

THE
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OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE



VOL. XXII

NOVEMBER, 1903—APRIL, 1904, INCLUSIVE

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ROBERT WHITE, JR., By Edwin Sandys

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1903



PUBLISHED BY
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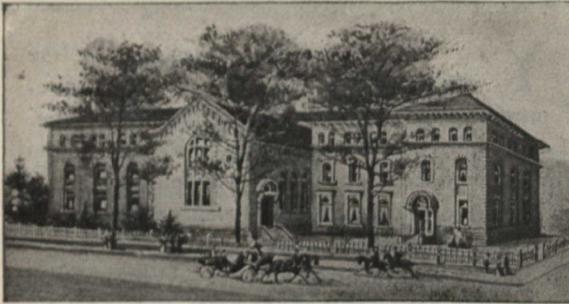
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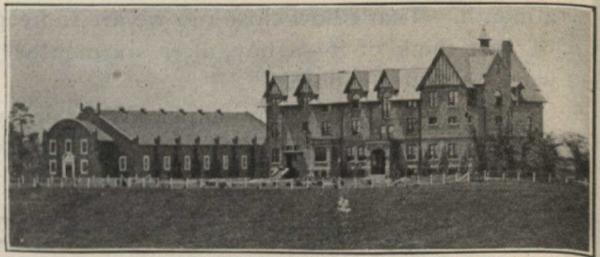
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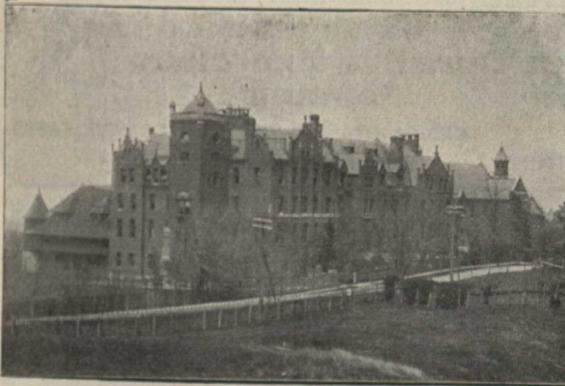
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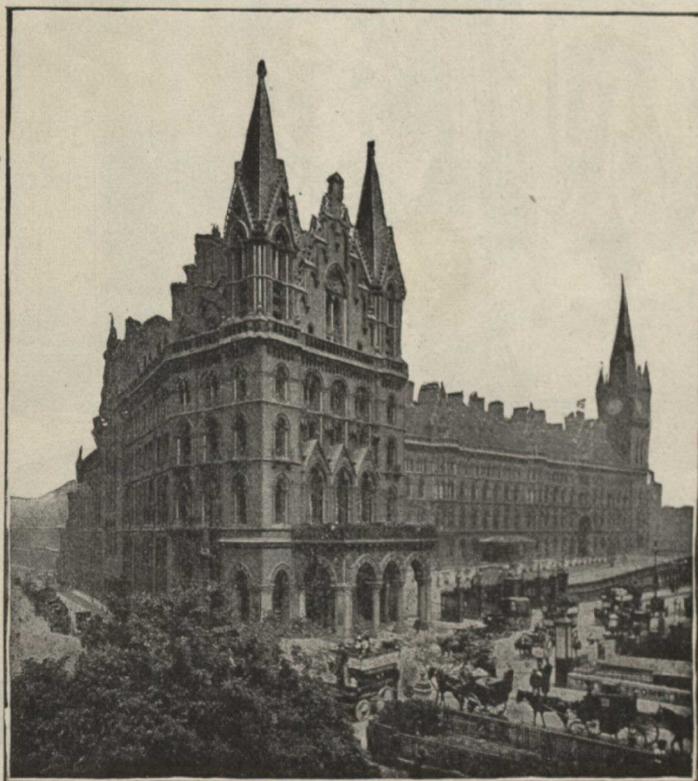
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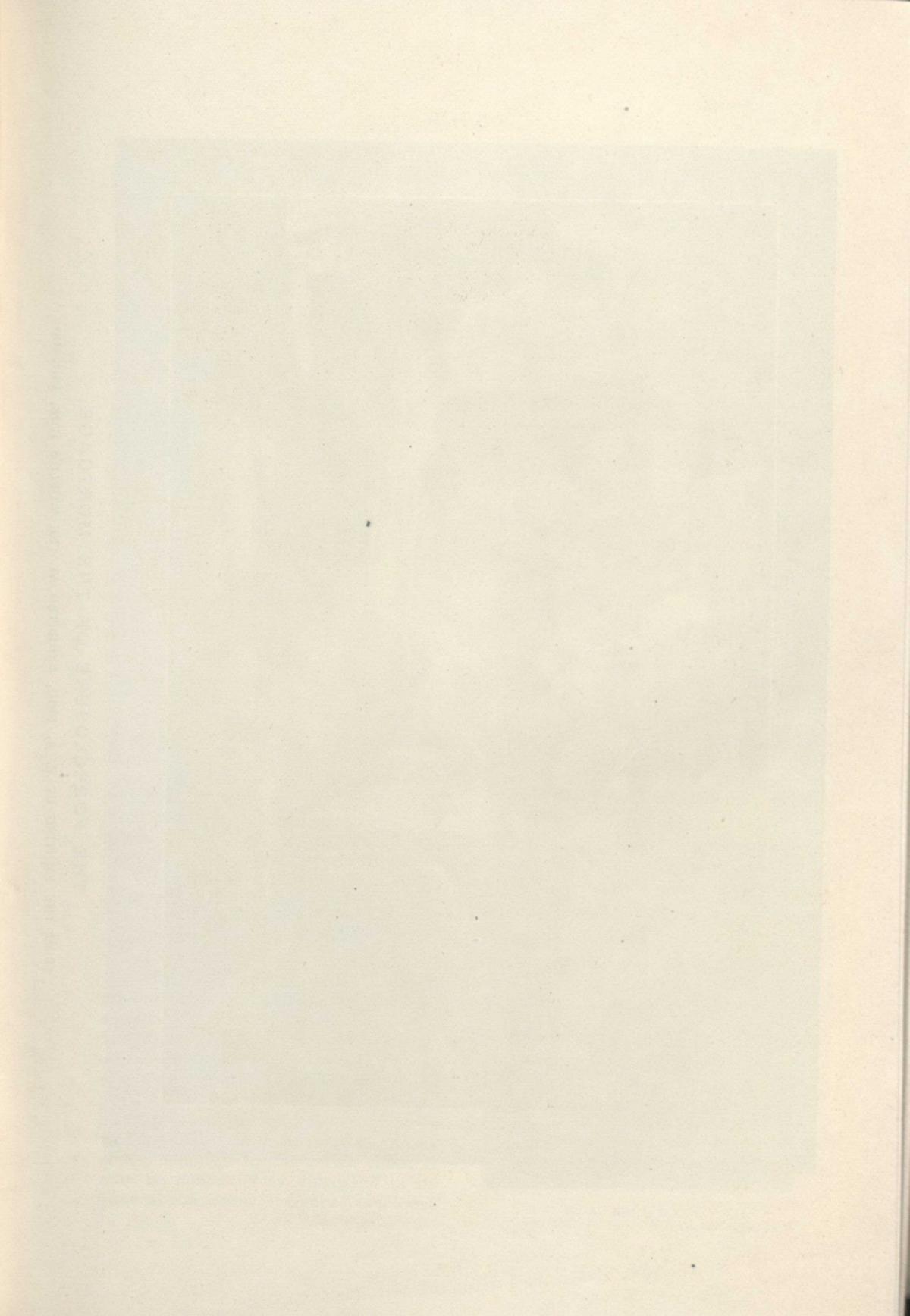
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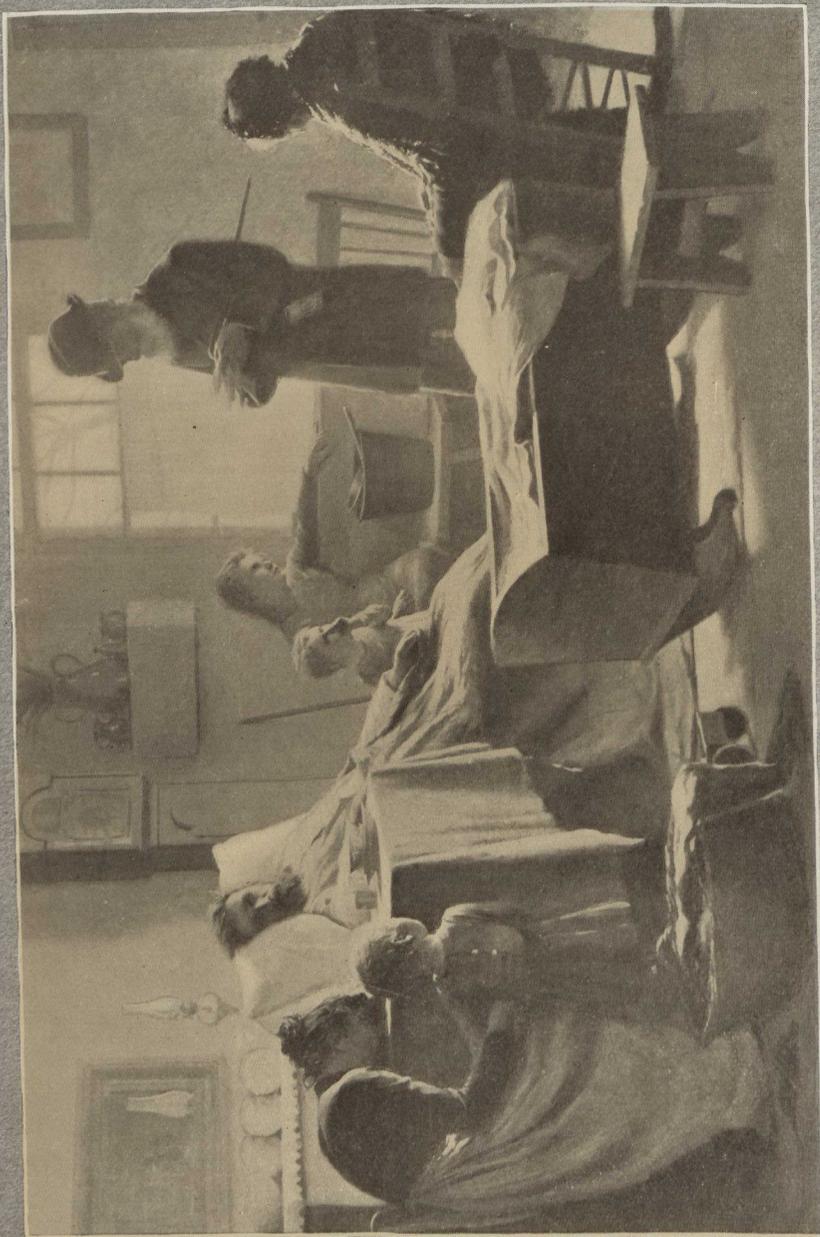
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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1903

No. 1

THE ART OF GEORGE A. REID

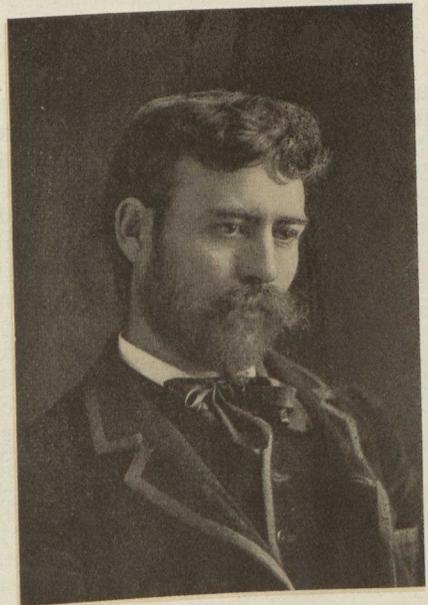
By Margaret L. Fairbairn



HE personal interpretation of nature is the very essence of pictorial art. The true artist does not imitate nature, he interprets it. He does not attempt to rival nature, he explains what is presented to his vision. Therefore every artist's work must differ from the work of all other artists as one writer's language and descriptions differ from the writings of all other men and women. The artist is an individual with tastes and sympathies, powers and limitations. His work is the embodiment of his individuality; showing his powers, exhibiting his taste, indicating his weaknesses. No two artists see the same thing in the same way or represent it in a similar manner. Thus every artist's pictures have some distinguishing feature about them which enables them to be recognized without reference to his signature. This general statement is even truer of the artist than of the writer, though usually the writer of an essay or poem may be identified by its style.

While keeping in mind this individualism among artists, a further elementary distinction may be made to enable the ordinary citizen to understand and catalogue the various artists whose work he inspects. Artists are roughly divided into historical painters, portrait painters, landscape painters and genre painters. As the artist whose work is to be considered in this article belongs to the latter class, it may be conveniently discussed in its general character. "Genre" is a loose

term used to cover all pictures which are not particular portraits or special incidents, pictures of types of people or animals and pictures of events of common or daily occurrence. A picture of a logging or harvest scene would be a typical Canadian genre picture; so would the picture of a farmer, of a group of school boys, of two lovers in a quarrel, of a kitchen, of a village dance, or of an Indian in his canoe on a broad stream. Genre painting is marked by domesticity, candour and simplicity. It is not so old as historical painting, which was early practised by Giotto, Pintoricchio, Paul Veronese



G. A. REID, R.C.A.



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and Velasquez.* It is not even as old as portrait painting, for Van Eyck, Raphael, Titian, Holbein, Bellini, Dürer, Velasquez and Rembrandt‡ were portrait painters. Even landscape is older, since it appeared as an incident in early religious pictures such as Giotto's † and in more defined form in canvasses such as Botticelli's ‡. Titian painted landscapes of great beauty, though his work differed radically from that of Constable or of Turner|| of later date. Genre did not come to be a really independent branch

* Velasquez died in 1660; the others were earlier workers.

‡ Rembrandt died in 1669; the others were earlier workers.

† Giotto died 1336.

‡ Botticelli died 1515.

|| Constable died in 1837, Turner in 1851.

of painting until painters had learned to generalize, which was late in the seventeenth century. It first grew noticeable among the painters of the Netherlands, a material race who cared little for mystical or religious pictures and delighted in small canvasses such as those of Van Ostade and Brouwer who painted scenes from the interiors of taverns, or of Nicolas Maes who touched the tender and pathetic chord of life. It developed strength under Hogarth and has become the most popular art of modern times.

During the World's Fair at Chicago the two pictures which drew the greatest number of spectators, which seemed to make the strongest appeal to the average individual, were Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties" and G. A. Reid's "Foreclosure of the Mort-



A MODERN MADONNA
ANOTHER OF MR. REID'S EARLY PICTURES

gage." Considering the cosmopolitan nature of the exhibition this is saying a great deal. The deduction is not so much that either artist was in the front rank of the world's artists, as that he reached the larger audience with a message that touched the heart and moved the feelings; a message, too, that in its technical expression gave satisfaction.

In an article such as this aims to be it is not desirable to speak of Mr. Reid's student days, of how or where he studied or under whom; that will be for some Canadian Vasari in the time to come. It is with his art productions only we are concerned just now; so a cursory mention of these will recall many a picture familiar at the time of its creation to both those

frequenting the galleries and to the larger public outside.

The picture mentioned above belongs to the close of what might be called the story-telling period of the artist's career. One of the first of these was "The Flute-Player," a sort of pre-Raphaelite affair, which for truthfulness and faithful drawing will compare favourably with later work. Then followed from time to time "Drawing Lots," "Logging," "The Call to Dinner," "The Other Side of the Question," "The Lullaby," "The Story," "The Clockmaker," "Mortgaging the Homestead," "Family Prayer," "Forbidden Fruit," "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," "Adagio," "The Berry Pickers," "A Modern Madonna," and a number of



PORTION OF MURAL DECORATIONS IN CITY HALL, TORONTO
THIS CONSISTS OF LARGE PANELS ON EACH SIDE OF THE MAIN DOORWAY AND FIGURES IN THE SPANDRELS
OVER THE ARCH

portraits, many of which were not exhibited. As may be seen, the artist has poetized in nearly every case the home life with its joys and sorrows, its "little daily round."

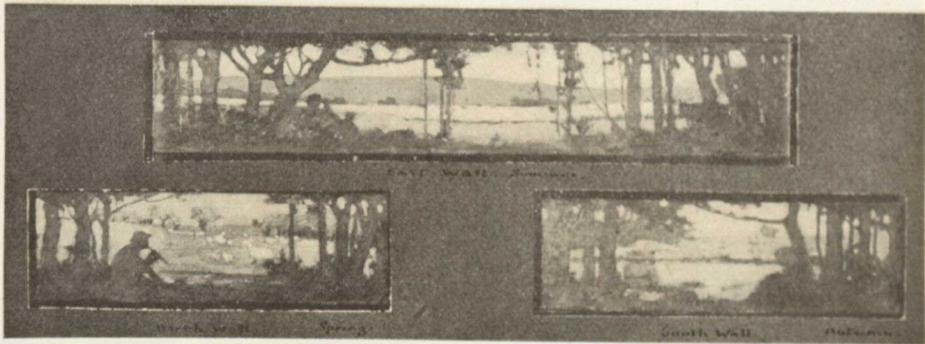
Somewhere in the nineties, after two lengthy trips abroad, there came a change in Mr. Reid's style and choice of subject, due in part to foreign influence and in part to the growth and development of the artist's powers. One festive critic said the newer pictures had the "Reid haze," and those better versed in art spoke of "*plein air*" and "impressionism," and various other terms more or less vague to the uninitiated. The landscapes were pitched in a high key; the portraits were swiftly recorded impressions. "Rest," a scene in the hayfield, now in place as an overmantel decoration, is an example of this out-of-door work, as are a number of landscapes in pastel and oil. "Haying," "Autumn," and "Music" were painted about this time.

Then there seemed to come a reaction from these aerial effects, shown in "The Evening Star" and other pictures—dreamy, indistinct, rather than transcripts of nature; experiments in tone,

nocturns that told little but carried the impress of a mood.

From this time nearly all Mr. Reid's painting, though by no means all his art, has been confined to mural decorations. The first of these were the paintings in the new municipal buildings in Toronto, and were the artist's gift to the city. They consist of two large panels picturing pioneer life in Canada, and of the figures filling the spandrels of the arches that come between the panels. This was in itself pioneer work, beset with difficulties, and meeting with faint praise in some directions, but work which opened the way for others than himself, and which has proved a factor in the forming of public taste. In the treatment of these paintings Mr. Reid has so adapted his colour scheme so that it forms a pleasing part of a whole, toning in with the warm pinks and greys of the surrounding marble.

Following these were decorations for two houses, designed by Mr. Reid, at Onteora, in the Catskills, in each of which the painting runs as a deep frieze around four sides of the living room, the chief interest centering over the fireplace. In one the subject is a di-



STUDIES FOR FRIEZE IN MRS. C. H. RUSSEL'S HOUSE, ONTEORA

SPRING

SUMMER

AUTUMN

versified pastoral; in the other, figures play the important part with landscape as a background. In the beautifully quaint gothic church of this same place, of which Mr. Reid is the architect, the painting on the chancel wall is also his work.

One of the most successful of Mr. Reid's mural paintings is that in the library of Mr. B. E. Walker's house. It covers the walls continuously around the room and extends up into the groined ceiling, whose colour is part of the design. Beginning with the flush of dawn, the colours fade into the tints of day; through varied landscape the scene passes, with here and there figures, singly or in groups; then level, restful spaces of open meadow or sloping hill; then the glories of sun set. The composition of this decorative effect, the disposal of the figures, the impression of restful colour and the presence of nature, leave little to be desired.

In another decoration for the diningroom of Mr. Allan Boeckh's home the theme is autumn. Filling the end of this oval apartment is the largest panel, in which is shown a group of women and children; beside them and in the

middle distance are evidences of the apple harvest which men are gathering. In one of the smaller panels a party of hunters starts out, and in another the fishermen form a small procession towards the river; sheaves of corn are stacked in the yellow fields, and in the meadows, starred with purple asters, children play; a river winds about in the middle distance, crossed by a narrow foot bridge, and the blue hills rise and fall in the distance. The first impression received from the whole, before the eye takes in any detail, is one of lightness and out-of-dooriness, of soft, tender colour and pleasing tones. Further examination shows the continuous thought running through all, binding it into one whole.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT

ANOTHER OF MR. REID'S EARLIER WORKS



INTERIOR OF CHURCH AT ONTEORA, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS
THE BUILDING WAS DESIGNED AND THE DECORATIONS PAINTED BY MR. REID

The latest work of this kind is the painting which has recently been placed over the mantel in the library of the Arts building, Queen's University. On the centre semicircular canvas is shown an aged bard seated with his lyre in the shade of a tree, declaiming to the audience clustering about him. On either side are the allegorical figures of Thought and Inspiration, a fitting theme for the room it decorates.

Mr. Reid is a rapid worker if one does not include the mental work that has such a large share in the making of a picture. Once the subject is decided on, and a little sketch made giving the composition and colour scheme, the work for the finished picture proceeds rapidly with the use of models—even to the sleeping child in the cradle and the baby in arms. When once the work reaches this stage the alterations made are seldom other than slight.

Not a few of the artist's sincerest admirers have expressed a wish that he would return to his earlier manner,

that he would "paint the things he used to do." Do they, in the least, realize how impossible is growth without change; how undesirable is stagnation! The way to perfection lies through much seeming retrogression, and though none reach the goal, all are pressing towards it—there is no standing still or turning back. One has only to remember the difference between the early and later manner of men such as Rembrandt, Murillo, Velasquez, Turner or any painter of note to realize this.

Much of the well-deserved popularity of Mr. Reid's pictures is due to their simple directness and charm of colour. They need no elaborate title or higher criticism to make them understood. Here is no psychological problem in portrait, or landscape weighted with hidden meanings, understood only by the few; but a naive and candid statement of facts, of things as they appear. One is caught with the handling of colour rather than the grace of line, with play of light and balance of

composition; and, in the earlier work, the direct human appeal.

The position Mr. Reid holds among other artists is so much a matter of course that it seems hardly necessary to say much of it. He was elected a member of the Royal Canadian Academy in 1888, and before that was a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, of which he has for four years been President. He was one of the Canadian representatives on the Jury of Fine Arts at the Buffalo Exhibition, and is one of the most widely known of Canadian artists.

Last winter the Architect's Association of Toronto, having learned that Mr. Reid's art had extended into their domain, invited him to lecture before them on "The Building of Summer Cottages." The response was a very interesting account of the building of a number of summer houses and also the church, already spoken of, in Ontario, a summer settlement in the Catskills, not far from the place associated with the story of Rip Van Winkle. It began with the building of his own summer home there, unique, simple, artistic, and the ending is not yet. In the case of several of these cottages or castles, just as one understands the term, the walls of some of the rooms have been decorated (as before mentioned), and the furniture designed, so that all harmonizes.

In all this work, as in his own surroundings in studio and home, the artist expresses that sense of the fitness of things for their use, of sincerity and solidity in build, and of simplicity in design, which taken together makes for truth and harmony in the outward life.

This wide range of work which has been the output of Mr. Reid's studio, recalls the ways of those old Italian masters whose thought of art penetrated all life and its belongings, from the cutting of a gem to the building of a cathedral, from the designing of a vestment to the painting of a fresco. This art of theirs neither began in, nor ended with, their pictures, but "lent its brightness to common things, adorn-

ing and cultivating the daily household life." The more we desire this art quality, this harmony in our surroundings, a quality which implies less the



MUSIC

ONE OF MR. REID'S DECORATIVE PANELS

presence of wealth than of good taste and a love of truth, the better shall we understand and appreciate the scope of such work as Mr. Reid has accomplished.



THE CHARM OF ANGLING

By Piscator



HE fraternity of fly-fishermen realize the charm of angling, though so subtle a quality is it that they cannot find words in which to describe it. The fishermen who stand on a dock and pull out unresisting perch and occasional catfish take keen interest in their craft, no doubt; but it is an interest different from that of the fly-rod and sketch-book angler. The latter has far more zest in the beauty of his surroundings, besides his pride in the highest skill of his craft. His happiest and purest hours are passed with rod in hand.

Piscator nascitur non fit. One of my earliest recollections relates to a tank in an Indian Garden, with old Gunga endeavouring and hoping for luck, failing which I would insist on his wading in for lotus blooms. It has been my fortune to fish from the Essequibo and Demerara rivers in Guiana to the streams of Labrador, and from New Brunswick to California. Before the extinction of trout in New England streams (except Maine), I was often the pioneer of fly-fishing to the wonder of the natives. Now the black bass, the poor man's salmon, has superseded the salmonidæ. And where can you find the equal of the bass for gameness? I have taken a very large number and never yet saw one give up the struggle before being safely housed in the landing net.

Now, what is the charm of angling? Is it a desire to kill a fish at every cast? This happens to us all now and again, I know, but affords less pleasure than fewer fish well earned. On the contrary, I hold angling consists of the elusive charm of water—a ripple-stirred pond, a foam-flecked pool below a rapid, a willow-shadowed pool where cattle flock through the warm summer noons, or a long stretch of sun-glancing shallows floored with gold. The true angler regrets to leave these scenes even when twilight mantles and “the sun sets and all the land is dark.” True sportsmen of any guild are brothers, meeting oftentimes as strangers and parting warm friends. And when the camp fires glow their hearts go out the one to the other.

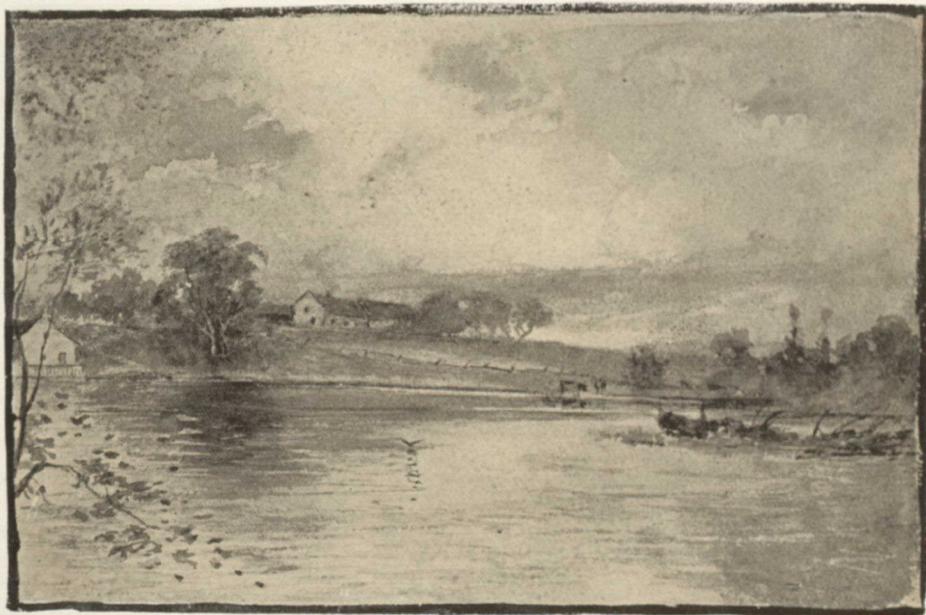
Do you know the Bay of Chaleur? If not, try spending a few weeks there, anywhere from Dalhousie to Bathurst. The fertile farms are seamed with crystalline streams, rising in cedar-hemmed lakes that fill the wilderness to the Maine boundary. Living is not costly and the salt tang gives one a frightful appetite. Here to the north, the Bay ever beautiful, bounded by a high range of hills that smoulder like an opal through autumn days; maple and birch and soft woods stretching away eastward to Cascapedia and the tremulous shores of Paspebiac. A few weeks here will bring in a goodly store of happy memories to any man whether sportsman or not. And in the fall, geese and bernicle crowd in clanging masses on the Bay, while moose and

caribou invite the big-game hunter to the woods.

My ideal of fly-fishing consists of wading a stream, and here all the tide-fed streams afford the finest sport with sea trout, fresh run, with sea-lice still on them, and now and again a grilse or salmon. Fishing is free, and the fly is the bait. When the water is low in August you may try night fishing with large white miller. A cup of tea at midnight made over a fire soon

have often thought how it would affect a blind person to be given sight at this hour. What a speechless amaze—the bursting sun, flowery banks, the dew-drenched meadows, the throaty songs on all sides. And alas! to us it is just a sunrise!

There is a quality in scenes where human nature has striven and suffered totally lacking in wilderness of rock and forest. I recall an inland stream issuing from a clear forest-



A RIPPLE-STIRRED POND
FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR

kindled will make you feel fit for a long wade. And how beautiful is the night solitude, the absence of all distracting colours and cries of noon! The dark forest walls, where the gray fog wreaths blown up with the tide shatter and fade away. In these hours and scenes, if one is introspective, life takes on another hue, a softening, chastening influence. Memories of faces long forgotten crowd together with pleasant recollections.

And when the night pales and morning comes, sit down on this flood-washed log and enjoy the sunrise. I

hemmed lake, its course through cedar swamps, breaking out at last to be dammed and make music of the mill wheel. In those days every mill-pond was alive with trout. And the sag-roofed farm-houses where ever a welcome was to be had! Doesn't the bread and milk just seem the proper food? But, alas! the farms are long abandoned, the woods devastated for pulp, and the kindly, hospitable folks sleeping in the little flower-tangled graveyard on the hill. Another memory of a different sort comes up. In the Uncompahgre country seven fools,

including the writer, were out prospecting. I never quite decided what we were specially prospecting for. We did not hear of the Ute outbreak. Game was scarce, so I took my bean pole and went a fishing half a mile from camp. It was a gorge that promised fish and they took the fly well. I had got behind a splinter of rock, about ten feet high, had cast and had hooked a good fish. A shower of rock close by, a report of a gun behind me,

irrigated field when Phil remarked, "See here, General; these ditches are full of trout that have run up from below. Now I'll dam up this one and you kneel down and yank 'em out." The General prepared to do so, but shortly afterwards, pulling down his shirt-sleeve, he said, "No, Phil, no! Tecumps Sherman is crazy enough without catching trout with his hands in a cornfield. We go to the river."

If Dr. Johnson's dictum that fishing



A SHADY POOL

FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR

and a swiftly-passing arrow persuaded me to take water behind the rock. I bagged the fish and hoped some of the other fools would show up, as I had no gun and the Indians were apparently in an evil mood. The other fools did after what seemed an unconscionable delay, and the Indians were driven off. I quit fishing for that day.

General Sherman was a devoted fisherman, and at Bottler's ranch enquired of Phil Bottler about the fishing. I happened along, gave the information and offered to escort him to the Yellowstone. We were crossing an

is a fool at one end and hook at the other is correct, it is surprising what good company we keep. Some of the best and bravest men and women (may their number increase!) are in the guild. And now the late afternoon shadows lengthening around me, the globes of orange-tinted clouds are lighting the shining waterways, a gentle breeze is rising, and the poplar crests bow to greet it. Take up the rod and cast among the fluttering lily pads. Begone, dull care! welcome, peace and beauty, the heritage of all fly-fishers! We quote Swinburne's

lines as we take a long last look at the eery gleaming water in the gathering dusk :

"From too much love of living,
From hope and pain set free,

We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

THE CONSCIENCE OF ISADORE

By S. Frances Harrison (Seranus)



HE home of Isadore was in Gatineau Point, near Ottawa, and his full name, Isadore Polycarp Saccata Paquette, was not in the least remarkable for the locality. Saccata was a corruption of St. Quentin, the village where his mother had lived in her youth. The *c* in Paquette was most important. If you ever stay with the Paquettes of Hull (and after reading this you may wish to) remember, they do not possess the extra letter and entirely repudiate it.

Isadore did not care much for the Paquettes of Hull, they were all so old, his uncle, aunt and grandfather; but the forge was a bright place in winter, and even in summer it was attractive to a boy of twelve. The grandfather was a character; everyone stopped to talk with him, even M. le Premier, who often drove that way. Twice he noticed Isadore and on one occasion gave him a quarter. Isadore trembled with pleasure and becoming awe.

"You shall yet be a good workman, a good scholar like the grandfather, eh? A fine lad. You will make some noise in the world—I can see that!"

M. le Premier had always a charming word, my faith—yes!

One day the grandfather went over to Gatineau Point to eat a big dinner of cabbage soup, and fish, cooked by the mother of Isadore, and the latter was put in charge of the forge. The uncle and aunt were absent, too; it was a great day in the Church, and at ten o'clock they entered the large

stone building to witness a service of the most superb, look you! Even business must wait. So Isadore had the forge to himself. And this is a fine thing, to be twelve and a clever boy, and to have a place like a proper blacksmith's forge all to yourself for a morning. There was a fire, of course, and big pots on with sticks to stir their contents, and dozens of curious things lying about or on the wall; and in the wall itself was grandfather's safe, strong-box, private bank, for old Paquette was sceptical concerning the Bank of The People. Isadore had often seen this hole in the wall and wondered how much there was inside, for rumour said that the blacksmith was a miser. The rusty square of tin, bound across by rough pieces of old leather, had never looked so attractive as today. One is alone and clever, one could easily open it, take out the money, count it, put it back, and no one will know! So this is what Isadore does, and in order to do it it is necessary to take a stick with hot stuff hanging from it, burn the leather a little so that the thongs fall back and the tin square is easily detached. Alas! 'tis no Saint's day this for Isadore, for the moment he has done wrong he knows it and steals guiltily to the street, throwing the burning stick on the ground and fingering uneasily a packet tied with red string, the only object that the improvised safe contained.

How hot it is in the street! It is Indian summer, with hot sun, hot

wind, hot dust. Isadore stands at the door of the forge, feeling very hot himself. He hesitates about opening the packet, for any moment the aunt and uncle may return. As for grandfather, he is still eating fish. Hot street, hot sky, hot steps, hot waves of air behind him—why, what is the matter? A neighbour, M'dme Blondeau, has run across from her window of hats, loaves of bread and vegetables.

"The blacksmith's is on fire! Save thyself my little one!"

Isadore turned him around quickly and saw huge sheets of flame. Running to the corner, while M'dme Blondeau hastened to give the alarm, it is not five minutes before he sees Viau, the cobbler, Prudhomme, the watchmaker, Larose, the harnessmaker, all standing in the street. Their stores and homes are all on fire. The widow Blondeau's is next. There goes her window! Ten minutes more and the flames will reach the piles of yellow and grey lumber, beyond which rise the towers of St. Jean Baptiste. The alarm has been answered and two brigades are at work, but what will you!—before the dashing, glittering, plunging reels arrive the fire has crept, leapt, sprung, flung itself from house to house, from tenement to tenement, till the entire population is moving out along the bridges, and so to the open country, dragging beds, tables, clothes, baskets with them, knowing full well that to-night it is *coucher sous la belle étoile* and for many a night to come. Fires are not new, Heaven knows, to the people of this town, but regard the weather—the hot air, the red berry of sun, the dryness and dust of the highways—'tis enough to breed fire, says old Larose, who is struggling with a saddle and some lengths of harness, and who knows the signs and portents of the Ottawa valley like a book. It will spread, he says, and so say the firemen, discouraged already and unable to do more than direct a few impotent streams on the mass of resinous, crackling wood, for now the yellow cubes are going—a plank a min-

ute—and next may go the Church. The priests are circling around it, repeating prayers and aves and the congregation has dispersed, some of them to find their homes utterly destroyed and wiped off the face of the earth. Will the Church go? Not if prayers can save it, and the final efforts of the firemen; but the mills are doomed beyond doubt, and in the dreadful confusion, noise and glare of the night that is yet to fall, three lives are to be uselessly sacrificed.

For nineteen hours the flames raged, then the fierce light ceased and curtains of brown smoke hung over the burnt area where people made strange encampments with broken furniture. The Paquettes of Hull went to stay with the Paquettes of Gatineau Point and Isadore was taken to see the ruins, with a sealed packet smuggled inside his coat. He did not like the ruins. They were his doing. He and he alone had caused the Great Fire. If the Widow Blondeau guessed, she was alone in her surmises, and indeed, far too ill and terrified to worry the child or pursue inquiry. The supreme fact with her that she had lost her all outweighed other considerations. But, at least, Isadore could lay claim to have started the largest and most disastrous conflagration ever experienced in the district. Thousands were homeless and subscriptions were coming in from all parts of the Dominion. Reporters from a distance, with hats pushed back, jotted down notes in little books as they foregathered in the street, sitting on singed mattresses, maimed chairs, barrels and upturned pails. The Governor-General and his aides drove over as far as the church and then walked through the dismal aisle of still smoking ruins. M. le Premier came too, not quite so smiling as usual. He looked into the future and thought he saw the pest crossing the river, licking up sawdust as it wriggled along—a living, venomous, fiery, untamable snake—till it reached the beautiful buildings on the other side. "Some day," he said to old Paquette, "it will happen."

"I fear it, M'sieu."

"But it *must* not happen, Paquette. The people—my people—must not suffer again like this. You yourself, Paquette—well, we shall see what can be done."

