

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE

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1910

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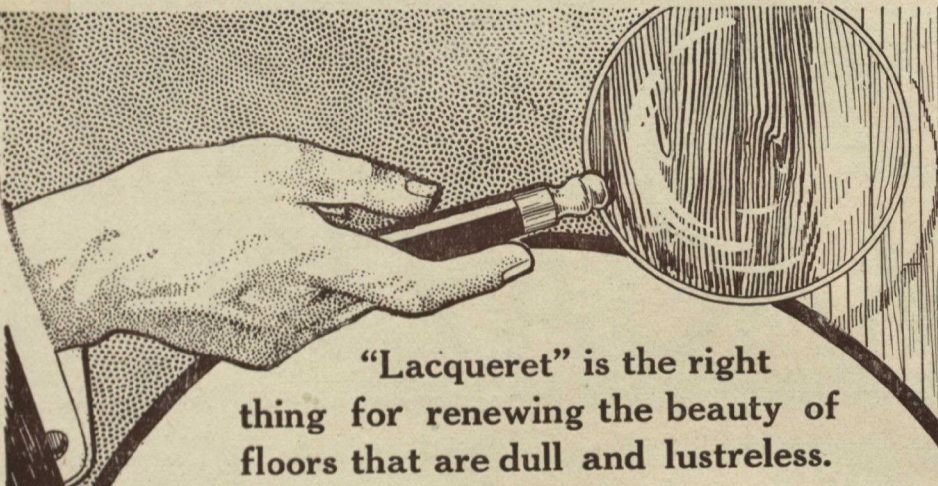


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No. 1

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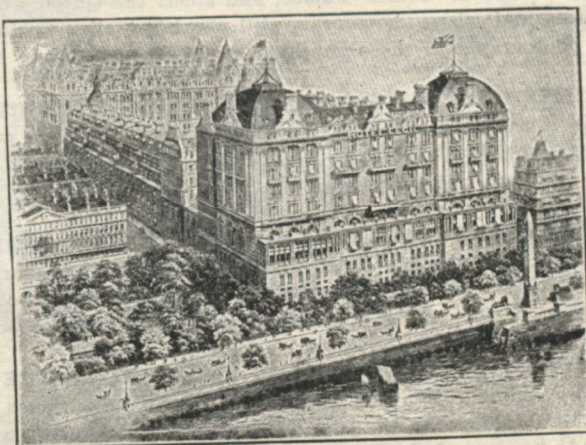
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The Canadian Magazine for June

BEAUTIES OF THE NILE—By Albert R. Carman. Many readers will find this article even more interesting than "Footprints of the Moor in Spain," by the same author, which appeared in the April number. Mr. Carman has caught the spirit of the Nile region, and his descriptions are exceptionally vivid. The article is well illustrated.

VICTORIA'S ENGLISH PALACES—By Emily P. Weaver. Few Canadian writers interpret history in so entertaining a manner as Miss Weaver, and in this instance she has found a most felicitous subject. She writes about Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Osborne House, Kensington Palace and St James' Palace, and about the Queen who occupied these palaces and whose memory is still cherished all over the Empire. Excellent photographs of these imposing structures accompany the article.

NEW METHODS IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS—By Christopher Conway. This is a timely article on advanced ideals in college athletics as practised at McGill University, Montreal. The photographs that illustrate the text are unusually spirited.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND—By Professor Horning, of Victoria College. A careful student of British and German characteristics and attainments in this article attempts to do justice to these two nationalities and effect a sympathetic understanding of the ideals of both.

THE CONSTITUTION OF CANADA AND THAT OF THE UNITED STATES—By William Renwick Riddell, of the King's Bench Division, High Court of Justice for Ontario. This is a comparison by a judicious student and observer of the institutions of two great neighbouring countries. It is extremely interesting, and it provides material for serious reflection.

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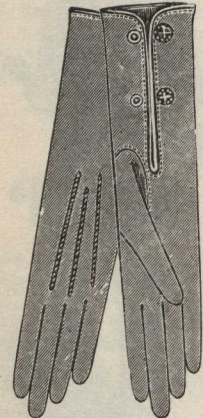
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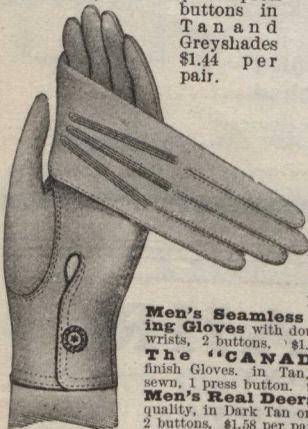


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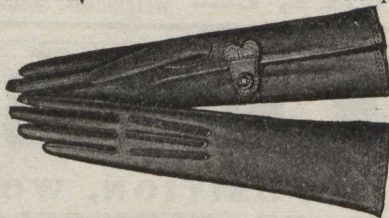
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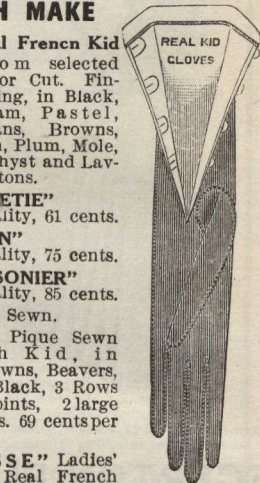
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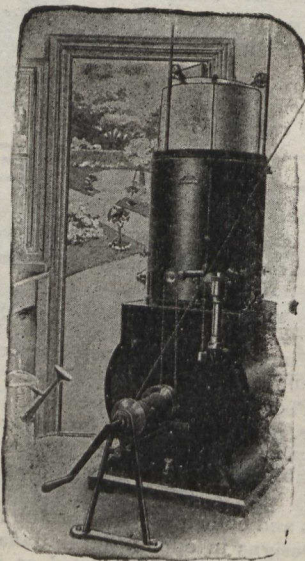
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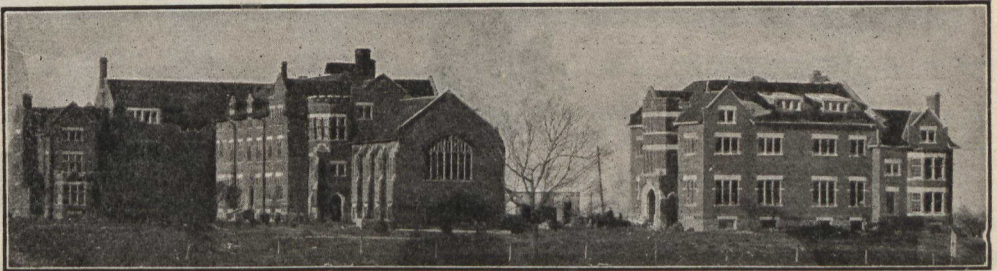
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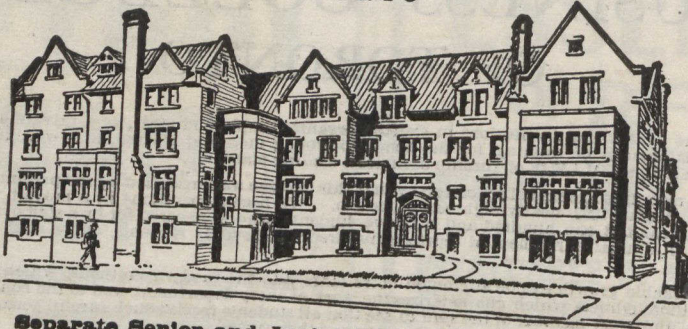
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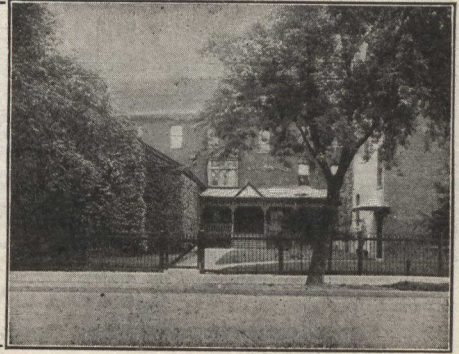
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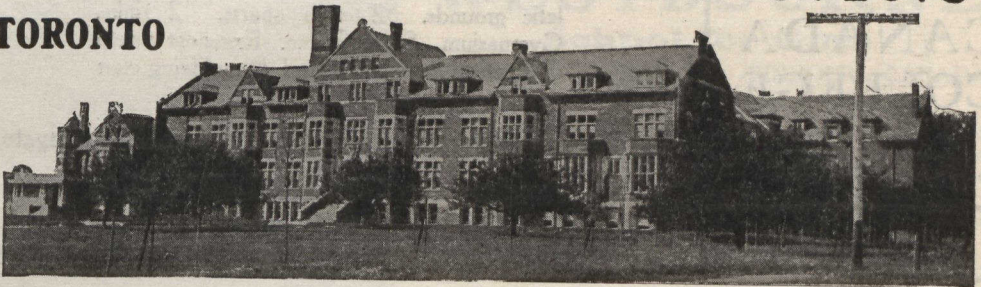
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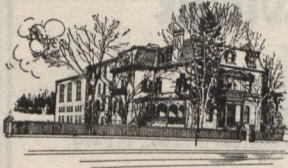
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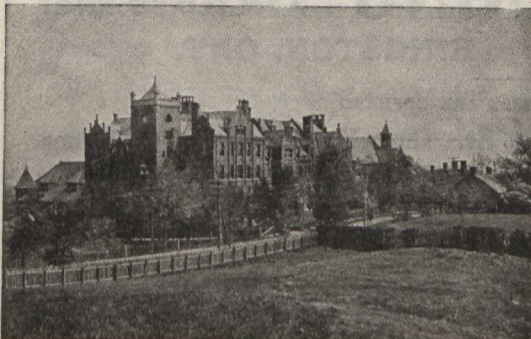
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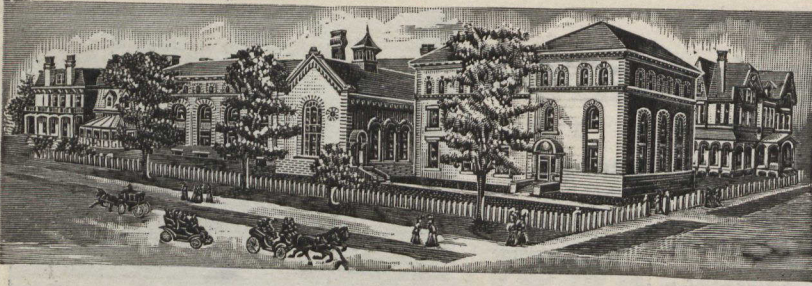
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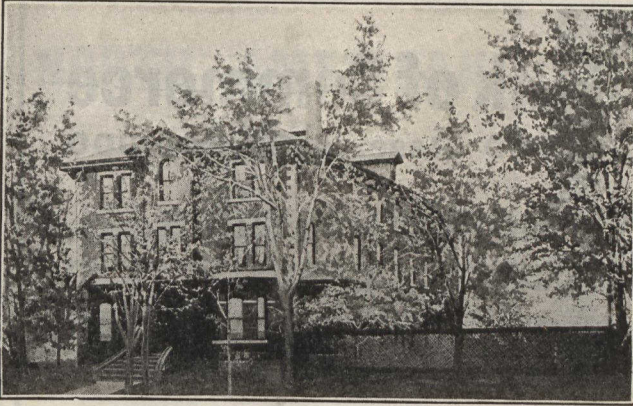
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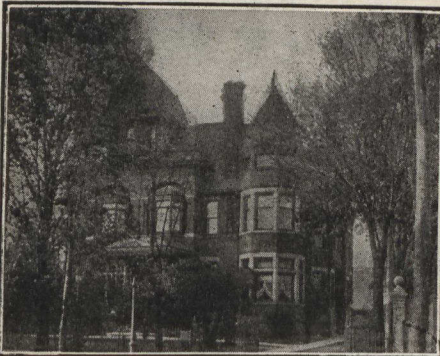
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A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Students prepared for University Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R. C. A., Art Director. For announcement and information address the Principal,

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

Royal Victoria College

MONTREAL

A RESIDENTIAL hall for the women students of McGill University. Situated in close proximity to the University buildings and laboratories. Students of the College are admitted to the courses in Arts of McGill University on identical terms with men, but mainly in separate classes. In addition to the lectures given by the Professors and Lecturers of the University, students are assisted by resident tutors. Gymnasium, skating-rink, tennis-courts, etc. Scholarships and Exhibitions awarded annually. Instruction in all branches of music in the McGill Conservatorium of Music.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, ADDRESS

THE WARDEN, ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL, QUE.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000 Reserve, \$6,000,000

DRAFTS ON FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Arrangements have recently been completed under which the branches of this Bank are able to issue Drafts on the principal points in the following countries:

Austria-Hungary

Belgium

Brazil

Bulgaria

Ceylon

China

Crete

Denmark

Egypt

Faroe Islands

Finland

Formosa

France

French Cochinchina

Germany

Great Britain

Greece

Holland

Iceland

India

Ireland

Italy

Sweden

Java

Manchuria

Mexico

Norway

Persia

Philippine Islands

Roumania

Russia

Servia

Siam

South Africa

Straits Settlements

Japan

Switzerland

Turkey

West Indies

and elsewhere

NO DELAY IN ISSUING

FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office: Hamilton

Hon. William Gibson - - - President

J. Turnbull - Vice-Pres. and General Manager

Paid up Capital - - \$ 2,500,000

Reserve and undivided profits - - - 2,900,000

Total Assets, over 35,000,000

The Bank of Hamilton invites the accounts of Firms, Corporations and Individuals.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

The Northern Life

The business for the year 1909 just closed shows the following results.

Increase in Premium Receipts	14%
Increase in Interest Earnings	26%
Increase in payments to Policyholders	46%
Increase in Assets	26%
Increase in Reserve for security of Policyholders	16%
Decrease in Total Management Expenses	5%
Decrease in Cost of New Business	16%

Sound conservative Management should appeal to you

Agents wanted

W. M. GOVENLOCK,

Secretary.

JOHN MILNE,

Managing Director.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

SPLENDID RECORD FOR 1909

The Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at its Home Office in Toronto on Thursday, Jan. 27, 1910, when the Report of the business for the year ended Dec. 31, 1909, was presented.

INCREASE IN CASH INCOME

The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was \$2,028,595.40, showing the satisfactory increase of \$133,117.95.

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

The business continues to be conducted on an economical basis; the ratio of expenses to premium income remains practically the same, notwithstanding the large increase in new assurances.

LARGE PAYMENTS TO POLICY- HOLDERS

The amount paid on policyholders' account was \$789,530.42. Of this sum \$138,320.47 was for surplus or dividends, while \$327,111.96 represents payments for Matured Endowment and Investment Policies.

ADDITION TO ASSETS

The assets increased in 1909 by \$899,826.81, and now amount to \$10,490,464.90. As heretofore they continue to be invested in the best class of securities available, the addition to mortgage loans being \$710,285.38.

INCREASE IN NET SURPLUS

After making ample provision for all liabilities and distributing during the year the relatively large amount for dividends mentioned, the net surplus on policyholders' account was increased to \$1,018,121.25.

INSURANCES INCREASED

The policies issued during the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of \$5,091,029, being an increase over the previous year of \$625,805, the total business in force amounted to \$41,964,641.

CAREFUL AND SYSTEMATIC AUDIT

A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities.

A Committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, made an independent audit of the securities each quarter.

J. L. BLAIKIE,
President.

L. GOLDMAN,
Managing Director.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

HOME OFFICE ——— TORONTO

An Investor's Safeguard

¶ The greatest and best safeguard which an investor can have is the advice of an old, reliable, and conservative investment house. The wise investor realizes this, and buys or sells only after consulting them.

¶ Dealing through them he may know that he is paying, or receiving, the proper value for his securities, and that he is placing his money in investments which have been thoroughly investigated under expert legal and financial auspices.

¶ We have issued a booklet on conservative investments which will be sent gratis upon request, and we shall be pleased to give a report upon any investment you may have or contemplate making.

¶ Our circular C-I describes a thoroughly safe first mortgage bond investment which will yield six per cent.

¶ It will be gladly sent you.

Æmilus Jarvis & Co.

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)

HIGH GRADE INVESTMENTS

Toronto, Ont. Vancouver, B. C. London, Eng.

London Life

POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD"

Because

Every desirable feature is contained in the special Reserve Dividend Policies issued by this Company. See a sample copy of our Endowment at Life Rate; it protects your estate and makes provision for your future.

Do it to-day.

Desirable Vacancies

The Excelsior Life Insurance Co. has openings for—

Provincial Manager

Two Inspectors

A number of General and District Agents.

Liberal contracts will be given to gentlemen possessing requisite qualifications, which must include ability for organizing and procuring new business.

Apply, Head Office, TORONTO

THE EXCELSIOR
is a good company to insure in
and a good company to represent

UNLESS

The Great West Life Assurance Company provided particularly attractive Policies, it would not—for three successive years—have written the largest Canadian Business of any Company.

UNLESS the funds were invested at an exceptionally favorable rate, it would be impossible to pay the unequalled profits that are being paid to Policy-holders.

UNLESS strict economy prevailed, the advantage of these high earnings would be lost.

These and many other points of vital interest to those looking for the best obtainable in Life Insurance, are referred to in the Seventeenth Annual Report of—

The Great-West Life
Assurance Company

Head Office - - - Winnipeg

Ask for a copy

ASSETS
\$ 8-617-909

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,250,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

WE ARE NOW ADDING TO STOCK
the Finest Line of

LEATHER GOODS



of Every Kind and Design.

BROWN BROS.

LIMITED

51-53 Wellington Street West, Toronto

The

Prime Factor

¶ To the investor safety of principal is the first essential. Excessive interest usually signifies risk of principal.

¶ The ideal investment is one secured by a first mortgage upon property or assets having an economic value, and for which a ready market exists. The Royal Trust Company of Montreal holds a first mortgage upon all the properties and other assets of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, Ltd. as security for the bondholders.

¶ The Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation's properties in Quebec, produce about 70% of the world's supply of Asbestos. A constantly increasing demand is the result of the discovery of new and varied uses for asbestos.

¶ The Amalgamated Asbestos bonds bear 5% interest payable semi-annually by coupon in Toronto, Montreal, New York and London, Eng., and being in \$500 and \$1,000 denominations are suitable for large or small investors.

¶ Write for our special circular No. C-2, describing the investment fully. It will be promptly mailed upon application.

¶ We recommend the investment.

Emilius Jarvis & Co.

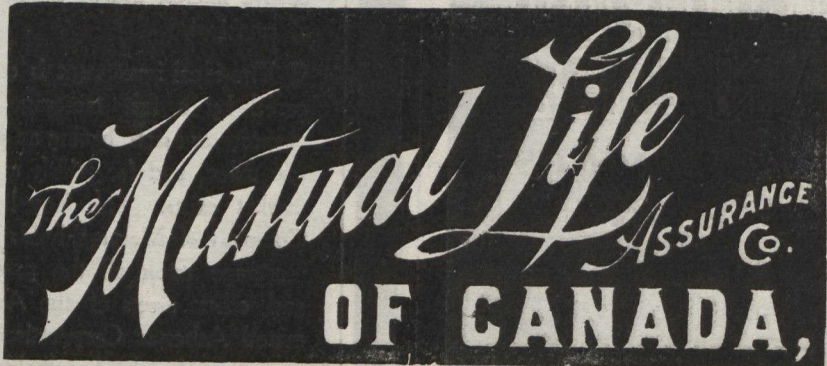
(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)

Toronto, Ont. Vancouver, B. C. London, Eng.

HIGH GRADE INVESTMENTS

Shrewd Business Men

recognize the value of a strong financial institution and, if it earns large dividends and has accumulated a substantial surplus, they are willing to pay an extra premium, ranging from 25 to 100 per cent. to obtain possession of its stock.



has no stock, being a purely mutual company, but it earns and pays to its policyholders large dividends and it has also accumulated a Reserve larger than required by the Insurance Act, amounting to over \$12,000,000, making it one of Canada's strongest financial institutions.

You may—any healthy man or woman may—become a partner in this Company by taking out one of its participating policies and thus reap all the advantages of proprietorship, without paying an extra premium for the privilege.

Canada's Big Mutual

offers to the Canadian public the very best there is in life insurance on fair and attractive terms. The Company is well known throughout the Dominion for its successful management, for its absolute reliability and for the remarkable results it has achieved for its policyholders.

The possession of a policy entitles you to membership in the Company as well as to full participation in its surplus earnings.

Head Office

E. P. CLEMENT, K.C., Pres't.

W. H. RIDDELL, Asst. Manager

WATERLOO, ONT.

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director

Chas. Ruby, Secretary.

JOINT DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

Two or more persons may open a joint account with this Corporation, and either may deposit or withdraw money. This is a most convenient arrangement for husband and wife (especially if the former has sometimes to be away from home), mother and daughter, two or more Executors or Trustees, or any persons who may be associated in an investment or business of any kind. In the event of the death of either person, the amount on deposit becomes the property of the survivor.

Interest at Three and One-Half Per. Cent.

per annum will be added to the account and compounded **four times a year.**

The business of our customers and clients is treated as **strictly confidential.**

It is as convenient for you to make or withdraw deposits by mail as in person. Send for pamphlet explaining our easy method of banking by mail.

The Corporation is a **Legal Depository for Trust Funds.**

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street - Toronto



**A POLICY
IN THE
FEDERAL LIFE
ASSURANCE
COMPANY**

Capital and Assets	Dec. 31, 1909	\$ 4,513,949.53
Total Amount Paid to Policy-holders		4,188,188.34
Insurance in Force - Dec. 31, 1909		\$21,049,322.31

YOUR SAFE ANCHORAGE

HEAD OFFICE - HAMILTON, CANADA

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up - - \$1,000,000.00
 Reserve Fund and }
 Undivided Profits } - - \$1,307,809.25

DIRECTORS

S.J. MOORE, Esq. President
 D. E. THOMSON, K.C., Vice-Pres.
 SIR WILLIAM MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.

THOMAS BRADSHAW, Esq.
 JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.
 JAMES RYRIE, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO
 W. D. ROSS, General Manager

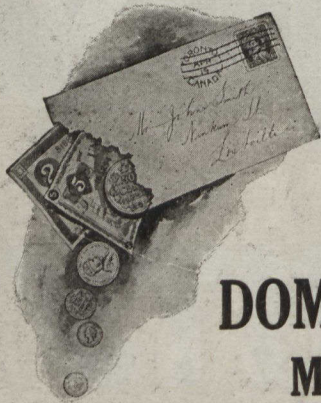
Every Department of Banking Conducted with Absolute
SECURITY and SATISFACTION.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in all parts of the world.

EXCHANGE, foreign and domestic bought and sold.

COLLECTIONS given prompt execution.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches.



Don't Put Money in a Letter

LETTERS ARE FREQUENTLY LOST
 AND NEVER RECOVERED. . . .

Always Remit By

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY

Money Orders and Foreign Drafts

They are safe, convenient and economical and are issued in Dollars, Pounds Sterling, Francs, Gulden, Kronen, Kronor, Lire, Marks, Roubles, etc., payable in all parts of the world. If lost or delayed in the mails a prompt refund is arranged, or a new order issued without further charge.

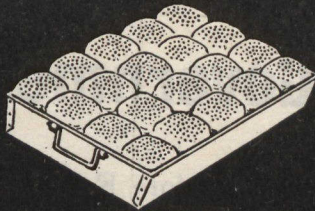
Money Transferred by Telegraph and Cable

Foreign Money Bought and Sold

Travellers' Cheques Issued

HUNDREDS OF AGENCIES
 THROUGHOUT CANADA

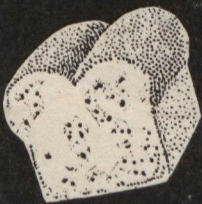
GENERAL OFFICES
 TORONTO, CANADA



Use it
for bread,
pies, cakes,
biscuits,
everything.
It's the cham-
pion all-pur-
pose brand.



Western Canada
Flour Mills
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PURITY FLOUR

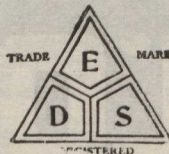
Let the Government Decide

The claim is made for E. D. Smith's Fruits, Jams, Jellies and Marmalade that they contain nothing but the ingredients of fruit and sugar. But don't take the maker's word for it. Write to the Department of Inland Revenue at Ottawa, and ask for Bulletin No. 194. It will tell who makes pure goods.

The law now permits the use of 10% of glucose and colouring and preservative matter.

E. D. Smith is in favour of a law to prevent the use of any glucose at all or any colouring matter or any preservative. Why? Because none of these adulterants are used in his products. His goods are purer than the Government demands.

But don't take this statement for it. Send for Bulletin No. 194, and see if there is one single blemish against the E. D. SMITH products. Better still, get a jar of your favourite fruit with the E. D. SMITH trade mark stamped on it, and note its good looks and good flavour. It's all Pure.



THIS TRADE MARK STANDS FOR ABSOLUTE PURITY
Manufactory at WINONA - - ONTARIO



Painting by Paul Peel

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE
In the Canadian National Gallery

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXV

TORONTO, MAY, 1910

No. 1

THE ARCTIC HOST AND HOSTESS

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW NORTH"

THE Canadian Eskimo is a gentleman. I foregathered with him last year on Canada's Arctic fore-shore, and would make my statement with authority and prove it by the scribes.

The Century Dictionary says that a gentleman is "Any man whose breeding, education, occupation, or income raises him above menial service or an ordinary trade." This definition would seem to have been made for the Kogmolyc and Nunatalmute of the Mackenzie Delta. These fellows with their well-knit bodies and athletic sprightliness have for their occupation seal-hunting and walrus-sticking. Lords of their own ice-floes and ocean-edges, they scorn "ordinary trade"; and with family-trees finding root in ancient Tartar soil, carry escutcheons all unsullied of menial service.

What other demand does the dictionary of the Southerner make of Eskimo *gentillesse*? He must be, "A man distinguished for fine sense of honour, strict regard for his obligations, and consideration for the rights and feelings of others." Let Sergeant Fitzgerald, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, stationed with the Mackenzie River Eskimo, speak for them. In his Departmental Report this officer states: "I have found

these natives honest all the time I have been at Herschel Island. I never heard of a case of stealing among them." He has been there five years.

Up there on the Arctic the bare word of an Eskimo is accepted of all men. If a Kogmolyc says to a mounted policeman or Hudson's Bay Company factor that he has an order from a whaling-captain to get certain goods for himself, the unwritten order is honoured though it may date back two, or even three, years. An order presented by a white man must always be in writing and certified.

But there must be further trial before this man may bind knighthood's spurs over those watertight skin boots of his. It is Barrow who asks and answers: "For what, I pray is a gentleman — what properties has he whereby he is distinguished from others and raised above the vulgar? Are they not especially two, courage and courtesy?" By experience we proved the delicacy of feeling, the strong pride, the spontaneous generosity of these people; and who would dare impugn the courage of this one man of all men who faces in single combat the polar bear and asks no favours of fate?

Emerson and Steele carry on the



MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON AND AN ESKIMO HUSBAND AND WIFE

cross-examination. In his essay on "Manners," Emerson lays down the dictum: "A gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behaviour." Truth, independence, high-bearing — our gentleman qualifies in these before any grand jury or committee of his peers.

On my way to the Farthest North, at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie, I picked up in the old Hudson's Bay Company's library a thin-worn copy of "The Tatler," and turning it over one day in the *topik* of Oo-vai-oo-ak, Chief of the Kogmollycs, by a strange chance I stumbled across the touchstone of gentlemanhood as laid down by Dickie Steele: "The appellation of 'gentleman' is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them."

This completes the case for the Nunatalmutes and the Kogmollycs standing before you, six feet in their seal-skin socks, smiling their well-bred smile, looking you in the eye with a glance that is a superb challenge, and caring not a clam-shell for

your verdict, whatever it may be.

Why would I enter the lists and take up icy spear for this Polar gentleman, this fellow British subject? Because he is so very worth while. Because through the years the whole world has conspired to libel him. Because within a decade or two he will have passed utterly off the map, and because it is so very much pleasanter to write appreciations than epitaphs.

The Eskimo came to us last summer as such a surprise! We reached him after months spent in the tepees of the Cree, Chipewyan, Dog-rib, Slavi, Yellow-Knife, and Loucheux, making our way northward and ever northward; and these Indians, interesting as they cannot fail to be, make an excellent foil to the Eskimo. In what way? The Eskimo, occupying sea and land, a true amphibian, has more food in his range than the Indian has, and consequently, with his wives and babies and dogs, is fatter and better nourished. He shows the effects of his good living in a merrier manner, a jauntier bearing, a more assured carriage.

This man wins you at once by his frank directness; his is the bearing of a fearless child. The Indian, like Ossian's hero, scorned to tell his name, and on occasion would dodge the camera; the Eskimos all liked to be photographed, pressing to our side like a friendly class of boys and girls round a "chummy" teacher, volunteering data of age, sex, and previous condition with all sorts of coveted bits of intimate family history.

You respect the Eskimo because he is brave, enduring, resourceful, adaptable, because he takes hold of existing conditions and bends them to his will, asking odds of no man. You love him because he is kind to his dogs and gentle to little children. His entire willingness to take you on credit is contagious. Trust begets trust, even in walrus latitudes.

Then this Kogmolyc is such a clever chap; with no teacher from "outside," no manual-training classes or technical schools, no modern appliances, he does so many things and does each so admirably. He is a hunter by land and sea, a furrier, a fisherman, a fearless traveller, a carver, a metal-smith, and he takes in every task the pride of a master-mechanic, for such he aims to be.

The duties of men and women are each well-defined. The head of a Nunatalmute or Kogmolyc household is the blood-and-flesh winner, the navigator of the *kayak*, the driver of the dogs. It is he who builds the houses on the march, and when occasion requires he does not consider it *infra dignitatem* to get the breakfast or mind the baby. The wife dresses the skins, prepares the food, makes all the clothing; and the lord of the igloo demands from her the same perfect work that he turns out himself. When an Eskimo wife has finished making her spouse a pair of waterproof boots, she hands them to him, and he blows them up. If there is one little pin-hole and the air oozes out, he throws the boots back to her, and two ways are open for her to take up the pedal gauntlet. She has to meekly start to make another pair of boots without murmuring a word, or leave him to take to his bosom a new conjugal bootmaker. We noticed with interest in witnessing this little tableau that there was no recrimination, no word was spoken on either side. The exacting husband contenting himself with blowing up the boots and not the wife.

We watched with uncanny fascina-



AN ESKIMO FAMILY

tion one old woman currying a seal-skin. Her tongue was kept busy cleaning the scraper, while her mouth was a repository for the scrapings, which went first there, then to a wooden dish, then to the waiting circle of pop-eyed dogs. The whole performance was deft and executed with a precision of movement that held us during all the time the exhibition was on.

If a white woman were to be shipwrecked and thrown upon an Eskimo foreshore, presenting herself at a "Husky" employment bureau, many surprises would be in store for her. Instead of demanding references from her last employer, the genial proprietor would most likely first ask to inspect her teeth. Your teeth are as important in prosecuting the female Eskimo handicraft as your hands are.

A young wife's cobbling duty does not end with making for her mate boots that shall be utterly waterproof; each morning she must arise before the seagull and chew these into shape. You see, after the boots are wet each day they get as stiff as boards, then they must be lubricated with oil and chewed into shape; and fine jobs the women make of them. We watched Mrs. Oo-vai-oo-ak the Younger at this wifely duty. Taking the big boot up in her well-shaped hands, incisively the white teeth made their way quarter-inch by quarter-inch around the border between upper and sole. the indentations in the finished part looking like the crisped edges left by the fork round the rims of the pies

your mother used to make so well.

If there are several men in the family group, or boys old enough to take their place with the hunters, it is several hours' work to chew the boots before the matutinal meal. Solomon's eulogy of Mrs. Oo-vai-oo-ak corrected to the latitude of seventy degrees north would read: "She seeketh fish and the liver of seals and worketh willingly with her hands; she riseth also while it is yet night, and cheweth the boots of her household."

Our mothers used to buy a web of cloth and proceed to shrink it before they cut out the garments for the growing family of boys and girls. The Eskimo wife and mother makes every stitch of clothing used by the whole family, summer and winter. There are no village tailors, and no convenient hand-me-down suits to be bought. Nothing that the white man makes is of any use in the way of clothing for the Eskimo, everything that this man wears is tailor-made by his own private tailoress.

Mrs. Eskimo is not only a *modiste*,

she must be a currier and furrier as intermediary trades before the winter-suit of the seal can be turned into the spring suit of her lord. The Eskimo is particular about the fit of his clothes. You never see a man walking round in a misfit Poole coat of fur, nor a woman in a walrus gown that was not fashioned for the lines it covers.

Every bit of Eskimo skin-clothing is as soft as a kid glove. This effect is not produced without patient labour, and again the teeth of the wo-

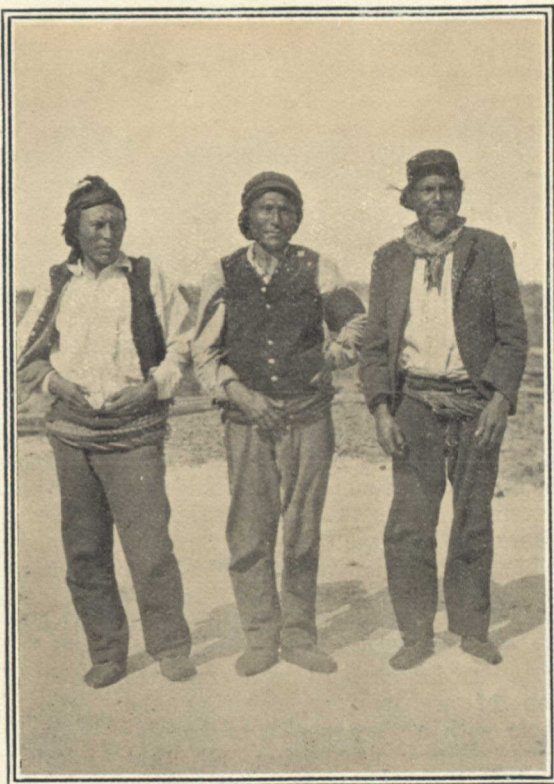


A "DOG-RIB" TRAPPER

men are brought into requisition. The sealskins or hides of the reindeer and bear are staked out in the sun with the skin side up and dried thoroughly. Before this stiff hard material can be worked up into garments it must be made pliable, and the women do this by systematically chewing the fibres. This is a slow and painstaking task. Creasing the hide along its whole length, the women take it in their hands and chew their way along the bend from one end of the skin to the other, working their way back along the next half-inch line. Watching them, one is reminded of the ploughman driving his team afield up one furrow and down the other of his paternal acres.

It falls to the lot of the woman, too, to do her share of boatmaking. The frames of both *kayak* and *oomiak* are deftly fashioned by the men, who use in their construction not a single nail or piece of iron, the wood being fastened together by pegs and thongs of skin. The women measure the frame to be covered and then sew green hides of the proper shape to fit, making wonderful overlapping seams that are absolutely watertight. As the whole of this has to be completed at one sitting, a "bee" of the women of the neighbourhood is often held, for it is necessary to put the skin covering on while the hides are raw; as they dry they contract and make the covering of the craft as light as a drum.

No sympathy needs be extended to the Eskimo wife because of the physical work she does; this very labour and exertion makes her as strong as the man is, and one sees very little sickness up there. The country and conditions demand strong minds in



INDIANS SEEN NEAR GREAT BEAR LAKE

strong bodies, and the elements make no gentle allowances for a "weaker vessel." The dictum, "I will not be won by weaklings, subtle, suave and mild, but by men with the hearts of vikings and the simple faith of a child," applies with unflinching exactitude to man and woman, babe and stripling. These women, when necessity arises, drive dogs, draw sledges, and sit out all night on the ice with their hooks, fishing for the family food.

One scarcely knows for which of his clever arts to most admire the Eskimo. His rare gift of carving in ivory must surely have been brought from some Japanese ancestor. For this work he takes either ordinary bone or the ivory of walrus-tusks and makes from it beautiful ornaments, copying the birds and fishes and animals around him, or following the suggest



HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST, FORT SIMPSON, IN WINTER

ed design of the white on-looker. Out of little bits of scrap-ivory he will carve for you the human figure with an intelligence and a knowledge of anatomy that sets one wondering. Where did this man get his versatile ability? Only the walrus knows. The whalers and rare white visitors to these people have inducted them into the art of making cribbage-boards. They use for each piece a complete tusk of walrus-ivory, covering the whole with a very wealth of descriptive carvings illustrating all that

comes into the yearly round of an Eskimo's life—snow-igloo, dog-team, walrus-sticking, and bear-hunting.

So far as I could find out, the "Husky's" connection with cribbage ceased with his making these *edition-de-luxe* boards of choicest ivory. He himself seemed to have gathered no inkling of the fine points of the game which instinctively one associates with *Dick Swiveller* as tutor and the little *Marchioness* as pupil.

In the world "Outside," far from igloos and ice-floes, where people ga-



WHIP-SAWING IN WINTER, FORT SIMPSON, MACKENZIE RIVER

ther round cheery Christmas fires with "one for his nob," "two for his heels," and "a double run of three," these ivory crib-boards are sold for from \$75 to \$100 each. We have two of them among our most cherished trophies, and with them an ivory ring beautifully formed, which we saw made to our order. Set in the ring is a blue stone of irregular shape, which was fitted into the ivory matrix with a nicety of workmanship that few jewellers could attain. By patient work the cavity was made the exact shape of the stone it was to receive, and then the ornament was gently pushed into its setting, the whole a wonderful triumph of clever workmanship.

The auger or gimlet with which ivory and bone are pierced is a clever tool cleverly used. A rigid needle is made to play in a socket at right angles to a block of ivory held in the mouth. Two thin strings or thongs are wound in opposite directions round the needle, the whole being set in motion as a child spins a top, and in a wink a hole is pierced through the ornament or utensil worked upon. I had fashioned for me a gavel in the shape of a sleeping seal, made of fossil ivory from the Little Diomedes. The contrast of the weathered brown of the outside of the ivory, with the pure white of the inner layers, when worked up into a carved design, gives the effect of a cameo and intaglio combined.

When the white man and the Eskimo meet, it is a question which will learn the more from the other. Certain is it that the Eskimo lays under tribute everything that comes under his observation, turning it to wise account. His method of hunting the seal is a direct "steal" from the polar bear. The Eskimo father takes his son of eight or ten years with him for a long day on the ice and bids him watch the bear kill the seal, telling him that the closer he can imitate the stratagem of that sly hunter the better. What do the Innuït father and

son see in that polar kindergarten?

A seal is on the ice by the side of its hole stretching its flippers luxuriously in the year's first sunshine. The big white bear has sighted his prey from behind an ice hummock at a distance whence the seal appears but a black speck. Throwing himself on his side, the bear, himself not much removed from the colour of the ice, "hitchebes" himself along in much the same fashion as a baby crawls. The seal at this season takes short cat-naps of twenty or thirty seconds each, waking up from each one and surveying the landscape o'er. When the seal sleeps, Bruin hitches. As the seal opens his eyes the bear lifts his head and imitates the voice of another seal, the sound being so deceptive that a man's ear cannot detect the imitation. The admiring Innuït calls this, "talking seal," and bids his little lad practise it in his play-time.

This alternate "hitching" and "talking seal" goes on until the bear is within striking distance, when a sudden rising to his four feet and a powerful pounce ends the duel of duplicity on one side and drowsiness on the other. If the seal is quick enough to reach his hole before the hidden umpire of destinies calls "Strike one," he makes a home-run and congratulates himself. For those who would bet on the game, it is fair to say that the poor seal does not succeed one time out of ten.

The Innuït, from top to toe dressed in skins, looks even more like a seal than a bear does, and pursues his quarry from a distance in identically the same way, saying that if he could "talk seal" as well as a bear he would have greater success.

Sometimes the Eskimo essays a waiting game; he seeks a seal-hole and waits for his victim to come to the surface. To find the home of the seal, he uses his keenest-scented dog, harnessed. The dog never makes a mistake. When he smells the seal he makes a bee-line for the hole, drag-

ging the sled and driver bumping over the ice toward it.

And now we see the Eskimo waiting for his dinner. Who shall say what thoughts flit across his furry mind as absolutely motionless he stands or sits at that hole waiting for the seal to come to breathe? As we watch the Eskimo, hours may pass by before that tension of his whole body tells us it is time to get our kodak ready if we would strike as he strikes. The approach of the seal is heralded by strings of bubbles, the animal emptying its lungs as it rises to the hole to breathe. As the wide nostrils reach the surface and the seal begins to take one long delicious inspiration, the Eskimo brings his spear directly over the centre of the hole and strikes with the speed and certainty of a coiled snake.

The skull of the seal is almost as thin as parchment, and this is in marked contrast to the skull of the walrus, which is so hard that it flattens a bullet. One is surprised at the size and weight of a seal's brain, although the stories we have been telling show it to be the victim of brains more cunning. Still, the wonders that are done by animal-trainers with captured seals would show their brains (the brains of both trainer and trained), to be of high order indeed.

