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A NORTH-WEST STORY—By W. A. Fraser.

THE

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JANUARY, 1900.



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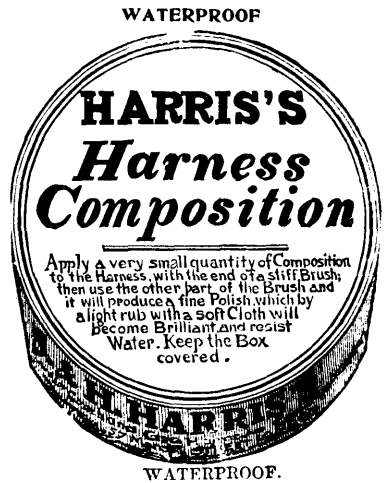
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Kingston "Whig."—The Canadian Magazine for December is a fine specimen of Canadian journalism.

St. John's "News."—In the character of its literary contributions and in its typographical appearance it can take its stand among the best of the American monthlies.

London "Review of Reviews."—A credit to Canada.

FORTHCOMING ARTICLES.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, which is commenced in this issue, will be continued through the forthcoming numbers. There will be full-page pictures of Kitchener, Girouard and other notable military persons. There will also be from time to time full-page pictures of South African scenes and war pictures of various kinds.

LORD ROBERTS' career will be described in the February number by a military enthusiast. This will be illustrated from various photographs taken at different periods in his life, and with a picture of his father.

SOME DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN SOLDIERS is the title of two articles which will appear in the February and March issues. This will include portraits and brief biographies of such men as Macnab, De Rottenberg, Williams of Kars, Major Dunn and Major Wells, all of whom won distinction in the Imperial Service. These two articles will be valuable from both the Historical and Military view point.

THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICEMAN will be the subject of an illustrated article in the February issue. To Canadians this needs no recommendation.

THE SECOND CONTINGENT will be written of in due course. Those who appreciated the article on the first are assured that the one on the Second will be equally attractive. The illustrations will, it is hoped, be even more numerous.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR will be noted in "Current Events Abroad" from month to month.

THE MANITOBA ELECTIONS is the title of an article for the February issue by Kenneth Fessenden, an editorial writer on the Winnipeg "Tribune." This will be illustrated with twenty photographs.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY. There will shortly appear three advance chapters from the forthcoming book on this famous Company, by Professor Bryce of Winnipeg, perhaps the greatest authority in the country on this subject. These will be entitled: "The Voyageurs from Montreal," "Life in Hudson's Bay and Labrador," and "Troubles of the Transfer of Rupert's Land." These chapters, besides describing romantic events, will be of great historical value.

SHORT STORIES will appear in each issue. Several very strong tales are listed for February and March.

FRENCH CANADA AND CANADA is the title of a most interesting contribution by Mr. Errol Bouchette, who is proud of the progress which Quebec is making. In this connection it may be mentioned that two other forthcoming articles dealing with related topics are: "The French side of the Newfoundland Shore Question," by Dr. Bracq, and "The Noblesse of The Old Régime," by W. Bennett Munro.

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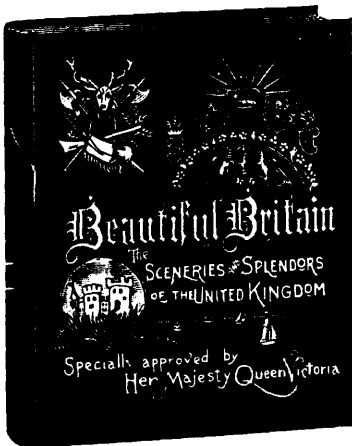
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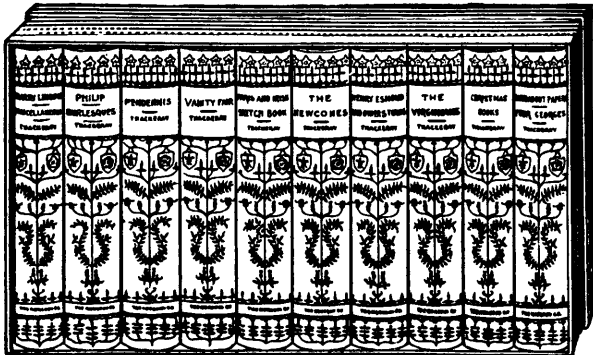
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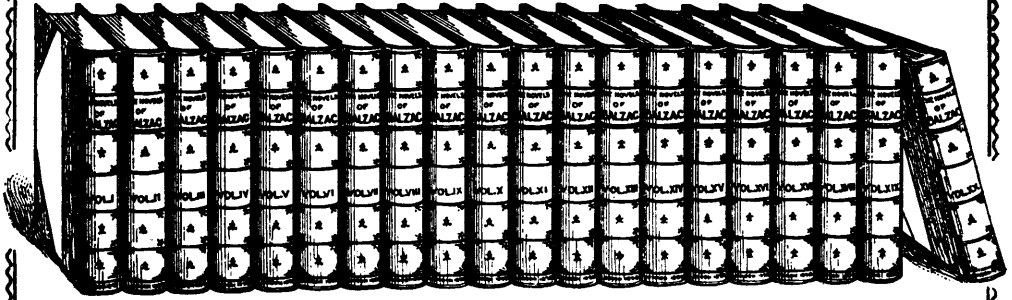
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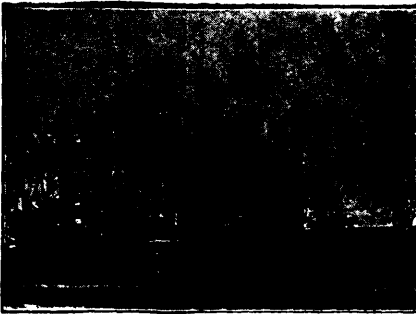


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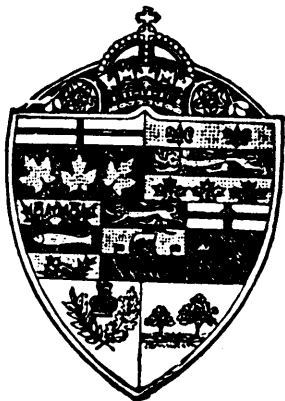
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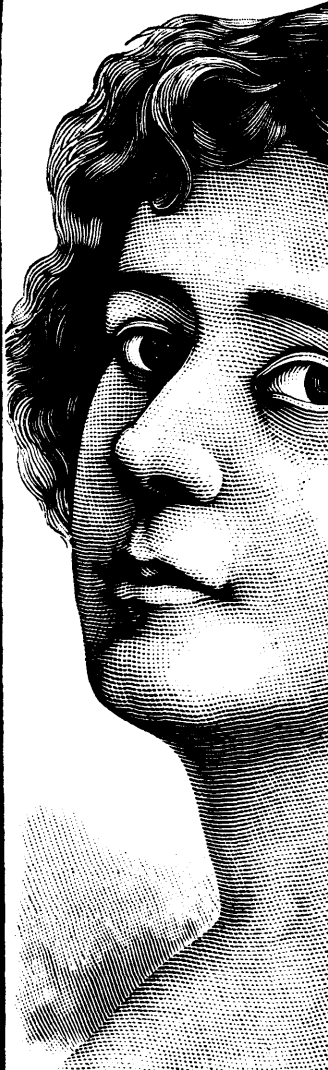
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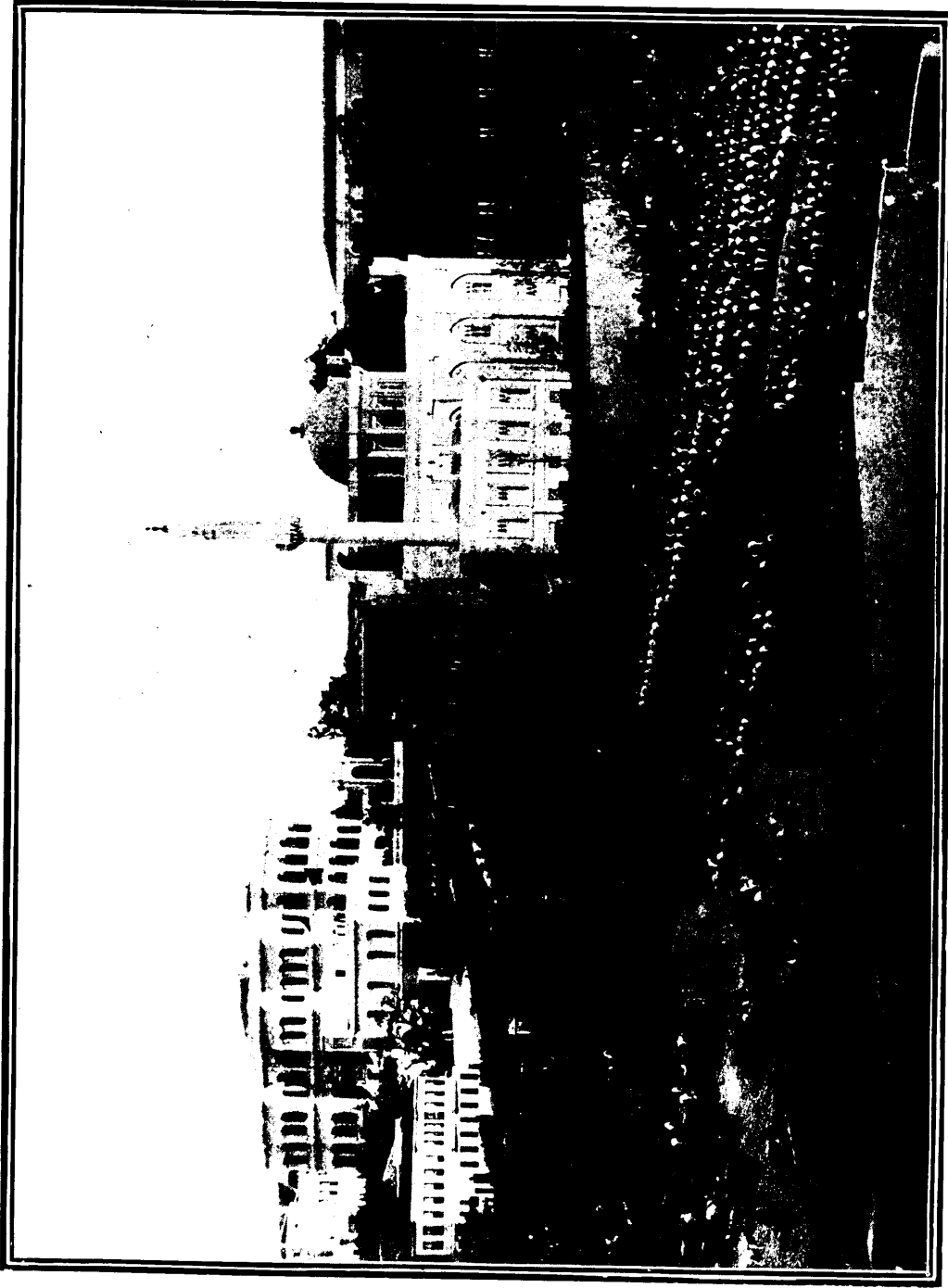


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SEE "A GLIMPSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE," P. 478.

THE SELAMLIK, OR PROCESSION OF THE SULTAN TO HIS PRIVATE MOSQUE.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV

JANUARY, 1900

No. 3

THE HOME-COMING OF THE NAKANNIES.

A STORY OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

By *W. A. Fraser, Author of "The Eye of a God," etc.*

IF you travel into the northwest corner of Canada, close under the shoulder of the Rockies, and ask a Sicanee Indian about the Nakannies, he will fill his pipe and smoke and talk about anything in the world but these people. By lavish expenditure of tobacco and other things of rare value, and by persistently pinning him down to the business in hand, you may get him to talk of them. He will tell you that they are bad spirit Indians; that they always hear when they are talked about, but are never seen.

If two Indians go out after moose and never come back, the solution is simple—they are with the Nakannies. If a family start at grandfather and die off until even the last papoose, swathed and laced tight in its moss-bag, is gone, that is the work of the Nakannies.

That is the belief of the other tribes; but the white trappers say that this tribe lives up in the gorges of the Rockies, and are tough—very tough. All agree, red, white and "pinto," that the Nakannies were once in the flesh—very much in the flesh. That was as I am going to tell you.

Many moons ago they lived in the foothills of the Rockies, just at the great cut in the granite cliffs where the chinook wind comes smiling through and kisses the babe snow into non-ex-

istence. That time no iron horse tore through the azure-draped portals of the castle mountains; only the soft chinook, and odd parties of Stonies or Nakannies, as they chased each other back and forth through the big gate.

The land of the Nakannies ran to the very edge of the stone rampart. They hunted the grizzly up to his rocky home and slew him; they ran the buffalo on the herb-turfed plain, and their tepees, built from the skins of the slain bison, stood gorgeous white in the autumn sun. They were not stock-raisers; when they needed ponies they stole them. It wasn't really stealing—the ponies were the spoils of war; also the scalps of the Blackfeet, that came home with the horse-hunting braves.

War Cloud was the Chief. He had two sons, Eagle Strength, the elder, and Day Child. Their spiritual life was looked after by Wolverine, an up-to-date Medicine Man.

Then one day Father Descoign came among them. It was almost as though he had dropped from heaven. Of a verity he simply came among them. War Cloud gave him a tepee, and told the young bucks not to molest the pale-face Medicine Man. If they were spoiling for excitement they could go out and cut the throats of the Blackfoot, or higher up the mountains a bit and fight Stonies.

Now the Nakannies were about as unarable a block of theological land as one could well look for, but that did not matter to Pere Descoign. The priests were all like that; they came and hammered away at the unbelief of the pagan tribes until some one believed; then they kept on, and by and by others had faith.

The first to listen to the priest was Day Child. The Father taught him French, and, incidentally, the Christian religion.

Above all, the Indian had a simple directness of thought which gets very close to the root of things. The good Father taught Day Child that the Manitou of the pale-face was all-powerful, and that men who sold themselves to the Evil One were sure to suffer in the end. The simpleness of that appealed to the primitive mind of the young Nakannie and the longer he thought over it the more certain he became that it was a very unpolitic thing to have anything to do with the devil. Many times he filled the red stone bowl of his pipe and emptied it over this untortuous problem before he crystallized his ideas in words. At last he spoke:

"Your Manitou is chief over all the spirits, even as War Cloud is great among Indians. Is not that so, Pale-face?"

"It is true," asserted the priest laconically.

"He is greater than the Evil Spirit you have told Day Child about?"

"I have spoken that it is so," answered Father Descoign.

"And the foolish braves you have told me of, who made treaty with this devil, will not go to the Happy Hunting Ground at all?"

"Day Child's words are true," the priest said.

"Then I will make treaty with God, who is your Manitou," said Day Child decisively, holding out his hand to the white man as earnest of his intention. "The Evil Spirit appeared to those foolish white men and made treaty with them; is that not so, Pale-face?"

The Father nodded his head in acquiescence.

"Then call your Manitou to appear and make treaty with Day Child, that I and my tribe may be at peace with this great Spirit Chief, your Manitou."

Now all this was rather startling to the good Father, and he realized that the air was, so to speak, full of great things. Either the faith of this young warrior must be held, or his hope for good harvest in that field be forever abandoned. Bravery and diplomacy go hand in hand in the Christian crusade against the gods of the pagan Indians, so Father Descoign answered:

"I will ask my Master to speak to Day Child, whose heart is inclined toward him."

That night Father Descoign spoke to the young Indian.

"To-morrow night the God of the pale-faces, who is also the God of the Redman, will speak to Day Child, just where the river bursts through the hills and falls an arrow's flight over the rocks."

All that night the brave priest prayed forgiveness for the deed he was about to do. It was for the good of these poor people that he would impersonate his Master for a little time.

The next night Day Child saw God, even as the priest had said he would. The young son of the Chief and two Nakannies crouched silently beside the waterfall and waited for the pale-face Manitou.

All the little tricks the Reverend Father knew—the luminosity of sulphurous matches damped and rubbed on the face, and all the rest of it—he practised. It was a clumsy enough representation, but it succeeded; and Day Child made treaty with the Great Spirit, who told him that the priest would show them the proper trail to follow through life.

From that time on Day Child and his ever-increasing following prospered. They ceased from war and cut-throat horse-stealings, and tilled the soil—childishly enough at first; and got cattle, and waxed prosperous in the land which before had been but an ever-changing battle-field.

A blood-fury was growing on Wol-

verine ; his power was gradually becoming less. His medicine sometimes worked success for the braves who stuck to him and the old Chief, but often worked disaster. Sometimes when they went forth to battle and his medicine had said the foray would be successful they came home very much the worse for wear, and considerably battered—some did not even come at all. But the priest's medicine, which was God's law, worked for good always, and Day Child's band prospered.

Then Wolverine worked his charms and had a dream. It was that Day Child would become stronger and stronger because of the evil cunning of the priest ; and, in the end, War Cloud and Eagle Strength would have to sit like squaws in the council, silent, when Day Child, who would then be Chief, spoke.

He roused the fury of the Nakannies by saying that they would all become squaws. What would it profit them if they were prosperous and tilled the soil, and worked like women in the field ? The Blackfoot braves to the east of them, the Peigans to the south, the Stonies, who were in the west, and the Crees, who crouched among the spruce and aspen in the north, would close in on them if they were not warriors, and take all they had—even their scalps and their women.

What need they to work like squaws—there were buffalo to kill for meat, and their enemies had horses to give for the asking. What more did they want ? They had fire, and food, and skins for their lodges, and a great name as warriors among the fighting people of that land. Would they trade all this for squaw valour, toil and slave like pack-dogs ? Would they be like this, or would they be braves ?

Day Child and the priest had right on their side, but they were terribly handicapped because of the labour their policy entailed. Work will weigh down all the things of this world in the scale of an Indian's calculation. The priest's policy meant labour ; Wolverine's the traditional and actual life of an Indian

—the killing of things for food and for pastime. If the priest's argument had been backed up by cannon it might have succeeded, for he had a good start, thanks to his dramatic talent.

But one morning the pitying stars, millions of them, ere they stole away into the blue vault that arched the home of the Nakannies, looked down and saw the cold, drawn faces of Day Child and his Christian followers staring up at them with soulless eyes. There had been carnage in the night, and Day Child's band, to the last brave, put to the knife. Even the good priest, fighting bravely, had died with his comrades.

Remorse, and fear of the revenge of the pale-faces for the murder of the priest, preyed on War Cloud's mind, until he moved his whole tribe far north along the Rockies.

Moons came and went, and years rounded themselves into a decade, and War Cloud was called over the trail of mystery, the dark, unknown trail along which he had sent his own son, Day Child, moons before. His war-pony was killed to carry him to the Happy Hunting Ground, and his arrows were buried with him. Food was left for the long journey, and his lodge was left standing and untenanted.

Then Wolverine spoke to the tribe ;
 " Brothers, behold, I am Wolverine !
 When I sleep Manitou comes and whispers that which is good for the Nakannies. Who told you that your chief, War Cloud, would be called to the Happy Hunting Grounds in two moons ? Was not that Wolverine, who stands before you ?

" When I make my medicine and blow it out upon the other tribes they become as children in their fear of you who are my braves. Who worked the medicine which brought the pitted disease that ate into the flesh of the Blackfeet until they died like scourged rabbits ? Was that not Wolverine—and was it not because they came in the night and stole the

daughter of our great Chief who has now gone to the Happy Hunting Ground? When I made medicine the Nakannie braves went forth and laughed at the arrows of the Blackfeet and Stonies, and brought back war ponies and scalps and glory to the lodges of our tribe.

"It was I, Wolverine, who knew, because of my medicine, that trouble would come to you through the little pale-face priest, who spoke with the forked tongue of a false Manitou. But the Chief, War Cloud, who is now dead, had a good heart, and said: 'Let the little pale-face rest in the lodges of the Nakannies.' And for days Wolverine had evil dreams because of that. And the son of your great Chief listened to the pale-face, and became a squaw. And others of the Nakannies who had always been warriors became squaws also; they traded their war horses for the white man's buffalo, and worked in the fields like dogs. And the Blackfeet, who live where the sun rises, laughed, and the Stonies, who are in the West, spat in the faces of these squaw Indians; and because of the medicine of the priest the Nakannies sat like whipped children and were afraid.

"Your Manitou, the Manitou of Indian braves, was angry, and spoke to Wolverine, and Wolverine showed these things to War Cloud, and he rose like a brave, and killed these squaw men—even his own son. That was the evil that came from the pale-face Medicine Man.

"Wolverine, who had been far toward the rising sun, where the white men huddle like caribou, plenty as the trees of the forest, knew that they spoke with a forked tongue always; but War Cloud's heart was good, and his words were straight talk, and he did not believe Wolverine. When Day Child was dead you know, brothers, how the heart of your warrior Chief became soft with sorrow and the fear of the red-coats; and he told us to come away to this land of barren rocks where there are no buffalo. But now, brothers, Eagle Strength, the son

of War Cloud, is Chief, and his heart thirsts for the land where he was born—where the buffalo crowd the grass-plains like clouds in the sky, and their fat will warm us and their skins keep us from the cold winds. Wolverine has made medicine, and knows that there are no red-coats there; and that the spirits of Day Child and his squaw-brothers have gone to the Happy Hunting Ground.

"We will go back to our home prairies, and Wolverine will drive the spirits of the dead away, and you, my braves, will fight the Blackfeet and the Stonies, and conquer because of the medicine of Wolverine. Are we rabbits to skulk here among the stones because we have killed the squaw men of the fork-tongued priest. Wolverine has spoken."

When the Medicine Man sat down there was deep silence in the little valley in which they lived; for the awe of the home-going had stolen over the spirits of the Nakannies.

Then Eagle Strength rose, tall and stately, every inch a warrior; and stiffening his bronze body, threw back his head, and from his powerful throat came, like the note of a bugle, the joyous battle-cry, full of defiance, and eagerness, and resolve. Every brave took it up, until the mountain-side rang with the wolf-like cry of hundreds of fierce voices. In their souls was the homesickness of years of exile from the child-land, that lingered like a memory of Paradise to these outcast redmen.

Now the Chief who had kept them there in the wilderness, far from the land stained with the blood of his own son, was dead; and Manitou, through Wolverine's medicine, had told them to go back where the grass was rich and sweet for their horses, and the buffalo, their buffalo, thronged the plain; and there were enemies to fight in the open, and scalps and ponies to get by conquest. Small wonder that their hearts cried out in joy and they looked upon Eagle Strength as a deliverer. If Wolverine's medicine kept the spirits of their murdered brothers

away, there was nothing else they feared.

When next the sun peeped down into the Valley of the Little Bears where the Nakannies had lived and hunted for years there was nothing but a few smouldering camp fires, a myriad of bare tepee poles, the empty lodge of the dead Chief, and the grave in which he slept.

On the afternoon of the twentieth day of their pilgrimage back to the land of their nativity Wolverine said: "Spell here, brothers, for we are close to the land which is ours. The smell of the sweet grass is in Wolverine's nostrils, and the soft pad of the buffalo hoofs on the prairie run is in his ears. To-night when the hills rise up between us and the sun, we will go forward to the home that is ours; then in the morning, when Manitou sends the sun up in the East, it will find us there."

A Medicine Man has two qualifications, poetry and diplomacy, and Wolverine had played a strong hand in his last address. It would be better to get there in the night, because if their were objections to their coming there might also be objections to their going away. Wolverine would take the lay of the land in the dark, so to speak. That was the utility of the diplomacy; the poetry was for the Indians, and saved discussion.

When darkness had crept across the brown tangled mass of rosebush and sweet grass, and the yellow-faced gaillardias of the plain, and chased the dying sun up the gray of the foothills, and across the splashing crystals of the Bow River, and draped the tawny forms of the Nakannies in its sombrencess, Wolverine spoke to Eagle Strength, and the tribe moved down the sloping approaches to the Rockies, and stole silently, like spirit shadows, across the hushed prairie.

In each breast was the smothered joy of home-coming; in each heart the pagan fear of the spirits of their murdered relatives. Even the dogs trailed their tails and with flapping lips skulked close to the heels of the silent

squaws. Not a babe prattled. The flower carpet of the flattened earth muffled the hoof-beats of the soft-stepping ponies as the spectral troop slid through the thick gloom. It was the blood-fear that was over all—the spirit terror.

In front Wolverine rode his gray broncho straight as an arrow for the old camping-home of the Nakannies. Even the broncho, who was a sucking colt when the Indians fled from the fear of the red-coats, held his nose true to the point, as the mariner's needle cleaves to the North. Wolverine clasped the little medicine bag that dangled from his neck. Over and over he whispered a charm to ward off the spirit vengeance of Day Child. Once he turned on his broncho and looked up at the Indian's clock—the star-jewelled "dipper." The gleaming hand, circling round the North star, had moved three hours since they rested. They were half way there, he whispered to Eagle Strength in a hushed voice. The Chief leaned far over the neck of his pony to catch what Wolverine said. The muffled hollowness of the voice had been lost in the slipping of the hoofs in the dry grass.

"Half-way," whispered Wolverine again; and Eagle Strength sat bolt upright and held his small, bead-eyes straight forward into the gloom.

When the dipper had cut three hours more from its circle path, and stood almost straight over the North Star, Wolverine stopped his broncho and slid to the ground. The others closed around him silently, like soldiers forming up before a stockade that is to be assaulted at daybreak. A little to the right the dark line of the earth rounded against the swarthy purple of the sky. The Medicine Man was standing with his face set against the mound. Eagle Strength and the others knew what that meant—on that hill Day Child and his band had made their last stand; and on its top, unburied, they had been left for wolf and vulture.

"Hobble the ponies and sleep here," whispered the Medicine Man hoarsely.

The night air was thick with still-

ness. Wolverine ran his hand over the flank of his broncho: the gray was trembling, and his ears were twitching nervously back and forth—now cocking forward in nervous curiosity, now drooping back in irritable weariness. Wolverine knew—even the horses were afraid.

A low, trembling whimper cut through the night like a whistling arrow from the top of the hill on the right, the hill where the murdered Nakannies had lain. Then another and another weird call struck on their shrinking ears; a pack of coyotes had wined them. A pony broke away in affright and nearly stampeded the band.

Wolverine steadied himself, and spoke sharply: "Nakannies, are you all squaws to let your horses get away?"

Before any horse could be hobbled, a dull, rumbling moan came creeping through the grass and hushed the whimper of the wolves. It came from the black mass of mountains: then it died away as suddenly as it began. The Medicine Man grasped his knife and waited, listening. Again he heard it. It was like the roar of angry spirits in the mountain gorges—just a moaning, and then there was silence. Again it came, longer and louder this time. The ponies pricked their ears, and held their heads high with outstretched noses, facing the black line of the sleeping hills.

Many times it called to them, this menacing voice of an angry spirit; always growing louder and fiercer. It was like the noise the "thunder bird" made when Manitou was angry. The fear that had been silent in the hearts of the braves began to mutter—they whispered to each other: "That is Day Child's band crying for blood."

