

Robert Harris, Pres. R. C. A.

Robert Harris, the distinguished Canadian artist, was born near Carnarvon, North Wales, 17th September, 1849. He came to Canada in youth, and was educated at Charlottetown, P. E. I. For some time he was a land surveyor. He was self-educated in art till about 1877, after which he studied in London and Paris. He was elected a member of the R. C. A. of Arts in 1879, and vice-president of the Ontario Society of Artists in 1880. Mr. Harris was elected president of the R. C. A. in 1900, a position which he still holds. He has exhibited pictures in the Salon of Paris and the R. C. A. of London. He painted, by the order of the Canadian Government in 1883, the large picture now in the Parliamentary Building, Ottawa, of the meeting of delegates in Quebec that resulted in the formation of the Dominion of Canada. Among the other pictures are "Meeting of School Trustees," exhibited in the Colonial Exhibition in London in 1886 and purchased by the Government of Canada for the Canadian National Gallery, and numerous portraits. We are privileged to reproduce engravings of two of his paintings, a small study, called "Young Canada," and a much more impressive work, entitled "Going Wrong," a family group in which are wrought out with heart-touching vividness the father's seriousness, the mother's intense anxiety and the sister's anguish over some waywardness just disclosed of the boy of the household. Mr. Harris resides in Montreal.



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"The Remittance Man."

BY W. A. FRASER, THE POPULAR CANADIAN AUTHOR, IN "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST."

[Summary of Part I.]

Dean Ruthven of England, a church dignitary, had consigned his son George along with £10,000 to start him cattle-ranching in the "remittance belt" between "Cargelly" (Calgary?) and Ft. McLeod. George had been going to the dogs horse-racing at home, but was to be reformed in the West. The old-timers took charge of the prodigal, whom they styled "Padre," and he soon had an old shack, two race-horses, Gray Bird and Whirlwind, and a mythical ranch stocked with mythical cattle. As the £10,000 dwindled to



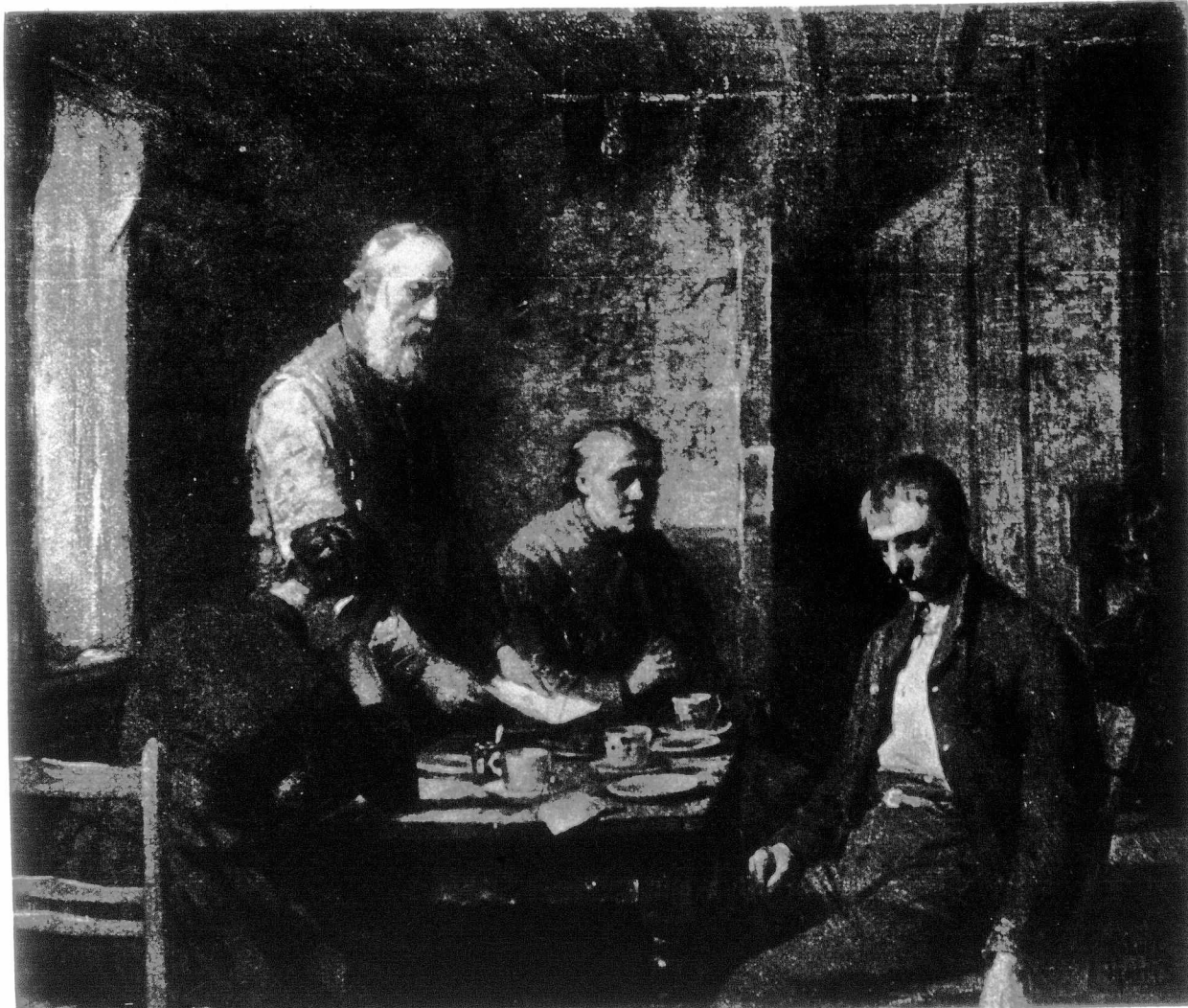
W. A. FRASER.