Merrily the seasons glide with the Canadian Eskimo; there is no monotony in his round of days, and not one of his loyal British cousins to the south is fuller of the mellow juice of life than this man. His hardest time is at the very beginning of the year, when the days are lengthening, the larder thinning, and the seals are safe in open water. By the time the vernal equinox is cheering the hearts of people in the temperate zone this man begins to turn his thoughts and footsteps towards the trader's door hundreds of miles away, where furs can be changed for ammunition, tobacco, and tea.

This journey is made in easy stages, following the shore ice and stopping

wherever there is a chance to kill a seal. These are not always speared or shot, they are sometimes caught in nets made of the skins of their predeceased relatives. One Kogmollye on Herschel Island in the year 1905 caught twenty-eight seals, at different times, in one net.

As a rule, two or three families travel in a little cavalcade, one old woman walking ahead of the dogs to encourage them, and the men wandering about on the ice in search of seal holes. Each evening they make a one-night stand and always draw a full house which they have first constructed of ice and snow. Their snow-knives made of old saws are formidable enough looking weapons and, like the sword of *Hudibras*, would do to toast or strike withal.

As the men finish the house, the wives and children take the bedding and impedimenta from the sleds, over the snow go willow mats and then deerskins, the seal-oil lamp is lighted; and as the women fit up the good-for-this-date-only home, the men unharness the dogs and feed them. Dog-harness is taken into the house so that it will not be eaten, for everything of animal origin is potential food up there. A missionary's temporary church made of skins was once eaten to the ridge-pole by a pack of hungry canines, a house of worship that literally went to the dogs. These dogs of the Eskimo are acute of hearing; and the word of command is given in a low tone, a startling and pleasing contrast to the mixed invective of French and Cree used by the Indian south of this range.

February, March, and perhaps April are spent in reaching the trading-post, where a few weeks pass in looking around and dallying with life. When the Eskimo starts northward the days are longer, seals basking in the warm sun are easy, and the Eskimo might well hum (if he had ever heard it) the line, "I took a day and found the world was fashioned to my mind." With the June sun the land

becomes bare of snow; geese, swans, and ducks are plentiful. This is the month of fat things, the month the Inuit chants about in his sing-songs. Seagulls' eggs furnish raw omelets, the "salmon of Mackenzie" is fish to their net, the white porpoise comes within range, and walrus have been sighted with their sun-dried hairy hides. This sea-elephant with his awkward gait but incredible swiftness, his little red eyes set in his unsteady head, and his tempting ivory gleaming in the sun, might well by Canadian law be protected for the exclusive use of the Eskimo; for this brownish-coated bulk of quivering fat, this tank of living blubber, is treasure-trove to the "Husky," meaning many meals and much rejoicing, while to the white man he is but an object of curiosity and questionable sport.

By mid-August or September our nomads have provided themselves with many a sealskinful of porpoise-oil and seal-oil—light and fuel for the long vigil of the winter igloo. Barren Ground caribou (*Rangifer arcticus*) gather now in big herds for the mating season and the yearly southward migration. Their skins are prime; and in these happy hunting grounds the Eskimo keeps his early autumn, not returning to the ocean-edge till sufficient snow allows dog-sleds to carry out the heavy haul of "meat in due season."

There is an unwritten law which governs the individual in every Eskimo community. The aged are respected; criminals and lunatics are quietly removed from the drama by one of the tribe; supposed incurables commit suicide and in that act go to a hot underground heaven. The body of the dead is sewn up in skins and kept in the igloo for a while, as the spirit of the departed hovers round and would feel hurt at the indecent haste of a speedy burial. On account of the hard frost all sepulture is made on top of the ground, the covered body being merely weighted down by drift-wood, the Eskimo following the In-

dian fashion of placing a man's most cherished belongings on his grave.

Conjugal and filial love show themselves in providing enduring anchoring-logs for the graves the mourners would respect. Travelling with your "Husky" guide, he says to you as you pass a grave by the wayside, "Good fellow him buried there; big logs, big chief, I think." For 120 hours after death the fellow-tribesmen mourn for him who is gone. No work is done and no hunting, no willow-mat disturbed, no lamp trimmed, no boots chewed. In the Eskimo calendar it takes five days to bemoan a dead man and three days to rejoice over a dead bear, both mourning and rejoicing being celebrated by cessation from work.

Festivities, as in other lands, are marked by music and dancing, the dancing is more a rhythmic swaying of body and limbs than a tripping of fantastic toes. The chief musical instrument we saw was the *keeloon*, or tambourine, of reindeer-skin, furnished with a handle and played by striking the encircling hoop and not the stretched parchment.

It was with real regret, when the parting of the ways had come, that we said good-bye to these Mackenzie River Eskimos, the Kogmollycs and the Nunatalmutes. The Kogmollycs are the people that Sir John Richardson met, and they have "from the beginning" occupied the shore from Baillie Island west to Barter Island. For thirty-seven years the Kogmollycs have been trading at Peel River with the same Hudson's Bay Company's officer, Mr. John Firth. The Nunatalmutes moved into this region in 1889, when the American whalers first visited Herschel Island, being driven by scarcity of game to desert their hunting-grounds in Alaska inland from Kotzebue Sound. The two tribes now live on and near the Mackenzie Delta in peace with each other, and they intermarry.

Nature to these Eskimos is especially benign. The junction of the

Mackenzie and the Peel is covered with a forest of spruce, and even to the ocean-lip footprints of moose and black bear are seen. In the delta are found cross, red, and silver foxes, mink and marten, with lynx and rabbits according to the fortunes of war. East of Cape Parry, the Eskimos tell us, bears are so numerous that from ten to twenty are seen at one time from the top of a high hill.

These "Huskies" in immediate contact with whalers and traders have two assets, labour and fur, which are convertible into goods for the white men. The resultant bill-of-fare in the summer season is a Delmonico spread—bacon, venison, blubber, seal, fish, bread, tea, coffee, "consecrated" potatoes, tinned tomatoes!

What do their neighbours, the Indians to the south, enjoy? Vermilion flour once a year, if they belong to the treaty tribes, tea and tobacco always, moose-meat, caribou, fish, rabbits, and starvation as God sends.

The Chauncey Depew of the Kogmollyes, the man with the best stories and most inimitable way of telling them, is Roxi. It was Roxi who told me the love story of his cousin, the

Nunatalmute *Lochinvar*. This young man wooed a maid, but the girl's father had no very good opinion of the lad's hunting ability and was obdurate.

The lover determined to take destiny into his own hands and force the game. A deep ravine of ice lay between his igloo and that of the family to whom he would fain be son; over the chasm a drift-log made a temporary bridge. One night *Lochinvar* crossed the icy gully, entered the igloo of his elect, and seizing her in her *shin-ig-bee*, or sleeping-bag, lifted the dear burden over his back. Then, in spite of struggles and muffled cries from within, he strode off with her to his side of the stream.

Safely crossing the gulch, he gaily kicked the log bridge into the gulf and carried his squirming treasure to his own igloo floor. He had left his seal-oil lamp burning and now it was with an anticipative chuckle of glee that he undid the draw-string. We end the story where Roxi did, by telling that the figure which rolled out sputtering from the *shin-ig-bee* was the would-not-be father-in-law instead of the would-be bride.



JANE BEARDMORE'S SACRIFICE

BY FRANK H. SHAW

A SPECULATIVE builder bought the coastguard station on Berymore Head, and at once proceeded to dismantle it. An economical government had decided that the station was totally unnecessary; the passage of time had brought steam, and the leviathans of to-day seldom, if ever, approached within signalling distance of the trim white colony, which was chiefly distinguishable from the sea by its towering flagstaff and its surrounding whitewashed wall. Sailing-ships, so authority would have it, were practically extinct, and really, these coastguard stations meant so much for upkeep that it was necessary to cut down wherever possible. There were those who remembered the days when each and every day brought some white-winged homeward-bounder almost within hail of the blue-black cliffs, to run a parti-coloured string of flags to peak or masthead, and so to await the single pennant that would be hoisted on the gaff of the white flagstaff ashore to indicate the message was taken and would be flashed to Lloyd's at the time appointed. But now, it was reckoned as something of a miracle if one ship a week were sighted; and the coast was so well known that there had not been a disaster for twelve years—shipmasters were growing more cautious; and, after all, what was the need of a coastguard station at all? To prevent smuggling? Rubbish. There was no smuggling nowadays; it was not worth while. To prevent wrecking? It was an age of enlightenment, and no one would ever dream of luring a ship to

its doom. So the speculative builder and his men appeared; the clang of pick and shovel sounded loudly above the fret of the sea on the reefs beneath the Head; carts trundled slowly away, deep ruts appeared in the even green of the sward; out of simple beauty was bred unsightliness; again, Nature did its work, and the gaping cellars and foundations were clothed with earth and living green once more. The coastguard station might never have had an existence save as a dream.

Jane Beardmore was one of those who remembered the old era, when the homeward-bounders hauled their main yards aback and waited patiently for the answering pennant from the Head. It had been part of her life to gaze out to seaward day after day, week after week, year after year, straining eyes that were at first bright and far-seeing, but that afterwards grew dim and weary for a sight of that ship she had once waved adieu to. The ship that never hove its topsails above the horizon and wuffed its welcome message of safe journeying to the land. It had become a habit with her to pace the verge of the cliffs with the dawning of each new day, there to stand patiently and watch the light sea-mists roll back from the oily water like the jealous unveiling of a priceless picture. But generally the sea was blank from north to south; the ship she longed for never appeared. Other ships did — great iron sailing vessels, four and five-masted, wonderful, prideful, astonishing; gigantic steamers occasionally sent a

trail of evil smoke over the perfection of that vast expanse of shimmering green, but never did that stubby, fore-shortened brig, the *Endymion*, reveal herself to human gaze. Her owners had given her up for lost twenty years before; but when hope is one's only food it dies hard, and still Jane longed and trusted that some day the miracle she expected would be wrought and the ship would return to port.

Not so much the ship, but what that ship contained — her man, Job Treeppenny. For had not Job promised with all earnestness that on the completion of that voyage, which commenced twenty years before, he would marry the woman of his heart and settle down definitely ashore, to give up for ever the roving life, and join his lot with those others at the foot of the cliff who dragged a meagre living from the bowels of the deep? And Job was always a man of his word; there was really no need for the simple ring, with its insignificant pearl, that he had placed on her finger the night before the *Endymion* sailed on her last voyage.

But the slow passage of the years brought no fulfilment of Job's promise; only a slow diminution of that early glorious hope, only a weariness of soul to the patient watcher, only a slight bending of the once proudly upright figure and a streaking of the bonny black hair that it had been the man's pride to finger gently, the while he spoke of what the years would bring. Vain dreams, vain promises; and now nothing remained but the single watcher. Job was forgotten; the *Endymion* was forgotten; but Jane alone lived on, hugging to her breast the passionate conviction that some day Job would return. It was a foolish hope; in these days of deep-sea cables and fast-steaming liners the sea holds no secrets; but then Jane was undoubtedly foolish. The people down there in the little fishing hamlet under the cliffs would touch their heads meaningly when a red cloak

was seen against the towering darkness of the Head; and everyone knows what that means. Jane was a little lacking in mental brightness; this constant watching of hers had become a mania, that was all.

With the disappearance of the station Jane herself began to feel a little lonely. The snug, white colony held an air of companionship; it, too, seemed to indulge in a never-ending watch for something that must appear; and the navy men themselves, courteous with the rough courtesy of the sea, never smiled behind their hands when she appeared, with her inevitable question; "Hast seen aught o' the *Endymion*, men?" They answered her gravely, an answer that was familiar by much weary reiteration; "Not yet, lass, but time will show." Ay, but time did not show; twenty years had gone, and still—

Yes, undoubtedly it was lonely up there on the Head; for it was but seldom a human figure showed against the skyline. That is, it would have been lonely to anyone else but Jane; but she was different somehow. She belonged to Job, and she had need of no one else, save of Job and her house.

There were some who laughed when they saw the woman's home; in reality it was a somewhat incongruous blot on an otherwise fair landscape. It had been built early in that time of waiting, and Jane herself had done much towards its building. She was hale and strong then, capable of performing a man's work without weariness. Her instinct then had been to make a haven for Job when he returned — a place of peace where he might rest his tired head, and yet hear through his dreams the whisper of the sea he loved, and the hoarse clamour of the wind that was his friendly enemy. No one knew all that home meant to her; it stood for everything life held dear—it was her home and Job's, tenanted by vague memories of the handsome brown-faced man with the neat beard and

the kindly eyes. And it was her pride to have it ready against the ultimate home-coming. Job must never return to lack a welcome. Some day she would open the door to see him striding over the downs; and she pictured the glad light that would spring into his eyes as those eyes rested first on her, then on the house, for everything that could make for peace and contentment was within the open door.

There was the old oak settle that she had brought at a cost of much labour from the hamlet when her mother died. Job had said that it was the grandest invention ever brought out in the way of restfulness for weary limbs. Many a passing tourist, calling at the strange little house, had cast covetous eyes on its simple beauty, and made astounding bids of money for its possession; it was a gem of price, but it was there for Job, and all the wealth of the Rothschilds had not bought it now. There was the sea-chest, great and heavy, Job's legacy to her on his last leaving port.

"She's naught but a small craft, the *Endymion*," Job had said, when he asked permission to stow the chest away in Mrs. Beardmore's kitchen. "There ain't room for a man's traps proper, she being well manned for a craft of her size. It'll be a canvas bag for me, Jane, lass; just enough to keep me changed; and as for these duds here, why, keep 'em against my return. There's a mort of small stuff that a man picks up abroad; happen it might sarve ye a good turn in furnishing the house when we're wed."

The gatherings of ten years of ocean-roving ornamented the living-room now; quaint Chinese idols, South Sea carvings, a shark's backbone and open jaws—Job had a tale to tell of those jaws, a tale that sent a loving woman shuddering and pressing her trembling hands over her ears to shut out the horrid clash of his closing teeth.

"Missed my foot by less than a

quarter fathom," said Job, when he told the tale. "If the starboard watch hadn't been lively on the rope he'd have had me sure." That was the time when he went overboard on the line to rescue the captain's little daughter, who had fallen from the taffrail in a vainglorious attempt to defy authority.

"But we got him after all," said Job. "It was me 'at baited the hook, an' we nailed him. Yes, lass, I helped to eat him. Why not? He'd have eaten me fast enough." So there were the spine and jaws, installed above the curious wooden mantelpiece, flanked on the right by a model of the *Truefit*—the ship Job had served his time as ordinary seaman aboard—and on the right by a rough painting of the *Boscawen*, full-rigged ship, weathering a Cape Horn snorter, and looking pretty sick at the ordeal. As for curious shells, stones and the like, their name was legion. They filled every crevice in that house of many crevices; one need not turn round there to lay hands on some memento of the absent man. The room was odorless of the sea and those that use it; it had been Jane's pride that it should be so.

In effect the living-room, half-kitchen, half-parlour, was a practical duplicate of the cottage under the cliff, where Jane had lived all her life until the year after Job's departure.

"The biggest looking room I've ever sat in," had said Job, smoking a reflective pipe, and waving a hand that was as rough and hard as the underwater hull of the *Endymion* herself. "Never wish to sit in a snigger place. I've travelled east an' I've travelled west, but never the like o' this place did I see in all my goin's to an' fro." Jane remembered that, as she had remembered every word her lover had spoken, and when the time came for her mother to embark on the last, long voyage with a smoother haven at the end than any about all the British coasts, she had pleaded with the owner of the cot-

tage that she might be allowed to remain. But the owner had other views; the cottage must go — it was old, it had been condemned by experts as insanitary — it must certainly be pulled down. Jane had held out to the last, but she had to leave in the end; and with her went every fragment of the old place that was not an integral part of its structure. Thus it was that the infrequent visitors, filled with weak laughter at the unsightly exterior of the cottage on the cliff, entered to scoff and remained to wonder. For the walls of the living-room were panelled breast-high with rare old oak; Jane had fixed it in place with her own capable hands, lest a hired workman should have his own ideas and refuse to conform to directions. The open hearth was the same; the ingle-nook had been transported bodily from bottom to top of the cliff. Upstairs in the one room under the eaves was the great four-posted bedstead, also of solid oak and wondrously heavy. In that room, too, were tables and chairs, all made when men worked thoughtfully, with an eye to a future generation that should praise their work. In her youth Jane had found no great difficulty in moving many of the articles unaided; now she realised the flight of time, for her shrunken muscles seemed almost painfully futile for the work. Only by dint of heavy exertion could she transport the oaken chairs from the room to the narrow landing on the days when the room was "done out"; and as for moving the chests and tables, that was a frank impossibility.

But what of that? Job would find that his every fancy had been humoured when he returned; and she could picture to herself—she did it daily, for she had little else to do—the glad look of content that would come to his face as he entered the open door, and sank into the cushioned corner of the settle. It was all for Job, and the work had been light, for hope was far from dying in those

long-gone days. Not that hope was dead yet; he would return in God's own time; that was a matter that had long ago been settled between Jane and her Maker; but at times the waiting grew tiring, and her eyes were not so keen to detect the triangular patch of whiteness against the green of the open sea.

But if the interior of the cottage were a dream of quaint and thoughtful comfort, such could not be said of the exterior. There had been much scoffing when Jane had announced her intention of taking up residence on the very brink of the cliff, under the shadow of the white coastguard station, and Jane was proud. Added to that, money was not so plentiful as now, hired labour cost heavily. Men would refuse to tramp all the long weary way from the hamlet to the cliff top — to ascend its face were a sheer impossibility—to draw an ordinary workman's wage. Jane found that she had only herself to rely on, save and excepting Johnny Faal, the village imbecile, a cunning man of his hands when humoured rightly, and as strong as any three men in all the country round. Slavishly Johnny offered his help, and throughout one summer the strangely assorted pair toiled with the rough boulders that littered the waste piece of ground Jane had pitched on for her new homestead's place. The good-natured coastguards would offer hints freely; and more than once, when a piece of timber had to be lifted that taxed even Johnny's efforts to the utmost, they would put their brawny shoulders under the weight, until the idiot would drive home the long iron bolts—relics of some ancient wreck, these—and declare all safe. But Johnny Faal was dead, too—blown down the cliffs in a brainless search for rare eggs to decorate the quaint rooms—and only Jane remained.

Up to a height of some five feet the cottage was built of rough stone—stone that hardly knew the chisel or the hammer. As they had been

found, so had they been used; and the interstices had been lavishly plastered with mud and mortar. But then the supply had failed; and as stone was dear and wood, by comparison, was cheap, the rest of the building was composed of old ship's timbers, roughly hewn logs—each one of which could have told a tale of striving and peril—flotsam gathered with infinite trouble at the brink of the restless sea. Timber everywhere; and there were strange groanings and rattlings o' nights when the south-westerly gales blew forcefully, as they did thereabouts, as if each timber were telling the tale of its strivings of olden times. But it was warm and weatherproof within, whatever its outside appearance might be; and the roof, timber again, lavishly bestrewed with tar, let in no single drop of water, let it rain never so constantly.

Here, then, isolated from the world, and lonelier than ever, now that the coastguards had gone, Jane dwelt. A forgotten uncle had died and left her a modest competence; monthly a letter would arrive from Exeter containing a sufficient sum for all her needs; beyond her few fowls and ducks she had small interests. But the capital sum of her fortune would come in useful when Job returned, weary as he must be weary after all these years of striving, to rest on his own hearthstone. Each dawn saw her peering out to sea, each sunset saw her return slowly to the cottage, to place in its narrow window a lighted lamp to guide the wanderer home. But Job never came.

II.

"There ought to be a lighthouse on this headland. I consider it little short of criminal that this particular portion of the coast should remain totally unguarded. Why, the early history of this district is one long list of the most appalling wrecks. Lives by the hundred have been lost within sight of these windows, or the spot where this house now stands. And I suppose you Trinity House people

will not think it necessary to build a proper lighthouse until public indignation is aroused by some wreck of colossal magnitude."

"My dear Francis, you have to remember this: the early history of this place is separated from the present day by a considerable period of time. I grant you there were wrecks here when ships were exclusively propelled by the wind, but we have changed all that. Study any chart published within the last twenty years, and you will see that the Smallstones Light effectually guards this headland and leads any ship into safe harbourage at Wendellsbank, fifteen miles farther up the coast. There hasn't been a wreck here for fifteen years to my certain knowledge; oh, yes, there was one three years later, I believe, but then it was proved indubitably that the captain was drunk and the first mate colour-blind. He mistook the Smallstones for the Outer Gubbard, which no sane man ought to do, seeing the latter is a red flash, and the former a white occulting light."

The first speaker stuck to his point tenaciously. "But supposing that circumstances happened the same again, what then? Suppose, for purposes of argument, that another ship happened along this quarter, a westerly gale blowing, and making this a lee shore—and supposing that this second ship's captain were drunk and her first mate colour-blind—who would be morally responsible for the deaths of all her crew? Or supposing, still for the purposes of argument, that her captain were colour-blind and her first mate on deck, attending to the braces, the deaths of all hands would be on somebody's head. From my point of view, I'd blame Trinity House."

"Well, Trinity House would sleep easily enough of nights. Such coincidences as that don't happen; twelve years ago there were twice as many sailing ships as there are now, so the possibilities of a recurrence of such

a thing, remote in themselves, are halved."

"And if such a catastrophe did occur, what then? Here the coastguard station is dismantled; there isn't a lifeboat nearer than Wendellsbank, so far as I'm aware, and by road from there to here is nearer twenty-five miles than fifteen. Whilst I'd defy any lifeboat ever built to weather the Outer Gubbar in a westerly gale." The Trinity House man shrugged his shoulders.

"We're not to blame for the government's shifting the rocket apparatus; we aren't responsible for the coastguards. Anyhow, you're going wide of the mark; we were discussing lighthouses."

The argument deepened, and became still more unintelligible to Jane Beardmore, who, after serving the tourists a simple meal at their courteous request, had stood back beside the window, where she could command a passable view of the sea. She was very seldom out of sight of the ocean.

It was seldom she had visitors; these two gentlemen had happened upon her unawares; but there was always a good store of food in the little house, for Job was a hearty eater, and had his own idea of what constituted a good meal. Hence Sir James Fordyce and his companion had no fault to find with the fare provided, and showed their appreciation by eating heartily, after a fourteen-mile walk over the breezy, life-quickenening downs.

Jane listened still; anything that concerned the coast was her business; and by dint of ignoring the longer words she contrived to arrive at the facts of the case. Undoubtedly the coast was dangerous, or rather it had been dangerous before the era of steam. She knew quite well that in the event of any catastrophe the men involved must surely perish, for it was impossible for a single boat to leave the hamlet below the cliff in anything of a breeze. And to at-

tempt to swim ashore, with the surf beating monstrously on the Flatling Reef, a jagged monstrosity, meant only death. A swimmer would not have time to drown; he would be caught up by the cruel waves and dashed to fragments on the spikes and ridges of the low-lying rocks to seaward.

"Well, you've certainly made me think; I admit that. I shall put it to the corporation, and they may see fit to erect a lighthouse hereabouts." The travellers had finished their meal and were preparing to go their way. Replete and happy, the younger man glanced about the room.

"Jolly snug den, this. Do you know, I wouldn't half mind having it for my own. A chap could write big stuff down here, with that sound in his ears." He motioned with his hand to indicate the wind that was rising with a soft screeching sound. "By Jove! yes, a man ought to be able to write with both hands at once here." And being a man of quick impulse he turned to the attentive woman behind him.

"Is this place for sale?" he asked. A spasm shot across Jane's face; there was passion in her voice as she answered: "Money couldn't buy it, sir. For all the gold in the world I wouldn't part with this bit of a home of mine. It's waiting for when my man comes home — as it's waited these twenty years or so." The questioner lifted his eyebrows, and glanced across at his companion. It was evident that he shared the opinion of those in the hamlet beneath the cliff: that Jane was a little mad. Swiftly, perhaps a little incoherently, Jane told them what that home stood for. They heard her patiently to the end; then the writer bowed gravely.

"I see; yes, I see. This house could never be sold. I fear I was a little thoughtless; a beautiful idea, though, to keep the place as a welcome for a man who has been absent so long. Yes, yes; the place is beyond value — priceless." He was

already weaving fancies about that little, lonely place and the bent woman, with the sad, wistful eyes. "Madam, I hope your wish will come true, and that Job will return. Now —" He made a motion towards his pocket, but something in Jane's face checked the impulse.

"I'm more than paid by them words, sir," she said. "It's the first message of hope I've had these dozen years. And Job — he was a sailor, sir, free-handed, ready to share his last crust with a hungry man — I wouldn't like to have to tell him when he returned that I'd asked payment for a simple meal."

The two men left the house, but as they topped a rise in the ground and looked back for a final view of the sea, the writer felt his heart ache with a ready sympathy.

"Jove! what a stupendous idea! That woman waiting, waiting, until her lover returns, confident that he is not dead! It's immense. It deserves an epic poem to itself. Well, poor soul, she'll wait in vain."

"Yes; ships don't turn up after twenty years. I remember the loss of the *Endymion*; my father held shares in her. Of course, she was lost; there was no doubt of that. Now, as you were saying, Francis—" And the discussion was resumed.

Fired by the words of hope Jane left the house and took up her usual position fronting the sea, her back against a gigantic boulder, her eyes on the far horizon. Somewhere behind that curving line, she knew, her Job was — frozen up, perhaps, in Antarctic solitudes, stewing on a coral island beneath the Line — but somewhere; and in God's own time he would return. Her face was quite calm as she watched the sun droop, a red and threatening ball, into the sea.

"There'll be a mort o' wind soon," she thought, as she entered the house again. "If it doesn't come to-night, 'twill come afore the week-end. God help them at sea, say I."

It was half an hour later that she made the discovery. The oil-barrel was empty; in some strange fashion it had leaked its contents away slowly. It stood in a dark corner of the back room, and rang hollow to the touch when, no oil flowing from the tap, she rapped it soundly. A lighted candle showed her that the oil had run away under the flooring, though under the worn linoleum the planks were still dripping with the combustible.

The lamps were burnt dry; the arrival of the strangers had interrupted her just as she was about to replenish them. And for close on twenty years she had kept a light burning in the window to guide Job home at last. Not now must the signal fail—now that the fresh hope had been born in her soul. Whatever happened she must procure oil, even though it meant a weary trudge through the night inland and then towards the sea again, by way of the rough road that led to Bellarshay. What did the roughness of the road matter? She was hale and strong, ready for more than that in case of need. Eight miles at the least; say two hours and a half, and the same to return; or allowing for the fact that she would be burdened, and that the greater part of the way was uphill, say three hours. She could be back well before midnight even then, with the oil. Yes, she would go.

She took down her shawl from the hook where she had hung it every evening since the house was built, pinned it under her chin, took the oil flask from its place, some money from a drawer, and left. She did not lock the door; Job might return whilst she was absent, and finding the portal sealed might count her faithless to her trust.

The keeper of the little store at Bellarshay looked with some sympathy at the wind-blown figure that presented itself at his counter a long three hours later.

"He, did ye say, Jane Beardmore?"

Aye, I've ile in abundance. A dozen new casks in by carrier from Penzance this very day. Name your needs."

Silently Jane passed the flask over and laid her money on the counter. Not until the oil was decanted did she speak.

"Send me up a cask to-morrow," she said. "There's bad weather coming on, and a woman might be weather-bound without a light."

"They be mortal big casks, Jane; full size. The ile company's refused to supply half-sizes now." The man was a trifle dubious.

"Then send up a full-size cask; I must have my drop of oil, James. I can pay good money for it, aye, an' for cartage, too. You knows I allus pays my debts." The man promised, but demanded payment in advance. Jane found the necessary money, but James lacked change, and after attempting to persuade her to take something else by way of makeweight in vain, he retired grumbling to a room in the rear for the necessary loose cash. Jane was a trifle weary with her long walk. She sat down heavily on a packing case beside a wall, her head dropped forward on her breast a little. Suddenly she sat upright, listening intently. The wall behind her was merely a matchboard partition; the room on the other side was something of a general resort for the few males of the hamlet. It was whispered that brandy and wine that had never paid a cent of duty circulated in that small room, for the shopkeeper was not one to scorn to turn an honest or a dishonest penny. Jane had heard men talking; one heated voice dominated the general murmur; a heavy fist struck a table that creaked its protestations.

"Tell 'ee it's as easy's easy," said the voice. "Whoy, my granfer he used to speak on it to his death. Ships — aye, a mort o' ships, big uns, an' rich uns — have gone to pieces on Flatling Reef. What did it matter if a lamp was slung in a wrong

place; no one were wiser for't. They coastguards 'ud ha' been mighty smart to stop it, but they've gone now. There's a rich fortin for them 'at's bold enough to take the risk. Tie lanterns to a few donkeys' heads, walk 'em up beyond a bit, an' there's not a ship at sea but'll take 'em for ships' ridin' lights an' make for anchorage. With a westerly gale brewin' too; it's sheer fleein' in face o' Providence not to do it."

"Be'est asleep, lass; here's thy change," grumbled James, the shopkeeper; and Jane aroused herself hurriedly. She was well aware that if she mentioned a word of what she had overheard, means would be found to silence her for ever. The shopkeeper himself was, as likely as not, prime mover in the projected scheme; a glance at his face told her that he would not hesitate to effect her silence. And the talk she had heard had not conveyed a clear impression to her mind. She hardly understood as yet that the men of Bellarshay, held in restraint for years by the presence of the coastguards, were reverting to type, and becoming wreckers. Their forefathers had never gone to bed without voicing the old-time prayer: "Lord send a ship ashore afore marnin'." Now, undeterred by any sight of intrusive uniforms, what was to prevent them? The little bay, itself a danger spot, entirely useless for anything bigger than a fishing cobbler, lent itself admirably to the plot.

"Seem maxed like, lass—hast seen a ghost? I have it; Job's coom back." The shopkeeper laughed coarsely, but Jane took no heed of the jest. Her brain was in a whirl; she was trying to fit pieces together; the words she had heard that day from the two strangers seemed to fit in somehow with the talk of the fishermen; but as yet coherence would not come. There was some work contemplated, what it was she did not exactly know; and it was necessary that she should return with the oil,

lest Job should miss the house in the darkness. She gathered up her change, clutched the oil flask to her breast, and set forth on her lonely journey.

The wind was rising, it muttered vindictively in her eyes as if threatening wild terrors for the future. But Jane hardly heeded it; to her the wind was a friend; she had breasted it bravely for years and had heard it thunder glorious promises in her ears; promises of Job's return. And it was at her back for the earlier stages of the journey. To be sure it fronted her as, gaining the summit of the downs, she struck towards the sea again, but she was strong and virile; and so much depended on her lighting the lamp that night of all nights.

But it was unfortunate that, the perils of the way having been passed without scathe, her foot should turn on a loosened stone and throw her to the ground so heavily that when she attempted to rise a sharp pang told her that serious damage had resulted. Setting her teeth she crawled to her own doorway and entered, to be welcomed by the cheery glow of the cunningly tended fire. It was an effort to fill the lamp, but she did it somehow, and not until the light was burning bravely did she pay heed to her own hurts. It was not a break, merely a severe sprain; but it threatened to keep her to the house for days. She bandaged it with dripping cloths and crawled wearily to bed; but sleep deserted her eyelids, the words she had overheard drummed through her brain with ceaseless reiteration.

III.

The wild promise of the night was more than fulfilled by the new day. A terrific gale was hurtling inland, bringing with it a soft fog of driven spray, that spattered Jane's windows even on the summit of the cliff. The sky was overshot with massive clouds that seemed to be indulging in a giddy game up there, chasing one another in from seaward recklessly,

to speed inland like racing horses with tossing manes and space-spurning hoofs.

Jane Beardmore rose wearily, and setting foot to floor, knew that her injury was no trifle that a night's rest would displace, but something undoubtedly serious. But she was a woman of spirit; and as soon as the fire was lighted she contrived to drag herself into the open, and, by means of crawling on all-fours, to the edge of the cliffs. There was nothing to be seen below save the leaping waves that seemed to threaten to drag the hamlet from its foundations and carry it out to sea on the backwash of the breakers; these and the scurrying spindrift. A wild day for those at sea; and Heaven help those who made a mistake in their reckoning then!

She stood there, waiting for the occasional breaks to reveal to her a wider expanse of storm-lashed water, until the clamourings of hunger drove her back to her own fireside. The magnitude of her own disaster had driven the recollections of the past night from her mind; in a storm she always felt distrait and fey; her thoughts flew instinctively to the missing lover; and beyond that point they would not stir. Now she busied herself with preparations automatically; and the day dragged through to a gloomy close. It was late in the afternoon when Jabez Talliwick, the man who did the carting from Penzance and fulfilled such small commissions as Jane entrusted to him, arrived with the barrel of oil. To unload it and put it in place was heavy work; for Jane was almost unable to aid him; but it was done somehow at last, and the burly carter stood back wiping his brow with his red handkerchief.

"Ye'll take back the empty?" asked Jane, busying herself with laying out a cold meal for the man.

"Nay; I'm not for that to-night. I'm goin' on — there's a mort of stuff to be picked up inland—I'll call another day. Nay, but it's a long

road; happen I'd better take it along." And he stowed the empty barrel in the cart, after he had consumed the meal and washed it down with copious libations from the small barrel of cider that was kept against Job's home-coming. Jane stood at the door until the cart had trundled away into the mists; she shivered a little as she stood there, and wondered vaguely what that shudder portended. She was not colder than usual; she was used to the ravings of the storm; this seemed to be an inward shiver, as if her heart had been seized with misgivings. What did it mean?

Night fell darkly on the world; but the sea-fog seemed to clear as if by magic with the growing of the dark. Jane completed her household tasks, trimmed her lamps, and set the brightest in the window as usual; drew her chair up to the fireside; and gave herself over to her simple thoughts. But somehow they failed to come with their wonted clearness; they were obscured by a strange haunting fear of something to which she could put no name. Her ankle was paining her too; that diverted the steady train of reflection; and for once Job's image, usually clear cut before her mental eye, was blurred and indistinct. There was something else that needed her attention—something that seemed to be dragging her out to front the sea.

Painfully she dragged herself out again until she had reached her old position on the cliffs—no, there was nothing there. Nothing out of the common, that was—only the lights down below seemed to be burning brighter than usual. The revelation came to her suddenly—these lights were strange—some she had never seen before. And they were not still; the lighted windows of the hamlet were fixed and immovable; but these new glimmers were higher and constantly moving to and fro, exactly as if ships of size were riding securely at anchor. Ah! she understood it

now. Like a flash the meaning was made plain. The wreckers were at their work again—each of those lanterns was tied to the tail of a donkey, and as it was driven slowly to and fro the light swayed and reared in exactly the same fashion as an anchored vessel's riding light. A ship approaching the land from the seaward side, seeing these lights, would at once come to an inevitable conclusion. Those responsible for her safe navigation would think they had passed the Outer Gubbard Light instead of the Smallstones, and that this haven under their lee was neither more nor less than Wendellsbank. And the entrance to Wendellsbank was wide and free from danger—whilst the entrance to Bellarshay was fraught with dangers, and no ship could pass the Flatling at night, especially on such a night as this.

Something must be done—she knew that. She was inside the cottage again, weak and trembling, obsessed anew by those strange, vague fears that were momentarily becoming less vague. Something must be done—but what? Should she sally forth and make her way to the hamlet beneath, there denounce the scoundrels and threaten them with the long arm of the law unless those lights were at once veiled? That were impossible—even if she succeeded in reaching the hamlet—and that in itself would be a monstrous task, for she must crawl on hands and knees—they would refuse to obey her commands; more than that—they would probably put it out of possibility for her to lay an information. Men who would lure a whole hapless crew to destruction that they might snatch some fragment of salvage from the hungry sea, would not hesitate to silence her for ever.

What must she do? Go to Wendellsbank—fifteen miles away by sea and twenty-five by road? Equally impossible. In her then condition a week had been all too short for the journey; and even if she reached the

spot hours, aye, days, might elapse before the authorities set out. There was nothing to be done, nothing—she was only a weak woman, unable to cope with the massed circumstances. Nothing — save that she could watch patiently through the night and pray that no ship might be driven towards those false beacons, that promised safety and shelter where there was only death.

For hours Jane crouched there against the great boulder, peering out to sea through salt-smarting eyes, praying, now audibly, now whisperingly, to the God of the sea for mercy and help. But only the howl of the gale answered her — it would seem as if all mercy and pity had been annihilated in that mad revel there about her and below. The thunder of the beating surf drummed through the howl of the storm; the screech of the pebble beach, dragged down by the ton by the hungry waters, was like the wailing scream of countless dying men. Jane clasped her hands fiercely together and prayed on—without hope.

It was midnight when her well-nigh exhausted eyes detected a faint speck in the infinite distance. The wind had lulled somewhat, it was merely gathering its forces together for an onslaught, compared with which all that had gone before was the merest sighing of a tropical zephyr; and the last of the sea-fog had cleared from the face of the waters. In that blackness the lights below blazed with alarming distinctness; but that tiny speck far out to sea was undoubtedly another light — a light carried by a homeward-speeding ship. Jane knew well every signal that had ever been shown by the users of the sea; had she not watched through half her lifetime in hope that ultimately the one light of all would blaze across her vision? It was a sailing-ship's sidelight; yes, tired though her eyes were, she could make out the greenish sheen. A ship making up for shelter, overburdened by the weight of the

storm—making up for the shelter of the haven under her lee, which all on board must confidently hope to be Wendellsbank.

The ship was doomed; Jane was hopeless to aid. Within an hour, nay, in half an hour, her keel would take the fangs of the reef, the gallant hull would be rent and torn to fragments; her crew would be the sport of the relentless waves — not a single man would escape with life. What was to be done? Nothing — she could only beat her hands helplessly on her breast and renew those futile prayers for aid. If only God would answer her prayer! But no — no answer would come—stay, though what was that thought that was growing to birth in her brain? Not a suggestion from God, that; a command from the devil, rather. No; she dared not do it—she dared not.

But the plight of the ship was desperate; as she watched she saw the light swing a trifle inwards as if those on the vessel had seen the lurching signals and were making the harbourage at last. Yes, the position of the light was shifting—no longer was the vessel endeavouring to claw off the shore. The wind was rising again madly; and only half an hour remained.

Feverishly she sped towards the cottage, forgetting her injury, forgetting everything save her need for action. She seized upon whatever came to hand and flung it into the open; but the light objects were caught up by the wind and carried recklessly into the darkness. No; that would not do. Before she could kindle a fire the fuel would be blown in a hundred directions.

Back again to the cliff-top now to peer strainingly out to sea. Yes, the ship had fallen to the lure—she was gathering way and plunging onwards. Only a few minutes remained before the end.

She did not know how she covered the ground; she did not know what wild outcries against God's will had

darted through her soul; all she knew was that she was feverishly smashing in the head of the full oil-cask and allowing the contents to gush into the room. She was filling pails with the inflammable stuff, dashing them wildly everywhere, careless of ruin, until the house itself was soaked with paraffin—Job's house, the place she had made for his welcome. What of it? Job himself would have been the first to do the same when his fellow-seamen were in such dire peril; and those men out there were men who would have called Job brother. They must be saved; no matter what the cost. A few more pails of oil were carried upstairs and flung recklessly on bed and bedding, high up amongst the rafters. With a heart that seemed suddenly to have turned to stone, her hands a-tremble, Jane lifted the brightly burning lamp from the window and threw it from her. It exploded loudly, and she was followed to the door by a crawling tongue of flame; the house was ablaze in a second, it burned like tinder.

Her soul was reeling to its centre; those eager flames were devouring all her hopes; now that the work was done irretrievably she had time for remorse; the slow, hard remorse that comes to the lonely woman; But it was done — nothing could alter that fact. Gone were the cosy nooks that Job had loved; never again would she rest her weary eyes on them. She stumbled towards the edge of the cliff and looked out to sea. The flames had risen to fever height; they roared with gleeful exultation, licked by the wind, they shot up high in air, only to be levelled flat and carried away inland, a beacon such as no man might see and mistake. The lurid light behind her dazzled her somewhat; it was not easy to make out objects with any distinctness — but, yes — there was something — a green light that slowly swung away from the land, to reveal the white light astern. The ship had

taken the warning and was clawing off into safety.

Jane Beardmore did not faint; she was made of too stern metal for that. The inevitable reaction came upon her; she was homeless, alone, and refuge down there in the hamlet was impossible. The wreckers must know what she had done and why; they would not be disposed to kindness; perhaps they would go farther and ask a definite explanation of her. But she must find refuge somewhere; the wind was piercingly cold; it seemed to drive the strength from her. She sought about for harbourage, and, helped by the glow from her burning home, found it amongst the overgrown remnants of the station.