Wolverine's gray snorted and tossed his head impatiently from side to side, and rubbed his nose forcibly against the Medicine Man's breast. Eagle Strength stood silently watching in the direction of the spirit noises. A dull, muttering rumble, breaking into a fierce, threatening call, startled them again, and a fiery eye glared at them from high up in the hills. Nastas,

Eagle Strength's mother, screamed and sank in a broken heap at the feet of the young Chief.

The eye closed sullenly, the roar deadened, and there was only the muffled sound of something gliding through the gloom toward them. Then again it broke forth with malignant fury, shooting its rays in long shafts out into the darkness of the plain. It closed again, only to scorch their hearts nearer and fiercer the next second. No one spoke now; fear took them by the throat and paralyzed their tongues. They could see little bright flashes of light glinting from the scales of the huge monster, all along its body, as it rushed screaming and hissing down through the gateway of the hills. Back on its tail were two little green eyes that fascinated Wolverine. It was the angry God of the murdered priest—the destroying Manitou he had said would surely punish them for the killing of men.

Fear and anger fought in the blood of Eagle Strength. He had been a child—a fool. He had listened to the words of Wolverine and slain his blood-brothers, the Nakannies, because they believed in this God—the God of the pale-face priest. He could see little green and red eyes peering at him from the darkness far in advance of the dragon-god with the monstrous eye. They were lesser spirits coming to devour his people because of the sin the false Medicine Man, Wolverine, had led them into. The dragon might destroy his people, but his hand would avenge their blood upon Wolverine. The huge, trailing, fire-vomiting dragon was close upon them, when, with a scream of defiance and barbaric triumph, he plunged his knife to the hilt in the Medicine Man's breast.

This act aroused the others. "Come, brothers," cried Eagle Strength, "we'll go back to our home on the Little Bear," and throwing himself on his pony, he yelled a war song and lashed his broncho across the flanks.

As the tribe streamed over the plains to escape, the fire-belching monster circled in toward them, and the hot

breath from his evil-smelling body smote upon the nostrils of Eagle Strength as he lashed the last Nakannie across the iron path, under the very nose of the demon. Then they melted silently into the darkness of the long back-trail.

Over on the dragon there was a screeching, hissing, grinding, as the feet of the monster gripped the iron of the gravel-packed trail and strove to stop its headlong charge. Passengers stood on their heads in the seats in front of them, and cursed and prayed, each according to his readiness of habit. A short man in a blue coat, all spangled with brass buttons, slid from the side of the dragon and ran forward to its head, with a loose, blinking eye under his arm.

"What in blazes you put on the 'emergency' for, Dick?" he screamed into the sulphurous jaws of the thing's head.

"Thought I was runnin' into a pack of fool Injuns," grunted a voice thick with the fullness of stopping a heavy express on a down grade. And a burly demon came out of the white, hot

mouth and stood wiping his brow with a piece of waste.

"Did you see them, Dick?" panted the little man.

"Seed a swarm of 'em, an' heerd 'em scream. An' the President, ol' Van Horne, 'd rather wreck the best engine on the road than have a greasy 'niche' killed."

"It's them spirits the fellows say are always about this old camping-ground where they found a lot of dead Injuns when they were building the line. I guess that's what you saw, Dick."

"Spirits be hanged! They was cavortin' about on the track 'tween the rails on their saw-horse bronchos, an' I slid right in among 'em. It's a miracle if I ain't killed none."

"I guess it's all right, Dick—I hope we haven't killed any passengers," said the conductor, unshipping the eye from his arm. "All aboard."

The little lantern described a circle in the air, the monster tore at the iron trail with his huge feet, the lights slid off and were swallowed up in the gloom of the prairie night, and the home-coming of the Nakannies had been disrupted by the Pacific Express.

HILARY.

THE moon looked in at Hilary
 And loved her gentle face ;
 It dowered her with mystery
 Of moonlight grace.

The trees looked in at Hilary
 And heard her plaintive voice ;
 They whispered, "Little Heart of Dream,
 Thou shalt rejoice!"

The golden stars brought Hilary
 Report of lands unknown ;
 The fairy people welcomed her
 As half their own.

Oh little daughter, Hilary,
 We too our offering make,
 Such love as watches day and night
 For thy dear sake.

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

THE NORTH-WEST RED-MAN AND HIS FUTURE.

By Bleasdell Cameron.

IN the year 1881, according to the census returns of the Department of Indian Affairs, there were in the Canadian Northwest Territories 23,000 treaty Indians. In 1898, quoting from the same authority, there were only 14,300. It is improbable that these figures are correct. It is scarcely to be believed that the decrease within so comparatively brief a period has been so grave. I shall try to explain why.

The figures for '81 include the absentees—that is, hunters and others visiting friends in parts of the Territories without the limits of their own “treaty,” or across the United States border—while those for '98, presumably, do not. The number actually present at the annuity payments of '81 was only 17,150; and although 14,300 is given as the *census* of '98, these figures probably represent only those who presented themselves for payment in that year. Consequently, it would appear that a more just comparison may be made between the figures 17,150 and 14,300. Even this is sufficiently significant, disclosing as it does a decrease of 2,850 souls, or $16\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. in seventeen years; but it would still be misleading. Within the period named at least one thousand new Indians were admitted to treaty. Those were the bands of Big Bear and those at Lac La Rouge, and Montreal Lake. So that, without reference to births, the disappearance of 3,850 out of 18,150 persons has to be taken count of, and the ratio of decrease mounts to nearly 25 per cent.

I am asked by the CANADIAN MAGAZINE to prepare a paper on the future of the Indian in the Northwest; and while, as has appeared, owing to the nomadic habits of the race, it is impossible to secure statistics of absolute reliability, there seems to be no doubt that it is a decrease and not an in-

crease which confronts us; and for my purpose this is enough. And it may be said, parenthetically, that to one familiar with the Northwest Indian, his condition past and present, the proud, independent spirit of twenty years ago, and the crushed, despondent one of to-day, any other aspect of his case would seem incredible. I have no love for the unenviable role of the pessimist; but, be they never so unpalatable, one must bow to facts as one finds them, and if I am unable to take a very cheerful view of the red-man's future in that corner of the Dominion, the fault is surely not mine. Briefly, my idea of that future may be expressed in one word—Extinction. In other terms, the Indian has no future. Let me endeavour to set down some of the apparent reasons.

To begin with, it is a truism that the primary effect upon savage life, wherever found, of contact with civilization is a most destructive one. This truth is written across the pages of history through century upon century and in all countries—Britain, New Zealand, Asia, Africa, Australia. It will be sufficient, however, to confine consideration of this phase of the matter to instances furnished by America. Among the aboriginal peoples who have disappeared utterly since the advent of the white man, or of which remnants only now exist, may be mentioned those governed by the Incas of Peru, the Aztecs and kindred nations of Old Mexico, and the Mandans of the Missouri River. Pizarro and Cortez, with their mailed retinues of freebooters and priests, in the name of Christianity gave short shrift to the former; the Americans, with kegs of rum and gunpowder, effectually “civilized” the Mandans off the face of the globe. The remaining Indian tribes of the United States are cowed, subdued,

sunk to the extremes of wretchedness and despair. Of all the once powerful and warlike nations—the Sioux, the Apaches, the Nez Percés, the Comanches and the Blackfoot—not one retains more than a vestige of its past formidable, not one has any appreciable standing as an individual people; all are scattered, decimated.

In Canada, though in a modified degree, the position is the same. But our Indian population was less, and the encroachment of civilization has also been less, slower; we have six millions population against the sixty of the republic to the south. Yet the United States Indians have opposed a stubborn front to the fair-skinned invader; they have disputed his advance step by step, for four hundred years. In Canada such a resistance would not have been possible, for climatic reasons. The Indian cannot campaign successfully in the depth of a northern winter. The game upon which he depends for his commissariat is scarce, and the snow interferes with those swift and bewildering movements which are his chief fighting tactics and best defence when closely pressed. Beside, he cannot transport his women and children expeditiously in the bitter cold. It may safely be assumed, therefore, that when the population of the Dominion grows approximately at the rate that it has done in the neighbouring States, the effacement of the redmen will proceed with speed.

But why should the Indian population of this country decrease at all? Ah, that is the crucial question. The redman is improvident, ignorant of the laws of health. And he requires room—plenty of room. His instincts, the inheritance handed down to him through many generations of nomadic, savage ancestry, crave—demand it. It is his breath of life. The atmosphere of towns is poison in his nostrils; set bounds cramp and fret him as they would a high-spirited horse; he sickens and dies as does a plant denied the sun.

Other influences are at work. So long as the plains echoed to the thunderous tramp of the vast buffalo herds,

the redman was healthful and happy. He had all that he required—meat and raiment. War was his game—war with other tribes; his pastime. He was independent, proud, formidable and generous. Hospitality was his first law. Food, abundant food, was the meed of the stranger within his gate—behind the flap of his lodge—and there was no tarrying in its proffer. The white man came, accepted his hospitality—and destroyed his buffalo. He debauched his women and introduced all manner of curious diseases. Two scourges of smallpox swept the land, and lodges filled with dead marked the trail where the Indian fled nearly blindly across the country in a vain effort to escape this pestilential breath. Scrofulous, flat-chested children replaced the sturdy, bright-eyed urchins that gambolled about his lodge-door in the old days of plenty. The white man made a bargain with him. He paid him five dollars a year and took his country, leaving him a strip of land, outside the boundaries of which he was forbidden to go. When he starved he was given a morsel of bacon and lumpy flour. He was told to cultivate his land, but it is hard to cultivate any great quantity of land on quarter-rations of very indifferent food. Beside, for some thousands of years he had been a hunter and warrior; ploughs were clumsy things compared with bows and guns; planting potatoes tired his back, and cutting wheat with a sickle wore holes in his leggings and hurt his knees. When we consider all these things, I do not think it will be thought remarkable at all that the Indian in the Northwest is not progressing to any alarming extent.

It must not be supposed, however, that he is dying without a struggle. Many of the race have accepted the inevitable and gone earnestly to work to achieve the art of farming, not without success. The greatest deterrent to the progress of these is the communal spirit—that old inviolable first love of the tribe—hospitality. The destitute and idle live on the industrious and

provident, and thus all are kept poor.

It is not likely that the interests of her Indian children will ever be so laxly guarded by Canada as have those of its red wards by the United States, where the Indian has been robbed and cheated at every turn of the trail; yet, the tendency toward retrogression is just as sure, if less swift, and it is a question whether a century hence there will remain in the Plains region of the Northwest a single pure-blood Indian. Only in the remote and inhospitable tracts of the north—the barren, wilderness places, whose only resources are fur and game—does there seem a prospect of his survival. Education may do something, but it will require much time. The wild, roaming instincts of generations cannot be eradicated in one. Even the children reared in boarding-schools and universities are often drawn irresistibly back to the nomadic life and picturesque manner of dress of their untaught brethren. An Indian child is usually bright and intelligent. He may leave a university with B.A. appended to an Anglicized name; but he has not that desire for gain or reputation which inspires his white class-mates to go on and upward, and the restraints of civilization are something against which all his wild blood rises in revolt. Small wonder, when so many white men, after centuries of breeding and subjection to set forms, are swayed now and then by this same strong, savage instinct—by that feeling so subtly expressed by Kipling in “The Feet of the Young men”:

“We must go, go, go away from here,
On the other side of the world we're overdue;
Send, your way is clear before you,
When the old spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the red gods call to you!”

It is a legacy to us from the old, old, primitive days when Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord and all men were shepherds.

Only two years ago I happened to be visiting in Montana, and a murder occurred there. A sheep-herder was killed, shot in the back by some roving Cheyenne Indians. The sheriff, with

a posse, went to the reservation to arrest them. They refused to give up the criminals, and made threats. Then several companies of cavalry were rushed to the scene, and an Indian war was narrowly averted. When the ringleader and murderer was finally arrested and brought in—a painted, befeathered and defiant savage, who spoke only the Cheyenne tongue—what was the amazement of the authorities to recognize in him a graduate with honours of Carlisle University, who had a Christian name as English as John Smith. This is an illustration of how hard it is to civilize an Indian.

The Indian, at the present day, has little of either physical or moral stamina. At the faintest touch of disease he lies down hopelessly and succumbs. It is fate.

“My brother Moon Face is very ill,” an Indian says to you, solemnly.

“What's the matter with him?”

“He is sick in his tooth.”

He is perfectly serious in the matter. An Indian is never hungry—he always starves. He is the child of Nature, governed by impulse; simple in some ways as a babe, and guileful in others as the heathen Chinese.

To conclude: Although the future of the redman looks gloomy it is improbable that his blood is altogether to disappear, for there is one agency at work which promises to preserve to posterity some of the best characteristics of his race—and only one. It is the sole method of civilizing the redman which augurs successfully, and it is the infusion of white blood. The mixed blood, some two or three removes from his bronzed ancestor, with his keen intellect and many admirable traits, is often an accomplished and splendid type of humanity. Honourable John Norquay, the late Premier of Manitoba, was perhaps one of the best-known of this class, though many others occupy high positions in professional, business and social life. It is some satisfaction, therefore, to know that though our civilization is so deadly to the pure aborigine his descendants will continue to inhabit the earth.

By FREDERIC VILLIERS, WAR ARTIST & CORRESPONDENT.

III.—“TWIXT SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.”

AN armistice had been proclaimed between the Servians and the Turks the early winter of 1876. Fighting in was over for a time; so I made my way back from the Servian front to Belgrade, and wired to my paper for instructions.

The reply was: “Prepare to start for India for the Proclamation of the Queen-Empress.”

I immediately left the Servian capital for Vienna. Having kicked my heels for about five days in the gay capital, I received notice from my journal that the Indian frontier had been provided for, and that I was to join the Turks.

From an editorial chair this instruction meant but little, but to me it meant much. Having shared the vicissitudes of the Servian Army for some eight months, suddenly to go over to the Turks was a change fraught with no little danger. But such a *bouleversement* was simply part and parcel of a war correspondent’s duty, and so I started at once for the East. I was to wipe the slate clean, and start on my new venture, as a gentleman just out from England and anxious to see some of that wonderful material which is the support of the great Ottoman Empire—the sturdy Turkish fighting-man.

On board the Danubian steamer, I

chummed in with a bright, smart young Irishman, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin. He was on a journey of adventure, bent on joining either the Serbs or the Turks, and had tossed up to decide the matter; heads had won, and so had the Turks.

At Kalafat, on the Roumanian side of the river, my Irish friend requisitioned a small fishing-boat and rowed himself across to Vidin, there to join Osman Pasha and his gallant Turks. The young Irishman was poor Frank Power, who was eventually killed in ’85 in trying to escape with Colonel Stewart from Khartoum, when acting as Vice-Consul for that place. I soon arrived at Rustchuk, and eventually found myself at Varna, and next morning was steaming through the glorious Bosphorus, and before midday landed in the foul and picturesque City of the Sultans. Here my difficulties in getting to the Turkish front were to begin. Luckily in those days names of artists were seldom published below their sketches. I was known but little, even to the English fraternity, so that was one point in my favour.

At the club in Galata I met several interesting personages; one gentleman, who sat opposite to me every dinner-hour, was a man who was soon to distinguish himself as the saviour of the

remnant of the Turkish army that was driven back on to Constantinople a year later.

This gentleman was under a cloud for the moment, depressed and gloomy. He would talk to me of the impossibility of dealings with the Turkish officials, and of the difficulty in organizing their gendarmerie, a service which was his especial mission, for my friend of the dinner-table was Colonel Valentine Baker, formerly of the 10th Hussars. But another person whom I met in that club, who was probably more interesting to me for the moment, was a gentleman who was visiting the interior of Turkey for the purpose of writing a book—a strange undertaking at this particular moment, for the country was up in arms. The Bulgarian atrocities were still rampant, and things generally were anything but pleasant. However, this was just the man I wanted to meet, for he had a firman in his possession, and a very long firman, too; it was at least half a yard in length, and the Sultan's signature to it was as big as one's hand.

Now, a long firman goes a long way with the Turkish official, for according to the size of the document, so in those days were hospitality and politeness meted out to the possessor of the precious scroll.

The owner of this particular *passé-partout* was a jovial, chubby sea captain, with a face like the sun, always ruddy and cheerful. His vigorous, curly hair had a tinge of grey in it, for he had commanded a vessel in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, and had supplied the British and Turkish troops with salt, beef and potatoes, carrying wounded back as ballast to the base of operations. The Turks remembered that man with gratitude, for his services in the old days, and from the Sublime Porte he had received this valuable half-yard of paper on the strength of those memories.

This was the man for me, for I could not apply for a pass on my own account, considering my connection with the Servians; so I persuaded the jovial sea captain to include me in the firman,

which he did as travelling assistant artist to the owner of the document; my name, luckily, not being mentioned at all.

What a time we had in those days in Turkey! You had simply to be an Englishman, and you were received with open arms by the Turkish official or peasant. At Adrianople an aide-de-camp from the Governor met us; we were billeted on the first merchant of the town, who, with usual Oriental politeness, would come in after our evening meal, inquire after our healths, and with a salaam, assure us that his servants, and his house, and his ox, and his ass, were no longer his, but ours. He, however, said nothing about his harem, in which, poor fellow, to accommodate us, he was obliged to take up his quarters on the opposite side of the road.

The Governor was also good enough to place his stables at our disposal, but as they were full-blooded Arab stallions, I visited the sights of Adrianople on foot; my companion, as a sailor, took kindly to the horses, but the animals did not take kindly to him. When he eventually left Adrianople, my friend was almost a cripple owing to the erratic temper of those stallions.

The misery of Roumelia as we journeyed towards the Servian frontier soon became apparent. Whole villages had been wiped out, nothing having been left standing but the bare chimneys of the houses, looking like the charred funeral columns of a cemetery which had yawned up its dead, for bodies scantily buried lay in the streets and in the furrowed fields by the roadsides, their feet and hands, and sometimes their heads, sticking out of the foul mud. Carrion birds, disturbed by our presence, lazily beat the air with their wings, setting their bloated bodies on the smoke-begrimed monuments of Turkish oppression and cruelty. Bloody-mouthed dogs with heavy maw, guilty of their uncanny feast, slunk from us behind the *debris* of the wrecked homesteads. Occasionally Bashi-Bazouks, with their motley costumes splashed with mud and greasy

with blood, or Circassians in their quaint astrakhan head-gear, sober-coloured coats, with their breasts studded with silver cartridges, passed us on the road. Behind came their baggage ponies, loaded with plunder from the Bulgarian and Servian villages.

They never molested us, as we were escorted by a Zaptieh almost as villainously picturesque as those cut-throats themselves, and we were also known to be Englishmen. For the fiat had gone forth from Constantinople throughout the land that the English were to be respected.

Right up to the old town of Nisch, wrecked villages and corpses lined the gruesome way. Right glad was I, for a time, to get out of all this misery, and to settle down for a few days in that old frontier town of Turkey. The English doctors serving with the Turkish army gave us a good reception, and I found a corner on an ottoman where I could rest my weary head in a room along with six surgeons. Those gallant, plucky volunteers had been striving to relieve the sufferings of the wretched wounded for the last eight months. Living on short commons, and more or less pigging it purely for humanity's sake—good fellows all.

These are the men who uphold the sturdy qualities of British humanity, wherever pain and suffering may be.

One night, at our meagre little meal, in our drawing-room, dining-hall and bedroom in one, Barrington Kennett, now Sir Vincent Kennett Barrington, came across the Servian lines into the Turkish camp. His office was, by permission of the Turks, to pass through to Constantinople for the purpose of procuring comforts and medical stores for the Servian wounded during the armistice. He was astonished to see me at the dinner table, for I had travelled with him for many weeks during the recent fighting in Servia.

"It's all very fine, Villiers," he said, "but you'd better take care. Oh, by the by, you say you are going to join the Turks, who now occupy Alexinatz. You are a good fellow, I know you will do me a service. I have a Servian

servant who promised to go with me as far as Constantinople, but he's in such a deuce of a funk in case the Turks may do him some mischief, that he won't go any further, and at the same time he is afraid to go back unless his safety is guaranteed. I pity the poor fellow, for he volunteered with a good heart, but it has now failed him. I must be off after breakfast to-morrow, and I can't look after him. Will you befriend him for my sake?"

"Right you are, Kennett, I'll see him across the frontier into the Servian lines. Have no fear."

It was a rash promise, though I did not think so at the time. I saw the Servian; he was overcome with gratitude, and that made me all the firmer in my resolve to deliver him safely into the hands of his countrymen.

At breakfast next morning, Kennett, who was in good spirits, told us some of his experiences in coming through the hostile lines, and then, suddenly looking up at me, he said:

"O, Villiers, I forgot to tell you that the Turks don't at all love you at Alexinatz. Hafuz Pasha, the Governor, has threatened to hang the correspondent of the *Graphic* on sight—if he should fall into his hands during the campaign—on account of the impression he had caused in England by sending a sketch depicting the cruelty of the Turks towards Servian prisoners. So just you look after yourself."

This news astonished me, especially coming from Kennett, and I was irritated that he did not inform me of this uncharitable feeling on the part of the Governor of Alexinatz before I gave him the promise to take his wretched servant across the lines. But I did not like to remonstrate with him lest he might think that I was shirking my responsibility. Kennett left us, and the next morning I resolved to start on my journey.

The greater part of the next day was devoted, on my part, to persuading my sea-captain friend to journey with me to Alexinatz. I thought it only fair to tell him of the risk I was running, and I must say that the sturdy old seaman,

in spite of squalls ahead and probably very dirty weather, tacked round to my views of the situation, and lent me the kindly cover of his talismanic firman.

At eight the next morning we faced the dreary plain between Nisch and Alexinat. The air was crisp with frost, and the little puddles in the rough road we were traversing cracked with their covering of ice as our horses cantered over them.

Towards evening we sighted the quaint tower of the Orthodox Church of Alexinat, and the familiar trenches and redoubts which girded the city, and behind which only a few weeks earlier I had watched the bloody advance of the Turks up the Morava Valley. My heart was beating fast as I crossed the little wooden bridge into the town. Our horses were covered with hoar frost, for the last ruddy flush of sunlight had left us when still a mile short of the town. The puddles had filmed over with ice once more, and our horses went floundering and spluttering in the deep ruts of the abominable road, and were now limping with bloody hoofs up the main street towards the Government House. Every house was gutted. Doors and window-frames were gone for firewood, and every scrap of iron, copper or metal of any kind, had been torn away from the crazy structures, so that it seemed to require but a puff of wind to send them tumbling like a pack of cards to the ground. In the hotel where Forbes and I took our last meal before the fall of Alexinat, horses were stabled, and in the centre of the gutted buildings was a roaring fire built up of the doors and rafters.

To the Governor's house we were at once led, our steps being lighted by the glare of the burning panel of a door steeped in oil. There was no need of a guide on my part, for I knew every inch of the way, and every corner of the Governor's house; then I wondered if there was still any Negotin wine left—an excellent brand of wine from the Servian province of that name.

"Three steps here, sir," said our

dragoman as we ascended the steps in front of the Konak.

I laughed in my sleeve—as if I didn't know. I remembered one moonlight night, when a birthday indulgence of Negotin annihilated these steps and ——— But, no matter. "The Governor, His Excellency Hafuz Pasha, will be glad to receive the distinguished visitors," softly said an effeminate-looking Circassian aide-de-camp, as we entered the hall. My heart stood still for a second; Hafuz was the man who had threatened to curtail my existence.

"Well," I thought, "I am in for it now." I was hungry, weary and cold, and I resolved that I would have some supper first, anyway. I took off my cap and followed the aide-de-camp into a room whose two windows opened in French fashion on to a balcony facing the street. Ah! didn't I remember that same balcony, the summer night of August of that year, the little Servian Red Cross Sister, and the gallant young English surgeon, the shadow of the purple grapes from the vine overhead, the disturbed kiss, and the chaff the wicked young dog received from us afterwards.

On a packing-case sat the Turkish Commander, bent forward chafing his hands over a charcoal brazier. On another trunk by his side was a tallow candle stuck in its grease. A camp table and a chair and a stool made up the rest of the furniture.

He rose to his feet as we moved towards him, and at once waved to the chair and stool for us to be seated. A little man was Hafuz, with a kindly smile on his face. Blue-eyed and fresh-looking he was, not more than fifty years. A fluffy beard tinged with grey, gave him more the aspect of a well-to-do merchant than that of a man of war.

"You must be both tired and hungry, gentlemen," he said. "I have nothing to give you but chops and tea, and these I have already ordered the cook to prepare for you." The Pasha spoke in French, so I became interpreter for my friend, who knew even less than I of that useful language.

I was in for it now, I felt sure, yet I must take the lead in this business. I durst not hesitate, and so I commenced at once :

"Pasha," I cried, "if you had anticipated our desires you could not have been kinder. The meal you offer us is an English meal, and we will do justice to your hospitality in good time. My respected employer here"—pointing to the sea-captain, who nodded and smiled with urbanity—"and I, with whom I am associated in this firman of his glorious Majesty the Sultan, whom may the prophet preserve!"—here I unrolled the document to the Pasha's gaze—"are travellers in search of material for a book on the glories of the great Turkish Empire. On our journey up country we met an Englishman named Kennett."

Here the Pasha, who had been yawning and nodding over the brazier, brightened up, and a keen look came into his eyes.

"Yes, I know the gentleman. He came from the Servian lines with instructions from the Seraskierate, that he should be permitted through the lines."

"Well," I continued, "he had with him a Servian servant. This man is a crazy fool. He got as far as Nisch, and there he began to tremble for his safety. In every shadow, to his crazy mind, someone lurked to do him harm, till he prayed to be sent back. Then he began to tremble again, for how could he return without safe conduct? Kennett was on the horns of a dilemma with regard to him, and so he begged us to take charge of the fool as we were coming this way. What creatures these Servians must be," I added, "if this fellow is a specimen!" And then I sat down.

"The man shall be sent back to-morrow. Consider him no longer a burden to you; he is now in my charge," replied the Pasha.

"Your Excellence," I cried. "Oh, you don't know what manner of man this creature is. He would die from sheer fright if he were taken from

our side! No, with your permission I will accompany him to the Servian lines."

"It's a long journey," said the Pasha, "and dangerous, too, for it is the last day of the armistice, and we can't tell when the first shot may be fired again. Leave the man to me."

"Let me go, Pasha, never mind my safety. I will run the risk. It will also be an opportunity to see something of these Servians. We have read so much about them in England, and we have given our word to Kennett, too. Allow us to keep it."

"Then one shall go. Choose between you." You English are curious people;" and the Pasha laughed. See, now, your food is here."

So we sat and devoured our chops and tea, while the hospitable Pasha smiled and smoked.

"What hour to-morrow for departure, Excellence?" I said, as my companion and I rose to depart. "The lot has fallen to me for to-morrow's journey."

