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TIRED OUT.

From a painting by W. A. Sherwood.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1895. No. 4.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THE EARL OF LYTTON.

BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L., LL.D.

THE author of *Lucile*—poet, statesman and diplomatist—was, in private life, a most charming man. His manner was engaging. He was frank and sympathetic. Travel, and a public career abroad, had done much for an impressionable nature. He was a good linguist, and familiar with the literatures of Spain, France, Italy, Russia, and the far East. In an unobtrusive way, he drew, in conversing with his friends—and he was a very agreeable talker—on the vast resources of a mind which much reading and observation had enriched. A Tory of the old school, he was, at times, apt to take a gloomy view of things, and to imagine that his country was losing her status among the nations. But of his sterling patriotism there never could be any doubt. Of course, the Irish Question distressed him, and he could never be brought to feel that from the establishment of Home Rule peace would come and the difficulty of centuries would cease. In looking over a packet of letters which he had written to me, a few years ago, in which he discussed, in a brief way, the questions of the hour, I thought, perhaps, that his opinions might be fouud interesting, even at this date, for matters have not materially changed since they were put on paper. The Irish Question and Russia's attitude in the East are still engaging public attention, and there is yet much left to say before those problems can be solved. I have selected five of these letters, written so unreservedly, from Lord Lytton's delightful home at Knebworth, where the author was occupying his leisure hours in writing the biography of his father and completing, in six books, the beautiful poem of *Glenaveril*, which, however, the public did not accept with the readiness with which *Lucile* was welcomed and is still received.

This letter, dated 6th April, 1885, refers to India's financial and military position—a subject on which the exviceroy of that great empire could speak with the voice of authority. It also deals the British Government a blow on the Soudan episode and the Empire's relations towards Russia.

"KNEBWORTH, 6 April, 1885.

"Very many thanks for your information about the publication of English books in Canada. The monopoly of the American reprints is, I see, unassailable.

"Things are continually looking very black with us. The condition of Ireland does not seem to improve;

nor do I think there is any chance of its improvement. It is difficult to understand the practical object for which our Government is still fighting in the Soudan, after it has surrendered (with the assent of Parliament), to the European powers, all possibility of predominant English influence in Egypt. As regards our relations with Russia, my impression is that, after a good deal of talk, the Russians will quietly remain where they are upon Afghan territory, and that the English Cabinet will then discover numerous reasons for persuading itself and the country that this is the most satisfactory solution of the matter. The fact is, we are quite isolated in Europe, and in spite of the swagger in our press about India springing to arms, the Russians must be well aware that our Indian army is too weak even for its functions as a permanent peace garrison, and that the finances of India cannot support a great increase in her military expenditure. The only satisfactory event of this year has been the offer of military assistance from the Colonies, which has, I really think, been gratefully appreciated by the Home public.

"Can you tell me anything of the reported revolt *chez vous?* I understand nothing about it.

"Yours very truly,

"LYTTON."

The next letter, which is exceedingly valuable, gives us the key to the gravitation of the moderate Liberals to the Conservative camp which practically ended in the formation of the Liberal-Unionist party—an organization still strong and influential in Imperial politics. The situation in Scotland over Church Disestablishment, the anarchy developing in the Liberal party, and the position of the agricultural laborer, and his possible future, are touched on in a most clear and convincing manner. The agricultural laborer, Lord Lytton thought, would ultimately land in the Radical Camp.

"KNEBWORTH, 12 July, 1885.

"I have to thank you for your letter of the 13th, and the very interesting packet of maps which accompanied it. I should have done so sooner, but that I only returned from the continent in the thick of the late ministerial crisis which has been pregnant with prolonged preoccupations. The mind of the multitude must always be a mystery, and no one can predict, with any approach to certainty, the result of the next general election. But my own impression is that the new ministry, which has started well, and is gaining ground daily, has a very fair chance of longevity. The anarchy in the Liberal camp is profound, and the no longer reconcilable differences between Whigs and Radicals render impossible, in any case, a revival of the late Gladstone cabinet, or the replacement of the present cabinet by one of similarly composite character. The moderate Liberals are beginning to perceive that their support of the Salisbury administration offers the only chance of rescuing the country and themselves from an ultra-Radical régime, of which they are seriously afraid, and which would certainly destroy the last remnant of their influence as a political party. The gravitation of this large section of the Liberals towards the Conservative camp has already begun, and you will find the first public indication of it in the Duke of Argyll's speech of last Friday. In Scotland, which has hitherto been the Liberal stronghold, the Liberal party is menaced with disruption on the Church Question. Most of its candidates are committed to the disestablishment of the Scotch church —a very powerful body which commands a majority in almost every Scotch constituency, and if this question comes to the front at the election, I think it not improbable that the Conservatives will carry every Scotch

seat. It is difficult to guess how the new agricultural voter will go. My impression is that in Scotland his vote will be mainly Conservative, and in England, mainly Radical. Eventually, I do not doubt that the agricultural laborers will constitute a distinct accession of strength to the Radical party. But I do not think they are yet sufficiently organized for their vote to tell much one way or the other on the result of the next election. In the large towns, Conservatism is certainly growing. And if, between this and next November, Lord Salisbury can effect an appreciable improvement in the condition of our foreign relations, I think he is not at all unlikely to secure a majority in the next Parliament. But all these calculations may be upset by the failure of the very hazardous experiment on which the new Cabinet has ventured by its decision not to renew the Irish Crimes Act.

"Yours very sincerely,

"LYTTON."

In the letter which follows, we have a very fair portrait of that brilliant, original, but erratic statesman, Lord Randolph Churchill. His career has justified Lord Lytton's words. Office was irksome to him, and the "big herd of tame elephants" failed to sweeten a life which constantly chafed under restraint. In this letter also, we get a word or two about *Glenaveril*, which was then progressing, and a line about the author's life of his father, two volumes only, of which, however, were ever published—a positive loss to the biographical literature of our time, for every chapter betrayed good work. It will be remembered that in 1885, Lord Lyons, once Minister at Washington, which Sir Julian Pauncefote describes as one of the most beautiful cities in the world, was British Ambassador at Paris. Failing health prompted some of his friends to say that he would likely retire from that responsible post, at an early day, and Lord Lytton was mentioned as his possible successor. There was really no truth in the rumor, at that time.

In 1854, Lord Lytton was attaché at the Embassy at Paris, and after a career at the Hague, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, Copenhagen, Athens, and Lisbon, he returned to the French Capital, in 1872, as Secretary of the Embassy. Lord Lyons died in office, December 4th, 1887, and the Salisbury Government immediately appointed Lord Lytton to succeed him. The latter died at Paris, in 1891.

"KNEBWORTH HOUSE, STEVENAGE,
"13 Aug., 1885.

"Many thanks for your letter of the 31st July.

"In all you say about our political situation at home, I generally agree. Lord Randolph has conspicuous ability, without much ballast. Office, however, is a great soberer, and at the India office, he is surrounded by a big herd of tame elephants, who, I hope, will keep him straight on Indian affairs. His budget speech was a very able one, tho' its condemnation of Lord Ripon's financial administration —which was fully deserved—would, I think, have been more effective had the tone of it been less personal.

"Will Riel be hanged? There was no truth in the report you heard about my succeeding Lord Lyons, whose term of service is not yet expired.

"I think the 3rd and 5th books of *Glenaveril* will probably please you better than the two first.

"I have been much interrupted in the completion of my biography of my father, and have not yet published any more of it. I start next week for Switzerland with Lady Lytton.

"Yours very truly,

"LYTTON."

In the letter, dated September 29th, there is a pleasant and touching allusion to the author's firm and unvarying friend, Archdeacon Farrar,

who was my guest during his stay in Quebec, but it deals mainly with the Irish question, and shows the trend of Conservative public opinion regarding local self-government in Ireland, and the possible consequences of such a step. On this topic, Lord Lytton held very strong and pronounced views. His presentation of the situation, at that period, based as it is on the standpoint of party, is most instructive and full of interest. The allusion to *Chansons Populaires* may not be understood in the United States. The book is a collection of songs in the French language, sung in Quebec province, principally borrowed from old France, and collected by Mr. Ernest Gagnon. Lord Lytton, in a later letter, again expressed his delight at receiving the volume :—

"KNEBWORTH HOUSE, STEVENAGE,
"Sept. 29, 1885.

"Many thanks for your interesting letter of the 5th September, which reached me amongst the glaciers of Bel Alp. I am greatly pleased with what little I have yet been able to read of the volume of *Chansons Populaires* you have so kindly sent me.

"Pray, if he is still with you when you get this letter, remember me most affectionately to Archdeacon Farrar. I sincerely trust that he will not only enjoy his visit to Canada, but gain by its refreshment from the fatiguing effects of the incessant work of all kinds to which his life at home is so actively and conscientiously devoted.

"We are here awaiting, with a curiosity more or less anxious, the result of the coming election, and whatever may be the result of it, its character seems likely to resemble that of the elections in France, where it is anticipated that the Opportunists will be left without any *locus standi* between the avowed Conservatives and the advanced Radicals. The Irish policy proclaimed by Mr. Chamberlain seems to me to go to a point which, if reached, would render the union so intolerable that it could not be much longer maintained.

"I have always thought that there is one form of Home Rule which would be even worse than Irish independence, and that is a local government for Ireland which would systematically oppress the Protestants and the landlords, and yet constitutionally empowered to call upon the whole force of the United Kingdom to back it up in all its measures.

"The Bulgarian revolution has made a splash in very turbid and dirty waters, which, if the diplomatists fail to prevent their overflow may throw the whole of Europe into a considerable mess.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Stewart,
"Yours truly,
"LYTTON."

The fifth letter has a remark on my monograph on Count Frontenac, twice Governor of Canada, under the French *régime*, and an appreciative note about Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, whose satisfactory mission to Washington, as chairman of the Fisheries Commission, will be remembered. The treaty which resulted from this conference was signed in 1888. Lord Lytton discusses the political condition of things in Ireland, as usual, and praises unstintedly the ability, fearlessness and firmness of Mr. Balfour, then beginning a career which has placed him in the front rank of Conservative statesmen. Lord Lytton writes forcibly of the events of the day, as he understands them, and events have, in some measure, sustained his predictions.

"KNEBWORTH, 26 Oct., 1887.

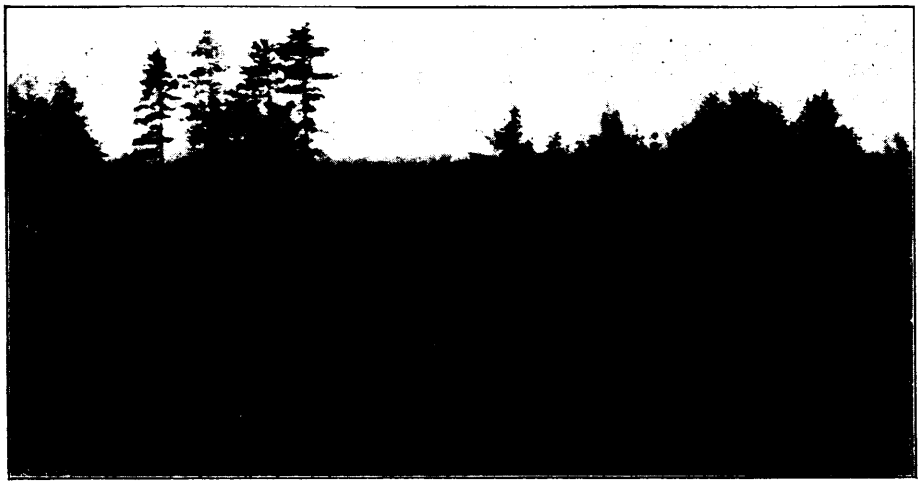
"I must apologize for not having sooner thanked you for your letter of the 27th August. But I wished before doing so to read the monograph on Frontenac, which you were so good as to send me with it. I was absent when the monograph reached Knebworth, and did not return here till some weeks later. During my ab-

sence, the monograph was unluckily mislaid, and my repeated search for it was ineffectual till this morning, when a fortunate chance revealed it under a heap of papers I was about to burn. I have read it with a curiosity all the livelier because I know next to nothing of the history of the French in Canada, and I have found it exceedingly interesting. In their rivalries beyond the bounds of Europe both France and England seem to have been at all times equally incapable of appreciating and adequately supporting the greatest men these rivalries produced on either side.

"What do you think of Chamberlain's mission? He has been rendering admirable service to the cause of the Union at home. How he will play the part of diplomatist abroad, I do not know, but he is an able, clear-headed man who, since he takes a genuine interest in the subject of her negotiations, is likely, I hope, to prove a safe and successful negotiator. Balfour is very confident of the ultimate success of his Irish Administration, and not in the least discouraged or intimidated by the furious raging of the Nationalists and English Home Rulers. But we are no doubt only at the beginning of a very long and troublesome conflict with anarchical forces, which have been suffered to acquire a very strong organization, which command a considerable representation in Parliament, and which, though they would be utterly powerless under any firm personal rule, have still on their side the advantage of being opposed only by a nation that is divided against itself, and an Executive hampered at every turn (in spite of the Crimes Act), by its representative character, its constitutional traditions, and the morbid sentimentality of an untrained, untried, and inexperienced democracy.

"Yours truly,

"LYTTON."



SITE OF THE FORT AT WILLOW CREEK—PRESENT APPEARANCE.

A NEGLECTED CHAPTER IN THE WAR OF 1812.

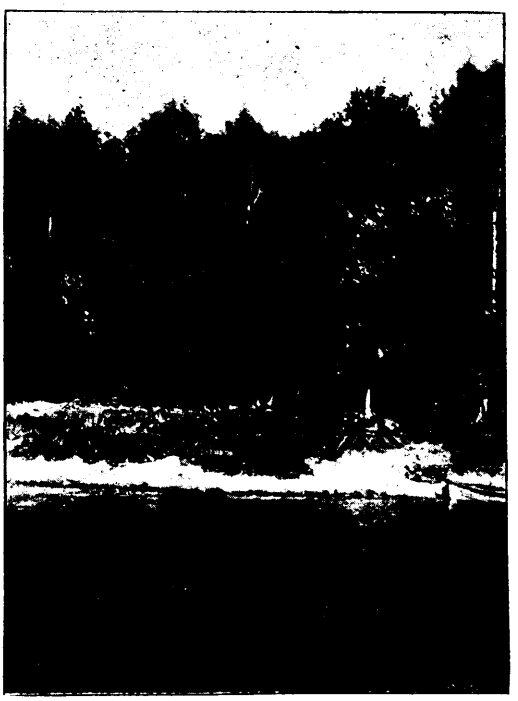
BY A. F. HUNTER, M.A.

A RECENT proclamation of the United States Secretary of War reports that as Michilimackinac has ceased to be a position of strategic value, the garrison will be removed. It was not always thus with this old post. That it was of great value as a key to the upper lakes in the stirring times of 1812, is clearly shown from the fact that here was struck the first blow in the war. On July 17th of the opening year, it was captured from the Americans, who fully realized their loss, and towards the end of 1813 their generals began to make preparations for its recapture. News of this design reaching the small British garrison at the place, there was great alarm, and a despatch was sent immediately to the Canadian military headquarters at Kingston, appealing for aid to meet the coming attack.

A relief expedition accordingly left Kingston in February, 1814, consisting of ten officers and two hundred picked men, with twenty artillerymen, and twenty men of the Royal Navy, all under the command of Lieut.-Col. Robert McDowall, of the Glengarry Light Infantry. A large part of the route lay through territory then but little known. To this must be added another hardship—the severity of the weather in which the march was made. From Kingston they proceeded to Little York, which was still suffering from the grim experiences of its capture. They next advanced northward by Yonge-street to Holland Landing, after which they passed entirely out of the settlements, and crossed the frozen surface of Lake Simcoe. Beyond this lake, the forest was then unbroken, except by an Indian portage, which, for the passage of their supplies, they widened as they advanced. This road, leading from the head of Kempenfeldt Bay to Willow Creek, a branch of the Nottawasaga River, was called the "Nine-Mile Portage," and it afterward became an important colonization road. At its north-westerly end, near Willow Creek, a wooden fort was subsequently erected, and a hamlet flourished there for several years, but it has long since disappeared, and its site, as an accompanying illustration shows, is

marked by only a few hillocks of earth and stones.

Proceeding on their course, the party halted on the banks of the Nottawasaga River, fully thirty miles from its outlet, and erected for themselves a number of temporary wooden huts. Here they cut down pine timber, hewed and prepared it on the spot, and constructed twenty-nine large batteaux, in which they completed the journey to Michilimackinac. The place where the expedition halted is known as the "Glengarry Landing." It was a familiar landmark for a long time, on account of the clearing they made, but the trees of second growth which cover it, are now so tall as to make it almost indistinguishable from the surrounding forest. From the journal of Captain Bulger, who accompanied the expedition, one gets an interesting glimpse of their departure from this place, and passage across Georgian Bay:



THE GLENGARRY LANDING, NOTTAWASAGA RIVER.
Here a detachment of the Glengarry Fencibles halted in Feb., 1814 while on their way from Kingston to the relief of Michilimackinac. They remained in this place until the ice broke up in the spring, construct ng a flotilla of batteaux, in which they completed their journey.

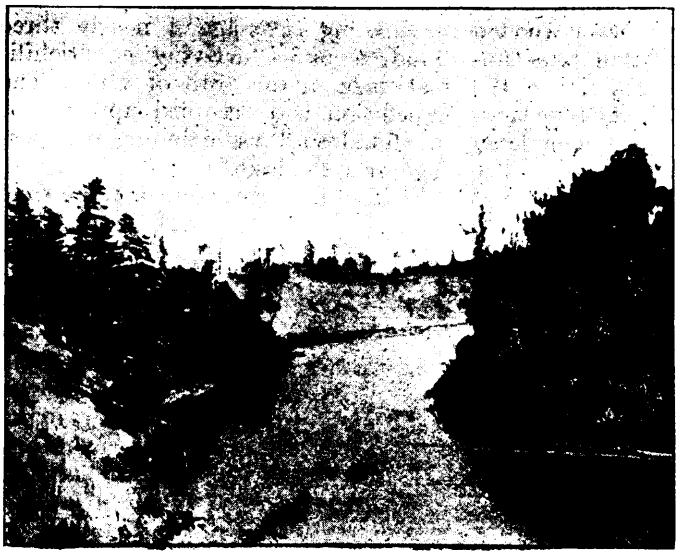
"We embarked on the 22nd of April, having previously loaded the flotilla with provisions and stores, descending the Nottawasaga River—the ice in the upper part of which being still firm, we opened a channel through it—encamped on the night of the 24th of April in a dismal spot upon the north-eastern shore of Lake Huron (Georgian Bay), and on the following morning entered upon the attempt to cross that lake, covered as it was, as far as the eye could reach, by fields of ice, through which, in almost constant, and, at times, terrific storms, we succeeded, with the loss of only one boat, in effecting a passage of nearly three hundred miles, arriving at Michilimackinac on the 18th of May. The expedition had occupied upwards of one hundred days, including our passage over the lake."

Taking into consideration the time of year, the comparative severity of the season, and the distance to be travelled, one may safely say that an expedition, more hazardous than this, is seldom undertaken. It was almost a continual struggle for nineteen days with the waves of Georgian Bay, and the floating masses of ice. The commander of the expedition wrote in high terms of the abilities and perseverance of the officers, as well as the endurance of the men.

It was not until the 28th of July that Capt. Sinclair, the American commander, made an attack upon Michilimackinac — an attack, which, however, resulted in failure. Had not the relief expedition arrived, as it did some weeks before, the result would doubtless have been very different. But the result had been forestalled,

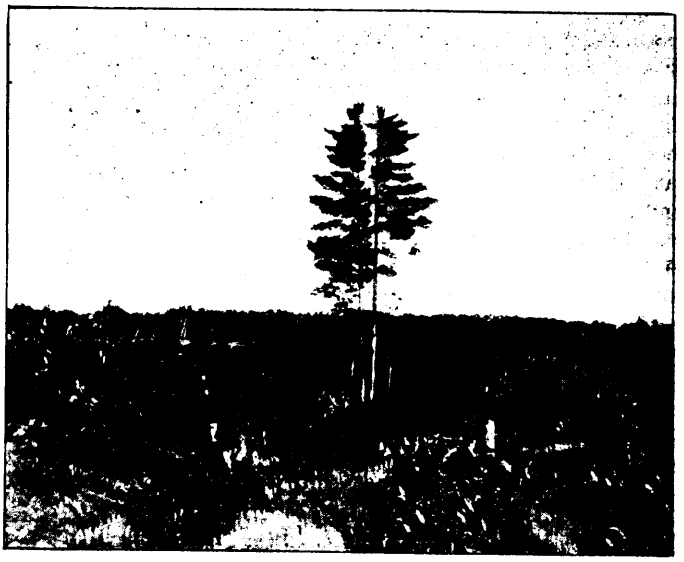
and thus was saved the chief post on the upper lakes.

The North-West Company had a schooner on Georgian Bay called the *Nancy*, which was employed in the fur trade, then so extensive in the district. Having learned that Lieut. Miller Worsley, of the British navy, with the *Nancy*, was at the mouth of the Nottawasaga River, Sinclair next turned his attention in this direction. But here also he was doomed to meet with disappointment. Lieut. Worsley had been informed by a messenger of the blockade at Mackinac, and in anticipation of an attack on his own position, began to erect a block-house, about two miles up the river. In a few days the American captain and his vessels arrived at the Nottawasaga, and attacked the small party of British at the place. The brief account of the engagement, given by an old author (James, in his *Naval History of Great Britain*), will suffice to show what took place:



AT THE "HIGH DUMP," NOTTAWASAGA RIVER.
This was the scene of a skirmish in 1814.

"The *Nancy* was lying about two miles up the Nottawasaga, under the protection of a block-house, situated on the south-east side of the river, which here runs parallel to, and forms a narrow peninsula with the shore of Gloucester Bay (Nottawasaga Bay). This enabled Captain Sinclair to



LOOKING EAST ON THE OLD PORTAGE ROAD, AT THE RAVINE, SEVENTH LINE OF VESPRA, NEAR BARRIE, ONT.
This road was opened in 1814, but has been long unused. The road followed the depression shown in the foreground.

anchor his vessels within good battering distance of the block-house. A spirited cannonade was kept up between them and the block-house, where, besides two 24 pounder carronades on the ground, a six-pounder was mounted. The three American vessels outside, composed of the *Niagara*, mounted 18 carronades (thirty-two pounders) and two long twelve pounders, and the *Tigress* and *Scorpion*, mounted between them one long twelve, and two long twenty-four pounders. In addition to this force, a five and a half inch howitzer, with a suitable detachment of artillery, had been landed on the peninsula Against these 24 pieces of cannon, and upwards of 500 men, were opposed one piece of cannon and twenty-three officers and seamen.

Further resistance was in vain: and just as Lieut. Worsley had prepared a train, leading to the *Nancy* from the block-house, one of the enemy's shells burst in the latter, and both the block-house and the vessel were presently blown up. Lieut. Worsley and his men escaped in their boat up the river; and, fortunately, the whole of the North-West Company's richly laden canoes, bound across the lake, escaped also into French River. Having thus led to the destruction of a vessel, which the American commander had the modesty to describe as 'His Britannic Majesty's schooner *Nancy*,' Captain Sinclair departed for Lake Erie, leaving the *Tigress* and *Scorpion* to blockade the Nottawasaga, and as that was the only route by which supplies could be readily forwarded, to starve the garrison of Michilimackinac into a surrender. After remaining at their station for a few days, the two American schooners took a trip to the neighborhood of St. Joseph's. Here they were discovered on the 25th August, by some Indians on the way to Michilimackinac."

A few days later these two vessels were captured by the British, and all the men on board taken prisoners to Kingston.

SITE OF FORT NOTTAWASAGA.

LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER.

The fort was built in 1816, and occupied until 1818. It was situated on the Nottawasaga, four miles from the mouth.

Old soldiers used to tell how Lieut. Worsley and his men, in the retreat up the river, were pursued by several small boat-loads of the enemy. They went on until they came to a bend in the river where it was unusually narrow. On the east side the bank rose high above the water, while on the west side it was low and swampy. Here the retreating party felled trees into the river to obstruct their pursuers. These came up about dusk, having been detained by scouts, who fired a few shots upon them according to design, at long distances and from safe hiding-places. No sooner had

they reached the fallen trees than they became entangled in the branches. The muskets of the small British party in ambush on the shore gave them volley after volley, and compelled them to make a hasty retreat down the river with their killed and wounded.

After the close of the war, in 1816, the British officers, recognizing the stratagetic position of the place, gave orders for the erection of a fort. The site chosen was a more sheltered spot, and two miles higher up the river than the place where the *Nancy* was blown up. A garrison occupied it for two years and were then removed to Penetanigushene.

THE AVERAGE.

A child with its plaything broken,
A boy "kept in" at school,
A youth with a love unspoken,
Who feels and looks like a fool.
A man who has toiled and striven,
And dreamed ambition's dream,
But ever is backward driven
Like a swimmer against the stream.
Moments of fleeting pleasure,
And days of toil and pain,
Gathering of useless treasure,
Squandered – or hoarded in vain.
The false love won and cherished,
To clog the soul's bright wings.
The true love lost and perished,
That urged to higher things.
At times, a clearer vision—
Glimpses of purer light,
Rays from the Fields Elysian,
Quenched by earth's sordid night.
The vague and useless striving,
The years so swiftly passed,
With never reward arriving,
Or good work done at last
The death-bed's pain and sorrow,
The chill and darkened room,
Tears that are dried on the morrow,
And an unregarded tomb.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

THE BROTHER'S STORY.

BY PROF. J. C. GWILLIM.

FOR many days we had been paddling up a great lake in the north, searching for a trading post and mission which were known to be situated at its northern limits; and when it first came in sight at the bottom of a deep bay, some six miles from us, it looked like a veritable city to our eyes, so used to the wilderness. For there, on a low barren sand hill, was the post and the mission beside it, each in its own stockade and even a church, whose tinned steeple glinted with a faint suggestion of mosques and minarets across the calm stretch of water.

And it was here I met the hero of my tale. He was a brother of the mission, and such a cheerful little man—old in years but young in heart and manner. Forty long years he had spent in this dreary land, doing what he might in all humbleness for the Indians and traders who might come that way. All the people seemed to love him. Indeed it did one good to hear his voice among the Indians, talking and laughing as one of themselves; for he worked with them or tried to teach them to work, slept with them and lived his life their humble companion and adviser. He had been away with his people when we came up and offered to take his picture. Poor, simple-minded little man, his face beamed with delight, as he put on his worn cassock and girdle, and stood before the long, low mission cottage. The thoughtful priest, his superior, had brought a plant outside to grace the background, but there needed none, for the grace of God had set its seal upon his face. It was now September, with its pleasant evenings free from the plague of flies, and we went together to the little graveyard by the shadow of the wood. There were, indeed, plenty of graves for so small a people sleeping there beneath the shadow of the cross. Then, as we rested there, I heard the brother's story.

THE BROTHER'S STORY.

"Forty years ago I came here. That is a long time in a new land like this. Yet it is nearly all my life. Since then I have never been back, even to the settlements, but at times have journeyed from one remote trading post to another through this great region; nor have I wished to, for I have grown to be as an Indian in all my ways, with more sympathy for them than for my own people. Besides, I serve the church. But before that time I was filled with a love of change and adventure, leaving my home and people in Canada to join the great fur company, which I had served for some months before the time came of which I have to tell you.

It was the custom in those days—as it may be now for all I know—to send up supplies once a year from Isle La Crosse to Fort Chippewayan. This taking of the boats is a matter of great importance in the life of the trading posts. For then those Indians and Half-breeds who can run, and pack goods across the portages, come together to form a brigade. Very proud they are, too, of the position, for are they not bearers of all an Indian desires, the heroes of many dangerous voyages, and prime favorites in the great dances, and the gambling or feasting.

Such a brigade as this set out from Isle La Crosse one June morning as the sun rose over the lake; and I went with them, for we were bound for Fort Chippewayan, which lies at the

west end of Lake Athabasca, and is at the head of many waterways which lead into the hunting grounds of the Chippewayans. At the dawn each morning we raised ourselves from about the ashes of the night camp-fire to proceed on our way, halting in a few hours for breakfast beneath some shady grove of trees, to eat our meat or fish, not resting for long at a time while daylight lasted, until about the end of June, when we reached Fort Chippewayan.

There were a great many Indians camped about the company's stockade, waiting for the summer supplies which we had brought up with us.

Most of them were Chippewayans, tall, wild-looking fellows, with foreheads and noses almost in one straight line. Everything about them was straight, while their faces had a peculiar copper lustre. A hundred years since they first met the whites had done but little to change them.

Of course we had to have a dance: wherever the boat brigades go there must be a dance, and presents are given. Fort Chippewayan was noted for its dances, more than any post in the north. It was at this dance that I fell in love. Many of the Indians had come up to take part, or to share in the presents, and among them was one young girl not so dark as the rest were. Perhaps she was the child of some old trader, but I did not know then whose child she was. At any-rate, I took a fancy to her at once. She could talk Cree a little, so we got along very well together, as she told me how her mother had died a long time ago, leaving her to the care of the chief, who was the woman's brother and her only kinsman.

It was not long until I found that we were being watched by one of the Indians. He was an unpleasant looking man, darker than any of his fellows, being without the bright hue I had noticed in the others—a sinister face. I found out afterwards that he was the medicine man of this band of Indians, and one of the most noted and dreaded conjurors of the north.

A few days after this, the Indians, having traded for their supplies, loaded down their canoes with blankets, powder, tea and tobacco, and left for the eastern end of the lake.

Now, I had nothing to do, since the boats were not all going back just then; so I decided to go with one of the company's traders to Fond du Lac, where there is a trading post and a mission, and where I should meet the Indians once more. A week later we reached this place. Our friends, the Indians, were here making ready for their fall hunt, when they should go northwards up to the Barren Lands, in order to meet the caribou as they migrate southwards into the wooded country to pass the winter, for at that season only is the fur and skin in good condition for clothes and lodges.

I made friends with them easily, giving them all my pay in presents of powder and tobacco, for I longed to see the barren wilderness where there are no trees, only rocks and moss, and I found it very pleasant to be near Athildza, for that was my sweetheart's name. Still, I feared the dark medicine man very much, for he saw that I would come with them for love of Athildza.

This man's name was Hetsory, and he wished to make her his wife, although he had two already. But they were old and ugly, and could not do all that he wished of them.

So it came about that I went with them. We were about fifty lodges in all—men, women, and children, with canoes and those few things these people carry with them in their wanderings. We went but slowly through the lake country, camping here and there beside the shore wherever there was plenty of fish or game, until we came to the river which comes down from the Barren Lands many miles to the north. This river was very rapid, with many portages, over which we

carried all our canoes and lodge skins. Sometimes I would help Athildza with her load, and then they would laugh at me and call me a woman; but I did not care, for we found that the time went very pleasantly together.

