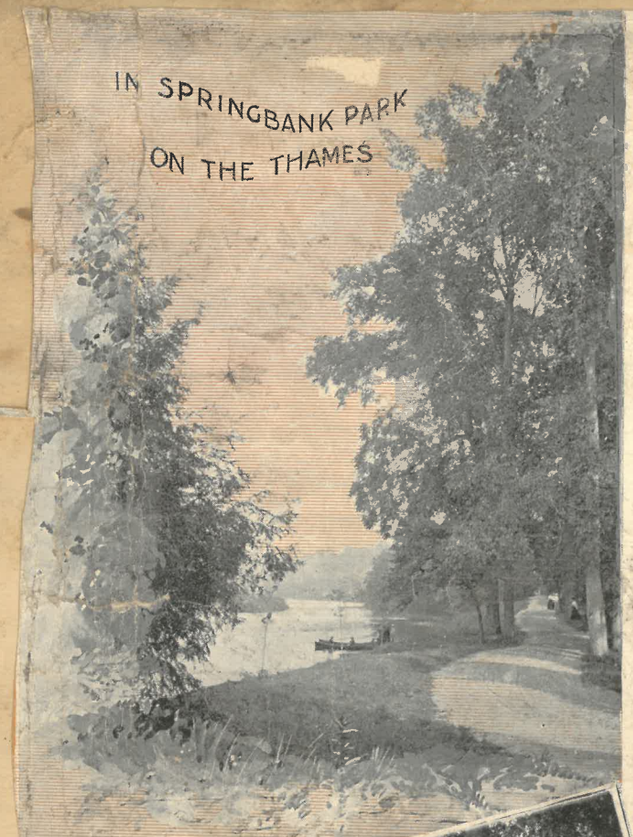
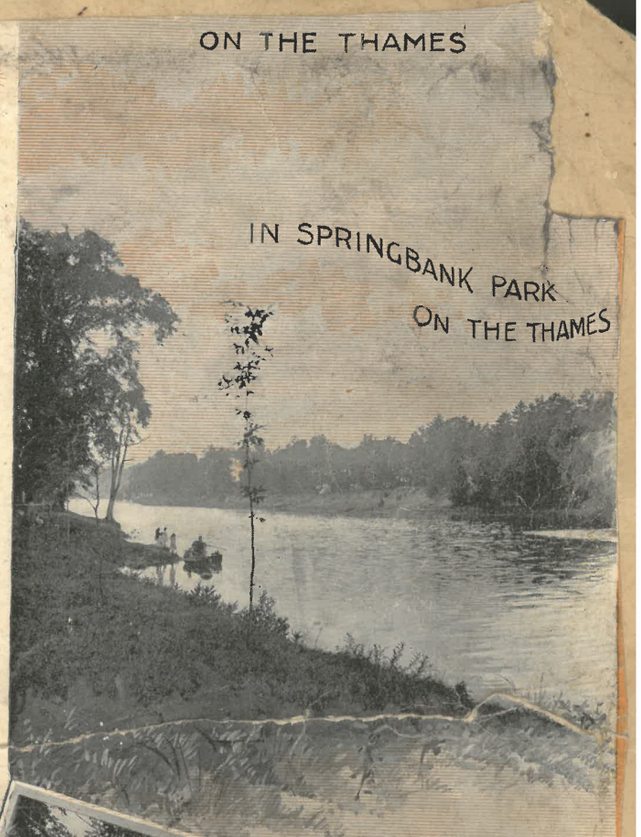


IN SPRINGBANK PARK
ON THE THAMES

THE QUEEN'S GRACIOUS SMILE.



