting whenever it seemed necessary, which was almost continually: and when he replied, it was in no genial vein.

"I s y, Limpy, do keep that mouth of yours pinned," he growled, after Joe had asked h m the same question half a dozen times.

Joe arose with an air of injured importance, mentally sized up the situation for a moment or two, and then stumped into the stable, where he remembered a couch of soft marsh hay awaited him.

Murphy proceeded with his grooming, and in the unmolested trend of his ill-humor soon forgot the existence of his over-loquacious friend. The sound of voices floated to him indistinctly from the rear window of the whitewashed quarters, and presently his superior officer, Lieutenant Hodgins, and the visiting Inspector appeared on the verandah, each smoking a cigar and very much engrossed in their conversations.

"Hulloa! there's Murphy," ejaculated the Lieutenant, catching sight of the tethered horse, the grey flannel shirt, and the red head of his Irish trooper. They came across the yard and stood for some moments as silent spectators, Murphy acknowledging their presence by stiffly saluting with his free hand. The sweat was standing out on his face, giving evidence of the sincerity of his work, which drew the exclamation from the Inspector that it was a beastly hot day.

"Yes, sir," Murphy replied.

"That's a fine animal you've got," remarked the Lieutenant.

"Best horse for a long distance in the service," answered Murphy proudly, for, next to himself, that was his most vulnerable point.

"So our friend Limpy would say," observed the Lieutenant, and Murphy smiled grimly.

"Muddy round the fetlocks. You must have put her through a good pace last night coming from Dillion's."

"Yes, maybe so—and I was at Dillion's." He gave the information as if regretting that it should be known.

"I surmised as much. You know that old saying, 'Where there's miee there's cats.' There is a rumor that a certain French damsel from the village was the belle of the ball, and everyone knows that you have a soft spot in your heart for little Lizette," added the Lieutenant, and all three joined in the laugh.

"I won't say I didn't take a hand in the game, but a fellow's got to have some excitement in these parts or die of stagnation," Murphy vouchsafed apologetically.

"By the way, Murphy, the Inspector has brought us some news this morning, and if it is true, we are likely to have something to do after all. Now it rests greatly with you whether we are to land our quarry or not. I mentioned your name because you have a fair acquaintance with the villagers, and if you can get the information we require, you may reckon on a stripe or two before the year is out."

The trooper's face brightened perceptibly at the announcement, and he leaned against his mount in anticipation of a further explanation

"Not to be too personal," the Lieutenant continued, "you have a fair influence over the affections of that French girl, and I won't say you are at all unlucky in that; but the fact is, she is a niece of a certain desperate character who has crossed the boundary into our territory, and we have orders to catch the fellow dead or alive. The Inspector brings word that he is heading this way, and we have come to the conclusion that he is now skulking hereabouts, probably amongst his relations. One thing is certain, he will place himself in communication with the Dubois family. You know yourself how these breeds hang together. A likely place I would suggest, for his rendezvous would be that old shanty in the river slough, where it would be convenient for his friends to pass him supplies without raising suspicion. Your share in the business is to find out from that girl what her people know of his whereabouts."

The Lieutenant paused, and both officers turned an inquiring gaze upon their subordinate to note the effect. Murphy picked a few hairs from his horse's back while he digested what had been told him.

"Perhaps I do know the girl better than most of the boys, sir," he assented with rather a shamefaced smile, "and I would not care to be the man who would get her into trouble, but if you think the plan within the limits of honor, I might try her on the subject."

"No trouble at all for the girl, and, besides, it is your first duty to the service."

"Just a matter of every-day duty," emphasized the Inspector sharply.

"No one need know how we got on to the hiding-place of the rascal, and look what it would mean to us all if we captured him." The Lieutenant adopted a patronizing tone, suggestive of co-operation rather than orders, and the Inspector offered his cigarette case to Murphy before abstracting one for himself.

"Well, I'll do my best in the matter, sir. I don't care a rap for her good opinion. I have had a score of others in my time, just as pretty and entertaining, and I guess there's as many more for the hunting, but I won't be the means of getting old Dave or his family into a row after him using me so decently."

"Leave that to me, young man, I'll see that your friends don't suffer in the slightest, and if the truth was known, they would probably esteem it a blessing to have that obnoxious relative removed from their fireside."

The Inspector spoke to impress his hearers, and then, as if the affair was ended, he sauntered towards the coolness of the barracks. Lieutenant Hodgins lingered a moment to whisper, "Do the matter quickly, Jim, and you've got a good thing there." He jerked his thumb meaningly at the retreating officer as he turned to go. Murphy nodded, and led his horse into the shed, where a tempting haystack half-filled its interior.

Dave Dubois' cow paddock served its purpose well, and being the only enclosure, saving the little patch which the woman folk planted as a vegetable garden, he naturally scanned its length and breadth with some pride. It marked the boundaries of that portion which he could safely term his own place, as beyond its borders the unbroken prairie ran for miles, a land for every man, and yet no man's land.

The milking hour was the busiest of the day to Lizette, and the herd of twenty-five cows might have daunted a less buxom lass. But she was strong and hardy, and the essence of the prairie breezes had given her a reserve of nerve force that turned the drudgery into a mere form of exertion which only concerned her while it lasted.

The evening following the dance at Dillion's

she was both tired and sleepy, and the cattle seemed unusually difficult to control. The milking of the bucker was the most troublesome of the whole performance, and with her mind half made up to shirk the task, she had left that one to the last, in hopes that some of the family would come out and help her. She sat a while to rest and meditate as to what course she should pursue, and into the midst of her cogitations came the welcome thump, thump, of her old friend Limpy Joe. As he appeared around the corner of the house, his face broadened into a smile of satisfaction at his luck, for Joe had a secret and lasting regard for Lizette, and the sight of her was enough to put him in the best of humor.

"Bon jour, mon petite Lizette," he called.

"Just in time, Limpy, to help me with the bucker," she answered sweetly.

Joe had been on the scene at this juncture many times before, and he divined in a moment what was required of him.

"By gar! I'll soon stop her kicks," he replied, as he caught the front foot of the cow and leaned against a fence for support. "Now, Lizette, go along with yer milkin'."

Lizette recommenced her work with the vicious enjoyment of revenge.

"My little girl very sleepy," Joe remarked after a pause, but Lizette gave him no heed. "Mos' likely been out late, I guess; perhaps it was the dance at Dillion's."

"Who said I was at Dillion's?" she snapped out, suddenly interested.

"Maybe I heard it at the barracks to-day. Ah, but those sojers say so much about you that I think I forget many of the nice things. They said you were, let me think, what word —ah, exquisite."

Joe was talking for attention, and he got it.

"Is that all they said?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Oh yes, they say much more besides, all beautiful of you; and Murphy think you his fine lady, sure. His heart broke on you, I think."

"Now, Limpy, that's not right," Lizette said, half smiling, and milking very fast to cover a tell-tale flush.

"Perhaps I am wrong, but I have heard him say so. I was sleeping in the stables to-day and I heard Monsieur Inspector talking to him about Lizette, so I wake up and listen. He say Madam very fine dancer, and they all laugh. By gar! I heard something then. They know about your Uncle Perrault."

For a second Lizette stopped breathing, and then with eager swiftness, almost upsetting her pail, she sprang up and grasped the shoulder of her informant.

"Uncle Perrault!" she gasped; "tell me, Limpy, what did they say?"

"You needn't worry, they no' caught him yet. They only think they knows of a way." He paused to give the proper effect to his words, and then continued in a lower tone, "You don't care much for me now, Lizette, since I lost my leg, and those sojers have come along."

"But I do, Limpy, I just think you are as good as any of them, but you can't dance. And now tell me more of what they said of Uncle Perrault."

"They're plottin'," he answered, leaning toward her with the boldness born of sudden confidences. "They told Murphy to keep courting you, and maybe you show him where Perrault is hiding. He say you like him very much, and you won't understand what he is doing; then, Parblieu! you get angry, he have plenty other girls just as nice."

Limpy Joe was a diplomat in his own small way, and he knew that his news served as a diversion to the furtherance of the desires of his heart. Lizette laughed a light disdainful gurgle, then arose to her feet.

"She's done now, Limpy, and I don't care if you come up to the house, but don't say a word about Uncle."

"Not much, Lizette. I guess I forgotten it by now."

The two walked the length of the yard together, Limpy gallantly carrying the pail, and entered the low doorway, where a spluttering candle revealed the men smoking by the stove and Madam Dubois knitting.

"It's only Limpy," Lizette called.

To return to the subject of the prominent characteristics of Policeman James Murphy, it could be safely affirmed that he held a very satisfying opinion of himself. Some one had told him in confidence that his was a natural taking way with women, and being susceptible to flattery, he proceeded to cultivate his recognized talents. No horse in the district could show a glossier coat than his, and in its general deportment it seemed to have imbibed some of the high-stepping ideals of its master. For the first half of the year, Murphy gloated over the spotless red of his tunics, and during the latter half, he expended much time and energy to keep his uniform

up to the standard, until the next annual allowance of clothes came to hand.

But his petty conceit never interfered with his duties as a policeman, as the record of four years had proven, and he had often made good his boast that he could ride any beast that trod a hoof. Two or three times he had been concerned in exciting episodes, where a cool head and a stout body stood for all that the law could command, and he had acted with praiseworthy decision and judgment. When he was stationed under the regime of Lieutenant Hodgins, that officer knew that a better subordinate did not exist in the service, and the affairs of Murphy, which were common talk at the mess, were winked at or indulged as somewhat of an amusement. All of the boys had their female friends, and Lizette Dubois was his particular star for the time being. He had shown her some attention by taking her to the parties and dances in the neighborhood, and doubtless deemed her another conquest to his fascinations.

The dance at Dillion's was an annual affair of more than ordinary magnitude and grandeur, and Lizette with her saucy smile, her pearly white teeth and plump figure, had easily outdone her rivals. To have the graceful form of Murphy at her beck and call was also a thing not to be overlooked, even if it bore in its favors the estrangement of her less fortunate girl friends. Yet in the character of Lizette, a strong jealous trait lingered, smouldering in her successful moments and ready to flare up at the slightest provocation. The hereditary clannishness for her own kind was deep in her heart, and big, blundering, self-contained Jim Murphy couldn't see it.

Sunday, following the visit of the Inspector, was the day agreed on for the attempt to coerce Lizette, and Murphy sallied forth into the hot afternoon, flicking his riding boots with his whip and feeling very much in the conquering humor. He did not follow the main road, but cut across the country in the direction of the little log church, which stood above the intervening scrub like a sentry posted to guard the outskirts of the town from the encroachments of the limitless tracts beyond. Here he knew that Lizette went of a Sabbath day, to say her prayers, and he had timed himself to meet her as she wended her lonely way homeward.

The church had already emptied itself and the congregation was quickly scattering amongst the grave stones to gossip a while, when he stopped at the white-washed gateway. Lizette waited with exasperating blindness, talking to some of her acquaintances until he had sauntered on to the end of the church yard fence, and then, as if suddenly espying him, she hurried down the path, followed by the boisterous titters of those whom she was leaving.

To Murphy she had never appeared quite so charming. Her plain home-made blue dress, edged with white, fitted her figure perfectly, and her every movement denoted the health and vigor which she enjoyed. He noted these things with more carefulness, now that he had a reason for holding her affections. The smile and heightened color which played about her features, as she came up, he attributed to her pleasure at seeing him, or maybe to the heat of the August sun.

"I thought you weren't coming, Lizette," he remarked.

"I was just talking about the dance at Dillion's. It's the first chance I've had to speak to them since that night, and they have lost their manners because I went home with a soldier," she answered, giving him a sidelong glance.

"Yes, maybe it was an honor," he admitted, and was silent for a time, while his brain was busy formulating a plan of action.

At the cross roads, where a path ran horizontally to the river bank, and farther through the leafy shade, Murphy turned without comment, and Lizette, as if from force of habit, offered no objection, although it made the journey twice as long and brought them out half a mile beyond the Dubois homestead. Occasionally they talked, but an awkwardness was suddenly developed in the Trooper's ready tongue, and he grew so preoccupied that Lizette often had to repeat her words before he would condescend to answer. They reached a tempting grassy knoll, sloping to the muddy water, and with a sigh of satisfaction, Murphy threw himself down and proceeded to light his pipe. Lizette guessed that he was about to share in the conversation, so she sat near him and began to hum a church tune, still fresh in her mind.

"Are you thinking very hard, Monsieur?" she asked presently.

Murphy awoke from his reverie and looked at her. "You're a good girl, Lizette, to have such a bad lot for an uncle," he blundered out.

"Merci, Monsieur, your news is interesting, for sure," she replied, smiling at the tree tops.

"I've got something to tell you, and it isn't much of a joke either," he continued. "In the police business, it is our duty to know the settlers with bad characters around us, and we quickly learn their whereabouts, too. You recollect Pete Lamont, who stole the horses from the Dalton range. We knew all about him long before he was gathered in, but we left him alone, thinking he'd reform. Our Inspector is a great man for patience, and he says, 'Don't arrest until you have to,' and it is a good motto, too, but the bad ones will take advantage. There's that Uncle Perrault of yours; we've been watching him this last two months, but I take an interest in the family, so I advise the boys to let him be." Murphy was speaking carelessly and yet cautiously, and he looked for some shade of emotion.

"Well, if Uncle Perrault is bad, for sure, we are not all like him," she answered, with a pretty show of wrath gathering on her face.

"I should say not," he agreed vehemently; "but then, some day the Lieutenant will order me to catch 'that man Perrault,' and what can I do?"

"You would go a long way to do it, Monsieur," she answered.

"Perhaps I would, but we have it at the barracks that he is very close at hand just now. In fact, to be candid, he has been seen, and the orders are already out, too. Mind, I am doing you a favor. I don't want a half-dozen of the boys riding up to your door some dark night, and scare you all."

"So you think he is at our place. What a foolish lot you redcoats are, anyway. Why we haven't seen him for years." Lizette laughed to herself at the thought.

"Well, au revoir sojer boy," she laughed again. Murphy arose to his feet and made pretence to enter the bush, which hid in its interior, at no great distance, an old log shanty, deserted for a number of years past.

"Jim," she called after him. "I am going with you." She was at his side in a moment.

"I was joking, Lizette; let's go back to the river," he coaxed, but he had not reckoned on the impulse which his words had given, and rather than be left behind, he trudged after her, while Lizette turned every few minutes to call, "Come on, you brave sojer boy."

It was only a hot half-hour's tramp to where the scrub opened into a clearing, in the centre of which stood the shanty. Although apparently vexed at the spoiling of their quiet tete-tete, Murphy took keen note of everything in sight. The place was certainly abandoned, and might have been so since the year that Dave Dubois left it for his later abode, at the end of the town.

"I lived here once, Jim, and I liked it better than over there," she said, holding her head in the direction of her home.

"Do you visit it often?" he queried.

"Every day, or at least every fine day if the walking is good," she replied demurely, and then, as if to change the thread of their talk, she added hurriedly, "Are you satisfied, or do you wish to see inside?" She stepped into the half broken doorway, and a ring suggestive of challenge had crept into her voice. He shoved past her and looked in.

A few old boxes and pieces of furniture lay littered about, and yet there was a certain method in their positions that gave them a fixed appearance. His companion had gone to the rear of the shack and out of sight for a moment, so he stepped in and kicked the rubbish into loose fragments. What he saw interested him very much. A box compact and lidless lay against the wall, containing an assortment of dirty kettles and plates showing the marks of recent usage, and under the conglomeration something bright and metallic gleamed. He scattered the layer of truck, and grasping the object, drew out a rifle carefully wrapped about with old clothes. His first and dominant thought was that he was right in his conjecture, and the girl had taken this bold course to throw him off the scent. With the keen perception following his discovery, he saw that the hay at one side was new, and soft enough to make a comfortable couch, and even then bore the imprint of recent occupation. Lizette, calling him from without, gave him no further time to prosecute his researches, and when he faced her in the sunlight he laughed, and all the way to Dubois' place he kept up a running fire of small talk, as if he had forgotten the matter.

"We are a bad people, Jim," were Lizette's last words, as he stole a kiss at parting.

Lieutenant Hodgins and Murphy held a long conversation together upon the latter's return, and the next night they left their heavy boots behind, and under cover of the darkness made a stealthy survey of the Dubois' old shanty. The trip was a long one, and troublesome, in the inky blackness of the slough, and many times Murphy swore under

his breath at his folly in having anything to do with the affair. The reward of his visit, however, was worth the attending inconveniences. A dim light shone from the interior of the shadowy structure and the murmur of voices came out to them, at intervals. It was enough to satisfy even the exacting Lieutenant; so back they went to the Barracks, to discuss plans over some toddy, in the comfortable chairs of the Officer's quarters.

Two red-coats rode into the stable yard the following morning, on their way to a distant patrolling section, and the Lieutenant detained them over night. These with his three men, made a squad of six well armed and husky troopers, and in his mind he already heard the Inspector's words of approbation, over the capture of the noted Perrault. He explained his plans to his subordinates with some care. Murphy, with a companion, was to make a detour of the slough along the river bank, to bring him out at the shanty, and there assume a position, to cover the solitary window. The Lieutenant and his men would take a course straight through the slough and enter the clearing by the regular beaten path. Then when Murphy had announced his presence by a low whistle the six would close in and a demand be made for the surrender of the occupants. This summons failing, they were to rush the door before any determined resistance could be offered.

"Keep your guns ready, for he may be a troublesome beast," cautioned the doughty officer, as Murphy and his comrades set off, after the clock had chimed the midnight h[illegible].

"Trust me!" he called back.

Everything worked out to the Lieutenant's satisfaction, and he had scarcely halted in the shade of the trees, where he could see the dark outlines of the shack silhouetted against the sky, when a low whistle from the opposite side gave him the position of his confederates.

"Come on, men," he whispered, and with a heavy crunching tread they gathered about the door. He beat heavily upon its weather-racked boards, and in stentorian tones, announced the arrival of the police, adding a threat to come out quickly and unarmed, or a dozen bullets would find a stopping place in the black interior.

"A pause of awesome stillness followed, and then a stirring within became audible. A light flickered uncertainly, and almost immediately the rusted hinges creaked dismally as the door opened. A face, young and distorted with fright, peered out at them from behind a lantern, which was thrust forward to reveal the cause of the disturbance, and over his shoulder a second face, enshrouded in towsy dishevelled hair, punctured with two glittering eyes, peeked.

"For sure you will come in, Monsieur Lieutenant?" called the familiar voice of Lizette Dubois, and then as she caught sight of the strained tense figure of her recreant lover, she laughed, full-throated and hysterically.

"We have been expecting your visit, these last three nights, Messieurs, and have lost some sleep, too, I guess, Limpy and I. When you have seen your fill, perhaps you will let him take me home?"

"By gad, I almost fell in love with that girl myself," remarked the Lieutenant, in telling me the story.

"And the bad man Perrault, what became of him?" I asked, after he had lighted a fresh cigar.

"Perrault? Hum! Whilst I was making plans for his arrest, he was making tracks to market with a fresh consignment of horse flesh that he did not buy.

"Two or three weeks later, a splendid beast that Dan Dillion had raised from a colt, was discovered in a livery at Regina. An investigation by the police followed, and light was thrown on the case. The horse was purchased a few days previously from a well known rancher. That gentleman, upon being questioned, stated that he had made a very close deal with a half-breed, who had challenged him to trade on the road between his place and the city. His description of the man was forwarded to me, and I informed the Department that he was undoubtedly Perrault.

"That fellow is a professional, and I am still hoping to land him one of these fine days; but that will be another story," he concluded.

THE INDUSTRIAL STORY OF CANADA

By AUSTIN L. McCREDIE

AGRICULTURE: FROM ADVERSITY TO PROSPERITY.

IT is thirty-six years since Confederation. That has been a period of juggling and jostling for the world's markets on the part of the agricultural nations, just as it has been one of competition for industrial supremacy in other respects of which we hear more. The telegraph and the telephone, great extensions and improvements of railways and all kinds of transportation, and the infinite variety of commercial conveniences which we call "modern," have, in that period, revolutionized the old conditions, and not only have caused an acute rivalry between the former countries of supply, but have opened up new producing districts at a rate sufficiently rapid to disturb the gravity of trade throughout the world. The great American prairies, the pampas of the Argentine, the Russian steppes, and many other tracts, have become competitors in the food markets of Europe, and in return have absorbed floods of immigration, opening up new markets for manufactures, changing and levelling prices, and stimulating the world's industry, extractive and constructive, to an unprecedented degree.

What has Canada been doing in that period —Canada, admittedly an agricultural country, of admittedly great resources? Canadian capital, people, exports and development are largely those of the farming industry, the industry which has seen the greatest development of any in the period in question. What has been our share in that development?

It is a matter of record and of general experience that, until ten years ago, Canada's exports—a reliable index of production—and her national development were discreditable alike to her resources and to her people.

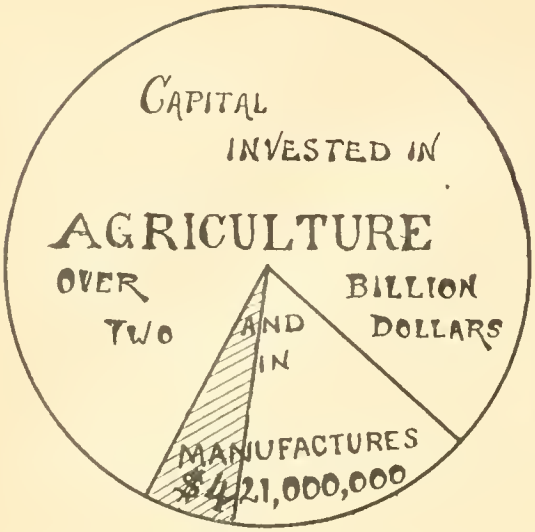
Beginning with Confederation, production remained almost stationary until 1891; increased slowly after that year of the McKinley tariff, until 1897, the year of the preferential tariff and the installation of refrigerator transportation; and doubled itself in the six years following. Exports of farm products only doubled themselves in the first twenty years of federated Canada, but increased five times in thirty-five years. At Confederation exports to Great Britain were half those to the United States. In 1903 they were fourteen times as great. In 1893 they were greater than our total exports two years before. In 1899, and again in 1903, the same was true. The market for our farm products is now that of the United Kingdom.

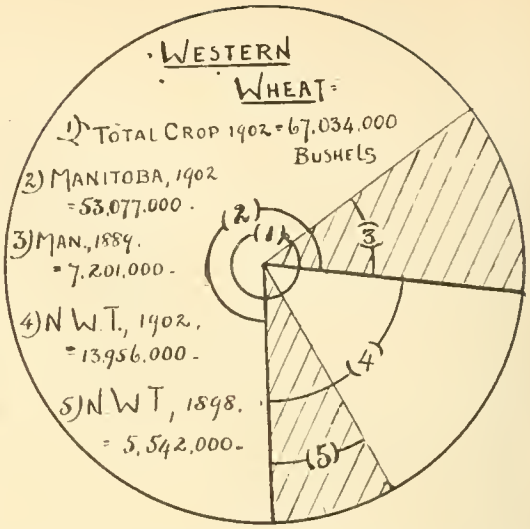
The importance of this change of market cannot be over-estimated. Great Britain buys the surplus product of the world, and sets the prices. The North and South Americas, the Australian continent, the Indian ryot, the

EXPORTS OF FARM PRODUCTS, 1873-1903.

NOTE—(1) that till 1891, the decline in export of wheat and the increase in export of barley; (2) since 1891, the reversal of both tendencies; (3) the increased proportion of animals and their products, and the part cheese and bacon play in the change.

	1873.	1881.	1891.	1901.	1903.
All Field Products	$14,995,000	$21,268,000	$13,666,000	$24,781,000	$44,624,000
Wheat and Flour	8,927,000	4,766,000	2,971,000	10,887,000	29,266,000
Barley	2,956,000	6,260,000	2,929,000	1,123,000	457,000
All Animals and their Products	13,202,000	19,471,000	24,691,000	53,326,000	68,585,000
Cattle	655,000	3,489,000	8,774,000	9,074,000	11,342,000
Bacon	.....	717,000	590,000	11,493,000	15,455,000
Cheese	2,280,000	5,510,000	9,508,000	20,697,000	24,713,000
Butter	2,808,000	3,573,000	602,000	3,295,000	6,954,000





Russian moujik, and the farmers of central and northern Europe, look to the congested humanity of those little islands for a common market for their diverse products. It is more profitable, therefore, to send ours direct than *via* the exchanges of the United States.

In our haste we have said that Canada is the "granary of the Empire." Yet even now we supply only 11.8 per cent. of the wheat it needs! We may boast that we provide nearly 70 per cent. of Britain's cheese, but what of our cattle, our bacon, our butter? Nevertheless, our share of the trade is increasing rapidly and steadily, while that of other countries is decreasing.

As pointed out, there have been two stages in the economic history of Canada, one of marked and persistent adversity, and one of sudden and great prosperity. The adverse tariffs of the United States do not end the explanation of this fact. The change from failure to success was due essentially to changes in the nature of products, and to scientific improvements in methods of production and of transportation. Had such changes occurred earlier, the term of hard times had been shorter. Add to this the opening of the West by large immigration, and we have the causes of our recent prosperity in a nutshell.

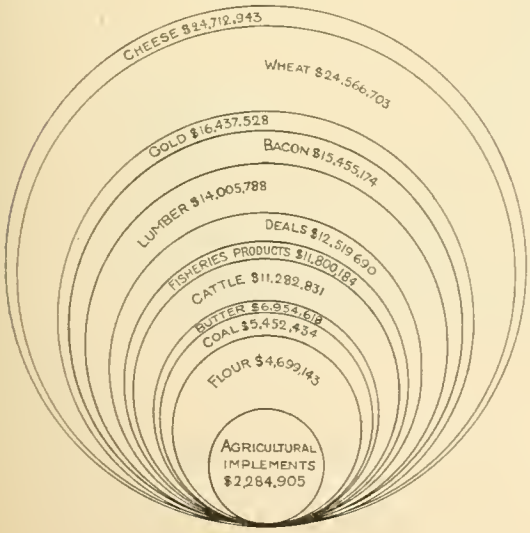
Grain-raising and the export of grains is nowadays wholly unprofitable to districts like those of Eastern Canada, as it is in the thickly-populated eastern states of the Union and in Europe. The raising and export of animals and their products is the only alternative, and the only means of making farming pay. The eastern provinces of Canada were slow to learn this lesson, and as, from 1867 to 1891, practically, the eastern provinces alone were agricultural Canada, all Canada suffered the while. Two instances of the extent of the national loss are, that one in three of all males, between the ages of 18 and 40, left the country prior to 1895; and that chattel mortgages in 1893, in Ontario alone, amounted to over $3,000,000.

In spite of the decline in wheat, the greater part of the country's exports for twenty years after Confederation was made up of field products. In 1901, even the great increase in western wheat made the total of such exports scarcely greater than that of twenty years earlier, a fact which shows how sudden was the change. In the same time the exports of animals and their products had increased, slowly up to 1891, and rapidly thereafter. The cheese industry, which began in the sixties, was the first and is still the greatest in this respect, in 1903 being the greatest of all the national exports. The bacon industry may be said to have grown from nothing to third place in agricultural exports in the last twelve years, while the butter exports increased six times in the six years of refrigerator transportation to 1903. See Fig. III., which gives comparative values of all exports from Canada in 1903, above two million dollars.

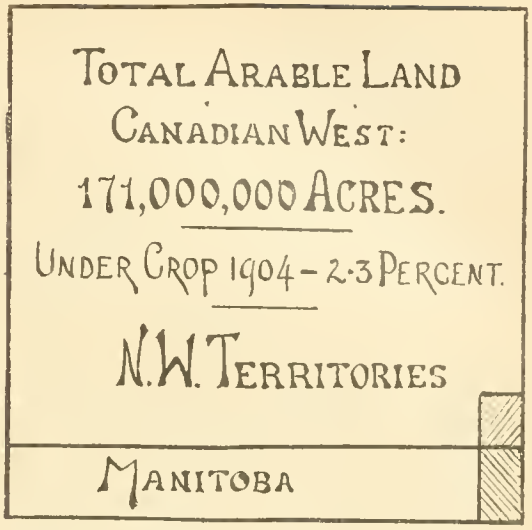
We see, then, that Eastern Canada still exports by far the most of the total, that agricultural products are the chief exports,

and that animal products are the chief of these.

The wheat acreage in Ontario for the last four years has averaged 26 per cent. less than the average of the last twenty-two. While barley export has almost ceased, the acreage has slowly increased in the same time, showing its use for stock food within the country. Other stock foods, as oats, mangels, corn silage, clover and hay, show the same record, and for the same reason. Cattle increased during the last decennial (census) period at a rate nearly three times greater than that of the previous decade, while for four years, from 1895 to 1899, the total value of live stock increased 11.6 per cent. That of the United States decreased 33.3 per cent. in the same length of time. Prices increased, from 1896 to 1902, as follows: Horses, 48 per cent.; cattle, 25 per cent.; hogs, nearly 50 per cent.; butter, 18; cheese, 28; bacon, 37½; and beef, 68½ per cent. From 1897 to 1902, the export of surplus farm products increased 110 per cent., of which field products made 28 per cent., and animals and their products, 82 per cent. From 1896 to 1902, the average income of the Ontario farmer increased by over $200 per annum. These are a few of the facts revealed by Government returns, which indicate a marvellous growth of the higher branches of the agricultural industry in Eastern Canada in the last decade. Other facts, however, not so easily demonstrated by statistics, make it plain that the growth has scarcely begun, even in Ontario, while New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are ten years



Exports from Canada in 1903, over Two Million Dollars



behind the Premier Province. Space does not permit consideration of the remarkable development of fruit-growing, nor of the many other side-lines of Canadian agriculture.

And what of the West? The West is the wheat-field of Canada, as it will yet be of the world, and its first furrow is but half turned. From the settlement of the Red River Valley, in 1812, until the C.P.R. scurried across the prairie, the West had no influence on exports, as exports are counted in millions. From 1889, however, the wheat growth has rapidly increased—in Manitoba by over 50 per cent. per annum by average. Since 1898, the Territories have almost trebled their crop.