Isadore listened. M. le Premier, despite his gravity, looked kind, polite, even considerate, not like his grandfather, with sharp eyes, furry brows and a heavy, too heavy a hand. Later that day the dwellers at the Capital, many of whom were packing up their belongings, ready to fly at a moment's notice, like the inhabitants of Naples when Vesuvius looks ominous, met a small lad with straight, dark hair and sad, dark eyes, who demanded where one might find the Premier. The way was neither long nor difficult, and at three o'clock a message was brought into an outwardly calm but profoundly busy office. A clerk went first, to be quietly repulsed. He was not M. le Premier. Then another clerk. Then a lady stenographer, at whom Isadore looked unutterable disdain. Then the Secretary. Finally, hearing the name Paquette once or twice, the Premier came himself, instantly recollecting the boy. The sad eyes, the dejected visage—old Paquette is dead, then!

"Non, M'sieu."

"But you wish to see me. He has sent you, without doubt."

"Non, M'sieu."

It took some time to discover that Isadore's message could only be delivered in secret. Half laughing, half angry, for it was a very busy day and hour, M. le Premier sat down opposite the boy and heard the story of the great fire and received the stolen package. When all was explained, two pair of eyes were sad in place of one, and for a few seconds the office was very still.

"I can see you are not a bad boy," said a deep voice presently, "but you are one easily tempted. For such,

there is nothing like hard work and the feeling that much is expected of you. You have confessed your fault, you have restored what you have taken, not even having looked within?"

"Non, M'sieu! I had too much fear."

"That was well. For the rest, we must have no more Great Fires, look you—nor can we harbour thieves in our young country," (how Isadore trembled and paled at the word) "listen; it was easy to confess to me, was it not?"

"Oui, M'sieu."

"And difficult to confess to le grandpère—"

"Oui, M'sieu."

"Nevertheless, it must be done. Tell him of the hole in the wall and hand him the packet. If your grandfather can give a good account of you in a year's time, come to me and—well, we shall see."

M. le Premier, left to himself, pondered, hoping he had not been too kind, but a conscience like that is rare.

When old Paquette received the envelope he did not seem as overjoyed as he should have been. The fact was, it contained nothing of value, while the money he had contrived to save was in Isadore's own house, guarded by his mother, the blacksmith's favourite daughter.

In conclusion, this all happened many years ago, since no Canadian municipality in this enlightened age would allow such a state of things.

Isadore prospered; went into business and built a fine house in Hull. You recognize him now—the eloquent M.P. who spells Paquette without a "c" in deference to his grandfather's wish, whose money he inherited. At least you recollect his famous Bill about the sawdust and the efforts made by him to rebuild Hull on commonsense principles. Last—he still retains his conscience.





GEORGE E. DRUMMOND

PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. XLVIII.—GEORGE EDWARD DRUMMOND



TN 1881 George Edward Drummond was one of three young men who ventured to establish a firm in Montreal to import British and foreign heavy iron and steel. By 1887 that firm had progressed sufficiently to employ seven or eight clerks. Then the Tupper iron tariff came into force, destined, Mr. Drummond feared, to ruin the young business. "Well, if they won't let us import, we shall produce; we must keep on selling," said Mr. Drummond. And so he plunged his firm and friends into the pioneer work of establishing pig-iron manufacture in Canada. To-day those interests which formerly employed seven or eight clerks give employment to more than fifteen hundred workmen. Before 1888 he was not anxious for a iron and steel tariff; but, having been driven by force of a tariff to build up a national industry of first importance, he has become one of the most ardent and consistent exponents of a positive tariff policy. Thereby he possesses one of the most important qualifications for the Presidency of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. His election to the chief office in the gift of the Association is at once a reiteration of faith on the part of the members in the principles previously enunciated, and an assurance that these principles will continue to be steadily and actively maintained.

There is required of a successful President of the Manufacturers' Association infinite tact, a strong personality, a vigorous energy. The Association is now the strongest trade organization in Canada. It embraces about 1,300 manufacturers from Victoria to Halifax, representing a capital of not less than \$400,000,000. It is doubtful if there is as representative a Manufacturers' Association in any other land. It is strong in members because it has been active in work.

In addition to conducting a vigorous campaign for fiscal changes, it is continually appearing at Ottawa, Toronto or Quebec relative to transportation, labour, post office, customs, or Exhibition questions, affecting manufacturers directly or indirectly. It watches all federal and provincial legislation. It has done a great deal to advertise Canadian manufactures in foreign climes and to develop an export trade. It has earnestly set itself to the popularization of goods "Made in Canada," and with a marked degree of success. Naturally the Manufacturers' Association is not alone in several of these movements, but it is actively interested in each and every one, and it requires a man as President who is warmly and earnestly sympathetic. It requires a man of influence and honour, who will not sacrifice the interests of the manufacturers of Canada to selfish or political ends. For in no small measure the President has a guiding hand. Two years ago, when the President of the Manufacturers' Association visited the West Indies, and there prosecuted trade upon behalf of Canadian manufacturers generally, the attention of the Association, the Government and the people was directed to export trade. The force of that movement is not yet spent, and will continue in even greater strength, more especially when the manufacturers gain a headway on their domestic business.

But although the new President makes a quality of iron that has a sale in Pittsburg, England, Germany and France, it is probable that his chief aim will not be to engage the Association in the development of Canadian exports. Doubtless he will see that export trade is not neglected, but the main energy of the Association will be turned in the direction of tariff amelioration. President Drummond believes that it is a national necessity that those goods now imported from foreign coun-

tries should be made in Canadian workshops by Canadian labour and Canadian capital. This is his life-work; he has entered into it with heart and soul, and every time he raises his voice in public to plead this cause, it tremors with eagerness and earnestness. Speaking at the banquet of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Toronto, on September 18th, he said:

"At this important period in the history of this country, when we are standing on the threshold of a future greatness, we are equipped to do a national work and will do it loyally. But we do ask our Governments, whichever be in power, to do what they can in a Canadian way to help us here in Canada to build up Canada; to do everything that is possible to be done in the workshops of Canada, rather than let it go to some foreigner. That is what we ask. We do not ask in regard to this tariff of ours that it shall be raised on every item, but wherever it is needed it should be increased. It may be that on some items it might be well to lower it. What we want is an intelligent examination of the items, and I believe we will get it. I believe in this great, national, non-political organization. . . . We want the Government to know that we are going to them in a spirit of moderation."

Speaking at the convention the day previous he uttered these words:

"Last year in Halifax we told the people of this country and the Government that the tariff must be revised, must be gone over item by item and made to meet the requirements of 1902. Our position is precisely the same to-day, and this Association will talk along that line and educate the people of this country until we do get this tariff put where it ought to be to meet the needs of our Canadian industries. We must have diversified employment or this nation will never be a nation. That is where we stand on the tariff question."

Again since his election he has travelled on the excursion of the Manufacturers' Association to the Pacific Coast, and when addressing any audience in an agricultural district he did not fail to warn them that Manitoba and the North-West Territories would some day grow more than enough wheat to supply Great Britain, and that they should do all in their power to build up a home market for their produce.

While Mr. Drummond is a staunch Canadian, he is also an ardent Britisher. At the Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, where

he represented the Montreal Board of Trade as its Vice-President, he introduced a motion to the effect that Canada should contribute to the expense of Imperial Defence, and he did it so well that it was carried with a slight amendment to meet the views of the Montreal *Chambre de Commerce*. He has earnest faith in Mr. Chamberlain's policy, believing that Canada should manufacture all she can to supply her own needs, but that anything she does not produce she should procure in England rather than in Germany or the United States. The Canadian tariff he would frame with this end in view.

One demand made of the President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, as such, is that he shall be devoid of political bias. Mr. Drummond must confess that he has been in politics; but he has never been a blind follower, and has not always worn the same colour. He supports the party which suits his views, whatever party that may be. There is no more independent voter in Canada to-day, as there are few more powerful at election times. The last time his name appeared in any political connection was on the nomination papers of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries last year, when the Minister was elected in Montreal, pledged to protection.

Much might be written about Mr. Drummond's industrial success. He has always had associated with him his brothers, T. J. Drummond and John J. Drummond, as well as James T. McCall, in the firm of Drummond, McCall & Co., and with these gentlemen and friendly capitalists he has founded a number of progressive companies, among which are the Canada Iron Furnace Co., Montreal Pipe Foundry Co., Canadian Iron and Foundry Co., Londonderry (Nova Scotia) Iron and Mining Co., and the Radnor Water Co. He is Managing Director and Treasurer of the Canada Iron Furnace Co., with blast furnaces at Radnor, P.Q., and Midland, Ont., the former producing high grade charcoal iron and the latter coke iron. The Londonderry, N.S., plant includes 30,000

acres of forest and iron mines. The Canadian Iron and Foundry Co. has car wheel plants at Hamilton and St. Thomas, Ont. The Montreal Pipe Foundry Co. has works at Three Rivers, P. Q., and Londonderry, N.S. It will thus be seen that Mr. Drummond has large manufacturing interests in each of the three manufacturing sections of Canada, and is well qualified to be at the head of a manufacturers' organization.

In speaking of Mr. Drummond's personality, it is difficult to avoid what might appear flattery. He is a well-built, sturdy man, like his brother of "Habitant" and "Johnnie Courteau" fame, Dr. W. H. Drummond, and it is a well-known fact that there was a well-proportioned space left in his an-

atomy for his heart. Indeed, it is his unselfish sympathy with Canadian manufacturers that induced him to be their President, and assume the onerous duties of office. He is a Governor of the Montreal General Hospital, Vice-President of the Church Home, and Warden of St. George's Church; an active worker in all. His influence is ever positive rather than cynical. This is the man who is prominent temporarily as President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, but who will always have a strong individual influence on the nation, so long as his present vigour of full manhood continues. He is of that type of self-made man to whom Canada looks for the upbuilding of her great economic structure.

E. H. C.

THE APPROACHING TIMBER FAMINE

By E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry



THE question of the world's future supply of timber is now engaging very wide attention, and the almost unanimous conclusion is that the comparative scarcity which now prevails must necessarily increase with even greater speed than it has in the past.

It was at one time thought that the great increase in the use of brick, stone, iron and cement in structural works, coupled with the more general use of coal for fuel, would decrease the use of wood, but this has not been the case. As for the displacement of wood by coal, German statistics show that from the beginning of the last century, when coal began to be generally used as fuel, the wood consumption has increased in the same proportional rate as that of coal. In Great Britain, according to the evidence recently given before the Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture to

enquire into and report upon British Forestry, it is shown that while during the past twenty years the increase in population has been 20%, the percentage of increase in the imports of timber for the same period has been 45%; that is, that each inhabitant of these islands consumes more timber than was the case twenty years ago. This increase of wood consumption, parallel with that of the other materials mentioned, as Dr. Fernow says, "simply accentuates the influence of the great modern development and increase of civilization, which means increase in the wants of the population."

The manufacture of pulp and cellulose alone is now consuming immense quantities of our spruce and other woods. Taking the whole consumption of wood the world over for the various uses to which it is applied, and then taking into account the visible means of supply, and the outlook is by no means reassuring. One thing

is certain, and that is, that a timber famine is shortly to be felt if the timber producing countries do not at once commence to husband the forest wealth which they possess, and of which so many of them seem to be oblivious.

The history of the increase in the value of forest products in Europe within the past one hundred years may be taken as indicating what the advance in price of these products will probably be in this country within the present century.

This question was very fully discussed at the last two meetings of the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society, and I will take the liberty of making a few quotations from recent reports of transactions at those meetings. In the report of 1900, Dr. John Nisbet, in his address makes the following quotation from an article which appeared in the *London Times* of March 17, 1899:

"Canada possesses in great quantity certain raw materials which are essential to the maintenance of some important American industries. Among these none are more important than timber. It is a fact, that in the northern hemisphere, Canada is rapidly becoming the only country which can afford to export timber. The other countries which possess it in excess of their manufacturing requirements are Russia, Norway and Sweden. It is a topographical peculiarity of the Russian Empire, that the rivers traversing the principal districts flow into the Arctic Ocean. They are, therefore, useless for the purpose of floating out logs to the markets of the world; and, so far, no method of land transport has ever been devised which will carry timber for long distances cheaply enough to bring it into practical competition with water-carried logs. The forests of Russia may for the present be regarded as commercially inaccessible. Norway and Sweden, which do export timber, are hardly able to support the deficiency of Germany. All other nations requiring timber of the sorts grown in the northern hemisphere must look to Canada for their supply.

"First among these nations will soon rank the United States. It is fully recognized that, owing to the depletion of the forests of the northern states, the timber supply of the United States for all ordinary purposes of building and manufacture will not last more than a very limited number of years. The American supply of spruce for pulp wood will fall far below present requirements in five or six years, and within ten years, assuming the present rate of manufacture to remain unchanged, will be entirely exhausted. This being the case, the United States must evidently, within a very short period, look to outside supplies for the raw material upon which many of her most important industries are based. When it is considered to how many of these a full supply of timber is an essential condition of existence, it will be seen that there is little exaggeration in the statements commonly made by the far-sighted Canadian lumbermen, that the position hitherto held by cotton in the markets of the world is as nothing compared with that which timber is destined within a few years to occupy. The extraordinary development of the single manufacture of wood-pulp, which only a few years ago was practically unknown, and is now used not only for making paper, but for clothing and an immense diversity of other articles, is a sufficient indication of the practically limitless extension of the already varied uses of timber. 'Cotton,' it is said on the other side of the Atlantic, 'was once called King; but King Cotton is a lesser potentate than King Timber must soon become.'"

After making this quotation the speaker goes on to say that "when one considers these circumstances, it seems impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that the days of cheap timber in Britain are now almost at an end, and that the next few years must see a rise in price, and this enhancement will be permanent and progressive."

Again, in the report of the same society for the following year, 1901, Dr.

W. Schlich, one of the best authorities in the world on the subject, has a very exhaustive paper on "The Outlook of the World's Timber Supply." He says: "The great standby for coniferous timber will be Canada, if the Government does not lose time in introducing a rational management of her forests."

M. Melard, Inspector of Forests in the service of the French Republic, in his recent work on "The Insufficiency of the World's Supply of Timber," says:

"There are but seven countries at present able to supply large quantities of timber. Five are in Europe, namely, Austria-Hungary, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Russia; two are in North America, namely, Canada and the United States.

"It has been shown that the available surplus of Austria-Hungary, of Russia, and of the United States is seriously threatened by increase of population and by industrial development, and that of Norway by the abuse of the axe. There remain only three sources of supply in which confidence can be placed for yet a little time. These are Sweden, Finland and Canada.

"They are absolutely and hopelessly insufficient.

"If Sweden, Finland and Canada were to attempt to supply all the countries which reach out their hands for timber, their normal production, and their forests too, would be disposed of completely in a very short time, revenue and capital alike.

"A timber famine is thus within sight."

But it may be said that this is the view of an alarmist who has not studied the past history of the world. It may be truthfully pointed out that nature has always come to man's relief in his extremities, that when wood fuel became scarce in the older countries of the world, coal was found to replace it, and that in recent years natural gas and petroleum have in many localities even replaced the coal. While this is true it must be remembered that these are inert materials, without the power

of reproduction or the ability to increase the quantity; that every pound of coal and every foot of natural gas used decreases the aggregate quantity by that amount, and without going into details it may be said that the increasing use of these materials is becoming so great as to indicate a famine here also in the not distant future. But the close observer will reply that even if these sources of fuel supply were entirely exhausted we have at least in this country another natural agent to fall back upon in electricity, which can be generated in enormous quantities by the power, now unutilized, in the thousands upon thousands of water powers to be found in almost every part of the Dominion. This is undoubtedly true, and leads me to an almost virgin field. I am of the opinion that this country has advantages in this respect which few countries can equal; but again, what would be the value of these water powers unless the reservoir from which the water is derived is preserved by the forest in the neighbourhood of the source of supply?

From what has been said it is evident that the eyes of the world are turned to Canada for the great future supply of timber, and two questions suggest themselves: first, what is the extent and value of her timber; and second, are we pursuing a forest policy that will tend to maintain this supply in the future?

Regarding the first, it has been estimated that this country has an area of 266,000,000 acres of timbered land. This is certainly too low an estimate, if taken to represent the whole area of land on which any kind of timber is growing; but may safely be taken as embracing the area covered by timber of merchantable value, including pulpwood. Putting the quantity growing on such land at 2,000 feet board measure per acre, we have a total quantity of 532,000,000,000 feet now ready for use. Besides this we have covering this same area an immense quantity which has not yet attained a sufficient size for cutting. This growth varies in size from the young seedling just

shooting from the ground up to the young tree of 10 or 12 inches in diameter. Let us consider the value of this younger growth. In those countries where a regular system of cutting has been practised for a number of years the annual growth increment has been established with great accuracy, but to apply their figures to our forests would undoubtedly be misleading. Three hundred and fifty feet board measure per acre has been estimated as the annual growth in the United States. If we put ours at say two hundred feet to the acre we will have an annual growth of 53,200,000,000 feet. This, however, would include limbs and branches and very rough timber that would not be used in this country except for fuel. Deduct for such timber 30%, and we have still left 37,240,000,000 feet as the yearly product. At the lowest the stumpage, that is, the value of such timber standing in the tree, may be put at present at \$1.00 per thousand, which would give in the first case a revenue to the State, provided it were all in the hands of the Crown and subject to Government dues, as most of it is, of \$532,000,000 for the virgin forests of to-day, and a yearly return for that of the maturing timber of \$37,240,000. But this represents only what might at present prices be asked by the Government as a royalty and forms but a small part of its value to the community as a whole. Possessing not only the raw material, but also the motive power right at hand, Canada should be without a rival in the manufacture of all articles in which timber forms the chief ingredient.

Much is now being said of Canada as the source from which the food supply of Great Britain should be supplied. I venture to assert that it is of equal importance to her that we should be in a position to meet her requirements in the article of timber. A scarcity of grain in one year can usually be replenished the next by an increase in the areas sown. How different with timber! Most of the trees from which our best lumber is taken are from one hundred to two hundred years old.

This time factor is of the greatest importance in any consideration of the forest problem. The long interval of years that must elapse before a young forest crop can become of commercial value offers to but a limited number any inducement to allow their lands to remain for that purpose. It can hardly be expected that one generation will forego the profits that it may derive from the soil in order that those who may possess it a hundred years hence may be able to reap a larger profit. Though this is true with regard to the individual owner, it should not be so with the nation as a whole. It should be the aim of those who administer its affairs to take a broad view of their duties and responsibilities. Their horizon should not be bounded by the few years of their administration, nor even by the century in which they live, but should reach as far into the future as their acts can effect it.

With regard to the second point, the day has now arrived in Canada when a broad, comprehensive forest policy is a necessity, and can only be ignored with great loss to the country. On account of so much of the timber being still in the possession of the Crown, this country is in a position by careful administration of its forests, not only to preserve favourable conditions in the matter of water supply, but at the same time to derive a perpetual revenue from this source in excess of what has ever yet been realized, and at the same time provide employment for a large proportion of the population.

It is true that much of this timber is as yet inaccessible, but with the enormous demand for it which the future will bring, and with the increased facilities for its transport, which will be afforded by the rapid opening up of the country, there can be no question that the timber industry of Canada should not merely continue to maintain its present position among the other producing countries, but to take its place as the foremost of them all. The days of world-scarcity are not far distant, and Canada will be wise to carefully conserve this her most valuable asset.



ROBERT WHITE

By **J^R
Edwin Sandys.**

Author of "Upland Game Birds," "Trapper Jim," etc.

WHEN one of those ordinary little wretches, a human baby, is born, it may be interesting to two, four, six, or even a few more people, but, fairly considered, it doesn't amount to very much. A choice specimen might weigh eight or nine pounds, but the material is rather mushy and of questionable value. It isn't quite so wrinkled as a decent puppy, nor so pink as an average rabbit, nor so agile as a young mud-turtle when turned upon its back. In fact, only strongly prejudiced people can see anything in it. The truth is the ordinary babe is absolutely helpless and densely ignorant, and while it possibly may ripen into a Premier, or some old thing like that, it requires a heap of time and teaching before it can learn its own name, let alone its politics and their possibilities.

Young Robert White, however, was a marked exception. Being a Canadian, the first act of his little life was a blow for freedom, for when he came to himself he was in prison. He never knew it, but he had been shut up for nearly thirty days, and that for no crime. For all we know to the contrary, he may have chafed under the yolk, but in any event, he gradually overcame that difficulty and decided to break jail. As the cell in which he was confined was so small as to effectually prevent free movement, and one part of the wall was as easy as

another, he attacked that section which lay directly before his nose. The said nose being equipped with a hard little point, he pushed it against the wall, and presently, first cracked and then shattered a tiny section, through which at once poured his first direct supply of air. It was gratefully warm and wondrously invigorating.

A few moments after Robert had made his first breach in his prison-wall, his instinct prompted him to twist himself a trifle to one side and repeat his bill-pushing. He did this again and again, sometimes hurriedly, but with occasional long pauses, until a regular line of small fractures extended almost around the wall. Then he struggled desperately, and lo! the dome above his head quivered, yielded and fell away, and the first kicks of his untried little legs caused him to tumble sprawling into warm darkness. He was moist, almost naked, and tremblingly weak, but he was old Robert White's son now, with no further use for a shell. That there were other shells—long and round and brass-ended, he did not know, and not knowing, did not care.

It was pitch-dark, yet amazingly comfortable, where he lay thrilling with new life. Pressing upon him was a something deliciously soft and soothing. The touch of it seemed to lend strength as the minutes passed, so he gratefully rubbed his head against it and resolved to maintain his present

position at all hazards. He did not know why he should do so, yet something told him to remain for the time exactly where he was and to resist anything which tried to move him. And he did resist, and presently he had need to, for damp, warm things began to press against him from all directions. He did not object to them in the least so long as they did not force him to shift his position. When they crowded too closely he merely braced and pushed with all his little might, yet ever good-naturedly, for the whole thing was snugly warm and drowsily pleasant.

He did not know it, but close around him lay no less than eight small brothers and an even half-dozen of equally small sisters, and all so exactly alike that only their proudly happy mother could tell one from the other. But she knew everyone of them, and in some mysterious way her wonderful mother-love was divided into fifteen exactly even shares. The other fourteen youngsters felt precisely as did Robert, so when his damp coat presently dried and fuzzed out all over him to form a beautiful fur-like wrap of rich chestnut and cream, their small covers had done the same.

This state of affairs continued for some hours, in fact till the burning sun had thoroughly dried even the tangled lower growths. Mother White's beady eyes knew how to read the signs that told when the last drop of dew had evaporated, and at the proper moment the feathery tent was struck and she daintily stepped forward, leaving the silky mat of crowding youngsters for the first time in their lives entirely uncovered. It is quite safe to say that not one of the lot was either astonished or dismayed by the sudden exposure. It is all very fine for a few peculiarly gifted, or otherwise, folk to minutely describe the joys, sorrows, hopes, fears and aspirations of young wild things, but the important fact remains that, at least, one-half of such statements is either sheer tommy-rot or mere guess-work. While it is quite true that much has been

learned, as more remains to be learned, from close observation, it also is true that even the most generously endowed of our writers have not yet quite mastered the art of turning themselves into winged or four-footed creatures at will. Until they have fully mastered that art, which may mean some slight delay, the average, not specially gifted reader, may be wise in liberally salting his brain-foods.

Our young Robert, possibly because he was an exception to the general rule, did not at once enter upon an arduous course of study like the brainy birdlings that bloom in books. Instead he just toddled along with the crowd, dogging his mother's steps until she paused and began to kick the dust about with her feet. Naturally enough, there had been no previous rehearsals of this interesting performance, nor had it been at all discussed, yet the moment he saw her, as it were, "at the bat," he elected himself "short-stop" and prepared to play an errorless game. When a few moments later a spotless white object came trundling his way, he gathered it in with a speed and accuracy worthy of a pennant. It was an ant's egg. There were other foods later on, and when he spied something new he didn't have to run to his mother and ask if the thing was good to eat. His keen eyes merely flashed upon it, decided its value and promptly pounced upon or passed by as his curious instinct directed.

For days the youngsters all had a royal time, for life was one grand, sweet feed, sleep and sunbath. Like the others, Robert grew rapidly and fairy fans of wings replaced the hairy stumps he had first worn. He could run with astonishing speed and did not hesitate to follow an insect—skip—skip—skip, though the chase led him yards from his mother. As yet no startling adventure had befallen him, for his brief experience had been one of peace and plenty, but mischief was brewing. It came without warning, and just how it happened he never knew. He had spied an ant crossing a long, narrow strip of dusty, worn ground, and he

dashed with electric speed after the prize. The ant trotted into a wee hole, around which lay a ring of sand-grains, and Robert at once got busy. Three lightning kicks of his nervous feet scattered the sand in as many directions, and like a flash his stout little bill was pickaxing at the hole. He knew that red ants and white eggs lay a short distance below, and so eager in his work was he that he never looked up till he felt the earth trembling under a mighty, measured thud-thudding, the like of which he never had heard.

He never waited for one good look. Out of the corner of one eye he caught a glimpse of an awful shape which towered high in air, and instantly his bent legs snapped straight and he shot headfirst for the grass, which he failed to reach by a few inches. He fell like a frog all stretched out on the bare dust, but once there he remained as motionless as a dead leaf. As he lay he heard his mother utter what was to him a new cry and it said "hide," but he had already done his best in that direction and without her telling; he knew that the slightest motion would be perilous. His little heart was beating over-fast and his heavy eyes were wild with fear, but he never attempted to straighten a toe that was uncomfortably bent. The monster thud-thudded almost upon him, then batted and emitted a thunderous rumbling, the first sound of which almost scared Robert to death.

To our ears that sound merely would have meant—"I seen ye skip, ye little cuss, an' I see ye a-lyin' there. I must be mighty keeful where I step, fur there's a sight o' ye round here, an' I wouldn't hurt one o' ye fur a price."—for the towering monster, or what to Robert appeared that way, was good farmer Brown, owner of two hundred acres thereabouts. He passed along smiling at outstretched Robert, who never even quivered as minute after minute dragged away. Robert was anything but comfortable, but in spite of his accidentally awkward position he never stirred till his moth-

er's voice uttered a peculiar low twitter. At the sound he sprang to his feet and raced to her in time to see the others trooping in from various directions. Not one was missing as she promptly discovered, and after she had led them a few yards from the path all resumed their tireless quest for food. The dread of the monster vanished with his disappearance, for young wild things are blessed with exceedingly short memories and never bother about a peril that has passed. Once assured—and the mother's voice is an assurance beyond question—they are as unconcerned as though the thing had never happened. Were it not for this their little lives would be an agony of terror, a thing unknown in Nature's beautiful plan.

Long, lazy days passed in pleasant succession, and Robert grew fat and rather long-legged. His erstwhile pretty, downy coat was thin and pale and bristling with stubby feathers, and his wings had become goodly, mottled fans ample for the covering of his almost bare sides. He could run with astonishing speed, but beyond an occasional fluttering to ease his descent from some log or rail upon which he had climbed, he had not yet used his wings. But there had to be a first time, and when it came it was a genuine surprise. In a fence-corner of the favourite field grew a lot of briars, and almost beneath them, yet fully exposed to the sun, was a small patch of bare, sandy soil. Mother White knew all about this spot, and when one day she felt the need of a regular dusting she led the way to it. Squatting on the sand, she raised her plumage almost on end, pecked a few times, scratched a little with her feet, then performed a peculiar scaping with her wings, which presently raised a small cloud of dust and sent grains of sands showering through her loosened feathers.

Robert and the rest scarcely looked at her, but each squatted in a handy place and set to work precisely as she had done. Soon a small cloud of dust almost obscured them. Their dust-bath was as cleansing and enjoyable as

a plunge into a swimmin'-hole, and for an hour they lazied, dust to the eyes. So dreamily content were they that none noticed an approaching thud-thud, the very same that had previously scared them. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash and a horrible swaying of briers. Without stopping to think Robert sprang into the air and made his wings fairly hum, at the same time and for the first time uttering a shrill "chick-er-ick-tick" of terror. He had no time to think of direction, but buzzed away for twenty yards as he happened to be pointed, then sank panting into some green stuff, where he at once crouched.

For the first time in his life he was entirely alone. The novel exertion and the scare combined made his heart thump, and in dread of he knew not what he pressed his scanty plumage close, and waited as motionless as a clod. Where his mother had gone he could not even guess. He had heard the roar of her wings, had dimly seen the others leap like big grasshoppers all about him, and that ended his knowledge of the disaster. He knew he had made his first flight and he wished he hadn't, for he was lost and scared, yet something told him to sit tight and wait. Meanwhile among the briers arose farmer Brown, and he said:—"Durn that rotten rail anyhow! Here I've gone an' skinned my arm fur six inches an' fell atop of my little quails an' most skeered 'em to death I reckon! The young cusses were takin' a dustin', fur here's their little wallows, an' shed feathers, which proves they're gettin' quite sizable."

To Robert that wait seemed dreadfully long; in reality it did not exceed fifteen minutes—but at last came his release. A plaintive whistle, vibrant with tender anxiety, sounded from a nearby thicket. "Ka-loi-hee! Ka-loi-hee! Ka-loi-hee!" it said, and as it ended Robert rose to his feet and shook himself. Because he never had been "scattered" before he never had heard a similar sound, yet he knew his mother's voice and that it meant he should join her. He wasn't quite

sure of the direction, so for a moment he waited irresolutely. Again rose the rallying call, louder and clearer, and his keen ears told him the exact line to follow. Instantly he straightened up, and for the first time attempted the answering cry. It wasn't much of a cry—rather feeble and a bit broken-reedy, and suggestive of a whining "Thankee-than-kee!" but it was the best he was capable of. Then he ran like a mouse going through grass.

Every now and then he stopped to call and receive instructions, and from various places he could hear the others like himself steering by signal. When finally "Ka-loi-hee!" again sounded Robert squeaked hasty acknowledgments and sped straight as a bullet to where his mother stood. Half-a-dozen of the others were with her, and presently the last came sprinting from various directions. In her own way she counted them, and the moment the tally was complete all trace of anxiety left her, and she cautiously led the way to some secluded foraging-ground.

Weeks passed and the young Whites, with one exception, thrived amazingly. Robert himself was nearly as large as his mother. His washy-looking, mottled suit had fallen from him scrap by scrap among briers, grass and at the dusting place; the leaden-grey of his throat had changed to almost pure white; in fact, in his mother's eyes, he was painfully like his father—that mysterious father whom he never had seen, that is, so far as he knew.

In time the conditions changed. A great storm arose; there was a tremendous clatter in the air and Farmer Brown and other monsters raged and shouted in the fields from morn till dusk. Then the awful disturbance passed, but it had wrought ruin far as eye could see, except in two directions. The bit of woodland, to which the terrified Whites had fled for shelter, yet remained, but the big field lay bare and bristly with the short broken stems over which the storm had raged. Of all the glorious cover there was not a vestige with the exception of some thin strips along the fences. Mother

White gazed across the waste in amazement. Verily the late Happy Hunting Grounds had been transformed into the other place, and she scarce knew what to do. For that day the lot covered in the fence-corner, picking up a few seeds in a half-hearted sort of way but not daring to leave the shelter although plenty of scattered grain was plainly visible. As often happens in other families, the one weakling was the hungriest and most reckless. He finally ventured into the stubble and snatched grain after grain, the quest leading him farther and farther from the weedy fence. The others watched enviously, yet heedful of their mother's continued warnings. At last the forager straightened up to force one more grain down his jammed gullet. His crop stood out hard and round; he was wheat to his mandibles and the sight of him made the others prepare for a united raid.

Then an awful thing happened. Some yards from his position the top of a big grey clod showed just above the stubble. Such clods are common in grain fields—the plough turns up a moist chunk which sometimes hardens like a brick and so remains till the grain is cut. But there fortunately are few clods exactly like this one. Before the eyes of the amazed Whites it presently rolled forward a little—just a little, but it really rolled. Mother White saw it, but before she could shrill her warning call, the clod flashed through the air like a brindled rabbit and landed squarely on top of the forager. The horrified watchers promptly stole away toward the wood.

At its edge Mother White hopped upon a log and gazed back at the stubble. A grey thing with a dead shape hanging from its mouth was trotting far away. Mother White stood on her tip-toes to watch that dreaded thing, and as she gazed she saw something else. Far away, beyond the stubble, rose a wall of green which she knew to be excellent cover. It was corn, acres upon acres of cool, tangled foliage, beneath which the family could run and dust in safety,

and from which they could forage outward for seeds and other food. The sole difficulty lay in the crossing of the stubble. That was dangerous she knew, but something had to be done, so she resolved to attempt the trip.

With the lot close at her heels she started along the fence till she marked a long, narrow depression which seemed to cross the stubble. Into this she turned, at first stealthily creeping, then running at half speed. It was a long route, and when she finally halted and stood erect to see if they were not almost there, she was startled to discover that one-third of the distance had yet to be traversed. Her eyes had misjudged the task, for the dwellers in the cover are not accustomed to taking very long looks and seldom bother about anything more than fifty yards away, which accounts for the egregious blunders they frequently make when they happen to get lost and straggle into a town. Far away she saw a dark thing drifting in the air, and realizing that there was no secure cover nearer than the corn, she fairly sprinted for that shelter. As she sped her terror increased till she could wait no longer, and with a warning cry she took wing. The others at once sprang into the air and darted after her. Their rising was almost noiseless, in marked contrast with the sounding whirr of a flush before a man or dog. But this time they had a running start and were not suddenly bounced from a crouching attitude.

Straight before them lay the corn, and they whizzed toward it in straggling order. Fast as she was going, Mother White saw the wheeling thing she had previously marked suddenly flash forward at marvellous speed. Sorely frightened though she was, her mother-love prompted a sharp cry of warning. Those nearest heard and understood, and instead of sailing for the last few yards they buzzed madly until they struck the dense growth and plunged through it like so many hurled stones. All but one. A drift of floating feathers, a broad-winged, grey form that flapped away in burden-

ed flight, proved that *A. velox* was well-named, and had taken the toll which folk of the cover must pay when they cross their Bridge of Sighs—the broad open.

Because there is none of that which we call lasting grief among the Whites, they speedily forgot their troubles. In the corn they were safe, and for weeks things were delightfully pleasant. Robert and his brothers waxed stout and strong, as did their sisters. The distinguishing marks, the white throats of the one and the soft buff of the other, were alike perfect, and the lot thought nothing of long tramps through the now weedy stubble, or whizzing flights back to cover. The corn had lost much of its green, the trees were turning to gold and crimson, but food was almost too easy to find. The night air had grown a trifle chilly, but the Whites were stronger and wiser now, so at dusk they sought the same old sleeping-spot—a little patch of snug grass and cut briars the plough had avoided because of some big roots which lingered there. Robert and all now slept in a little round bunch, from which heads projected like the spokes of a wheel, for in case of a night alarm, when so placed everyone could take wing without interference. Nothing could be finer than the life they led, yet again trouble was brewing.

One fateful day there came another storm. As had happened before, the sky was clear, there was no warning. Even Mother White's weather-wisdom, which could tell well in advance when rain or snow was coming, was at fault. Yet the storm came, and it was something frightful, yet peculiar. All day long it raged, the stout corn swaying and crashing down, till of all that noble growth but a beggarly third at one end of the field remained standing. When the terrified Whites reached the edge of the standing stuff they scarce could believe their eyes. The ground was almost bare, yet marked with apparently endless rows of stubs, from which the storm had torn the mighty stalks, and these,

strange to say, had been whirled together into even, conical piles which dotted the entire space. The blow was one of those cutting things which White brains cannot understand; yet some shelter remained, and into it they timidly crept.

They had sufficiently recovered to think about breakfast, and Robert himself was leading toward the best spot in the stubble, when there sounded a strange whistle. Never had he heard the like, so he paused to hear more. None of his family ever attempted anything of the kind, for this sound was shrill, trembly and long-sustained. He was full of curiosity to learn the cause of it, but before he could decide what to do a quick rustling ahead warned him, and he crouched ready to spring. The rustling slowly approached, then abruptly ceased. Uncertain as to its cause, Robert raised a trifle and peered nervously ahead. What he saw almost caused his heart to stand still. Some new kind of monster, black and white, and rather small for a monster, was standing perfectly still a few yards away. He knew the thing was alive, for he could see two staring eyes, which, however, were not looking at him. For many seconds the strange thing remained motionless and he was sorely puzzled. That the thing meant mischief he felt, but he could not understand its method, for what sort of way was it for any dangerous thing to stand still in plain view? His bewilderment was abruptly ended.

The other monster surely was coming! He could hear the thud-thudding, and presently the dreaded noise, something like what he had heard before. To our ears this noise would have meant—"Steady, you beauty! Take the birds to the right, Jim. It's a bevy, sure!"