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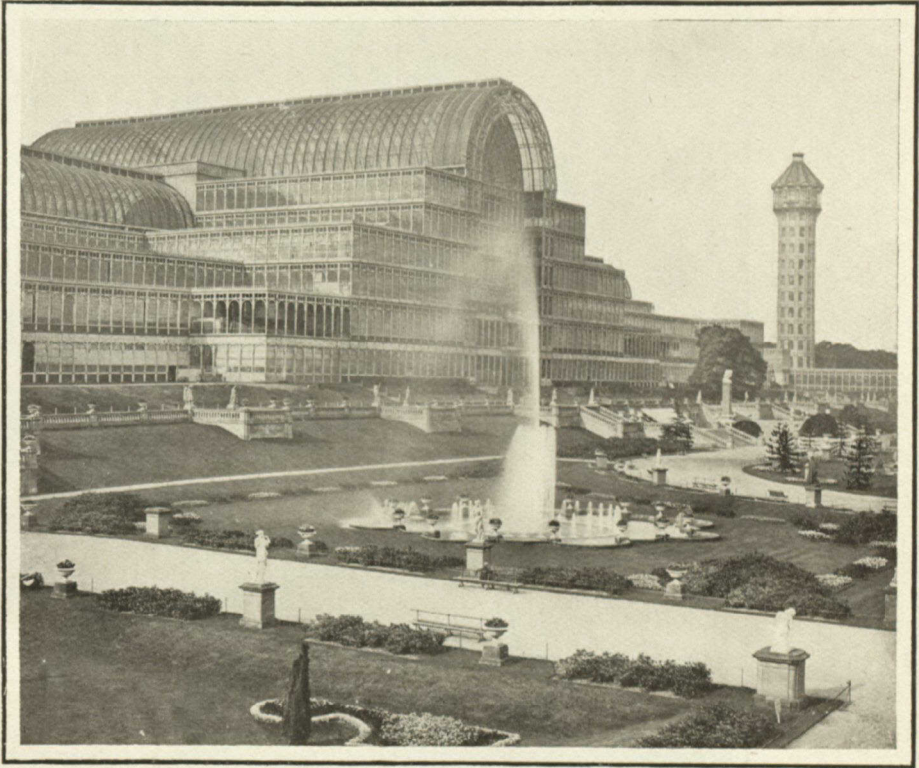
It was there a gray-haired man found her two days later, with a few poor fragments of the cottage about her, such trifles as she had saved from the general ruin. There was a look of dazed amazement in her eyes as she lifted them to his; but all suddenly the amazement fled.

"Job!" she said simply; "Job!"

"Ay, lass, it's Job. Come back to ye from afar; back aboard the very ship ye burned off two nights ago. We was makin' for them false lights! Me, being a bit hazy after livin' for a matter o' twenty year amongst the savages out in the South Seas, where never a ship passes, wasn't able to make out that Smallstones wasn't the Outer Gubbard. We was makin' fair for anchorage, until we saw the blaze, an' sheered off with not a cable's length to spare. They telled me how 'twas down there yander—but, why, lassie, lassie, cryin'?"

"Ay, Job cryin' with gratitude. I know now what that voice was biddin' me set the cot afire — but there's no home for ye, my man, there's no home left."

Job gathered her in the arms that had been empty for twenty years, and she forgot the loss in the greater gain.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, WHERE THE GREAT FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE WILL BE HELD

THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

THE story of gray old London: "Heart of the Empire," told in twenty-four living historical scenes by 15,000 performers! That is what Mr. Frank Lascelles, Master of Pageantry, has set himself to do by way of providing the central feature of the Festival of Empire, to be held at the Crystal Palace, this summer.

It is a formidable task, but Mr. Lascelles builds his hope of success on the achievements of the last few years. He triumphed at Oxford, where the Don of the University was taught to count it no dishonour to play "lacquey" to the draper's

"lord" on the pageant ground; he produced the history of Bath in a week of sunshine, and the good people of Mr. Pickwick's favourite city still talk of it and treasure albums of picture post-cards.

And then came the Quebec Tercentenary on the broad Plains of Abraham. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said of the spectacle that it had advanced the social relations of the people by thirty years. The record is enough to make any man undertake a task which at first thought seems Utopian. But it will be carried through, and by the time the last chorus has been chant-



A SAXON LADY, AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST

ed — as the spectators are leaving the beautiful grandstand, which has been designed on the lines of the old Greek amphitheatre — Mr. Lascelles' man will be hurrying his luggage to the docks. The Pageant-Master is needed in South Africa for the spectacle which is to mark the opening of the Union Parliament.

Exactly how the Festival of Empire originated, no one seems to know. But the story is told that when the Prince of Wales saw the Quebec pageant, he said, "Wonderful!" Anyway, the Festival is to be held and the Old Country is promised the most remarkable spectacle of the last fifty years. It is to be a social gathering with contingents of 200 persons from each overseas State. They will take part in the final scene of the pageant

—symbolical of the children gathered round the mother.

In each overseas State, the Governor-General or High Commissioner is at the head of a local committee and the enthusiasm with which the whole project has been taken up leads the Festival officials to believe that the Crystal Palace will be in the eye of the world for nearly eight weeks. The programme of festivities is so long and diversified that a Utopian magazine would be required if details were demanded. Empire concerts, historical costume ball and carnival, art exhibitions, inventions exhibition are a few of the features. Altogether, it is a wonderful scheme and an average daily attendance of 100,000 is expected. It is not a commercial scheme. The promoters, with the



A SAXON NOBLE, AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST

Earl of Plymouth as their chief, will be well satisfied if the meaning of the word "empire" is firmly impressed on the mind of every person who visits the Crystal Palace. Between the mother country and the outposts of the Empire the blood ties are in many cases thin and atrophied. This Festival has been conceived with the idea of illustrating, in a social manner, the importance of each link in the chain of Empire. Any profits that accrue will be devoted to King Edward's Hospital Fund.

The pageant of London is a happy inspiration, for the history of London is a history of the Empire. The story is to be traced from prehistoric times up to the passing of the great and ambitious Napoleon. And it will not be a pageant of a theatrical character.

The most eminent historians in the country have been delving among their old nests of reference this many a day in order that historical accuracy, even to the shape of a shoe-buckle, shall obtain. And each scene will mark some vital evolution in the history of the country.

At the same time, the Master of Pageantry must have an eye to the theatrical. While desirous equally with the historians to make the picture correct historically, his is the hand that brushes away the dust on worm-eaten volumes of records and discovers the "kernel" so pleasing to the crowd. An anecdote to illustrate the point: For a fortnight a number of historians had been gathering detail for the scene, "London of Merrie England." An awe-inspiring mass of data



EXAMINING MODELS FOR THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE

had been collected, dealing principally with the triumphal procession of Henry VIII. from Windsor to Eltham. But there was something lacking. The Master of Pageantry himself went to the bookshelves to see if anything had been missed. He marked each detail of the procession and at last discovered that as the King ascended Shooter's Hill a body-guard of archers shot a flight of arrows into the air as a welcoming salute. The historians had not overlooked the fact, but when the Pageant-Master read aloud: "and each arrow was tipped with a whistle so that it sang through the air," they realised the meaning of the words "Pageant-Master." That one point was worth a fortnight's search. Whistling arrows are being made for the Pageant of London.

One of the most thrilling scenes in the pageant should be the "Danish

Invasion." History tells us that the Danes made repeated attempts to get up the Thames in their large-prowed boats, but they always found London Bridge an insurmountable obstacle. At last Olaf ordered his men to row up to the bridge, make fast their boats to the uprights, and then row back dragging the bridge with them. For the purposes of the pageant a facsimile of the original London Bridge is being built across the lake in the pageant-ground, and the defenders of it must be prepared for a cold douche when the structure is wrecked by the attacking Danes. Apropos of this scene, the Master of Pageantry was presented with a model of a viking ship which was discovered in 1880, in a grave-mound at Gohstad, near Sandefjord, just outside the mouth of the Christiania Fjord. On the lines of this model will be built the Danish boats that are to be utilised in the

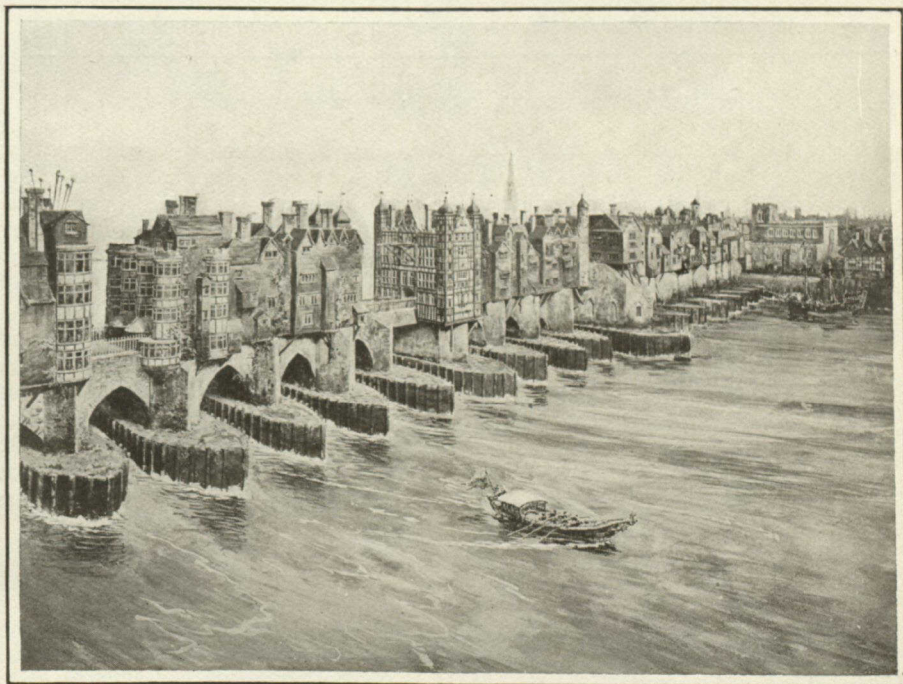
Danish invasion of London scene.

The original of the model that has been received is preserved in the Museum of Antiquities at Christiania. She was about seventy-seven feet long from stem to stern, sixty-five feet on the keel, $16\frac{3}{4}$ feet broad amidships, depth at the same point $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet, rising to $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet at either end. She was clinker-built, pierced for sixteen oars a side, with a block amidships for stepping the mast, fitted with small shutters for closing the oarports, when not in use, rudder hung on the starboard side, whence this side got its name (steerboard).

Outside, along the gunwale, were hung thirty-two shields on each side, painted alternately yellow and black, and hung so as to overlap each other. The ship had been buried in clay, and was very well preserved except the extremities of the stems, which penetrated into a surface layer of mixed clay and mould, and had rotted

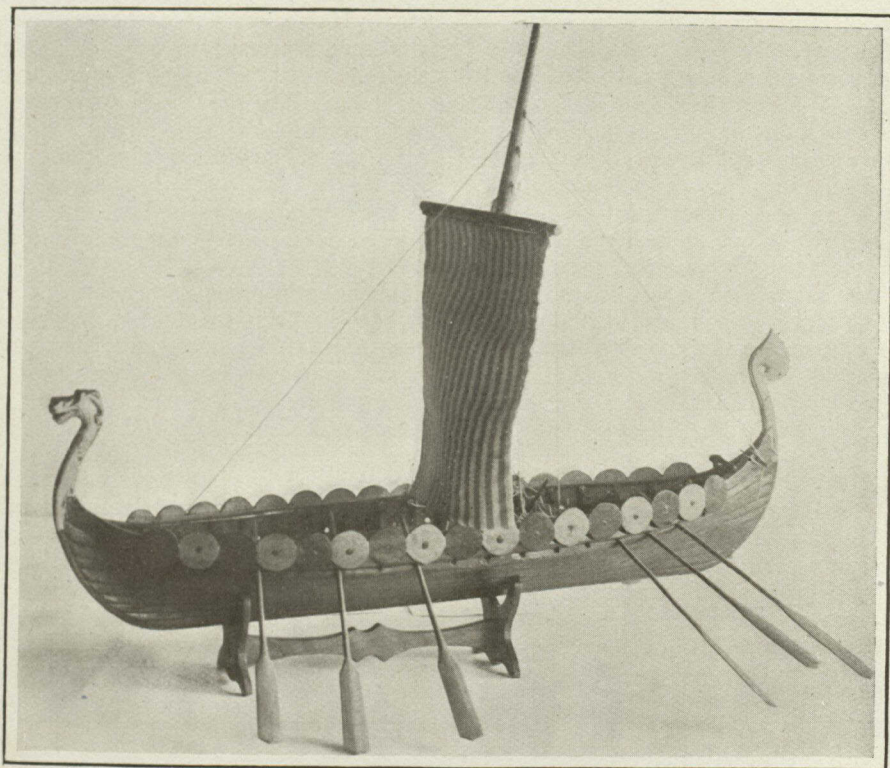
away. Hence we do not know if the stem and stern posts of this vessel ended in a carved dragon's head and tail. Probably they did, as dragon heads were found carved on the tiller of the vessel, on the remains of a high seat (state chair of the owner), and on the barge-boards which had supported a tent over the vessel when at anchor.

The beautiful lines of the ship and her excellent design and workmanship show that at the time she was built (probably about the end of the eighth or beginning of the ninth century) the art of shipbuilding in Norway was very highly developed. This ship is generally supposed to have been built for use on the comparatively smooth waters of the Norwegian fjords, and the vessels in which the vikings crossed the North Sea are probably of a stouter and heavier build. That the sailing qualities of such a ship were quite equal to a long ocean voyage is



THE ORIGINAL LONDON BRIDGE

A REPLICA WILL BE USED IN THE "DANISH INVASION" SCENE OF THE FESTIVAL



MODEL OF VIKING SHIP FOUND IN A GRAVE-MOUND IN NORWAY

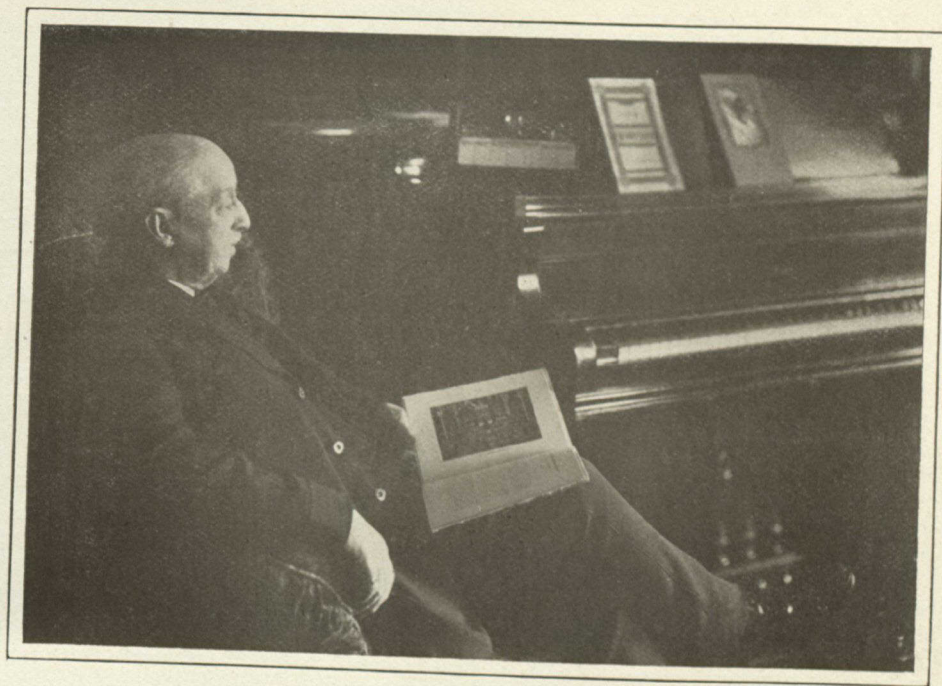
shown by the fact that a model of this vessel, which was built for the Chicago Exhibition at the shipbuilding yard of Framness, in Sandefjord, close to the place where the original was discovered, crossed the Atlantic under her own sail, and sailed up the inland waterways to Chicago.

A grave-chamber had been built inside the ship. This had been broken into by cutting through the ship's side at some remote period, probably soon after the interment. It was the practice to bury the dead with his weapons and treasure, and mound-

breaking in search of these is often mentioned in the Sagas. Accordingly, no weapons or objects of value were discovered at the nineteenth century mound-breaking, though many objects of interest and of the highest antiquarian value were found.

The Festival of Empire will extend over three months, and during the whole of that time visitors are not likely to have a moment's rest in the daytime. It is a great, even a noble scheme; it means more to the Empire than the Empire may realise at the moment.





DOCTOR TORRINGTON AT HOME

DR. TORRINGTON AND HIS WORK

BY JEAN BLEWETT

MORE than half a century ago Doctor Torrington left behind him his beloved England, the country of music-lovers and of soft voices, to cast in his lot with the people of Canada. It has meant much to him, but infinitely more to the country. Even half a century ago we had plenty of musical talent and ambition, but we lacked an executive force to direct and develop them.

Then came Doctor Torrington, whose name in time grew to be a household word. Into his work he brought the confidence of training and education, the activity mental and physical of one thoroughly in love with the task and imbued with the belief in its importance; and, what stood for more than all, a big sympathetic na-

ture and a personality forceful enough to make itself felt.

His first position in Canada was as organist and choirmaster of Saint James Methodist Church, Montreal. During his twelve years there he was connected with many musical organizations, had charge of the 25th Regiment (King's Own Borderers) band, the Montreal Orchestral Union, and other companies. When the patriotic people decided on a musical festival by way of welcoming the Prince of Wales, our present King, on his visit to Canada, the leadership was given into the hands of Doctor Torrington. To such successful issue did he bring it that when, later, the cousins across the line were about to celebrate the first Peace Jubilee in Boston they

invited the Doctor to take charge of the Canadian contingent. Not content with having his occasional help, they set about securing him for themselves, and to this end offered him the organ in King's Chapel, Boston, which he accepted.

Unflagging as ever in his zeal, he formed and conducted societies throughout the State, conducted the mass rehearsals for the second Jubilee, took part in the Harvard Symphony, and Handel's and Haydn's orchestra, keeping up the while the organ recitals in many churches, among them Henry Ward Beecher's, and also in the Boston Music Hall.

In 1873 he came, in the full flush of his achievement, to take the organ and choir of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. So strong a factor in the success of the church did his music become, that in places throughout Ontario the Metropolitan is still spoken of as "Torrington's church" by the middle-aged men and women who, as boys and girls at school in Toronto twenty-five or thirty years ago, fell under the spell of the master musician's touch on the organ-keys and the singing of his choir.

The history of Doctor Torrington's career in Toronto has been, and continues to be, one of unabated faithfulness and vigour. He has always refused to fear work, or be daunted by difficulties. Among his early efforts was the reorganising of the Philharmonic Society, which, under his direction produced such works as "The Messiah," "Elijah," "Hymn of Praise" and "Creation." At the present time the Toronto Festival Chorus, organised by him in 1886, West Toronto Chorus, with the To-

ronto Orchestra, are, under his direction, producing similar works. Doctor Torrington stands identified with many musical events of note, among them the special performance to celebrate the late Queen's Jubilee of succession to the throne; the opening of Massey Music Hall in 1894, by request of Mr. Hart Massey, the donor of the Hall, with Handel's "Messiah," and the gala musical performance with orchestra and chorus in honour of the present Prince of Wales' visit in 1901. In recognition of his worth, the University of Toronto bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Music.

Doctor Torrington, as head of the College of Music, as conductor at the production of some massive work, or waking the echoes in Boston Music Hall or one of our own large churches with that wonderful touch upon the keys which marks him master of his craft, is a notable figure, worthy of a name and place that are peculiarly his own.

But a word about the Doctor Torrington of the library in his Pembroke Street residence, with its open fire, its profusion of books, pictures, music—its atmosphere of pure home life. The stronger the personality, the more closely knit is the inner circle to which it is revealed. To the world at large he is the musician pure and simple; to his pupils he is known as autocrat; but to the "hearthside folk" he is the genial, kindly soul, the faithful friend, the "Torrington" whom his followers admire as a man and love as a boy—yes, as a boy—for enough of the eternal youth of genius is his to keep him a boy till the end of the chapter.



THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE

AN OUTLINE OF PROPOSED LAND REFORM IN ENGLAND, INVOLVING
SMALL OWNERSHIP, LAND BANKS, AND CO-OPERATION

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

THE traveller over the vast prairies of Canada, fifty years ago, saw only alkali plains on which the buffalo fed; the first settlers in Australia looked out upon the salt-bush plains where it seemed that only the dingo and the kangaroo could find a living. What a change has taken place! Now the vast West of Canada, which was supposed to be an alkali desert, incapable of effective human settlement, is transformed into waving seas of golden grain which help to feed vast populations in Europe and give homes and work to growing millions. The salt-bush plains of Australia, the undulating wastes of New Zealand, have become wide fields of pasture and farms of wheat. It is as though a magician had spread out his wand and altered the surface of those lands. Behind that progress, behind those changes, has lain the principle of ownership: first, tenancy, as in the case of Australia and New Zealand, then ownership; in the case of Canada, ownership—ownership—ownership. The traveller in England half a century ago and more, looked out upon innumerable spaces covered with waving corn. England was feeding herself to a large degree. The small owner, the yeoman farmer, was to be found everywhere.

All that has changed. Our colonies have plunged forward from the wild grass and the wild pasture into ripe rich, abundant cultivation. We have

gone back into the more primary condition of a nation. The land is being turned into one great pasture; the small yeoman has gone; his children have fled to take refuge in new lands, or to be lost in the bitter competition, the smothering congestion of great cities. We have thrown away so much agricultural wealth, seen with listless minds the breaking down of the very foundations of national strength that it would almost seem too late to reconstruct, to rebuild.

Fortunately, however, all parties are in accord that something should be done. They are agreed upon all the terms of the agricultural and land problem save one, and that, unfortunately, is the solution. Towards the solution they travel a long way together, being agreed that small holdings are the basis of real reform. But on the vital question of tenure they part company with some violence. The Liberal party turns to perpetual tenancy and land nationalism; the Unionists turn to ownership. Unionists do not propose to do away with tenancy, but propose that tenancy and ownership shall exist side by side. There are parts of the country where large tenancies have been and are successful, where very small farms and small owners would not find favourable conditions; but universal and perpetual tenancy, which denies full scope to ambition, which prevents a man from realising the desire to pos-

sess, to own, to enable him to say, "This is mine, all mine!" cannot but undermine the vigour, hope, and power of a people.

Still less can tenancy succeed when the State is the landlord. The success of tenancy depends not only on the skill and industry of the tenant, but on the sympathy and assistance of the landowner. It has even been urged that the small owner will suffer through being thrown on his own resources and deprived of a landlord's helpful sympathy. But so is the man who becomes the tenant of the State or of a County Council. He cannot expect from a public body, the trustee of the public, the aid which the private landlord can, and does, give to help him through hard times. The tenant of the State, at the best, suffers all the disadvantages of tenancy and ownership without enjoying the advantages of either. But under the Small Holdings Act of 1907 his position can be made still worse, for he is forced to pay full rent, and also to repay to the Council the purchase of the land; and then, having paid the purchase price of the land, he never gets it, but remains a tenant for ever. We propose a better way, the origin of all progress—Ownership.

The policy of ownership is based on human nature and experience. Deep in the heart of every man is the desire of ownership. To have something, however small, which he can call his own, calls forth all that is best in him. He is stimulated by the burden of responsibility and the fulness of reward. The life of the small owner is not an idyll; it is a serious, often a very hard reality. Small ownership no more gives immunity from toil or care than any other occupation; it has its blanks as well as its prizes. But it gives to the owner the full and undivided reward of his labours; all that he puts into the soil is repaid to him, and to him alone. And more, the land being his, he has always something to leave behind. The tenant can only leave his savings; the owner can leave his

savings and his property as well. It is in human nature that a man should desire to be an owner; and the success or failure of all things depends on their being in conformity or opposition to natural law. As applied to land tenure, this theory has been proved by every nation. By accepting it, and translating it into action, they have found a solution of those agrarian problems which now afflict us. It is not only the old and overcrowded countries of Europe which have sought and found the solution in the distribution of the land among small owners. Our own Colonies, whose land is thinly peopled and belongs to the State, have created private ownership, and have even found it desirable to break up large estates into small ownerships, in pursuance of their policy of closer settlement. The younger nations are doing this to attract men to the land and to fill their empty spaces; the older nations have done it in order to find place for their redundant population, and to stimulate the capacity of the soil as employer and producer. But all alike have acted on the doctrine that it is ownership which most attracts and binds men to the land, and that small ownership begets in the highest degree the energies which secure the utmost return from the soil. It is for the future to show the results in the New World; but there is a century of triumphant experience to which we can appeal in the Old World.

Having adopted small ownership as the basis of true land reform, the first question is how these ownerships may be created. There are two classes of men with whom we have to deal—those who already rent land, who are willing to buy, and whose landlords are willing to sell; and those who have no land, but who have the capacity to make good husbandmen, given the opportunity. And in both cases we have to assume that the would-be purchasers have little or no capital of their own, certainly not enough to enable them to pay any

substantial share of the purchase price and still retain working capital. That the energies of such men should be utilised to their fullest extent in the regeneration of our greatest industry is a matter of national concern; and therefore the resources of the State should be employed to relieve them of the handicap placed on them by want of means. This obligation has been admitted by England in the case of Irish agriculture, but it is not necessary that the method adopted there should be adopted here. There are objections to the creation of a new loan by the State which could be met by the establishment of a Central Land Bank, having the guarantee of the State behind it, at any rate in its earliest stages. This Central Land Bank might have four or five dependent or branch banks in the five great districts of England—the North, the South, the East, the West, and Wales. Or, again, there might—there no doubt would—be Provincial Land Banks, founded by private enterprise, in which the public and the Government might take stock, and these would provide purchase-money for the small owner. No hard-and-fast limit need here be set to the amount of money to be advanced. In Ireland the tenant purchaser is provided with the whole amount of the purchase money, and the English Act of 1892 requires the purchaser to find one-fifth. But it is clear that, if the scheme is to be a reality and a success, the greater part, if not the whole, of the purchase money will have to be advanced.

Behold, then, our owner settled on his little farm. He has the land, the pride of ownership, a little capital perhaps, but not enough to carry him on. He cannot make bricks without straw, and he has no straw. Had the small owner no one to fall back upon he must fail; indeed, that is largely why he failed in the past. And it is true that he will have no landlord to fall back upon. But it is part of the Unionist land reform policy to pro-

vide a substitute for the landlord, to enable him to fall back upon—himself.

Here we come to the last and most vital item of the Unionist policy—co-operation. Without providing for the organisation of agriculture it would be folly to risk the national credit in attempting its regeneration, and it would be cruel to expose industrious men to almost certain disappointment and ruin. An agricultural organisation must take the form of co-operative effort. Co-operation, mutual help, is only self-help under another aspect. The individual is merged in a community of men in like case with himself without losing his individuality. He contributes to the general body the results of his character and energy, and is repaid an hundredfold by getting the support and assistance of his associated fellows. Co-operation walks beside the small owner all the way, buying for him, selling for him, and financing him.

Finance has been the stumbling-block over which peasant proprietary has fallen in the past; co-operation alone can remove the obstacle. The small owner must have easy access to cheap money, and the access to cheap money through the big joint-stock banks not being easy for the small man, he must form banks of his own; he must create credit for himself. This he does by forming co-operative Village Banks on the lines laid down by Raiffesien, such as cover the Continent and are succeeding so admirably in Ireland. These Village Banks must not be confused with the Land Banks which provide purchase-money.

The Land Bank has fulfilled its functions when the small owner is placed on his farm. The Village Bank then steps in to provide the working capital for its cultivation. The Village Bank has no shareholders and no subscribed capital. It operates in a small area; its members are known to one another, and are elected for their character. With them, and them only, it deals. As they cannot become

members unless they have a good reputation for industry and honour, they are able to borrow the money they want for stocking their little farms, for seeds, implements, and the like, on the personal security of themselves and one or two friends. Their character becomes an asset, because they are dealing with men who know them personally. The Village Bank obtains its money by deposits, or by advance from a Central Land Bank, or (as in Ireland) from large ordinary banks, with or without a Government guarantee. Borrowing at low rates, having no dividend to pay, and no staff or office expenses, it can lend to its members on very easy terms—often only a penny per pound per month. Being based on the principle of mutual help, the Bank Committee consider the purposes for which loans are asked, and advise the borrowers as to the employment of the money.

The small owner buys in small quantities, and so has to pay retail prices for seeds, manures, feeding stuffs, implements, and so on. Conveying them in small quantities, he has heavy charges for transport. Being a small customer, and of little account, dishonest dealers often palm off inferior articles upon him. He thus buys in the dearest and frequently the inferior markets. In his farm work he is handicapped by lack of suitable implements. He cannot afford expensive modern machinery; he works on too small a scale to make its use profitable, even if he could; and yet competition requires him to be up-to-date in his methods. Co-operation takes him by the hand and helps him past these difficulties. Co-operative societies buy what their members need, from machinery down to fencing wire, direct from the manufacturers at wholesale prices, and transport in bulk, thereby getting cheaper railway rates. Their custom is worth having, therefore the manufacturers supply them with the best material. Neighbouring small owners combine to buy, or hire, expensive implements, and

use them in common. Thus by co-operation the working costs of the small farmer are lowered and his efficiency increased.

Last of all in the industrial process comes the distribution of the produce of the farm. Here, again, the small man, by himself, is seriously handicapped. It is almost impossible for him to sell his stuff to the best advantage. If he hawks his produce himself, he has to neglect the business he knows best; if he sells through dealers, he is often at the mercy of a "ring"; in any case his profits pass through many hands and shrink in passing. He cannot study the markets, nor, if he did, can he avail himself of higher prices in places at a distance. He cannot make contracts to supply goods, because he has not the quantity of produce to enable him to fill his contracts regularly, nor grade it to a regular standard. And always, and in small quantities, he has to pay high rates of carriage. Once more co-operation steps in and takes the business of distribution off his hands. The Co-operative Society advises him how best to sell his stock, and it sees that he gets full value. It collects his milk, fruit, eggs, and vegetables at its depots, and sends them away in bulk, and therefore cheaply, to the centres where it has contracts, or where prices are highest. Thus the small farmer gets the best return for his labour, is relieved of business which he does not understand, and shares in the profit of the societies which have helped him.

To encourage and assist the development of co-operation, in finance, production, and distribution, is an essential and integral part of Land Reform. Without credit and co-operation, small ownership cannot succeed. Without ownership, credit and co-operation will not produce their highest results. It is by the combination of all three that we can hope to call out the best qualities of the husbandman, and give his energies the fairest prospect of success.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DANCE

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

WITH a great sigh of relief, Doctor Girard lifted the latch of the Seigneur's gate and passed into the quiet shade of the laurels, and the grateful coolness of the grass path which led to the Seigneur's front door. The door stood open, and somewhere, from the dimness beyond, Madame Berthe emerged at the sound of the knocker. At sight of the doctor, she began to talk volubly as she advanced.

"Ah, Monsieur Girard! How glad I am that you are come at last! Monsieur de Valleau is greatly exhausted—the result of this terrible attack, you understand—the eyes staring—the chin sunk—and he shivers—*mon Dieu!* like this—" and her plump sides shook in futile imitation.

Doctor Girard removed his broad straw hat and fanned his heated and bewildered face.

"But, *nom de Dieu*, madame," he objected, "it is incredible! When I left monsieur this morning, he was vastly improved, the pulse tranquil, the brow cool—it is incredible—incredible."

He repeated the word several times mechanically as though to conceal behind it some half-formed thought. Then tentatively, he raised his eyes to the face of the housekeeper with the kind keenness peculiar to men in his profession.

"Madame Berthe," he said, speaking softly, as he always did to women, "what did Monsieur de Valleau do that induced this second attack?"

The quiet insistence of his tone produced in her a sort of agitated

calm. Her breast heaved, but her voice reflected the calmness of his.

"Is it necessary, professionally, monsieur, that you know?"

"Very necessary, indeed."

"For the good of Monsieur de Valleau?"

"For his good."

Madame Berthe raised her arched brows appealingly; the doctor bent his bristling gray ones in final decision. "For his good."

"*Très bien!*" she broke out. "I will play the spy! My tongue shall repeat what my eyes had no right to see. But if it benefit Monsieur Louis, for what does my honour count? You understand! And to speak—what relief! I feel sometimes Monsieur Girard that I must burst with the secret if I retain it longer!"

The doctor nodded sympathetically and she went on:

"You ask, monsieur, what the Seigneur has done to induce this relapse. I answer—nothing. He is powerless, I believe, to combat the cause of these sicknesses. And the whole cause, Monsieur Girard, is the Stradivarius violin! It calls to him with a thousand tongues, each one more false than the tongue of a woman—*hein?* You laugh? But we are false, monsieur. Once with that brown harlot on his arm he is become as a straw, blown about by every gale of melody. After the ecstasy, there is the price to pay in his poor throbbing head and broken nerves—*voilà!* I send for Doctor Girard! As for Mademoiselle Gabrielle, she only encourages him in his madness, and she

—my faith — with four Saints' names!"

She paused to take breath. Doctor Girard, seizing the opportunity, led her with gentle pressure into the dim parlour, and, placing an arm-chair for her, he seated himself opposite with an air of determination.

"Now," he said, "behind all these metaphors, there is something more than a bagatelle. Seated so, we can discuss the matter with more composure, and you will be able, my dear lady, to lay the entire case before me with your accustomed precision and admirable discernment."

Madame Berthe relaxed for a moment into an appreciative smile; then, with a wave of her plump hands brushed an imaginary veil from between them, and began:

"Voilà! the whole story!"

"I have lived in this house, as perhaps you know, for more than forty years. I arrived from Old France a year before the birth of Monsieur Louis, the present seigneur, and consequently, two years prior to the death of my dear lady, his mother. Since that time he has been as a son to me, always gentle, always considerate, and yet, on occasion, of a mulish stubbornness. When he desires anything, one may as well give in with a good grace, for he will have his way in the end, of a surety.

"As a child, he was like a little bird, so full of music, hearing voices where others were deaf. For example, the great poplar that shadows the house—you have observed it?"

"One of the stateliest of its kind, madame."

"*Eh bien!* He would lie on the grass by the hour with his little face turned upward toward its trembling leaves. 'Don't you hear it Tante Berthe?' he would call, 'That's the Spirit of the Poplar whispering to me!' And me, monsieur, I heard nothing save the leaves rustling in that aggravating way that poplars have, but pouf! I made pretense to hear it also—to please my little Louis.

"*Alors*, when he was fourteen, the old seigneur presented him with a violin all inlaid with pearl. That was the beginning. Before a month, he could play anything with assurance from the songs of Old France to the boatman's chant of Canada. But for the dance music, he was superb! Incomparable! You know Remi Leduc, monsieur, who keeps the tavern?"

"He is a rascal, madame."

"Without doubt. But you admit that he fiddles well? *Alors*, I have seen Monsieur Louis and Remi, as boys, at a country dance, making music that put the devil in one's heels—and such a picture they made— young Remi with his wicked black curls and bold eyes and my dear lad so slim and pensive and all lost in the melody. But to return! Finally Monsieur Lambert, Louis' tutor, declared it a waste of time for the boy to drudge over Latin and mathematics with so great a talent unrefined and the old Seigneur was persuaded to send him to Montreal to make a study of the violin. So Monsieur Lambert conveyed him thither — the worst day's work of his life. For five years we saw him only during short visits. Then, when he was twenty the old Seigneur sent for him. He was growing feeble and he wanted his boy at his side. *Mais* — do you think that Monsieur Louis remained here in content? No, it was nothing but Rome, Rome, Rome! It seemed that a great master of the violin taught there and nothing would do but he must have lessons of him, and, *en passant*, I believe, to see a little of the world. Now had it been dear Paris—but *Rome!*" Madame Berthe's dimpled fingers waved contempt.

"However, Rome it was, and music it was, till there was no living in peace with him! For me, I liked his playing less than before — all the *esprit*, the gaiety had gone out of it. It made one think of Ember days, and cold night winds and the poplar tree. Finally, monsieur, the music came between the father and son. There

was no longer the same camaraderie. They would sit almost silent at their meals, the old Seigneur worried and depressed; Monsieur Louis dreamy and preoccupied. In spite of myself, I was in sympathy with the boy. It is the woman's way, *n'est-ce pas?*

"And, *en effet*, there was small pleasure in a little village, for a young gentleman of his attainments. Then, one spring morning, quite unexpectedly, the old Seigneur died in this same arm-chair. *Mon Dieu!* After the first hour of grief, I could see the resolve in my boy's eyes, shining in spite of himself. One night, a month later, he led me to the hall window, which gives on the south. 'Tante Berthe,' he whispered in my ear, 'don't you hear the Spirit of the Poplar Tree? It's calling me—'Louis de Valleau, come to Rome!' And oh, Tante Berthe, I must heed the call, and go!

"It was his way of breaking the news to me; and of what avail was it that I should demur? *Après tout*, he was a de Valleau and I his house-keeper. So, almost before I realised it, our adieux were made, and I was left to face the solitary years."

She fell silent and the unheeded tears ran down her cheeks. Doctor Girard looked out at the poplar, whose trunk, an arm's length from the window, showed sternly against the green of the laurels. When he had given the house-keeper time to recover her composure he turned to her and said gently:

"We all know, madame, how the Seigneur went to Rome, and how you bore those years of loneliness without complaint."

"Thank you, monsieur. It was almost seven years till his return, but he wrote faithfully. It goes without saying what pride I had in his success.

"*Alors*, he wrote one day that a beautiful and gifted Italian lady had given him a rare old Stradivarius violin of great value. Monsieur," with a slight shrug, "everyone knows that he married her, and that four years

later, he came home, broken in health and spirit, with the Petite Gabrielle in his arms, all that was left to him of Rome and that unhappy union. Tell me, what do they say in the village concerning her?"

"That at the best, she is worse than dead to him; that, at the worst, he is better here than there."

"Ah, they know much, monsieur, but not the worst, which is—" Madame Berthe leaned toward him with an air of mystery and whispered—"that she was no great lady but *une danseuse*, who won her bread by her agility and so pirouetted into the heart of my boy. Would such as she be faithful even to a de Valleau? *Mon Dieu*, no! But he is loyal to her—quixotically so—to the extent of sending her every *sou* that can be spared. *Spared!* Heaven forgive him! He does his best to starve us that the economies may be sent to her at Rome!"

"These economies, then," asked the doctor, "is it that they affect the health of Monsieur de Valleau to such an alarming extent or—but I see, madame, that the half of your disclosures have not been made. Pray proceed."

"Ah, doctor, the Seigneur would rather die than that I should inform you of this? But in what dilemma am I? Shall I allow him to die when you perhaps can save him? Doctors, too, like priests, remember nothing that is best forgotten, *hé?* *Eh bien*, there are two things from which you must save the Seigneur, himself—and the Stradivarius violin."

Doctor Girard nodded, his patient dark face immobile. Madame Berthe proceeded.

"Music, in its place, monsieur, is a joyful thing. Am I not a Frenchwoman? The promenade—the costumes—a tang of the sea in the air—the military band—oh! *très agréable!* *Mais*—music in the dead of night, a piercing bizarre wailing of one violin—is it agreeable, monsieur? Does it soothe the senses?"

As for the dancing of Mademoiselle Gabrielle, I call it *indecent*. And, without doubt, it is that which kills the Seigneur by inches.

"It was in this manner that I became cognisant of it. In November last I was a martyr to neuralgia of the teeth. *Eh bien!* One night about the hour of twelve I raised myself from my couch in despair. I am crazed with pain. Will nothing relieve me? Suddenly, I remind myself of the ginger tea. I determine to make a cup with just a suspicion of whisky *blanc*.

"I light my candle and grope my way toward the pantry. Then, as I open the stairway door, I am paralysed with horror by an unearthly sound of music. During a moment I try to convince myself that it is but the howling of the wind, for it is a stormy night. But no, as I strain my ears I become certain that it proceeds from the chamber of Monsieur le Seigneur. It is the violin! And, blessed Mother! Such music! It was like the cry of a soul lost at sea—it was as the creak of the guillotine—still more it resembled the dance of the dead leaves in November and the bare branches of the poplar scraping on the eaves.

"But there is not much of the dance in me. I stumble down the stairway to the Seigneur's door. I press my eye to the keyhole. My knees tremble as with the ague.

"The chamber is half-lit by a shifty moonlight. There is one bright patch directly before the door. Suddenly I become aware of the sound of quick breathing. I press my eye still closer. Then in the moonlight I see mademoiselle in her night-robe. She darts forward, she crouches, she spins like one possessed. Her lightness, her grace, her tricks of the hands and head are those of the trained dancer.

"I can no more remove my eye from the keyhole than I can remove it from its socket. I remain there I know not how long; then the music ceases and I see no more of made-

moiselle. The voice of the Seigneur comes then, very weak and broken. He is saying—'Draw the blind, my child, and then to thy bed. Promise me that you will forget this night.'

"I hear the child say, 'Yes, papa'—the sound of a kiss—then, in a moment, she is in the hall.

"Once the door is safely closed, I clutch her by the arms and drag her to the pantry. She makes no sound. She is dazed by my attack.

"'Little evil one!' I scream, shaking her—in truth I am beside myself—'Explain!' I scream, 'explain!'"

The house-keeper's voice rose to a high pitch and Doctor Girard made a warning gesture.

"Ah, forgive me if I appear foolishly wrought up, monsieur, but these occurrences have preyed on me for nearly a year! For the rest, there is little to tell. I questioned Mademoiselle Gabrielle closely. She is a truthful child although like no de Valleau I have ever seen. She said, looking me in the eyes: 'My papa called me and I ran to him in my night-robe. When I entered his room he was playing the Strad. Without resting his bow, he nodded and smiled at me and said—"*Dance!*" I cross myself, Tante Berthe, it is the truth. I knew the way at once.'