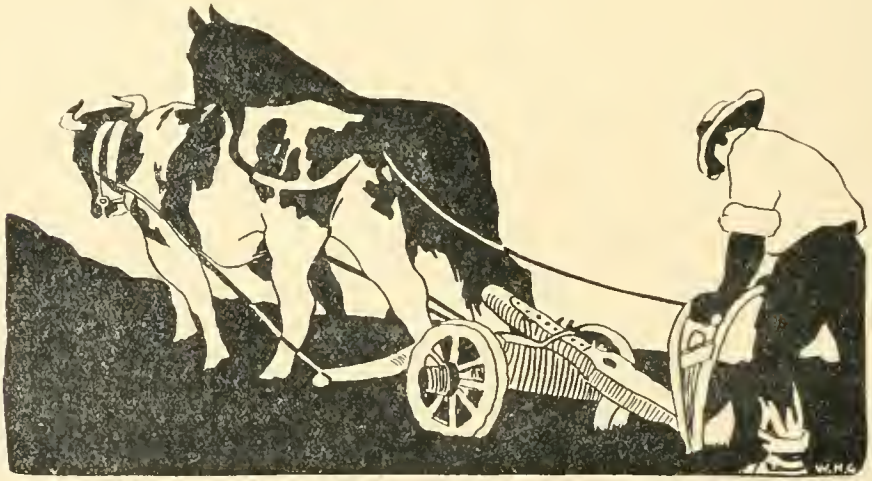
That is in wheat only. Other crops are raised in the West, as oats, barley and flax. Nevertheless, the total area under crop in 1903 was but 2.3 per cent. of the total of such land as is known to be fertile and cultivable. To the north of this land, in the Peace River district, some almost incredible results have followed cultivation. Over 400 miles north of Winnipeg (by latitude), wheat has been grown in large quantities, averaging 64 lbs. per bushel, and oats weighing 42 lbs. per bushel. At Fort Simpson, 818 miles north of Winnipeg, wheat has been harvested weighing 62 lbs. per bushel. These are three years' averages. It is very certain, therefore, that no one has yet fully estimated the possibilities of the Canadian West and North.

Western Canada grows the finest quality of wheat known, and has set a new standard by the high proportion of gluten found in all the wheat grown north of the boundary. As the millers of Minneapolis recently said, "It

is no longer to be regarded as a boom story—it is the truth." As for yield, the Manitoba average for 15 years is over 18 bushels per acre, with a maximum of nearly 28 bushels. The average for the Territories is 19½ bushels. That of the great Pacific wheat states is 13½ bushels, with a maximum of 18 bushels.

A word in conclusion as to the future. Ontario has now in occupation twenty-one million acres, of which but 62 per cent. is "improved," or in use. New Ontario will add over sixteen million acres to this within a very short time. There is no longer any question as to the value of that part of the province. New Brunswick has improved 31 per cent. only, of four and a half million acres occupied, and has seven million to settle. Nova Scotia has improved 24 per cent. of five million acres, and has still some good land unsettled. In the West, of which something has been said, enough land remains untouched by man to reproduce the total animal wealth of Ontario seven times, and supply besides an exportable wheat surplus of *eighteen billion bushels!* The valleys of British Columbia are capable of supporting a farming population greater than that of all Canada to-day. If the land now occupied were all in use, the total exports of 1903 should have been over $300,000,000 instead of $112,000,000.

It is idle to predict the limits of our agricultural wealth. But, whatever be the changes in the industrial world, however the centres of the world's population and wealth may shift, it seems very certain that Canada's fate is a high one, her prosperity forever assured, so long as humanity needs food, so long as Canadians prove worthy of their heritage. The chance is now no chance. Young men have now no excuse for deserting their country. The greatest opportunities lie within the national borders, and it is only necessary to see to it that foreigners do not seize them while we are slowly awakening to their reality. The day of pessimism is past. The day of confidence, of renewed energy, of aggressive national independence dawned some time since. It is the day of the Young Man.



THE FATE OF TWO DESERTERS

By DUNCAN S. MACORQUODALE

I

JOHN ARBUCKLE STRANGE was the grandson of one of the early settlers in the eastern townships district, Quebec, and his father, John Strange, became a barrister of note and amassed a competence while John Arbuckle was but a boy.

Barrister Strange had formed a close attachment in his college days with another youth. Together in all sorts of escapades, a sort of Damon-and-Pythias attachment caused them to agree that if they should both marry and leave children, the first-born of each, if boy and girl, should marry, or otherwise forfeit half of their bequest.

Charlton Draper died a widower, leaving an only daughter, who still remembered her mother and was brought up by an aunt, whose husband was made executor of a large estate. John Arbuckle Strange was the first-born of his father, and was informed of these things and of his wish in regard to them. The name of the girl's uncle he did not remember, nor did he know where they resided —somewhere about Winnipeg, but the dead man's legal man of business was in Toronto, and would give him all information.

John Arbuckle Strange did not want a Friday bargain bride, nor one made to order. When the time came for him to want a wife he would look around. The money involved could go to ——.

The one spoke with the fluency of a law student and the ardor of twenty-six, the other with the authority of a barrister of fifty-two. Things were said on both sides that cannot well be printed, and there was a breaking off of diplomatic relations

Strange, junior, shook the dust of his boyhood's home from off his feet, and went out into the world with a few dollars, his mother's name as his, and a heart fancy-free.

II

In the dog days John Arbuckle found himself, for want of something better to do and partly for the outing, acting as guide, boatman, and general assistant to a party of Americans in the highlands of Ontario, and, as John had no "yellow" in him nor believed in frills, donned a grey woollen shirt, blue overalls, top boots of cowhide, and a bee-hive straw hat. He had secured the position by vigorously and unblushingly endorsing for himself, and therefore got plenty to do.

While rowing a party on a lake one day John found that he was likely to cross the course of another boat, in which were two women. The younger one was rowing, while the other sat in the stern. John's boat was full of people and did not respond readily to a change of course. There was a cry of "Look out." Someone shifted his position in the boat, and as the other boat cleared John's bow he "caught a crab" and drenched the lady in the stern of the stranger boat with a goodly shower.

There was a scream, a laugh, and then a very indignant female voice:

"You clumsy beast, you ought not to be allowed on the water."

There were apologies from the gentlemen of John's party; John lifted his hat and added his regrets in a blundering, breathless way. But the half-drowned lady on seeing the grey woollen shirt open at the throat, and the blue overalls, did not notice his remarks, but told the rest that it did not matter, but surely they could get a boatman without getting an ignorant lout. John heard as in a dream and saw but one thing—a young woman with a sunshade, from underneath which two eyes looked on him. The look was all for him, and in it were shame and apologies for the words of the older woman and a welcome for him.

"Sour old party; deuced fine girl the other. Seemed to take in our boatman; stuck on his arms and neck," said a stout old American, at which the boatman made an extra pull on his oars and broke them both off at the thwarts, a result that perhaps was excusable under the circumstances.

Several times in a couple of weeks he saw the other boat on the water, but kept well away. One day returning to the boat-landing by a short cut among the islands, and alone, he saw the girl with the eyes. He knew her afar—by what, he could not say. She was alone on the bank underneath a great birch tree, and had been fishing. She was now jerking spasmodically at her line that was fast far over her head. He lay to and watched

her. The turn of her cheek, the slope of her waist, the poise of her head all bade him offer assistance. He grounded his boat and presented his six feet of brawn before her.

"Line caught? allow me," and he took the rod from her hands and began to make passes at a 4-inch sunfish that was manfully tugging at his tether and increasing his tangle. The eyes she turned on him said he ought to go, yet bade him stay; but as he tried to knock the finny beast down her manner changed.

"Oh, you great big horrid, don't hurt my fish! it is the first one I ever caught, and it's splendid. The hook is hurting its mouth and I can't climb the tree; but I didn't mean to call you horrid, but ——."

"I *was* horrid; I'll get it down without hurting it," he said. Then he made a line from his painter and anchor rope; put a loop in one end and threw it over the limb, put his foot in the loop and hoisted on the other end, and in a few seconds was unravelling the line.

"Now then, Miss——ah, pull the line."

"Miss" pulled, then jerked, and hooked her second fish.

John Arbuckle came down his automatic hoist on the double quick with the hook well imbedded in his right thumb, at which his water-nymph paled and shrank from the sight, but only for a moment. To remove the hook, as the barb was out of sight, required a slit in the thumb. His knife was in his right-hand pocket, and she had to find it.

"Cut parallel to the hook. I'll be still."

"Oh, I can't do it; I'll hold your thumb and look away."

"Can't use a knife with my left."

"I'll go for a doctor somewhere."

"Rubbish! Fifteen miles to the nearest. It won't hurt at all. Cut away. The voice and the eyes that looked down into hers were not paying compliments. It was the command of a Man. She paled, and her breath came hard, but her hand was fairly steady.

"There," he said, "It's out, and no trouble. There, Miss, don't." But she did, sobbing hysterically, sitting on a log, and both hands bloody. John got out a pocket flask and cup, and forced her to take a little, bathed her hands and face, and dried them with a red silk handkerchief that he fished out of his waistband. Then he found that he was patting her shoulder with his left hand, and remembered afterwards, that he had kissed her several times. Then she calmed down, fished out some linen from somewhere, and bound the wounded thumb.

The surgery was just completed and the two heads were very close together, when the hard rasping voice of a woman said:

"Neil, are you crazy? Said you only wanted to catch one fish. Who is the gentleman with you?"

"Oh, Auntie, this is Mr. Ah"—and the wondrous eyes were turned to him for aid.

"Arbuckle is my name. We were here but a few moments. The lady's line caught in a tree and—." But the newcomer noted the hat, boots, and overalls.

"Oh, it's *you*, is it? If you had a spark of manhood in you, you wouldn't take advantage of a lady. Neil, home this minute; you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Then as John stepped aside, "a common country lout," and she started up the bank, leaving Neil to follow.

But Neil turned to the man, scarlet of cheek, and eyes ablaze.

"My aunt is a grasping, vulgar person. Forget that you heard her."

"I heard nothing," he said unblushingly; "but you had better go, and let me write you. John Arbuckle, Bala, will find me."

"A. Neillson, care Mrs. Caldwell,——Street, Toronto, will find me, for we are going home in a day or two. Good-bye." "Good-bye," was all they said, but the look she gave him sent him to his boat with a wound in his hand and another in his heart.

III

Cards were out for an "At Home" at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, —— Street, Toronto, to which many people of note were invited, the occasion being the twenty-first birthday of their niece and ward, Adelaide Neillson-Draper.

"We must send an invitation to old Strange, he's in Ottawa living now, and to the young man," said Mrs. Caldwell to her spouse.

"I wouldn't try to thwart the girl too much if you think she is taken with that fellow up in Muskoka."

"Oh, Caldwell, I know you, we'd have half the property if she does not marry Strange," but the connection is worth more to us than the money, and then my own brother's child. To think that she'd correspond with a common lout. In cow-hide boots! Think of it!"

Later she was talking to Neil about it, and

the girl said she wouldn't be at the party if they were going to force a stranger on her just because of a stupid will. She'd get sick or something.

"Auntie," she asked, "Do you ever touch my mail?"

"The idea!"

"You haven't denied it. I have been expecting letters and sending others for some time and somebody is touching my mail."

"Are you thinking of that clod-hopper yet?"

"You mean the gentleman I met up north?"

"Gentleman, indeed! I don't suppose he knows how to write. You will receive these people next Thursday and don't disgrace us all. J. A. Strange is to be invited, and you must behave."

The result of more high words was that Neil was ordered to her room and to stay there till dinner time. But when she did not come down to dinner, and the maid reporting her as not in her room, Mrs. Caldwell looked into the matter herself, and found writing materials on her table and a new sheet of blotting paper. Mrs. Caldwell, with a view of secrets, held the sheet before a mirror and read.

DEAR MR. ARBUCKLE:

I have not had a word from you for some time and am posting this personally. I have reason to believe that mine to you have not been posted. Write me to the General Post Office.

Your friend, NEIL.

Neil went out to a box with the letter, but found that the post collector had just made his rounds. She, therefore, went to the General Post Office, put in her letter, and was just turning away, when she jostled against the object of her thoughts. He was not now dressed in cow-hides, overalls, or beehive straw hat. Neil looked her surprise.

"I was just posting a note to you. I got one from you."

"I got none from you."

"I thought so; Auntie is such an old sphinx."

"Let us go to the rotunda of the King Edward and talk it over."

When they were in a snug corner, he said:

"You see, Miss Caldwell,—Neil, I mean,—I am in a difficulty, and I must tell you about it."

"If I can help you in any way."

"Of course you can. I know a dear girl, who I think knows me. I was very cross to her once and she acted as surgeon and nurse for me, and was so good, and brave, and kind, that I want her all to myself, but there is one thing she will have to consent to."

"What is that, Mr. Arbuckle?" The voice was steady but the face was pale.

"Why, my old dad and some other one's dad made a couple of wills, binding me to marry some heiress or lose my father's provision for me. The heiress is tied up in the same way, and I suppose she thinks as much of me as I do of her. So, my only girl will have to wait for me till I can make some money. Do you think she will?"

"How can I tell? Do you know her name?"

The people came and went and the orchestra played in the galleries, but mid all the noise she could hear her heart beat, and her question was a whisper.

"I saw her first on a Muskoka lake and was so busy watching her that I nearly drowned her aunt with the splash of an oar, and her name is Neil. My own name is not Arbuckle, that is my mother's name, and I dropped the other when I fell out with the Governor. My father's name is Strange."

"The very name of the man Auntie wants me to meet because of a stupid will."

"And your's?"

"Mine? oh, I've never known my mother and was always called Caldwell; my father's name was Draper, and mine is—"

"Not Adelaide Neillson? Glory. I can be friends with dad. And you thought I was a farmer."

"I didn't care what you were. Let us go back and not have Auntie chasing for me."

He saw her to the door, and what they said and did at parting was strictly private.

On the evening of the party, John Arbuckle Strange was met at the door by Neil, while her aunt stared icily and then found breath to say:

"Excuse me, sir, is there anyone here you want particularly to see?" His clothes being better than at their last meeting, her speech had also improved, for she recognized him.

"I wished to pay my respects to Miss Draper and to inquire for my father, John Strange, barrister, of Ottawa. I am John Arbuckle Strange."

The lady gasped, and then:

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Strange; I confess I misjudged you on a former occasion."

"You at least judged my clothes well."

FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

READABLE PARAGRAPHS FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

A SONG OF SEED TIME

[THE INDEPENDENT]

"Whoa! haw!" cheerily
Over the field they cry,
Glad with yielding of the soil
And brightness of the sky;
Farmer and boy and hired man,
Harrow and horse and plough.
"Whoa! haw!" hear the cry;
"Steady, I tell ye, now!"
Over the field in straggling line,
Ever and on they ago,
And watchful on his lofty pine
Sitteth the thoughtful crow.

"Whoa! haw!" merrily,
Downward the western sun,
And to and from and back and forth
Till their work is done;
Farmer and boy and hired man,
Harrow and horse and plough,
Then through the bars to the barnyard,
To chores and waiting now;
Into the barn in straggling line,
Feeding out stalks and hay,
And from his notch on the lofty pine
Flieth the crow away.

* *

THE COST OF WAR

[THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY]

SLOWLY, YET inevitably, the conviction is growing that war is an excessively expensive method of adjusting disputes between nations. As a noble sport and a means of preserving those manly virtues in which we all delight, there is, doubtless, much to be said in its favor; but, under modern conditions, its cost is so enormous that we are more and more inclined to cast about for some substitute. Wars, indeed, and rumors of war are still with us; and the twentieth century has opened in a manner not wholly reassuring to the advocate of peace; yet even as fierce combat rages, nations are negotiating treaties by which its recurrence shall be made less probable; and it is no longer deemed an unprofitable and ignoble thing to make a sober reckoning of the evils which war entails. The day may be far distant when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and battleships converted into the merchantable steel of commerce, but the time has already arrived when it is possible to secure a respectful hearing for the cause of international arbitration, and a plea for peace is received with something more than simple curiosity or impatient dissent.

* *

WHAT AN AUTOMOBILE CAN DO

[PEARSON'S]

FEW WHO are not enthusiasts in this new queen of sports have an idea of what the modern automobile proved itself capable when it came to practical, out and out "roughing it." Through storms and cloudbursts, and floods that tore away roads and bridges, and unindated the country for miles around, the staunch machines buffeted eight hundred miles across mountains and valleys, when even railroads and telegraph lines along the route had ceased to operate. Across the continent, through the land of the Indian, the rattler and the grizzly, seventy-five hundred feet up and then across the backs of three mighty mountain ranges, the iron pathfinder jouneed and staggered. Coasting for miles at breakneck speed on brinks of precipices, down tortuous, narrow benchroads, and plowing through seven hundred miles of sands amid the throat-rasping, eye-inflaming alkali dust of the great American desert, the machine has penetrated where neither beast nor railway might survive. Charging bridgeless streams at express-train speed, the vehicle was "shot" across through three feet of water, solely by momentum. And in the heart of the prairies, out of the hub-deep mud of buffalo wallows, the car dragged itself by means of block and tackle, unharmed, ready to proceed on its six-thousand-mile jaunt.

No man that has not actually seen the mud-bespattered, scratched and battered automobile as, under strokes of a thirty-horsepower engine, it throbbed and quivered up the steep, stony grades through the glorious scenery to Slippery Ford, the seventy-three-hundred-foot summit of the California Sierras, can realize the astounding feats of which this wonderful modern contrivance is capable.

THE CANADIAN HABITANT

[Agnes Laut, in Outing]

It is safe to say that there is not a single French family in the province of Quebec, seignior or peasant, that has not some strain of an ancestor who took to the woods in the early days and lived the free life of the wilderness hunter, camping under the stars. Where the English colonist farmed, the French colonist hunted, gay of heart, careless of to-morrow; and that hunter strain is in the blood yet. Seventy years ago, wildwood tales were in the very air that a Quebec boy breathed. There was not a hamlet on the banks of the St. Lawrence that had not sent out its heroes to hunt, to explore, to fight. The French-Canadian took to the rapids like a duck to water. Nothing daunted him. He courted dangerous adventure for the fun of it. He didn't care for trade. What he liked was *la gloire*; and I'm inclined to think that men lived bigger, broader lives for the sake of the huzza that is called "La Gloir" than for dollars and cents. Besides, the French-Canadian habitant is taught to do everything for himself. He weaves the cloth for his own clothes, he makes his own hats, he spins his own wool, he tans the leather for his boots. He even disdains a bought stove. He builds a clay or brick one. He grows his own tobacco, he catches the fish required for his own table; and fifty years ago, above the white-washed stone wall of the hearthside fire-place, on an iron rack, hung the musket that supplied the family table with fresh meat from the woods.

* *

GOLDWIN SMITH ON CITY GOVERNMENT

[The Independent]

In Canada we have happily not had the gross corruption of some of the great American cities. Of jobbery we have probably had our share. An honest member of a city council has been known to leave it, saying that he was sick of it, as there never was a straight vote. But our general complaints have been of lack of special capacity, of stability, of foresight, of real responsibility, leading to maladministration and waste. In Toronto our elections are troubled by the ambition and cupidity of rival sects and nationalities. They have more than once been troubled and are always in danger of being troubled by the action of political party. An attempt at a financial crisis to put a leading financier in the mayoralty was baffled by popular jealousy acting through an unlimited suffrage. By the same influence a ward politician was once elected as water commissioner against our most eminent engineer. With the system of annual elections, forcing the aldermen to be always angling for votes, demagogism is inevitable and its influence is greatly felt. A step has recently been taken in the right direction by the partial separation of the administrative from the legislative functions of the Council through the institution of an elective Board of Controllers. We can hardly yet judge with certainty of the result. But this, at all events, is a recognition of the right principle, that of separation of the administrative from the legislative or political, and consignment of the administrative to expert hands.

* *

EXPLODING AN OIL WELL

[Collier's Weekly]

It was very exciting. The great drill had been lifted out and hung dripping. An appaling amount of nitroglycerine had already been lowered to the bottom of the shaft, and a matter-of-fact young man in neat clothes tripped daintily over the oil-smeared derrick platform, holding a tin torpedo in which there were six sticks of dynamite as if it were a walking-stick. He lighted the fuse with the greatest composure, put the torpedo, thus blazing, into the big pipe while the semicircle of spectators—a few natives, a worried photographer-like individual with spectacles, and three or four dingy nymphs in mother-hubbards—stumbled back gasping—and then down she went. There was a moment of suspense while we tried to think what it must be like a quarter of a mile underground when that tube of dynamite with its sixteen-hundred foot fall shot into the nitroglycerine. Then there was a little snap like the scratch of a parlor match, the echo of the explosion, then a rushing sound as the black oil swooped up to daylight. They had fixed the pipes and stopcocks so cleverly and securely that the oil didn't shoot very high—only roared and hissed and splashed about the derrick like a wounded dragon. A dare-devil young driller jumped into the thick of it, and did things with a wrench, and from the top of the tank fifty feet away a small boy yelled, "Here she comes!" The young driller, his job done, soaked, dripping

with the greenish ooze—clothes, hair and all—until he was like a wharf pile at low tide, straightened up and swabbed his face with a bunch of waste until we could see the tan and grin underneath, then he threw out his arms, "Come on over!" he yelled, "I wanta love you!"

* *

HOW EAST DIFFERS FROM WEST

[The World's Work]

Let us note the difference between the Eastern and Western man. It is an everyday assertion among the Occidentals that everything Oriental is topsy-turvy; that they read backward, speak backward, write backward, and that this is "only the *a*, *b*, *c* of their contrariety"; that they "place a horse in the stable with his head where his tail ought to be"; that they use white as the symbol of mourning, carry their babies on their backs; that their signboards hang perpendicular instead of crossway: that their men—that is the Chinese—wear skirts and their women trousers.

Besides these most obvious differences, there are significant differences in the temperament, habits and manners of the two types of mankind—the Eastern and Western. The temperament of the Westerner is nervous, whereas that of the Easterner is phlegmatic, The habit of the former is active; that of the latter slow. The Easterners are thrifty, economical; the Westerners wasteful, even extravagant. The manners of the Westerners, especially of the Anglo-Saxons, are blunt and coarse; their expressions direct and terse. The Easterners are polite in their manners, genial in their intercourse, and roundabout in their speech.

* *

SPORT ON THE PRAIRIE

[Rod and Gun in Canada]

The shooting wagon is an important adjunct to the outfit of the prairie sportsman. This should be a team and a roomy democrat wagon, with plenty of loose hay in the bottom for the comfort of the dogs and for warmth for your own feet in the early morning cool drives out and evenings home. Next to the rig is your driver. There are good shooting-wagon drivers, and there are shooting-wagon drivers that are no good. If you can light upon a boy who would rather follow a man all day who has a gun than do anything else, that is the one you want to fasten on to. He knows the whole country, can drive you anywhere, and is never lost; you leave the rig, and give him instructions as to which way you intend working, and you may rest assured that when your bag gets heavy, and you want the wagon to unload your birds into it, you will find it just where you expected it. Each trip you make to it he has some news to tell you; someone has been along and told him of where there are lots of birds; or he has marked birds down, and directs you to a yard where they are. He makes friends with the dogs, and those left in the wagon for spells of rest are as safe as though you were there yourself. When the day's shoot is over and everything packed away, and you are in the wagon, shooters and dogs, and start for home, you do not know to a few the size of your bag; but the boy can tell you: he is not quick at school, maybe, but he can and does keep accurate account of the game bag, and tells you correctly what it is. Such a boy we had on our last two trips; he was always on time in the morning; never lost us, and never caused us to walk a yard more than was necessary by any mistake he made. He always kept track of the guns, knew where we were all the time, and when we wanted the rig we always could locate it.

* *

THE NERVOUS CZAR

[McClure's]

I have spoken to many men and women who know the Czar personally, and though there is disagreement with regards to certain points in his character, all are agreed in regard to one thing. A lady whose connection with the ministry of the imperial court is intimate, told me on one occasion that the Czar had paused suddenly while talking with her, and then remarked:

"Do you ever feel as though everyone pitied you?"

She answered something or other, and he added: "There are some people in this room who behave as if they thought me mad. Now, I am not mad."

It is that—the Czar's temperament lacks the calm balance, the level callousness, which are characteristic of the noble Russian. At all times nervous, an easy prey to gloom and depression, he runs at whiles to the opposite extreme, the very apex of hysteria. Officers at court have seen him weep like a woman, with fits in which his voice trembles to an

emasculate treble and finishes in a scream. He poises always over the edge of an emotional crisis, and, when he affects calm, he gives it evidence in a reckless ruthlessness which even De Plehve could not excel.

* *

RUSSIA'S IGNORANCE

[MEN AND WOMEN]

A WORD about popular education in Russia generally. It is well known that that is on an extremely low plane. With the exception of the small Baltic Provinces (with their dense Protestant German population) and Finland, the latest available statistics show that illiteracy is still frightfully common, those unable to read or write forming, in fact, ninety per cent. of the total population in Russia proper. Conditions are worse, of course, in the rural districts. The older generations of the peasantry scarcely ever possess even a smattering of learning. Among their children the proportion varies in different "governments," but the average is about twenty-five per cent. of the male and ten per cent of the female youth able to read or write or both. Set this against the school statistics of Livonia (one of the three Baltic Provinces), where there is one school for every 766 inhabitants, or one pupil to every fifteen of the entire population, a ratio even higher than in Germany, and the difference is plain.

Yet even in the cities and towns of Russia illiteracy is still rampant. By the last census 342,000 of the adults of St. Petersburg (out of a total population of less than 1,400,000) were analphabets. The central government devotes just one per cent. of its revenues to educational purposes—or 15 kopecks (about eight cents) per capita, out of an average tax burden of fifteen roubles per head. That tells the tale.

In higher education, however, Russia does better. Her so-called "middle schools," *i.e.*, "gymnasia," business and technical colleges, are fairly numerous and as fairly attended. Like the universities, however, of late years their efficiency has considerably deteriorated. There is an academy of sciences in St. Petersburg which deservedly ranks with the best in the world. But the members of it, as well as of other learned bodies in Russia, are made up very largely of men of non-Russian descent—either from the Baltic Provinces, Poland and Finland, or else of foreign origin.

RUSSIA'S NEED OF ADVISERS

[THE WORLD TO-DAY.]

AT NO time in history has a great nation felt the need of efficient advisers, of advisers whose advice is heeded, more than does Russia to-day. Time was when Russia produced, or at least, had the services of great statesmen. Since Peter the Great there was never any real lack of them. But fate seems to have conspired against the northern colossus at this critical juncture. There is no Menchikoff, no Bestucheff, no Münnich, no Ostermann, no Galitzine, no Cancrine in Russia to-day. Gortchakoff was her last genius in that line. The feeblest and most insignificant ruler that has sat on her throne for the past two centuries is also the one without the help and counsel of a great statesman, for Witte is, so far as the world knows, a creative financier and economist, but not a statesman; and Pobyedonostseff is a marble-hearted zealot, but no more.

But it may be precisely this absence of an able, far-sighted adviser devoted to his interests, the interests of autocracy, which will force on a revolution in Russia, and without such a heroic medicine it will in all human probability not be possible to cure that unwieldly patient of his severe and manifold ills.

* *

THE CROSSING WAS MADE SAFE

THE FOLLOWING anecdote of Mr. Blair, late Minister of Railways, is told in *Success:*

The lives of many school children were daily menaced at a certain railroad crossing, where the approach of the trains was concealed by woods and high banks. The people of the neighborhood had petitioned the company to better the conditions at this point, but the change would involve considerable expense, and nothing had been done. An appeal was made to the railway ministry, and still there was no result, except that the attorneys for the line filed papers intended to show that the danger was not so great as had been represented, and that the proposed change would be impracticable. There were prospects of a long delay. Meanwhile the lives of the children would undoubtedly be endangered. On a train, one day, Mr. Blair happened to meet the superintendent of the road, and bethought himself of the menacing crossing.

"I am going to ask you to hold up this

train a little farther on," he remarked to the official.

"Why?" inquired the latter.

"Because I want to see with my own eyes that bad crossing I've heard about. I think this will be an excellent opportunity for us to inspect it together."

The stopping of a through train between stations was, of course, no light matter, but Mr. Blair was influential, and he had his way. He and the superintendent looked over the ground, while the train waited. In a few minutes they resumed their journey, and Mr. Blair said:

"I think you agree with me, Mr. Blank, that this is a very dangerous crossing. I am going to make the business of changing it a personal matter between you and me. I ask you if you won't at once give it your attention,

That same week a gang of laborers was working on the crossing.

* *

A YEAR'S FOOD

An estimate of what it costs an average working family for food per year is given in *The World's Work*, based on recent investigations in the United States. The table may be examined with profit by Canadian wage-earners:

Fresh beef, 349 pounds	$50 05
Salt beef, 52 pounds	5 26
Fresh pork, 114 pounds	14 02
Salt pork, 110 pounds	13 89
Other meat	9 78
Poultry, 67 pounds	9 49
Fish, 80 pounds	8 01
Butter, 117 pounds	28 76
Milk, 354 quarts	21 32
Eggs, 85 dozen	16 79
Flour and meal, 680 pounds	16 76
Bread, 253 loaves	12 44
Sugar, 268 pounds	15 76
Potatoes, 15 bushels	12 93
Other vegetables	18 85
Coffee, 47 pounds	10 74
Tea	5 30
Lard, 84 pounds	9 35
Cheese, 16 pounds	2 62
Rice, 26 pounds	2 05
Molasses, 4 gallons	1 69
Fruit	16 52
Vinegar, pickles, etc	4 12
Other foods	20 40

This is, of course, a list covering the food of workingmen's families in industrial localities, and the facts about the diet of farmers' families or the families of salaried workers in the cities might be different. But, doubtless, it is an index of the food consumed by most families with an income of little more than $800 per year throughout the country.

* *

THE SHAMEFUL MISUSE OF WEALTH

In contrast with this is an estimate of the amount spent on dress per year by many rich American women, as given in *Success*:

Furs and fur accessories	$5,000
Dinner gowns	5,000
Ball and opera gowns	8,000
Opera cloaks, evening and carriage wraps	2,500
Afternoon visiting and luncheon toilettes	3,000
Morning gowns, shirt waists, and informal frocks	3,000
Automobile furs and costumes	2,000
Negligees	800
Lingerie	1,500
Hats and veils	1,200
Riding habits, boots, gloves, etc	750
Shoes and slippers, $800; hosiery, $500	1,300
Fans, laces, small jewels, etc	2,500
Gloves, $450; cleaners' bills, $1,000; handkerchiefs, $600	2,050
Annual total	$38,600

* *

CAMPING ON THE NORTH SHORE

[Sports Afield]

Most of the north shore of Lake Superior has never been "improved" by the hand of man. It is just as Nature left it. There are rocks, and rocks, and more rocks. Even the beachy shore is rock-lined—"shingles" it is called. And in proportion as there is an abundance of rocks, there is a scarcity of inhabitants. I saw only two persons other than those of my own party for the several weeks I was lost to the world, and they were two men making a precarious living picking up timber along shore—stuff that storms had washed off the decks of lumber barges.

Our camp was on a cute little island in Indian Harbor, some twenty-five miles from Michipicoten, separated from the mainland by a narrow but deep bay. When the camp-fire blazed at night, the beasts of the woods, consisting of bear, moose, deer and smaller animals, came down to the water and with the curosity born in them gazed at the burning logs. Of course I didn't see them; only we caught the reflection of the fire in their eyes. But in the morning, when we examined the sandy beech on the mainland—by the way, the only spot for miles around where there

was any sand—the tracks they had left in the moist earth could be plainly seen. I don't believe the curiosity of these four-footed residents of the primeval forest was any greater than ours; and all the men in the party tore out their hair in great bunches, as it were, for neglecting to bring guns. You see it was a fishing not a hunting party, and the order had gone forth to leave behind everything not absolutely necessary. Besides, those comprising this particular party had no idea how extremely wild the north shore of Lake Superior really is.