ON THE THAMES

IN SPRINGBANK PARK
ON THE THAMES

BELOW SPRINGBANK ON THE THAMES
HAUNTED ISLAND IN THE CENTRE

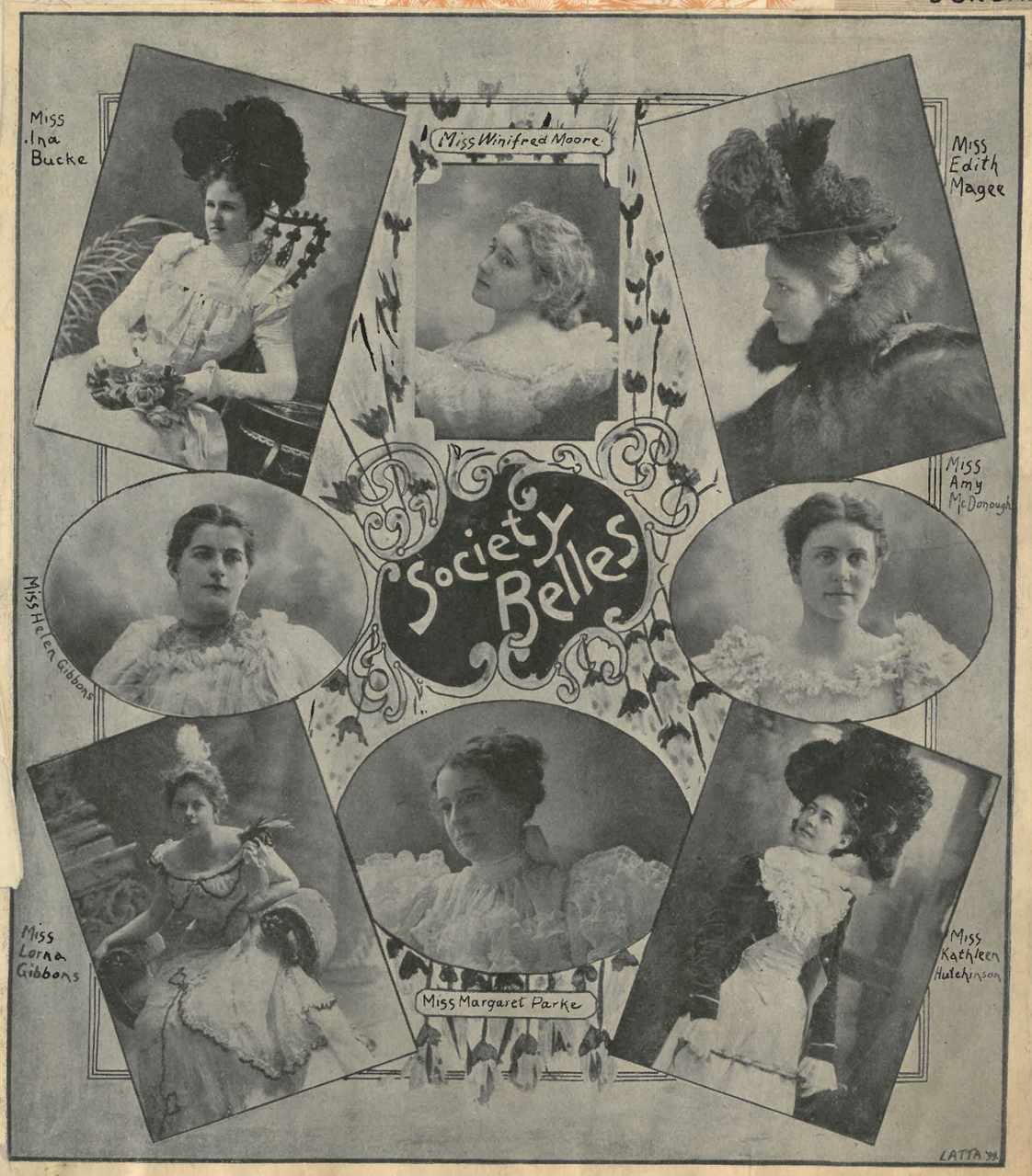
BELOW BYRON
ON THE THAMES

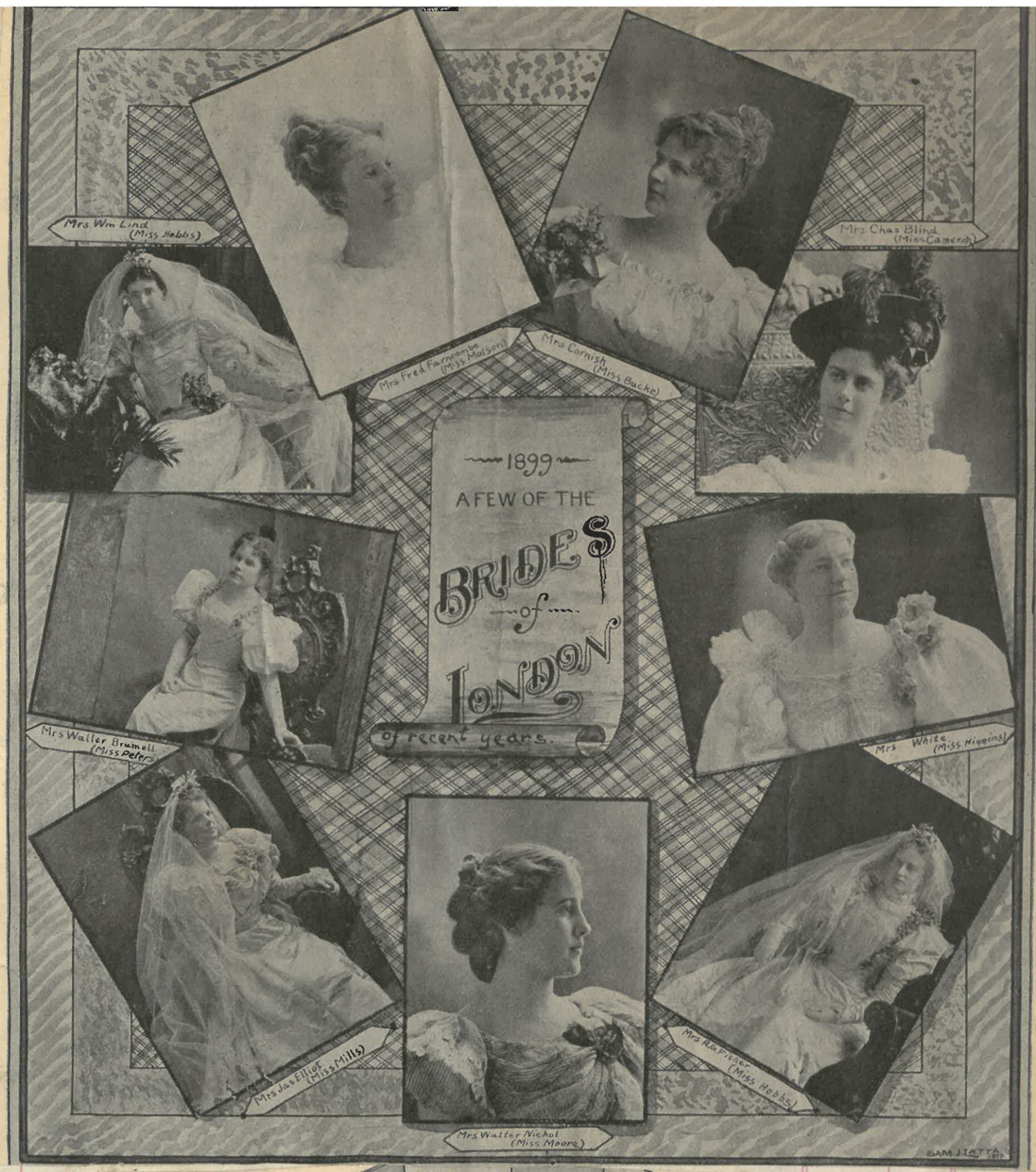
NEAR HYDE PARK
ON THE THAMES

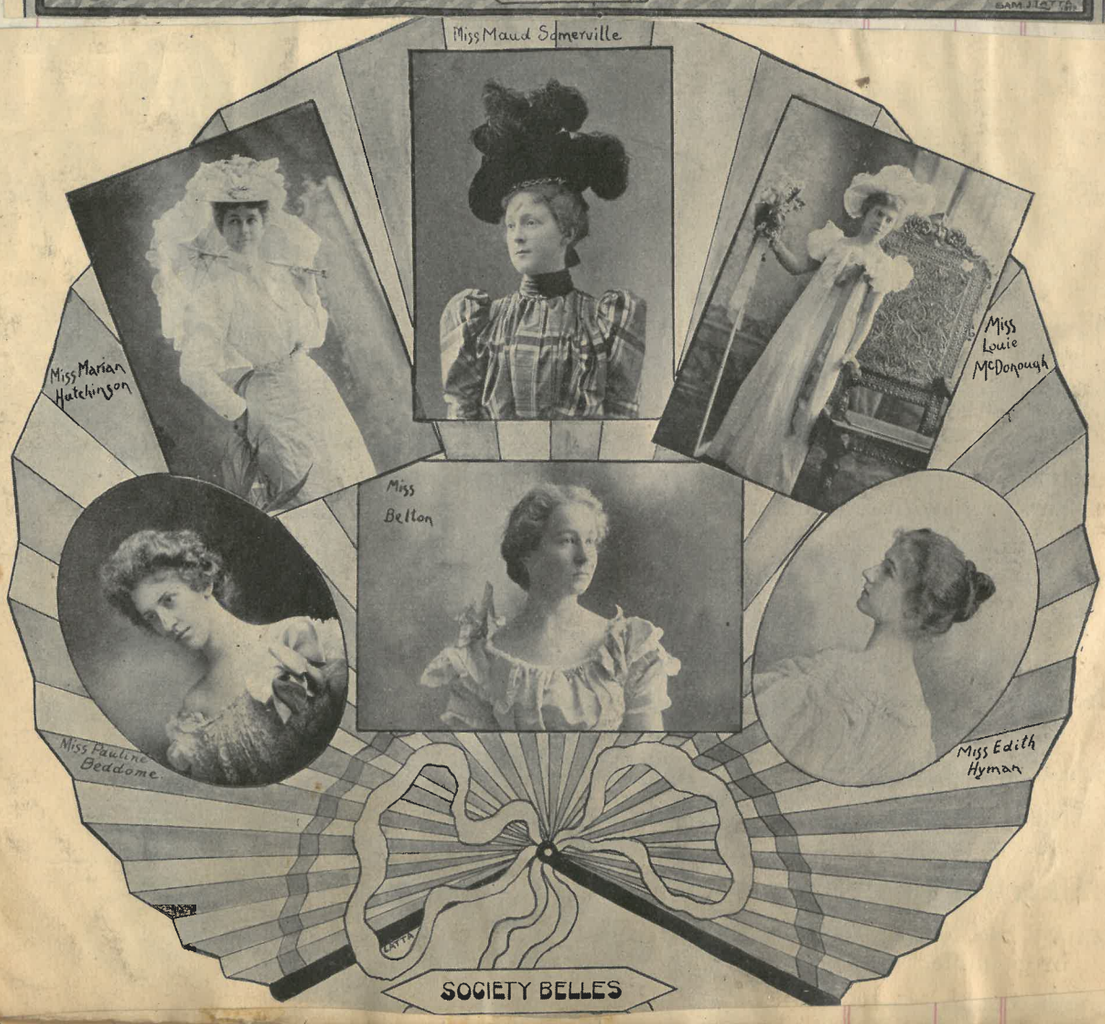
LONDON CANADA

WISHING WELL
ON THE THAMES

DORCHESTER




1899
A FEW OF THE
BRIDES
of
LONDON
of recent years.
Mrs Wm Lind (Miss Hobbs)
Mrs Chas Blind (Miss Cameron)
Mrs Fred Fairbairns (Miss Nelson)
Mrs Cornish (Miss Backe)
Mrs Waller Brumell (Miss Peter)
Mrs White (Miss Higgins)
Mrs Jas Elliot (Miss Mills)
Mrs Rampton (Miss Hobbs)
Mrs Walter Nichol (Miss Moore)


Miss Maud Somerville
Miss Marian Hutchinson
Miss Louie McDonough
Miss Belton
Miss Pauline Beddome
Miss Edith Hyman
SOCIETY BELLES

Mrs. Wm. McDonough

Mrs. G. B. Harris

Mrs. Frank Leonard.

Mrs. T. H. Smallman

Mrs. C. S. Hyman

Mrs. John Labatt.

Mrs. Joseph Marshall.

Mrs. Parfit.

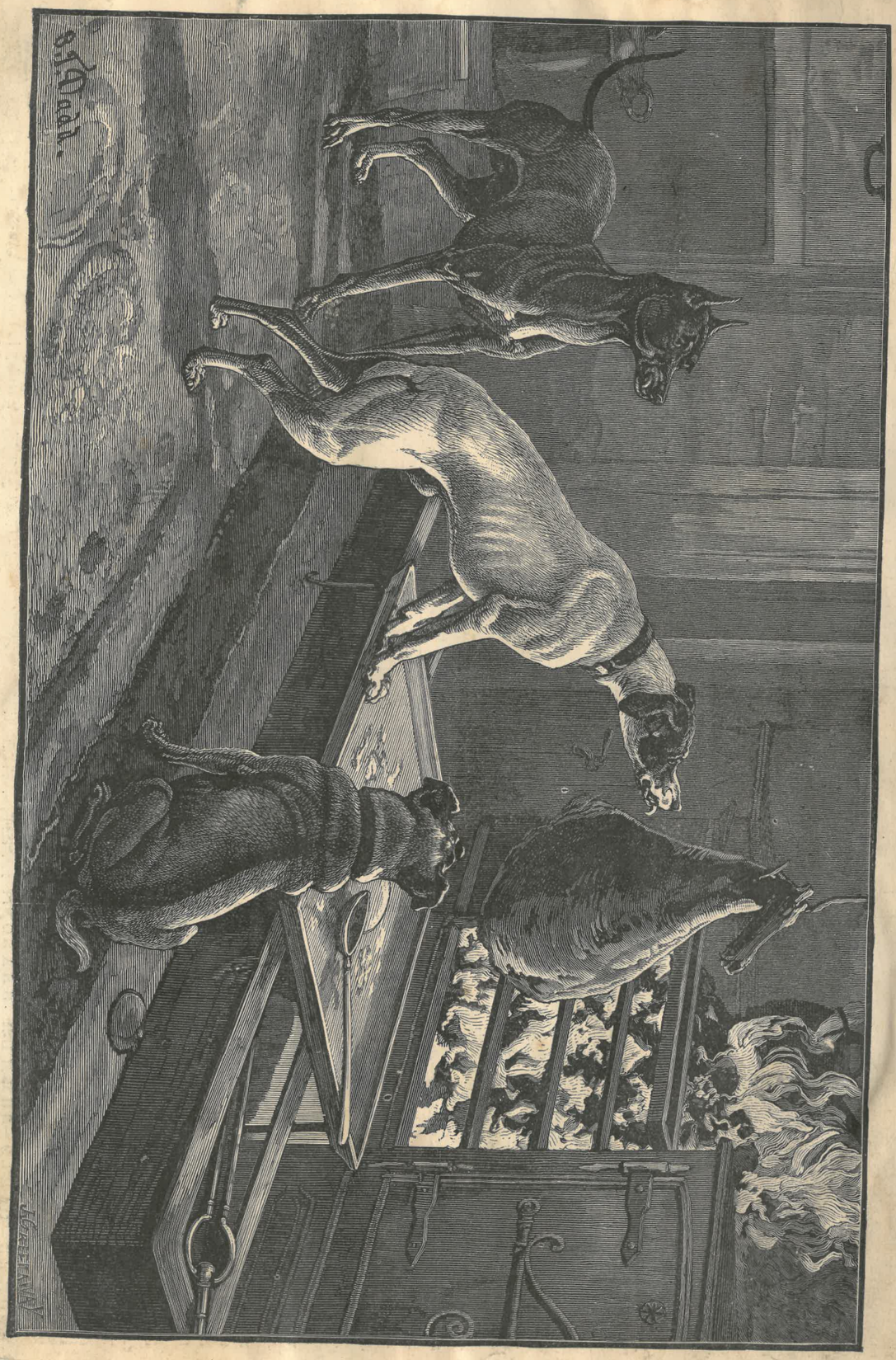
Mrs. J. C. Duffield.

Mrs. G. C. Gibbons.

A GROUP OF SOCIETY LEADERS.

STUDLEY ROYAL, NEAR RIPON, YORKSHIRE,
THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, VISITED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

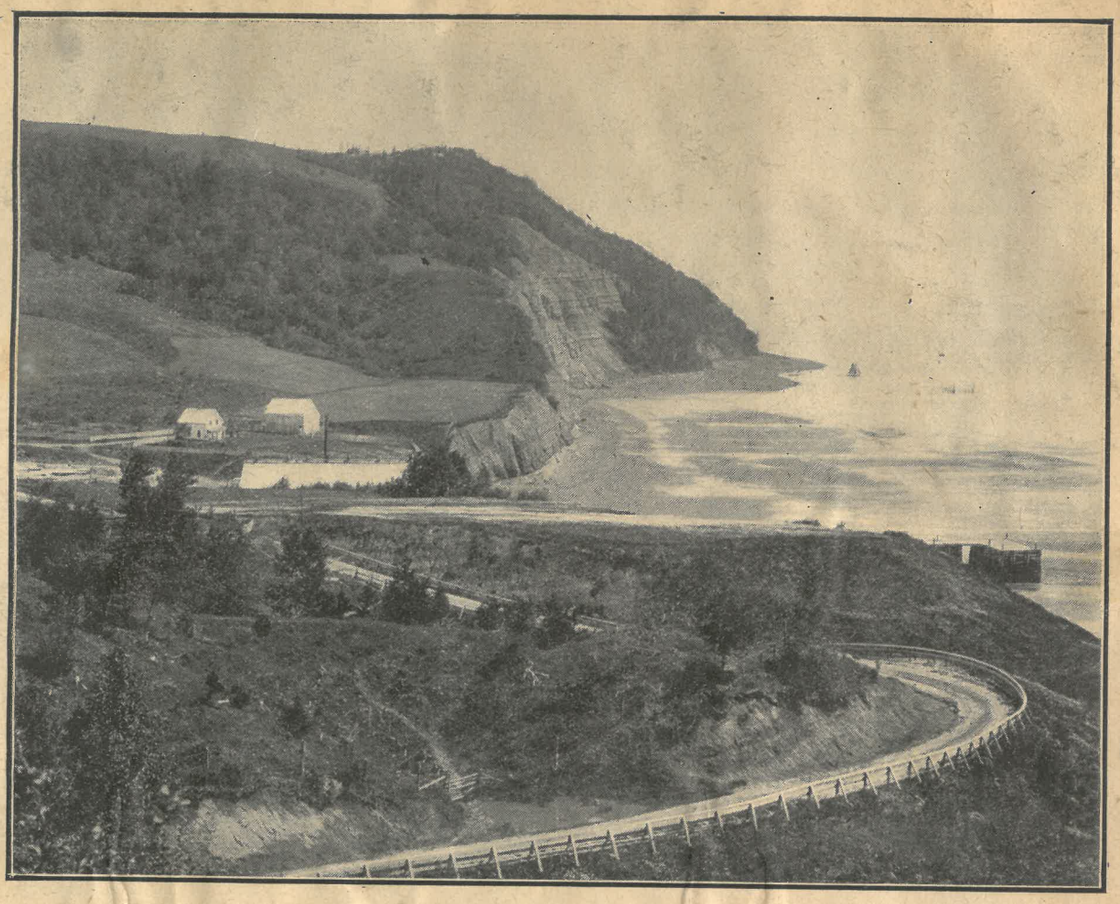
A VIEW OF BELVOIR FARM, THE PROPERTY OF RICHARD GIBSON, ESQ., DELAWARE, ONT.