From just behind Robert heard Mother White's low purring twitter of warning, which he knew meant back to the corn at full speed. For an instant he hesitated; then as a tall monster appeared right before him, he sprang as he never had done and whir-

red his wings like mad. He was at top speed and pointed straight for the corn, when a new noise broke out, and, to his horror, the tip of his right wing refused to work, and despite his desperate efforts he slanted down to the ground. Luckily he did not strike very hard, yet he was jarred and confused and greatly frightened. In an instant he recovered sufficiently to remember what was necessary, and with a quick run he again sprang into the air and desperately beat his wings, only to whirl through a swift semi-circle and crash down upon his back. For a few seconds he was too stunned to act, then he recovered and sprang to his feet. If the wing refused to serve there was an unrivalled pair of legs, and away he raced straight for the old roosting-place where the roots were in the ground. One of these was hollow, and into the dark hole he dived and crept along a couple of feet till he could go no farther.

For hours he lay there, frightened, very hungry, but determined to stick until he heard his mother's call. It was a terrible day. Strange noises sounded on every side, and twice the black-and-white monster came and snuffed fiercely into the root. The last time it scraped madly with great claws, but suddenly it uttered an awful yell and went away. (Robert didn't know it, but the dog-whip had touched that monster, because the bigger and wiser monster had, as occasionally happens, mistaken a bit of brilliant trailing for chipmunk hunting.)

All disturbance had long ceased when Robert decided to venture forth. His wing did not greatly pain him, but he was ravenously hungry, which, to the Whites, is much worse than any except serious injuries. He had rammed himself so far into the root that it was difficult to back out against the lay of his feathers, but at last he managed it and emerged much ruffled. A vigorous shake smoothed him and at the same time reminded him of the tipped wing. His instinct told him not to attempt to use it until it felt

different, but the thing of pressing importance was food. In less than half an hour he had swallowed all he could hold, and then came anxiety about the others. From our point of view, it would have been much prettier in him to have forgotten food and gone trotting and piping in quest of his beloved kin, especially the small brown mother; but wild things, if hungry, will not pass food for all the sentiment ever miswritten. Hence he fed first, and when full, stood and listened.

There was not a sound. The air was still and the low sun looked like a crystal globe full of red wine foundering in a sea of silver mist. For once in his life Robert had fed alone and was to sleep alone, and he did not understand why. Mother and the rest were near by and he would call them. "Ka-loi-hee? Ka-loi-hee? Ka-loi-hee?" he piped as loudly as he could, then listened expectantly. But there was no response. Again and again, and again the sweet question rang louder and louder till whispered echoes drifted from the darkening wood, but the old answers came not—in fact, they were lying snug in a new cover—what men term "brown duck."

Two figures, plodding along the dusking road, heard Robert's last call and halted.

"By Jove!" exclaimed one, "I believe there was a *bird in that old root after all, and I licked Don for digging for a chipmunk! If I was sure I'd get down on my knees and apologize to that dog right here."

And Robert?—He slept alone for several nights, but never again did he attempt to call his lost ones. His wing quickly healed, and soon after that he fell in with fair cousins who also had known bereavement. He remained with them, sharing their joys and sorrows, delights and dangers of winter-time, till April came. There was one cousin, a bright-eyed, brown-cheeked, plump-breasted Miss, who, when the flowers bloomed again, got Robert into serious trouble—but of that romance, more anon.

NEIGHBOURS

By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald

“VE has come, Adam!” said Miss Armytage, as she poured her nephew’s coffee in his own particular blue and white breakfast cup.

“Not to *my* garden, I hope,” said John;—no one but his aunt ever called John Armytage Adam, and very few people knew that it was really his second name.

He cast an apprehensive glance through the vine-shadowed window as he spoke.

“I did not say the serpent, Adam,” Miss Armytage said, in a grave voice, but with twinkling eyes. “I said Eve, and a very charming one, I should judge. And into her own garden, next door. Is your coffee right, my dear?”

“Delicious, Aunt Patty; nectar and ambrosia. But—girls are such a bore, aren’t they? Girls under fifty, I mean!” with a little bow in the direction of the pretty middle-aged aunt, who had managed him and his house so beautifully for the last two years.

“Hush,” said Miss Armytage, trying hard to look severe. “I never allow my age to be referred to by anyone but myself!”

“What difference does it make to you, *Ma Tante*? You will always be young,” her nephew responded, then, relapsing into gloom—“I believe I’ll be off in search of adventure as soon as I get my yarn finished—if I ever do, now! If only this beastly malaria would let up!”

The “beastly malaria” was the result of a sojourn in South Africa, at the beginning of the campaign, when John Adam Armytage had been a very promising war correspondent. Since his return (invalided home) he had lived in comparative seclusion at Birchgarth. His first novel—one with an African setting—had been graciously accepted by the critics; now he was working on another, but he was ill-

satisfied with his plot, and the characters, instead of mellowing and maturing, grew more wooden every day. Much of his work was done in his delightful old garden—chiefly in a little grove of white birch at the end farthest from the house and nearest to his new and unknown neighbour’s fence. The tiny grove was liberally provided with seats and hammocks, and under the largest birch was a small but solid table with a drawer wherein manuscripts could be hastily tucked at the approach of a visitor.

The neighbour’s fence was very, very high, and over it, on our mildly misanthropic author’s side, grew luxuriantly a honeysuckle vine. This was his favourite flower. It clambered on every arbour and nearly all about the house, looking in the long French windows of the drawing-room, and peering through the tiny latticed panes of the study.

It was toward the grove at the end of the garden that John turned his steps when his third cup of coffee had been disposed of. His writing mood was on, but the plot still disturbed him. Epigrammatic dialogue fairly sparkled through his mind—but dialogue alone does not constitute a satisfactory full-fledged novel. When he sat down by the little table and began to write, this fact became more and more distressing. He jotted down his *bons mots* with a reckless feeling as to who said them and what it was all leading up to. The scent of honeysuckle enveloped him; he felt of a sudden that there was a meaning and depth in life that he had never apprehended. Then a voice spoke in the other garden, a voice which captured his attention and his fancy so completely that the thought of not listening to it simply did not occur to him. It was one of those rare contralto voices which convey in every intonation a suggestion of reserve power, of

more richness and strength and sweetness still to be given. And now, by some strange co-ordinating habit of the mind, John Armytage at once connected the scent of the honeysuckle with that full rich contralto, and they meant for him thereafter one and the same psychic reality.

"You see, Mother Dear," the voice was saying, "I *have* evolved a plot that will please even your sternlycritical soul. But as for the characters—well, they have names, but that is all! Talk they will not; indeed, they will hardly breathe, and I just have to push them along."

"It's too bad, Dearie," a pleasant voice answered. "But let me hear what you have done; perhaps you are too tired and 'fussed' over it to judge correctly."

"Oh, I have torn up the three chapters I had written. They were just unutterable, Mummie! But the plot *is* good—and I cannot think what has come over me. The short stories just wrote themselves, you know."

"Tell me the plot," the other voice answered in comforting tones. "You ought to have that written down, at least, and then let the rest of it grow by degrees."

"Yes, Madre, I have the skeleton here in this note-book. But I will tell it to you; that will be much nicer than reading the outline—I know you don't like anatomy."

Then she began her story, and John Adam Armytage, without one prick from his sleeping conscience, sat in the shade of his birches and listened breathlessly.

She was right. The plot was, indeed, a good one, one of absorbing interest and unexpected, yet delightfully adequate denouement. It captured his imagination completely, and he strolled up and down his shady paths for an hour thinking it over. Presently he discovered a truly marvellous thing. The sayings—wise, witty and tender—which were the only things that pleased him in his own story, fitted wonderfully to the personages which his unseen neighbour had made

and named, but could not cause to breathe!

His unseen neighbour! He suddenly realized the extent and enormity of his eaves-dropping! He had made a most startling breach in the code of honour, and he had actually no right to be thinking of these creations of another's brain, or to know anything about them at all. All the same, they lived and moved and talked for *him*. That charming Lady Susan—why, he knew her as well as he knew Aunt Patty! And Ursula, the heroine, was just the sort of girl he had always wanted to meet, and in just the proper chain of circumstances to develop her high qualities. The things his own heroine should have said came with real appropriateness from this delightful being. Queer (he reflected) that Miss—Miss *Who*, after all?—should have any difficulty with such story-folk as these!

He went to his indoor study and tried to banish them all from his mind and do his own work, but it was no use. He was dominated by his neighbour's plot, and ever new possibilities in its unfolding opened before him till a book truly great haunted his mental vision.

For three days John avoided his birch grove with stern resolution. He shut himself in his study and his aunt supposed him to be making progress with the novel, but in reality he was trying in vain to concentrate his mind on an entirely new piece of work. And all the while a fascinating, rarely original story, with Another Person's plot and his own conversations and character-studies, unwound itself in his brain and begged to be written. At meals he became so moody that Miss Armytage watched him with furtive anxiety. Was he in love? Impossible. He had seen no one to fall in love with for weeks and weeks. Was he suffering the usual pangs of genius in the production of a mighty work? It did not seem likely; his expression was too worried and not enough exalted!

But Miss Patricia was wise. She

asked no questions, talked less than usual and brewed the morning coffee with unusual care. She called on their new neighbours and came home evidently charmed, but not communicative. John made many inquiries, but she answered them all with unsatisfactory brevity. He managed to gather, however, that the owners of the other garden were a Mrs. and Miss Carew; that Mrs. Carew was of English birth, and that for the past fifteen years they had lived in Montreal. He was not sorry, therefore, when an invitation came to a garden party at Mrs. Carew's. Miss Patricia looked with pride at her hermit-nephew in the glory of his faultless attire, with a carnation on the lapel of his coat, and an expression of stern determination on his handsome features. He had made up his mind to confess or to forget—the events of the afternoon must decide which.

"The events of the afternoon," as it turned out, were afterwards rather confused in John's memory until Evelyn sorted them out for him and told him exactly what he had said and how he had looked! As soon as he was presented to his hostess and her daughter he made up his mind to full confession. He remembered with passing wonder Aunt Patricia's remark as to beauty being a matter of taste! Surely here was beauty subtle enough for a poet, yet not to be questioned by a Hottentot.

Evelyn said afterward that, like the Ancient Mariner, he "held her with his glittering eye," and that when she met his tragic glance she wondered if he was dangerous! But, as she made no objection whatever to wandering off to the arbour with him, he concluded that this part of her report was slightly exaggerated. For a short time they talked about their respective gardens, and John admired the arbour (which was built against the fence that divided their domains) and the rustic bookshelves, seats, and table with which it was furnished. Then, to cover an awkward pause, Miss Carew rather nervously remarked that she and her mother sat here every morning. "I know you do," John exclaimed, with desperate resolution. "I know you do,—and

—I have something to say to you!"

"Horrors!" thought Evelyn. "Is he going to propose—or am I to be reprimanded for something I have said in my own arbour?" "I want to tell you a story," he continued gently. "Will you sit down?"

Evelyn sat down by the table, and John, leaning on the back of her chair, began the story of *their novel*—her plot and his characterizations—as it had grown to a beautiful entity in his mind. Evelyn started when it dawned upon her that she was listening to the transformed and vivified work of her own mind,—seemed about to speak—and then leaned forward with her brow on her hand and listened intently. When the tale was half-told, John stopped, and came around to face her.

"I was in my grove, on the other side of the fence," he said brokenly. "I listened, I swear, without one thought that I had no right to hear! As soon as I caught the first sound of your voice, I had to listen! It was not till afterward, when I found myself fitting my own people to your plot, that I realized the extent of my transgression. Since then, I have been able to write my novel on no other lines, and your marvellous plan has simply haunted me. So has your voice. And now—do you believe me? Can you forgive me?"

Evelyn looked straight into his eyes—a long steady look that seemed to read his inmost thoughts. Then her eye-lids drooped, and she answered simply:

"Yes—to both questions."

John came a little nearer.

"Then—may we be friends?"

John's smile (though he did not know it) was irresistible.

"Yes," Evelyn answered, smiling in return.

"And shall we write *The Book together*?"

"Yes, oh yes; it seems to be the only way it can be written;—but please, please don't ask me any more questions, for I am forming a fatal habit of answering yes! Let us go out and have a cup of tea, and show the world that we are model neighbours!"



THE ROUGH-CAST HOUSE OF THE POOREST WORKINGMAN
 PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN TORONTO, BY GEORGE C. GOOCH

THE HOMES OF WORKINGMEN

By Augustus Bridle

"Houses are built to live in and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity except where both may be had."

—Bacon.



HE philosopher's dictum on house-building ignores one characteristic not so observable in his day. That is progress. Primitive forms of architecture are a uniformity based on imitation. One dug-out is the image of another. The mud huts of African savages are more alike than the faces of their inhabitants. One Indian's tepee is a repetition of every other one in his tribe. The white man taught the savages how to build shacks. But the shacks are as much alike as a row of peas; all with the flattish pole and sod roof, the mud chimney and the mud fireplace. In a lumbering

camp most of the shanties are built the same way, differing chiefly in size. In a new saw-mill hamlet there is another step in advance in size, but not in variety. The early homes of farmers are tiresome replicas one of another. In villages the first tendency is to uniformity, until a diversity of pursuits brings a slight variety of architecture to correspond. And generally speaking the more primitive the occupation the more monotonous the architecture of the workers' homes.

This is notably true in a large city. Take for instance the cases of the corporation labourer, the rag-buyer and the itinerant seller of bananas and peanuts. These in certain districts constitute a congested colony rarely invaded by any other class. Their houses are chiefly of two sorts;

rough-cast and frame. The common type is the rough-cast, which begins in a shack flat on the soil with the doorstep next the sidewalk. The shacks run in long unbroken rows; one eye-aching seriatim of dingy wall, marked off by doors and windows; as much similar as the tepees of Indians. The squat one-story frame frequently gets next to it; also abutting on the sidewalk, or separated from it by a mere strip of trampled clay. Real es-

this. Population becomes congested. The number of wage-earners in proportion to area is enormously increased. The rent-equivalent per capita is greatly reduced. The cost of living both for earners and non-earners is kept scrupulously margined under the total income by rigorous abstinence and almost vulgar good health. Improvements, which always cost money and are subject to taxation, are superstitiously avoided. Thereby, while



THE ROUGH-CAST, TWO-STORY HOUSE, EMBLEMATIC OF THE SECOND LOWEST GRADE

tate, not a huge asset to the tax-bag in such a quarter, gets a speculative value based on the principle of—the number of people that can possibly eat and sleep under one roof. Roofs are expensive. And as the age-rickety walls will not bear extension upwards, the frugal owners have ingeniously utilized the rear yards for a second row of houses reached by lanes and alleys. So that instead of a swarming tenement there is a back yard which may become the playground for six families of children. Even the Salvation Army could scarcely improve on

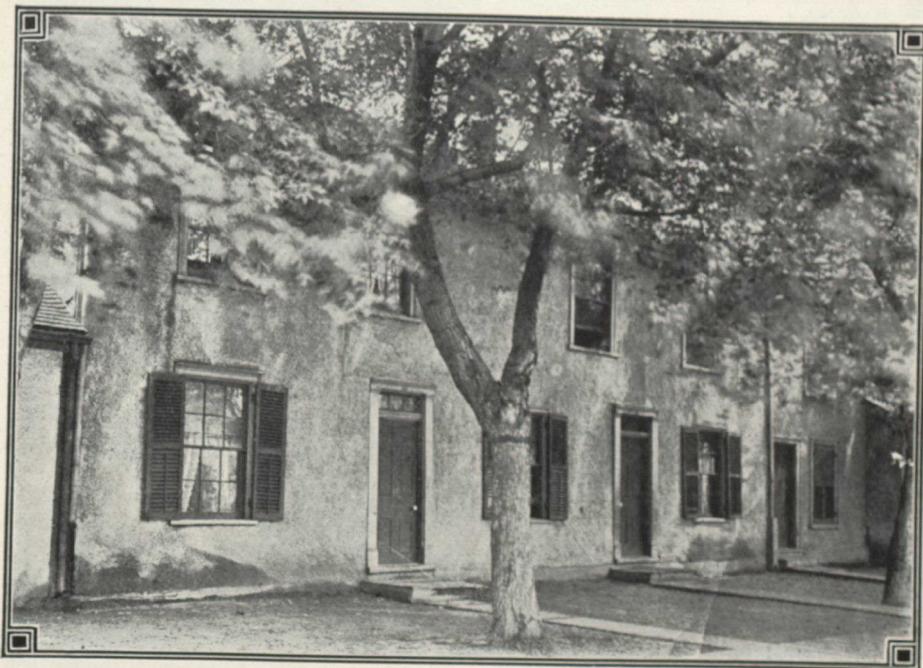
the wage scale crawls up, the rent and tax-rate remain low. And this is economy.

However, improvement, that ineradicable instinct in the human species, feebly struggles in. The initial phase is a picket fence fair under a window sill; inside, perhaps a convalescent hollyhock or a decrepit lilac shrub nurturable on neglect. But grass is a rarity; there is no room unless it be grown on the roofs. Two-story rough-casts appear in continuous blocks, set off by a packed quadrangle of clay, with sometimes the grateful

shade of a horse chestnut over the door. Houses farther back from the street are sometimes set off by open bits of grass. Fences are sometimes painted—not recently. Shutters always green; cheaper than blinds. Doors are of ancient dark panels with dingy knockers, opening into passages conspicuous with tattered paper. Where the basement begins a stoop rises in front, railed off into a porch-way where the elders sit in the even-

spend on the street, the middle of which is the common playground.

In all that quarter is scarcely a door-bell or a letter-slot. To write letters—a necessary condition to getting them—costs money. It is cheaper to talk. Thinking is suspected. Newspapers are not epidemic. The toilers in that precinct belong to no labour unions. They have but one doctrine regarding labour; so many hours of it equivalent to so many dollars not



HERE THE ROUGH-CAST IS MORE ARTISTIC

ing. This is the first step in the evolution of the verandah, not yet marked by the domestic chatter of the jenny-wren. A peeping geranium in a window with a cloudy lace curtain is the first symptom of a thrifty woman's care over house-plants. The only other conspicuous luxuries are children, who are both numerous and easy to keep. Like the hollyhock they thrive on neglect, with a casual splash of incongruity in the shape of fine clothes. They rarely trouble the doctor. Eight months of the year they

spent in luxuries. These people contribute no articles on labour to the press. Yet they are thriving. Neither do they read the labour sheet. They are satisfied. Dogs are rare with them. Dogs earn nothing. Moreover, they require to wear a tag and a tag costs money. Visitors from other wards are rare—except at election time. The card-tray is as little needed as the door-bell. And most of the neighbours are so familiar that even the knockers are seldom used.

Passing out of the congested inter-

ior of this ward you get away from the rough-cast and the squat frame as pervasive types. The terrace begins, veneer front and plaster sides; bay-windows and fenced-in plots of green; creepers over the porches and honeysuckles over the bays; with letter-slots in the doors and sometimes bells. The babies from these houses go in neat carriages and the older children play in tidy back yards adorned by

erated than picks and shovels, but less valuable than the skilled work of machine operatives. The houses quickly correspond to the difference. The streets are opener and the houses average larger. Some rough-casts are painted into block imitations of stone. The semi-detached house becomes common. Brick veneers in terraces are a frequent feature; and an occasional detached brick or large frame



BRICK FRONTS AND MANSARD ROOFS, WITH ROUGH-CAST SIDES, IS A STEP IN ADVANCE

strings of careful washing. These are the homes of the few who have learned that thrift is the handmaid of economy, and that a home is not merely a series of walls in which to eat and sleep.

3

The second tendency is towards greater variety; most conspicuous in factory precincts. Take, for instance, a well-marked quarter where such manufactures exist as soap, leather, packed pork, gas and beer. These call for a class of labour better remun-

marks the culmination.

The most obvious evolution is that of the lawn, which begins in a series of paddocks unfenced and bare of trees; mostly devoid of flower-plots, and certainly innocent of the lawn-mower. Grass being so cheap, its scarcity is the wonder. A little care produces a tidy plot. But, as a rule, that care is lacking. The children play less on the street, but more in the little trim park which serves as a common lawn for the community. The city can scarcely do less to provide breathing-

spots for the labourers and their families. But the people might easily do a great deal more. Here and there, however, you may find an ornamental shrub. A wide boulevard sometimes runs into a bare open yard under rows of deep chestnuts; sometimes with a large tree fair in the centre. Fences are less common; sometimes enclose a plot which a sense of careful proprietorship has combed into a lawn.

times a latticed verandah across the front. The bay-window is now a common luxury. In some terraces it is a mere flat projection; in more a semi-hexagon with straggled bits of cresting on the top. Windows get fancy brick-work. Others get touches of stone. The ivy crawls over the bay-window—rarely. Gothics rise in the roofs; commonly surmounted by a baby wooden point such as culminates in a



THE IRON-CRESTED BAY-WINDOW, THE LITTLE LAWN AND LARGER STEPS MARK THE NEXT HIGHER GRADE

There you may observe three kinds of shrubs with flower-pots that suggest the sprinkling-can. Here too at five o'clock you may notice aproned women sitting on the doorsteps back from the dust of the street, chatting; or more suggestive still of a developing intelligence, reading the newspaper. This is the beginning of thrift.

The verandah begins to develop. From a mere porch it becomes a double porch over two adjacent doors of a terrace; later a railed, and some-

church spire. These are trifles; chiefly imitations. There is more ornamentation on the walls than thrift in the surroundings; a sort of silent hint that some workingmen if they had a chance would be castled grandes living up to a large income. The worker's cottage so proverbial in literature is painfully absent.

The most encouraging feature of this series, aside from the cultivation of lawns, is the evolution of the kitchen. By inference there is a parlour

just inside that bay-window, with enlarged pictures of father and mother on the walls, and a possible dining-room in the centre, with all the bedrooms upstairs. The basement, with its incongruous lace curtains, in some of the terraces may indicate a furnace, and in some cases an underground dining-room—a token of bad development. Back yards become conventionally common; enclosed by the high board fence, with knot-holes for the

reminded me that actual luxury had got in there and that on a Sunday afternoon perhaps I might hear sundry reed organs with the singing of doleful hymns. The boarding-house begins. The pedlar is seen in that quarter; also the scissors-grinder, the laundryman and the plumber's waggon. The children may be seen coming from the corner-store with a pound of lard, a loaf of bread or a fresh bone for the family dog. They are somewhat neat-



THE TWO-STORY BRICK OF MORE MODERN ARCHITECTURE

neighbour dogs to exchange courtesies and ledges for congregative cats to sit upon. Often there is a tidy line of washing, a woodshed, and in some cases a dog-house.

This sentiment of proprietorship is yet more observable in the fronts, which not only become outwardly more ornate, but inwardly more elaborate. The double system of doors begins, with a vestibule and a mat at the outer door. The real hall begins to develop with a hat-rack just inside the vestibule and sometimes a bicycle in front of that. One piano sadly out of tune

ly dressed; yet with that air of democracy which makes one child on the street notice, in a loud tone of voice, the new slippers or the new skirt of another. Here and there, too, you may observe a real picture of contented serenity such as a young girl reading a newspaper on her doorstep, and as you pass she wears a smile. She loves her home better than the street.

3

Yet another series is a west-end quarter where land is generally cheaper, and to which transit has become

both easy and comparatively cheap since the advent of the trolley. Taxes are lower in that part. The worker puts part of the difference into the improvement of his home. It is suburban, enabling the worker to get away from his work. Many of the workers in such a precinct are machine operatives, getting a larger wage than the makers of soap, beer and leather.

mansard roof and the everlasting bay-window with its crop of iron cresting, stretches in unrelieved miles of monotony almost anywhere. It looks like a labour union in brick. Every house is the identical image of every other one, distinguished only by the numbers; more eternally alike than the tepees of the Indian without an atom of the latter's poetry; more monotonous than even



THE THREE-STORY, BRICK TERRACE WITH STONE FACING. USUALLY A FEW BOARDERS OR ROOMERS ARE ACCOMMODATED

Many of them are street railway employees. Many others are the employees of railroads. The open commons is more frequent. Land lies idle, awaiting the builder. Architecture becomes at once more varied and more monotonous.

The primitive type here is the story and a half rough-cast, or the single story blocked off to imitate stone. The general eyesore, because it has come to stay as a mark of advancing civilization, is the veneer terrace. The

rough-casts of the corporation labourer. The terrace is the easiest possible union of economy and conventional elegance. Its curse is uniformity.

But along with this uniformity, based on style and imitation, is a greater degree of variety in detail. Walks to the doors are slat and, in some cases, concrete; especially where you observe the detached brick or frame. Porches are legion and of diverse build. Some of the porticoes simulate white stone

with round colonial pillars. Verandahs are many. Letter-slots and door-bells are general. The foot-scraper and the door-mat are frequent. Parlours and carpets are a common luxury. The kitchen is everybody's way. Lawns become larger and more numerous. Flower-plots develop between the walks and rows of well-selected blooms along them. Fences are more rare except in the case of extended lawns. Screen doors are seen. The basement gets a front entrance. On many streets are wide boulevards on which thrifty children play. I saw one juvenile party in a rope inclosure, housekeeping with a doll and a set of baby furniture. The children very cordially invited me in to visit them, and chatted freely about their venture, showing that they were used to company and not suspicious of the stranger. At another house I saw a load of furniture going in; an oak dresser and bed with springs, mattresses, etc. On another street a knot of children played on a neighbour's trim lawn. The visiting set offended the nine-years' boy spokesman of the home party. He promptly ordered the visitors off, observing that his dad had marked off a certain plot as the limit of trespass for idle feet. This is the beginning of complete proprietorship and the end of absolute democracy.

Shutters become less epidemic on the windows, but reappear on the outer doors. Blinds are more common; lace

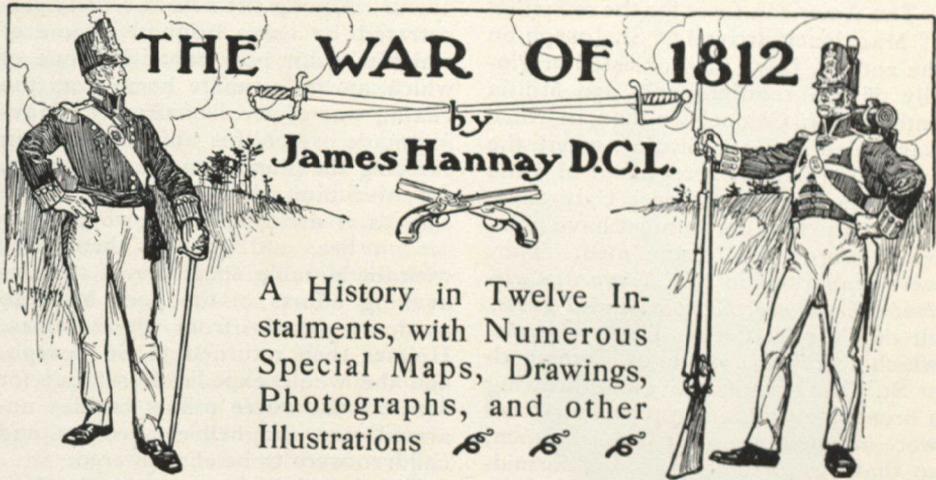
curtains general. Glass begins in some of the outer doors; sometimes coloured, with bits of fancy panels on the edges. The four-pane parlour window becomes one large pane, also with small panels on the side. On some verandah swings a hammock. You may expect to hear "Mamma" there. Dogs become part of the system. Terraced lawns with tidy shrubberies on them are a growing feature. Rear gardens are noticed with an occasional apple or plum tree. Women appear washing the steps and cleaning the windows. The front door is divided into two doors. The porch gets a balcony. On many streets every man is, at least, the owner or sole tenant of his own plot of grass.

And so from primitive democracy with its painful monotony, the homes of the workingmen pass first through variations to separate and diversified types; back again on a higher plane into uniformity; into diversity again and back into uniformity on a higher level still—as in the case of the three-story semi-detached terrace. The community becomes less a unit; more a diversity. The family becomes more private and more sacred. Parentage becomes more a delicate responsibility, and even without any John Ruskin to teach us it may be said that all these things are, at least, faintly prefigured in the homes of the people.

WIND OF NOVEMBER

BY INGLIS MORSE

WIND of November, chill and drear,
 Play out thy song! The mellowing year
 Grows old, and with its memories
 Of each fugacious flower that dies.
 But yesterday the glorious dream
 Of ardent summer made earth seem
 A sanctuary, wherein life
 Was well content 'mid peace and strife
 To hang her mystic wreaths of gold—
 Once new and now for e'er grown old.



ELEVENTH INSTALMENT—THE BRITISH FAILURE AT PLATTSBURG

LEAVING Fort Erie for the present still besieged, it is now necessary to deal with a number of important occurrences in other parts of Canada. After the Americans obtained control of Lake Erie, they resolved to recover the fort at Mackinack, which had been taken from them at the beginning of the war. To effect this an expedition was organized under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Croghan, who had acquired some celebrity by his defence of Fort Stephenson. This expedition was to have started from Detroit early in April, but it did not get away until the beginning of July. In the meantime Mackinack had been reinforced by 90 men under Lieut.-Col. M'Douall, consisting of a company of the Newfoundland Regt., 23 seamen of the Lake Ontario fleet and a few Canadian Volunteers. This detachment, with the field guns and a supply of provisions and military stores, reached its destination in bateaux from a port on Lake Huron on the 18th of May. Early in June an American force took possession of the Indian post at Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi, almost 500 miles from Mackinack, and Col. M'Douall, who was now in command at the latter place, resolved to dislodge them. Accordingly Colonel M'Kay of the Michigan Fencibles was sent to

Prairie du Chien with a detachment consisting of his own corps and a company of Canadian Volunteers, 150 men in all, with a 3-pounder. He also was accompanied by about 500 Indians. The detachment reached its destination on the 17th of July, and found that the Americans had erected a small fort on a height behind the village, with two blockhouses mounting six pieces of cannon. The fort was manned by about 70 effective men; lying at anchor in the river opposite the fort was a large gunboat, mounting 14 pieces of cannon and manned by about 80 men with muskets. She was so constructed that she could be rowed in any direction, without the men being exposed to the fire of musketry.

Col. M'Kay commenced a vigorous fire on the gunboat, which lasted about three hours, while both gunboat and fort replied. The men in the gunboat finally, finding the place too hot for her, cut her cable, and she was carried down the current to a place of shelter under an island. On the following day M'Kay advanced his men against the fort, upon which a white flag was immediately displayed, and the place surrendered with its garrison of 65 men and its cannon and stores. Not one man of M'Kay's white troops was even wounded.

The American force for the reduction of Mackinack arrived at St. Joseph on the 20th of July. It consisted originally of 500 regulars and 250 Militia under Lieut.-Colonel Croghan, to which was added at Fort Gratiot, where the expedition halted, a regiment of Ohio Volunteers under Colonel Cotgreave, so that the land force must have numbered more than 1,000 men. They were embarked on the *Niagara*, *Caledonia*, *Lawrence*, *Scorpion* and *Tigress*, all of Perry's fleet. These vessels, which were in charge of Commander St. Clair, carried 46 guns throwing a broadside weighing 776 pounds, and were manned by upwards of 400 men, so that the expedition was a formidable one in point of numbers and armament. The British post at St. Joseph had been abandoned and the Americans met with no opposition in burning the few houses there. From this place Major Holmes of the U.S. 32nd Regt. of infantry and Lieut. Turner of the Navy, with about 300 infantry and artillery, were detached to destroy the establishment of the British North-West Company at Sault Ste. Marie. The fact that the property to be destroyed was private property did not deter the Americans from this act of vandalism, which was quite characteristic of their conduct in Canada during the war. Holmes reached Sault Ste. Marie on the 21st and then commenced a scene of rapine such as, fortunately for the credit of human nature, has seldom to be recorded. Mr. Johnson, the company's agent, had succeeded in carrying off a considerable amount of the company's property to a place of safety on the approach of the enemy. The brutal rage of Holmes and his men at being thus balked of their expected prey knew no bounds. Everything they found on shore that could not be carried away was destroyed. Not only were the houses, stores and vessels there burnt, but the cattle were killed, the gardens laid waste, the furniture stolen and in some instances the clothes pilfered from the children's backs. Several of the employees of the company were carried off as pris-

oners. Among the acts of cruelty perpetrated by these brigands, some of which will not bear repetition, one of which an unfortunate horse was the victim, was of peculiar atrocity. Having made use of this animal all day in carrying the plunder of the settlement, they tied him while harnessed in the cart to a dwelling-house which they set on fire, and amused themselves with the pitiable spectacle of the unavailing efforts of the poor beast to extricate itself from the flames. Holmes then returned to St. Joseph, and the whole expedition set out for Mackinack, where others besides unarmed men and helpless women and children were to be encountered.

The American forces under St. Clair and Croghan reached Mackinack on the 26th of July, but no attempt was made to attack the place until the 4th of August. The interval seems to have been spent in reconnoitring, and in reconciling differences between St. Clair and Croghan as to the proper method of conducting the assault. It was finally decided that Croghan should land with his troops on the back or western part of the island, under cover of the guns of the ships, and attempt to attack the works in the rear. Croghan and his more than 1,000 men got ashore at Dousman's farm, where there was an extensive clearing, without Colonel M'Douall being able to offer any effectual opposition. This able officer was in an embarrassing position, for owing to the absence of the detachment under M'Kay and Lieut. Worsely and his seamen, after manning the guns at the forts, he had only a disposable force of 140 men, of which 50 were Indians, to meet the enemy on the field. The position he took up was an excellent one behind a natural breastwork, with the ground clear in front, but it was unavoidably at too great a distance from the forts, in each of which he had been only able to leave 25 Militia.

The enemy, guided by some former residents of the island, advanced slowly and cautiously, and M'Douall's two guns, a 3 and a 6-pounder, opened

upon them, but not with the effect they should have had, for want of experienced gunners and an artillery officer to direct them. Their advance in front was checked, but they were gaining on the British left flank, the Indians who were stationed in the woods there permitting them to do this without firing a shot. At the same time M'Douall was obliged to weaken his small front by detaching his Michigan Fencibles to oppose a party of the enemy who were advancing to the woods on his right.

Major Crawford of the Militia now sent word to Colonel M'Douall that the enemy's two largest ships had anchored to the rear of his left, and that troops were moving by a road in that direction towards the forts. He therefore immediately moved to place himself between the forts and the enemy, and took up a position effectually covering them. Then collecting the greater part of the Indians, who had retired, and taking with him Major Crawford and about fifty Militia, he again advanced to support a party of the Indians, who, with their gallant chief Thomas, had commenced a spirited attack on the enemy. These judicious arrangements effectually checked the Americans at every point, and compelled them finally to fall back in disorder to their shipping, leaving all their dead and a considerable number of their wounded on the field. The Americans admitted a loss of 12 killed, 52 wounded and two missing, but the returns were evidently incomplete, for the British found seventeen Americans dead on the island. Among them was Major Holmes, the horse-torturing hero of Sault Ste. Marie. This handsome victory, which compelled the Americans to abandon their attempt on Mackinack, was achieved with no greater loss on the part of the British than one Indian killed. The demoralized condition of the United States army may be judged from the language used by Commander St. Clair in his official report to his own government, in which he says: "The men were getting lost and falling into confusion, natural un-



COLONEL TITUS GEER SIMONS, U.E.L.

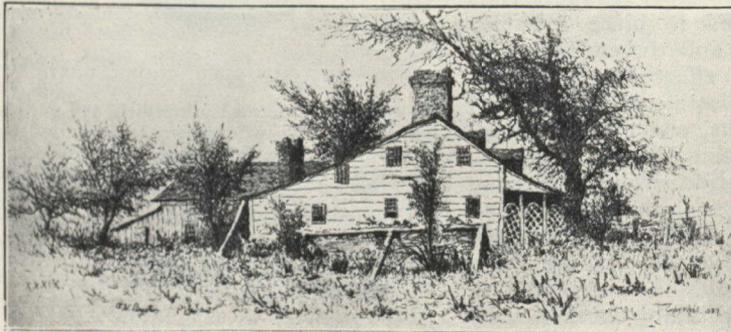
In command of 2nd York Militia at Lundy's Lane, where he was severely wounded, 3 grape shot striking his sword arm. He commanded all the Militia in attack on Black Rock. First Sheriff of Gore District, U.C., 1816. Died at Flamboro, County of Wentworth, 1829. His father was Quartermaster, Peters' Corps, under Burgoyne, 1777. (See Transactions U.E.L. Association, 1903).

der such circumstances; which demanded an immediate retreat or a total defeat and general massacre must have ensued."

Croghan and St. Clair now resolved to attempt an easier enterprise than the capture of Mackinack. They proceeded to the mouth of the Nautawasaga River, in which the North-West Company's schooner *Nancy* was lying laden with furs, in charge of Lieut. Worseley with 23 seamen, under the protection of a blockhouse. Worseley sent away the furs in canoes, which escaped the enemy and got safely into French River. He held the blockhouse, which mounted only one gun against the twenty fold superior force of the enemy, until further resistance became vain, upon which he blew up both blockhouse and vessel, and with his men escaped up the river in a boat.