* *

AN INDIAN TENT BY NIGHT

[SCRIBNER'S]

AS THE day approached for my departure, I went down into the village to pay a last visit to my strange friends. It was night, and the coldness of the air was very bitter in its intensity. One of the tents, lit from within, was brighter than the others. I could see the great black shadows, some sharp, others blurred, moving about on the candle-lit canvas walls, and as I passed I heard the sound of many voices within. I entered; the gaily-colored circle of men, squaws, and children moved together, making a place for me near the stove. They were playing a game of cards for little paper bundles of sulphur matches, seated about a white Hudson's Bay Company blanket. One candle, fastened to a stick with a piece of birch bark, gave them light and threw those great shadows on the tent behind them. I have rarely seen a more picturesque sight than that group gathered in the dimly-lighted tent—the squaws, with red and yellow handkerchiefs about their heads, green and blue waists, and moccasins of all descriptions. One of the girls was alternately smoking and playing a harmonica. Near the stove a little girl was making for herself a doll from a squirrel skin. Far back in the shadows a boy wrapped in a rabbit-skin coat was trying to sleep. All about the sides of the tent were the blankets and the cooking utensils. Upon forked sticks hung a collection of tin cups, muzzle-loading guns, powder-horns, the bullet and cap pouch, and high above these, just emerging from the big black shadows of their shoulders and heads, glittered the many crosses and beads of the church. So I watched them as they played, winning and losing the little packages, until they tired of the game and stopped.

THE THOUSAND ISLES

[FOUR-TRACK NEWS]

THEY ARE called the Thousand Isles, but there are many more than a thousand, so say the bronze-skinned guides who have spent their lives in this little paradise of the northern borderland. And you believe it as you pass the hundreds seen merely in your journey down the river—some mere bits of rock rising crowned with a tuft of verdure, from which springs a miniature pine tree, others stretching away five, six, seven miles between the promontories which mark their ends. One is the site of a summer city; others are island forests in which you can wander from morn to night without seeing a sign of human habitation unless, perchance, it be the white tent of the camper, pitched in some shady cleft along the rock-bound shore.

And surrounding them all is the St. Lawrence, its waters as clear and pure as a mountain brook. Here it is indeed majestic—truly a lake in proportions, extending in some places nearly ten miles from the American to the Canadian mainland. The principal channel for large vessels is frequently a mile in width, but winding in and out among the isles are hundreds of others, some ample to allow the passage of a good-sized steamboat, others so narrow, that you can leap from island to island across the few feet of blue that separates them. And such a blue! Far out on the Atlantic you may see it, where the purity of the water gives it this tint, but no river in America, possibly none in the world, so closely resembles the ocean in its hue as the St. Lawrence.

* *

THE ISLAND COLONY

[FOUR-TRACK NEWS]

NEWFOUNDLAND is said to be the most English of all the colonies of the British Empire, and St. John's merits the distinction of being the most English of all the colonial capitals. Its people are distinctively English in dress and manners; English customs prevail in society and business; the English institution of barmaids flourishes only in St. John's of all towns in North America, and the policemen are drilled and garbed after the English fashion. The children of the better classes are all educated in England, which country is spoken of as "home," while the mail steamer plying to and from Liverpool, is popularly known as "the home boat." The population is entirely of British stock, the

Irish element, however, being the largest; the English coming next, and the Scotch ranking third in point of numbers.

One of the chief charms of St John's is its remoteness and isolation and the conditions induced thereby. It is altogether unlike any city along the Atlantic seaboard in its sharp contrasts between primitive and progressive attributes, fishing hamlets, where people pursue their vocation precisely as they did a century ago, forming its suburbs, and fisher boats ready to take a tourist into the offing for a day's haul of cod, just as might have been done for the infrequent traveller in the early days of the nineteenth century. The general weather of the summer months is another attraction, one of Nature's most beneficent endowments.

* *

HOUSEBOAT LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

[OUTING.]

OF ALL the dwellers in the valley of the great river, those who live in the houseboats have by far the most picturesque environment. You find them everywhere from St. Paul to New Orleans, and not only on the main river, but on all the larger tributaries. There are many thousands of these water-gypsies in all, though the number fluctuates, and in winter the northern regions are pretty much deserted. Sometimes you may see a score or more boats in the neighborhood of a single large town, and again, the flotilla may be reduced to a half-dozen.

The boats vary surprisingly in size and architecture. Every man builds according to his means, his chance whims and the material he may have at hand. Some boats are hardly bigger than an ordinary skiff, and are roofed with canvas stretched over hoops. The dwellers crawl inside as into a hole in the ground. Other boats are large, convenient and attractive, and make homes by no means to be despised. They have several rooms, and very likely "are as nice inside as the parlor in anyone's house." One such craft was pointed out to me which had cost fifteen hundred dollars. But the vast majority cost less than one hundred dollars, and many not a quarter of that sum. A large portion of the necessary materials can be picked up along the river without expense; for boards, planks and timber are always being carelessly lost into the water by the men who handle them on the scows and about the sawmills.

THE LABRADOR DOCTOR

[DR. W. T. GRENFELL, IN McCLURE'S]

"MY JOHNNIE'S broken his thigh, doctor—can you come right over and see him?" panted as anxious a young father as ever urged a dog-team over the snow.

It was almost pitch dark when at last we reached the top of the cliff, overlooking an arm of the sea which we were bound to cross. Many an exciting ride I have had, but that night was "beyond all," as the people say. For the only light to be seen was the blaze of sparks as every now and again the steel-chain "drags" scored the top of some still uncovered rock point, and enhanced the sensation of the bottom having fallen off of the earth by the smell of sulphur thus generated. Indeed, I was wondering whether Johnnie's would be the only leg to need setting, when sh-sh-bump! The usual snow drift at the bottom checked our pace and sent us skidding gently out on the sea-ice. The dogs, dexterously slipped from their trace lines as we topped the crest, were only a second after us and were dancing around us and over us in their exuberance of excitement: their eyes, flashing in the darkness, suggesting that we had really arrived at the the place of demons. The injured boy's father piloted us to the little hut, small, bare-boarded, and poverty-stricken, a humble stove forming almost the only piece of furniture. It was a depressing sight on so bitter a night, for the little boy of six lay on his back on a rude bench in the middle, with his leg, which was most obviously broken above the knee, lying anyhow across the other. His large inquisitive eyes watched every movement as I entered with an assistant, whom I brought that I might leave him in charge of the case when I went on the next morning. The child seemed dazed by the frost on our fur coats, which caused us to resemble greet shaggy bears. To clear the floor, get a piece of board, clear the ice off it, plane it and fit it for a box splint, took us over two hours. It was an hour after midnight when, at length, we got it ready. Little Johnnie on the bench kept dropping off to sleep all this while, only to wake in a few minutes with a start and cry of pain. For on dozing of a sudden cramp would seize the broken leg, and move it, causing a rack of pain. The father did his best to hold the little fellow still in his strong arms, and soothe his sudden fears each time he started out of

sleep. But while we were stitching at the padding, I was longing for the deft fingers of the nurses whom so often in the night watches we have seen patiently but swiftly doing just this very work, preferring it to reading the latest novels. Chloroform—that gift of God—made the rest of the work painless, and the tired child passed right on into a natural sleep.

* *

BIRDS THAT TRAVEL

[YOUTH'S COMPANION]

A MAN WHO travels ten thousand miles in a year is counted a "globe-trotter" of unusual energy. But our common night-hawk, that every boy and girl knows, thinks nothing of having a summer home up in Alaska and a winter resort in Argentina, and travelling the seven thousand miles between twice a year. Its annual trip often covers one hundred and fifteen degrees of latitude. And some of our shore birds are still more inveterate voyagers, making extra flights, and covering sixteen thousand miles or so a year, apparently for the pure pleasure of travel.

Voyaging by the air-line is sometimes extremely rapid transit. The summer warbler that spends the winter in Central America and the nesting season at Great Slave Lake, far up in the artic, travels twice as fast as the spring does. One hundred and sixteen miles a day is the record, so far, to Great Slave Lake, the speed always increasing as the birds move northward.

The robin is an old-fashioned, leisurely tourist in comparison with some other species. It never does more than seventy miles a day. The average rate, for all migrating birds, from New Orleans to Minnesota is about twenty-three miles a day. But after leaving Minnesota several species of feathered migrants make first forty, then seventy-two, and finally one hundred and fifty miles a day before they reach Alaska.

The bird traveller that gives the naturalist the hardest transportation problem to solve is the red-eyed vireo. It winters in Central America, and appears each spring at the mouth of the Mississippi, travelling twenty miles a day. At this leisurely rate it proceeds for six weeks, all the way up to the latitude of northern Nebraska. Then suddenly, in the space of twenty-four hours, and before a single red-eyed vireo has been seen anywhere in the region between, numbers of the birds appear in British Columbia, a thousand miles to the northwest. This puzzling performance is repeated every year. Unless the red-eyed vireo flies a thousand miles in a single night, how does it manage this bewildering schedule? Nobody knows.

* *

A WINTER IN THE ANTARCTIC

[THE INDEPENDENT.]

SOME 4,000 penguins sufficed amply to feed the party throughout the winter. Boiled penguin and penguin soup, flavored with some pieces of seal blubber, and with sea-water to supply the needful saltness, constituted the standing *menu*. Nor could any complaint be reasonably lodged against that diet, save that there was not always as much of it as was desired. What there was the greatest shortage of was fuel, and in order to husband the blubber to serve in that capacity restrictions were placed upon its use for food; consequently on some days only one meal was served.

The house they erected for their abode during the winter had double stone walls, with a packing of penguin guano between; the roof was of sealskin. By great good luck there happened to be among the things saved from the ship a couple of portraits, framed with glass, still intact. Out of these it was possible to make two windows for the house, and so secure the admission, at any rate, of some light in the daytime. The space within the house was very limited for as many as twenty persons, and they had to spend eight long weary months of winter packed together along the walls in anything but comfortable fashion. What they had to endure was certainly more trying than the somewhat similar experience of the North Polar expedition, for the Antarctic climate is much worse by reason of the terrible storms, which render it practically impossible to stir out of doors during quite half of the winter. While they are raging the only expedient is to huddle one's self together in one's bed-bag and adopt every means for keeping the cold out that one can devise.

THE WAY OF PROGRESS

A DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL ENTERPRISE AND INDUSTRY, BRIEFLY SHOWING SOME OF THE LARGER THINGS THAT CANADIANS ARE DOING

THE survey of the Grand Trunk Pacific route in New Brunswick has been completed. Twelve surveying parties were at work through the winter.

A million dollar shipbuilding company has been organized at Collingwood, on Georgian Bay.

That in ten years Canada would be building fifty thousand tons of shipping annually, at an expenditure of twenty-five million dollars, was the prophetic estimate of a deputation that asked Government for a bounty to encourage shipbuilding.

An increase of $7,000,000 in assessment is Montreal" record for 1904.

The survey of the French River canal will probably take two years to complete. The route presents no engineering difficulties that cannot be overcome.

Niagara fruit-growers are asking for an experimental fruit farm and horticultural college in the Niagara Peninsula, that being the recognized fruit belt of Ontario.

Building permits at the rate of $3,500 a day were issued in Toronto during a part of March.

There will be activity in building circles in the North-West this summer. A British Columbia lumber firm has closed contracts with the Canadian Pacific railway for the shipment eastward of thirty million feet of lumber to various points in the Territories. The magnitude of this order may be better appreciated when it is understood that it means 1,500 carloads, or a shipment of 85,000 feet every day for a year.

Niagara Falls power is nearly ready for distribution in the Niagara Peninsula. An electric railroad to Toronto will be one of the chief consumers of this power and work is to begin shortly.

In order that Nova Scotia coal may be brought to Toronto and other Ontario ports, a special type of coal-carrier is being built at Toronto. The boat is of the tubular type and will have belt conveyers for unloading.

The tunnel under the Detroit River between Windsor and Detroit is to be built by the Michigan Central Railway. The plans provide for two single-track tubes, the tops of which will be ten feet below the bed of the river. The tunnel will probably be finished in two and one-half years, work to begin at once on the Canadian side, and all trains passing through it are to be operated by electricity.

Another tunnel scheme is agitated by Prince Edward Island people, to connect the Island with the mainland and thus prevent their winter isolation. It would cost $10,000,000.

The proposition to connect Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario by means of a ship-canal and ship-railway was refused by the Railway Committee. It would have cost about $45,000,000.

The Dominion Government has signed a contract for ten additional wireless telegraph stations on the St. Lawrence route.

In the Leamington, Ont., oil fields recent strikes of two-barrel-a-minute oil wells have been made, the largest in the district.

TO CANADA BY TURBINE

The recent arrival in Canada of the two first turbine liners afloat is referred to in "The Nations Progress" in this issue. It will be of interest to know how this wonder-working machine, which marks the latest progress in modern transit, is driven. Briefly, a turbine engine is a fixed cylinder, upon the inside surface of which are mounted rings of brass blades projecting radially inwards. Inside this revolves a drum armed on its outer surface with similar rings of blades set at an angle to the fixed blades, and arranged so that they are "sandwiched," so to speak, between those of the fixed cylinder. Steam is admitted at one end of the turbine, and passes through longitudinally in a zig-zag path, being deflected from the fixed rows of blades in the turbine casing against the rows of blades on the drum, causing the latter, which is built on the propeller shafting, to revolve, and thus drive the propeller. The "fixed blades" (those in the cylinder) act as guides to deliver the steam with proper direction and velocity against the "moving blades" (those on the drum). Thus the full power of the steam is utilised, and in a direct and continuous way.

The term "blades," when used in connection with the machinery of an ocean liner, seems to suggest a screw propeller or something equally formidable. But these turbine blades are surprisingly small --no larger than a lady's little finger. Their number, however, is prodigious, there being no less than a million and a half separate pieces used in the blading of the three turbines of the "Victorian."

The sketch on page 242 shows that the Victorian has three screws, the blades of which are considerably smaller than those of the ordinary propeller. The screw shaft has a steam turbine fastened to it at the other end, and the steam, applied directly to the turbine fans, blows the shaft and screws around at an amazing rate.

INVESTMENT INSURANCE—A CRITICISM.

THE present-day applicant for insurance is more than a little bewildered by the multiplicity and complexity of the various plans of insurance presented him by the agent. New plans, more or less attractive, are brought out year by year, and the question naturally arises in the mind of the layman whether the public is benefited by this exercise of ingenuity. Does it obtain better returns from an investment point of view, or is insurance protection afforded it at a cheaper rate?

Since an insurance company cannot equitably benefit one class of policyholders at the expense of another, the answer to that question must decidedly be in the negative. The inference is that since the public receive no benefit under these special forms of policies that is not given under the ordinary life and endowment plans, the agent is the person for whose benefit such wares are offered. If it is easier for him to sell policies where the cost of protection is covered with the sugar-coating of investment—but there, none the less, the insurance companies will continue to issue them, and the original object of insurance, that of protection, either relegated to a "side show" or received by the insured under the happy delusion that it is costing him nothing.

The change first came about with the introduction of the endowment policy, or to give it its accurate nomenclature, the endowment insurance policy. Prior to that time, the ordinary life policy, with its derivative, the limited pay life policy, filled the bill as regards the forms of policies issued. They are "protection" policies, pure and simple, and still flourish in spite of the sneer that under these forms "you die to win." What policy could be more elegant in its simplicity or more accurately fulfill the object of its existence than the Twenty Pay Life, every annual premium guaranteeing one-twentieth of the principal sum insured, and ensuring the payment of all payments due under the policy within a reasonable number of years.

This policy, and, in fact, all life and endowment policies in their modern form, also contain the privilege of what is known as "Instalment Benefits." In accordance with this privilege the sum insured (say $1,000) instead of being paid in one sum, may, at the option of the insured, be paid in annual instalments. For example, it may be paid in twenty annual instalments of $65 each. This is a very useful privilege, and sufficiently answers the purpose where the sum insured is required to be paid in this manner. Many companies, however, in addition to granting this privilege in their ordinary policies, issue a special policy making the sum insured payable in this manner, under such grandiloquent names as "Investment Annuity Bond," "Guaranteed Income Bond," etc. The only difference is that each of the twenty instalments would be for $50, making the total sum payable $1,000. Such a policy would be equal to about $750 of ordinary insurance, and the rates should be in proportion.

The Endowment Policy is the parent of the investment class, and a very desirable parent to such a mixed progeny. The sum assured under this form of contract is payable at the end of a fixed number of years, usually twenty, or at prior death. The contract is a simple one, admits of no ambiguity, and is deservedly popular. An analysis of the policy shows it to consist of two simple component parts, namely, a pure endowment guaranteeing the payment of the sum insured at the end of the endowment term, and a temporary insurance making that sum payable should death occur during that term. In fact, all forms of policies must reduce themselves, on analysis, to the following simple elements:

(a) Temporary or Whole Life Insurance.
(b) Pure Endowment.
(c) Annuity.

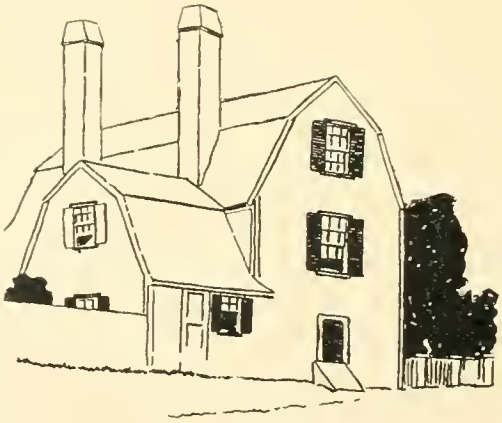
The predominance of one or other of these elements over the others decides the nature of the contract. The greater the pure endowment elements enter into it, the more speculative it becomes, since the insured is paying for something which materializes only in the event of his survival.

An analysis of the modern investment forms of insurance is of interest as showing to what extent the investment feature enters into them, and also how far the promises implied in their long and complicated nomenclatures are carried out. A very attractive-looking policy is issued by at least one company under the name of "The 3 per cent. Guaranteed Compound Interest Gold Bond." The contract guarantees interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on each premium paid, and also that if the interest is left with the company instead of being withdrawn, to compound it at 3½ per cent. per annum. Hence the title. The sum assured is payable in the event of death only, and the premiums are payable for twenty years. At the end of twenty years the guarantees, assuming the assured to withdraw his interest as it becomes due, are precisely the same as in a Twenty Pay Life policy. The average premium at the age of forty-five for such a policy is about $65.90 per $1,000. This amount being paid as the first annual premium, the insured is entitled to withdraw 3 per cent. or $1.98, of it at the end of the year. Or, in other words, instead of paying $65.90 as the second annual

premium, he actually pays $65.90 less $1.98 or $63.92. At the end of the second year he is entitled to withdraw a year's interest on the two premiums paid, or net amount paid for the third annual premium $61.94. Without further analysis it is evident that all this high-sounding policy amounts to is a Twenty Pay Life Policy with a decreasing premium. The insured, instead of paying a level annual premium of $46.95 per $1,000, as he would do under a Twenty Pay Life Policy, buys a similar policy with a more elaborate name with a premium of $65.90, which decreases $1.98 per annum. The return of the 3 per cent. of each premium paid is practically a series of pure endowments, and consequently the speculative element largely enters into the contract. It would appear that the chief attraction to the policy lies in its title.

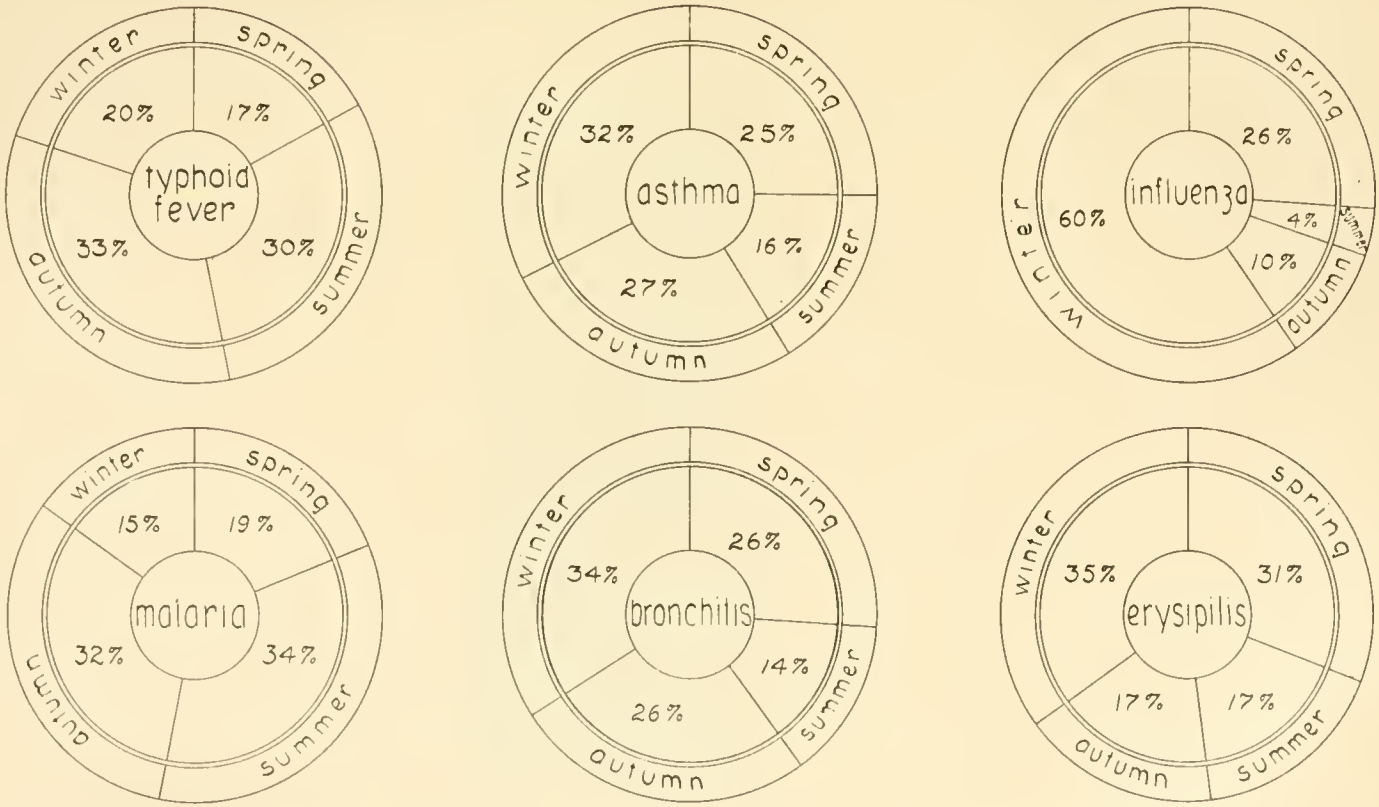
INSURANCE FOR 1904.

THE Government's annual report of life insurance business in Canada for 1904, shows that the total premiums for the year were $19,969,324, an increase of $1,729,059. Canadian companies had $11,959,100, a gain of $1,076,450; British, $1,473,514, an increase of $38,197; and American, $6,536,710, an increase of $614,413. There were 81,053 new policies taken out in Canadian companies, 1,635 in British, and 95,356 in American. The last named show a gain of 967 new policies, as compared with only 71 British and 128 Canadian. Of the net amount in force there was $587,873,767 in force to date, an amount exceeding that of 1904 by $39,430,767. Canadian companies had $364,640,166, a gain of $29,001,226; British, $42,601,715, a gain of $474,355; and American, $180,631,886, a gain of $9,955,086. The claims paid, including matured endowments, aggregated $8,518,839, made up as follows:—Canadian, $4,145,080; American, $3,232,715; British, $1,141,044. American companies show the largest increase in payments in the sum of $669,556. Canadian companies were next, with $365,335, and British third, with $10,589.



Seasons and Mortality. ages 45 and over.

Industrial Experience. 1891-1900.



NOTE _ The 4 segments of each circle shew the proportion of deaths from specified causes during the seasons of the year. For Illustration - Of the mortality from Typhoid Fever 17% of the deaths occured during Spring and 30% during Summer.

The above chart is taken from the splendid exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair

A PROFITABLE VACATION

THE business man is always looking for profits and guarding against losses; even in his vacation he wants to go where he will receive the greatest return in renewed energy, if he feels the ever-increasing strain of business. There are a vast number of men who prefer a change of scenery, a relief from the cares of business in a trip abroad, to the seaside, or a visit to our own charming lakes.

This season a most marvellous exhibition of the remarkable growth and development of the West will be held from June to October at Portland, Oregon. To any Canadian a trip across the Continent, visiting Winnipeg and the growing cities of our own North-West, and seeing the Rockies, stopping briefly to take in the wonderful beauties at Banff and the other charming spots en route, not failing to see Vancouver, Victoria, and the wonders of the Pacific Coast, would be a profitable vacation. Such a vacation, if not too hurried, would give a knowledge of our own country far beyond that obtained by reading. The cost would be much less than a trip abroad, and the benefits to a business man, or to the lover of his own country, would be exceedingly profitable in increased knowledge and improved health.

The Trail and Bridge of Nations, Centennial Exhibition, Portland, Oregon

A brief stay should be made at Portland to visit the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition and Oriental Fair, which will represent an expenditure of $7,500,000, and occupy 402 acres adjoining the principal residential district of Portland, on the gentle slopes and terraces overlooking the Willamette River. Five snow peaks in the distant mountain ranges are in plain view from all parts of the grounds, which are pronounced by competent authorities to be scenically the finest exposition site in the world. Portland is the Rose City of the Pacific North-West: has 140,000 population, and splendid public buildings, a fine harbor and immense shipping to all parts of the world. A large number of conventions will be held during the fair. The American Medical Society will hold, at Portland, the greatest meeting of medical men ever held west of the Rocky Mountains. About 2,000 will be in session. Other societies and organizations meeting there are The National Irrigation Congress, The International Anti-cigarette League, The American Library Association, The Order of Railway Conductors and The National W. C. T. U. The Pacific Coast Singing Society, composed of Norwegians, will bring 350 singers to the Fair. The Dental Congress will have its convention during the Fair, and will be over 500 strong.

These are but a few of the thirty-five organizations which will meet at Portland during the Fair, and their various sessions will add interest to the visitors.

Amusements there will be in plenty, and many delightful side trips can be made from Portland at small cost.

To the visitor from Ontario the change of scenery to the Pacific Coast will indeed be of interest; the big trees, pansies as big as sun flowers, the newness of everything, and the progressive spirit of the people will be commented upon for months after the return. The climate of the Pacific Coast is delightful.

There are a number of reasons why a profitable vacation can be spent in a transcontinental trip this summer. For information regarding rates, etc., write ROBERT KERR, Passenger Traffic Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal.

The

NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1905

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THE
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OF CANADA

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THE NATION'S PROGRESS

THE fact of greatest interest in Canada to-day is that the country is filling up. The people are coming: gradually the vacant places are being occupied, and year by year the blanks on the map are being reduced. That means much to Canada. It means national progress and the infusion of new life; it means the addition of capable wealth producers; it means the possibility of more numerous and more daring enterprises.

We know by this time, with at least a fair degree of accuracy, the proportions and industrial capabilities of our country; and every intelligent Canadian also knows that hitherto our great national drawbacks have been the lack of people and the lack of capital. In both respects Canada is now gaining ground, with every reason to believe that the day of her fullness is coming.

Space is given in this issue to various phases of the immigration movement, in recognition of its national importance. During the spring months immigration has been one of the live topics of interest, and the arrival of thousands and their passage through to the West have been announced almost daily. To have seen the immigration ships embarking, and the colonist trains en route, has been, even to the average Canadian, a tangible prophecy of the future. Naturally the question arises: will all these people make good Canadians? Will they prove adaptable material for new citizens? And which of them will most likely prove the best?

There is little ground of fear but that the new arrivals will speedily adapt themselves to the conditions of their new home. Those who have already come and settled have done so, and in most cases are now proud to call themselves Canadians. The most irreconcilable have been the Doukhobors, but even they are now settling down to reasonable quiet and industry. It is hardly necessary to point out that some peoples are much more readily adaptable than others. First in this scale are the immigrants from the United States, who in most cases are already familiar with Western conditions, and who at once fall in line with the requirements of pioneer settlement. Very rarely is there evidence of the Americanizing influences that were so much feared at one time; the man who comes to Canada to better his fortunes comes prepared to be a Canadian. Another class of immigrants, however, furnish, perhaps, even better material for future citizens, once they have gained familiarity with the conditions. These are the Swedes, of whom last year something over 2,000 came to Canada, and of whom we have room for more. The Swede is essentially a worker, a creator and producer, and being of industrious habits he has the making of a good citizen. So far the Swedish-Canadian has proved an altogether desirable type.

INFLUX OF SETTLERS

THE facts and figures of the immigration to Canada fully bear out the impressions gained from the occasional reports. For the

nine months ending with March last the total arrivals were 76,120, a net increase of 6,614 over the same time last year. There were 50,880 by ocean ports, making an increase of 8,061 over the same nine months last year, and 25,240 from the United States.

An interesting idea of the division of races and the remarkably cosmopolitan character of the immigration is given in the official statistics of last year's arrivals, as published in the report for 1904. The immigrants thus classified were all declared settlers.

British		
English and Welsh	36,694	
Scotch	10,552	
Irish	3,128	
		50,374
Continental		
African, South	21	
Australian	58	
Austrian	516	
Bohemian	91	
Buckowinian	1,578	
Croatian	16	
Galician	7,729	
Hungarian	1,091	
Slovak	116	
Belgian	858	
Brazilian	2	
Bulgarian	14	
Dutch	169	
French	1,534	
German	2,966	
Prussian	11	
Saxon	8	
West Indian	52	
Bermudian	3	
Greek	191	
Hebrew	3,727	
Italian	4,445	
Newfoundland	519	
New Zealand	23	
Polish	669	
Persian	5	
Roumanian	619	
Russian	1,955	
Finns	845	
Mennonites	11	
Spanish	5	
Swiss	128	
Servian	10	
Danish	417	
Icelandic	396	
Swedish	2,151	
Norwegian	1,239	
Turks	29	
Armenians	81	
Assyrian	22	
Egyptian	9	
Syrian	347	
Arabian	58	
		34,728
United States		
United States		45,229
		130,331

THE TEMISKAMING RAILWAY

MR. Whitney's government will continue the policy of building the Temiskaming railway by a commission. Instead of five members, however, the new commission has been made a body of three only, with a trained expert at its head in the person of Mr. C. B. Smith. Under the control of this commission the construction of the road is being rapidly pushed forward, and arrangements have been made for financing it for another half year. The loan of $6,000,000, placed by the late government in London, and which fell due on May 1, has been renewed for an additional six months on satisfactory terms.