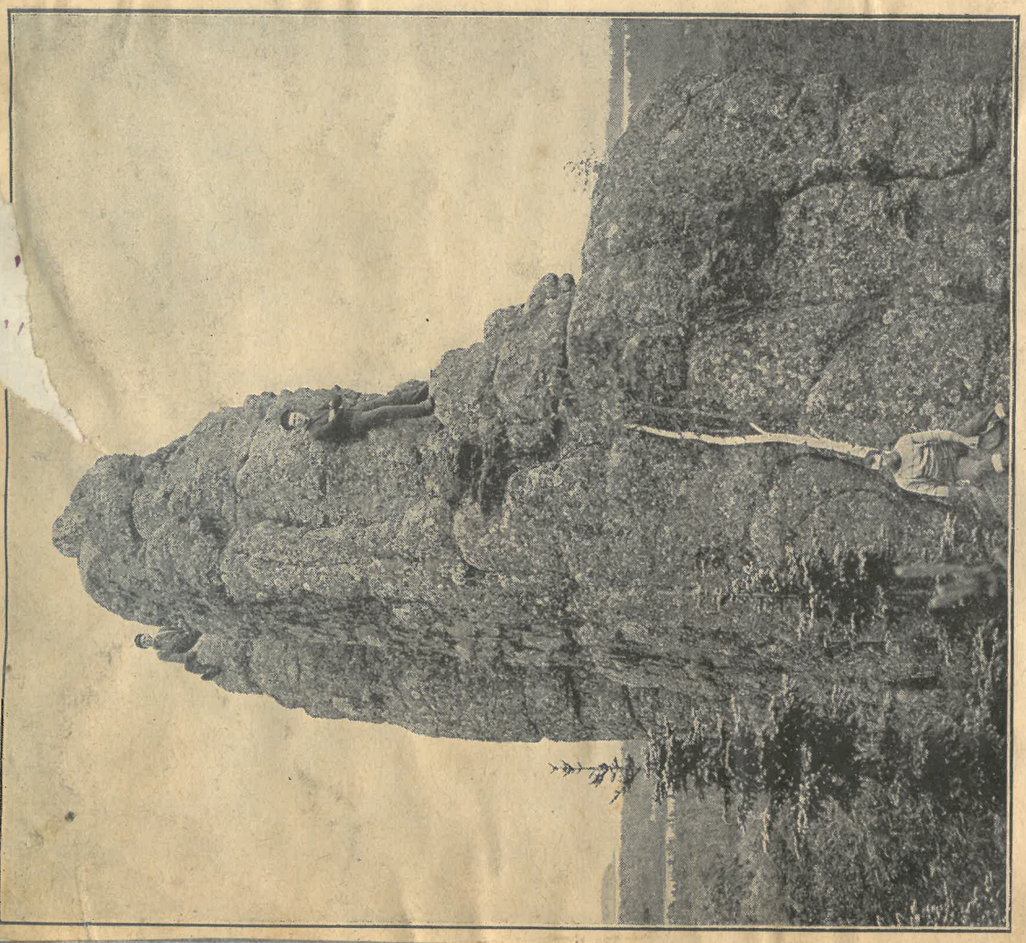
"NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE,"

LOUR LODGE AT DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA.

MYRTLE HOUSE AT DIGBY.



GLIMPSES OF NOVA SCOTIA: BLOMIDON, IN THE EVANGELINE LAND.



UP THE LAKES: ON ISLE ROYALE IN LAKE SUPERIOR.

"JOAN OF ARC."
By Blake Wirgman.

"A SEASCAPE."
By Colin Hunter, A.R.A.

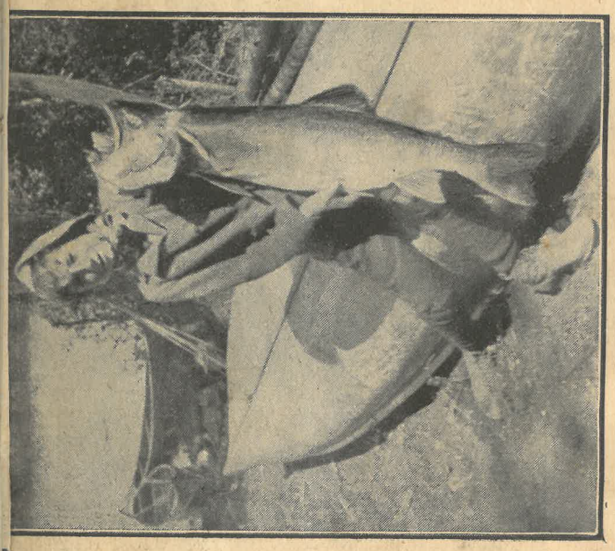
These massive pylons, each 40 feet high, were erected by the Ontario Government in Whitehall, immediately opposite Downing Street, on the route of the Coronation Procession of their Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary, 22nd June, 1911. Through the courtesy of Scotland Yard officials this photo was taken just prior to the arrival of the procession on its way to Westminster Abbey.

MUCH MISCELLANEOUS WORK.

While these have been a few of the lines of work followed and a few of the results obtained, there were many other things accomplished which it is scarcely possible to enumerate. Drainage surveys have been made by the dozen, Farmers' and Women's Institute meetings addressed, Short Courses held, demonstrations have been given in the naming and spraying of weeds, Agricultural Societies have been assisted, cow testing encouraged, thousands of bulletins were distributed and newspaper articles disseminated. The great strength of the work continues to be in the personal contact between the Representative and the man on the farm. The local office of the Representative becomes the Mecca of all the organized agricultural activity of the district and scores of farmers call, especially on market day, to get information and advice. Then, too, as far as possible the Representative goes out into the country and meets the man on his own farm and thus helps him to work out his problems.

For all these reasons I have no hesitation in saying that this system of agricultural education and assistance is realizing results vastly beyond anything that could be accomplished by demonstration farms or many other plans often suggested.

A CATCH OF LAKE TROUT.



ALL HE CAN DO TO LIFT HIM.

Fraser Heights, from the Beach.

Old Approach to the Picnic Grounds.

The Picnic Grounds Fraser Heights.

Signs of Rain

The hollow winds begin to blow,
And clouds look black, the glass is low,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep,
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see ! a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark, how the chairs and tables crack ;
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.
Loud quack the ducks, the peacock's cry.
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine—
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
The cricket, too, how loud it sings.
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits smoothing o'er her whiskered jaws.
Thro' the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The sheep are seen with early light,
Cropping the meads with eager bite.
Tho' June, the air is cold and chill ;
The mellow blackbird's voice is still.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy deli last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping, crawling o'er the green.
The frog has lost his yellow vest,
And in a dingy suit is dress'd.
The leech, disturbed, is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in a rapid eddy plays.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast ;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
Or seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain—I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Beach Scene, West of the Fraser.

THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS: ON THE ROUTE OF THE FAMOUS NIAGARA SCENIC BELT LINE

THE BEST GENERAL VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS.
Obtained from the Niagara Belt Line cars.

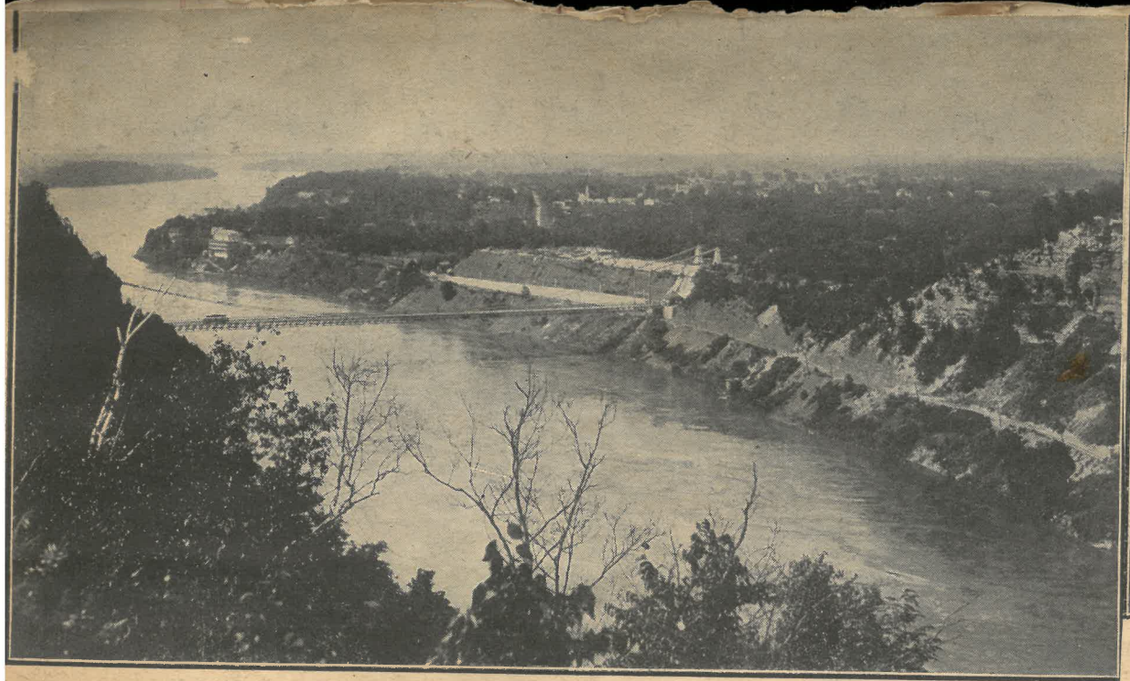
A Glimpse of the Home and Some of the Southdown Flock of Col. R. McEwen, Byron, Ontario.

Southdown Sheep and Collie Dogs.

Canadian agriculture furnishes few, if any, better examples of solid, all-round, unostentatious success than Col. Robt. McEwen, of Byron, Ont., whose beautiful homestead nestles snugly amid the rolling midlands of the Thames River Valley, a small tributary of which borders the farm on the west. Situated in the well-favored township of Westminster, in Middlesex County, two and a half miles south-west of Byron, and seven miles west of London, this farm, comprising 228 acres of rich, rolling clay loam, was purchased in 1837 by his father, David McEwen, a farmer from Ayrshire, Scotland, who, it is interesting to note, was born in a house just opposite Bobbie Burns' cottage.