"At eight a *parlementaire* and a bugler shall be at your service. Good night."

The aide-de-camp saw us to our room. It took me some time before I could settle myself down to slumber.

It was a pretty adventure I had just passed through. The Pasha hadn't the slightest suspicion who the individual was whom he had treated with so much civility. Still, I was not out of the wood yet. What would to-morrow bring, I wondered?

The morning broke gloomy enough. The air portended snow, and before we had passed the line sentries of the Turks a brisk wind skimmed along the road right into our faces. Shortly after the gleaming bayonets had crossed our paths, and the password had been given to the last of the Turkish outposts. We seemed to have left the world behind us, and entered a desolate zone of distressing uncertainty. When and where should we meet the Servian outposts? And what then? The small party of four huddled together for warmth. The breath of the horses

was already crystallized in feathery sprays about their nostrils. The stirrup-irons, although coated with straw bands, seemed to cut through one's boots like red-hot knives. Towards midday our escorting officers became distressed regarding the non-appearance of the Servians, and we were steadily freezing. Presently some indistinct shadows were seen on the road. Our officer ordered the bugler to sound a call. When he touched the mouth-piece of his instrument with his lips he could not pucker his mouth into the proper form for blowing. His moustache was frozen stiff. The officer in his impatience shook his sword at him. It was of no use; the bugler strained his hardest at the mouth-piece but the instrument was dumb. The shadowy figure on our front now showed black against the snow, and they were falling into skirmishing line. "They are preparing to fire! Sound the call, or, by Allah, we are lost!" shouted the officer as he pummelled the unfortunate bugler who strove in vain to blow. I also became interested in the proceedings.

I rubbed the bugler's mouth with snow and let him have another try. This time an unmistakable squeak trembled in the air.

One audacious Servian in advance, who was about to possibly commit murder by shooting one of our number, stayed his hand, placed it to his ear and listened.

We urged our bugler once more, and a clear blast thawed out of the instrument. The Servians looked at each other, then returned, and the whirling snow soon lost them to view, while we congratulated ourselves that we were still in the land of the living, and complimented the bugler on his performance. Presently from out of the sleet and the mist a strong Servian patrol surrounded us and marched us into their camp. The outpost consisted of numerous dug-outs—semi-subterranean holes thatched with reeds from the river bank. Into one of these caverns we were invited, and soon we

huddled around a brisk log fire in the centre of the shanty.

The Servian officer in command was profuse in his thanks for bringing home his countryman, and told me that he had already sent off notice of our arrival to General Peterhof in command at Deligrad. At this my heart seemed to sink within me, for I was aware that Peterhof knew me well by sight.

We must be back before the night was far advanced was ever his anxious cry, which I earnestly fostered, for the Turkish Staff of Hafuz was to entertain me that night at dinner. But to wait the return of the orderly from Deligrad was almost imperative.

We were now in the hands of the Servians, and must affect patience and civility. At last the snorting of a horse at full gallop on the road told us the messenger was nigh. In another moment, puffed and blown, and digging the snow from his eyes and ears, the orderly stepped down to the fire and communicated to our Servian host a message.

"The General," he said, "wishes the Englishman to stay the night at Deligrad. The *parlementaire* may go back, and if hostilities recommence in the interim he shall have a safe conduct through Servia."

I clung to the Turkish *parlementaire* in spite of this hospitality; and after the Servian I had befriended had evinced his gratitude by effusively kissing my hand again and again, we were marched, under escort, back into the neutral zone.

Before night had well set in, my sailor friend and I were enjoying the hospitality of the Pasha's officers, and next morning found us *en route* to Nisch, after many cordial expressions from my would-be executioner of my pleasant visit, and hopes that I would renew it. After due consideration in regard to this matter I eventually came to the conclusion that I would not, for one of the few Latin quotations I remember seemed to write itself in the snow: "*Nusquam tuta fides.*"



PHOTO. BY TAUNT, 1899.

HENLEY—REGATTA COURSE FROM PHILLIS LAWN.

HENLEY !

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE."

By George W. Orton.

THE name "Henley," brings back to the Englishman's mind all that is beautiful and picturesque, and all that is brightest and purest, in the amateur aquatic life of the country. To the old annual visitor, it calls up memories of many happy and stirring scenes; of many contests in which the picked crews of England, watched by her fairest daughters and urged on by her bravest sons, have striven for victory until the last foot of water has been passed. It brings up reminiscences of races in which the flower of England's aquatic strength have competed against those from other countries and proven the victors. Others will recall

the rare occasions when, even the brawny arms and the resolute and stubborn courage of the representatives of Britain have had to dip their colours to some worthier rival from America. But these occasions have been so rare that our English cousins can justly pride themselves on their grand record at this matchless regatta.

This fact and the great importance of the function has drawn the query from many who have never visited the spot when the regatta was in progress: "Why is it that the Henley Regatta has drawn to itself such great importance and attention, and how is it that the English crews are so uniformly suc-

cessful against foreign competitors?"

In answering this query, we must first look to the surroundings and the class of people who have fostered the regatta.

No more beautiful scene, no prettier or more picturesque surroundings can be desired than those which Nature has so lavishly bestowed upon the location of this annual regatta. Henley is situated on the Thames in one of its most beautiful spots. The valley is there most verdant, the trees along its banks are old and stately, while velvet lawns and gardens gay line its banks at frequent intervals. Behind, arise the Chiltern Hills in a mass of green woods and waving grain, for this regatta takes place in July, when all Nature is decked in her fairest colours and when earth and sky, river and woods, flowers and gardens, all vie with one another in beautifying the scene. The river itself, as it winds down through the valley, a silvery solemn stream, adds both beauty and dignity to the whole. Its waters are cool and enticing and invite a closer inspection. Gliding along its placid bosom, our eyes feast upon the scene around us and our attention is directed to the river, only when, disturbed by the splash of oars, some careless lily, like a naked goddess, reclining upon her crystal couch, rears her indignant head; or some vigorous fish fillips the water near us as if questioning our right to a share of his domain.

This is the scene as nature has made it, and the growing popularity which the upper reaches of the Thames are now enjoying, testify to the fascination and rural beauty of this part of England.

During Regatta week, art is allied to nature and the result is a scene which is fairy like in character.

Then, a stranger arriving at Henley knows at once that he has hit upon some gala occasion. Everywhere, throughout the town, bunting, flags, flowers and decorations of all kinds strike the eye, and the picturesque-looking old town is made a scene of lightness and gaiety. The stranger

is carried along by the crowd and he soon sees the river. Down its bank he is taken and across a fine old stone bridge. On asking a native of the town, who is recognized by his business-like or knowing air, he is told that the bridge is over 100 years old, but is just as strong as ever. Admiring the strength and material beauty of the bridge, he is suddenly astonished by the scene which meets his eyes as he looks up the river. Myriads of boats cover its surface. As far as the eye can reach there is one sea of color, for the gay dresses, hats and parasols of the ladies, and the boating-costumes and blazers of the men, make up a very kaleidoscope of colors. On either side, the river is lined with gaily-dressed people, while on every hand movement, gaiety, happiness, mirth, fill the air and intoxicate the senses. He is especially struck with the long train of house-boats which line the left bank of the river. Their façades are one mass of flags and flowers, and that bank of the river looks as if it were a bower of beauty and delight.

On drawing nearer and mixing with the people, he soon discovers that this is no boorish mob, no rustic crowd of sightseers, but that he has around him the élite of fashion and culture of England. If he be a man of large acquaintance, he is sure to recognize some of the most representative and important men of the country in the crowd. He is struck by the good-breeding, courtesy, decorousness and the fashionable appearance of those around him, and he recognizes that this sporting event is also a great society function. When our stranger has reached this conclusion, he knows one of the causes of the immense popularity of this regatta.

The exquisite setting of nature, the charm of the surroundings, and the fascination of the animated scene, has no doubt had very great influence upon the continued prosperity of the regatta, but this alone will not account for it entirely. Other places in England might be found where nature has been equally successful in creating a

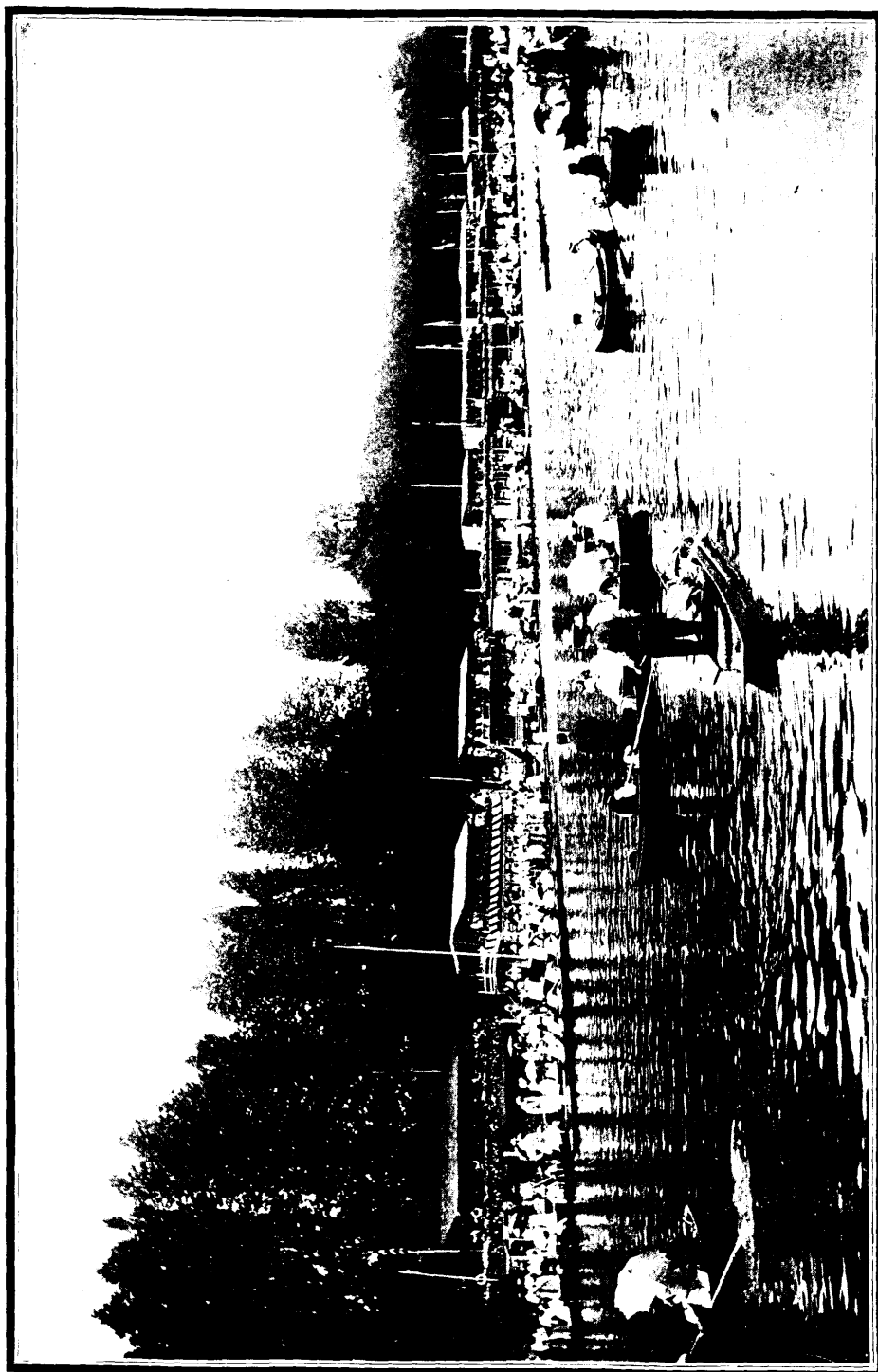


PHOTO BY FAUNE (1890)

LEADER.

HESLEY—FINISH FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

LONDON.

scene of surpassing beauty and where a better course for the races might be found. Indeed, such places have been found and attempts to form regattas, equal to Henley, made, but there still remains but one Henley, and that unrivalled throughout the world.

The cause of this superiority lies, it is true, to some extent in the fact that Henley was first in the field or, more strictly, on the water. But the cause, which has been mainly instrumental for the greatness and importance of the regatta rests with its founders.

These men, since its inauguration in

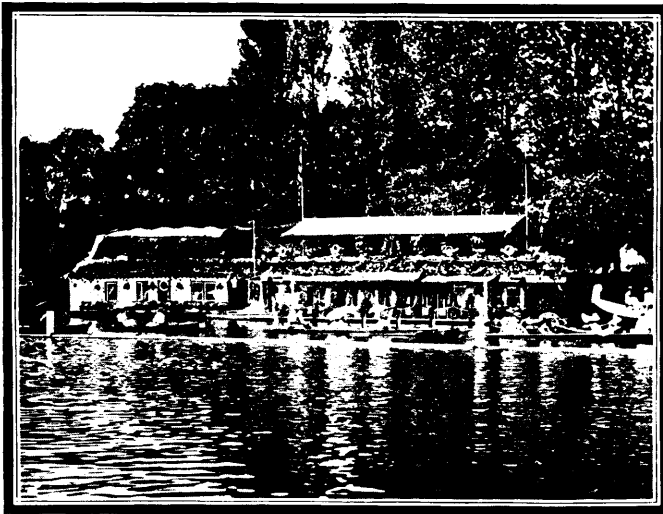
1839, have always been men prominent in the social and athletic life of England. They have always been actuated by the highest principles of a ma-

teurism and have insisted on having the highest class of amateur and that only, at this regatta. All down through the many years of its existence, Henley has been the scene of contests in which the standard of the athletes has been surpassed only by the high standard of the races which have resulted from their meeting one another. The regatta was instituted by men high in the social life of England, and its aim has been to encourage aquatics among their own class, and for the delectation and enjoyment of the aristocracy. This purpose has been rigidly adhered to, and thus we find that not only is this

regatta attended by the highest classes socially, but that the contestants are drawn from the best blood of England. Throughout the throng attending these races, we see lords and ladies, while the nobles of England have frequently proven by their aquatic prowess that the blood of their hardy and courageous ancestors still flows strongly through their veins.

The rule which has insisted on this maintenance of a high standard for the competitors has been criticised severely and unjustly in America. This rule, roughly speaking, requires that every contestant must be a gentleman, and a

gentleman is defined as one who has never earned his living through manual labour. In America, where honest labour in any form is looked up to as a sign of merit,



"ROUGE ET NOIR" HOUSEBOAT AT HENLEY.

where "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow," and where more democratic principles prevail, this rule seems obnoxious. Transplanted to America, it would, no doubt, be distasteful and unsuited to both Canadians and the people of the United States. But in England it is just as natural an outcome of the conditions of society as it would appear unnatural were the Queen to invite her head cook or her gardener to visit her evenings and play some innocent game with her. An amateur is one who has never made money directly or indirectly from athletics. The veriest grubber of the

street, the mill-hand, the labourer may be amateurs. Just as we do not expect the aristocracy of Great Britain to fraternize with this lowlier, though just as worthy class, in the doings of society, so we should not expect them to compete with them, *i.e.*, to fraternize with them upon the water. Those Americans who look upon this rule as specially directed against them, should remember that it was made and enforced at a time when America was not considered as a possibility, and in fact thirty years before any American crews even thought of competing there. To anyone cognizant of the lines upon which society is built in England, this rule will appear perfectly natural. It has certainly had a salutary influence, and it is in a great measure responsible for the brilliancy, beauty and magnificence of Henley to-day.

It has retained the interest of society in the event until Henley Week is now just as important to a lady of fashion as Derby week, or the height of the season in London.

Those who have seen the indescribable beauty and variety of the river while the regatta is in progress have not seen all of Henley. In the evening it is even more bewildering than in the day-time. Then all the house-boats are aglow with Chinese lanterns, lights

of all kinds flash hither and thither on the water; fireworks every now and then light up the heavens in beautiful colours; while the sound of guitars, mandolins and pianos from the house-boats, the strains of bands from the shore, and the voices of numerous strolling singers and instrumentalists make up a scene to charm and bewilder both the eye and ear. The river is, of course, the centre of attraction, but throughout the entire town similar scenes on a larger or smaller scale are going on, and prove equally fascinating.

The above should explain the importance of the regatta. We shall now give our reasons for the great success of the English crews when pitted against rivals from other countries.

First, the oarsmen at Henley are generally men who have had long training and experience in rowing. As noted above, the oarsmen are always men of high standing in society. They are to a great extent university men. In the United States, the university crews are largely made up of men who have never rowed previous to entering college. When they have rowed, very frequently it is under a system different from that which they find at the university, and the coach frequently has more difficulty with these men than



ARGONAUTS.

TRIN-CAMR.

THE SECOND HEAT IN THE STEWARDS.

with those who have never rowed at all. In Canada, the average crews have not had actual experience in a racing boat for more than five years. I know that the Argonaut crew sent to Henley last year had men in the boat of many years' experience, but the average is, in my opinion, not more than stated.

But in England the university men are very frequently old in experience, if not in years. The average Leander

the oarsman will have had an equal number of years of training at school or in some good club. Thus, the crews which battle for Old England are grand specimens of manhood, thoroughly trained, and with those years of experience which, however enervating to men in other branches of athletics, are so essential in bringing out the utmost capabilities of the oarsman. The unparalleled success of



PHOTO. BY TAUNT.

HENLEY—A RACE FOR THE DIAMOND SCULLS.

This was the third heat in 1899 when Hemmerde and Goldman competed.

crew is composed of men who as boys were taught to row at Eton by some old Cambridge or Oxford graduate. Leaving school, the boys have continued their aquatic training through the universities, and then become eligible for the Leander crew. This means an experience of ten years under the same system. They are then in the very height of their strength, and make grand crews. If not a university man,

the Leander Club can be attributed to no other cause than this. Every man who belongs to this club must have sat in a Varsity (Oxford or Cambridge) boat, or been a member of some other crew of acknowledged ability. That is, every member of the club must be a finished oarsman when entering. Against men such as this, who also have every leisure to devote to training, the foreign crews find themselves

in competition. These crews frequently have to fight against the climate, and all are, comparatively, unacquainted with the course. Under these circumstances, we are not surprised that the English crews score so many victories.

The action of the committee last year in booming off the course, does away with the objections of the foreign crews. In former years the crews were frequently interfered with by the eager spectators. Now, though the river may be covered with boats previous and between the races, at the signal from the bell they all move behind the boom, the gates are closed and the course is as free and uninterrupted as if there were not a boat upon the river. This has aided the crews considerably, for the presence of the boom aids the steering of the boats.

But, despite this, the course is one in which perfect familiarity with it is a great aid. Then, not only can the oarsmen keep their own course more surely, but they are also familiar with its length and know just what speed can be maintained throughout it. The length of the course plays an important part in the International races. In America, the eight-oared crews frequently train for distances of four miles and the shortest race is one mile and a half. The Henley course is shorter than this, being one mile 550 yards

long. Consequently, the oars, slides, length of out-rigging, etc., which may be perfectly adapted to a longer course, may be unsuited, in many respects, to the conditions found at Henley. I would not like to say that the width of the oar-blade, the length of the out-rigging, etc., as found in America, are wrong. For the conditions found in Canada and the United States, they are the best, as experience has taught.

But I do believe that the smaller-bladed oars, the extra length of out-rigger and the various slight differences in the working mechanism of the English and American boats, give the English crews an advantage. An old member of the Leander Club remarked to me at Henley last year: "The Henley Regatta has become such an important one that our American and Canadian friends may rest assured that the English crews have tried all the innovations which have been introduced here by outside crews. The oars and rigging used now have been found to be the best for the Henley course, and capable of producing the most sustained speed over the distance."

The long experience in rowing, the familiarity with the course and the adaptability of the boats, oars, etc., to it; the fact of their being under their own skies and climate, the length of the course itself, which is suited to the



C. E. A. GOLDMAN.

Representative of Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto, in the Diamond Sculls Competition at Henley, 1899.



PHOTO. BY TAUNT, 1899.

HENLEY—DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES.

stubborn strength of the English crews, all combine for their success.

Any foreign or colonial crew expecting to win at Henley must, in the first place, be slightly faster than the English crews, as the climate is sure to have some effect upon them. In addition to this, they should, previous to leaving their own country, adopt the oars, rigging, etc., used by the English crews and practise over a course of similar length, paying especial attention to the start. The English crews are wonders at the start. They whip their oars through the water at a terrific rate and get speed on almost at once. Frequently they obtain such a lead in the first part of the race, that the foreign or colonial crew, even though faster when fully under way, are unable to make up the handicap.

The above observations have been drawn from personally viewing the crews at Henley and from conversa-

tions with English, American and Canadian oarsmen who have competed there.

The experience of the Argonaut crews last summer will bear out my statements. On the second day the London R. C. met the Argonauts. In the first one and one half minutes of rowing, the Englishmen forged a length ahead, and in two and one half minutes they had a length and a half. From then on, the Argonauts crept up inch after inch and were beaten but one half a length at the finish. Had the race been a mile and a half, the Argonauts would have won. The Trinity College B. C., on the first day, drew away a full length from the Argonaut four in the first minute of rowing, apparently a sorry showing for the champion four of America. But they would have done the same to any crew when the difference in rigging, etc., and in practising starting is considered.

The Argonauts, it is true, did not win any races last year, but this does not mean that they did not row well. They did row well and grandly, but they met others who were better. They met the strongest and fastest crews in the world and there was no disgrace in their defeat. The quality of a sportsman is shown even better in defeat than in the moment of victory. The bearing of our Canadian oarsmen was a credit to our country, and their sportsmanship was recognized all along the river. They won hosts of friends by their gentlemanly bearing, their general brightness and the spirit of real enjoyment which they put into their work. The manner in which they struggled to the last, the brave and plucky way in which each and every man fought for victory though against odds, and, above all, the truly sportsmanlike spirit in which they accepted defeat gained for them expressions of approval from all parties.

Though defeated, the trip should not be looked upon as useless. The experience gained should ultimately raise the standard of aquatics in America. The favourable impression made by

our men and the good work they did will bring Canada's name to the fore and more closely unite us to our mother country. If the trip does no more than to arouse the Canadian Association of Oarsmen to the advisability and urgent necessity of fostering aquatics at our principal schools and colleges, and of adopting some plan by means of which the youth will take up the work at an early age and thus develop their full strength and capability as oarsmen at the time of life when it will prove most effective, then the results of future years will show the wisdom and benefit of sending the Argonauts to England. Leaving this matter to the consideration of the C. A. A. O. we take leave of Henley, still believing that under equal conditions of climate, boats, rigging, etc., our sturdy Canadian oarsmen are capable of doing as good work in this branch of sport as any people on the face of mother earth.

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can!
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

THE ADVENT OF NIGHT.

A HUSH falls softly, calmly o'er the land,
As when Death hovers unto mortals near :
The lips of Nature stopped—her tender hand
Sweeps her flushed visage to conceal a tear.

Far-fetched, from unknown spheres Time's 'tendants bring
Dark sable robes by sinless fingers wrought;
With reverent touch enfold the sleeping queen,
And mutely sue for heaven's benigonest thought.

God's hallowed dome is draped with gloom on high,
The earth beneath broods silent on its way,
A million tapers burn within the sky,
And light the watch o'er the departed day.

A. De Witt Lee.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES.



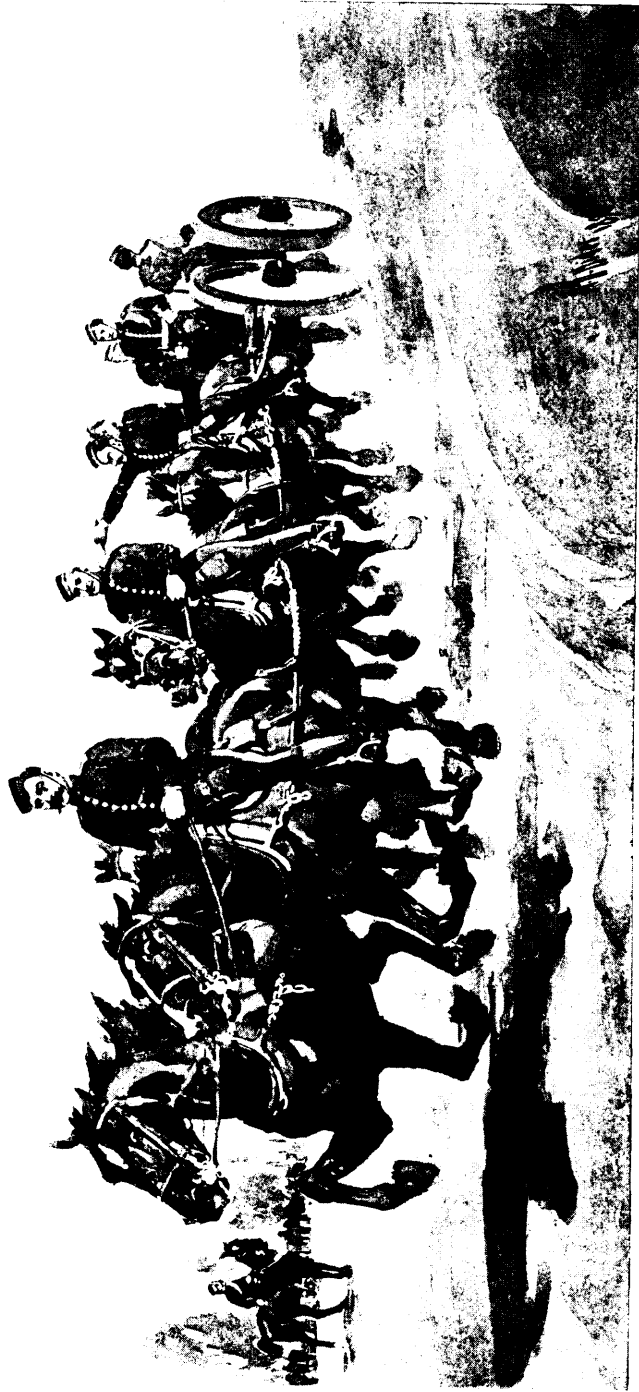
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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 1.—MAJOR-GENERAL HUTTON, GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING THE CANADIAN ARMY.