Some prominence has been given to a report that the commission is considering the practicability of operating the road by electricity. It is stated that an estimate of the cost of such an undertaking for the first hundred miles from North Bay, has been made, and that the figure is $500,000. While it is not at all likely that the Government will authorize an expenditure of such an amount at present, it is the opinion of some of the cabinet members, as it is of the commissioners, that the use of electric motive power would ultimately mean a great saving in operating expenses. There seems to be no doubt in the railway world that the trains of the future are to be run by electricity, and it would be in keeping with Ontario progress if the first experiment of this kind in Canada were made on the government-owned Temiskaming road.

CANADIAN SHIPBUILDING

THE Dominion Government was recently asked by a delegation of business men interested in shipbuilding for a bounty of six dollars per gross ton on the boats built during the next ten years. They claimed that a Canadian shipbuilding industry was not possible without some such encouragement, on account of foreign competition, for under the Merchants' Shipping Act all British-built ships are entitled to enter Canada duty free. The delegation further claimed that if this temporary encouragement were given, Canada would in ten years' time be building fifty thousand tons of shipping annually.

Facilities for steel ship building in this country are of the best.

Signs are not lacking that Canadian ship building is even now becoming more active, as, for instance, the formation of a million dollar company at Collingwood, the increasing operations on Lakes Ontario and Erie, and the reported negotiations for steel shipyards in Nova Scotia.

On the lakes the most active operations are at present on the American side. Twenty-five freighters are now building, to have an average carrying capacity of 9,063 tons each, Twenty-two of these are for the carrying of iron ore. Larger ships than formerly are now in favor, for but two years ago the average capacity was only 4,812 tons, and now nearly doubled. There should be similar activity on the Canadian side of the lakes, and if a bounty will give the encouragement needed there is good reason for its being granted.

RIDER HAGGARD'S VISIT

EXPERIMENTS in colonization still continue to be announced. Separate colonies are not encouraged in Canada, and the general tendency of settlement life is to break down racial divisions and mix the people together. But naturally immigrants of any one race, on first arriving, seek a place where they can settle as a colony by themselves. There are Swedish, Welsh, German, Doukhobor, Mormon, and other colonies in the Canadian West, and even the English have attempted the same community system, as witness the Barr colony. One of the most recent experiments along this line is the immigration scheme of the Salvation Army, already referred to in these pages.

The British government very recently sent the well-known writer, Rider Haggard, to investigate the charges under which the Salvation Army particularly is carrying on its immigration work and how it proposes to settle its colonists in Canada. Mr. Haggard was convinced of the excellence of those plans, and while he was not at liberty to announce the results of his investigations, he stated, before returning to England in April, that he hoped to propose a plan to the government by which Canada would secure a still larger influx of Anglo-Saxon settlers. He believed that before long there would be an enormous competition for immigration and that the time was coming when the most desirable classes would be bid for.

Mr. Haggard was also impressed with the advantages of Canada as a field for settlement. Like most other oversea visitors, he liked the country, and he saw here a solution of the problem of England's overcrowded cities. His message was "back to the land." But one-seventh of England's population, he says, is living on the land, and matters are very little better in the United States; people are herding in the cities. Canada provides a way of escape, and it is his hope that by means of the Salvation Army schemes or others, an increasing multitude will be attracted hither. And Canada wants them.

BUSY WORKERS, FEW SOLDIERS

A significant evidence of good times in Ontario is the fact that considerable difficulty was encountered in enlisting men for the permanent corps to be settled in the Halifax and Esquimalt garrisons. The time was when fifteen dollars a month, improved rations, and the glory of a soldier's life would have attracted hundreds of young men, and the lists would have filled up quickly. But nowadays there is abundant work and good wages in any part of Ontario, and the Government's offer goes at a discount. The average young man with a taste for adventure probably has, at some time or other, an inclination towards the soldierly life, but not to such an extent that he will abandon for it the trade or craft in which he is already winning success. Canada is a land for workers; soldiers may be necessary, but the first instinct and need is for work.

THE DOMINION OBSERVATORY

A NATIONAL astronomical observatory has been opened in Ottawa, on the grounds of the Experimental Farm. It is a two-story building, with a revolving dome, and cost $125,000, being fitted with the finest and newest appliances. Its telescope, with a 15-inch lens and a maximum magnifying capacity of fifteen hundred times, is the largest in Canada.

The observatory is intended to be to Canada what Greenwich is to Great Britain,

and Paris to France, the initial meridian to which all future longitude in Canada will be referred. One of the immediate practical functions of the directory will be the exact determination of the positions of various points throughout the Dominion to which the various surveys conducted by the Dominion staffs may be joined and the whole Dominion scientifically delineated, a work which is said to be much needed.

IMPROVING THE OTTAWA

HISTORIC in its interest and for centuries a travelled highway, the Ottawa river is still a neglected water. Some of its power has been developed, but its water supply is uncontrolled, and the result is that at times there is a flood and at other times so low a level that navigation is difficult. The Capital is also in grave danger every winter of a water famine.

As a remedy, an Ottawa river improvement scheme has been proposed, which involves neither engineering difficulties nor, in view of its benefits, a heavy expense. The lakes which supply the river have already been surveyed, and the plan is to control their head waters by a series of four dams, thus maintaining a practically constant level in the river at all seasons. These dams will be built at the foot of the Temiskaming and Kippewa Lakes, the Cass Expanse, and Barriere River, and it is thought that $160,000 will cover the cost. The industrial interests of the entire Ottawa Valley are concerned in this scheme and look to the government for relief.

NORTHWARD IN QUEBEC

OLD Quebec is having its day of progress too. In that province, not west, but north, is the source of future hope, the industries and resources of the eastern coast having practically reached their height. But an immense northland dominates the map of Quebec, reaching to James Bay and the wilderness territory of Ungava. Much of this country is rich in virgin resources and gives promise of as great importance as the northland of Ontario.

As yet, however, northern Quebec is commercially inaccessible and its wealth of mine and forest is to that extent valueless. The announcement therefore that the Lake St. John Railway is to be extended to James Bay has been hailed with great welcome. The extension from Roberval, the present terminus, will be about four hundred miles long, and the necessary capital for the enterprise, $10,000,000, has been secured in England. In the opinion of Mr. J. S. Scott, the manager of the road, the opening up of the northern territory, through which the extended line will pass, will be worth thirty-five million dollars to Quebec province.

PROGRESS AMONG OUR INDIANS

IT is pleasing to know that even the Indians are sharing in Canada's general prosperity. The red man is a fact that we must reckon with, and his affairs have rightly been made the care of a special department. The general impression that the Canadian Indians are decreasing is not borne out by the figures, which show that while at Confederation time they numbered 80,000, their present population is 108,000. Nor is it any longer necessary to speak of the "poor Indians," for these Canadian red-men have property valued at more than $24,000,000, and earn each year an income of $4,000,000. A trust fund held by the government, being chiefly the proceeds of sales of Indian lands, now amounts to over $4,000,000. The rights of the Indian to his land are absolutely safeguarded by the Indian Act, and not a foot can be sold without permission of the Department.

There is also an educational policy for the Indians. Some 225 day schools, distributed all over the Dominion, have been provided for them, and in addition forty-six boarding schools and twenty-four industrial schools for manual training. The Indian is still a national word and still a problem, but the various institutions for his betterment are bringing him an encouraging measure of prosperity.

THE COUNTRY OF THE FUTURE

CANADA is by this time accustomed to compliments. Things fair and unfair are being said about us just according to the measure of acquaintance which the critic has with the country. As a very good example of much in little, may be quoted the impres-

sions of a visitor from England, Mr. Joseph Sutherland, of Bilston, who is reported as saying:

"I have travelled four thousand miles over Canadian soil. I have been in the bush and on the prairie, and I have come to the conclusion that Canada is the country of the future: I know of none greater. Her mineral resources alone make her the richest country in the world. This is not mere conjecture; I have arrived at this conclusion after a fair investigation in several parts of the country and a thorough study of the reports of the Dominion Government's Geological Survey Department and an inspection of the ores to be seen in the collection at Ottawa. The resources of Canada are such as to make her a Britain, France, Spain and Russia, all in one. She possesses the iron of Britain, the fruit and salubrious climate of France, the rich minerals of Spain, and wheat fields that rival the best in Russia."

ANOTHER EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH

BECAUSE of the new importance attaching to Hudson Bay, the Canadian Government is continuing its exploratory work along the coast of the great inland sea and has arranged another expedition. This will leave early in June, the earliest date yet attempted for the North, and will be in charge of Mr. A. P. Low, an experienced explorer. On arriving in Hudson Bay, Mr. Low's expedition will relieve the Arctic, which has wintered there in command of Captain Bernier and Major Moodie, of the Mounted Police.

A division is to be made in the patrol of the North. Hereafter the police, under Major Moodie, will confine their work to the shores of Hudson Bay, while the Marine Department will look after the foreign whalers and Canada's interests generally in the Arctic archipelago. One of the main purposes of these expeditions to the North is to prove the feasibility of navigation in Hudson Bay. So far the investigations show that the Bay is open for ships for at least a third of the year, from early June till late in October.

CHAMBERLAIN AND CANADA

MR. Chamberlain's interest in Canada is unabated. He is still desirous of closer relations between England and the colonies, and in the advocacy of his preferential policy he and his supporters have had considerably to say about Canadian loyalty. The sum total of these campaign remarks is not at all flattering to Canada, since while recognizing its importance they seem to place its national spirit upon an entirely commercial basis. Mr. Chamberlain himself was thought to see more clearly. In a letter a short time ago to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, he said:

"I have noted with great satisfaction the general patriotic spirit in which the manufacturers of Canada have received the proposals for preferential trade. . . . I have never assumed that Canadian loyalty was dictated by interest; but, in the affairs of this world, sentiment, however strong, is none the worse for being associated with mutual advantage."

Yet in April Mr. Chamberlain was reported as saying at a meeting of the Liberal Unionist Club, that if the President of the United States, who had openly declared that one of his great objects was to connect the United States more closely with Canada, should offer more favorable terms than England it would be "almost too much to expect that Canada woud not turn in that direction. Commenting on this the Ottawa *Free Press* says:

"The inference is that for the sake of a trade advantage or tariff concession Canada would mortgage her birth-right and make possession easy for the mortgagee.

Neither Mr. Chamberlain nor his supporters know Canada or comprehend the sentiment of Canadian nationality or the depth of the roots of nationhood that draw succor from British institutions, or they would not make these reckless assertions or covert insinuations: but neither do those who constitute the audiences they address. If they did, probably little harm would be done. As it is, Canada has some cause for protest at the statements that are uttered, and while allowance may be made for a desire to score a point on an opponent, it should be recognized that the bogey game of colonial dismemberment may be carried too far."

WORLD AFFAIRS

RESTRICTIONS ON JAPANESE

CONSIDERABLE surprise and dissatisfaction has been expressed in England over the action of the British Columbia Government in imposing restrictions on Japanese immigrants. On the eve of prorogation a measure was passed in the House of Assembly restricting such immigration and forbidding the employment of Japanese laborers on public works in the province. It may be granted that British Columbia has the right to make such laws if she wishes, but in the interests of a wider welfare it seems to have been at least a bit premature. The impression in England is that the passage of such a measure by a provincial government was questionable and unfriendly in view of the alliance between Japan and Great Britain.

NEW GOVERNMENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA

THE new constitution for the Transvaal, referred to in our last issue, has been announced. It provides for a progressive assembly, consisting of lieutenant-governor, six to nine official members, and thirty to thirty-five elected members. Every burgher of the late South African republic is entitled to vote for members of the first Volksraad, as well as all white males of British birth occupying premises at an annual rental of not less than $50, or having capital to the value of $500, unless convicted of treason since May 31, 1902, or of murder, unless they have obtained a free pardon. A commission will divide the Transvaal into electoral districts. The debates in the assembly will be carried on in English, but the president of the Volksraad may permit a member to use the Dutch language. Financial measures must be recommended to the Assembly by the governor, and no part of the revenue may be apportioned without his authority.

A PRACTICAL KIND OF EXHIBITING

A NOVEL exhibition is to be held in England next month, near London. It is to be a "cheap cottages exhibition," a primary object of which is to secure the erection of the best £150 sterling cottages, and a first prize of £100 sterling has been definitely offered for this exhibit. The purpose is to teach people how to erect houses for isolated dwelling such as would be serviceable in rural districts. Subsidiary to the main exhibition of cheap cottages, it is proposed to have exhibits of photographs of cottages from all parts of the world, and garden city views.

There will be a number of Canadian exhibits, and in a communication to the Dominion Government the committee expresses the opinion that participation in the competition would help to introduce wooden buildings in England such as we have in Canada and thus increase the demand there for Canadian timber.

NEW CITIZENS ACROSS THE LINE

IN 1904 the recorded immigration into the United States was 812,870. The arrival of immigrants this year bids fair to exceed even that immense total, the spring rush having been unprecedented. In one day in April 10,000 landed in New York, and in twenty-two days 18,000 Italians alone were entered. The class of immigrants is much the same as in former years, but distinctly less desirable than those coming to Canada. The percentage of Hungarian immigration is showing a remarkable increase, as also the Italians and Russian Jews. Thus the problem facing the United States of forming its foreign hordes into a united citizenhood is yearly increasing, without the favorable prospects that we have in Canada. Yet they will all in time be absorbed.

THE SPREAD OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

OUTSIDE of Great Britain, the United States and Canada, three-fourths of all the railways in the world are to-day under public ownership, and forty-two out of fifty two nations have adopted this system in whole or in part. In the United States the statistics show that water-works are generally owned by municipalities, and that the proportion is increasing; that few electric lighting plants in cities and a large number in smaller towns are publicly owned, but that while the number of public plants tends to

increase, the proportion of private plants does not increase; that in the supplying of gas and transportation American cities have done practically nothing.

The spread of the public ownership idea among men of weight and among the leading newspapers is one of the most striking signs of the times. The trend of legislation is also in that direction. As yet the greatest progress has been made in Great Britain and in nearly every case the municipal experiments have been successful.

THE LONELY CHIEF

THE towering Rockies stretched like a band of blue across the western sky. The waters of a winding river splashed against its banks. The canvas of ragged tepees flapped in the autumn wind and a score of half-starved huskies baked in the morning sunshine.

Red John, the Chief of the Indian camp, sat on an old whiskey keg, puffing away at his long clay pipe. His straight black hair fringed a keen, weather-beaten face. The savage warrior had fallen from his tower of strength—his spirit was broken. The Chief, half unconsciously, had been weeping, and a mouse-colored setter, with that instinct common to his kind, was extending his sympathy by licking the bony hand of his master.

In the distance, a group of Indians were revelling in a war dance, and their lusty yells were borne in on the cool breeze to the ears of the husband of Chipeta, whose death-dirge they were chanting. Red John stroked the rugged back of Timber, the dog, and gazed out on the prairie. The trail that pointed to the east lay like a straight line before him. He wondered whither it would lead him, were he to follow it—on and on, beyond the borderland. It might guide him into a realm of relief. He would go. When the night had fallen and the earth was still, he would go.

What lay at the farthest end of that line that pointed like a slender thread, into seeming Nothingness?

Had someone come to tell him? A white man rode up from that outside world. His sturdy chestnut snorted impatiently and galloped toward the camp, as he recognized other songs than those sung by the few wild birds of the prairie.

The white man drew up and dismounted, and the Indian rose to meet him.

The roars of the revellers on the ridge grew louder; the noon-day sun rose high in the heavens, and the man from the east and the Chief of the Mohawks were silent.

Red John pondered; he wondered if his guest had been sent by the Spirits, to tell him of life beyond the Indian trail.

The white man lingered; he held a warrant for the Chief's arrest. The charge was one of cruelty to the tribes. The law's representative had travelled in a wrap of discontent and had come face to face with Sorrow—such sorrow as he of the cultured east had never known—and he paused, appalled.

Knowing not of his visitor's mission, Red John smoked on at his old clay pipe and the scent of the forest weed was wafted to the small papoose sleeping on the wolf-skins in the tent that had been Chipeta's. The child stirred. Red John strode across and bent over her. The spell was broken; the voice of nature can soothe a frenzy of despair. The white man gazed at the pair for a moment; then, as if in a dream, slowly moved toward them and grasped the hand of the Indian Chief. Discontent was smothered.

The white man followed the trail back to the east alone. The sapphire hills of the sky were touched with gold as he reached his rambling barracks. Discontent had vanished.

The autumn sunset gleamed with a wondrous glory; the waters rippled on, and the Chief of the Mohawks remained with his tribe in the shadow of the mountains.

MRS. McGUIRE

By MARGARET GRAEME

"COME in an' change yer feet. Shure it's wet they must be."

I looked up through the rain, and encountered the black eyes and rotund figure of Mrs. McGuire standing in the door of her log cabin.

Now popular opinion said, beware of Mrs. McGuire and go not near her dwelling, and for six months I had seduously walked by her door, exchanging only the merest civilities and repelling all efforts of advance. I had been told by those who constituted themselves the custodians of teachers' morals, that her tongue was the terror of the neighborhood, that more than one family had left the place on account of it, and a dark hint was thrown out that a young woman had died in her house, leaving a little child. This same child I now held by the hand, and it needed only a look into the pleading eyes of little Gabriel Foveau, prompted by my own curiosity, to accept the old lady's invitation to enter her house.

She placed me in a chair before a large open fire-place, in which burned a delightful wood fire, and I settled myself comfortably, regardless of all the dark sayings that I had heard.

"Yer stamin' foine," she said, grasping my skirts, which were drying nicely. "Gabriel, honey, ate yer piece and run off to the min."

"Is he your grandson?" I asked.

"Niver a bit ov relation is he to me at all. Ye may have heard plenty, but Miss, our greatest troubles come from bein' misunderstood. The neighbors are agin me, but its not me that'll enlighten them, but I'll tell ye, Miss, for ye same to have some sinse.

"It was in the year ov the rebillion, in thirty-sivin, that we came to Toronto. But what did we know about rebels. Rints were high an' money was scarce, so we wint up Yonge Strate quite into the country, where there were a few houses be the roadside, an' we wint into wan ov them. A Frinch fambly lived next dure, an' their gibber-jabber I cud niver make out.

"There was a slip ov a girl ov them which nearly drove me disthracted wid her pakin' in at me dures an' windows. I let fly the rollin'-pin at her wan day an' after that she kept at a safe distance.

"Well, wan night we were sittin' atin' our supper, when the dure was opened, an' three min came thrampin' in. Wan had a great sword danglin' at his back, an' he goes up to me husband, an' claps his hand on his shoulder, an' arrists him in the Quane's name for a rebel. Och! Merciful goodness. He might well belave Miss, I grabs me rollin'-pin an' laid into thim. But wan ov the schoundrels takes me by the aram an' says, 'Me good woman,' says he, 'Its quite useless to go on this way. There'll nothin' happin yer husband except bein' detained in prison a while, unless something can be proved against him.'

"'It's prison, is it, ye black-mouthed villian. If I had me rollin'-pin I'd smash it for ye. Wid that Mike says to me in a whisper, 'Niver moind, Mary, let's spake aisy wid thim. Know nothin' an' spake aisy is a good advice to follow.' 'Och! Moike, Moike,' says I, 'an' ye to go to yer job in the mornin'; but they off with him betwane thim before another word cud be said.

"Och, hone: I threw me apron over me head an' wid me two childer in me arams, rocked meself to and fro. Prisently I heard the dure open an' there stud that La Belle girl laughin' an' makin' faces at me. May the Lord forgive me, but the murdher was in me heart. I gave wan leap at her an' heavin knows what I would have done had she not off wid a screech into her own dure.

"The nixt mornin', I was givin' me childer a little to ate, for I cud ate nothin' meself, when in comes Moike, wid his face smilin loike a mealy potato. 'Moike'! says I, throwin' down a dish on the floor, 'how did ye manage to escape?'

"'Its all in spakin aisy, Mary,' says he, wid a wink at me. 'I'm dyin' to hear,' says I. 'Well', says he, 'they tuck me down the strate to Toronto wid a few more prisoners,

an' put us in a hall wid a raised platform at the far ind, an' there sat some sodjers an' lyers. By and by my turn comes to go up,' says he, 'an' a man wid a red nose asts me if I was at a matein' held in Hogg's Hollow three nights ago. 'Mebby I was, an' then again, mebby, I wasn't,' says he. 'We want no quibblin' here,' says wan of the lyers. Were at this matein,? 'I was,' says he. 'Who was with you?' says the man. 'Oh! be the powers,' says he, 'there must have been a hundred wid me.' 'What did you hear?' says the man wid the red nose. 'What plans were discussed? Thats what we want to hear.' 'It would take a tin acre field ov paper to write down all that was said, but wan thing, they were talkin about a fambly called Compact a good deal,' says he. 'Ah! now we have it,' said the red-nosed fellow, wid a wink at the others. Now what was said about this family?'

"It wasn't Moike, Miss, that was goin' to hurt the reputation of a good dacent fambly, an' moreover, he wasn't goin' to let them see his ignorance, so he says: 'It's little I have to tell ye about Mr. Compact an' his fambly. The ould gintleman is as good a neighbor as ye cud live near, an' as for Mrs. Compact, she is'—but he niver got no further, Miss, for such a roar of laughin' as they set up. 'How long are ye out from Oirland?' says a big fat man by a table. 'A mather of three weeks,' says Moike. 'Then we may dismiss this case,' says he. 'An' I tell ye, Miss, he wasn't long in leggin' it up Yonge Strate, as far as Tim Harrigan's, where he sted all night.'

"The next spring we came West, an' tuck this farm. About tin years ago, who should buy the farm nixt to us but wan Watson, an' his wife was that same Clara La Belle who lived beside us on Yonge Strate. I know I did them some hurt wid me tongue, but not a finger did I lift to wan ov thim. From the very first, things seemed to go wrong wid thim. Their cattle died an' their crops failed an' I was blamed for it an' I just let them think it. Well, to make matters worse, their eldest girl ran off with a worthless Frinch-Canadian, who was up here visitin' from Montreal. Afther that the wife lost heart an' they went away, and the neighbors blames me for it all.'

"Two years afther Fanny ran away, I was sittin' by me fire knittin. The wind an' snow was makin' a foine stramash of things outside, roarin' loike a stame injine. About eleven o'clock the dogs set up a fearful howl, so I went to the dure, an' there I found a woman an' a little child. 'Be the saints above,' says I, 'What are ye doin' here? Come in out o' this.' I brought her to the fire, cold an' wet through, an' if ye'll belave me, there stood Fanny Watson, the same that married that spalpeen ov a Foveau.'

"'Where is father and mother?' says she. 'What have ye done wid them?' 'They moved away over a year ago,' says I. 'Didn't ye know?' 'No,' says she, 'I've been in Montreal. They niver wrote to me afther I left. I've had a hard time. Kill me if ye loike, Mrs. McGuire, only don't hurt little Gabriel.' 'Ye poor thing,' says I, an' the tears were stramin' down me face. 'Its me that'll take care of ye, honey, I'm not so bad as that.'

"'Well, Miss, the long an' the short of it was, she was dyin' through neglect of that schamp of a Frinchman, an' exposure, her life wint out in two weeks, an' with her last breath she gave me little Gabriel. An' I'll kape him, Miss, as long as I live, the little darlint.'

"Oh,' yis I found out where the Watsons wint, but they are as poor and shiftless as iver, an' quite content to let me kape the boy. An' now, Miss, it's you that knows. Don't you think that I am atoning every day for the murder that was in me heart?.'

I came away from the log-cabin feeling cheered for my work. I had been in the presence of a woman with a noble heart.

THE COURTING OF SILAS AND ABNER

By R. M. JOHNSTONE

SILAS Marns and Abner Smoot were what came in their backwoods neighbor's estimation the nearest in approximation to Damon and Pythias they ever knew of. They were both bachelors, and they spent their idle time together in a ramshackle old log house, which did duty for a home when they were not breaking ground on their farms or on the ramp for furs and game. Marns was a sturdy, red-bearded Irishman, Smoot, on the other hand, was an expatiated Yankee, who seemed to have preferred the atmosphere of British soil to the great free land to the south. After their rough pioneer fashion, Silas and Abner were so close friends as to be practically inseparables. They worked invariably in company, farming, and clearing up their adjoining lots in summer and ranged the woods together in fall and winter with equal zeal for hunting pursuits. Everything they did savored of the happy-go-lucky style of the bachelor backwoodsman. On one subject only had they failed to agree. In common with several other unmarried settlers of Marsh Lake, they had been attracted by the charms of pretty Ruth Hoskins, the acknowledged belle of the settlement, but the right of precedence in her favor had as yet remained undecided between the pair. It happened duly some time in October, 1846, that they proceeded to argue the point to a finish. Abner led off.

"Naouw Silas, I'm a wantin' you to understan' me clear down to hard-pan—you must be arter cornerin' up Ruth right away. Less you do that, you ain't noways sure on gettin' her. I don't 'pear to 'mount to shucks in her regards, and I kaint be courtin' her real arnest 'less you haint in the swim. If ye takes 'er, take 'er naouw. She's far to slick to let any of them other fellows ketch her, an' I don't mean 'em to, eether.

"Now, Abner, da'ont ye be stunt. I be nowheeres beside ye in courtin' of Ruth, tha kens weel, an' tha'll be takin' of 'er, na doot, for I'll be mortal glad mysen. I'm nobbut an owd fool to be thinkin' ov Ruth, fer 'er be a roight good 'un, for sure. So tha's the mon, Abner,—fer, though 'er bean't shut on me, 'er 'll soon be I'll be tellin' ee, tha moost coort 'er rait now or Si Marns a'an't mooch 'wi the gells as oi' knows on."

"Aw, g'wan, Silas! what ya's thinkin' ov to be askin' me to cut ye out fer? Haint ye got more grit in ye than that? Tell ye what, I think a pile of Ruth, but I'm standin' by my pardner every time. I hev to give 'im fust show."

"Ay, Abner, so be oi. Tha's reet theere. Oi'll hev no show wan Abner Smoot be sweet ov a gell. So go on, Abner. Win 'er, for Oi be rait glad to be shut on 'er."

"There ye go again, Si! No use to talk. Ye can make up to 'er, an' ye'll be gettin' 'er yet, shure. Cheer up, pard, I ain't no hunkerslider. Shake, pard! Fer if ye don't get 'er, I'll be on 'er trail directly. But ye must hurry up. I can't wait very long!

Thus adjured, the big, broad-shouldered Yorkshireman allowed a good-humoured grin to traverse the expanse of his tawny red face. His matted red locks and beard oscillated freely with the ensuing good-natured laugh he could not control. The discussion just concluded was perfectly in order, for it was, as they supposed, entirely private, and in no wise disrespectful to the subject of their mutual regard. Neither of them quite fooled the other by their disinterestedness, but the concealed eavesdroppers, who carefully noted their sayings, were correspondingly glad, for in these counter-purposes they read the possible failure of both. Both Silas and Abner wanted to marry Ruth Hoskins rightly enough, for they fairly worshipped her after the rough backwoods fashion. She had given neither of them any encouragement, for there were other admirers who had a far better place in her regard than either of these two bachelor settlers.

Abner Smoot was about twenty-eight. Silas was nearly forty. Ruth was much younger; about twenty-two or three. Her father was a recent settler from England, comparatively poor as far as property went, but still the proud possessor of a numerous family of healthy boys and girls, of whom Ruth was

the eldest. Previous to their leaving their English home, through the kindness of a parochial clergyman, Ruth had secured a fairly good elementary education. She now presided over the district school in a very acceptable manner. During the winter months the attendance included many of the adult community. So self-possessed and resourcefnl was this young lady that the maintenance of discipline was wonderfully successful. None of her admirers were able through dutiful attendance to secure any recognition in the likeness of favor during school hours.

The Marsh Lake settlement had been fairly launched into pioneer activity, and the efforts to transform the primeval wilderness into productive areas of land demanded from the new settlers unceasing toil. There was "slumping," draining and road-building to be done over wide tracts of country in order to gain profitable returns for the homesteading. The difficulties striven against in the early forties were of a far greater nature than any of the clearance operations of to-day, and these precursors of the premier province's present greatness are worthy of vastly greater remembrance than those who are leaving other homes for the wilderness to-day.

In the social relations, the Marsh Lake community wasted but little sentiment. Vital statistics were of no great consequence. In the matters of love-making and marriage they were a trifle off-hand. The need of the day was homes, and the question of compatability of temperament was left to post-nuptial cultivation. In the case of Ruth Hoskins there was one vital exception. She refused the rough and ready proposals of her many admirers, for she had no great desire to become a scullery maid and all round servant. She would wed only upon the guarantee of a thoroughly reciprocal affection. Most of her persistent admirers, although they thought highly of Ruth, were in entire sympathy with the prevailing sentiment. When they found, as they invariably did, that their over-hasty proposals were not acceptable, they exercised no patience, but speedily went elsewhere in search of a ready answer. All the younger men were ambitious to start homes for themselves as speedily as possible. Whatever hardships were in store for them, and these were plentiful, could be borne just as well married as single. Bachelors were, therefore, not over common at Marsh Lake, and rarely of long standing. Therefore, although Ruth Hoskins was much admired and much sought after, she was confronted with a rapidly-diminishing circle of suitors. The avenue was widening for the less favored, and the time was becoming fully ripe for Silas and Abner to actively exercise their rivalry.

The winter set in very early that year, with prospects of deep snows and long-continued frosts. Contrary to their custom, Silas and Abner remained at their cabin, rather than proceeding, as was expected, to their winter hunting-grounds. The days were busy enough, owing to logging-bees and wood-cutting, but the long nights were dreary enough in the new settlement. Stale and musty literature read by the flickering light of tallow dips and flaming pine knots soon became nauseously wearisome. Parties became frequent, in which story-telling and dancing, were indulged in with great zest. Abner Smoot excelled in the recital of the wildest Indian yarns and bear stories the people had ever heard of. Silas Marns, in his quaint Yorkshire burr, made their flesh fairly creep by his tales of bogies, ghosts, and gnomes. Both were popular entertainers. In dancing they were easily the best of the whole settlement. It was no difficulty for them, therefore, to court the favor of Ruth Hoskins. Before the new year had well begun both had proposed unsuccessfully no less than four times. And quite unabashed they were still in the field against all comers, and equally good friends as before. But Silas had become far more aggressive

The month of February set in with piercing cold and the already deep snow was frozen firmly. The call for a dance had gone round, when one night the two friends returned from their hunt laden with game and furs. So cold and cheerless was their cabin, that they were thoroughly chilled before a decent fire could be lighted. They were more eager than ever for a house-keeper. So they renewed the discussion once more. It ended as usual, by new determination.

"Oi tell 'ee, Abner, said Silas, "Oi'll be

askin' ov Ruth this night what 'er be thinkin' o' unself, as 'll er not marry Oi, an' 'er wun't Oi be stunt or Oi'll be askin' 'er to marry 'ee, Abner, Oi will. Na, by thunner! Oi'll be pleasen mysen if 'er be takin' ov 'ee.