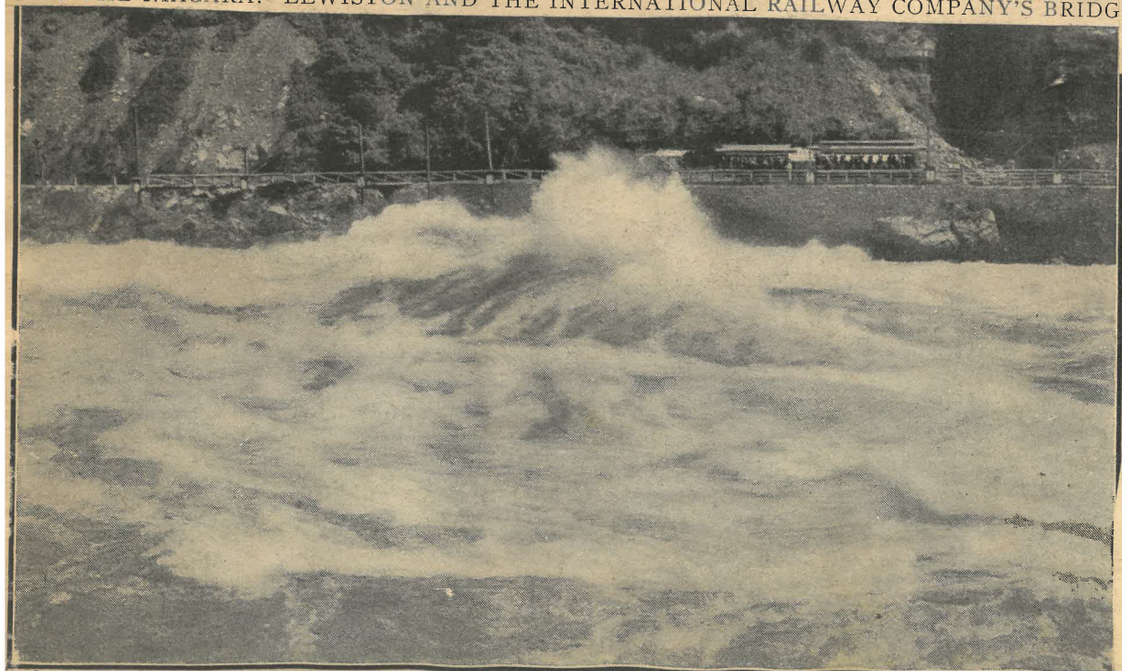
"CAESAR."

King Edward's wired-haired fox terrier is said to be inconsolable since his master's death. He accompanied the King on all his travels, and followed him in the funeral procession across London. This painting of Caesar was executed by Maud Earl for the Illustrated London News.



LONG THE NIAGARA: LEWISTON AND THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY COMPANY'S BRIDG

IN THE NORTHERN WILDERNESS: MORNING ON A MAINE LAKE.



HE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS: ON THE ROUTE OF THE FAMOUS NIAGARA SCENIC BELT LINE

THE BEST GENERAL VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS.
Obtained from the Niagara Belt Line cars.

The Women of London. 1909.

Mrs. Macbeth,—"Bleak House"

Mrs Hubert Ashplant. Mrs. Gordon Wright Mrs. A. T. Edwards

Continued on page 22.

Miss Priddis and Miss Stanley

Mrs. T. H[illegible]rling

Mrs. Ernest Smith

Miss Harris—"Eldon House"

Mrs. Adam Beck

Miss Jessie Hamilton-Strong Miss Muriel Saunders Miss Minnie Raymond

Miss Ismena Labatt Miss Lenore Talbot Mrs. S. W Mower

MRS. YARKER MRS. H. A. BOOMER MRS. MOORHOUSE

MRS. ARTHUR WHITE MRS. SAMUEL STEVELY

MRS. A. H. BEDDOME

MRS. (SENATOR) COFFEY

MRS C. B. HUNT

MISS MARY PUDDICOMBE

MRS. F. E. LEONARD MRS. C. S. HYMAN MRS. JACK SMALLMAN

"The Lumber Road." F. H. Brigden.

COSTUMES WORN BY OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS.

Coat à l'Anglaise of Second Restoration (1826), hat of beaver.

Costume of a dandy of 1823. Trousers and vest of piqué.

Redingote of Louis XVIII. period (1819), with high straw hat.

"A Fisherman's Home." W. St. Thomas Smith, A.R

THE COUNTESS GREY AND HER CHILDREN

From the painting by Lawrence, owned by Earl Grey

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE UNMARRIED DAUGHTER OF KING EDWARD VII

From a photograph by Russell, London

KING ALFONSO XIII OF SPAIN, AND HIS LITTLE SON AND HEIR, ALFONSO, PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, BORN MAY 10, 1907

From a photograph by Franzen, Madrid

Photo. copyright by] KING EDWARD VII. ON A 24-H.P. DAIMLER. [" *The*

The Intruder.

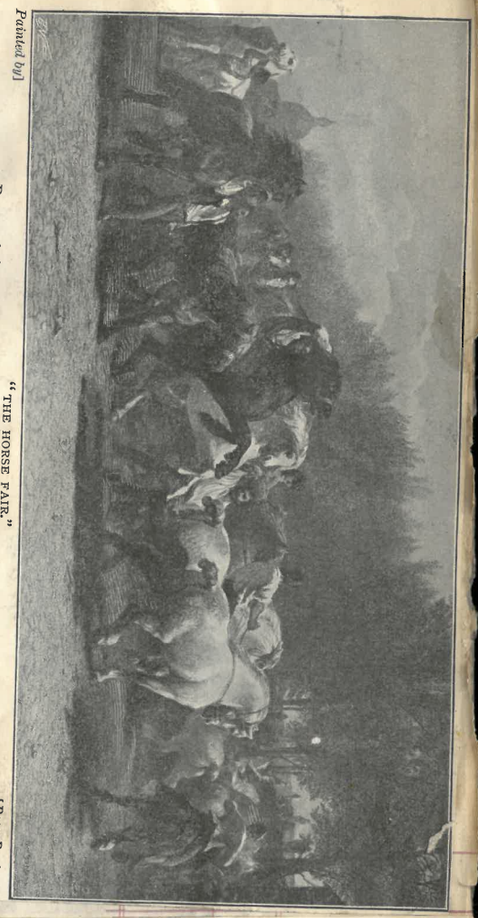
From the Painting by Ben Austrian.

The Greedy Chick.

From the Painting by Ben Austrian.

Expectations that Panned out Well.

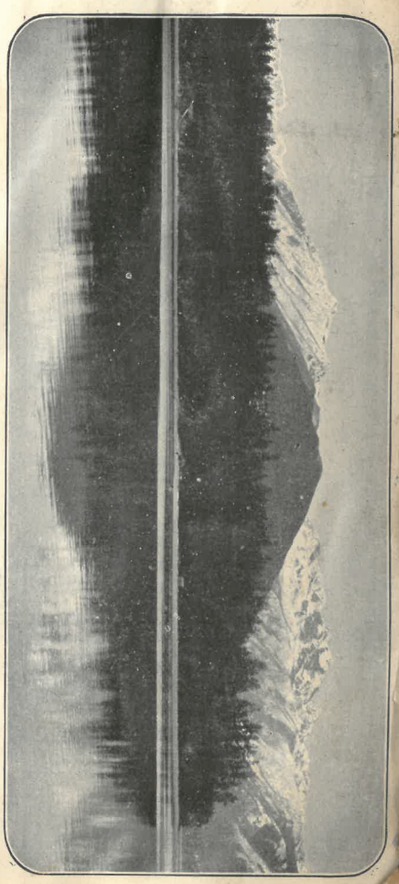
From the Painting by Ben Austrian.



Painted by [*Rosa Bonheur.*

"THE HORSE FAIR."

By permission of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre & Son, proprietors of the Copyright.



"Where the mountains seem but stepping-stones to heaven"

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MANSION, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—THIS WAS THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY DURING THE CIVIL WAR, AND IS NOW A MUSEUM OF CONFEDERATE RELICS

From a photograph—copyright, 1905, by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

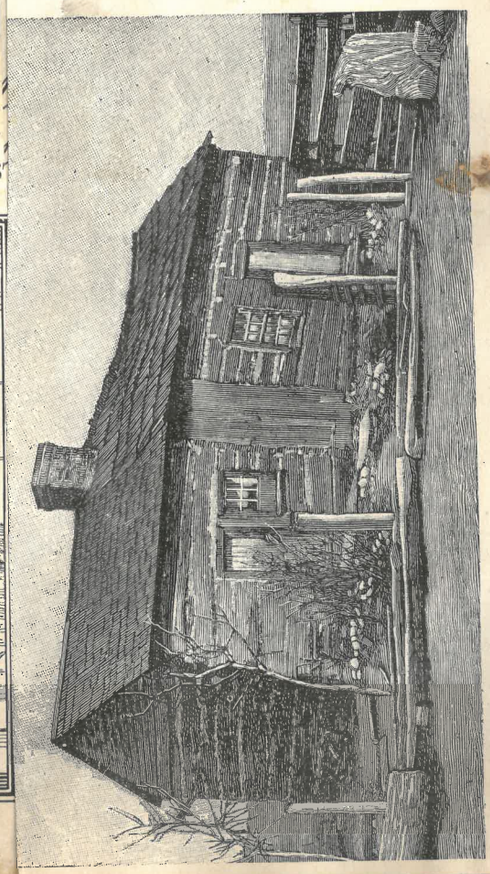
THE HOUSE IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN DIED, IN TENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, ACROSS THE WAY FROM FORD'S THEATER, IN WHICH HE WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED ON THE EVENING OF APRIL 14, 1865

From a photograph—copyright, 1900, by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, NOW BEING BUILT NEAR HODGENVILLE, KENTUCKY, TO ENCLOSE THE LITTLE LOG CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN ON FEBRUARY 12, 1809—THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BUILDING WAS LAID BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON FEBRUARY 12 OF THIS YEAR

NEW YORK IN 1635—THE DUTCH SETTLEMENT ON MANHATTAN ISLAND, WHICH HAS BECOME THE METROPOLIS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

From an engraving printed in Holland and said to be the oldest existing view of New York



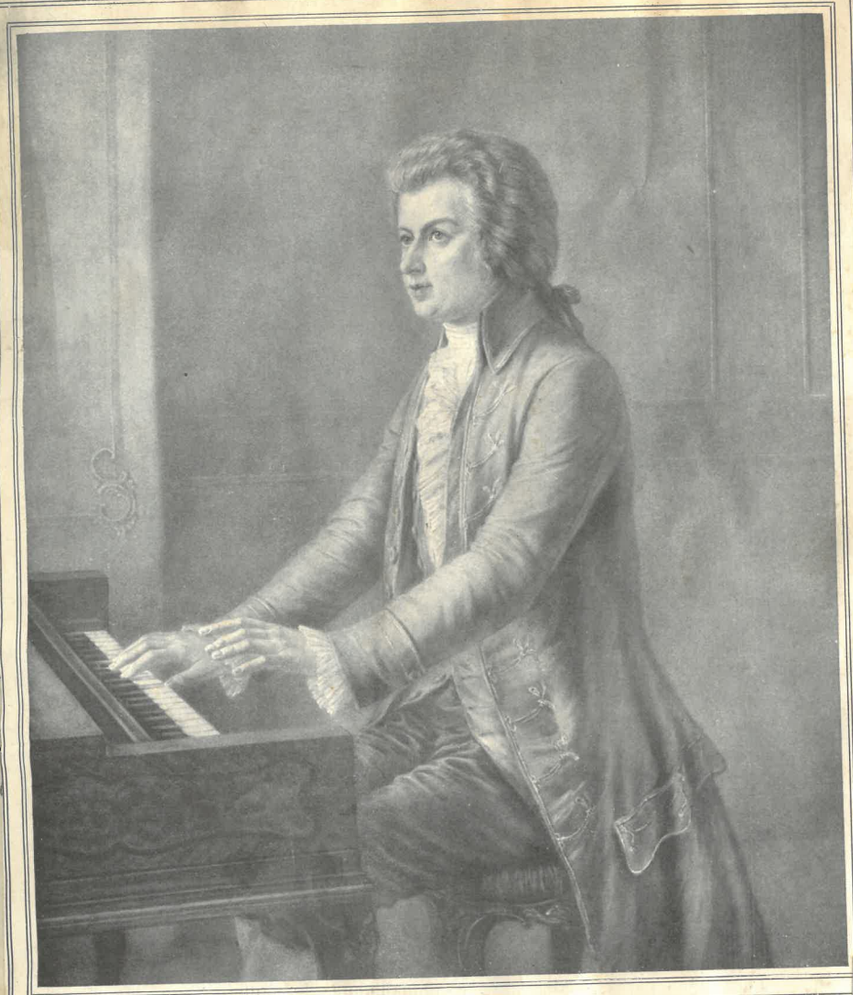
Copyright, 1892, Harper and Brothers

The Lincoln home, in Illinois, where Abraham last saw his father

From his latest photograph

See page

General Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army, and his Daughter Evange