"'Had this ever occurred before?' I demanded. Yes, twice, she replied; once a long, long time ago, and once in the summer. Did I not remember, when her papa was ill? *Hélas!* I had cause to remember!"

"And the next day?" interrogated Monsieur Girard.

"My toothache was departed."

"And Monsieur de Valleau?"

"Enervated beyond speech, and irritable, *mon Dieu!* like a caged lion!"

"And Mademoiselle Gabrielle?"

"As though nothing had happened—gay, singing through the house, gambolling with some young kittens, and imploring me to make a *pâté* for her supper.'

"How often has this occurred since?"

"Once again in the early spring and, during the last month, three times."

"You have seen nothing?"

"Absolutely. At times I awake in the night starting with perspiration, listening involuntarily for the sound of music. It is but a fancy. Only by the extreme exhaustion of the Seigneur on the following day can I draw any conclusions concerning the night before. I am convinced that my dear Seigneur is powerless to resist this evil, and, as for mademoiselle, who can blame her? She is as the good God made her. The dance is in her blood. Does the bird know why he sings? It is the Stradivarius alone which is responsible. While it is in the Seigneur's chamber may the Saints pray for him! *Voilà tout.*"

With this pious invocation Madame Berthe laid her palms together with some complacency. It was not often that she had so good a listener or a narrative so thrilling.

Doctor Girard rose without comment.

"I neglect my patient," he said abruptly. "If you will pardon me, madame—"

He bowed at the door and turning, ascended the steep stairway. At the turning his spare figure was lost in the upper dimness.

*

In the chamber of Monsieur de Valleau, it was so dim indeed, that a moment passed before the doctor could discern the face and hands of his patient showing pale against the carving of his high-backed chair. Then he advanced.

"Ah, a pleasant morning to you, monsieur! Shall I open your shutters a bit? I can make nothing tangible out of you in this gloom."

"Yes — and nothing very tangible in the sunshine either. I am growing to be such stuff as dreams are made of, doctor."

The voice came with penetrating clearness, vibrant as the tone of a cello. Doctor Girard unlatched the shutters, admitting a pathway of sun-

light. Then, being seated, he laid his fingers lightly on the Seigneur's wrist.

"H'm! As I expected — extreme lassitude, following a period of intense excitement. It is inevitable."

He raised his eyes to the Seigneur's face with frank scrutiny. The Seigneur's own eyes, long-lashed, with something of the delicacy of a woman's, narrowed a little, then he smiled faintly.

"Whom am I to thank for the insinuation in your tone, Monsieur le Docteur? Is it that you imagine I have been drinking?"

It was not the habit of the little doctor to beat about the bush. He came to the point now with trenchant directness.

"Not alcohol, monsieur, assuredly not. But there are other excesses as evil in their effects." He nodded toward where the Stradivarius lay in its rosewood case. "Music for example! Sometimes people become crazed over that. I have been observing you carefully, monseigneur, and I think that is at the root of your trouble. I may as well say I am positive this is the case." Catching a gleam of anger in the Seigneur's eyes, he added, with a slight shrug: "You see, I am your medical adviser, otherwise, to me, you were above suspicion. But that which I suspect—I know."

Louis de Valleau made as though to rise, then, with a certain weariness of movement, habitual to him, and now accentuated by his physical depression, he threw himself back in his chair and faced the doctor.

"Ah, Girard," he said, with one of his sudden smiles. "You have me at last, old humbug! It goes without saying that you are right. It's the music madness that is killing me—the madness of music — and motion—the music of motion"—he passed his hand confusedly across his eyes—"Ah, faith! I'm a poor sort of fellow. I shall go on a little longer, while the spark holds out to burn and then—at last—I shall step off into the night, and so—*bon soir!*" He made a light

gesture of the fingers as one who casts away a cigarette, at the same time watching the elder man, somewhat boyishly, to observe the effect of his words.

Doctor Girard scratched his grizzled chin in thought for a moment, then he raised his inquiring gaze to the Seigneur's face and asked slowly: "And when you step off into the night, Louis le Débonnaire, will Mademoiselle Gabrielle accompany you, or will she remain behind perchance to reap the harvest you have sown?"

*

An hour later, Madame Berthe, in attendance in the hall below perceived the little doctor marching soberly down the stairs with the Stradivarius violin held awkwardly before him. As he reached the bottom step he extended the instrument to madame, who took it by the neck gingerly, and for a moment they contemplated its urbane polished surface in silence. Then madame, breaking into tears, laid her head in the black lace cap, quite simply, on the homely breast of Doctor Girard.

With a tenderness in which there was a hint of exasperation, he patted her plump shoulder, grumbling: "Madame, for the love of Heaven, contain yourself! Tut! tut! For what are you crying? God bless me, what a woman!"

The pats became almost fierce, and Madame Berthe was induced to raise her head and straighten her cap, which was drooping dejectedly over one eye.

"I am an old fool!" she cried. "But it seems too good to believe! Tell me, doctor, did Monsieur de Val-leau surrender it willingly? Shall I dare approach him?"

"Of a certainty. You will find him quite penitent and very docile. Be cheerful in his presence, make a deal of him — you women know the way. Above all, see that he eats plenty of nourishing food. It is of the utmost importance. Some good Burgundy a

cutlet to breakfast, French chocolate, broiled chickens, grapes — in short, let him live well. We cannot produce a materialist, madame, from a diet of music and pills!"

He knew more of the house-keeper's economies that she was aware. As he stood on the threshold, he added in a whisper: "And if he demands the violin, send for me, send for me."

The doctor's spare figure had barely disappeared behind the laurels, when Gabrielle emerged from them. She was in white and her curling brown hair hung loosely about her face. The warmth of an honest wrath showed in her olive cheeks. Her eyes smaller and more almond-shaped than her fathers, had in their depths a latent recklessness that went well with the poise of her small, finely formed head.

"Tante Berthe!" she burst out, "are you in love with Doctor Girard? Tell me — I demand to know! For I saw you in his arms one moment ago — with my own eyes! Tante Berthe, I think you are a very wicked old woman, I do indeed! As for Doctor Girard — grr-r!"

She towered fiercely over poor Madame Berthe, who had sunk in a confused heap on the door-sill, and now, rocking herself to and fro, inquired pathetically: "What has come over me this day?"

"Tell me, were you making love, *ma tante*?" reiterated the child. "It is no use to deny. I caught you in the act. Last fête day I saw Henri Gosselin and Marie Roy making love. It was the very same — her head on his shoulder, her hat over one eye, as your cap to-day — oh, it was unspeakably the same!"

The picture of herself thus conjured up touched Madame's ever keen sense of humour. She began to laugh hysterically.

"Oh, naughty child!" she gasped, embracing Gabrielle, "for what was I born! I leave my beloved France and come to these wilds to nurse your dear grandmamma. I bring up your

poor papa. I am a mother to you although you are like no de Valleau I have ever seen. Finally, in my old age, I am accused of making love to a bourgeois Canadian doctor! *C'est fini*, let me crawl away to die!"

Gabrielle was conscience-stricken. She pressed her cheek to that of the house-keeper and slipped her arms about her neck whispering: "Forgive me, *ma tante*, it is I who am wicked, me, with four Saints' names. I will eat mutton broth to my dinner — I will embroider my sampler for an hour — I will even wear my hair in plaits without complaint! Do you love me now?"

"*Là, là, chérie! Attends donc!* And I shall tell thee why thy foolish old nurse laid her head on the shoulder of Doctor Girard. It was that she might shed tears of thankfulness because she believes that he will be able perhaps to make thy dear papa quite well again."

She led Gabrielle to the oak-beamed parlour then and told her what had taken place and how they must be heedful to keep the Seigneur always cheerful and that it was to be her little part to bring him flowers, to read to him; that she must be a little mother to him in place of a daughter, and she must kiss him on both cheeks, but never, never, speak of the evil Stradivarius. Monsieur Girard depended on her.

Gabrielle's cheeks flushed as she listened and her eyes widened in contemplation of her new responsibility. Heretofore, she had been refused admittance to the Seigneur's room during his illness; now, she would be allowed to lavish all her love on him and that would make him well without fail. She hugged Tante Berthe rapturously and then demanded:

"But if I nurse my father what will be your part?"

"Ah, that is the heart-break, *ma petite!* Monsieur Girard says it is imperative that thy papa have the best of food, the most expensive wine, peaches, chocolate, young fowls and

cutlets — where is the money for these? That is what vexes me. You see, our little garden here produces none of them; indeed, we shall have to send to Quebec, I fear. I have almost no money, and I dare not harass thy papa when he is so ill. Where, then, can we obtain it?"

"Tante Berthe, I know, by the way your lip twists, that you have some plan. Is it to ask Monsieur le curé?"

The house-keeper smiled uneasily.

"No, not that. Thy papa would prefer to die—I am certain. But there is a way—it is true I have been thinking of it—it seems unavoidable—to sell the violin."

Gabrielle reddened to the neck. She left her seat and went to where the Stradivarius lay on a marble table. She drew her fingers caressingly across the strings and said slowly with a little catch in her voice: "It would be like stealing—like stealing."

"*Pi donc!*" exclaimed Madame Berthe hurriedly. "What things you say, child! When the good papa is quite well again, he can buy it back. I will make that stipulation on the bargain."

The truth was that she had determined not to give the Stradivarius house-room for another night. Might not some ghostly bow draw from its strings the prelude to another midnight dance? Come what might, she would save Louis de Valleau and his child from themselves.

"Ah, but no one would buy it," said Gabrielle, hopefully.

"I have thought of that also," said Madame Berthe. "It shall be Remi Leduc, the landlord of *Le Chien Noir*. He broke his fiddle yesterday over the head of Jean Baptiste Ratte because he *would* beat time on the floor with his hob-nailed boots. *Eh bien!* Remi shall buy the violin and when thy dear papa is quite himself again, we shall buy it back, my pet — *n'est-ce pas?*"

Gabrielle nodded; she dared not trust herself to speak. She was struggling to grasp the extent of the void

which the loss of the Strad would make in her eventless life. It had been as one of the family. Its silvery notes had called her with the yearning of a mother's voice. When a little child she had gazed at her own reflection in its deep red-brown surface as in a mother's eyes. A hot tear splashed on it, and with her finger she traced the moisture on the polished wood. It took the form of a cross. She was thrilled by the thought that it was marked thus with the sacred sign for a sacrifice.

The remainder of the afternoon she went about dreamily, scarcely speaking, and once, when her father drew her to his side and kissed her, she burst into tears, and implored him to say that he loved her and was entirely pleased with her. When the tea hour came, she carried her salad and brown bread to the porch and ate it from the doorstep, and grew comforted in watching how the sunlight left the lowlier things, bit by bit, till at last only the topmost branch of the poplar tree was gold.

Inside, Madame Berthe consumed many cups of strong tea preparatory to her encounter with the landlord of *Le Chien Noir*, with whom she meant to drive a thrifty bargain. At twilight she emerged, wearing an air of great cheerfulness and her winter cloak, which only partially concealed the form of the Stradivarius beneath her arm.

She would have embraced Gabrielle, but the child turned her face away, so she contented herself with kissing a bit of white neck that showed between the curls.

When the gate clicked Gabrielle, watching through her hair, saw the ample bonnet of Tante Berthe bobbing above the hedge as she trudged down the road. How hot she must be in that heavy cloak! Gabrielle felt sorry now that she had not kissed her, and, after a moment's reflection, she ran to the gate to wave a kiss and call an *au revoir*. Madame Berthe halted and returned the salute as well as she

could, being so much incommoded.

There was no difficulty in persuading the landlord of *Le Chien Noir* to purchase the Seigneur's violin. Already, he was lamenting his stupidity in breaking his own beloved fiddle over the bullet head of Jean Baptiste Ratte. The poker would have been equally effective and infinitely harder to break! So he paid the ten pounds which Madame Berthe demanded, so cheerfully, that the good soul felt a pang of regret that she had not made it twenty. In this manner, the Stradivarius, which had been the idol of a Roman antiquary became the pride of a little inn-keeper of Quebec, and its mellow-throated strings were tuned to lowlier themes.

Thus supplied with ample means to indulge her housewifely instincts, Madame Berthe purchased seasonable delicacies to tempt the appetite of Louis de Valteau, who dutifully ate his *pâtés*, his Burgundy, his mellow peaches, his clam *purée*, without inquiry as to their probable source.

As the days passed without reference to the Strad from her father, Gabrielle's courage rose and she began to be very happy in her post of nurse and little mother to him.

They spent their days together, and when twilight fell they would draw their chairs close to the window to catch the last light on the page she was reading.

One evening she read "La Feuille." It was in late September, but the breeze that ruffled her brown hair, was balmy. As she reached the words:

*"Je Vais où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose
Et la feuille de laurier."*

—the Seigneur's white fingers covered the page and he drew her closer to him.

"Shut the book, sweetheart," he said, "shut the book and let us sit quiet for a while together."

So Gabrielle stretched her arm across his knees and laid her head against his breast with her face upturned to his; and the Seigneur look-

ing down at her, praised the tinting in her cheeks and hair and said her mouth was like her mother's.

The thought of her seemed to increase his sadness, and presently he suggested that they take a turn in the air on the balcony beyond the bed-chamber. So they paced up and down with his arm about her neck. The peacefulness of the night was falling, and from the garden's obscurity the sweet odour of the white stocks came up to them.

When the Seigneur tired, they leaned their arms on the balustrade watching how the lights came out, one by one, in the village below. The Seigneur discovered a yellowing branch on the poplar tree and said that autumn was come at last, but Gabrielle insisted that it was but the work of some destructive worm. He did not answer and she heard him repeat to himself:

"I go where all things go,
Where goes the leaf of the rose
And the leaf of the laurel tree."

Gabrielle, slipping her hand into his, whispered, "Father, will you not come in now? The dew is falling." He smiled at her and obeyed. At the door she whispered again: "Father!"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Father, I do not intend to read those verses about the fallen leaf again, because they make you sad."

*

When Gabrielle awoke that night the moonlight was on her face, and she believed for a moment it was that which had aroused her. Then she saw her father standing at her bedside. In contrast to the sombreness of his long maroon dressing robe, the clear-cut purity of his lineaments was such that she fancied him a part of her dream. He touched her again.

"Wake up, *ma petite*! Father needs thee."

She raised herself to her knees and laid her hands on his breast. "For what, *mon père*? Art thou ill?"

He bent over her and answered in a half-playful manner, as though to reassure her: "*Mais, non*. Not ill. But my heart cries out for the old Strad — to hear it singing on my breast — ah, little one, I am not to be denied this time! You see the music is here," touching his forehead "and it must get out at the fingers or — confusion — confusion — madness — no, I don't mean that, not that — but bring the Strad to my room without delay — I won't be denied, Gabrielle."

"But, papa," she gasped in terror, "the Strad — the Strad — it is not — oh, *mon Dieu* — it is gone — a long way — Tante Berthe —"

"I know. You must pass her door — but go on tiptoe. Have care on the staircase, the third step creaks — remember. Oh! we shall not disturb madame!"

He gave one of his old light gestures, stood in the doorway a moment, smiling at her, and was gone.

Gabrielle pressed her fingers to her eyes and forced herself to face the task which lay before her, to regain the Stradivarius at any cost to take the music from her father's head — his poor bewildered head — lest he should go mad with the music always singing in his brain. She crept to the chair where her clothes lay folded.

"Blessed Sainte Gabrielle," she murmured, as she drew them on, "help thy child." Then she fell to repeating over and over with a sense of comfort — "Mamma, oh, mamma!" She had never said that before.

Her frock on, she stole, scarcely breathing, to the staircase. The third step creaked loudly. She had forgotten to avoid it. There was a moment of painful listening in which it seemed to the child that her whole being became as an ear, that she could hear with her fingers and her forehead. But the midnight silence was broken only by the ticking of the great old clock in the hall below. She ventured the remaining steps.

With timid fingers she drew the

bolts on the front door and stepped out into the moonlight. She had never been alone in the outdoor night before, and the familiar scene in the unfamiliar aspect brought a clutch of dread to her throat. The chirp of the crickets which in the morning was so merry, seemed at this hour to have a sombre note. "They never sleep," she thought, wonderingly.

On the grass path there was no need to tiptoe. The full moon hung low and luminous in the sky and every grass spear glistened with its weight of dew.

"The fairies are at work," she thought now, "spinning the cobweb for the morning."

Something alive started from the grass at her feet and she fled back to the friendly shelter of the stone porch.

"Gabrielle Catherine Anne Marie," she panted, "little coward, wicked little coward — and you with four saints' names!"

She began then to repeat her bedtime prayer aloud, and, thus armed, she passed safely over the grass path, through the vine-covered gate and on to the road. How long and white in the moonlight! She ran quickly and, after a little, she left off saying her prayer and repeated again: "Mamma! mamma!"

At the foot of the hill which led to the church there was a little roadside Calvary. She knelt to cross herself and started to see a small bird fly from its shelter. The road was rough and once she fell, but even as she cried a little in self-pity, she saw the bright lights of *Le Chien Noir*, and was cheered. At the doorstep she summoned her courage and knocked with her knuckles. The music within ceased and the landlord flung wide the door. His burly figure filled the opening; the Strad was tucked under one arm. At sight of the girl his handsome florid face gaped in mute astonishment; his very curls seemed to stand more upright.

But Gabrielle had no time for ex-

planations. She stretched out her hands toward the violin imperatively.

"For to-night — just this once— Monsieur *le Seigneur* demands it— my papa, you know!"

"Baptême! Ma'm'selle, are you gone mad?"

"No— oh, no! Not me — but my papa — if he does not get his violin — he is very ill, and the music is all in his head, you see—"

"A thousand pardons, ma'm'selle! If I had the intelligence of a pig I should have understood at once. You will permit that I carry it to the gate. *N'est-ce pas?* The hillside makes a lonely walk for so young a demoiselle." Gabrielle shook her head.

"But no, M'sieu Leduc. I prefer much to go alone. I shall run all the way and the Strad is very light."

"*Mon Dieu!* You should see me run! An antelope, Ma'm'selle Gabrielle." He looked at her intently, observing how she was growing something more than a child. Gabrielle impatiently took possession of the violin with—"No, no, I shall run faster." Then, looking wistfully up at him she added: "You will keep it secret—my coming?"

"As the grave, Ma'm'selle. What a mystery for Saint Loo! I am discoursing sweet music on the Strad — I am called, summoned to the door — I perceive a vision in white—the violin is wrenched from my grasp—the vision disappears—*pouf!* like that! I am alone. *Quelle grande mystère!* Also, mysteries are good for the trade."

The last was to himself, for Gabrielle having gained possession of the Strad, ran off without ceremony, and was now but a white shadow up the road. As for fear, she felt none, with the slim brown body of the violin pressed against her breast. When she passed the little Calvary this time, she looked the other way and made no sign.

At last she felt the cool moist turf of the path beneath her feet and latched the gate behind her. Close

beside her father's open window, its branches almost entering the room, stood the poplar, very still and slender, wearing an air as of meditation.

She entered and passed swiftly up the stairway. In her own room she slipped off her clothes to her nightgown. Then, barefooted, with quickening pulses she turned the handle of the Seigneur's door. He was sitting in his high-backed chair drumming softly with his fingers on the carved arms. He reached eagerly for the violin. Gabrielle brought it and, leaning against his chair, watched his skilled fingers turn the keys to the desired pitch.

"Was I gone long, papa?"

"Gone long? Oh, no — but a moment. Thou art a dear little one — *diable!* When had I it tuned so low? And the E string — it is execrable — ragged, ragged, like madame's fringe! Ah, hear that, Gabrielle! reedy, sweet, is it not? Up to concert pitch to-night, my love! Faith, I have neglected thee! But now — you hear that, Gabrielle? In marvelous form!"

He drew his bow and delicate cadences filled the air. Gabrielle went to the open window and knelt there, cooling her hot brow and neck. A light breeze had sprung up and through the quivering leaves of the poplar the stars glowed and peered at her.

She was very tired, her legs trembled; she wished that to-morrow might be like all other days. She would forget about to-night then. Of course Tante Berthe would be furious. Very likely she would only get lentil soup for dinner. But what did that signify, when her father was made happy? For herself, she was glad also to have the Strad at home again. It stood for all the fanciful imagery of her childhood. Its strings were the genii which called from their haunts the little people of her own dream world.

Now, to her listening lazily, the music came as a whisper through the

marshlands, just enough to stir the rushes. She could see them gently swaying, she could hear the waters lapping; then it gained a note in volume and she heard the fairies coming. Coming running down the hillsides, climbing up the swaying rushes. She could hear their whirring wings and their joyous laughter tinkling. Then a cloud fell, and the marsh god in his twining purple draperies rose and hovered o'er the marshlands dancing in the fitful moonlight—"These are the thoughts," pondered Gabrielle, "that Tante Berthe says come from the Evil One!"

She tried to put them from her and turned her face to the room. But try as she would, she could not quite free herself from them. She saw her father through the haze of the marshes and he seemed a part of the dream. She was not tired now, but cool and rested.

A fresh gust of wind blew the white window curtains into the room, twisting and untwisting, bellying like sails. Gabrielle rose.

She looked her father in the eyes. He smiled at her. This was a night when the Italian mother was dominant.

She raised her arms and stretched them to their fullest length. The sleeves of her gown fell away from them and her flexuous young body hung for a moment in suspense. Then the fire of the dance leaped in her veins and she threw herself with graceful force from posture to posture, her white limbs bathed in moonlight. Then as the music grew wilder, she became only a part of the harmonious whole, like the waving poplar and the singing violin. Her light movements were as unstudied as those of a bird that swings on a wind-blown bough, and as abandoned. At times she was almost hidden in the shadow — only a pale something that rose and sank and softly whirled, and again she sought the patch of moonlight and happy laughter bubbled from her lips; her robe made a fluttering sound.

Louis De Valleau's white fingers flashed along the strings, his great eyes glowed. He was pouring out his soul through the Stradivarius and she—she had never danced so well before. It was a supreme moment. They both realised it, and as their eyes met once, they exchanged glances of admiration and delight as the dance proceeded

One moment more and the music softened dreamily; the dance grew more harmoniously sustained; then—little by little—the melody trailed off

into a tranquil chord scarce audible. The breeze fell, leaving the curtains limp and white against the window, where the poplar tree stood motionless with an expectant air. Gabrielle sank to her knees exhausted. It was ashes after fire.

She crept to her father's chair and, laying her arms across his knees, looked up into his face. The Strad, silent now, was still held lovingly beneath his pointed chin, but the soul of Monsieur *le* Seigneur had gone out into the night.

THE INLANDER

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

MILES of sunny meadows call me,
 Plains and hills and mountain sides;
 Call me inland from the ocean,
 From the vast of swinging tides;
 And I long for little rivers
 Where there are no swinging tides.

Heavy orchards, vivid meadows,
 And the fall of inland rain:
 How I love to hear it falling
 On the fields of bending grain!
 Desolate the hollow drooping
 Of the naked ocean rain.

When I hear the great bell ringing,
 Distant on a fog-dark sea,
 Swung by oily, heavy currents,
 Far the thronging world for me,
 Then I long for my warm meadows,
 For their voice comes loud to me.

When the tempest of the ocean
 Sweeps across the blackened sky,
 And the blackened waters whiten,
 Lifting white against the sky;
 When the wide world writhes in motion,
 And the desert sea drives by;

Then I swear to heed the calling.
 Let the oceans hand in hand,
 Rule the fate of half that's human,
 Calling youth from every land:
 I shall be beyond its calling,
 In a small familiar land.

PAUL PEEL AND HIS ART

BY ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

THE day was a mellow, hazy one in October, 1890, and the beautiful, symmetrical tree that graced the corner of Oxford and Richmond Streets in London, Ontario, was a mass of golden glory. Early frost had done its work thoroughly and effectively; not another tinge of colour was visible in the tiniest leaf. Two men approached slowly from the west and paused to admire; one, slender, graceful, of medium height, with closely cropped dark beard and great dark eyes, gazed long and wistfully, then reverently raised his hat from his curly head. There was a note of finality, almost of despair, in his voice when he broke the silence.

"I can't do it, I can't do it," he said.

An artist, who had already won honours, and for whom a great future was predicted by the critics, stood in the presence of the handiwork of the Great Master Painter, awed and overwhelmed with a sense of his own limitations.

Paul Peel was scarcely thirty, and he had already won fame as a painter. He was acknowledged by some critics as the greatest artist that Canada had yet produced, and the previous year he had attained the height of many a struggling artist's ambition by winning a gold medal at the Paris Salon for his picture "After the Bath."

The little curly-headed Paul Peel, who from his babyhood mixed colours, played with crayons and pencils and eagerly watched the work of his artist father, was an artist by heredi-

tary right. Ancestors for generations had been devoted to art, one at least having been famous as a painter. From the time that he could direct a pencil, Paul drew pictures, but so, for that matter, did all the other members of his family.

School days came with tiresome tasks and unlearnable lessons. Arithmetic was beyond comprehension; but there was always a solution to the difficulties, if not to the problems. If the devoted friend and seat-mate would work out the problems for both, Paul would draw him a wonderful picture of a horse or whatever he desired in return. Brilliant, Paul was not, to be sure, and teachers would have lost patience with any other than the merry, curly-headed little lad who was always sorry for his shortcomings, while continuing to cover exercise books and everything else available with pictures drawn from life. No one could be angry long with a boy who was so whole-souled, warm-hearted, truthful and beauty-loving. Even when he was most trying, something in the candid brown eyes, a look of wonder, of vision, checked impatient words, and the teacher instead gathered together the crude sketches to show to friends later, always with the same remark, "That boy is going to do something worth while yet."

But not even the artist father who fostered every evidence of artistic talent in his children dreamed of how much was in store for his son. An older sister was considered more talented until the first competition between the two was held when Paul

was ten years old. One night Father Peel brought home a Jew's harp. The children were delighted.

"Whoever wins this fairly can have it," he announced. "I want each of you to draw a picture of two boys fighting. The one who draws the bet-

ter picture gets the harp," he said.

The children set to work, one at each end of the table. Mildred's brows puckered as she slowly began. Paul's strokes were swift, sure and bold. He finished first, and his picture was full of life and energy. The



A LIFE OF MISERY



AFTER THE BATH

This painting received a gold medal at the Paris Salon, and was bought for the Hungarian National Art Gallery

boys clinched in a truly scientific manner.

The father smiled kindly as he patted the little girl's head. "I'm afraid Paul gets the Jew's harp," he said. "No one but a girl would have

made those wrestlers pull each other's hair."

The family dog was one of the best beloved members of the family to the Peel boys by whom he was owned. Such a useful old fellow he was and

such an invaluable steed to hitch to a sleigh in winter time. One day the doggie was tormented and abused by a larger lad and that was the day Paul fought his great fight. Scientific rules were forgotten and all the lad's righteous indignation found vent in punishing the enemy with fists, feet and anything upon which he could lay his hands.

The future artist was minus a tooth by the time he was separated from his crumpled opponent, but that was a mere detail. That night the defeated boy's father paid a visit to the Peel home, and Paul was called into the room. Battered from the fray, with mouth swollen but head erect and eyes fearless, he entered.

"Paul," said his father reprovingly, "do you know you might have killed this gentleman's son to-day?"

"But he nearly killed our dog," was the unrepentant reply.

Always, between times, Paul was making pictures and dreaming of those he would paint some day. With copies he had no patience. He was ambitious to paint from life. He didn't want to do something that someone else had already done. Young school friends were his models, the tiny girl who toddled proudly along, weighted down by a big umbrella, the group of boys playing marbles, an old woman with a basket of eggs, the old man selling papers, even the Indian in front of the cigar store.

When the other boys were let loose for play, his delight was to slip around to his photographer friend's studio on Richmond Street, where the invitation was always forthcoming to enter the mysterious "dark room" where such wonders were performed.

"Come, Paul," the photographer would say, "and watch how these lights and shades are produced."

An exclamation of surprise and delight would follow, then a perfect torrent of questions such as not another boy in ten thousand would dream of asking.

"I knew he was a precocious boy,

but I didn't dream he was such a genius," said the photographer friend recently. "I liked to have him around. His interest was so real and so intelligent, and I loved the boy. Everyone did who knew him."

By the time he was fourteen his pictures were capturing prizes at the Western Fair, and his work, though crude, was beginning to attract attention. Landscapes he painted well, but he preferred figure painting, something with real life. At eighteen he was studying in Philadelphia, where he remained four years.

In Philadelphia, a number of the more serious pupils formed the habit of meeting in Peel's room in the evening for work and for the discussion of some phase of art. One night it was suggested that each should picture his conception of joy. When the sketches were finished, the young Canadian's was declared by all to be far the best. He had pictured the return home of one of the students, Gustave, with a first prize, and the happy meeting with mother and sisters.

For three years he was demonstrator of anatomy in the Philadelphia Art School, a position of honour bestowed upon the best pupil. It was characteristic of him that he never mentioned this at home.

From Philadelphia he went to England, but only stayed in old London a short time. The French schools appealed to him strongly. In Paris there were artists under whom he wished to study, and ambition was already whispering of at least honourable mention in the Salon.

The School of Beaux Arts was his goal, but in order to be admitted, he must paint a picture worthy of acceptance. A portrait he decided it should be; but whose? He decided to paint his own portrait by looking into a mirror.

At last it was completed, and, armed with the canvas, young Peel set out for the school. The great Jérôme, kindly as he was great, looked at the modest, unassuming

young man, in whose appearance were none of the eccentricities affected by devotees of art.

"Well," he said, "your courage alone ought to admit you. You are the very first pupil who has ever brought his model along."

In Paris his progress was phenom-

nal. He outdistanced all competitors, not by leaps and bounds, but with steady, rapid strides. Jérôme was his revered teacher and, later, Benjamin Constant.

"You are from Canada? It was Paul Peel's country," said an old artist to a visitor in one of the Paris



THE UNEXPECTED MEETING

This picture is owned by Queen Alexandra

studios one morning last summer.

"Paul Peel is still remembered?" asked the Canadian.

"Remembered?" was the reply "By the older artists in the schools, yes. Ah, he was the student! He never ceased studying."

Working, working, working, always working and dreaming, he had no time for the life of Bohemia, for which he had still less taste. Always before him was his ideal, success, honour ("a vision with a beckoning hand")—and his achievements were so comparatively small. Always he said with the look of vision in the frank brown eyes, "Some time I'll do something worth while."

The very first year his dream was realised, for one of his pictures, "How Bitter Life is," received honourable mention at the Salon. It was a picture full of pathos: an old artist sitting before a canvas painting a little child as Cupid, and behind him, a tired little boy model, who, wearied with his cramped position, had fallen fast asleep.

Paul Peel was now a young man of medium height, slender, agile, graceful, as simple, sincere and unaffected as in the days of early boyhood. A peculiar winsomeness of manner attracted to him many friends. Less noble natures would have been spoiled by the fame that came to him so quickly. But not so Paul Peel. His reverence for his art was too great. He had a wholesome dislike for attire that might attract attention and an aversion to intruding his own personality. His pictures were the important things; he himself preferred to remain in the background.

An accomplished linguist, speaking French more fluently than his mother tongue, and also German, Italian and Danish, he was also a lover of music and performed very creditably on the violin. Fencing was one of his recreations, and he used the foil with such skill that he frequently fenced with the experts of Paris.

He was still as fond of animals as

in the days when he avenged the injuries done to his pet dog, and wherever he went, the children found a friend. He never had the slightest difficulty in getting little ones to pose for him.

While painting at Pont Avin one summer the picture "Fording the Stream," which hangs in the Toronto City Hall, he had as his model a little boy with an unspellable name, which, translated into English, means "Little Wooden Horse Head." The peasants rise with the sun and go to bed with its setting and the cuddlesome "Little Wooden Horse-Head" had never seen the stars. One night when Mr. Peel had been painting later than usual, the stars twinkled out on the way home, "Look, look!" cried the boy, "little candles in the sky."

Then there was the little Danish model of "The Unexpected Meeting of the Little Boy and the Toad." The boy, the son of a gardener, ran into Mr. Peel's garden one morning much excited.

"You must paint quickly to-day, Mr. Peel," he said. "I haven't much time. My father's digging a well, and I've got to go and see it."

In Denmark there was also the original of the "Little Girl with Wreath of Daisies," five-year-old Marie, who was so afraid of grasshoppers that it was an ordeal for her to stand on her bare feet in the field. But not when "M'sieu Peel" carried the long stick and whacked the ground to keep away the grasshoppers and perhaps a mouse. And he was always very particular to humour her whims and save her anxiety.

No wonder his little models loved him!

One beautiful golden summer time in Brittany when accompanied by his sister Mildred (now Mrs. George W. Ross, of Toronto), he found the crowning happiness of his life, the love of one woman.

They were staying at the same *pension*, Paul Peel, his sister and a



THE BRITTANY FISH-MARKET

Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. J. A. Hunt, of London, Ontario

beautiful and brilliant Danish girl, Mademoiselle Isaure Verdier, a clever miniature painter and a member of a noted musical family. An artist she was of talent and also a musician, the author of several compositions of merit and an accomplished pianist. Mildred Peel and Mademoiselle Isaure went sketching together, an introduction to the brother followed and then an idyllic romance. It was a

case of love at first sight and love that was true and unselfish to the end. The marriage, which proved happy, took place in Paris two years later.

Two children were born, Robert André and Eileen Margaret; called by their father the pet names "Menzi-ko" and "Moulté."

One little incident in the domestic life, which occurred in Denmark, is



THE LATE PAUL PEEL

A Canadian painter who, at the age of thirty, won a gold medal at the Paris Salon

tenderly cherished in memory by the sister who witnessed it. From the seat outside the door of the Denmark house was visible a bird's nest, high up in the eaves. Moutté and Menziko watched it each day, asking the father many eager questions about the occupants. One sunshiny day a tiny, unfledged bird was found stiff and cold on the gravel. The children were full of sorrow and poured forth more questions. Paul Peel, seating

himself on the bench, placed the little dead bird on his knee and drawing his babes close beside him, with pencil and words suited to their understanding, illustrated the parable of the little bird, which had disobeyed its mother and, trying to get out of the nest, had fallen to the ground. There it lay and it would never go back home again. Up in the nest was a lonely bird-mother, grieving for her little run-away son.

His own children were the little originals of perhaps the most famous and best known of Paul Peel's pictures — "After the Bath." This painting was hung in the Salon. The National Gallery of Hungary made the artist a generous offer for the picture, which was the sensation of the year. Wealthy Americans offered a larger sum, but the artist preferred to sell to a national gallery. The directors of the gallery, unknown to the artist, discovered the financial sacrifice he was making, and, much to his surprise, made up the difference, seven hundred dollars.

Shortly after the sale, Sara Bernhardt went to the studio and was much disappointed to learn that the picture was gone.

"I would have been willing to pay any price for it," she said, "that little girl with the red top-knot reminded me so much of myself when I was little."

It was just such a chance resemblance that caused Queen Alexandra to buy in Copenhagen one of his pictures, "A Boy and a Dog." Queen Alexandra, then the Princess of Wales, said the little child resembled one whom she knew and of whom she was very fond. King Edward was also a patron. He bought several of the young Canadian's paintings.

In 1890 Paul Peel paid his last

visit to Canada and his childhood's home in London, called there by the illness of his mother. The old friends found Paul Peel "just the same boy," entirely unconscious of anything unusual about himself, still keen to recognise his own shortcomings and to appreciate merit in others, still dreaming of "doing something worth while yet."

The year following his return to France, he and his wife and mother-in-law, Madame Verdier, took a beautiful house in the Bois for the opera season. An epidemic of grippe was raging, and there was illness in almost every home in the fashionable quarter. Madame Verdier and Mrs. Peel were feeling very much depressed, and Mr. Peel was taken suddenly and severely ill. It was afterwards learned that the daughter of the landlord had died a short time before of tuberculosis. The house had not been thoroughly disinfected, and the germs fastened upon the grippe-weakened body of the young artist. The most skilful doctors in Paris were called in, but from the first the case was a hopeless one, and in ten days the news was flashed throughout the world that the life of one of the most promising young artists of the day had been snuffed out after a brief span of thirty-two years of faithful work, joy, sorrow, love and fame.



THE SONG OF NIAGARA

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

An alien song. Though day by day I listen,
No syllable of that majestic chant
May my adoring passion comprehend.
With many a lucent, evanescent hue
The plunging torrents glisten.
Far-seen, colossal plumes of spray ascend,
Their dazzling white shot through and through
With quivering rainbows, until every plant,
Each hoar, blue-berried cedar loved of bird,
Each fine fern tracery, the cold mists christen
To spirit grace. The frosted branches bend
With sparkle of such jewels as transcend
All fantasy of elfin-craft. Yet who
Interpreteth the great enchantment's word?

Ye primal Sibyls, if eyes hardly bear
The glory of your opalescent robes,
Your diamond aureoles and veils imperaled,
May the stunned ear divine
Your awful oracle? August, yet wild,
Do your tremendous pæans still prolong
Creation's old, unhumanised delight,
The laughter of the Titans? Were ye there
With your deep diapason answering
The Archangelic, chanting, golden globes,
What time they chorused forth their crystalline,
Exultant welcome to the stranger world?
Or is it, tolling cataracts, the doom,
The unrevealable, forbidden thing,
Your antiphonic, solemn voices boom?
Or peradventure do your peals proclaim
Some all-triumphal Name
That could it once be won
By mortal ear
Would ecstasy the griefs we suffer here
And charter love to wing
Her radiant flight beyond oblivion?
Dread Sisters, ye who smite
The senses with intolerable roar,
Is there no meaning in your ceaseless song,
No word of God in all your mighty throng
Of multitudinous thunders evermore?

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT IN ONTARIO

BY KATHERINE HALE

TORONTO has been called the choral capital of America. It is perhaps the pulse of the musical life of Canada, and has become undoubtedly the centre of that life in the Province of Ontario.

But this is not to say that Toronto is inherently more musical than other Canadian cities. It would indeed be difficult to imagine a city less ready to recognise ability that is unheralded by the adroit press agent, and less imaginative in its conception of the most subtle of all the arts. Toronto lacks "the foreign element" which lends warmth and expression to audiences in cities of smaller population and lesser area.

Non-temperamental we may be, but none can deny our activity. From Miss Isadora Duncan, opening the season with cumbersome dancing, to Mischa Elman with the Symphony Orchestra practically closing it (unless we are to have the much-desired aftermath of Grand Opera from the Metropolitan Opera House) there has been a succession of important events which have drawn their quota of visitors from almost all parts of Ontario.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra has brought, in five of its succession of six concerts, Madame Gadske, David Bispham, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Fritz Kreisler, and Mischa Elman, and has given to the people, among other notable compositions, the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven (that romantic and audacious theme

completed in 1812, and just as fragrant and as fresh as it was one hundred years ago), the celebrated Concerto in D, Op. 61, for Violin, by the same master, played by Kreisler (with the orchestra) leading the audience into a perfect maze of beauty evoked by the pure tone of the soloist, now soaring above now threading its way amongst the many voices of the instruments and, on the night when the Russian composer Rachmaninoff appeared, the Symphony in D Major by Haydn—unconventional, erratic, but in its harmonic progression, and the pure *volkslied* of the *andante*, prophetic of much that was to follow in what we call the modern school of music, of which Haydn was the father.

The work of the Symphony Orchestra can hardly be over-estimated in its relation to the musical life of Ontario, for the time is rapidly approaching when, as an organisation, it will be on such a firm financial and artistic basis that its work will be felt all through the smaller cities and towns of the Province. It is true that even to a small European community it would seem a kind of starvation to hear a great symphony or concerto only once a year, yet to us that may prove the awakening, at least, of a musical consciousness.

The Toronto String Quartette has done good work this season. Possibly their most noteworthy concert was that of January 15th, when they

introduced Miss Elizabeth Clark, a contralto from New York—not noteworthy on account of Miss Clark, but because on that evening the Beethoven Quartette in E Flat was so beautifully rendered by this exquisitely finished four.

The warm and colourful playing of the String Quartette may in part be accounted for by the happy mingling of nationality and temperament which it represents. The first violin, Mr. Frank E. Blachford, is a Canadian who developed his art in Germany and represents much of the unrepressed poetry of the Teuton in his playing. Mr. Roland Roberts, second violin, is an Englishman with Scottish experience. Mr. Frank C. Smith, viola, who studied with Max Bendix, of the Thomas Orchestra, is an American; and Dr. Frederic Nicolai, 'cellist, who was born at Liege, Belgium, is a Doctor of Law, a student at "The Conservatoire Royal," Brussels, and late principal 'cellist with Sir Alexander MacKenzie's Canadian Festival Orchestra of a few years ago.

Doctor Ham made a popular departure in engaging our own orchestra for the National Chorus, and, as usual, was most happy in his choice of soloists. Madame Matja von Eissen-Stone was by all means the most intellectual prima donna that we have had this season; one does not even except Madame Gadski, whose art is so pure and so finished. Madame Von Eissen-Stone represents the new school of singing, which is of the mind as well as the voice and heart. Also, she gave unfamiliar arias and songs—news from the far-away centres of thought and feeling. She sang the big aria from "Achilleus" by Bruch, and Wolf's "Mignon"—strangely enough on the evening of the same day that one had heard Ambrose Thomas's opera of the same name—and "The Blind Woman's Song" from La Giaconda, a fragment that made one pause and wonder; also charming groups of *Leider*, which

were rendered with infinite grace and charm.