"All right, Si,' I don't care a button if I do the same. She can't have us both, but as the little book says, we must try, try again. We 'uns is both in the same boat! So, toss up fer first quizz! Heads! Ah! Yours! Go in and win! Talk it up to 'er good an' lively. If you don't get 'er then I'll have a lick at it! Let's get dressed now!"

When the party had fairly started, Ruth found herself again beset by the two suitors. Neither of them, she had already decided, would ever be her choice for a husband. For, unknown to himself, her heart had been won by a manly young Scotch settler, who, although a trifle too bashful to court her openly, had managed to gain her company on several quiet occasions. No proposal as yet had been made. He was present to-night, and although an excellent dancer, had remained aloof and was with the elderly folks only. A rage for contests of various kinds had been prevalent in the surrounding settlement. The spirit of the thing had entered the minds of those present to-night. Various things had been proposed and rejected when, a former admirer of Ruth's, but now a happy benedict jocosely suggested to Ruth a dancing competition, in which her hand would be the prize. With a mischievous smile she readily acquiesced. At once all the unmarried dancers prepared to do their best. Both Silas and Abner were very hopeful when they heard the terms of the proposition, for the big Yorkshireman fairly revelled in the amusement, and in spite of his size he could circle a dancing floor like a feather. Abner was of much lighter build and from his comparative youth far more agile in movement; thus he also was a strong competitor. Two judges were chosen from the more elderly of the settlers present, and the contest began. Half a dozen dancers were promptly ruled out inside of ten minutes, owing to trifling mistakes or ungracefulness. Donald Matheson did not venture into the contest at all. Hardly anyone knew he could dance, and Ruth was careful not to suggest his name. At length the field of contestants narrowed down to Abner and Silas. So close were they in dancing qualities that the judges were unable to decide the winners. Twice already had the two gone through the measure to break the tie, while Donald stood looking on helplessly. The judges were on the point of electing Marns for the winner when Ruth beckoned Matheson to step forward into the dancing circle, and to the music of the fiddles a new competitor proceeded to show a standard of excellence quite unlooked for. Matheson knew well what he was dancing for and he speedily took heart and aided by a silent encouragement from his partner, he held a faultless pace to the finish. The judges and others were not altogether blind to Ruth's unmistakable preference, for he was at once declared the winner, and Ruth, in presence of them, gave her hand to Matheson in token of public betrothal. The feelings of Abner and Silas, while witnessing this, were hardly tranquil or generous to their successful rival. They had neglected their work while dancing attendance on Miss Hoskins for half a winter, and this was their reward. Their consultation at the cabin after their return was none too cheerful, but it was wholly decisive. Said Silas:

"Oi' tell 'ee, Abner, gells are nothin, efter a', an' we uns hae far better shut on 'em. Dun't tha' marry no gells, say oi. Four mysen, Oi'll take a widder—a woman as'll 'ave soom sense—'as 'll nay bai after a young un' loike Matheson—a rale graine un' 'ee be. Marry a widder, say Oi! Wot think 'ee, Abner?"

"Yas siree, Silas, you're talkin' naouw! Gells like Ruth aren't goin' to keep house for us fellers. An' I ain't fer dancin' agin' fer no housekeeper, not ez long az I lives. The hall thing was a plant—an' they're all laffin' at us fellers. We'll better get off on our huut ter morrow an' leave them kiddies to 'emselves. Life be sweet, but 'tain't all dancin,' I kin tell you, an' we kin jist kakilate the vally of them furs we hain't ketched while foolin' round here so long. The widder biz is all right, an' I recen we'll ketch a couple when we're ready. An' we'll let the gells alone. Let's turn in an' ferget the hull kit of 'em."

THE COMING OF THE PEOPLE

By L. M. FORTIER

Chief Clerk of the Immigration Department

FORTY years ago, when the poet-statesman, Thomas D'Arcy McGee was Minister of Immigration, it was considered a subject of congratulation in the annual report to Parliament that in one year 27,084 European immigrants had landed in Canada, 4,303 of whom had declared their intention of remaining in this country—the rest being birds of passage to the United States.

Steamers and sailing ships were both still employed in the passenger traffic between European ports and Canada, the steamers making average passages of twelve days from Liverpool to Quebec, 21 days from London, and 15 1-2 from Glasgow, and the sailing ships averaging 33 1-3 days from the United Kingdom, and 50 2-3 from foreign ports.

Contrast all this with the "floating palaces" and seven-day-passages of to-day, and with the arrival last year at our ocean ports and from across the international boundary of 130,331 *declared settlers*. Winnipeg is closer to Liverpool now than Quebec was at the time referred to, and the comforts of travelling are of course incomparably greater.

TAKING NAMES OF NEW ARRIVALS

Now, as then, however, we get our immigrants largely by advertising. Forty years ago the Canadian Government published a periodical in England, known as the *Canadian Emigration Gazette*, and gave it a wide

READY TO DISEMBARK

circulation through the penny post: to-day various other methods are adopted of disseminating information about the resources of this country. Attractive bills, maps and pictures are hung in schools and public places. School children are supplied with Canadian copy books, "scribblers," and geographies, and their elders have pamphlets and handbooks to read, and Canadian free land advertisements staring them in the face in their daily and weekly papers. Our Government leaves no stone unturned in its endeavors to make Canada and its attractions and capabilities well known to the average Britisher; and the same efforts are put forth in other European countries likely to yield a good class of immigrants. Everywhere the invitation is being sent out to sturdy sons of the soil and their families to come and occupy our vacant lands and enjoy the good things we have to offer them in Canada.

Personal canvassing by agents is also resorted to, and the most successful immigration agent usually has as a necessary qualification a fairly good knowledge of human nature. One of them said to the writer not long ago, in discussing his methods, "I never spend much time on 'the man of the house,'

FOREIGN EMIGRANTS AT ST. JOHN

IMMIGRATION HOSPITAL, SAVARD PARK, QUEBEC

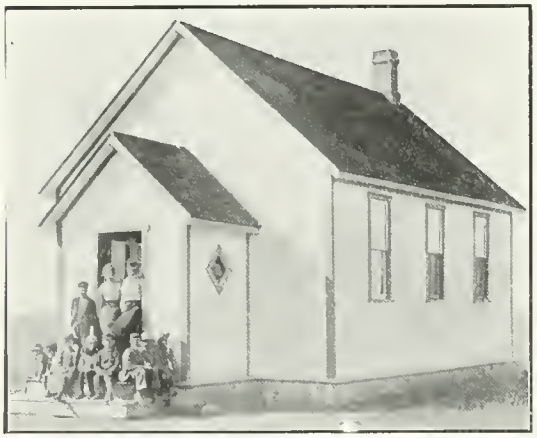
when he comes to talk to me alone: I say to him, 'When may I come and see you and your wife and family at home?' My experience is that if you make a good impression in a family council you make real progress, but if you spend your time converting a married man to the idea of emigrating, ten to one your labor is lost, for after you've got him converted he won't have the courage to broach the subject at home, or if he does, there is such a storm of hostility that all further missionary work in that quarter has to be abandoned for at least a year or two."

Much of the pathos of immigration centres around those family councils. It is hard to decide to sever the "ties that bind;" to give up the old home occupied by the family, perhaps for generations—the old neighbors, friends, and interests. The process of uprooting and transplanting is a painful one, but it is undergone by many a family to the great betterment of their prospects in life; and when the momentous decision has at last been bravely reached, the Canadian agent again steps in and renders assistance in the way of advice on transportation matters, "what to take," etc., besides offering various little attentions which as a rule are gratefully received at such a time. At the port of embarkation the immigrants are met and seen safely on board ship with their belongings; sometimes they are accompanied across the ocean, and on reaching port in Canada they are always welcomed by Government officials, who direct them and see to their comfort in every possible way.

PASSING THE DOCTOR

PRAIRIE SCHOONERS

When fifty or more travel on one train there is an immigration officer to go with them on the railway journey, to attend to their wants and protect them against imposition, and, assuming that they are going to the Northwest, they find officials everywhere to give them useful direction. Comfortable accommodations are maintained by the Government at all distributing points, for the free temporary use of immigrants on their first arrival and for a limited period afterwards while the men are looking for land and deciding where to settle. And so Canada gives no cold and niggardly reception to desirable settlers who seek her shores in response to her invitation. At the same time it is always well to have it understood that we fight shy of criminals and undesirables generally. Canada is not a healthful or inviting country for them to come to, and they are gently but firmly turned back, for their own good and ours.



SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE

The summer port of landing for all oversea immigrants is Quebec, and the winter ports are Halifax and St. John. At these places comfortable and commodious buildings are maintained, in which the immigrants spend the waiting time between landing from the ship and entraining for the railroad journey. The women and children have their own quarters and a matron and assistants to attend to them. If there is sickness, medical aid and comforts are at hand, and if a contagious disease should develop the patient is promptly isolated and attended to. The men look after the baggage, the exchange of money and purchase of provisions, and when all is ready the journey westward by rail is begun, usualy in "colonist" cars, which are clean and provided with facilities for cooking, eating, sleeping and spending the day in comparative comfort. But to spend a little time in a colonist car and witness the scenes there brings forcibly to one's mind Dickens' observations in "*American Notes*" on the immigrants he saw travelling in Canada, concluding with these words: "Looking round upon these people, far from home—weary with travel—and seeing how patiently they nursed and tended their young children: how they consulted over their wants first, then half supplied their own; what gentle ministers of hope and faith the women were; how the men profited by their example; and how very, very seldom even a moment's

BACHELOR SHACK NEAR BRANDON, MAN.

petulance of harsh complaint broke out among them. I felt a stronger love and honor of my kind come glowing on my heart, and wished to God there had been many Atheists in the better part of human nature there, to read this simple lesson in the Book of Life."

Cheerfulness and *camaraderie* mark the progress of the journey to the far inland, helped out by many a practical joke and amusing incident. Only the other day one of the Government travelling agents had great difficulty in dissuading a young fellow from investing some of his small capital in firearms and knives before starting for the West to kill the buffalo, wolves, and other wild animals which his fellow passengers had persuaded him were to be encountered in the streets of Winnipeg. One day an immigrant train was brought to a sudden stop by an alarm from a Galician family that they had lost one of their children, a boy of eight, who had tumbled out of a window. All was interest and excitement, and the parents were loud in their expressions of dismay and grief, but as the train went slowly backward the young hopeful was discovered walking along the track and was finally picked up, quite unhurt, on perceiving which the parents experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling, and gave their offspring a vigorous whipping for the trouble he had caused by his escapade. This feat of tumbling off a train when in motion was performed successfully on another occasion by a little girl who, however, was not immediately missed, and whose recovery necessitated a lot of telegraphing, but when she was at length forwarded on another train and restored to her parents, she had been fitted out with new clothes from head to foot

MAKING A HOME IN THE FAR WEST

by kind people into whose hands she had fallen, and was scarcely recognizable as the same child.

On approaching Winnipeg the other day a party of Scotch immigrants were having their homesick feelings stirred up by singing the old songs and somewhat sentimental speechifying: the women were in tears, and the men were feeling "lumpy about the throat," when a man at the other end of the

A PARTY OF AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS HALTING BY THE WAY

car electrified the company and inspired new hope and cheerfulness by shouting out "What the Di'el are ye dreein aboot? Is't the poverty ye've left ahint? Think o' what's afore ye!"

Arrived at Winnipeg, all go into the Immigration Hall for rest and refreshment, and from there in due time find their own place in the new land. The majority are bent on farming, and those who have means and experience to make an immediate start on their own account are told about vacant lands and helped to a decision upon the momentous question of "where to settle." Others are directed to employment of various kinds and in various directions, and so party succeeds party from day to day.

Two other kinds of immigration have yet to be mentioned: First, there is the American invasion. Last fiscal year 45,000 settlers came across the line by rail and "prairie schooner." These people leave revolvers and bowie knives behind—if they ever had them—cheer the British flag and settle down as peaceably and contentedly as one could desire. Good laws, well administered, and an

(Concluded on page 324.)

PROMINENT MEN OF THE DAY

EARL Grey, Governor-General of Canada, recently paid his first visit to Toronto since his official appointment. On the occasion of a former visit, Earl Grey expressed great enthusiasm over the possibilities of Canada, and his opinion on the subject has not altered. He is a brother-in-law of Lord Minto, the last Governor-General of the Dominion.

CANADIANS feel a pardonable pride in their countryman, Dr. William Osler, who has lately received honors from the old land seldom conferred on men from this continent. Dr. Osler is one of the most talked of men of the day.

CANADIANS can ill-afford to lose men with the push and energy of the late Mr. George Gooderham, of Toronto. The man who knows how to make money is a national benefit, for he not only brings wealth into the country but provides means of a livelihood for a portion of the community.

Mr. Gooderham was probably the wealthiest man in Canada.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE GOODERHAM, OF TORONTO

DR WILLIAM OSLER, ONE OF CANADA'S DISTINGUISHED SONS

EARL GREY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL

A TRUE hero of the North-land is Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, whose recent visit to some of the Canadian cities has awakened public interest in the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, and particularly in the work as carried on in Labrador. Dr. Grenfell went to Labrador from England when the fisher folk of that desolate region were dependent for medical treatment upon the irregular visits of a government doctor. He instituted a new order, and now, during the season of navigation, he sails up and down the coast in all conditions of weather, stopping wherever there is need of healing. In the winter he travels by dog sleigh, going sometimes hundreds of miles to reach a single patient.

No wonder the people love him. This is how Norman Duncan, the writer of Labrador stories, estimates him:

"A robust, hearty Saxon, strong, indefatigable, devoted, jolly; a doctor, a parson by times, something of a sportsman, a master-mariner, a magistrate—the prophet and champion of a people, and a man very much in love with life."

Dr. Grenfell is still a young man and his plans for future work are still widening out. He has recently published a book, "The Harvest of the Sea," which, in the form of a fisherman's story, tells of the perils and adventures, and at the same time of the romance of life in Labrador. He modestly says nothing of himself beyond an account of his mission ship, which, by the way, was the gift of Lord Strathcona.

MONSEIGNEUR SBARRETTI, the special representative of the Pope in Canada, is by reason of recent political developments, one of the men in the forefront of public attention. The appointment of the Papal Delegate to Canada was originally made as a means of securing amicable settlement of certain difficulties between the Roman Catholic following and their Protestant fellow-citizens, particularly in the school question. The present incumbent of the office, despite the unfortunate turn of affairs, is a man of exceptional qualities.

MONSEIGNEUR SBARRETTI

ON NOME'S MAIN STREET

FAMILIAR TYPES IN THE NORTH

ONE of the wonder cities of the New World is Nome, Alaska. Discoveries of rich gold deposits on the beach in 1899 gave it birth, and it has now a population of 12,500, the largest in the Territory. Like Dawson, on the Canadian side, its population is somewhat floating, yet it has many of the conveniences and appearances of modern city life. The accompanying pictures show some of its pioneer aspects.

The natives, the most uncouth Esquimaux, are being civilized by the influx of Americans. Though it will be long before any idea of refined civilization penetrates the minds of these individuals, they are, nevertheless, advancing with the marvellous growth of the city, which is almost phenomenal.

NATIVES OF THE COUNTRY

THE BEACH AT NOME

ENTERTAINING FARMERS AND THEIR FAMILIES AT GUELPH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

EVERY year, in June, the Government of Ontario acts as host, and entertains the farmers of the Province at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. Daily excursions are run during the month from various farming districts throughout the province, taking sometimes as large a number as 3,000 persons a day to Guelph, where the management of the College gives them welcome. With the farmers go their wives and families, for whom the excursion forms a pleasant and not infrequently a much-needed outing.

A free luncheon, of an informal kind, is provided in one of the College buildings, while an address, short and to the point, is made by the Principal or one of his assistants. In the afternoon the excursionists divide into groups, and under the guidance of one of the professors or advanced students, make the rounds of the Experimental Farm, methods of culture, etc., being carefully described as they visit each of the seed-plots.

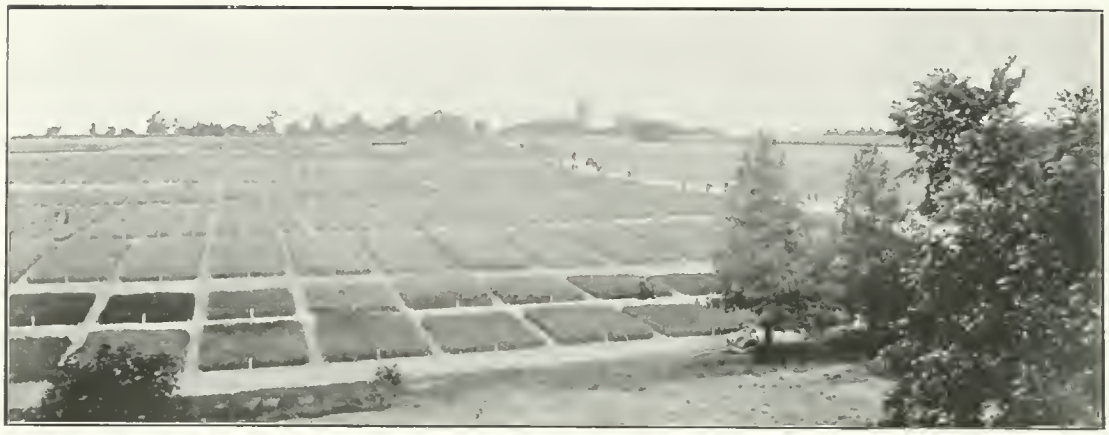
Practical results come from this system, inasmuch as it acquaints our farmers with advanced methods of agriculture and gives them an insight into the workings of one of our most progressive provincial institutions.

* *

CAPITAL COMING TO CANADA

[CARLYLE HERALD]

A GENTLEMAN who has just lately returned from a trip to the Pacific coast states that on his return trip he met a number of capitalists from Indiana who were looking over the country with a view to investing capital in farm lands. They were buying all the land they could get, paying as high as $20 per acre, and they stated that it was only a question of a few years until this land would bring $50 and $60 per acre. Their reason for this belief is the fact that land in the Canadian West which has been purchased by American farmers from $6 to $10 an acre, is yielding them three times as much in return as land in the States which is valued at $50 and $60 an acre will bring them. These gentlemen predict a large influx of settlers from the south during the coming summer, and state that the great majority will come to Eastern Assiniboia and Saskatchewan.



A CANADIAN FARM

INDUSTRIAL STORY OF CANADA

EVIDENCES were given in my last paper to show the extent of our agriculture progress and prosperity. Lest these be thought to be the result only of chance or of a mysterious Providence, or of a preverse, but happily thwarted "American" Tariff, some attention must be given to the true explanation of the great changes herein noted. It will do no harm to pay the tribute of publicity to the quiet, but earnest and patriotic work of the men who have been agents in effecting those changes. The now assured briskness of trade, the increased employment of Canadian labor, the higher wages paid, all depend upon the prosperity of the Canadian farmer and his buying power. It is therefore worth our while to understand the great, comprehensive cause of these fortunate conditions,—scientific agriculture.

Twenty years ago, Canadian farmers were too poor, too obstinately adherent to tradition, and lacked too generally a knowledge of the ways of the busy world and of the advancement of science to merit more than pity. Indeed, it is to be feared he was held in some contempt, but removed since then. They think individually now. They have Thinking Departments in the Dominion and Provincial Administrations. They club together to buy the results of scientific investigation. They give their sons college training in the science of agriculture, and they pay the bills for it all, and call the expense a good investment.

In the time in question, science has taken a firm grip of agriculture, as we may see in the following directions: Changes in the nature of production; the development of stock-breeding; stock-breeding and the production of high-class beef, bacon, mutton and poultry; scientific field agriculture, and the development of our great fruit industry. The agencies which have builded so well in these directions include, besides individual farmers, numerous organizations of the farmers, the agricultural departments of the various governments, and last but very important, those Canadian manufacturing concerns which have supplied so many and such indispensable implements of his calling to the farmer.

Twenty years ago the farmer of Eastern Canada exported most of his grains and hay, to be made into animal products in the United States. They now manufacture them at home, into beef and bacon, cheese and chickens, which bring much more wealth into the country, besides enriching the soil, instead of impoverishing it. The growing of crops, therefore, has become a problem of providing food for whatever stock is kept on the farm. As different kinds of animals require different kinds of food, it will be seen that special knowledge is necessary,

more than formerly. It is important to sow only the best oats—and there are varieties which yield ten bushels or more per acre more than the best known varieties of a few years ago. Similar differences are found between varieties of other plants, and to know all about these alone is a serious matter. Field agriculture includes, however, many other problems. Each plant is found to require special cultivation, special conditions of soil, moisture, special fertilizers, and so on. Only the intelligent, wideawake man is capable. Ignorance or lethargy spells failure. Even the shrewdest must co-operate.

The cattle of twenty years ago were almost universally of one type—the scrub. This nameless variety was made to do duty for both beef and dairy purposes, as occasion demanded. The best it ever did was to found the several nobler lines now so common. Under the influence of scientific breeding, and by the use of pure-blooded sires, the early stock has produced the beef, the cheese and the butter-making animals on whom depends Canada's present prosperity. Now, breeding—scientific breeding—means more than an an assortment of printed pedigrees. Those are only the evidence of long-maintained care in selection and mating of the best with the best, formerly in the Old Country, and latterly in Canada. Breeding is the studied use of the facts of nature—the practice of evolution according to the will of man and for his benefit. That old, rough-visaged, rough-clothed man you see leading the massive Shorthorn into the Exhibition show-ring, is as great in his own quiet way as ever was Darwin. By a choice of the ancestors of that beast he has made perfection still more perfect and used Nature to improve upon Nature.

And so some farmers, wishing dairy cows of the best kind for cheese production, introduced the blood of imported Holsteins or Ayrshires into their herds. Others, seeing an advantage in beef production, "bred up" with Shorthorn, Hereford or Aberdeen-Angus. In consequence, there are now districts of Ontario in which each of these is respectively the prevailing type, and all are money-makers.

But success in stock-raising has, with good breeding, only laid its foundation. Good animals will do their best for the farmer only when he does his best for them, hence, the science of feeding and that of their care

AN EXAMPLE OF CANADIAN AGRICULTURE

generally. Twenty years ago you might see in any country jaunt, odd bunches of gaunt, half-wild steers of three or four years of age. This was the usual age at which beeves were "finished," or put in the stalls to be grain-fed and fattened. In their fretful careers up to that time, they had absorbed enough good food to have fattened them twice over had it been given in the right quantity at the right time and in the right form. But when beef-making became a serious business, the allotted span of a steer's life was shortened to two years or even less. If you visit a farm nowadays, you will find a clean, comfortable stable filled with fat, lazy, contented youngsters, who, being good, die young and bring high prices. As the beef breeds are specialists in rapid growth as well as in covering themselves quickly all over with good tender meat, said youngsters are larger at their demise than you might think. This is the doctrine of "Baby Beef." It was well explained by a farmer: "Git all the weight ye kin, soon 's ye kin; it takes a heep o' fodder to jist keep a critter alive, and young uns grow the fastest."

To produce baby beef, the essence of good feeding consists of giving them all they will eat of such foods as will build up bone and muscle, and, towards the last, such as will form fat. Science has determined with exactitude what proportions of such foods are necessary at various ages, and what foods are the best for each desired effect. Farmers who never heard of Toronto University will talk intelligently of nutritive ratios, carbohydrates, the percentages of proteids in corn, wheat or barley, and other interesting mysteries to the townsman. In their barns you will find weighing apparatus, which are used as often as the pitchfork, and as carefully as their medicine for the "rheumatiz." Of such are the reasons for the fact that the Ontario farmer's average income has increased by over $200 in the last six years.

The development of the cheese industry has been even more remarkable, and owes as much to science. Along with the development of the desired type of cattle has gone the evolution of methods of manufacture—and here, too, science has been busy. From an article, home-made by a few farmers, and none too well made at that, cheese has become the chief item of export, and Ontario alone makes more than half of Britain's supply. Every rural district has its cheese factory, and in most of them you will find graduates of government training schools manipulating a curd-cutter, measuring grammes of rennet, testing for percentages of butter-fat, or annihilating the ubiquitous bacillus. In no branch of agriculture is scientific training

FARMERS AND THEIR WIVES AT ONE OF THE EXPERIMENTAL FARMS

DINNER IN THE WHEAT FIELD

more necessary. Indeed, one wonders how cheese-making was discovered without the aid of chemical knowledge. As for good cheese, so many are the enemies of purity and good quality among the germ fraternity, one must be armed with all the force of the law—of bacteriological science—before one can hope to make even passable cheese unmolested. The loss of hundreds of dollars worth may arise from a trivial carelessness. A net gain over the province of thousands has resulted from a single minor improvement in method, following increased knowledge. The significant feature of the cheese industry, however, is the wide-spread system of co-operation under which it is carried on. The farmers have in this respect, at least, hit on the keynote of highest success.

How many town dwellers know anything of the way in which is made the butter they eat? Most will have noticed, nevertheless, a remarkable improvement in the quality of the marketed article within the past few years. We have all heard of the ideal milk-maid, with her ideal snowy apron and cap, and have imagined her making ideal butter beside the ideal bubbling spring. It has been said, however, that the scarcity of such maidens has had something to do with the plentitude of inferior butter. Twenty years ago, and even more recently, butter-making was a peculiar art. The farmer's wife, true to tradition, milked the cows without taking thought to dirt adhering to udder or flank, and blissfully ignorant of the then uncounted odd billions of colon bacilli which floated in the air of stable or yard. When drawn, the milk was set, in summer in the cellar among decaying turnips and tubers; in winter in the small, unventilated bedroom, and there left it for two or three days in shallow, open pans. We are unanimously shocked in this enlightened age at such a revelation: in those times we ate the butter without asking questions.

Nowadays, thanks to science and invention, the cream is separated by a centrifugal machine costing the price of many cows and made as carefully as a watch. It is kept well covered, in a clean place, while a pure "culture" of lactic acid bacilli works the proper changes preparatory to churning. The skim-milk is fed, still warm from the cow, to lusty

CANADIAN MUTTON

calf or bacon-making porker. And all the while the process has been clean and wholesome, from the feeding the cows to selling the butter. A wide variety of science is represented, from the choice of foods to the regulation of temperatures. It costs more than the old way, but the consumer prefers it—the butter is fit to eat.

It is significant that the best cream separators, like everything else, are made in Canada. According to careful tests made at the Agricultural College at Guelph, the easiest and most economical of operation was the National, made in that city by Canadian labor and enterprise, and yet, a dozen or so "American" machines have duty-free entry into the small market our farmers provide. What they cannot accomplish by the merits of their article they do by the well-known method of dumping. It is evident that there is yet something to be done to protect both our manufacturing and farming interests.

A REAPING SCENE IN THE WEST

Perhaps the most striking example of the possibilities of scientific breeding lies in the fact that within the past ten years the type of the Canadian hog has been entirely altered. Until then, such as were not of the "razor-backed" sort, to be found roaming the woods in search of beechnuts, were of the "fat hog" variety. These are still favored by the Yankee farmer. To them margarine, lard, and cheap "salt pork" owe their source, and the price they bring is much less than that obtained by the Canadian bacon hog. This animal is long, thin-looking, and, when fed properly, makes "a streak o' fat and a streak o' lean," which the Britisher likes to see on his breakfast table every morning. Our bacon export has increased at the rate of a million dollars a year for ten years. That is the result of scientific breeding and feeding. At St. Louis Exposition the four Canadian exhibitors won three premier championships.

At the same Exposition, Canadian poultry won most of the total money in the classes entered. In poultry, indeed, the Canadian is ahead, as is everything else, and secures the highest prices on the Boston and New York markets for his various products. The feeding of fowls is no less a science than in the case of other farm stock, and in these days is the most important matter of all. So, instead of allowing the "hens" to run freely about the barnyard and over the well-curb, seeking what they may devour, the farmer gives them carefully designed quarters, comfortable and clean, feeds them regularly such foods as will bring the most and the best results, and in the case of fattening, shuts up the birds in a small crate, where they may do nothing but put on flesh. Again, science, thought, and forethought, change loss to poverty.

Twenty years ago there were, to be sure, frequent orchards to be found in the Eastern Provinces, but experience alone had not then even hinted at the now well-known fruit-growing possibilities of Canada. Science has since then developed in certain areas the successful growth of a wide variety of fruits. Apples are grown all over Canada, although not widely as yet in the prairie country; the apples of Canada are noted for their superior flavor as well as size, and instead of providing only the winter's supply of apple-butter for the family, the orchard now is made to add comfortably to the bank account in addition. Peaches and pears, plums and grapes, are the sole occupation of farmers of wide districts and a considerable item of export. The science of fruit-growing is an intricate one. It includes experimental production of new varieties, methods of cultivation, choice of soils, pruning, the knowledge of and war against the thousands of insects and bacterial foes which threaten the whole industry per-

petually, and when the fruit is ripe, the methods of harvesting, packing, shipping, and so on. For instance, when you hear of the San Jose scale, you may know that an insect just big enough to see is threatening to ruin all the fruit trees of the country—but it won't be allowed to do it. When you notice that the fruit growers have come before the Railway Commission, it means that high rates have been eating up the precarious profits of the business.

Such are some of the ways in which scientific agriculture has been making Canada more worthy our pride within the past few years. There are many others, but they cannot all be given space. After all, one can but suggest, in dealing with such a subject. A word now as to some of the agencies by which these things have been accomplished.

Of course, there was a science of farming before the Canadian farmers had heard of it. But the adopted child has done better in Canada than at home. There were no missionaries from abroad to herald its advantages. The start was made among the farmers by themselves. The influence of a few pioneers in the different directions indicated above, was the beginning. Then those who were alive to the advantages of increased knowledge and improved methods, began to combine and to preach the new doctrine of the salvation of agriculture. It has been continued ever since with ever-growing effect. Here and there are men who are wealthy and famous over the continent and in the Old Country. These are the pioneers. They are the prize-winners at the great fairs, the mainstay of all branches of the forward movement.

The organizations formed by the farmers have constantly increased in number and objects. The first was the Agricultural Society in 1792, which is interesting chiefly as the parent of the present Agricultural Department of Ontario, with its numerous auxiliary associations, and as the inspiration for similar Departments and Associations in the Dominion and other Provincial Governments. These have been a matter of steady growth. At present they include the Agricultural Societies, which are local, and hold Fall Fairs for competition in farm products; the Dairymen's Associations, which cover respectively the eastern and western parts of the province, and provide paid instruction to those carrying on the dairy work of the province, and otherwise seek to advance the interests of the farmers in that respect; the different Breeders' Associations, whose object is the improvement of animals by breeding; the Farmers' Institutes, which are local societies of farmers, with a superintendent in common, who is appointed and paid by the Provincial Department in Ontario, and by the Dominion Department in the West; and the Fruit Growers' Associations, which look after the interests of their members wherever co-operation is of use. These are all in receipt of Government assistance, and generally of supervision. By this combination of Governmental direction and private organization, scientific farming is made easy and possible to the poorest. Experts are employed to teach and demonstrate wherever needed, and that at the lowest cost. And for those who wish their sons to have a thorough grounding in the science, there is the Agricultural College at Guelph.