WOLFGANG MOZART AS A YOUTH—MOZART WAS PERHAPS THE GREATEST JUVENILE PRODIGY IN ALL THE HISTORY OF MUSIC

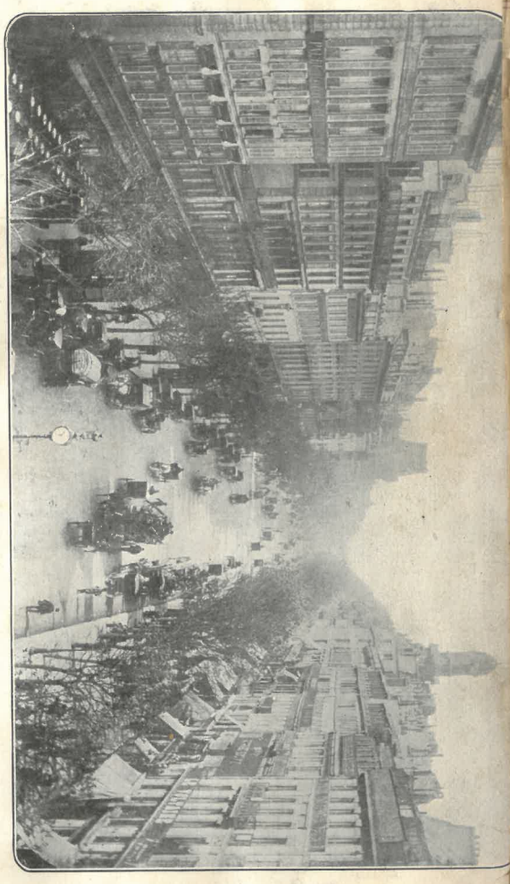
From the painting by M. Rodig—copyright, 1894, by Photographische Gesellschaft—by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York

"Barrie's beautiful home"

James Matthew Barrie

Kirriemuir, Scotland—known to the world of letters as "Thrums"

"'The Den' is a picturesque park on the outskirts of Kirriemuir"

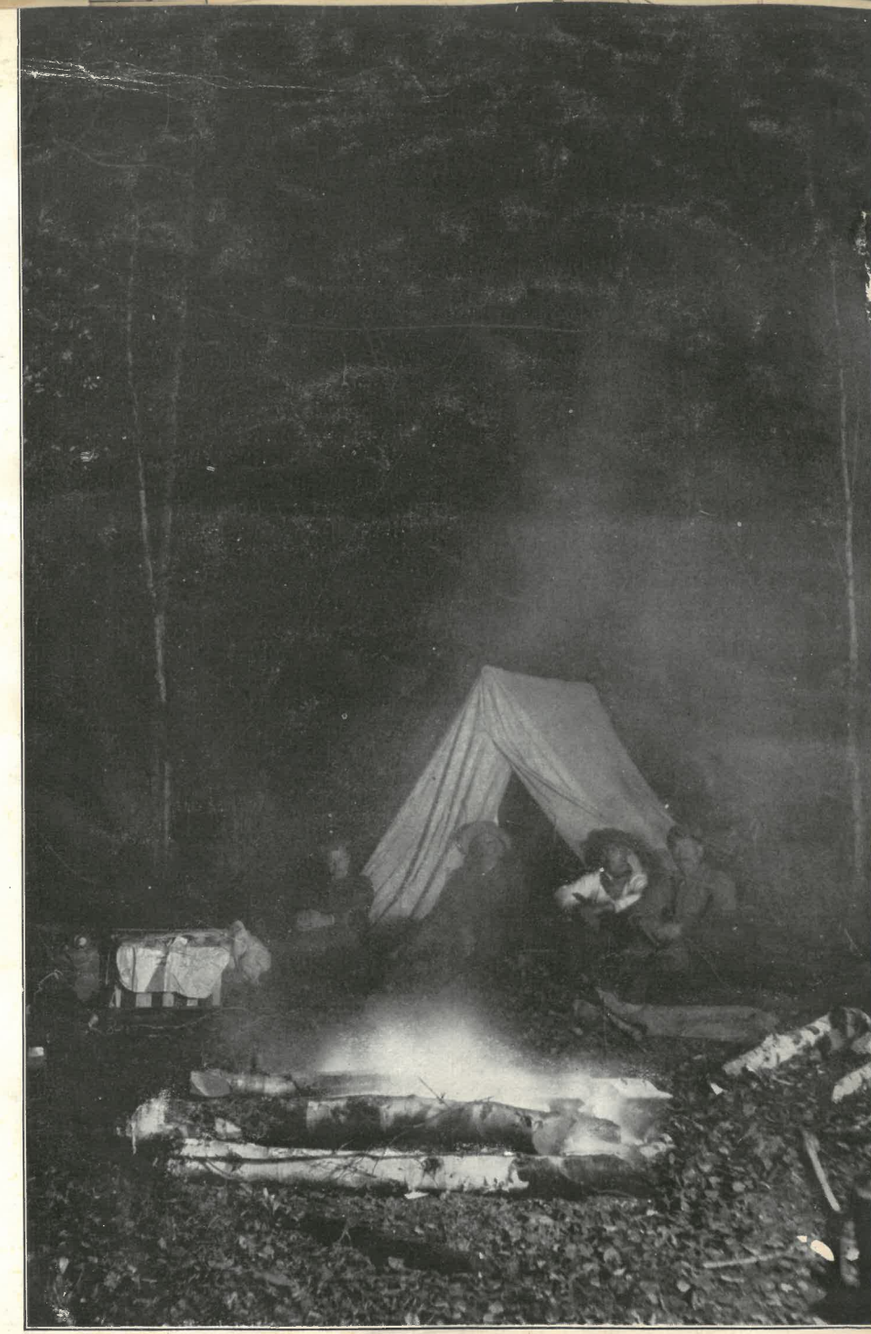


Boulevard des Italiens, the Broadway of Paris

"An officer of a Highland regiment"

On the wild, weird Humber

"The deep, dark pools are eloquent with the silence of the wildness"



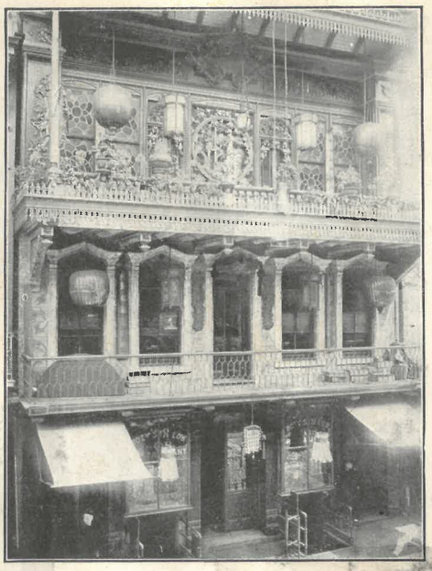
"We often love isolation, joy in tenting life and dreaming beside the camp-fire"

Peterborough Cathedral, "The first resting-place of Christianity in central England"

Bala Falls, Lake Muskoka, where the waters of the lake rush on into the Georgian Bay

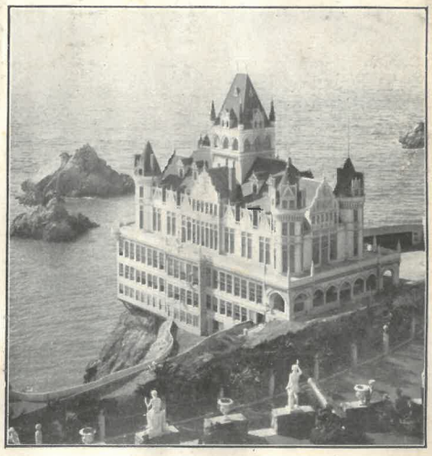
"The Call of the Wilderness"—"Where the aroma from centuries of undisturbed wildness fills the air"

"The Ethics of the Hills"—"Seek the cloud-crowned mountain top"



A Chinatown Tea-house

Getting an early start, in the dawn of the morning



The Cliff House

THE OLD BRIDGE AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE THE AMERICAN MINUTE-MEN ENCOUNTERED THE BRITISH SOLDIERS ON APRIL 19, 1775, AND "FIRED THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD"

From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

After Waterloo.

From the Painting by Lady Butler. By special permission of the Artist, whose copyright it is.

The Egyptian Camel Corps.

From the Painting by Lady Butler. By special permission of the Artist, whose copyright it is.

[...nted by] "AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE." [Marcus Stone, R.
(Copyright.)

Blossom time and harvest time, in "Apple Land"

MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON—THIS OLD VIRGINIA MANSION WAS INHERITED BY WASHINGTON FROM HIS BROTHER LAWRENCE IN 1752, AND IT WAS HIS HOME UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1799. BELOW THE HOUSE, ON THE PATH LEADING DOWN TO THE POTOMAC, IS THE TOMB CONTAINING THE BODIES OF GENERAL WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE

From a photograph by Leet, Washington

wishing the King " Many happy returns." Standing beside his Majesty are Queen Alexandra and Lord Romney, M.F.H.

by " The Daily Mirror."