It took many days to come to the head of this river, to where the trees grew small in the valleys, and there is no wood on the high land, so that it was late in August when we pulled up our canoes at a level, sheltered place in the deep river valley, where there was a thicket of small spruce-trees and willows.

Here they made the camp, sending out hunters above the valley upon the rocky plains to find if the caribou were coming into the neighborhood as yet. Now, all this time Hetsory, the conjuror, had desired to make Athildza his wife, for his other wives were old and useless to dress the food or build him lodges; but seeing that she was under the care of the chief, he dared not to take her forcibly, nor would she willingly go to him. And none of the tribe were wishful that it should be so, but they were afraid of the conjuror and his magic.

We had waited many days, but the reindeer did not come. The old men said that in some years they passed by other ways; for they do not always come down by this or that place, but change at times from east to west. Others said that the Esquimaux, whom they greatly fear, had driven them out into the sea. At anyrate, they failed to appear, and we were without food, save a few fish and white partridges. Then all the people called for the medicine man, Hetsory, to conjure and to show them where the deer might be found, so that they might get skins for their lodges, and clothes and meat for the winter; otherwise they would perish as many a band has done in that country.

But Hetsory would not conjure—for he was bitter against them—"unless," he said, "they would freely give him Athildza to be his wife." Now though the people were not willing that this should be; they called a council, and it was told him that if he would bring them to the deer, she should be given to him and a great feast be held. Then Hetsory took four tall saplings and planted them very firmly in the ground, one at each corner of a little square, and in between them he passed boughs and sticks, and put blankets all about until he had made a tall bower which none might see into.

When all the people had drawn a little aside, the medicine man stripped himself bare and crept into this place that he had built. It was evening, just at the sunset, when all was still and the shadows of the hills ran across the little valley. Presently he began to chant his medicine song in a low voice rising and falling in a monotonous sort of harmony. Then the medicine tent began to shake, until it reeled and swayed as if it must be lifted bodily up and thrown to the earth, while a fearful struggle was heard going on inside, as of two persons wrestling, and two voices cried to each other. Then came a sound like the flapping of great wings, and a cloud seemed to cover the tent. After a time, everything became silent, so the council-men came near to hear what the conjuror had to tell them. His voice was weak and exhausted, yet he had good news, for he said that he had seen the caribou. "They were coming," he said, "in thousands, more than ever he had seen before, straight for the camp, and if the hunters would go northwards in the morning, they should meet them before mid-day." All the camp was now joyful and full of preparation for the coming plenty and slaughter. Only I and Athildza were sad, as we sat beside a fire a little way apart from the happy crowd, where we were free from the sinister gaze of the conjuror, who was far too much done up by his late endeavors to be prowling round the camp.

"Now," I said to Athildza, "to-morrow night you will be given to Hetsory,

to be his slave, and the light will have gone out of my life, for you are not like these savages, who delight only in wandering, and slaughter of birds and beasts; and if we might, I would take you back with me to the mission."

But she only shook her head sadly, saying that they were her people, and what they were she must be, for there was no way of escape from it except by death, as many a poor miserable squaw had found out when the burdens became too great to bear.

Some little time we sat silent, as the fire died down, not caring to attract notice by replenishing the blaze.

Then Athildza came and touched my hand. "You think me an Indian," she said; "yes, I am, but not all Indian. Your face has brought back strange dreams to my memory. I see an old man.—a white man, with long gray hair and beard and a great log house and palisades like there are at Fort Chippeweyan, with many Indians passing in and out, and speaking with the old man, who seems much honored by them; then an Indian face, a woman's face, which is strangely like my mother's, for I can remember her a little. —afterwards, many houses and many people. Then, the woods and lakes again. But not the old man."

Then I remembered a tale I had heard of an old trader who went back to England with his wife, a Chippewayan squaw, and her child. He died very soon, leaving the poor woman alone among strangers, who soon sent her back to her own country, unwilling to befriend their dead kinsman's strange wife. But I said nothing of this yet; only I loved her the more now that I knew her father was a white man, an honorable servant of the great company, and not a heathen Chippewayan.

Now it came into my mind that there might be a way out of this matter, so that we should escape from the camp and make our way to one of the trading-posts, where a priest would marry us, as the law of the church ordains; after which no medicine man, however powerful, could come between us, for they fear and respect the white men in black robes who come among them. And this is what I thought to do.

When the Chippewayans returned from the slaughter of the deer, we should have the great feast that was to celebrate the marriage of Athildza with the conjuror. Now, when all were busy with the feasting, and became stupid with much eating, or excited by gambling in the night time, I would be down at the river ready with a canoe, and when Athildza could come away without being seen from the dancing lodge, we would put out and make haste down the river, trusting to get far in the darkness before they should discover what we were about. Besides this, if the chance should come, I would drive a hatchet through all the other canoes, so that no one could follow us by water, until they had mended the broken part.

Athildza listened, fearing greatly to take so dangerous and long a journey, but her hatred of the man who would make her his wife was very great, and she willingly consented to fall in with my plans; so we parted that night.

Early in the morning, just as day broke, all the camp was astir, for the hunters were going out to meet the deer. Then the squaws and children set about bringing poles and saplings from the bush to make frame-works for drying the meat and stretching the skins, while some built the great Dancing Lodge. Before midday some of the hunters returned with news that caribou were within a few miles, and would be passing the camp in the afternoon. The rest of them had stayed at a place but a little way up the river where there was a deep cross valley through which the caribou were expected to pass; for the hillsides were very steep, and these creatures rather follow a certain way in a land than scatter over the coun-

try. So they posted scouts to watch the movements of the deer, thinking to waylay them in this place, which was near to the camp.

Now, as the afternoon wore on, word came that the deer from the heights over on the other side, had begun to enter the defile which led down to the river, and that all should come who could kill. So the young men hastened, and many old squaws went with them, screeching with delight at the prospect of slaughter and plenty, for there is by nature no mercy in the heart of any Indian man or woman. And I went with them, for I wished to see this sight which is so much talked of among the Indians.

Above the valley on the hither side was a great ledge of rock, and here I sat down to watch the slaughter. Now, the place that they had chosen for the killing of the deer formed a natural pound—such a place as the old buffalo hunters of the plains used to drive the herds into, and shoot until all lay dead, one over the other, for the deer had to descend a deep ravine which had its beginning far out in the plains on the other side, then turned abruptly into the river valley. Down this valley the great migratory herds were used to pass until they came to a fording place and an easy ascent upon this side.

Across the valley, along the upper ravine, the Indians had placed odd objects, such as bits of blanket, to turn the deer to make them pass down the stream, where they would be kept in on either hand by the hills and the pressure of the herd behind.

The Indians had disappeared. There was not a living thing in sight, except a stray fox trotting along the opposite hilltops, and an arctic owl staring at me from his seat on a boulder a little way off. I wondered at the absence of the Indians, for already the deer were filing out of the ravine into the river bottom. As the wind was favorable, they had not become aware of the Indians being near them, until a sudden shout arose on the opposite side of the river along the ravine down which they were coming in thousands. Then they rushed on pell-mell out into the valley, and turned down. Here again they were met by a band of ambushed savages right across the valley; and all along the hillsides above them, other Indians sprung up from behind rocks and boulders firing blank into the living mass as fast as they could shoot and reload. The bewildered animals leaped over one another in their panic, rushing at the steep hillsides, only to be turned back and crowded into the river, where hundreds of them were choked and trampled to death. A few broke away past the cordon of savages down the valley, and raised a howl in the encampment as they rushed over the canoes and lodges. But only a few of all that great migratory host. Not one in a hundred of all that were slaughtered was ever made use of by those ruthless savages, who killed just for the mad joy of killing, and never ceased while a living thing remained in the place. But they were punished for their waste, for it is said the caribou have never since passed by this way, and this very band of Indians who went there the following fall to waylay them again, perished utterly of starvation.

Afterwards came the feasting and the making of pemmican and drying of meat and skins. It was a busy scene. Now was the women's part. They did all the preparing of the meat and skins, while the hunters lay about the camp smoking, and well satisfied with their part of the work.

By sunset the great Dancing Lodge was ready, and the feast prepared. But I will not tell of all they had, except that two white dogs were served up as the crowning delicacy, an especial honor to the taking of Athildza by Hetsory, before the assembled counsellors.

Now, when it was quite dark, I went gently down to the river side

and picked out a beautiful little birch-bark canoe, Hetsory's own, which his two old wives had made for him the spring before. When I came to cut up the other canoes, I found many were already spoiled by the passing of the caribou, so that it was but little trouble to scuttle the whole fleet. Then I went back towards the fires, passing outside the light from the Dancing Lodge. Athildza was there, with all the women, about the doorway. Hetsory was making a great speech, and reciting all his exploits, while the men squatted around the lodge, all smoking. No one saw me sign to Athildza, or saw us leave, I think, for we reached the river safely enough, but by ill luck a miserable old squaw had come down to get some water just at that time, and having discovered the state of the canoes, set up such a howl as roused the whole camp. Before they could, any of them, reach us, we were out in the stream, and almost hidden by the darkness, but they saw us, and quickly gave the cry to run down to the portage to intercept us, for there were strong rapids about a mile down the river, and they thought we dared not run them with the canoe. It was a lucky thing they had so hastened that they forgot their guns, for our only chance lay in passing them on the water, where they could not follow. At the head of the rapids they were ready to receive us, yelling like devils as we came in sight through the gloom. As we passed them, they howled with disappointment, and ran to see us perish in the rushing waters. I steered the canoe safely through the darkness and waves, while Athildza managed the bow as she had often done before, for the women do much of the paddling of canoes.

As we shot by our late companions at the lower end of the portage, I knew that we were safe, for they could never intercept us by traversing the woods, and being without canoes until they were mended, must wait some time to follow upon the water. Moreover, I came to think that they were not so anxious to slay us, only that they feared Hetsory and the bad medicine he could conjure upon them.

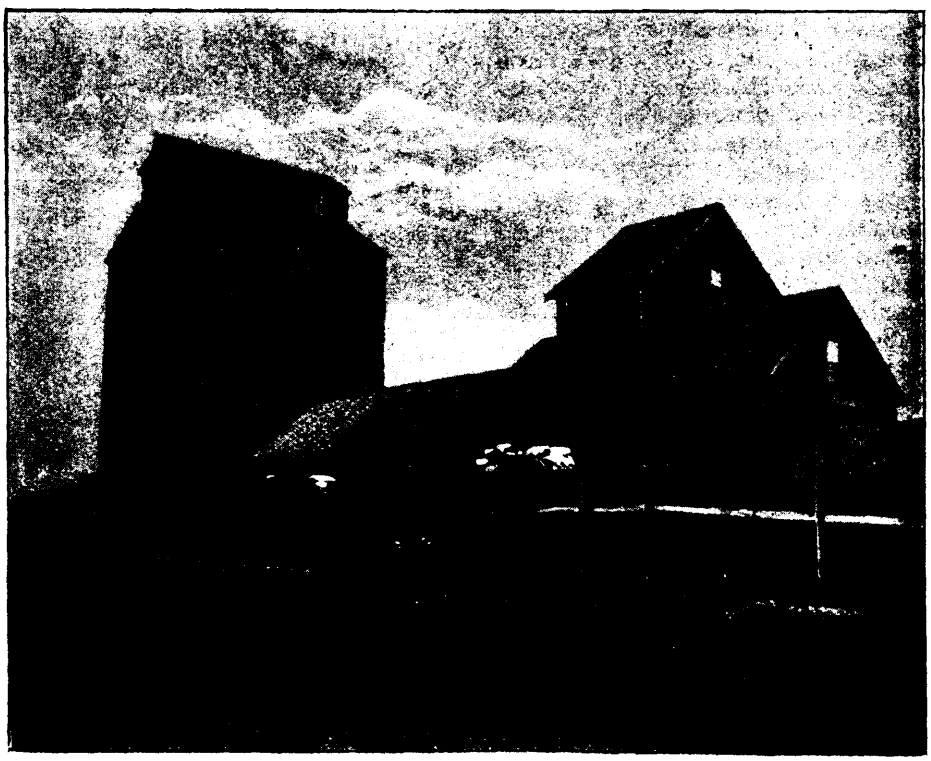
Very little that is interesting happened to us on our way back to Fond du Lac. It was nothing new to either of us to pass through such places in this way. Not once did we see anything more of the Chippewayans or of any other Indians until we reached Lake Athabasca and came up to Fond du Lac. Here the good old Priest married us as the church ordains, although Althildza had been brought up a heathen, and there is no marriage, as we have it, among her people."

Here the old man paused awhile, as we went into the little palisaded graveyard, until he stopped beside a grave with a simple wooden cross at its head. "She sleeps here now," he said, sadly, "while I work on a little while longer, serving my church and my people, until I, too, shall rest where I have lived so long." When we had returned to the mission he was the same bright, cheerful spirt, unsaddened and unsoured by all things—a living monument of Faith and Hope.

MANITOBA REVISTA.

BY BARLOW CUMBERLAND.

SIX years ago, a happy holiday trip was spent among the sunny lands of Southern Manitoba, and longingly had constant recollection taken me back to the days spent in wading through the shallows that fringe the sedgy shores of Grassy Lake, or paddling along the narrow, winding channels which seam its marshes as interlacingly as the canals of Mars.



PILOT MOUND ELEVATORS.

The green-winged teal, the mallard, and more homely, but most toothsome, canvas-back, had spread their wings, as they circled from choice to choicer feeding spots in their rarely-disturbed domains, and offered their plump bodies invitingly to the marksman's aim. The flappers and mud-hens scuttled aside just sufficiently to clear our way, as though feeling secure from harm in the presence of the nobler game, and the yellow-legged plover stood in undisturbed and curious gravity, watching us from the banks, protected by their very innocence of the modern shot and gun. It had been sport without slaughter, reward without unreasonable toil.

In those closing days of that August month, the click of the reaper had been heard throughout the fields; the golden grain was either waving in

mile-long billows, or gathered into stooks that threw dark shadows upon the fresh-cut stubble. The wavering breezes swept across the land, and seemed to shout and sing the harvest hymn:

"The valleys stand so thick with corn,
That they laugh and sing."

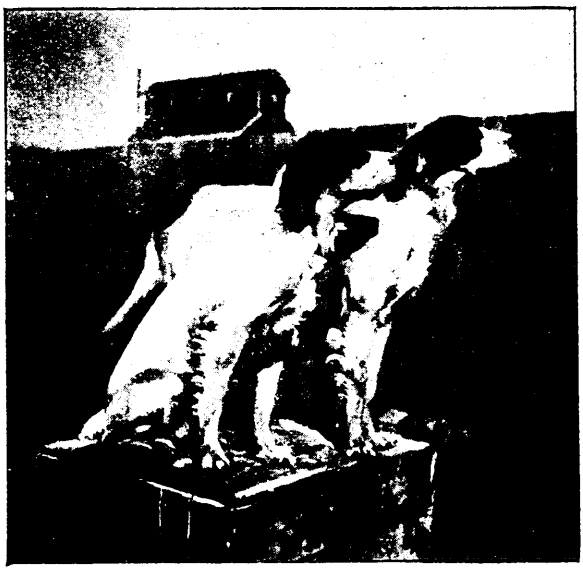
But in some of the lower-lying, or undrained fields, there were streaks and blocks of yellower and brighter grain, whose nodding heads gleamed more brilliant than the dull gold of their companions. Afar they portrayed the amplest yield of all the soil, but nearer, and in the hand, the empty shell and transparent husk told that the icy finger of the frost-wind had touched the kernels when in the milk. Truly were they outwardly whited sepulchres, covering the death of wheat within.

Yet the farmers were full of hope. More careful tillage, earlier sowing, better selection of seed, said they, would effect a cure.

So the latter part of last October found me hastening westward on the C.P.R., wondering whether the joys could be repeated, and whether the farmers had attained their desired end. So one fine morning, when the mists were just beginning to rise, and the tops of the elevators were hidden in the flying scud, found me driving (in a single buggy) south from Manitoba, reckless of the advice of kindly friends that I should lose my way, but confident in a sort of instinct as to the points of the compass, and firmly reliant that the well-worn prairie trails would lead me "somewhere" for the night. Two more horses and two more men may be a surfeit, but there is always room for one more horse in the barn, and for one more mouth, however hungry, at the hospitable tables in the North-West, and so I always found it, as for a fortnight we wandered from homestead to homestead in Southern Manitoba. When well away from the village and his stable, I stopped a moment, and unbuckling the over-check, loosened old Dobbin's head from being tied in modern pastures to his tail, and thereafter he and I drove on in comfort.

The weather throughout was all that could be desired. In the day, mild; in the night, cold: but what of that, when smoking beside the well-filled kitchen stoves, and chatting with the cheery hosts of what their fields or they had done, or watching the hostess busily making pies for the next day's meal!

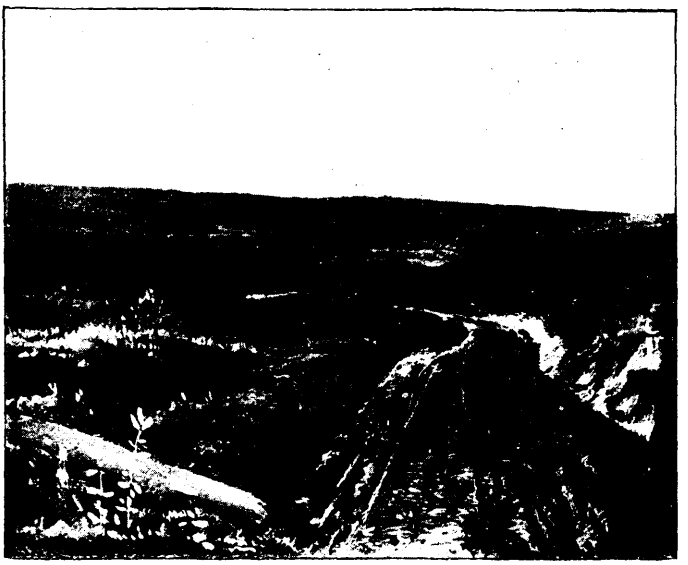
Alas, for the solitariness of the Manitoban who is "keeping bach." The day's work over in the fields, the horses cleaned, the cattle fed, it is late before he can begin to get ready his own lonely meal. Though game be plentiful, the plucking of it is weary toil; a rabbit's skin will only come off in little bits, and feathers and fur seem to stick like glue to the stubby



"DUKE" AND "BUSTER," MANITOU.

fingers of a man's big hand. A piece of bacon or pork, some hardened bread, and a paper bag of dried-up tea, are his main materials: a frying-pan and boiling kettle his main methods of caring for the sustenance of the master of the farm.

But in winter, after having driven back for miles after delivering the load of grain, he enters a cold-stricken room, and with stiff, numbed fingers relights the fire. To fill the kettle with chunks of ice, and thaw out the food before getting his supper, makes it hard for a man to call such a surrounding "home." Wherever was seen an empty house, it was one that had been left by an unhappy "bach" who had abandoned, not his ample fields, but the cold ashes of a silent fireside. Until wives are found for such as he, there will be vacated farms in the most favored places in the North-West. The maidens and widows of Canada have a great duty to fulfil.



THE PEMBINA VALLEY—SOUTHERN MANITOBA.

What a contrast were the family households where wives enlivened it and children abounded, and how these latter do abound—cheery, chubby youngsters! The six-year-olds can ride and herd the cattle: the boy of ten is a man and drives a team, and the lad of fourteen can take his place on the top of the stack at threshing-time, and hold his own with any of the country side. The harvest had been early: the grain was resting in the stack, and "threshing bees" were frequent: on not a few farms the crop had already been taken to market, or was on the way in daily loads. What feasts were laid out at the mid-day meals for the "threshing hands!" The condition of the children told of plenty—no want of food, no sign of scantiness. What though their clothes were misfitting, or mended, their cheeks were healthy, and their bodies robust. There was plenteousness in every home.

I roamed about over the rolling table lands on either side the Pembina valley, or along the rich level bottoms, where the river winds between the spreading hills set from one to three miles apart. Ten years ago, the river abounded with fish, but the Americans south of the boundary lines, placing their mill-dams across it, have left no fish-ways, and thus the sturgeon can no longer come up from the Red River and the lakes.

Duck were wild and geese "onsartin." One night spent by a friend under the chill covering of a "hide," by which be it known is not meant the comforting shelter of a buffalo robe, bnt only the concealment of a circle of boughs cut and set on end, was rewarded at daybreak by the chagrin of seeing the lines of early morning geese streaming everywhere

except within range. So these were not sought after. But the grouse, or, as commonly called, the "prairie fowl," were in plenty in the open, and partridge abundant in the brushwood. As we drove along the trails, occasional shots could be obtained from the roadside, for grouse seem to fancy the edges of a stubble-field for their feeding ground, and a sharp eye will catch sight of them with their heads cocked inquiringly up, and then one can stalk to within gun-shot before they rise.

GRANARY AND WHEAT STACKS, MANITOBA.

But there is always among the brood in each farm-family some lad who knows the likely spots about the neighborhood, and while the men are at their work, you and ten-year-old "Jack" will try the "coulees" and the poplar bluffs for rabbits and partridge, or hustle the great white tufted jack-rabbit out of his form, and bowl him over as he leaps along.

C. STRACHAN'S NEW STONE HOUSE.

It is this very contiguity of game that forms one of the principal compensations for the wide dispersion and the isolation of the Manitoba farms. But be it known that it must be sought on working days, for the people, through the Provincial Assembly, have ordained that no game may be shot on Sunday, under penalty of a heavy fine. This, and the excellent law that no game may be exported from the Province, or grouse be sold even within its own limits, has put an end to the slaughter by "pot hunters" from these or other lands, and is restoring the flocks to their former plenty. With such preservation and such ample scope for rearing their broods, the game fowl districts here will increasingly be sought as resorts certain to afford the most plentiful and varied sport under the most favorable conditions. Far better it is to pass a day or so longer in journeying to these shooting grounds and then have every working day a satisfaction, than to labor for many fruitless hours while searching for scanty game in districts nearer home.

These rolling prairies of southern Manitoba are the ideal localities for enjoying the working of well-trained dogs. At Manitou, near where the national field trials of the United States are annually held, are maintained several kennels of the finest strain of setters. What more exhilarating than the early morning start in the fresh, bright air, with the dogs

yelping in eager expectation from their wire-sided kennels set on the tail of the waggon, and then, when the ground is reached and they are liberated, to see them ranging from side to side, obedient to the signs from their master's hand, and covering every foot of the way. There "Duke" With a rush the dogs are on them. How springy is their step! Their tails flash to and fro. How their eyes glisten as they watch the birds being picked up by the marksman and hung upon his belt! Men enjoy shooting, but dogs enjoy it more—*i.e.*, when their masters shoot straight.

THRESHING FROM THE STACKS.

points, stopping suddenly in his tracks, and "Buster" backs him up—heads stretched straining forward, backs level and flags a little raised. Still and motionless they stand, except only the sly backward look of the eye to see if the guns are coming up, then the stealthy stepping forward upon the line of the game. The pack rises, sometimes ten, sometimes thirty in number, each looking as big as a bag, as they spread their wings and fly low away. Bang go the guns in double barrels, the feathers fly, and the plump quarry comes hurtling to the ground.

Then the mid-day halt. The horses are tethered near some stream; the fire is lit; the pork sizzles in the pan, and pipe and anecdote succeed, until, in the waning afternoon, the birds come back to feed once more, and it is time to begin again. Another spell of sport, and then the homeward drive of 16 or 18 miles over the springy unbroken turf, or along the smooth prairie trails. As the sun sets far on the horizon, like upon a wide open sea, the dark columns of murky smoke rising from fires where the farmer is burning the heaps of threshed-out

straw, change to bright gleams of fierce-tongued flame leaping upward to the sky, and all the country round is lit with distant conflagrations. Darkness comes suddenly down, and soon the twinkling lights of the town are seen from some neighboring hill, and once more again we are at home. What keenness of appetite, what gracious sense of rest has the freshness of the open air, the tramping over the broad-spread fields given us! The office-worn mind and frame are rejuvenated by such a jaunt, and life is made more worth the living.

LEA'S THRESHING BEE.

Thus and on other days were the happiness of the previous visit refound, but in different mode, proving the permanency of sport in this favored district and the certainty of its recurring seasons.

But what of the farmer? There was plenty and to spare in every home. All that had been hoped for from better labor on the land, from drainage and selection of earlier maturing seed, had been fully realized. For the three past years the fateful frost had been avoided, and the earth had brought forth its fullest increase unharmed. The average yield had been higher, the quality of grain better than ever before, and not a single complaint upon this score did I hear. But the price had fallen! Instead of 50c, they were receiving but 37c. to 40c. for the best wheat the world ever saw. The better return of the land had been lost in the lesser value of the product. It was enough to make angels mourn. There was something pathetic in the lament of one man: "My farm is too good. It is all the finest loam wheatland; not a waste acre in the whole of it. I picked it out to grow wheat. I have tilled it all, and it has done all that I asked, but the price knocks out my earnings. I have no sloughs or

wild hay land, so I can't raise cattle without ploughing for timothy, which I can't afford to do; so I suppose I must go on with wheat and wait for better times." Many of the farmers who were fortunately less favored, or who had not broken up so much prairie as had he, have gone into mixed farming, and many sleek steers and fat hogs were to be seen. Of sheep there were not many; as one man put it, "a sheep has as many feet as an ox and doesn't know as well how to take care of them."

JACKFISH BAY.

Chickens and game dogs do not thrive well together, so they were not as plentiful as should be; but the sight of a little eight year old lad mounted on his pony, herding a flock of a 1,000 sturdy turkeys over the vacant lands, showed how even the grasshoppers and prairie weeds could be turned to value. It was estimated that $30,000 was sent east from Winnipeg in 1893 for poultry. It will not be long before the Manitobans will have a surplus for export.

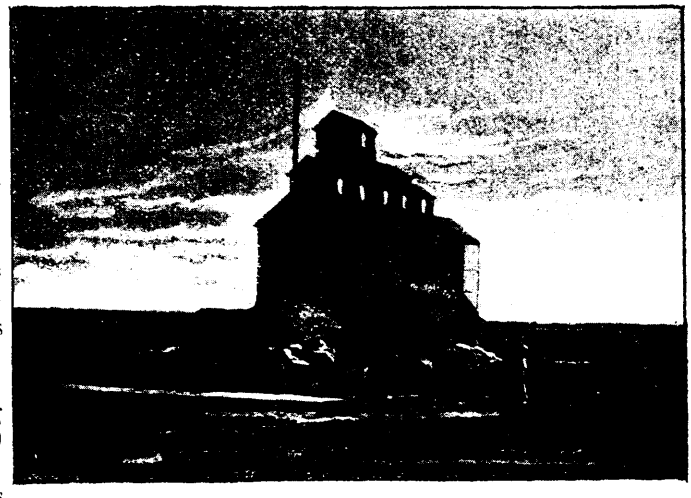
Household comforts are advancing, for among the Mennonites, the intervening spaces between the village communities are being dotted with additional houses, and in the villages themselves the low thatch roofs are giving way to steep, high-gabled shingles, and among the Southern Manitoba farmers the first-built shack or log house is being replaced by frame buildings, or, better still, by stone houses, built from granite boulders found in the neighboring coulees.

On the whole, a distinct advance in production and prosperity was seen. All is right except the lowering of values. Yet it cannot be permanent; indeed, in the winter months since then the price has risen 10c. per bushel, and the difference represents $1,500,000 to the North-West farmers on the quantity sent forward to market. Were the failure in the land itself there would be cause for grief, but the improvement of internal communications, and the completion of the Canadian canals, whereby a 2,000 ton vessel can carry her cargo in unbroken bulk from Fort William and Duluth to Montreal, will apply the certain remedy, by bringing the farmer's labor alongside the ocean-going ships at tide water. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway and its many branches has brought this central Canada within the reach of habitation; but far greater and more far-reaching in its results will be the extending of the St. Lawrence to its shores, and carrying out its products unbroken to the world. All is ready except the one final incompleted link. Hampered by the United States at the Sault, the Canadian people have built a better and a bigger canal upon their own soil to join Lake Superior to Lake Huron. By the Welland Canal they have even overcome Niagara, and joined Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. The great Gulf has been lighted and buoyed and dredged, until the ocean ships of deepest draught have been brought to Montreal; the

intervening rapids of the St. Lawrence have all, excepting one, been paralleled by deep ship canals; but until this—the Soulanges—is finished, the whole system is useless and lying waste. The wheat fields of the west are waiting for their delivery.

Nowhere has a nation—little in numbers, but great in enterprise—done so much as has the Canadian in developing the lines of connection which nature has provided for the creation of its resources and the completion of its union. Canada's progress, seen in the light of its blatant and vain-glorious neighbor, may seem to have been slow, but it has been sure and solid as the ancient Laurentian rocks on which its first energies were founded.

In a space of time which was the wonder of the engineering world, it had joined its provinces, and spanned the continent by a line of railway of highest class, with shorter mileage and lower gradients than any other existing transcontinental road, and now, at the end of twenty years of steady and unheralded work, it is completing the greatest canal system on the globe, to bring the ocean ships 2,000 miles inland from the sea. Once this is done, the problem of the wheat value of our "illimitable prairies," will be solved.



DELIVERING GRAIN AT ELEVATOR, MANITOU.

Having built the railway, let us press on and finish the canals.

With thoughts such as these I turned homewards. At Winnipeg, we joined the trans-continental train, on which were 200 Jolly Jack Tars, the crew of H. M. S. *Pheasant*, en route from Victoria to Portsmouth, England, having completed their foreign service. The crew to take over their ship had passed westward the previous day. So here we were on the highway between Britain and her navy on the Pacific Coast. The train was like a ship. Monkeys from South America, canaries from Hawaii, dogs from Fiji—the companions of the forecastle—were on board. Jack smoked his pipe, mended his "duds," or told his yarn, and at the stern, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, he carried the red cross ensign of his ship, the emblem of his and Canada's Empire Queen, meeting welcome from British flags which flew over every hamlet that he passed in journeying across the continent for day after day.

On returning from the previous trip, including a visit to the coast, I had been asked by the inquisitive interviewer what I had seen. Mindful of the electric genius mind, whose presence I had found impressed on every foot and every person along the way, I replied: "I saw Van Horne."

Now, after six few intervening years, Winnipeg was alive again, rising from the depression of the "busted boom." Electric cars were in her streets, and new residences rising on

every hand to house the increasing population.

Fort William, from being a waste of cedar swamps, had become a huge gridiron of interlacing railway tracks, covered with miles of freight cars, busy in bringing out the season's crop; its grain elevaters had trebled in number, and huge ships were lying alongside, where, erstwhile, had only been the north-west canoes of the Hudson's Bay Company.

All along the main line of the C. P. R, from Winnipeg around the north shore of Lake Superior, curves had been straightened, the long, beanstalk trestles had been filled in, and solid earth embankments had taken their place. Wooden bridges were replaced with steel, and the whole construction had been raised from temporary to permanent rank. New sources of traffic had been developed. Fishing industries had been created, and piles of boxes marked for Boston and the East, were ranked upon the station platforms, filled with the catch of the fishing fleets whose brown sails dotted the deep, sheltered bays. Mines had been opened, busy saw-mills were turning the silent forests into lumber, and villages were rising at intervals throughout. The master hand was still at work, and "Manitoba Revista" is best summed up by saying: "I have again seen Van Horne."

