

chiefly from the families of the clergy, might upon advantageous terms procure board and the very highest education. The estate had, however, suffered so seriously from what we call shrinkage in stocks, that the benevolent intentions of the founder were capable of being put into practical form only about a year ago. An exquisite, if small, property on the slope of the mountain was purchased, thoroughly equipped, and opened with a curriculum not too compromising and a staff of satisfactory and thorough promise. Though the founder was no soldier, his institute is known as The Trafalgar, and now in its second year it shows the best of all proofs that it was greatly needed,—a full house, a happy family, and an enthusiastic administration. The Lady-Principal is not a Canadian, but an acquisition from the Athens of modern times, and, as she herself admits, "a Scot bristling all over with prejudices." But her soft brown eyes, and her smile which haunts you not because it claims a self-attracted homage, but because it centres its homage in you, indicate that the prejudices are as firm as the granite of her native land for all that is good, and as solid against the un-good as are the oaks of her adopted land.

The St. Andrew's Society's Ball, though not favoured with the patronage of Vice-Royalty, was nevertheless a magnificent affair, and remembering that it has been an annual event for at least three years in succession, was universally and enthusiastically enjoyed. But it forms a strange comment upon benevolence. Its object is to provide, not an opportunity for the parade of fashion and wealth, but food and fuel for the great unfed and unwarmed. Out of a probable expenditure of many thousands upon dress, decorations, and supper, "the return" is expected to be two hundred dollars for charity. Charity,—is love!!

The Academy of Music has been crowded for the whole of the week listening to Clara Louise Kellogg in the English Opera Company. Born in the South, though of New England parentage, Miss Kellogg is now forty-six years of age, in the full prestige of her fame. Ardent and graceful in the extreme, with a voice of marvellous flexibility, and of exquisite beauty except when she is tempted to strain her compass beyond the legitimate sphere of real music, her name is associated with not merely the revival but the immortality of the opera. Foreign operas, in their English dress which has been superintended by herself in translation, training and chorus, will not lose their hold over English hearts. There is a variety as well as a unity in immortality. While Bach, Schumann, Beethoven may be a perennial source of the daintily-profound and the profoundly-dainty for the select and the few, life will indeed be not worth living when there breathes, in any corner of this wide world, a single honest heart that cannot find in Bellini, Rossini, Verdi, Meyerbeer, or Balfe, a hope for its despair, a comfort for its woe, and a rest for its weariness and toil.

VILLE MARIE.

THE LAKE SPIRIT.

A WORLD of dawn, where sky and water merge
In far, dim vapours, mingling blue in blue,
Where low rimmed shores shimmer like gold shot through
Some misty fabric. Lost in dreams, I urge
With languid oar my skiff through sunny surge,
That rings its music round the rocks and sands,
Passing to silence, where far lying lands
Loom blue and purpling from the morning's verge.

I linger in dreams, and through my dreaming comes,
Like sound of suff'ring heard through battle drums,
An anguished call of sad, heart-broken speech;
As if some wild lake spirit, long ago
Soul-wronged, through hundred years its wounded woe
Moans out in vain across each wasted beach.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTER.

OUR train had just left Medicine Hat. Medicine Hat is one of those bony little villages which lie here and there, like mammoth skeletons, on the gaunt prairie along the line of the C.P.R. between Winnipeg and the Rockies. I was dreamily wondering whether the small boy behind munching apples, the porter before twanging his banjo, the men beside me snapping still more irritating vocal chords, or I myself would remain master of the situation, when Garth Grafton came up hurriedly, excitedly, with that peculiarly feminine interrogatory exclamation:

"Do you know, do you know, my dear, who the tall, gray-haired man is to whom I've been speaking?"

I confessed my ignorance.

"That man is Charles Dudley Warner!"

"Charles Dudley who?"

"Charles Dudley Warner."

"Well, think of it, just think of it: the author of the delicious *My Summer in a Garden* and *Backlog Studies*, and—and—Oh! you must know. Well I was standing on the platform, and the Assistant General Manager came up and asked us into his private car. Mr. Warner was there, and repeated the invitation, so we're going."

I was suddenly filled with a sickening sense of fear, of almost nameless dread. I don't suppose I shall ever experience such feelings again till the trumpet sounds, or till I meet another real, live author of whose works, nay, of whose very existence, I am in total ignorance.

"Not know Warner?" continued Garth, aghast. "Not know Warner! Why, you might just as well say you don't

know Longfellow, or Emerson, or—anybody. Have you heard of Lowell? Have you heard of Whittier? Perhaps you would like me to tell you who Mark Twain is? Not heard of Charles Dudley Warner! and I've been saying we are his most ardent admirers. Well, I don't care; I am, at any rate, so you must just get out the best way you can."