The work directly done by the Agricultural Departments is varied and complex. The most important, perhaps, is that carried on at the Experimental Farms. That for Ontario, for instance, has, in the improvement of oats by breeding new varieties of greater yielding power, more than paid for the total cost of all Government expenditure for every purpose connected with agriculture. Those of the Northwest, in the improvement of wheat varieties, have produced the finest quality in the world. Similarly in determining the best methods of cultivation and other conditions, these experimental stations have been of incalculable value to Canadian agriculture.

It is, however, impossible more than to instance the scope of this subject, and to hope that the reader may have learned, at least, that it is a most important one to the country, and therefore to every Canadian, whatever his own work may be. For the rest, Government reports, newspaper notes, exhibitions and trips into the rural districts may be found more interesting and useful to those who are willing to learn. The story of the science of agriculture is a wonderful one, and it has only begun.

THE COMING OF THE PEOPLE

(Continued from page 312)

uncorrupt judiciary are great attractions to them, and "things in general" as they find them, and as they frankly confess, are such a marked improvement upon what they have been accustomed to that they are no advocates of Americanizing Canada.

The other class referred to are the juveniles from British "Homes." The report of the Inspector of British Immigrant Children and Receiving Homes, published by the Interior Department, Ottawa, is interesting reading. We have had a steady stream of immigration from this cource for many years past, and the prejudice against it has gradually died out in the light of experience. Last year a number of Canadians who applied to the Homes for Children to employ or adopt was 16,573, and the number of children actually brought out to meet this demand was 2,204. The children undergo a process of selection and training before being brought to Canada and our Government assures itself that all proposed to be emigrated are physically and mentally fit. Then there is an annual Government inspection, up to the age of 18, to see that both children and employers or foster parents are kept up to the mark. These children, both boys and girls, practically all turn out well. There is, of course, an occasional lapse, but a Departmental enquiry a few years ago established the fact that, taken as a class, they develop a smaller percentage of offenders against the law than do our native-born children. Still, as Mark Twain would say, they are sometimes "very human," as witness the incident of the farmer's daughter whose wedding cake was secretely denuded of its icing by the Barnardo boy in the house, who had a taste for sweets. They are all "Barnardo boys," whether the philanthropic doctor had a hand in bringing them out or no. This one was so well liked that he would readily have been forgiven and taken back into favor even by the chagrined bride, if he had courageously faced the inevitable discovery of his villainy and owned up like a man. But his faith in human magnanimity was so small that he chose instead to run away, and refused all enticements to return.

An article of this kind would be incomplete without some reference to the North-West Mounted Police. Colonizing the North-West would be a very different matter, both for the Department and for the colonists, without the aid of this splendid organization. The country is so thoroughly taken care of by them that their patrol map looks like a spider's web. A sharp lookout is kept for smugglers, horse thieves, criminals, wandering Indians, and such like gentry. Strangers are asked their business; note is taken of settlers' complaints, the state of the crops, and the movement of cattle; strayed horses are looked up and restored to their owners, with every now and then a sharp ride for perhaps one hundred miles or more in pursuit of horse thieves; prairie fires are watched for and put out, if possible; the Indian Reserves are visited, and note taken of the doings there. Each patrol makes a written report, which, with the diary kept at the outpost, is sent in weekly to the Divisional Headquarters. In this way a general supervision is maintained, the police know all the ins and outs of every district, and are in constant touch with the people. All this is trying work, necessitating hard rides in all weathers and much of roughing it.

One of our American settlers, writing to his home paper, says: "The agency of a mounted rural police has been tried in many countries, and here reaches its highest degree of effectiveness. While to European immigrants the use of such a force is familiar, to Americans it is a constant surprise to see how in the wildest and farthest removed districts life and property are guarded and injustice avenged." The writer concludes his interesting letter as follows: "More and more the country where this useful force is found grows in population and wealth, and more and more the people find the advantage of a guardianship as careful as that of a great city. And when the great North-West territory of Canada becomes what it promises to be, one of the greatest, richest and best governed of lands, it will owe much to the work of this efficient and well-planned force."

AN AUTO TRIP IN WESTERN ONTARIO

By CLAUDE SANAGAN

TOURING by auto has not yet reached the stage in Canada that it has in many parts of the United States. This fact may account for a few experiences that seem strange to one going through a populous district of Ontario, the experiences—to be particular—being those gained in an October trip from Windsor to London. The writer was one of a party of three who, with a certain amount of luggage, necessary and unnecessary, filled the two-seated "Matador," as the touring car was called.

When it is said that touring is not as popular in Canada as across the border, it must not be inferred that Canadian roads are not as suitable for such travelling. The roads in Ontario far surpass the roads of any state, according to travellers of experience, and in October they are excellent. Like all other rules, this has its exceptions, as some experiences will show.

A railroad map of Ontario gives a different impression of the direction of London from Windsor. True, there is a road from the latter city that is comparatively straight, but gasoline engines are particular about roads, and the automobilist who knows what he is doing will start out of Windsor for London by going south-east. The road along the north shore of Lake Erie, known as the Ridge Road was followed, and as one passes the oil wells and orchards of Essex into Elgin's and Middlesex's model farm lands, he sees of what Ontario really consists.

Did you ever leave a call for an early hour in a small hotel, and if you did, were you ever called? I always leave the call, but if I really want to rise early I stay up all night to be sure of it. On this late October day on which we left Windsor we managed to wake without assistance; we got up; we took the machine out of a livery stable without arousing the man in charge; we piled in our luggage, and called aloud for some one to come and take our money.

Take no thought of the next meal and where you shall eat it if you go automobiling. The man who says the night before that he will arise at six o'clock in Windsor and eat his breakfast at eight in Leamington may find himself mistaken. When we suggested the possibility of such an event, we suggested it "d.v." In the end it proved the auto wasn't "v," for about four miles out of Windsor it showed that it was unwilling to go on peaceably. There was a knocking. We stopped at the cross-road, where the people were up by this time, and a tavern-keeper let us have a pail of water, for the engine was hot. Some screws had been lost, and the owner improvised something with a stick of wood and a hammer borrowed from a negress who, with another woman, was cooking a meal on a stove in the open air.

It was here that one characteristic, which will be found universal, first manifested itself. It was that of laughing at another's misfortunes. All the time we tried to fix that machine there was a satisfied leer on the countenances of the people gathered around. When we turned to go back to the city their faces actually gleamed with a sense of personal triumph. The pleasure that some people seem to take in the misfortunes of others, such as an automobilist may meet, seems to be very prevalent. In a wish-the-father-of-the-thought kind of way, the passer-by who sees a machine stopped on the road, will invariably ask if it is broken down. Notice his disappointed "Oh" if you tell him that you are just pumpiug up the tires or looking to see if the oil is running all right.

Our party breakfasted at Windsor after all, not leaving the city until nearly noon, and Leamington being reached in time for a late dinner. Some of the road to that place was good, but much was bad. What a farmer called "gravel" had been placed on the middle of the road, but stones seemed to be rarities in this stretch of sand, which was evidently put there by some township seer who thought it would "wear down." Those who had to go over it must have thought the wearing down process a very slow one.

As the machine drew up in the town of Essex for a few moments, it was clearly seen that a crowd can collect in the smallest kind

of a place. Among the wise men that gathered around on this day was a fellow apparently known to the crowd, for they familiarly called him "Alec." He was intoxicated. Having been able to get what suited himself, he thought he could also get what suited the auto's tank, and strange as that may seem, he really suggested gasoline. "This goes by electricity," said some one. "That's my name," said he, between hiccoughs: "Alec Tricity."

From Leamington to Blenheim the road takes one in sight of the lake for miles, and, late in the year as it was, it was beautiful. The orchards in this part of the country were still in leaf and though peaches were past picking, the bright golden quinces shone out in the sun in full autumnal glory. An impression, by the way, that was first felt on this trip was one that was very frequently repeated. When about twenty-two miles west of Blenheim, a farmer walking by, was asked how far it was to Blenheim. "Twenty miles," he said. Within a few rods of him was another man, but his answer was twenty-two miles. The difference of opinion was followed up and the next farmer, who was met a mile farther on, was also asked. He said the distance was seventeen miles, while another said it was twenty miles. In another mile we learned it was twenty-two miles. The problem was given up as more uncertain and less edifying than the question of "How old is Ann?"

It was before Blenheim was reached that an incident occurred from which the hitherto unchristened automobile came out with a name. Coming to a small bridge, we noticed a couple of farmers approaching. They were in charge of a buggy behind which was a big red and white bull, held only by a rope. Seeing the machine coming, they crossed the bridge and attempted to turn along a side road. But as the bull turned he caught sight of the machine puffing away not far down the road. Planting his feet, he eyed the intruder. Pulling did not seem to avail, while the driver was having trouble with his horse. One of the men got out and attempted to make the bull move, but the animal was raging at the sight of the red auto. We decided to seek safety by backing up. The road was too narrow to turn, and the predicament was scarcely inviting to either side. The man holding it was just about ready to give out when his companion, who had by this time tied his horse to a fence, came to the rescue. The two of them managed to pull the bull to one side, where it reared on its hind feet and then put its head down for an attack. There was only one thing to do —risk passing the beast. As we did so, the bull made one more attempt to strike, but he was too late, for the machine was past, with the high speed gear working. It was a narrow escape and should be pointed out as a reason for farmers not to lead bulls along the public highways unless well-shackled and in charge of strong men. Out of that incident was borne the idea of calling the car "The Matador."

And the Matador brought us puffing into Blenheim shortly after six o'clock. It was dark, and before we knew it we ran into an engineer's boards across a closed street. Before leaving the place we stopped in front of the town laundry to get a supply of gasoline. The usual crowd gathered about and it was well shown here that it takes a Salvation Army soldier to recognize opportunities. On the opposite corner the Salvation band was holding forth before a crowd half as big as that around the machine. Then before they could disperse an Army lassie stepped across the road and passed the plate—and went away satisfied.

The road from Blenheim to Ridgetown is a good one, and the distance is only ten miles. The ride on this evening was particularly promising, as the moon was in its full glory. We passed more rigs about this time than during the whole afternoon, but fortunately the horses seemed less afraid than in the daytime. Not far out of Blenheim we met one of those drivers who seem to get more afraid than their horses. In this instance we were going up a slightly-graded but long hill. We had scarcely started up when we disturbed a black pig in the middle of the road. People who think a pig never runs should chase one in an automobile. This pig, like many another we met, could run well, but it was afraid to get off the road. Its course was a perfect scallop, and as it ran in this zig-zag way in the moonlight it was almost weird.

When half way up the hill we noticed a horse and rig stopped. Three women and a man jumped out and the woman started to cross the road. By the way, did you ever notice a hen on the side of the road? Why does it invariably cross? In this case the woman got no farther than the middle of the road when one of them screamed. She had seen the scalloping pig, but could not distinguish what it was. The man evidently did and reassured them, for they got across and up by the fence and the pig made at once for the ladies. They were human, at least, and his pursuer wasn't. By the time the Matador got nearly to the top, the man had so far forgotten himself that he had unhitched the horse and was leading it by. He called to us that he had left the buggy and to look out for it. And as we passed his companions we noticed the swine serene.

It seems to be the fault of so many drivers —they get afraid themselves. The suggestion of fear passes to the horses, causing all the mischief. This man was not the only one who unhitched his horse. The next morning we met a man with a team drawing a hayrack loaded with household goods, and the flustered owner took out his horses and turned them up a lane. Invariably the man who appeared nervous came out the worse, while the man or woman who did not fear anything and held a commanding rein passed by safely.

Some people one meets on the road are not inclined to look favorably upon the intruding auto. Others again are ready to accept it as a necessary evil. Of the latter class we met some who had nervous horses for which even the engine had to be stopped, requiring to be cranked again, and they thinking they might as well get their horses used to it drove the animals up to the machine and the horses were allowed a thorough inspection. These were the kind of people who thanked one for slowing up when passing. Many men will scowl as you pass by. Perhaps they travel in top buggies, which by the way are awkward things, and cannot hear the toot of the horn until they are passed and the horse shies. Perhaps they are even coming towards you and don't see you, like the farmer we met, who kept gazing up at a house he was passing. He did not hear us until yelled at, and then he smiled apologetically. But when it was suggested to him that he seemed interested in the house he took it as a personal affront, judging by the frown.

Fortunately all are not that way. We met one sensible man whose horse was skittish, and we took the time to back up into a lane, as the man had his family with him. He thanked us profusely. Some women we met were even willing to take misfortune nonchalantly. A really remarkable example of this the party met between Ridgetown and Rodney. We had had some exciting experiences crossing and recrossing the M. C. R. and L. E. & D. R. R. tracks, which closely parallel along this road, for a dense mist settled. In the fog it was difficult to see far ahead, and at one lonely spot we came up to within a few yards of a team of horses and phaeton before seeing it. The engine was stopped, for the horses were ugly, but it availed nothing, the horses making a sharp turn, breaking, and attempting to run away. The young man driving them turned them crashing into the fence, the lady with him falling out. While the driver of the Matador ran to assist the man, the writer hastened to the lady, who had quickly arisen. She was an old lady, too, yet when asked if she were hurt she replied that it was nothing and walked over to the machine and addressed the lady in it. But it was no scolding such as might have been expected; in fact, she seemed to forget her troubles, and to the surprise of both of us exclaimed: "Well, this is the first of these things I ever saw; they're certainly a wonderful invention."

It was late at night when we pulled into Rodney, as the fog became worse. The next morning we had a fairly good start and reached Dutton before the first mist raised. And it was over the worst road of the whole journey. From Dutton into London, a distance of thirty-three miles, the finest country in the land is passed through, and to the lover of nature such a trip is ideal. The Canadian autumn can in no way be so much appreciated, and it was almost with regret that at last, after numerous stoppages incidental to this mode of travelling (and which are really fascinating if one has the time) and after meeting many more men of all sorts and conditions, with horses likewise, the Matador reached the city of London.

AN EPISODE OF BOODLEBURGH

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

BOODLEBURGH is not the name by which the city of this story is indicated on the map. It boasts a far more mellifuous designation, that at once reminds you of the days when Indian wigwams perched saucily upon the heights now glorified by magnificent public buildings. But if the redman's legacy be more poetic, the spoilman's nickname is undoubtedly more appropriate.

The interests of Boodleburgh are divided in about equal proportions between what, in the brusque phrase of the street, are known as "sawdust" and "poor-house," the reference being to the vast lumbering industry on the one hand, and to the multitudinous civil service on the other.

The former may be said to be the chief source of those financial supplies without which even the most elegant society cannot long flourish, while the latter, despite its inauspicious sobriquet, may always be relied upon to furnish a legion of well-groomed individuals willing to adorn any social function which may be in need of their services.

It was Percy Melton's ardent ambition to bring about a happy combination of the two interests above mentioned, which he proposed to effect by securing the hand of Miss Lillie Boothson, any question as to whose beauty or accomplishments was wont to be summarily settled by a reference to the magnitude of the paternal bank account.

Percy was a third-class clerk in the Department of Land and Water, and only his tailor and landlady knew how he managed to keep his place "in the swim" on a paltry seven hundred and fifty dollars a year.

His dress suit was irreproachable, his tennis flannels ever spotless and unshrunk, his overcoats were always up to date, and his hats, gloves and boots never hinted at needing re-blocking or cleaning.

To be sure, judging by his conversational powers, he must have been as economical in his expenditure on books as he was liberal in regard to clothes, but with so fine a figure, and ingratiating a manner, what need of intellectual trimmings? His supply of that small-talk which is the current change of society, was as boundless as his store of cash was limited, and with that he made shift to pay his way, keeping a keen eye to windward, however, for the more substantial commodity.

No clerk in the service cherished a keener sense of being unappreciated than did Percy Melton. He wrote a capital hand. He never forgot to leave the "u" in "honour" and "favour," as directed by Order in Council; he could copy an entire document without making a blot or omitting a word, and taking him by and large, so to speak, he gave as much attention to his work between the hours of ten and four (one o'clock on Saturdays) as a junior clerk with so many other things to occupy his mind could be expected to do.

Nevertheless, promotion continued belated, in spite of his best endeavors to mend matters by means of personal appeals backed up by such "influence" as he was able to command.

What made his case particularly hard was the relation it bore to his matrimonial enterprise. Lillie Boothson's father was one of those who failed to see the point of being a millionaire unless, among other advantages, it conferred the privilege of speaking one's mind with a frankness not to be tolerated in people of limited income. So soon, therefore, as it came to his knowledge that Percy's attentions to his daughter admitted of only one interpretation, he sought an interview with him, the object of which was crystallized into his concluding sentence:

"That's just the way it stands, Mr. Melton. No man shall have my daughter with my consent unless he can show a sufficient income to keep her in decent comfort independent from any help from me. Were you a first-class clerk, for instance, your case might be different. As it is, I must ask you to be good enough to discontinue your visits to my house."

Mr. Boothson had a peremptory way of saying things that hopelessly discouraged argument, and bowing low, Percy withdrew with a countenance so crestfallen that the old lumberman was conscious of a qualm of sympathy, which, however, did not betray him into any reconsideration of his decision.

Dark days followed for poor Percy. The story of the summary non-suit enforced upon him by Mr. Boothson soon got abroad, and his many creditors, who had been granting him respite in view of his rumored great expectations, now renewed their requests for "something on account of that little balance," with a degree of importunity that was simply harrowing to his sensitive spirit. In the course of his daily walks his feet, in their shiny tan shoes, somehow or other seemed drawn towards the mighty falls that foamed and roared in immediate vicinity to Mr. Boothson's huge mills, for which they furnished the motive power, and he found himself indulging in mournful speculations as to whether any pang of remorse would reach the hard heart of the mill-owner if the body of the man on whom he had closed his doors were to be found one morning in the eddies at the outlet of his flume.

But the darkest hour, according to all proverbial philosophy, is that which immediately precedes the dawn, and although Percy knew it not, the angel of his deliverance was already winging his way toward him. It fell out in this fashion:

The Assistant-Secretary of the Department of Land and Water unexpectedly resigned his post to accept a more attractive one outside the service, and his place, an eminently desirable one in every respect, stood ready for whoever might be fortunate enough to secure it. More as a matter of form than with any hope of success, Percy sent in his application for the much coveted clerkship. To obtain it would be to remove Mr. Boothson's main objection, and in his day-dreams he did sometimes suffer himself to revel in imagination in the happy consequences of success, though all the time he fully realized that Vivian Iron, who was as good as engaged to the Deputy Minister's daughter, or Tommy Tamsworth, the boon companion of the Minister's eldest son, both of whom were applicants for the post, had infinitely better chances than he.

Now it chanced that just then Parliament met for despatch of business, and the very first proceeding of the "loyal Opposition" was to insist upon an inquiry into a grave scandal alleged to be connected with the bonusing of a certain big railway enterprise, the Minister of the Department of Land and Water being aimed at as the chief wrong-doer in the affair. The Government were forced to yield to the demand. A special committee was appointed, and as the investigation proceeded it became only too evident that the most determined application of the party whip would be needed in order to ensure a majority of the committee consenting to apply such a coat of "whitewash" to the gallant Sir Hippolyte Meron, Minister of Land and Water, as the facts elucidated manifestly rendered necessary, if he were not to be abandoned to the storm of popular indignation already aroused.

The witness whose testimony was anticipated as the most significant of all was a certain Mr. P. B. Handstrong, the chief promoter of the railway in question. He was in the United States when the enquiry began, and much time was lost in locating him and securing his presence. When he did arrive at Boodleburgh, one of the first to call upon him was Percy Melton, for it happened that he was Percy's uncle, and on that account he took a certain amount of interest in the young man.

"Hello! Percy, my lad!" roared out the big promoter, extending towards him a huge fat hand without rising from the arm-chair in which he was enjoying an after-dinner cigar. "How goes it with you? Take a chair, and tell us the news."

There was something so cordial in his uncle's tone and so masterful in his whole appearance that there came into Percy's mind the thought that Mr. Handstrong might somehow or other be of help to him in the present emergency. So he proceeded without delay to open his whole heart to him, his story being listened to with unmistakeable interest.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Mr. Handstrong when he had finished, bringing

his heavy hand down upon his thigh with a startling slap. "So that's the way the land lies. Old Peter Boothson won't have you for a son-in-law unless you're a first-class clerk, eh? Umph! I well remember the day when he piled lumber for a living, and hardly knew enough to keep the count straight. And so you think if you got the Assistant Secretaryship your chances for getting your sweetheart into the bargain would be pretty good? Very well, then. Let me see if I can't help you a bit. Just keep mum now, and don't be too hopeful."

Percy left his uncle that evening with a lightness of heart such as he had not known since his interview with Mr. Boothson, and happening to meet that gentleman on the electric cars he made him so impressive a bow as to set the old man wondering what it could possibly mean, for it certainly had a curious suggestion of significance.

The following morning Mr. Handstrong had a long interview with Sir Hippolyte Meron, of which the only part necessary to this narration ran somewhat as follows:

"By the way, Sir Hippolyte," said the promoter in a studiously casual tone, "You've a nephew of mine in your department, I think?"

Sir Hippolyte set his eye-glass and took a good look at Mr. Handstrong before replying:

"Oh—have I? Was not aware of the honor. His name?"

"Percy Melton, at your service, and a very decent fellow, who hasn't had quite fair play in regard to promotion, according to my way of thinking," responded Mr. Handstrong, bringing his keen eyes to bear upon the Minister in a way that was full of meaning.

Sir Hippolyte glanced out of the window, while his hand toyed nervously with his watch-chain.

"The old story, my dear sir," he said carelessly. "The clerks all think *that*, you know. But of course I shall be most happy to do what I can for your nephew when the opportunity occurs."

"It has arrived. It is here," was the prompt response, "and I am particularly anxious that it should be taken advantage of at once."

A decided frown came over Sir Hippolyte's countenance, and he began to pull at his well-waxed moustache in a way that betokened considerable disturbance, if not vexation of spirit.

"You refer to the Assistant-Secretaryship, I presume?" he said, still looking out of the window.

Mr. Handstrong nodded.

"Oh!" drawled Sir Hippolyte, "I'm very sorry, but it's practically settled already."

Leaning forward, Mr. Handstrong leaned his hand on the Minister's arm, saying:

"Is the appointment made yet, Sir Hippolyte?"

The Minister hesitated. He was strongly tempted to answer in the affirmative, but feared that if he did the promoter would find out the falsehood, so, after an awkward pause, he muttered something about:

"Not actually made, but definitely promised, you know."

Mr. Handstrong slowly extracted from his breast pocket a plethoric wallet bulging out with papers and holding it in one hand, tapped it significantly with the other.

"I believe I go before the committee on Monday," he said, with slow deliberate emphasis and fastening his gaze hard upon Sir Hippolyte. "This is Friday, and to-morrow you have a meeting of council at which the appointment will probably be made on your recommendation. Let us understand one another, Sir Hippolyte. You know that McMillan and Blister, who are conducting the prosecution in this enquiry would give their eyes for a sight of what is in this book. There are letters and telegrams and cheques here of more than ordinary interest at present. Come now, sir, one good turn deserves another. Have my nephew appointed to the Assistant-Secretaryship to-morrow, and this little book will be hard to find on Monday, while my memory will be so bad that I am much mistaken if either Blister or McMillan get any satisfaction out of me. What do you say, Sir Hippolyte?" and leaning back in his chair with a curious twist at the corners of his mouth, Mr. Handstrong awaited an answer.

The Minister was evidently profoundly disturbed. He dropped and replaced his eye-glass, he twisted his moustache until it seemed as if he might pull it out at the roots, he tugged at his watch chain to the imminent risk of breaking a link, and all the time Mr. Handstrong sat quietly watching him with feelings much akin to those of an angler waiting for a big trout to "flurry" himself into readiness for the landing-net.

The upshot of it all was that he left the Minister's presence with a definite pledge that Percy Melton should be appointed to the Assistant-Secretaryship on the following day.

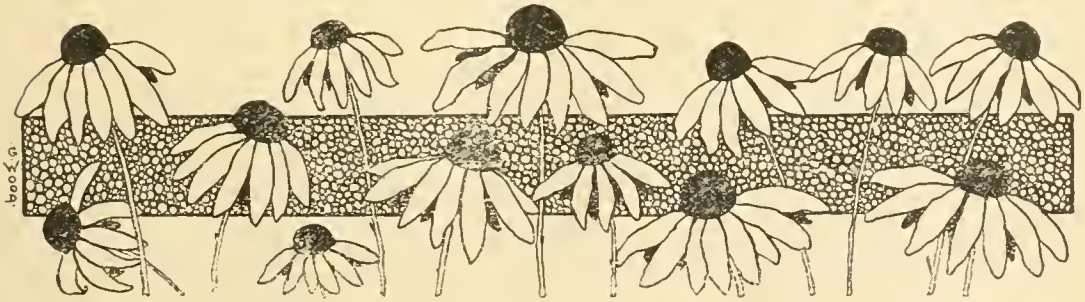
That pledge was duly carried out, and with no less fidelity to *his* promise Mr. Handstrong, during the following week, went on the rack day after day, and while Messrs. Blister and McMillan and their coadjutors plied him with questions fast and furious, showed so wonderful a faculty of forgetting, and so naive an ignorance of all wrong-doing in connection with the railway enterprise, that the inquisitors were fain to give him up in despair and try their hand upon some more fruitful victim.

Percy's promotion made such a sensation that the whole civil service fabric seemed shaken to its centre. He had even the honor of being the subject of a significant question in the House of Commons. But he could afford to smile at it, and to accept serenely the congratulations of his friends. The Order in Council appointing him admitted of no reconsideration, and he took rank as a first-class clerk without having had to serve in the second class at all.

As soon as the matter was settled he presented himself before Mr. Boothson, and reminded him of the terms of his banishment from the millionaire's drawing-room. The old man at first seemed somewhat taken back. As a matter of fact he had dismissed Percy from his mind completely, taking for granted that the condition imposed upon him could not be fulfilled for a good many years at best.

However, he was a man of honor, and he had really nothing against Percy but his impecuniosity, so, giving him his hand, he said, by no means ungraciously:

"Well, well, Mr. Melton. You've taken me at my word, and I'll not go back upon it. You've done the square thing in keeping away from my daughter when I said you must, and if you've got her heart I'll not refuse you her hand. But don't be in a hurry to take her away from me. You're both young enough to wait for a while, and you'll lose nothing by it," and the old man's eyes grew dim for a moment as he turned away to hide his emotion.



THE AMERICAN INVASION

By R. A. BURRISS

THE movement toward Canada of American land-settlers is one of the most remarkable and significant of modern times. Summed up in a sentence, it is a movement towards more fertile and much cheaper lands. "On to Canada" is the cry of an army, the vanguard of which has already moved in the direction of the great North-West. This army, equipped with plowshares and harvesters, is an army of the best farmers whom the greatest agricultural States have produced, and whom these States can ill afford to lose. The Canadian fever has reached them, however, and is spreading rapidly.

Figures show that the country is slowly but surely filling up with a good class of citizens, nearly all of whom go on farms. Last year, companies holding land grants sold land worth over $14,000,000, and comprising 4,229,011 acres. This equals the amount sold in the preceding ten years. There were 32,682 homesteads entered, as compared with 1,857 in 1896. The homestead entries covered 5,021,280 acres of land, and the total land acquired for settlement was 9,387,561 acres. Of last year's total immigration of 128,364 souls, almost one-third came from the United States, as compared with only 26,000 two years before. The indications are that this year not less than 60,000 people will pass from the United States into Canada. The impression prevails in some quarters that a large proportion of these immigrants are returning Canadians, but such is not the case, they being less than one-tenth of the whole. It is estimated that people of American origin now constitute nearly one-third of the population of Western Canada.

From the State of Nebraska alone, during the month of March last year, 262 men, 73 women, and 87 children, bringing with them an estimated capital of $431,250 and eighty cars of settler's effects entered the Canadian North-West. Great increases are taking place all along the line, but the largest is from Minnesota. Next in numbers is North Dakota; Iowa takes third place; then South Dakota and Nebraska. The immigration lists show that every state but Florida was represented in the Canadian contingent during the last fiscal year. Iowa, Kansas and Montana have each sent large quotas of their best citizens to settle in the newer countries to the north of Uncle Sam's domain.

The majority of the colonists are not of the newly arrived European class, but are of the "salt of the earth." They have all been successful farmers in the States, and have been tempted by the high price of land there to dispose of their farms at from $40 to $60 per acre, and to go to the Canadian North-West, where they can take up homesteads of free grant Government lands, or purchase cheap railway property. Having just sold their farms, these settlers are well supplied with money, very few having less than $5,000 in actual cash, while the large majority of them carry in the neighborhood of $10,000 to their new homes. One Nebraska settler who went to Alberta carried a bank account of $112,000. The sum taken from Nebraska alone to Canada is enormous, while the aggregate of the cash taken to that country from the States during the past year is simply incalculable.

Some time ago the following statement appeared in the Chicago *Tribune*: "E. H. Kent, former receiver for the land office of North Dakota, who is now engaged in promoting land purchases in Canada, stated that he believed between fifteen and twenty million dollars has been taken out of Iowa banks alone in connection with land purchases in the Canadian North-West." This is a larger sum than has been heretofore estimated. It is also beginning to appear that some country banks in Illinois have had their deposits materially checked down through the same movement. Now, when bankers and wealthy men generally are sending money into the country, it seems reasonable that the American farmer is doing the same thing.

The settlers from the United States are a most desirable class, farmers principally,

who are going up with their money and goods and are converting the broad prairies of the North-West into veritable wheat fields. This class of people are usually sober and industrious, and while the vast areas are being put under cultivation, they are building comfortable homes. They are also interested in the moral and religious development of the country; in other words, they are of the type of the true Empire builders of Canada.

On the United States side of the line there is land hunger, while on the Canadian side there is abundance of land free for settlement. The result is the American invasion. "It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good," says the proverb. Its truth was exemplified by the poor crops in the middle and western States in '94, '95 and '96. High rents, short crops, and low prices conspired to turn the eyes of Americans northward, and laid the foundation of the American movement, the success of the pioneers, every one of whom is a volunteer immigration agent, inducing others to go north, and thus the migration has been continued. The American "renter" has for years been paying over to the landlord and the speculator comparatively high rentals. These consume a large proportion of his crops and the returns from the remainder give him but little reward for his labor. To secure one of these high-priced farms for himself or growing sons is out of the question, and since every Anglo-Saxon has by instinct a certain land-greed, it is but natural that he looks toward the country where better land can be had for nothing. This seems to be the most appealing inducement: free land and an opportunity to escape from landlordism and to become a freeholder in a great free country. Another contributing cause was the richness and fertility of the soil of the North-West and its peerless climate for grain raising.