TOWED INTO PORT!

I'm like a ship, to-day – towed into port!
Too long of adverse wind and waves the sport,—
  Sails flapping loose, water-logged and leaky,
  Cargo misplaced – timbers disjoin'd and creaky!
Life's not unlike a ship well out at sea;
Sails trimly set—winds fair, and fresh, and free,—
  Then all is well; the watch their vigils keep,
  For danger ever haunts life's mighty deep!
But storms arise when man and ship are prest,
And seas engulf though man may do his best!
  Then, lucky craft, if Pilot-ship be near,—
  "'Tis I, FEAR NOT!"—blessed words of help and cheer!
In bed, to-day, I murmur in my prayers:—
  "TOWED INTO PORT FOR SAFETY AND REPAIRS!"

JOHN IMRIE.

FALSE INSURANCE METHODS.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., Ph.D.

MANY have been the hands that have written upon Life Insurance. It is to be profoundly regretted that upon this subject, as upon all others, many have uttered views the nature of which they did not comprehend. Many volumes would not contain the literature that has been given to the public of a most misleading character, or expressing views wholly at variance with the fundamental principles that govern Life Insurance. Many societies have been organized upon plans so erroneous, that one can hardly help thinking the promoters were wilfully deceiving the public.

Frequently there have been placed before the public schemes of insurance by which the members were to receive $1,000 in five, six, or seven years, for the small payments amounting to two or three hundred dollars. In one case, about $300 paid in by the members in annual portions, was to yield the member $1,000 in seven years. Now, it is really amazing that any body of men would have the hardihood to place such a scheme before the people; and it is equally surprising that persons could be found who would join such a society. Nevertheless it had its day of prosperity. The United States have been overrun by such societies. No doubt money has been made through these societies; but it went into the pockets of the dishonest and unscrupulous founders and organizers of them. The laws in the States and Canada are becoming more and more stringent, and it is to be hoped that we have heard the end of these frauds. By no conceivable means, either of gains from interest, and confiscation from lapses, could these small contributions be swelled into a thousand dollars in the course of six or seven years.

But, if it is impossible, as bitter experience has taught many, to fulfil the glowing promises made by the promoters of these short term endowments, on the rates charged the members, so will it be equally impossible to meet maturing endowments at the expectancy of life where the rates collected are inadequate for the purpose. When the rates are insufficient, the only difference between a short term endowment and a long term endowment, is one of time. In the former, the race is a quicker one, and the stop is reached sooner than in the long range endowments. The fundamental error exists of insufficient rates, and insufficient income. No management, however good, can save a society, where the attempt is made of selling its insurance and endowment policies below cost. It would matter not how great the capital of a bank, if the directors decided to give interest on deposits and charge none on advances; ruin must overtake the corporation. The capital would be all used up in the foolish effort; and the ultimate depositors would lose, not only their interest, but their principal; for, after all other moneys had been used, deposits would be used to pay interest upon deposits until nothing was left, if the bank continued in existence for a sufficient length of time.

Life insurance cannot be carried on in any haphazard method any more than can banking. There are certain well known laws that govern the financing of a life office. One of these laws is the law of mortality. As the result of a vast amount of labor over a large field of observation, and carried on by many of the ablest authori-

ties, a number of mortality tables have been constructed. These tables differ a little from each other; yet, for working purposes, they show a close and substantial agreement: and have enabled actuaries to form premium rates, as the cost of giving insurance to persons of different ages. By the tables of mortality it is seen that at the different ages the death rates vary, gradually increasing with increasing age. The premium must be so adjusted, for each age, that the contributions of every member shall be sufficient to meet death losses and provide for endowments, if there be any. This law is beyond the control of human agency. It is quite true that the death rate on persons newly admitted into a company or society, ought to be somewhat below the rates fixed in the mortality tables. This is the benefit of careful selection. But when a company becomes old and large, the proportion of new members is not so important in this respect as when it was younger, as they bear a smaller ratio to those already in than was the case in the early years of the company or society. Thus, when the company, or society, becomes old and large, the benefit from "new blood" is but slight.

Another law that must not be overlooked is that of interest. This is a question of great importance. In a company, with judicious premium rates, and estimating upon 4 per cent., at the outside, 4½ per cent., on all reserves, the affairs may be regarded as satisfactory, unless some unforeseen loss is experienced in the investments. But when the premium rates are inadequate, and the accumulated reserves a long way below what they ought to be, there is a heavy annual loss on interest account. Take for example a society with a reserve of $1,000,000, whereas the reserve ought to be $2,000,000; and, computing at 4 per cent., the annual loss would be $40,000, in addition to the annual loss due to insufficient premiums. It does not need much thought to see where such a state of things is bound to land the company, or society. Already, the shore is strewn with the wrecks of organizations in whose methods the above error of too low a premium rate had found a place. But some societies make the desperate attempt of carrying on a large insurance business, without reserve of any kind; and, consequently, without earnings from interest.

Some societies contend that a reserve is not needed. Its head men coolly say that a reserve is just that much money taken out of the members pockets more than was required to meet maturing losses. If anything could be proof of profound ignorance of the problems of life insurance, surely such contentions afford it. Taking a wide view of the field of societies carrying on fraternal work in Great Britain and the United States, it is found that the death rate ultimately reaches at least 12 per thousand. In many cases it has been much higher. When a society is old enough to contain members from the age of 18 years to 99 years, then the full swing of mortality will be experienced. In 1,000,000 members in American societies it has reached 12.42 per 1,000. In the Ancient Order of Foresters, Britain, it has become 12.14 per 1,000. In the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, the death rate has attained 12.63 per 1,000. In a large mass of membership for other British friendly societies, it has been up to 12.57 per 1,000. Here, then, is abundant proof as to what the death rate must become in friendly societies that have existed for many years. This death rate means that $12 to $13 is required annually from each member to meet death losses. When to this the working expenses and lodge dues are added, there is a yearly cost of at least $16 to $18. New societies in the meantime have sprung up. The mortality in them is lower, because the members are more recently select-

ed, and, on the average, younger. For a time these new societies are more attractive, because they are cheaper. The young and healthy members desert the old societies for the new ones, as rats leave a sinking ship. It is then, if never before, that the advocates of the no reserve plan of life insurance find out the folly of their method: and the persistent members, that they have been contributing their hard earnings for the support and comfort of others, while there remains nothing for them but bitter disappointment. This is no imaginary picture. What is here described has happened time after time: and will continue so long as men are foolish enough to conduct insurance business on the simple but crude plan of making a post mortem assessment to pay the claim of a deceased member. Thus, "the-reserve-in-your-pocket" plan ends in "the-give-away-all-your-contributions" plan.

There is another method of carrying on life insurance that is more plausible, but ends, equally with the above, in disaster and ruin. There is a fixed annual premium charged. This is divided into twelve, six or four equal portions that are called in at regular intervals. The premium, however, is too low. While the society is young, and most of its members recently selected, there is a small saving in mortality claims. A surplus is in this way accumulated, and the members think that everything is going on in a lovely manner. All claims have been paid, and there is money in the bank. What more could be desired? But the rates are too low. When the full swing of mortality is reached, no further additions to the surplus can be made. Nay, from the surplus, deductions, to pay claims, have to be made from time to time, to avoid the necessity of an assessment. In time, like the jar of meat in the fable, the top is off, then it is half gone, and finally it is all gone. The society is then one advanced in years, with a high death rate, and no surplus. For every claim there must go forth an assessment. Need it be added that the end has then come.

If a company or a society attempts to juggle with figures, the figures, in due time, will juggle with the company or society. Take as an example 82,581 persons aged 35 years, and carry $1,000 insurance on each through to the age of 99 years, when the last is supposed to die and become a claim. Allow 4 per cent. on all moneys on hand, and it will be found that the premium each must pay, so long as he lives, is $19.87. This, of course, is on the assumption that every one of the persons continues a member until he dies. This premium will not allow any portion for expenses. These must be found in addition to the above rate. But a certain society has undertaken to give insurance, and, in addition, pay the claim when the person reaches his expectancy, which would be 68 years, on a premium of $9.36. This premium is utterly insufficient for life purposes, and still more so for endowment policies.

We hear a great clatter about lapses, and the vast sums that a society can make in this way. Let us look into this contention. In the first place, a post-mortem assessment society makes nothing by lapses. What the members pay in, by assessment calls, is paid out in death claims. On the other hand, the society loses by lapses. It has been put to the test and proven, by no less an authority than G. D. Eldridge, that the lapses occur mainly among those recently taken into the society, and still healthy. The impaired and older members remain on. In this way, the death rate among the persistent members is actually raised, as shown in the first table on the next page.

According to this table, it will be seen that the death rate among the persistent members is increased by one-sixth on account of the lapsing of healthy members. Grant that the

premium rate was sufficient during the early years of a society's history to gather a small surplus by confiscating the savings on lapsed members, it will speedily be swept away by this increased mortality among those that remain. Thus it happens that the very thing upon which such a society calculates as its great source of strength, namely, its lapses, proves, in turn, one of the main causes of its extinction. This statement has been bluffly denied, but it cannot be controverted. To deal with the lapse rate in an unscientific manner is just as dangerous as has been shown to be the case with the improper application of the mortality rates. Both lapse and mortality rates, however, have been used in a rather free and easy, but thoroughly unscientific fashion.

MORTALITY RATE—YEARS 0 TO 10 OF INSURANCE.

Age at Ent'y.	RATE PER 1,000. Total Entrants.	Persistent Members.	Lapsed Members.
20	4.227	5.230	4.018
25	4.447	5.466	4.234
30	4.793	5.839	4.528
35	5.345	6.429	4.995
40	6.221	7.365	5.734
45	7.615	8.844	6.906
50	9.834	11.201	8.753
55	13.291	14.928	11.706
60	18.813	20.835	16.370
65	27.565	30.197	23.733
70	41.611	45.035	35.489
74	58.432	62.945	49.586

From 22 of the largest mutual assessment societies in the United States reporting to the bureau of the Mutual Life and Accident Underwriters' Association, for the purpose of deciding upon deaths and lapses, we find the following to be the results of actual experience. Altogether 450,154 lives from the ages of 18 to 65 were reported. From this large experience we gather the following for a period of 16 years:

Policy Year.	Deaths per 1,000.	Lapses per 1,000.
1	2.286	81.830
2	5.865	205.122
3	7.734	111.709
4	8.768	81.628
5	9.351	67.201
6	10.777	57.083
7	11.145	50.952
8	12.472	48.330
9	13.707	43.601
10	15.502	40.538
11	18.559	40.830
12	17.424	48.742
13	17.730	49.349
14	21.788	45.803
15	21.772	30.610
16	27.595	32.523

Here we have the most conclusive proof that as a society grows old, the mortality on any group of members increases. The next addition of members will follow exactly the same course. If the society ceases taking in members and has not the proper reserve on hand it must speedily collapse. If, on the other hand, it makes extensive additions to its membership each year, the death rate is held down for a time; but a time comes when the society becomes so large that the requisite new membership is more and more difficult to obtain. The members in, and growing old yearly, cannot be counterbalanced by new additions. With a membership of 100,000, it is very difficult to keep down the mortality by fresh additions. The necessity for a proper reserve is made clear by the above.

Another example, from the actual experience of assessment companies and societies reporting to the bureau above mentioned, shows that of 12,145 members, at the age of 40, who had been carefully selected, the death rate among the persistent members was as follows per 1,000: in the first policy year, 1.482; second year, 4.758; third year, 6.741; fourth year, 6.413; fifth year, 8.884; sixth year, 11.392; seventh year, 8.306; eighth year,

5.513; ninth year, 11.601; tenth year, 7.692; eleventh year, 17.543; twelfth year, 18.237.

Again, on 16,977 members, entering at age 40, the death rate per 1,000 among the persistent members was as follows, from year one to year sixteen of the policies: 1st, 1.4; 2nd, 6; 3rd, 7; 4th, 7; 5th, 8; 6th, 11; 7th, 7; 8th, 6; 9th, 9; 10th, 10; 11th, 18; 12th, 11; 13th, 12; 14th, 16; 15th, 21; 16th, 26. These figures show the increase in the death rate with the increase in the age of the society in a very positive manner. Unless the lapsing members leave a sufficient sum behind them for the privileges they enjoyed while members, the assessments are bound to become excessively high upon those who remain on the books of the society. Mr. Eldridge says: "Let the first consideration be to protect the persistent member; when this is done, and not until this is done, have we a right to consider the claims of the individual who forfeits his contract and withdraws from membership." In nearly all societies the very reverse is the case.

As another example of the influence of deaths and lapses, the following table has been constructed by Mr. Eldridge from actual experience. It is based upon the movement that takes place in 100,000 persons insured at the age of 30. The table is given in periods of 5 years:

Ages	Numbers	Deaths.	Lapses.	Decrement.	Residue.
30	100,000	4,526	13,087	17,613	82,387
35	82,387	3,625	8,362	11,987	70,400
40	70 400	3,225	6,337	9,562	60,838
45	60,838	3,332	4,808	8,130	52,708
50	52,708	3,488	3,720	7,208	45,500
55	45,500	3,875	2,883	6,758	38,742
60	38,742	4,973	2,070	6,993	31,749
65	31,749	6,091	1,518	7,609	24.140
70	24,140	6,414	1,111	7,525	16,615
75	16,615	6,446	662	7,108	9,507
80	9,507	5,308	133	5,441	4,066
85	4,066	3,059	1	3,060	1,006
90	1,006	924	0	924	82
95-99	82	82	0	82	0
		55,358	44,642	100,000	

From the above table it is clear that if every member carried $1,000 insurance, the total amount to begin with, at age 30, would be $100,000,000. Out of this amount, $55,358,000 actually becomes claims. From those that make payments into the society must be raised this large sum. If, in the earlier years, a sufficient premium be not charged, then, as a matter of course, a distressingly high one will have to be charged in the later years. Now, what is true of the above 100,000 persons, at age 30, is true of any number at every other age. Thus it becomes clear that the "new blood" will have all it can do to take care of itself, without handing over its strength and accumulations to fan into a feeble life the "old blood" in the society.

L. G. Fouse, one of the ablest of living actuaries, has shown that, after a society has taken every benefit from the confiscation of the contributions of lapsed members, the lowest premium limit for the age 40 is a premium of $17.03. This is for ordinary life policies. This premium would not stand the strain of endowments at expectancy. But the society just referred to offers to pay claims when they mature by death, and an endowment at expectancy, which, for age 40, is 69 on a premium of $10.56. When Mr. Fouse made his estimate of $17.03, he was taking into account the death and lapse rates, as determined by the experience of American companies and societies. The above premium of $17.03, paid in annually and improved at 4 per cent., is only adequate to pay the death claims that occur among the members that persist in the society, after the earnings of the lapsed members have been forfeited for the benefit of those who did not lapse. How, then, it may fairly be asked, can any society pay death claims and endowments at 69 on the small premium of $10.56? The answer is: "It cannot be done."

I estimated some time ago to a large society that the very lowest net premium it should charge for ordinary life policies at age 40 years was $17.02.

This was obtained independently, and closely agrees with the rate just quoted from Mr. Fouse. As has been already stated, we have heard no end of clatter about lapses. When one looks into the statements of the gains to a society from this source, the conclusion is forced home that the promoters of societies either knew nothing about the subject, or sought to deceive the public. In conversation with many leading men in fraternal insurance societies, I am of the opinion that they do not understand the effect of lapses, and that their knowledge upon the subject is too indefinite to be of any value whatever. But "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

When a society starts out with a premium of $10.56 for age 40 years, and promises to pay death claims out of this, and an endowment at the expectancy of life, it is undertaking to do the impossible. No amount of capital could build a railway to the moon. The capital might be foolishly spent in material for the road, but no road would be built. In like manner, when a number of men undertake to carry on an insurance society, and their financial plans are unsound, no other ending can result than the absorption of all the moneys contributed in the effort to carry on the enterprise, until the members become disgusted and leave the organization to its fate. For a few years after the admission of a batch of members there is a saving in mortality. The actuarial estimate is not reached. On the small premium paid, a small saving, or surplus, is obtained. This, however, is consumed a few years later, and that batch of members have to fall back upon the savings of members that have been taken into the society at a later period; or, in other words, they have to depend upon the "new blood." Were it not for this, they would have to put their hands into their pockets for special assessments.

This "new blood," in time, will have to fall back upon still other "new blood." In this way the process goes on until there is so much "old blood" in the society that it is impossible for the organizers to secure enough "new blood" to prevent decay and death. The above premium rate of $10.56 is only a few cents more than the natural premium rate for the same age—40 years. But every actuary knows that the natural premium rates are only sufficient for one year, and require to be advanced each year to the extent indicated in the table of natural premiums. As the result, however, of selection, the death rate, for a few years after admission, does not come up to the actuarial standard; and, consequently, there is a slight saving in this way. This enables the society to accumulate a small reserve, or surplus, on each new member for a few years; but this surplus is soon consumed again. The member becomes older, and the cost of carrying his insurance increases. A time soon comes when all that the member pays in is paid out. Then the cost of carrying the risk exceeds the premium paid in, and some of the surplus has to be used. But, as the surplus, gathered from these small rates, is insufficient, it will not stand the strain. What thus happens of the individual risk happens of a large number; and, therefore, the whole organization must become insolvent.

But the question may be asked, what influence have lapses upon societies? It has already been shown that one of the evil effects of lapses is to increase the death rate among persistent members by one-sixth, as most of the discontinuants are healthy and young. Their place, however, is taken by others freshly selected and examined. In this way the death rate over the entire membership is favorably affected. There is no longer any need for stumbling along in a guessing manner regarding this important feature of fraternal insurance. By watching carefully the movements of

the members in large societies, such as the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Manchester Unity Odd-Fellows, and many large American societies and companies, the lapse rate has been determined with great exactness. Indeed, it has been found to be almost as constant as the death rate. Meech and Fouse, in America, and Neison, in Great Britain, have gone into the whole question of lapses in societies very thoroughly. Here is what Mr. Fouse says: "Observers have noticed that there is practically as much regularity in the lapse rate as there is in the death rate. All observations made prove this. The report of the Executive Committee to the Sixteenth Annual Convention embodies the observations with reference to the death and lapse rate according to age and policy years, of 379,780 lives. With the exception of the data furnished by the thirty American offices, embracing over 1,000,000 lives, these are, perhaps, the most extensive data that have ever been used for the construction of tables. The time is long and the number is great enough to establish the law of decrement, both by death and lapse; and furnish us directly, from our own experience, the means of making accurate tests as to our condition, and enable us to determine what is necessary to perpetuate the existence of our several associations."

The above is plain language, and comes from one of the best living authorities upon the whole field of life insurance. The death and lapse rates being known, it is an easy matter to calculate the rates that ought to be charged for insurance. It is in this way that Mr. Fouse determined the net premium for age 40 to be $17.03, at a 4 per cent. basis. If this is the very lowest sum that can be charged for ordinary life insurance at this age, and allow nothing for expenses, possible losses in investments, lowering of the rate of interest, extra mortality due to unhealthy seasons, how can it be possible to carry on life insurance and endowments at expectancy on a premium of $10.56. But we are told that assessments can be made, if required. Just so with the premium of $17.03. It is constructed upon the flexible system, and provides for the possibility that it may not be sufficient; and that an assessment may occasionally have to be made. This is what should be understood as the assessment system. Not to make assessment whenever a claim occurs; or to start out on a premium rate ridiculously too low, and, later on in the history of the association, bolster up the tottering structure by extra calls.—No. The true assessment plan is quite different. It consists in fixing the rates at such an amount as will, in all probability, prove sufficient; and still reserve the right to make at times a special extra call to adjust the reserve on hand, if, as the result of a careful valuation, it is found to be insufficient. Here we have the level premium plan, with the safeguard of a call to adjust the financial standing of the order, or society. This is known as the flexible premium plan.

On this plan of insurance, conducted at the lowest rates consistent with safety, there can be no surrender values. Everything that lapsing members leave behind them is confiscated to the benefit of the persisting members. Taking it for granted, as the outcome of much experience, such as that collected by Meech, Fouse and Neison, that there will be a certain lapse rate in addition to the death rate, the rates are struck so as to carry those only who remain in the society, by forfeiting the gains from those who lapse. But to carry out this system of assessment insurance a valuation of the business should be made at short intervals, certainly not further apart than five years. At each of these valuations, if the reserve or surplus in hand is too small, it should at once be adjusted by a special levy or

assessment. But how is this to be done?

The answer to this question involves several other principles in the science of life insurance. It has been shown that by applying the principles of life insurance mathematics to a society, so as to calculate on lapses, as well as deaths, a premium can be obtained that furnishes insurance at lowest rates consistent with safety. In the same manner, by applying our knowledge of lapses and deaths, commutation single premiums can be obtained and the annuity value of one dollar at any given rate of interest. Having obtained the single premium-rates, and the annuity rates, the insurance in force in any society can be put to the test of a valuation. Errors in the amount of surplus on hand can therefore be detected and corrected while still within the range of cure. Having found the commutation single premium, the annual premium, and the annuity value of one dollar, at a given rate of interest, say 4 per cent. on the decrement method, or on the death and lapse rates combined, the valuation can readily be made. It is now an easy matter to find out the value of the future contributions of the members to the society. It is also easy to determiue what the present value of the future claims amount to. The present or future premiums, added to the surplus on hand, must equal, at least, the present value of future claims. If the present value of future claims is greater than the sum of the surplus and the present value of future premiums, then the surplus is not sufficient, and should be raised by making a call upon the members. The real question is not that there is a large surplus on hand; but the other, and entirely different question, is the surplus on hand the proper one to hold? There are societies in existence with large memberships, and a large apparent surplus. This surplus is large enough to give these societies the appearance of stability, and yet wholly insufficient for the purposes to which it is being applied. Assessments will have to be made thick and fast before long, or these societies must go out of existence. There is no middle road.

In the fraternal insurance societies of Canada and the United States, there are hundreds of thousands of members, carrying billions of insurance, and paying in and out millions of dollars, and yet no valuation. Many of these great organizations are drifting along, regardless of all the admonitions of science and experience. Others, again, are making an effort to place their business on a sound basis. In some societies, the plan is so radically wrong that nothing can be done with it but discard it altogether for a correct one, if it be not too late now to make the change. In an ordinary death assessment society, no valuation can be made of the business, as there is no fixed premium to serve as a starting-point for such. Money is called when required, and paid out when it comes in. There is no surplus on hand, and no fixed premium to take stock by; but, like a rudderless ship, the society is drifting away, until it strikes the rocks, and becomes disorganized and defunct.

Still another foolish device for the creation of a surplus is being tried in some quarters. It is that of setting aside a certain portion of the post mortem death assessments as a reserve fund. But this plan will not keep down the death rate; and when this becomes twelve or thirteen per thousand, some of the surplus will be used in paying claims. In course of time this will be all consumed. These societies will then have a high death rate, and no surplus. Need I draw the conclusion?

The whole question comes to this: No insurance company or society can continue in existence without a Reserve. This statement cannot be controverted. This being the case, the point to determine is, what is the

proper Reserve? The answer to this is twofold First, there is the Legal Reserve of chartered companies. This Reserve is constructed on the assumption that all who become insured will continue on until they die, or live their endowment periods, and are paid their claims. This Reserve is higher than is actually required in practice, but affords the advantages of surrender values, paid up insurance, extended insurance, the power to borrow on a policy, and the distribution of profits. In other words, although more is taken from the policy-holder than is absolutely necessary, after working expenses, the extra comes back to him again. And then the policy-holder is in a company that is absolutely stable, under the laws of Canada as they now exist. Secondly, there is the Reserve that is founded on the assumption that many of those who insure will lapse. This has been determined, as has the death rate, and advantage is taken of it in advance. The Reserve in this plan is less than in the first, and, consequently, the policy-holder has a smaller premium to pay. But, for this one advantage, he must offset the following disadvantages. He is liable to an extra call at any time; any surplus to his credit is forfeited to the benefit of others, if he lapses; there are no profits on his policy; there is no surrender value; there is no paid up insurance; and there is no extended insurance. In other words, the Legal Reserve companies charge too much, and give the surplus back; while the Lapse Reserve company or society charges so close to the margin that extra calls may be necessary at any time. As one able writer has put it, "a small surplus is better than a deficit." To give profits begets confidence; to make special calls creates mistrust.

The above are the only two ways in which the business of life insurance can be managed. Either can be made permanent by careful watching and frequent valuation. At these valuations, the Legal Reserve Company gives profits; whereas, at the valuation periods, the Lapse or Decrement Reserve Company may have to make an extra levy in excess of the regular premium.

Fraternity is a grand thing; but why not have the fraternity conducted on a sound basis? It is just as easy to carry on the work of an association on such a financial plan as will work out equitably to all the members, as it is on one that will not so end. A man joining a society at 20, has an expectancy of 45 years; while one joining at 40, has an expectancy of 29 years. These should be charged such premiums as make each pay for what he gets. It is radically wrong that a man of 40 should pay the same as a man of 20. A graded assessment does not meet the difficulty. The very next year the grade is wrong. There are only two ways to make each pay equally, firstly, to adopt the level premium rates, either on the Legal Reserve or the Lapse or Decrement Reserve plan. These rates may be divided into twelve portions, and paid monthly. It is still a level premium, however. Or, secondly, to charge the natural premium rates and change from year to year, as the members advance in age. By this plan, a member in his eightieth year would be paying about $140 a year.

It will will not do for members to make light of the fundamental errors that exist in these organizations. Take a member, aged 20 when he joins. Grant that he remains a member for 40 years. Allow that he paid on an average $10 a year in assessments to carry his $1,000 of insurance, which is a low estimate to make, for, while his first few years may be under this, his latter years will be above this estimate. At the end of this forty years, when he is 60 years of age, the society suspends operations. A high death rate, and frequent assessments, brought it to an end. Now, allow only 4 per cent. on the money

he has paid in during these years, at $10 a year, and it will be found that he has contributed to the defunct concern $988.27. All this he does for the satisfaction of belonging to a fraternity, and seeing his money go to assist others, whom he never saw, and in whom he has no other interest than that they are members of the same society. But this member is not contributing his money on this understanding. Had he been informed. when he joined that, after paying in for 40 long years, and contributing, in principal and interest, $988.27, the society would become defunct, and leave him, an old man of sixty, out in the cold, he certainly would not have joined. In the meantime he may have become uninsurable; but, even if still in good health, and he seeks new insurance, he finds his premiums are very high on account of his age.

Thus it is that under the guise of fraternity, a vast amount of injustice has been perpetrated. The members often do not know any better, and, taking the statements of the leading spirits in the order, look upon their insurance as perfectly good. Mr. Neison, the distinguished British actuary, condemned such societies in the strongest language. While it must be admitted that the good fraternities have done in many ways is immense, it must be also admitted on the other hand, that very much injustice has been done through their agency, as shown by the example just given, which is only one of many that have happened, and that must still happen under the present method of managing these societies.

Read what Mr. George D. Eldridge, a very able authority on assessment insurance, has recently written: "That the ten years next to come will prove with them (the societies) a crucial period, can hardly be gainsaid: already it is evident that the master minds in several organizations recognize that illy adjusted methods of assessments are cumbering the orders with members who are not paying for the protection they are receiving, but whose presence is making more difficult the maintenance intact of the roll of members under the gradually increasing assessment rate, burdening alike the new entrant and the member of many years standing. Fraternity and brotherhood are proving themselves unable to stay the action of the law of mortality, although they are proving themselves powerful forces to withstand the tendency towards disintegration which under similar circumstances would make havoc with a business organization. As the bond of security which money constitutes may be strained to the point of breakage, which is insolvency, it is not impossible that the bond of fraternity and brotherhood may prove to have its limit of resistance, beyond which would lie disintegration." After referring to the low rate of mortality in relation to insurance, he urges that societies adopt proper methods, and he states: "when this is done the bond of fraternity or brotherhood, instead of losing its power, will be increased many fold, and the future of the orders can be made as assured as their work is beneficent."

In these opinions, Mr. Eldridge is undoubtedly correct. If the financial system is wrong, the bonds of brotherhood cannot ultimately hold the members together; and a point is reached "beyond which lies disintegration." It is equally true that a correct method is just as easy to manage as an incorrect one. The argument, that the adoption of correct rates would apparently increase the payments of members, has no place in the discussion. Insurance cannot be sold below cost, without the result following of the insolvency of the society or company that is foolhardy enough to make the attempt. Mr. Fouse, the scholarly advocate of the Lapse or Decrement Reserve System, condemns the unwarranted assertions that have been made by some advocates of the assessment

system, that insurance can be furnished at the low prices they claim.

Why should societies shrink from a valuation of their insurance? If they are in a sound financial position, would not the knowledge of this be a great satisfaction to the members? If they are not in a sound financial condition, can this fact be discovered and made known too soon? The words of the late Rev. C. J. Radley, who took so much interest in the Ancient Order of Foresters in Great Britain, are of special value. In addressing his fellow-members, he stated that "it should be distinctly understood that in remedying deficiencies, delays are doubly dangerous, and after it is once known the solvency is less than 20s. in the £, every payment made in full reduces the chances of the remainder of the members."

The researches of Meech, Fouse, Neison, and Eldridge, have rendered it possible for societies to value their insurance, making a fair allowance for the profits to be derived from lapses, or secessions. For the leaders in societies to carry on their work, and neglect this plain duty, can hardly be regarded as anything less than criminal negligence. It would be a similar act of folly, if a bank with a large capital, large deposits, large discounts, failed to take stock of its affairs, and, consequently, the directors did not know how its financial matters stood. The universal demands of the members of insurance societies should be, "Give us a sound system; we will pay the rates necessary to produce solvency." The first great consideration that ought to govern the action of every member should be, that he is not paying into a concern that in the very nature of things must go down, as the members gradually grow older, and ever increasing death and sickness rates have absorbed all the contributions of the persistent members, "leaving nought but grief and pain for promised joys."

We have heard far too much of the good done by friendly societies, when the method of doing it was not wise nor equitable. It seems, on the surface, a benevolent act to pay the family of a deceased member $1,000, to help them along in the time of bereavement. But to do this, 100 members must contribute each $10, or 1,000 members $1. If these contributing members are sure that when their turn comes to go, their families will receive similar benefits, then all is right; but if there is no certainty of this; indeed, if there is every certainty that they will not, then the work of fraternity becomes a fraud. The paying members fully expect in their turn to be treated as they are treating others. They are living in a hope that cannot be realized. One very large fraternal society, a short time ago, officially announced that the average age of its members was about five years greater than the average at which they had been admitted. Could there be any stronger proof than this, that, without a proper reserve on hand, "new blood" will not save such an institution?