St. Clair's Squadron now sailed for

Detroit, with the exception of the schooners *Tigress* and *Scorpion*, which were left to blockade the Nautawassaga, it being the only route by which provisions and other supplies could be sent to Mackinack. The Americans thus hoped to starve out the place which they could not take by assault, but this promising scheme also failed. After remaining on their station for some time the two schooners took a cruise towards St. Joseph. On the 31st of August Lieutenant Worseley arrived at Mackinack with the intelligence that the schooners were in the vicinity of St. Joseph and five leagues apart. It was immediately resolved to attempt their capture. Accordingly



A FARM-HOUSE IN 1812
FROM "SANGSTER'S NIAGARA RIVER AND FALLS," VOL. I

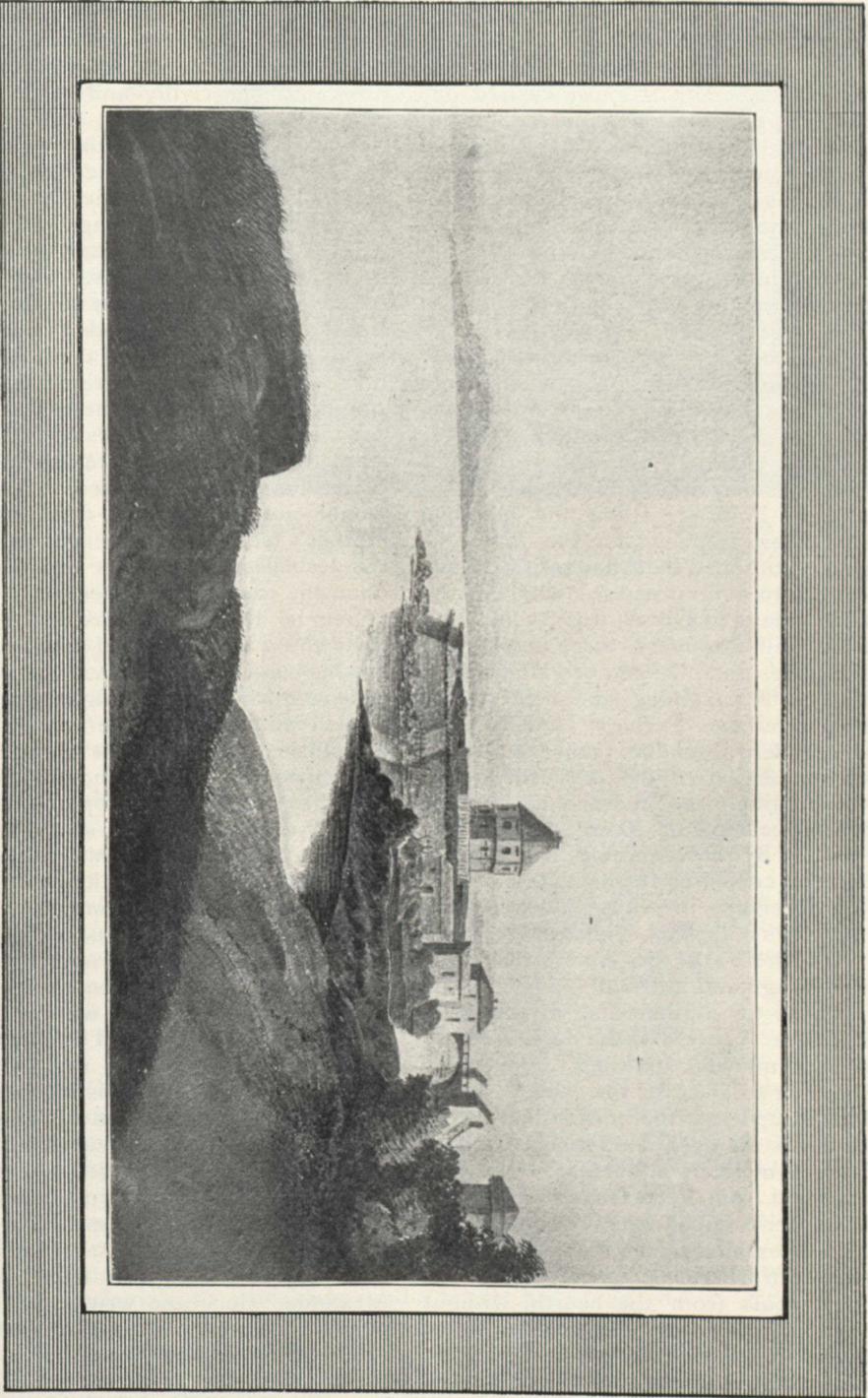
on the evening of the 1st of September four boats set out, one manned by 19 seamen under Lieut. Worseley, and the three others by 60 officers and men of the Newfoundland Regt. under Lieut. Bulger, with whom were two artillerymen with a three and a 6-pounder, five civilians of the Indian Department, and three Indians, in all 92 persons. A number of Indians in their canoes accompanied the expedition, but remained three miles in the rear and took no part in the fighting. At sunset on the 2nd the boats arrived at St. Mary's Strait, and spent 24 hours in finding out where the American schooners were. All day on the 3rd the troops remained concealed amongst the rocks, but at

six o'clock that evening the nearest vessel, the *Tigress*, was made out six miles off, and they pulled for her. At 9 o'clock they were approaching her, and were within 100 yards of the enemy when they were hailed. On receiving no answer the Americans on the *Tigress* opened fire upon the boats, both with musketry and with the 24-pounder. The boats instantly dashed in, and in the course of five minutes the schooner was boarded and carried by the boats of Lieut. Worseley and Lieut. Armstrong on the starboard side and of Lieut. Bulger and Lieut. Raden-hurst on the port side. Of her crew of 28 men, three were killed and five, including Mr. Champlin, her command-

er, dangerously wounded. The British had three seamen killed and Lieut. Bulger and seven soldiers slightly wounded. On the following day the prisoners were sent ashore, and the British prepared to attack the other

schooner, which they learned was anchored 15 miles farther down. The position of the *Tigress* was not altered, and the better to carry out the deception the American flag was kept flying. On the evening of the 5th the *Scorpion* was discovered working up to join her consort, and she came to anchor about two miles from her. At 6 o'clock next morning the *Tigress* slipped her cable and ran down under her jib and fore-sail. Everything was so well managed by Lieut. Worseley that the *Tigress* was within ten yards of the *Scorpion* before those on board the latter discovered that anything was wrong. It was then too late. The concealed British soldiers jumped up, poured a volley into her, which killed

FROM A WATER-COLOUR IN POSSESSION OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY, BY PERMISSION. THIS IS PROBABLY THE ONLY ORIGINAL PICTURE OF THIS FORT IN EXISTENCE



two and wounded two men, and the next moment boarded and carried the vessel, her surprised crew making no resistance. The *Scorpion* carried one long 24-pounder, besides a long 12-pounder, which was in her hold, and had a complement of thirty-two men. The capture of these two schooners relieved the garrison of Mackinack from any further annoyance. The place remained in the hands of the British until restored to the Americans by the Treaty of Peace.

An account of two or three acts of American vandalism will now suffice to complete the record of their operations west of the Niagara frontier in 1814. In May, Colonel Campbell, of the 19th U.S. Infantry, with 500 troops, landed at Long Point from Erie and marched to Dover, from which the few dragoons stationed there had retired. They set fire to and burned the whole of the little village of Dover, which comprised a sawmill, a tannery, three distilleries, six stores and nineteen private houses, thus utterly ruining about 25 peaceable families. Perhaps it will bring the modern Canadian reader to a clearer realization of the proceedings of these raiders to read the account of what occurred at Ryerse, which was written by the venerable Mrs. Amelia Harris, cousin of the late Rev. Egerton Ryerson, in whose work on the Loyalists it appears. This lady writes:— "On the 14th the Americans burnt the village and mills of Dover; on the 15th, as my mother and myself were sitting at breakfast, the dogs kept up a very unusual barking. I went to the door to discover the cause; when I looked up I saw the hillside and fields, as far as the eyes could reach, covered with American soldiers. They had marched from Port Dover to Ryerse. Two men stepped from the ranks, selected some large chips and came into the room where we were standing and took coals from the hearth, without speaking a word. My mother knew instinctively what they were going to do. She went out and asked to see the commanding officer. A gentleman rode up to her and said he was the per-

son she asked for. She entreated him to spare her property and said she was a widow with a young family. He answered her civilly and respectfully and expressed his regret that his orders were to burn, but that he would spare the house, which he did; and he said, as a sort of justification of his burning, that the buildings were used as a barrack and the mill furnished flour for the British troops. Very soon we saw columns of dark smoke arise from every building, and of what at early morn had been a prosperous homestead at noon there remained only smouldering ruins. My father had been dead less than two years. Little remained of all his labours excepting the orchard and the cultivated fields. It would not be easy to describe my mother's feelings as she looked upon the desolation around her and thought upon the past and the present."

Samuel Ryerse, the husband of the lady who was thus ruined by Campbell and his band of incendiaries, was a Loyalist who was exiled for fighting on the British side during the war of the Revolution. It was not enough for his persecutors that he should be compelled to abandon his property and begin the world anew in a strange land; he must be pursued and his widow and little family deprived of their means of living by vandals like Campbell. This outrage provoked so much comment that the American Government had to bring Colonel Campbell to trial before a court-martial, which was presided over by Colonel Scott. The Court declared in its finding that the destruction of the mills and distilleries was according to the usages of war, but that in burning the houses of the inhabitants Colonel Campbell had greatly erred. This mild reprimand was all the punishment that Campbell received. Mr. James Monroe, the American Secretary of State, in a letter to Sir Alexander Cochrane written in September, 1814, stated that the burning of Long Point was "unauthorized by the government." In the same letter he stated that the burning of Newark was "disavowed by the government."

To "disavow" an act is to deny knowledge of it, yet General M'Clure was able to produce an order from War Secretary Armstrong, the proper mouthpiece of the Government as regarded military matters, authorizing him to burn Newark. Mr. Monroe, in making this statement to Sir Alex. Cochrane, was therefore not telling the truth.

On the 16th of August a party of about 100 Americans and Indians landed at Port Talbot, on Lake Erie, and robbed 50 families of all their horses and of every article of household furniture and wearing apparel which they possessed. The number of persons who were thus thrown naked and destitute upon the world was 236, of whom 185 were women and children. Several of the more prominent inhabitants were not only robbed but carried off as prisoners, among them being Mr. Burwell, a member of the Legislature of Upper Canada, who was at the time in a very weak state of health.

The last effort of American ruffianism in the peninsula of Western Canada was General M'Arthur's raid in October and November, 1814. M'Arthur seems to have been stimulated to this effort by the successful foray of a band of ruffians who issued from the garrison of Detroit on the 20th of September and spread fire and devastation through an entire Canadian settlement, bringing to utter ruin and misery 27 families. M'Arthur's raid was on a larger and more ambitious scale. With 750 mounted men from Ohio and Kentucky he left Detroit on the 22nd of October and proceeded up the

western side of Lake St. Clair, and on the 26th crossed the St. Clair River and entered Canada. The absurd Lossing, by way of excuse for M'Arthur's conduct, says the movement was made in consequence of "the critical situation of the American army under General Brown at Fort Erie," and that its object was—"to make a diversion in favour of that general." As the siege of Fort Erie had been abandoned by the British a month before M'Arthur started, and as General Brown was not there at all, but at Sackett's Harbour, his command at Fort Erie having been transferred to General Izard, who had about 8,000 men with him, it will be seen that the alleged reasons for McArthur's raid did not exist. It was undertaken simply for the sake of the plunder and the cheap glory it might yield.

M'Arthur passed up the northern side of the Thames to Moravian Town and thence to Oxford. The country through which he advanced was given up to indiscriminate plunder, the houses of the settlers were reduced to ashes, and the miserable inhabitants were left to perish with cold and hunger. His design was to advance as far as Burling-



A BRONZE TABLET RECENTLY ERECTED IN BUFFALO TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLES OF LAKE ERIE, CHIPPEWA, LUNDY'S LANE AND FORT ERIE



TROOPER OF THE 19TH LIGHT DRAGOONS—TWO SQUADRONS OF THIS REGIMENT TOOK PART IN THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1813-14 ON THE NIAGARA FRONTIER
DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

ton Heights, but at the Grand River he learned that a detachment of the 103rd Regt. was after him. This news sent the cowardly raider scamper-

ing back much faster than he had come, and so precipitate was his flight that the British regulars did not get within eight miles of him. He got back to Detroit on the 17th of November, after three weeks of marauding, in which he inflicted great loss and misery on private individuals, but did nothing for his country except to make its name detested and despised in Western Canada.

It has been already seen that the American Commodore Chauncey did not venture to leave Sackett's Harbour with his fleet until the 1st of August, when the completion of two large ships, the *Superior* and *Mohawk*, gave him an overwhelming preponderance of force. Thus it happened that Sir James Yeo had control of Lake Ontario for the first three months of the season of open navigation, and in that time was able to give valuable assistance to the army in the defence of Canada. The operations on the Lake during the time Chauncey held possession of it were not of much importance. His fleet was greatly superior, and Sir James Yeo prudently retired with his larger vessels to Kingston, where he was blockaded by Chauncey for about six weeks. The American Commodore professed a great desire for an encounter, and complained very bitterly that Sir James would not gratify him by meeting his four largest vessels with the four largest British ships. In a letter written to the Secretary of the Navy on August the 10th he says:

“To deprive the enemy of an apology for not meeting me, I have sent ashore four guns from the *Superior* to reduce her armament in number to an equality with the *Prince Regent's*, yielding the advantage of their 68-pounders. The *Mohawk* mounts two guns less than the *Princess Charlotte*, and the *Montreal* and *Niagara* are equal to the *Pike* and *Madison*.”

It is remarkable that this American Commodore was unable to tell the truth, even in a despatch to his own Government, in regard to a matter of which he must have been fully informed. His largest vessel the *Superior* was heavier in armament than an ordinary 74-line of battleship, and far more powerful than the *Prince Regent* with which Chauncey compares her. The following statement of the four largest British and four largest American vessels on Lake Ontario, is taken from an American author, Roosevelt, and is, therefore, not likely to err in favour of the British.

AMERICAN VESSELS.				
Name.	Tonnage.	Crew.	Broadside Metal.	Armament.
<i>Superior</i>	1,580	500	1,050 lbs.	} 30 long 32's } 2 long 24's } 26 short 42's
<i>Mohawk</i>	1,350	350	554 "	} 26 long 24's } 2 long 18's } 14 short 32's
<i>Pike</i>	875	300	360 "	28 long 24's
<i>Madison</i>	593	200	364 "	} 12 long 12's } 22 short 32's
	4,398	1,350	2,328 lbs.	

BRITISH VESSELS.				
Name.	Tonnage.	Crew.	Broadside Metal.	Armament.
<i>Prince Regent</i>	1,450	485	872 lbs.	} 32 long 24's } 4 short 68's } 22 " 32's
<i>Princess Charlotte</i> ..	1,215	315	604 "	} 26 long 24's } 2 short 68's } 14 " 32's
<i>Montreal</i>	637	220	258 "	} 7 long 24's } 18 " 18's
<i>Niagara</i>	510	200	332 "	} 2 long 12's } 20 short 32's
	3,812	1,220	1,966 lbs.	

From the foregoing statement it will be seen that the Americans were greatly superior, both in the size of their ships and their armaments. Sir James was, therefore, wise not to risk an action, the loss of which might have wrought incalculable injury.

On Lake Champlain the Americans had been active in constructing vessels during the winter, and in April, Commodore Macdonough, who was in command there, succeeded in launching his new ships which had been built at Vergennes, Vermont. On the 14th of May, Captain Pring, R.N., with the British flotilla appeared off the mouth of Otter Creek, in which Macdonough's vessels were lying, and commenced a cannonade upon the seven-gun battery by which its entrance was defended. The Americans, however, were prepared for this attack; they had been strongly reinforced and, as Captain Pring had no land force with him, he was unable to accomplish anything and so returned to Isle Aux Noix. It was a serious error, for which Sir George Prevost must be held responsible, that he did not send a sufficient land force to Vergennes, at the opening of lake navigation, to destroy Macdonough's ships there and make it impossible for him to appear on Lake Champlain.

About the middle of June General Izard, who commanded the land forces at Plattsburg, made a movement towards the Canadian frontier, his advance being encamped at Champlain, within five miles of the International boundary. This movement led to no other result than a few unimportant skirmishes between parties of Americans and the British outposts. In one of these, Lieut.-Colonel Forsyth, some of whose exploits as a marauder have already been related, was killed by an Indian. Lossing says that Forsyth's followers: "Hotly incensed because of the employment of the savages by the British, they resolved to avenge the death of their own leader by taking the life of the leader of the Indians. A few days afterwards some of them crossed the line and shot Mahew, that leader." The leader who was shot was Captain Mailloux, a remarkably brave and vigilant Canadian officer. It is singular Lossing does not perceive that in this narrative he is showing that Forsyth's men had ceased to be soldiers and had become mere assassins, lying in ambush to take the life of a

single man. Their indignation at the employment of Indians by the British might have been somewhat lessened had they known that about the time they were lying concealed to accomplish the murder of the unfortunate Mailloux, General Brown was crossing the Niagara River, with 600 Indian warriors in his army, to invade Canada.

The abdication of Bonaparte in April, 1814, which brought the long war with France to an end, enabled a considerable proportion of Wellington's victorious army to be sent to America. These troops were embarked at Bordeaux and reached Quebec to the number of about 16,000 in July and August. The hardy veterans who composed this reinforcement were ignorant of defeat. They represented the brave army, which, to quote the words of Napier, "fought and won 19 pitched battles and innumerable combats, made or sustained 10 sieges, took four great fortresses, twice expelled the French from Portugal, killed, wounded and took 200,000 enemies, and the bones of 40,000 British soldiers lie scattered on the mountains and plains of the Peninsula." It was with the army of which this reinforcement formed a part that their trusted leader conducted to its glorious close the campaign of Vittoria, of which the same brilliant historian writes: "In this campaign of six weeks Lord Wellington, with 100,000 men, marched 600 miles, passed six great rivers, gained one decisive battle, invested two fortresses and drove 120,000 veteran troops from Spain." The result of six campaigns had proved, and every military man in Europe knew, that this army was the best in the world, its record having been an unbroken series of victories, and yet the incompetent or traitorous Sir George Prevost was able to do what its enemies could not accomplish, and bring this noble body of brave men to shame and humiliation.

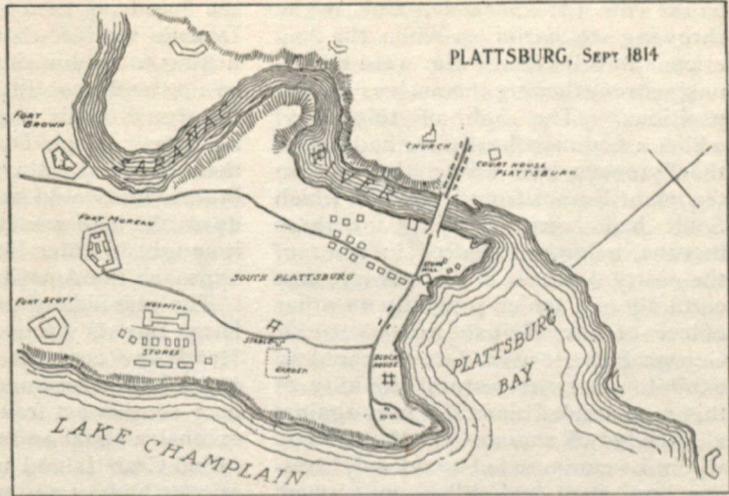
The ministry in England had determined on an offensive campaign in Northern New York with a view, it would appear, of conquering part of

that state. Their motive seems to have been to obtain such a footing in the territory in question as would lead to a rectification of the boundary between the United States and the British North American Provinces, which had been so grossly mismanaged by the British Commissioner, Mr. Oswald, at the close of the Revolutionary war. Such an attempt was unwise, as the Duke of Wellington had pointed out more than a year before in a letter to Lord Bathurst, and it was especially unwise because the plan of invasion was arranged by a ministry more than 3,000 miles away, who knew nothing of the local circumstances which might make their scheme advisable or otherwise. But the attempt having been ordered, it remained for Sir George Prevost to use the best means at his disposal to carry it out. Yet if this man had been in the pay of the enemy, he could not have arranged matters better to defeat the object of the expedition than he did. The co-operation of a fleet to command the lake was considered necessary, yet only one vessel was constructed, and the work upon her was so much delayed that she was not nearly completed when the army was ready to move. When the army did start its advance was so tardy that the enemy had full warning of the point of attack and ample time to prepare against it.

The force selected for the invasion of New York numbered 11,000 men, and was divided into three brigades under Generals Robinson, Power and Brisbane, the whole forming a division under the command of Major-General de Rottenburg. The army was put in motion and crossed the international boundary line at Odelltown on the 1st of September. This place is not more than 25 miles from Plattsburg, which they could easily have reached in two days, and no doubt could have immediately carried, as the American force was very weak, having been reduced by the sending of a large detachment under General Izard to the Niagara frontier. The moment the British began to advance Major-General Macomb

and the American troops under his command retired to Plattsburg. Sir George occupied his abandoned camp at Champlain on the 3rd, having been two days advancing somewhat less than five miles. The same snail-like rate of progression characterized the subsequent movements of Sir George. The left division,

numbering about seven thousand men, advanced on the following day to the village of Chazy, about five miles from Champlain, without experiencing the slightest opposition. On the 5th the troops halted within eight miles of Plattsburg, having advanced about seventeen miles within the enemy's territory in the course of four days. On the sixth the army moved upon Plattsburg in two columns on parallel roads, the right column led by Major-General Power's brigade, supported by four companies of light infantry and a demi-brigade under Major-General Robinson going by the Beckmantown road. The left column, which consisted of Major-General Brisbane's brigade, advanced by the road which runs close to Lake Champlain. General Macomb had stationed a detachment of regulars with two field pieces near Dead Creek bridge to obstruct the left column, while General Moers with 700 Militia, supported by Major Wool with 250 Regulars and some artillery, were sent to check the right column on the Beckmantown road. The Militia promptly ran away the moment the British appeared, or to quote the language of their own general, Macomb, "fell back most precipitately in the greatest dis-



MAP OF PLATTSBURG

order, notwithstanding the British troops did not deign to fire on them except by their flankers and advanced patrols."

The Americans retreated to the south side of the Saranac, after destroying the bridge, while the British army encamped a short distance north of the river and within a mile of Plattsburg.

The position occupied by the American army at Plattsburg was on an elevated ridge of land crowned with three redoubts and two blockhouses. The redoubts were on a curved line across the neck of the peninsula between the Saranac and Lake Champlain on which the village stood, and were named respectively Forts Brown, Moreau and Scott. These works mounted altogether about 20 guns and were defended by 1,500 American Regulars and 3,200 Militia.

Had Sir George Prevost made an attack on Plattsburg the same day his army arrived in front of it, the place would have been taken in an hour and the entire American force there captured. But this system of making war might have hurt the feelings of the enemy, whom Sir George was always so desirous of conciliating. Instead of making a prompt movement he halted his army for five days on the

banks of the Saranac, and began throwing up batteries, while the Americans in full view of him were laboriously strengthening themselves in their positions. The sight of this army, which a few months before had scaled the Pyrenees and driven the veteran troops of France from a position which Soult had been fortifying for three months, being now halted in front of the paltry defences of Plattsburg, was certainly one which probably no other officer of the British army but Sir George Prevost would have cared to exhibit. But the natural timidity of this man steeled him effectually against all feelings of shame, and the soldiers whom he commanded could only wonder how they had fallen under such control as his.

The ostensible cause of Sir George Prevost's delay before Plattsburg was his desire for the co-operation of the fleet on the lake. This fleet was miserably weak, and its largest vessel, the *Confiance*, had only been launched on the 25th of August, and was not nearly ready for service at the time of the advance on Plattsburg commenced. Yet it was on the fitness of this ship to meet and defeat the enemy that the whole success of the campaign was made to rest. Captain Downie, who had been one of Sir James Yeo's captains on Lake Ontario, commanded the British flotilla, and Sir George states in his official dispatch that immediately after his arrival at Plattsburg he requested Capt. Downie's co-operation. He does not, however, state that this request for Downie's assistance was made in such terms as must have been extremely galling to that brave officer and led him to go into action before his vessels were ready, and to make his attack rashly and even recklessly, so as to give the enemy every advantage. Sir George sent one letter to the Commander of the fleet, stating that the army had long been waiting for him; that it had been under arms the day before from daylight in expectation of the fleet, and closing with the hope that nothing but the state of the wind prevented

the fleet from coming up. The brave Downie replied that he required no urging to do his duty; that he should be up the first shift of wind and make the signal of his approach by scaling his guns. Capt. Downie's flotilla was then lying at Isle La Motte, and a breeze that would be fair for it to come down the lake would be adverse when it sought to enter Plattsburg Bay and approach the American fleet.

The east side of the mouth of Plattsburg Bay is formed by Cumberland Head; the entrance is about a mile and a half across and the other boundary south-west from the Head is an extensive shoal and a small low island called Crab Island on which the Americans had a two-gun battery. Macdonough had arranged his vessels in a line extending from a point three-quarters of a mile inside of Cumberland Head to the shoal off Crab Island. The head of his line was so close to the eastern shore of Plattsburg Bay that an attempt to turn it would place the British under a very heavy fire from the battery on Cumberland Head, while the other end of the line was equally well protected by the shoal and the battery on Crab Island. The line was about a mile and a half distant from the American batteries and therefore within range of their heavy long guns. Macdonough's force consisted of the ship *Saratoga*, the brig *Eagle*, the schooner *Ticonderoga*, the sloop *Preble* and ten gunboats. Captain Downie's fleet consisted of the ship *Confiance*, just launched, the brig *Linnet*, the sloops *Chubb* and *Finch*, and 12 gunboats.

On the morning of the 11th of September Captain Downie got his fleet under weigh and gave the signal of his approach to Sir George Prevost by scaling his guns. Presently, as Sir George states in his despatch:—"Our flotilla was seen over the isthmus which joins Cumberland Head with the mainland, steering for Plattsburg Bay." Captain Downie relied on the instant advance of the army against the works of Plattsburg the moment his signal was given, and in haranguing

his men before the engagement he said, "My lads, we shall be immediately assisted by the army ashore—let us show them that our part of the duty is well done." Only this belief could have induced him to make the headlong attack he did, and it is safe to say that this attack would have succeeded and the American fleet been destroyed or taken had the army given their instant co-operation as promised. But instead of doing this the caitiff who commanded the British army, when he had heard Downie's guns, ordered his men to cook and never put them into motion at all until the fleet was entering Plattsburg Bay, so that as the soldiers had a circuit of miles to make, they did not get within striking distance of the enemy's stronghold until nearly three hours had elapsed and the naval engagement was at an end. Downie had been forced to an engagement under an enormous disadvantage; he had been slain and his fleet defeated and all the larger vessels captured.

Macdonough's line of battle, as already stated, extended across Plattsburg Bay. At its head or northeastern end were two gunboats, each carrying one long 24-pounder and one short 18-pounder. Next to them was the brig *Eagle*, carrying eight long 12's and twelve 32-pounder carronades and throwing a broadside of 264 pounds. Behind the *Eagle* were two gunboats similar to those just described, and then came the ship *Saratoga* carrying eight long 24-pounders, six 42-pound and twelve 32-pound carronades and throwing a broadside which weighed 414 pounds. Three gunboats were in line behind the *Saratoga*, two of them similar to those to the north of her and the third armed with one long 12-pounder. Then came the *Ticonderoga* armed with four long 18's, eight long 12's and five 32-pound carronades. This vessel's broadside weighed 180 pounds. Behind her were three gunboats and the sloop *Preble*, the latter being under the guns of the battery on Crab Island. Each of these gunboats carried one long 12,

while the *Preble* was armed with seven long 9's and her broadside weighed 36 pounds. All Macdonough's larger vessels were at anchor, but the galleys were under their sweeps and their position was therefore liable to be changed. They formed a second line about forty yards back from the larger vessels. By this arrangement Macdonough's line could not be doubled upon; there was not room to anchor on his broadside out of reach of his carronades and the British were forced to attack him by standing in bows on. Such a course involved enormous difficulty, especially with an adverse wind, and the fact that the American line could not be turned at either end because of the land batteries which covered it, added greatly to the risk of such an attack. Downie had to assail an enemy of superior force in his own chosen position, which he had improved with all the skill at his command, for Macdonough not only had provided all his vessels with springs but also with anchors to be used astern in any emergency. The *Saratoga* was farther prepared for a change of wind, or for the necessity of winding ship, by having a kedge planted broad off on each of her bows, with a hawser and preventer hawser hanging in bights under water, leading from each quarter to the kedge on that side.

On the morning of the 11th of September there was a light breeze from the north-east which brought the British fleet rapidly down the lake. When Captain Downie had fairly opened Plattsburg Bay he hove to with his four large vessels and waited for his galleys to overtake him. Then he filled away on the starboard tack and headed for the American line, the *Chubb* to the north, well to windward of the *Eagle*, for whose bows the *Linnet* was pointed, while the *Confiance* was to be laid athwart the hawse of the *Saratoga*. The *Finch* was to leeward with the gunboats and was to engage the rear of the American line. As the *Confiance* approached the *Saratoga* opened upon her with her long 24-pounders, to which she was able to

make no reply, and she suffered severely from the fire. She was baffled by shifting winds also, and was soon so cut up by the fire of the American fleet, both her port bow anchors being shot away and many of her crew being killed and wounded, that she was obliged to port her helm and came to while still nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the *Saratoga*. Capt. Downie came to anchor in good style—securing everything carefully before he fired a gun and then opening with a terribly destructive broadside. The *Chubb* and *Linnet* stood farther in and anchored forward of the *Eagle's* beam. The *Eagle* got abreast of the *Ticonderoga*, under her sweeps, supported by the larger gunboats, five in number. The smaller British gunboats held aloof from close fighting throughout the action and thereby destroyed any chance Downie might have had of winning the battle.

The battle naturally divided itself into two combats, the van one between the *Chubb*, *Linnet* and *Confiance* on British side, and the *Eagle*, *Saratoga* and seven gunboats on the American side; and the rear combat between the *Finch* with the British gunboats and the *Ticonderoga* and *Preble* and three American gunboats, aided by the two-gun battery on Crab Island. The *Confiance* carried 27 long 24's and eight short 32's and her broadside weight of metal was 432 pounds. The *Linnet* carried 16 long 12's and threw a broadside weighing 96 pounds. The *Chubb* carried 10 short 18's and one long six and threw 96 pounds. The *Finch* carried seven short 18's, four long 6's and threw a broadside of 84 pounds. The five British gunboats which took an active part in the engagement carried two long 24's, three long 18's and two 32-pounder caronades. The force arrayed in each of these combats was therefore as follows:

AMERICAN.		BRITISH.	
	Weight of broadside.		Weight of broadside.
<i>Eagle</i>	264 lbs.	<i>Chubb</i>	96 lbs.
<i>Saratoga</i>	414 "	<i>Linnet</i>	96 "
Seven gunboats	246 "	<i>Confiance</i>	432 "
	942 lbs.		624 lbs.

AMERICAN.		BRITISH.	
	Weight of broadside.		Weight of broadside.
<i>Ticonderoga</i>	180 lbs.	<i>Finch</i>	84 lbs.
<i>Preble</i>	36 "	Five gunboats	166 "
Three gunboats	36 "		
	252 lbs.		250 lbs.

It will be seen from the foregoing statement that in the van combat there was a preponderance of more than one-half against the British in weight of metal, while in the rear combat the forces arrayed against each other were nearly equal. But the manner in which the American rear was covered by the gun battery on Crab Island gave them a very great advantage. It was at this end of the line that the British experienced their first reverse at an early stage of the combat. The *Finch*, in manœuvring to close on the *Ticonderoga*, struck on the shoal which extends out from Crab Island and grounded in such a position that she became helpless. The guns on the Crab Island battery opened upon her, while she was raked by the *Ticonderoga*, so that she was finally compelled to haul down her flag. The five British gunboats under Lieut. Bell now forced the *Preble* out of the line, compelling her to cut her cable and drift in shore out of the fight. They then made a very determined attack on the *Ticonderoga*, and had they succeeded in capturing her the day would have been won for the British, but after a severe struggle they were repulsed, being much over-matched in weight of metal.

In the meantime the fighting at the head of the line had been severe. The *Confiance*, although her equipment was so imperfect that she was quite unfit for an engagement, was most gallantly fought, but it was among the most serious disasters of that fatal day that Captain Downie should have been killed almost at the beginning of the action. The *Chubb* and *Linnet*, at the extreme end of the line, were excellently fought, but the former had her cable, bowsprit and main boom shot away and drifted within the American lines so that she was captured. The *Linnet*, although of only about one-third the force of the *Eagle*, fairly de-

feated that vessel and shot away her springs so that she came up in the wind. This compelled her commander to cut his cable, run down and anchor by the stern between the *Ticonderoga* and the *Confiance*, from which position he opened on the latter. The *Linnet* now directed her attention to the American gunboats at that end of the line, finally driving them off and springing her broadside so as to rake the *Saratoga* on her bows.

The *Confiance*, although so heavily matched by the gunboats and the *Saratoga*, had succeeded in wholly disabling and dismounting the entire starboard battery of the latter vessel. The battle would have been won but for the provision which Macdonough had made for swinging his ship. When all his starboard guns had been silenced he succeeded in getting the *Saratoga* round so that he was able to open with his port battery on the *Confiance*. The latter attempted also to round, but having only springs to rely on, her efforts did little beyond forcing her forward and she hung with her head to the wind. She had lost one-half of her crew, most of her guns on the engaged side were dismounted and her stout masts had been splintered until they looked like bundles of matches; her sails had been torn to rags and she was forced to strike about two hours and a half after she had fired the first broadside. The *Linnet*, commanded by the gallant Captain Pring, maintained the unequal fight for about 15 minutes longer, and only struck when, from the number of shots between wind and water, the water had risen a foot above her lower deck. Then the plucky little brig hauled down her colours and the fight ended about three hours after the first shot had been fired. The galleys that had been engaged with the *Ticonderoga* rowed away and escaped with the other seven under Lieut. Rayot, which held aloof from the action. The American vessels were all too much disabled to follow them. The American loss in this action was about 200 and that of the British considerably more, probably about 270.

Sir James Yeo's comment upon this action in his letter to Mr. Crocker easily discloses the cause of the failure of Capt. Downie's attack. "It appears to me, and I have good reason to believe," said he, "that Capt. Downie was urged and his ship hurried into action before he was in a fit state to meet the enemy. I am also of the opinion that there was not the least necessity for our squadron giving the enemy such decided advantages by going into their bay to engage them. Even had they been successful, it would not in the least have assisted the troops in storming the batteries; whereas had our troops taken their batteries first, it would have obliged the enemy's squadron to quit the bay and give ours a fair chance." Captain Macdonough's elaborate preparations for defence would have been of no avail had Captain Downie anchored his vessels out of cannonade range and kept pounding the enemy with his long guns. Or if a headlong attack had to be made, Capt. Downie should have thrown his entire force on the windward end of the American line, leaving to the enemy's vessels to leeward the difficult or impossible task of working up to windward to the assistance of their comrades.

Sir George Prevost states in his dispatch that his batteries opened on the enemy the instant the ships engaged. He also says: "I immediately ordered that part of the brigade under Major-General Robinson, which had been brought forward, consisting of our light infantry companies, third battalion 27th and 76th regiments, and Major-General Power's brigade, consisting of the 3rd, 5th and the first battalion of the 27th and 58th Regts., to force the fords of the Saranac and advance provided with scaling ladders to escalate the enemy works, when I had the mortification to hear the shout of victory from the enemy's works in consequence of the British flag being lowered on board the *Confiance* and *Linnet*, and to see our gunboats seeking their safety in flight. This unlooked-for event deprived me of the cooperation of the fleet, without which

the farther prosecution of the service became impracticable. I did not hesitate to arrest the course of the troops advancing to the attack, because the most complete success would have been unavailing, and the possession of the enemy's works offered no advantage to compensate for the loss we must have sustained in acquiring possession of them."

So much for Sir George Prevost's reasons for his disgraceful retreat, which excited the keenest feeling of indignation among all the officers and men of the army which he commanded. Major-General Robinson, a brave loyalist officer, who had served under Wellington at St. Sebastian, Vittoria, Nive, Orthes and Toulouse, protested against the order of his military superior to retreat, because from the position of his troops he was of the opinion that his loss of men would be greater in a retreat than in an advance upon the American works. Major-General Brisbane offered to cross the Saranac in force and carry the enemy's works in twenty minutes. But nothing could move this miserable general to take a manly stand. Having forced Capt. Downie into an action for which he was not prepared, and having induced him under false representations to make a headlong and rash attack, he now made his own failure to cooperate, and the disaster which resulted from his own misconduct, the pretext for a dishonourable and disgraceful retreat.

