

Author of "A Canadian Idyll."

A Writer Whose Sketches of French-Canadian "Types" Have Attracted Much Attention in Great Britain, as Well as in Canada.

A GOOD deal is being said now-a-days, in one way or another, about the French-Canadian. His loyalty, or lack of it, forms excuse for discussions more animated than polite on the floor of the House of Commons. According to one section of the press, he has a decided tendency to pro-Boer sentiments; according to the other, he is ready and waiting to spill his last drop of blood in the interests of the British flag. To get a glimpse at him as he is in the heart of him, away from the modifying and corrupting influence of cities and politics, one may read with advantage the sketches of French-Canadian types which appear from time to time in The Canadian Magazine from the pen of Mrs. Jane Fayer Taylor, of Montreal.

Mrs. Taylor spent the years of her early girlhood in a quiet, but beautiful, rural district near St. Hyacinthe, Que. Having no companions of her own age and class, she mingled constantly with French-Canadian boys and girls, whose language she learned to speak as glibly as her own. The picturesque and romantic surroundings of her home fostered and enriched the glowing "inner sight" with which she had been gifted by Nature. She found her chief delight in studying the quaint manners and customs of the people about her, often recognizing "the perfect statue in the unformed block of their character," where others saw only clay of a very ordinary kind. The bare-foot boy, with clouded complexion, and pantaloons many-patched but not patched enough; the old habitant gardener, with his short corn-cob pipe and villainous tobacco; the leathern-faced old woman, in abbreviated home-spun skirt and shapeless shoes—all have their "angel side," and Mrs. Taylor sees it.

As the wife of Mr. F. W. Taylor, Inspector of the Bank of Montreal, Mrs. Taylor has sojourned for a time in many of the smaller towns and villages of Ontario and Quebec, even penetrating into the lumbering districts of Northern Ontario, where a lady less interested in the "study of mankind" must have fallen a victim to ennui of the most malignant type. But, whether it was the local lion playing whist in dogskin driving-gloves, by way of conforming to the conventionalities of society, or the bushwhacker in shrieking plaid "mackinaws," they were "types" of man, and as such worthy of being scanned with thoughtful, if somewhat amused, eye.

About two years ago, Mrs. Taylor began contributing to The Canadian Magazine sketches dealing chiefly with French-Canadian people at home. These sketches are instinct with feeling and life. They are clear-cut as a cameo and mellow in color as an old picture. One sees "the afternoon sun glaring down mercilessly upon the whitewashed, red-roofed Ledoux farmhouse, and the old pepe Ledoux on the shady side of the verandah industriously reseating hardwood chairs." One can smell the "acid atmosphere which he is poisoning with the fumes of his home-grown and self-cured tobacco. One can hear the whirr, whirr of the spinning-wheel, the clackety-clack of the catalogue shuttle, and pum, pum of the foot-loom," and one quite believes the boast of old pepe that "his fille gets two prices for her eggs and chickens, and sells madame for 100 years old the spinning-wheel he made."

Mrs. Taylor has written no books or long stories as yet, nor does she intend doing so. Her chief aim is to make the French-Canadian understood, and for such a purpose the sketch, or "soul of a story," is best adapted. Her sketches have, most of them, been copied by the English Public Opinion, and thereby hangs a tale, or rather, therefrom will arise several tales.



MRS. TAYLOR.

(as "Canada," in a Tableau.)

So favorable was the notice attracted by these short stories, that a large syndicate of English publishers have recently written to ask Mrs. Taylor for 10 sketches of Canadian types from one end of the Dominion to the other. To procure material for these, Mrs. Taylor will in a short time visit Halifax to select and study her Nova-Scotian "type," and will proceed during the summer through the other Provinces to British Columbia, devoting as large a proportion as possible of the allotted number to her favorite habitant people.

These stories will be illustrated from photographs taken by the author, and will be eagerly watched for by those who have read "Philomene," "A Little Circle in the Sand," and "A Canadian Idyll."

E.B.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S PRINCIPLES OF PHILANTHROPY.

IT would require volumes to describe in detail just exactly how and where the ironmaster bestowed and still bestows his munificence. The world knows about the many libraries at Braddock, Homestead, Johnstown, Edinburgh, Dunfermline, besides the great Carnegie Library and Music Hall, at Pittsburgh, which have so stimulated the intellectual pulse of a city tempted to devote itself too absolutely to material pursuits. That he is not charitable in the strict acceptance of the term he rather glories in. At any rate, he has stated emphatically that it is almost useless to give promiscuously, and that it is little short of a crime. He wants to help those who help themselves, he says. Let others lift up the "submerged tenth"; to keep them above water is the task which requires attention. He is not a charity giver, he affirms, but looks for the elevation of the race through the elevation of the mind. For this purpose he will give of his millions, but he exacts of the community what he would exact of the individual—that once in possession of its library it must carry the work forward.—Review of Reviews.