In conclusion, I would state that all companies, or organizations, doing insurance may be classified as follows, after Eldridge:

1. The Limited Premium, or Legal Reserve Companies.

2. The Flexible Premium, or Assessment Companies, collecting fixed periodical payments, with the reserved right of additional assessments.

3. Post-mortem Assessment Companies, embracing

(*a*) Fraternal orders.

(*b*) Business organizations.

It has been already shown that, if the business management is careful, the first class is on a permanently stable basis. It has also been shown that if the rates collected are sufficient, and the standing of each company is subjected to frequent valuations, the second class, with good management, may also be rendered stable, and kept, from valuation to valuation

in a solvent condition. Further, it has been shown that so far as class three is concerned, every principle of life insurance is violated, and, sooner or later, such organizations must come to destruction and pass out of existence, after the expenditure of much time and money in the effort to perpetuate a huge blunder. These huge blunders are the outcome of empirics working with tables and rates the meaning of which they do not understand. As an illustration of this, a leading society man asked me a short time ago: "Why did the 'old line' companies charge a man aged 20 years about $16 for a life policy, when the death rate at that age was about 7 per thousand?" This is a fine example of how these tables are misapplied.

Mr. Fouse has distinctly stated that though the death rate may be below that expected, the regular premium should be collected, as the law of averages is bound to prevail. Mr. Eldridge has declared that he knows of no reason for supposing that assessment societies can furnish life insurance, as such, cheaper than regular companies. In other words, the law of mortality must be met in the society as in the company. Both these gentlemen are actuaries, and connected with very large assessment companies. But they see, both from experience and study, that life insurance must cost a certain amount, and they are too fearless and honest to hold out any false hopes.

There is actual history, however, to fall back upon. The leading assessment companies of the United States have been for years reporting to a central bureau their actual death rate. The result is that 22 societies had a death rate in the sixteenth year of 30 per 1,000. If any, or all, of these societies had no reserves on hand, and issued 30 assessments in one year, it would soon be seen whether the mutual, or fraternal, bond could hold them together or not. It is utter folly to expect always a low death rate, because it happens to be so in the early years.

Now for the remedy. Let societies making use of the post mortem assessment method, abandon it, and adopt a suitable table of rates, and ample provision for frequent valuations. In the case of other societies, issuing a certain number of regular assessments yearly, the advice of competent experts should be taken at once to determine whether the amounts collected are sufficient; and, if not, to have them adjusted, and then keep them right by the safeguard of taking stock in the form of a valuation. Without this, all else is guesswork.

CANADIAN SHORT-STORY WRITERS.

BY ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

IN these days of excitement and confusion, caused by the general and all-absorbing pursuit of the elusive but ever mighty dollar, nothing plays so important a part in the delightful world of literature—even Canadian literature—as the "short story." The days of the three-volume novel are past and gone, it is earnestly hoped, never to return,—and what was a few years ago considered the right thing in regard to a story, is now universally condemned as vastly unpopular. Even the ordinary, every-day, one-volume novel, except it be of extraordinary merit, has not nearly so many readers as formerly, not on account of any apparent falling-off in the interest manifested for current literature, or lack of writers possessing the true fire, tact, intelligence, and ability to amuse and instruct; but because the busier portion of mankind —and womankind, too—in the wearing drudgery of modern social and business life, have really not the time to devote to reading many works of any kind, be they fiction, history, biography, travel or adventure. If they are honestly desirous of keeping themselves in touch with the world at large, with regard to the latest productions of a popular author, a new star in the literary firmament, or an untried stranger, who, as yet, has to run the gauntlet of those ghouls and bugaboos of every writer—the critics, —they glance rapidly at the press notices and reviews in the large dailies or other periodicals, and that is all. They may never have seen the book itself, and may have but an imperfect idea of its contents; but they pass muster in a crowd composed mainly of people like themselves; with a sprinkling of students and bookworms, whom they are clever enough to fight shy of, or bulldoze into a belief that they, the said busy ones, are deep readers of current fiction. No! the world of busy folk, with a few exceptions, has little or no use for a long-drawn-out story. They do not relish it piecemeal—on the instalment plan—nor have they time to swallow it whole at one sitting. When they wish to thoroughly enjoy themselves in a literary way, they crave, and must have, a terse, pithy, racy, and cleverly told short story, the writing of which is an art in itself. Many a writer, who has gained both fame and fortune as the author of a popular novel, would give way to despair, were he compelled or asked to write a story of say 3,000 words. Like Charles Reade, he would be quite at home while engaged on a four-volume novel; like Grant Allen, he could introduce his "twenty-six episodes" without turning a hair: like some other author, he could begin at chapter 52 and work backwards to the "Once upon a time" point; or, like the good, solid, domestic, bread-and-butter novelist, he could write straight ahead from the first chapter to the last, and both he and the public survive; but ask him to write a concise tale of say two newspaper columns' length! Perhaps he could do it: but more likely the task would be beyond him. I merely mention this to show that the successful short-story writer possesses abilities and talents peculiarly his own, and has to cope with, and master, difficulties that the novelist wots not of, though having difficulties of his own. It is a credit, rather than otherwise, to that little band of bright Canadian writers depicted in this article, that they have chosen, and have ably de-

veloped, this particular field of literature, the more so that their work compares favorably with that of writers of almost any country.

Every one knows, or should know by this time, that the exigencies of very existence in Canada, to put it mildly, prevent native authors from making even a bare subsistence by the product of their pen alone. With a few rare exceptions, the newspapers and other periodicals of the country have either been unable to offer that encouragement which writers deserve, or their editors have shown in the past a combination of characteristics mainly made up of invariable short-sightedness and impenetrable stupidity. Thus it is that some of the brightest writers in Canada have left for a more congenial clime—even in Corea a man can be happy if his ability is recognized in a tangible and substantial manner. There are undoubtedly others just as bright, who would follow them if they could; but family ties that are dearer even than ambition itself make them cling to the land of their birth, and the more sanguine even cheerfully predict the rise of an era of purely Canadian literature, when they can make a name and home for themselves without becoming absolute exiles.

I do not propose here to treat of many of the writers of short stories who have only recently come into public notice, but confine myself to those with whose work I am acquainted.

Of the success of Gilbert Parker, Edward W. Thomson, and Robert Barr ("Luke Sharp"), the reading public are well aware. The first made his initial success in England as a writer of short stories; the second, some years ago on the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, is now holding an honorable and lucrative position on the *Youths' Companion* of Boston; while the third, for many years a citizen of Ontario, and at one time a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Toronto Globe*, *Detroit Free Press*, and other papers on this side of the water, is now associated with the famous and ever-funny author of "Three Men in a Boat"—Jerome K. Jerome—as joint editor of that breezy English monthly, the *Idler*.

All three have practically ceased to be Canadians, though, in a measure, they are educating the world as to the characteristics of their countrymen, and, mayhap, often cast longing eyes in the direction of the land that claims them as her own, but, could not or would not, hold out the encouragement which they so richly deserved, and demanded. There are others who have gone from us in like manner—Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Coates), Helen Gregory-Flesher, Stinson Jarvis, Madge Robertson, and many more. Canadians are proud of the successes and triumphs of these abroad; but Canadians do not, or should not, forget that we have still some clever literary people among us, and it is of these that I would speak in the present article.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

A Canadian writer who has achieved well-merited, not to say extraordinary, success, especially in that most difficult field of literature—the short story—is Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of Montreal.

Like so many of our ablest native writers, Mr. Oxley hails from the Maritime Provinces, having been born in Halifax on October 22nd, 1855. Although the author's father, like himself, was a native of Nova Scotia, the Oxleys are a Yorkshire family. The head of the house is a baronet. On his mother's side, the author is descended from the clan Macdonald, and this fact is commemorated by his middle name. He received his elementary training at the Halifax Grammar School, of which he became dux. "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood" is a faithful and loving tribute to this school and its head master, Canon Gil-

pin. He next appears at Dalhousie College, having been the youngest undergraduate ever admitted to that seat of learning—he was only fourteen. Then that great school, which has claimed so many brilliant writers as its own — journalism — was the scene of his labors, he having entered its portals as assistant editor of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, the college paper. He also contributed promiscuously to the Halifax papers, being for a time a regular editorial writer on the *Herald* of that city. In 1874 he graduated from Dalhousie, and began the study of law, and was admitted to the Nova Scotia bar in 1878. While at Harvard Law School, among his class-mates were two men who have since made their mark in American literature, F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale), and Robert Grant. His desk-mate was Count N. T. Kenoko, now Attorney-General of Japan, and he also had opportunities of visiting the poet Longfellow.

Yours Very Truly
J. Macdonald Oxley

While at Dalhousie Mr. Oxley was an enthusiastic athlete, and tells an interesting story of how, in a Rugby football match, he and a young, beardless, naval lieutenant came in violent contact, and for a moment it was feared the latter had broken his neck. But he hadn't. This same young sailor has since demonstrated the fact that he bears a charmed existence, and he is known to the world as the dare-devil of England's Navy—he to whom the admiral signalled before Alexandria: "Well done, Condor!"—Lord Charles Beresford.

In 1880, Mr. Oxley married Miss Morrow, daughter of James B. Morrow, of the Cunard Line, and granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. Ritchie, a Methodist minister well known in Montreal half a century ago. The author is now the father of a small family of boys and girls. In 1883, Mr. Oxley entered the Department of Marine at Ottawa, where he enjoyed more leisure to devote to literary work. Up to this time, as a contribution to literature he had only written a paper on Admiralty Law for the *American Law Review*. But how he settled down to gain the entrée to the great magazines, and how he so admirably succeeded the world now knows.

In January, 1884, his first real effort at literary work, "The Canadian Capital," was accepted by the *Continent*. Since then he has written over 200 articles and stories for nearly 60 different periodicals, including *Scribners'*, *Popular Science Monthly*, the *Forum*, *North American Review*, *Magazine of American History*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Lippincott's*, the *American*, *Macmil-*

lan, Ladies' Home Journal, Youth's Companion, Harper's Young People, Our Youth (New York), *Wide Awake, Golden Days*, etc., etc., and also serial stories to the *Boys' Own Paper, Harpers' Young People, Our Youth* (New York), *Youth* (Edinburgh), *Santa Claus, Our Young People*, etc. Articles and short stories of his that have received most gratifying notice are "Down a Canadian Toboggan Slide," and "Mademoiselle Angelique" (*Ladies' Home Journal*, Feby., 1891, and Feby., 1893), "Love Triumphant" (*Harper's Bazaar*, March, 1889), "In the Midst of the Waters" (*Dominion Illustrated*, Christmas number, 1892), "A Pair of Skates" and "A Skate for a Bride" (*Montreal Star*, Carnival numbers, 1887 and 1889). Not content with all this work, Mr. Oxley has also written several books, among them being "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," published first in Philadelphia, and afterwards brought out in England by Hodder & Stoughton. In 1888, "Up Among the Ice Floes" was published. "The Wreckers of Sable Island" and "The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa" were also re-published in book form; they originally appeared in *Santa Claus* and *Youth* respectively. "Archie of Athabasca," a story of the North-West Fur Co., which appeared in the *Boys' Own Paper*, was reprinted in England by Nesbit & Co., and also in America by D. Lathrop & Co. "Fergus McTavish," a story of the Hudson Bay Co., was published by Hodder & Stoughton; while his last book, "The Good Ship Gryphon," a naval story located in the West Indies in the days of the first Napoleon, was first published in Philadelphia, and has recently been issued by Thos. Nelson & Son, the well-known Edinburgh publishers, under the title of "Diamond Rock." This firm also published "Up Among the Ice Floes."

Not only has the thoughtful reading public given unstinted praise to almost everything that has emanated from Mr. Oxley's prolific pen, but the critics themselves, among whom may be mentioned the *London Times, New York Critic, London Graphic, Morning Post*, have also spoken in most complimentary terms of his work, and the judgment of more than one of these may be considered final.

In 1885 Mr. Oxley won a prize of $100, offered by *Literary Life*, of Chicago, for the best condensation of a famous novel, with the synopsis of the "Scarlet Letter." Five years later he won a similar amount in a competition offered by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett for the best article for boys and girls. He also won first prize in the *Halifax Critic's* competition for the best Christmas story.

This is a most extraordinary output for one writer, and is the record of a busy ten years' work.

In addition to this, Mr. Oxley's services as a lecturer on literary subjects have been in constant demand, and he has also been an earnest worker in connection with the Sunday School of the Dominion Methodist Church.

Although an able and prolific writer, Mr. Oxley has never looked upon literature as his sole profession or occupation. For eight years he was a hard-working official of the Marine Department, and in 1891 resigned to take the still more onerous post of Inspector of Agencies for the Sun Life Insurance Co. in Eastern Ontario. In October of the following year, he was offered the post of City Manager for the same company in Montreal, and holds that position at the present time.

However, in spite of all his numerous other duties, he still finds time for literary work, for, besides being engaged on two stories for Thos. Nelson & Son, he has numerous commissions that will keep him in constant touch with the world of literature he loves so well.

MISS MARJORY MACMURCHY.

In the realm of short story writing, Canada has several clever lady writers whose work possesses a certain charm

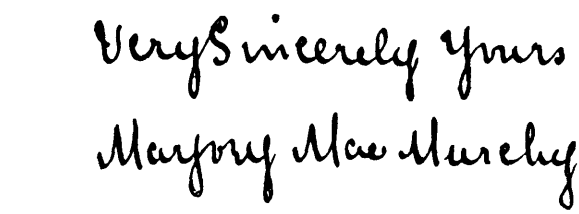
all its own. Among these, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, of Toronto, occupies a foremost place. Miss MacMurchy, who is a daughter of Mr. A. MacMurchy, Principal of the Jarvis-street Collegiate Institute, Toronto, and editor of the *Canada Educational Monthly*, was born in the Queen City of this fair Dominion, and, so far, has lived nearly all her life within sight of Hiawatha Island and the blue waters of Lake Ontario.

Brought up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, it is little wonder that, for her, literature held a peculiar charm that gradually instilled itself into the thoughts and actions of her daily life.

It was in 1888 that Miss MacMurchy first took up the pen, as a study for her own amusement, to create

> Charming little worlds of fancy
> Peopled by her own ideals,

and in 1891 appeared her first published story, "The Spirits of the Hearth Fires," in the Christmas number of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*. Following this, short stories and humorous sketches appeared in a variety of magazines and other periodicals, including the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, *Toronto Saturday Night*, *Life and Work* (Edinburgh), the pictorial weeklies of New York, *Grip*, the *Montreal Witness*, and others.



Among the short stories from Miss MacMurchy's pen that show her undoubted abilities in that special and most difficult field of literature, are, "One Summer Morning," "An Episode at Red Rock," "The Fiddler of Lone Inlet," and "The Exodus to Penterville." She has also been a well known contributor to *Saturday Night* and *Grip*, generally in a humorous vein, and over the *nom de plume* of "Penny."

Miss MacMurchy's work is at all times graceful, and shows her, moreover, to possess tact, intelligence, and originality, to a marked degree. Her sense of humor is genuine and keen, and the touch of pathos, which is found in some of her work, is applied with a gentle and loving hand. It is to be hoped that Miss MacMurchy, as well as our other writers, will keep right on, and not allow the troublous times that now beset the path of Canadian literature, to discourage them from giving to the public what the public at least fully appreciate, and are ever ready to admire when real merit comes before them.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Poet, musician, and story writer—such is Duncan Campbell Scott, and it is as the first, perhaps, that we know him best; but as the last, and it is in that capacity I wish to speak of him here, Mr. Scott has done admirable things.

Born in the City of Ottawa in 1862, the author of "In the Village of Viger" has lived the greater part of his life in the province of which he is a native.

It was in the year 1887 that Mr. Scott first took a special interest in literary work, and since that time he has contributed, not only to the press of Canada, but also to *Two Tales* (since discontinued), the *Youths' Companion*, Scribner's and other leading American periodicals—in fact, everything he has written has been gladly accepted by editors who are on the watch for material possessing undoubted merit.

Among his best work in the short story line, may be mentioned "The Ducharmes," "In the Village of Viger" (10 capital sketches of French-Canadian life, possessing both dramatic interest, and a certain poetic beauty all their own), "The Tragedy of the

Seigniory," "John Scantleberry" (*Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, Feb., 1892), "Coiniac Street," etc., etc.

The following extract from "The Pedler," from "In the Village of Viger," gives but an imperfect idea of the excellence of the whole:

"He used to come in that early spring time, when in sunny hollows, banks of coarse snow lie thawing, shrinking with almost inaudible tinklings, when the upper grass-banks are covered thickly with the film left by the melted snow, when the old leaves about the gray trees are wet and sodden, when the pools lie bare and clear, without grasses, very limpid with snow-water, when the swollen streams rush insolently by, when the grossbeaks try the cedar buds shyly, and a colony of little birds take a sunny tree slope, and sing songs there.

"He used to come with the awakening of life in the woods, with the strange cohosh, and the dog-tooth violet, piercing the damp leaf which it would wear as a ruff about its neck in blossom time He used to come up the road from St Valérie, trudging heavily, bearing his packs. To most of the Viger people he seemed to appear suddenly in the midst of the street, clothed with power, and surrounded by an attentive crowd of boys, small boys, and a whirling fringe of dogs, barking and throwing up dust.

"I speak of what has become tradition, for the pedler walks no more up the St. Valérie road, bearing those magical baskets of his.

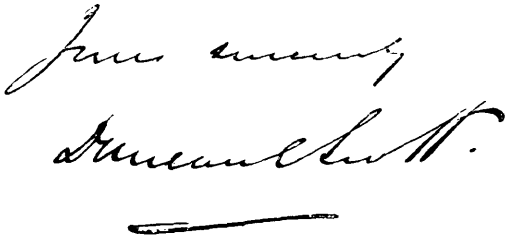
* * * * * *

"Some venturesome souls who looked out when the storm was nearly over, declared they saw, large on the hills, the figure of the pedler, walking enraged in the fringes of the storm. One of these was Henri Lamoureux, who, to this day, has never found the little red purse. * * *

"However that might be, there are yet people in Viger who, when the dust blows, and a sharp storm comes up from the south-east, see the figure of the enraged pedler, large upon the hills, striding violently along the fringes of the storm."

As a prose writer, Mr. Scott is a rare acquisition to the ranks of that clever little band, who, by the fanciful charm of their pens, amuse, instruct, and generally delight the thoughtful reading public. I understand he intends in future to devote more time to prose work than he has hitherto done, and, though he will always live in the hearts of the Canadian people as one of their first poets, as a short-story writer he will be thrice welcome.

Besides being a graceful writer—



be it of prose or poetry—Duncan Campbell Scott is passionately fond of music, and spends many a pleasant hour in the study of the art sublime. In fact, the two arts are so closely allied, the very rhythm of earnest poetic effort being suggestive of symphonic music, that it is difficult to imagine anyone possessing the poetic spirit being otherwise than an intense lover of music.

Mr. Scott is a very busy man, for besides being a frequent contributor to the magazines, he must needs attend to the onerous duties connected with the post of Chief Clerk and Accountant in the Department of Indian Affairs, at Ottawa, a position not only responsible, but sometimes so engrossing as to leave him with very little inclination to do anything else. However, we hope in the future to see more of this author's work in the short story line, as it is at all times interesting, and cannot fail to please even the most captious reader.

Yours very truly
William McLennan

WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

As a delineator of French-Canadian habitant life, William McLennan has very few equals. His stories are characterized by warm coloring, much dramatic interest, and an abundance of original ideas.

Mr. McLennan was born in 1856, in the city 'twixt Mount Royal and the noble St. Lawrence, and has resided nearly all his life in the place of his birth. Ever since he was a boy he has had an intense love of literary work, and possessing, as he does, unusual talents and ability in that direction, his work has at all times been interesting.

Mr. McLennan is not only a prolific writer, but possesses much versatility. He is a poet in the truest sense of the word; has written much local matter of a historical character, and is a capital short story writer. Perhaps his best work in that line has been done in *Harper's Magazine*, in which appeared a series of French-Canadian stories told by an original character called Melchior, and also five or six stories dealing with the French Revolution. He has also written for *Harper's Weekly*, *The Week* (Toronto), *Youth's Companion* (Boston), *Montreal Star*, *Montreal Gazette*, etc. Besides all this, Mr. McLennan has done some excellent work as a translator, as well as writer, of verse.

The author of "De Littl' Modder," when not engaged in literary work, attends to the duties connected with his profession of a notary, being one of the firm of McLennan & Fair, St. James-street, Montreal. This profession, in the Province of Quebec, is the same as prac-

tised in France. The cares of business do not sit heavily on Mr. McLennan. To use his own words:—"My occupation is the quietest in the world, and my attempts at literature are my greatest distraction."

The English vernacular of our French-Canadian brothers has received a good deal of attention within the last few years, and, to use the words of Major J. P. Edwards, late editor of the now defunct *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, "Mr. McLennan's setting has invested it with a pathos which is marvellously attractive."

MAUD OGILVY.

A native of the city of Montreal, Miss Maud Ogilvy is descended, on her mother's side, from a well-known Ontario family—the Powells—members of which have held prominent positions in Toronto, while their descendants are still to be found in the front ranks of the public service, and of science. Hon. Wm. Dummer Powell, Miss Ogilvy's great-grandfather, was Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and her grandfather, Mr. John Powell, in the rebellion of '37 was taken prisoner by the rebels. Escaping, he reached Toronto (then called York), in time to give the alarm and put the garrison on their guard. Later he was elected Mayor of the City of Toronto. Miss Ogilvy's father, Mr. John Ogilvy, is a Scotchman by birth, a native of the little town of Brechin in Forfarshire, where his family have lived for generations. He has been a familiar figure in Montreal society and business circles for many years.

Miss Ogilvy received her early education at a private establishment for young ladies in Montreal, and graduated finally at an institution in London, England.

In this latter school she became remarkable for her excellent French accent, and her thorough acquaintance with English literature. Like most people from America, she found the English climate very trying, being constantly subject to "heimweh," and experience goes strongly to prove that no Swiss exiled from his native mountains, could suffer more than do many Canadians and Americans who have been in voluntary banishment in England for educational or other purposes.

Miss Ogilvy, from various causes, came face to face with the question, "What shall my life work be?" While her training qualified her to be a teacher, the more congenial and varied pursuit of literature attracted her, and those friends who knew her best, convinced that her natural gifts and industry were such as to promise success, urged her in the direction to which her tastes inclined. Thus encouraged, her first little ventures went forth, and were successful in a modest degree. They consisted of letters to the daily papers on such subjects as might be before the public, and were written in the purest of English, in a style by turns thoughtful and witty, and were eagerly looked for by appreciative readers. Short stories came next, and the short story proved to be a branch of literature in which she excelled.

In 1890 appeared Miss Ogilvy's first important venture, "Marie Gourdon," a romance of the Lower St. Lawrence. This book was well received by the Canadian public, and attracted much attention in French and Roman Catholic circles, to whom her writings had not previously appealed. By the appreciation shown in it of the influence of the Church on society in that primitive district, and by the delicate truth of the atmosphere through the medium of which her characters are seen, Miss Ogilvy

proves herself equally at home in the amenities of society and civilized life, as among the primitive surroundings of the French of the Lower St. Lawrence, and the changes from one phase of life to the other, give variety of interest to her story. One of its finest characteristics is the sympathy with everything Canadian—climate, people, traditions—which marks her at once to be a true daughter of her country.

Her next book, entitled "The Keeper of Bic Lighthouse," also proved a success, and has gone through several editions. An important work of Miss Ogilvy's, which has gained for her the greatest praise and distinction from both the press and public, is, "The Life of Sir J. J. C. Abbott," and it is said the late Premier himself was much pleased with the author's painstaking efforts to place his life and times more prominently before the Canadian people. I may add that this work was written by Miss Ogilvy on an order from the Canadian Government.

I believe the author contemplates writing a biography of Sir Donald Smith, the well-known railway magnate and millionaire, of Montreal, and there is no doubt that the appearance of the volume will be hailed with the greatest delight by the author's numerous admirers.

In addition to these works, Miss Ogilvy has written many interesting articles showing much research, and full of reliable information, and has contributed to the Boston *Transcript*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the Brooklyn *Musical Magazine*, the New York *World*, in addition to numerous Canadian periodicals. It will be seen that her writings touch upon many themes, and yet there is one more line in which she excels—that of a writer of society sketches. We all know how difficult it is in this branch of newspaper work to draw the line between privacy and publicity, between the incidents and people we may write about and those cases in which publicity would be a breach of good taste. In this regard Miss Ogilvy never fails, and with all due reticence, her notes are most piquant, interesting and appreciative. Alike in municipal events, topics of the day, society items, the churches, and the fashions, she culls her facts and fancies with a taste and judgment rarely combined in so high a degree. Consequently her services are constantly called into requisition by people who would hesitate before placing themselves and their entertainments at the mercy of the ordinary newspaper reporter.

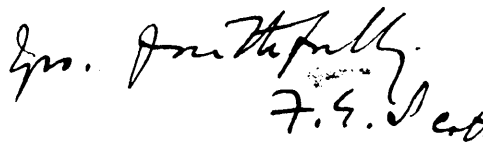
In person Miss Ogilvy is of middle height, with a dainty figure, small hands and feet, and lovely golden-brown hair. While her features are not strictly regular, her forehead and eyes are fine, and her expression animated and pleasing. Combined with these, a pure accent, a sweet voice in speaking and conversation, full of wit and repartee, make up a personlity charming and attractive in a high degree.

Of late, Miss Ogilvy has been obliged to seek a warmer climate, as she found she could not withstand the rigors of the Canadian winter. When the leaves begin to unfold, the blossoms to scent the sun-lit air with their delightful fragrance, and the robin once more to burst forth in his glad hymn of praise, then will the many friends and admirers of Maud Ogilvy hope to see her back again in the land of the maple leaf and beaver.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

The author of "The Bible Oracle," the Rev. Frederick George Scott, was born in Montreal, April 7th, 1861. Both of the writer's parents were of English birth, although his father, the late Dr. W. E. Scott, was Professor of Anatomy at McGill College for nearly forty years. Mr. Scott received his early educational training at the High School, and Proprietary School, Montreal, after which he attended

Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que. From thence he went to King's College, London, Eng., where he graduated. Mr. Scott at once carried out his intention of taking holy orders. For a time he was curate at the Church of St. John the Evangelist,



Montreal, and afterwards went to England, where, in 1886, he was ordained a priest by the Bishop of St. Albans, and licensed to the curacy of the Church of St. Peter-ad-vincula, Coggeshall, Essex. In 1887, Mr. Scott returned to Canada, when he married, and was appointed to the Rectory of Drummondville, in the Diocese of Quebec.

Although always an ardent student of literature, it was not until the year 1888 that Mr. Scott's name first came prominently before the public as a writer of much promise. In that year "The Soul's Quest," and other poems, were published in London, Eng., by Kegan Paul. Four years later appeared "Elton Hazlewood" (Whitaker's, N.Y.)

During the present year "My Lattice," and other poems, were published by William Briggs, Toronto.

As a short story writer, Mr. Scott has done some excellent work. Most of his contributions were written for the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, *Arcadia*, The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, *Penny Post*, etc.

"The Bible Oracle" is one of the best things Mr. Scott has written. Its interest is such that it led one admirer to say to me: "If I have read Mr. Scott's 'Bible Oracle' once, I have read it half-a-dozen times." "The Unpardonable Sin of Mr. Baggs," shows the writer to possess a keen sense of humor, while, among the other short stories of real merit that the reverend gentleman has written, "The Soul-Snake," and "The Smile of Christ" are both excellent contributions to the short story literature of Canada.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

A Canadian writer, who has done excellent work in more than one branch of literature, and contributed materially to the building up of the art in this country, is Mr. Stuart Livingston, of Hamilton.

Although, I believe, first known to the reading public as the author of "The History of Professor Paul," (published by Hunter & Grant of Hamilton, and for which he received warm words of praise from the late Sir Daniel Wilson and others), it is as a poet that Mr. Livingston is best known, and Dr. Samuel Lyle's graceful tribute, in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, to the young writer's gift, is still fresh in the minds of the many readers of that excellent monthly. But, as a writer of short stories of sterling merit, Mr. Livingston has fully demonstrated that he is also at home in the work of weaving together the fabric of an artistically told tale—always true to nature, and full of poetic beauty.

Mr. Livingston is quite a young man, being still on the sunny side of thirty, and was born and has lived the greater part of his life in the pretty city, under Bartonville's Mount, the present scene of his professional labors, where, in collaboration with Mr. A. E. Garrett, he enjoys a lucrative practice as a barrister and solicitor, holding the degree of LL.B., no slight distinction for so young a practitioner.

As a story writer, Mr. Livingston has contributed to many of the leading Canadian journals, his "Told in the Ball Room," in the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, and "The Girl in Canada," also contributed to a Canadian periodical, being stories possessed of power, brilliancy, and a certain poetic undercurrent, that is found in all his work. It is almost impossible to form any adequate idea of a writer's

style in a short prose article of this kind, without giving it entire. Want of space, unfortunately, renders this out of the question in a necessarily condensed article of this kind. The most that can be said of Mr. Livingston's work is that it abounds in telling scenes—scenes wherein the artificiality of modern society is held up in all its most glaring deformity; while the grand nobility of a manly man is depicted in delightful contrast—scenes wherein the heartless jilt, and sweet, innocent maidenhood are truthfully portrayed, while nature at all times is seen as she appears to the poet and the artist. A short-story writer, as well as a poet, Mr. Stuart Livingston will always find many warm admirers, and his work is a welcome addition to current Canadian literature.

Then there is William Wilfred Campbell, of whom "Clio," in a glowing tribute to the Canadian poets, hath said:

"Next Campbell, golden-shod. appears,
Bearing his sheaf of ripened ears;
Dear, dearest to thy heart, fond mother;
For he has touched the deepest deep
Where thy bruised love is sure to weep,
And hallowed it as has no other."

Although I, and, I believe, the appreciative public at large, like to think of Mr. Campbell, as of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, as a distinctly Canadian poet, he has occasionally given us a capital short story. What could be more quaintly humorous than "Deacon Snider at the Circus." Several others, that have appeared in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE and elsewhere, are full of interest and literary merit.

Then there are the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton and Mr. Craven Langstroth Betts, two Maritime Province writers, whose "Tales of a Garrison Town," written conjointly, are very entertaining, and possess much literary merit. This work, which has been issued in book form by the D. D. Merrill Co., of New York and St. Paul, is much after the style of John Strange Winter, and besides being bright and amusing, shows the authors to be quite *au fait* with the subject on which they speak. Although little known in this country—which fact appears rather remarkable—"Tales of a Garrison Town" is well worthy of a place on our bookshelves, as the work of two clever, native writers, whom the reading public would be glad to hear from again.

The Rev. Mr. Eaton has also added a valuable contribution to the history of the early and most important periods of Nova Scotia history, in his "The Church of England in Nova Scotia, and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution," published by Whitaker, New York, and Drysdale, Montreal. Mr. Eaton is now a Presbyter of the Diocese of New York.