PRINCE ALFONSO OF BOURBON, SON OF THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN, AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY PRINCESS BEATRICE OF COBURG, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND COBURG, AND NIECE OF KING EDWARD VII—AS A PUNISHMENT FOR MARRYING WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF THE KING OF SPAIN, PRINCE ALFONSO HAS BEEN DEPRIVED OF HIS TITLES AND HONORS

From photographs by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris, and Uhlenhuth, Coburg

From a photograph by Downey, London

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER DAUGHTER

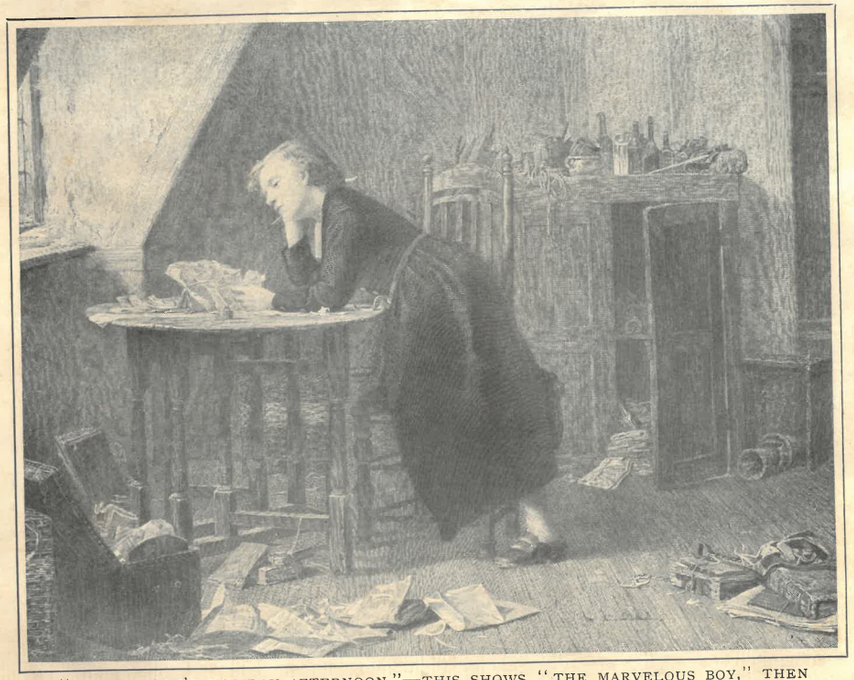
THE Prince of Wales has five sons and one daughter—wherein his family nearly resembles that of his first cousin, the German Kaiser, who has six sons and one daughter. The Princess of Wales, who is a daughter of the late Duke of Teck, was first engaged to her present husband's brother, the Duke of Clarence. Rumor has it that her own preference was always for Prince George; and if this be so, the death of the Duke of Clarence converted an arrangement of state into a genuine love-match. The prince and princess were married in 1893, and their one daughter, the Princess Victoria Alexandra, was born in 1897, so that she is now entering her thirteenth year. It is almost a tradition in England that the Princess of Wales should be very popular; and the girlish daughter, who is beginning to emerge from childhood, shares the good-will which the whole British nation entertains for her mother.

King Edward's sixty-seventh birthday was celebrated at Sandringham on November 9th, when one of the principal events was a meet of foxhounds at Gayton Hall, the residence of the Earl of Romney. Beautiful weather favoured the event, and several thousand persons assembled to greet his Majesty. The King, who appeared to be in the best of health, was seen to laugh heartily, and to congratulate Lord Romney on the appearance of the hunt. The picture shows the hounds wishing the King "Many happy returns." Standing beside his Majesty are Queen Alexandra and Lord Romney, M.F.H.

by "The Daily Mirror."

JAMES WATT, AS A BOY, MAKING HIS FIRST EXPERIMENT WITH THE POWER OF STEAM

From an old print



"CHATTERTON'S HOLIDAY AFTERNOON"—THIS SHOWS "THE MARVELOUS BOY," THEN SIXTEEN YEARS OLD, WRITING THE POEMS WHICH HE GAVE TO THE WORLD AS THE WORK OF A MYTHICAL FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MONK

From the painting by W. B. Morris

"An Ocean of Molten Gold Sweeps Through the Golden Gate"

London Girl's Death in China

LATE MRS. J. L. STEWART.
Photographed a day or two before her death.

GRAVE OF LATE MRS. STEWART,
In foreign section of Chinese Cemetery on Yangtse.

PATHETIC DEATH OF CITY GIRL WHO DIED IN DISTANT CHINA

MAY 14, 1910.—

Rev. J. L. Stewart Writes Touching Story of the Death of His Bride, Nee Dunkin, En Route to Mission Field

Rev. J. L. Stewart, missionary to China, met Miss Dunkin, daughter of Mr. John Dunkin, of the Wortley road, in this city, during the holding of the London conference in the Askin Street Methodist Church in June of last year.

In the fall the young people were married, and almost immediately they left for the missionary field in China.

On the way inland Mrs. Stewart was taken ill. Ere she had reached the far inland post to which the missionaries were making their way she died. News of her death here cast a gloom over the whole southern section of the city, where she had been known and loved.

A letter has come from her grief-stricken husband, together with two photographs, one taken shortly before her death and the other being that of her tombstone in the little foreign cemetery on the banks of the Yangtse. The letter is full of pathetic interest.

The Voyage Across.

Of the voyage he writes:

Our voyage across the Pacific was unusually rough. With the exception of two days, each day was dark, dreary, cold and stormy. Our dear lassie was on deck but little. She spent most of her time snuggled down in her berth below. There she seemed but little disturbed, save that she wearied of her long constraint. At Yokohama she surprised us all by her sprightliness, enjoying to the full the streets, shops, the chrysanthemum shows and strange sights and sounds.

At Hankow the patient's symptoms were those of cholera, and in great apprehension the captain of the steamer was besought to turn about. But "before we reached Ichang, so sturdy were the dear lassie's recuperative powers, she was again at table, and on deck, filling her place in our little social circle, though more quietly than before."

Ranging Hopes and Fears.

Rev. Mr. Stewart continues:

Day followed day with its ranging hopes and fears as we voyaged up the great river. Once she seemed decidedly worse, and we stopped for two days at the City of Wanhsien, thinking it best to await the arrival of Dr. Cox and his party. Then a very decided improvement came, and as Dr. Wilford was ever with us on the boat, we thought it best to push on ten days to Chungking. The improvement continued. She began to sit up much of the day, and even to walk a little. One day she walked and stood looking out of the window for several minutes each time. Alas, we since fear her courageous, plucky little heart overdid its strength. For the next days she did not care to sit up as before; it made her dizzy, she said. Her nourishment increased, however, and we were full of hope when we entered Chungking on the evening of January 19.

The next morning Dr. McCartney, head of the great Methodist Episcopal hospital and a physician of over twenty years' experience, came to visit us. With his assistance, recovery seemed assured by even greater bounds. Friday, the 21st, she ate and drank almost as in normal health. That night she was restless, but the next morning bright again, the old-time smiles and sunshine. All through she had kept us from all thought of sorrow by her sallies of humor, high courage and hope. Saturday morning she was no exception. "To-day," she declared as she awoke and took her first nourishment, "to-day is to be the dandiest day yet." Ah me! How little we dreamed she would that day leave our little circle to join the vast multitude who dwell in the many missions in our Father's house beyond.

The Closing Hours.

It was only when returning from breakfast that for the first I thought she looked more weary than before. Dr. Wilford came in also, and though our brave little lassie assured us she felt just splendid, Dr. McCartney was sent for with all speed. Our boy met him coming down to our boats, and he was with us in less than ten minutes. It was at once seen that the little heart which had struggled on with such high courage so long was failing at last. All that medical knowledge could do was done. We did not dare to tell her our fears lest any excitement might bring the crisis we wrought and prayed to prevent. For a time her heart responded bravely, and we were full of hope and thanksgiving. Then suddenly, as though she sighted the golden city afar off, she turned those dear gray eyes from us, breathed gently, peacefully for a time, and was gone. Ah me! we called her then, and called again. Once her lips moved feebly, as though they would fain reply, but there was no murmur of sound. With her, there were no last words, no sadness of farewell, no moaning of the bar. Hers must be first words, glad words of greeting as we meet at the gates of the morn. And it was high noon.

London Woman to Aid.

Mrs. McCartney, dear Dell's fellow-townswoman, from London, and a trained nurse, came to our assistance. Gently we dressed her in the green traveling dress she loved so well, for the long, long journey, rolled her mass of flaxen hair as her deft fingers so often did, then folded her hands to rest. Such perpetual peace shone and smiled from her dear form and face, that sorrow and weeping seemed forbidden in her presence. I could not think she was dead. She seemed seated by my side viewing with me these great mysteries, and was she not?

Monday afternoon friends brought one of the great, thick pine coffins, varnished over and over to prevent decay, in which the people of this ancient empire love best to bury their dead. Without, it was shining black; within, it was lined and padded with softest white silk. Slowly, sweetly, we tucked our little lady in after a time, her soft eiderdown comforter about her and under her head, with its waves of golden hair, her snow-white pillow from the homeland. It was springtime already in this land of flowers, so we strewed nature's offering about our beloved, with one pure white rose on her breast.

British Blue Jackets Assist.

Silently we stood about while Mr. Taylor, of our party read His majestic words of the many mansions; then strong hands bore her forth. On a little boat, the bier covered with her country's flags, and wreaths and wheels of roses and red and white camellias, we dropped down the great yellow Yangtse for half a mile, then up the little river that pierces the heart of these twin cities. Two miles to the north, on the hills four hundred feet above the river that rushes below, and surrounded on all sides as far as the eye can see with Chinese graves, lies the foreign cemetery. Thither we bore our beloved. There eternal peace reigns, unbroken by the roaring of the great river, and the commotion of the city, far below. There sleep other noble women and brave men who from many lands have come to plant His Kingdom in this vast empire. And there British blue jackets and Chinese coolies lowered our loved one to her last long rest. The boys of our party read each a part of that sacred service, and then we stood with bowed heads till al was over, and the great golden sun in the west shot its arrows far afield like watch-fires o'er the celestial gateway, and from the east the silvery moon rose slowly breathing over all her benediction of silence. Even then, and since, it seemed all a strange, solemn dream. Involuntarily, more than once, I looked about me to catch her face among the friends who stood around. And assuredly she was there, but the mortal had put on immortality.

That was January 24. Three weeks have gone by since then, and we are again on our way westward. Blessed be work. Surely not the curse of our race but the blessing He would have us believe who said: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

pyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

WALL STREET AND OLD TRINITY, NEW YORK.

The Vestry of Old Trinity, standing at the head of Wall Street, New York city, have authorized an addition to this historic church building. It will be in the form of a small chapel, to be known as the Dix Memorial Chapel. The late Doctor Morgan Dix was rector of Trinity for nearly half a century. The new structure will adjoin the present church building, and will be used for small wedding and funerals. Trinity during the past year has been engaged in many improvements. Ten large business buildings have been erected upon some of its realty holdings. Final plans have been prepared for a large new church structure to house the congregation belonging to one of Trinity's nine chapels.

SIXTEEN YEARS OLD, WALKING THE STREETS AS THE WORK OF A MYTHICAL FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MONK
From the painting by W. B. Morris

THE LEADERSHIP OF TECUMSEH AND THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES

BY HELEN M. DUNCAN

Throughout Canada we continually hear regret that our predecessors are dwindling away to obscurity with no adequate record of their picturesque epoch having been made for the future. Centuries hence the composite race of this country will probably claim a kind of descent from the noblest type of aboriginal American, the Indian, for the men of the future, more than we of the present, will realize the powerful bond we have in common with the redmen—the tie of common environment, of magnificent lands such as no other race has ever inherited, scenery of deep-lying and far-stretching lands that must forever imprint itself upon the very physiognomies of all of its inhabitants, a climate that is bound in the future, as in the past, to work wonders in the way of superior physique and highest character.