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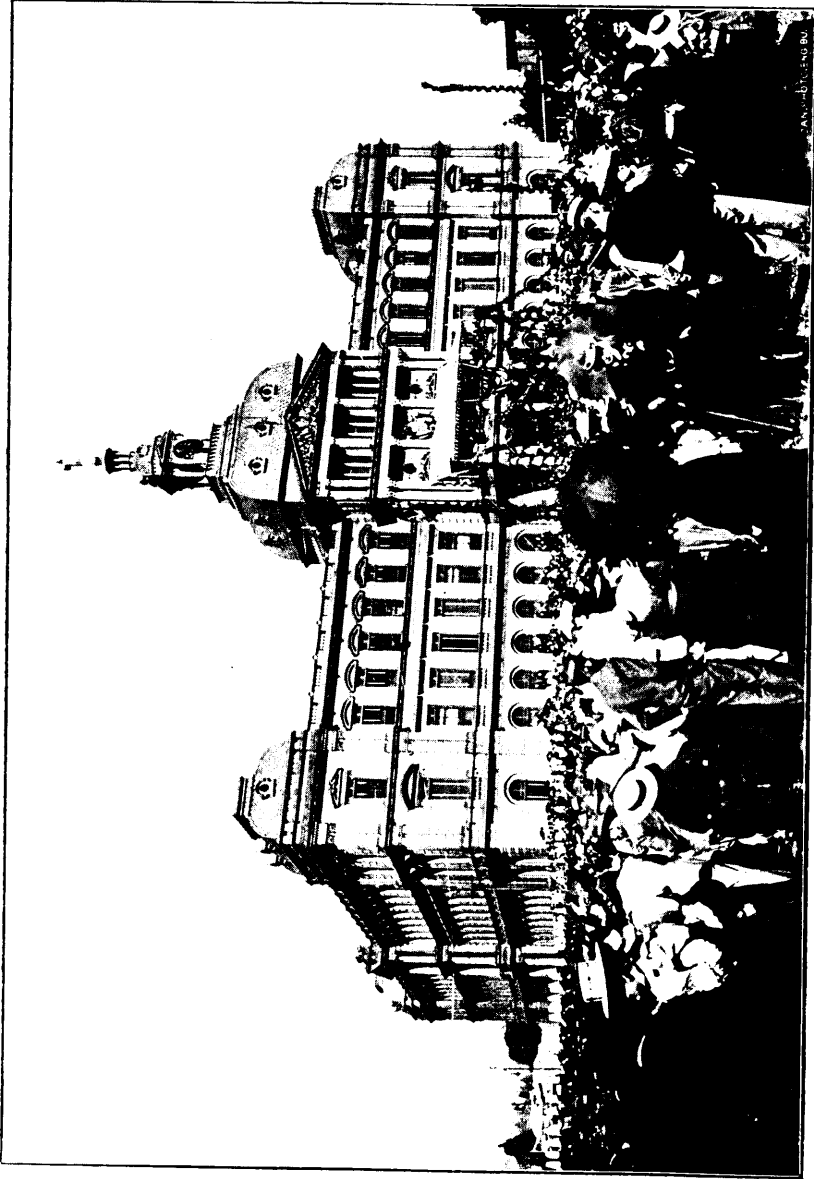
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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 6. GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C., G.C.B.,
G.C.M.G., ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 7.—THE SWEARING IN OF PRESIDENT KRUGER AT PRETORIA.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

WAS IT MURDER ?

By the Hon. J. W. Longley.

TRURO, Nova Scotia, is happy in the possession of a park—not your ordinary common-place park, a piece of level ground with ornamental trees and gravel paths. Victoria Park—such is its loyal designation—is a freak of nature. Not far from the railway station, by pursuing the way southward, you presently come to a range of high land, and carved into this hill is a natural and deep hollow, with its steep sides standing out boldly in red sandstone, with its brow festooned with soft wood trees. At the mouth of this gorge it is perhaps one hundred yards wide. As you enter its depths it constantly narrows until finally it reaches a focus where a little streamlet flows over the steep precipice into a gentle pool below. This is the end, although winding wooden steps have been ingeniously built from this place to the top, and one may still pursue through a dense growth of spruce and fir the windings of the brook in a lesser hollow above.

The spot is delightfully sequestered and romantic. Footpaths have been erected along the sides of the hills at the foot, just broad enough for two to walk, and protected on the outer side by a rustic wooden railing. On festive days the sequestered glens of this beautiful retreat are visited by great numbers, but usually it is almost deserted on summer afternoons except now and then a solitary mortal wends his way through its artistic paths to seek quietude and meditation, or a sentimental pair go thither in quest of that seclusion which is so favourable to love's ebullitions.

I constituted one of such a pair, and lazily and serenely we threaded the narrow paths, noting the little cascades, soothed by the gentle ripple of the stream which now purled over its gravelly bed, until at last we came to

the falls at the end—christened, in memory of Nova Scotia's titular hero, "Joe Howe." For a little we sat on one of the rustic benches, and then, desiring to seek new scenes, we climbed slowly by steady stages the long flight of winding and irregular steps until we reached the summit two or three hundred feet above, and almost perpendicular.

We wandered along by the edge, she and I. It was a lovely afternoon in August. The air was soft; the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and a slight mist, that dimly suggests the decline of summer, threw its light film over the scene.

It was not really a lovers' affair, simply two congenial spirits—the one a man, the other a woman, who sought to waste the hours of the summer day in breathing the pure air of summer under pleasant and congenial conditions. Sentiment and mirth commingled.

I am a restless being, I confess it, and chafe at inaction. Once at the top of these precipitous heights it occurred to me to hurl small boulders from the top and watch them as they leaped and chased each other to the gorge below, finally dashing in a sort of savage frenzy into the little stream which flowed midway. Immediately above the pond which has been hollowed out by the Joe Howe Falls, we were seated, enjoying ourselves, revelling, as it were, in the fulness of life.

While thus seated, with, perchance, an occasional interchange of sentiment, a fond look, I noticed, indeed we both noticed, an elderly man, apparently a stranger, slowly wending his way along the narrow pathway, occasionally staying to look intently at the different scenes and aspects about him. At last he came to the Falls, immediately beneath us, and stood on the

brink of the pond, watching the water as it made its last leap over the little precipice and tumbled with a gentle murmur into the pond. I remember the outlines of his figure with terrible distinctness. His form was slightly bent. He wore a tall white hat such as is sometimes affected by statesmen. It sat upon long locks of dark gray hair, which fell upon his neck. He was somewhat spare in outline. He wore a brown frock-coat. His face was clean shaven and had a sort of pensive, intellectual appearance which suggested a man who had already reached the point when life is seen in its true proportions and its struggles and ambitions have been put aside for quiet and peace.

I cannot now say precisely how long he stood there, because the incidents of the moment somewhat obscured the realization of time and space, but my recollection gives me the impression that we watched him there through the branches of the trees, which sparsely lined the summit of the hill, and under whose shadow we sat, for two, three, or perhaps more minutes.

I shall never be able to exactly tell how it occurred. The incidents of the next moment were so appalling that my mind became confused in respect of the immediate antecedents. Certainly what was done was not in malice. I had never seen this old man before. If he had needed it I would willingly have bestowed upon him any good offices that kindness could impose. Neither, indeed, was it mischief. I cannot say how it occurred. It may have been abstraction or a subtle prompting of his Satanic Majesty, if he really does exercise his power over mortals; but, by some means or other, which now I am powerless to explain, I let loose a boulder, and in an instant it was leaping from one protuberance of the precipice to another, until at last, as, intensely horrified and with staring eyes we breathlessly followed its course, we observed it making its last desperate leap directly towards the unconscious old man, who stood there calmly gazing.

The sight was too awful. I shrank back and closed my eyes, so did my fair companion; and, by an impulse of the sex, seized me by the hand and clung to my side. In another moment we heard a shriek, a splash, and it was done!

I must claim in my behalf that I have no criminal instincts and that murder is revolting to me, and yet at that moment I was compelled to feel through every fibre the awful reflection that I was a murderer.

For an instant I could do nothing, say nothing, think nothing, clearly. At last I turned to Madge, but she only responded by a look of fright and horror.

Then I felt the instinct of a man who has committed a crime, to get away. I sprang to my feet, and in the act assisted the girl to hers, and we began, without a word, to walk in a sort of nervous manner from the spot.

A great deal passed through my mind in that one moment. Had the stone killed this poor old man? My instincts told me that that was certain if it struck him. It was a large stone weighing several pounds, and it had gained great momentum in its mad descent of two hundred feet. Was I guilty of murder? I had no malice, but I had no right to let loose and send hurling to the bottom a stone when before my eyes immediately below me was a human being who might be injured, or might be killed by its fall. Perhaps it will only be manslaughter, I reflected, as with lightning rapidity one thought came after another.

Then came the cowardly, sneaking thought—perhaps it will never be found out that I did it. I grasped at this. I turned to Madge eagerly:

“Be careful, Madge,” I said, “and never whisper this to a human being.”

She looked up at me hesitating and confused, as if she scarcely understood.

“There will be enquiries made about this,” I gasped. “The newspapers will be full of sensational accounts of it. Police investigations will be made; inquests held; witnesses summoned; evidence sought. Perhaps we shall have been seen in the park. Enquiries

will be made of us. Shall we not be ignorant?" I pleaded.

"Oh, my God, I will say nothing," she said. "It is too awful."

I felt it necessary that we should get to some place where we could be quiet a moment and grow calm, that we might make our plans perfect. My mind was peculiarly clear. The whole possibilities of this terrible incident opened plainly before me. I saw the drama of the next few hours and days plainly pictured. I clutched wildly at everything that promised safety.

We went on hurriedly until we came to the deepest, densest, darkest thicket on the hill-top. We paused and sat in silence. I was wishing to grow calm. I wanted to clearly unfold the situation to my companion, to make her sensible of its gravity, and to make her comprehend how essential was her silence. I had a natural fear that even silence could be carried to the point of fanning suspicion. It was necessary not merely to be silent, but to be wary and judicious, not carrying negation to too conspicuous a point, not making the denial too bold.

Calm! Calm? My friend, have you ever faced the suspicion of being a murderer and that, too, without the sordid hatred and the foul impulses which deaden the sense of remorse and horror?

I could not be calm. I saw a blighted life. I felt already the cruel, iron grip of the law reaching out to clutch me upon the shoulder. I heard the cries of execration of excited multitudes. I felt the pitying shame of friends. And then, worst of all, came the self-degradation, the hideous reproaches which drove me wild. What, in God's name, had driven me to this awful deed—so small, yet so terrible in its consequences, which had thus ruthlessly ended the life of a poor innocent man, who had done no ill, and, at the same time, had plunged my own life into a dark and dense cloud from which it would emerge, never?

While thus I was torturing myself with these awful reflections, I noticed that Madge had become hysterical, cry-

ing and moaning by turns, and I had not the nerve at the moment to say one soothing word. Then came the reaction. Such are the compensations of nature that when the last desperate horror is conjured and the imagination can add nothing to the lurid picture of woe, there comes instinctively calm, perhaps the calm of despair, but still calm.

I took Madge gently by the hand. I believe I placed my arm about her waist the better to support her, and then in tones as passionless and serene as if addressing a child, I said:

"Don't weep, Madge. You, at least, are innocent, and you know I meant no wrong. It is a horrible accident. It may bring fatal consequences. It may cost me loss of liberty, perhaps my life. What is worse, it may cost me honour; and, what is still worse, it may banish forever my peace of mind. But at this moment there is only one thing for us to gravely discuss and that is whether by any prudence on our part we can avoid having the consequences of this unwitting crime reach me."

I saw she had already grown calm and was listening eagerly.

"Listen, Madge," I said. "In a few moments we will leave this park by the quietest possible route. I shall take you to your house. I shall go to the railway station and return to Halifax by the earliest train. Presently the remains of this poor man will be found. The authorities will be called upon, a hue-and-cry will be raised. Perhaps no one will have seen us in the park this afternoon. It is more likely that we shall have been observed. You will be applied to by some officer of the law for information. This is the moment for wisdom. Don't seem agitated. Admit at once that we were in the park and spent an hour or two there. Be absolutely unaware of the existence of this old man or of any circumstances connected with his fate. Refer them instantly and with unfaltering frankness to me in confirmation of this."

What is the moral judgment on this well framed injunction to my compan-

ion? Did I counsel her to utter and act a falsehood? What would you do, my friend, in similar conditions, if, without consciousness of guilt, you saw yourself on the brink of a well-founded accusation of murder? Fear not, I am uttering no apologies. There are no curvatures in moral laws. They are inexorable—right is right and false is false. The soul that trifles with the truth, even though a thousand of his wretched carcasses were at stake, is lost. But we are human. What poor mortal on a sudden emergency can, at the first moment of danger, wrestle successfully with the ignoble instinct of self-preservation?

Madge had now grown very calm and I saw that she fully realized the situation. She answered nothing for the moment, but she gave me a look in which I saw that no form of discretion would be wanting and no stage of ingenuity left untested in her loyal determination to save me.

Then, assured by this all-meaning look, I began once more to travel over the incidents of the last few minutes. I could take a more intelligible view in the sober second thought. The proportions were not so overwhelming. I could begin to weigh and measure and reflect.

Thank heaven, a second and better inspiration came. For the first moment it dawned upon me that, in a cowardly disregard, I had never rushed to the spot to see the actual fate of this poor old man. Perhaps he was only injured, and lying at this moment in the water demanding aid. Then, with an irresistible impulse I made a swift step forward to rush to the spot. At that instant once again the never-sleeping instinct of self-preservation presented itself.

“But there may be great dangers

and indiscretions in visiting the spot. You may be found by his lifeless remains,” was the cunning prompting of self-preservation. “Keep away. With the girl safe, you have nothing to fear. Nothing can be traced to you.”

Are there any of us, good friends, who would yield to such an impulse? Alas, yes. Most of us, indeed, would be sorely tempted. But this impulse is not the highest. Right is right, and false is false.

This cowardly suggestion stayed me but an instant. To my last moment I shall never cease to be thankful that the better influence triumphed over the baser.

“Stay here, Madge,” I said. “I will be back in a moment.”

With beating heart and burning brain I rushed impetuously to the spot where the steps to the pond began to descend. Down those steps I went with feverish dread. I scarcely dared to look out as I went. At last I was at the bottom, and standing by the brink of the pond. I looked. I saw nothing. I looked more carefully. Still nothing. The pond was small; I could see each pebble. No one was lying there. I could scarcely believe my senses. I grew nervous and calm by turns. At last, after a most careful search, a great joy, a sense of overwhelming relief came over me. For a moment I stayed to utter a brief prayer of gratitude, which for this time, at least, was earnest and from the heart. Then I went back to Madge; told her of my joyful discovery; and silently we went home.

I have never seen the old man since. I wonder who he was. If this should ever reach his eye, perhaps it will recall an incident of a boulder which once fell perilously near him at the foot of Joe Howe Falls.



PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING THE TRUST.

By Ernest H. Cooper.

AS the student of economic history finds the introduction of the factory system of a century ago an interesting subject, so the student of existing economic conditions takes a deep interest in that analagous industrial phenomenon of to-day—the trust. Unless some men, whose opinions merit consideration, are mistaken, the latter industrial innovation bids fair to characterize the closing decade of the nineteenth century as did the former that of the eighteenth. The trust is likely to have more than a merely temporary existence, on account of its having obtained immense force and form by a natural growth. It has superseded the system of small factories, whose form in the main it retains, and at the same time fills unsatisfied wants that have for some time been experienced in the industrial world.

If we except a certain class of American politicians, we shall be able to find few persons who are unwilling to believe that trusts are of natural growth, and are the result of a process of evolution. The tendency towards consolidation of capital and industry, towards the cheapening of production by placing more and more extensive production under one management, and towards the ever widening of the area of business organization, has long been noticeable; the latest achievement of this evolution is the trust.

But this is not the only circumstance that has led to the adoption of this form of business enterprise. Under the factory system, where the proprietors of all the factories were working one against the other, the competition grew too keen to be salutary. The manager was usually occupied too much in merely meeting competition; he was given neither time nor opportunity to study the market thoroughly; he could but go on producing blindly, trusting

that the demand would absorb all the manufactured product. It is little wonder that this improperly directed production has caused periodical depressions and convulsions. Moreover, this competition under the system of small factories, came to be so sharp and keen as to lead to an unwholesome and disastrous lowering of prices. Excessive competition cannot be beneficial. Why, then, lament its restriction?

To restrain this useless and baneful competition, the manufacturers at first formed "combines;" but distrust and failure to keep promises was still too prevalent in humanity to allow of the successful working of these organizations. Soon the idea of trusts was hit upon, whereby several firms were consolidated under one management. The movement was inaugurated probably by Mr. Rockefeller in his formation of the Standard Oil Trust. The trust lacks a definition on account of the uncertainty of its exact nature; it as yet can be defined accurately only as a "tendency," but it is in general a combination of capital and labour over an extensive area for the purposes of restraining competition and decreasing the cost of production. These are the principles that actuated the manufacturers. But how do they work out?

Although the promoters of trusts are criticized in various quarters for destroying competition, it must be borne in mind that they in no sense destroy that characteristic of the factory system which is prized because it brings out the best that is in a man. That form of competition the trust stimulates. The competition which is destroyed is that between manufacturing concerns for the market—a competition which entails useless expense, and engrosses needless attention. The

trust is a means of preventing several trains, each a manufacturer, from running on the same track and colliding to the ruin of each and all; it links these trains together, and they all travel smoothly and safely to their destination. Why should three furniture firms in the one town, each send out its own set of travellers, each keep its own set of books, its own staff of book-keepers, of managers, of foremen, each carry on its own business organization, and each do its own advertising, when almost two-thirds of the expense may be saved by the consolidation of the three firms into a trust?

While trusts serve this purpose they increase the capacity of labour and diminish the cost of production, two objects the achievement of which is considered a mark of progress, which are ever kept in view by wise manufacturers, and which are of permanent benefit to the community. The capacity of labour is increased, because the more extensive the manufacturing establishment, the more opportunity is there for division of labour, for the specialization of labour, for the use of more expensive machinery, and for the employment of more efficient management. This increased capacity of labour lowers the cost of production, a result also accomplished in other ways. In small factories there are bye-products that go to waste. Under the extensive manufacturing of trusts these bye-products are found in such quantity that their manufacture into useful commodities is warranted, and what formerly went out the back-door now goes out the front. Not only is the waste saved to the community, but enough profit is made on the turn-over to materially increase the manufacturer's dividends. Again, under the trust system an eye is kept open to discover methods of cheapening the production. If, in one factory of the trust a saving is noticed, the reason for that saving is sought, discovered, and immediately the managers of the other concerns of the trust are made aware of it, and told to take advantage of it. Thus,

if a trust controlled four factories, in each of which some scheme was devised for effecting a saving, each factory would gain three discoveries because of its position in the trust. Trusts being so solid, having so much capital ready to hand, experience few difficulties in conducting business with the public; their production is thus more speedy than that of small concerns, and time, which is an expensive factor in the factory system of manufacture, is saved.

Taking all these facts into consideration, it is not difficult to see that trusts are of an economical benefit to the community in which they exist, inasmuch as they effect for the community a saving, which is certainly of no small account. Where this saving will go it is impossible to say. All we know is that it will and must go to the community. It may go to the manufacturers. The wage-earners may see some of it in the form of increased wages or shorter hours. There is an opportunity for the consumers to reap some benefit by a diminution in price. Whoever gets it, it will be a saving effected *for* the community *by* the trust. It is not a saving transferred from the pockets of the consumers to the manufacturers, as some would have us believe. Certainly the manufacturers will get some of it, and why should they not? As Professor Shortt said in the October CANADIAN MAGAZINE, they are not a set of mediæval misers who isolate their wealth; they employ it to the advantage of the community as well as of themselves. If the manufacturers can obtain a higher compensation for their labours under the trust system, that implies fewer failures and less liquidation, and we can reasonably expect that a stability, a regularity, a certainty will be given to industry by its adoption.

Trusts steady prices and tend to lower them. When needless and baneful competition is removed, and managers of manufacturing concerns are given a chance to study the markets, to forecast, to estimate and to prepare for impending changes in the demand which varies with fashion and

public taste, to pay more attention to the ever-widening market, to meet this extension with a more complete organization of the business, then they will be in a position to adjust the supply to the demand, and prices will be steady. Trade depressions and convulsions in the economic world will occur less frequently. The uncertainty of the market, and the consequent speculation which is now rampant, will in some degree cease. The proper and healthy level of prices will be found; perhaps it will be lower, perhaps higher than under the competitive system—either extreme is unwholesome. But prices tend to diminish under the trust, because, if it works properly, the cost of production will decrease, and this is a necessary condition to lower prices.

But will trusts obtain monopolies in their lines, and thus set prices unduly high, so that the manufacturers will be enriched by the exploitation of the consumers, and so that the general public will thus be unable to satisfy as many wants as it could if the trust did not operate? This question is answered in the affirmative by many who say that the managers of the trust will gain the monopoly, and will regulate the prices for the largest returns, and not as the cost of production will determine. This statement they support with examples of abnormal rises of prices due to operations of the trusts. "Of what use is a low cost of production in such a case?" is asked. Well, the benefit of the decrease still goes to the community even when it all goes to the manufacturers. Of course it is not advantageous that prices should be raised abnormally; such a state of affairs is to be guarded against. But in reality such cases are positively rare, and will be rarer, inasmuch as it is decidedly difficult for a trust to obtain the upper hand of so much strength. How can a furniture trust gain a monopoly of the manufacture of furniture in this Dominion, in a particular province, or even in a particular city? It must always have competition either latent or active. Capital is always on

the outlook for the best place of investment, and is attracted by huge profits. That very fact keeps profits uniform in most industries, and that form of competition no trust can kill. Besides, the manufacturer is likely to take advantage of the opportunity to lower prices because a diminution will stimulate demand, and though the profit on each article may be less than at an increased price, yet, on the whole, it may be, and generally is, much greater at the lower figure. Then, again, high prices breed substitutes. If trusts set an abnormally high price on refined sugar, the public can use maple sugar or honey in its stead. On every hand the trust that attempts to institute high prices is met by dangers. It is only in cases where trusts are so strong as to control a natural product that they need not fear competition, a product for which no substitute can be found and whose demand is not elastic, that they can raise prices. These limitations make such contingencies extremely rare.

The Standard Oil Trust is commonly supposed to be a case at point outside these limitations. What has it done with prices? Consulting David Wells in his "Recent Economic Changes" we learn that between 1873-1887, the price of crude oil declined from 9.42 cents to 1.59 cents per gallon, and the price of refined oil from 23.59 cents to 6.75 cents per gallon. Mr. Wells reasons that this decline was not due to the increased supply alone in the case of refined oil, although it was in the case of crude oil. The fall in refined oil has been 9.01 cents per gallon greater than the fall in crude oil, and as over 1,000,000,000 gallons were sold by the Standard Oil Co. in 1887, the saving to the public that year amounted to nearly \$100,000,000. "Here, then, some agency other than increased supply and diminished cost of crude oil has unquestionably come in and operated to reduce the price of a manufactured product in a given period disproportionately to that experienced by the raw material from which it was derived. What was that

agency? . . . It is claimed, and without doubt, correctly, to be largely due to the fact that the whole business of refining petroleum in the United States, and the distribution of its resulting products has gradually passed since 1873 into the ownership and control of a combination or trust—the Standard Oil Company—which, commanding millions of capital, has used it most skilfully in promoting consumption and in devising and adopting a great number of ingenious methods whereby the cost of production has been reduced to an extent that at the outset would not have seemed possible.” At the same time, the members of the trust have grown rich.

This example shows that the principles on which trusts are said to be based work out in practice. The reduction of the expenses of competition, the increased capacity of labour, the saving consequent upon the engagement of more able managers and more skilled workmen, the absorption of subsidiary industries, the saving of by-products, and the advantages of the adoption of a thoroughly enlightened policy, have together shown themselves capable of totalling up to enormous economic results. The effectiveness of consolidation and combination is amply proven.

As the trust is the product of evolution, and not of revolution, its bearings are principally economic, inasmuch as it is employing the form of society found under the competitive system. Yet—although it can hardly be said to have transformed society to any appreciable extent, it has some social effects. One would expect that the fiercest opposition to the trust would come from him who is generally complaining about his position—the labourer—particularly as the trust centralizes labour more and more, and puts increased numbers of workmen under the control of one firm, which on that account, one would suppose, could wield a more despotic power over the employees, and could grind them down in wages. But at the Trust Congress of Chicago this year the labouring class

declared themselves more in favour of trusts than opposed to them. What valuable charm, then, did the trust possess to calm the malcontents in this way? It is generally considered it was the charm of enlightenment. They seem to have acted as they did on grounds of self-interest. The labourers are in just as good a position under the trust, for they can still unite. The trusts are managed by able experts who, to increase the efficiency of labour and thus decrease the cost of production favour high, rather than low wages, and shorter rather than long hours. Permanency and steadiness of labour is another social benefit. The trust adjusts the supply to the demand and on account of the immense amount of capital invested does not and need not suspend operations part of the year as is done by many small shops; the labourer is guaranteed work the year round. The economic benefit of this uniformity is considerable, while the social and moral effects are immeasurable.

Many writers and thinkers confuse competition between manufacturing firms with that between individuals, and when it is said that trusts do away with competition between firms, they immediately are led to the idea that they also abolish competition between individuals. That logic is not syllogistic. The competition between individuals for promotion within the trust is far keener under the trust than under the competitive system. Ability is recognized much more handsomely, for, acting more widely, it is of much more value. If competition implies progress we shall still be progressive under the trust system.

The moral effect of the trust is for good. It is no “fake” concern, and is not driven to the manufacture of unreliable goods because of the stress of competition. It grades its goods honestly, and is less likely to use adulterants or shams. Everything about the trust has a solid, a substantial, a regular and a lasting appearance. It adopts a far-sighted policy because it has so much at stake. This makes

investments in trusts secure and gives the public an opportunity for safe investment.

An evil of the trust continually harped upon is the destruction of the small manufacturers that it entails. The only answer this argument requires is the question, "Why retain a useful class in a useless occupation?"

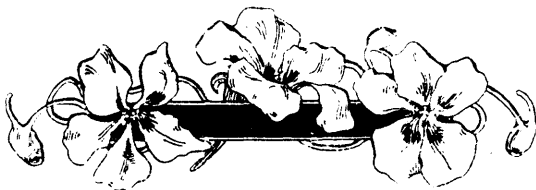
The political aspect of the trusts cannot be painted in such bright colours. Large masses of capital have appeared at times to be a menace to political authority; trusts form no exception to this. We may lay the blame on the electorate, but that does not remove the fact. It is a serious charge to lay at the door of trusts to say that they tamper with our laws, and the charge is not devoid of proof. Can we console ourselves with the fact that there is on the other hand anti-trust legislation? There does not seem to be much hope in that unless we can bring these two antagonistic facts together and have them nullify and obliterate one another. Trusts should not be allowed to control legislation and any attempt on the part of government to go any farther than regulation must be discouraged.

This divorce of trusts from legislation can be obtained only by the education of the public as to the proper status of the trust and the relation which ought to subsist between it and the community. The benefits of mutual respect must be appreciated and understood before the trust can obtain its proper status in the community. As yet, in regard to trusts, we are in a merely transitory stage. The evils that now exist consequent upon the advent of

the trusts we must not excuse but rather try to alleviate and remove. Enumeration of the evils attendant upon other economic changes would be superfluous here, but bearing these in mind we are sensible to the fact that benefits must not be deplored because they come with a little pain. We can only hope that this political aspect of the trust question will become brighter as we gain experience. One function the Government might perform is that of attending to those cases of high prices which we reduced above to such a small number. Tariffs should not be manipulated to suit the trusts.