The National Chorus made a distinct impression in their presentation of the "Mefistofele" of Boito, and the finale of the first act of "Parsifal." In both works the chorus was aided by Mr. Frederick Weld, an admirable baritone, and a choir of boys who sang with a purity of tone and a careful precision that took one back to the cathedrals of England and of France, where, across the cool dusk of coloured space, drifts the breath of song as pure and impersonal as a bird's. The *ensemble* of soloist, chorus, choir and orchestra made the presentation of these two themes truly notable, especially in the "Parsifal" music, which is intensely difficult to depict in its true inwardness, without the glamour and the colour of stage setting.

The Mendelssohn Choir struck a modern and at the same time a mystic note, in "The Children's Crusade" by the French composer Gabriel Pierné, who writes in music much as Maeterlinck does in literature, using very simple and childlike phrases to make profound effects. In 1904 M. Pierné won the triennial prize given by the city of Paris for the best achievement in musical art, so the piece may be safely considered as representative of the modern French ideal, in which delicacy is blended with strength and imaginative power.

The composer has taken the romantic period of the thirteenth century for his setting, when throughout the age of chivalry rang the mystic call of the spirit, inciting even the little children to march in the divine cause towards Jerusalem. In tenderest soprano tones arises the *motif* of the Cantata:

Wake! wake! awake!
Set forth for Jerusalem,
Where Jesus waits.

Nothing could be lovelier than the exquisitely simple songs of the inspired children, as they set forth:

We'll pluck sweet flowers,
And many a cross we'll weave
Of green leaves and red roses

For Jesus.

For, like the little swallows in autumn,
That fly away homeward,
So must we seek the sun.

We must go to the sun,
We all shall gather flowers,
And green leaves and red roses
For Jesus.

The composer has divided his story into four parts, the Forth-Setting, picturing the Celestial Summons, with the response of the children and the vain pleadings of the parents; The Highway, the children's journey towards Genoa; The Sea, depicting the scenes and incidents on the arrival of the children at the Mediterranean, and The Storm, an intensely dramatic episode, where the cries of the children mingle with the roaring winds and the tumultuous billows, across which arises the heavenly vision of the Saviour who welcomes and takes to himself the little pilgrims.

At times the music is transcendently beautiful, and under its spell we, too, enter that journey along the highway in the spring morning, while the children gather flowers and sing their quaint mediæval hymns which we hear in four distinct choirs—one in the distance behind the stage, another in the far distance, and the two choirs on the stage; at first antiphonally, then together, and finally dying away in distance.

It is all real picture-making and music of a nature so pure and exalted, that the amount of work entering into the inception and its presentation can hardly be realised at a first hearing.

This new work, given on two evenings, and the Brahms Requiem, which opened the series of concerts on Monday night, were the principal Mendelssohn events, although the second evening, devoted to short numbers, chiefly of a *capella* character, seemed to draw out a peculiarly free and lovely tone from the choir which, from season to season, grows in that combination of qualities which differ-

entiate it in ease, purity, and rapture of tone from any other choir in the world.

Precise, perfect, and coldly clear was the music of the Chicago Orchestra, which is now associated with the Mendelssohn Choir. Mr. Stock demands impersonal perfection from his men, and gains effects that are mysteriously lovely at times, but never entirely human. The much-looked for orchestra matinee was a disappointment to most of us. In the first place Mr. Stock took an hour of the time of the large audience gathered on a mid-week afternoon, to present an experiment, in a new composition of his own—a symphony in C minor. By all means let us have new music, but in a city of few orchestral concerts, the new music should be sufficiently inspired to convey a direct message to the listener. In Mr. Stock's case the symphony seemed to be a jumble of memories, half-formed ideas, and *motifs* leading nowhere in particular, interspersed by a few passages of genuine beauty.

Then one hoped much from the solo pianist, Busoni, of the leonine head and the black gloves who sat directly behind the Orchestra, listening to the symphony with a wise and discerning air. And Busoni came and laid his black gloves on the Steinway Grand, and ran his fingers over the keys, emitting a series of musical sparks as keen and clear as far-away stars. Then the Orchestra struck into the Allegro Maestoso of the Liszt Concerto, No. 1 in E Flat, and in a few minutes we heard the voice of the piano in the astonishing cadenza which introduces us to the soloist. All the way through Busoni continued to astonish us by his peerless style and technique. He played like a master, and called forth answering volumes of sound from the audience; but I venture to say that he never evoked a sigh from any listener that whole afternoon, or ever, to any pilgrim heart of music in that assembly, answered heart to heart: for he never even began to create where

mere technique always leaves off.

The Schubert Choir and the People's Choral Union are organisations which touch the heart of the democratic mass of people, and surely in this age we are all more or less democratic. "Les Rossignols de la démocratie," we might call these singers who do not profess to professional or even trained voices, save for that training which comes through their united work in the two choirs which Mr. Fletcher so ably conducts, and induces to such spontaneous and truly musical effects. Their work, combined with the sunny energy and abandon of the Pittsburg Orchestra under Emil Paur, was a thing of living, joyous vitality, albeit they did essay somewhat religious music in the motett "Godhead Throned in Power" from Mozart's "King Thamos," and Handel's little known short oratorio "Zadok the Priest." Madame Jomelli, the French prima donna, is a notable example of the *bel canto*—the almost forgotten or lost art of pure open-throated Italian singing. Her voice, liquid, natural, and golden as a bird's, is a delight to remember, and the orchestra never before in any visit to Toronto reached such a supreme height as in the Brahms Symphony No. 1 in C Minor.

Apart from the usual concerts of the well-known organisations mentioned, we have had in Toronto this season artists who have come to us under the direction of the Massey Music Hall, whose late manager, Mr. Stewart Houston, was so ardent in his efforts to bring the world's greatest artists to our doors. Early in the season came Madame Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, an artist who holds her own among the finest pianists, Miss Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, whose glorious voice was heard by a mere handful of people in Massey Hall, and Mark Hambourg, the well-known interpreter of Chopin. One of the most interesting evenings of the season, and the most artistic, if we except the splendid declamatory singing of Doctor Ludwig Wüllner, was the Liza

Lehmann concert in February, when Madame Lehmann herself conducted a quartette composed of four English singers who gave "The Persian Garden" in a fashion which must have brought joy to the heart of old Omar himself, could he have heard it. The four well-modulated voices singing with such splendid comprehension, brilliance, and exquisite care for *nuance* did indeed strike us "like a shaft of light," turning the deathless Oriental poem into a medium that seemed composed as much of perfume, light, and colour as the mere blending of human voices.

It has been stated that woman never has, and probably never will, excel in the art of musical composition; but while we have Maud Valerie White, Chaminade and, best of all, Liza Lehmann, we are not quite desolate. Indeed, in the originality and the technical art which underlies the musical structure of "The Persian Garden" several operas lie hidden. For this is philosophy immortalised in musical sound. And the delicious humour of the "Alice-in-Wonderland" cycle deserves an equal admiration. Real humour is so rare and so regenerative.

In Doctor Ludwig Wüllner, the German baritone, one recognises the influence of his great countryman, Wagner, who made the ultimate compromise between voice, words, and acting. Wüllner makes a drama of each song, and evokes the picture by eyes, shoulders, hands, as truly as by voice. His "Earl-King," "Two Grenadiers," and those more intimate and essentially tragic songs of Schubert and Schumann were forces to shake the soul in the grasp of such an interpreter. Listening, one felt that it is dimly possible that an art, quite new in form, may arise out of this mixing of the arts in what Symons calls "one subtly intoxicating elixir."

Such is a *résumé* — necessarily restricted by space — of the leading events of the season. Yet, the heading of this article has hardly been

touched upon, for to write of musical development we must go far behind outstanding events, to the inner and early life of the people.

Certain facts are aiding in the development of musical life in Canada, and, on the other hand, there are conditions which are retarding its growth.

The formation of choral societies from one end of Canada to the other shows a wholesome development towards the popular understanding of big and sweeping ideas. Musical clubs are also doing distinctive work of far-reaching value. In Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Halifax, Toronto, as well as in countless towns and even villages, these organisations are holding meetings once a week during the winter, and, by the study which they impose, a truer idea of musical interpretation is effected.

But to go deeper than singing societies and clubs, what are we doing for the musical education of children in Canada? After all, this is the root of the whole matter. We go back to the old question "Is music to be considered as an accessory or a necessity in education?"

For myself, I believe that a practical knowledge of the underlying laws of this science — time, harmony, melody, absolute pitch, all of which may be taught with simplicity to children from the ages of ten to fifteen years—would do more to make them valuable citizens than a good deal of the dabbling in nature study that is going on at present. When we realise that our whole universe is built directly on the principles of music, that—as we understand the fact — its very constitution, co-relations, and effects go perhaps farther than any other science to disclose the existence of a Supreme Being, its importance as a factor in every-day life must be borne in upon us very forcibly.

I believe that it would be a wonderful thing, a revolutionary thing, to show children how invaluable to free-

dom are the fixed laws of sound—that laws are wings, not chains, and that thereby we may mount, at last, so high that we may see God.

It is not so daring as it sounds to present this suggestion, for it originated in Toronto many years ago, in one of the most brilliant minds of the century, although comparatively few people realise that Professor Goldwin Smith has been perhaps the only writer to insist on the universal teaching of music in schools as a specific against anarchistic tendencies. It is a proposition worth the attention of statesmen and educators.

Our present Inspector of Public Schools in Toronto—Mr. J. L. Hughes—is fully alive to the value of music from an educative standpoint, and part-singing, with all that it implies, is carried to a fine degree of perfection in the Toronto schools. Doctor Vogt also, in "The Children's Crusade," adds a further impetus in the musical education of our youth.

It seems to me that the factor which is retarding our development more potently than any other, is a certain spirit of dilettanteism abroad in the land. Taken in the mass, people are in a mental attitude as regards music that is almost as amusing as it is pathetic. Fancy a man of mature years, possessing probably a college education, with so little ordinary intelligence — musically speaking—that he violently disclaims a liking for anything but ragtime! Yet you all know that such men, and women too, are vastly in the majority. Indeed, it is quite unfashionable to care for a Symphony in this day of the music-hall craze.

I do not speak of the student-attitude, the sincere musical conviction, which will turn one little city like Toronto into the "Choral Capital of America." I am speaking of a general trend, or leaning, towards the easy and the obvious which does exist from Halifax to Vancouver. And it is this tendency which rears up before the professional musician at

the very outset of his career. The people at large do not want arias and folk-song, and the lovely melodies of Brahms and Schubert and Schumann on the concert programmes of the small cities and the large towns; they want the latest ballads with a catchy refrain.

One thing which may help to counteract this tendency is a deeper understanding of the practical interrelation of the arts. Until we begin to realise the kindredship of all forms

of beauty — design, and colour, word, and tone, and tint—we shall not lay the foundation for either an ordered or a natural appreciation of high-class music.

Music, in other words, must become a vital means of expression, as well as an ornament of life, before we may attain any real development; but some gratification surely lies in the fact that a tendency, at least, towards this development seems to be more imminent from year to year.

VIA AMORIS

By JEAN GRAHAM

'Twas through the fragrant woods of May
They wandered long ago,
'Neath boughs with apple-blossoms flushed,
Or chilled with cherry's snow.

Two friends were by her side that day,
And filled the groves with song;
While Life was naught but light and flowers,
So gay they danced along.

She turned from Spring's far dome of blue,
To gaze in Love's deep eyes;
And saw within that sapphire shrine
A fairer heaven rise.

A slender hand then touched her own,
A golden voice laughed low;
While Youth's bright hair in radiance gleamed
'Neath May's soft wreaths of snow.

The wistful shades of twilight fell,
The blue eyes smiled "Good-bye."
"And must we part?" she sighing said—
"Ah, well, one friend have I."

She turned to clasp a comrade true,
But Youth escaped her hold;
The distant hills one moment glowed
As flashed her hair of gold.

Beyond the purple peaks they passed,
Beyond the ocean blue.
How could she know when Love had gone
That Youth must leave her too?

THE GREAT SILENT FORCE IN CANADIAN DEVELOPMENT

BY CLAYTON M. JONES

TWO events have occurred on this North American continent which have been of the utmost importance to the progress and prosperity of its people. The first event occurred in 1793, south of Mason's and Dixon's line, and the other one hundred years later occurred and is occurring north of the forty-ninth degree parallel.

Eli Whitney, a Connecticut school-master living in Georgia, invented a practicable gin for clearing cotton of its tenacious seed, and the South had no sooner realised what this new instrument meant than it suddenly sprang into competition with India and Egypt in supplying the world with cotton.

In our own time, a fifty-three-cent duty on bituminous coal coming from the United States into Canada is causing a tremendous development of another source of power, the power of falling water. For, just thirty years after Whitney invented his cotton gin, Michael Faraday, after toiling ten years, discovered a method for the commercial production of electricity by the rotation of a coil of wire in a magnetic field.

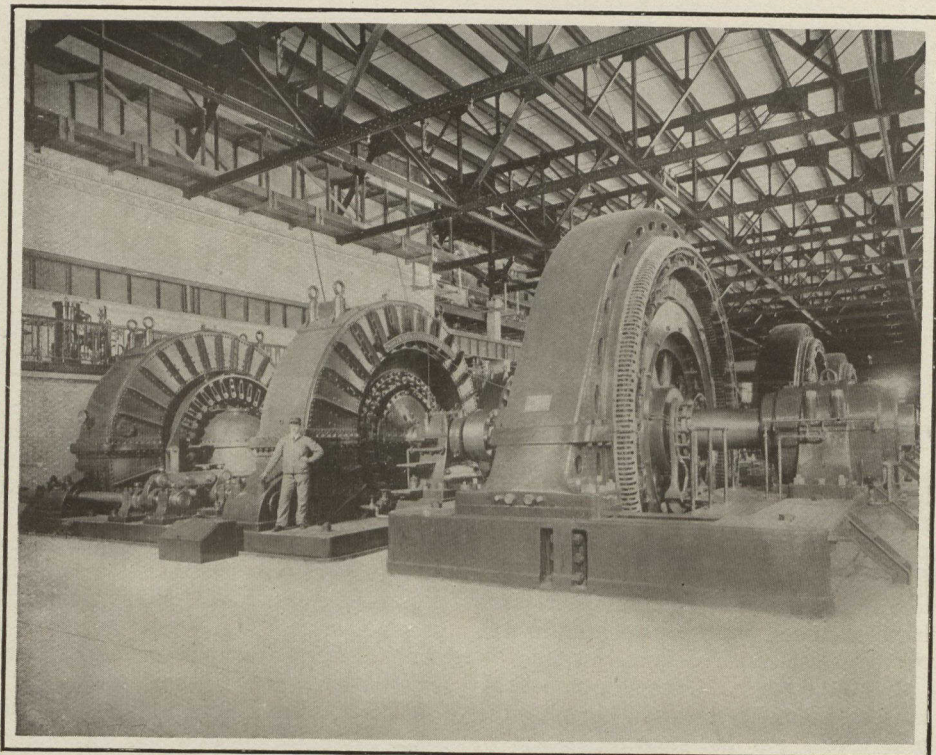
But it was not until the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, that people awoke to the great possibilities of the electrical system of distribution and production as a medium for the transportation of power. In the same year that Faraday made his epoch-making discovery, Peter Cooper built the first steam engine in the United States to

compete with the ox-cart and the stage-coach of the times, McCormick invented the first reaper and Morse his "new-fangled" telegraph.

In this manner people learned how to transport passengers and freight by means of steam and thought by means of electricity. But whoever heard of such a thing as transporting power? The notion was ridiculous.

"Why," they said, "power is not like bales of cotton or bushels of wheat. We can make the steam engine carry those things all right, but power is something that you cannot get a hold of. It is an invisible, intangible force in action, as the steam in the cylinder of an engine or a man lifting a weight. Certainly power can not be transported," they said.

Because of this grounded conviction, the possibilities of Faraday's researches were slow in being perceived, and so the great water-powers of the world were going to waste simply because the power which might be derived from falling water had to be used on the spot where it was not needed and could not be sent to the cities and the farms and the mines where it was needed. So the cities were lighted by dingy gas and oil lamps and the streets cars were pulled by horses because it was not found feasible to place a steam engine aboard each car. All the various uses of electricity, from the filling of a tooth, the cooking of food and the lighting and warming of a house to



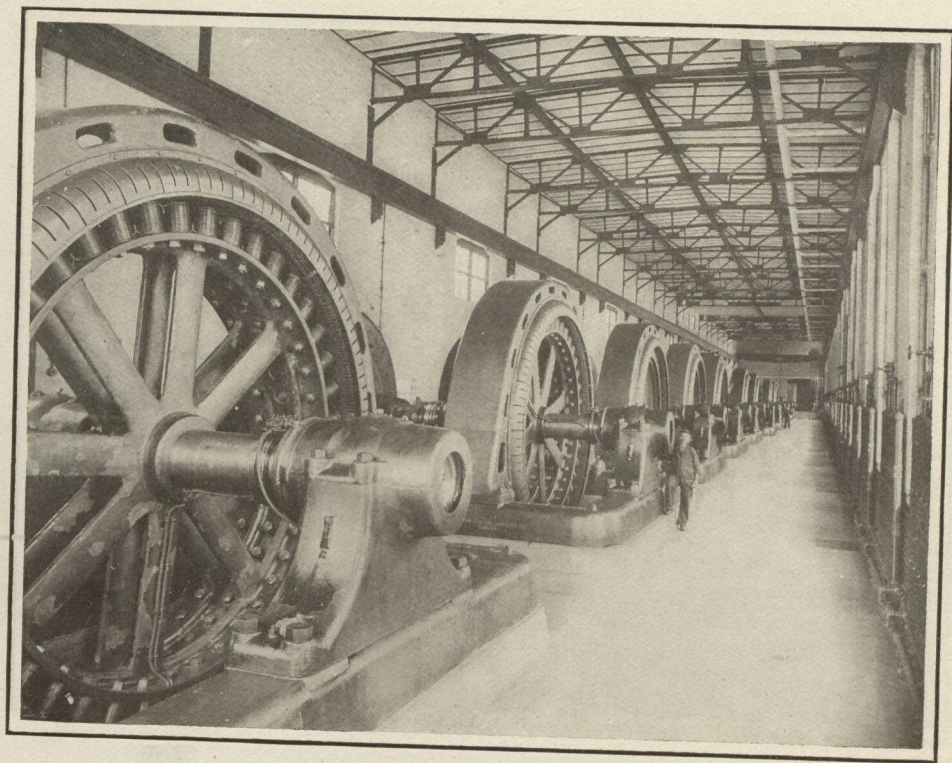
GENERATORS OF THE ONTARIO POWER COMPANY AT NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO,
CONNECTED TO WATER-TURBINES

the running of factories and the moving of trains, had not as yet come into existence because of this reason.

Although Canada has vast deposits of coal throughout the Rockies on the one sea-board and Nova Scotia and Cape Breton on the other, a tariff on bituminous coal made her especially alert to other sources of power, and when the possibilities of power transportation by the electrical system were fully demonstrated, and the first great hydro-electric plant started at Niagara Falls, Canada saw in the development of her vast water power resources, possibilities for industrial and commercial expansion which would render small in comparison the great and sudden jump in prosperity of the South due to Whitney's cotton gin a hundred years before.

Doctor I. C. White, State Geologist of West Virginia, stated at the

Governor's Conference in Washington, recently, that one hundred years will see the end of the coal supply in the United States if the present wasteful methods of consumption continue. As the price of coal continually rises, the factories run by steam gravitate toward those places which combine the advantages of raw material with cheap water-power. That is why the former purely agricultural sections of the continent which possessed unutilised water-power are now being invaded by the factories. They are spreading both ways from the manufacturing portion of the States, south across Mason's and Dixon's line into the cotton fields, and north across an international boundary line into Canada. Their invasion and growth from a native soil means as much to Canada as the thousands of farmers and millions of dollars which are pouring into



ROW OF GENERATORS, IN WINNIPEC ELECTRIC RAILWAY POWER-HOUSE,
FIFTY MILES FROM WINNIPEG

the Canadian West to develop its agricultural possibilities and the harnessing of the great Canadian rivers and the building of the power houses are as dramatic in their scenes of life and death and irresistible progress as the pitchfork charge of the husky tillers of the soil across an international boundary line.

Hezekiah, King of Judah, who reigned from 717 to 688 B.C., was a pioneer in the harnessing of rivers. He constructed a system of water-works for the city of Jerusalem, probably without dreaming that in twenty-five hundred years from then the race would be harnessing the rivers in the self-same way, not only for drinking purposes and irrigation but also to do the work of man through the medium of a wonderful new force transmitted on wires of lead-pencil size two hundred miles

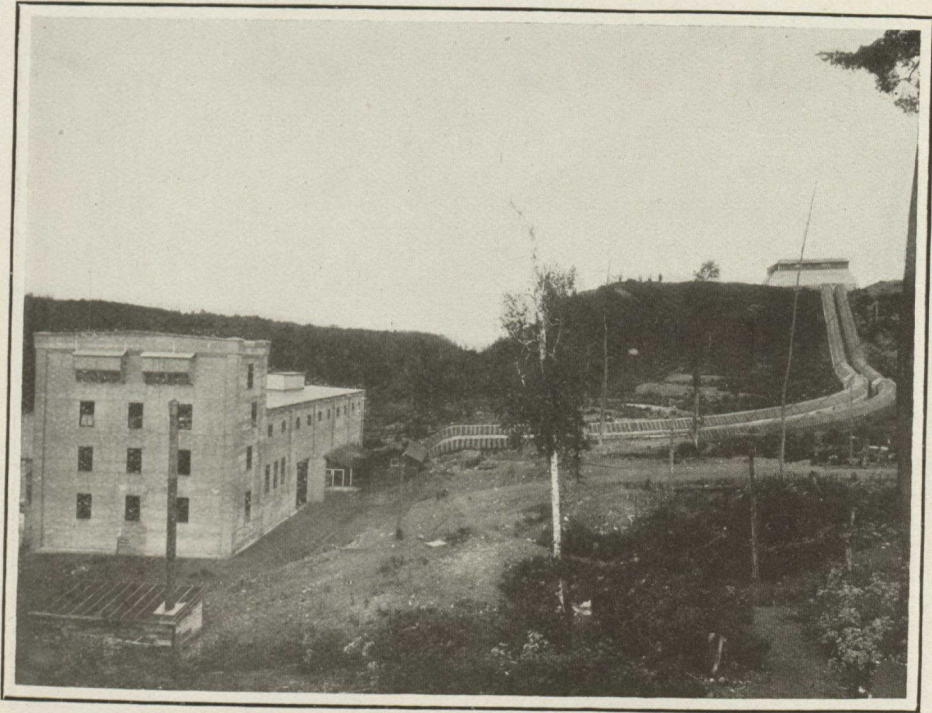
away to the places where needed. For in the Bible we read:

"He made the pool and the conduit and brought the water into the city, stopping the upper part of Gihon and bringing it straight by an underground way * * * ."

"He stopped the upper water courses of Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David, and Hezekiah prospered in all his works."

But the rivers that could have done the work of all were allowed to let their power go to waste, and thousands of slaves tugged and perspired in the sun for thousands of years; and in this manner building great temples by their pigmy efforts, because men had not yet learned how to harness the rivers that flowed swiftly by them. As late as 1630 Galileo said:

"The laws governing the motions of the stars were better understood than those controlling the movement of the



KAMINISTQUA POWER-HOUSE BELOW KAKABEKA FALLS, NEAR FORT WILLIAM

water on the earth." Then two hundred years later Faraday discovered the missing link which would bring the power of the river into your kitchen, parlour or factory.

Canada is taking full advantage of these great advances in science, for they will prove to be the foundation upon which all the future prosperity of the Dominion will be based. The census of production shows that the amount invested under the head of "electric light and power" in 1900 was \$11,891,025, and in 1905, \$80,393,445. The value of the products of the manufacturers in Canada in 1901 was \$481,053,575, and in 1905, \$718,352,603. These figures show the rapid development due to the increasing use of electric power and the harnessing of the great rivers of the country.

When the developments of electric power at Niagara are completed, Canada will have 400,000 horse-power

for distribution as compared with 300,000 horse-power on the American side. Preparations are being made by the Ontario Power Company for the construction of another pipe line from the intake at Dufferin Islands to its power house below the bank at the foot of Horseshoe Falls, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The company contemplates increasing the output of the plant by about 65,000 horse-power, the cost of which is estimated at about \$800,000. The additional pipe line is made necessary owing to the contract made with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario to supply electricity to the Government transmission line for the distribution of electric power throughout South-western Ontario. This Commission estimates a saving by Government transmission to the city of Toronto alone, annually, the great sum of \$684,000, divided as follows:



DAM OF THE WINNIPEG ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY AT LAC DU BONNET

City pumping	\$53,000
Toronto Railway Company..	217,200
Toronto Electric Light Com- pany	144,800
Other power users	100,000
Savings to be made if city takes over lighting plant..	169,000
	<hr/>
	\$684,000

The Hydro-Electric Commission has awarded contracts for the equipment of the various distributing and transforming stations in connection with the Provincial Niagara scheme, which will call for an expenditure of \$750,000. The vote of small towns like the following illustrates how the power of falling water is entering the lives of the people: Amherstburg, Bothwell, Chatham, Comber, Dundas, Elmira, Essex, Simcoe, Sandwich, Stratford, Tilbury, Tilsonburg and West Lorne. They will use power from the trunk transmission line along with the big consumers.

The opportunities for the development of water-power in the Province of Ontario are great. There are numerous rivers all of which run through hilly countries and have many falls; some of which are continuous for many miles and amount to hundreds of feet. Near the city of Hamilton there is over forty thousand horsepower developed to run the cars and factories, and at Hamilton ten thousand horsepower is derived from the falling water. The development of electric energy from the Saint Lawrence River has been hindered because it is a navigable stream and also forms an international boundary line at those points of possible great development. Canals paralleling each of the rapids of the Saint Lawrence have been built by the Dominion of Canada, thereby providing to a limited extent water-power which is used by private interests. However, when the manufacturing and power demands of

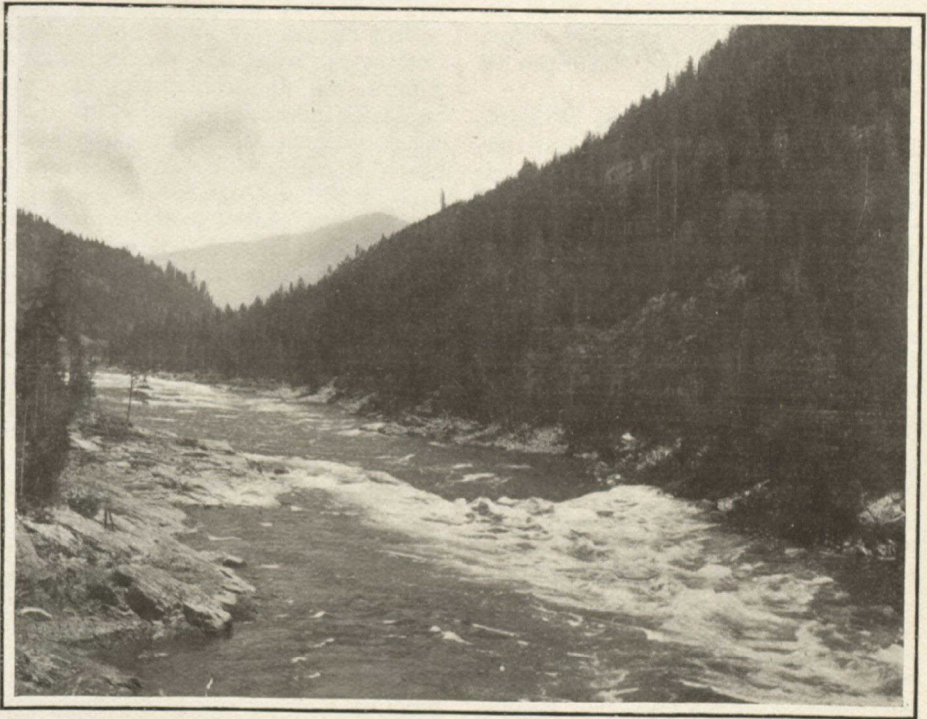
Canada become sufficiently great, an international treaty will make possible the development of 700,000 horse-power at the Long Sault, thus equalling the entire output at Niagara. This means an erection of factories and cities of one hundred and fifty square miles lighted and operated by this wizard of development. At Galops, Cardinal and Iroquois Rapids, together with Rapide Plat, there are a total of 400,000 horse-power as yet undeveloped on this same river. On the Ottawa River there is 36,000 horse-power developed and 407,000 horse-power as yet unharnessed at various points along the stream. These will all be put to work with the coming of the electrical age in Canada.

At Grand Falls, on the Saint Johns River, there has been constructed an hydro-electric plant with the capacity of 80,000 horse-power with vertical wheel-pit construction and

tail-race tunnels, as at Niagara. In the Province of Quebec and parallel to the Saint Lawrence at a distance of a hundred miles, there is the Laurentian range of hills and mountains. On the top of that wooded range are many lakes, and those lakes form the reservoirs which feed the rivers which flow into the Saint Lawrence. These rivers are of large volume, and some of them have already been developed for power purposes. At Quebec there are three large rivers which are harnessed to the cars and lights and factories of the city. At Shawinigan Falls on the Saint Maurice River, there is over 60,000 horse-power developed by American, English and Canadian capitalists. This power is transmitted eighty-five miles to the city of Montreal and other portions of the Province of Quebec. Eventually 120,000 horse-power will be derived from this water-power.



UNHARNESSED WATER-POWER AT BURNT CHUTE, ON CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY,
NORTHERN ONTARIO



BELOW BONNINGTON FALLS, ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, NEAR NELSON,
BRITISH COLUMBIA

Montreal uses about 40,000 horse-power from the rivers. The Ottawa River and its tributaries will furnish some of the greatest water-powers in America. It is estimated that there is one-half million horse-power capable of being developed so near as to be easily transmitted to the city of Ottawa.

The Canadian West is not behind in the harnessing of these mighty rivers of the Northland. On the Winnipeg River, seventy-five miles from the city of Winnipeg, or nine miles shorter than power is being transmitted from Niagara Falls to Toronto, the city is building a power plant of its own with a capacity of 60,000 horse-power and at the expenditure of three and one-half million dollars. On this river, near Winnipeg, one-half million horse-power is available. In this city the electric railway carried three million people

in 1900, but the power of falling water carried 22,000,000 passengers last year and operated 140 cars on sixty miles of city tracks and forty-four miles of suburban lines; lighted 675 electric street arc lights, operated 150 factories, a 300-pound high pressure water system and the presses of three metropolitan daily newspapers having a combined circulation of over 80,000 copies daily, besides being the main attraction for the location of thirty-three new industries in thirty-four months ending 1908. It is estimated that power can be sold by the city at not more than \$18 a horse-power a year for a twenty-four hour day. Electric power at this price means that Winnipeg in the future will be the vast smokeless manufacturing centre of the great Canadian Northwest. The advantages of a strategic location and the power of water has boosted the population from 48,000 to 128,000

in six years and raised the total assessment of city property from \$28,000,000 in 1900 to \$116,000,000 in 1908.

Sixteen miles from Fort William, the great railroad terminal and steamship port for the flood of grain from Manitoba and the Northwest Territory, is Kakabeka Falls on the Kaministiquia River. These falls are 130 feet wide and have a drop of 165 feet. At this point 12,000 horse-power are developed and transmitted to the rapidly growing power market of Fort William; 24,000 more horse-power can be generated here when needed. On the north shore of Lake Superior are fine water-powers on the Current River, which furnishes the power for that other wheat-funnel, Port Arthur; and the Nepigon River, which has sufficient power capacity to grind the entire pulp output of the Nepigon watershed.

Engineers sent out by the Canadian Pacific Railway to investigate the water-powers of the Canadian Rockies brought back the report that there was enough power out there "to run all the railroads in the world." Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, declares that one of the reasons for recently voting \$50,000,000 of new stock for his road is that it intends to establish electric service over the Rockies and by the superior mountain climbing abilities of the electric locomotives practically nullify the disadvantages of grades which now confront the steam locomotives. In this manner 700 miles of track are to be electrified by the melting snows of the mountain tops.

Twelve thousand horse-power at Bennington Falls, in the Rockies, are transmitted eighty miles to be used for transportation, mining and smelting. At Vancouver some 350,000 horse-power are derived from the adjacent high heads. Here plans are being considered by a company for the construction of a large paper and pulp mill on the Powell River, where they

will construct a hydro-electric plant with a capacity of 5,000 horse-power. Coming eastward into the Province of Alberta, we find Edmonton, the railroad and industrial centre of the Last West, planning to harness the Athabasca River, at Grand Rapids, 160 miles northwest of the city, where it is estimated that 250,000 horse-power can be developed. The cost of the transmission line to the city is estimated at \$1,500 a mile. Coal on the banks of the Saskatchewan in close proximity to the city will be a strong competitor to the water-power, but these energetic citizens have evidently figured out that they can transmit this electric energy 150 miles and still sell it cheap enough to make Edmonton a second Winnipeg.

One may gain some conception of the work equivalent of this mighty flow of power when one notes that if it were possible for one to lift 550 pounds one foot high every second of 365 twenty-four-hour days, that amount of work would be equivalent to a horse-power year, and at Winnipeg it would be worth about eighteen dollars, and the total 120,000 population, if they were able to work night and day without sleep, could not produce power equivalent to one-sixth the capacity of their municipal plant. Thus it is that the rivers do the work of the people.

These are but typical illustrations of present water-power development and prospective power advantages whose capacities will be taxed in the approaching age of great smokeless cities, where thousands of little machines will hum at their daily tasks. As a painter omits details and the picture grows by great strong sweeps of the brush, so have the countless smaller water-powers been omitted in the endeavour to note the broad sweep of progress. But one thing is certain, as the coming events that cast their shadows before indicate, that water-power will be the most important factor in Canadian progress and industrial development.

THE TWELVE APOSTLES

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

IT was one of the latest days of Lent, and earliest days of spring, with a cloudless sky of tender blue, intense and pure, and sunlight lying golden upon the snowy fields. All the broad, heavy cedar-boughs dripped softly, ceaselessly, while the other trees in which the sap was stirring, reached out naked branches, dark and damp, swaying gently, as though tentatively, in the breeze that had been wont to bring them clashing together, shivering their icy casings. The drifts were melting, the cocks calling and answering from the farm yards, and cats came forth to bask upon roof and doorstep. The good-wife going from her house to the out-buildings, no longer hastened, cowering into her shawl, but went leisurely, taking her time to look about her, and feel that the sunlight was growing warm. The hillside gleamed no more like burnished silver, the shadows beneath the pines were less darkly distinct, and up between the bare waving branches, floated the light smoke from the sugar-makers' cabins.

The sugar makers looked for a good season that year, for the days were mild and warm; but at night it would freeze, and the wind would freshen, then the sky so vividly blue during the hours of daylight, would be changed, and with broken white cloud-masses, between which the starlight glimmered, drifting across its darkness, became as some far northern sea, at the breaking up of its ice-floes. These tokens presaged a plentiful flow of sap, therefore all the sugar makers rejoiced, and set about their

work cheerfully, and of these none more so than his Reverence, the curé of Saint Hildebrand.

The fame of the curé's sugar was wide-spread, and there were merchants in the city who each spring strove to outbid one another and secure his entire output. The curé smiled as he read their letters, and demanded prices at which his parishioners marvelled, for while they clung to old-time methods, and gathered their sap in open pails, into which the snow melting upon the branches dripped down mingled with twigs and bits of bark; while they boiled it after the fashion of their great-grandfathers—a fashion, it might be, learned from the Indians, the curé's pails were tightly covered, and his cabin sheltered the most modern evaporator that money could buy. Apart from the profit accruing to him, the curé was proud of the reputation he had won as a maker of sugar whom few could equal, and the spring-time work was to him a labour of love. With a master-craftsman's scorn of mediocrity, he regarded the dull brown loaves, the dark, heavy liquid, which his neighbours were simple enough to send in to the market. He shrugged his shoulders a little impatiently, when he heard them, disheartened by low prices, say that the demand for their wares was dying out, there were only English people in the towns now. The curé did not controvert this statement, neither did he consider it any disparagement of the discrimination of these same English people, who were not slow to

appreciate at its worth syrup that ran clear as liquid gold, and sugar amber-tinted, and so delicately flavoured that it provoked the eater to greediness. He cared little that the times had changed, seeing that he has been wise enough to move with them, and he betook himself diligently to his boiling and moulding; for the various and quaint patterns of his devising, had been no unimportant factors in the sum of his success.

This springtime the curé had shaped his masterpiece, a statuette that with tiny clear-cut face, folded hands, and softly falling veil, might have passed for the work of some cunning artificer in precious metals, and which had moved the admiration of all who beheld it. His reverence had destined it as a gift to the bishop, who was to pass through Saint Hildebrand about Easter time; but now as the sun shone high in heaven, and all the path from his cabin to the woods was melting into slush, the curé and the sexton working together, lamented the loss of the statuette, while exchanging surmises as to who could have been so devoid of conscience, as to venture upon such an act, as that of entering and robbing the cabin of their pastor.

Down in the village the bell above the schoolhouse began to tinkle, recalling the children to their tasks. One there was, however, who heeded not at all its insistent summons. Seated upon a stone at the foot of an evergreen whose outspreading boughs closing in about him afforded him a hiding place, a boy of nine or ten years waited till the ringing should have ceased, waited patiently and at his ease, with none of the sudden starts, or furtive peering out, of the truant afraid of detection. A year, six months since, Fanfan absenting himself from school without leave, as had often been his way, would have chosen a more secure lurking-place, than this where he might be plainly seen by anyone upon the hillside. But a marvellous transformation had been wrought in him since those days when

he had been known as ring-leader in all mischievous pranks, the one upon whom with but little risk of injustice, punishment might be visited as instigator, if not actual prime mover in any youthful wickednesses.

It was since the beginning of the school year that Fanfan had changed so completely his way of life that all who knew him wondered. So exemplary in his behaviour had he become, so diligent at his tasks and of so punctilious a courtesy to his teacher, that she, with tears in her eyes, declared to his grand-aunt: "The child is an angel, no more, no less." Fanfan heard the praise of his late-blooming virtues, which passed from mouth to mouth, and they in some degree compensated for the stern self-repression which had called them forth, the praises and a consciousness of the uneasy wonder with which his every action was watched by Médard Thériault, the object of his most profound contempt since their petticoat days, when at sight he had thrown a stone at him.

Médard was to be an archbishop when he grew up, he had never in all his life done wrong, yet he now openly betrayed his disgust that the black sheep should seem in a fair way to become as admirable a member of the flock as himself. The sole pleasure of harassing the future archbishop would, however, have proved but a poor substitute for the many adventures which Fanfan now wistfully, but steadfastly elected to forego, in his endeavour to make himself worthy to be numbered among the twelve chosen each year to represent the Twelve Apostles, whose feet his reverence himself laved and dried on Holy Thursday. This hope alone had been the incentive impelling him towards that exemplary course of conduct, which now seemed about to be fittingly rewarded. Fanfan doubted not that the honour would be his. Had he not heard his teacher speak of his being chosen at of a matter of course. "Fanfan's example will have such a

good effect upon the other wild ones," she had added. Since then his one preoccupation had been as to which personality of the Twelve, it would be his lot to represent in the ceremony. Before overhearing that speech of the school-mistress and realising what an effective influence he wielded, he would have been overjoyed by the assurance that the part of any one of the Twelve had been assigned to him; thereafter he had looked forward to a place among the Evangelists.

Now, Fanfan kicking his heels together in the soft snow, knew that he had attained to a supremacy un hoped for in even his most extravagant visions, that he and not Médard would throne among his comrades as the Prince of the Apostles; for he had discovered the robber of the Madonna!

For the night before, as he came from the stable, he had overheard voices beyond the fence, plotting a new descent upon the curé's cabane, and he had recognised these voices as belonging to a couple of hobblede-hoys, one of whom (who at fifteen drank and swore like any bad man), was the terror of every younger boy in the parish.

The bell ceased ringing, and Fanfan, rising, took his way across the fields toward the hillside, filled with a proud anticipation of the approval with which his reverence would listen to the news he brought. In his eagerness he broke into a run, and flushed and breathless came to the sugar-house. Above the cabane the out-reaching branches were dotted with tiny brown buds. Here and there among the maples a birch showed silver-white and slender against the perfect blue of the sky, and a crow went heavily over the tree-tops cawing and flapping his black wings, a shape of darkness and a strident cry in that sun-illuminated and silent landscape. The windows of the cabane were wide open. Fanfan standing on tiptoe saw the sap in the pans seething like boiling milk, though neither

the curé nor his assistant was visible. On the shelf at the end of the room, the moulds were piled together, and above them were ranged loaves and figurines, and tiny ark-like houses and great hearts, all made of that amber-tinted sugar for which the curé was renowned. Fanfan wondered that after his late experience, M. Baridon should leave the place unwatched, and unprotected. He placed his hands upon the sill and so lifted himself a little from the ground. It might be that M. Baridon was reading his breviary at the other end of the room, while the sap boiled. As he leaned inward a rough hand jerked him back to the ground, there to confront Antoine the sexton, whose graves he had despoiled, whose shrubs he had broken, and who had never had any faith in the reformation of such a youthful vandal.