Then there is Miss C. A. Fraser, editor of the Children's Department of the *Montreal Star*, author of "Atmâ," an Oriental romance, published by Lovell, and several short stories.

Other Canadian short-story writers whole contributions appear from time to time, and whose work displays great promise, are Miss Jessie A. Freeland, whose "Renunciation of Grahame Corysteen" is an admirable piece of work; the Rev. J. A. Smiley, of Pickering; Kay Livingstone, author of "Brough's Daughter," and other stories; K. A. Chipman, whose "Visitation at Verneuse" is of note; Beatrice Glen Moore ("How Remi was Satisfied," etc.); Samuel M. Baylis ("How Jack Won his Snowshoes," etc.); and E. J. Toker, who has contributed several good stories to Canadian periodicals.

STRICTLY VEGETARIAN; OR, BROWN'S DINNER IN JAIL.

BY KEPPELL STRANGE.

JUST a few scattered houses lining a narrow, pathless roadway—such is Lower Stoke. There are three Stokes, lying out of the track of civilization, off the Dover Road. Follow the turnpike road out of Rochester, ascend and descend Gad's Hill, (past Charles Dickens' house; on the right,) take a branch roadway at the foot of the hill, and you shall come to the first of the Stokes—Upper Stoke—a fairly prosperous Kentish village, of several hundred souls, surrounded by well-cultivated fields and hop gardens. Through this village a serpentine roadway will conduct you to Middle Stoke, smaller than the first and of different character. For this is the home of the mudders, master mudders and journeymen mudders—men who dig out the peculiar mud from the fringes of the Medway at low tide; from whence it is barged to Rochester, Chatham and adjacent places, to be converted into the famous Portland cement. Medway mud, as is well known, makes the finest Portland cement in the world. Hereabouts folks are as proud of the reputation of being expert mudders as are other people of the title of lord, or poet, or statesman—and who shall say that the mudder is least worthy? If you really wish to please a Middle Stoke man, just tell him that he can "shift a bit of mud in first-class style;" you will have made a life-long friend.

The journey from Middle to Lower Stoke is through flat but interesting scenery. It is interesting by sharp contrast; the dividing line being the hedge-lined, rutty roadway. On the right, the salt marshes stretch away along the Medway banks to where this muddy estuary joins the mouth of the Thames, near Sheerness. On the left are fields of roots and cereals and fruits and pastures, with a few widely-scattered farmhouses and clustering outbuildings.

Now, Lower Stoke had never a jail, and neither had Middle Stoke, or Upper Stoke, for the matter of that. It is true each had a dilapidated structure that was intended to answer that purpose, temporarily, in case of need, and tradition has it that each has been used for that purpose in the far away past. This, notwithstanding, to be locked up in style was impossible at either of the Stokes. To be incarcerated properly it was necessary either to walk to distant Rochester, or await the infrequent visits of the mounted patrolman. It is said that the United Stokians did not complain of this overmuch; they were a quiet, plodding race of people, content pretty much with things as they were; to be distinguished in a game of quoits, a cricket match, a flower show, or at a wedding, was about as much in the way of real excitement as they could stand. Nevertheless, Upper Stoke had a policeman—perhaps it would be more correct to say, half a policeman, because there was a tradition that Middle Stoke could lay claim to his services also, should some undreamed of circumstance require his presence there—and he had a real uniform, blue, with bronze buttons, and a helmet and truncheon and all. Now, when the constable wore his uniform, as he did sometimes on special occasions, such as Christmas Day, the first of May, and the annual harvest festival, Upper Stoke was really proud of him; Middle Stoke shared in the pride, in a modified degree; while Lower Stoke—well, although they would not ac-

knowledge it, you could perceive that they were moderately jealous and annoyed. They called Mr. Policeman a "rag-bag," and a "blue-bottle," "copper," "bobby, bobby, mutton pie," and "who bought the clothes you're wearing, yah!"—for all the world as some

"A splendid mudder."

ill-conditioned people do even in these *fin de siecle* days. They did'nt, of course, do this exactly to his face, but just at a reasonably safe distance, so that he might hear it without knowing who the culprit was, and feel comfortable accordingly. And the other Stokes' folk forgave them because they had not a uniformed guardian at all, only a man clothed like themselves, who was supposed to light the two street lamps and take care of the law and order of Lower Stoke in his spare time, for the remuneration of several pounds yearly.

Now, the Stokes and Toronto are very different in character and widely apart—this is not intended as an original remark, but merely as a statement of fact. Probably everyone in the Stokes has heard of Canada, though few have done more. For the yokels of the Stokes do not migrate even in these days, but are generally born and exist and die within sight of their birth-place. Even a visit to that great centre of activity, London, is an event in the life of an ordinary Stoke man of which he does not fail to boast until he has paid his final visit to the family grave; and even then the perilous adventure is not forgotten, but sheds a refulgent and undiminished splendor upon his children. "How many people, I wonder,"—so I often mused until last week; "how many people out of these teeming Torontonians have ever heard of the Stokes?" Brown was certainly the last man, but Brown undeceived me, and—great wheels turn on slender axles—it originated with a carrot, a boiled carrot. I have done business with Brown; nod to him on "Change" every day; have taken lunch with him occasionally for these few years past; met him at club dinners and public functions frequently; dined once or twice at his place on Sherbourne-street, and, of course, flattered myself that I knew him pretty well. Previous to last week had you said, "Do you know Brown?" I would have replied confidently: "Certainly; know all about him; thirty years my senior, but one of my closest friends." Which goes to show that one never knows.

"A carrot," said Brown, pointing to the bill of fare, "is a very esculent vegetable—boiled."

"They are moderately tasty, with salt beef," I assented, "but why lay stress on 'boiled;' who ever heard of them being baked?"

"I had 'em for dinner once," he said, "raw. I removed as much of the field that clung to them as I was able with my coat-sleeve—they were not clean, then, but they were good. I was a half-starved, ragged urchin then, locked up for thrashing a brute of a master. I was a work-house brat, by the way—and those carrots were the best I have ever tasted."

"Where did this happen?" I queried, curiously.

He replied, carelessly, "Oh, you

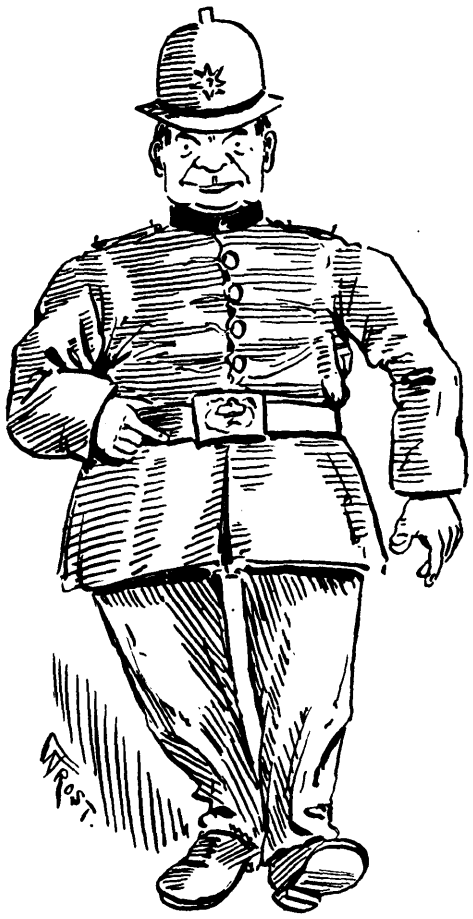
wouldn't know the place; it's out of the world, little place, called Stoke—Lower Stoke—near Sheerness, in the old country."

I simply gasped; really that is the only word to express what I did; I gasped. I remember being considerably surprised at an unexpected rencounter in my salad days. I left a moderate-sized Kentish village on a Thursday, and was standing on the Lion Mound at Waterloo the following Saturday. The first person I saw after toiling up the stairs, was my next door neighbor! I said, "Well, I never!" and he said, "Well, I never," too. Then we asked each other how we had got there, and why. I can't recollect, at this date, whether we adduced the circumstance to prove the smallness of the world, but I dare say we did; it was the sort of original remark that would most likely have occurred to us.

"Not know Lower Stoke?" I returned, as soon as I was able, "I know all the Stokes—Upper, Middle, Lower—I have heard of the ramshackle lock-up, I—so you are the hobbledehoy of the legend—of the staple, and the carrot, and the donkey, and the missing captive—and it wasn't all mythological?"—and I stared at Brown-open-mouthed with astonishment.

So soon as I grew coherent, Brown told me all about it, and it seemed then quite the funniest and strangest thing that could even happen to me in Toronto. I enjoyed the whacking he gave to that brute of a jobbing carpenter and undertaker most, and when he came to the part where he was given in charge of the rural constable, who wanted him to go down on his knees and beg pardon, and be forgiven, because the representative of the law was cleaning his lamps, and preparing his Sunday dinner, and clumping the soles of his boots, and forty other things, and because arresting anybody was such a new and undreamed of experience, that he was quite confounded, and didn't at all know how to proceed about it, I laughed until the tears ran down my face.

"However," says Brown, proceeding with his lunch and the story, "I was fastened in all right in the end. It was not so uncomfortable either. Whiskers (we called him 'Whiskers,' because he was so completely denuded of hair, both on the crown and face)



"Upper Stoke was proud of him."

used his amateur jail as a store-room principally, and it contained, besides garden tools, onions, potatoes, carrots, and other odds and ends, a quantity of matting and old sacks.

"Whiskers waited until I was well wrapped up in the sacking; then he went out and closed the door. How he had fastened it, I neither knew

nor cared then; although, perhaps, the fact that he had jammed a frozen carrot into the staple in front of the hasp, instead of the usual wooden plug, accounts for the difference between what I am and what I might have been." Here, Brown philosophizes upon the potency of little things, the modern instance being what he owes to a carrot—raw—and a donkey—as if he were the only person of modern times who has attained to fortune through the instrumentality of—ahem—asses.

"Why lay stress on boiled?"

"The shed," Brown resumed, "was warm and dry, the sacking was soft—to me—and after being accustomed to sleeping on sections of coffins, elm planks, and stair-case newels, in a draughty shop, the make-shift prison appeared, by contrast, quite luxurious, and I was soon peacefully asleep."

The chorus takes up the story to explain that Lower Stoke, like most rural places, had its donkey—nothing remarkable about him in appearance, just the ordinary donkey, with a coat like an over-worn door-mat, a pair of ears, and, of course, a bray — the latter worn outside most of the time. If there was anything noticeable about this particular donkey, it was his curiosity and his knowledge of vegetables. He was a connoisseur of vegetables, by reason of drawing a greengrocer's cart, and frequently visiting their habitat, the country fields; his curiosity was a gift from his ancestors.

It was Neddy's custom always, in his hours of ease, to prowl about the village, the adjacent lanes and fields, seeking what he might devour, and on the particular morning following Brown's incarceration, he reached, in the course of his peregrinations, the door of the lock-up and espied the frozen carrot in the staple. To say that he was astonished, is simply discounting the gravity of the situation; he was paralyzed! What he said is untranslatable; and what he thought was patent to the boy who was noting the expression of his features through a chink of the door while munching a raw carrot inside. If George II. was thunderstruck at the subtlety of the problem, "How di-did the apple ge-get in th' the dumpling?" that donkey was lightning-struck as well, trying to account for a carrot growing in a staple-eye. He argued that it was against nature and a sort of eighth world-wonder. He pondered over the

circumstance so long, and reviewed it in such a variety of ways, that finally, like some modern dialecticians, he began to doubt whether it really was a carrot. He at length determined that his teeth and palate would better help to solve the mystery than his eyes and brain, and so, in pursuit of truth, he seized the carrot between his teeth; out it came from the staple; the door creaked on its hinges and opened; the boy, thus tempted to escape, walked out and, watched by the wondering Neddy, commenced the journey that eventually led him to Toronto and prosperity.

The scoria from the volcano of the present has so far buried the quaint structures of the past that Lower Stoke people of the present day deny this story indignantly and in toto; at Middle Stoke they acknowledge that there is something in it, but treat it briefly and with half assent, being somewhat concerned for the reputation of their neighbors and the district; at Upper Stoke it is more strongly affirmed; while, as is the way of the world, at Rochester there are a few old men from whom may be gathered some of the details.

But if you are really anxious to hear the story told truly and in extenso, you must meet Brown either at luncheon, on 'Change,' or at his Sherbourne-street residence; he will put you right.

Anyhow, whether you meet and question him about the circumstance or not, you may take my word for it; you may also be assured that Brown's present dinners do not consist of carrots—raw—with portions of real estate clinging to them. This knowledge will be useful to you should you be asked to dine with him.

MODERN ROYAL AUTHORS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

LITTLE known is the fact that there are several Kings, Queens, and other Royalties, who are authors of volumes, nearly all of which have won financial success; for thousands of copies were bought up by the subjects of the King or Queen author. The most talented writers among Royalties are Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, of whom more anon, and the Duke d'Aumale.

The late Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, left a MS. on "Natural History," and his "Impressions of a Visit to Bosnia," which was published a year after his tragic suicide. His mother, the stately Empress, a counterpart of Diana of the age of mythology, writes comments in her diary on German poets, and entertains a special cult for Heinrich Heine, whose grave in Paris is decked year after year by immortelles woven by the white hands of Elizabeth. Like Madame de Pompadour, the Empress uses her own printing press, and lifts the "ems" with consummate skill—preferring to do this mechanical work herself rather than confide her literary secrets to any possibly garrulous compositor. The daughter of the Empress, Archduchess Valerie, sends at least once a year a collection of original verse of more than mediocre merit to a Vienna committee in charge of a monthly periodical the proceeds of which are invested in a fund to help the aged employés of the empire.

For the past hundred and two score years, the Hohenzollerns have not displayed any decided taste for literary work. They paid so much attention to the sword that they had no time left to cultivate the pen. Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, used to write French and Latin poems, which were revised by Voltaire, who was then, in the middle of the last century, living as the King's guest in the Royal Palace in Berlin. The late Emperor Frederick kept a Diary, from which a volume of extracts will soon be published,

The Crown of Roumania is resting so lightly on the head of Carmen Sylva, that she can still be a poet while remaining a queen. When Elizabeth was Princess of Wied, before she had any dreams of sitting one day on a throne, she proved herself capable of taking a place among the most distinguished writers of Germany. Carmen Sylva is no mere word painter. She has originality of thought. Her prose proverbs rival those of Pascal in their knowledge of human nature. "White locks," she writes, "are the spray that rests on the waves when the tempest is over." What a delicately wrought idea! Carmen wrote in German originally. Now she writes gracefully in French. She receives all French *littérateurs* who may happen to be travelling in Roumania. Madame Adam, editor and owner of *La Nouvelle Revue*, published at Paris, and Pièrre Loti, are her more welcome guests. When the beautiful Queen wearies of the pen, she stands in the midst of her muslin-dressed maids of honor, like Corinne, or the heroine in old Decameron, telling joyous tales of the brave days of old, when the world held on its surface gallant knights, sweetly singing troubadours, dancing fays, and beautiful women.

The late Dom Luiz, King of Portugal, was the author of a Portuguese translation of Shakespeare—a literary enterprise which occupied twenty-five years of his life, and which is an ex-

cellent work, according to that famous Parisian critic, Francisque Sarcey.

Queen Victoria made her *début* on the literary stage by a volume entitled "Meditations on Life, Death, and Eternity." A few decades afterward, "A Tour in the Highlands" was published. These publications had an extensive sale. The Queen's eldest daughter, the Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, has very decided literary tastes.

The Coburg family is famous for the graphic literary style of its members. Prince Albert, the late Consort of Queen Victoria, wrote memoranda for the Cabinet. King Leopold I. of Belgium used to pen brilliantly written letters to the sovereigns of Europe. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha issued volume after volume on a variety of subjects. These three brothers were also adepts in science.

The Prince of Bulgaria contributes to several first-class European scientific reviews. King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway woos the muses, and, stranger still, has a taste for political economy. He is the author of "Pious Poems," and a very dry and uninteresting volume on "The Mission of Sovereigns." Disdaining to curry favor by appearing as monarch, he sent an essay on Liberty, under an assumed name, to the Stockholm Academy, which chose that theme for competition, and he won the second prize.

In France, the historical works on the Condés, by the Duke D'Aumale, one of the sons of King Louis Philippe, are highly prized for their originality, as the Duke had valuable MSS. concerning that historic family in his library which had not been previously published. These volumes won the Orleanist Prince a seat in the Academy. The late Count of Paris wrote two volumes dealing with a theoretical settlement of the working-man problem.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte has written a panegyric on his illustrious uncle, *le petit caporal*, in two eloquently-worded volumes. The old blind Prince of Monaca, father of the present Prince, contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gossipy souvenirs of the days when his eyesight was clear as crystal and he travelled in foreign countries. He also favored the Academy of Science of Paris with his observations on submarine currents.

The late Prince Lucien Bonaparte had a library containing books of all the dead and living languages, even books of dialects spoken all over the world. He used to write articles in the Basque tongue, and composed several Basque lyrics. To complete our list, we have only to enumerate the recently-published "Speeches of the Prince of Wales," and the "Voyage of the Duke of York and his lately-deceased brother, Prince Victor."

THE POOR PLAYER.

From the French of Gaston Schaedler.

BY S. A. CURZON.

"Good evening, Charlie, and good evening to Mother Martin."

"Thank you, folks: good evening and good night."

Then pulling up the collar of his thin overcoat and thrusting his withered hands into his pockets, Martin, the comedian of Montmartre, went away. Pegging along in short, regular paces, he passed before the theatre *café*, took *Rue d' Orsel*, turned to the right, and went up *Rue des Martyrs*. In a few minutes he lifted his head, and observed in a house, high up—the fifth story—a window, which, despite the lateness of the hour, was still lighted, and formed a pleasant bit of brightness amid the surrounding obscurity; then, smiling, he crossed the road, rang, passed gaily by the concierge's lodge, singing out in a sonorous voice, "d cabot," and mounted to the fifth floor, taking the stairs four at a time.

Before he reached the top, a door opened, and an elderly woman, whose face was visible by the light of the lamp she held in her hand, cried,

"Is it thou, Charlie?"

"Here I am, mother; good evening to you."

Throwing both his arms around the old lady's neck, he almost choked her with kisses, and the door being shut, both sat down to a table where two covers had been carefully laid. Then, in the midst of the moist warmth which filled the neat dining-room, they ate their supper, he relating, in the course of the meal, all the details of the evening; giving importance to the relation of the most trifling incident, particularly those points in his part when he had been most effective; telling little anecdotes of his fellow-actors; chattering about everything; touching up everything; she. Mother Martin, urging him on, laughing with the laugh of a young girl, despite her sixty years; settling herself in her big arm-chair and lovingly contemplating her '*p'tit*,' 'the actor,' as she had named him herself, with a touch of sceptical raillery.

Martin loved his mother dearly! While he was quite young and going to school, his father had died, and his mother transferred all her love and tenderness to him. She had raised him somewhat like a girl; surrounding him with a thousand cares; trembling at the first sound of a cough; working night and day, so that he should wish for nothing, for she would not have known how to refuse him; and then when he was grown a youth and said; "Dearest mamma, I want to be an actor," she consented. Nay, more, she encouraged him, inspired him, dreamed for him the most glorious future, saw him, already triumphant, acclaimed by houses wild with delight—and he began at Montmartre, where he remained.

To be sure he was not a great artist; yet the theatre-goers adored him; his thin face with the cheek bones reddened with rouge, his large mouth furnished with long teeth, his tremulous voice that seemed to come out of a clarionet, above all, his childish method of launching a joke, made them explode with laughter from the time the curtain rose. And he had acquired a distinct renown in that neighborhood. His success stopped there, but what did it matter so long as he enjoyed the admiration of his mother.

His life, so calm, so tranquil, so simmering—as some would say—he loved; he adored, knowing no other: and when, the play over, somebody invited him to a little spread, he would reply smiling: "Well, you see, mother is waiting for me."

One time Martin, was greatly hurt. That evening there was much disputing in the green-room. Everybody was shouting, vowing, calling upon witnesses; a craze of babel cries in the air. When the comedian entered they handed him a newspaper: he read in it an article in which comedians were roughly handled. Among other insulting things, he only comprehended one; the writer said that comedians were incapable of a single true sentiment. That evening, on returning home, he showed the paper to his mother, showing her the place with his thumb. And when she had read the article through, he exclaimed, while two large tears rolled down his cheeks:

"Tell me, mother, is it so, indeed, that I do not love thee truly?"

Already Mother Martin was caressing him fondly, her eyes blazing with wrath at the unknown detractor, and she exclaimed, excitedly:

"Let them come and see then whether thou lovest thy mother truly or not, my darling!"

II.

One evening in December the theatre was crowded, for it was the first night of a piece which it was expected would be a splendid success, there being introduced in it a wonderfully grand Parisian scene.

In spite of the severe cold, Mother Martin determined to be present on the occasion; imagine, then, the 'p'tit' playing the principal rôle, and his name at the head of the placards, set off in grand style!

It was an absolute triumph for Martin. Each time he left the stage the cheers resounded to the echo again and again. Never had he so entered into the spirit of his character, surpassing himself, giving his powers the fullest play. Yet so it was that in all the audience he saw but one person at the foot of the orchestra, rising from her chair, applauding frantically—his mother! For that evening he played to Mother Martin.

When the curtain fell upon the last act, Martin was personally recalled.

Mother Martin, completely carried away, left the house quickly, elbowing her neighbors, so that she might get out before them, and, like a shot, made for the dark passage by which the actors leave the theatre. So full was her head of joyful ideas that she forgot to throw over her shoulders the warm woollen shawl she carried on her arm; more than that, she felt not the cold, tramping back and forth, talking aloud, becoming impatient—never had they been so long changing their clothes. At length he appeared; at one bound she threw herself upon his neck, murmuring, her throat strangling with emotion:

"Ah! my little one—My little one!"

Martin, quite overcome, gathered her to his heart in a long embrace, stammering:

"Then you are satisfied, mother?"

"Can you ask?—ah, my Charlie!"

That evening the lodging on the *Rue des Martyrs* seemed to them tranferred into a palace, so happy were they, so brilliant appeared the future, and the supper, christened with champagne—Mother Martin's surprise—was merrier than ever.

III.

The next night, despite his great success of the previous evening, Martin wore a preoccupied air. He responded to the compliments he received with a smile of constraint; he was irritated by everything, worried about nothing, and, he, who was looked upon as the sweetest-tempered of men, fell foul of the dresser, scolded his comrades, urged the manager to give the three strokes for beginning business.

"What's the matter with you?" cried his comrades. "Me!—nothing's the matter with me, but Mother Martin has a cough which tears her to pieces, and I believe she caught cold coming to see me."

"Ah, poor woman! But you don't think it much."

"I hope sincerely it is not much!" cried Martin.

At the idea that "it might be something," he felt a cold shudder down his spine, and he paled perceptibly under his rouge.

That night, when he returned, although, according to custom two covers were laid on the little table, Mother Martin was lying down, and she appeared worse; she could laugh, nevertheless. For fear of distressing the "little one," she asked the news of the evening, and referred to the triumph of the night before, at the recollection of which she became again enthusiastic, she no longer felt her illness, the fever which burned in her chest; but a cough, dry, rancous, stubborn, chopped her words, interrupted her, all without in the least disturbing the sweet temper of this adorable old creature. The next day the doctor said she had inflammation on the chest. A week after, as he left the wings, Martin noticed at the end of the passage a neighbor of his mother. Without stopping to find out the reason of the impression on him, Martin was seized with a deadly chill.

"Come quick, Master Charlie; your mother is very ill and wants to see you."

He waited for no more. He ran, elbowing the passers-by, whom he could have knocked over—killed even, if they had barred his way; what would it have mattered to him!

At a bound he mounted the stairs, but, arrived at the landing, he suddenly stopped, not daring to go in—choking, stupid, stunned, unable to think. A trembling voice from within roused him from his torpor.

"Is it thou, Charlie?"

"Here I am, mother," he cried, softly, not daring to speak up lest he should weep.

Mother Martin, the last pallor upon her face, had raised herself a little; in her two thin arms she took the head of her son, drew him close to her breast, pressed a kiss upon his brow, and the death-rattle already in her throat, her last breath exhaled in one anguished cry:

"My Charlie! My Charlie! ah, my poor little one!"

And, as if by a supreme effort of the will she had awaited the return of her son before giving up her last sigh, her head fell heavily on her pillow, without having loosed the hold of her convulsively entwined arm around the neck of the beloved son, her "little one."

IV.

Dejected, gloomy, his eyes seeing nothing, yet brilliant with a feverish light, without speaking a word or shedding a tear from first to last—to the Cemetery of St. Ouen, Martin followed the funeral of his mother; When the grave-digger, running a rope round the coffin, let it slip heedlessly into the grave, making a clatter of stones upon it, he seemed about to throw himself in. He made a step, but stopped: pale, his eyes fixed on the bottom of the opening, he clenched his fists, his nails digging into the palms. Then, without a word, automatically, he let himself be led away by his friends, who, alarmed at his calm, did not leave him until the moment he entered the theatre.

For he must act! Already, the previous evening there had been no one to take his part. They had given him all the leave possible, and his fellow-players had been so kind to him! Although not well off, they had sent such a beautiful crown for Mother Martin! Certainly he could not leave them in a difficulty. Therefore, he would play.

He did play, and admirably, making points of which it was not supposed he was capable, causing the boxes to ring with laughter: an artist, yes, this time indeed an artist! The audience gave him an ovation, and some among them who did not know, said enthusiastically: "Isn't he funny!" "Look at him; he laughs so heartily you might think he cried."

In fact, all the muscles of his face were contracted; his mouth, wide open, twisted itself laughing till he hiccupped and, nervously, little tears ran down his cheeks, drawing white lines on his rouge, making a countenance so droll that the excellent public nearly exploded with laughter.

At length the play was over. Martin reached his closet, quickly changed his costume and went out, without even washing off his paint. His comrades would have detained him, and taken him with them, but, in spite of their pressing, he gave them no heed. He seemed to have become deaf and dumb. At length he half opened his mouth, and gently, with his pleasant smile, said: "Well, you see, mother is waiting for me."

And all, dumb, positively dumb, they went their way, respecting his great sorrow.

The snow was falling in little flakes thickly. Martin pulled up the collar of his overcoat, buried his hands in his pockets, and mechanically, as usual, took his way to the *Rue des Martyrs*.

Arrived opposite the house he had so long inhabited, he stopped and raised his head: but, above, no light shone! Choking, trembling nervously, seized of a sudden fear, he fled, running straight before him, bareheaded, beside himself.

Without noticing, he had taken the long route the funeral had followed in the morning. He cleared the barrier, and a few minutes after came upon the long line of the walls of the cemetery. Suddenly, with the agility of a cat, he stuck his nails into the stones, clambered to the top by the aid of his knees, and at a bound, leapt over.

Completely dazed, he walked across the graves, jumping over such stones as he found in his way, without swerving; his long, lank body giving him the fantastic aspect of a phantom which had just risen from among the thousand tombs.

All at once he stopped. There, before him in the newly-turned sod, stood a little cross painted black, on which by the light of the moon he saw in white letters the name MARTIN inscribed. He tottered and sank upon his knees; memory came back to him —he recovered himself. All at once his mind was full of memories of his whole life; he called upon his mother with hoarse cries; he wept; he beat his head; he shrieked with grief; but, alone, far off from everybody, in the depths of the cemetery, only echoes repeated his lamentations. It was a general breaking up of his whole system; his bursting heart broke; his brain gave way; he threw himself flat; he vaulted; he rolled upon the grave, biting the earth in his frenzy, and filling his mouth with the clay.

But he ceased; a smile played on his lips. Coming from afar, very far, deep down in the earth, he thought he heard a beloved voice, a fond voice, the voice of Mother Martin, and it said:

"Is it thou, Charlie?"

"Here I am, little mother," he cried, and fell in a swoon, his poor body burying itself in the soft clay, like a cast that one would mould therein.

* * * * * * *

Next day the keepers of the cemetery made their usual rounds. In passing near a newly-made grave, they observed a shapeless mass covered with snow.

"Probably some poor dog come to die upon his master's grave," remarked one, drawing near. But he recoiled in horror.

"It is a man!"

He turned him over, put his hand upon the heart, and added lightly, as he picked up his cap: "And he is dead!"

The body being quite pressed into the mould, the caretaker raised it, pushed aside the muddy snow that enveloped the face, and the countenance of Martin appeared.

And from the half-open mouth, whereon death had placed the smile of hope, from the laughing mouth and wide lips of the jester, from the mouth of the poor player, seemed to come the words: "Here I am, little mother!"

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

Hush! 'Tis the solemn touch
Of one unbidden—the dread, awful guest.
A noble spirit, burdened over much,
Has sunk to rest.

Beneath a royal roof,
His honors, clustering thick upon his head,
Beyond the reach of pity, praise, reproof,
He lies, cold, dead

What are thine honors now,
Poor dumb, insensate clay? A passing breath
Thy brief renown; the laurels on thy brow,
Who mocks them?—Death.

Death, ay, but Death alone.
Afar, in thy fair land beyond the wave,
An eager, loyal people, all thine own
O'er-step the grave,

O'er-step the grave, and wreathe
With loving hands, again upon thy brow,
Fresh laurels, that, despite Time's blighting breath,
Shall greener grow.

Men, for whose land he died,
His own fair Canada, the brightest gem
In that bright circle of his Sovereign's wide
Colonial diadem,

These knew his worth;
Their hearts are wrung by his untimely fate;
These cry, "Among the great ones of the earth,
He, too, was great."

These mourn as one;
No bar of race or creed restrains the tear
That falls—his labor o'er, his journey done—
Upon his bier.

—F. P. Betts.

London, Ont.

THE NEW TZAR'S REIGN; HIS FIRST STEPS.

BY FELIX VOLKHOVZKY.*

THE whole world is looking just now at the first steps of Nicholas II., and asking the great question whether the personal change on the Russian throne will mean a change for the better in the political destinies of several great and gifted nations now bound hand and foot by an irksome, bureaucratic absolutism. Everyone is heartily wishing for that change, but not everyone is so sure of its coming. The first steps taken by the young potentate as ruler accordingly awake the greatest interest, and should be carefully studied. While making full allowance for the shortness of time and the greatness of the task, we have the right to expect, in measures which are of grave importance, either as matters of principle, or by the vastness of their application, acts that may fairly be regarded as characteristic of the new reign. The so-called "Clemency Manifesto" issued by Nicholas II. on 14th Nov. 1894, O. S., is doubtless an act of such importance. It is the act by which the new sovereign desires to find his way to the hearts of his subjects, and which presents to every Russian sovereign an exceptionally good opportunity to redress some of the most crying wrongs committed in the preceding reign, without throwing any blame on his predecessor, as the whole is supposed to be an act of clemency, for which, as the Russian proverb runs, "there is no rule." It would therefore be interesting and instructive to make a calm examination of some of the principal points of that manifesto.

FELIX VOLKHOVZKY.