An evil that has existed in connection with trust stocks is over-capitalization and consequent disastrous speculation. Happily this is abating as people are ceasing to invest where it is the fashion to do so, and are learning to use their own judgment in seeking profitable investments. But it has been suggested that to avoid this danger of manipulation of stocks that, like banks, insurance companies, and loan companies, trusts should be compelled to send in reports of their financial conditions to the Government and thus be placed on a legal basis. The suggestion seems to merit consideration.

But trusts are not considered part of the organism of an ideal state. They are accepted because they promise an improvement over our present methods of production and to some extent of distribution. The Socialists are in favour of the trust system, regarding its adoption as one step towards the realization of their Utopia.



THE SIX PRIGS TO ROBERT BARR.

In the CANADIAN MAGAZINE for May, 1899, there appeared an article on "The Strength and Weakness of Current Books," in which the writer attempted to show that the public read current fiction and the educated, cultured man preferred the older authors. To prove his point he quoted the opinion of six gentlemen dining together one evening in Toronto. Their verdict upon their *favourite* authors was as follows: Scott, Carlyle, Dickens, Kipling, Macaulay, Parkman, Thackeray, Ruskin, Eliot, Pope, Leckie, Stevenson, Browning, Tennyson, Goldsmith and Arnold. Each of the six gentlemen cast five votes which were scattered over the sixteen authors in the order named.

In the December number Mr. Robert Barr, the well-known Canadian author now living in England, calls these gentlemen "prigs" because they placed Dickens before Thackeray, and seriously considered Macaulay when Goldwin Smith lived in their own town. He also condemns Canadians generally for neglecting to patriotically support and encourage their own writers and for preferring whiskey to books. The six prigs now reply to Mr. Barr.—EDITOR.

WHEN a man is asked to name his favourite authors two courses are open to him—he can either refuse or comply. If he has just dined, is smoking and talking about books at the time, he will probably comply without any especial sense of responsibility for his answer. My favourite authors are those who have written the books that I prize most—the books that I keep in my own house to read again if I choose, to store up until I can partake of them again with zest—in the meanwhile looking upon them from time to time as the farmer on a Sabbath morning lounges in his barnyard and looks upon his fattening steers. My favourite books as they stand in the shelves are as good to look upon as is my favourite picture which I can contemplate gratefully whenever I enter its presence, and their authors—living or dead—own them no more for they are mine. There may be higher art than my picture contains; there may be books lying exposed for sale around the nearest corner that are not only superior to those I have and prize most, but they might even suit me better, if I knew them well. Yet I do not know them, and of all the millions of books in existence certain ones are my favourites.

What manner of bookman is Mr. Robert Barr that he thinks a man's preference in books can be determined by ascertaining the geographical whereabouts or genealogy of authors?

It is something deeper than a man's will that controls his choice. Mr. Barr has mentioned several Canadian writers, and has obtruded himself. His stories I have read, and the only one that rang true was "In the Midst of Alarms," as it originally appeared in *Lippincott's*. His Rhine stories strike me as having been based on such historical data as the following: robberbarons, feuds, battlements, scheming bishops, visors, prithee, English archer, lance in rest." Gilbert Parker's books show that he possesses good business instincts as a plot-finder, but he appears to be a dull man who can never touch one's enthusiasms. To my thinking, there is more literary charm and vividness of fancy in some passages of Parkman than in anything so far written by any Canadian novelist. Mr. Parker has not yet learned how to blend history and romance into a well-turned story, and so he serves them in either hand. W. A. Fraser can scarcely claim to have as yet done more than try his first paces. In short, the people of Canada will expect their Walter Scott to announce his arrival by writing a book. The real fault that Mr. Barr finds with us is that we will *not* take our opinions from abroad; for novelists who, from afar, exploit Canada as a field may be crowned in London, but not here while they continue to strike only false notes. "Good," says the Englishman who does not know Ca-

nada. "Bosh!" say we who live here. Even if we did not say it, it would be it. Mr. Barr chides us for borrowing our opinions, and in the next sentence rebukes us for not borrowing from him the opinion that Dickens is unworthy to be anybody's favourite. Robert Barr, handing the manuscript of a new story to a publisher, with the remark that Dickens will perish, is a sight, indeed. For myself, I would not exchange Dickens' *Great Expectations* for all that I expect to get in the way of literature from any novelist now living.

The people of Canada are a reading people. A large percentage of the population lives in out-of-the-way places, where books are difficult to obtain, but it may be doubted if there is a city of its size in the world that reads more books than Toronto.

Prig Number One.



I cherish no animosity against Mr. Barr for unmasking my priggishness and love of whiskey. The discovery was bound to come. Next to being kicked by a peer of the realm, the honour I yearned for the most was to be written down prig, by an illustrious author. I admire Mr. Barr's success abroad, for has he not proved to what dizzy heights of greatness a Canadian may climb?—in a country where he is not known. Furthermore, the ease with which he handles statistics and literature, whiskey and criticism, points him out clearly as a fit and proper member of our Prigs' Club, and I hereby invite him to come as my guest on the first available occasion, when, if he does not abandon, before the evening is over, every opinion he ever held from his youth up, he will form the sole exception to the prighood therein assembled. On several minor points Mr. Barr is wrong. For instance, Canadians buy and read more books than any other people in the world. Their consumption of spirits is extremely moderate. With these trifling exceptions his argument is sound. True, I

still possess a sneaking fondness for Scott, Thackeray and Byron, but I can assure him, on my honour as a prig, that I am steadily working up to Barr.

Prig Number Two.



I want to say to Robert Barr that if I am a prig, it is because my University training has made me so. When the lecturer dilated upon the glories of literature he never mentioned Mr. Barr, or Mr. Parker, or Mrs. Harrison, or Mr. Fraser, or even Mr. Bourinot. I never remember seeing one of Goldwin Smith's books on the curriculum, or hearing the Professor of English speak of Goldwin Smith's superiority as "a literary stylist or as an accurate historian."

I am just thirty-one years of age, and hence it is not to be expected that I should be a great critic. If it has taken you, Mr. Barr, until you are fifty to recognize the merits of Thackeray and Goldwin Smith, remember please that I have still nineteen years in which to come to the full stature of a literary man. Further, in palliation of my having been so unfortunately labelled "educated and cultured," I desire to say that I have in my library of some seven or eight hundred books only one volume by Charles Dickens, and that is bound in paper, as against four volumes of Robert Barr, only one of which lacks a cloth back. In fact, if I were an egotistic prig I might suggest that it was from my library you had drawn the conclusion that Dickens' stock was declining.

I am firmly convinced that if you had known me better, my habits and mode of life, you would hardly accuse me of being a prig. I am the most modest and unassuming of men, and I do hereby record a solemn oath that I shall never again be seen in broad daylight with a volume of Dickens under my arm, and that I shall never again buy a book unless it have the maple leaf, the beaver, or the Canadian coat of arms stamped in heavy gilt on the cover. If this is not sufficient to redeem myself

in your eyes, O sir, pray lay upon me more commands and behests. I am as meek and mild as an Egyptian fe lah. Henceforth my great and only desire shall be to find favour in your eyes. I shall cease taking my literary opinions second-hand from the *London Times* or the *Athenæum*, and I shall "import my opinions with reasonable celerity over one of the several lines of steamers running from England to Montreal each week." In fact, I shall walk backwards and forwards at the same time in such a way that I shall neither be stationary, going back or going forward. I shall be a genuine Janus.

Prig Number Three.



On reading Mr. Barr's dashing talks on temperance and literature to erring Canadians in the last two numbers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE my first impulse was to turn to the dictionary, where I found "prig" defined as "a pert fellow who gives himself airs of superior wisdom."

Now Mr. Barr dubs me a prig because Dickens is one of my favourite authors. I should hesitate to reply to Mr. Barr were it not for the air of superior wisdom with which he himself disposes of Dickens.

Mr. Barr calls Dickens' character sketches caricatures, though this same Mr. Barr is generally understood to have written "Jennie Baxter, Journalist."

Mr. Barr's articles remind me of an essay by one Brander Matthews, another normally good-natured man, in which Mr. Matthews takes American authors to task because they quote from British writers and discuss the characters of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Eliot when they should be discussing the novels of Hawthorne and quoting from Lowell "than whom a more quotable writer never lived." To a man of wide views surely literature is independent of political boundaries, else why should we in Ontario read Haliburton, Drummond and Fretchette, when Smith, Barr and Mrs.

Harrison are of our own Province? However baleful it may be to neglect our native authors because they are of ourselves, is it not equally bad to place them above the best for the same reason? While we should, and most Canadians do, approach our native writers sympathetically, it seems to me that had Mr. Barr's precious prigs voted Haliburton, Parker, Lampman, Dr. Drummond and Mrs. Harrison their favourite authors, Mr. Barr might have termed them precious provincial prigs, extending his alliteration and excusing his animus at a stroke. Of the above list (which is Mr. Barr's), of Goldwin Smith, of Mr. Barr himself, of W. A. Fraser, and many others, we and thousands of Canadians should be, and are, proud, but it does not appear to me that this must force us to say we prefer these writers to others we have known longer and like better.

Perhaps, after all, Mr. Barr's articles are an indication that the talented writer is as fond as ever of his little joke; if so, he will find a warm welcome should he have time to dine with the six prigs when again he comes to Toronto.



Prig Number Four.



Naturally we might expect an author by the name of Barr to lug whiskey into a discussion on literature.

Whiskey and bars go together.

I claim no great merit for this witticism, but, at least, it is as decent as that merry jape about Mr. Winterbottom. I am inclined to distrust Mr. Barr's statistics in respect of whiskey drinking. There has been a great difference since he left this continent ten years ago. The grade of whiskey has improved and the five-cent drink is not so common. These scraps of information may interest Mr. Barr, though he never touches a drop of the good stuff. He worked for a time in Detroit, which is almost within hailing distance of Walkerville; and time was, so they say, when a pipe line ran under the river between these two points. Is it

possible, then, that Mr. Barr never saw the Good Old Red Eye, either in the wood or in bottles?

Mr. Barr will excuse me if I begin to glow when our really excellent Canadian whiskey is mentioned.

About the other subject in Mr. Barr's article—books, I mean—I care to say little. I assume from Mr. Barr's tone that only a working author has the right to pass opinions on the sacrosanct of literature. Barr says Thackeray is greater than Dickens. Well, in heaven's name, let him be so! I don't give a button. Barr says Robert Louis Stevenson was inaccurate. Who cares if he was? Let Barr come forward and write a novel as powerful as "Weir of Hermiston." Let him write an adventure story as enthralling as "Treasure Island," or a short story as calmly beautiful as "Will o' the Mill." Let him touch words to fine issues as Stevenson did. Let him write the full, fluent, gracious prose of Stevenson. Let him abjure his hasty, sapless, newspaper English. Let him get a few ideas together and shift them about in strange and unusual permutations, and then I will take off my hat. An idea strikes me that Mr. Barr has it in for Inspector Hughes because he cut Latin roots out of the public school curriculum, and so strangled his vocabulary.

In his innermost heart, I daresay, Mr. Barr thinks "Tekla" is his great work. It is really worthy of note as a Luke Sharpish effort to write romance, a loutish attempt to assume the mediæval manner. It is much as if the Merry Andrew in the baron's hall went out to do his master's work in joust and tourney. And as for that bowman! Shame on you, Mr. Barr! You ought to palmer it at once to Edinburgh, scourge yourself at Sir Walter Scott's monument, and confess your obligations.

Meanwhile this particular prig reserves his right to place Parker, Barr and the Canadian opportunists in London, in what category he considers they belong.

Prig Number Five.

I do not wish to do an injustice to Mr. Barr, but it seems to me that there runs through his articles an assumption that the writing of a book is a meritorious act, which deserves to be encouraged. My own notion is that the writing of a book is an act which requires to be defended, in view of the fact that there are already far more books than any one person can read. He also uses such expressions as "Dickens' stock has declined," or "Thackeray's stock has appreciated," indicating that he regards literature as a matter of time, fashion and popular approval. If so, I must confess myself in reading as in all other things, a very unfashionable person. I read for profit or amusement without regard to the age or country in which the book was printed. The idea of an author coming into fashion and going out again, like a woman's hat, is to me not only surprising, but alarming. I have a certain preference for writers who have been dead for some time, because I am obliged to rely to a certain extent on the judgment of mankind. This may seem weak to Mr. Barr, but I really cannot read everything. I must get the aid of somebody in making a selection. Now the question is whether I shall call in the aid of the organizations employed in the puffing of modern books, or the aid of the vast body of persons, learned and unlearned, who have given judgment on the older books. I prefer the latter course as easier and safer; just as when I wander into a dinner of more than usual magnificence, I eat roast beef rather than things which I do not understand. I have read and enjoyed some of Mr. Barr's books, but I did not feel myself under any obligation to read them because Mr. Barr was a Canadian; still less did I feel myself under an obligation to read them because somebody had taken the trouble to write them.

I feel no responsibility in the matter of literature. I do not, myself, want any more books written by anybody. There are already about a million more books than I can read. There is a remark to the effect that of the making

of books there is no end; but it is contained in so old a work that I am afraid, after Mr. Barr's onslaught, to mention it, the author being dead, and not, to my knowledge, a native of my own country. The view I have taken may seem unpatriotic, but the fact is that I want to achieve for Canada a unique reputation. Any country can have a literature of some kind, just as any company is bound to contain a large number of talkative people. But if we could obtain for Canada a reputation for silence—for not having a voice of any kind—we should be living up to the national emblem, the unassuming animal which says nothing but chaws wood. Mr. Barr expresses a desire to take us out on an electric car and thence for a walk through the

woods and the country. This is my own favourite recreation. I love country life, but that does not imply an obligation to write, or read books about it. I do not want to read stories about the War of 1812-13, or, in fact, about any war, the American and British newspapers having given me little else but war for the last two years. I have a notion, however, that if Mr. Barr would come and eat some bacon and eggs with the Six Prigs, the next time he comes to Toronto, we could come to some sort of understanding. I was about to say, "He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well," but I remember that the writer of this is very dead, and probably out of date.

Prig Number Six.

ENGLISH HISTORY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

By Marshall S. Snow.

DEAN STANLEY, in his "Memorials of Canterbury," says: "Every one who has endeavored to study history must be struck by the advantages that those enjoy who live in the neighbourhood of great historical monuments. To have seen the place where a great event happened, to have seen the picture, the statue, the tomb of an illustrious man, is the next thing to being present at the event in person."

These words suggest so well the purpose of this paper that they have been chosen as its text. The effort will be so to bring certain historical places, persons and monuments before the reader that he may realize more fully than before the true character of the events, the men, and the life of some bygone days in the history of England.

Chaucer, in the Prologue of his immortal poem, "The Canterbury Tales," well sets forth the miscellaneous nature of the company which spent the night at the Tabard Inn and in the freshness of the dewy morning wended their way to Canterbury:

"The holy blissful martyr for to seek,
That them had holpen when that they were
sick."

We can see as if they were before us in the flesh this motley group of grave and gay, old and young, all bound for the far famed city which contained the relics then held most precious by every devout believer. From all parts of England, from all the nations of Europe, came in those days great crowds of adoring pilgrims. Among them were men of all stations in life—ministers of state, travellers, the truly pious, the superstitious, princes and beggars. On horseback or on foot, sometimes with music and with song, an old chronicler writes of them: "Every town they came through, what with the noise of their singing, and with the noise of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking of the dogs after them, they made more noise than if the king came there with all his clarions and many other minstrels."

The modern pilgrim, coming it may be from a land unknown to the wisest

of Chaucer's company, makes a swift journey by the vine-clad hills and through the green valleys of Kent on his way from London to Canterbury. An hour and a half or, at most, two hours is all the time we now need, instead of the three or four days of the ancient pilgrimage. Rochester we pass in less than an hour, and get a glimpse of the old cathedral and the castle hard by, and in the distance see the waters of the Medway and its shipping. Chaucer with poetic license gets his pilgrims to Canterbury in one day; and it is midday when he says :

"Lo, Rochester standeth here fast by."

In a few moments we are in Canterbury, and as we emerge from the station, on the left is a part of the old city wall and on the right the shaded walk which leads to Castle Street and then by a winding way to the cathedral precincts.

Canterbury is not a large town, and is old-fashioned, without suggesting great antiquity. It has the charm which belongs to so many old English towns, which comes not so much from their age as from their naturalness. Dickens in "David Copperfield" has well expressed the feeling of the sentimental traveller when he visits this quiet old town :

"The venerable cathedral towers and the old jackdaws and rooks whose airy voices made them more retired than perfect silence would have done; the battered gateways once stuck full of statues long thrown down and crumbled away, like the reverential pilgrims who had gazed upon them; the still nooks where the wild growth of centuries crept over gabled ends and ruined walls; the ancient houses, the pastoral landscape of field, orchard and garden; everywhere, of everything, I felt the same serener air, the same calm, thoughtful, softening spirit."

Over all in Canterbury rise the three towers of the great cathedral church which dominates the city and all the country round about. To sketch the rise of Canterbury as the first permanent home of Christianity in England,

or to tell of the history of the cathedral and its vicissitudes, is not pertinent to our present purpose. Nor will we undertake now to show except very briefly how closely this church has been connected with English secular as well as ecclesiastical life from the first Archbishop, St. Augustine, through the lives of his many successors to the present day. These details and those technical descriptions, belonging especially to the erection and destruction and final restoration of the several buildings that have belonged to Christ Church Cathedral, are at hand in every guidebook, and need to be elaborated to be of any interest. We will simply stick to the text and dwell upon a few striking illustrations of the richness of the material which the student of history may find on every hand.

Castle Street and its continuation, St. Margaret Street, lead us to a short, narrow passage called Mercery Lane, a name which comes from the little shops that have lined its sides for centuries, where pilgrims purchased in former days many varieties of sacred wares. Directly before us rises at the end of the lane the fine late-perpendicular structure called Christ Church Gate. Angels, armorial bearings, mitres and Tudor roses are scattered over it in a profusion of ornamentation. These decorations have suffered much from the weather, although the gateway was built as late as 1517. Passing under its arch we are within the cathedral precincts. Before us is the "Cradle of Christianity in Britain," the metropolitan church, whose archbishop is the primate of all England, patron of one hundred and forty-nine livings, with an income of £15,000 a year. The space within the gateway was formerly a cemetery and is even now called the Churchyard. We will only glance at the lofty and noble proportions of the great central, the Bell-Harry, tower, one of the best examples of perpendicular architecture in the world. Of the two western towers, the northern is modern, erected near the beginning of the present century in the place of the old

one whose insecure condition made its removal necessary.

In early days all disputes throughout the kingdom which could not be legally referred to the King's Court, or to the Hundreds, were judged in the south door or porch of the parish church or cathedral. The present south porch of Canterbury was the work of Prior Chillenden, about 1400. Once there could be seen in the niche above the entrance the figures of Becket's three murderers, but the figures disappeared long ago. We enter the nave and walk all its length beneath its lofty roof. Its immensity takes us captive. The elevation of the choir to a considerable height above the floor of the nave adds much to the effect of grandeur. To reach the choir we must ascend a majestic stairway. The stateliness of the ascent, combined with the height and grandeur of the piers breaking up from the pavement like some forest of stone, makes a wonderful impression when seen for the first time. Nor is this impression lessened when we turn to the west as we stand upon the stairway to the choir and study the great piers lighted by the huge window made of fragments of old glass saved from the wreck of Puritan destruction two hundred years ago.

The great historical interest in the cathedral centres in the man and the event which gave to Canterbury its martyr and its shrine and brought for almost four hundred years a never ending procession of pilgrims of all degrees. The throne of England was occupied in 1170 by Henry, second of the name, and first of the Angevin, or Plantagenet, branch of the Norman family of kings. Henry was able and powerful. The contending faction which had supported the claims of his mother Matilda and his cousin Stephen had accepted the compromise by which he had been made king in 1154. By inheritance, and by his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine, the divorced wife of Louis VII. of France, he had become real master of more than half of modern France. Henry was the bitter enemy

of that papal and ecclesiastical zeal which had made such demands upon his grandfather, Henry I., and which afterwards humiliated all England by its victory over his own son John.

Thomas à Becket was archbishop of Canterbury in 1170. He was a man of humble birth, who had found great favour at court and, becoming Lord Chancellor of England, had become master of the king and the country. But when Becket was made archbishop of Canterbury, the man of the world, the courtier, the statesman, the friend of the king became the great leader of the extreme ecclesiastical party, unwilling to yield to the wishes of the king in anything which concerned the interests of his order. We cannot enter now into any discussion of the great questions involved in the quarrel between Henry and the Church during the eight years immediately preceding 1170. It is enough to say that in the summer of that year the question of the immunity of the clergy from secular jurisdiction, which was the original point of dispute between the king and the archbishop, was settled, for a time at least, by a compromise. The eight years' struggle ended. Henry met Becket in France in July, and the first reconciliation was brought about. In December the archbishop returned to England and to his cathedral, from which he had been absent in exile seven years. The ride from Sandwich during the short winter's day was one long triumphal procession. Old men, women and children lined the road on their knees to beg his blessing. Clergy came at the head of their parishioners with garlands and banners. Boys chanted hymns. Progress was slow, and it was evening before he reached Canterbury. He went at once to the cathedral. His face shone as he entered, "like the face of Moses when he descended from the mount." He seated himself on his throne, and the monks came one by one and kissed him. Tears were in all eyes. "My Lord," his friend Herbert whispered to him, "it matters not now when you depart hence. Christ has conquered ;



CANTERBURY.

Christ is now king." "He looked at me," says Herbert, "but he did not speak."

In June, the king had caused his eldest son, Henry, to be crowned as his colleague and successor. The absence of the archbishop of Canterbury had given the important ceremony of coronation an act of deep religious significance, to the archbishop of York. Thus Becket saw not his order but his office attacked; for the coronation of a king had been the inalienable right of the see of Canterbury from the time of St. Augustine. From the Pope, after the reconciliation with Henry, he had obtained letters of suspension against the archbishop of York and the bishops of London and Salisbury. No sooner had he landed in England than he had the letters conveyed to the offending prelates, then at Dover. Alarmed, they set out for France.

When the three bishops arrived in France, they at once sought an interview with King Henry, then at the castle near Bayeux. The king asked their advice. "Ask counsel from your barons and knights," cautiously replied the archbishop of York; "it is not for us to say what must be done." Then some one added, "As long as

Thomas lives you will have neither good days, nor peaceful kingdom, nor quiet life." At these words the king flew into one of those frenzies to which the earlier Plantagenets were subject. "What sluggard wretches, what cowards have I brought up in my court, who care nothing for their allegiance to their master! Not one will deliver me from this low-born priest!"

Four knights stood by—Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Moreville, William de Tracy, Richard Le Bret—all men of rank and lineage, of bold and undaunted courage, and all for both public and private reasons bitter enemies of Becket. They set out for England at once, and on Tuesday, December 29, they reached the archiepiscopal palace. Becket's friend afterwards noted the importance of Tuesday in his life. On a Tuesday he was born and baptized; on a Tuesday he had fled from Northampton, in the days of his quarrel with Henry; on a Tuesday he had left England, an exile; on a Tuesday he had received in a vision a warning of coming martyrdom; on a Tuesday he had returned to England; the fatal hour had now come on a Tuesday; and it was left for a later generation to note that on a Tuesday King Henry was



THE WEST GATE.

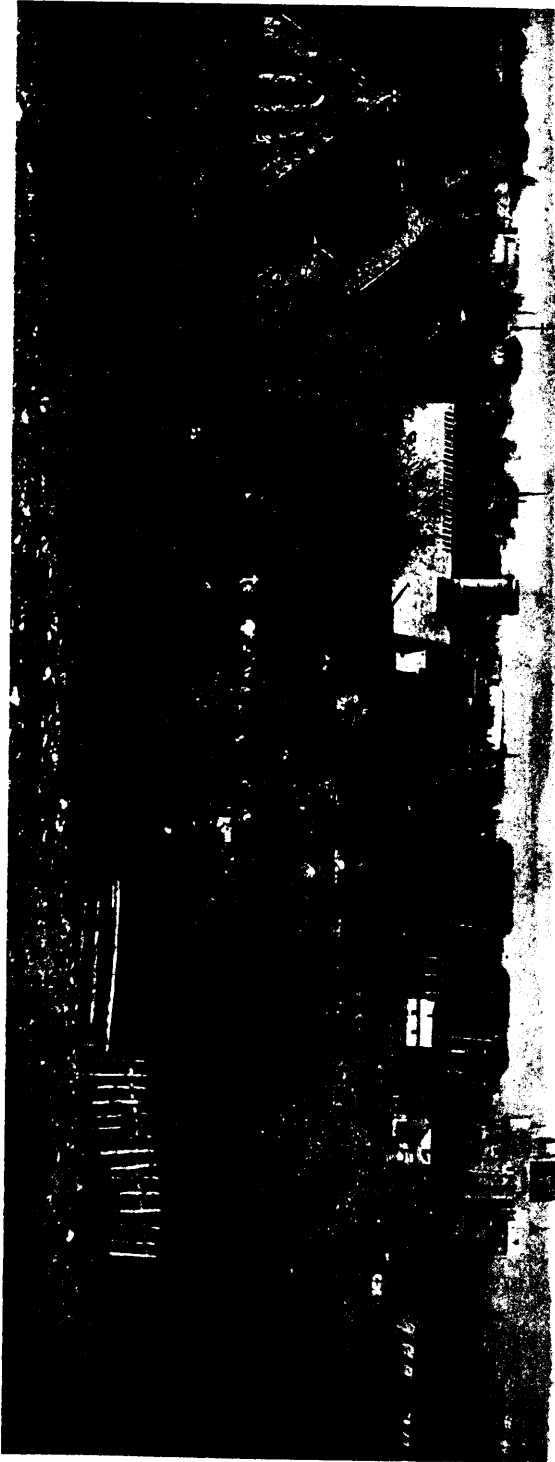
buried, and on a Tuesday the martyr's relics were translated.

After a stormy interview in the palace, the archbishop was hurried by his friends to the church by a door which led into the north cloister. "Let me go; do not drag me!" he cried. Just as he entered the door from the cloister to the north transept, the cry arose that his enemies had broken through the palace door, and were in close pursuit. The vesper service, just begun, was thrown into dire confusion, and priests and worshippers scattered in fright. The transept was dark in the twilight of a December day, and when the knights entered they could only dimly see the outline of a group of figures ascending the eastern steps. One knight cried out, "Stay!" Another said, "Where is the traitor, where is Thomas Becket?" "Where is the archbishop?" shouted Fitzurse. "Reginald, here I am," came the answer through the shadows—"no traitor, but the archbishop and priest of God; what wish ye?" He had reached the fourth step on his way to the high altar. Now he turned and descended to the transept. The knights gathered around him, crying, "Absolve the bishops whom you have ex-

communicated!" "I cannot do other than I have done," he replied. They tried to drag him out of the church, unwilling to kill him there, but the attempt had to be abandoned. Fitzurse struck with drawn sword, but merely dashed off his cap. Then blows came in quick succession. With his face turned toward the altar of St. Benedict he murmured, "For the name of Jesus and the defence of the Church I am willing to die," and then fell flat upon the floor, where he received a stroke which severed the crown of his head from the skull, and the sword snapped in two on the marble pavement. "Let us go," said one of them; "the traitor is dead; he will rise no more."