The Indian was the first race to exemplify in a small degree what this unique natural environment of our Canada may do, for there was something about the Indian that was very remote, very lofty, that aroused comparisons with our own civilized ideals, something that our literature, portrait-painting, etc., have never caught, and that will perhaps never be transmitted to the future. It was this vague atmosphere of genuine personality that doubtless inspired Paul Kane to strive to put something of the Indian life upon canvas (in that interesting collection of Indian pictures that hang in the University of Toronto, the loan of Mr. E. B. Osler). It was something of a like aim that inspired Audubon to spend his life in an endeavor to perpetuate by pictures the beautiful birds of the earlier America—another example of just such a labor of love (for, unfortunately, valuable as these records are, the faithful historian has rarely been otherwise rewarded than by the knowledge of having accomplished a needed work) is that of Mrs. Chamberlain, who has devoted years to reproducing our native wild flowers in color, and within the last year exhibited a collection in Toronto of which every Canadian should be proud. The little fragile beauties of the forest seem as powerless to withstand the encroachment of civilization as their human contemporaries, the Indians. It largely rests with our historians, as clubs and as individuals, whether or not we shall preserve with sanctity such archives and add to them year by year such reminiscences as shall better enable our descendants to grasp the significance of the beauty, dignity and wild individuality of the Indians, with their still more strikingly original birds and flowers of a few centuries ago.

In an attempt to perpetuate the memory of some of the great individuals of the red race some books have been written, some monuments erected, but their history, like their great traditional and legendary lore, is comparatively an untrampled ground. The west can scarcely grasp with what haste the Indian is passing away, for with them he is still in sight. In the east it is far different. Already the last vestige of his old-time glory has gone forever and only here and there one finds a small remnant of the race relegated to a few acres on which they may barely hope to eke out a living and die the rather inglorious death of the partially civilized.

Of these reserves in the east there is one that must ever stand out prominently in our history. This is Moraviantown, the death scene of Tecumseh, the greatest Indian celebrity of this continent, and one of our own heroes of 1812. Tecumseh's title to greatness does not depend alone on his character as a military leader, for he was a wonderful organizer, and his whole career was marked by a nobleness of character that would shed lustre on any citizen of any country. His fidelity to Britain at a time when long and costly wars had greatly exhausted her resources of men and money should appeal to every patriotic citizen of the empire, but especially to every Canadian, whose land he defended and on whose soil he fell. Authentic data of Tecumseh is rare, but it is to be regretted that this available material is not made permanent.

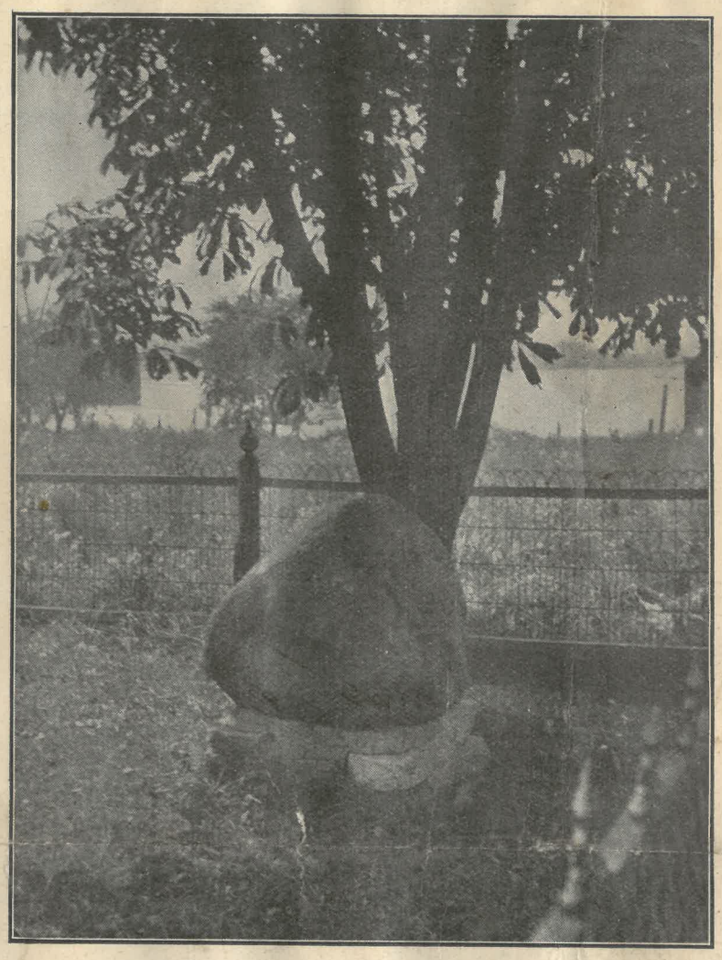
There is a story to the effect that Tecumseh, of the Shawnee tribe, was one of three brothers born at one birth in 1769 upon the banks of the Scioto River (near what is now Chillicothe), a tributary to the Ohio. His father's name was "Rukeenshens," which means "I light from flying." His mother's name was Martheetashe, which signifies "A turtle laying her eggs in the sand." The name Tecumseh in the Indian language signifies "A tiger crouching for his prey." Another of these triplet brothers became known as the "Prophet," and in statecraft was second only to Pontiac, and, along with Tecumseh, the two were a power worthy to succeed to the great project of uniting all the Indian tribes of the west and northwest of the United States and of Canada in a combined opposition to the United States in their encroachments on Indian territory west of the Ohio. The Indians always claimed that they were not bound by the British and American treaty of 1783; that they were an independent nation, the rightful owners of the soil, and that no power, English or American, could deprive them of their rights. Tecumseh's tribe, the Shawnees, were a bold, roving, adventurous tribe, whose history baffles the search of the antiquarians, and the first authentic record we have of them is their settlement side by side with the Delawares on the Ohio River. Some writers say that they belonged to the Delawares, who called themselves the original people.

Tecumseh was not an advocate of civilization, for he believed that the only salvation for the Indians was to regain their original state, and his theory has never been disproved. He saw clearly that his people adopted the vices of civilization without its virtues, and that there is no such thing as successful civilization forced upon a race that is not ready for it.

In 1791 we find him engaged in a war against the Americans, and the failures of Gens. Harrison and St. Clair attest his bravery and resistance. At Fort Recovery, July 17, 1794, Tecumseh first distinguished himself, and thereafter was the great influence amongst his braves, although in 1794 General Wayne gained a victory over two thousand warriors and the war was brought to a close by the treaty of Greenville in 1795

During the peace that followed the Indians almost ruined themselves by drink. Tecumseh, seeing the effects, and being a strong advocate of temperance, entered upon a [illegible] against rum-drinking.

He still believed that by co[illegible] they could drive back the [illegible], and to further this end he [illegible]



TECUMSEH'S IMPROVISED TRIBUNE AT AMHERSTBURG.
A huge stone, now a valuable relic, near the river front, upon which Tecumseh stood and harangued the British General for his proposal to evacuate the frontier to the American forces in the war of 1812.

tribes from north to south and east to west, and it was in one of his eloquent harangues that he used these now famous words to the Osages:

"Brothers, when the white men first set foot on our shores they were hungry; they had no place on which to spread their blankets or to kindle their fires. They were feeble; they could do nothing for themselves. Our fathers commiserated their distress and shared freely with them whatever the Great Spirit had given his children. They gave them food when hungry, medicine when sick, spread skins for them to sleep on, gave them grounds that they might hunt and raise corn. Brothers, the white people are like poisonous serpents; when chilled they are feeble and harmless, but invigorate them with warmth and they sting their benefactors to death."

For years the Indian arms clashed with those of the United States until their last great battle at Tippecanoe practically ended the hope of an Indian confederacy.

When next we hear of Tecumseh he has joined the British in what we call the war of 1812, and is round about Amherstburg and Detroit. We know of that memorable meeting with General Brock and how each of them was so inspired with respect for the other and how Tecumseh drew on a piece of birch bark the plan of Fort Detroit, and was thus the chief instrument of its capitulation. Brock returned east, leaving Proctor, along with Tecumseh and his braves, in charge of Detroit, and the defence of the frontier in southern Ontario. with what result we are still more or less familiar.

Proctor proved his inefficiency and was afterwards court-martialed for the disgraceful conduct of this part of the campaign. Throughout this period Tecumseh maintained a characteristic brave and desperate attitude. Detroit was made untenable by the defeat of the Canadian fleet on Lake Erie. This last reverse was kept secret from Tecumseh, and he was doubly opposed to Proctor's retreat up the Thames. Again and again he demanded that a stand be made, but Proctor dare not turn and face the pursuing enemy until they reached the old Moravian mission on the north side of the River Thames, about three miles east of where Thamesville now stands. Here on October 5, 1813, Tecumseh marked out the ground. The two fine cannon that they had captured from Detroit, and which were of revolutionary fame and much prized by the United States, were placed on the Longwoods road so as to command a ravine which ran across the road. Even yet one can see what a strong position this would have proved had Proctor been a little more zealous. No detail of the battle can here be given, although there are those living in the vicinity whose fathers and grandfathers have handed down what appears to be a very exact account, and they are all convinced that in spite of General Harrison's large forces, had Proctor stood his ground, the result might have been far different. As it was, Proctor and his regiment were the first to flee, leaving the Indians to bear the brunt of the battle. Harrison advanced with 4,000 trained men, among them his famous Kentucky riflemen, yet the little band of three or four hundred Indians put forth a resistance that has seldom been equalled for sheer bravery. Here fell many of the famous old Indian warriors, whose undaunted spirit had led them to follow their beloved leader, Tecumseh, even to his last resting place, for Tecumseh was doomed to be shot down by his old-time enemy. It is generally claimed that it was Colonel Johnson who shot him, and as to his burial place there is much doubt. However, the most conclusive proof is on the side of his having been buried on the site of his last battlefield. His descendants, some of whom still reside in Moraviantown, are agreed as to this.

After this battle, which must be chronicled as a defeat and yet which must ever remain as almost the Thermopylae of Indian history, Harrison burnt the little village, and the missionaries, native Indians and the few remaining Tecumseh braves fled towards Niagara. They returned soon after and settled on the opposite side of the river, where they still remain in what is to-day known as the Moraviantown Reserve. On the old site on the north side of the Thames, a few ancient apple trees upon the brink of the river and a small burying ground to the north of an unmarked triangular lot are all that remain to tell the story of one of the most remarkable battles in Canadian history.

The United Empire Loyalist Association has asked for monumental recognition of Tecumseh. It would indeed be no more than an act of justice for Canadians to show their regard for this great man and their appreciation of his heroic efforts to defend their country by erecting a monument to his memory, and it is impossible to doubt that both the Dominion and Provincial Governments would aid in so laudable an undertaking. Of all places that have been suggested, the scene of Tecumseh's last heroic stand, where he died in the defence of Canada and the British nag, would be the most appropriate one for a memorial. The names of Brock, Wolfe and Montcalm suggest distinguished precedents for hallowing the spot where a hero falls. Some of the very walnut trees under which Tecumseh died still stand at the picturesque bend of the river. The site is on the old Longwoods road, which is the most direct route from London to Windsor. It is within easy walking distance of Thamesville, which may be reached by the C.P.R. the G.T.R. and the Wabash, and a monument of moderate height could be discerned from the Grand Trunk and Wabash lines over which thousands of tourists pass in the year. Surely such historical ground as this should be designated by some suitable mark before the exact location has passed from memory.

The centenary of the death of Tecumseh, only five years hence, is October 5, 1913, and by that time let us hope that there may be reared near his last resting place a monument worthy the dead hero, and a credit to those who erect it. Whether or not this be accomplished, may we ever keep to the fore in our Canadian annals the man of whom Richardson (his most authoritative biographer) says: "In any other country and governing any other men, Tecumseh would have been a hero; at the head of this uncivilized and untractable people he was a savage; but such a savage as civilization might not blush to acknowledge for its child."