As a matter of course, it begins by pardoning some debts to the Government, and making other financial concessions to certain classes of society who are in distress. The pardoning of debts and arrears in taxes by "clemency" manifestos is usual in Russia when it becomes evident that some of them can never be recovered. It is thus useful so far as it simplifies the work of the financial officials, which, if the dimensions of the Empire be considered, is no slight advantage. But there is no real clemency in these acts. And, indeed, among the arrears of taxes and debts now pardoned are found sums which ought to have been paid some thirty years

* Felix Volkhovsky, now of the "Free Russia" newspaper, London, Eng., was sentenced to Siberia for political opinions, not those of the Nihilists, Arnachists, or even Socialists, but for opinions such as are held by Liberals in self-governing countries. Escaping through Eastern Siberia to Japan, he made his way to Canada, where after a stay for some months, he went to England.

ago, but as a matter of fact could not be raised until now. Half of the sum lent to the peasantry during the last famine is also pardoned. It must be confessed, however, the general expectation in Russia was that it would be entirely pardoned, as, some two years ago, the Minister of Finance published some figures about the paying in all arrears of the regular taxes, on the one hand, and of the famine debt on the other, and from these figures it appeared clearly that when the paying in of the taxes and arrears went on, the paying of the famine debt stopped altogether, and *vice versa*. In other words, the paying possibilities of the population could not bear the strain of both payments. Another point is the lowering of the rate of interest at which the nobility and peasantry, respectively, can borrow money from the State banks. This might be fairly regarded as an honest attempt to improve the economical position of certain classes, and to a superficial investigator it might seem that the large agricultural class, the peasantry (about 80 per cent. of the population), who are the poorest class, though the one on which nearly the whole State budget is pressing, is treated with special consideration, because, while the nobility will now pay a half per cent. less than before, the peasantry will pay one per cent. less. The fact, however, remains, that with all this lowering of interest the peasants will still pay a higher rate than the nobility, while the lowering of the rate for the nobility will lead to a deficit in the nobility bank, which will have to be supplied mainly by the peasantry.

The next section of the Manifesto likely to be of interest, is that which deals with clemency to all kinds of offenders. It contains a large number of subdivisions pertaining to different classes of offenders, diminishing their penalties, though not always proportionately. While some, such as those undergoing hard labor in the mines, have their term of punishment shortened by one-third, others only have permission granted them to obtain passports, without it being mentioned that they have been exiled, though not allowed to return to Russia. There are, however, large classes of people undergoing punishment who are not mentioned at all, and this passing them over in silence makes a somewhat depressing impression. It must not be forgotten that the late Tzar replaced the Communal Elective Justices of the Peace by special, so-called District Commanders, officials appointed by the Crown, and in whose hands the administrative and police functions were united to the prerogatives of judicial office. The standard of these new officials, chosen mainly from the impoverished gentry or retired *Chinovniks*, is very low, and one of the deplorable features of their administration has been their excessive liking for the infliction of corporal punishment. The birch, as a punishment administered by any magistrate, was long ago excluded from the Russian penal codes. But the right of using it was left intact to the peasant communities, as regards their own members. During the thirty years that have passed since the liberation of the serfs, the feeling of self-respect among the Russian peasantry has grown to such an extent that although a large number of sentences implying corporal punishment have been passed by the communities, a number of them remained unexecuted for years. The new officials have demanded the execution of these sentences, and have used their extensive powers to force the communities to pass new sentences of the same kind. Another class, which is punished not only with the birch, but the *plet* (a long whip made of very rough leather), is the tramps who refuse to give their names or other means of identification The application of the *plet* is barbarous, and if reserved for that class of tramps, when abolished as a general punishment, it was because it was

supposed that a man would not conceal his past unless it implied a still harder punishment. Any one, however, can easily see that there may be a great many harmless reasons for keeping silent about one's past, and, in any case, it is no reason for keeping in force a barbarous punishment. It might fairly be expected that a young monarch who proclaims "justice as the foundation of popular welfare," and "the right of forgiveness and mercy the most precious of the gifts conferred upon him by the Almighty" (Section 4 of the Manifesto), would profit by the opportunity to redress these two wrongs; but, as a matter of fact, there is not a word about them in the whole Manifesto.

Every one knows that the second half of the reign of Alexander II., and the whole of that of Alexander III. was an almost permanent crusade against everything that was spiritually alive in Russia. Liberty of conscience, liberty of speech and pen, and liberty of action, were regarded as the vilest of crimes, and, consequently, thousands upon thousands of men, women and children have been rendered unhappy by every kind of persecution. The new reign began under most favorable auspices. The people who suffered so much during the preceding periods, were only too eager to see in the young Tzar the hope of Russia; and the new Tzar, ascending the throne in altogether different circumstances from his father, has every facility to show himself worthy of these hopes. It might, therefore, be fairly expected that he would show from the first that he would leave the past to the past, and that he desired to deal with the present on freer and better terms. It might be expected that he would at once relieve the periodical Press from so-called "warnings," which are now hanging over them and threatening their very existence. It might be hoped that he would give full redress to those unfortunate victims of religious intolerance who are now smarting in Siberia, the Caucasus, and throughout Russia, under police surveillance, and in gaols; and that he would give a real, unconditional amnesty to the so-called political offenders. If, however, we study the Manifesto with these expectations, we are doomed to great disappointment. Not a single word is said about redress. The Uniats, the Lutherans, the Stundists, and other dissenters, are not even mentioned. And as to amnesty, the main features of what there is of it are as follows: To those political offenders who were sentenced by some court, the same general measures of clemency are extended which apply to ordinary criminals, yet even this general measure, so far as concerns the convicts in the mines and at other hard labor, is hedged round with the condition that they shall prove worthy of indulgence, by good behavior and diligence. It is questionable what will be understood by the expression "good behavior" in the case of a political convict, but, if, as the tendency is at present, it be interpreted as meaning an inclination to abjure his former political opinions, this would render the whole measure nugatory, and make it not an amnesty but a bargain. And there are some indications that this spirit of bargaining with clemency is far from absent from the Manifesto. For example, Section XI, paragraph 6, orders that *all* the Poles be freed who are still undergoing restrictions on their rights of moving from place to place, owing to their participation in the insurrection of 1863, and immediately adds, "but it will be for the Minister of the Interior to exempt certain localities from the effects of this measure," which practically means that any person of this class will be dependent upon the tender mercies of the Minister of the Interior, who may change the place of exile for him. Notwithstanding, however, certain particulars in the measures of alleviation, so far as concerns

the political exiles who were sentenced by some court, they may be termed general measures, some of which are unconditional. But if such measures of clemency were thought to be appropriate in cases in which the victim was supposed to have had the safe-guards of justice, the more would a general and radical measure be expected with regard to persons who were arrested, imprisoned, some times for long terms, and exiled, in some cases so far as the Saghalien Islands, for terms of ten, fifteen, and twenty years, without any trial whatever, by one stroke of the pen of the Minister of the Interior, or one of his immediate subordinates. The paragraph alluding to this class is the second of Section XI, and runs thus: "Be it allowed to the Minister of the Interior, to submit to our judgment the fate of those persons who are undergoing penalties for state crimes, to which they were subjected by Administrative Order, and, who, either according to the nature of their guilt, or to the repentance shown by them, deserve clemency; and also to remove the prohibition against living in certain localities, from those whose return to those localities is compatible with the requirements of public order and peace." Thus the principle of punishment for a supposed crime, which was never proved in court, is fully maintained, and it is even assumed that this kind of dealing is less liable to mistake than the court proceedings, and the victims of "Administrative Order," are now denied any amnesty at all, unless permitted by the very administrative departments of which they have been the victims.

The principle of converting clemency into a pretext for endeavoring to get opponents of the Government onto its side, by persuading them to abjure their former opinions, is carried so far in the Manifesto, that by Section XI, paragraph 5, those of the political offenders who have escaped from Russia, except those who were in any way implicated in any plot against the person or the authority of the Tzar, may be permitted to return home if prepared "to atone for their former crimes by faithfulness to the throne," and if allowed by the Minister of the Interior. But Russians have always had the right to recant anti-governmental opinions, as undoubtedly the Russian Tzars had the right of being gentlemen and good rulers. The only explanation we can suggest for the conversion of this right into a privilege is that the Russian refugees have availed themselves of it as little as the Russian Tzars of theirs.

To sum up the impressions produced by a study of the Manifesto, we may fairly say that it does not differ in any favorable way from its predecessors; on the contrary, the statements about "administrative exile," which in similar Manifestos of preceding monarchs, was at least passed over in silence, are a real cause for alarm. If then the reign of Nicholas II. is to be liberal and progressive, it will be not in consequence of, but in spite of, this Manifesto.

FRIENDS ON THE ASTRAKAN RANCH.

I.

Curious—none of it shows in the bearing!
Blood, says some fool, will certainly tell.
Who out here would believe I am wearing
A topaz, wine-warm in a silvery shell,
Handed down to me—dubious crown to me—
Brought from the East by some Crusading swell!

II.

When you bent over me did you not see it?
Here it lies under this coarse flannel shirt.
Want to examine it? If I can free it!
Gently, Batoche, with that fierce little spurt
That takes it out of me—raises a doubt of me—
Were *you* like this when your shoulder was hurt?

III.

Giddy, I mean, like a girl in the saddle.
Jove! How some fellows I used to know,
All of them shots and all skilled with the paddle,
Adepts all round at the rifle, the bow,
Riders to hounds with me—how this brute bounds with me—
How they would laugh at this pace sick and slow!

IV.

Talisman "family-proclaimed" without joking!
Curious *you* should have seen it the first,
Out of all the Ranch—you, of the smoking,
Hard-living, loud-talking fellows, the worst.
But you were kind to me. Should I not bind to me
One who for months a mad stranger had nursed?

V.

You reckon it, don't you, a queer kind of necklace,
Worn by a fool of a cowboy chap.
Sometimes it makes me a little less reckless,
Sometimes I dream of my mother's lap.
Once there awoke to me—shivered and spoke to me—
Voices of girls from over the gap—

VI.

Gap of gray ocean and ocean-green prairie—
Girls, Jim, are rare in this manger of men,
But *I* had four sisters. My favourite the fairy,
Mabel, the youngest, was just turned ten.
Mabel, who'd spring to me—play with and sing to me—
Mabel, the pet of the Earl in his den,

VII.

Mabel, the mischief, with playmates in plenty,
Slim little shape with long ringlets of sheen—
Tall, like the Mater, Theodora was twenty;
Beatrix—Eva they blossomed between.

* * * * * *

Often it seems to me—coming in dreams to me
Here on the prairie when moonbeams are keen,

VIII.

Silv'ring the hair that I knew yellow-youthful,
Paling the cheeks I remember as rose,
Dimming the gaze that I found ever truthful,
Chilling the blood till my young blood, too, froze,
Flutt'ring, fair hand, to me—waving, pale hand to me—
* * * There, I'm but a dreamer as every one knows.

IX.

To-night 'twill be dark though, and no one be driving
West on the glittering car of the moon,
Splendid with silver, and rich in contriving
Seats for fair maidens so glad of the boon.
No one will bend to me—leap down, descend to me,
Fall on my neck in a sisterly swoon.

X.

Well - those are some of the fancies that urge me,
Hurry me on betwixt midnight and morn;
Out on the prairie they seize me, and urge me
Far from the cowboy's rattle and horn;
Pistol—the click of it! Whip - the flick of it—
Jim, do you wish you had never been born?

XI.

Tell me the truth, pard, now when I ask you,
Under your brown hide, man, do you blanch?
Of course I'm a gentleman? Yes! 'Twould task you
To sketch the tree of which I'm a branch;
Told my affairs to you—said my prayers to you,
Big Bully Jim of the Astrakan Ranch.

XII.

York, Plantagenet, Courtenay, Tudor,
It's all, Jim, I guess, the same to you.
You saw but an innocent boyish intruder
Fleeced in the Rockies—nothing new.
But—here's the truth of it—misery and ruth of it—
You know, Jim, I *feel* I'm a little—*askew*.

XIII.

Whimsical, moody, not much perhaps to mention,
Indolent, restless, no talent for work,

No limit set to my powers of invention,
A passion for sport, a genius for shirk,
Viking propensities—small social densities—
Lunacy somewhere supposed to lurk.

XIV.

Dangerous? Never. But men like my father—
You never, I know, saw an Earl, did you Jim?
Perhaps you can picture one. Well, he had rather
See a son die, than live, mentally, *dim*.
You understand, don't you? Give us your hand, won't you?
Fever slides still through each tremulous limb.

XV.

What good to me were his turrets and tenants,
For I, Jim, was only a younger son,
And for that I did daily a kind of dull penance;
Oliver—he was number one.
Percy came next to him; Vivian—a text to him
Gleams in the chapel above his old gun.

XVI.

Cut down was Vivian in Africa, fighting!
That's something like living, to die for one's Queen.
Frederick followed; in danger delighting,
Both boys must show up where old Gordon had been.
Once there were five of us, but now, alive of us,
Only the first two, and I, on the scene.

XVII.

And I was no good, so they packed me off farming!
Picture me, pard, with those delicate hands,
A "swell" as you call me, who ought to 've been charming
Ladies per hour in gay cricket grand stands,
Tugging at plough and spade. Not long. My bow, planned, made,
Turned I my back on the black stumpy lands.

XVIII.

"Gentlemen farming," my father wrote, choosing
Pretty soft terms, but then, how could *he* tell?
By jove! Sir, our England's so ignorant, losing
Hundreds of fellows a year. Shot and shell—
Where is the gain of it? Cruel the pain of it,
Exiled, away from their country to dwell.

XIX.

Climate—consumption—a reckless well-doing,
They throw themselves into the emigrant fray,
And some may succeed, while the others are ruing—
As for me, Jim, there seemed only going away.
I was a—bore to them; kind of—eyesore to them,
Hanging about 'twixt the Castle and Bay,

XX.

Making my bed, as they told me, with keepers;
Manners too free; as for dignity, none;
Though what could it matter, young rakes or young—reapers,
I could'nt see, being a Younger Son.
There was no place for me—sweetness nor space for me,
In England, I saw, my career was nigh done.

XXI.

I know that I never did very much credit
To the Pater and Mater, my line, and all that;
But I remember that Dennis once said it,
(Our tutor and clever, though pompous and fat)
That there was lost in me—destiny-crossed in me—
A Soldier! Dear Dennis—we all called him *Pat*,

XXII.

And laughed by the hour at his air and his graces.
"Tutor to noblemens' sons" was inscribed
On his air and apparel, but solemner faces
Than those he could make when he'd lately imbibed.
Never were known to me. * * * But simply *stone* to me,
The Pater. *My* day, pardner, never arrived.

XXIII.

The Earl was not rich, and when he'd provided
For Vivian and Percy, and Frederick, too,
Launched Theodora, and someway divided
The rest 'mong the rest, as was right to do,
There was no chance for me—bayonet nor lance for me—
Only the Church was left vacant in view.

XXIV.

Fancy *me* preaching! The "illigant" sermon,
Which, thanks to Dennis, I might have got off,
Is lost, man, forever. I had sense to determine
It never would suit me to heedlessly doff
Cheviot for cassock, and knapsack for hassock, scanned
Weekly by those with occasion to scoff.

XXV.

Well—I'll not trouble them. Live—a Pagan!
Die on the Ranch, before a long while
Cheat and confuse the London Fagin
Who sought to make out of me his pile.
Here's the home for me - broad blue dome for me—
Onward, Batoche, for another ten mile!

SERANUS.

(Mrs. S. Frances Harrison.)

A TRAGEDY AT MILLAGEVILLE.

BY ELGIN MYERS, Q.C.

THE best place from which to view Millageville is a point to the south-east of the town, from the topmost peak of the high hill, slightly to the eastward of the Bamford Road, where it reaches the summit of the height that overlooks the place.

A pile of stones that lies there, collected by some thrifty husbandman from the surrounding field they had formerly encumbered, affords a still greater eminence from which the lovers of landscape frequently gaze on the glories of nature that so generously abound there.

In the early morning of the day on which our story opens, a stranger might have been seen on the stony elevation, drinking in the splendors of the scene. From the light that overspread his countenance, and the ecstatic beam of his eyes, it was evident that his soul revelled in the lovely prospect.

Turning towards all points of the compass, the changing panorama seemed to affect him strangely with its own variable moods. Whilst rapidly turning towards every point, he extended his arms, as if forced by the fervor of his passions to embrace in them the gorgeous spectacle. And well he might be enraptured. The morning was one in lovely September. The sun was slowly and majestically lifting his glowing brow over the distant hills, causing the light mists that had stealthily gathered in the valleys in the night to roll out of their places, and curl gracefully up the encircling heights, before vanishing into space. To the north-westward, another towering hill on the opposite side of the town, through the open spaces between the layers of rolling vapors, seemed to nod to its confrère the greetings of the new day. In the valley separating them nestles the town with its bright homes, having the happy look of a modern burg. For many years had these hills solemnly and silently looked down upon it like faithful sentinels, all the time keeping locked in their silent bosoms the secrets of the joys, sorrows, the comedies, and the tragedies that had been witnessed there. To the north-eastward stretched the beautiful valley of the Luckley, through which sped, foamed, laughed and gurgled the cool, sweet waters of the Nottawa. The valley was here and there dotted with slight elevations, from which could be seen the smoke ascending from occasional chimneys, that marked the comfortable homes that had been hewed from the primitive forest. Winding around these, and up the sides of the valley, could be seen the white, narrow, serpentine curves that indicated the travelled roads. Frowning cliffs here and there confined the valley within narrow limits, whilst beyond these it spread out into wider and still wider curves until it gradually disappeared into the open country beyond. The whole scene was immersed in a vast sea of light green foliage, relieved here and there by the darker hues of the graceful and tapering hemlock and spruce, and the stalwart pine. It again was bedecked by the many crimson-tinged leaves that, owing to the great drought of summer, were beginning to take on their autumn hue, and that glittered and glowed like myriads of gems in the morning sun, with indescribable brilliancy, and with much of the pageantry of Canadian autumn scenery.

Opposite to this, and to the south-eastward of the stranger, could be

seen the valley of the Rork's, eclipsing, if possible, in glorious grandeur, its rival the Luckley, and sparkling with a like splendor with its early autumn robes. Through it speed the pure spring waters of the Credit, as they rush over stony beds, towering cascades, and swirl in many foaming eddies, as if angry at the obstacles in their course to Ontario's inland sea. To the south-westward from where he stood, the stranger saw a beautifully undulating country, in its raiment of white stubble and green pastures, that imperceptibly, far beyond the natural vision, vanishes in the level lands of the lower part of the province. Almost at the foot of the hill on which the stranger stood revelling in the scene, glide the limpid head-waters of the last-named river, as they force their way through the reeds, rushes, water-cress, tangled underbrush, and prostrate trees, until they emerge into the open meadows, before entering the gloomy shades of the Rork's. In its clear, silvery waters may almost at any time be seen the flash of the graceful trout, as it rises to inhale the fresh air, or to capture the unhappy beetle that ventures too near their deceitful surface.

Whilst resting his eyes for a moment on the gliding stream, the attention of the stranger became attracted to a lone fisherman, who with difficulty was working through the many obstructions that impeded his course. Over logs, through the soft, wet earth and tangled underbrush, he made his laborious way. Notwithstanding the crisp air of the early September morning, he appeared to experience much warmth, and his pocket handkerchief frequently mopped the rolling perspiration from his brow. Regaining his rod, that he had laid down during this operation, he hurried again down the stream. Sharply armed insects, startled from their resting places by his rough intrusion, furiously attacked him. Often was he seen to pause in his occupation to vanquish his tantalizing foes, his hands frequently flying to his exposed face and neck with a force that boded no good for the objects of his wrath. Then, again seizing his rod, he would hurry along. He was slightly above middle height, and of muscular form, framed for great endurance. On his feet were the creek fisherman's rubber boots, the tops of which reached nearly to his knees and enfolded the lower extremities of his pantaloons.

For some time the attention of the stranger was not especially drawn to the fisherman: but the longer he watched him, the more his interest increased, until it was eventually rose to an uncontrollable pitch. For although the fisherman studiously adhered to the bank of the stream, and now and again dropped his hook into the water, as if desirous of capturing the gleaming trout as he saw them dart from bed to bed of cress and reeds, his movements indicated that his real object in thus appearing so early on the scene was not so much to engage in his present occupation, as some ulterior purpose that this was designed to conceal. He appeared inattentive to his fishing, and he moved along the stream at a pace too rapid to be consistent with a patient determination to inveigle the most wary of the finny tribe. Besides this, his seeming endeavors to conceal himself behind undergrowth and shrubs, and his quick, furtive looks and constantly listening attitude betokened an anxious spirit that was not sufficiently accounted for by the employment he was engaged in.

Some distance ahead of him, the undergrowth grew thicker and more obstructive, until it eventually merged into a thick forest of trees. The nearer the fisherman approached this thicket, the more eager and, at the same time, the more fearful he became, until at last he quickly disappeared from view in its shades. Gazing for some moments at the spot

where the fisherman vanished, the stranger, muttering to himself something about this peculiar behavior, was about to turn away from the scene, when on the still morning air he thought he heard a weird, sad sound that resembled either the suppressed scream of a human being in great distress, or the hollow, mournful cry of one in whom reason had left its throne.

It was impossible to judge whether the cry was that of a male or a female. In fact, so unearthly was it, that it resembled as much that of a wild animal in distress as that of a human being. A shuddering feeling passed over the stranger as the sound was again and again repeated. Suddenly his eye caught sight of what appeared to be a terrific struggle between two persons, one of whom he distinguished as the stout, rugged form of the fisherman. Who the other was, it was impossible to discern. As they approached an opening in the bush, it appeared to assume varying shapes and forms, sometimes that of a man, sometimes that of a woman, and at others, owing perhaps to the intervening shrubs that broke the view of the shifting scene, that of a wild beast. From the distance where the stranger stood, it was impossible to learn the cause of the struggle, its phases and forms, or on which side lay the varying successes, only that it was long, desperate and sustained. As he gazed intently at this singular contest, where everything a moment before was so smiling and peaceful, a light seemed suddenly to dawn on him and reveal the full secret of the combat. It seemed also to increase his horror and create an irresistible desire to interpose.

Suddenly rushing from the point where he had been standing, and seizing a huge club, he madly plunged down the steep hill, over fences, brambles, prostrate trees, thick underbrush, through marshy bogs, throwing his hands and loudly shouting, as the full horror of the reality evidently broke on him, when reaching the grove where the battle was raging, he vanished into its shadowy recesses, and was seen no more.

* * * * *

Many persons in the town will have a vivid recollection of that time in September, in the year 1881, when the thick, heavy, smoky, oppressive atmosphere rendered the day almost as dark as night. It was in the afternoon of the day of which we have been speaking. The sun, like a great ball of fire, seemed suspended in the heavens, threateningly near, as if angry at the audacious attempt to prevent his rays from penetrating to their accustomed recesses. No clouds appeared in the whole broad sweep of the heavens. Nothing but that dull, heavy, oppressive atmosphere that so suddenly and mysteriously appeared and settled on the town for several hours, like a spectre of ill omen, and as mysteriously disappeared. Mystified, perplexed and awe stricken were the citizens. As the darkness and heaviness increased, so did the perplexity, mystification and awe. Restless and uneasy, the inhabitants became, and gradually began to desert their desks, counters and offices, for that mutual companionship that seemed a guarantee of security. Here and there lights gradually began to appear in the dwelling houses and shops, until the whole town was soon lighted up as if it were nearly night. Still the darkness increased, and to this was added a smokiness that imparted a choking sensation to all obliged to inhale it.

Almost breathlessly, and with pale lips, men asked of one another an explanation of the seemingly insoluble mystery of the phenomenon.

With pale faces, trembling women spoke to one another in whispers of the probable arrival of the final judgment, and other possible catastrophies. Many of the frivolous, as well as the

devout, among both men and women, sought their knees, hoping in the retirement of their closets to find relief from the terrible suspense that was denied them elsewhere. The frivolous, alas! found that, although religion when long enjoyed is a great stay and comfort in times of trouble. it could not be manufactured for any sudden emergency.

Others of the sterner sex, already doubtful of the efficiency of this suddenly acquired devotion, could be seen silently gliding to those places where artificial stimulus is provided for depressed spirits, and where the desired companionship is found. In one of these some half dozen men had gathered, from whose countenances the convivial glass and congenial comradeship failed to drive the restless look of apprehension.

In vain went round the well-worn query as to the meaning of this turning of the day into night. Had the sun lost its power? Certainly not, for that sultriness present in the atmosphere belied any such theory. Even the oldest inhabitant, who is seldom at a loss for a parallel, real or imaginary, could furnish none for this case. Ubiquitous as ever, he was in the party we have last described.

"Just twenty-five years last month, something happened like this, though it was not half so bad," said he. "I remember it as well as if it were but yesterday. It began to get dark about this time of the day, and kept getting a little darker until night came on, but it was nothing like as dark as this," he said, "and the air was not so stifling and murky, nor was there such an eerie feeling around," he added, shudderingly.

"I remember that time." said another. "I was quite a lad. It was when there were so many bush-fires around."

"Yes," replied the old man, impatiently, chagrined at the prospect of the event being deprived of an uncanny appearance, "but they were not the cause. And," he continued, "it was a time when there were a good many Millerites or Adventists, as they liked to call themselves, round. Their minister had told them that the world was coming to an end on this particular night, and the good would be separated from the bad. There were quite a few families in the town belonging to this sect, but they have all gone now," he added, with a deprecating shake of the head—whether at their temerity in forming such a society, or their frailty in permitting it to disappear, it was impossible to judge.

"Old Doctor Hicks' wife belonged to them," he continued. "They could'nt get the doctor, though, to join, He used to poke fun at them in his rough, brusque, good-natured way, and his wife, who was desperately in earnest, did'nt enjoy it. Luck seemed to be on the side of the prophet, for, strange to say, about three o'clock the darkness began to appear, and by six, I tell you, some of those people who were loudest in their laughing about it, began to shake in their boots.

"The Millerites all agreed to meet at the old doctor's house, as it was the largest, "and besides this," the old man added, "it was the most stylish, from which to ascend." The old man at this point rolled his eyes and brows towards the zenith, and accompanied the look with a gesture of his hand. "They had an idea that the fashionable color in Heaven was white," he continued, "and, as they had for some time had everything prepared, all they had to do was to don their robes and wait. They accordingly went to the doctor's house. Some half dozen or so of the women had babies, and they tucked them up in the old doctor's bed until the summons should come. The doctor was a jovial soul, and used to spend many nights with his companions down town; but, however festive the crowd might be, he always got home not later than ten o'clock, and went immediately to bed. This

night, having met a merry party, he was a little more belated than usual. Entering his house he went down the hall and to his bed-room. Lighting a lamp with considerable difficulty, and somewhat unsteadily, what was his amazement at seeing in his bed the six or seven small babies. Wider and still wider he opened his eyes. He rubbed them repeatedly to try to drive away, what he supposed to be the phantoms of a disordered imagination. He told me afterwards that he thought he "had 'em bad." Had they been snakes, frogs, rats or mice, he would have been sure of it; but babies appearing on occasions like that he had never heard of. He turned his eyes to various other parts of the room, and every object seemed natural and in its right place. He looked at himself in the looking-glass, and his countenance, though somewhat flushed from his potations, wore its natural expression. He then turned again to the bed, and there were the visions of the babies as vivid as ever. He made up his mind that it couldn't be the "jim jams" that troubled him. To make perfectly sure of this, he took hold of one of the babies and gave it a pinch. A vigorous cry confirmed him in the notion that they were all realities. But how or why they were there surpassed his comprehension. The problem was soon solved. The cry of the infant brought the servant quickly to the room. "What in tarnation thunder are these brats doing here?" shouted the doctor.

"'Oh, please, sir,' said the girl, 'their mothers are all up stairs waiting to be took up.' 'Taken up where?' demanded the doctor. 'To Heaven, please sir,' responded the girl, beginning to grow somewhat frightened.

"The doctor was more mystified than ever, and began to have doubts again as to whether or not he was in full possession of his reason. Visions of an epidemic, or great calamity floated in his mind, in which maimed and wounded females played an important part. 'Oh, sir,' said the girl, observing his anxious, enquiring look, 'don't you know that this is the night that the world is coming to an end, and the women and men are all up stairs waiting to be took up.'

"'What in blazes are they going to Heaven for and leaving them brats with me?' roared the doctor. 'Why don't they take them along.'

"'Oh, sir, listen to them,' said the girl, opening the door leading up stairs, anxious to divert the doctor's supposed wrath from her own person. The staircase led to a large room the doctor used but very little, owing to the smallness of his family, which consisted only of himself and wife. The doctor went to the stairway and, sure enough, heard the groaning and sighing, intermingled with sobs and supplications, 'to come quickly and receive their spirits,' from a number of female voices. Intermingled with these were a few masculine supplications uttered, though with much less fervor and faith. Judging from the diminishing volume of sound, and exhausted sighs, the doctor rightly concluded that the enthusiasm was on the wane. For the sound was more like the sighing and sobbing of the departing storm, or the moan of the retreating tide, than a tempest at its utmost height.

"Silently stealing up-stairs, he observed a most unwonted performance in progress. The room was dimly lighted, and around the open trap-door leading to the roof of the house, he beheld, looking imploringly upward, a number of human forms each arrayed in a loose white garment that was thrown over their other garments and enveloped them from head to foot. He quickly, however, distinguished several of the wives of his old neighbors.

"The doctor's appearance had a disturbing effect on the party. Some of them rose to their feet and, going towards him, exclaimed, 'Oh, doctor, won't you come too?' 'Why in thun-

der don't you women go home to your husbands and quit your infernal nonsense,' replied the doctor. 'Oh, they are here with us, too,' said the women. The doctor, looking more carefully, sure enough distinguished several of his old friends arrayed in similar robes. Some of these were old companions of the doctor, and men he little expected to be affected by serious thoughts of the future. Some of these had, some little time before the doctor's arrival, withdrawn from the circle of worshippers, and were seated on benches against the walls. Others were still in the party, looking somewhat wearied with their long vigil. All looked exceedingly foolish under the doctor's gaze. To do them justice, they had entered on the vigils with much less faith than their wives possessed, but allowed themselves, like good husbands, to be influenced by the zeal of their wives. Carried away at first by the surrounding enthusiasm, as hour after hour passed with no signs of providential intervention, their faith began to wane. Wearied with their kneeling posture, their ardor had almost exhausted itself when the doctor's arrival afforded them relaxation.

"'Come Jim, Donald, and Charlie,' he said, addressing them familiarly, 'what in the world are you dressed up like ghosts for? and acting like old women? This is a pretty example to set your wives and families.'

"'But,' said one, with more courage than the others, 'I don't know but what the women may be right and that the world is coming to an end.'

"'What the Sam Hill put such nonsense in your head?' responded the doctor.

"'Well, how do you account for such darkness in the day-time?' replied the other. 'You know that the Bible says, "The day of the Lord is darkness and not light."'