After the murderers had rushed from the church the monks returned and turned the body with its face upwards and saw calmness and beauty of countenance, a fresh colour on the cheeks, and the eyes closed as in sleep. The body was then placed on a bier, and carried up the steps from the transept to the choir and laid before the high altar, and around it the monks sat weeping. In the morning the monks closed the doors and carried the body to the crypt, and laid it in a new marble sarcophagus. The blood and brains which had been gathered up on the spot of the murder, were placed outside the tomb, and the doors of the crypt were closed. The murder of Becket had desecrated the church; no mass, therefore could be said over his grave. For a year no bells rang, no hangings were on the walls, no crucifixes were unveiled. The services were held without music in the chapter house. It was not until December 31 of the year following that a reconsecration of the church was had, the bishop of Exeter preaching from the text: "For the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, Thy comforts have refreshed my soul."

The news of this tragedy turned to-

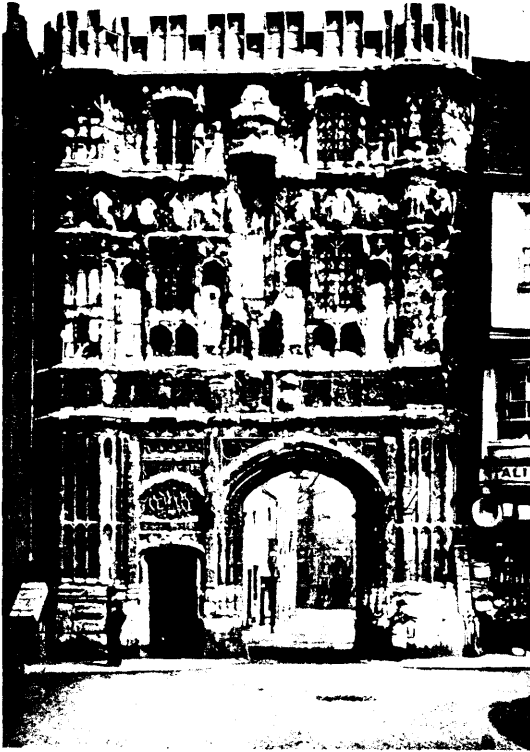


ANOTHER VIEW OF CANTERBURY.

wards Canterbury the attention of all Christendom. Miracles at his tomb gave St. Thomas a fame not often reached by English saints. Some trace of Becket may be found in almost every country of Europe. In Rome, in Florence, in Verona, in Lisbon, in many towns of France, in Flanders, in Sicily, even in distant Syria, may be seen to-day remains of a chapel once dedicated to him, or a portion of

The centre of all this adoration, however, was at Canterbury. The transept where the murder was committed was always spoken of as "The Martyrdom;" and it still retains the name. Near the spot where Becket fell a wooden altar was raised, and there daily masses were said for the repose of his soul.

When King Henry heard that Becket had been slain he entered his room, and for three days would not show his face. He refused all food; he covered himself with sackcloth and ashes; he cried aloud; he called God to witness that he had never desired the archbishop's death. But the world looked upon him with averted eyes. The excommunication which he feared was prevented only by the most careful management. For four years the fortunes of Henry grew darker and darker. His sons rebelled; the Scots threatened the north; an invasion was planning in Flanders. And now came that remarkable scene when Henry of Plantagenet, dressed as an ordinary pilgrim, barefoot, marking the rough stones of the street with his blood, walked through the crowd that lined the streets of Canterbury, entered the church, and went at once to the transept of the Martyrdom. Then he went to the crypt, to the tomb, where he received upon his bared shoulders five strokes from each bishop and abbot who was present, as well as from



CHRIST CHURCH GATE.

his clothing, or a tooth, or a lock of his hair, or, more precious still, a part of the much contested skull. His relics were scattered all over England,—the sword of the murderers in the Temple Church, London; portions of his dress at Derby, Warwick and St. Albans; his girdle at Chester; his cap at Alwick; his penknife and boots at Bury; drops of his blood at Windsor and Peterborough.

each of the eighty monks. The night was spent by Henry alone in prayer and fasting, leaning against one of the Norman pillars of the crypt.

The good results of the penitence of King Henry were seen at once. His enemies on land and sea were defeated and their plans had to be abandoned. The king leaped from his bed when he heard the news, and gave thanks to God and St. Thomas. Through the



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE CLOSE.

intercession of the saint, the son of King Louis VII of France had been restored from a dangerous illness; so to the tomb in the crypt came Louis to give thanks,—the first king of France to set foot on English shores.

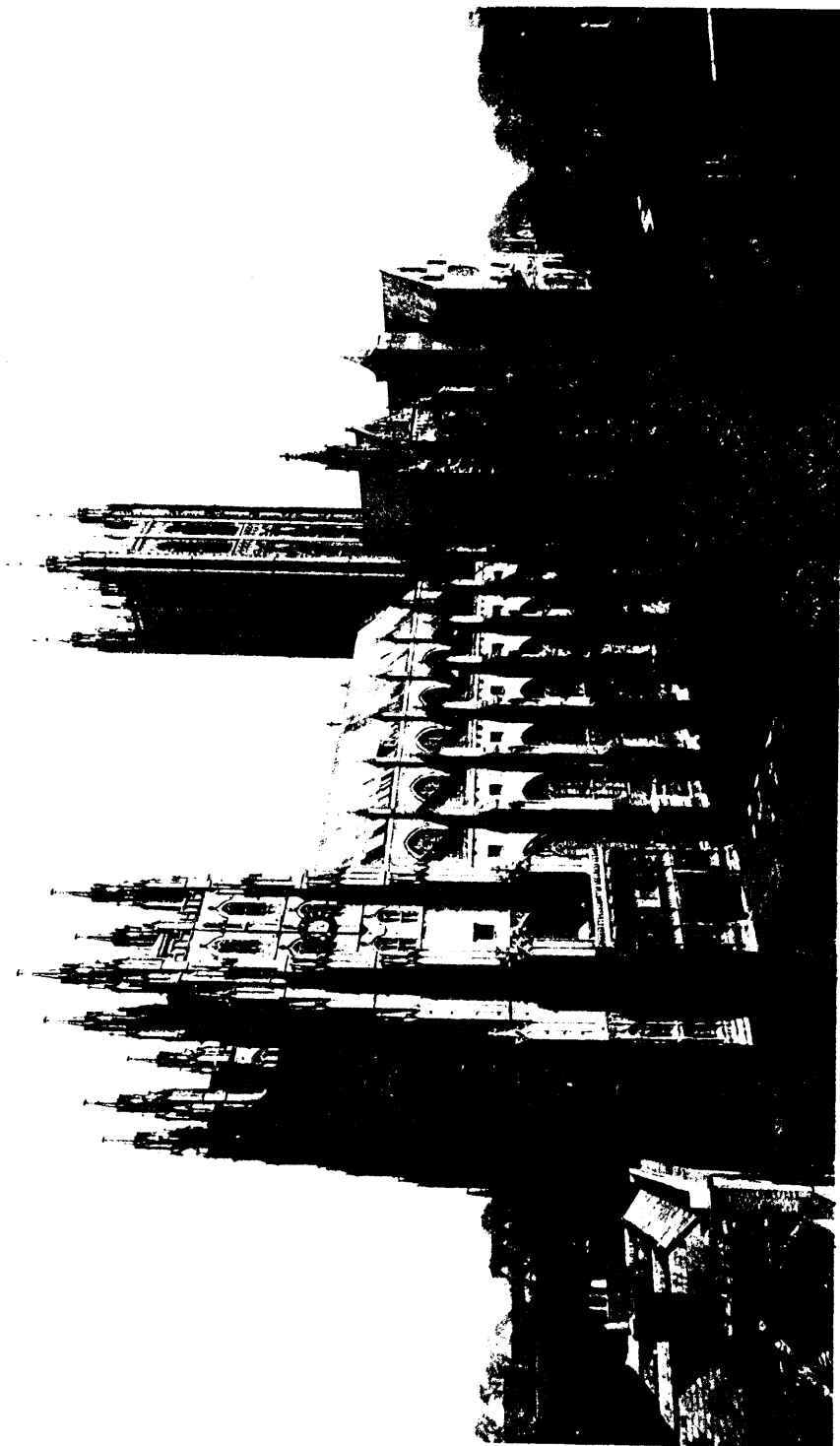
When Richard Lion-Heart was on his way home from the crusade, he was, as everybody knows, captured by Leopold of Austria, to satisfy an old grudge, and lodged in an Austrian castle. After he had made his escape and had landed in England, his first act was to walk all the way from Sandwich to Canterbury, to thank God and St. Thomas.

In earlier times a chapel east of the choir had contained an altar to the Holy Trinity. Here Becket was often wont to say mass. After the fire of 1174, which destroyed the choir of

Conrad, in the rebuilding it was determined to enlarge this old eastern chapel and make of it a spacious receptacle for the sainted bones. The new chapel was called Trinity Chapel, extending considerably beyond the limits of the former room and opening into one yet farther east, a smaller one, called to this day Becket's Crown. Not until the year 1220 was everything ready for



NORMAN PORCH.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

the great event of the translation of the relics to the magnificent shrine now to be their abode. Henry III, now a youth of thirteen, was at the head of the procession that entered the cathedral; and next to him came Stephen of Langton, the great archbishop of Canterbury, now an old man, to whom, perhaps, more than to any other one man England owes the Great Charter, wrested from John in 1215. He had but just returned from a long exile, and had just crowned the young king at Westminster. On the shoulders of the most exalted of the many men of high rank who followed was carried the chest containing the sacred remains, followed by a great crowd that filled the church and the churchyard without. Two years' notice had been given in a proclamation circulated in England and all over Europe, and an assemblage such as never before had been gathered in any place in England filled the city and all the neighbouring villages. As the chronicler says:

"Of bishops and abbots, priors and parsons,
Of earls and of barons, and of many knights
thereto,
Of sergeants and of squires, and of husband-
men enow,
And of simple men eke of the land—so thick
thither drew."

The shrine was placed immediately above the place in the crypt below which the body had lain for half a century. The chapel was reached by a succession of ascents, from the nave to the choir, from the choir to the altar, and from the altar to Trinity Chapel. These last steps were usually ascended by pilgrims upon their knees, and the devotion and the number of those who once mounted to the sacred eastern chapel is attested by the indentations in the stone stairway. Of the shrine

which for more than three hundred years attracted the attention of the Christian world, not a fragment remains; but by descriptions and by some rude drawings of those days we are able to form some idea of what it was like. The sides were plated with gold. The whole shrine blazed with jewels, pearls, sapphires, emeralds, and, in the midst of the gold, rings of cameos, gifts of devout worshippers.

To the shrine of St. Thomas came every king of England from the second to the eighth Henry. Edward III placed there the Scotch crown which he brought as a trophy of victory. There he was married to his second wife, Margaret. John of France, taken prisoner at Poitiers, visited Canterbury. Henry V, victoriously returning from the field of Agincourt, made a thank-offering at the martyr's shrine. The offerings of pilgrims amounted annually, up to the very year of the overthrow and destruction of the shrine, to at least twenty thousand dollars of our money. The sixth and last jubilee was celebrated in 1520. In that same year, just before the famous meeting of the Cloth of Gold, Henry VIII had received Charles V at Canterbury, and they had entered the city under the same canopy. Wolsey was with them. The proudest nobles of England and Spain were there. Together they prayed be-



THE BAPTISTERY.



CLOISTER WINDOWS.

fore the shrine, and then Henry did the honours at a great banquet in the archiepiscopal palace, the home of Thomas à Becket.

With the great events in English history of the years that followed all are familiar. Eighteen years later was read by the side of the shrine a summons addressed in the name of Henry VIII, "To thee, Thomas Becket, sometime archbishop of Canterbury," in which the saint was charged with treason, contumacy and rebellion. In thirty days the case was formally argued at Westminster by the attorney-general in behalf of Henry II and by counsel appointed by the king on the part of Becket. The argument of the officer of the Crown prevailed, and on the tenth of June sentence was proclaimed against the archbishop. His bones were to be publicly burned and the offerings made at the shrine to be forfeited to the Crown. Then came the destruction of this splendid shrine. The jewels were first carefully picked out, and then the iron chest within was broken open by the blows of a sledge hammer. The bones were scattered to the winds. It took two strong coffers

borne on the shoulders of eight men to hold all the jewels and gold that were carried off. Twenty-six carts waited at the door of the church for the rest of the spoil. Every statue and picture of Becket was swept away; his name and figure were erased or cut from every missal and psalter. The site of his first grave in the crypt was used almost from that day to this as a storage place for wine and wood. "The site of the shrine has remained a vacant space, with the marks of the violence

of the destruction even yet visible on the broken pavement. Round it still lie the tombs of king and prince and archbishop; the worn marks on the stones show the reverence of former ages. But the place itself is vacant, and the lessons which that vacancy has to teach us must now take the place of the lessons of the ancient shrine."

Two hundred and six years passed after the death of Becket, one hundred and fifty-six from the translation of his bones from the splendid shrine, before Trinity Chapel received its next tenant. In the midst of such universal sorrow and mourning as have never since been seen in England, the remains of Edward the Black Prince were brought to Canterbury from London. He was the great soldier, the national military hero. He was the heir to a throne from which the aged and feeble Edward III was soon to be taken by death. He was the hope of the nation, and at his death the future of his country was dark with stormy portents. His body lay in state at Westminster, and then, in a splendid hearse drawn by twelve black horses, followed by the court and by both Houses of Parliament, it was

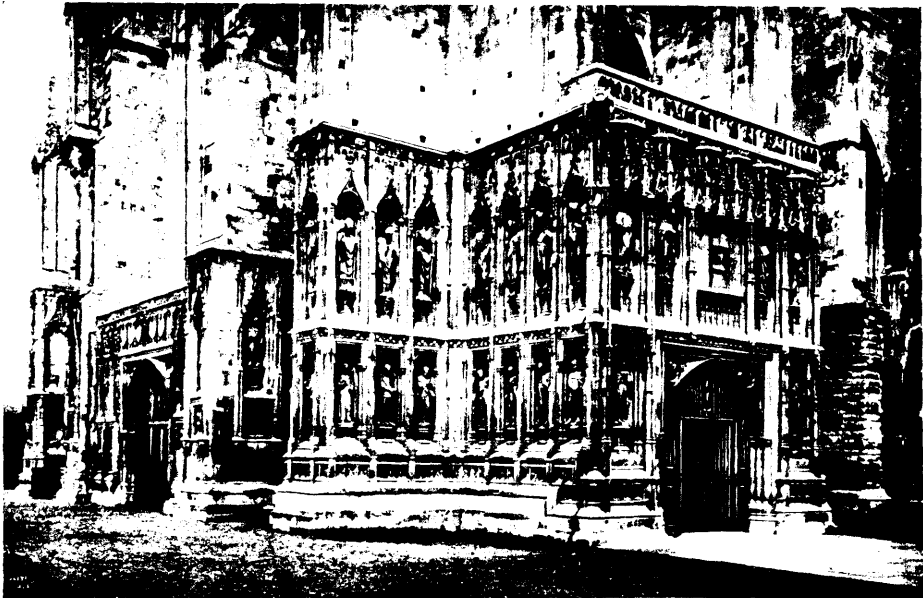
brought to Canterbury. Up Westgate Street the procession passed, and at the west gate was met by two chargers fully caparisoned and mounted by two riders in full armour, "one bearing the Prince's arms of England and France, the other the ostrich feathers; one to represent the Prince in his splendid suit as he rode in war, the other to represent him in black as he rode to tournaments."

When they reached the gate which stood where Christ Church Gate is now, the armed men halted, and the body was carried into the cathedral. Not in the dark and gloomy crypt where he had expressed a wish to be buried, but in the splendid chapel of the Holy Trinity, in the elevated space behind the high altar of the cathedral, where perhaps no other corpse than his would have been admitted, in this most sacred spot in all England, was his tomb to stand, "to be seen and admired by the countless pilgrims as they crawled up the stone steps beneath it on their way to the shrine of the Saint." Upon the tomb his brazen image lies in full armour, on which can still be seen the marks of that gilding which made it

seem like gold. Above the tomb hang the iron gauntlets, the helmet with its leopard crest, the wooden shield, the velvet coat, now faded and tattered, and the empty scabbard of his famous sword, the sword which Oliver Cromwell is said to have carried away.

Thirty-seven years after the burial of the Black Prince, another splendid tomb was added to Trinity Chapel. Henry IV, cousin of the Black Prince, the first Lancastrian king, who had deposed the Prince's son, Richard II, was laid here by the side of his first wife, Mary of Bohun. His tomb is now seen on the north side of the chapel, and upon the tomb may be seen the effigies of Henry and his second wife, Joan of Navarre.

After the War of the Roses a tradition arose that this tomb had been desecrated during these disturbances, and that Henry's body had been taken away and thrown into the Thames. No effort was made to verify this tale until the year 1832, when the tomb was opened by the dean of Canterbury, and after some trouble in opening the double coffin, "the face of the king was seen in complete preservation, the nose



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—THE MAIN ENTRANCE.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—THE CLOISTERS.

elevated, the beard thick and matted and of a deep russet colour, and the jaws perfect with all the teeth in them except one fore tooth, which had probably been lost during the king's life."

Like all the great churches of England, that of Canterbury has been greatly changed since in its earlier form it was the wonder and admiration of adoring pilgrims. The present church is, indeed, the third great building on the same site, and stands as a representative of the history of ecclesiastical architecture for more than four centuries, from 1075 to 1495. In still earlier times, even before the coming of St. Augustine, a Christian church stood here, to become later the prey of pillaging Danes in the tenth century. This had nearly disappeared when the great archbishop of William the Norman, Lanfranc, began the

building of an entirely new structure. The famous Anselm, his successor, continued the work and it was finished in 1130 by Prior Conrad. It was in the beautiful choir known as the "Glorious Choir of Conrad," that, before the high altar, was laid the body of the murdered Becket in 1170. Four years later this second church was greatly injured by fire, the choir being entirely ruined. This was a Norman church marked by all the peculiarities of that

style, the low, round arch, the heavy round pillar and the small window openings. The old Norman nave and transepts remained unchanged for more than two centuries after Becket's time, when they were followed by the present structure, which belongs to the perpendicular style of Gothic architecture. In the meantime, soon after the fire of 1174, the choir was rebuilt in that style which marks the transition from Norman to early English. The last important work was the addition of the



THE CRYPT.

splendid central tower, called the Bell Harry Tower, in 1495. In recent days, too, the old northwestern town tower has been replaced by a new one to match its neighbour on the south-west.

This splendid pile, so full of historical suggestions, displays for our study almost every English architectural style. Great Saxon piers may be seen in the crypt, as well as the massive Norman arch and the light and graceful Gothic. The whole mass, as we view it from some eminence, with its decorated porch, its double transeph

difference between the light and airy columns of the nave, which belong to the fourteenth century, and the Norman work of the choir. He notices how high the altar is raised above the level of the choir, and he learns that this came from the need of room in the crypt beneath for the shrine of St. Thomas, which was in the Chapel of the Virgin for fifty years before its transfer to Trinity Chapel behind the high altar. He sees how that famous place of the most famous shrine in England is again higher than the altar, and must be reached by a flight



THE CHOIR.

on either side, its great central tower, its eastern prolongation called Becket's Crown, produces a most impressive effect, in spite of the very different periods in which it was built.

Several peculiarities in the plan of this church strike even the casual visitor who may know little of the technicalities of architecture. He cannot help noticing the elevation of the choir above the nave, a peculiarity to be seen elsewhere only at Rochester, which is undoubtedly an imitation of Canterbury. He is bound to be struck by the

of steps, and he wonders at the beautiful corona behind it, the work of William the Englishman, "small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest."

This elevation of choir above nave, of altar above choir, of Trinity Chapel and Becket's Crown above the altar, the mingling of the light stone of the piers and archways with another of dark rich colour which warms and tempers the former, the immensity of nave and choir and transepts—all these make the interior of Canterbury cathed-



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.—THE NAVE.

dral imposing beyond any power of description.

No one architect can be credited with the plan of this great building. At each stage of its construction the work was in the hands of some ecclesiastic. The archbishops of Canterbury and the priors of different periods

were many of them skilled architects. Churchmen in the Middle Ages studied many things beside theology and practiced other arts as well as that of ruling men and communities. And so we find in the tenth century the church of that time, which had fallen into a ruinous state, restored by Archbishop

Odo, and when in the next century his work was destroyed by the Danes, the successive labours of two prelates, Livingus and Ethelnoth, raised once more the walls of the great church. After the Normans came to England, the powerful Lanfranc almost entirely rebuilt the cathedral in the Norman style. In this rebuilding, the tower

was placed in the middle of the church, and on the topmost pinnacle was placed the figure of a cherub. In the centre of the church was suspended a gilt crown, and near it stood the altar of the Holy Cross. Anselm, successor of Lanfranc, tore down the choir, to rebuild it in a more magnificent fashion; and his work was finished by Prior Conrad so beautifully as to acquire, as we have already noticed, the appellation of "The Glorious Choir of Conrad." After the great fire of 1174, the work of rebuilding, of which mention has already been made, went on from generation to generation, until its practical completion in 1405, al-



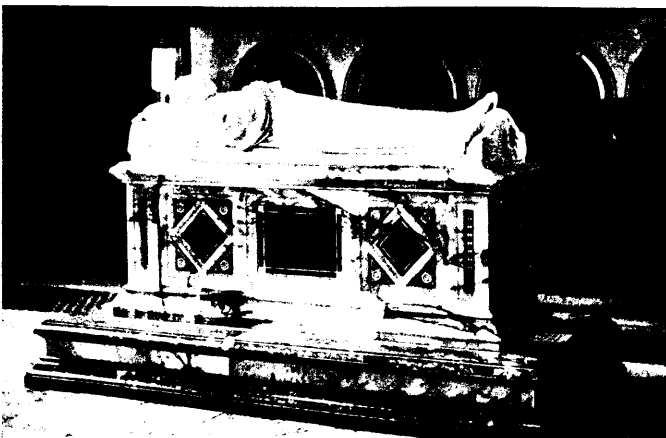
THE CRYPT, GABRIEL CHAPEL.

ways in charge of some ecclesiastic.

It is only rarely that we can associate the name of any one architect with the building of any of the great churches of England or France or Germany. The Cologne cathedral has been finished, in our own day, in accordance with the original plans made in the thirteenth century; but the name of the designer has passed into oblivion. The variations in English church architecture which make every great church in England a field of special study, illustrated so finely in Canterbury, show how the architects of each period, mainly churchmen, have been filled with the feeling of their

own times. Not only, then, have the great historic events of centuries long past given a special interest to the study of any English cathedral, but the history of art as seen in glass and sculpture and architectural design may be read as from an open book.

Wonderful combinations of colour in great windows, which teach also some lesson in



TOMB OF ARCHBISHOP TAIT



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.—TOMB OF HENRY IV.

scripture or morals, brasses and effigies which show the dress and manners of centuries ago, and figures in stone in which may be learned the secular history of England,—all of these are before us in the church of Thomas à Becket. But still another historic interest is attached to such an English church as that at Canterbury, to which indirectly at least allusion has been made. Until the sixteenth century, which made so many things new, was well under way, all the great English statesmen, the advisers and guides of the kings, with few exceptions, were great church officials, as well. It was not until the great revo-

lution near the end of the seventeenth century, indeed, that bishops of London or archbishops of Canterbury ceased to act as chief ministers of the monarch.

In Canterbury more than anywhere else in England are we reminded of this fact; for from Canterbury came powerful and controlling influences of state for more than eight hundred years. It was perfectly natural that this should be so. Canterbury was the seat of the ecclesiastical head of the church of England. Its chair would be filled by a strong and wise man. It was his duty to place the crown upon the head of a new monarch, and in him were centred powers of which we in modern times have but

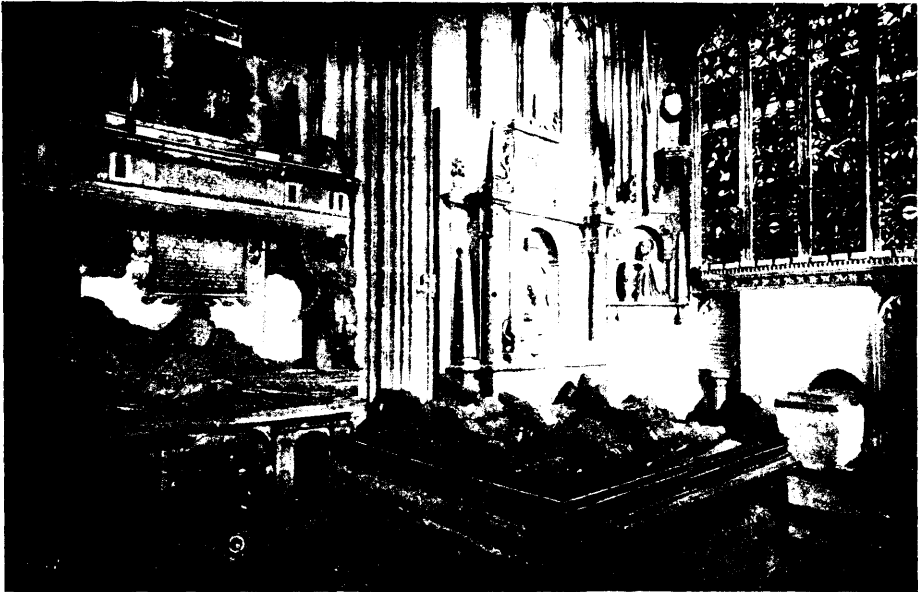
a faint conception. From St. Dunston to Archbishop Laud, from the tenth to the seventeenth century, we find in almost every important crisis at the right hand of the king, to guide or to warn, an archbishop of Canterbury. About the names and lives, therefore, of these great prelates gathers the story of England's civil and religious life. Sometimes the friends, at other times the enemies, of popular liberty; now the aiders and abettors of bigotry and persecution, and again promoters of reform and progress and growth in Church and State; reproving kings for evil living, as did Dunstan in the tenth century, wresting from kings



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL TRINITY CHAPEL.

precious grants and privileges for the people, as did Langton in the time of John,—in all the struggle towards greater strength and a broader life, in which England has been engaged since Ethelbert was baptized into the Christian faith at Canterbury, thirteen hun-

dred years ago, the churchmen of Canterbury have had no small part. To begin to write the lives of those who sat in the chair of St. Augustine would be, therefore, like undertaking to write the history of England. Some names, however, come to us as



TOMBS IN WARRIOR'S CHAPEL.