Sir George Prevost retreated with his army from Plattsburg on the night after the battle on the lake. What was thought of this retreat at the time, both by Canadians and Americans, may be gathered from the following extract from a pamphlet written by a gentleman who resided near the scene of action. This writer says: "It is a fact that the American commodore was so impressed with the idea that their works on shore would still be carried that he did not take possession of our vessels for a long time after the action terminated, he being employed in getting his own out of reach of guns from

the shore, apprehending that their own batteries would be turned against them. In the evening he expressed an expectation that the British colours would be seen flying upon the American works, and when General Macomb came off at daylight to say that our army had retreated in the night of the 11th, leaving their sick and wounded behind and destroying quantities of stores and provisions, Commodore Macdonough would not credit the fact, but when it was persisted in, cautioned Macomb to beware of a *ruse de guerre*, as the British army would either return next night, or was then proceeding by forced marches to Sackett's Harbour. It is known that Macomb, notwithstanding all his puffs about our defeat, was actually sitting in gloomy despair upon a gun while our troops were advancing upon the 11th, and was ready to surrender the moment that the first British soldier appeared upon the parapet. And when he was notified that they had suddenly halted and were then on the retreat, he started up, almost frantic with joy, and could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He had only with him about 1,500 of the refuse of the American troops on the Plattsburg duty, the effectives having previously marched off for Sackett's Harbour under General Izard. To this may be added, perhaps 3,000 Militia, chiefly collected after Sir George halted on the 6th at Plattsburg, and on which day he might have entered their works almost without opposition, had our troops not been kept back for a grand coup and behold its finale!"

The total loss of the British army in the operations from the 6th to the 14th of September inclusive, amounted to 37 killed, 150 wounded and 55 missing, a grand total of 235. This return is a complete answer to all the absurd falsehoods that have been published by Lossing and other American historians of the war in regard to the desperate fighting of Macomb's Regulars and Militia. The greater part of the British did not encounter the American troops at all, and there was at no time

anything like a severe contest. The troops were so disquieted and dispirited by the manner in which they had been treated by their commander that a great many of them deserted on the retreat, a fact which Sir George was able to conceal in his official letter by dating it on the day of the naval battle, although it was written several days later, at Montreal, whither he had retired, leaving his army distributed between Isle Aux Noix, St. John's, Chambly and La Prairie. Thus ended the Plattsburg Campaign.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD

SAID the West to the East of a nation,
 "The fruit of your loins am I,
 And I claim no other birthright
 And I own no other tie
 But the bond that is fixed between us,
 And the blood that is yours and mine—
 Yet nurture the child that is born you,
 Ere other arms entwine."

And the West in his youthful vigour
 Wrought earnestly soon and late,
 As he planted the seeds of Empire,
 And knotted the thongs of Fate;
 And the East in her home at the Gateway
 Mused long o'er the problem deep,
 For the harvest was ripe to the sickle,
 And the reapers seemed fast asleep!

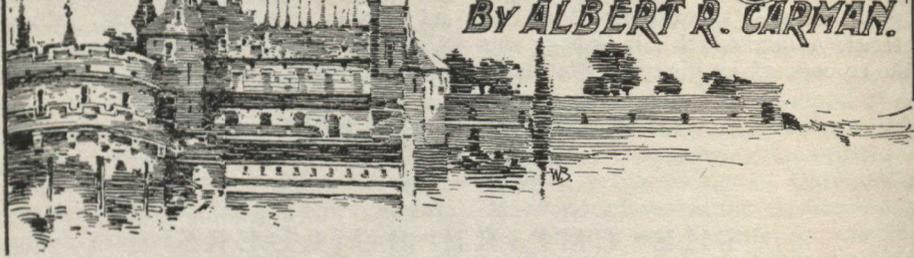
And she said, "In my western vineyard,
 Where the hope of my future lies,
 Where those from my hearth are scattered,
 And a nation must soon arise—
 There be foes more feared than the soldier
 Who comes with a hostile heel,
 For the clink of gold from alien hands
 Drives deeper than sharpest steel!

"If the land that was bought with a purchase—
 And the purchase has well been paid—
 If the hope of my children's children
 And the mainstay of my trade
 Be mine, and be mine forever,
 I must spare neither life nor gold
 Lest the lamb that was born to the Empire
 Be stolen away from the fold!"

NOTE: There are those in Western Canada who do not regard the influx of United Statesers as an unmixed blessing. The author voices the sentiments of this class and calls upon Eastern Canada to be on its guard.

The Pensionnaires

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN.



RESUMÉ—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European “pension” (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, the Albrechtsburg. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is recreated by her experience with peculiar results. She sings and talks with enthusiasm to the delight of Vogt and Werner and to the disquietude of Hughes. The party move to a pension in Lucerne, where Werner extends his influence over Jessica. Goaded beyond endurance, Hughes plans a kidnapping. It fails ignominiously. Yet it resulted in Hughes discovering that he desires Miss Murney as a personal possession. He proposed, was refused, and departed. From Lucerne the Murneys go to Paris, accompanied by Herr Vogt and followed by Herr Werner. Jessica sings to her first public audience and is enthusiastically received.

CHAPTER XXI

THE buoyancy of the said fortunes was such as to give Mrs. Murney permanent employment as a day-dreamer and to turn M. Bilot into a male Cassandra who was always warning Jessica that she would lose her art in its success.

“That is the master peril to all artists,” he would say. “A man labours and waits, squeezes his very heart’s blood out on his palette, beckons phantom after phantom, hoping that each is the shadow of inspiration, and at last does something near enough to

the lowest good to seem even to his fellow-artists, who know not all he has striven for, to be among the best. Then the public come and they say it is the best, and, what is more, they tell each other why it is the best and what are its points of excellence—choosing, probably, some slip of the brush or some mannerism from which he has vainly struggled to escape. Thus success comes to him and calls him away from his hard days and heart-sick nights, and feeds him on adulation, and tells him that his faults are virtues until he half believes it, and demands the repetition of the weaknesses which the public, with an unintentional irony, call his ‘style.’ And”—here M. Bilot would sigh and shrug his shoulders—“the poor devil likes success better than half-starved failure, and he tarries in the cushioned vestibule which the public call the ‘holy of holies,’ and never toils up the lonely stairway to the Temple. And so he dies and in ten years is forgotten, while the man who did not ‘succeed,’ and whose feet were not stayed by the press of the people, pushes on to the Temple itself; and when he has been ten years dead, the world discovers that his is the perfect work and not that of the idol of the vestibule. It is best for the artist, Miss Murney, not to succeed until he is thoroughly dead.”

“But I am a singer and must please the present,” Jessica would say.

“Yes; but the principle is the same. The moment you become satisfied, that moment you stop trying to express yourself better. And popular

success tends to that heavy sense of satisfaction which is another name for fatty degeneration of the soul."

All this sort of talk was so much Greek to Mrs. Murney, and she would have dismissed it as a part of the common and incomprehensible folly of that "pension" if Jessica had not taken such serious note of it.

"What else can you do, child, but sing your best?" she asked her pondering daughter.

"Nothing, dearest. But that's just it. I already feel a temptation to do what the people seem to like instead of what it is my inner impulse to do."

And Herr Werner supported this view. The great thing was for her to choose the music that her soul at its best preferred and then sing it with as finished perfection as she could. This would eventually please the people—if not here, then in Germany where they knew good music; but, what was far worthier, it would clarify their soul-sight and open to them the kingdom of the great and the good.

It was while talking together in this way one afternoon when they sat alone by the dull grate fire in the "pension" drawing-room, and Jessica had confessed to a fear that it might be even harder to do this in New York than in Paris, that Herr Werner had leaned toward her and said—

"Would you not take help in so great a mission in life?"

Jessica knew in a flash that a crisis had come in her life; that she was at a choosing between the ways—and before she had decided which to choose. She looked steadily into the fire, but no word opened her lips.

"You will be more alone in New York than here," he went on, "and I could live my life out encouraging you when you needed it—reminding you of the higher path when the people seemed hurrying you along the lower."

There was silence again for a little, and it was Herr Werner again who broke it. This time his voice was lower and less under control than usual.

"Don't think, Miss Murney, that this is a cold wooing—that I don't love

you with my whole soul because I have not blurted it out to begin with. But simply that I loved you seemed so poor a reason to beg you—*you*—to marry me that I felt that I must begin with another. Yet I love you as—"

"That's it," she broke in sharply, with a harshness which would have been cruel, had it not been wrung from her by a perplexity that distracted her like a pain. "That's what stops me," she went on. "I—cannot tell myself that I love you. I"—and she now turned toward him, her face as pinched by anxiety as his by suspense—"find my greatest support in your sympathy and understanding. You know me as no one else does. I need not say things to you—you see them."

"Surely that shows us congenial," he pleaded.

"Congenial? Yes. The best of friends, Herr Werner. You cannot think that I do not value your friendship. But—can—can I marry you?"

He did not attempt to answer this, and they both sat in silence. Then Jessica began speaking again—clearly to herself. So at home was she with Herr Werner that she could do this in his presence even when the subject was his proposal.

"I am never lonely when you are here," was what she said. "I feel the want of no one else."

A new hope shot into his face. "Wait!" he suggested. "Wait a little, and perhaps you may love me."

"No! no!" she flung back almost violently. "I could not," she cried with passionate positiveness.

He paled to the lips. "I can go away," he said quietly.

"And leave me to face all this alone!" she cried in dismay.

His face was that of a man tossed back and forth between hope and despair by a capricious hand. "I will stay if you want me," he said as quietly as before.

"I want you—I need you," she assured him in an earnest voice. "But"—she looked at him as if she half expected a blow—"I could not let you touch my hand as—as a lover."

He stood up and took that cruel saying with only a quiver. Then his face flamed and his mouth worked as if struggling for utterance—or for silence?—and, turning, he strode out of the room. Jessica waited for a few moments in the poignant loneliness that his going seemed to create, and then she ran, mentally benumbed, upstairs like a troubled school girl and burst into her mother's room, and, throwing herself beside the bed on which her mother was resting, cried heartily in a nervous and jerky manner.

For three days they saw nothing of Herr Werner at the "pension"; and Jessica, unsupported by his way of approaching every topic in a deeply philosophic manner, had begun to taste an artificiality, or, at all events, an unsatisfying superficiality, in this worship of art. Herr Werner had somehow given it all a profound guise of wisdom which she now missed. It was always the armour of the knight, never his spirit.

But on the fourth day Herr Werner came in. There were several in the drawing-room, and they greeted him boisterously, demanding that he give an account of his absent days. He smiled in defensive silence, however, but in greeting Jessica pressed her hand and said for her ears only—

"May I take up again the role of friend?"

"Yes! Yes!" she said eagerly; and soon she felt in the discussion that ever went on in this high-tensioned "pension" the reassuring pressure of his strong mind, which always struck the roots of its opinions far below the surface and down into the foundations of things. They had no further word together until he was going away, and then he said—

"Are you sorry that I turned back—that I did not go to Poland?"

"Did you start?" she asked with a little sinking at the heart.

"Yes," he said. "I got to Cologne."

"Oh!"

"But there I got off. I felt myself going away and away from the joy of

life. I walked across the platz opposite the station and into the cathedral, and I thought of you facing 'all this alone,' as you had said; and though I hoped for nothing better, I turned back to face it with you."

"Thank you, my dear friend," she said, every word a tender emphasis. "I missed you—much—terribly. It may be—" and she stopped.

"What?" he asked.

"I dare not say it, Herr Werner; for it may not be."

He lifted his face. "But it may," he proclaimed aloud; and the others turned from the fire to see what was meant. Being of the race to which intuition is a sixth sense and the language of love-making a mother tongue; they probably knew; but politeness and tact being commonplaces with them, they did not let Jessica suspect it.

That night, however, as Jessica was going to her room, M^{lle} Eglantine put her arm around her, and after a few preparatory flutterings toward the subject, said—

"We poor women must choose between our art and our love. Whatever man can do, we cannot keep both—we have no practice in keeping a wife and a mistress"—and she laughed. "Don't tell M. Bilot," she went on playfully; "but I am not sure that it is always, always best to choose the art." And a great seriousness was in her eyes when she finished. Jessica said nothing, for love was not in the question—not yet.



CHAPTER XXII

There are many cities of Paris. The man who stays at a boulevard hotel, beginning his day at déjeuner and ending it at a cabaret, sees one; and the married pair who live between the Place de l'Etoile and the Trocadero and consider their average day as fairly well ended with the ringing "ferm" of the galleries, see quite another. There are others and others in plenty; but there is none more wholly pleasing to the eye of youth than that made out

through the tinted haze of the *Quartier Latin*. From there, the Louvre is not a task or a maze or even a picture book; it is a temple where one may go when in the mood to worship for a time at the shrine of an artistic ancestor. To rush from picture to picture—that is the tourists' tread-mill; to see through and through one or two, and compare, and marvel!—that is the disciple's privilege.

What Paris means to the true citizens of the Latin Quarter, only they may know. As well might the stock-broker try to imagine what the poet sees when he looks on a leafless wood in the white winter. But to the sojourner among them, the shadow of the vision is ever a magic haze. When he has heard them clash opinions for a long night over the work of some painter he has quite missed at the Louvre—or, more likely, the Luxembourg—he goes to seek it the next day with a new light in his eye. He finds himself after a time in some crude fashion distinguishing for himself the good from the bad, and getting a new and keen pleasure in the study of things that formerly he did not know were there.

Jessica, who had an abundance of time and a passionate love of the beautiful, saw little by little, as the days went by, this glorified Paris. On dull days when the light did not suit him, M. Bilot would take her and her mother up to the Louvre and talk to them of the pictures, and introduce them to dirty-bearded old men and white-haired, white-faced old women, and luminous-eyed, oddly-dressed young women, who were copying them; and the proportion of his talk that Jessica understood grew greater as the autumn wore on. Sometimes M'lle Eglantine would come too, and quite often Mr. Huntingdon; and then Jessica understood less than ever. Mr. Huntingdon was fonder of taking her to the Luxembourg where the modern pictures hung, and she liked this the better, too; but she could come to no proper understanding of his ecstasy over the "impressionist school." At nights they

would all turn out together and saunter down the Boulevard St. Michel, where the men spoke gaily to painted butterflies she could scarce look at, and introduced her to sallow, wide-hatted, nervous-eyed, old young men who made her blush with their open gallantries. M'lle Eglantine took similar compliments as a matter of course; and Jessica numbered no more essentially modest girl among her acquaintances. In some way these people looked at things after a far different fashion than she had been accustomed to. M'lle Eglantine went to a studio sometimes where men and women painted together from the nude; but Jessica would have died rather than go with her. By accident she stumbled into such a studio one morning; and it was nausea and not shame she felt when she saw the poor old "model" shivering on his throne.

Her success as a singer satisfied even Herr Vogt; and the talk of taking her to London soon, where the New York public would be better aware of her, grew more serious. And now even Herr Werner had ceased to fear the re-appearance of Hughes. He must have withdrawn from the contest—which was quite a surprise to the thoughtful German. His theory of the English character included doggedness.

The Christmas holidays approached, and the Murneys felt intermittent longings for home. Herr Vogt was going home for the festival and had already conducted by correspondence the negotiations for the purchase of a proper Christmas Tree. The Murneys talked quite seriously of going home, too, and coming back after the New Year, for Jessica's winnings were already considerable. But they practised self-denial, and shopped at the little booths which had sprung up along the sides of the boulevards, and went to midnight mass at St. Sulpice on Christmas Eve—with its maze of lights and the devout women and the ringing of many silver bells—and then pretended all the following day that Christmas was over again and the next a year ahead.

The story of the first of the New Year was a repetition of the past, only with clear, frosty days instead of cloud, and occasional skating in the Bois. An architectural student came to the "pension," and they all took a new interest in the churches and public buildings of the city. Then a young Egyptologist turned up, and Jessica spent days in the Egyptian rooms at the Louvre. M. Bilot marvelled at this, for he did not know before that there were any Egyptian remains there.

"There is art there," said the Egyptologist, "which has already lasted ten times as long as the canvasses of your Raphael."

M. Bilot twirled his ring. "This ruby has lasted longer," he said, "and so has the dirt under this city."

"But this is the work of man," protested the Egyptologist.

"Art is like a maiden," said M. Bilot. "It does not depend upon age solely for its attractiveness."

Herr Werner continued his role of philosopher and friend to Jessica, though in that of guide he had assistance. From the others she learned what and how to see; from him, what to think of the things she saw. Gradually a certain use to his presence wore itself a nest in her being—the beginnings had been there when he started for Poland and stopped at Cologne—and now she felt that it could not be empty. Either he must fill it—or pain. Her liking for him took a noticeably more affectionate cast, and she would look at his straight figure and bright, thinking face with a wish to reward his patience—with a desire to mother him in his loneliness.

When the spring came, they all felt the natural human desire to go out to the wide, unpaved country and greet it. And so well had they all thriven in the winter that they decided they could allow themselves the pleasure. So they fell one night to discussing "where." Herr Vogt said "anywhere but Versailles." He had been at Versailles in '71 with his regiment and did not want to see it again.

"Nor I to go with you, you beast,"

said M'lle Eglantine under her breath. "Where do you say?" the "Ma'am'selle" of the "pension" asked Mr. Huntingdon.

"I?—Oh, I say Fontainebleau," he replied. "Fontainebleau from Friday to Tuesday."

"I vote with you," added M'lle Eglantine, "Fontainebleau and By."

"Fontainebleau with the breeze in the trees will suit me," and M. Laforest gave in his adhesion.

Soon M. Bilot came in and was asked where in all the world he would like to go for a few days to welcome the spring.

"If I had my choice," he said gravely, but with a glad look in his eyes, "it would be Fontainebleau—Fontainebleau and Barbizon."

He got a patter of hand-clapping for this. There is nothing we applaud so much as agreement with ourselves.

The architectural student had, when he came, a momentary leaning toward Chantilly with its great chateau, but they told him he must choose again when he named the Palais at Fontainebleau. It was quite a round of applause that assured him he had spoken the mind of the company.

There remained only Herr Werner then to hear from—for the Murneys were strangers and were "to be taken"—and when he came that evening they discussed faring forth to hail the spring as quite a new idea, and asked him for a suggestion as to whither they had best go.

He thought of it with eager seriousness, mentioning reasons why they should not go several places, and then asked—

"Why not run down to the Forêt of Fontainebleau? The spring—"

But the shout that endorsed his proposal drowned his reasons in support of it.

So the next Friday they all walked over to the Gare de Lyon and filled a compartment in a train that shot them across the country to the station at Avon, where they boarded a tram to the Palace gates.

All the way down they had debated

where they should stay for their "English week end," and had decided nothing when they got off the train except that they would not go on, as M'lle Eglantine urged, to a country hotel with a court-yard near By. "Monsieur," she told them, "was the chef, and he made a fish sauce which rendered you indifferent to the kind of fish and yet brought out the flavour of the fish so nicely that you almost—but not quite—forgot the sauce—"

"What a *gourmande* you are!" exclaimed Huntingdon.

"Me?—Oh!"—and she wrinkled her face into a protest that was meant to look insincere—perfectly acted, you would say, and you would be wrong, for this is second nature to the Latin. "When I have only bread and wine," she went on; "I choose the bread of a certain crustiness—not too much, you know, yet hard and thin; and I want Southern wine. But this hotel! Madame is in the office, and, M. Bilot, she has a Murillo face. They give you cream in little earthen jars with fresh leaves tied over them—and it is not far from Rose Bonheur's studio."

"Ah, that is it!" cried M. Bilot. "It is not the fish sauce nor the cream, but Rosa and her canvas managerie that draws M'lle to that hotel."

So they all got off at Avon and swarmed into the tram, three small bags and a couple of loose, shopping "hold-alls" carrying their baggage. The architectural student was for a hotel near the Palais, and M. Bilot for Barbizon, but they all went up first to a "pension" Ma'am'selle knew of near the Forest. Here, by great luck, there was accommodation for five, which was taken, after some debate, by the Murneys, "Ma'am'selle" and M'lle Eglantine and Herr Vogt. M. Bilot, Herr Werner and M. Laforest walked on through the Forest to Barbizon, and the architectural student went back to his hotel near the Palais.



CHAPTER XXIII

The next morning Herr Werner and M. Bilot walked over together through

the Forest to the Fontainebleau "pension" to get the party to go out and picnic at the edge of the *Gorges de Franchard*. They were to pick up M. Laforest at an appointed spot on the way back. M. Bilot led the conversation on the way over to the financial standing of M'lle Murney, and tried to learn from Herr Werner what he knew on the subject. Of course she was rich—all Americans were rich—but how rich? Herr Werner did not know. No, of course not, said M. Bilot with a teasing drollery; Herr Werner was a sly dog in his opinion. Herr Werner then said that he thought the Murneys were poor. Oh, so bad as that, said M. Bilot with great dejection. How wonderful it was that they tarried so long in Europe! Herr Werner now waxed argumentative and explanatory. Miss Murney was learning singing so that she might go back to America and support herself and her mother. "A voice of gold is as good as a dot," observed M. Bilot, succinctly; and called Herr Werner's attention to the shades the sun brought out in the tender green of the new spring foliage.

For the rest of the day Herr Werner thought profoundly over this conversation, denying himself several good discussions in order to do so with the more speed and thoroughness; and came to the conclusion by six different lines of reasoning that M. Bilot was thinking of proposing marriage to Jessica. Nor was this conclusion dissipated by the fact that, while he was thinking, M. Bilot encouraged Jessica by the subtle flattery of an awakening interest to talk of her American life and her American friends, and finally took her off alone to show her the afternoon lights on a part of the gorge long loved of artists. When they came back he was practising her in the pronunciation of "Georges," which was his Christian name. Herr Werner had never thought to tell her his.

"M. Bilot is getting prosperous and *bourgeois*," M'lle Eglantine complained to M. Laforest in French. "He will be burying himself in an establishment one of these days."

"Ump! He is already picking the upper housekeeper," agreed M. Laforest.

"They all see it," thought Herr Werner; and his logical mind at once faced the question of what he should do. M. Bilot was more dangerous than "Herr Hughes," for he could pierce into Jessica's thought and learn the sort of man she wanted, and then act the part to the very life, with a number of additional flourishes which would only occur to the fancy of a French artist. Consequently he (Herr Werner) could afford to wait no longer. It was all very well to loiter with Hughes beaten out of the field and no other rival in sight. But M. Bilot would clearly not be a tardy wooer.

So that night he made a move that for once outran M. Bilot. He said that he would walk back to Fontainebleau with the Murneys, leaving the two Frenchmen to go to Barbison alone. There he would hunt up and stay with the architectural student, and drag him from the *Palais* into the Forest next day. Walking back through the Forest, shot through and through with the level lights of approaching evening, Herr Werner lingered behind the others with Jessica, and talked to her first of how the majestic old forest, putting on again for the thousandth time its bright, new gown of spring, as eager for its fresh finery as ever, seemed to him. This was the point of view that Jessica most admired in him—a philosophic, sympathetic, understanding worship of the beautiful. It was seeing beauty not merely with the eyes but with the intelligence; and it satisfied her as something deeper than sensuality, and yet as sensuous as an opium vision.

Then abruptly—

"Miss Murney, my domino and mask—the domino and mask of friendship—is worn through."

She looked quickly at him. "I am so sorry," she said, for want of knowing what else to say.

"I don't think," he went on, "it can hide me any longer. I love you too much—I must show it or I must go away."

They walked on without speaking for awhile.

"Am I to go?" he asked at last, with a pity for himself in his tone.

"No," she said at once—"Not if I am to decide it." But her voice bore no hope that she meant by this that he was to show his love.

"You are certainly to decide it," he said. "But it must be my love—or my absence."

"I—am afraid," she said falteringly, "that I—do not—love you—yet."

"But how much longer can you want me to wait?" he demanded, with a brusqueness he would not have shown were it not for the latent plea for delay in her voice. "Week after week goes by. I have been here for a whole winter. What must people think of me? What will you come to think of me?"

"I was hoping—" Jessica began, and then stopped.

"You will think I could wait forever on that hope—hope of what I hardly know," he cried. "But I can't. I am at the end of my strength. I must go if you have nothing for me."

Again there was silence.

"You will not go," said Jessica presently, "until we get back to Paris?"

"No."

"Then," with a little sigh, "I have till then." And almost in silence they walked on under the great trees and down the paved, dull-walled street to the "pension."

The next two days at Fontainebleau were mainly a wearing perplexity to Jessica. What was this love she was waiting for? Was she spoiling her life for a school girl's romantic notion? Here was a man whose mind fitted to her's like a seasoned yoke-fellow, on whose strength she liked to lean, whose judgments seemed to her the wisest and most just in the world, who could act as pioneer for her in the ever-widening domain of the great and the beautiful. Yet she hesitated to marry him. She thought of sending him away forever, and going on alone in life, looking for—what?

Marry him? That was what he asked. Then she would have him always at her side—she would never be alone, crowded about by those who saw not what she saw nor understood what she said. Marry him? She would be a good wife. Marry him? He would take her in his arms and kiss—no, she could not stand it. If he were sitting yonder in that chair, she could almost say that she loved him, so keenly did she enjoy his companionship; were he beside her here on the sofa as a lover, she must run upstairs and lock herself in her room for very terror. Yet if she said this he would go; and she must go on through all the future without him—without anyone. What a weak fool she was! Girls often married where they did not love—where they did not even find sympathetic companionship as she would; and yet they were happy. How they would envy her such a companion in her husband! And married life was not all kissing—they need not be a silly couple—they would be nearer together far than most who touched wedded hands.

So, puzzling over it in this manner, the problem shadowed her mind like a penetrating, windless fog. She could see little else no matter which way she looked. Was she shown a noted clump of trees, "How would I like to live there with Herr Werner?" she would ask herself, and then frown impatiently at her folly. The Palace seemed to her the one place she could have for a home; for there Emperor and Empress had apartments apart, and she could have her women about her. Rosa Bonheur alone at By brought tears to her eyes—the great painter had no Herr Werner near, and was driven to a succession of woman friends to whom she clung with a pathetic affection. That struck her chill, and she knew that she was getting ready to say "Stay" to Herr Werner when he should finally ask her.

So silent was she on the return journey that M. Bilot rallied her openly—hoping thereby to break the mood that had kept him out of mental touch of

her for two long days—but Herr Werner, reading the cause in her eyes, said only in parting—

"I will call in the morning."

The Egyptologist "took in," as he said in his English way, the London *Telegraph*, and the latest copy lay on the drawing-room table, as she settled down by it wearily after dinner. M. Laforest was playing bits of Lohengrin softly on the piano—it had been but a tin-panny affair they had had at Barbison. Jessica picked up the paper with—to her American eyes—its dull, unbroken columns, and its formal "headings" which always spoke in a respectable monotone; and saw, without interest, that Mr. Chamberlain favoured the temperance people doing all the good they could so long as they did not bother the Government; that two more Boer commandoes had been captured and that the war was approaching one of its termini; that another American combine proposed to capture the English market by really surrendering it to their English rivals—if they would only come into the combination; that the Archduchess of Somewhere was going to make a love-match which exactly suited the dynastic requirements; that the King had been out in his motor car the day before; that—

Who was Captain Hughes? Not her Mr. Hughes; for he wasn't in the army. But he had a brother a Captain—somewhere in Africa. And this was in Africa. Capt. Hughes had held his station at some outlandish place near the Congo against a native uprising most bravely. "Splendid heroism," she read; "no water—stockade on fire—a party decoyed out and trapped."

Ah! she felt the suffocated effect of quickly-born excitement. This was what she was looking for—fearing to find—

"—A Mr. Theodore Hughes, brother of Capt. Hughes, who was visiting the station, volunteered, when the condition of the garrison grew desperate, to try to make his way through the bush to the main post for help.

Capt. Hughes forbade it; but the young civilian slipped out unnoticed at night, leaving a note for his brother saying that he knew he could be spared because he was 'such a cursed poor shot, and yet such a tax on the ladder'—"

"How like him?" glowed Jessica.

"—and, after many hair-breadth escapes he reached the main post at —, with one arm broken by a fall and faint from hunger. Col. Blackadder at once despatched as strong a force as he could spare under Capt. Trumbull, a gallant officer who had made a record in the Soudan campaign; and after a splendid forced march through the tropical jungle, they drove off the natives and raised the siege, and none too soon, for—"

But there was little else for Jessica in the remainder of this despatch, except that Capt. Hughes was found to have received three wounds and was to be invalided home at once. But there was not a word about the condition of "the young civilian" who lay with a broken arm and an emaciated frame in a fever post near the Congo. The natives were to be punished, and the despatch told how and who was to do it, and what their previous record had been; but not whether the man who saved the garrison was coming home with his brother or not. At all events, he must be alive; for it would have taken only two or three more words to have recorded his death.

Jessica leaned back in her chair, her pulses tingling. That was Mr. Hughes through and through. Brave as a lion, yet making a joke of it. She could see him smiling to himself as he slipped over the stockade and into the jungle, thinking more of his letter to his brother than of the watching death in the shadow. Had she met him in spirit and talked of his magnificent deed he would have stood in uncomfortable silence, or, possibly, joked again. He could not have told of it other than in a deprecatory manner to save his life. Now M. Bilot would have related every incident of the adventure with great gusto and

engaging frankness, acting again the heroic parts to the life; while Herr Werner would have analysed his inmost soul and told just what he thought when that black fall left him with a broken arm, and the midnight jungle rustled and cried about him. Even if some one else had done the deed, poor Hughes could never have analysed the man's courage any more than he could have painted his spent, limping figure. But he could do the thing himself, and do it with a smile.

For some reason, her mind went back to the old hall at Meissen, and again she was looking at the stiff portraits of the Saxon kings. They were men who dared, though with the grim seriousness of their race. But was it likely that they were good at recounting their exploits or theorising about the quality of their courage? As she came to think of it she doubted it.

Suddenly there flashed into her mind what she had once said to Herr Werner—

"It seems to me that these people would paint a knight's armour, while you would understand his very spirit."

"Yes," she added to herself now; "and Mr. Hughes would be the knight." Then she sat thinking; and her thoughts must have been cheerful, for she smiled—though, in a swift moment, the smile was gone, and anxiety lay in her eyes.

The next morning Herr Werner called; and in half an hour he was gone with an unseeing eye and a gray face, while Jessica sat steeped in sorrow for his suffering. But the call within her to the sick-bed of a wounded knight was too insistent to let her hold out hope any longer even to the man who had guided her so far up the mountain-side of life.

"Dear Herr Werner," she had said at last, "you more than any other living soul opened my eyes to the life I might live. Can't we remain friends?"

"No," he said, "not as things are. I should always think of love if I came back to you a hundred years hence. If"—and he seemed to find it hard to say—"if you loved another, I might

cover my love by very hopelessness, and turn it into deep, tireless friendship; but as it is—”

“Herr Werner! if I open my soul to you, will you—will you hardly look at all; and then forget that you have looked ever so little?”

“Miss Murney!”

“I suspect”—and there was a quivering light in her eyes—“I suspect that I do love—”

“Oh!”

“But he does not know it—he has not asked since—”

Then Herr Werner got to his feet, his eyes fixed on the window. Neither of them spoke as he took his hat thoughtfully from the tumbled centre table. Then he said—

“When you are married, perhaps—” and turned toward the door without so much as looking at Jessica where she sat, a-quiver with sympathy. And that was their parting.

CHAPTER XXIV

M. Bilot, who prided himself on reading people, found himself puzzled by Jessica as the days went by. At first, noting the disappearance of Herr Werner, he thought her under the shadow of the loss of a friend who had suicided by turning into a hopeless lover. But soon he came to put a question mark after the “hopeless”—Jessica remained so long enwrapped in her abstraction. Was it a lovers’ quarrel? M’lle Eglantine had thought them lovers, but he had never so much as surprised a covert glance between them. Still he might be mistaken; Germans were cold, matter-of-fact woovers. So he laid a trap for Jessica. Walking out near Bartholdi’s Lion with her one morning—a dull morning when he would not trust his sense of colour—he talked to her in a passion of bitterness of the Franco-Prussian war, and heaped all a Frenchman’s lurid opprobrium on the “barbarian Germans”—but Jessica gave him her sympathy. She never once flashed out, as he half-expected, in defence of

Herr Werner’s countrymen. She could not love Werner, he thought; and drew his happy experiment to a conclusion by mentioning the “British atrocities in South Africa” as evidence of the similarity of all Germanic peoples—when her flash of protest came. Jessica did not believe a word of the foolish stories about the British soldiers; the Englishman was a brave gentleman and incapable of cowardly cruelties. M. Bilot was nonplussed for a moment, and then put it down to the solidarity of the English race. But for all that his wooing made no progress. When he talked of art Jessica listened and questioned, but when he talked of her—with his open, inoffensive admiration—and of himself—with a child-like boastfulness that seemed almost modest—Jessica was either inattentive or full of a gentle raillery. The only progress he made was when talking to Mrs. Murney, from whom he got a loose, general idea that her people were persons of great wealth and corresponding consequence in America.

The project of going to London before “the season” closed had now, of course, Jessica’s support; and within a week after Herr Werner’s departure, it was simply a question of when Herr Vogt could secure for her the most striking “debut.” He was well known in musical London; his word for it that he had a wonder to put on the concert stage was enough to get a place in most programmes. And finally it was agreed that she should sing first at a popular “morning concert” in St. James’ Hall, then at two ultra-fashionable functions in the Park Lane district, then once for a Bohemian gathering, including all the New York correspondents, when the future might be left on the knees of these—and other—gods.

The “pension” on the quiet street was sorry to see them go. Madame had their favourite dishes prepared for their last meals. Mr. Huntingdon had in all the Americans he knew one afternoon to drink his tea and bid them “good-bye.” The French party took

Jessica for several farewell walks on the night boulevards, and introduced her to scenes she had never even heard of before, and begged her, with what she thought was superfluous zeal, never to forget Paris. And the young Egyptologist gave her a letter of introduction to the mummy expert in the British Museum, with the assurance that he could show her things of which the Louvre had no parallel.

But all the time Jessica—the new Jessica—the Jessica who knew not Hughes and of whom Hughes despaired—weaved for herself a fanciful picture of the flower of the new knight-hood:—it was a young man with a smooth, firm-chinned face, and an eye given to cynicism; a man who always did what he thought to be the right thing, but did not take himself seriously while doing it, regarding death if it chanced to stand in the path as calling for nothing but a laugh in the bully's face. But this was not all that went to the making of the picture of Jessica's new knight. The word "knight" itself has a subtle suggestiveness about it—especially to the mind attuned to the mediæval note—which carries a glint of colour, an assertiveness of bearing, a romance of purpose into any descriptive phrase of which it forms a part. Unconsciously Jessica made Hughes over in the spirit of her new life—Hughes being far distant and seen only through the ennobling medium of his magnificent deed. When she wondered why she had not seen this and that and the other quality in him in the old days at Dresden, she put it down to lack of sight on her own part; for at first was she not merely the blind Jessica of the valley, and at last was not her new vision an unaccustomed gift, needing some illuminating incident to enable it to pierce the self-deprecating, self-suppressing Hughes exterior?

It was May in London when the tired trio from Paris drove up to their lodgings near Russell Square, having met a procession of "sandwich men" on High Holborn clothed mainly in an

announcement of the "morning concert" at St. James' Hall, at which "Miss Jessica Murney" was to appear—and Miss Jessica had the largest type on the bill. It was only two days later in May when Capt. Hughes arrived at Victoria station, accompanied by his brother, they having just landed from the steamer that had brought the wounded contingent from the beleaguered West African post. The British public hardly knew of their little affair, in which only a half-dozen clean-limbed young Englishmen had been wiped out and twice as many maimed; for a more wholesale and spectacular killing was going on farther south. But Capt. Hughes' wife met them, and she almost fainted when she saw her brother-in-law get out of the compartment with his arm in a sling, and then pass in his well hand to a tall, limp figure, which stumbled down to the platform with the helpless uncertainty of a man newly blind—and not used to it. They had not written her that he was blind. Blind! Good heavens! Blind at twenty-eight! His profession closed to him, and no money to live on—and she with two children! But he was a brave soldier, and she—

Her arms were round his neck, and his arms were round her with a convulsive grasp. "I'm not blind, Dora!" was the first thing he said. "Not blind!—do you understand. Don't be afraid, little girl. My eyes only need rest."

And then she began crying. She was braced to greet the worst with a brave word, but at the reprieve she relaxed into a sobbing woman.

It was a common "poster" on a dead-wall that told Hughes that Jessica was to sing the following Saturday afternoon at St. James' Hall; and he determined to stay and hear her. After so long an abstinence he could humour himself thus much. She would not see in the great crowd that he was there, but he would see her again—the olive cheek, the round column of the throat, the soft, nestling hand—and after dinner he went to his brother's room to stipulate for the loan of a pair of strong glasses he had.

"But you can't stay here alone till Saturday," said the Captain.

"I am of age," returned Hughes. "Your wife will take you down home and let you smell the hawthorn."

"But the fever might come back?"

"Not in England."

"Well, we don't go."

"Yes, you do. I'll take you down and then slip back."

"Not if mother gets hold of you."

"Whew!—That's so!" said Hughes.

"No, Dora and I'll stay," said the Captain, "I want to hear Miss Jessica myself." His brother looked up in alarm. "Not a word, Teddy, my boy. Not a word!" said the Captain, feeling the look though he could not see it. And Hughes knew that he meant he would tell no one of how he had heard the name of Jessica on the hot, fever-laden dark of the Congo nights.