"'How do I account for it,' said the doctor. 'Why, I don't require to account for it at all, for it's all gone; 'just look,' he said, throwing up the window. Looking out, the company beheld, to their astonishment, that the atmosphere had recovered its clearness and the moon was sending forth her rays in all the mild splendour of her fulness. Men and women alike looked at one another, some relieved, others disappointed, and all somewhat crestfallen. Observing their hesitation, the doctor, like a good general, determined to take advantage of this confusion, and shouting to his man-of-all-work, who had just arrived on the scene to learn the cause of the turmoil. 'I can't stay up all night. Come, John, just give me a lift, and we'll give those babies a hoist that will send them up ahead of their mothers.' At this threat, some half-dozen feminine voices united in a scream of protest, and, rushing past the doctor, they clasped their babies to their bosoms, who, in their turn, disturbed so suddenly from their peaceful slumber, tried to outvie one another in the vigor of their howls.

"'Come,' said the doctor, kindly, to their husbands, 'get them off home, and no one will know anything about this.'

"Acting on his advice, the men took their wives by their arms, first relieving them, as well as themselves, of their white robes, and the house was quickly deserted by all except its usual occupants, and silence once more reigned supreme.

"The old doctor went to his room, and sat on his bed, and, being a good-natured man at heart, as the ludicrousness of the scene began to penetrate his brain he began to laugh, and his risibilities rising higher and higher, he rolled on the bed with merriment; and, as we all have done in our boyhood, he threw himself back and kicked up his heels in an ecstasy of glee, until he heard his wife steal off quietly to her own room. Although he loved her dearly, and never retired without proper salutations, he concluded not to disturb her this night, and mentally

resolved not to broach what he supposed would be to her a delicate subject."

During the recital of this story, the oldest inhabitant was frequently interrupted by his auditors with guffaws and ripples of delight, but he was scarcely prepared for the explosion of mirth that greeted its close. This somewhat relieved his auditors of the sense of impending disaster that had hung over them.

"Well," said one, after recovering himself somewhat from the effects of his mirth, "that is certainly worth another hooker all around. What will you have?" After the decanter had once more circulated, to the decided exhilaration of their spirits, the old man was asked by one if that was all that occurred.

Considerably flattered and elated by the success on his hearers of his previous recital, the old man responded: "No, I will tell you something more that happened. Jack Longwood was one of the Adventists. Until they got hold of him, he was a ne'er-do-well around town. To do them justice, however, when he adopted their religion, he became a changed man.

"With the zeal of all new converts, he eagerly took up every new notion, and new idea, however fanciful. So he was one of the first to grasp this new doctrine of immediate translation of the saints. He didn't know exactly how the miracle was to be effected, but he reflected with satisfaction that the conveyance that carried the saints would not require to be large, as the company would be small and select. After his conversion, like all men who are in earnest, he had moments of discouragement and remorse for his lost opportunities in the past. Thinking that an unusual exhibition of ardour in this matter would make up for past delinquencies, or with the desire to outstrip his fellow saints, he determined to get the start of them if possible. Old Squire Enfield had a farm, on which a part of the town now stands. Very few had barns in those days, and he was no exception to the rule. He had had a big crop, and had just threshed a couple of weeks before, and had an immense straw-stack in his field, the highest I ever saw," said he.

"John thought it would give him the start if he got on this. So, ignoring the doctor's house, up he gets on it about six o'clock in the evening. Like those in the doctor's house, after praying and waiting many hours, he, from weariness, about ten o'clock fell off to sleep.

"The boys, in some way, known only to boys, got some inkling of what was going on at the doctor's house, and also of John's purpose in going up on the straw-stack; but they were over-awed by the terrible prospect of the final crash, until they saw the people leaving the doctor's for home. Then, learning that the great event had been postponed, one of them suggested that as a lark they should frighten John by setting fire to the stack. They all immediately fell in with the idea, and the stack was quickly fired. No sooner had they done this than they trembled for the consequences. They set up a great shout that awakened John. Getting up, and seeing the flames creeping over at one side of him, it immediately flashed across his mind that he had, whilst asleep, been translated, and yelling at the top of his voice, 'In hell, just as I expected,' he rushed through the fire and to the ground. Had he gone down the other side, he would not have been injured, as the match had only been applied to one side. As it was, he got badly scorched. I saw him only the other day near Mayville," said the old man, "and he wears the scars on his face and head to this day."

"I said nothing to him about it, however," he continued, "as I knew it was a sore subject with him."

Again the laugh became uproarious;

but one of the listeners, after recovering from his hilarity, thinking that he recognized an old friend in the last story, said, "Now Sam," which was the name of the oldest inhabitant, "you have been joshing us all along." "No," protested the old man, "every word I have been telling you is true. You can ask so and so," mentioning the names of several ancient residents, "if it be not true."

The effect of the hilarity having to some extent passed away again, the party found their spirits subsiding through the awful darkness and undefinable mystery that enshrouded them and that almost blotted out the gas jets in the low-ceilinged room in which they were sitting, so that they appeared like minute, fiery orbs set in the air above their heads. "Well," said one, "it will never do to sit here and suffocate; we must have something to cheer us until this enigma is solved."

He rang the bell that sat on the adjoining table to summon the Boniface. Its clear sound had just begun to die away, when the group was startled by a loud, shrill, doleful cry, unearthly in its weirdness, that froze the blood and paled the cheek of the listeners. This startling sound began in a high key, and continuing many seconds, seemed at last to be expiring in a low wail, when rising again on the murky atmosphere, in a mournful tone, in which misery, sorrow and despair seemed combined, it rang out in a female voice —the heartrending cry repeated again, "My daughter! Oh! my daughter!"

"Heavens! what is that?" exclaimed one. "It seems to come from the street," said another.

"Suppose we go and see what it is," said a third.

"Who can see anything in this darkness?" replied the first, "although it is only four o'clock," he added, examining his watch, and showing a disinclination to leave his comparatively safe quarters.

Going to the door, however, that opened on the street, and gazing down the sidewalk, they observed the figure of what at one time must have been a tall, muscular woman of splendid form. Now, however, it was bent by premature age. From under a dark, broad-rimmed straw hat of a long departed fashion hung the loose grey hairs.

Across her shoulders was thrown a threadbare shawl of many faded hues. With her right hand she clasped the end of her shawl across her breast, and her left arm swung to and fro in unison with her tread. A shortness of one of her limbs gave a swaying motion to her step. Soon she was lost to view in the thickening darkness, and, as she finally disappeared, the same heartrending cry resounded through the air, so sadly that it surely would have raised her offspring from her grave had she been near. "My daughter! Oh! my daughter! My daughter! Oh! my daughter!"

"It's old mother Melville," said one. "She must have gone mad," said another, as the party retreated to the safe recesses of the room they had just vacated. After seating themselves, some one asked what she meant by this cry?

"Did'nt you hear?" was the response. "Why, when she got up this morning her daughter was gone."

"I suppose she went off with some fellow on the train?" queried another.

"No," said the oldest inhabitant, restored to his natural frame of mind by this fresh evidence of human woe, "she enquired at the railway station and learned that she did not, and the old woman has been around town all day going to see the fellows that kept company with her, and with all the people with whom she might possibly be staying, and she satisfied herself that her daughter is not in the town, and she has been seized with the notion that she is dead." "Poor old body," he added, sympathetically, "I have been afraid for some time that the troubles with her daughter would

unhinge her mind, and it seems to have done so."

"Where do you think her daughter can be?" asked one.

"No one knows," replied the old man. "Her old mother thinks that this darkness has something to do with it, and that this strange shroud has been thrown over us in mourning for her poor girl."

"And who knows but it might," he added, reflectively. "Let us go out and see if we can do anything to help find her," said another, kind-heartedly. "All right," was the response. "Although I don't think it will be of any use." Simultaneously they arose, leaving, in their abstraction, their replenished glasses untasted. Issuing on the street, they found that the old woman's cries had inspired others to a like effort, but to all enquiries the same discouraging answer was returned. Some of the more superstitious were inclined to the suggestion of the oldest inhabitant that the inexplicable gloom that surrounded them had some connection with the daughter's disappearance.

Universal was the feeling of commiseration for the girl. Expressions of sympathy had been common and almost universal in the town for some time past. They indicated a sorrow for human degradation that was not in keeping with the general indifference of the public to miseries that did not affect itself; and this was highly creditable to the sentiment in the town.

For the damsel who caused such mournful lamentations had for some time been only a girl about town. Nearly all remembered her as she appeared some five years previous, a raven-haired, dark, velvety-skinned girl of fifteen, a universal favorite. Her dark eyes, in their unfathomable depths, sparkled with animation, and tender smiles constantly played about her ruby lips. Her lithe, well-rounded form set one wondering how a branch so beautiful and delicate could proceed from a tree so rough; for she was the only child of the woman who was so loudly lamenting her throughout the gloomy town. Her father had been an honest, hard-working man, who, some six years previous to the day our story opens, had met with a terrible accident, and, after a long illness, had died. Edna was their only child, and was, naturally, the idol of the home. All the money the father could earn was lavished on his wife, and, more especially, on his daughter, to whom he gave an education in music and literature, modest in the abstract, but beyond that usually enjoyed by people in her rank of life. So that when death gathered in the bread-winner, the widow found herself destitute of all but what her own skilful fingers and stout heart could obtain for a living for herself and daughter. Nobly and heroically suppressing her load of sorrow, she set to work to earn their support. The whole volume of her affections were now centered on her child. For a year her needle and the assistance she sometimes rendered her neighbors in their domestic duties sustained them, and she was enabled to neatly clothe and continue the education of her girl. Then a serious illness enveloped her in its hot, feverish embrace. For many months she lay hovering between life and death. Faithfully her daughter attended her. Unobtrusively the kindly neighbors contributed comforts and delicacies. This aid, however, was not regular nor sufficient for her wants, and the little store of earnings was rapidly disappearing. Unable, by reason of being obliged to attend her mother, to earn anything for their sustenance, Edna, although so young, was subjected to most terrible apprehensions as to the future. It was at this juncture, when, worn with toil and weeping, and distressed at the prospect of want, when true friendship would have proved such deep solace, that the most heartless blow, and one that robbed her of

the most priceless of all feminine possessions, was struck her.

The blow came in the sweet, sacred disguise of love, that conquered her womanhood, and rendered her confiding nature an easy prey to ruthless lust. The sorrowing widow was rapidly approaching convalescence when the secret of her daughter's humiliation became too glaring to be longer concealed. This second grief plunged her frenzied mother into a more dangerous sickness, and it was not until upwards of a year after her first being stricken down, that she arose from her bed a bent, grey-haired, prematurely aged woman, with her reason, caused by terrible disgrace, partially dethroned.

Nothing daunted by the desolation that surrounded her, the widow prepared again to buffet, single-handed, the waves of debt, sorrow and disgrace that were threatening to deluge her.

Above all, was she solicitous of the welfare of her daughter, whom she appeared to love with the more intensity as her humiliation increased. With the jealousy and ferocity of a wild beast guarding her helpless offspring from their would-be destroyers, did she endeavor to watch over and protect her daughter from further harm. This constant espionage had the opposite effect to that intended; but, nevertheless, the natural one with a girl of Edna's spirit and disposition. But how could a prematurely old, frenzied, partially demented woman, carried away by the intensity of her passionate love, know what was best for her daughter?

Feeling the irritation and humiliation of this constant watch, which never permitted her sorrowful memories to depart, Edna rapidly sank deeper in disgrace and despair. The course of reformation, difficult enough under any circumstances, is rendered more arduous to one to whom recollections of past trangressions are constantly present. The wiser plan is to try unobserved to divert the attention of the guilty from the past delinquencies to a higher and purer life. Brought up in a hard school herself, and unacquainted with the delicate springs of human character, her reason partially unbalanced, the poor widow found herself unable to cope with the waywardness of her child Discouraged with the lack of success, and erroneously thinking that she had lost the respect of her neighbors, who, on the contrary, deeply commiserated her in her double affliction, the widow herself began to lose self-respect, and was rapidly losing that neat, trim appearance that so distinguished her former days. One thing, in all her degradation, the daughter would not do, and that was to divulge the name of the fiend responsible for her fall. So that with all the terrible weight of eternal responsibility, he drags along his wretched existence quite unknown to any one but the poor bleeding heart that so faithfully kept the secret of his perfidy. Speculation was, therefore, rife as to who her destroyer was. There were whisperings of a tall stranger who had visited the town and formed her acquaintance, and had paid her some attentions. Others again, mentioned the names of certain men about town: but to all such suggestions the girl's lips were mute.

Rapidly these reflections passed through the minds of the citizens on this gloomy afternoon, adding to their horror.

Many of them formed the resolution to aid the poor mother in the restoration of the girl. As time passed, however, the solemn impressions, as usual, would have worn away, and nothing would have been done, had the citizens not been constantly reminded of their resolution by the pitiful wailings of the distressed widow.

* * * * *

Far into the winter there constantly rang out on the crisp night air that strange, shrill wail that seemed

to contain the concentrated essence of frenzied despair, and that sent such thrills of horror through the town, and caused the young to hurry for safety to their comfortable homes. "My daughter! Oh! my daughter."

Aroused again by sympathy for human suffering, a solemn resolution was made, as soon as spring returned, to spare no reasonable effort to discover the body of the daughter who all seemed to take for granted was dead.

So, when the snow had nearly disappeared under the persuasive power of April's sun, and the violets and buttercups began to rear their dainty heads through the dead leaves and lingering winter snows, parties were organized for the search. For three days they scoured hill and dale, forest and moor, but with no success. On the morning of the fourth day they determined to make a final effort. One party started for the thicket on which the stranger witnessed the singular contest mentioned at the opening of our story. One of them in advance of the others, entering the thicket, had his attention engrossed by a beautiful bird of brilliant plumage. Attracted by its gorgeous beauty, he followed it. Of the mysterious incidents of this story, none is more strange than this, that the bird by its actions seemed to be designedly leading the searcher to a definite spot. It advanced, returned, flew from side to side, looked intelligently at the man, chirping all the while, then again advanced until it finally rested on a tree, and turned its little head from side to side, but looking steadily at a spot on the ground directly beneath him.

Gazing at the spot indicated by the bird, the man perceived a dark mass of tangled hair that appeared through the dead leaves. Hastily drawing away the mass of leaves that had gathered there, he drew back with a cry of dismay at the sight that met his eyes. Hearing the cry, the others hurried forward, and were transfixed with horror at what they beheld. Could it be that that cold, still, ghastly form lying in a pool of water formed by the melting snows, and partially eaten away by the rodents that dwelt in the marsh, was all that was left of the bright, beautiful Edna, that for many years graced and gladdened the town, and tripped its streets with the lightness and grace of the doe. These sturdy men were seen stealthily to brush away their tears as they recognized that such was the fact. As gently as the dead clay of royalty was this poor form raised by those rough men. Tenderly they bore her to her home, and subsequently laid her away in her peaceful grave, over which the fierce winds of winter howl, and the summer breezes softly murmur, unheeded by her in her tranquil repose. Then began enquiries as to who had been guilty of "the deep damnation of her taking off," but all in vain. This proved another instance refuting that standing lie, so often repeated and so constantly disproved, that "Murder will out."

Who the lone fisherman was, what brought him out so early that morning, whether or not he designedly appeared on the scene of a liason with his inamorata, though wishing his presence to appear as if by chance, and a desperate and deadly struggle between two rivals ensued, it has not yet become known. Who was the fisherman? Who his foe? Why was it that the girl was the only one found dead? Who was the stranger who so fiercely rushed to the scene of the combat? What became of him? Why did he never again turn up? Was he also murdered and his body thrown over a precipice, or hidden in a ravine? These are all questions that naturally suggest themselves, and seem incapable of solution.

It is true that, on application, a detective was sent from Toronto to unravel the dark problem. He looked extremely wise, scrutinized the faces of the innocent men in a suspicious

way that made them all feel uncomfortable, and ignored the guilty ones, if such were present.

Vaguely but learnedly he talked of clues and motives When we last heard of him, detective like, he was still "working on the case," and is likely to remain so until some one comes along and tells him all about it, when the newspapers will bristle with paragraphs as to the remarkable skill and shrewdness of detective so and so, in unravelling the tangled web that for so long has veiled one of the most extraordinary murders of modern times.

Until the time arrives, all these questions must remain unanswered, for it would be presumptuous in me to pretend to know more than the detective. I can only make public these facts within my own knowledge, and indicate lines on which I think the detective should proceed in his investigations. In the meantime, we must wait patiently for the revelation that will, no doubt, furnish Millageville and the country at large with one of the most startling sensations of the day, and when the dark and mysterious particulars shall be unearthed, I promise to give full information in respect to them to a waiting public.

TWO VALENTINES.

Trinity Convent.

Up past St. George's Square,
Under the Polar Bear,
Home of the good and fair,
Stands Trinity Convent.

High fences close around
All the enchanted ground;
Scarce to us comes a sound
From Trinty Convent.

Happy man in the moon,
Gaily rising, who soon
May unchallenged look down
At Trinity Convent.

All are up ere day can break,
Prayers read; breakfast take,
Then to their tasks betake
In Trinity Convent.

French music 'ologies,
Occupy all their days,
No sham apologies
In Trinity Convent.

To one fair and beautiful,
Most kind and dutiful,
Angels be bountiful
In Trinity Convent.

Norah, so debonnair,
Bright her eyes, dark her hair,
None can with her compare
In Trinity Convent.

May no sad contagion,
No evil star rage on
My bonnie bird caged in
Dear Trinity Convent.

Janey.

Smiling, laughing, chatting,
With charming frill and ribbon decked,
Dark hair, in matchless chignon packed,
Knitting, hemming, sewing, tatting,
She sat,—and I with Janey.

Her lessons, ancient lore,
Apollo and the Muses Nine,
Orpheus and the dancing pine,
Heroes that fell, whom angels bore
To Jove, are known to Janey.

She'll tell you of Greek Isles,
Great Euboea, little Ios,
Andros, Varos, Samos, Delos,
Of wars, B. C. relate; and miles
Count up 'tween the old towns, will Janey.

Of Paris, son of Priam,
Lovely Helen, wondrous story;
Ah me! thro' love great Troy all gory
Its reign deny who may, I am
No doubter, taught by Janey.

Then of the stars we talk,
Orion and the Pleiades,
Aldebaran—the Hyades,
Arcturus—all in radiance walk
And smile at smiling Janey.

Thus ever smile, dear lips,
Bright eyes and heart sincere; tho' far
I roam, tho' lost be every star,
And suns grow dark in strange eclipse;
Thy smile I'll see, dear Janey!

JAS. CLELAND HAMILTON.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA.

THE habitual development, encouragement, and distribution throughout the Dominion, of minds trained in intelligent military reflection and study is very important to Canada as a nation.

The supreme trial through which China is now passing is clearly due to the short-sighted contempt in which her upper classes hold those of the military profession, and to her neglect of higher military education. With a population of over 360 millions, and one and a-half millions of square miles of richly-productive territory, she has for many ages had at her disposal well nigh unlimited command of wealth, men, and material.

Yet, she is now all but at the mercy of Japan, which has but a tenth of her population and territory, and is at her wits' end to secure the hired services of militarily-educated foreigners of any grade, from private to commander-in-chief, from able-bodied seaman to admiral.

Japan, with an army of only 78 thousand twenty years ago, and 18 war vessels, has given unremitting attention to progress in military matters.

But a year or two ago China, with nearly 2,000,000 enrolled men, and an army of trained irregular levies, had better founded reason for neglecting energetic military education than Canada has to-day.

Formal, full, and effective recognition of the vital national interests involved in the purposes for which the Royal Military College has been established, should not be longer withheld.

If encouragement, conducive to increasing the number of students resorting to the college, can be accorded only at the cost of personal inconvenience and political sacrifice, patriotism demands that the inconvenience shall be suffered, and the sacrifice made.

With the object of directing public attention to Canada's only school of higher military education, we present the following papers to our readers :—

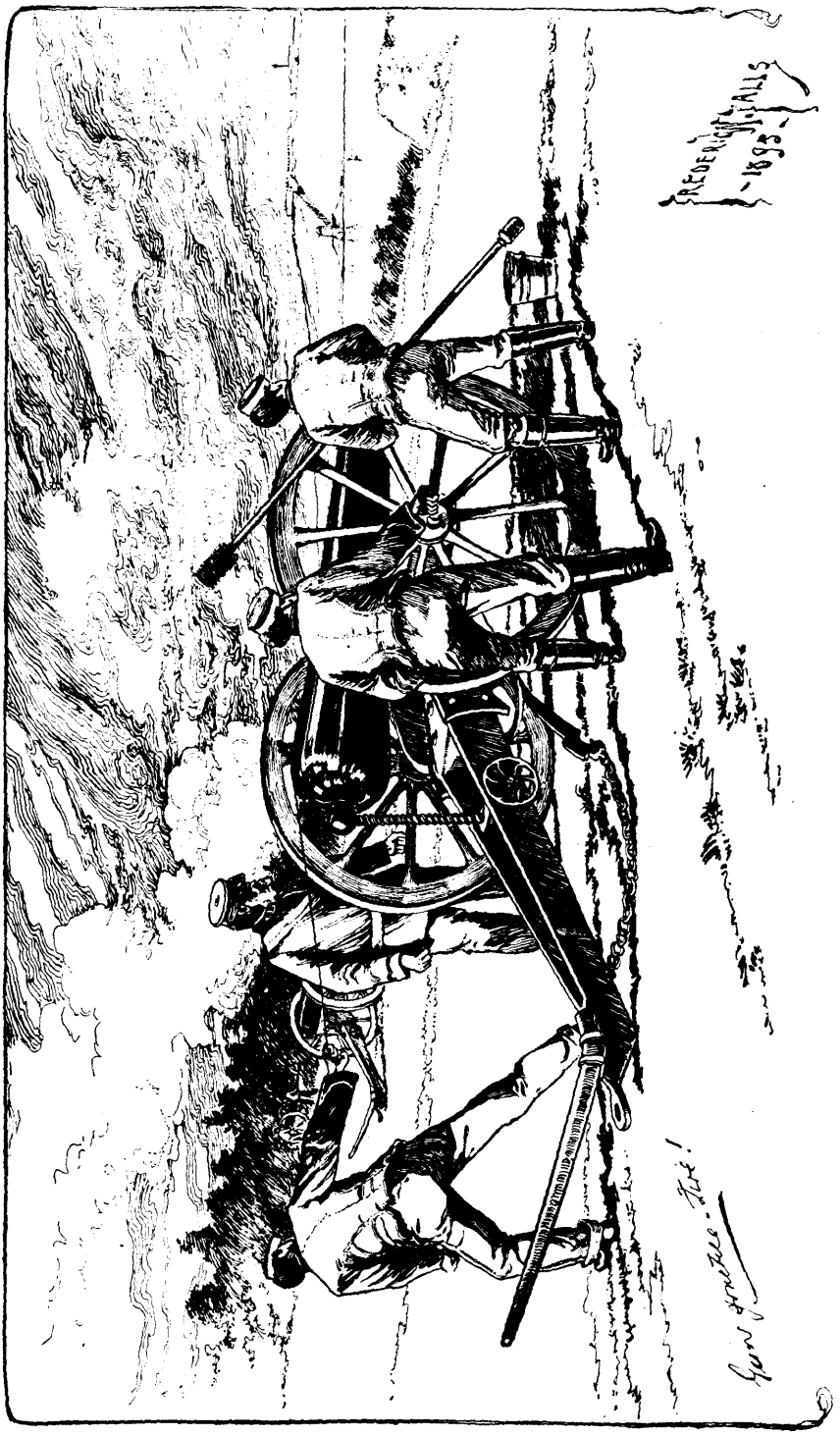
THE RELATION OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE TO THE EFFICIENCY OF THE MILITARY FORCES OF CANADA.

By Lieut.-Col. W. H. Cotton, R.C.A., D A G.

The Royal Military College having on several occasions been a subject of much controversy and crude criticism, it may not be out of place, and certainly will be of interest to the public generally, if a resumé of its objects and work is brought to more prominent notice.

The R. M. C. was opened in 1876, and the first graduating class passed out in 1880. The only restrictions to entrance are, that the candidates must be British subjects, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and that for three years preceding the examination they or their parents have resided in Canada.

Its object, defined by the Act of Parliament establishing it, is for the imparting of an education in such military subjects as fortification, tactics, and military engineering, embracing, too, a general, scientific knowledge in such studies as are now necessary to a modern education, as well as to a thorough knowledge of the military profession. Differing from the English Military Colleges, from those on the continent of Europe, and from West Point in the United States, where the graduates are all expected to adopt and immediately follow the profession of arms, the R.M.C. has steadily, from the first, had in view a good military education, calculated to improve the whole martial spirit of the country, as these young men take their places as citizens of Canada.



FIELD-GUN DRILL.—"FIRE!"

As a special reward, a few commissions are given away every year in the British army and Colonial forces, but to gain these, the cadet must be proficient in all the subjects taught. It was never contemplated that all graduates would adopt a purely military career, but that in course of time such a leaven of specially instructed men would be spread over the community that their services would be of incalculable value in case of need. With this object in view, and also providing amply for such as desire to follow a purely civil occupation, the curriculum embraces such studies in its higher branches as civil engineering, architecture, drawing, painting, physics, chemistry, and topographical surveying. Nor are electrical engineering, meteorology, astronomy, geology and other applied sciences omitted. Therefore, while a student is, during his four years' residence in college, subject to military discipline and drill, his studies can be so ordered, and such branches taken up, as may assist in the profession he desires to ultimately follow.

All graduates beyond the few granted special commissions in the British or Colonial forces, are gazetted as officers in the Canadian Militia, and expected to identify themselves with the force as it now exists.

As the Canadian force is purely militia, and has so far been entirely drawn by voluntary enlistments from the civil part of the community, it cannot fail to be self-evident that the training provided by the R.M.C. must tend to its greater efficiency. The effect is the dissemination of military knowledge, a more marked improvement in the status of the corps in which the graduates are employed, and a general condition of self-reliance only imparted by military education.

The present enrolled active militia force of the country is about 1-13 of that which would be required in the event of Canada being called to arms. Consider, then, the rôle expected of those who have had the advantage of receiving their education at this national college. Any demand must be sudden, and will necessitate an immediate call for all educated and trained officers.

There would be the battalion organization, the mobilization and concentration of the levied troops, the drill and issue of arms and supplies, the distribution and supply of ammunition, requiring more skilled instruction than is available to the average officer. Then, as still further requirements, there would be the knowledge of strategy and applied tactics, of military sketching and reconnaissance, of railway construction and management, of heliographic and other forms of signalling, of telegraphy, and of the selection of military positions and the placing of them in a state of defence conformable to the general plans of the commander-in-chief.

Every year adds steadily to the number of those thus qualified who have passed out of the R.M.C., and, although not always in active employment, they would be available in a wondrous degree when called upon to act. In this it is that the true work of the college, as yet in its infancy, consists; to mature the work, the energies of the Government should be put forth and the sympathy of the people at large enlisted.

The sources from which an adequate supply of trained officers are available are so small that the greater must be the dependence placed on the instruction afforded by the R.M.C. It is the only educational establishment in the country where any such work is touched upon and early training provided to fit men to usefully take their places in a military organization suddenly formed for the defence of the country.

It requires but a very cursory study of the history of the older world to appreciate the advantages accruing to a nation whose early systematic military training has been carried out with

preconceived plans and ideas. If this is true with those maintaining standing armies, how much more forcibly must it come home to us, relying as we do on our citizen soldiery in moments of urgent need.

It should be a national pride, as it certainly is a national insurance, to foster such a spirit among our community. On the other hand, history presents to us a forcible lesson in the fate of those whose supineness and indifference have led to their decline and even extinction.

It may here be interesting to review the military instructional system of Canada and the relation thereto of the R.M.C.

As a primary course for those already in the force, there are the permanent corps established for schools of instruction in regimental details, and acting as patterns of a more finished training. The average time of instruction here is only three months, familiarly known as the "Short Course," rendering it impossible for men to acquire more than an elementary knowledge in such a limited period of attendance.

Then, as a continued line of study, there is provided the "Long Course," lasting for six months. Its earlier stages comprise an advanced course at these military schools of the different arms, and include a special three months' attendance at the R.M.C., where the superior advantages afforded are made available and its usefulness and educational facilities presented immediately to the commissioned ranks.

It is, however, in the early education carried on in the college that its great service is apparent, the design being to meet the requirements of the country in providing instruction in excess of the regimental detail of the "Short" and "Long" courses, and to form a reserve of men fitted to rapidly fill the positions which they may at any time be called upon to assume. Only by such early education can they appreciate and with advantage render the services expected of them by the nation.

All vacancies in the military schools of the different arms, consequent upon promotion and other causes, should in the future be filled by the graduates of the R.M.C., as naturally it must furnish more promising officers and instructors than are available from any other source in Canada. How can this be otherwise when outside the R.M.C. the opportunities are very few, if not entirely wanting, for officers to acquire a knowledge and proficiency in subjects so essential to military training as fortification, both field and permanent, and bridging. There are also the branches of telegraphy, military law and administration, principles of the manufacture of material, the nature and use of explosives, and the application of electricity,—all vital, if we wish to advance with the present times. Without a knowledge of all these, an officer must be greatly handicapped when he finds himself in the position of an instructor. Combined with all is the excellent education afforded in French, English and mathematics; and last, though not least, a properly conducted and supervised physical training. We have already had proof of the value of the college in services rendered by some of its graduates in England, Africa and Asia, and on its own staff. During the N.W. rebellion of 1885, thirty-three R.M. College graduates were employed, including seven on the staff in the field. Can it be doubted, then, for a moment, that, if exigencies demanded, such services would not be rendered at home. The college has been fortunate in having had since its start, in 1876, the services of an efficient staff, who by their ability and example have done much to assure the success achieved. It is directly to the high standard of training and disciplinary spirit of the R.M.C. that its young men may ascribe their honors won.

THE MESS ROOM, ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

The condition of China to-day affords an object lesson to be taken to heart by those who despise and ignore, or pretend to ignore, all necessity for home defence. Her utter humiliation to-day is a striking illustration of the disregard of military education. Let us hope that in the day of our need, should it unhappily come, our cry will not, like poor China's, be *sauve qui peut.*

THE EFFECT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE TRAINING ON THE PERSONAL CHARACTER AND SOCIAL RELATIONS OF CADETS.

By Richard Walkem, Q.C., LL.D.

THE period between the ages of 15 and 21 is usually important in the life of most men in regard to the formation of habits and character. This period marks the change from the boy into the man, not merely in physical but in mental development. It is the age at which men are easily moulded and impressed and form habits and acquire principles which may make or mar their future lives. The period which I have mentioned may be said generally to be that during which students go through their course at the Royal Military College of Canada, the age for entrance being from fifteen to eighteen, and the period of pupilage four years; and as the college is a public institution and undertakes the training and education of a great number of our young men, it will, I believe, serve a useful purpose and will be interesting, to consider very shortly the effect of that training and education on the general character, habits and social relations of the cadets who pass through the college course. I think that most parents would desire, so far as education might be intended to affect personal character and habits, to see

their sons taught to be truthful, manly, temperate (I use the word in its general sense), and punctual. There are other virtues, no doubt, which go to make the perfect man, but I must confine my remarks in this paper to the effect of college training towards the development of the particular characteristics which I have mentioned.