THE TRANSEPT OF MARTYRDOM.

a matter of course, besides that of the martyred Thomas, as we tread the aisles or muse in the chapels of Canterbury cathedral.

In St. Michael's, or Warrior's, Chapel, which opens to the east from the southwestern transept, more worthy of note to us than the marble and alabaster monuments all about on which recline lords and knights

and ladies of rank, we see projecting from the eastern wall the end of a plain but massive coffin of stone. It attracts our attention at once from its peculiar position. In this coffin, tradition tells us, are the bones of Stephen Langton, the great champion of national liberty, the leader of the barons who forced King John to sign the Great Charter in 1215. No champion of English rights against a foreign and selfish race of kings, not even the great Earl Simon of the next generation, deserves greater honor. It was he who forced the king to deal with the barons by lawful means months before the day of Runnymede. He saw clearly that in earlier charters was foundation enough for all that the barons demanded, and it was chiefly his hand that framed the simpler statement of what English kings owed to the English people, and thus recast

into a new charter all that was valuable in the old. The name of Stephen Langton can never be disassociated from this great victory; but Langton was first of all archbishop of Canterbury.

So it had been before when Lanfranc served William the Conqueror, and Anselm reprovved and defied William the Red; by virtue of their great



CLOISTER COURT.

churchly rank, which called for character and attainments correspondingly lofty, they baffled the selfishness of those who are pleased to think themselves royal masters. We have seen how Becket living tried the soul of the imperious Henry II, and how Becket dead humbled kingly pride as never before had been possible.

Near the place of martyrdom is the tomb of another prelate who deserves the grateful remembrance of all lovers of sound learning. Here in a tomb built by himself during his lifetime lies Archbishop Warham, who though immersed in the business of state as the minister of Henry VII, found time to show his delight in the new learning and his appreciation of the scholars who gathered around the great Erasmus. Of him old Burnet says in his *History of the Reformation*: "And, indeed, our prelate was undoubtedly a great canonist, an able statesman and a dexterous courtier; nor was he so entirely devoted to the learning of the schools, as had been the general course of studies in that and the preceding ages, but set up and encouraged a more generous way of knowledge." The greater Wolsey supplanted Warham as Keeper of the Great Seal early in the reign of Henry VIII, but the see of Canterbury was still his, and his active interest in public affairs did not cease until his death in 1532.

All of these archbishops who have thus far been mentioned were buried in the cathedral, although their dust was not always left undisturbed. But we cannot trace, however briefly, the connection between church and state in England, between king and archbishop, without halting for a moment at the name of one of the most interesting figures in that period of turmoil which ushered in the English Reformation. Thomas Cranmer would doubtless have found a resting place near Thomas Becket had his end come in more peaceful times. His body was destined to be scattered to the winds as the ashes of his funeral pile disappeared; but his name is secure in the history or that troublous time and will never be

forgotten. Something of a timeserver, perhaps, able to steer safely amongst many rocks upon which skilful men before him had been wrecked, the translator of the Bible, the compiler of the first English prayer-book, an invaluable friend of letters and learned men, Cranmer's human weakness in the dreadful moments of those last days are not laid up against him by us. We think not so much of his recantation, repeated six times, as of those words in which the real power of the man shines forth: "And, forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand therefore shall be first punished; for if I come to the fire, it shall be the first burned." And when the time came, he held his hand in the flame and "never stirred nor cried" until all was over.

Nearly a century later comes another great archbishop of Canterbury, a minister of King Charles I. whose headless body was to lie elsewhere than in the sacred precincts of the cathedral. Archbishop Laud is really the last of the long line of statesmen who were primates of all England. He seems not to have understood his times. Anxious to make the national church strong and united, desirous, it may be, to see some day a grand reunion of the Universal Church, he could not in any degree understand and appreciate the great Puritan revolution in whose vortex he was engulfed. He was a man of iron, but a stronger than he, a man of iron also, overcame him, and calmly he bent his head to the axe. "No one," said he, "can be more willing to send me out of life than I am desirous to go."

Since the days of Laud and Cromwell, archbishops of Canterbury have seen little service as ministers of state. For two hundred years the great leaders have been really chosen by the people of England through their House of Commons, and the churchmen have been left to care for the interests of their own order. But the high office of archbishop of Canterbury has none the less sought men of great ability and judgment and tact. A Tait, a

Benson and a Temple have in our own time shown qualities which might once have won for them the Great Seal of England.

And so we wander about this great pile, finding in every part some fresh evidence of the close connection of this splendid church with the history of a great nation, until again we find ourselves at the high altar in the choir, where the body of the martyr was watched by the monks, where Henry of Bolingbroke rested before he made the next occupant after the Black Prince in this august company of the dead in Trinity Chapel. Hither came the pilgrims of centuries to the tomb of an ambitious and powerful prince of the church; here our own ancestors received civilization and Christianity; and here on the steps of the altar in Christ Church, Canterbury, we may feel that we are near the beginning of all English things that are good.

We pass out of the cathedral to the

old church of St. Martin upon the hill, and look back once more upon that magnificent structure, fit to be compared to any ancient temple or Christian church that could have been seen in ancient Rome in the days of St. Augustine. On the very ground consecrated by his labours and his blessing it rises before us as the earliest cradle of Christian and ennobling influences of all kinds; for from this spot has come much in the constitution of Church and State in England by which now the British Empire is fastened together. "Hard, indeed," as one has written "would it be to find a view anywhere more inspiring than this, for if we look at it aright we may see in its attractive features, as we may in all the lessons which an intelligent study of history affords us, not only that which carries us vividly back into the past, but that also which urges us more hopefully forward to the future."

BACON'S CIPHER ON SHAKSPERE'S TOMBSTONE.*

By Dr. R. M. Bucke.

PERHAPS no man in our day has been more scoffed at than Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. Why? Simply because he has been, in some respects at least, in advance of his time, and for this sin he has had to pay the old-time, regular, orthodox penalty. He has seen things that others did not see, questioned where others did not doubt, and laid, like other prophets, impious hands on some of the people's cherished idols. One of these idols upon which he has laid sacrilegious hands is William Shakspeare, a prominent theatrical manager of the sixteenth century, long supposed, without reason, except that a name similar to his was placed on their title pages, to be

the author of some of the great-

est works ever produced by man. It will seem incredible to future ages that the authorship of the works in question could ever have been ascribed to such a man as the few facts known about him indicate the actor to have been. How could (for instance) the man who wrote Hamlet, Lear and Othello, retire to a small country town at the age of forty-six, in the full maturity of his almost superhuman powers, and there live without books, writing nothing, living (as far as we can see) the life of a retired ploughman? How could the man who wrote the great plays, who so keenly appreciated training and education, he being well off, even rich, bring up his daughter Judith in such ignorance

* "The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone," by Ignatius Donnelly. The Verulam Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Price, \$1.25.

that at the time of her marriage she could not write, but signed her name with a mark?

But for some reason the plays were attributed to this man—for three hundred years he has been held (as their author) almost sacred, until it has become a heresy to question the supposed fact. But, as we know, it has been questioned and by many of the brightest minds: by Brougham, for instance, and Dickens, by Emerson and hundreds more. Then some fifty years ago books on the question began to appear, and since that time the controversy has grown year by year more and more warm.

It would be too long here even to name the writers who have taken part in the argument, but a few may be mentioned. Delia Bacon deserves honourable recognition as a pioneer; after her Nathaniel Holmes did important service; Mrs. Pott edited the *Promus* and wrote a valuable book; Wigston, in his numerous works, aided the cause immensely by his subtle literary criticisms, showing the relation of Bacon's Essays to the Plays at large, and of Bacon's "Henry VII.," to Shakespeare's "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII.," into each of which it is dovetailed at either end, and so on. Later we have had Mr. Donnelly's able summing up of the case in the "Great Cryptogram." Edwin Reid's excellent little book, and, still more important, Bormann's "Shakespeare Secret," in which the parallelism of thought in Bacon and Shakespeare is brought out more strongly perhaps than in any other book. Then Ruggles made an important contribution in his thoughtful and valuable work, "The Plays of Shakespeare Founded on Literary Forms." On the other side Halliwell-Phillips, Appleton Morgan, Charlotte Stopes, and quite lately John Fiske in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, last of all, Sidney Lee, in his "Life of William Shakespeare," have done all that could be done for the claims of Shakspeare.

As the matter stands to-day, the books on the two sides of the controversy would make a respectable

library, and anything like an exhaustive summary of the argument could not be packed into one volume of any reasonable size. No idea, therefore, could be given here of that argument; it must suffice to say that reasons entirely apart from all ciphers have been adduced by the Baconians sufficiently cogent to convince quite a large proportion of the reading and thinking public, that the great philosopher, scientist, lawyer, orator, wit and prose writer was the actual author of the plays.

Then was announced, only a few months ago, the discovery by Dr. Platt of the anagram contained in the long word, "Honorificabilitudinitatibus." And now comes the latest, and, perhaps, most decisive contribution that has been made, this book, namely, of Mr. Donnelly's, in which he, along with much else, interprets for us (after it had waited nearly three hundred years for a reader) the inscription upon Shakspeare's tombstone.

The epitaph in question reads as follows:—

"Good Friend for Jesus SAKE forbear
To diGG T-E Dust Enclō-Ased HE.Re.
T
Biese be T-E Man Y spares T-Es Stones
T
And curst be He Y moves my Bones."

We know it was placed over his grave very soon after the actor's death because the curse contained in it had the effect of preventing the burial of his wife, who died in 1623, at his side. What follows? Bacon, in the sixth book of the "De Augmentis," (first published in 1623) describes, with what seems absurd particularity in such a place, a cipher, "Which I devised myself when I was in Paris in my early youth," and he says, "As I have it by me why should I set it down as among the desiderata, instead of propounding the thing itself?" And so he goes on to give us the cipher, which is in fact the Morse Alphabet which has been invented over again for telegraphic purposes. By means of it you compose an alphabet by a combination of any two differences, as a

short dash and a long one, a short sound and a long one, or any other. In the example given by Bacon you take a larger letter and a smaller one—say capital letters and lower case ditto, thus: riend = aaaaa = a, esusS = aaaab = b, uslEn = aaaba = c, and so on throughout (see Cipher in "De Augmentis" or in Mr. Donnelly's book). Now it is easy to see the immense advantages of this cipher. In the first place, any words can be made to mean anything. In the second, there is no possibility of the hidden meaning being brought out until the key is published. In the third, the letters that you want to use the most can be made the most simple—the most undemonstrative. Take this particular case, Bacon invents a cipher (we will suppose) for the purpose of revealing "after some time be past" his authorship of certain books. Wherever he uses this cipher his name will appear in it. Now see how simple he has made those letters which enter into his name, aaaab = b, aaaaa = a, aaaba = c, and so on—b too read backward is r, c read backwards is i.

The next thing is the actual use of the cipher. We see Bacon here using it on a tombstone. A certain man dies at Stratford on the 3rd of May, 1616. Ben Jonson, a friend and secretary of Bacon's is said to have been with him. Bacon is at the time rich, powerful, a personal friend of the King's. He prepares the verse, writes it out in the crazy looking mixture of small letters and capitals which we see. He has it cut on the stone, most likely in London. The stone is placed on the Stratford grave. The jumble of large and small letters passes for the freak, stupidity, carelessness or ignorance of a country stone cutter. No one dreams of a hidden meaning. If they did they could not find it, for the key is safe among Bacon's papers. The stone lies quietly over the quiet grave until it is broken and (some sixty years ago) removed and lost. Had not some careful antiquarians copied it letter for letter before that happened Bacon's scheme would have failed. But Bacon was,

after all, right in supposing that the reverence for the man who was thought to have written the Shakespeare drama would keep alive (in some shape) the words placed upon his tombstone. And sure enough they are still before us in their original bizarre form, and at last they have been read. I have not space enough at my command here to show how the ingenuity of Donnelly has solved the marvellous puzzle and deciphered Bacon's riddle. And indeed it would be unnecessary to quote so much from Donnelly's book, since everyone at all interested will desire to get the volume and read the whole account for himself in it. Let it suffice to say that our author reads it letter by letter following with rare acuteness the numerous twists and turns of the subtle cryptographer until the skein is unravelled, every letter made out and they are all built one by one each into its proper place in the cryptic sentence which stands out at last as follows:

FRANCIS BACON WROTE
THE GREENE MARLOWE AND
SHAKESPEARE PLAYES.

So far, Mr. Donnelly deserves the thanks of all thoughtful men for this notable and important discovery. And not for its importance alone, great as that is; for Mr. Donnelly has not only given us something, but has opened the door to a probably vast storehouse into which we may enter and in which we shall almost certainly help ourselves to many times more than he has given us. He has shown for the first time why Francis Bacon gave us in detail that particular cipher in the "De Augmentis," and he has taught us to read it in the Shakespeare tombstone inscription. It will be a curious thing if we do not better his instruction and make more out of this hint than perhaps Mr. Donnelly dreams of. For instance, the present writer since reading Donnelly's book has been guided by it to another Shakespearean stone upon which another Baconian cryptogram is written. He will soon give it to the world. It solves one of the oldest and most mysterious Shakespeare riddles and will

create as much interest as will Mr. Donnelly's rendition of the grave lines. It is clear now that this same cipher, so carefully constructed by its almost preternaturally intelligent author, is used in many places and I will venture the prophecy that within twelve months

—that is before the opening of the twentieth century—overwhelming testimony as to Bacon's literary doings will be obtained and we shall have in outline clearly before us—unmistakably revealed, the most remarkable chapter in all the history of literature.

OUR MARCHING.

I SAW the might of our Empire
 In a dream, as the faggots sank ;
 I heard the heart of a nation
 Pulse out from rank to rank ;
 I felt the weight of their marching
 And I heard their harness clank ;

Clank of the metal traces—
 And the heavy guns replied ;
 Clank of the liting sabres
 Swinging along the side ;
 Foot, and horse and guns,
 And my heart was mad with pride.

Highland and Lowland men,
 And men from the Outer Seas ;
 Brave hearts from England's heart—
 True hearts from the Colonies ;
 Shoulder to shoulder they went
 With the red dust to their knees.

I saw in the roads before them
 Fortress and barricade,
 And a people who cried defiance—
 Sullen and unafraid ;
 Then I heard the voice of the Empire
 Roll back to the last brigade.

I saw the gay, red tunics
 Swing forward, rank on rank.
 I saw the gay, straight Lancers
 Spur hillward, neck to flank.
 I heard the gunners' curses
 And I heard the harness clank.

But nought could I see of them
 That had blocked the way and defied—
 Nought of the sullen people
 That had spat at our regal pride,
 Save a huddle of shapes in the road,
 And blood on the mountain-side.

Theodore Roberts.

ENCOUNTER WITH A LEOPARD.

AN INCIDENT FROM NATAL.

OLD Joe Massy, a very famous South African hunter, gives a reminiscence in the following words :

“Some years back I paid a visit to an old bachelor friend and ally of mine, who had given up elephant hunting and settled down quietly on a thorn farm in the thickly wooded country which borders the Mooi River.

“The place was said to be a favourite haunt of leopards, or tigers, as they are termed in the Colony, but Jem Neil held such in but mean repute; and, as the place suited him, determined to stand his ground. The number of handsome tiger-skin karosses that adorned the homestead sufficiently proved his prowess, and that his right hand had not lost its cunning. But matters on my arrival were not flowing as smoothly as heretofore, for a wary, and probably aged, leopard had commenced a series of well-planned and skilfully executed depredations on his possessions, that completely baffled Jem’s foresight and experience.

“In obedience to his sportsmanlike instincts, he had for some time attempted to hunt the animal down in the usual way, but signally failing in doing so, was at last reduced, as he gloomily informed me, to resort to poison; but this tiger’s ways were not the ways of the majority of its tribe, for he declined to return to any half-eaten or slain carcase, and acting as his own butcher, selected and killed the very best of the herd and flock. It is difficult to estimate the amount of damage and worry that a crafty brute of this sort can inflict on the farm, or the difficulty of guarding against its attacks. In this case, Neil had been compelled, much to the detriment of his sheep, to confine them at night in a close shed, built of rough stone, and even this precaution proved ineffectual after a time. He took me to examine

the place, and faith, how the tiger managed to claw and drag a well-grown lamb (the usual victim) under the strong five-barred gate that closed the shed, fairly puzzled me; though a narrow space had purposely been left open at the bottom for the setting of a spring gun, as yet, however, without success. The outward enclosures, though they also consisted of two roughly-built stone walls of some five feet in height, did not present any insuperable obstacles in themselves; but as the shed and kraals were within a few yards distance of the dwelling-house and Kafir’s hut, it was astonishing that the tiger ever ventured on an attack at all. One day, Neil, on his return from town, displayed a high steel trap, made on the gin principle, and though neither of us placed over much confidence in its efficacy, we eagerly awaited an opportunity to use it. But the leopard had seemingly grown disgusted at the restraints placed upon his movements, and departed for happier hunting grounds, so we were about to allow the flock to sleep outside again, in the cool summer air, when the Kafirs reported another victim. And sure enough, on the soft beaten ground, without the kraal, we readily detected the spoor (track) of the tiger, as also the marks of its claws, where it had climbed over the stone enclosures. Under this spot we carefully set the gin, concealing it well with earth in the usual manner though, according to precedent, we hardly expected the animal to return for some few evenings. At about ten, however, on the following night, as Jem and I had finished our smoke and were thinking of bed, an excited Kafir rushed in: “Baas, baas! de teeger cot, de teeger cot!” Seizing our guns, which were lying on a rack ready loaded and capped, we ran out into the night. It was one of those densely-

dark, moonless nights, which has cost many of us a bed in the veldt, when the natural obscurity is increased by a thick veil of mist, drifting down from the bush-lands, and it was with difficulty that we even groped our way to the kraal gate. Perhaps the idea uppermost in our minds might be that a trapped tiger was of but small account, and certainly, in anything of a clear night, long practice had made us both tolerably sure of our aim, but now we felt that a new and unforeseen difficulty had arisen. Jem called out lustily for a light, and the Kafirs presently appeared, bearing a small lantern. Guided by its feeble rays, we entered the enclosure in a body and flashed the light on to the gin. There, in truth, crouching down by the trap, was a large leopard, its eyes gleaming wickedly through the darkness and apparently caught by the hind leg. With a low chuckle and half suppressed "So we have got you at last, my boy," Jem advanced, took a careful aim, and fired. The tiger, before motionless, now bounded up with a fierce roar that echoed wildly through the surrounding rocks, in its rush tearing up one of the stakes which secured the trap, and with desperate energy flung itself from side to side to wrench clear of the snare. I sprang forward, and covering the animal as best as I could (rather a ticklish matter by the uncertain light) fired, with the only effect seemingly of increasing its fury.

"At this critical moment, the Kafir who bore the lantern dropped it in a fright, and fled precipitately to his fellows, who had retreated without the walls. The light was extinguished by the fall, and we were left in darkness with the fierce creature. After repeated objurgations from us both, one of the Zulus took heart of grace, and procuring a larger lantern, passed it

over the wall of the enclosure on the end of a whip-stick.

"We now both advanced, and Neil, raising his gun, pulled the trigger. I saw the flash, I heard the report, and I can now recall the wild roar of mingled fury and triumph with which the tiger, freeing itself by a last desperate effort, flashed past me and sprang upon Neil.

"In the fitful light I could for an instant make out the old man, as with his gun clubbed, he endeavoured to keep off the savage brute; the next they were lost in the gloom. Again they struggled into the narrow focus of the lantern, then disappeared as they rolled together on the floor of the kraal. I scarcely dared to fire, as the least mistake on my part might be fatal to my comrade; yet quick, immediate action was needful, for the old man's strength was ebbing fast. So bearing the lamp high aloft, and holding my gun pistol-wise, I approached the combatants. A chance movement of the leopard, as he gained the ascendancy, exposed his body; I drew the trigger; the charge, a heavy one of slugs, passed through his loins, and with a growl he loosened his hold and slunk away into the darkness.

"With the assistance of the Kafirs (who, assured of the discomfiture of the foe, had ventured forth) I carried Neil to the house, and though severely scratched and torn in the contest, he was soon in a fair way to recovery.

"The leopard was found dead hard by in the morning, and I think that the old man almost forgot his wounds in the pleasure of contemplating its handsome skin, which now hangs beside his many other hunting trophies; though, indeed, it was claimed in the first place by—now just guess who? Why the rascally Kafir who had dropped the light, on the plea that he had first discovered the tiger in the trap!"

—Cape Magazine.



A GLIMPSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By Oscar Frederick Taylor.

CONSTANTINOPLE has been called the most beautiful city in existence ; but this claims rather too much for the Turkish capital. Its natural position, however, may be said to be one of the finest in the world. With the tourist its popularity is steadily increasing, and during "the season" Pera, the foreign section, is as cosmopolitan as Paris. April, May, September and October are the favourite months for visitors, who flock in hundreds to pay their respects to St. Sophia, and enjoy the cool breezes from the Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora.

Unlike any other city in the world, Constantinople is built on two continents ; for, of its three sections : Stambul, Galata-Pera and Skutari, the first two are on the European side, divided by the Golden Horn ; and the last is on the Asiatic side, with the Bosphorus between it and Europe. The city is certainly not cramped for want of room in which to expand. Its area is something over half that of New York city, and its population about eight hundred thousand (canine population the same), although the absence of an official census makes it largely guesswork.

There is a rather odd method in vogue for taking the census in some of the small Turkish towns, but which is not practised in Constantinople. When the Turk wishes to determine the number of his unspeakable brethren, the following plan is adopted : officials are sent out to the various bakeries, and the total output of bread, for a certain day, is ascertained. Two loaves are then allowed per diem for each person, and the population is thereby fairly estimated. This system appears very primitive at first ; but after all, appetite is the most dependable feature of some people.

From Constantinople many delightful trips may be made to the Black Sea,

Princes Islands, Sweet Waters of Asia, etc., and the visitor who is fond of the water may gratify his taste quite as well as he who prefers to spend his time exploring the innumerable mosques, fountains and tombs in which this city is so rich.

Its situation and environs attract the majority of tourists rather than the city itself ; for the view of Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora is one of the most imposing sights imaginable, suggesting some phantom city of the Arabian Nights rather than a nineteenth century port. The slender minarets give the mosques a very graceful appearance and relieve the heaviness of the bulging cupolas. From a balcony on these minarets the Muezzin calls the people to prayer five times a day.

St. Sophia is certainly the most famous mosque in Constantinople, although most visitors are at first disappointed in this venerable piece of architecture. It is the same old story of over-anticipation. They have formed a shadowy ideal of gorgeousness, and find nothing of the sort. St. Sophia is not highly decorated, and the mosaics and other embellishments that it possessed, when a Christian Church, have been painted over and otherwise marred by its Mohammedan owners. The crosses have been skilfully turned into tridents, to remove all traces of Christianity, and the addition of minarets, and other changes, have altered the appearance of the outside past recognition. It is by its sheer immensity and nobility of design that St. Sophia demands our admiration.

Everything in this city of wonders is on a large scale except the streets ; and the maze of little lanes and alleys that make up the Grand Bazaar, is one of the most interesting features of Constantinople. The tourist will be sure to make an early visit



CONSTANTINOPLE VIEW FROM STAMBOUL.

to it, if he is under the guidance of a dragoman.

The Bazaar consists of a number of streets, roofed in, with stalls and

booths arranged down either side. Here the Turk exhibits his goods for sale,

and such noise and general excitement prevails that the visitor soon exhausts



CONSTANTINOPLE —DANCING DERVISHES.

his supply of adjectives (and change).

The Turks are peculiarly suited to bazaars—to anything, in fact, that does not involve more than sitting still. They are fatalists, and apply their golden text, *Kismet dir* (It is fate), to all events, good or bad—especially bad; for it is human nature to feel personally responsible for the good ones.

In this Bazaar may be found anything that man could wish—or woman either, for that matter; but the women in Turkey are supposed to wish for

probably paying too much. It is not what the *goods* are worth that determine their price, but more often what the Turk considers his *customer to be worth*.

The howling and dancing Dervishes have their headquarters at Constantinople, and always attract crowds of visitors. The air of mystery surrounding their religion, and its manifestation, is a continual source of interest to foreigners and of revenue to themselves. The revolving motion of the



CONSTANTINOPLE—ST. SOPHIA MOSQUE.

very little in this world, and, as they are believed to be without souls, they certainly cannot be expected to get much in the next.

Whenever the visitor enters a store he is offered a cup of Turkish coffee, which acts, presumably like the fabled sleep potions, and deadens his perception of the amount to which he is being swindled. The experienced purchaser usually offers from a quarter to a half of the price asked, and is then

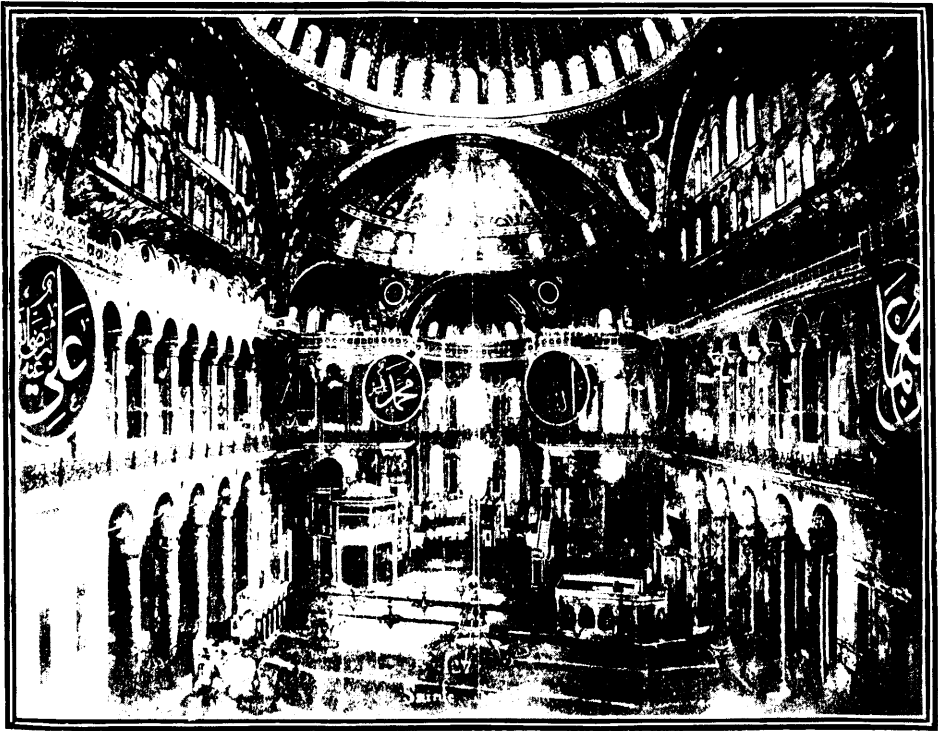
dancing, or whirling, Dervish—in imitation of the solar system—is supposed to have some connection with the Hindoo mysteries. The howling ones are the more weird of the two, as they accompany their motions with unearthly yells and grunts. They work themselves into a kind of religious frenzy by this long-continued devotion, and are frequently quite overcome by their excitement. At the close of the demonstration children are brought in and

made to lie down, while the head Dervish walks over them, thereby making them proof against all disease. The performances are usually given on Friday, which is the Turkish Sabbath.