The next afternoon there were two ladies asking for Mr. Theodore Hughes in the hotel parlour, and the names on the card they sent up were "Mrs. Murney" and "Miss Jessica Murney." They had happened on the "personal" in the morning paper which told of the arrival of the Hughes brothers and where they were staying. When Hughes came in Jessica met him with both hands out—

"There is nothing one can say to you," she said. "We have worn out all our words on inferior deeds."

"It is very good of you to come," he responded. "How did you ever learn where we were?"

"Oh, even your English papers managed to record the return of two heroes."

He laughed a little uncomfortably. "You are going to sing, I see," he said.

"Yes," she replied. "I'm coming out in London," and Mrs. Murney went on to give further particulars.

"Oh! Lord Dovercourt's!" exclaimed Hughes when he heard that Jessica was to sing there. "You will see rather good people there, you know."

"Yes—the people who stay home and patronize real men like you and your brother," exploded Jessica.

"Oh! they are ready enough to fight," cried Hughes, with an Englishman's loyalty to his aristocracy. This led to a little of the familiar banter between the New Englander and the Old, and Hughes began to feel an approach of the spirit of those first days at Dresden. But Jessica was never farther from them. This was her Knight, and she was his Lady, seated under her canopy of red and gold with the clanging field of chivalry beneath her. True to this point of view, she tried to lead him to talk of that night in the jungle, but there was nothing that he could say of it, except that it was dark and that he was mortally afraid of snakes. Then he grew indignant at the stupid policy of his Government which planted so isolated a post among treacherous natives. So Jessica talked of the jungle which she had never seen, save in fancy, and Hughes grew moody at what he regarded as a return of Wernerism. And all the time she pitied his arm in its white sling, and grieved, mother-fashion, over the leanness of his firm jaw. As for him, he greedily enjoyed again the play of rose on her dark cheek and watched her hands as they nested themselves cosily and more cosily in her lap. Never were two people more in love with each other through the eyes, yet each felt a difficulty in finding the other mentally.

When it came time to go Hughes said that he would get his brother and his wife, for he would like them all to meet one another, and soon the five were engaged in the spasmodic, erratic game of conversation that semi-strangers play. Capt. Hughes said jokingly that "Teddy" had a great preference for simple music, and Teddy said that Miss Murney knew that already, and asked if she remembered singing "Sweet Vale of Avoca" that night long ago in Dresden. Jessica remembered, and her eyes shone on Hughes as she said so. She added that she liked simple heart music herself; and Hughes felt that at last their minds were holding hands as it had been their will to do from the first.

"Sing 'Sweet Vale of Avoca' on Saturday," he said lightly, but his eyes were grave with meaning.

"Yes," said Jessica, with quick eagerness, "I will." Who should be humoured if not the hero-knight? Then the thought of what Herr Vogt would say, and of what the musical public would think, came to her, and she doubted. Hughes was watching and saw the doubt fill her face. "She has just thought of what my request means," he said to himself, "and she does not want to encourage me to hope again."

Now Jessica spoke—

"It may not be best to sing it after all," she said. "I will see." And she was very serious over it, for she wanted him to know that his wish weighed deeply with her. But he read in her seriousness a sorrow that he had again raised the old question, and would have said something tantamount to a withdrawal—being ever chivalrously tender to a woman, no matter at what cost to himself—but at that moment her face brightened and she held out her hand to him in "adieu" with—

"I will try hard to sing it."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

A SIGNIFICANT CENTENARY

By E. B. Biggar



ANY of the movements that have profoundly affected the whole human race have had their origin in trifling incidents. On a certain night

King Xerxes could not sleep. It was perhaps only a fit of flatulence, caused by over-eating, or too much wine at supper, but in those midnight hours the king reminded himself that a servant whose faithfulness saved his life from the assassin had gone unrewarded. And so the bestowal of a long-delayed promotion upon Mordecai led up to changes in the Persian Government which not only saved the Jews of that world-empire from utter destruction by the most colossal wholesale murder ever planned, but raised them from the position of despised slaves to that of a people feared and respected. The mighty outcome of this single night's insomnia has been commemorated for over 2,300 years as the most joyous of Jewish festivals, and the events of the book of Esther have left, upon all who have read that dramatic record of special Providence, an impression that has deepened with time down to the present day.

The Centenary of the British and

Foreign Bible Society, to be celebrated on the 6th March next year by a "Universal Bible Sunday," calls to mind what a humble event led to the founding of an institution which, in one respect, has had a greater influence on the spread of Christianity in the last hundred years than, perhaps, all other branches of the Church's work. The longing of a poor Welsh girl to have a Bible of her own, and her delight at being the possessor of a copy after years of toil and self-sacrifice—for pennies were as hard to earn a hundred years ago as dollars are to-day—came home with such force to the heart of the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, in Wales, that he went up to London to urge the publication of the Bible in the Welsh language. He was received at the office of the Tract Society, and it happened that a committee of the society was in session at the time. On stating the case to the members they agreed that a Welsh edition of the Bible ought to be published, and the idea of a separate society organized to give the Bible to every nation in its own tongue took shape from the remark of one of the members that a society should be formed



The smaller reproductions are from Coverdale's *New Test.*, 1538, at the end of 1 Tim. vi. (cf. Prov. x. 1). The illustrations of Christ feeding five thousand (Lube ix.) and the Sower (Matt. xiii.) appear in Tyndale's *New Test.*, 1536.

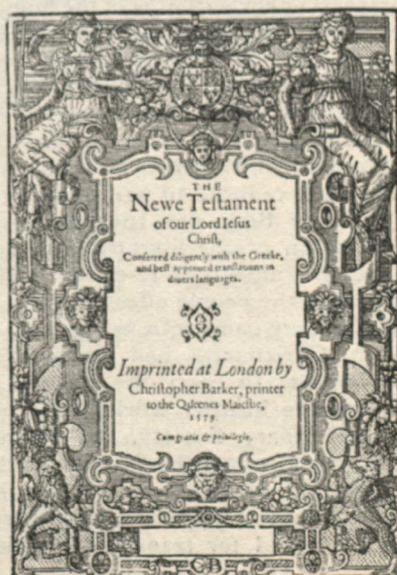
REPRODUCTIONS OF EARLY BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS

for publishing an edition of the Bible for Wales, "and if for Wales, why not for the world?"

Thus the "immortal longing" of an obscure little girl was the immediate cause of the establishment of a society which has circulated, up to this year, over 180,000,000 copies of the Bible, and has translated these scriptures, in whole or in part, in 367 different languages and dialects, while, at the present moment, it is promoting translations or revisions in over 100 languages. The labour and research involved in these translations and revisions are without parallel in the history of literature, and the records of the work contain incidents and special providences as strange and romantic as anything to be found in the realm of professed fiction.

The British and Foreign Bible Society came into existence in the year before Trafalgar, in the very gloomiest crisis of Britain's awful struggle with Napoleon and his Continental allies, while the poor were starving, trade was depressed and crippled by war, and the dread of French invasion weighed upon all, from the King on his throne to the labourer in his hut. Yet the new society not only won generous support from all classes in Great Britain, but the enthusiasm of its workers became a contagion which spread into Europe, and it was the direct inspiration to the formation of a Bible society in the United States which afterwards became the American Bible Society, organized and maintain-

ed on similar lines—that is for the publication of the Word of God, and that alone "without note or comment." Other Bible societies have been formed since then, but the British and Foreign has remained the premier of them all, having circulated more copies of the Christian scriptures than all the others combined, and having spent, since its inception, about fourteen million pounds sterling in the work. It and like institutions have been the means of reducing the Bible to such a low price that the poorest man may now have a copy. For some years the society has had on the market a legible edition of the New Testament at a



TITLE-PAGE OF AN EARLY TESTAMENT

"On Earth peace
"Good will toward Men.

Victoria B.C.
Windsor Castle - March 8. 1887

IN 1887, THE BIBLE SOCIETY ISSUED 300,000 ENGLISH TESTAMENTS TO THE PUPILS OF THE SECULAR STATE SCHOOLS IN AUSTRALIA, AND A FACSIMILE OF THE ABOVE AUTOGRAPH BY THE QUEEN WAS PLACED IN EACH AT HER COMMAND

penny, and of this edition 7,500,000 copies have been sold. When the society was established the price of an octavo English Bible in small pica type was twelve shillings—a sum equivalent in value to not less than five dollars in Canada at the present time. A century ago the Bible was a sealed book, and unknown, to four out of five of the world's inhabitants; now it is open, more or less completely, in languages representing seven-tenths of the human race, and this year the British and Foreign Bible Society has issued over 6,000,000 copies. It is remarkable to note, in connection with its spread in new languages, that in many cases the tongue into which it was rendered had never been reduced to writing before, so that the Bible was the beginning and creation of the literature, as well as the instrument of re-creating the religion, of the people affected.

The society came into being just as British Christianity had received a new impulse to carry the gospel of Christ to the heathen world, the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Baptist Missionary Society having created a demand for translations which

it alone could supply. Its faithfulness in fulfilling its purpose as the indispensable ally of all missionary organizations will be acknowledged when it is known that no genuine application for a grant of scriptures from the foreign field has ever been wholly denied, and no missionary society's request to publish an authenticated version of the scriptures in a new language has ever been refused. Further than this, the Bible Society has been a wonderful influence in restraining the divergencies of the different Christian sects, for "those variations of the Protestant churches which Bossuet denounced shrivel into insignificance within the Bible Society. Under its auspices the reunion of Christendom has already, to some extent, begun." It may here be observed that this effort to restate the Bible in the place it occupied in the hearts and homes of the people a hundred years ago coincides with the renewal of missionary zeal among the Christian churches, and the time is therefore due for the restoration of true Christianity in the homes of the masses. A remarkable circumstance corresponding to this pending movement, and giving it a more world-wide significance, is that the Roman Catholic

Church, throwing down at last the wall which it erected against the "open Bible" has founded in Rome a Bible Society for the express purpose of supplying the Roman Catholic version of the scriptures to the people, to whom it is commended for study. And one of the gratifying signs of the times is that in the circulars and literature issued in connection with that

ish colonies or foreign branches, although the society receives substantial aid from many foreign sources—a recognition of catholicity to which it has every claim, for the British and Foreign Bible Society embraces every race, nation, creed and tongue in the scope of its present and prospective operations. The Canadian auxiliaries have always operated as separate units,

The prologge.



W^have here translated

(briethem and suffers most dere and tenderly beloved in Ch^rist) the new Testament for youre spirituall eddyfyng / consolacion / and solas:

Exhortyng instantly and besedyng those that are better sene in the song then y / and that have hyer gyst of grace to interpret the sence of the scripture / and meanyng of the spryte / then y / to consyde and pondre my labour / and that with the spryte

of meynes. And yf they perceyve in eny places that y have not attained the very sence of the tonge / or meanyng of the scripture / or have not given the right englysshe worde / that they put for here hand to amend it / remembryng that so is there due to doo, for we have not receyved the gyst of god for oure selues only / or for to hyde them / but for to bestowe them onto the honourng of god and ch^rist / and eddyfyng of the congregacion / wchich is the body of ch^rist.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE PROLOGUE TO TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT

society's work reference is made to the British and Foreign and other Protestant Bible Societies in terms of courtesy and respect.

There are in Canada twelve auxiliary societies formed for the purpose of aiding the British parent society in its work in this country and abroad, and some of these societies are over seventy years old. These auxiliaries combined contribute more largely to the funds of the parent society in London than those of any other group of Brit-

but the approaching centenary brought them together for the first time in their history at a conference in Montreal this year, when some form of closer union was discussed, and it was decided, in the meantime, to unite in a celebration of the centenary. The parent society had already decided to raise a centenary fund of 250,000 guineas for Bible translation and Bible circulation throughout the world, and the congress of Canadian societies determined to raise a fund of at least

\$50,000 as this Dominion's contribution to the same cause. Much of this, it is hoped, will be raised by special offerings in the churches throughout Canada on Sunday, March 6th, next, to be celebrated as Bible Sunday all over the British Empire and in all foreign countries where the society's operations are carried on.

This celebration may mean much to the British Empire, according to the spirit in which it is entered upon. It synchronizes with the movements now taking shape for a closer union of all parts of the Anglo-Saxon world. Whether these movements will result in the ligamentation of the scattered members of the present nations of Greater Britain (now comprising a fifth of the human race) into an Imperial federation surpassing in power for good any kingdom that has arisen since mankind appeared on the earth, or whether they will break up into incoherent fragments, depends really on this Empire's attitude to the Bible. "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and no great nation ever came to its downfall except by corruption or some other nationally disintegrating sin, against which warnings are given in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. In a large sense the Reformation resulted from a re-discovery of the Bible. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth no less than 70 editions of the English Bible were published—a marvel, considering the crudities of the printing trade—and the England of Elizabeth was a greater England than that of any era down to Victoria. It was in the age of Elizabeth that the Bible first became the book of the people, and remained so to a greater extent than with most other nations. Not long after

the formation of the Bible Society Dr. Von Dollinger struck upon the keynote of British national character when he observed: "We may credit one great superiority of England over other countries to the circumstance that there the holy scripture is found in every house—as is the case nowhere else in the world—and is, so to speak, the good genius of the place, the protecting spirit of the hearth and family." The history of the nations of Christianity has shown with ever increasing clearness that those countries have become influential in the world in proportion as the Bible has entered into the life of the people. Therefore the reaffirmation of the Bible as the supreme law is the only way of establishing the new Empire on a safe foundation. Canadians need a re-discovery of the Bible, not only for Imperial reasons, but for the purification of home politics, and for the swift assimilation of the vast tide of immigrants pouring into our great West. It is the common testimony of missionaries and teachers that the best and quickest method of teaching a foreigner the English language is by the reading of the Bible in parallel passages, comparing it with the Bible in his own tongue. We know that a people nurtured on the Bible will be a sturdy, reliable and patriotic people; we know that in proportion as Christianity is the real basis of civil life race prejudices will be broken down; race and class antipathies softened. Hence Canadian patriots can render the Empire and our own Dominion no greater service than by supporting a campaign of Bible study and of Bible circulation among our new citizens no less than in foreign lands.



THE GREAT GREY MYSTERY

FROM THE FRENCH OF BENJAMIN SULTE, F.R.S.C.*

Translated by Netta Hunter



FROM a child I have always loved marvellous tales of all that is impossible, wonderful and absurdly incredible. What captivates the attention more than blood-curdling stories of ghostly apparitions? Do you not delight in the mysterious, horrible, nightmare sort of adventures? I shall proceed to tell you what to my knowledge happened about six years ago in the woods of Saint Maurice, a place rather well known in the Province of Quebec.

My readers will have the advantage of perusing an original anecdote, one which is narrated without borrowing from the inventive genius of any other teller of idle tales.

One winter I had occasion to visit the shanty in the vicinity of Rat River, and the very evening of my arrival the cook came up to me while I was taking off my boots and warming myself in front of the caboose, to confide the mysterious intelligence that the Devil in person prowled the neighbourhood.

"Bosh," said I, "you are not in earnest, you're joking."

"Joking, sir; the Lord forbid. What I am going to tell you is true; just listen."

"Well, go on, you seem to be very much in earnest."

"So I am. Fancy! One night about a week ago Big Pothier left the camp to fetch water from a spring not very far from here. He had not gone fifty yards when he came running back as one being pursued, and assured us that some one had knocked him a fearful blow on the head with a stick; in fact, he showed bruised traces to verify his statement. As he had lost his cap in attempting to escape, and we were anxious to investigate the matter,

we immediately went to the spot where the attack had been made, but without any success, as we neither found the cap nor could we trace the cause of the assault to any new comer. Finally we decided to return. I, somehow or other, unwittingly, was the last of the gang, when all at once I was dealt a blow on both eyes which blinded me, and I felt my hair grabbed violently. You can imagine my terror; and when I was picked up I was almost unconscious."

"You must indeed have received a terrible blow," I remarked.

"So far as that is concerned it certainly was terrible. I know nothing further than that my cap disappeared and no doubt with it a good portion of my hair," he added, rubbing his scalp ruefully.

"How do you account for all this?" said I with much interest.

"Why, there is no accounting for it," he continued. "There is a superstition current that the place is haunted by the soul of an ox-drover who died years ago denying the existence of the Almighty; there are various other absurdities that are likewise believed; at any rate, we will not remain here; we have decided to leave the shanty to-morrow."

As I was strongly objecting to these hasty arrangements Pierre Miron, who was foreman of works, appeared with all his men.

"Pierre," said I, "what is the meaning of this? Is there any foundation to this goblin tale I hear? Are you thinking of closing up work? Surely you must be ignorant of the loss that this would occasion at this time of the year, in the month of January!"

"Oh, Mr. Charles," he replied almost breathlessly, "I really don't

* This was published under the title "Le Loup-Garou" in *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature* in 1876, and is now for the first time translated into English.

know what to do. I am at my wit's end. The whole affair is really appalling. I am not a bit superstitious, yet this concern rather startles me. I cannot fathom it, and I fear that I must agree with my men. Repeated attacks have occurred, and on every occasion, strange to say, a man's cap has been lost. There is France Pigeon's, Philippe Lortie's, Théophile Laviolette, Pothier's and the fifth—"

"There, there," said I, making an attempt to appear angry. "I believe you have all gone mad. What rigmarole of a tale is this; why, according to what you say one could readily believe that the devil had taken up his abode right here in these very quarters."

"Mr. Charles," awkwardly resumed Miron, "there is no joking about this matter, it is really a very serious one."

"Well," I said, addressing them all, "if you will remain here to-night I shall see into this affair, as to-morrow I expect to meet Olivier Lachance, your foreman-in-chief, and we will then decide what is to be done. Do you all agree?"

"Yes, but we will not stay a day longer," was the encouraging reply from some one.

That night supper was unusually early for shantymen, whose labours continue until dark; but in this instance no one was inclined to be away from the camp that evening.

At eight o'clock I volunteered to accompany any one to the well to get some water, which I promised would be properly mixed with the contents of a substantial flask I had with me. Meeting with no response, and being determined, I quietly got up, adjusted my cap with marked deliberation, and taking the water jug I went towards the door saying "Well, then, I shall go alone."

Once outside all the men were at my heels, protesting vehemently, in good faith, against my going, and insisting in other words that discretion would be the better part of valour.

"Nonsense! bosh!" I said laughingly, in order to see to what extent this terror held them, "I have already done

away with one witch, so there will be no difficulty in meeting a second."

We went to the spring. The water was as clear as the water is of most springs. The cook, filling the jug, carried it back. We followed him closely. Nothing strange occurred either to or from the well. On our return the flask was emptied to the very last drop. It had the effect of turning the cowards of the early evening into bravadoes, men who feared nothing, who would in a single combat tackle any witch of St. Maurice. With innate perversity I maintained that no one would dare accomplish such a feat. At the highest pitch of the debate the door opened and Olivier Lachance entered.

"Good night, good people," said he, "I came earlier than you expected because I heard very strange tales about this place from the neighbouring shanty."

When he was seated I told him I feared that the matter had assumed alarming proportions and briefly stated the facts of the situation.

Olivier Lachance is a man of wonderful mental energy. He is, if anything, prompt in forming a right conclusion; consequently he had soon resolved upon a course of action.

"Pierriche," said he, addressing a young chap who was the cook's assistant, "you are to go to the well. Don't be afraid. I will see that nothing hurts you."

Little Pierriche, with terror depicted in every line of his face, sat irresolute, giving no indication of obeying orders with any sort of alacrity.

"Look here, youngster," said Olivier, "you need not be frightened. I know exactly what it is, and I promise you will not be touched. Now take this jug and put on the largest cap you can lay your hands on; now mind, the very largest; this is quite important." Turning to me he asked me if I would oversee the men, as he did not want them to know what was going on and wished them to remain where they were. After these injunctions he departed, taking Pierriche with him.

For ten minutes there was a dead

silence. Every one seemed to be afflicted with an indescribable sort of uncomfortable feeling, when cries of distress were heard from Pierriche and a great hearty laugh from Lachance. In a few minutes they both came back—Lachance holding the lad by the hand.

The mystery had been solved. Olivier had seen the goblin. We could not find sufficient words to ask all the questions that would have satisfied our curiosity, which, however, would have been useless trouble, as Lachance had determined to keep his own counsel until the following day.

The child, on being interrogated, only replied he had seen nothing. "In leaving here," he said, "Mr. Lachance hid himself and I went on to the spring. It was very dark. All at once I heard Mr. Lachance call me and I got frightened and screamed, and when I found Mr. Lachance he was laughing as hard as he could." This was all the child could tell. It was impossible to know anything further. I attempted to sound Olivier, but unsuccessfully. To all my queries he replied, "Just be patient, wait until to-morrow."

The next day bright and early before seven the work in the forest recommenced, and continued during the course of the day until evening.

Lachance, Pierriche and myself remained at home. Towards eight o'clock that morning the foreman-in-chief put on his snow-shoes and went out. We following him were surprised to see him go from one tree to another, always choosing the largest and tapping them with the end of a hatchet he had taken with him, and then glancing upwards with a patient, expectant look. At the fifth tree he sounded he ejaculated with triumph, "Here we are."

"What?" cried Pierriche.

"Why, the devil, the witch, the goblin; take a look in the hollow of that tree; up farther."

We looked and lo, there installed was a living creature with huge, angry eyes. It was a great grey owl.

Lachance with his gun soon laid low his game, which proved, upon examination, to be of prodigious strength, a

king of its kind. "Last night," he remarked, "I greatly feared when I saw this strapping monster that he would carry off Pierriche bodily, but the sound of my voice recalling the child startled him and prevented the accomplishment of his evil designs. From what I heard of the rumours of this place I had a firm conviction that there must be owls or something of the sort here. These birds are very daring, and when they get as large as this they have a surprising amount of strength. Look at these claws and wings. These fangs are the means by which most of the caps have been stolen. The owl, like the eagle, with a double flap of his wings can stun the strongest man."

Every one on their return from the forest eagerly inquired what were the results of the investigation which had been made during the day.

"Be patient," said Lachance, with imperturbable composure. "After supper the mystery will be solved."

The art with which the foreman-in-chief made the most of his secret defies wording. His usually apparent tranquility of mind was more than ever marked, and his position and power of authority held in check men on the verge of a strike through sheer fright.

After supper, Lachance, ordering some of the wood-cutters to take axes with them, led the whole force to the tree where the owl had made its home. When the tree was cut down, the numerous caps which had been lost were plainly visible in the goblin's nest.

Amid exclamations of surprise and boisterous mirth the men recognized that the devil, so long dreaded, was no other than an owl, and that it had, at their expense, built for itself a niche well filled in and properly upholstered.

On arriving at the camp, there in front of the caboose lay the great grey owl, the source of all their terror and discomfort.

All grounds for fear being now removed, the men's spirits rose with a bound, and with one accord they gave three cheers for Lachance, who placidly lit his pipe and looked on.

EMILY'S HUSBAND

By L. M. Montgomery



EMILY FAIR got out of Hiram Jameson's waggon at the gate. She took her satchel and parasol and, in her clear, musical tones, thanked him for bringing her home. Emily had a very distinctive voice. It was very sweet always and very cold generally; sometimes it softened to tenderness with those she loved, but in it there was always an undertone of inflexibility and reserve. Nobody had ever heard Emily Fair's voice tremble.

"You are more than welcome, Mrs. Fair," said Hiram Jameson, with a glance of bold admiration. Emily met it with an unflinching indifference. She disliked Hiram Jameson. She had been furious under all her external composure because he had been at the station when she left the train.

Jameson perceived her scorn, but chose to disregard it.

"Proud as Lucifer," he thought as he drove away. "Well, she's none the worse of that. I don't like your weak women—they're always sly. If Stephen Fair don't get better she'll be free and then—"

He did not round out the thought, but he gloated over the memory of Emily, standing by the gate in the harsh, crude light of the autumn sunset, with her tawny, brown hair curling about her pale, oval face and the scornful glint in her large, dark-grey eyes.

Emily stood at the gate for some time after Jameson's waggon had disappeared. When the brief burst of sunset splendour had faded out she turned and went into the garden where late asters and chysanthemums still bloomed. She gathered some of the more perfect ones here and there. She loved flowers, but to-night the asters seemed to hurt her, for she presently dropped those she had gathered and deliberately set her foot on them.

A sudden gust of wind came over

the brown, sodden fields and the ragged maples around the garden writhed and wailed. The air was raw and chill. The rain that had threatened all day was very near. Emily shivered and went into the house.

Amelia Phillips was bending over the fire. She came forward and took Emily's parcels and wraps with a certain gentleness that sat oddly on her grim personality.

"Are you tired? I'm glad you're back. Did you walk from the station?"

"No. Hiram Jameson was there and offered to drive me home. I'd rather have walked. It's going to be a storm, I think. Where is John?"

"He went to the village after supper," answered Amelia, lighting a lamp. "We needed some things from the store."

The light flared up as she spoke and brought out her strong, almost harsh features and deep-set black eyes. Amelia Phillips looked like an overdone sketch in charcoal.

"Has anything happened in Woodford while I've been away?" asked Emily indifferently. Plainly she did not expect an affirmative answer. Woodford life was not eventful.

Amelia glanced at her sharply. So she had not heard! Amelia had expected that Hiram Jameson would have told her. She wished that he had, for she never felt sure of Emily. The older sister knew that beneath that surface reserve was a passionate nature, brooking no restraint when once it overleaped the bounds of her Puritan self-control. Amelia Phillips, with all her naturally keen insight and her acquired knowledge of Emily's character, had never been able to fathom the latter's attitude of mind towards her husband. From the time that Emily had come back to her girlhood's home, five years before, Stephen Fair's name had never crossed her lips.

"I suppose you haven't heard that Stephen is very ill," said Amelia slowly.

Not a feature of Emily's face changed. Only in her voice when she spoke was a curious jarring, as if a false note had been struck in a silver melody.

"What is the matter with him?"

"Typhoid," answered Amelia briefly. She felt relieved that Emily had taken it so calmly. Amelia hated Stephen Fair with all the intensity of her nature because she believed that he had treated Emily ill, but she had always been distrustful that Emily in her heart of hearts loved her husband still. That, in Amelia Phillips' opinion, would have betrayed a weakness not to be tolerated.

Emily looked at the lamp unwinkingly.

"That wick needs trimming," she said. Then, with a sudden recurrence of the untuneful note:

"Is he dangerously ill?"

"We haven't heard for three days. The doctors were not anxious about him Monday, though they said it was a pretty severe case."

A faint, wraith-like change of expression drifted over Emily's beautiful face and was gone in a moment. What was it—relief? Regret? It would have been impossible to say. When she next spoke her vibrant voice was as perfectly melodious as usual.

"I think I will go to bed, Amelia. John will not be back until late I suppose, and I am very tired. There comes the rain. I suppose it will spoil all the flowers. They will be beaten to pieces."

In the dark hall Emily paused for a moment and opened the front door to be cut in the face with a whip-like dash of rain. She peered out into the thickly gathering gloom. Beyond, in the garden, she saw the asters tossed about, phantom-like. The wind around the many-cornered old farmhouse was full of wails and sobs.

The clock in the sitting-room struck eight. Emily shivered and shut the door. She remembered that she had been married at eight o'clock that very morning seven years ago. She thought

she could see herself coming down the stairs in her white dress with her bouquet of asters. For a moment she was glad that those mocking flowers in the garden would be all beaten to death before morning by the lash of wind and rain.

Then she recovered her mental poise and put the hateful memories away from her as she went steadily up the narrow stairs and along the hall with its curious slant as the house had settled, to her own room under the north-western eaves.

When she had put out her light and gone to bed she found that she could not sleep. She pretended to believe that it was the noise of the storm that kept her awake. Not even to herself would Emily confess that she was waiting and listening nervously for John's return home. That would have been to admit a weakness, and Emily Fair, like Amelia, despised weakness.

Every few minutes a gust of wind smote the house, with a roar as of a wild beast, and bombarded Emily's window with a volley of rattling drops. In the silences that came between the gusts she heard the soft, steady pouring of the rain on the garden paths below, mingled with a faint murmur that came up from the creek beyond the barns where the pine boughs were thrashing in the storm. Emily suddenly thought of a weird story she had once read years before and long forgotten—a story of a soul that went out in a night of storm and blackness and lost its way between earth and heaven. She shuddered and drew the counterpane over her face.

"Of all things I hate a fall storm most," she muttered. "It frightens me."

Somewhat to her surprise—for even her thoughts were generally well under the control of her unbending will—she could not help thinking of Stephen—thinking of him not tenderly or remorsefully, but impersonally, as of a man who counted for nothing in her life. It was so strange to think of Stephen being ill. She had never known him to have a day's sickness in

his life before. She looked back over her life much as if she were glancing with a chill interest at a series of pictures which in no way concerned her. Scene after scene, face after face, flashed out on the background of the darkness.

Emily's mother had died at her birth, but Amelia Phillips, twenty years older than the baby sister, had filled the vacant place so well and with such intuitive tenderness that Emily had never been conscious of missing a mother. John Phillips, too, the grave, silent, elder brother, loved and petted the child. Woodford people were fond of saying that John and Amelia spoiled Emily shamefully.

Emily Phillips had never been like the other Woodford girls and had no friends of her own age among them. Her uncommon beauty won her many lovers, but she had never cared for any of them until Stephen Fair, fifteen years her senior, had come a-wooing to the old, gray, willow-girdled Phillips homestead.

Amelia and John Phillips never liked him. There was an ancient feud between the families that had died out among the younger generation, but was still potent with the older.

From the first Emily had loved Stephen. Indeed, deep down in her strange, wayward heart, she had cared for him long before the memorable day when he had first looked at her with seeing eyes and realized that the quiet, unthought-of child who had been growing up at the old Phillips place had blossomed out into a woman of strange, seraph-like beauty and deep grey eyes whose expression was nevermore to go out of Stephen Fair's remembrance from then till the day of his death.

John and Amelia Phillips put their own unjustifiable dislike of Stephen aside when they found that Emily's heart was set on him. The two were married after a brief courtship and Emily went out from her girlhood's home to the Fair homestead, two miles away.

Stephen's mother lived with them.

Janet Fair had never liked Emily. She had not been willing for Stephen to marry her. But, apart from this, the woman had a natural, eradicable love of making mischief and took a keen pleasure in it. She loved her son and she had loved her husband, but nevertheless, when Thomas Fair had been alive she had fomented continual strife and discontent between him and Stephen. Now it became her pleasure to make what trouble she could between Stephen and his wife.

She had the advantage of Emily in that she was always sweet-spoken and, on the surface, sweet-tempered. Emily, hurt and galled in a score of petty ways, so subtle that they were beyond a man's coarser comprehension, astonished her husband by her fierce outbursts of anger, that seemed to him for the most part without reason or excuse. He tried his best to preserve the peace between his wife and mother; and when he failed, not understanding all that Emily really endured at the elder woman's merciless hands, he grew to think her capricious and easily irritated—a spoiled child whose whims must not be taken too seriously.

To a certain extent he was right. Emily had been spoiled. The unbroken indulgence which her brother and sister had always accorded her had fitted her but poorly to cope with the trials of her new life. True, Mrs. Fair was an unpleasant woman to live with, but if Emily had chosen to be more patient under petty insults, and less resentful of her husband's well-meant though clumsy efforts for harmony, the older woman could have effected real little mischief. But this Emily refused to be, and the breach between husband and wife widened insidiously.

The final rupture came two years after their marriage. Emily, in rebellious anger, told her husband that she would no longer live in the same house with his mother.

"You must choose between us," she said, her splendid voice vibrating with all the unleashed emotion of her being,

yet with no faltering in it. "If she stays I go."

Stephen Fair, harassed and bewildered, was angry with the relentless anger of a patient man roused at last.

"Go, then," he said sternly, "I'll never turn my mother from my door for any woman's whim."

The stormy red went out of Emily's face, leaving it like a marble wash.

"You mean that!" she said calmly. "Think well. If I go I'll never return."

"I do mean it," said Stephen. "Leave my house if you will—if you hold your marriage vow so lightly. When your senses return you are welcome to come back to me. I will never ask you to."

Without another word Emily turned away. That night she went back to John and Amelia. They, on their part, welcomed her back gladly, believing her to be a wronged and ill-used woman. They hated Stephen Fair with a new and personal rancour. The one thing they could hardly have forgiven Emily would have been the fact of her relenting towards him.

But she did not relent. In her soul she knew that, with all her just grievances, she had been in the wrong, and for that she could not forgive him!

Two years after she had left Stephen Mrs. Fair died, and his widowed sister-in-law went to keep house for him. If he thought of Emily he made no sign. Stephen Fair never broke a word once passed.

Since their separation no greeting or look had ever passed between husband and wife. When they met, as they occasionally did, neither impassive face changed. Emily Fair had buried her love deeply. In her pride and anger she would not let herself remember even where she had dug its grave.

And now Stephen was ill. The strange woman felt a certain pride in her own inflexibility because the fact did not affect her. She told herself that she could not have felt more unconcerned had he been the merest stranger. Nevertheless she waited and watched for John Phillips' home-coming.

At ten o'clock she heard his voice in the kitchen. She leaned out of the bed and pulled open her door. She heard voices below, but could not distinguish the words, so she rose and went noiselessly out into the hall, knelt down by the stair railing and listened. The door of the kitchen was open below her and a narrow shaft of light struck on her white, intent face. She looked like a woman waiting for the decree of doom.

At first John and Amelia talked of trivial matters. Then the latter said abruptly:

"Did you hear how Stephen Fair was?"

"He's dying," was the brief response.

Emily heard Amelia's startled exclamation. She gripped the square rails with her hands until the sharp edges dented deep into her fingers. John's voice came up to her again, harsh and expressionless:

"He took a bad turn the day before yesterday and has been getting worse ever since. The doctors don't expect him to live till morning."

Amelia began to talk rapidly in low tones. Emily heard nothing further. She got up and went blindly back into her room with such agony tearing at her heartstrings that she dully wondered why she could not shriek aloud.

Stephen—her husband—dying! In the burning anguish of that moment her own soul was as an open book before her. The love she had buried rose from the depths of her being in an awful, accusing resurrection.

Out of her stupor and pain a purpose formed itself clearly. She must go to Stephen—she must beg and win his forgiveness before it was too late. She dared not go down to John and ask him to take her to her husband. He might refuse. The Phillipses had been known to do even harder things than that. At the best there would be a storm of protest and objection on her brother's and sister's part, and Emily felt that she could not encounter that in her present mood. It would drive her mad.

She lit a lamp and dressed herself noiselessly, but with feverish haste. Then she listened. The house was very still. Amelia and John had gone to bed. She wrapped herself in a heavy woollen shawl hanging in the hall and crept downstairs. With numbed fingers she fumbled at the key of the hall door, turned it and slipped out into the night.

The storm seemed to reach out and clutch her and swallow her up. She went through the garden, where the flowers already were crushed to earth; she crossed the long field beyond, where the rain cut her face like a whip and the wind almost twisted her in its grasp like a broken reed. Somehow or other, more by blind instinct than anything else, she found the path that led through commons and woods and waste valleys to her lost home.

In after years that frenzied walk through the storm and blackness seemed as an unbroken nightmare to Emily Fair's recollection. Often she fell. Once as she did so a jagged, dead limb of fir struck her forehead and cut in it a gash that marked her for life. As she struggled to her feet and found her way again the blood trickled down over her face.

"Oh God, don't let him die before I get to him—don't—don't—don't!" she prayed desperately with more of defiance than entreaty in her voice. Then, realizing this, she cried out in horror. Surely some fearsome punishment would come upon her for her wickedness—she would find her husband lying dead.

When Emily opened the kitchen door of the Fair homestead Almira Sentner cried out in her alarm, who or what was this creature with the white face and wild eyes, with her torn and dripping garments and dishevelled, wind-writhen hair and the big drops of blood slowly trickling from her brow?

The next moment she recognized Emily and her face hardened. This woman, Stephen's sister-in-law, had always hated Emily Fair.

"What do you want here?" she said harshly.

"Where is my husband?" asked Emily.

"You can't see him," said Mrs. Sentner defiantly. "The doctors won't allow anyone in the room but those he's used to. Strangers excite him."

The insolence and cruelty of her speech fell on unheeding ears. Emily, understanding only that her husband yet lived, turned to the hall door.

"Stand back!" she said in a voice that was little more than a thrilling whisper, but which yet had in it something that cowed Almira Sentner's malice. Sullenly she stood aside and Emily went unhindered up the stairs to the room where the sick man lay.

The two doctors in attendance were there, together with the trained nurse from the city. Emily pushed them aside and fell on her knees by the bed. One of the doctors made a hasty motion as if to draw her back, but the other checked him.

"It doesn't matter now," he said significantly.

Stephen Fair turned his languid, unshorn head on the pillow. His dull, fevered eyes met Emily's. He had not recognized anyone all day, but he knew his wife.

"Emily!" he whispered.

Emily drew his head close to her face and kissed his lips passionately.

"Stephen, I've come back to you. Forgive me—forgive me—say that you forgive me."

"It's all right, my girl," he said feebly.

She buried her face in the pillow beside his with a sob.