As might be expected, the course of training in the college is prescribed by rules, instructions and standing orders; but these would be of very little service unless the whole staff of the college, from the commandant down, take a warm interest in their work and are prepared to carry out heartily the instructions under which they act.

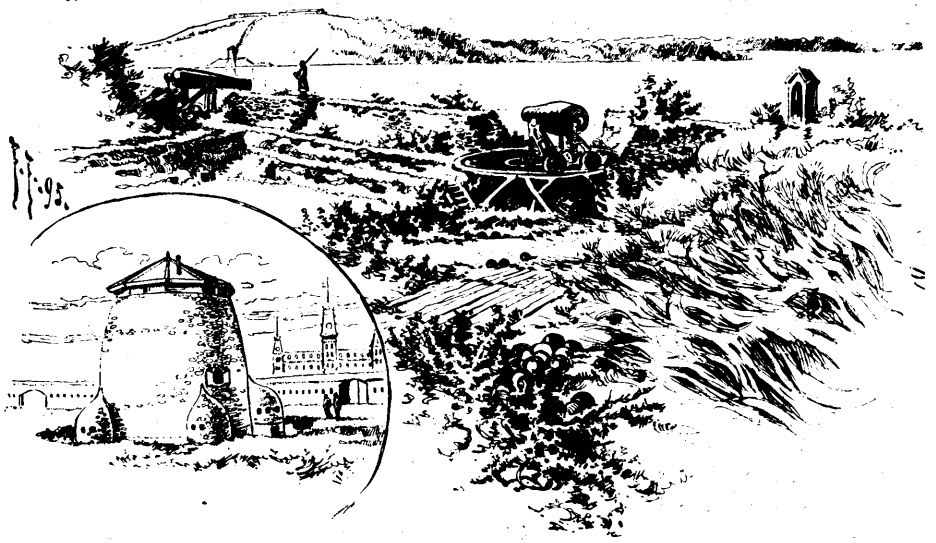
Much must, in the first place, depend on the commandant, to whom are committed powers which may almost be termed absolute, and which impose on him a corresponding weight of responsibility. He must be not merely a disciplinarian, but a man who understands and can sympathize with and attract young men. We all know how much the success of some of the great public schools in England and in this country has been promoted by the personal character and ability of their head masters, and their tact in dealing with their pupils, and it is manifest that in an institution like the Royal Military College, where young men reside away from home influence during a period of four years, the character, tact and capacity for government of the commandant are of supreme importance.

Col. Hewett, the first chief of the college, by whom the work of organization was very ably and successfully performed, and who held the position for over ten years, recognized the duty of the commandant to cultivate friendly and cordial relations with the cadets, in the following order, which is still in force: "The commandant will be pleased to see the cadets at any time or place on matters not of official character, and he wishes them to come to him and consider him their personal friend and adviser in anything connected with their progress at the Royal Military College, or their private affairs."

Next to the commandant it is important that the staff should be men who co-operate loyally with their chiefs in carrying on the college work, and who illustrate by their lives and examples those precepts and lessons which it is their duty to teach to their pupils. The character of every member of the staff is very soon thoroughly understood by the cadets, and I take the liberty of saying that the greatest care should be taken in the selection of the professors. The results of an unfortunate selection are very serious in regard to the character of the cadets and their discipline, and no consideration should prevent the removal of any professor who proves himself unfit for his position.

Though every cadet, on entering the college, is enlisted and becomes subject during his college course to the Queen's regulations and orders for the Army, the Army Act, the Militia Act of the Dominion, and all other rules and regulations to which Her Majesty's troops are subject, it is not intended that he should bear this heavy burden without assistance or be allowed to understand that he is to be merely a military machine. On the contrary, he is assured that a deep interest is taken by the authorities of the college in his personal welfare. I have already alluded to the fact that he is invited to communicate freely with the commandant on all private matters; and on looking at the standing orders, I find that it is enjoined on all who share in the responsible charge of educating the cadets to take the greatest interest in their welfare and in all that relates to their instruction; and all the members of the staff are required to bring to the notice of the commandant all matters affecting the well-being of the cadets. With

the object of further promoting confidence and good feeling between the staff and cadets all members of the former are instructed that it is their duty to make themselves personally acquainted with the character of, and to take a personal interest in, each cadet; to encourage him to ask their friendly advice, and, by precept as well as example, to influence him for good, to gain the confidence of the cadets generally, and, while enforcing all orders issued for their guidance and the government of the college with tact, discretion, good temper, and decision, to promote an honorable feeling amongst them.



INTERIOR OF FORT FREDERICK LOOKING TOWARD FORT HENRY.

The college orders and instructions are framed evidently with the object of promoting friendly and cordial relations between the staff and the cadets, and, at the same time, of maintaining strict discipline.

The first word of the college motto is "Truth" This quality was that which the framer of the motto—Col. Hewett, I believe—evidently thought of primary importance. A regard for truth is enjoined in all the college regulations, not directly, perhaps, for it should hardly be necessary to enjoin the duty of truthfulness in plain words, but inferentially. Thus, it is left to the honor of a cadet to submit himself loyally, without espionage or observation, to any punishment such as restriction of leave, confinement to barracks, etc., which may be imposed on him. He is not watched, and he knows that he is not. Anything in the nature of espionage is, in fact, repudiated by express order. An abuse of the confidence thus reposed in the cadet is regarded as a grave breach of honor, and the result, without doubt, is that though there may be instances in which such abuse occurs, yet, on the whole, better discipline is maintained than if the cadets were subject to strict supervision, while, at the same time, the duty of truthfulness and honorable dealing is strictly inculcated.

In their dealings with the cadets, the staff are instructed to make a broad distinction between acts of an immoral, dishonorable and ungentlemanlike character on the one hand, and of thoughtlessness on the other: the former are to be prevented and the latter checked and reproved.

I have alluded to temperance as a virtue which it is desirable to cultivate in a young man; I meant tem-

perance in a general sense, that is, the duty of using all things temperately. The moderate use of ale by the cadets at dinner is permitted, on the written request of the parent or guardians, but that is the limit allowed for the use of any liquor of an intoxicating character. No cadet is allowed, under pain of severe punishment, either to be intoxicated, or to have liquor in his possession or to bring it into the college or to connive at its being brought in by others.

Vice comes in for a special denunciation in the college orders. Says one order: "The commandant looks to all —whether members of the staff or cadets—to prevent vice of every description in all connected with the Royal Military College, by never omitting to notice it when and wherever it may come under their observation, and by at once bringing it to his knowledge."

It is almost needless to remark particularly to parents who have sons growing up to manhood that the manner in which young men, at home, spend their spare time, particularly their evenings, is often a source of considerable anxiety. Cadets attending the college are not allowed to enter taverns or saloons, and they are compelled by the college regulations, unless they have leave, to be within the gates at a comparatively early hour in the evening, so that as little time or opportunity as possible is given to them, even if they were disposed to do so, to visit or frequent places that they should avoid.

Gambling of any sort is strictly prohibited by the college regulations.

The system of fagging which prevails, and has in the past prevailed, in some of the large public schools in England is prohibited by the Military College rules as tending to destroy or lessen self-respect. Cadets are forbidden either to require from or to perform for another cadet, any menial office, or to suffer such service to be exacted by one cadet from another. At the same time, it is understood amongst the cadets themselves that certain duties, such as the care of the recreation grounds, are to be performed by the junior class as a body. The practice of hazing also is absolutely forbidden. Each cadet on entering the college promises to abstain, during his connection with the institution, from using physical coercion to any fellow cadet, and to discourage others from doing so, unless required in the discharge of duty, and to refrain from combining with others to enforce the views of a combination on their fellows. That the observance of this rule is strictly enforced is evidenced by the severe punishment meted out on a recent occasion to some cadets who had so far forgotten their duty as to break this promise.

In a community where strict discipline prevails, and where power is given to the subordinate officers to award punishment or regulate disputes, it is important that each member should have the means of protecting himself against wrong or injustice. Any cadet, who thinks himself wronged by any member of the staff or any other cadet, may state his grievance to the captain of his company, whose duty it is to report it for the decision of the commandant. The fact that this right of appeal exists tends to produce care in the awarding of punishments and to restrain the vexatious or arbitrary exercise of authority.

Stringent regulations also exist to prevent what may be termed boycotting on the part of the cadets, that is, the persecution of any cadet by combinations on the part of others to prevent social or friendly intercourse with him.

Habits of self-reliance are cultivated in the college by devolving authority on the cadets as soon as they prove their fitness for its exercise. There is a gradual scale of promotion similar to that existing among the non-commissioned officers in the regular

service. The scale is as follows, beginning at the lowest step: Lance corporal, corporal, sergeant, company sergeant major, and battalion sergeant major, the last being the highest rank which a cadet can attain. Promotion is made to depend upon character and conduct, special qualifications and performance of duties. Only those of the first or second class, that is, the two senior classes, are eligible for promotion to the permanent rank of sergeant, full corporal, or lance corporal; but acting rank may be given to a cadet from any class. Non-commissioned officers are required to perform certain duties assigned to them, to act with the officers of the college in preserving discipline and instructing the junior cadets in their military duties, and to set a good example to the other cadets. They are invested with limited powers, and have allowed to them privileges in respect of leave, etc., which are proportioned to their rank. Badges are also given to mark proficiency in different subjects.

THEY VIEWED THE GAME TOGETHER.

All the duties in the college form the subject of rules intended to secure order and preserve discipline. Attendance at divine service on each Sunday is compulsory, but each cadet may elect which denomination he will attend. Any cadet may, besides, attend the afternoon or evening services of his church. A change from one denomination to another is not permitted, unless authorized in orders, but the cadet must adhere to the denomination to which he represents himself to belong on first entering the college. Should a change be desired, it can be granted only on written application and with the approval of the parent or guardian. In attending church, the cadets must be accompanied by the officer or cadet in charge, who must sit with them in the pew allotted to them. A reverent behaviour in church is strictly required. In the event of the weather being such as to preclude attendance

at church, divine service is held in the college, the officer or cadet in charge officiating. The form is taken from the service book of the Church of England. At dinner, grace is required to be said by the senior cadet, both before and after the meal. A short and simple form of service is prescribed to be read every morning before breakfast by the senior officer or cadet on duty. Roman Catholics are not required to read or attend the college Sunday service, or the morning prayers, unless they desire to do so. The clergy of all the churches attended by the cadets are encouraged to visit those of their own denomination at the college.

The attendance at classes, the mode of dress, the hours for meals, recreation and duty, the care of rooms, furniture and equipments, are all regulated by orders, to which the space at my disposal will not permit me to refer in detail. Suffice it to say that they all tend to inculcate habits of regularity, carefulness and economy. Extravagance is not permitted in any direction, and uniformity is prescribed, so that there can be no material distinction in the mode of living between the sons of the wealthy and those of moderate means.

I cannot close this review of the college rules and system without alluding to the facilities which are granted to the cadets of visiting their friends or those who may be disposed to entertain them. A cadet is allowed to visit friends, subject to certain regulations. The order on the subject requires that he should bring with him, at the beginning of each term, a letter from his parent or guardian, stating the names and addresses of the friends whom he may be permitted to visit. In order to get leave he must obtain a special written invitation from such authorized friend for each occasion. Passes are freely granted, subject to this rule, as it is considered desirable that the cadets should have opportunities of social intercourse. These passes are limited as to time, so as to ensure a return to the college at proper hours, as no cadet is allowed to sleep out of barracks.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE FROM A PROFESSOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

By the Rev. Clare L. Worrell, M.A.

IN speaking of the Royal Military College from a professor's point of view, let it be distinctly understood that the opinions expressed are those of the writer alone, and that he is not in any way voicing the sentiments of the members of the staff.

A civil professor of Canadian training, meagre military education, and scanty knowledge of Woolwich, is at first struck by the iron-clad character of the college movements.

On one side are the sound of the bugle, the rattling of swords, the mustering of men and the march of companies; on the other, the various reports, the formal communications, the recognition of rank, the regular routine and mechanical precision—all of which have a smack of barrack life known to the university man chiefly from his Lever or Lover. And when he understands that the uniformed youths about him are not simply playing soldier, but are, in sober earnest, training for the great battle of life, passing, as it were, through a military mint and acquiring a military stamp, but all with a view to making themselves fit for civil as well as military science, he asks himself, *cui bono?* Does the system answer its purpose, and how does it compare with that of the universities?

First of all, the military discipline places it in a unique position. Everywhere one is reminded that he is in a *military* college, and that he must be as one under an authority saying "Do this," and expecting to have it done, but never at any time rashly hoping for more than the strict letter of the command being obeyed; works of supererogation are left for divinity

schools. Nelson's battle-cry is part of the college-motto, and the key-note of the college system. A cadet knows he must perform his duty under all circumstances; and if, at any time, he undertakes a skirmish in forbidden lines, he does so at the cannon's mouth, with the certainty of being mentioned in the despatches of the orderly room, and probably receiving the distinguishing title of C.B.*

I have known genuine students in the college, but they are such by natural temperament, not as a result of the college methods. Men of action are more likely to come from its corridors than men of thought—men of practice rather than men of theory. Independence, fearlessness, decision—these are the qualities developed. Regularity, punctuality, industry and application these are the habits acquired.

In carrying out its aims, the system of residence, by which all cadets are under one roof, cannot be too highly valued It is the true idea of a COLLEGE, as the *alma mater* presiding over the life of her family during recreation as well as in the hours of study. As the cap and gown to the university man, so the tunic to the cadet is an outward and visible sign of his birth into the college family; and it is a noteworthy fact that while the gownsman is seldom or never seen with his badge, the red-coat readily reveals the favorite resorts of the cadet and his comrades.

To make the family idea more complete, some things are needed. If it were not for the state of religious and political partisanship, one might be tempted to put down as the first a regular chaplain and a daily chapel service. But, leaving that out for obvious reasons, a second may be readily found in the need of a larger number of residences for professors within the college grounds.

This would greatly aid the friendly social relations which at present exist between professors and cadets, and influence for good the habits of the latter.

Another need is a larger library and reading room. The library at present has about 3,000 volumes, and there are two reading rooms. But the library room is too small, and the reading rooms are practically the only inside places of recreation, alike for noisy and reading cadets. One large, well-lighted library and reading room combined would be a great boon both to cadet and professor.

In the arrangement of work much may be said in favor of the R.M.C. A university student is required to attend only a certain proportion of the lectures in each subject, and may in some instances present himself for examination without being on the lecture roll at all. At the R.M.C. a professor is always sure of his constituency. The various classes are paraded before each attendance, and all must be present unless specially excused.

On the other hand, it must be said for the university that the men who do attend lectures are generally studious and eager to learn.

Again, a professor at the R.M.C. is not hampered by a constantly varying set of regulations, framed, from year to year, by experimenting pedagogues and argus-eyed politicians.

He has sufficient time in every attendance to thoroughly explain his subject and oversee the work of the cadets in studying it.

There are no outside examiners. The professor, therefore, has a reasonable amount of certainty in expecting his class to devote their attention to those matters on which he has himself laid stress. They are working to acquire knowledge of a subject as interpreted by him, and not simply to gain sufficient smartness to pass an examination. He feels that the lines he has marked out will not be deserted in order to practise the whims and

*C. B.—Confinement to barracks.

oddities of some riddling examiner.

One thing the professor would ask for is a more thorough preparation of recruits before entering.

Perhaps a preparatory department might meet the want. But, whatever the remedy, here, if anywhere, an improvement is needed. Sixteen is young enough for the average recruit.

While it would be well for parents to remember that the R.M.C. is not a reformatory for those who are supposed to be past redemption by ordinary methods, the intending recruit must himself understand that a full appreciation of the college work can only be had by those who have grounded themselves in the elements of a primary education. Those who leave before the end of their course, whether voluntarily or otherwise, are nearly always those who have been admitted by some special grace over which the examiner has no control. The ingenious methods of spelling, the crude ideas of grammar, the innocent thoughts of history, and the reckless disregard of the cast-irondom of numbers, as shown by some of the recruits, are, to say the least, a sad commentary on a few of our preparatory schools.

On the whole, from a professor's point of view, a favorable aspect of the system of military education at the R M.C. is presented.

That, under it, young men acquire a thorough knowledge of the military art cannot be doubted. The Imperial army list proves it.

The graduates who are filling high places in other professions have demonstrated its usefulness in civil pursuits.

The efficiency of the machinery which produces such results has this further testimony of a professor. It works smoothly, evenly and thoroughly. It makes the relations between himself and cadets pleasant and attractive. And it inspires him with confidence that, whether in matters of discipline, instruction or recreation, he knows what to expect, for he knows he is dealing with gentlemen of gentlemanly instincts, habits and surroundings.

(To be continued.)

GABLE ENDS.

MRS. TRAILL.

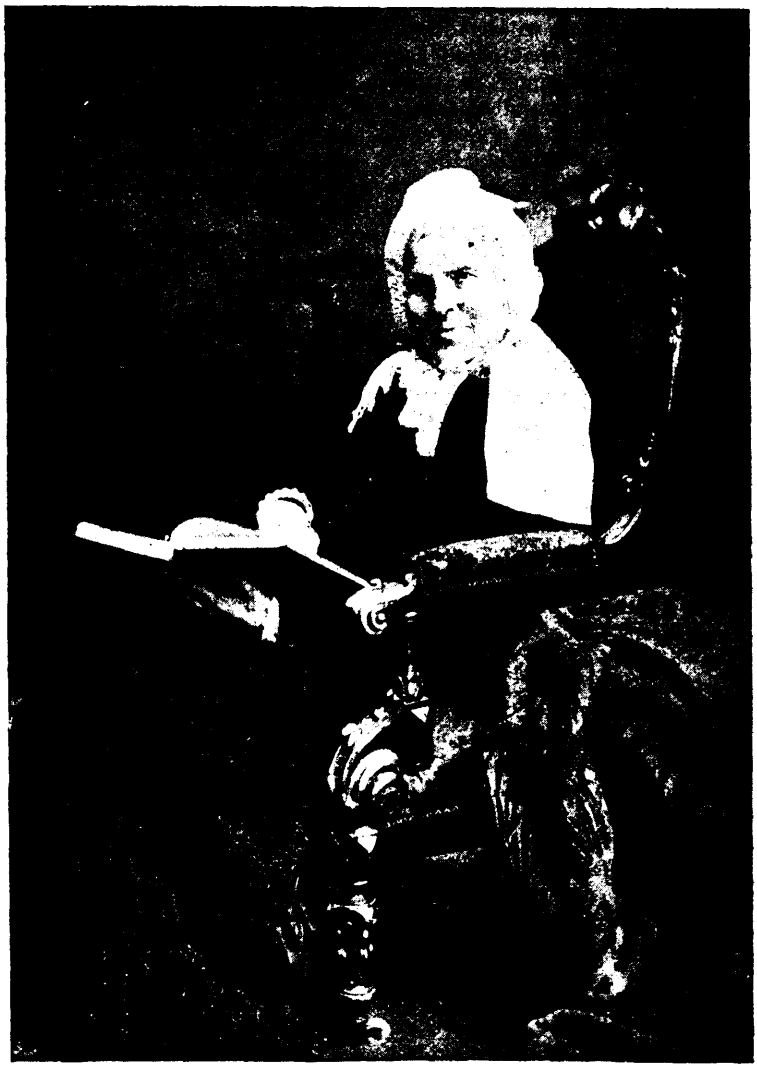
"—— Evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est."
—*Virgil.*

We are accustomed to judge of a writer by what that writer has put on paper, but in the case of the author of "Pearls and Pebbles" that would be quite an unsatisfactory text. Neither is it an easy thing to focus the characteristics of a personality that has not been fully revealed in her writings—as it would be difficult to describe a country from a few specimens of its *flora*, or from the music of its songbirds.

Though the writer of this sketch is no more than an acquaintance of the famous author, yet, perhaps, he is not simply on that account the less fitted to comply with the editor's request.

Mrs. Traill's latest book has again aroused the interest of the public in one who has devoted the greater part of her ninety-three years to the building up of the natural history of Canada. My first thought, on meeting her some years ago, was that if I had been the father of a family of girls I should bring them to see her without delay, so large a share does she possess of that gentleness and dignity of mind and heart, which is at once the charm and pre-eminence of womankind.

Though one admires her writings, the best of her is unwritten. Her extensive and important researches in Canadian wild-flowers are not literary but botanical, and her descriptions of life in the forest are entertaining but not intended to be more. With the exception of these latest "leaves from the journal of an old na-



Yours very sincerely
Catharine Parr Traill.

turalist," which are literary in the tenderest sense, her work has been useful more than ornamental. Hence, if we would know the worker we must see her—see her in her happy moods, when the lustre of her eyes makes easy the reading of her thoughts, and the undisturbed flow of her conversation holds the interest of the listener.

Her earlier writings, published in England, brought her recompense both in pocket and reputation. There she has a reputation like that of A.L.O.E. in this country.

She is not valued in Canada as she should be. Her ideal is too high and her work too consistent for that. The two-and-two-are-four fashion of the day has

driven out the ideal, and in two generations more, young Canada will have learned to smile at a world that could have stood in awe of Agamemnon for three thousand years. Her contributions to English magazines began at a very early age, but the novelty of Canadian life and the wild beauty of Canadian scenes caused her to turn to the natural rather than to the intellectual.

In her works of fiction Mrs. Traill cannot be acquitted of faults. "Lost in the Backwoods," the most typical of these, is both dramatic and descriptive to a degree, but the dialogue is stilted, and the wisdom that of the old rather than of the young. The story opens in Lower Canada at the time of the "famous battle of Quebec," when the wounded Scottish soldier, Duncan Maxwell, meets for the first time the widow's daughter, the *petite habitante*, Catherine Perron. A few years elapse. They marry. Catherine has a brother, Pierre, who is a hunter, and who, in his hunting expeditions, had gone up as far as the Plains of the Rice Lake. He suggests that Duncan and he, with their wives, should found on the shores of the Rice Lake their future homes. Thither they go and establish themselves amid the loneliness and isolation of the forest. We wonder at their courage, but, as the author tells us, "there was in those days a spirit of resistance among the first settlers on the soil, a spirit to do and bear that is less commonly met with now." Hector, a boy of fourteen, is the eldest child of Duncan. Louis, of the same age, is the only son of Pierre. Catherine, the sister of Hector, is two years younger. All three set out one lovely morning in May to find the cattle. They lose themselves in the forest, and their wanderings furnish the materials of the narrative. As the warlike Mohawks and the Chippewas still "held their councils and their hunting-parties on the hills about the Rice Lake," the fear of capture and of torture add horror to the anguish of the parents. The author avails herself of every occasion to inculcate practical Christian teaching and to describe the manner of life in the forest and among the Indians. One would suspect, however, a different conclusion from the children when "they beheld a savage enemy in every mass of leafy shade, and every rustling bough struck fresh terror into their excited minds." "They might have exclaimed," says the author, "with the patriarch Jacob, 'How awful is this place!'"

Yet no more accurate and entertaining description of the woods, flowers, forest-animals and Indians could be wished. Nor dramatic, as it is, is it one particle overdrawn.

Even the old frequenter will know the Rice Lake country the better for having read this book. Who can resist the flowers' appeal, when Mrs. Traill interprets; still, the botanical names, hidden though they be in parentheses, give one a sort of chill. The naturalist has clearly overborne the romancist. The minuteness of detail is extraordinary, but it sometimes lengthens into a catalogue. Her imagination, too, is restrained by an intensely religious spirit, and her candour is such that she does not forbear to acknowledge the legend which she has made use of to develop the story. This is as it may be, but it is not literature in the strictly literary sense. When the weirdness of the tale has secured the reader the reading will do much more than entertain, and the reprinting of the tale by the publishers speaks for itself. It would indeed be a great pity if no record of the fortitude of these pioneers had not been kept. The chronicles are few, and the tale of patient courage is such as will never again be told in Canada. Unlike Cooper, Mrs. Traill tells of the white man rather than of the Indian, excelling him in her descriptions of nature, though his greater field admits a greater plot and a more elaborate treatment.

In "Pearls and Pebbles" one will find a book of poems in prose. There is nothing more difficult to describe, perhaps, than the Canadian seasons. They have been done almost to death. But I know of nothing more exquisite than some of her shadow-dreams of Autumn.

—HAMPDEN BURNHAM.

THE NEW MAN.

(Dedicated, without permission, to The New Woman.)

A New Woman is now on the market. In these days it is only the bran new article that can arrest attention. We have no leisure, no love, for the old. The old religion, the old virtues, the old books, that satisfied our fathers in their day are

not worth our looking at now. The old horses are replaced by fast and showy trotters. Books for all time, full of solid, brainy matter, must be discarded for the latest bowl of froth from the not always clean craninm of the smart but shallow-pated prattler. And in this age of new inventions the latest advertised novelty is—the New Woman.

Yes, a species of woman has burst the bonds that bound her to the sphere hitherto regarded as peculiarly her own—is arraying herself in new and startling colors, and challenges the world to fall and and worship—the new divinity. I understand she has ordered a new Heaven and a new Earth. But has she figured on the New Man? The world is growing old, they say; but if it can produce the new woman it can, and will, bring the New Man upon the scene. It may be taken for granted that when the New Woman stands forth in all her glory the New Man will be looking around the corner. It may be urged that the New Man should have come first. Not so. The New Man coming after the New Woman will have the advantage of the latter, being newer and more powerful, like the latest built battle-ship.

Under the old order of things woman has always been newer than man (man being made first, though he mostly goes after her), and this may account for the fact of her never having been properly subdued by the lord of creation.

However, all this will be changed on the advent of the New Man. Meanwhile, the absorbing question for all (especially the New Woman), is, of course:—What will he be like?

I trust I have shown that he will not, as some insist, have all the weaknesses and none of the virtues of the Old Woman. No! on the contrary, he will assuredly possess all that is noble in the highest manhood, and a full line of everything necessary to manage the New Woman.

He may, perchance, occupied in the pursuit of the delusive dollar, or the bubble, fame, neglect his duty awhile; but the day will come when he shall take the New Woman in hand and, while she is new, train her in the way she should go, that when she is old she may not depart therefrom. REYNELL UPHAM.

THE FUTURE OF B. C.

There comes to-night a vision bright:—
"A city by the sea,"
Where breakers roar on a western shore,
In lonely majesty!
In solemn majesty!

I hear again the sweet refrain,
The music of the sea!
The night winds sigh and the waves reply,
In happy melody!
In tuneful melody!

The moon looks down with a chilly frown
On a mermaid of the sea,
But she sings away and without dismay—
(At Victoria, B C,
This mermaid sings to me.)

List to the song as it's borne along
Through the shadowy pine tree.
She sings out loud of a "Future" proud,
With no uncertainty:—
The Future of B. C.

When, instead of her forests of pine so dread,
As far as eye can see;—
Forests of masts and vessels vast,
Of A1 registry,
In all her harbors be.

And many a city that (more's the pity),
In beautiful B. C.,
Has reared its stacks and awful shacks
Near by the crystal sea,
Near by the deep blue sea,

Shall in some day, not far away,
Make all this cease to be;
For marble halls and granite walls,
In tinted harmony,
All in their place you'll see.

In glory drest, the "Golden West,"—
"A hive of industry,"—
Then shall feast in the culture of the east,
And roll in luxury,
(When all goods come in free.)

The country around, no more to be drowned
By river or by sea,
Where'er one goes, shall bloom as the rose,
In full security
From river and from sea

The bounteous west the treasure chest
Of Canada will be;
A mighty hoard of riches stored,
And Victoria the key;—
Victoria, B. C.

Toronto. REYNELL UPHAM.

JOHN BROWN IN CANADA.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the December number of your excellent magazine. It is brimful of instruction and of interesting articles. In the article, "John Brown in Canada," we are indebted to Mr. Hamilton for much valuable information *re* John Brown and the convention held in Chatham in 1858. In this article I observe an error, which I hasten to correct. The esteemed writer refers to a Canadian contribution of money, some $400, toward the surviving members of John Brown's family, then living at North Elba, N.Y. It is true that nearly $400 was subscribed by some of my friends in Montreal in the spring of 1860, but it is equally true that the Brown family never realized any benefit from it, in consequence of a temporary revulsion of feeling, resulting from exaggerated stories of what was then termed the "*Pottawa omie Murders.*" I withhold the names of the subscribers to that fund, to save their descendants the blush of shame they would now feel for the cowardice and shortsightedness of their ancestors.

A. M. ROSS.

TORONTO.

BOOK NOTICES.

The History of British Columbia. By ALEXANDER BEGG., C.C., F.R.C.I. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. 568 pp.

A more interesting work on Canadian History would be difficult to find. It is well written, comprehensive, yet concise, and on every reader it will make a vivid impression of the strange history and the wonderful resources of the Pacific Province. The early discoveries of Vancouver and other early navigators are told in a fascinating manner. The seizure and destruction by Spanish marines of the British establishment at Nootka, and the final relinquishment by Spain of all claims to British Columbia, make a most interesting chapter of the early history of the country. So also does the narration of the curious details connected with the San Juan dispute—a dispute which, owing to the comparative inaccessibility of the Province at the time, received scant attention in Canada, and the strange details of which have until the publication of Mr. Begg's volume remained almost unknown to even well-informed Canadians. One of the most charming chapters in the volume is that describing the wonderful overland journey made by Alexander Mackenzie, the discoverer of the great river bearing his name, from Lake Athabasca to the lonely Pacific coast. It possesses all the interest attaching to Stanley's explorations in Africa. The gold excitement in British Columbia in the late fifties, of course, receives the attention which it deserves. So also does the career of the North-West Fur Company and the Hudson Bay Company in British Columbia, Washington and Oregon. Justice, too, is done to Sir James Douglas and other men famous in the early history of the Province. The history is brought up to date, and throughout the author carries with him the close attention and interest of the reader. The illustrations are numerous and generally good, and a map, showing the routes followed by early explorers, aids much in explaining the text of the earlier chapters.

Notes of Pictures and Paintings. Letters on Italian Art. By EMILINE A. RAND. Toronto: William Briggs.

This small book is one of the most charming contributions to the literature of art. In a series of letters dealing with paintings in the National Gallery at London, the author, with remarkable perspicacity and excellent judgment, describes the development of Italian art, and affords the reader charming glimpses of the leading Italian painters and their work.

The New Womanhood. By JAMES C. FERNALD. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 369 pp.

This volume, though dealing with a somewhat hackneyed subject, is interesting, and is written with boldness and good taste. Marian Harland furnishes the volume with an introduction.

The Emancipated. By GEORGE GISSING. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 456 pp.

Denzil Quarrier. By GEORGE GISSING. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 341 pp.

At Last. By MRS. MARIE ELSIE LAUDER. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. 310 pp.