OUR HERITAGE.

Some of our days to come may show of strife,
Others perchance would be suffused with light,
If panoramic view of future life
Would but unfold itself to mortal sight.

Coming catastrophies and burdens great,
Mountains of pain and hardship, that we'd see,
Would tend to darken all our present state
If such prophetic thing should ever be.

Over the one who gives up in despair,
Unknown or known, these hardships ever lay,
Like lowering clouds over a landscape fair,
That hide the beauty of the present day.

Mountains seem mole-hills to our strengthened feet,
And pitfalls but a shortened step if we
To our guide and amulet will truly keep,
Shedding sunshine through Faith, Hope and Charity.

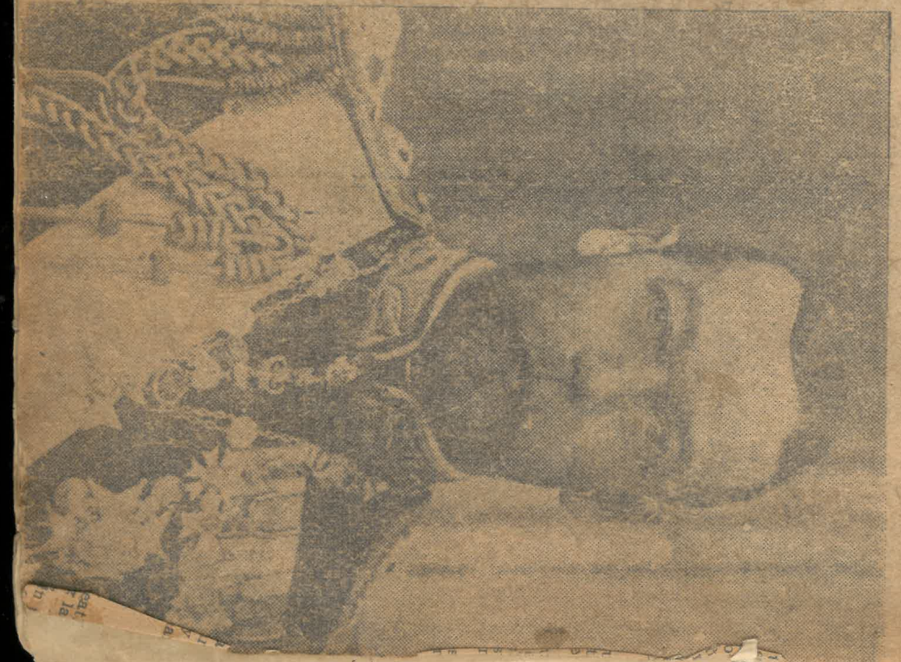
Frances Letoil.

"Road Through the Caledon Hills." Owen Staples.

"Wolfe's Cove, Quebec, in 1882." F. McG. Knowles, R.C.A.

"The Evening Cloud of the North Land." J. W. Beatty, A.R.C.

THE KING IS DEAD!



LONG LIVE THE KING!

THE LAST WORDS OF KING EDWARD VII.:

"Well, it is all over, but I think I have done my duty."—Spoken yesterday afternoon during a short period of consciousness.

WHEN KING EDWARD WAS LONDON'S GUEST
HIS VISIT TO THIS CITY IN SEPTEMBER, 1860

London was visited by King Edward in September, 1860, when he was Prince of Wales, and there are still quite a number of citizens who can claim the honor of having had a part in the right royal welcome which was accorded by the citizens of London to the then heir apparent. The demonstration on that occasion was declared by one who accompanied the prince to have been superior to anything elsewhere in Canada, where his visit was one continued ovation.

It was on the afternoon of September 12 that the prince and his party arrived in London. The royal salute was fired by the Volunteer Artillery, and the guard of honor was made up of the Volunteer Rifles, the Highlanders and cavalry. The city was most magnificently decorated, and those who had a part in the occasion, and still survive, say that, population and wealth considered, there has been no demonstration to equal it since.

In the handsome pavilion, erected close to the station, the prince and his party were received by the mayor, the Parliamentary representatives, the city council and a large committee of citizens. The address of welcome did not differ essentially from the ordinary run of such affairs, but it contained one sentence worthy of preservation: "The fact, that at most, it is only 40 years since, in the locality where you now stand, none but the red Indians dozed under the shade of the primeval forest will sufficiently explain to your royal highness why we can conduct you to no magnificent buildings, to no sacred historic monuments, such as those which are familiar to your eye, but we are persuaded you can well appreciate the results of our industry, which, in our circumstances, are necessarily more marked by the useful than the ornamental."

In reply, the prince spoke briefly, six sentences in all, and two of them contained the kernel of the speech: "The country through which I have passed this day presents the spectacle of a population prosperous and happy. Its progress excites alike admiration and astonishment, and the industry evinced on every side has nearly supplanted the tractless forests of past generations by smiling fields and pastures, reminding you of those which so many of you have quitted in your youths."

As the party moved in procession to the Tecumseh House, which had been leased by the Government in its then unfinished state, and put in shape for occupancy by the prince and suite, there was continued cheering and most marked enthusiasm. A party of 2,000 children, who had been trained by Mr. Longman, sang the national anthem, and of these children there must be still several hundred in the City of London. The children's chorus was sung from a large platform erected near the present site of St. Andrew's Church.

THE LATE KING EDWARD VII.

From a photograph taken in this city on occasion of his visit to London in 1860. Photograph is the property of Sir John Carling.

In response to the hearty cheers, the prince appeared on the balcony of the hotel, and in the evening there was a display of fireworks and a torchlight procession.

The next day the prince paid a flying visit to Sarnia, returning in the evening to be present at the ball held in the pavilion erected in the rear of the Tecumseh. Some 300 couples were present at this function, including many from outside places. There were 21 numbers on the dance programme, and the prince danced them all. The following transcript of his dance card will be of special interest, giving as it does the names of the ladies who were his partners:

1—Quadrille. Miss Moffat.
2—Polka. Mrs. Watson.
3—Waltz. Miss Becher.
4—Lancers. Mrs. Howell.
5—Waltz. Miss Prince.
6—Galop. Miss Askin.
7—Quadrille. Mrs. Judge Small.
8—Waltz. Miss Hamilton.
9—Lancers. Mrs. W. L. Lawrence.
10—Polka. Miss Jennings.
11—Galop. Miss Meredith.
12—Quadrille. Miss Bell.
13—Waltz. Miss Gzowski.
14—Galop. Mrs. Rivers.
15—Lancers. Miss Gzowski.
16—Galop. Miss Hope.
17—Quadrille. Miss Dalton.
18—Waltz. Miss Paul.
19—Lancers. Mrs. Taylor.
20—Waltz. Mrs. James Daniell.
21—Sir Roger de Coverly. Miss Brough.

The next morning there was a turnout of volunteer firemen, trade societies and citizens generally, and at 10 o'clock the prince took his departure for Niagara Falls.

During his stay in London addresses were presented to him by the Board of Trade, signed by D. Farrar, president, and Chas. Hunt, vice-president; the St. Andrew's Society, J. Wilson, president; the Synod of the Diocese of Huron, the magistracy, the militia, and the Welshmen, Ben Nash, representative.

The royal salute as the prince left Canadian territory at Windsor—he having come back through London—was fired by the London Field Battery.

HIS MAJESTY'S DEATH CAME WITH SUDDENNESS

(NEWSBOYS' CRIES FIRST INTIMATION TO THOUSANDS ON THE STREETS)

LONDON STUNNED, UNABLE TO REALIZE SITUATION

Passing Came at 15 Minutes Before Midnight, But Not Announced Until 30 Minutes Later—Story of Sick Chamber, Where Suffering Monarch Refused to be Still—Contracted Fatal Chill While on Visit to Sandringham

Free Press Special Leased Wire Cable.

LONDON, May 7.—Saturday—The King died at 11.45, but the news did not each the public over the tickers until 12.20, when the theatre supper crowds were ust leaving the restaurants. Silence fell upon the crowds, who went sorrowfully omeward.

London was anxious all day. The sudden news of the King's grave illness came s a blow, because his majesty was reported to have returned from Biarritz in fair ealth. All day crowds loitered about Buckingham Palace and the Mansion House, here the physicians' bulletins were displayed.

Financial London was gravely interested in the startling news of the King's ondition. London had been experiencing a gigantic stock boom. The public, after aving kept their purses tied up tightly since the Boer war, began pouring out millons in the purchase of rubber shares in innumerable new companies, numbers of hich are floated weekly. News of the King's illness shocked the financial district, ecause it disarranged the plans of the financiers. As an example of the effects of he news of the King's illness in the financial district, your correspondent is informed hat the prospectuses of nine new companies, which were handed to the newspapers r publication Saturday morning, were withdrawn late yesterday afternoon.

VILL BE SHOCK O WORLD'S BOURSES.

The bourses of the world will be shocked this morning when they learn of the ing's death. The effect upon business in London will be grave. It will give a sharp alt to all speculative enterprises, while it will destroy the social season that has ist opened with a promise of wonderful profits for hotels, restaurants, retail merhants, theatres and the opera. The King was deeply interested in the success of e social season inaugurated upon his return from Biarritz. It was his desire, if he uld do so, to bring the warring political leaders together, and to have the general ection postponed until late in the summer, in order that it should not be precipited in the midst of the social season, which it would ruin, and bring irreparable sses at the same time upon merchants, theatres, operas, and all lines of industry ependent upon smart society for a living.

ONDITION OBVIOUS N SPITE OF BULLETINS.

It was obvious to the correspondents, who called at the palace several times roughout the morning, afternoon and evening, that despite the grave bulletin of e royal physicians and throat specialists, the King's condition was really more ttical than the medical bulletins announced. Everybody about the palace seemed traught. Lord Knollys concealed his anxiety behind a studied curtness of manner answering the correspondents' questions.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.

Where His Majesty King Edward VII. Died. The Death Chamber Was in the Rear of the Building.

Early in the day the palace servants changed their scarlet liveries for black. The members of the royal family, who left the palace throughout the day, were obviously deeply distressed. It was apparent that the King's end was near.

So grave was the last official bulletin that an urgent summons was issued to all the members of the royal family, not already gathered at the palace, to come there immediately.

The King was always a difficult patient for his physicians to manage. He was even more difficult during his past two days' illness.

Yesterday morning and afternoon his majesty was exceedingly restless, and insisted on getting out of bed and partially dressing. The physicians could not induce him to withdraw his mind from consideration of affairs of state. He often petulantly observed that he was unable to rest, because he could not withdraw his mind from consideration of the political situation.

POLITICAL SITUATION WAS ON HIS MIND.

"I cannot rest," his majesty exclaimed several times, "because I am thinking of this terrible political situation. I cannot stop in bed. I must be up."

The King passed a fairly quiet night. Early yesterday morning the members of his and the Queen's suite were hopeful that the day would bring a favorable turn to his illness. Early visitors to the palace were informed that he was making fair progress. There was still no improvement in the king's condition at 10 o'clock. It was decided that all the members of the royal family then in the palace should stay at night. Rooms were prepared for them. At 10.30 it was authoritatively stated that there was no further change in his majesty's condition. At 10 o'clock, when the royal physicians gathered for the morning examination of the illustrious patient, it

Continued on Page Five.

DOWAGER QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

WIFE OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.