In the wan, grey light of the autumn dawn the old doctor came to the bedside and lifted Emily to her feet. She had not stirred the whole night. Now she raised her white face with dumb pleading in her eyes. The doctor glanced at the sleeping form on the bed.

"Your husband will live, Mrs. Fair," he said gently. "I think your coming saved him. His joy turned the ebbing tide in favour of life."

"Thank God!" said Emily.

And for the first time in her life her beautiful voice trembled.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

INDIAN SUMMER

The old grey year is near his term in sooth,
And now with backward eye and soft-laid
palm
Awakens to a golden dream of youth,
A second childhood lovely and most calm,
And the smooth hour about his misty head
An awning of enchanted splendour weaves
Of maples, amber, purple, and rose-red,
And droop-limbed elms down-dropping
golden leaves.
With still half-fallen lids he sits and dreams
Far in a hollow of the sunlit wood,
Lulled by the murmur of thin-threading
streams,
Nor sees the polar armies over-flood
The darkening barriers of the hills, nor hears
The north-wind ringing with a thousand
spears.

—Archibald Lampman.

BY this time the various societies and organizations dear to the hearts of feminine Canada have settled down to the winter's work or amusement. October is the month for gathering together, for hurriedly-called committee meetings, inaugural teas and sorrowful sessions of distracted programme makers; but by November the season's work should not only be fully mapped out, but fairly under way.

Perhaps, then, it is a trifle late to offer any suggestions now regarding reading clubs or literary circles. Yet a little programme which has just come to me, impels me to venture a few remarks on the use and abuse of literary societies. This programme, which outlines the work to be done this winter by one of Ontario's most energetic little towns, is printed in green and gold in the form of a tiny

booklet and is quite the daintiest thing of the kind I have ever seen; but when I glanced through its contents I was simply appalled by the ground which the ladies of the club contemplate covering in six short months. The programme announces that the club, which meets one afternoon each week from the beginning of October until the end of March, devotes itself to "Studies in American Literature, Music and Art." Surely the most ambitious society could scarce hope to do more in one season than obtain a comprehensive and intelligent *general* idea of any *one* of the subjects comprising this formidable trilogy.

Let us see how this club proposes to dispose of all three.

Here is the programme for one meeting: The Bigelow Papers; the Vision of Sir Launfal; the Search for the Holy Grail in Song, Story and Art; Lowell as a Prose Writer; John Sargent; Music; Current Events. Now, to get all that into one afternoon, certainly not more than fifteen minutes could be allowed to each of the five papers, else no time would remain for Music and Current Events. What could be done with any one of these subjects in fifteen minutes? Why, "The Search for the Holy Grail in Song, Story and Art"—a fascinating subject for research and discussion—could scarcely be exhausted in an entire afternoon!

Then take this outline for a "Canadian Day": Gilbert Parker, Charles G. D. Roberts, Sara Jeanette Duncan, Agnes Maule Machar, Archibald

Lampman, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Homer Watson and F. Bell-Smith—eight of them!—to be followed by Canadian Music by members of the club. Not more than ten minutes certainly could be spared out of two or even three short hours to each of these celebrities, and what can one do in ten minutes but hastily fling together a few biographical facts or salient characteristics which she who runs may read any day in current periodicals or a reference library. To really study the poems of Archibald Lampman, let us say, would take more than one brief afternoon.

Now, I have mentioned these programmes particularly not by any means in the spirit of the captious critic, but because they illustrate so clearly the danger that threatens the programme makers of nearly all literary clubs—the temptation to let one's zeal and enthusiasm urge one to attempt achievements far beyond ordinary limitations.

I do not think there is any kind of a literary society to which I have not at some time belonged, and I know only too well the agony and despair that fastens upon the hapless members of the Special Programme Committee. Between their desire to make the programme both definite and comprehensive and their laudable wish to consider the individual tastes and preferences of their fellow-members, their task is a sad and sorry one. To please every one they usually end by putting down everything that the various members have been thoughtful enough to suggest, the result being often a curious, nondescript mixture that satisfies no one. In drawing up the programme for a literary club there are several important points to be constantly borne in mind. In the first place the club should not be expected to take the place of one's ordinary reading, nor should it be merely a meeting together of people to hear each other read little biographies which everyone can and should look up for herself. It is well,

perhaps, to know when and where an author was born, went to school, married and died; and it is undoubtedly interesting to learn something of his friends and of the circumstances and environment that developed his character and moulded his mental powers; but the important thing to us is simply that he lived, and living so wrought, that when he passed hence he left a legacy of rich thought and rare expression, free for our enjoyment.

To take the work of one poet, nay, to take one poem and really *study* it and assimilate it until it becomes a very part of one, making one forever stronger and richer for it, is surely better than to grasp feverishly at a little of all and find at last that one has acquired only a superficial smattering, valueless as chaff.

Experience has proved that the ideal programme is that which consists of one thoughtful, well-written paper, followed by an intelligent discussion in which every member of the club takes part.

The club whose watchwords are simplicity and thoroughness, and whose members, each and all, fully realizing the responsibility which their membership involves, take an enthusiastic and active interest in every meeting, cannot fail to be most helpful and stimulating.

Wandering recently through one of our city parks, my attention was attracted by a particularly healthy, happy-looking baby and his unusually bright-faced, attentive nurse. I seated myself on a bench beside the nurse and, using the baby as an introduction, entered into conversation with her.

She declared that she was a graduate of a Training School for Nursery Maids in New York State, and what she told me of the institution so interested me that upon reaching home I at once wrote to the superintendent for full particulars. The course of instruction covers a period of eight months, and includes besides nursery hygiene, technique, etc., the rudiments of kinder-

garten work; graduates having successfully passed their examination receive diplomas and are qualified to fill positions in private families. The wages usually paid in the States are twenty dollars a month, and the Nursery Maid, who wears a special uniform, is capable of full charge of the baby committed to her care, in sickness and in health, having received instruction in nursery emergencies and the treatment of all minor infantile ailments.

The children in the Training School to which I wrote are by no means charity babies, many wealthy American parents preferring—incredible as it sounds—to board their children where they will be well looked after than to be bothered with them at home.

The graduates of the School are eagerly sought after by both Americans and Canadians, and the superintendent wrote: "Many of our girls have come from Canada, and we have always found them our most satisfactory pupils." There are similar training schools in England, and I know of many ladies, particularly in Quebec, who send across for nurses who they know will be experienced and absolutely trustworthy.

Now, why cannot we in Canada have a Training School for Nursery Maids of our own? The cry of the children—the young, young children—is always with us, only too frequently called forth by careless, incompetent nurse maids, or anxious mothers, equally incapable, despite their devotion.

I feel quite confident that if someone would only found such an institution here it would be most enthusiastically supported.

Surely here is an interesting and hitherto untried field for the Canadian philanthropist who is really anxious to work his or her country lasting good, for the well-cared-for babies of to-day are going to be the strong, powerful men and women of to-morrow.

To Hamilton, Ontario, belongs the honour of being the first city in the Dominion to hold an all-Canadian Exhibition. Moreover, of this laudable

enterprise we can cry exultingly *Dux Femina Facta*, for the idea which originated at a general meeting of the Executive Committee of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire held in Toronto about a year ago, was taken up and carried through with brilliant success by the Hamilton Municipal Chapter of the Order, under its able regent, Mrs. P. D. Crerar.

The Exhibition was held in the Hamilton Armoury, which was turned into a veritable fairyland, the forty-eight booths which lined its walls being designed and laid out after the style of an old English village; with roofs terra cotta in colour, and most of the fronts white and pale green. Lemonade and flower booths brightened the scene, and the Garden of Canada, where ice cream, tea, etc., were served, converted the middle of the hall into a miniature park, all hedges, palms and trees.

The manufacturers entered very heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and though few cities or towns outside of Ontario were represented, the articles exhibited covered, as one of the local papers expressed it, everything "the thrifty housewife requires in everyday life, from a cake of soap to a handsome costume."

The Exhibition was formally opened by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, who, with Mrs. Clark, The Hon. G. W. Ross, and Mrs. Nordheimer and other members of the Executive Committee of the Imperial Order went up from Toronto for the purpose.

Besides the Lieutenant-Governor's address, speeches were made by the Mayor of Hamilton, Mrs. Crerar, Mr. Cyrus A. Birge, President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association; the Hon. G. M. Gibson and the Hon. G. W. Ross. All of these speakers dwelt upon the necessity for appreciating and encouraging home industries, for, as the Premier of Ontario tersely put it: "What Canadians most lack is not skill, but self-confidence. Every year over \$100,000,000 worth of goods are imported into Canada. If half of that amount were spent in wages for converting raw material into manufactured



THE HAMILTON LADIES WHO PLANNED AND SUCCESSFULLY HELD A "MADE-IN-CANADA" EXHIBITION

goods, a large amount of labour would be employed."

Amongst the articles exhibited were: Cocoa and Chocolate, Boots and Shoes, Cotton, Salad Dressing, Baking and Jelly Powders, Underwear, Tweeds, Golf Sweaters, Marmalade, Jam, Shirt-Waists, Brushes, Brooms, Beef Tea, Travelling Rugs, Tartans, Electric Light Fittings, Brass Work, Tobacco, Soap, Coffee, Blinds, Tonics, Boys' Clothes, Flannel Gowns, Silk Fancy Work, Prints, Furs, Blankets, Condensed Milk, Cut Glass, Bread, Cookies, Gramophones and Kid Gloves.

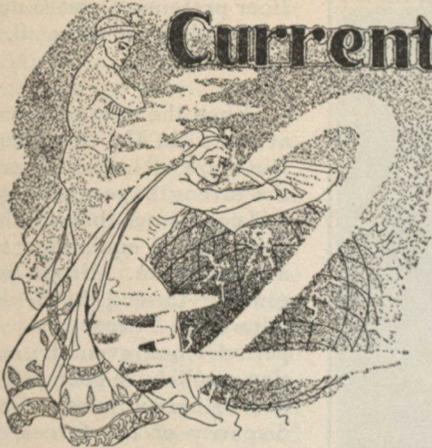
During the Exhibition the representatives of the exhibitors presented an address to the Hamilton Chapter thanking the ladies for advertising Canadian-made goods, congratulating them upon the success of their undertaking, and expressing the hope that it would be an annual affair.

Certainly we have all the material we require in Canada, and plenty of workpeople to convert it into market-

able merchandise. All we need are men and women possessed of a real, practical patriotism which will inspire them to insist upon wearing and using only articles of home-manufacture.

It is, indeed, devoutly to be hoped that the original idea of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire—that similar exhibitions should be held in various cities and towns throughout Canada—will be put into effect before many months, as such exhibitions cannot fail to centralize public attention upon Canada and Canadian reproductions, and to awaken Canadians to a realization of the fact that we ourselves can grow, make, design and manufacture just as well as any country under the sun.

Self-dependence, self-reliance and self-confidence are three qualities that Canadians individually and collectively should strive to cultivate, for successful achievement is only possible through a knowledge of and belief in one's own powers and resources.



Current Events Abroad

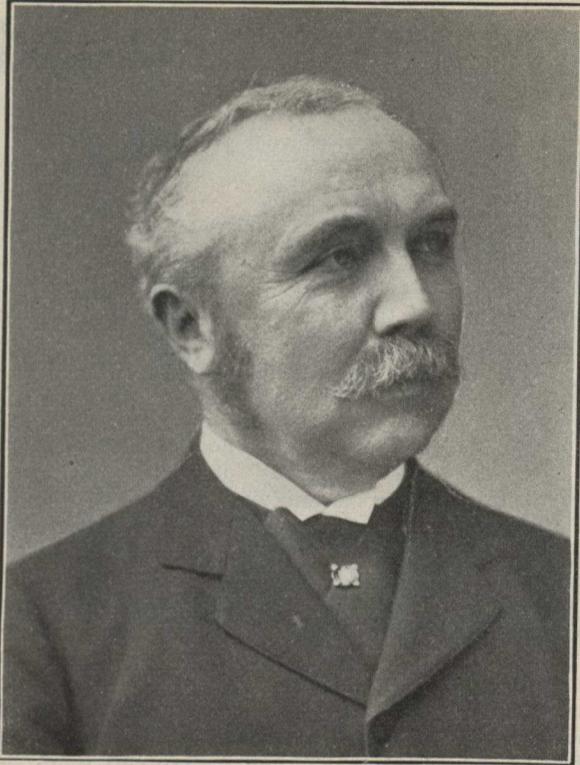
By
John A. Ewan

THE fiscal struggle in Great Britain occupies the attention of the world to the exclusion of almost every other topic. The preparations of Russia and Japan for war, and the pleasanter and more civilizing spectacle of the two chief nations of the world, France and Britain, entering on an era of arbitration and peace, are almost unheeded in presence of the burning topic which one man has forced on the attention of his fellow-countrymen. It would be difficult to overestimate the extraordinary feat Mr. Chamberlain has accomplished. He would have been a rash person who would have prophesied on the first day of the new century that before it was two years old Great Britain would be in a political ferment on what is virtually a question of protection versus free trade. Indeed a few months ago the most sanguine protectionist would not have expected that before the end of the year Mr. Chamberlain would be out of the Cabinet and be stumping the country for customs duties on some of the chief necessities of life.

Whatever one's views may be about the main question there can scarcely be two about the consistency of Mr. Chamberlain's course. When the Salisbury Government was formed in 1889 Mr. Chamberlain was recognized as scarcely inferior in political importance

to its chief, or to the recognized chief of the Liberal-Unionists, the Duke of Devonshire. It was expected that one of the highest posts in the Cabinet would be conferred upon him. What was the astonishment, then, when it was announced that he had accepted that of Colonial Secretary. The first feeling was that he had been slighted, but gradually it transpired that the position was of his own choosing. Shortly after there followed his speech in which he declared that it was the duty of the Mother Country to develop the estates of the Empire, the "estates" meaning the colonies. How they were to be developed was left somewhat vague, and when, subsequently, the sugar-growing islands of the West Indies made wail of the ruin which had overspread them because of the competition of continental bounty-fed beet-root sugar, the energetic Colonial Secretary found himself helpless to come to their aid in the face of British fiscal traditions.

South Africa then drew his attention from every other lesser problem. No one who has kept his eyes and ears open in South Africa can fail to be aware that the late war was, under the conditions which prevailed, an unavoidable event. The question, "What business have the British in this part of the world?" had got itself into the Boer mind and could not be eradicated without the drastic operation which the war supplied. That all South Africa should be Boerland was becoming firmly fixed as an article of belief. As an earnest of the belief Transvaal secret service money was employed in the Cape Colony elections for securing a Dutch majority in the Legislature. The liberal policy of conferring the



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

Leader of the Liberal Free-Traders in England and a statesman bitterly opposed to every measure which tends to bind the Empire together by any other means than mutual regard and common ideals. His policy is almost the same as that of Lord Rosebery, the other leader of the Liberal Free-Traders, only the latter is perhaps less given to clear-cut assertions.

franchise on certain classes of the natives was taken advantage of by the men who would as soon give a vote to the monkeys. The negro vote was purchased wholesale with Transvaal gold, and the Dutch idea was enthroned in the Parliament at Capetown. There can be no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain became convinced by even stronger evidence than we have access to now that if any part of South Africa was to be preserved to the British crown the question of which was the dominant race there must be settled at once. The fact that it took the whole might of the Empire to secure a favourable decision shows that the

Boer pretensions were not so hare-brained after all.



When the struggle was at its height Mr. Chamberlain showed himself in all the strength, resoluteness and confidence that are the basis of his equipment as a public man. From beginning to end he never faltered. There was a period when even the nation would have been satisfied to compromise. The disparity of the forces of the contestants, the gallantry of the conduct of the handful of Boers who kept the field for a year after their country was in ruins, the paralysing expenditures of the war—were each and all an incentive to accept anything like a respectable compromise. But the soul of the immovable Colonial Secretary was proof against all such considerations. He had adopted the word if not the policy of Strafford, "Thorough," and he relentlessly held on till the end, aided by two men of similarly resolute fibre, Lord Milner

and Lord Kitchener. The Empire felt that three such men were capable of facing the greatest perils that might beset it. The net result of the war was the strengthening and perpetuation of British power in South Africa and a great increase in colonial territory.



This having been accomplished, Mr. Chamberlain turns to another project which he deems to be equally vital to the consolidation and preservation of Great Britain and her colonies. He has undoubtedly reached it as the result of steady and earnest study of the

problems that came under his notice as Colonial Secretary and has not hesitated to make enormous personal sacrifices for his convictions. With his customary intellectual independence and courage he has followed them, and the people have made the response that they always do when they descry a leader who not only knows which way he is going, but who has made a careful study, according to his lights, of the road. When we read of the popular favour which greets him as he starts out on his crusade, the enthusiasm of his audiences and the general ferment he has created, we may well rub our eyes and ask, is this Cobden's England? This is altogether apart from one's personal judgment of the probabilities of his inducing the majority of the electors to try the experiment which he commends to them. The wonder is that in a country which has so long resisted all appeals to change the fiscal policy, a man who expresses his desire to revolutionize it should be treated as a popular hero, while some of those who have clung to the old faith can scarce get a hearing. Mr. Chamberlain's followers, if not the most numerous, are certainly the most vociferous part of the community.



It must be said, too, that his opponents so far have not shone in the controversy. Mr. Ritchie, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, warned his hearers that one of the effects of Mr. Chamberlain's policy would be to anger the United States and instigate them to reprisals against Canada. A more malapropos and ill-informed line of ar-



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

Leader of the Unionist Free-Traders, and head of the new "Free Food League." He resigned his position as President of the Privy Council shortly after Mr. Chamberlain ceased to be Colonial Secretary. As Lord Hartington, the Duke was War Secretary and a leading figure. His change of title did not alter his character or his position among that stable element which is so distinguishing a characteristic of Britain's governing class.

gument could scarcely be conceived of, and the audience acted in a very human way when it sang Rule Britannia. It contains two ludicrous ideas; the one that any self-respecting nation should refrain from adopting whatever internal policy seems best for it for fear of offending its neighbours; the other, that the United States has not long ago exhausted its arsenal of peaceful reprisals on this country. If the progress and happiness of Canada depended on the United States we would have been extinct long ago. The great demonstration of the past few years has been that Canada cannot be

deflected an inch from her path by any economic injury the American people may choose to attempt upon her.

Mr. Ritchie's subsequent explanation, namely: that he had reference to the possibility that the United States would forbid the export of Canadian grain from American ports, only makes his position worse. The whole trend of Canadian endeavour is to accomplish the very thing that Mr. Ritchie fears the United States will force upon us. Many people believe that the time is fast approaching when the prohibition of the use of Canadian channels would be a severer blow to American producers than anything they can possibly do to us. Mr. Ritchie does not appear to know that the northern tier of Western States are finding their most economic way to the ocean through Canadian waterways and over Canadian territory. Of course, neither country is likely to indulge in any such reprisals. The interests of both demand that commerce and transportation shall not be arbitrarily disarranged. The threats we used to hear about abrogating the bonding privilege were all bluff. They could not be abrogated without injuring large American interests and half-ruining American towns. Uncle Sam would have to be very angry before he would consent to slap his own face in that manner, especially when he was not at all sure that the other party would feel any inconvenience over it. The most bitter revenge that a Chinaman can take of his enemy is to go to the house of the hated one and commit suicide on his doorstep. This is not the American idea of revenge. Lord Rosebery has taken Mr. Ritchie's line in this respect and darkly pictures the enmity that Britain will awaken if she takes Mr. Chamberlain's advice. The ex-Colonial Secretary could scarcely hope that his opponents would do him a greater service than to arouse the combative instincts of the British people.



So far as the Colonies are concerned, the Chamberlain policy is surrounded

with difficulties. All the Colonies, but Canada more especially, have become manufacturing communities. Our industrial life is, to a great extent, founded on that fact. Abandoning the duties entirely is impossible under our present system of public finance, while a scaling down would undoubtedly produce widespread losses of capital and disorganization of employment throughout the Dominion. Mr. Chamberlain recognizes this and confines his suggestions to the proposition that the Colonies should, at least, refrain from encouraging those secondary industries that have not as yet been established amongst them. It need hardly be said that in some quarters even this proposition will not be well received. There will be a strong indisposition to enter into any engagement which would limit the people of Canada from developing along any line that promised to diversify their employments and afford scope for their labour and enterprise. What can be said with perfect confidence is that the desire to make a return for any favour the British Parliament may make towards the Colonies would be a very strong sentiment in the hearts of Canadians, and any Canadian administration would have to find substantial ways of making a return that would not be regarded as inadequate or shabby.



In England the fiscal upheaval has been largely a one-man movement. Whether for good or evil the agitation has been almost wholly created by Mr. Chamberlain. At the same time it cannot be overlooked that Canada gave it the original impetus. Our insistence on the denunciation of the German and Belgian treaties to make room for the preference; Germany's discrimination against us in consequence, with our retort in the way of a surtax on German goods has precipitated the whole controversy and converted the British Premier into a retaliationist. It is still more worthy of remark that at least one Canadian has been among the pioneers on the English side of the movement.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



ATTRACTIVE FACTORIES

THE other day a Haligonian journalist visiting the industrial section of Toronto, drew the writer's attention to a carpet factory with a narrow green lawn running around it on two sides and with Boston ivy creeping up to its second story windows. "There is a wise man; trying to keep his employees cheerful and contented," was the remark. "The other day I visited a factory in Montreal—dark, low-ceilinged, musty. A splendid place to



breed socialists and anarchists. But this is different."

The burr stuck. It is quite evident when you come to think about it, that the employee of a well-ventilated, well-painted, home-like factory should be healthy and contented. He should be willing to work for less wages and be able to give more efficient attention to his labour.

The factories of Montreal are not all evil-smelling, but certainly Toronto has an advantage in this regard. Land is cheaper and more abundant, and the streets are wider. The owners of the factories seem to take a pride in erecting buildings which are beautiful and cheerful and in making their surroundings bright and attractive.

Of course, no person ever heard of a trades-union that went on strike because the ceilings were low and the ventilation bad. Neither is it known that a trades-union ever voluntarily undertook to keep the lawns, flower-beds, window-boxes and vines in a flourishing condition. Perhaps no one ever heard of a trades-union that accepted a lower rate of wages because the factory was a splendid place for preservation of health during toil. Yet the narrowness of the trades-unions should not breed narrowness in the employer. The latter is supposed

to be endowed with superior sense, knowledge and taste. He should be a leader among men as well as an employer. Life is not all dividends.



CITY vs. COUNTRY

Then there is the broader question of the evils which are to flow from the great concentration of the people in the cities. Canada is only beginning to face a problem which is acute in Great Britain.

During the past decade (1891-1901) the rural population of England increased only 2.94 per cent., while the urban population advanced in numbers to the extent of 15.22 per cent. The cities of England contain twenty-five million; the counties contain only seven and a half. During this same period the rural population of Scotland actually declined 4.60 per cent. This is industrial development with a vengeance. Will the people who live in crowded factories, small houses, narrow streets, on canned vegetables and preserved foods, be as strong as those who for generations struggled with Nature, in field and forest, in garden and farm? Those who saw or heard about the difference between the colonials and the other British soldiers in

South Africa will know how the question was answered there. The colonials were superior in individual resourcefulness and ability to look after themselves, and they were certainly superior in physical endurance.

The Canadian manufacturers are endeavouring to make this people a nation of factory workers. The people of England are more than one-half that now. The people of the United States boast of their growing factories and their growing bands of white-faced employees. Is Canada to follow the lead of these two countries? Great Britain is small and factories seem the only solution for the problem of employing her growing population, although agriculture might certainly receive more encouragement. The United States has much less excuse, but she had adopted and maintained high and higher tariffs in order to build up crowded cities. Germany is pursuing the same policy. Is Canada to be swept along in the wake of this great tide?

Certainly here is room for thought. The man who tills the soil has necessarily a sentiment of reverence and love for Nature which makes for other than a sordid desire for money. Even the town labourer who finds a pleasure in rearing flowers and vegetables is coming close to Nature and is preserving the sentimental and religious side of his life. The Canadian farmer is not, perhaps, always an ideal man, but his virtues far outweigh his vices. The same compliment cannot always be paid the factory workers of many of the larger industrial centres of Europe. The children raised in the cities of Canada, moreover, cannot compare in ability, physical strength and clear mentality with the children of the towns, villages and townships.

There is no reason why Canada, while encouraging her industrial development, should lose sleep because a great percentage of the people is not crowded into the cities. Further, those who are engaged in factory work should be given every advantage in the way of the best light, heat, ven-

tilation, food, surroundings, companionships and homes. If the employer of labour becomes selfish in these matters the nation will be compelled to take steps to discourage further growth of manufacturing enterprises. A strong, healthy, vigorous manhood is the prime requisite in national success.



THE CITIZEN AND ART

Then there is the further question of the art side of the citizen's life. The houses of the people are too much alike, both the exteriors and the interiors. Architecture in the better sense is almost unknown except in a few districts in the cities and at some of the summer resorts. Ornamentation is usually heavy tragedy. The more money a man has to spend on a house the more ornamentation he tries to secure and the greater the confusion that reigns. It is so with the interiors. The wood is painted and grained by universal custom; the wallpaper is put on in the same way; the carpets are all alike; the furniture of Mr. Smith's house is the same as that of Mr. Jones; the pictures and the bric-a-brac are the same; lace curtains are omnipresent; the lamps and candelabra are of the one type. There is no individuality. One gets the impression that every citizen had bought his house-furnishings at the same departmental store. One house-furnisher in Toronto advertises: "You get married; we furnish the home." Heaven help the young couple who start housekeeping on that plan! Far better the rude benches and tables and beds which our fathers hewed out with the axe.

Less furniture and better should be our motto. Our houses are overloaded with machine-made trash. Better a bare floor and a few home-made rugs than the low-grade atrocity which the farmer calls "boughten carpet." Better a pine box covered with chintz than the inartistic thing found in most bedrooms and labelled "a dresser."

The accumulation of housefurnishings should be the accumulation of

treasures, of articles which represent ideas, of ornaments which have associations and lessons, of rooms which hold blessed and hallowing recollections for those who furnished them and live in them. Surely the home is more than a place where eating and sleeping are the chief occupations. Forty-nine cent pictures and twenty-four cent books cannot gather halos.

A POLITICAL MYSTERY

In his Budget speech last spring, the Hon. Mr. Fielding pointed out that if Great Britain did not remove the duty then levied on Colonial wheat and thus give it a preference, "they cannot complain if we see fit to modify or change that preferential tariff." This was on April 16th. These words were hardly across the cables when the British Government announced that the duty on wheat was to be removed immediately and no preference was to be afforded Colonial foodstuffs.

This looked serious. Mr. Fielding was haughty; the British Government was haughty. Mr. Fielding had put the chip on his shoulder; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had knocked it off. Would the battle begin?

It did not begin and many wondered why. Now comes a despatch from London which states that a Bill was actually drafted by the Canadian Government for the repeal of the preference and that it would have been introduced into the Canadian Parliament had not Mr. Chamberlain made a speech which included a promise to consider the whole question of preferential tariffs. This is an interesting statement and a still more interesting explanation. It sounds plausible, but it cannot be confirmed at present.

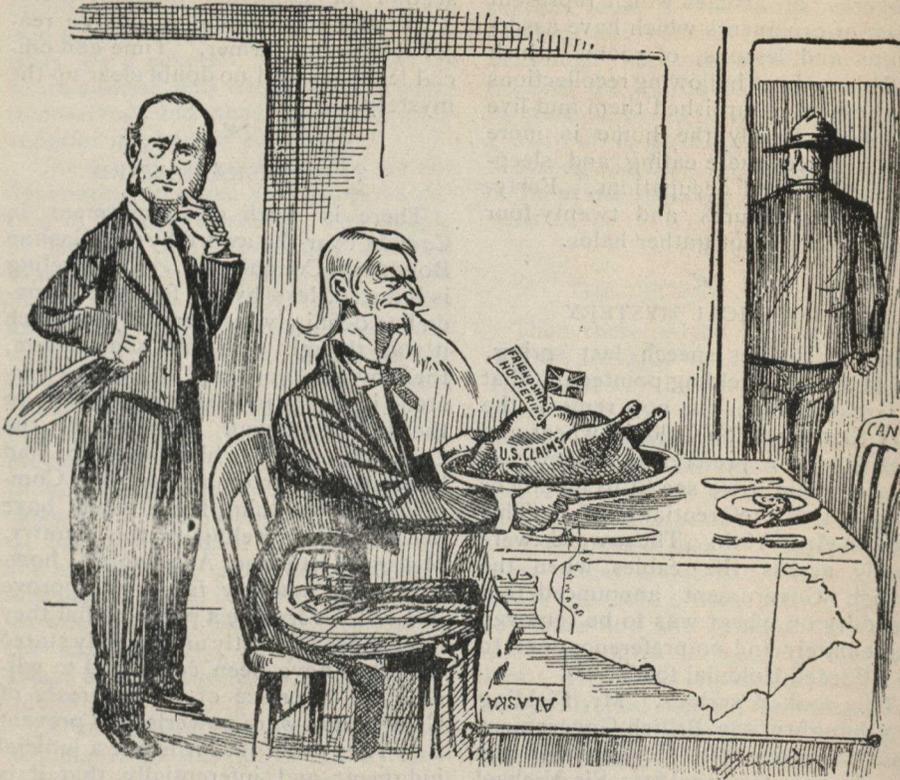
If it is a true story, the Canadian Government is lending considerable support to Mr. Chamberlain. Apparently they consider that the time for preferential tariffs is at hand. That is one explanation. Another is that the Canadian Government would be glad of an excuse to withdraw or reduce the preference to please a certain

section of Canadian manufacturers. This latter explanation is not so reasonable as the former. Time and official leakages will no doubt clear up the mystery.

THE ALASKAN AWARD

There is much disappointment in Canada over the award by the Alaskan Boundary Commission. This feeling is induced, less by the fact that Canada has definitely lost territory to which it was thought she had some claim, than by the audacity of Lord Alverstone in going in direct opposition to the two Canadian members of the Commission. If his Lordship had been able to carry one Canadian Commissioner with him, there would have been no bitter feeling in this country. Messrs. Jetté and Aylesworth, however, have not only failed to approve of Lord Alverstone's position, but they have most distinctly and forcibly stated that they have been compelled to witness the sacrifice of the interests of Canada and were powerless to prevent it. They claim that it is not a judicial judgment and, inferentially, that it is a diplomatic settlement. In other words, they intimate that Great Britain sacrificed Canadian rights for some other Imperial advantage, supposed or real.

In almost all the treaties negotiated by Great Britain and the United States in which Canadian boundary questions were up for settlement, Canadian territory has been given in exchange for other Imperial advantages. These advantages have never commended themselves to the good judgment of the Canadian people, and therefore the territorial sacrifices have been strongly condemned. If the Canadian Government had thought for a moment that in this case the decision would have been diplomatic not judicial, it is safe to say that they would never have agreed to this reference to six jurists. They were confident that the British representative would side with the Canadian representative and that, in the final instance, the worst that could happen would be an equal division of



HOW CANADA IS ALWAYS SERVED

WAITER ALVERSTONE (of the Fat-head Diplomacy Café): "'Oping you'll pardon, sir, the mutilation of your border, sir. I took the liberty of cutting hoff a wing for that colonial feller that's just gone hout."—*Toronto World*.

the tribunal. The more considerate feeling recently displayed by the British people towards their brother citizens in Canada led the Canadian Government to take that view. That they were deceived is a serious matter for British connection.

While the award has led to no severe comment on the United States and has brought out no new evidence of a dislike for the Republic, it is equally patent that the award will not lead to a desire for annexation as was the case during the discontent of 1849. Canadians are proud of Canada; they are anxious to build up a strong nationality which will differ from that of the United States; they are convinced of the possibilities of the country as a separate entity. The present anti-British feeling, if it is a permanent

one, will lead to independence rather than to annexation.

It is too soon to predict the political result. Until the Canadian Government and Parliament state their attitude and the officials connected with the Commission return to Canada, the position of a large portion of thinking men will be judicial in its character. The matter is too grave to be made a subject for hasty judgment. Besides, Canadians are not a hasty people. Their sympathies and prejudices are of slow growth and abiding quality. If their British feelings break down, it will not be the result of the Alaskan fiasco alone, but of an ancient and persistent feeling that the Britisher in London does not regard the Britisher in Canada as his intellectual and political equal.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS



COLONIAL SPEECHES

MR. H. E. EGERTON has made himself known to all studious Canadians by his excellent volume, "A Short History of British Colonial Policy." In editing a selection from the speeches of Sir William Molesworth,* he has again produced a volume of great interest in this country. As early as 1837 Sir William was a leading member of the school of Colonial reformers, and the first speech quoted in the book is one on Lord Glenelg's administration, delivered in March, 1838. The first utterance in that speech is a protest against the opinion "that the best thing that a mother country can do with her colonies is to get rid of them." It was a vehement protest for the emancipation of the colonies — the emancipation which would give them self-government and retain them by the bonds of self-interest and affection. "Sir, for my part I can see no necessary evil, but do see vast and inevitable good, in the possession of the colonies." These were Molesworth's remarks when such men as Lord John Russell and Lord Stanley were declaring that responsible government in a colony was outside the range of possibility—at a time when a few colonial reformers in Upper and Lower Canada were struggling against autocratic governors and executives, against the Family Compact. These

were his remarks before Lord Durham had made his report, and several years before it became famous. How far Molesworth's utterances are due to his own prescience, we do not know, nor does Mr. Egerton enlighten us with an opinion. Yet we know that he was intimate with Gibbon Wakefield, Charles Buller, Lord Durham and the other reformers of the period. He may have been influenced by these men; he may have influenced them more than they affected him. What we do know is that he was one of the first in the present century to revive the teachings of Pitt and Pownall and to preach that colonials should be treated as equals and fellow-subjects. Others have preached since and more preaching is required.

This volume contains fifteen speeches, delivered between 1838 and 1853, and covering most of the phases of Colonial policy then under discussion. The last speech quoted is "On The Clergy Reserves of Canada Bill," and is most interesting. The volume is handsomely printed and bound and contains two illustrations, a portrait-frontispiece and a picture of the bust which occupies a prominent position in the library at Ottawa. Mr. Egerton's introduction fills twenty pages, but it is all too short. There are many historical facts omitted from this part of the work which might have been wisely admitted. Mr. Egerton, however, was not in his usual state of mind when he penned his eulogy of Mr. Chamberlain, for wisdom would have dictated a more conservative es-

*Selected Speeches of Sir William Molesworth, Bart., on Questions Relating to Colonial Policy. London: John Murray. 15 shillings.

timate until the history now making has had time to cool and crystallize.

A FORGOTTEN POET

In 1807 there appeared in England a volume containing some ambitious poems something along the line of "The Deserted Village" and other works of the period. This contained "The Parish Register," "The Village" and other poems. Four editions were issued in a year and a half, and the reviewers were unanimous in their approval. The reputation of this poet reached its height in 1819, when Mr. John Murray, the publisher, paid him three thousand pounds for the copyright of "Tales From the Hills" and its predecessors. From that date the name of George Crabbe faded before those of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley. One quotation must suffice; it is one of the strongest passages in *The Register*, and describes the marriage of a "compelled bridegroom":

"Next at our altar stood a luckless pair,
Brought by strong passions and a warrant
there;
By long rent cloak, hung loosely, strove the
bride
From every eye, what all perceived, to hide.
While the boy-bridegroom, shuffling in his
pace,
Now hid awhile, and then exposed his face;
As shame alternately with anger strove
The brain, confused with muddy ale, to move,
In haste and stammering he perform'd his
part,
And looked the rage that rankled in his heart:
(So will each lover only curse his fate,
Too soon made happy, and made wise too
late.)
I saw his features take a savage gloom,
And deeply threaten for the days to come.

Then to her father's hut the pair withdrew,
And bade to love and comfort long adieu!
Ah! fly temptation, youth, refrain! refrain!
I preach for ever; but I preach in vain!"

A CANADIAN POET

In Arthur Stringer's latest volume of poems* there is an entirely new

*Hephæstus, by Arthur Stringer. London: Grant Richards; Toronto: William Briggs, Boards, 43 pp.

note. For a Canadian poet he has broken away from the standard design of volume. There are no poems on Spring or March or October, none on The Rose or Music, none on Pan, The Frog, or Pine Needles, not one entitled Reveries or My Beloved. His work in this volume is confined to three classical subjects which recall Heavyside's Saul, Campbell's Sir Lancelot, and other dramatic pieces. Hephæstus is a monologue uttered by the husband of Aphrodite on surrendering her to his brother Ares:

As the dark pine forgoes the pilgrim thrush
I, sad of heart, yet unimpassioned, yield
To you this surging bosom soft with dreams,
This body fashioned of Ægean foam
And languorous moonlight. But I give you
not
The eluding soul that in her broods and sleeps,
And ne'er was mine of old, nor can be yours.

Sappho in Leucadia is a duologue between Sappho and Phaon, in which the former explains why she cannot return to his hearth and love:

It is too late, my Phaon. Your light hand
Has crushed the silver goblet of my heart
And all the wine is spilt; the page is read,
And from the tale the olden glory gone;
The lamp has failed amid the glimmering dusk
Of midnight; and now even music sounds
Mournful as evening bells on seas unknown.