The record of the Manitoba Government for the past twenty years shows that the average crop is a fraction over twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. This is far in excess of the yield of the most productive States in the Union. Dakota's average is thirteen bushels; Minnesota, fourteen and a half; Wisconsin, one bushel less than Minnesota, and Iowa and Nebraska, each between eleven and twelve bushels. Manitoba has a record among the wheat-growing sections of the American continent, and can only be exceeded by the highly fertilized farms of Britain, where the cost of artificial manure for a single season is often equal to the entire cost of the land in the Canadian West.

There are several things which naturally appeal to the settlers from the United States: civil and religious liberty; healthful climate, immune from many of the contagious diseases prevalent in the South; Canada's exceptional school system, and, not least, her splendid markets for the products of the farm.

The Americans were naturally prejudiced against Canada because it is a colony of Great Britain, whom they conceive to be oppressive, and also because they believed Canada to be situated too far north for agricultural purposes. A few particulars as to the means employed to overcome these prejudices may find a place here.

Resident agents have been appointed in the various States, who hold meetings in schools and halls and deliver lectures on Canada. These lectures, at which stereopticon views are frequently used, attract large and interesting audiences. A great number of personal enquiries always follow these meetings, and in this way, and by personal canvassing the agents come in touch with those thinking of emigrating. Printer's ink is used extensively and most effectively in carrying on the work. The demand for atlases and pamphlets about the West is enormous, and enquiries pour into the various offices by the score daily. Advertisements are run in land and farm papers—over 8,000 papers being thus used. In order that Americans themselves should know of the Canadian West, personally conducted press excursions have been organized from the various States to the Canadian prairies, and every courtesy has been extended to influential men or others who wish to investigate the resources of the country. Exhibits at inter-state, state and county fairs have proved a most effective means of advertising the agricultural resources of the Canadian West, for the attractively displayed exhibits of grains, in shea

and threshed, and of vegetables and fruits, are among the principal objects of interest wherever they have been shown, and a large proportion of the immigrants secured is traceable to these exhibits.

One of the most effective means of securing American settlers is through the "delegate system." In every community are found prominent citizens who will go to the new country if their railway fares are paid, and report to their friends. So great has been the success of the agents through these various means that there is not a month of the year when settlers are not moving north. Not only Americans, dissatisfied with the agricultural prospects in the States, but men of capital, young men of means, and well-to-do farmers, have been induced to locate in Canada.

Wherever the American settlers have taken up land and located, the district is agreed upon their desirable character. There is no sentiment about annexation. Within the limit of the law they usually take out their naturalization papers, and participate and take as much interest in the local and general elections as the native-born Britisher. Many of the European settlers are clannish: the French, Scotch, Irish and Germans make strenuous efforts to locate in communities, and even the English are somewhat inclined to colonize: but the American has become Americanized, and you will find him wherever he can make money. He is a desirable settler because he believes in equal rights. He is progressive and aggressive. The most modern machinery is brought into requisition and he stands prepared to cope with all exigencies which may appear in the building up of a new country. He assimilates himself with his new environment and becomes as loyal a Canadian as he was an American. For these reasons the people of Western Canada wish success to the efforts being made to increase the number of people to take land in the "Fertile belt."

Our new settlers from across the line are proving the most successful class of people in all their undertakings. It matters not what their avocation in life may be, their watchword is success. Only the most thrifty are coming; the indigent are left behind. It takes an enterprising man to break loose from his social environments in the States to immigrate North. Of necessity he must be an intelligent man, because it was necessary to break down his prejudice, and to familiarize himself with the conditions existing here. The very fact that he burns all bridges behind him proves that he will succeed, and when he arrives in this country the pure, bracing atmosphere gives him new life. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred will say, when asked if they like the country: "Man, I like it. It braces you up. The winter is our slack time, when we enjoy ourselves. The thermometer says it is cold, but we do not feel it."

Throughout the farming districts the country is being covered with a network of railways. It is no longer the "Great Lone Land." This statement is as much a misnomer as Kipling's injurious, though innocently-bestowed libel, "Our Lady of the Snows."

While the prairies of the North-West are thus receiving their teeming thousands, New Ontario is also receiving her quota of settlers. We have in New Ontario vast areas of agricultural land, offering to the settler of limited means a visible means of support from the very start. The hand of welcome is out, and the way is always open.

THE HERMIT OF GRANDE PRAIRIE

By HELEN B. HISLOP

"HURRAY, boys! Here's a shanty!" At the Chief's shout the survey party broke hastily through the bushes into the clearing. Wet and chilled to the bone from a long day's march against a biting north-easter driving sleet and snow in their faces, the men stopped not a moment to marvel how such a thing could happen as a well-built shanty appearing here on the banks of Peace River, hundreds of miles from any settlement. They crowded hastily indoors and looked around.

"White man's s'ack," commented Henri, the guide, pointing to a home-made bedstead along one side, a glazed window, and to something resembling a cupboard in the wall.

Harry Cameron, transit man, threw himself in utter exhaustion upon the hay mattrass on the bed, and almost immediately was seized with a racking fit of coughing.

The Chief looked at him anxiously. "This weather will be the death of that boy," he muttered grimly, and turning away assisted Henri with the fire.

"Fonny t'ing, dis s'ack," said Henri. "Dere's no white man on de Grande Prairie," and he looked around apprehensively at the Chief.

"No ghost stories, Henri," said Fraser, sharply; "get supper lively."

Presently the room was filled with an appetizing odor of tea and bacon. The Chief, assisted by two choppers, was busily hanging blankets to dry around the fire. Henri's clatter in setting out the dishes upon a couple of upturned boxes drowned all outside sounds.

"Good evening, gentlemen," rang out a clear, girlish voice from the doorway. A spirit voice from another world could not have created greater consternation.

"Oh! de good Lor'," gasped Henri, dropping the pan of bacon to cross himself. Cameron sat up suddenly in the bed. Even the Chief let the damp blanket fall to the floor.

A girl of about eighteen years stood in the door. She was dressed in fringed leggings like a cowboy and wore a deer-skin cap on her head. With cheeks rose-red, and dark curls wind-blown around her lovely face, she stood, her breath coming fast from hard riding. Behind her shoulder peered the dusky face of an Indian.

"Gentlemen," she was saying, "you must come with me to my father's house. This place iss not for traffelers. It iss not safe."

Her voice rose imperiously as not a man moved.

"Ah, inteed, you must come at once. This place iss—what iss the word—a—a pest-house for the small-pox."

The spell was broken. Hastily snatching coats and blankets, the men crowded out. The Chief alone found his voice.

"There is no small-pox in this district," he began; but she interrupted him.

"Only yesterday old Joe Lebrun died on that place where you are," pointing to Cameron. Going up to him, she took his hand as if he were a child, and led him out. Fraser, catching up the remaining blankets followed.

II.

Half a mile down the river they rounded a bluff and came suddenly upon a house. A sound of wild music caused them to halt in their steps. The girl laughed gayly.

"It will pe my father," she said; "he iss a wonderful player on the pipes."

Ordering Chictak the Indian to lead the horses to the stable, she threw open the door. The wild music collapsed in the midst of the "Barren Rocks of Aden." The piper, a man past middle age, tall and dark, confronted them in amazement.

"Father," said the girl, speaking rapidly. "Chictak and I found these men in the smaii-pox shanty and brought them here."

"You haf done right, Islay," replied her father, recovering instantly his Highland hospitality. "Gentlemen, you are welcome. Come py the fire and pe warmed. Islay, tell old Nokun and haf supper for us all immediately."

"We are a survey party," spoke up the Chief, as Islay disappeared. "My name is Fraser. This is Mr. Cameron," and he introduced the others.

"My name is McDonald, at your service," replied their host with a bow. He pushed forward chairs and benches to the fireplace and assisted the men to dry clothing. "You are not well, my friend," he said, fixing his piercing black eyes on Cameron, as he leaned wearily on the rude couch or "settle." "Cold and feefer you haf, I'm thinking, but the Highland whissky will do you good!

From a cupboard he brought out glasses and a bottle. "Where will I pe getting the good whissky you say?" And he laughed as he poured it out. "And fer why will I not pe making it myself?"

"Come to supper, friends," called Islay from the doorway. Once more the men were speechless in admiration of her beauty. She was dressed in Highland tartan, whose velvet jacket set off to perfection her clear white skin with its rose-red coloring of cheeks and lips and crown of dark curls.

"Is this enchanted ground or am I only delirious?" whispered Cameron to Fraser, as they followed their host. Old Nokum, bowing and smiling, motioned each to their places. Fish, bacon, potatoes, cabbage, brown bread, hot pancakes, butter and cheese, formed the supper. As the meal progressed McDonald spoke freely of himself, how he had been with the Highlanders in Egypt, then a trader for the H. B. Co., and lastly, how he and his wife had settled here from choice eleven years before, put up buildings, planted potatoes, barley and oats, raised pigs, cows and horses. Twice a year he made a trip to the fort, but Islay had never seen a white woman since her mother died four years ago.

"I haf never wished to leafe this beautiful place," said Islay, finding Fraser's eyes upon her; and she smiled at him frankly as a child. That smile was the undoing of the Chief. He glanced quickly across the table and found Harry watching Islay with an expression new to the Chief, but he understood. Cameron's boyish heart had been captured an hour ago by the clasp of that hand in the shanty.

III

Next morning the Chief gladly accepted McDonald's offer of his house as headquarters while surveying the district. Cameron was too ill to endure any more exposure; so, comfortably disposed in the chimney corner, he drank Indian mixtures from Islay's hands and fretted not at all.

McDonald daily accompanied the surveyors and for a week they worked up and down the river. Every evening the company gathered in the large room, where many a song was sung and adventurous story told.

"Keep your eye on Chictak, Harry," said Fraser one evening. "I've seen him look ready to murder you when you're talking to Miss Islay."

"George!" laughed Cameron, "I was just going to tell you the same thing."

Next day Islay accompanied the surveyors, riding a swift Indian pony as fearlessly as any cowboy. The weather changed, and glorious Indian summer hung over the prairie. Far to the north-east rushed the Peace like glittering silver; westward the blue-hazed foot-hills melted into cloud-like Rockies. At noon they picknicked merrily in a pine bluff.

"Harry will be lonesome," remarked Fraser, tentatively to Islay, as they packed up.

"Ach, no," she replied with one of her frank smiles. "I told Nokum to stay py him and amusse him with the tales she would be telling me long ago. They are feery good tales and he will not pe lonesome."

Then she looked much puzzled when the Chief threw back his head and laughed long and joyfully.

That night over their pipes, Fraser spoke to McDonald of Islay's future.

"'She iss among friends," he replied. "But," urged Fraser leaning forward, "have you ever thought that some Indian may wish to marry her? Chictak, for instance?"

McDonald started. "I would kill her first," he said, fiercely.

After a time he rose, and opening a huge box, spread its contents before Fraser,—priceless buffalo robes, skins of mink, otter, ermine and martin, and finally a bale of black fox—ten perfect skins.

"She will not pe poor, my Islay," he said, simply, as he locked them away.

To everyone's surprise and delight, McDonald next morning announced his intention of accompanying the party back to Edmonton. "And maype it will be Scotland," he added. "Chictak and Nokum will keep house." The gloom on the Indian's face evinced his dislike to this arrangement, but he said nothing.

That night the moon shone brilliantly. Fraser returning from the stables, came upon the Indian lurking in the shadows, his eyes fastened upon the figure of Islay and Cameron walking up and down in the moonlight.

"Poor devil!" thought the Chief, smiling grimly. "I know exactly how he feels."

Presently Harry entered alone. "Where is Miss Islay?" questioned Fraser.

"In the tool house," replied Harry, shortly. "That Indian wanted to show her some ermine skins."

A sense of apprehension seized the Chief. As he stepped outside he fancied he heard a faint scream and his quick ear caught the sound of running moccasined feet.

"Quick, Harry! To the river!" he shouted, and darted forward. The Indian, finding himself pursued, dropped his burden and sprang backward. A knife flashed in the moonlight, struck, and Fraser fell. Cameron fired point-blank at the Indian and he reeled sideways, dropping his knife. With this Harry quickly cut the bandages from Islay's mouth and hands. Dropping beside Fraser, she lifted his head upon her knee, sobbing and calling him by name in heart-broken tones. Then crooning Gaelic words of endearment, like a mother to a hurt child, she tried to staunch the flow of blood from his head.

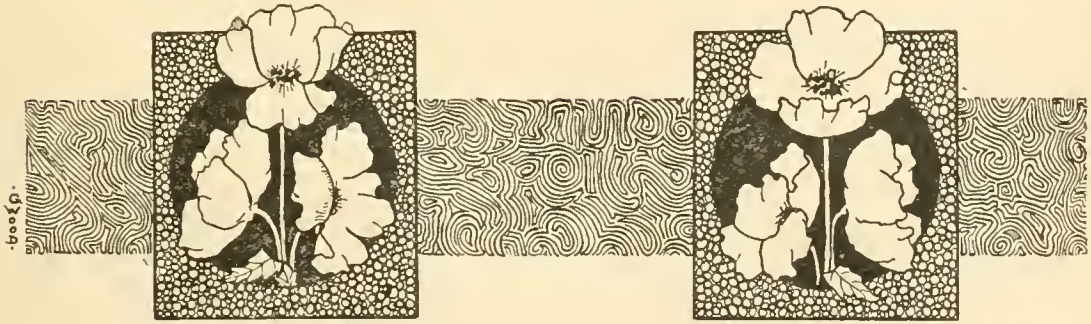
Harry turned away, saw Chictak's canoe whirling him into the centre of the river.

* * * * *

An hour later McDonald summoned his daughter to the room where the Chief lay with bandaged head, propped up on the "settle." He held out his arms eagerly as she entered, and with a shyly appealing glance at her father, Islay went to the couch and hid her crimson face against Fraser's shoulder.

McDonald turned away. "It iss come and cannot be helped," he said, in a queer voice. With hands that shook somewhat he took down glasses and a bottle from the cupboard.

"We will all trink to your ferry good healths," he said.



THE FLOWER OF THE NOLANS

By THEODORE ROBERTS

MY friend the Judge gave me a letter to Mr. Tim Nolan, of Kite Cove; and after spelling the missive out word by word, Tim took me into his care for a consideration. He tested my tobacco and superciliously reverted to his own black plug.

"I likes it mid a smatch to it," he said. He examined my supply of provisions and my outfit with a clouded eye. He improved, on acquaintance.

One evening, as we ran our dory aground on the beach of a wooded point that cut halfway across the channel, Tim remarked with animation, "Begobs, sir, here we be at Injin Pint."

A few yards back from the water we found a level patch of dry sward, and there we pitched our tent. Supper was speedily cooked and dispatched. Then Tim, sucking noisily at his black pipe, said: "On t'is very spot, sir, ages ago, a Nolan—a great-great-great-granduncle of me own fadder's—won undyin' renown an' a fair an' virtuous bride. Yes, sir, he were what ye might call t'e flower uv t'e Nolan family of thim days. I'll tell ye t'e how uv it."

Tim's story, translated, is as follows:

In the days of the earliest settlers there dwelt, in Kite Cove, three families of Irish folk, Nolans, Murphys and Keegans. They were wonderful people, altogether, but none of them were half so fine as the Nolan's—especially Patrick Nolan. Pat thought no more of a brush with the French or the native Beothics than a man like you or I would of a call on a girl. If the French wanted to act civil he was the boy to show them how a gentleman behaves, but if they were looking for fight he was equally willing to show them what he knew of that diversion. If the Beothics wanted to trade twenty beaver skins for a hatchet, Pat was the affable trader; but if they wanted to knife him and his fellow-settlers they found Pat as willing as ever to deal with them, but altered in his manner. First and last, many people were killed—and, sad as it may seem, they were not all Frenchmen and Aborigines. Pat's brother Denis was shot by a Frenchman. Pat's uncle was carried away by the Beothics. Terence Keegan was scalped by a chief whom he had tried to convert to Christianity. But between fights the settlers and the natives had many dealings together.

One day Patrick Nolan fell in love with a Beothic girl whom the settlers called Molly. She was the daughter of the big chief of those parts. Like many of the Beothics (who differed from the redmen of North America as widely as a Frenchman from an Irishman) she was a blonde. Her hair was light brown, her skin was fair, and her eyes grey. Clothed in furs and abbreviated garments of soft leather, it is easy to imagine her as a creature of considerable charm. But Pat's course of love proved a tempestuous one. His people would not hear of his marriage to a heathen, no matter how lovely. Copper Hat, the great chief, looked upon the affair with no more favor than did the Nolan's. He did not altogether love the Irish, even in times of peace, so he enlivened Pat's hours of courting by an untimely discharge of flint-shod arrows. Copper Hat's name had been accorded him for his eccentric custom of using a copper pot, which he had stolen from a French fishing-boat, as a hat instead of for the cooking of his dinner. But he thought he knew what he was about, did that great chief, for Irish demonstrations usually affect the head, and copper is less perishable than skull.

One November morning the settlers awoke to find that the band of natives had retired to their inland fastnesses. Pat Nolan moped about for a day or two, and then started after them all alone and armed only with as pretty a little shape of a club as ever you could find. It had been cut years before, from a gentleman's hedge in old Ireland. Upon discovering Pat's departure, the Nolans, the Murphys and the Keegans turned out in force and marched up the valley of the river, a matter of thirty miles. But as they saw nothing of Pat during the ex-

pedition and a great deal of the Beothics, they marched home again with their wounded on their backs. That is the best way to carry the wounded when you are beating a retreat. For an entire winter they mourned Patrick for dead, but in May he returned to Kite Cove, hale and married, to trade with his relatives, and sure enough he was a great chief of the Beothics. Trust Pat for that! He had a tremendous brain and a wonderful way with him, and these traits are still to be found among the Nolans of Kite Cove. This is how it happened:

Pat followed his sweetheart's people many miles, with his ears cocked and his eyes open, and his shillalah in his strong right hand. In the course of time he came to their great camp on what is now known as Indian Point. He was just in time to see Molly enter the biggest wigwam of the lot of them. Quickly addressing a short prayer to St. Patrick, his own godfather, and giving his black mustache an upward twirl, he stepped in after her. To his chagrin the great lodge was occupied by more than Molly. About the walls of skins sat seven lesser chiefs, and before them, with his back to the door, squatted Copper Hat, with the famous pot on his head.

"Oh, Patsie, darling!" cried Mollie, in her own language.

At that Copper Hat turned about on his haunches, sprang to his feet, and rushed at the valorous lover with a flint knife in his fist. Pat side-stepped lightly, with that elegant grace that had won him the leadership of Kite Cove society, and, with a twirl of his blackthorn, whacked the great chief a most amazing clout on the top of his burnished head-piece. *Clang* sounded the good stick against the good copper—and behold, the great chief staggered back, with all of his noble features exploring the inside of the pot. He let a whoop out of him that would have carried a mile under more favorable circumstances, but under the pot it did not sound much more imposing than a sneeze. In a second the seven lesser chiefs took in the state of affairs. They surrounded their superior legislator with skipping feet and cries for sympathy.

"Now, b'ys," said Pat, who was as cool as an ice-floe, "one uv ye lay hold uv his knees and anoder make fast to the pot, an' bend yer backs to it altogedder when I gives the word."

They obeyed without a word—at least without a word that Pat could understand. No doubt they saw and recognized the blood of those ancient King Nolans burning in his eyes.

"One, two, t'ree—heave altogedder!" cried Pat.

A distressing tumult came from the interior of the pot. But the pot held firm.

"Let him down an' ax him what he's sayin', wid Mr. Nolan's compliments," ordered Pat.

They eased the chief to the floor and, kneeling beside his head, shouted under the rim of the pot. Presently one of the braves, who was something of a linguist, looked up and remarked:—"Him say kill Irish divil."

Pat felt pretty faint at that, but he cheered Molly with a wink of his fine eye, and replied in a voice fraught with emotion—"Gintlemin, wud ye leave yer frien' in agony at such a time. I t'ought better uv ye. T'ree uv ye lay hold uv the pot, an' t'ree uv ye lay hold uv his feet. Ye kin take ye're gracious time about killin' me after ye have saved yer noble chief."

They saw the wisdom of his words and again bent to the task of releasing Copper Hat from his embarrassing position. Again the distressing tumult arose from the pot.

"Put yer brawn into it, me b'ys," cried Pat. "Sure, an' didn't I see it shift a wee mite. Pull agin. Stick yer heels into the sod and t'row out yer chests."

"No, no," cried Molly, rushing to her father's side, and whacking the seven lesser chiefs with a half-made snow-shoe until they desisted from their labor of friendship.

"All right. Ax him what he's sayin'," said Pat.

Again the warriors clustered about the encased head of their superior, and shouted, and laid their ears to the rim of the vessel.

"Him say whoebber take pot off him widout pullin' off him head, can habe Molly an' be made heap big chief," said the linguist.

At that Patrick's heart took a leap, and a skip, and a hand-spring. Advancing to the side of the prostrate Copper Hat he pol-

itely requested him to repeat the statement slowly, so that Molly could write it down on a piece of dressed deer-skin in both Irish and Beothic. It was done. Then Pat produced a file from his pocket (it happened to be there because he had stolen it from his brother Corney just before the beginning of his journey) and set to work on the pot. When he was about half way through with the job, he desisted, and lit his pipe.

"We'll have a weddin' before I goes on wid it," he said.

Copper Hat expostulated, but Pat was firm. He was not taking any chances at that stage of the game—he had taken enough for several games when he entered the big lodge half an hour before. So a medicine man, or whatever those heathenish Boethics used for the purpose of matrimony, came and pronounced Molly and her valorous lover man and wife. Then one of the lesser chiefs (with Pat's eagle eye upon him) read out to the assembled villagers what Copper Hat had promised.

"Ye understand?" said Pat "When I'm t'rough wid t'is job I'm yer head chief." Then he went on with the filing.

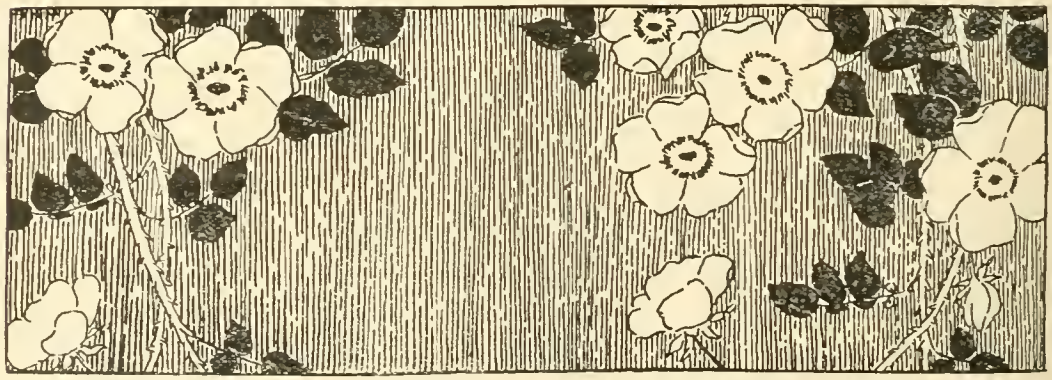
When the once hostile and haughty Copper Hat at last got clear of the pot he fell into his son-in-law's arms and wept tears of joy. The whole village rejoiced and much cariboo meat was devoured. Pat was a proud and happy man, but he accepted his wife and his honors with the dignity of a true Nolan.

Patrick Eagle-Eye, the great chief, spent the winter pleasantly enough at hunting, and the little extra diversion of subduing another party of Beothics who lived further inland, on the shores of a vast lake. During the following summer he traded with his relatives in Kite Cove, and led his warriors in a victorious battle against some French missionaries. During the following three or four years the Beothics seemed in a fair way of becoming a powerful people. What they might have accomplished in time, if their great chief and his wife had not been kidnapped by the captain of a French warship, is hard to say. Maybe, by now, Newfoundland would have been the master-nation of the civilized world—as it is, it is not *quite* that, and the Beothics are entirely extinct.

"A remarkable story," said I.

Tim knocked the coal from his pipe. "Sure," said he, "but t'at weren't t'e end uv Uncle Pat. Ye've heard, maybe, uv Marshall Nolan, t'e hairo uv France?"

I replied that I was very weak on French history. Tim shook his head gloomily, and I unlaced my boots preparatory to retiring for the night.



THE ROMANCE OF EUPHEMIA

By MARION KEITH

MRS. McCormack sat on the back veranda, regarding her daughter with a disapproving eye. Euphemia was leaning over the gate, half hidden in lilac-blooms. She was gazing too eagerly down the road.

"Euphemia," said her mother, suddenly, "I'm going to take him; Dr. Spence says this is the very place to restore him to health; and then he's very rich, and of *such* an aristocratic family. It would be so—so romantic for you—you know."

Euphemia's pretty countenance expressed alarm. "Oh mother!" she cried, helplessly.

"It wouldn't be at all like keeping a boarder, of course," continued Mrs. McCormack, unheedingly. "It would only be as a favor to Mrs. Spence and the Doctor. There's no necessity for us keeping boarders." She glanced around complacently at the handsome farmhouse and comfortable surroundings. "He would just be like a visitor. Yes, we'll take him; even dear Cousin Robert, who dined with the Prince of Wales when he visited Canada, could, I am sure, offer no objections."

Euphemia sighed deeply. Though she sometimes raised feeble opposition to her mother's romantic flights, she knew that when the illustrious relative who had figured so conspicuously at the royal banquet, was supposed to acquiesce, she was powerless. Euphemia was mild and unromantic and lived in constant dread of her mother's high matrimonial aspirations.

She turned again to the gate. A smart single buggy was coming swiftly up the pink-tinted road, silhouetted against the sunset. The girl turned a pair of big, blue eyes imploringly upon her mother.

"There's Dick," she faltered: "I—I guess h wants me to go to the tea-meeting at Westover."

"Euphemia!" Mrs. McCormack's figure became rigid. "I am amazed at your low taste. You must put a stop to that young man coming here. The Dunns are common people, who—"

"Well; we're common people, too," burst out Euphemia with sudden spirit.

"Not the Tuckers, Euphemia. No Tucker must be seen driving round the country with a Dunn. I thought you had more pride. There never was any romance about you, Euphemia; any ordinary person suits you."

She was interrupted by the prancing horse and smart buggy whirling up to the gate. A stalwart young man leaned out expectantly. At the same instant a little door leading into the barn yard opened and the nominal head of the McCormack household emerged, carrying two pails of milk. Mr. McCormack, like his daughter, was devoid of high ambition.

"Hello, Dick, he shouted, jovially; that's a tearin' fine beast you've got there! Phemie what on earth are you waitin' for? Jimminy, when I was a young spark my girl didn't stand gapin' as if she was scared o' me! Did she, ma? Haw, haw!"

Mrs. McCormack's sentimental heart could never withstand any tender allusion to the days of her courtship; though she made it plain to all that she would never have taken McCormack had it not chanced that he had saved her from drowning. The situation was so romantic, no right-minded young woman could resist, she declared. Her forbidding countenance relaxed into a smile, and under cover of it Euphemia darted in for her hat.

Mrs. McCormack arose majestically as they drove away. She walked resolutely down the orchard path towards the Doctor's house.

"Euphemia must never marry one of those common Dunns," she announced firmly; "we'll take that boarder."

The boarder came. Euphemia gazed across the tea-table at him and mentally contrasted his pale, sickly countenance and shrunken frame from Dick's fine physique. But Mrs. McCormack's imagination made up for all deficiencies. She was determined that Euphemia's family should make a good

impression from the first. She enlivened the tea-table with a history of the Tucker family, with a modest allusion to the royal diner, and even shed some glory over Mr. McCormack by describing his gallant rescue of his future wife from a watery grave.

The effect of this last picture was somewhat marred by the gallant rescuer exploding with laughter, and shouting between copious draughts of tea, "Jimminy, Maria, you don't mean the time you got your feet wet in old Grindley's ditch, do you?" an interruption which Mrs. McCormack treated with high-bred indifference.

She soon found the boarder as pliable as Euphemia and set to work assiduously to keep them in each other's company. Poor Euphemia was forced to go gathering daisies when she wanted to churn, and to sit on the veranda with the invalid when she might have been driving with Dick. And when that indignant young man whirled past one evening with saucy, little Bettie Haywood in her place she could not help feeling that if the boarder's health were to take a sudden and fatal turn for the worse she could not but regard it as a merciful interposition of Providence.

But the boarder continued to improve steadily, and so did Mrs. McCormack's visions of Euphemia's future. If some romantic situation would only present itself she felt it must certainly bring affairs to a happy culmination.

A favorable occasion seemed to have arrived one moonlight night when Euphemia was down in the village. Mrs. McCormack had intended that the boarder should accompany her, but she had slipped away unnoticed. When the invalid and his landlady had finished their accustomed game of checkers, the latter suggested innocently that they go and meet Euphemia. The boarder acquiesced with his usual passive obedience. Mrs. McCormack smiled complacently. There was a most romantic little bridge in the hollow near the village; she would make an errand for herself to Dr. Spence's and leave the young people there, and surely the young man would come to the point.

As they walked slowly down the white checkered road and came into full view of the moonlit river and the willow-covered bridge, they came upon a scene quite romantic enough to please even Mrs. McCormack. Two figures, one in a white gown, the other tall and dark, stood very close together, leaning over the silvery water.

The white figure looked up suddenly. "Oh Dick, dear!" she whispered wildly. "There's mother. Run away, quick! She'll never let me speak to you again if you don't; please, Dick!"

"I won't run from any living soul," answered Dick, doggedly. "Phemie, if you'd only stand up for yourself—"

"I—I can't!" sobbed Euphemia. "Oh, I feel as if I could just throw myself into the river."

"'Twouldn't be any use. I'd pull you out again," said Dick cheerfully. "Phemie, dear, won't you tell her,—"

But Euphemia suddenly stepped away from him, to a place where the railing of the old bridge was broken. There was a sudden light in her eyes like the luminous water beneath. Would it be possible? But the river was deep, and what if Dick didn't? But who could doubt Dick?

Mrs. McCormack's foot touched the bridge. The presence of her aristocratic boarder demanded that she should be particularly severe.

"Euphemia." The word cut the silence like a knife. For the first time in her life Euphemia's resolution did not fail before the presence of her mother. She took one trembling backward step. The rest was easy; she found it quite natural to utter a piercing shriek as she went splash into the deep water. Mrs. McCormack's motherly cry of horror echoed her daughter's. The boarder stood frozen with terror. But almost before the girl sank a second splash sounded and when she rose to the surface she was caught in a strong grip, and a steady voice said:

"You're all right, little girl, hang on to me."

Euphemia needed no bidding; she was clutching Dick with all her might, in terror and repentance of her rash deed. He carried her up the bank and handed her all dripping and trembling into her mother's arms.

