

so lamentable as a change for the better. Democracy is fundamental in the Isle of Man. The place was purchased by the English Crown from the Derby family about one hundred years ago. It is ruled by a Governor, appointed in London, in conjunction with its own Parliament, known as the House of Keys, and consisting of the usual two chambers. It has its own Bishop, makes its own laws, which are submitted to the Home Office for approval. There are two Deemsters—the name for a judge—who are also appointed by the Crown. Once a year the laws are promulgated on Tynwald Hill—the mound in "The Manxman"—in pursuance of an old custom. If anyone objects, he must object then. This makes the spirit of the people very democratic. In the social life of the local aristocracy there is a narrow conservatism, which prides itself on its exclusiveness. It has been possible, however, for a man to live there in every condition of life, beginning by spending his childhood in a thatched cottage.

Hall Caine's career, since he left school at the age of fifteen, as an architect—for which he possessed no special gifts—as a school teacher—a profession he abandoned for something offering more chances for a career—and as a journalist, is now too familiar for repetition.

In the drawing room of Greeba Castle one afternoon were Mrs. Caine, Creston Clarke, one of America's most gifted young actors and a nephew of Edwin Booth, Mrs. Clarke, Professor Hanby Hay of Philadelphia, John Wrangham, one of the leading journalists of the Island, the Special Correspondent of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE and several other ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Caine read, as only he knows how to read, his new play, in three acts, to be produced this autumn by E. S. Willard. The first and third acts are laid in England, the second is on the deck of a whaler somewhere in the North Seas. This drama is intensely human, not strongly, or rather noisily, dramatic, but full of sweetness and quiet power. It would be difficult to desire a play more touching and beautiful. Without a doubt it will be one of the coming season's most wonderful triumphs in dramatic art.

Afterwards I found myself alone with Mr. Caine in his study. One could scarcely help noticing his resemblance to Keats and Emile Zola, whose portrait was just above the cabinet that once belonged to Rossetti. The time seemed opportune for an interviewer to open interrogative fire upon a famous author.

"I have a sincere admiration for Canada," said he, in response to a question about his visit here. "It is a country of great possibilities—both commercial and literary; I should consider it a great honor to be a son of Canada."

"Do you feel satisfied with the results of your mission to the Dominion?"

"Yes. The results are all I have a right to expect. The copyright question is not settled yet, but I feel happy to have contributed, in however small a measure, towards removing a cause of irritation between Canada and England."

"What is your opinion of our country as a field for the novel—for the laying of scenes and plots?"

"I think it would be a very romantic one. You have two nations, two religions, both powerful. These things might lead to very dramatic situations. In fact I have been thinking over a story to be laid in Canada and collected material during my visit. But I shall never feel justified in attempting to use it until I can do so with ease, to give a picture having fidelity, and so gain the respect of Canadians. I rejoice to see the brilliant success achieved by Gilbert Parker whose dramatic version of his own novel 'The Seats of the Mighty' is to be played this winter by Beerbohm Tree."

"Your recollections must be favorable."

"I remember Canada with tender feelings. Why should I not? I went there on a hostile errand, and was received as a friend. If I never go back, I shall always remember the friendships formed there."

"It is very good of you to regard us with such kindness."

"A man from Canada is always welcome at my home."

"Then," I ventured to suggest, in warning, "look out for a pilgrimage,"