"Tenez!" said Antoine with grim humour. "I was right and all the rest they were— 'Oh, I assure you, M. le curé, an angel, no more, no less!'" he minced, mimicking the girlish tones of the schoolmistress. "Oh, I do not say no, there are angels and angels, some horned. I knew well enough, Fanfan, that if you seemed to be growing better, it was only because you were meditating some worse *coup en dessous*. Well, we shall see what M. Baridon has to say." His mocking speech was sharply interrupted, for Fanfan confused by the suddenness of the attack, and the gravity of the charge, instinctively reverted to his old-time tactics of self-defence and flight. Striking out wildly at his captor, he wrenched himself free, and turning the corner of the cabane, rushed full tilt of M. Baridon, who with tin pail swinging on his arm, and cassock trussed up, like the skirts of an active housewife, gasped for breath, looking inquiringly from one to the other, as Antoine in turn came hurrying from behind the sugar-house.

Apart from the upgathered skirt, there was little suggestion of feminini-

ty about M. Baridon, taller by his iron-gray head than any other man in the parish. His grizzled brows were drawn, and the stern gaze which he turned upon Fanfan, chilled the child to the heart, so that he could say no word in his own behalf when Antoine accused him of the very crime he had come to clear up. What would it profit to speak now, he thought, helplessly, crushed under the weight of the circumstantial evidence against him? He realised to the full how puerile a fabrication the true reason of his coming thither must appear to those two who believed they had taken him red-handed. And the curé had never appeared quite convinced of his change of heart, had always seems at the catechism class to watch him covertly, as if recalling and weighing nine-and-a-half unregenerate years, against so few poor months of flawless rectitude. His reverence was already convinced of his guilt, and those two whom he had overheard, would on learning how and where Antoine had come upon him, sturdily deny everything, and then the big one, Jean Masse, would lie in wait for him and half murder him. All was lost, all that he had striven for, hoped for, well-nigh achieved. Nothing remained but unmerited shame, harder to bear now that he had done no wrong, than in other days when he had taken no heed of it at all, when he would just as soon have been blamed for others as not.

The curé, well acquainted with Fanfan's ingenuity in the framing of plausible pretexts, accepted his present speechlessness as a confession in the face of overwhelming proof. The rigidly closed lips, set so against whimpering, the lowered lids, beneath which the tears would gather, were to him as certain evidences of guilt, and he therefore addressed the boy harshly. For angry as he was with the robber of his statuette, he more deeply resented the astuteness of this incorrigible offender, against which his years and experience had not been

wholly proof, incredible though it seemed.

"And this was to have been one of my Apostles! So good! Such an example! The name already down there on my list, St. John the Well Beloved! Yes, that you shall be!" he thundered. "Get you down to the school, Fanfan Benoit, hopelessly perverted that you are. And when I come to read my list this afternoon, do not doubt that your name shall have a place upon it."

Then Fanfan turned away shivering, though the mid-day hour was so warm. For he already understood the meaning of the curé's words, and knew that from the sentence there could be no appeal, as there could be no exoneration from the crime laid to his charge. His days of consistent rebellion and scorn of all constituted authority had endowed him with a certain passive endurance in days of adversity, and so he heard his doom and gave no sign, but as he retraced his way along the fields, through which but so little time ago he had gone so light-heartedly, his fortitude all but deserted him as he recalled that never in all his marauding expeditions, had he laid hand on flower or berry belonging to the curé.

The school-mistress, a dark-eyed maiden of nineteen summers, smiled kindly at Fanfan as he came into the room. He was late, and went to his place without a word. This would have deserved a bad mark, had not his little friend in authority overlooked it. Fanfan was not well, she thought, as she noted how he crouched down by his desk, and how strained were the eyes that stared at the book before him. She called him, however, in his turn, and Fanfan made some reply, wide of the mark, at which his school-mates tittered, while Médard, in his place in the front rank, turned at the blunder of his would-be rival, and stared at him with curious satisfaction. Fanfan strove vainly to meet his gaze with his wonted assurance and disdain, as Médard craned his

neck, thrusting forward his little black head and pointed chin, but his eyes wavered and fell; benumbed, he could but listen, listen for the heavy fall of a dreaded step on the boarded platform outside the door.

It sounded on the threshold, the latch lifted, and all the children rose in respect, as M. Baridon entering, passed on to take his place behind the teacher's desk. She had picked nearly all her red geraniums which grew in the green wooden box in the sunny school-room window, and set them in a glass in the pastor's honour. With the great black crucifix on the wall above him, and the scarlet flowers before him, M. Baridon judicially surveyed the assembled scholars, the while he tapped upon the desk with his roll of paper. Then laying it down, he proceeded to unfold it, all eyes following his every movement, all ears eager for the names of those who had achieved the glory of Apostleship. On this one day at least, the reward of virtue was seen as manifestly worth the striving for, and lawlessness discountenanced, witnessed the exaltation of those whom it had contemned. On the eve of Holy Thursday, more good resolutions were made than even on New Year's Eve. M. Baridon set his spectacles astride his nose, and scanning the paper before him, cleared his throat, and read aloud.

"Saint Peter," and a thrill went through his audience, "Saint Peter," went on the curé, "Médard Theriault." The neat little figure in the front seat, rose and bowed with entire self-possession. Médard had indeed looked for nothing less, but as he again took his seat, he could not forbear a triumphant glance at Fanfan, who leaned upon his desk in such inexplicable dejection. "Saint John, the Well Beloved, Louis Morin," his Reverence continued, and Louis Morin, stumbling forward, made his acknowledgment, with none of Médard's grace. Médard's eyebrows lifted a little as this second announcement

was made. The look of gratification on his sharp little face deepened as he heard the names of the Evangelists also given forth, but it changed to wonder, as one after the other, eleven, of whose number Fanfan was not, had risen in their places. Médard had never anticipated so signal a victory of this, and therefore when the curé went on to read "Judas, Fanfan Benoît," the clearly spoken words came to him as to all who heard them with a shock of surprise. The girl teacher half rose. With one accord all the children turned to the one thus stigmatised. The forsaken comrades of his former days, the elect among whom of late he had been counted, equally startled, seemed as though they could hardly trust their sense of hearing. M. Baridon went on to give them his explanation.

"My children," he said, "you well know that from the foundation of the Church, the name of Judas has been held in execration as the synonym of all treachery. Therefore, as I have chosen from among you to represent the Blesséd Eleven, those who, though but imperfect children, are yet to be commended above their fellows, so I have assigned the part of the arch-traitor to him who, notwithstanding his tender years, his limited scope of action, has proved himself to be hardened in cynicism and duplicity. To Fanfan Benoît, who, having blinded the eyes of the whole parish, deceiving me among the others, went on to rob me, his pastor, carrying off among other things the statuette I had intended to present to Monseigneur at his visit here at Easter. I will say no more, but my hope is that the shame brought upon him by his own misdeeds may be salutary in its effects, that it may bring him to realise, while it is yet time, that judgment surely awaits the transgressor."

M. Baridon ceased, and once more rolling up his list, stepped down from the desk, so stern of aspect, that the baby of the class who in accordance with tradition should have toddled out

and begged his reverence for a holiday for Easter Monday, hung back with quivering lip. The others in awed silence watched him go forth; even the bolder spirits were terror-stricken by the magnitude of the penalty. The memory of the parish could not recall another instance of punishment so condign having been meted out. In other years, Antoine, sexton, sacristain, and man of all work about the presbytery, had in this latter character, played the part of the Lost Apostle. But the dark eyes of the little teacher were turned reprovingly, not upon the culprit, but upon his reverence himself, as with the swing and lift of an unwieldy craft loosed from its moorings, he went by the desks, and forth into the sunlight.

That Holy Thursday, when the hour for the ceremony drew near, the large, bare room at the back of the church was thronged, every chair was occupied, while those who could not obtain seats, knelt, or stood along the walls. It was an unusually large gathering, for as a rule few beside the parents and relatives of the happy children, and the more devout women of the parish assisted at the simple ceremony. But this was no ordinary occasion, for Monseigneur had arrived that morning at the presbytery, Monseigneur, whose beautiful life had won him the love and veneration of his whole diocese, and word had gone through the village that the bishop in person, and not M. Baridon, was to officiate. Therefore there were few who did not leave their occupations in order that they might behold this saint on earth pour the water upon the feet of the children.

The relatives of the eleven elect were full of pride, and none more so than the parents of Médard, the blessed child, chosen to be Saint Peter for three successive years. The father, with his hands spread wide upon his black knees, stared fixedly at the floor, and stirred no more than if he had been made of wood, when his wife leaning toward him, drew from

his hanging coat-tail, a large still-folded handkerchief, which she spread across his lap, lifting first one then the other heavily yielding hand from contact with his Sunday clothes. Madame Thériault for her part, was not lacking in animation. She leaned back in her chair breathing excitedly, so that the bosom of her beaded bodice was strained, and her gold locket rose and fell upon it. She had her kid gloves in her hand, and she folded and unfolded them, and turned smiling to the complacent Maître Pampalon, notary of Saint Hildebrand, and godfather of Médard, who sat at her right hand. She watched the side-door eagerly, by which presently the Apostles would enter followed by the bishop, and as she watched, it swung inward, and her little son with bowed head, and hands angelically folded against his surplice, proceeded his white-clad companions to their places. Eleven stools there were, ranged closely side by side, and apart from them, one other stool, where a child wearing his common dress of every day, sat himself down.

Fanfan felt that all eyes were upon him in execration, but this was as nothing compared with the anguished thought that in a moment he must so confront Monseigneur. Again the sacristy door swung inward, and a whisper rose among those who waited, as M. Baridon entered, bearing the white folded cloths upon his arm, and in his hands a small silver ewer, delicately traced about with vine leaves, an old time gift of the bishop himself. And now surely Monseigneur would appear thought one and all. Fanfan brought his knees close together, the room had suddenly grown shadowy, and he could distinguish nothing but that half-open door through which the prelate must come. But the door remained ajar, and M. Baridon was seen to approach Médard, who composedly extended his little naked foot. The foot was grasped. So, after all the bishop was

not to officiate, and many who had waited stole out again, and outside on the church steps exchanged surmises as to the probable cause which had detained Monseigneur, and wondered whether, barely arrived, he had been summoned away again.

At that moment, however, Monseigneur leaning back in M. Baridon's old horsehair armchair, placidly sunned himself in the spring light. He had heard the tale of the misdoing and chastisement of Fanfan, and though it was a fixed principle with him never to interfere with the methods of parish government of any curé within his diocese, yet he had in this particular instance endeavoured to persuade M. Baridon to remit the punishment; endeavoured and without result, for M. Baridon's answering words were playfully spoken: "Monseigneur's kind heart will scarcely believe in the necessity for punishments, even yet," and therewith he had set immediately about his preparations, bringing forth the folded white cloths from a drawer, and the bishop's former gift from the little cabinet where it always stood behind its glass door. "Even yet!" the bishop repeated the words inwardly. To the middle-aged curé himself he was an old man, and therefore would it be all the more shameful by the fact of his presence immeasurably to intensify the humiliation that a little child was to undergo. It was not in that gentle and tender nature to take part in the spectacle M. Baridon had devised. Therefore Monseigneur leaning back wearily in his chair had prayed the curé to take his own part as usual, and M. Baridon, looking down upon the frail form and nervelessly lying hands, had told himself that his revered guest had indeed already overtaxed himself, and had gone on his way alone. A little later the bishop rose from his place by the window, and bowed and stepping slowly, went out obedient to the calling of the spring.

Meanwhile over yonder the ceremony proceeded, as M. Baridon laved one by one the feet of the Apostles. To Fanfan the certitude that at the last moment a miracle had happened in his favour, and that the bishop had been detained, so lightened his burden of ignominy, that he could steel himself to meet without openly wincing the flow of the water that stung like fire, as M. Baridon knelt down before him, and the curé's massive iron-gray head was for a moment level with his breast. He even found courage to glance for the first time at the white-surpliced Eleven, at Médard throned above the rest, with lids primly lowered and lips demurely set. The representative of the Prince of the Apostles was to all outward seeming devoutly composed, but as M. Baridon came to Fanfan, Saint Peter's drooping lids were quickly raised, the black eyes shot a mocking glance along the intervening row of heads, and as at a given signal, the faces of the others, but now disdainfully averted, turned towards Fanfan, each bearing the impress of a very Phari-see-like consciousness of approved rectitude, and the youngest Apostle of all, and last of the row, drew away and folded his little black cassock over his knees, as though fearful of contact with the poor publican.

Fanfan waited awhile. His wish was to steal home unobserved; to creep away to a tiny dark shelter under the roof, and there to surrender himself freely to his grief and shame; and presently it seemed to him that the graveyard had grown quiet as the silent church on the other side of the locked door, and he stole forth, and soon found himself near that tree where he has sat the day before, and now with the jibing cries ringing in his ears he realised to the full what that pouring of water upon his feet had made of him, and the darkness under the roof no longer seemed to afford him a refuge.

All his little world that had been so pleasant a place to dwell in, was

changed, grown pitiless and cruel, a pillory wherein he must endure the scoffs and buffetings of the elders, even as of his own comrades, and thinking of all the days that must be as this one, Fanfan knew that it was more than he could bear. The derisive words of Médard coming back to him, suggested the one means of escape from it all. Passively he acquiesced; yes, he would hang himself. He had noticed a coil of rope lying by the door of M. Baridon's *cabane*, and a cedar tree grew near, with branches hanging down to the ground. He would hang himself there, and perhaps M. Baridon would then understand, and the Eleven would be sorry. He thought of his home, the home he was ashamed to return to, with a sudden choking grief that he would never see it again, with a great yearning for the old great-aunt who had cared for him all his days, and whom he had left weeping over his misdoing; and his heart seemed like to break beneath a rush of self-pity, as he thought how he would be brought back to her, to lie with flowers in his hands rigidly in state in the front room from whose walls the old daguerreotypes and holy pictures would stare down at him. He sobbed helplessly now, no longer restraining himself, for there were none to observe him. He was alone in the gathering dusk, and never again would he see a human face, never again hear the sound of a human voice.

So he went plodding heavily through the soft impeding snow, and jostling against the tree trunks on the hillside. All was still about the curé's *cabane*, the door securely padlocked, the window through which he had gazed at the tempting figures and loaves, fastened; but there by the wooden step still lay the loose coil of rope. Fanfan gathered it up, and holding it against his breast, plunged in among the bushes and young cedars. Blinded with overflowing tears, he stumbled along until he came to the taller cedar tree. Standing below

it he fastened the noose about his neck, and looked up among the boughs choosing one that would be high enough from the earth, and as he looked, noiselessly, with no sound of snapping twigs to give warning of his coming, one stood before him; one the purple of whose robe told of what exalted rank was its wearer. So they faced each other, the bishop, and the little bareheaded figure with the harsh rope knotted against his throat.

The bishop's delicate face went bloodless, as he understood upon what all-but-enacted tragedy he had come, in the twilight of the woods. "My child, my child!" his voice broke, and falling on his knees in the snow, he threw his arms about Fanfan. But the child writhed in his embrace. "Monseigneur," he gasped, "Monseigneur, I am Judas!" Then as the embracing arms but folded him closer, "But I never did it, Monseigneur, never! Never! Never!" Then, broken in upon with wild despairing sobbing, the whole pitiful story of his eager aspirations and undeserved ignominy broke from him. The bishop heard, shaken to his gentle heart with a rush of anger that one of the little ones, beloved of his Master, should have been so cruelly likened to that Master's betrayer. What undying remorse would not have been his that he had failed to lay his commands on M. Baridon, had not his footsteps been guided hither between the close-growing trees! His soul was filled with silent thanksgiving, the while with more than a woman's tenderness he comforted the child.

And presently the plaintive sobbing was stilled, convulsive tremours no longer shook the little body within his arms; the child's head fallen heavily forward, lay inert against his shoulder. Then in a little while, as the lights began to show in the village windows, Monseigneur, still holding him safe and close, led Fanfan homeward across the fields where the night was gathering.

Current Events

BY
F. A. ACLAND

MARCH came and went without producing any marked change in the British political situation. The new riddle of the sphinx has become, for the Liberal party, the Lords or the budget, and what to do with either, or neither or both. The only unexpected incident perhaps has been the action of the Commons, at the instance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in taking supply for six weeks only, so that, as it was frankly avowed, when new supplies were due, the Unionists, at least, would not be able to secure them, and the Liberals will thus secure the whip hand. It is politics of a new sort, not without precedent on this continent, and perhaps not indefensible, politics having become a sort of civil war without bloodshed; at any rate, it is not at all a surprising manoeuvre to come from Mr. Lloyd-George. It is to be doubted whether on the whole, however, it will increase the prestige and strength of the Liberals in the country.

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The budget is still in the background, and the Government is plainly apprehensive about bringing it forward; and in the meantime the finances of the country are getting into inextricable confusion; the Government looking on with apparent equanimity, believing that the blame will be placed on the shoulders of the Unionist party and the Lords. The Lords have had a full-dress debate on the subject of reforming themselves, Lord Rosebery taking the initiative, and laying down in a speech

of great dignity and power, certain general principles which were approved by all but a tiny minority when the question came to a vote. The effect of a reform of the Lords on the lines proposed would be to weaken it in numbers, but strengthen it in every other way, and it is not therefore a proposal which will be acceptable to the Commons in their present mood.

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Lord Rosebery was able to point to the examples of all great states and most of all to the great modern Republics of France and the United States, as illustrations of the accepted principle of a strong and effective second chamber, while in the case of the United States there is not only the veto of the Senate on the doings of the popular chamber, but a very effective veto on the part of the President, corresponding to some extent with the long-defunct veto of the sovereign in Britain. In favour of the principle of a single chamber, Lord Rosebery was able to cite only the sorry examples of Greece and Costa Rica, which are hardly worthy of analysis. The pruning down of the present Chamber was easily arranged by an elective system similar to that which now exists in the case of Irish and Scottish peers, but when it came to the infusion of new blood the best suggestion that came to hand was that the county councils should elect members; and whether these should be from the peers or not, and if so, whether the county council peers

should be selected from the left-over peers, that is, those not elected by the lords themselves, was not made clear, and the suggestion generally seems lacking somewhat in brilliancy.

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Lord Morley's criticism was mainly of a destructive character, at which he is, of course, an adept. He had no difficulty in showing the weaknesses, speaking logically, of the reforms or modifications suggested. Lord Morley chose purposely to ignore the historic atmosphere and the traditional prestige attaching to the Upper House, quantities that cannot be weighed or measured, but counting for much in the English constitution as a whole. The value placed by the people at large on such points must be the final indication of the character of the reforms. Lord Morley humorously betrayed a Cabinet secret of the past with reference to this same question of the reform of the Lords, the Cabinet being, moreover, that over which Lord Rosebery himself presided for a year or two in 1894-5. On that occasion, as now, the Commons were at variance with the Lords, and were themselves divided by a narrow majority, the Irish members then, as now, holding the balance of power. The Cabinet entrusted to a committee of its members the matter of devising a scheme for reforming the Lords' chamber, but the committee, as Lord Morley remarked, amid loud laughter all around him, was able to do nothing because it was not able to decide the vital question whether it was desirable to make the House weaker or stronger. Shortly afterwards the general elections of 1895 took place, and all such matters were put outside the realm of practical politics until 1909 or 1910. Had the Unionists been able themselves during those long years of power to modify the Lords system, the present rupture might have been averted, but the South African war spoiled constructive statesmanship

during the first term of office, and the tariff reform issue split their ranks during the second term, and so the question was handed on.

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The subject is not one indeed where reputations for statesmanship are to be formed. Lord Morley himself, in his work on Cromwell, touched on this point in some lucid sentences, of which he reminded the House during the debate. "There is no branch of political industry," he said, in his biography of the Protector, "that men approach with hearts so light and yet that leaves them at the end so dubious and melancholy, as the concoction of a Second Chamber. Cromwell and his Parliament set foot on this *Pons Asinorum* of democracy without a suspicion of its dangers. To call out of empty space an artificial house without the hold upon men's minds of history and ancient association, without defined powers, without marked distinction of persons or interests, and then try to make it the effective screen against an elected House, to whose assent it owned its own being, was not to promote union but directly to promote division and to intensify it. Cromwell never thought out the scheme. Like smaller reformers since, Cromwell had never decided, to begin with, whether to make his lords strong or weak; strong enough to curb the Commons, yet weak enough for the Commons to curb them." The difficulties of the existing situation could hardly be put more effectively, and as Lord Morley added, "The riddle which perplexed Cromwell is still unanswered." Lord Morley could not avoid the closing word of banter. "I do not think my noble friend's contribution will be an effective answer to it," and, for himself, he made no attempt to solve the riddle, keeping his counsels doubtless for the Cabinet Council.

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Colonel Roosevelt began his Central African travels a year ago by enter-

ing the Dark Continent, as it was called but lately, at Mombassa, where he was the guest of a British governor, was dined at a British club and left town on a British railway, and he has lately emerged at Khartoum, where he was again the guest of British Authority, and where his most interesting function was the visit paid to the college founded by Lord Kitchener for the education of the youth of the ancient Soudan, the terse appeal for which, sounded while the dead of Omdurman were yet unburied, was one of the dramatic episodes of history twelve years ago. The college, however, like the universities of India, has become already a centre of nationalist sentiment, based on agitation against British rule, or, in the case of Egypt and the Soudan, to be quite accurate, against British occupation.

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Young Egypt, fired by the example of Young Turkey, seeks a constitution modelled on the British basis, so it is proclaimed, and hence a host of paradoxes. The constitution which is to give law and order is sought through the avenues of anarchy, disorder and murder. The power that bars the way to Young Egypt's ambition is the very power whose example has given a common ideal to Egypt and Turkey. Young Turkey, which achieved its constitution by the aid of British diplomacy, advises Young Egypt that the latter has nothing to complain of and should rather rejoice at being under British protection, than agitate against it. Add to all this that it is not yet a decade and a half since Britain rescued Egypt from the bondage of centuries and gave her people a sense of unity and nationality. It is truly a maze of inconsistencies, from which no amount of theorising will provide a safe and comfortable exit.

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It was with something of these matters in mind, no doubt, that Colonel Roosevelt spoke, when he addressed a

gathering at a Khartoum club-house composed of native Soudanese and Egyptian officers. The club-house, like the college, had become a centre of nationalist influence, and Colonel Roosevelt, willing doubtless to say a good word for the Government of which he had been and was the guest and which he recognised as the greatest agent of civilisation in Africa, seized the opportunity to condemn the mingling of soldiers and politics. "The soldier who mixes in politics," he said, "becomes a bad politician and a poor soldier," and more to the same effect, before proceeding to enlarge on the marvellous changes and development that had taken place since Britain had assumed charge of the administration twelve years earlier

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The recent assassination of the Egyptian Premier by a fellow-native gave special point to the remarks of the ex-president and must have made them doubly acceptable to England, where it is remembered that the assassin, Ibrahim Wardany, acted as secretary of the recent Young Egypt Congress at Geneva, a gathering which was attended by and received some additional importance, in the eyes of its members at least, from the presence thereof of four members of the British Parliament, namely, Messrs. Keir-Hardie and Barnes, leading members of the Socialist wing of the Labour party, and Messrs. Hazleton and Kettle, delegates from the Irish Nationalists. The British members were among the warmest and doubtless most sincere advocates of the cause of Egyptian nationality, and nothing probably was further from their thoughts than that the first step in the achievement of this object should be the assassination of the greatest Egyptian then living. The tendency of the Oriental races to view obliquely the morality and civilisation of the West, and to distort and pervert its wisest and best institutions should be an evidence to the thoughtful of the unwisdom of insisting on

fitting western modes to subjects so ill-prepared to receive them or use them.

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We hear Germany held up so frequently as a model to follow — and the advice, curiously, comes often from those who advocate most warmly the ways of peace and theorise on the abolition of war, that it comes as a surprise to many to learn that Prussia, the great dominant State of Germany, is a century at least behind Britain, and far in the rear of most Continental States, in her methods of representation. The voters are arranged according to their tax-paying capacity, that is to say, "speaking roughly," as *The Spectator* puts it, "three voters of the first or richest class have the same voting-power as twelve voters of the third class." So it is that seven Socialists represent a fifth of the total number of votes cast and over one hundred and fifty Conservative members of the Diet polled less than a seventh part of the total number. Moreover, the representation is based on a distribution of a generation ago, and takes no account of the ten millions of people who have been added to the urban populations during that time and have rendered obsolete the calculations of the period. In addition, there is no secret ballot. It is no wonder that all Prussia is excited and in a ferment of riot because the new franchise bill introduced by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg does not pretend to remedy any of these glaring grievances. Not for fifty years, it is authoritatively stated, has agitation been so intense or the proletariat so moved to violence and to defiance of all authority. The crisis in Britain at the present time is far more momentous, no doubt, in its issues, but the troops have not yet been called upon to fire upon the citizen, nor even to preserve order. It is possible that the pressure of domestic troubles may yet force Germany to abandon militarism, unless,

indeed, it should soon precipitate her into a conflict for which she is unready, for the first time in her modern history.

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The precise position of Germany with respect to naval combat was recently discussed in some detail by Colonel Gaedke, a noted naval critic, in an article in *The Berliner Tageblatt*, who endorses the claim that by 1911 Germany will have the second fleet in the world, having then passed the United States. The whole programme is supposed to be based on the Navy Act of 1900, but Colonel Gaedke points out that whereas that Act provided for but thirty-eight battleships, Germany is creating a fleet of fifty-eight battleships, "the twenty large cruisers being equivalent in size and strength to first-class battleships." Colonel Gaedke also asserts that the German armaments policy has apparently abandoned the principle that the prestige of the Fatherland depends on the army, and maintains that the expansion of her naval armaments is gradually outstripping the requirements for the defences of the trade and coasts of the Empire.

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Putting the matter financially, Germany has spent on new ships alone during the last twelve years \$316,000,000, and between now and 1914 will, according to present arrangements, spend a further sum of \$287,500,000. How long will Germany stand the prodigious strain, added to the cost of its huge standing army? The Socialists in the Reichstag, like their political brethren in the British Parliament, oppose the heavy naval expenditures, and one of the leaders of the party, Herr Sidekun, declared the other day that "English anxiety, though it might be exaggerated, was perfectly genuine," also that "the English point of view was quite intelligible." In the meantime, in Britain, too, the proposed expenditure

for the coming year by the Government fresh from the people and strongly disposed to a peace policy, is larger than ever before in peace times, totalling the prodigious figure of \$200,000,000. France is not actually in the great competition, and is asserted to be more pacific in tendency than for forty years past, yet she, too, is laying down during the next three years six new battleships at a cost of \$13,500,000 each.

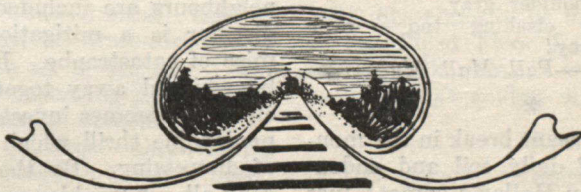
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In the universal outcry against the rise in prices and the demand for the cause, altogether too little account is taken of the vast increase in recent years in expenditure of this nature, as well as of the actual outlay on three wars, all falling within the period of inflated prices, namely, the Spanish-American, the South African, and the Russo-Japanese. The actual material destruction and waste during these three wars was almost incalculable, and during the same time the destruction of values has continued on a tremendous scale by the ever-increasing growth of unproductive outlay. Doctor E. J. Dillon, one of the keenest of modern observers, who gives some thought in the current issue of *The Contemporary Review* to this aspect of the great problem of the day, concludes that "in the problem raised by these factitious obstacles to national well-being lurks the germs of a social revolution. Democratic or fair-trade budgets," he goes on, "may retard its advent for a while, but even they bring no definitive solution. The key-word to a settlement of the difficulties and to a harmonising of the contradictions which the present ordering of politics

and economics in Europe involves, is a radical change which may ultimately turn the social pyramid upside down. And at present the instinctive but vague tendency of the masses in many parts of the Continent appears to be set in that direction."

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The pressure by taxation is not, of course, so keen on this continent as in Europe, but the destruction of values on a vast scale exerts a world-wide influence in these days of delicately interwoven commercial relations and rapid interchange even, in some cases, of huge populations, and in the United States, at any rate, the absence of high taxation in a direct form is more than made up for by the excessive tariff and by the extravagance of living generally, so that the possibilities of a social upheaval within its bounds are perhaps not less serious than in Europe. The almost universal demand for a tariff reduction, the "no-meat" crusade, the growing clamour against corporations, the continuous cry for increased wages, the frequent strikes and perhaps, most of all, the possibility of so long-continued a scene of violence and tragedy in the streets of a great city as that just closing in Philadelphia, are all indications of a vast social problem. Whether the problem is to go under in a cataclysm of violence and anarchy, or to assume less threatening and terrible aspects as it is seriously encountered, is a question which the next decade probably must determine, and turns on the wisdom, patience and steadiness which the statesmen of the various lands bring to bear on the subject





At five O'clock

NANCY'S RIVER-BELLS

On the bridge o' Sundays,
 Pretty as a flower,
 Nancy waits till church-bells
 Chime at morning hour;
 Hark'ning how the river
 Cools the sultry day:
 Little streams a-dimpling clear, over
 Dartmoor way!

'Minds her of the Psalm-tune
 When she hears its laughter:
 "Singers go before," it tells,
 "Minstrels follow after;
 In the midst the damsels
 With the cymbals play;"
 Little streams a-dancing fast, over
 Dartmoor way.

Seems to bubble louder
 When the bells begin
 Ringing over Church-lane
 Calling Nancy in;
 Moorland water sprinkled
 Her on christ'ning-day:
 Silver founts amid the ferns, over
 Dartmoor way.

On the bridge o' Sundays,
 Pretty as a flower,
 Nancy hears the church-bells
 Chime from yonder tower:
 Hark! from mossy belfry,
 Tor and boulder gray,
 River-bells are clashing too — over
 Dartmoor way!

—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

*

WHAT a pleasant break in the mon-
 otony of daily toil and endea-
 vour is made by Halley's comet! Just

as we have become thoroughly weary of the North Pole and the evasions of Doctor Cook and the narratives of Commander Peary, there comes a new sensation which gives us a genuine astronomic thrill. If that brilliant French scientist, M. Camille Flammarion, is telling the truth, Halley's comet is a highly exciting heavenly body with poisonous possibilities in its tail. Cyanogen gas, about which we all have only the cloudiest ideas, is said to permeate the long fiery tail of this disturbing apparition, and, if this old earth should come near enough to the comet to get a thorough dose of this fatal gas, the planet will be destroyed altogether and we shall disappear with unparalleled celerity.

After all, it is not a disturbing prospect. The comet mode of exit from this troubled scene has the virtue of swiftness, and there is a universality about some of the dire forebodings which is, to say the least of it, comforting. To know that our neighbours are included in a possible disaster is a mitigation to the surmise of catastrophe. If we are all to be whisked away together, the anticipation becomes invested with a companionable thrill which is the reverse of distressing. By the eighteenth of May all our troubles may be over, our

worries smoothed out nicely and our destinies arranged. It all depends on how long we are obliged to spend in contact with the tail of that wayward comet.

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WHAT is the matter with the stage of To-day? Nearly every other "performance" seems to turn upon domestic infelicity, with a plentiful besprinkling of tiresome Affinities. If there is one being more dreary and utterly commonplace than another it is the stage Affinity. He or She always utters the same threadbare and nonsensical platitudes about the fetters of Conventionality and the starving soul which longs to be understood. Alas for the good old days of "The Private Secretary" and "The Elder Miss Blossom," to say nothing of the charming simplicity of "The Professor's Love Story!" Can we not have a few clean comedies by way of relief from the loathsome Eternal Triangle? The problem play, as it is absurdly called, is sheer boredom to anyone with a sense of humour or a grain of common-sense. The affair always ends in drivel and doldrums and you wish you had stayed home and read Chesterton or James Douglas instead. Then these horrid problem plays are so mawkishly hypocritical. They refuse absolutely to call things by their proper names and would positively shudder at My Lord Hamlet when he informs his mother of just the kind of crime she has committed. A little honesty of the Shakespearian or Doctor Samuel Johnson order would be positively refreshing.

The modern critic is also beginning to weary of the unvarying unsavouriness of the Affinity drama. One of the noble army of dramatic critics has remarked in an article on "Plays and Players," concerning the travesty of marriage usually presented:

"To listen to these playwrights, marriage is no longer a thing of bliss; if you are going to get married you

can just figure on having your soul pulled up by the roots, strung across a dishpan and twanged at by the ghoulish claws of disaster. . . Stay a bachelor; or a bachelor maid. Then Pinero cannot get you, the Frenchmen cannot get you. Eugene Walter and the Tenderloin School cannot get you. Or, better yet, don't go to the theatre, and don't buy a book."

The chief grievance against these plays is that they are so remote from most of us. This soulful spinster who rolls her sentimental eyes on the husband of Another, this gloomy young man who regards with loving gaze the hysterical wife of his best friend are not among our associates, and are fortunately as abnormal as they are unwise. Most of us belong neither to the slums nor the smart set and are acquainted with hundreds of happy homes, into which the Affinity never pokes her nose. Why can't we have dramas of everyday life like the delightful "Little Gray Lady"?

Of course, there is the would-be artist, the creature who talks "temperament" in season and out of season, who is always ready to inform you that the sordidness and dishonour are "life," that there is no romance in pure love and loyal friendship. Such a one descants upon the philistinism of the happy home and utters dark sneers against the simple people who go to church and endeavour to keep the Ten Commandments. It may be blind optimism to believe that it is more easy and more "natural" to follow good than evil, but humanity is much better and happier than the modern playwright would have us believe. Let us be of good cheer! Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who is more than a matinee hero, has come to us in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and one would walk many a weary mile just to hear that golden voice again.

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THE subject of spiritualism, as it is commonly interpreted, has an

unfailing attraction for the multitude. Women, it is said, are more frequently the victims of the mercenary medium than are the members of the less credulous sex. I must admit that the "spirits" will have no dealings with me and that their aloofness is no cause for regret. It is hardly to be believed that those who hold their dead in tender reverence will pay fifty cents to a *poseur*, in order to hold fancied communion with those who have passed beyond the gateless barrier. To those who have realised that death does not mean separation, that those who have left us are "just away," there is something revolting in the cheap claims of the ordinary medium. Not in mysterious rappings and alleged trance-revelations do our friends come back from the shadow-land. Yet the confiding customer continues to patronise the seance and the clairvoyant's stuffy parlour, in the fond hope of finding out something about the other world or the future. The medium who associates money with the seance is almost certain to be a fraud. Those who believe in the things which are unseen and eternal are not in the habit of bartering their creed or their knowledge. They remember the Scriptural injunction as regards casting pearls before swine.

While there is nothing more offensive to those of sensibility than the tawdry exploiting of the occult, after the fashion of Mr. W. T. Stead, for instance, there is nothing more helpful to distressed or bereaved humanity than the voice which speaks with assurance of faith in immortality. Of such is the book which Algernon Blackwood has given us—"The Education of Uncle Paul." This volume will in all probability be "caviare to the general," for it contains no marvellous heroine, with a "poppa" of multi-millionaire fortune, no up-to-date American hero with firm jaw and keen eyes. But to those who care for the volume which reveals suffering, struggle and conquest, this chronicle of a man's fight towards the sunlit

ways of belief and communion with the best will be treasure-trove indeed.

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IT is amusing to the one who merely looks on, to see how many of the misunderstandings between man and woman arise from the masculine incapacity to appreciate woman's fondness for small attentions. "I should not mind if my husband beat me," said a lively matron, "if he would only remember to send me violets on my birthday." Most women can understand the sentiment which inspired such a remark. The men, good honest souls, are often bewildered at the popularity which some arrant cad enjoys among women — just as women are at a loss to account for the masculine attention bestowed upon a girl whom her own sex knows as a "selfish little cat." Yet if the qualities of the feminine hero were analysed, it would be found that he never forgets the small courtesies and graceful observances which appeal to the womanly fancy. Woman's life has belonged to the sequestered ways, where every little flower along the path has meant more than a trifle.

"Why can't a wife take love for granted?" grumbles the sensible citizen, who regards his punctual attention to such details as gas and life assurance as convincing proof of devotion. That is one matter which few of the Daughters of Eve have sufficient philosophy to take for granted. They require to be informed with more or less frequency that they are beloved and incomparable. However, even if man is somewhat stupid about remembering violets for the birthday and if woman is a trifle unreasonable about her expectations of chivalry in small matters, the pessimist's song is true:

"Nought in the world but common-sense
Will e'er overcome these woes."

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THERE has arisen during the last decade a movement for special

"days" which lends interest and variety to life. Empire Day, under the fostering care of the Earl of Meath, has become quite an institution, with its wreaths of marguerites to make the festivity. Another and more significant observance has recently been made the fashion and will probably remain such, as it makes a wider appeal than patriotic pride. The second Sunday in May has been chosen as Mother's Day and, for that occasion, all over the continent, the old home and its associations are brought back to memory and are given first place in the services of the day. The Decoration Day observed by our United States neighbours has doubtless influenced the whole continent in adopting especial flowers as emblems of honour. For Mother's Day a white flower, preferably the carnation, has been chosen, and it will probably be worn profusely on the second Sunday in May.

A Canadian church held an Old Folks' Sunday last May, when venerable members of the congregation, who had not been out to church for months or years, were taken in carriages to the old, familiar scene. A retired pastor, who had lived among them since early manhood and who was over eighty years of age, preached the sermon to his lifelong friends, and a dear old lady of seventy-five sang the offertory solo in a quavery voice. The congregation had not enjoyed a service for years as they enjoyed that Old Folks' Day and they are going to repeat the "special Sunday" this year. Mother's Day ought to appeal to Canadian homes and churches, for there is no country in the world where the homes are more blessed with freedom and sunshine than our own Dominion.

*

IT must be somewhat trying to be Governor-General of Canada, although, of course, it means "a nice, clean, easy job," in comparison with

the vice-royalty of India. The latter position, in accordance with a certain Anglo-Indian's views, is "smoking in a powder magazine." The Governor-General of this favoured land, on the contrary, may drive about Ottawa or go snow-shoeing, without the slightest fear of the festive bomb or the furtive dirk. We are not a picturesque people, but we take our royal representatives soberly and decorously, making no attempt to hurry them off this planet.

Yet the Governor-General has his trials. Even his mildest utterances on the subject of government or politics are in serious danger of misconstruction. We are so "plagued with politics" in this land of many legislatures, that the comparative freedom of a British speaker is almost unknown. Therefore, every once in a while, our worthy Governor-General finds himself sadly misunderstood by the youthful reporters who are sure that he is saying something about Ottawa, when he is really thinking of Westminster.

Earl Grey has done many kindly acts during his Canadian ministrations, but none will be remembered more pleasantly than the founding of the musical and dramatic trophy competitions. There have been several of these events, in Ottawa, Montreal, and this year in Toronto. The stimulus given to local musical and dramatic ambition is of the most gratifying order. It is a great pity that the amateur dramatic associations, which used to flourish in the towns and cities of Ontario have languished. In the West, it is said, such clubs or societies meet with far more enthusiastic support than in the older parts of Canada. It is to be hoped that His Excellency's generous interest in such organisations will have the effect of inducing Thespians in various Canadian towns to revive the old-time clubs and give us "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer."

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, of the United States, is as sure of a large patronage for his novels as Mr. Winston Churchill, of Great Britain, is of a crowded hall when he delivers an address. The former's latest novel, "A Modern Chronicle," is a distinct departure from his earlier works of fiction. It will, no doubt, prove a sensational success in the United States, since it is a prolonged study of a feminine creature with that mysterious possession, a temperament. The present feverish interest in the vagaries of the temperamental woman, whether she become divorcée, prima donna or Suffragette, will contribute to the popularity of "A Modern Chronicle."

The heroine is fairly accounted for, during the first chapter, when we are informed that her father, *Randolph Leffingwell*, was a man of many graces who filled the post of United States consul at Nice, and departed this life when his only daughter was eighteen months old. His wife, who died with him, possessed "beauty and dash and a knowledge of how to seat a table." The small inheritor of these talents and virtues is sent home to be brought up in Saint Louis by *Uncle Tom Leffingwell*, who is as honest and good a creature as ever paid a fascinating brother's debts. *Aunt Mary*, also, is a model of all domestic qualities, and it looks as if the lonely orphan has a fair chance

of becoming a careful housewife and an estimable person.

However, we must not forget that *Honora* has "temperament," with which endowment various complications are sure to result. Consequently, when she is taken to New York by rich relatives, we are sure that *Honora* is entering upon a stormy career. She becomes the wife of a positively boresome young stock broker, *Howard Spence*, who would never in the wide world have attracted such a girl. This is the only serious blunder made by the author, however. Then ensues a life, which has been described *ad nauseam* in the modern novel, from "The House of Mirth" downward. The social circle in which *Honora* moves is utterly without either grace or wit. Bridge and strong drink and gowns galore are the aim of their existence, without any of the airy sprightliness which Anthony Hope, for instance, would infuse into the scene.