Garth is a Canadian *doublée d'une Américaine*. I am sorry to have to say it in French, but fear that the English version would be even more incomprehensible. However, if the editor insists—lined with—no, you see this is really a case of lingual poverty. Garth knows lots of American *littérateurs* more or less personally. I don't think I ever spoke to a genuine author in my life; I mean one who has had his things printed without paying for it. You can understand the situation; you can understand how an unsophisticated young journalist should long with a prodigious longing to be "noticed" in high places, and how, under the circumstances, I should feel faint at the thought of such notice. Later, I believe, one grows callous, and the people in high places are made one's footstool—it is a consolation.

Mr. Warner then came in and repeated his invitation. Garth, hugely pleased, was on the point of going out, when a premonitory motion of my foot withheld her. We promised to join the party anon.

"For heaven's sake," I cried, after Mr. Warner had left us, "for heaven's sake tell me some of the names of his books. Quick! Can't you remember any characters, any scenes? Oh! I wish I hadn't read *The Critic* and *Life*, and thought I was studying American literature when reading *The Quick or the Dead*?"

Then, as Garth attempted to satisfy me with horrible incoherence, there flitted through my mind the possibility of having perused the works a long time ago, or being just in the middle of one of them, or—but Garth got up suddenly and wouldn't wait any longer. I rose also. My mouth twitched into a ghastly smile. I knew how the whole thing must turn out. We should enter, and get luxuriously seated, and have miles of prairie to look at, and then—then Garth would talk Washington and New Orleans. Garth always talks Washington and New Orleans when she can; it is her fox's platter. After this there would come personal reminiscences or some particular aspect of the landscape might suggest a reference by Mr. Warner to his latest. Of course I didn't know, only the nearest approach to an author we had met on the way, a Canadian poet, whenever the prairie was peculiarly flat, invariably cried, "Ah! that reminds me"—and it reminded us too.

My fingers were on the door-handle of the private car; I attempted a hasty recapitulation.

"Oh, Garth! My garden is what? . . . My summer . . . My . . . O please tell me just once again. And then, and then *Babcock* and that sort of thing? Is that it? I think you might wait. There was another. Oh, there was another, *Backlake*! . . . Backwood? . . . Blackleg? . . . Blackleg studies? "Oh don't go yet, Oh . . ."

We entered the cosy little drawing-room at the back of the car. Mr. Warner was there. On looking at him again, on examining him closely—I had not examined him before—an indescribably re-assuring sensation came over me. I was certain a man who looked like that would be merciful. It is a test, a very sharp test to hear your works are utterly unknown by someone, but somehow I don't think a genuine author minds it. Then when Mr. Warner smiled, his smile corresponded to the one Artemus Ward talks about. It began at the heart and worked upwards.

Mr. Warner began speaking to both of us. You understand I was alone on one side of the car, and . . . and . . . and . . . No, Garth didn't start Washington, but she started something far worse—Commercial Union. At any rate, what with the noise of the train and the choice of subjects, I found myself out of the discussion. There remained an alternative between *Robert Elsmere* and the prairie—I chose the prairie. Our interviews *à trois* usually pass this way. Garth having been some years on American newspapers, always distances me, so that if I want anything particularly good I must simply trade some surreptitiously gained bit of information. In the present case for the little I have been able to get out of her concerning the conversation in the private car, she wants the heights of two mountains and the average yield of wheat on a younger son's farm. I'll give her the average yield; but two heights, two honest heights, not approximate ones—well . . . only those "who were born adding up" will never realize what it is to part with a height. Garth tells me that Mr. Warner said, among other things, the Canadians were quite as democratic as the Americans, and that the Canadian type had yet to be developed. If it is democratic to look forward to mansions in London with an anxiety people seldom evince concerning celestial abodes; if it is democratic to make your dollars the price of a coronet, why then Mr. Warner is right, and Canadians are as democratic as Americans.

As I sat there contemplating the prairie an Englishman turned up, an English writer who proved very interesting in his way.

"Ah!" was his first remark, "we are stopping, stopping for water, for water for the engine, I suppose—Ah!"

I supposed so too.