as many pence, George sent home fairy tales that unexpectedly decided the Dean to visit George's paradise. His letter, saying he would be out on the 21st, startled George. The boys licked his alleged Ranch into shape, and rounded-up 200 head of cattle, bearing everybody's brand, for the Dean's inspection, and he got a hearty Western welcome from the cowboys when he arrived. George scored a point by rescuing his father from an infuriated bull, and got a check



From a painting by Harris.

"YOUNG CANADA."



From a painting by Harris.

"GOING WRONG."

for £2,000; but how to keep knowledge from his devoted father of the big Cargelly races on the 29th, in which Whirlwind and Gray Bird were entered, was the problem. To still further complicate matters, George was in love too—with Marion Sloan—"Sunflower," she was nicknamed—a rare and beautiful girl, sister of Col. Sloan, Indian Agent on the Blood Reserve. George decided to ride Gray Bird himself, and trust Whirlwind to somebody else. To quiet her down, for she was high-strung, he sent her out to his Ranch for a few days before the race. Unluckily, the Dean came upon this note in his son's hotel-room at Cargelly:

Dear Old Padre,—Have just come back from the Blood Reserve. If you can slip away from the Gov'nor, you'd better go out; Sunflower wants her Hiawatha. Go out to buy hay for all those cattle on your ranch.

The Dean scented a terrible misalliance with some Indian woman, and hastily went out to the Ranch, helped himself to Whirlwind and rode over to the Reserve to confer with Col. Sloan about breaking up the match with the squaw, "Sunflower."

"Now, I think it must be broken off at all costs," declared the Dean; "at all costs; in fact, I am prepared to pay a large sum of money, if necessary, to prevent this misalliance."

"Quite so!" interjected Colonel Sloan in a dry voice.

"For, you see, it would never do; would it, Colonel?"

"I think not," answered the Agent. "No, it would break his mother's heart. Fancy taking a girl of that sort home to England—if his intentions were really honorable, which I fear they are not. I know I should feel the disgrace very keenly."

"Everybody would!" declared the Colonel, emphatically.

"Quite true. I have no doubt you know the girl I refer to, for, as I have said, she is in your charge."

"Possibly," commented the Colonel dryly; "you haven't mentioned the young lady's name."

"She's not exactly a lady," corrected the Dean; "I refer to a girl known as 'Sunflower.'"

The Colonel sprang to his feet with an exclamation horrible in the ears of a conscientious churchman.

"What do you mean, you hound? Have you come here to insult my sister through me—and over your profligate son?"

The Dean was also on his feet, the light of a dreadful fright in his watery gray eyes.

"Insult you, my dear sir—your sister—what is all this—what are you talking about?"

"Yes, my sister, Sunflower—Marion."

The stricken Dean moaned. "I understood that Sunflower was an Indian girl—a squaw; at least, I thought she was. This puts an entirely different face on the matter—please forgive me—I—oh, what shall I say? Forgive me—I will explain."

"I am so glad I came, in spite of the terrible blunder I made," wept the Dean. "I do hope that—that—we shall understand each other better—I may say, be closer united. Your sister has quite won my heart, and I hope she has George's also."

At that moment a stranger knocked at the door. When admitted he explained that he had come for the brown mare the Dean had ridden. She was wanted in Cargelly.

"Impossible!" declared Dean Ruthven. "How am I to get back to the Ranch? In fact, I think I shall go into Cargelly now"—and he turned and smiled on Colonel Sloan. Yes, that was his best plan—he would ride the mare into Cargelly. But the messenger was obdurate.

"All right," declared the Dean, blithely; "I'll ride into Cargelly on her—I'm most anxious to get in at once"; he nodded pleasantly at the Agent, as an indication that he meant to do something of interest to him.

"She's got to be led in, sir," objected the man; "Padre Ruthven had her entered in a race to start at—"

"Heavens! a race!" gasped the Dean; "my son racing!"

Also the stranger got a shock; he didn't know that the clerical purloiner of Whirlwind was Padre Ruthven's father. He should have been better schooled when he was sent for the mare.

"Excuse me, my dear sir," the Dean said to his host; "I must stop this race. I'll take the

WM. HUTCHISON, OTTAWA.
Commissioner for Canada at Pan-American Exposition.