Persephone is another monologue containing an address to her mother, Demeter, who is Queen of Hades. Persephone was the first of all the gods who walked with Aspiration and fathomed Love. She states these facts and offers her explanation exultingly:

So unreluctantly the long years went,
Though I had all that we, the gods, have
asked,
Drunk with life's wine, I could not sing the
grape,
And knew not once, till Hades touched my
hand
And made me wise, how good the world could
be.
Now, now I know the solace and the thrill
Of passing Autumns and awakening Springs;
I know and love the Darkness, many-voiced,
Since Night it was that taught me to be strong.

There are few poets writing in the English language to-day who have the taste, the rhythm, the philosophy, the exaltation possessed by Arthur Stringer. The work of some much-vaunted

English poets is thin and common-place compared with that of this volume, and it is pleasant to know that this little collection has been praised all over the Anglo-Saxon world.

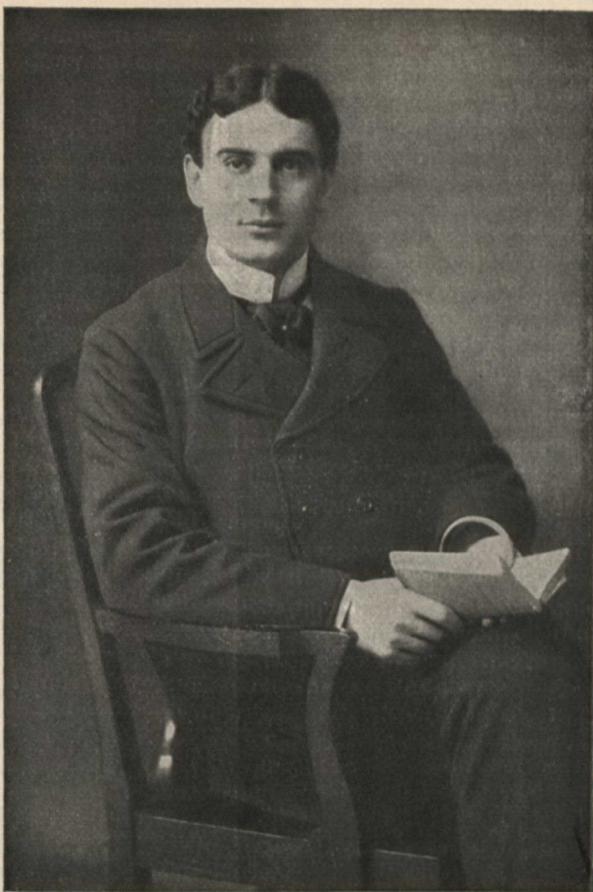


NEW NOVELS

"Monsigny," by Justus Miles Forman,* is a pleasant story, but by no means clever. It is a second-class novel in a handsome cover with excellent illustrations. Those who buy from cover and illustrations will be likely to pick it up, and will surely miss the weak spots in the wooden characters.

"Our Neighbours," by Ian Maclaren,† is a collection of short tales and reminiscences of an ephemeral character. Some are good, some better and most worse. As sidelights on the Scots character a few are worthy of being treasured. The volume is dedicated to Andrew Carnegie, and it is difficult to decide whether Mr. Carnegie or the book is thus honoured.

"A Flame of Fire," by Joseph Hocking‡ is designed to teach again, under the guise of fiction, that the Church of Rome has always been the enemy of England. This is the story of three young men who, in the time of Elizabeth, went to Spain to rescue two English women who were in danger of the Inquisition. It describes that country during the time Philip was preparing his great Armada which was to make Britain Spanish territory, depose the Protestant she-wolf, and com-



ARTHUR STRINGER

pel the British people to re-enter the fold of the one true Church. The characters of Philip, John Parsons, Cardinal Allen, Senor Toledo, Medina Sidonia, and the general priesthood, are described minutely, but not sympathetically, and the Church is portrayed as honeycombed with cruelty, deceit, wickedness and worldly ambitions. The story is a most stirring one, aside from its Protestant prejudices, while the descriptions of scenery and cities are apparently based on personal knowledge and careful historical study. The battle with the Armada is the last of the stirring events described. In spite of his strong Protestantism, Joseph Hocking is a clever novelist.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated by Karl Anderson.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated.

"The Story of the Foss River Ranch,"* by Ridgewell Cullum, is supposed to be a Canadian ranching story. It is a pernicious travesty of the life in the West, full of slanders about the early ranchers and the half-breeds, and absolutely without a redeeming feature. There are better stories than this in the "dime novel" series which are so widely condemned. It does not contain one noble character, even the heroine being passionate, revengeful and wilful. It is to be hoped that this book will not find its way into the public libraries of the country. Even the publishers can give no information as to the author and his authority for painting this gruesome picture.

"Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," is a romance of the Spanish Main by Cyrus Townsend Brady.† It is a wholesome tale, though the scenes are laid in bloody times, when might was right and international law was unknown. Mr. Brady works well in this field.

ACTIVITY AT MCGILL

Many of the Professors of McGill are busily engaged in literary work. Principal Peterson has been revising some of the Latin texts by comparison with the originals. Dr. Porter is following up some mining investigations in connection with ore-crushing, and has some valuable material ready for publication. Professor Cox is publishing a work on Mechanics, and has written an article on Comets' Tails, the Corona and the Aurora Borealis for the *Popular Science Monthly*. Dr. Adams is doing a geological report for the Dominion Government. Dr. Wilson has been exploring the Labrador coast, and is publishing a paper entitled "The Laurentian Pereplain," describing that region. Dr. Barnes has in preparation a book on Ice Formation. Professor Durley has written a work

on Kinematics. Dr. Walker is contributing chemical articles to the *Journal of the Chemical Society, London*. Dr. Stanfield has published an article on Burning and Overheating of Steel. Professor Walton has just published an Introduction to Roman Law. Dr. Moyses is preparing a manual on the Poets of the Nineteenth Century, and Dr. Cunliffe has finished a similar one on the Prose of the same period. Dr. Penhallow will publish a botanical volume next spring. Dr. Colby has written a book on the Sources of English History, and has two others in preparation. Professor Flux will shortly issue a popular economic manual, and Professor MacBride is enlarging his work on Biology. McGill is fortunate in having so many able men on her staff.

NOTES

A useful volume for householders has been compiled by T. M. Clark, a United States architect. It explains the elementary principles of construction, plumbing, heating, and care of wood-work, and tells how to keep a house in repair. Every man who has a house which he desires to keep wholesome and in good condition will find in "The Care of a House" numerous suggestions of an economical and important character.*

Acadiensis for October (St. John, N.B.) is a creditable issue with some excellent historical articles relating to men and events in the Maritime Provinces.

Queen's Quarterly for October (Kingston, Ont.), contains some articles of first importance. W. B. Baker writes of "Radium and Radio activity," and Principal Hutton of "The Cynicism of Herodotus." The Book Reviews and Current Events are the products of comprehensive scholarship.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated in colour by J. N. Marchand and Will Crawford.

*Toronto: The George N. Morang Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. Cloth, 283 pp., illustrated.



IDLE MOMENTS

A CANADIAN University man is enlivening his home circle with the following story. He was touring in Scotland last summer. One Sunday morning he put his little hammer in his pocket (he is an amateur geologist) and, strolling out upon the hills, began to chip off such specimens of rock as interested him. A native passing by looked on with a frown. "Sir," he said, "do ye ken yer breakin' more than stones there?" "Breakin' the Sabbath, eh?" said the young Canadian with a laugh, and, to appease the Scot, he put away the hammer and walked onward a little way with him. A turn of the road revealed the ruins of a castle. "What castle is that?" said the stranger. "It's noo the day," was the severe reply, "to be speirin' sic things."—*London Outlook*.

A DEVONSHIRE ANECDOTE

The Duke of Devonshire is noted for his habit of publicly napping on the front bench in the House of Lords as in former days he napped in the Com-

mons. Gladstone and Disraeli both had the habit, although Gladstone's was an acquisition of his later years. The Duke, when Lord Hartington and War Secretary, once paused in the midst of his annual Army statement to emit a gigantic yawn. The wits have added to this true story that when the House tittered he turned to a colleague and remarked, "Why should they laugh? It is such a dull speech that I wonder they don't yawn too."

A SCIENTIFIC SALLY

Dr. Joseph Le Conte was an authority, recognized by the world at large, on the science of vision. One day he was showing a class how to detect the blind spot in the human eye. He took two coins and held them, one in each hand, before him on the table.

"Look at both of these steadily," said he, "and gradually move them in



"CARRY YOUR TRUNK, SIR?"—*Punch*



BABBY : "Mamma, would it make any difference if the Baby took all his medicine at once?"

THE BABY'S MOTHER : "Heavens! Yes!"

BABBY : "But it hasn't made any difference!"

—Life

opposite directions. Presently they will pass beyond the range of vision. That is due to the blind spot. Continue the movement, and the coins will again emerge to view."

Then the philosopher and naturalist had his little joke. "You can experiment for yourself at home," said he. "But if you are unsuccessful, try some other object instead of a coin. Some people have no blind spot for money." —Selected.

THE SHORTER COURSE

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man;
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.

Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school; cram him with talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate;
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him to grab

Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,

All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy;
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.

—Selected.

HUMOUR

One of the humours of the day is Andrew Carnegie advising Britons not to adopt a protective policy.—*Mexican Herald*.

A tariff in the country where his mills are enables Mr. Carnegie to sell goods to his compatriots for twice or thrice what they are worth.

But a tariff in any other country would be right in his way.

Mr. Carnegie is at once a philanthropist and a Scotchman. The imputation of humour is grotesque.—*N. Y. Life*.

Young Doctor : "Did you diagnose his case as appendicitis, or merely the cramps?"

Old Doctor : "Cramps. He didn't have money enough for appendicitis."

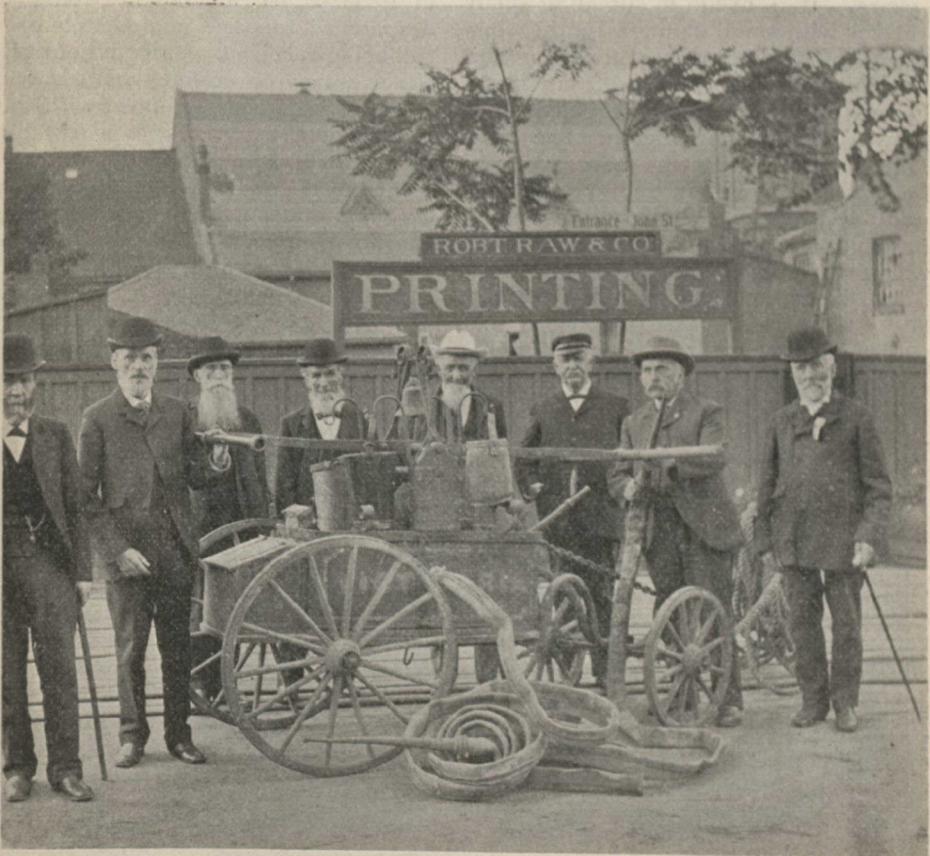
ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



FIRE ENGINES, OLD AND NEW

LIKE everything else in this swift age, the fire engine is the subject of considerable evolution. The three accompanying pictures illustrate this fact. The first picture was taken recently in Hamilton on the occasion of

the gathering of the "Old Boys." These are some of the old firemen with a machine which did duty in the sixties. No doubt it was valuable in its day and was worked on occasions with much pride and satisfaction. The second picture shows the chemical engine of to-day, such as has been used



AN ANCIENT FIRE ENGINE USED IN HAMILTON, ONT., SOME FORTY YEARS AGO

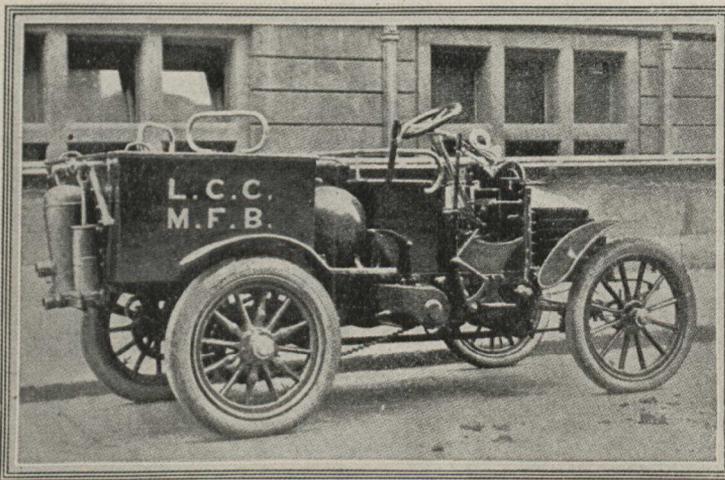


A CHEMICAL ENGINE USED BY THE TORONTO FIRE BRIGADE

in Canadian cities for the past five years. It is useful in subduing small blazes with small damage to the contents of stores and warehouses. The "chemical" is evolved from large brass cylinders which are placed low in the body of the waggon. The third illustration shows a new type of chemical engine, a motor chemical engine which was shown at the recent annual display of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade on Clapham Common, London, England. The inventor described

it as a "first-aid" fire engine. When in general use he said it would be despatched to a fire immediately on a call being received. It would outstrip either escape or engine, and on arriving at a fire, being equipped with ladders, would begin rescue work, and carrying its own supply of water or "chemical" in a tank could begin the extinction of the fire before the larger engines connected up and started pumping. The motor engine is not adapted for the streets of cities which

are covered with snow for four months of the year. Nevertheless in the cities of Ontario, and in all other Canadian cities for a portion of the year, the motor engine would be a satisfactory addition to the equipment. At present the automobile is found only in Ontario cities.



"FIRST-AID" FIRE MOTOR RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN LONDON, ENG.



CANADA

FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



PROSPEROUS WINNIPEG

THE building season has been extraordinarily brisk in Winnipeg. Up to the end of September permits for over 1,100 buildings have been issued, involving an expenditure of nearly five and a quarter million dollars. During the same period in 1902, nearly 900 buildings were started, involving the spending of over \$2,200,000. In 1901 the number of new buildings was over 700, and the cost nearly \$1,600,000. In 1900 over 500 permits were issued, and the outlay was \$1,200,000.

FREIGHT RATES ON WHEAT

When Premier Roblin made his famous "deal" with the Canadian Northern Railway, people declared that he was piling a debt on Manitoba which would eventually crush the little Province into bankruptcy. It has since been clearly shown that the debt is an obligation which, in all human probability, will never cause the Province any trouble, since the railway which the Province stood sponsor for is making a steadily increasing profit. But the fates have been even kinder to Mr. Roblin. His "deal" resulted in reducing the freight rate on grain from Winnipeg to Fort William from 14 to 12 cents per hundred, when carried over the Canadian Northern. That was in 1902. On September 1st, 1903, the rate was further reduced to 10 cents per hundred. The Canadian Pacific did not meet the cut in 1902, nor did it meet the cut in September, 1903. Therefore there was a difference of four cents per hundred on these two rival roads. However, that could

not last long. Therefore, in the first week of October an arrangement was made whereby the Canadian Northern rate went up one cent, and the Canadian Pacific went down three cents. The rate is now 11 cents over both roads, instead of 14 when Mr. Roblin's "deal" occurred. In addition to the reduction of 3 cents per hundred on wheat, flour, bran and shorts, there is a reduction of 2 cents on oats, oatmeal, barley, rye and speltz. These reductions apply to Manitoba. The Territories get a similar favour amounting to 2 cents on wheat and 1 cent on coarse grains. Mr. Roblin claims that these reductions mean a million dollars a year to the producers of the West.

The rate before 1888 was 24 cents a hundred or 13 cents more than it is now. About that time the Northern Pacific entered Manitoba and the rate fell to 21 cents. Two or three years later it dropped to 17 cents. When the Dominion Government arranged the subsidy for the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, the rate was forced down to 14 cents, where it stood until last year. If the Grand Trunk can haul grain from Chicago to Montreal, 900 miles, for seven cents a hundred, the Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific will not likely lose money hauling grain from Winnipeg to Fort William, 426 miles, at 11 cents. This 11-cent rate ought in time to come down to 5 cents, at least. It will certainly be lowered materially when the Grand Trunk Pacific is built from Winnipeg to Lake Superior, which event should occur not later than 1906.

The great question to be examined by the prospective settler or investor

is : If farmers made a profit growing wheat in the West when the freight rate was 24 cents a hundred, how much will that profit be increased when the freight rate is 11 cents a hundred as it is now ? And how much will that profit be increased when the rate is again cut in two ? The answers to these questions explain the rush of farmers into the West and the great rise in the value of Western lands.

For all this reduction Canada has to thank three men : J. J. Hill, who took the Northern Pacific into Manitoba ; Mr. Sifton, who made the bonus to the Crow's Nest a lever for another reduction, and Mr. Roblin for his skillful playing of the Canadian Northern against the Canadian Pacific.

A PROSPEROUS COMPANY

The *Montreal Gazette* (Conservative) says :

The Government has resolved to guarantee the bonds of the Quebec Bridge Company. The facts about this company are fairly well known. Their published reports indicate that the men who constitute it have put of their own money into their enterprise in the neighborhood of 1 per cent. of its probable cost. On a paid-up capital of between sixty and seventy thousand dollars, they have got from the Parliament of Canada, the Legislature, and the city of Quebec, subsidies of a million and a half of dollars; and now they stand to have their company debts guaranteed and paid by the country. The political boys at the Ancient Capital, who are let into the projects of the party, must feel as if the merry Mercier days had returned.

THE LABOUR TRUSTS

New York *Life* has the following remarks to offer on the labour troubles in the United States :

The truth is that we are all getting very tired of labour bosses, and their rules and their whims and their crimes. They have wantonly throttled the building industry here and kept their men in idleness all summer, when wages were high and jobs pressing. Some unions expel members who join the militia. The printers' union in Albany lately demanded that only union-label schoolbooks should be used in the Albany public schools, and a pusillanimous Common Council voted to urge the Board of Education to acquiesce. That's going much too far. When trades-unions outlaw the State militia, dictate to

Uncle Sam whom he shall employ, dictate to cities what books children shall use in the public schools, prescribe all workers who will not submit to them, and glorify convicted felons in their conventions and parades, it is time they were stood up to. In whatever they do within the law they are entitled to protection. But when their acts transcend the law, and when their bosses dictate what the law shall be, then the rest of us are entitled to protection. We want terrorism, blackmail and extortion to stop. We want the law, the police, the militia, the President, the whole people to stand by the honest workman who is ready to work, and the honest employer who is ready to employ him. There are no trusts now that are so arrogant, so despotic, and so scornful of law and human rights as some of the labour trusts.

THE PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN

It is becoming more and more evident that Canadian business men must lay aside their partizanship and study politics from the business standpoint only. The present long session at Ottawa was designed by professional politicians and grafters to scare business men out of Parliament. These wily individuals desire to keep the business men and independents at home so that the professionals will have entire control of the country's revenues. They know that there are few business men who can afford to spend eight months of the year in Ottawa and that a few eight-month sessions will drive the business men out of Parliament. The attempt should be frustrated. This can only be done by business men using their influence with the newspapers and the electors to frown down this contemptible trickery. The majority of the next House should be business men pledged to shorter sessions—business men of both Conservative and Liberal leanings. The battle must begin in the conventions. These will soon be held all over Canada, and now is the time to plan the reform. The professional politicians, men with no special calling, no visible means of support, should be beaten in the conventions. Only thus can the House of Commons be kept wholesome and efficient. It is a duty which lies upon every merchant and manufacturer in the country.

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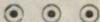
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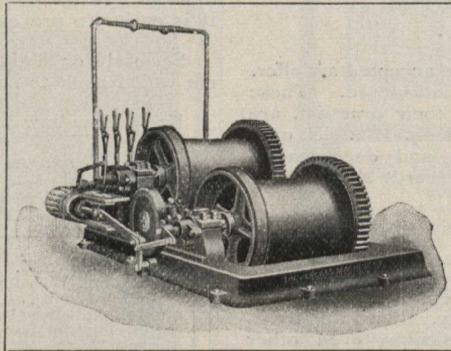
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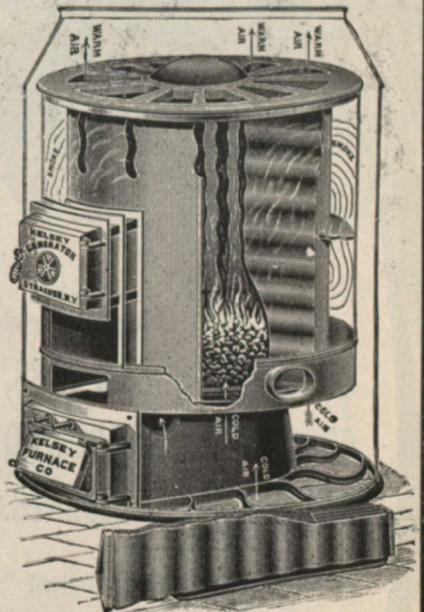
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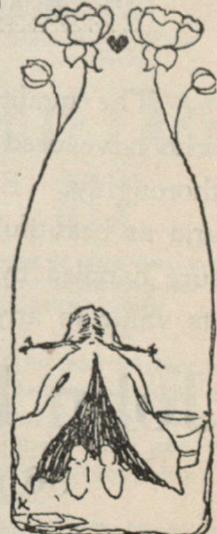


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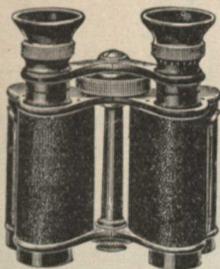
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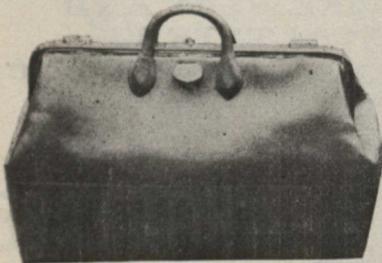
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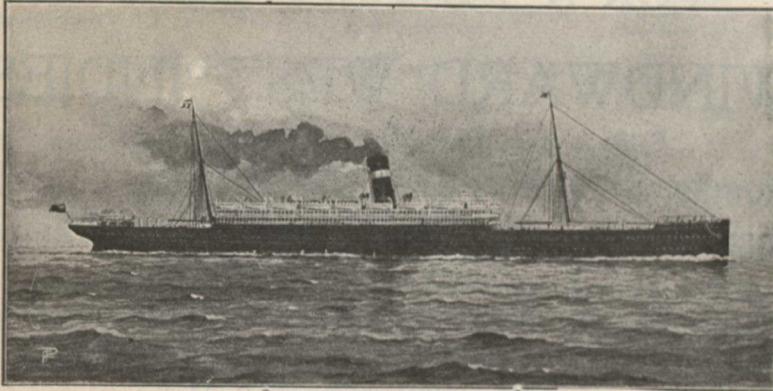
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BAVARIAN, Twin Screws, 10,375 Tons	CORINTHIAN, - - - 6,500 Tons	SICILIAN, - - - 6,500 Tons	PARISIAN, - - - 5,500 Tons
PRETORIAN, - - - 6,300 Tons			

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1903 PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS 1903

Subject to change.

From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	From QUEBEC
6 Aug.	*BAVARIAN	Sat., 22 Aug. 5.00 A.M.	Sat., 22 Aug. 4.20 P.M.
13 "	*IONIAN	" 29 " 5.00 "	" 29 " 3.30 "
20 "	*TUNISIAN	" 5 Sept. 5.30 "	" 5 Sept. 4.30 "
27 "	*PARISIAN	" 12 " 5.30 "	" 12 " 3.30 "
3 Sept.	PRETORIAN	" 19 " 6.00 "	" 19 " 4.00 "
10 "	*BAVARIAN	" 26 " 6.00 "	" 26 " 3.30 "
17 "	*IONIAN	" 3 Oct. 6.00 "	" 3 Oct. 4.00 "
24 "	*TUNISIAN	" 10 " 6.00 "	" 10 " 4.30 "
1 Oct.	*PARISIAN	" 17 " 9.00 "	" 17 " 7.20 "
8 "	PRETORIAN	" 24 " 6.00 "	" 24 " 4.30 "
15 "	*BAVARIAN	" 31 " 6.00 "	" 31 " 9.00 "
22 "	*IONIAN	" 7 Nov. 7.00 "	" 7 Nov. 3.00 "
29 "	*TUNISIAN	" 14 " 7.30 "	" 14 " 9.00 "

* These steamers do not carry cattle.

TUNISIAN embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, August 2, 9.15 a.m.; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, August 9, 9.00 p.m. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 6 hours, 45 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 15 hours, 27 minutes, via Cape Race.

PARISIAN sailed from Rimouski Sunday, Oct. 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Moville Sunday, Oct. 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 16 hours, 50 minutes.

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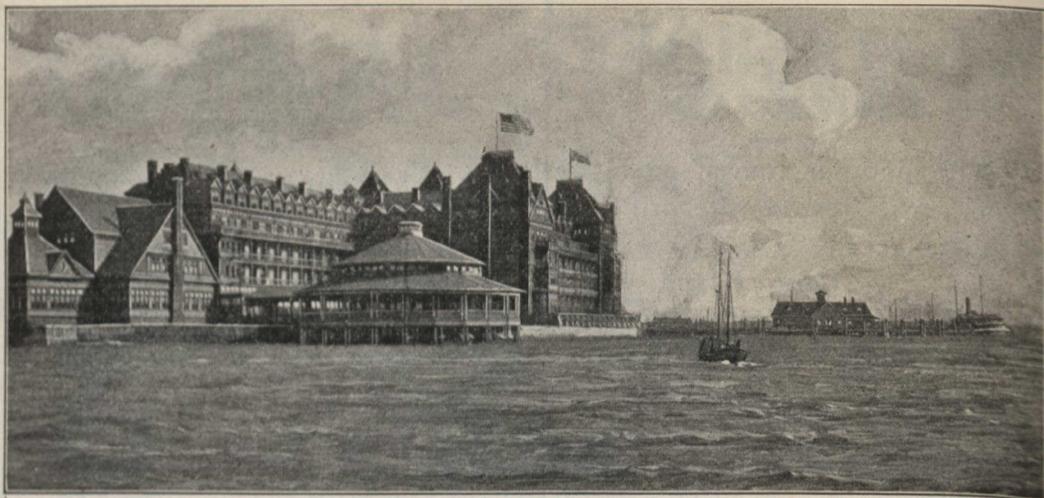
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HAMBURG AMERICAN LINES WINTER CRUISES TO THE WEST INDIES

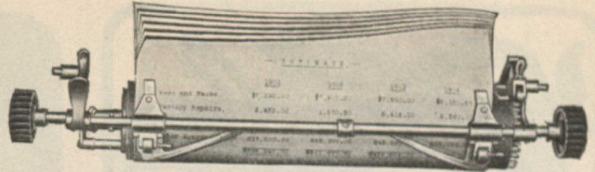
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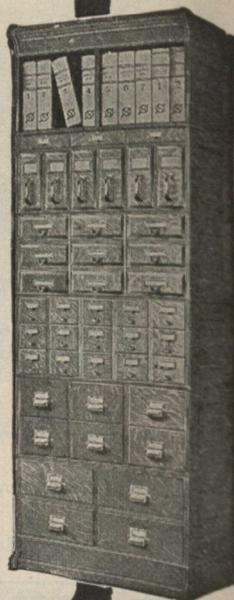
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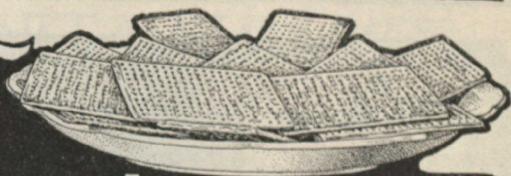
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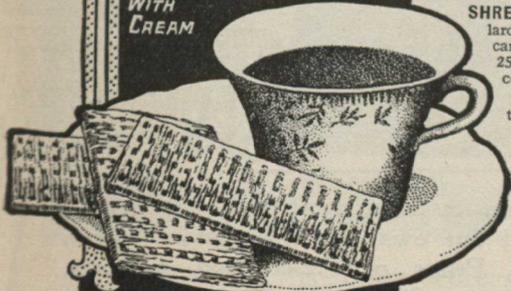
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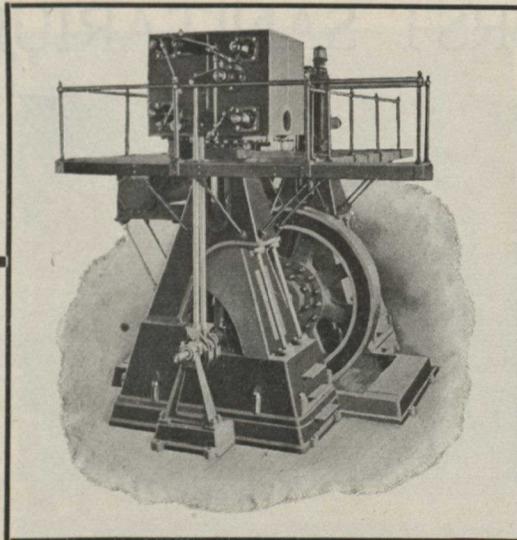


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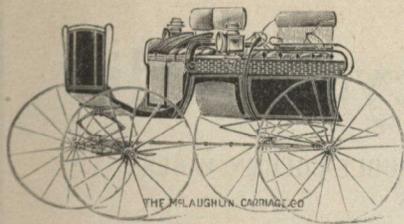
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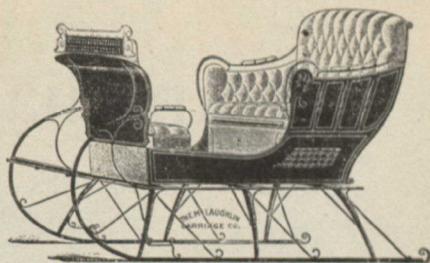
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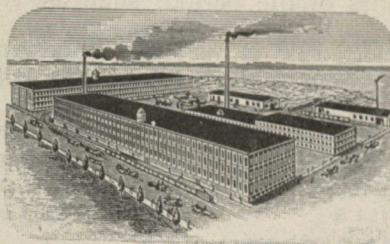
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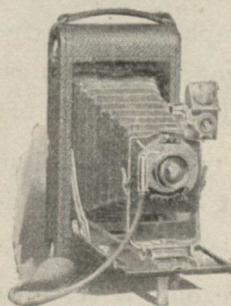


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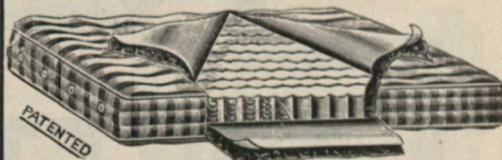
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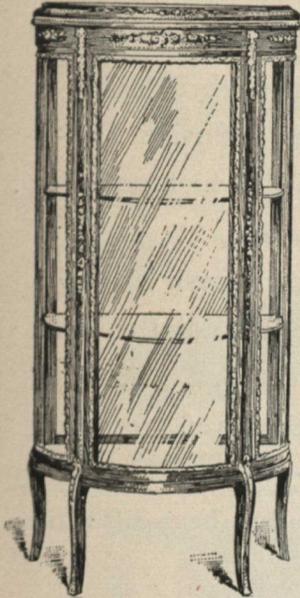
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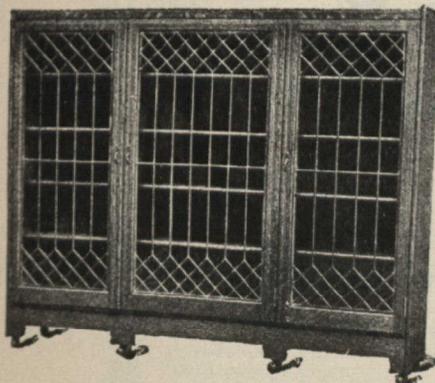
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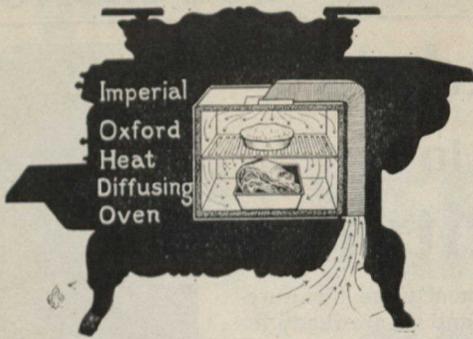
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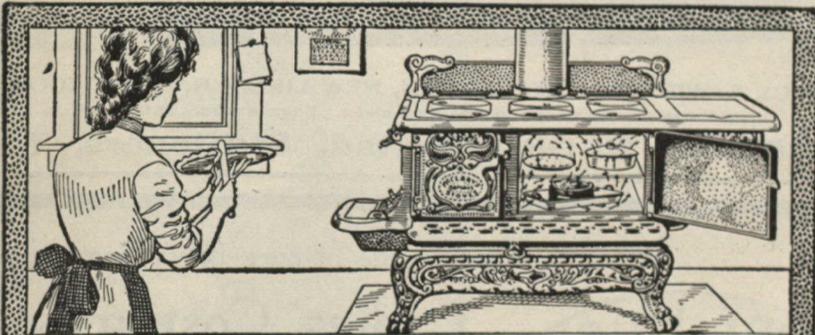
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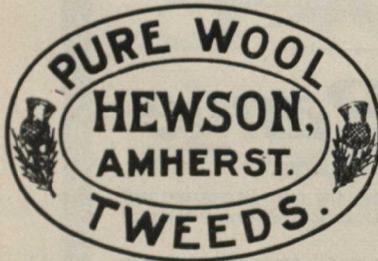


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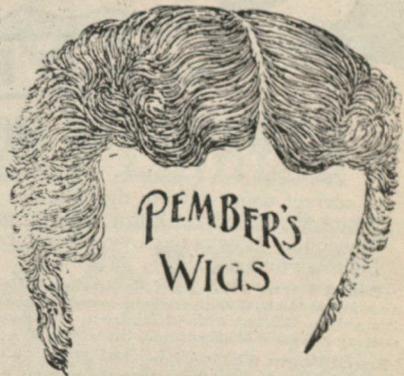
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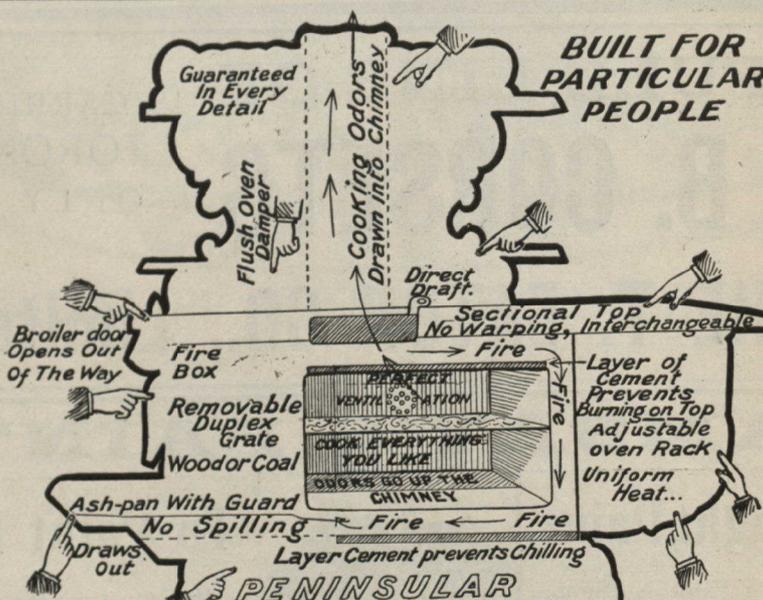
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