The mystery of our stopping having been solved, the English writer went on to talk about literature. He knew Mrs. Humphrey Ward; he knew who the original was of almost every character in *Robert Elsmere*, and he could claim the right of bemoaning Matthew Arnold's death as if he had been a brother. I enjoyed him too when he

ascribed, as one of his chief reasons for disliking American literature, its orthographical errors—the most distressing of which seemed to be the *neighbour* with a *u* (I wondered if Mr. Warner spelt neighbour with a *u*, and if, should he not do so, I could bring in this lack as an extenuating circumstance for my ignorance of his work). Then came some remarks about Mr. Goldwin Smith, full of insight and appreciation, and sensibility. Altogether the English writer was extremely entertaining with his delicately spiced literary talk and the graceful manners he had been far-seeing enough not to leave behind him.

We dropped the private car at sundown and didn't see its occupants again till we reached Vancouver. And now you are going to be very much shocked, if not pityingly amused, at my first—indeed at my impressions of the Rockies throughout. When I awoke and found myself surrounded by all that austere, cold, awful magnificence utterly free from any memory, I felt as if I had been suddenly transported into a scarcely finished Fifth Avenue palace. The uninhabited chambers, the unfurnished halls of the marvellous structure seemed fresh from the hands of the master builder, but anything fresh from the hands of the master builder very few of us, unfortunately, can appreciate. Let the architecture be never so perfect, we must have the bric-à-brac of quaint conceits and delicate similes, the softly burning memories lightening dim alcoves—a poet host to meet us on the threshold. It was Switzerland without her history, her guide books, her quaint villages, her Byron and Rousseau, everything, in fact, that goes to make the *sauce piquante* which the ordinary palate finds it absolutely necessary all scenery should have. At present, therefore, the Rockies leave me cold, as the French say; nor do I think they are likely to leave the every day traveller in any other condition until we can find the names of Canadian heroes engraven on their pines, until poet and painter shall have interpreted them to us. But notwithstanding all this, the Banff Hotel and Glacier House insure an ever increasing influx of Americans; patriotic zeal must tempt crowds of Canadians thither; while we may be certain the British will patronize these mountains as long as there remains a height unscaled or a cariboo.

And now, not being a Shelley, I would say no more about the Rockies. I know it is very unsatisfactory to dismiss them after this fashion, but I stand before such icy, incomprehensible beauty just like the poor little French soldier stood before the Venus of Milo.

At Field we took the first steps towards riding on the pilot, by riding in the engine room and making friends with the chief engineer. This chief engineer proved a most entertaining *compagnon de voyage*. He spoke frankly about the line, about himself, his family, his present, past, and future life, in a way that was exceedingly satisfactory to me. My knowledge of chief engineers having been limited, as you may judge from the fact that I alluded to them as "engine drivers," for which I was playfully corrected, I was quite unprepared to discover so intelligent and pleasant a specimen.

"Before I came to work on this line," said the chief engineer, "I was on an American one, but the C.P.R. is far ahead of 'em. There ain't much difference in the pay, that's true, only on this line from the President himself clear down to the porters there ain't no difference made in a man's rights, and there's nothing stuck up about the bosses."

When I suggested tentatively the possibility of his riding one day at the other end of the car, our friend gave me the rather startling information that he intended retiring next year.

"Oh! I've been at it long enough. You see I went into the workshops when I was a boy, and now I'm in the thirties; I'm married, I've got children, and I've made enough money now to build a house in Toronto, and give them a nice little turn out. So I'm going to retire."

"Engine-driving must be pretty profitable work if a man in the thirties can retire from it under such conditions," I remarked.

"Well, I hav'n't got it all engine driving. Before I married I was spending all I got. It's the worst thing for fellows on the line not to be married, they'll never save unless they are, but they'll go in the towns and throw away every cent. My wife, she never'd put her hand to a thing before we was married. I got an engine and we saved. Then as time went on I got a farm and a ranch and now they're the best in the country. My farm supplies all the western division of the C.P.R. with dairy produce, that's the dining cars and the hotels."

The chief engineer then went on to tell me that his *confrères* owned "almost half Vancouver." This statement was doubtless rather premature, though I saw good reason for its ultimate truth when considering the favourable circumstances under which C.P.R. employés work. An engineer gets four cents per mile, travelling on an average 156 miles per day. I believe you will find his wages to be \$156 per month, if you count twenty six days in the month. What extraordinarily good pay this is must readily become apparent when you learn that wages for similar work in England amount to £3 per week, and then the distance daily covered is from 200 to 250 miles!

I regret to say that notwithstanding my having made friends with the engineer, notwithstanding his courteous permission, I did not ride on the pilot after all; please believe it wasn't fear that deterred me, it was—well, no matter, as long as you will believe I wasn't afraid.

I didn't think one could find in Canada such a hotel as the Glacier House; it stands at the foot of the great glacier that rises in the back ground and above the pines like a huge bit of home-made frosted cake. It is a sort of ideal