When a woman has temperament and an uninteresting husband, an unkind fate is almost certain to send a masterful Affinity across her path. He arrives in the Viking person of *Mr. Hugh Chiltern*, who has a past which is mentioned with a cough, and a personality which is all-conquering. Broken hearts of all sorts and sizes strew his progress through life, and *Honora* bestows her affections and temperament upon him, fleeing to a



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHOSE NEW NOVEL "A MODERN CHRONICLE,"
IS REVIEWED IN THIS NUMBER

Western State until she obtains the necessary divorce from the bovine stock-broker. However, all is not happiness with the Viking gentleman, who really has the temper of a fiend, and no manners worth mentioning. He tortures the fair *Honora* for several months, but is finally removed from the scene by a fiery horse which throws him violently down a steep place. *Honora* goes away to Paris—for seclusion, if you please—and her ex-husband also dies, after achieving an unenviable reputa-

tion as a grafter. Then comes upon the scene, the true and noble hero, who has been waiting all these years. *Peter Erwin* is a meek and unobtrusive gentleman, of legal talent and an infinite patience, who has been sure that *Honora* will emerge in triumph from a tumult of temperament. He renews his offer of affection and devotion and on page 524 we leave *Honora* on the verge of her third matrimonial venture.

The story is well told, if somewhat flamboyant in spots. It presents a

type truthfully and with sympathy. If it reminds one occasionally of "The House of Mirth," "Together," and "Unleavened Bread," that is because the neurotic woman is an exploitation of our times. The book touches once more on a subject near to Mr. Churchill's heart — civic righteousness. It is not so fine a literary achievement as "Coniston" or "Mr. Crewe's Career," but, in distinction of style, is far above two-thirds of the best-selling novels. As for the "lesson" of the book, should any reader be old-fashioned enough to inquire, there is no especial purpose served by the narration of *Honora's* adventures, save to impress upon the plastic mind that a lady of temperament is likely to accumulate several husbands and much trouble. From "The Celebrity" to "A Modern Chronicle" is a far cry, and some of us may be so lost to the importance of the Eternal Feminine as to prefer the inimitable comedy of the first to the common-place melodrama of the latest Churchill novel. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50).

*

MR. LAWRENCE J. BURPEE'S volume entitled "A Little Book of Canadian Essays" is highly commendable in as much as it serves to introduce a number of writers whose lives and work are too often overlooked, and although the essays are not, and are not intended to be, exhaustive, they give some acquaintance with the subjects dealt with. The first deals with the life and work of Isabella Valancy Crawford, and in order the following Canadian authors are considered: Charles Heavyside, Archibald Lampman, George Thomas Lanigan, Catharine Parr Traill, John Hunter-Duvar and George Frederick Cameron. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

*

IT IS not often that we find a Canadian writer and a Canadian artist collaborating in an important under-

taking for a publishing firm such as Harper and Brothers. "Going Down from Jerusalem" is the title of a volume of travel sketches, the result of such a collaboration on the part of Norman Duncan and Lawren Harris. Mr. Duncan is well known as the author of "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," "The Cruise of the Shining Light," etc., and Mr. Harris is a young Toronto artist of whom not very much had hitherto been heard. Mr. Duncan appears to have caught the glamour of the East, and he certainly has with his pen drawn a most convincing and colourful picture, while Mr. Harris' drawings are decidedly attractive and in some instances particularly good. Both the text and the drawings appeared first in *Harper's Magazine*. (New York: Harper and Brothers. Cloth, \$1.50 net).

*

PUBLIC spirit of the first order has been shown by Simcoe County Council in bringing about the publication of "A History of Simcoe County," by A. F. Hunter. Undertakings of this kind are usually left until the pioneers or the ones who have first-hand knowledge have passed away. An example in this instance has therefore been set, and it would be a great advantage to future students of history if more counties, particularly those that have an important history, would follow it. Simcoe County has an unusually interesting history, and Mr. Hunter has brought together a great amount of valuable information. In engaging in this work, the author found that in order to procure a record of the most important part of the history of the county he had to go back to the days preceding the printing press in the county, a work that necessitated a large amount of interviewing amongst the pioneers and early settlers of the county. But the result is that we find a most comprehensive history, one whose author's chief purpose seems to have been to place in consecutive

and permanent form facts that otherwise might soon have become dissipated and perhaps unavailable. Volume I. deals with the history proper of the county, while Volume II. provides a chapter on each township, with a list of the earliest settlers, as well as of the pioneers and settlers prior to 1837. (Barrie: The Simcoe County Council. Cloth, two volumes, \$2).

*

THE latest volume in "The Highways and Byways" series is "Highways and Byways in Middlesex," by Walter Jerrold, with about 150 reproductions of drawings by Hugh Thomson. This makes a charming contribution to the series. Many persons might think that Middlesex, because it is in part the location of the great capital of London, would become commonplace in its urbanity, but Mr. Jerrold quite dispels that impression. On the other hand, many quaint, picturesque and even curious spots are revealed, and the author has woven around them a fine offering in descriptive writing. The addition of the Thomson illustrations would, in the estimation of many readers, at once raise the volume above the ordinary. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.75).

*

MARSHALL Saunders, of Halifax, author of "Rose á Charlotte," has written another novel, "'Tilda Jane's Orphans." The latter story is not very pretentious, but it has a wholesome flavour, and it makes a first-rate book for young persons. It tells in a pleasing manner about the everyday life of simple folk, and in "Tilda Jane" presents a juvenile character of more than ordinary interest. "Tilda Jane" is an orphan herself, but the household that adopted her discovers that she is worthy of a family place, and in time another orphan is adopted to take the place that she had filled and to allow her to come into even closer

relationship with the family. She adopts also a dog and a mare named Milkweed, both of which have their part to play in the walk and conversation of the household. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Toronto: William Briggs).

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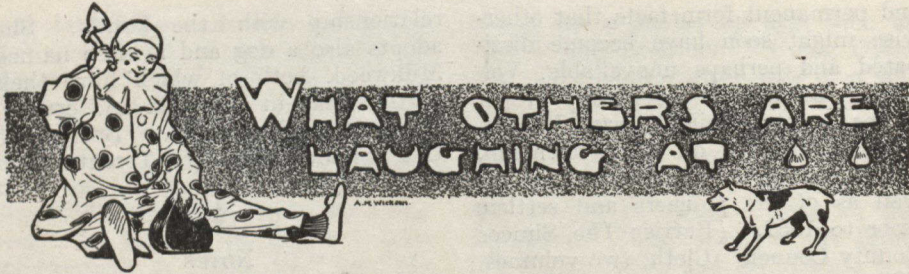
NOTES

—William Briggs announces "The Second Chance," a new story by Mrs. McClung, author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny."

—A collected edition is soon to appear of the poems of Miss E. Pauline Johnson, who is an occasional contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*.

—*The Studio* for March is full of interest, notwithstanding the fact that painting as such takes for the time being a minor place. The first article deals, of course, with a painter and his work — Albert Goodwin, R.W.S., by A. Lys Baldry. A number of excellent reproductions accompany the article, with the frontispiece and two or three other pages in colours. There is an article also on contemporary Japanese painting, which really comes under the head of decoration; a good concluding account of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery; an article on Swedish etchers; another on old aquatints, and "Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture," with an abundance of unusually interesting "Studio-Talk" and illustrations. (London: The Studio Publishing Company).

—A notable contribution to Canadian as well as American local history is promised in the forthcoming publication of "The History of King's County, Nova Scotia. Heart of the Acadian Land," by Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, D.C.L., a Canadian who has distinguished himself in New England as a clergyman, an author and an historian. The volume will give a sketch of the Acadian expulsion and a history of the New England planters who came to take land hitherto occupied by the French.



HIGH TENSION

"My husband was a very high-strung person."

"Yes. I've heard he was hanged on Pike's Peak."—*Harper's Weekly*.

*

SO CARELESS

Child — "Mamma, mamma, my piece of bread and butter has dropped on the buttered side!"

Mamma (to nurse)—"Mary, I must beg that you will be more careful to butter Elsie's bread on the right side."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

AN INDUCEMENT

Lady—"I want to put in this advertisement for a cook. It will go in three lines, won't it?"

Clerk (after counting) — "No, madam. We'll have to charge you for four lines; but you can put in four more words if you wish."

Lady (suddenly inspired) — "Say 'Policeman stationed opposite corner!'" —*Answers*.

*

A CALAMITY

'Arry—"Wot's yer 'urry, Bill?"

Bill—"I've got to go to work."

'Arry—"Work? Why, wot's the matter with the missis? Ain't she well?"—*Illustrated Bits*.

*

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

The budget has given rise to a number of good stories about Mr Lloyd-George, a particularly good one concerning a recent banquet at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was a guest.

Sitting next to him was a young lady, who listened reverently to every word that fell from her hero's lips.

"Ah," she ventured at last, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being misunderstood, have you not?"

"Yes," Mr. Lloyd-George is reported to have replied, "I have suffered from being misunderstood; but I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."

—*M.A.P.*



AN APPETISER

TRAVELLER—"But, waiter, I only ordered two eggs. You have brought three."

WAITER—"I know, sah, but I thought possibly one might fail." —*Punch*

A MUCH-MARRIED LADY

"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man.

"Sure," commented the clerk, "that makes thirteen hundred licenses for that girl this season."—*Puck.*

*

DIFFICULT SITUATION

About a year ago a cook informed her Boston mistress that she was apt to leave at any time, as she was engaged to be married. The mistress was genuinely sorry, as the woman is a good cook and steady. Time passed, however, without further word of leaving, though the happy man-to-be was a frequent caller in the kitchen. The other day the mistress was moved by curiosity to ask:

"When are you to be married, Nora?"

"Indade, an' it's niver at all, I'll be thinkin', mum," was the sad reply.

"Really? What is the trouble?"

"'Tis this, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, an' when he's sober he won't marry me."—*Judge.*

*

THIS YEAR

The Dominic — "What kind of Christmas do you expect to have this year?"

Little Society Boy—"That depends on whether the judge gives me into the custody of mamma or papa."—*Brooklyn Life.*

*

HANDY THINGS TO HAVE

"Hard-workin' wife you've got, Bill."

"Yes, I wish I'd a couple more like her."—*Sydney Bulletin.*



MRS. JONES (convulsed by the Vicar's comic song)—"Deary me! I'm sure 'e's a wonderful man for a parson. Nubbuddy couldn't call 'im tight-laced!"

—*Punch*

DID HE GET IT?

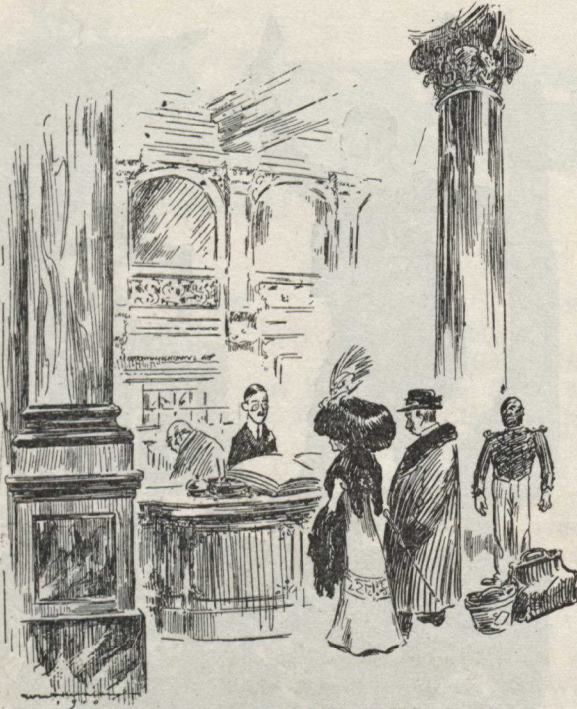
"Now, Mr. Janus, I don't see how with your salary you can afford to smoke such expensive cigars," remarked a merchant severely to one of his clerks.

"You're right, sir," responded Janus. "I can't; I ought to have a bigger salary!"—*Judy.*

*

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

"John!" she exclaimed, jabbing her elbow into his ribs at 2:17 a.m.; "did you lock the kitchen door?" And John, who is inner guard, and was just then dreaming over last evening's lodge-meeting, sprang up in bed, made the proper sign, and responded, "Worthy Ruler, our portals are guarded." Oh, he hit the title right, even if he was asleep.—*United Presbyterian.*



AT THE COBALT-BLUSTORIA

CLERK—A room and bath with a small parlour will be one thousand dollars per week, in advance.

"How much without the parlour?"

"Seven hundred."

"How much without the room?"

"Two hundred."

"Well, I guess we'll take the bath."

WARY

Thompson—"Suppose a man should call you a liar, what would you do?"

Jones (hesitatingly)—"What size man?"—*Jewish Ledger*.

*

MORE SERIOUS

He—"We'd have won the football game if our captain hadn't lost his head."

She—"Mercy! Was it so bad as that? I heard it was only an ear."—*Boston Transcript*.

*

THE FREE AND THE BRAVE

"What did the poet mean when he called his country 'the land of the free and the home of the brave?'"

"He was probably referring to bachelors and married men," said old Mr. Smithers, sadly.—*Tit-Bits*.

TIME AND IMMORTALITY

Joaquin Miller was once overtaken by a countryman who gave him a long ride. Tired, at length, of conversation, the poet took a novel from his pocket.

"What are you reading?" said the countryman.

"A novel of Bret Harte's," said Mr. Miller.

"Well, now, I don't see how an immortal being wants to be wasting his time with such stuff."

"Are you quite sure," said the poet, "that I am an immortal being?"

"Of course, you are."

"If that is the case," responded Miller, "I don't see why I need be so very economical of my time."

—*Christian Register*.

*

COMFORT

Excited Individual—"See here Mr. Bangs, you're a scoundrel of the first water. When I bought that horse I supposed I

—*Life*

was getting a good, sound animal, but he's spavined and blind, and got the staggers. Now, I want to know what you're going to do about it?"

Bangs—"Something ought to be done, that's a fact."

Excited Individual—"Well, I should say there ought."

"Bangs—"Well, I'll give you the name of a good veterinary surgeon; it's a shame to allow the horse to suffer in that way."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

*

HER SUCCESS

Louisiana Cole (writing home)—
"Mammy sure'll be pleased! She done said when I came No'th: 'Yo'll nebber git no place in New Yawk, chile—an' here I'se done had six places de fust month!'"—*Puck*.

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There's Soap.



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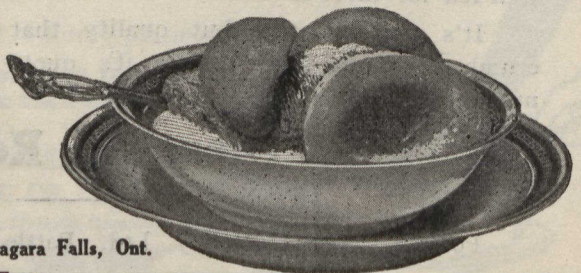
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For breakfast heat the biscuit in the oven to restore crispness and pour over it hot milk, adding a little cream and a dash of salt.

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CORN SYRUP

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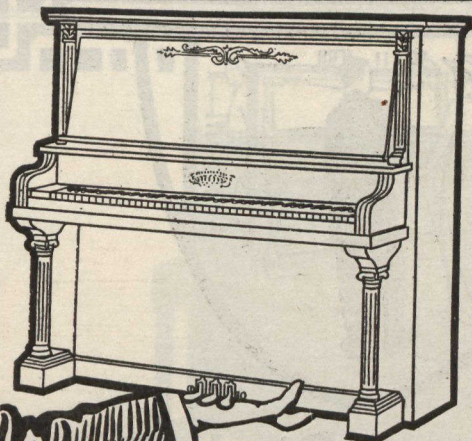
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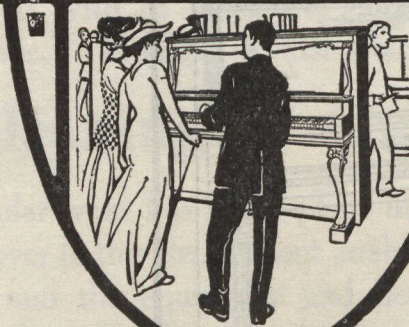
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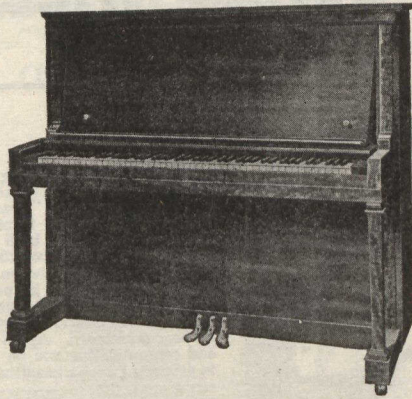
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**THE
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CO.
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103A

LITTLE BELL BIOGRAPHIES

OF MASTER MUSICIANS



W Mozart

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, though but 35 years old at his death, left a name second only to Bach's. He was born in 1756 and died in 1791. He was the first "infant prodigy" of the musical world, and his career proves the necessity of having good music in the home for the making of a musician.

When the merest child, Mozart would always be found at the clavier picking out sweet little melodies. When four he was placed under a teacher and even then composed short pieces which astonished his parents and instructor. At seven he played so wonderfully that he made a concert tour of Europe. Before he was ten he had written six sonatas, one composition for full orchestra, and an oratorio. At twelve he wielded the conductor's baton. Of his many compositions the most popular are his opera, "The Magic Flute," and his "Requiem"; the latter sung by some friends and himself as his eyes closed in death.

As a pianist Mozart was the originator of the concert tour, and as great in his day as Paderewski in ours. But, like Bach, he was handicapped by the instrument he used—the clavier. How wonderful had been his music if he could only have played upon

The Bell Piano

With all his powers he could not even imagine the pure beauty of its FULL, RICH, SINGING TONE which makes it the most perfect piano in the world.

THE BELL PIANO and ORGAN COMPANY, Limited, - GUELPH, Ont.

Our Booklet C containing a series of Biographies free on request.



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In so important a thing as the purchase of a piano, do not let an apparent saving in cost warp your good judgment.

The differences in piano prices do not represent different degrees of profit for the makers so much as *different degrees of quality for the buyer.*

YOU benefit least of all when you purchase a "cheap piano"—it cannot give you satisfaction long, and when once it begins to deteriorate it does so rapidly. The

Gerhard Heintzman Canada's Greatest Piano

continues to be the finest of all instruments. Its price continues to be the lowest at which a thoroughly high class piano can be bought, and its sales continue to increase at the same wonderful rate as for years past.

The cost is less than you think. Before you decide one way or another, let us discuss the matter together. Easy terms of payment can be arranged and your present instrument taken as part payment.

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We have no connection whatever with any firm of similar name in the city. Ours is the ONLY and GENUINE GERHARD HEINTZMAN Piano and our only Toronto Showrooms are our new Salesrooms, conceded the finest in Canada, at 41-43 Queen Street West, opposite City Hall.

Gerhard Heintzman Limited

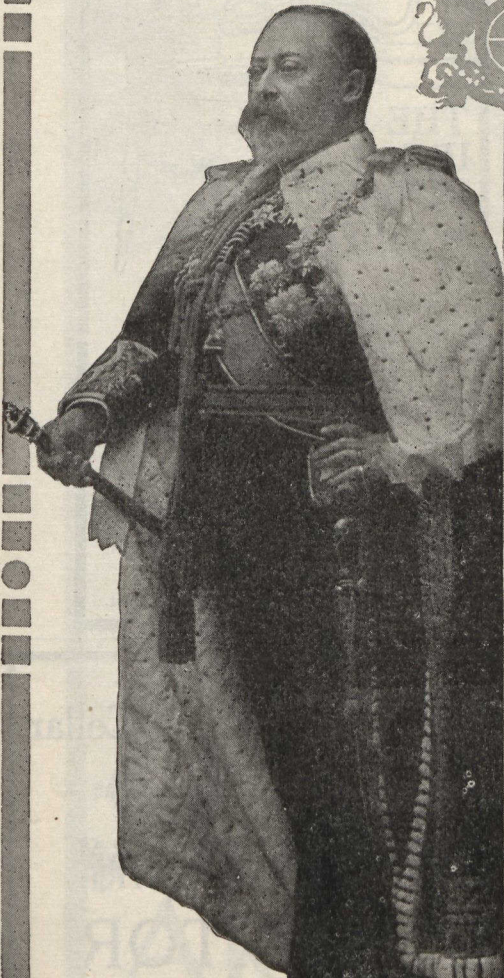
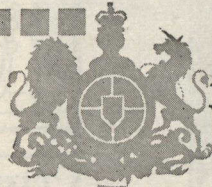
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HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII ORDERS AN

ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO



Sir Herbert Marshall, Sons & Rose, piano manufacturers of London, England, and representatives for the Angelus, have received an order from His Majesty for a piano containing an Angelus.

This fact is significant, for nearly all the leading makes of American player actions are offered for sale in England, and this honor is but another tribute to the instrument, that, through sheer merit alone, has always held the highest place in the world of modern music-giving instruments.

The Angelus with its exclusive devices, the Melodant and the Phrasing lever, is sold in Canada only as the interior part of the

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THE IDEAL POWER WASHER

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does all your wash-
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Just attach it to the tap—turn
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Write us if your dealer does
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If you have no running water in the
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No Heat Lost in the Cellar

This is a Distinctive Feature of the

KELSEY ^{WARM} AIR _{||}

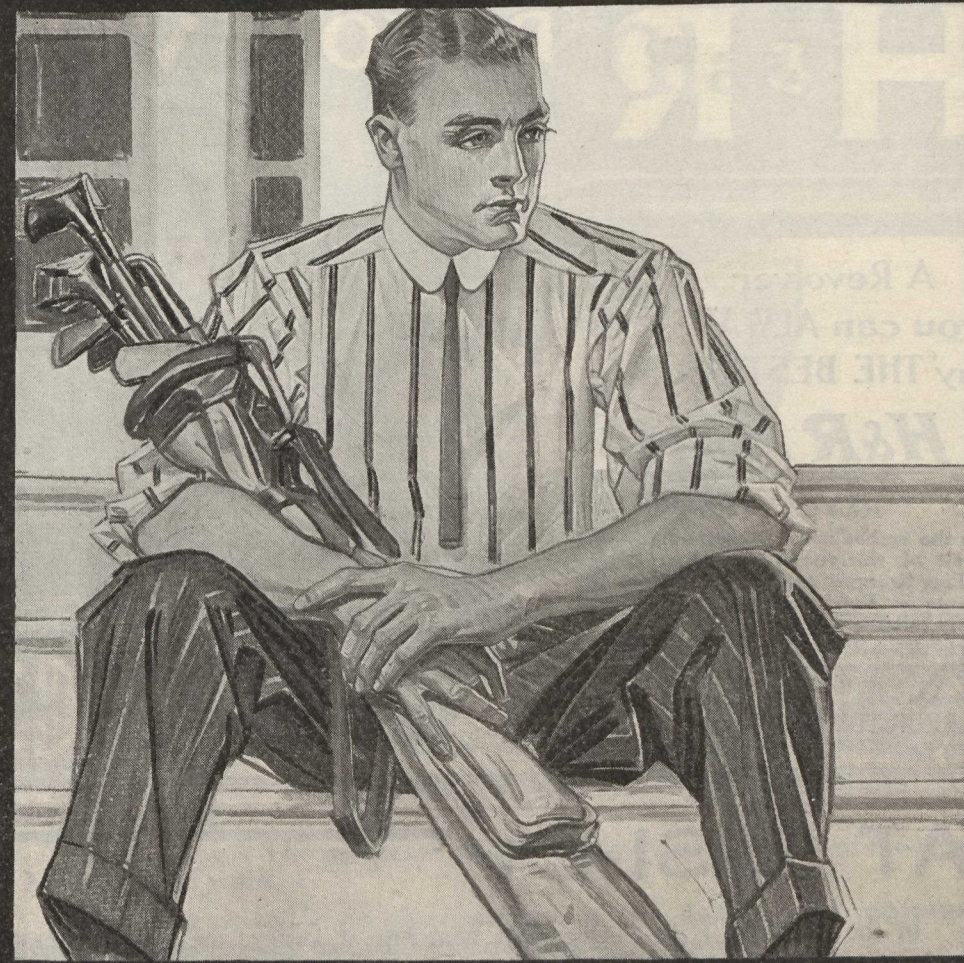
GENERATOR

that all air, as quickly as heated, passes
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Churches, Schools, Halls, Dwellings, etc.,
can be evenly heated by the **Kelsey** with an
amount of fuel which, with any other system,
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ARROW CUFFS, 35 cents

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A Revolver
you can ALWAYS
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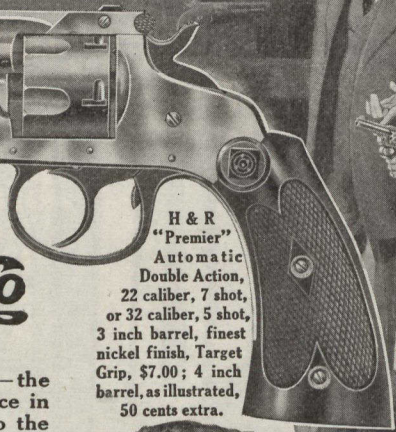
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Automatic
Double Action,
22 caliber, 7 shot,
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3 inch barrel, finest
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Grip, \$7.00; 4 inch
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In the National Rifle Association Matches at Bisley, the world's greatest meeting of Military Marksmen, the Ross Rifles, made in Quebec, Canada, have challenged the product of the world's most famous arms manufacturers, and have come out victorious.

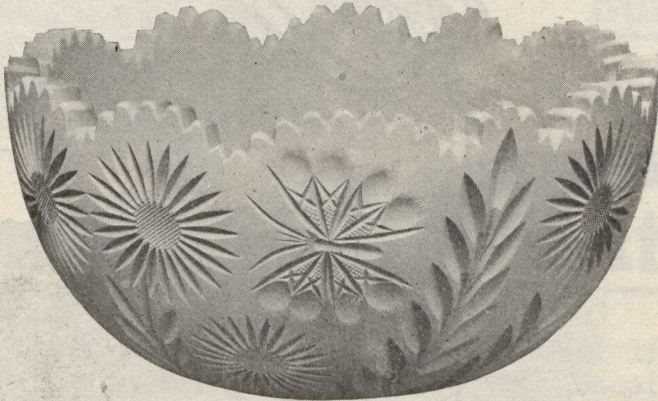
Canadian Marksmen cannot afford to handicap their scores by using any arm but the Mark III

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Send for Illustrated Catalogue, which contains also full list of the "Ross" Sporting Rifles, which are coming to the front on account of their accuracy, power and handiness.

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NO finer Wedding Gift is possible than one or more pieces of ELITE cut glass. The rare fineness of design and execution inseparately connected with ELITE cut glass has brought it to a point of artistic eminence almost without parallel among American art products.

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The glass itself: We use only the finest crystal blanks especially imported from Belgium.

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WARNING.

Especially are buyers warned against the spurious article produced by superficial cutting over a **machine pressed** pattern. Such imitations can be detected not only by their lack of brilliancy and perfection of cutting but by the ridges or swells felt by the fingers on the **inside**.

ELITE Cut Glass is sold by first class establishments everywhere. If yours does not carry it, send us his name and address and we will advise you of a dealer who can supply you. Prices no higher than for inferior makes.

Look for this trade mark on every piece. None genuine without it.



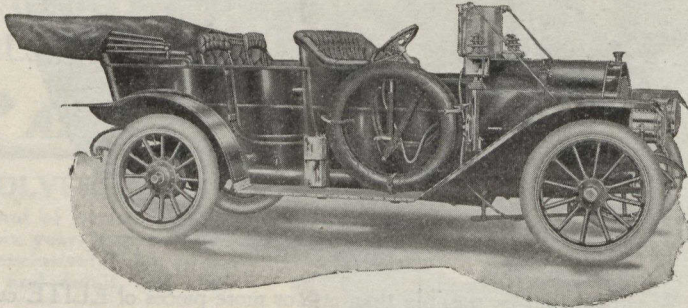
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Russell



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**Are you buying a car this year?
We ask the privilege of showing you the
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Models from \$2,350 fully equipped to
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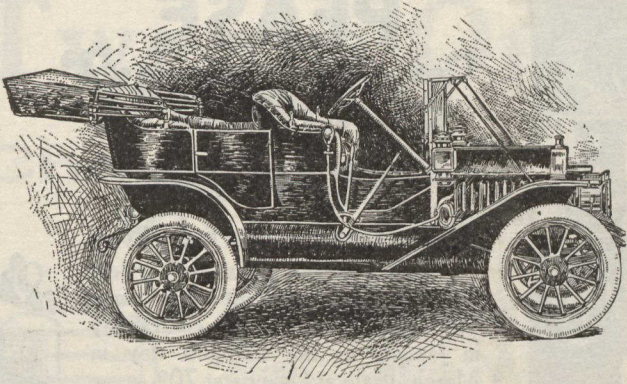
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BRANCHES: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.



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Model '8'"

This Car Speaks for Itself

AND is justly proud of the fact that it is MODEL "8," not just because its designers failed to call it "13," or some such unlucky number, but because in the motor world, "No. 8" McLaughlin-Buick is a car whose name and number bear PRESTIGE.

It sells for \$1,325. and, should its REAL MOTOR VALUE be estimated, the mere cost price would be a "song" in comparison.

Not a heavy car, but just enough weight to act in perfect unison with its powerful motor, and afford that smooth and pleasant carriage so lacking in most medium weight cars.

Then, too, you may purchase a Model "8" and still have money in your pocket with which to enjoy it and provide a good up-keep. A reliable car at a medium price, lots of power and a handsome body—what more may one expect?

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Made Entirely from
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Merino Sheep.

"MEDIUM WEIGHT"

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The proper underclothing for this season of the year is MEDIUM WEIGHT "CEETEE" UNDERWEAR--a pure wool underclothing--soft, pleasant and always elastic. It is light, comfortable, and warm these cool evenings. Made from the finest Australian Merino Wool. "CEETEE" is full fashioned--knit to fit--not cut from the fabric.



All sizes for men, women
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"CEETEE", if your
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Summer Temperature in Every Room

That's what the "Economy" system means—absolute comfort in the home. Read the thermometer the coldest day in January or the stormiest day in March. It always stands at 70°.

No fuss, no bother—

So Simple to Operate !

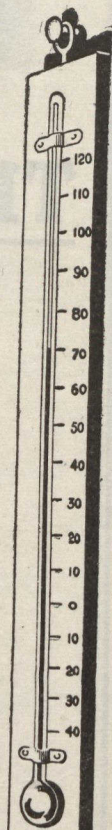
Your boy or girl can attend to it. Now, I want to tell you about another Pease feature—an important one, the "Economy" Air Blast. It conducts air into the space above the fire. This hot air current, mixing with the gases formed by the burning coal, creates heat units. In the ordinary furnace these gases escape up the smoke pipe—most of this heat is wasted. Just another economical feature of the Pease heating system, one of the many reasons why you should know the "Economy" Furnace. Learn more about it.—look for my next talk.

"Wright Furnace."

Send today for our free booklet—"The Question of Heating."

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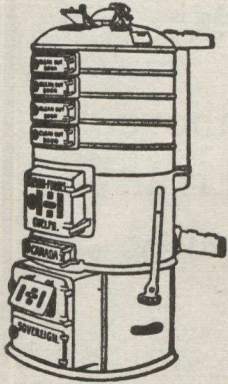
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Twenty Orders

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“Sovereign”



**“SOVEREIGN”
HOT WATER
BOILER**

That is the record for the “Sovereign” Hot Water Boiler so far this season. Not only have more “Sovereign” Boilers been sold in the regular course of trade, but twenty orders that were almost closed to other makers, have been changed over to “Sovereign without solicitation on our part.

But the circumstance suggests to us the necessity for a word of caution: The heating specifications for your new house likely call for a “Sovereign” or another well-known make that is held to be just to be as good. In spite of the general idea on this subject, the “Sovereign” is a better boiler than that other make—and it will be well worth your while to change over if the other make has been selected for you.

The price is the same and the “Sovereign” is a better bargain.

Before finally deciding
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read:

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RODGERS CUTLERY

Used in the Royal Households

Joseph Rodgers trade mark as above stamps the quality of the cutlery and is an absolute guarantee of unequalled quality.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Ltd.

Cutlers to His Majesty

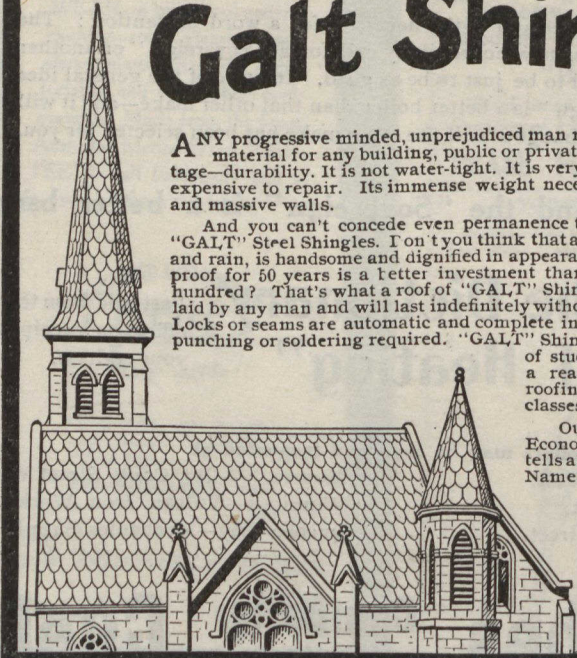
SHEFFIELD, ENG.

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ANY progressive minded, unprejudiced man must admit that as a roofing material for any building, public or private, slate has only one advantage—durability. It is not water-tight. It is very expensive to lay and more expensive to repair. Its immense weight necessitates a heavy roof-frame and massive walls.

And you can't concede even permanence to slate in comparison with "GALT" Steel Shingles. I on't you think that a roof which keeps out snow and rain, is handsome and dignified in appearance and fire and lightning proof for 50 years is a better investment than one that leaks for three hundred? That's what a roof of "GALT" Shingles does. They are easily laid by any man and will last indefinitely without any attention whatever. Locks or seams are automatic and complete in each sheet—no trimming, punching or soldering required. "GALT" Shingles are the result of years of study and effort to produce for a reasonable price, a practical roofing material suitable for all classes of buildings.

Our free booklet "Roofing Economy" fresh from the press tells all about this modern roofing. Name and address? 17



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Makes the Whole House Sparkle

Chairs and tables, bookcases and desks, floors and doors, windows and screens, oil cloth and linoleum—they all share in the transformation that "China-Lac" brings into the house.

"China-Lac" is Brandram-Henderson's new varnish stain that makes old, dull, scratched furniture etc. fresh and bright as new.

"China-Lac" dries over night, with a brilliant, china-like finish that can be washed with soap and water without getting dull.

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14 rich colors—ready to use—easy to apply.

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No doubt you will agree that if quality and price are equal every Canadian should buy Canadian made goods in preference to any others.

Not only is it **patriotic**—it's **sound common sense**. The money spent for Canadian goods goes to build up Canadian industries and prosperity, and makes it easier for every Canadian to earn a good living.

On the other hand, money spent for foreign made goods goes out of the country to pay foreigners—not to benefit Canadians.

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Toilet and Medicinal Preparations are compounded in Canada from the purest ingredients which money can buy. The National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada **returns to Canadians** in employees' salaries, dividends and other expense disbursements, close to **One Million Dollars a year**. In addition to this we spend millions every year in Canada for raw materials, tins, bottles, labels, boxes and other supplies, giving employment to hundreds of Canadian tinsmiths, glass workers, paper makers, printers, lithographers, box makers, and others.

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You risk nothing in making the test, for if the NA-DRU-CO article does not entirely satisfy you, **return it and your druggist will refund your money**.

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Fashion Craft Models for 1910

Are no more or
no less than is
claimed for them!
—*merely the best!*

The frock coat,
here featured, is
but one of the
many chic modes
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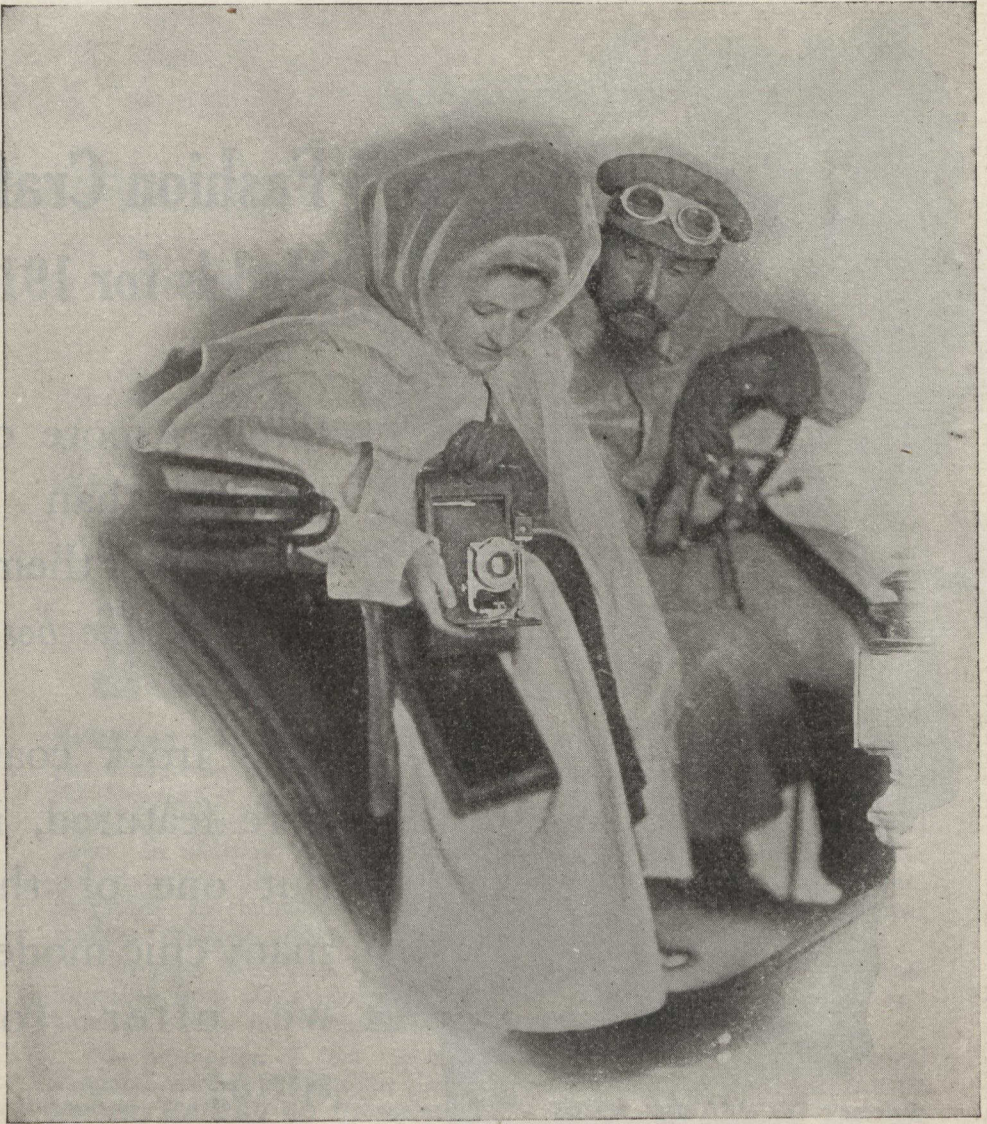


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Clothes

Priced from \$15.00 to \$30.00
vary only in class and quality of material used. Workmanship always the same.

SHOPS IN EVERY CITY THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION



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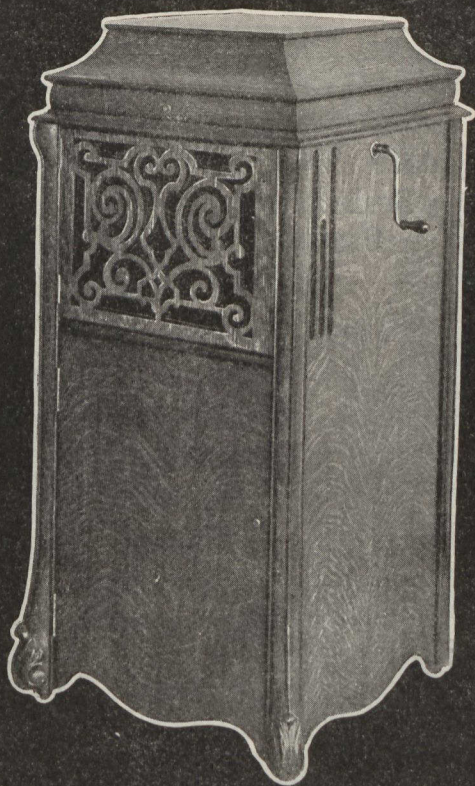
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The newest
EDISON
 Phonograph



The Amberola has the sweetness, clearness and faithful reproducing powers that characterize all Edison instruments and, in addition, a case that is a masterpiece of the cabinet-maker's art. It plays both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. It comes in either Mahogany or Oak. Has drawers for holding 100 Records. The price is \$240. Other styles of Edison Phonographs from \$16.50 to \$162.50. Whoever buys a Gem, Fireside, Home, Standard or Triumph, gets everything that the genius of Mr. Edison has been able to devise. All have sapphire reproducing points that do not scratch or require changing; all have silent, long-running spring motors. Each is a perfect instrument, playing both Standard and Amberol Records. Any Edison dealer has the line. Go and hear them or write us for complete catalog.