Mrs. McCormack's surrender was sudden

and complete. For one instant she wished that the boarder might have been Euphemia's rescuer; but he was so upset by the shock he was compelled to go home the next day, and with him went all Mrs. McCormack's regrets. Her motherly heart was satisfied with Euphemia's happiness, her romantic nature with Dick's gallant deed. The Dunns were quite a fine family after all, she argued, and anyway there could be nothing better to be desired for Euphemia than that she should be the heroine of so pretty a romance.

"My, that was a stroke o' luck, you tumbling over that way," said Dick the next evening as he and his sweetheart stood looking down at the scene of their adventure.

Euphemia's eyes danced. "I don't think it was good luck," she said.

"Not good luck!" cried her indignant lover. "Well, I'd like to know what you'd call it?"

Euphemia fumbled with his watch chain.

"I'd call it good management," she said demurely.

AMERICA'S RICHEST MEN

Henry Clews has made an estimate of the wealth of a number of the millionaire capitalists of the United States, in which he places John D. Rockefeller first and Andrew Carnegie second. This is the table he has formulated:

John D. Rockefeller	$500,000,000
Andrew Carnegie, $115,000,000, given away, leaving	250,000,000
William Waldorf Astor, chiefly in real estate	200,000,000
John Jacob Astor	75,000,000
Gould family, of which George J. Gould's personal fortune represents $35,000,000	150,000,000
Marshall Field	100,000,000
Blair estate	100,000,000
W. K. Vanderbilt	80,000,000
Russell Sage	80,000,000
D. O. Mills	75,000,000
William Rockefeller	75,000,000
J. P. Morgan	60,000,000
James J. Hill	60,000,000
Henry H. Rogers	50,000,000
Henry Phipps	45,000,000
John D. Archbold	40,000,000
Henry M. Flagler	40,000,000
James B. Haggin	40,000,000
James Henry Smith	35,000,000
W. H. Tilford	20,000,000
James Stillman	15,000,000
George F. Baker	15,000,000

Mr. Clews admits that his list is by no means complete, but says that it undoubtedly contains the names of the very richest men in the country. Prominent among the well-known capitalists who are not included are the members of the so-called Rock Island "crowd"—William H. and J. H. Moore and D. G. Reid and W. B. Leeds; nor does he name Senator W. A. Clark, Henry C. Frick, John W. Gates, Norman B. Ream, the William C. Whitney estate, P. A. B. Widener, the younger Vanderbilts, Mrs. Hetty Green nor any of the other notably rich women of the country.

FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

READABLE PARAGRAPHS FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

ELECTRICITY ON THE RAILROADS

[The World's Work]

When the electric locomotive was under way on one of its trials at Schenectady, New York, when it "found itself," the steam locomotive of the Fast Mail was well in advance on a parallel line, its drivers going like mad, and the smoke trailing back in clouds. Did you ever ride in a trolley car whose motorman, with a grin, was overtaking a trotter on the road. Those strong forelegs of the horse were pounding the dirt with a brisk tattoo—but after all, the effort was pathetic. For the car did not limp with a shuttle motion. It purred and flew; and when it passed the horse it was sailing. That is how the electric locomotive, with an eight car train behind it, passed the steam locomotive at the New York Central's trial. It merely crawled by, for the speed was terrific—more than sixty miles an hour—but the steam locomotive was hammering the rails, while the electric train was apparently sliding. It was sleek in comparison, too, for the steam locomotive was belching clouds of smoke and emitting jets of steam, and fuming, in general, with the effect that makes railroad tunnels a blot on our civilization. Slowly it was left behind. The significance of the episode was not merely that the type of giant electrical locomotive, of which fifty are being built for service on the New York Central Railroad, proved its efficiency. For the trial in its larger meaning emphasized sensationally the transition now being made, wherever passengers are carried, to a new era in traffic. Railroads are being equipped with electrical power, not only in the United States, but abroad, so extensively that the transportation to be furnished in the near future in and out of the great centres of population—most notably in the vicinity of New York City—will be practically as convenient as trolley service to-day. Trolley lines meanwhile, are spreading so widely, and their service is expanding with such variety—in freight and baggage cars, dining cars, and even sleepers—that they are becoming more like the railroads. The locomotives now in use may not be doomed to the scrap heap; indeed, engineers declare that the railroads would have to carry twelve times as much freight as they do to make it advisable to discard them. Steam, too, is still far cheaper for use than electrical power on lines remote from waterfalls or from cities where suburban traffic is heavy enough to provide a steady stream of passengers. But with heavy third-rail cars in the city now conveying people by subways and elevated lines to the railroads, with electrical locomotives or motor-equipped cars prepared to rush trains to the suburbs, and with suburban and interurban trolly lines taking up the relay and reaching every hamlet, a system is taking form that will soon permit anybody to go anywhere at almost any time—on electrically-driven cars.

WHAT THE WAR HAS COST RUSSIA

[The World's Work]

A sensation was caused in St. Petersburg and throughout the world by the statement in the Russian army organ of what the War Office had accomplished up to March 12th. This showed that 13,087 officers, 761,467 men, 146,408 horses, and 316,321 tons of supplies had been sent to the front over the Siberian Railway, and was issued as a reply to scathing criticisms of incapacity. But the public seized upon it as an admission that nearly half a million Russians have been lost since the beginning of hostilities, and if this be true nearly a third of the number must have perished from disease—a striking contrast to the almost incredible success of the Japanese in sanitary control. It is estimated that a thousand millions of dollars have gone the same dreary way; a whole navy has been annihilated; the internal loss

is impossible to compute, but correspondents assert that "enough grain is thrown away alongside the railroads every week, owing to lack of transportation facilities, to cover St. Paul's Cathedral;" and the blow to national prestige is incalculable. It is a staggering total, even of the items now known. Hardly the least of the losses, intangible as it is, is the change from awe to ridicule which the world's attitude towards Russia has undergone. The official Muscovite seems seriously lacking in both a sense of shame and a sense of humor, and the other nations have had to hide their faces at sight of his blustering pomposity in the midst of disgraceful defeat, and such manifestations as the statement that official circles in St. Petersburg were encouraged and confident because of the "excellent reports" from Admiral Rojestvensky as to his target practice.

THE FIGHT FOR TRADE SCHOOLS

[The World's Work]

Governor Douglas, of Massachusetts, who, though a Democrat, was elected in a Republican State largely through the support of trades unions, found himself before the end of the first month of his term in a struggle with the State Federation of Labor through his advocacy of State-aided technical schools. Suported by manufacturers, city boards of trade, and a number of prominent citizens, he demanded that the State commit itself to the systematic development of skilled factory operatives.

Skilled workers are needed; Massachusetts manufacturers declare that the graduates of trade schools or the journeymen who took night courses would not replace a single workman now employed, but would go immediately into the making of shoes not now produced in the State. Instead of endangering the jobs of the union workmen they maintain, trade schools would create a new class of highly-paid operatives, and provide all workmen with a new opportunity for advancement.

The recommendation which Mr. Douglas made in his inaugural was that a committee inquire into industrial conditions, and that the Legslature consider the feasibility of extendng the State system of technical schools. For several years the State has had a law providing that when any city shall show a given number of spindles, the State will pay $40,000 a year toward supporting a textile school, for which the city or the citizens raise a like sum. A bill introduced, provid-for for a similar arrangement with such boot and shoe cities as produce $10,000,000 worth of goods annually, the State to duplicate any maintenance sum not exceeding $25,000 a year raised locally for a trade school.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S MEASURE OF RETALIATION

[Chicago Record-Herald]

When the Senate was debating the Hay-Bond reciprocity treaty and amending it to death at the instance of special interests, correspondents writing from St. John's, repeatedly warned our august treaty-makers that failure to ratify a fair, significant and honest treaty would drive the Newfoundlanders to retaliate. Premier Bond, it was shown, had pledged himself in the campaign of last fall to adopt an aggressive policy against the United States should their expectation of securing genuine commercial reciprocity with us be dashed again. It should be added that the Hay-Bond treaty was negotiated in 1902 and that it received the sanction of the British government.

Of course the Senate did not ratify it. Its amendments were so flagrantly incompatible with the very object of the convention that Newfoundland could not possibly accept it, and a vote thereon would have been an idle ceremony. Perhaps the Tapleyish optimism of the anti-reciprocity statesmen led them to pooh-pooh the idea of retaliation on the part of little Newfoundland

But the islanders have already executed one of their threats. The government has just ordered the customs collectors to refuse to license American fishing vessels to secure bate in colonial waters. In the legislature to meet this week a bill will be offered for the enforcement of the existing anti-bait act against Americans as stringently as it has been enforced against the French. The advocates of retaliation believe that the measure will be most effective and certain to arouse the New England fisheries interest.

For sixteen years—since the Blaine-Bond treaty of 1890 was first broached—Americans have enjoyed valuable baiting outfit-

ting and transhipping privileges in Newfoundland for a nominal fee, the islanders hoping thereby to overcome opposition to reciprocity. They cannot see why they should continue these privileges, and if the Senate does, it is a great pity it did not reason with the angry and disgusted Newfoundlanders.

Further retaliatory measures may be attempted. Among those proposed are an export duty on winter herring cargoes purchased by Americans, a general discriminating duty on our goods and a commercial alliance against us with Canada.

MONEY VALUE OF EDUCATION

[Kansas News]

The average educated man gets a salary of $1,000 a year. He works forty years, making a total of $40,000 in a lifetime. The average day laborer gets $1.50 a day, 300 days in a year, or $450 in a year. In forty years he earns $18,000. The difference, or $22,000, equals the value of an education. To acquire this earning capacity requires twelve years at school of 180 days each, or 2,160 days. Divide $22,000, the value of an education, by 2,160 number of days required in getting it, we find that each day at school is worth a little more than $10 to the pupil. Can't afford to keep them out, can we?

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

[The World Today]

A few years ago, when C. P. R. was worth less than fifty cents, Sir William said he would resign as soon as the mileage reached ten thousand and the stock reached par. "You may lose your job," said a friend, who had confidence and who is to-day high up in the affairs of the road. Still most of the men who heard it only smiled and said he was "dead safe." Two years ago the time came, and Sir William relinquished the presidency but accepted the chairmanship of the Board of Directors.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is now president of the company, and has an able cabinet of mighty ministers, every one of whom was made in the mill. Not one of the heads of the various departments has inherited his job. There are no "nephews" on the C.P.R. Still Sir William is not idle altogether. He is at the head of half a score of enterprises, the management of any one of which would tax the executive ability of any ordinary man. He is president of one of the biggest pulp and paper companies in the world. He is deep in the iron business, in coal mining, anything but gold. He will have none of that. If you were to blindfold him and back him into the best claim in Cripple Creek, and offer the whole works to him for $7 he would shake his head. It is the one game that he has played at a loss. By way of diversion he works two farms. "By rigid economy in all other directions," said he, "I am able to work them successfully."

THE GENTLEMAN'S CODE

[Sunset Magazine]

A man, in almost all his relations, is bound by regulations, and sustained by well-recognized rules of conduct with which he is thoroughly familiar. His business practice teaches him continually the necessity for discretion in talk, his club life affiliates him with a class to whom he owes specific loyalty and consideration, his political career constrains him with countless motives of policy and expediency. Thus his social ideals are communistic, while a woman, though she seems to bow to the yoke of society, is at heart, and whenever practicable, an individualist. Emancipated as individuals, as a class, women do not have the same social instinct—that idea of the greatest good of the greatest number—as do men.

But, though this reason may be accountable for most of the petty weaknesses, jealousies and inconsistencies of the gentler sex, does it not also point out the fact that woman, in all these relations is the radical force, the experimenter, the iconoclast? A woman of honor is the more noble, if she is living up to her own conception of duty, than if she is conforming to placate public opinion. And this is seen continually. Women rise to higher heights of sacrifice and when determined, they act with a courage rare among men. They fling aside comment as chaff, when a man though he do nobly, has an eye to his spectators. A generous, magnanimous woman is more ingenious and confident in well-doing than any man.

In her emotions, it might also go without saying, women are even more bold. There is her field. She is never tired of discovery and exploration. It is, in fact, her world. Men do but touch at the shores of this vast empire, and traffic with the treaty ports. Women take their lives in their hands and adventure far inland. The ordinary man in love is a sorry sight compared with his mistress. He makes his love conventionally, and continually disappoints the woman who wishes to see new lights gleam in his eyes. He is in poignant fear of discovery; he has a horror of ridicule; his one dread is lest he make a fool of himself. But a woman is a cheap chit, indeed, if she spends a thought on such nonsense. She is on a wild enterprise—what does it matter if the policeman catch a glance stolen too near a gas-lamp? She has imagination that discards facts and dwells in the realm of pure idealism. She can shame a man's lesser passion by her ardor without trying—her abandon is superb.

So don't smile if she insists upon attempting to enter a woman's club after she has been blackballed, if she whine a bit when she loses at cards, if she indulges in feline amenities with her fairer rivals. For she is herself in a thousand ways men never dare, and a fine woman is worth a hundred of the finest men.

For after all, women are most like cats, and men like dogs. One sex has never yet been civilized, and has moods of spontaneous impulse and untamed vigor of individuality. The other has come into social enlightenment, and, for individual liberty lost, has gained community welfare. As the cat lapses into savagery by night, and barbarously explores the dark, so primal and titanic is a woman with the love madness. As the dog becomes thoroughbred in the laws of clan and taste, obedient, fraternal, loyal, so is a man who accepts the Gentleman's Code.

CHANGE IN WHEAT BELT

[Toronto Star]

Vermont was once the granary of New York city. It now produces only one bushel of wheat to more than 200 in Minnesota, the banner State.

Rochester was once known as the "flour city." Now it is called the "flower city." But New York still raises as much wheat as Wisconsin. Maryland produces more than either, Texas nearly twice as much, and Pennsylvania three times as much. Only eight States surpass Pennsylvania in wheat raising.

Kansas produces nearly as much wheat as both the Dakotas, which are much more often mentioned as wheat States.

Only a trifle more than half of the wheat crop grows west of the Mississippi. Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio still produce, 80,000,000 bushels, which is more than any far Western State, and over one-eighth of the whole crop.

Little Delaware raises more wheat than all New England, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina raises 35,000,000 bushels.

New York is the second flour-milling centre in the United States, though far behind Minneapolis, which can grind 82,000 barrels a day to New York's 14,000.

BANKING CONDITIONS CHANGING

Current happenings in Canadian banking circles have drawn attention to the change that is passing over this branch of commercial enterprise. President Vanderlip, one of the leading bankers of New York, referred to a similar change that is taking place in the States in a recent address made at Philadelphia. Before the advent of large corporations and trusts, banks occupied the simple position of collectors of the people's savings, which were, in turn, loaned out to business houses as an accommodation. Large and small mercantile houses seldom were without a line of credit with their own particular bank. The incoming of the joint stock company has, to a great extent, changed the relations which formerly existed between the banks and the business concerns. Successful railroads and industrial companies are now able to supply their own credit, and in recent years have actually taken over a part of a bank's business by loaning money. The funds of banks which were in past days loaned out on business paper, have now to find other outlets. The form that the new methods have taken is that of underwriting the underwriters, or, in other words, that of financing promoters. To instance: If more capital is needed in an enterprise, in the

place of the concern borrowing from the bank, the loan takes the shape of an advance on a new subscription to the capital of the company. The new shares are deposited as collateral for the loan, until the flotation has been successfully placed in the hands of investors. From the way the Canadian banks are of late increasing their capital and extending their fields of operation to Cuba, South American and other outside points, it would seem that the accumulation of funds has passed beyond the needs of some demands. This latter feature of the banking situation is one of which Canadians should feel proud. With Canadian capital invested at foreign points, an incentive must be given to our foreign trade. Interest payments, while practically made in currency, are not necessarily brought about by an actual transfer of money. Credit balances at outside points exert an influence on the commodity markets, and unfailingly produce an interchange of goods. Canadian capitalists who have established enterprises in Mexico, Cuba and some of the South American republics have compelled the financial institutions to follow them in their movements and are only initiating what has been done by the mother country pioneers for centuries. The growth in Canadian banking institutions by the mergers now going on is facilitating such movements and tending to extend the influence of Canada on this continent.—Toronto World.

CANADIAN BANK CLEARINGS

The bank clearings for the first week of May and last week of April were as follows:

	May 4	April 27
Montreal	$27,034,639	$17,728,429
Toronto	23,243,886	14,144,356
Winnipeg	7,405,053	4,406,646
Halifax	1,789,976	1,215,388
Quebec	1,943,879	1,433,252
Ottawa	2,310,797	1,602,172
Hamilton	1,417,350	1,082,601
St. John, N.B.	1,080,123	753,707
Vancouver, B.C.	1,605,413	1,402,900
Victoria, B.C.	811,113	389,115
London	977,561	785,319
Total	$68,619,790	$44,913,975

HIGH GROUND RENT

It is understood that the ground rent which the Home Bank has agreed to pay for the property at 8 and 10 King street west, Toronto, is $6,000 a year for twenty-one years. The frontage is about forty feet. At 4 per cent. this would be the interest on $150,000. It is apparent, therefore, that property in that vicinity is held at very high values.

BANKING IN CANADA

There are 32 banks in Canada, with 1,300 branches, capital $85,000,000; reserve about $60,000,000; circulation about $70,000,000 and a guarantee fund deposited with the Government of 5 per cent. of the circulation, or $3,500,000. This is in the hands of the Government to be used in case of bank failure. The amount of deposits in Canadian banks is about $500,000,000.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, THE CHAMPION DIRECTOR

Chauncey M. Depew still holds more directorates than any other man in the United States. The new Directory of Directors, just published, gives the number of such places held by him as seventy-three, or one less than last year.

J. P. Morgan is eleventh in the list, although he has increased his number by eight in the last twelve months. W. H. Newman stands second to Senator Depew, and William K. Vanderbilt comes third.

This is the list, compared with other years.

	1905	1904	1903	1902
Chauncey M. Depew	73	74	71	67
W. H. Newman	67	60	58	43
William K. Vanderbilt	61	56	54	53
James Stillman	58	55	52	41
George J. Gould	52	52	49	42
H. McK. Twombly	54	46	44	35
E. V. Rossiter	52	39	38	39
E. H. Harriman	49	49	47	37
Anthony N. Brady	49	47	48	43
Frederick W. Vanderbilt	49	44	43	44
J. P. Morgan	47	39	33	33
James H. Hyde	47	47	44	27
George F. Baker	43	42	40	36
E. H. Gary	40	41	42	34
D. O. Mills	35	33	31	31
Samuel Sloan	31	31	32	32
August Belmont	27	25	38	35
John D. Rockefeller, Jr.	8	8	6	6
John D. Rockefeller	1	1	4	4

INSURANCE

MASTERS OF INSURANCE

A VALUABLE article in *The World's Work* for May tells the story of the rise to success of some "Masters of Insurance Finance." These are the presidents and managers of the largest and soundest assurance companies in the United States, many of which are doing business in Canada, and from the list of notable names may be chosen two, as most thoroughly representative of progressive insurance methods to-day. Their success has been the success of their companies.

"The story of Mr. John F. Dryden, president of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, of Newark, N.J., is rather different from that of any other man in the list of life insurance presidents. Mr. Dryden now sits in the United States Senate. He is regarded as about the most powerful political individual in New Jersey. He has come to that place with the aid of a company which he has built up from next to nothing. In 1875 he founded the Prudential, with a number of New Jersey men of capital as fellow incorporators. He was the secretary of the company at the beginning. He began work with three clerks, and with $200 in the company's working treasury. A great share of the clerical work he did himself. The company appeals to wage-earners who wanted but little insurance, and who paid their premiums in weekly instalments of ten cents or more. By this mastery of detail and his industry, Mr. Dryden made the company go. He became its president as soon as his fellow directors realized that the success of the company was going to rest with him and with no one else. The Prudential now employs 20,000 people.

"The president of the Prudential's principal rival in the field of industrial insurance—the Metropolitan of New York—is John R. Hegeman. The Metropolitan, when Mr. Hegeman became its secretary in 1870, was a little casualty company. . . . Within four months he was made vice-president. He was the real executive officer of the company, and the fact was recognized in 1891, when he was elected president. Mr. Hegeman has spent most of his life since he was twenty-two years old, inside the Metropolitan's offices. He himself is authority for the statement that he has "never had time to attend a theatrical performance or go to an opera." It cannot be said of him that he takes his pleasures seriously, because no one who knows him has ever seen any reason to believe that Mr. Hegeman, even in these days of his maturity and wealth, has any of the normal pleasure-loving impulses with which most men's lives are lightened. He is a business machine."

INSURANCE VALUE OF A HUMAN LIFE

UNDER this caption the vice-president of the Illinois Life is sending out a little pamphlet that contains many valuable facts and suggestions of interest to everyone. It says in part:

"The life of every man who works for a living and upon whose efforts some one other than himself is dependent for support, represents a certain money value. What that value is, depends upon and is determined largely by his annual earning power.

"The prime object of life insurance, pure and simple, is to provide, in the event of untimely death, such an estate as would enable dependents to live in circumstances similar to those which would have existed had the insured lived out his expectancy.

"At the age of 35, a man's expectancy is 31 years. Assuming that the cost of living for his family, exclusive of himself, is $1,000 per year, he should carry such an amount of insurance during his thirty-fifth year as would, on careful investment, provide an annual income of $1,000 for thirty-one years; the principal sum to be exhausted at the end of that period.

"In order to assure to his family the same comforts they would have enjoyed had he lived out his expectancy, the man who dies in his thirty-fifth year should, if his life represents an annual income of $1,000, leave insurance to the amount of $16,370.

"Considering the value of a human life from exactly the same standpoint that fire insurance is written, namely, the fair cash value of the property insured, there are but

few men who carry life insurance to an amount that even approaches the value which their earning power represents.

"There are but few insurants who can afford to carry insurance to the amount of the fair cash value of their lives; and there are but few men who, though easily able to afford more insurance, carry anywhere near the amount they should.

"Considering a human life from an investment standpoint purely, each individual should endeavor to bring the sum total of his life insurance as close up to the present cash value of his life as his means will allow."

AGAINST PROCRASTINATION

One of the strongest arguments an agent can use against procrastination in taking a life insurance policy is that illustrating the uncertainty of life as evidenced by the numerous policies which become claims before they have been in force a single year. No company can say positively when a risk is accepted that the insured will live to pay a second premium, but only that the probabilities are in favor of his doing so. We know that of a given number of persons at a certain age so many will die within the year, but the life insurance company does not know, at age thirty-five for instance, whether the latest entrant at that age will die in the year or whether it shall be a long-time policyholder of that age. In either event the company is prepared to pay the claim, because the plan takes note of the probabilities of life and death for a large enough body of persons to form an average. It is the uncertainty of the duration of life in individual cases which makes life insurance absolutely necessary for the protection of a man's family or business interests. Confidence in one's health and strength, with perhaps an hereditary tendency to long life, may induce some men to believe that they have no need for insurance, but every such claim is specious, and the agent will have little difficulty in citing instances of persons with prospects of long life equally as good who have passed away. Life insurance is a necessity to every man for the protection it affords in case of an early death, and if the life is prolonged there is nothing lost by the transaction in the end.—*The Spectator.*

THE SEASONS AND MORTALITY

To young and old alike the procession of the Seasons brings its varying dangers. The fortunate ones among the old and feeble hurry to a warmer climate at the first touch of winter, and seek under a southern sun to prolong a life that might succumb to the vigors of winter. That season runs its course the old folk venture back with the return of the summer sun, and infantile life in its turn becomes more precarious. Thus are the extremities of age affected by the extremities of heat and cold, and each season brings the death rate from certain causes to more than its usual level. Science combats these diseases with untiring zeal and with splendid success, but the effect of the seasons still remains apparent.

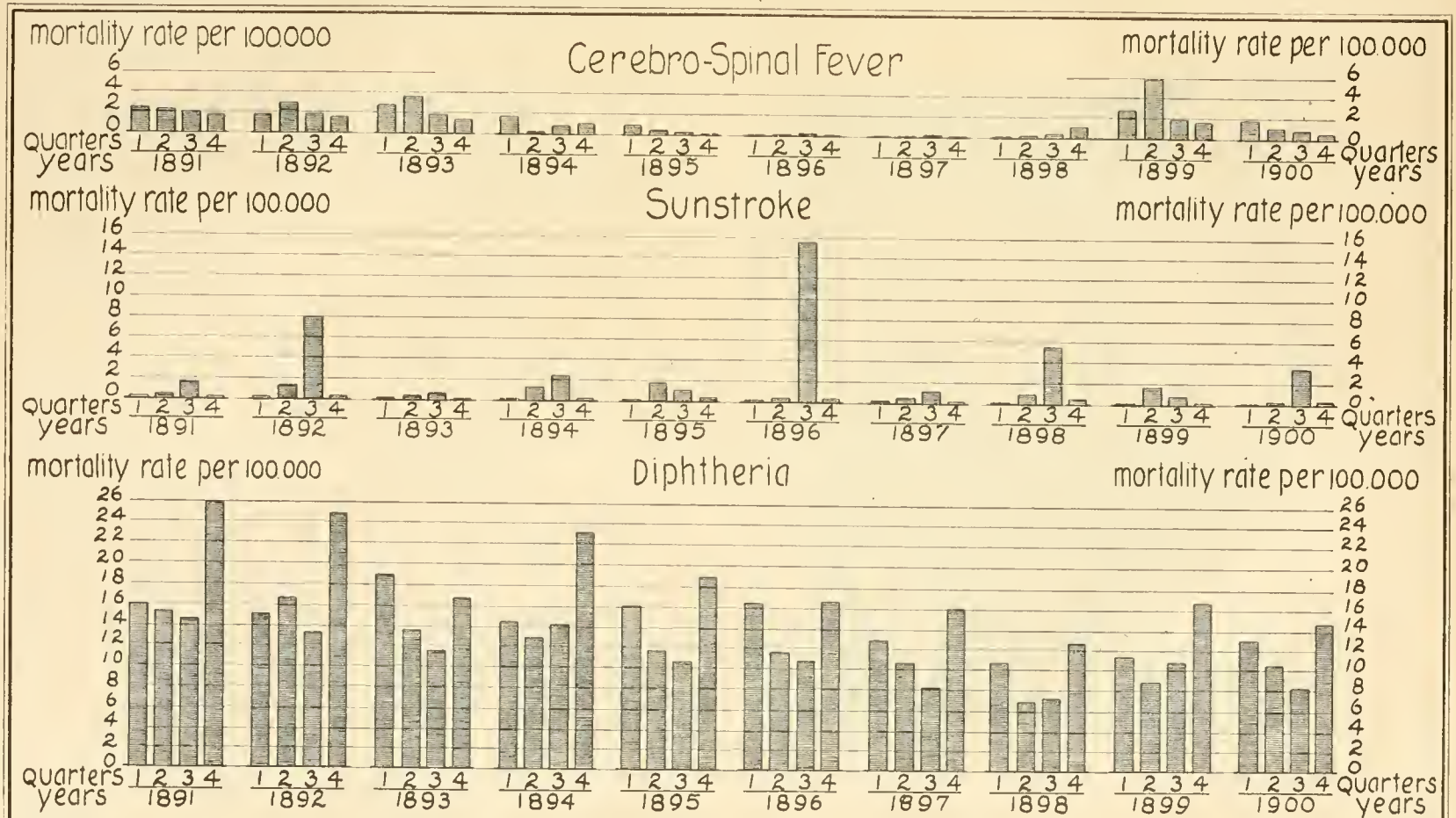
The accompanying chart divides the year into four quarters, beginning January, April, July and October, and numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4. The figures at the side show the number of persons dying during the three months of the year from the complaint stated, and of a population of one hundred thousand.

In the case of diphtheria it will be noticed there is a marked prevalence of the disease during the last three months of the year, reaching the high rate of twenty-six during that period in 1891. The gradual decline year by year in the total death rate from that complaint marks the successful fight waged against it.

The other diagrams call for no special comment, except the high death rate from sunstroke during the summer months of 1896.

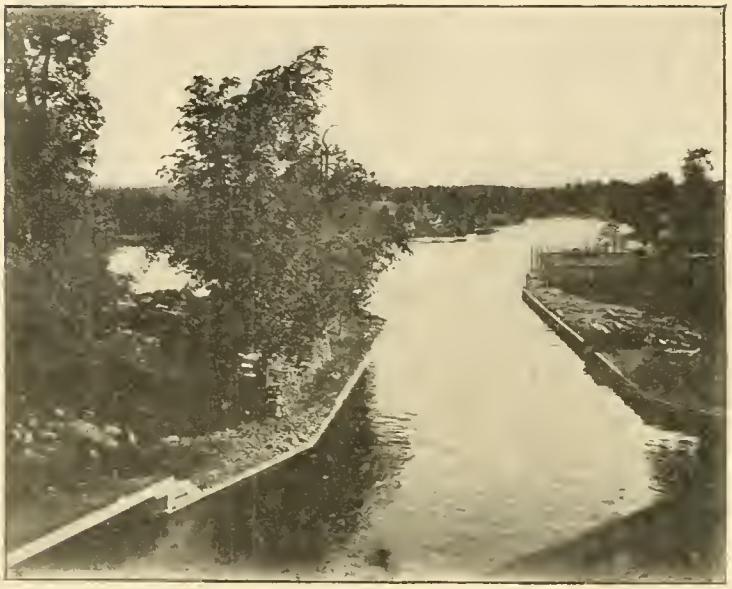
Season and Mortality

The periodicy of epidemic diseases



NOTE_The periodicity of certain diseases is illustrated by means of the quarterly death rate from specified causes in the Prudential Industrial Experience 1891-1900. The highest mortality from Cerebro-Spinal fever occured in the second quarter of 1899, from Sunstroke in the third quarter of 1896, from Diphtheria in the fourth quarter of 1891. The quarters begin with January, April, July, and October.

The above chart is taken from the splendid exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair



The Canal Bobcaygeon. A splendid place for bass fishing—on line of Canadian Pacific Railway

THE KAWARTHA LAKES

THE Kawartha Lakes consist of ten beautiful lakes known as Katchawanooka, Clear, Stony, Buckhorn, Chemong, Pigeon, Bald, Sturgeon, Cameron and Balsam, aggregating over seventy miles long. They are situated in Central Ontario, only three hours from Toronto and eight hours from Buffalo or Rochester.

The altitude of these famous lakes gives to them additional charm for the tourist and pleasure-seeker, being over 600 feet higher than Lake Ontario and 300 feet higher than Georgian Bay. To those who suffer from hay-fever, the pure air of these lakes affords instant relief, and a brief stay invariably effects a cure.

Bobcaygeon, the centre of these lakes, is a charming village situated at the terminus of the Lindsay Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on an island between Sturgeon and Pigeon Lakes. It is noted for its bass and maskinonge fishing, and has for years attracted anglers from all over the Continent. The Kawartha Lakes are also famous for canoeing and camping parties, the beautiful shores and numerous islands making these waters an ideal place to enjoy the pleasures of rod and reel, the free life of camping, and the delight of canoeing. Guides may be obtained at Bobcaygeon or Lindsay by communicating with the Canadian Pacific Railway agents.