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Silverware

SUITABLE FOR ALL SEASONS

You ought to ask for and insist on silverware bearing this



which insures not only the quality but the most artistic design. Remember that the selection of the best silverware will be the most economical in the end aside from its artistic beauty. The Standard Silver Co.'s goods can be had at all first-class jewellery stores in Canada.

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FRUTLOKR

IS THE SHORT FOR

FRUIT LOCKER

A SHEET STEEL CABINET

made in

COMPARTMENTS EACH HAVING A LOCK AND KEY

Enameled White

SIXTEEN MOVABLE SHELVES

CAN STORE 216 QUART JARS

A Splendid Safe for Wine, Fruit, Pies, Cake, Meats etc.

LIGHT, HANDY, SANITARY, SECURE

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Write for Booklet of Views and Authentic Information

Your questions carefully answered
Vancouver Island Devel'm't League
Room A41, Law Ch. Bldg., Victoria, B.C.

The Greater "Cleveland"

Do you recognize the old-time poster of the "Cleveland bicycle? This was the banner that heralded the "bicycle-age." It is front today in the big bicycle revival.

And it stands today, just as of some years ago for the best there is in "Bicycledom." It is as far in advance now as then because it represents the "last word" in bicycle building. **Cleveland** has all the comfort-giving features that have made modern wheeling pleasant. It sells at a price that must be asked for an honestly made bicycle.

The Hygienic Cushion Frame.—If there is one invention more than another in the bicycle line that has helped to popularize wheeling, it's the Hygienic Cushion Frame, "Makes all roads smooth," is the slogan that carries it to popularity, and it has lived up to the advance notice. The Cushion Frame gives "Pullman Comfort to bicycling.

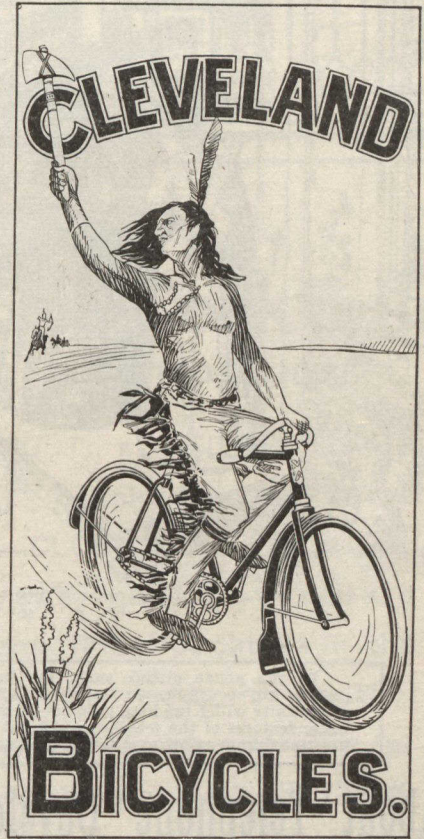
Write for our new catalogues and price list

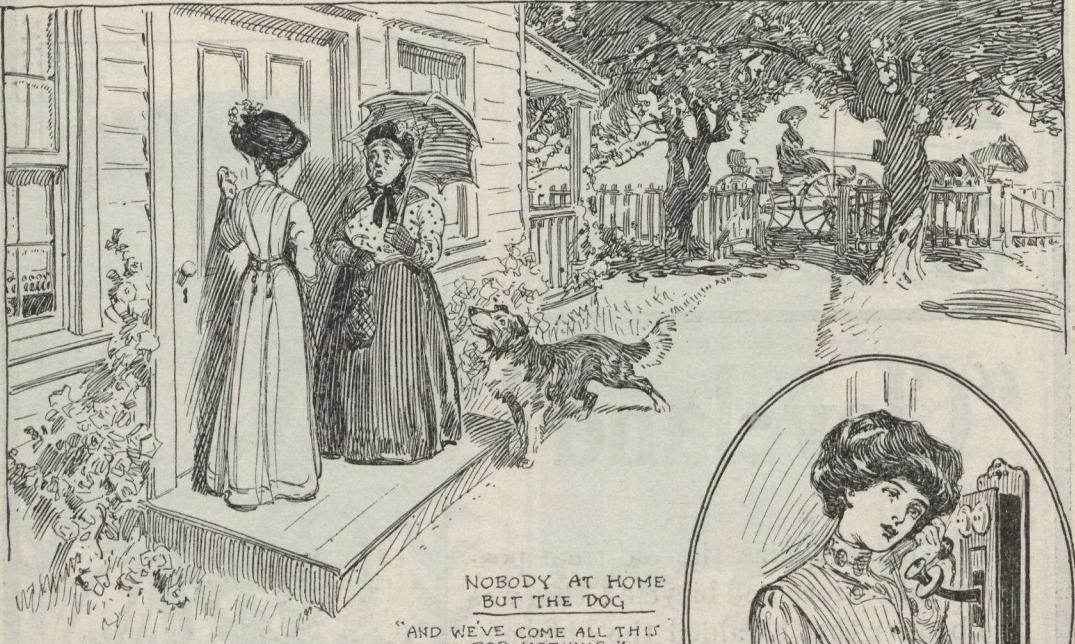
Canada Cycle & Motor Co.,

Toronto,

(LIMITED)

Ontario.





NOBODY AT HOME
BUT THE DOG

"AND WE'VE COME ALL THIS
WAY FOR NOTHING"

In the above picture story, we endeavour to present an occurrence in the social life of a rural community which the local telephone would prevent. Other features of the telephone in rural life will be illustrated from month to month in the Can. Magazine.



"WHY YES,
WE'LL BE HOME, COME RIGHT OVER."

About Telephone Development.

The development of the local telephone companies or associations throughout Ontario during the past two or three years has been very remarkable. Probably very few outside of those who are directly interested are aware of the extent of this local Independent or rural telephone development.

During the past three or four years, between 400 and 500 local companies or associations have been organized throughout Canada and are to-day successfully operating systems in their own local districts, totalling about 30,000 telephones. They are experiencing a steady growth, for a telephone introduced into a rural community is certain to create a demand that is not satisfied until the whole community is covered. This development is only commencing and will surely be widespread and complete.

It has been said that the telephone is of more service and benefit to the man or woman living on the farm than it is to the man living in the city. The telephone is invaluable to the rural resident—in business, keeping in touch with the market; in cases of accident or sickness, making it possible to reach the doctor quickly; in social affairs, putting him in close touch with his neighbors.

INFORMATION GLADLY SUPPLIED.

We have taken a great interest in the development of the Independent telephone movement and have supplied thousands of up-to-date, guaranteed telephones for use on rural lines. We are ready and anxious to assist any companies or individuals who may be interested in supplying their local communities with telephone service. Write us. Our No. 2 Bulletin gives full instructions in regard to the building of telephone lines. We shall gladly send it on request.

We can supply everything necessary for the building of a telephone line or the equipping of subscribers or central office, whether it is the magneto telephones for rural lines or the automatic (Lorimer system) for towns and cities. If you are interested in telephone matters, write us.



Only the world's best, is good enough for Canadians. We go 'round the world in our search for the ingredients of Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. The tale we use comes from Sunny Italy. The exquisite perfume is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo. "Ideal Orchid" is the sweetest and most delightful Talcum Powder obtainable. If your Druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box. SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, Toronto.



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they eat!

"LADY CHARLOTTE"



ARTISTS COLORS.

No true artist ever risks a poor color on a picture. He buys only **Winsor & Newton's Oil and Water Colors** because he knows they are the standard throughout the world. They are not dear. For sale at all Art Stores. **A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.** Wholesale agents for Canada.



Club Cocktails

ABOTTLED DELIGHT

JUST strain through cracked ice and serve —**CLUB COCKTAILS**, already measure-mixed are the finest cocktails in the world, ready for instant use. Always uniform, always right, a **CLUB COCKTAIL** is a better cocktail ten times over than any made-by-guesswork drink could ever be. Use them once and you'll have a bottle handy all the time. They're so delicious.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.
At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London

ROWE Sanitary Lavatory



Convenient---Inexpensive---Sanitary

People living in towns, villages and country places may now experience all the comfort and convenience of a running water lavatory for only a fraction of the cost of such a lavatory to a city man. The Rowe Sanitary Lavatory costs less than wash-stand, bowl and pitcher. No plumbing expense either for installation or repairs. Consists of a rustless, galvanized iron tank, with plate mirror front, white porcelain basin, hollow galvanized iron pedestal to hold refuse water, enameled white inside and out. Nickel-plated brass fittings. Unbreakable, un-rustable. Perfectly sanitary. Placed anywhere without in-juring wall or floor.

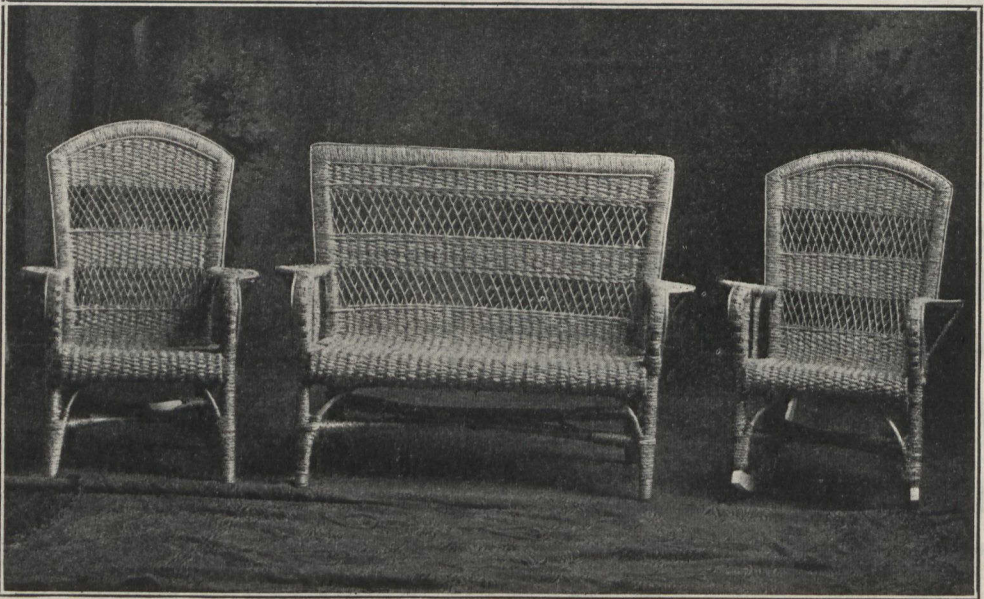
SOLD ON FREE TRIAL.

Ask your furniture or hardware dealer or write us direct.

Live dealers can secure sole agency for locality by applying now. This is the best proposition on the market to-day.

The Steel Trough and Machine Co., Ltd.

TWEED, - - - ONT.



No. 434 Chair—Broad Arm
(buff and rush or white and rush)

No. 434 Settee—Broad Arm
(buff and rush or white and rush)

No. 434 Rocker—Broad Arm
(buff and rush or white and rush)

WROUGHT WILLOW ART FURNITURE manufactured by the Brantford Willow Works Co. If your dealer don't sell the **BRANTFORD MAKE** send direct to us for catalogue and prices.

BRANTFORD WILLOW WORKS CO ,

Brantford, Can.

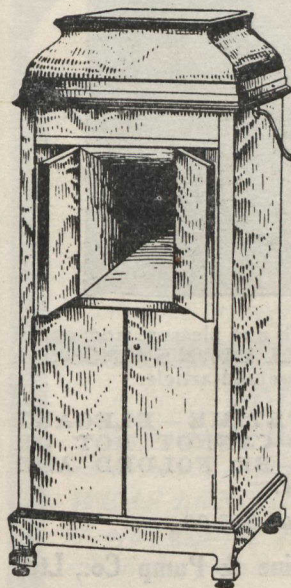


14 ft. Launch Complete with Engine **\$94⁵⁰**
Ready to Run

16, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 and 35 footers at proportionate prices, including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers of the latest design. Sixty-four different models in all sizes ready to ship, equipped with the simplest motors made; start without cranking; ten-year-old child can run them. Boats and engines fully guaranteed. Let us send you testimonials from some of our 12,500 satisfied owners. We are the world's largest power boat manufacturers. Our free consultation department can give you valuable, money-saving information. Write today for Free Illustrated Catalog and Demonstrating Agents' Proposition. (32) **DETROIT BOAT CO., 1141 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, MICH.**

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Many Homes Have Pianos
But Many Lack The Pianist



Every home should have a PHONOLA. It makes possible the possession of the music most appreciated there whether it be Grand Opera, Comic Opera, Sacred Songs, Plantation Melodies, Band or Orchestral selections.

The Phonola is the ideal musical instrument for the summer cottage.

Send for illustrated catalogue "B"

The Pollock Manufacturing Co., Limited
Berlin, - Canada

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For all kinds of photographic work, give results
that no other lenses can even approach.

The Formulæ are absolutely accurate, only the highest grade Jena glass is used and only the most highly skilled workmanship is employed.

Most dealers can furnish you with Goerz Lenses or will get them for you.

Our book tells about Goerz Lenses, gives

full particulars, price-list, and tells and shows just why they are superior to any other lenses made.

It will enable you to pick out just the lens you require.

Get this book free at your dealer's, or we will send it for 6 cents in stamps.

C. P. GOERZ AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY, Office and Factory: 79 East 130th Street, New York
Makers of Goerz Lenses, Goerz Binoculars and Goerz Cameras

Dealers' Distributing Agencies: For Middle West: Burke & James, Chicago; San Francisco: Hirsch & Kaiser, Canada; R. F. Smith, Montreal



The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

CANCER

Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

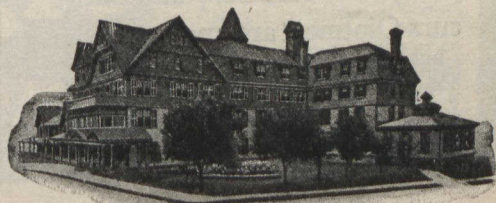
The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established thirty-two years.

For complete information address

BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM

North Adams

Massachusetts



WOMAN'S



CHARMS

Of Skin, Hands and Hair
Preserved by

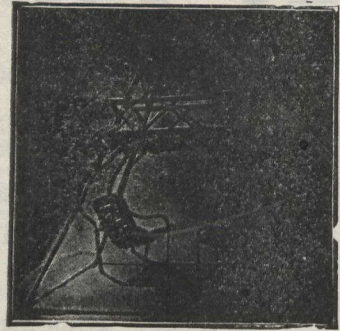
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For preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands; for allaying minor irritations of the skin and scalp and imparting a velvety softness; for sanative, antiseptic cleansing and, in short, for every use in promoting skin health and bodily purity, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are unsurpassed.

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32-page Cuticura Book, post-free a Guide to the Best Care and Treatment of Skin and Scalp.

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get more real health and pleasure from one of our **EAGLE STEEL LAWN SWINGS** than from any other household article.

LASTS A LIFETIME—ELEGANT IN DESIGN—CANNOT ROT OR BREAK—CAN BE FOLDED AND TAKEN DOWN.

Price \$15.00

Ont. Wind Engine & Pump Co., Ltd.
Toronto.

These Little Stores Will Make You Independent!

\$500.00 A Month is Being Made From A Small Investment by Men Operating

RED STAR SANITARY VENDING MACHINES

Hundreds of operators of Red Star Vending machines are making big money.

Here is *your* opportunity to get into business for yourself.

Just Study These Figures

Here are the facts. A machine in an average location will sell five pounds of peanuts a week. Five pounds of peanuts will cost fifty cents. The machine will

sell them for \$2.00 You pocket the profit of \$1.50 from each machine.

Suppose you had 40 machines, your weekly income would be \$60.00 a week.

No other business brings such tremendous returns. Write for our illustrated booklet to-day. It will give you figures that will surprise you.

Now is the time before the other fellow gets the good locations. Write to-day.

H. E. WINTERS & Co.

Dept. M

WINDSOR ONT.

2 Two Pairs of Hosiery 2 FREE

You pay the same price for the hosiery you are now wearing as you would for Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery. Yet it isn't nearly so serviceable as Pen-Angle. We are so positive of this that we doubly guarantee Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery to wear longer than any other cotton or cashmere hosiery, we care not what make or brand.



This is Our Double Guarantee

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to WEAR LONGER than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs FREE of charge.

49



The largest hosiery mills in Canada stand back of this astonishingly liberal guarantee. It will be fulfilled to the last letter.

Pen-Angle Hosiery is the only Seamless Hosiery, made in Canada, that has the shape knitted into it.

The ordinary way to make Fashioned Hosiery is to stretch it into shape while wet. Such hosiery loses its shape after one or two washings.

Ask your dealer to show you Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery. Our guaranteed lines have a guarantee slip in each box. Pen-Angle trademark is on the hosiery, too.

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order direct.

Dept. D., PENMANS, Limited,
Paris, - - - - - Canada.

FOR LADIES.

No. 1760. Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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No. 1720. Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black and colors. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

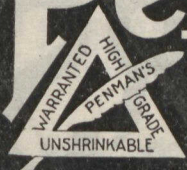
FOR MEN.

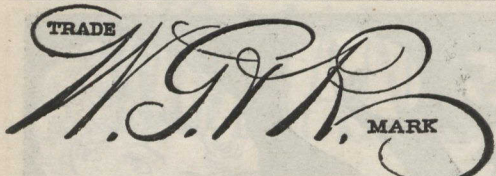
No. 2404. Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black and colors. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500. Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose, 5-ply body, 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 330. "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from 4-ply Egyptian Cotton yarn, with 6-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

Pen-Angle Hosiery



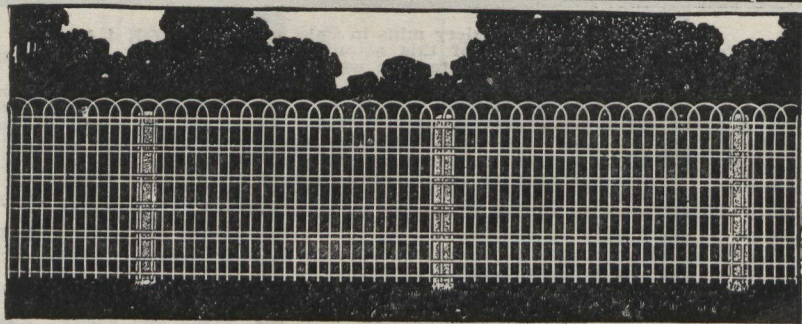
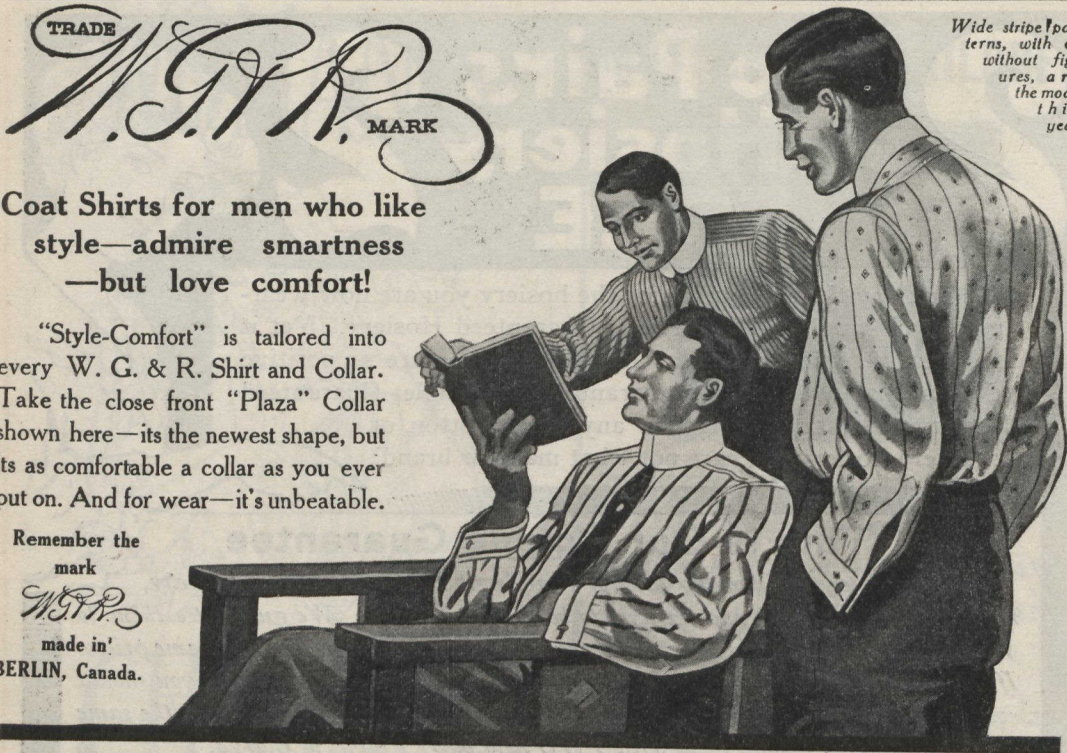


Wide stripe patterns, with or without figures, are the mode this year

Coat Shirts for men who like style—admire smartness—but love comfort!

“Style-Comfort” is tailored into every W. G. & R. Shirt and Collar. Take the close front “Plaza” Collar shown here—its the newest shape, but its as comfortable a collar as you ever put on. And for wear—it’s unbeatable.

Remember the mark
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made in
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Inventor's signature on every roller.

Stewart Hartshorn

Look for it. Take none without it.



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Oxygen is the all-powerful agency that re-vitalizes the human system and drives out disease, no matter how virulent the attack, nor what form it may take. Nature will handle Oxygen to its own advantage, **but you must provide it**, and the only efficient way of providing it in such quantities as to ensure its being absorbed by the system is through the use of

OXYDONOR

This unique device enables the body to derive from the elements the pure, health-giving, life-saving and re-vitalizing oxygen, without the aid of drugs and without discomfort to even the weakest patient. It has restored thousands of sufferers. There is no pain, ailment or disease that it has not driven from the system—by helping Nature to effect its own normal cure.

Warning. You cannot be too careful in assuring yourself that you are buying the Genuine Article. There is only one Oxydonor, but there are imitations that come close to the Name and External appearance. Oxydonor is protected by patents, trade marks and copyrights, granted by the Canadian Government. Spurious counterfeits only engender a false sense of security in the public mind. Look for the name—Oxydonor, and that of the discoverer and inventor—Dr. H. Sanche, which are plainly on the real article. The Oxydonor has only one cord; it does not pose as an electrical apparatus.

When you have tried every other remedy for your particular ailment, when the doctor has gently indicated that he can do nothing more for you, **TRY OXYDONOR.** But don't wait and suffer unnecessary pain when you can get immediate relief without drugs and needless operations.

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Mr. B. E. Sparham, of Sparham & McCue, a firm of prominent Smith's Falls lawyers, wrote us on Jan. 16, 1909: "This is to testify that for about fifteen years I have used an OXYDONOR Victory in my family, which consists of six children, my wife, myself and most of the time also two others. My children's ages are now from ten years to twenty-one. They have gone through all the diseases peculiar to children, including also inflammation of the lungs, colds and colics; and I have had not only with them but also with the grown-up portion of my household the most brilliant results in every case with my Oxydonor, so that during all these years I have not had a doctor in my house for any disease."

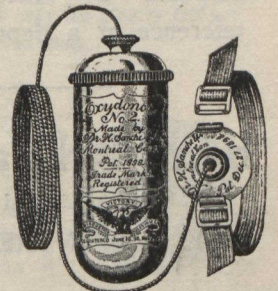
Wonderful Cure of Epilepsy

P. O. Box 610. Gowganda, Ont., Sept. 30, 1909.

Dr. H. Sanche & Co.,

Dear Sirs:—I was afflicted with that incurable disease (as the doctors said) known as Epilepsy. The disease first made its appearance when I was at college. I consulted excellent physicians, and all give me the same answer:—I was incurable, and consequently it was necessary for me to abandon all work both mental and physical. Any one can imagine how discouraged I was, getting worse and worse, having attacks three and four times a week. At the advice of an aunt (a nun) who had proven the efficacy of Oxydonor, I procured an Oxydonor, and it has given entire satisfaction. The last time I had an attack, it had been two years and two days since perceiving a symptom of the disease, and that is now a year and eight months ago. Your devoted and forever grateful friend.

J. A. GENIER.



DR. H. SANCHE & CO.,

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¶ To afford patrons at a distance every facility for personal selection from their varied Stock of Jewellery and Silverware. HENRY BIRKS & SONS, Limited, are always pleased to send selections on approval, without involving any obligation to purchase.

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¶ Those not already patrons on this firm's books, will facilitate prompt despatch by enclosing a local reference or a deposit on account.

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Limited
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WHY make yourself uncomfortable with an old-fashioned corset when you can have the latest physique effect and be comfortable with the New La Diva Renaissance Corset?

The corset to wear is one which gives that smooth flowing physique—that holds one together comfortably—healthfully.

On these lines, Madam, the new La Diva Renaissance Corset will be a revelation to you, as to style, comfort—health—it will give you a physique no other corset can give. We spent thousands of dollars perfecting this corset. Our designer studied correct styles where they are created, Rue de la Paix—where they are worn—the tea rooms, Rue de Rivoli, the race-track at Longchamps, the promenades of London and New York, and, finally, moulded on the human form, we evolved the La Diva Renaissance, a corset that will give you all the “Chic” and “Svelte” appearance of the most stylish French and American women.

La Diva
Corset

Write today for our Corset Booklet. We send it FREE This book will tell you just what style of corset is adapted to YOUR physique in order to retain health and give shapeliness.

The Dominion Corset Company
QUEBEC.



The Secret of Good Pies

PIE CRUST, more than any other delicacy of the oven, ought to be tempting and appealing to the taste.

You do not eat pie as a nerve tonic or to strengthen your appetite. You eat it for *pleasure* mostly.

You want it, of course, to taste good, at the same time you want the crust to be light, flaky, wholesome. Now, pie crust properly made from

Royal Household Flour

is *always* good food, the absolute uniformity of this best of all flours eliminates failure entirely. You get the same delightful results every time and your pies are more healthful and nourishing than if made from ordinary flour.

The reason is that "**Royal Household**" having a larger percentage of high quality gluten, assimilates more readily, is more satisfying than ordinary flour, comes out of the oven flakier, more tender and more digestible.

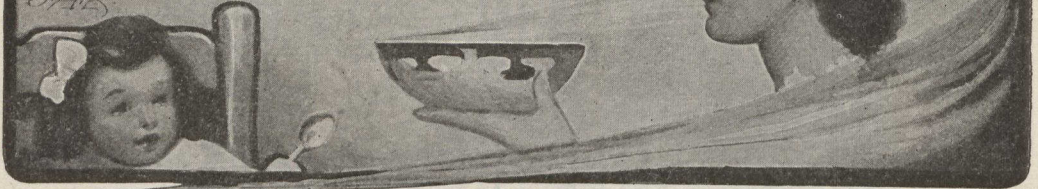
Be sure to try "**Royal Household**" when next you make pies. It is the finest flour in the world not only for Pastry but for Bread and *all* family baking.

"Ogilvies Book For a Cook" containing 25 pages of tried and tested recipes will be sent free to any user of Royal Household Flour who ask for it.



THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED.

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← FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS →



Robinson's Patent Barley

¶ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ¶ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ¶ But insist on having ROBINSON'S

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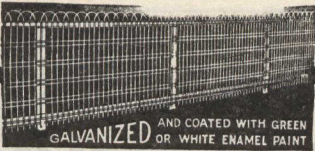
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To prevent danger of impurities in delivery from the Oven to the Home, insist on your baker wrapping his bread in our wrappers.

We are the originators of Bread Wrappers.

Now used by Leading Bakers of
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GALVANIZED AND COATED WITH GREEN OR WHITE ENAMEL PAINT

TEAR IT DOWN!

That old unsightly, disease-breeding board fence. Be up-to-date—erect "Crown" Lawn Fences. It makes your lawns a paradise. Easy to erect, is strong, durable, artistic, and inexpensive—as low as 10 cents a foot. We sell direct to you at factory prices. If it's a fence—iron or wire—write

DYER—THE FENCE MAN
 Mgr. Crown Fence and Supply Co., Toronto
 He saves you money—buy direct. 3

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin No other cosmetic will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient)—"As you ladies will use them,

I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."
 For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

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Removes superfluous Hair Price \$1.00 by Mail
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BOND & SMITH ARCHITECTS

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The cost of living will never be less!

Those who study economic conditions say this. This is a serious problem even if wages are high. It means careful buying of necessities—Meat is one great necessity—

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CLARK'S CORNED BEEF

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ISN'T THIS WORTH LOOKING INTO?

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see that it is branded
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antees three things—full
weight, extra strength
and delicious flavor.

And the largest dis-
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coffee in the world are
behind the "Seal Brand"
Trademark.

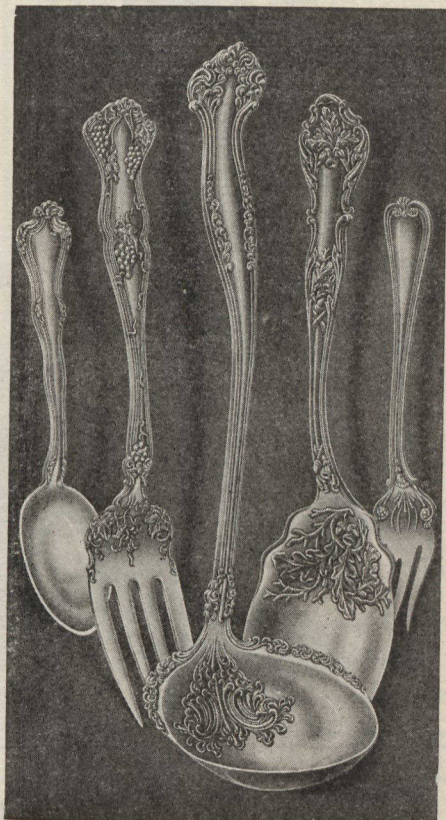
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Chase & Sanborn's
 **Seal Brand
Coffee**

Always in 1 and 2 pound sealed
tins—never sold in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, - Montreal.

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Choosing Silver

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may always be secured if the
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serving pieces are of the famous

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ware—for over sixty years re-
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of design. Patterns are to be had
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Envelopes to match.

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APR. 1922 CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PARIS

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—AT—

JULES & CHARLES



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Transformations, Fronts, Men's Toupees and Wigs a specialty

Canada's Fashion Hair Stores
431 Yonge St. and 89 King St. West, Toronto, Can.

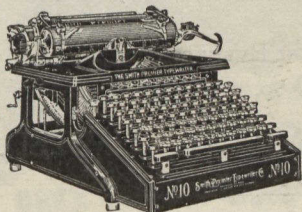
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These features are so necessary that other typewriters will eventually come to them. Why not get the machine that has them *now*—the

SmithPremier

A booklet describing all the features sent free on request
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., INC.
Syracuse, New York, U.S.A. Branches everywhere



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A leader amongst leaders.
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NEARLY A CENTURY

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

is just as popular as ever

BECAUSE:

IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving: because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!

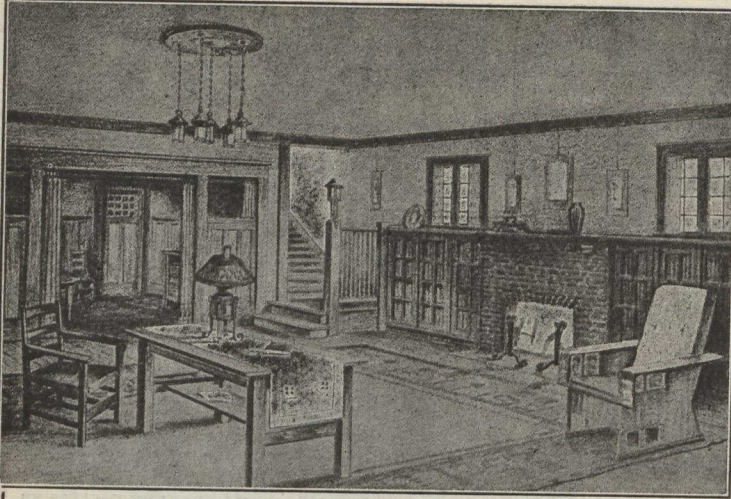


Underwood



This is the mark of the Underwood—more extensively used in Canada than all other makes of typewriters combined. No matter what machine you have used, or are using, you will ultimately buy the Underwood.

UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LIMITED
ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO.
AND EVERYWHERE IN CANADA.



Put in a
Milton
Brick
Mantle
in your
home.

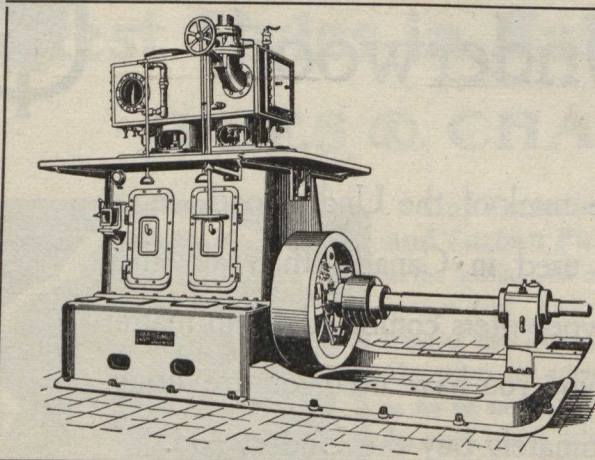
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They give an especial air of comfort and refinement to the library or den.

Let us send you catalogue. Prices range \$18.00 up.

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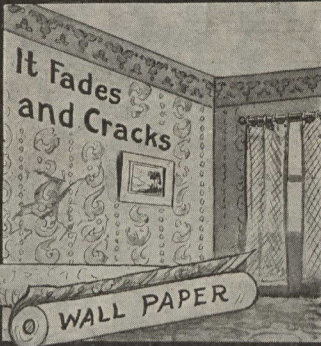
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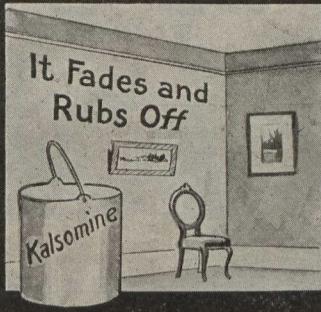
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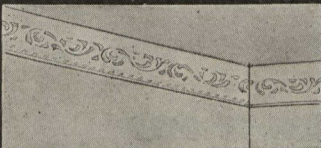


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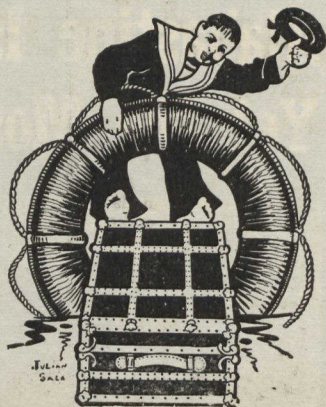
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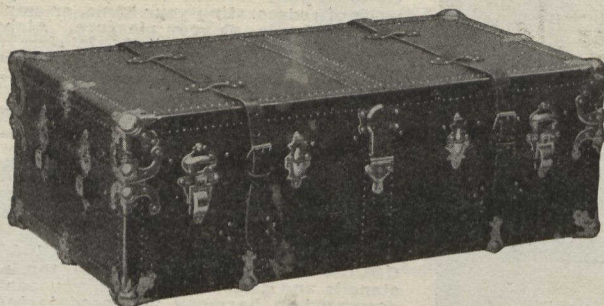
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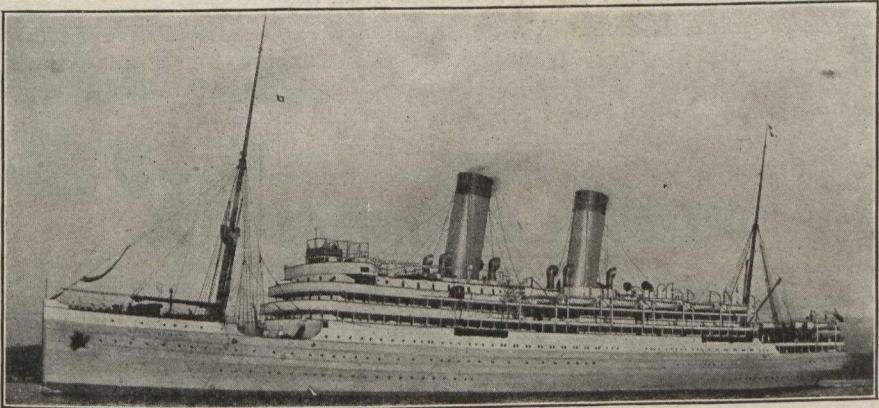
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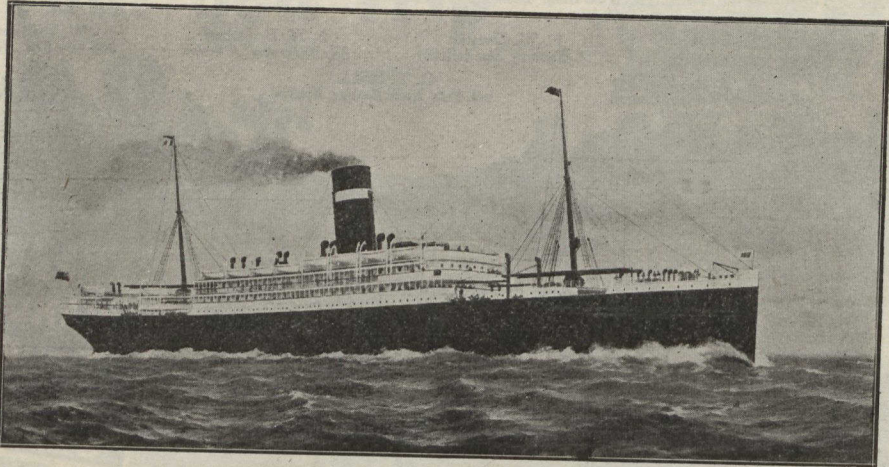
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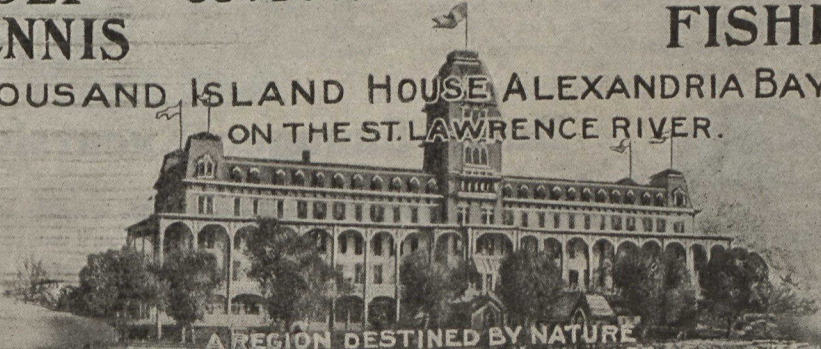
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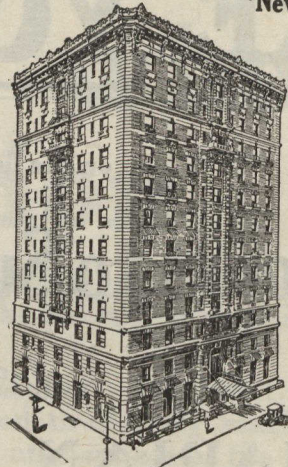
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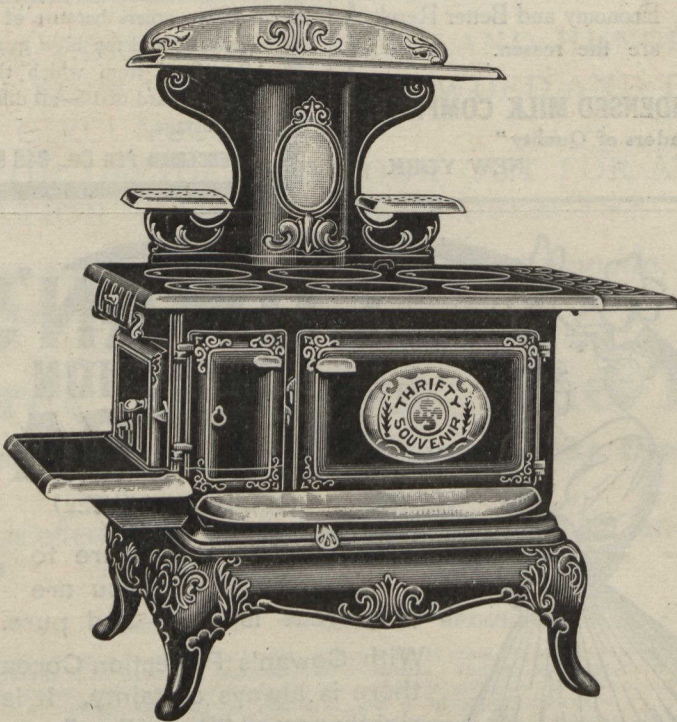
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