Friday is also the day of the "Selamlık," or procession of the Sultan to his private mosque; as it is about the only opportunity of seeing His Majesty, it is always well attended by tourists. Visitors obtain cards of admission from their ambassadors, and have a

the visitors' pavilion always mystifies strangers a good deal, as it appears to be some four or five hours fast. The reason for this is that the Turkish day begins at sunset, so that the time varies throughout the year, always keeping from four to seven hours ahead of European time.

At about noon the interest commences, when numerous little carts arrive, filled with sand which is spread on the road between the palace and the



CONSTANTINOPLE—INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA.

special pavilion at their disposal in the grounds of Yildiz Palace, from which they can get an excellent view of the whole function. All foreigners feel grateful to His "Sultanic" Majesty for the comfortable quarters provided them, as well as for the dainty cups of tea that are handed round at lunch time. The ceremony commences at one o'clock, but to get a good seat it is necessary to be there an hour or so beforehand. The clock opposite

mosque. Gorgeous officials keep coming on horseback and in carriages, while everybody offers an opinion as to who they are. The military begins to assemble—Albanians in their shining white uniforms, and Arabs in brilliant blue. The cavalry form a semi-circle outside the gate, while the infantry line the roads and surround the mosque. About seven thousand men are present.

Shortly before one o'clock the Muezzin recites the Mahommedan creed, be-

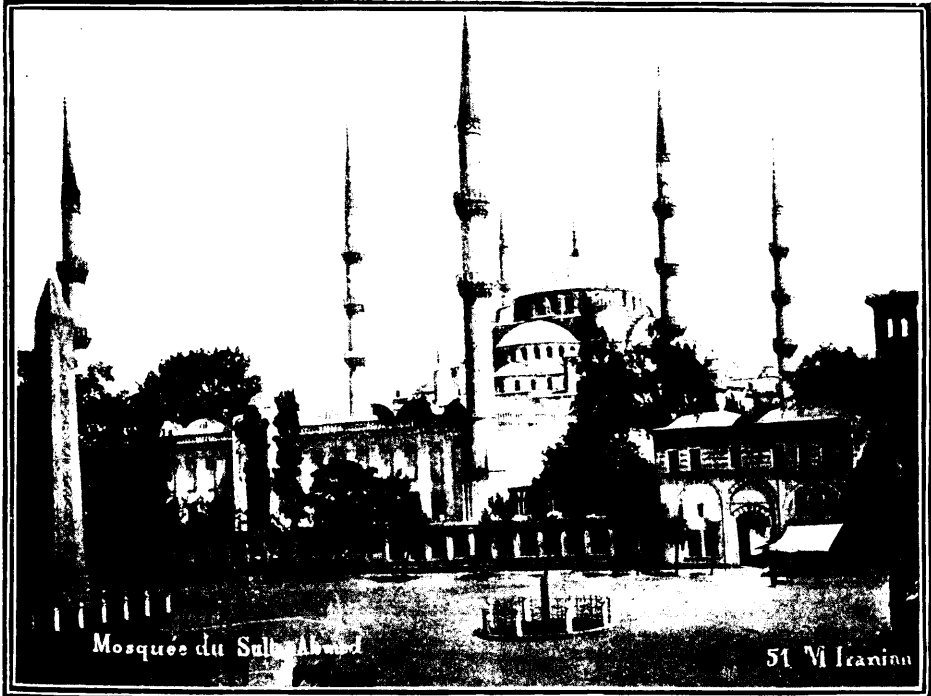
ginning Allah Akber! Allah Akber! which is the exhortation to prayer. Then follows a stately procession of carriages, containing some of the favourite wives; then come the Pashas, then Princes, and then the Sultan himself. As he passes down the line, each soldier salaams, while this plain little middle-aged gentleman in the carriage nods graciously to his officers and men. The few stray nods in the direction of the visitors' pavilion are eagerly claimed, and each spectator feels deep down in his heart that it was to him that the Sultan smiled. His Majesty enters the mosque, and the carriages of wives are rowed up outside, as women are not allowed in. The Selamlık has an important bearing on the Sultan's policy, for it seals a connection between the Church and the Army, so necessary to his power.

The Sultan is very conservative with regard to modern improvements, and will allow only one telephone in the whole city. This one is in connection

with the Constantinople fire brigade—an organization as interesting as it is primitive.

There are two large fire-towers in different parts of the city, from the top of which men with telescopes keep a lookout for fires. If a fire is discovered they communicate with a gang of men stationed at the foot of the tower, and these run in all directions announcing the fact. They carry large canes, which they strike on the ground to attract attention and then deliver their news. Meanwhile a telephone message is sent to the head fire station, and about two hundred men and half a dozen reels are quickly turned out. The men run in a body, pushing the reels along, some carrying lanterns, and create tremendous excitement among the admiring Orientals. The fire-towers afford the visitor a very fine view of the city and suburbs, and so serve a double purpose.

A pleasant way to get a good general idea of Constantinople is to hire



CONSTANTINOPLE—MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

one of the smart carriages, stationed by the Municipal Gardens in Pera, and drive to the Old Walls. This takes the tourist through some of the most interesting parts of Stambul, where the streets are so narrow that the carriage almost rubs the houses on either side, and where the roads are rough enough to severely test the carriage-springs, but this is a "typical" eastern drive, and shows the visitor features of Turkish life that he would otherwise overlook.

The Walls themselves are massive ruins about five miles in length, stretching along the land side of Stambul; they are flanked by a large number of towers, and must have been a most powerful defence when intact. The earthquakes that Constantinople is subject to, have been the main cause of their destruction, and are indeed responsible for a great deal of damage done to mosques and other buildings throughout the city.

Who has not heard of the dogs of Constantinople? They are certainly among its most noted features, and are not long in bringing themselves before the visitor's notice. They seem to have absorbed the fatalistic principles of the people among whom they live, and lie about in the streets with the most resigned expression, as though they would rather be stepped on than get up. If a man advertised for a dog in Constantinople it would certainly stop all traffic on his street when the applications began to arrive. Dogs take the place of sparrows in this city, and are held in a kind of reverence by the Turks, although the Sultan has several times tried to lessen their number by exiling large batches to a suburb. They always manage to find



CONSTANTINOPLE—GALATA FIRE-TOWER.

their way back, though, and seem benefited by their outing, and better able to carry on their good work at night. They are not at all vicious; in fact they have not energy enough to be vicious; they do not fight, except when some stranger from another quarter of the city intrudes upon their possessions, but when this does occur, the sleeper within ten blocks of the spot is soon cognizant of the fact.

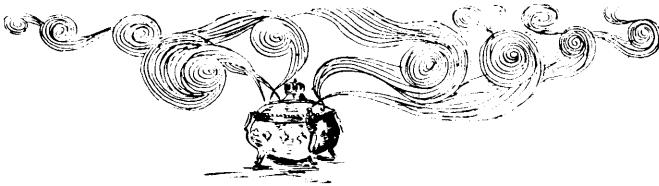
The dogs are most numerous in Stambul, which is the truly Turkish quarter; in Pera, things have a much more western appearance, and the hotels, Municipal Gardens, and French shops make it the favourite rendezvous of those visitors who prefer to remain in a more modern atmosphere. Italian opera can be heard almost every night in the Municipal Gardens, where many a pleasant hour may be spent among the shady walks and olive foliage.

The water also affords amusement for this class of visitors ; an excursion up the Golden Horn in a "caïque"—a quaint little Turkish craft—has usually a place on the tourist's programme ; or, for those who do not care to trust themselves to so primitive a boat, a trip up the Bosphorus is an enjoyable way of spending the afternoon. The scenery on both sides, as far as Yeni Mahalleh, is charming, and the scattered villages and white palaces, with their background of dark green foliage, keep the spectator's eyes and imagination busy. A good view may be had of Yildiz Kiosk, where the present Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid Khan II. resides ; below this, on the water's edge, stands Cheraghan Palace, where ex-Sultan Murat is kept in confinement. This palace was built by the famous

Abd-ul-Aziz, who, after his death, was referred to by the London *Times* as Sultan Aziz as was. The Bosphorus trip takes about four hours.

The Princes Islands also claim a day of the visitor's time, for from the lofty crags of Prinkipo—one of the group—a most impressive view of Constantinople may be had, which is alone well worth the trip.

Altogether, Constantinople is a most interesting city to visit, and when at last the tourist must bend his course towards the matter-of-fact West, it is with a feeling of deep regret ; the minarets fade away in the distance as the steamer swings into the blue expanse of the Sea of Marmora, and only a memory remains of the imperial city of Constantine.



THE ANEMONE.

THERE is a spot of the dim forest deep,
 Sacred by edict of chaste Artemis ;
 Here may the unmolested wild-deer sleep,
 Dreaming of browsings and its dearest bliss ;
 The light of day is filtered thro' the trees,
 And drops like honey on one wood-flower lone.
 This is the place where blows th' anemone,
 Kissed by the sylvan breeze,
 And sheltered by a bank and cool mossed stone,
 And watched by many shadows tremblingly.

John Stuart Thomson



BY C.A. BRAMBLE

III.—WAPITI AND ANTELOPE.*

THE elk or wapiti (*Cervus Canadensis*) was once widely distributed far to the south of its present habitat. It is such a noble beast that men were keen to kill it, so that it was an object of persecution in season and out of season, until our American cousins have made almost as effectual a clearance of their "elk" as they have done of their buffalo. Moreover, we Canadians are following their example, and except in the devil's club-protected forests of Vancouver Island I cannot see much hope for the few thousand wapiti yet left alive.

Leaving out of consideration a few scattered animals in northwestern Quebec, whose presence so far east of the range of the species was unsuspected until quite recently, and is as yet unexplained, wapiti are not known to occur east of the swamp region bordering the western limits of Ontario. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have probably a monopoly of our remaining wapiti, excepting, of course, the claims of the island territory already mentioned. But in Manitoba, at least, they will soon be cleared off, in spite of admirable laws. The animals are found in such easy ground that they may, and frequently are, killed by mounted men, who either shoot them from the saddle or ride them down and slaughter them at leisure. Wherever there are "bluffs" or patches of timber in southeastern, southwestern, and western Manitoba, you may find a few elk. These so-called bluffs are really very insignificant affairs, being often

but a long gentle slope to the east, with a level stretch of table land to the west; in fact, are usually merely parts of the old shore line of Lake Agassiz, which geologists tell us once occupied the greater part of Manitoba, the present lakes, Manitoba, Winnipegosis, etc., being the shruken remains of what was then a sheet of water, perhaps the equal in size of Superior. As long as the elk remain in the broken ground they may only be shot after a careful stalk or still hunt, but when, as is often the case, they may be forced to take to the open to escape a mounted man, they are easily run down. The wapiti has a long tireless trot, but if pressed by a good pony is soon blown, and may be roped or dropped by a shot from a six-shooter.

Wherever you find the name "red deer" on a map of the Northwest it means the elk. There are several so-called Red Deer rivers, all of which are, or were, part of the elk range. Wapiti are found in a broad, segmental belt, extending from Lake Dauphin to the foot of the Rockies in Southern Alberta. The southern limits of this belt are the great plains, while the northern border is somewhere between the Saskatchewan and Athabaska lake, probably about the height of land. In the foothills wapiti have been met with certainly as far as Little Slave Lake, and all the way down to the International boundary line they may be shot in a narrow belt of country bounded by the bunch grass plains and the main chain of the range.

* With the sixth article in this series will be given a large coloured game map of Canada.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

THE WAPITI (ELK).

Strangely enough, they are not known to occur in British Columbia except on Vancouver Island, though their bones and shed antlers are found on many of the interior mountains. The Indians say they were destroyed by an exceptionally severe winter, with terrific snowfall, many years ago, but this is not a satisfactory explanation, and may

only serve until a better is forthcoming. But the fact remains that they are unknown as soon as the main range of the Rockies is crossed to the westward.

Every old hide hunter in the American Rockies has his tales of 1,000-pound wapiti, with horns, which if placed points down, would form an arch under which a six-footer could pass without stooping or touching. Canadians have not that rank, luxuriant fancy which permits elk to grow after death to so royal a size. Perhaps our wapiti, after all, are inferior in stature to those that erstwhile whistled in brown October on the mountains of Colorado and Wyoming. Certainly a set of antlers measuring sixty inches along the beam is about as good as Canada affords, and allowing for curvature such a head would hardly make an arch under which one of Stanley's African pigmies could pass upright.

A fairly good Manitoba head measured last year was under forty-seven inches, but of course many animals fall to the rifle each season whose heads are better than this by several inches.

As to weight, I have been told by men who hunted elk in Wyoming twenty years ago that they had shot animals weighing 1,200. Unfortun-

ately the weight was invariably guessed at, steelyards and Fairbanks scales being absent, and I think it very possible they were mistaken. Without going into any argument upon this subject let us agree that an 800-pound stag makes a very pretty reward for a forenoon's stalk, and one with which any sportsman may rest content. I refrained from writing "true sportsman" advisedly, because he, poor fellow, seems never to kill anything, and must be left out. As far as my limited opportunities for sizing him up go, the true sportsman is a man whose mission in life is to keep the gundealers and outfitters busy supplying his imaginary wants, and whom they in return gratefully depict in impossible attitudes, killing animals of colossal size and undetermined species, on each sixteen-colour covered price list and catalogue issued by the firm.

The wapiti of the American continent is very similar to the red deer of Europe, and still nearer the large Bara Singa, or stag of Cashmere, I believe. It seems probable that at some remote period the red deer and the wapiti sprung from the same stock, but if so the superior pasturage and wider range has given the American animal the advantage. These causes have had a similar effect in other cases, and acting during a long period would possibly be quite capable of producing the variation now found between the two animals.

The wapiti stag is a mormon among beasts. His harem is regulated by his ability to whip all rivals. A royal stag after driving away less vigorous males, appropriates their female following during the rutting season. This period begins as soon as his horns have been rubbed clear of velvet and are in a condition to be used as weapons. During September and October the weirdly beautiful bugling of the wapiti stags could be heard from every hill when they abounded. It is the most thrilling sound a hunter may listen to. After hearing it once all other animal calls seem tame. Not only is the game a regal prize, but it is followed amid

such romantic surroundings that it gains greatly in interest through its setting. During the summer the wapiti remain in the high ranges, in heavy timber, but on the approach of autumn they begin to work down the mountain sides and during the rut are found where alternate belts of aspen and pine relieve the brown bunch grass of the uplands. I do not think the wapiti as graceful as the red deer of Europe, nor does he carry his head with the same proud grace, but then the Canadian is twice the size of the Scotch stag and bears an infinitely finer set of antlers.

The cow wapiti are decidedly plain. They have a mulish carriage, big ears, and a tucked-up movement far from attractive. However, cow-meat is very welcome in camp, while no one but a true sportsman would care to eat the flesh of an old bull, shot during the height of the rutting season, and he only eats it in theory, as we all know.

The wapiti found on Vancouver Island are becoming differentiated from the normal type in a few minor respects. They do not carry as good heads as the animals found on the open flanks of the Rockies. The island is covered with a tremendous growth of timber, the underbrush especially being incredibly dense. A few animals have been shot, but not many, though there may be quite large bands in the north end of the island. Those who have shot Vancouver elk, generally found them in the Salmon River country. The odds are very much against the hunter, as the forest may hardly be penetrated, except by following up some stream, and a single jump will too often take the game out of sight. As may be readily imagined, hunting under such circumstances is not particularly satisfactory, and but few men trouble the wapiti of the island—at least a second time. Long after the last of the elk of the Northwest Territories shall have been exterminated, wapiti will sneak, like gigantic rabbits, through the almost impenetrable jungles at the head of Salmon River.

When the west was first settled, wapiti used to be seen in bands numbering thousands; now there are few parts of Canada where the bands number more than a few head. These large bands were formed by all the animals in a range massing together when about to seek the lower grounds. The same thing happens to-day in the north with the caribou. In northern British Columbia, the caribou seek the higher ranges in summer, keeping near the snow-line while the flies are troublesome, large bands being rare at that season, but by the close of August they round up and travel down the different passes in long strings numbering thousands. Well, so far as the wapiti is concerned, those halcyon days are over.

An animal that is the complement of the wapiti, replacing it, and the other forest-loving creatures, where the trees end and the brown, sun-dried plain begins, is the American antelope. It is not a true antelope, any more than the buffalo is a buffalo, or the robin a robin, or the various American partridges true partridges, but it comes nearer to being an antelope than anything else, excepting a goat—wherefor the wise men of the museums call it a goat-antelope.

This graceful creature is perhaps better known to the travelling public than any other species of Canadian big game, because after leaving Medicine Hat, the main line of the C. P. R. passes through the heart of the antelope country for several hundred miles, and about Swift Current, especially in winter, bands may usually be seen from the train. In the winter of 1895 the antelope drifted down before the biting north wind in bands numbering hundreds. For some weeks they could not gather courage to cross the track, but at length managed to hop across the dreaded steel bands, when they soon disappeared, finding shelter and food in the snug valleys of the Cypress Hills. One band was not so fortunate, however, for a night express ran into it, killing twenty-seven.

Antelope meat is never out of season.

When all other animals are poor, in spring and summer, the ranchmen still find antelope meat is not only good, but eatable. Of course, at that time of the year no one shoots antelope unless actually hard pressed for meat, but it is not an unusual event to find a ranch depending entirely for fresh meat on the rifle and gun. Only as a last resource is a steer sacrificed.

Antelope are very good runners, and before the plainsmen had thoroughbred deer hounds, were, no doubt, too swift for the mongrels attached to the ranches; but with a couple of Gleggarry deerhounds, hard as nails, on at his heels, an antelope on favourable ground may generally be run down. This is as exciting sport as the west affords, and if your pony does not put his foot into a badger hole, you are sure to enjoy a morning gallop after antelope in Assiniboia.

Antelope are wary, but as curious as women. They may often be shot by a hunter who lays on his back and kicks his heels in the air—such a peculiar proceeding being so irresistible that they have to investigate it. Sometimes a band will stand still, as though carved from wood, on some slight rise in the plain, just out of range; but do not for one moment suppose they have lost their cunning, get off your horse making a pretence of stalking them, and you shall be taught differently. The first depression which hides you is a hint to them to scamper off like the wind, and when you climb the next rise they are 500 yards away, rigid as plaster images once more, with their telescopic eyes fixed intently upon something in your direction. Should you be a tenderfoot, they will be quite willing to play at this game of hide-and-seek with you all day long.

Although exceedingly swift of hoof, the antelope either cannot or dare not attempt a leap over a fence three feet high. A broad jump they will negotiate with wonderful ease, but the least obstacle having vertical height is too much for them. It is instructive to note the difference in this respect between themselves and the bighorn or

mountain sheep. The latter—I have seen them do this in captivity—will jump to the top of a five-foot fence made of inch boards, and remain poised thereon in great content, but in horizontal distance I do not think they could get over half the space an antelope would clear with hardly an effort.

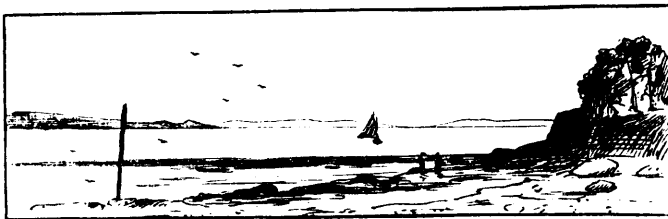
In no form of sport is one of the new long range, smokeless powder, rifles more useful. When they become generally distributed through the West the antelope will join the buffalo in the happy hunting grounds. These beautiful plains-animals manage to keep out of the way of the old style of bullet in a majority of cases; but given a first-rate shot and judge of distance, and antelope in bands will be wiped out at ranges between 400 and 800 yards. I have seen one dropped at the longer range by a shot from a Winchester 30-40 smokeless.

A long and bitter controversy raged in the sporting press a few years ago on the question of antelope shedding their horns. The pronghorn differs from deer in this respect, as he does not cast his horns in the spring and regrow them by the succeeding autumn. This would never do, because the horns are not intended by nature to settle differences with rival males, as is the case with deer, so much as a defence against the miserable cayote, ever on the prowl for a dinner. So Dame Nature arranges that the antelope shall carry his horns continuously, the new

one growing up inside the old, until, in the end, the latter is levered off and falls to the ground as a shell, the new one being hard and fit for business almost immediately.

The Rockies, in Canada at least, form a barrier through which the pronghorn never penetrates. These notes are being written from a shack in southern British Columbia, and in sight of the cabin-door is as fine a range of prairie land as an antelope could wish for, but they have never found their way through the passes, being as fond of the open plains as their fellow-partner of the wastes, the Blackfoot. An incident showing the fondness of the latter for the open, and his dread of the mountain, may be permitted, although it is not connected with the natural history of the pronghorn. A few months ago a Blackfoot committed a murder, and the Mounted Police camped upon his trail. For many weeks they could not catch him, but although he could have escaped with the greatest ease by taking to the mountains and crossing into the States or British Columbia, they spent no time in looking for him beyond the foothills, knowing he would never face the dread spirits of the range. And they were right; he was eventually captured far out on the plain, and has since paid the penalty of his crime. The Mountain Stony, on the other hand, would sooner go to live in Texas than leave his beloved mountains.

To be Continued.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE Christmas Number of this Magazine was well received and the large edition exhausted at an early date. During 1900 we hope to send out several numbers fully equal to last month's issue and to complete the year with a Christmas Number which will make a new record in Canadian publishing.

✱

The political feature of December has been the election in Manitoba, in which the Premier, the Hon. Thomas Greenway, has suffered a reverse. To his credit let it be said, that he has accepted his defeat gracefully, and will continue to serve his province in the equally important position of Leader of the Opposition. The February number will contain an article on the election, by the editor of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, with photographs of the old and the new Ministers and other leading members of the new legislature.

✱

The New Year is upon us, the last of the century. It is difficult to write buoyantly of it or of its possibilities while this heart-rending struggle is proceeding in South Africa. Let us as Britishers and Canadians enter upon the new year with determination, but without boasting. British pluck and brains and skill are on trial to-day before all the world. This may mean many things to us before the closing days of 1900 dawn upon us. Therefore it is well that we relegate our enthusiasm and our exuberance of hope to the rear seat, and that we should bring forward that which is the heritage of our race—the determination to dare and do the right no matter what the cost.

✱

Certain pessimistic persons in this country are feeling very much worried

just now over the revival of the military spirit which was so noticeable amongst us at the time of the Trent Affair and the North-West Rebellion. They have not yet recovered from the jealousy engendered in their souls when they witnessed the outburst of liberality and enthusiasm which marked the departure of the Canadian contingent for South Africa. They are afraid that Canada will go much farther towards creating what they describe as “a dominant military class,” and that the people will begin to spend more than 34 cents per head annually on defence.

✱

Why these blue-spectacled citizens should fear the dominance of a military class is hard to see. At present we are dominated by politicians and railway-bonus seekers, and it is an open question whether a “dominant military class” would be any more expensive or any less beneficial. It is also an open question whether we would be any less efficient socially, industrially and commercially if we were more military in spirit. The people of Great Britain and of Germany are not being left behind by the rest of the world in industrial and intellectual achievements because of their marked military spirit.

✱

We have developed in this country during the past few months an increased interest in things military. The presence of the people in front of newspaper bulletin boards, the increased ease with which city regiments are securing recruits, the large number of young men applying for non-commissioned officers' certificates, and for commissions, and the increased sale of military pictures prove this.

If Major-General Hutton, backed up by His Excellency the Governor-Gen-

eral, is seeking to take advantage of this for the benefit and extension of Canada's military forces, he should be praised rather than criticized. He is an able, efficient and energetic officer, and is but pursuing a plan which he began to develop last year. If he does not overstep the bounds of his position, he can accomplish much for the best interests of Canadian national development and at the same time add lustre to his already notable career. The great difficulty with previous commanding officers has been that they tried to control Canada's military affairs as the Shah does the army in Persia; but Major-General Hutton is too politic a soldier to overlook any of the limitations of his office.

✱

A very impressive ceremony was witnessed in the Armouries at Toronto on Sunday, December 10th, when His Excellency the Governor-General unveiled a bronze tablet to the memory and glory of those of the Battleford column who died or were wounded in the campaign of 1885. It was fitting that this ceremony should be performed by a Governor-General who, while he was military secretary to a former Governor-General, served on General Middleton's staff in that campaign. His Excellency was known then as Lord Melgund, eldest son of the Earl of Minto.

It is also worthy of note, as His Excellency pointed out, that the gallant leader of the Battleford column, whose exploits have been commemorated in the erection of the tablet, is now in South Africa in command of Canada's contingent. If by any process of spirit telegraphy the existence and nature of the ceremony was conveyed to Col. Otter, at Orange River, his mind must have been filled with touching memories of that anxious day at Cut Knife River, when with 325 men, a gatling gun and two old seven-pounders, he held a horde of red-skins at bay for several hours with a loss of eight men killed and fourteen wounded.

One of the wounded was a Lieuten-

ant named Pelletier, attached to the 9th Battalion Quebec Voltigeurs. This brave soldier is now junior major in the force under Col. Otter's command in South Africa. He was shot through the thigh in the first charge made by the Indians upon the seven-pounders in the early part of the long-drawn-out engagement.

The chaplain to take the chief part in the ceremony was Captain the Rev. G. E. Lloyd, Honorary Chaplain to the Queen's Own Rifles. He was wounded at Cut Knife under circumstances which seem to have almost entitled him to a Victoria Cross. He and a companion by the name of Acheson, of the Queen's Own, remained behind in a retirement to assist two others who were in a trying position. Both the men were disabled, nevertheless Lloyd and Acheson endeavoured to carry them off the field. Lloyd protected his companion as the latter retreated with one of the bodies and saved his chum's life. In retiring himself, he was shot in the shoulder. He recovered from his wound, but the two men whom he and Acheson endeavoured so gallantly to save died on the field.

The unveiling ceremony was attended by Major-General Hutton, a number of prominent militia officers, the Battleford Column Association, the Queen's Own ex-members' Association, the Queen's Own Rifles in uniform, and a large body of citizens. There were about three thousand persons present.

✱

On the day previous there were two events in Toronto which indicate the military spirit of these days in Canada.

Mrs. Hutton, wife of the general officer commanding, formed a Toronto Branch of the Soldiers' Wives' League. The General himself addressed a mass meeting of students at the University of Toronto, and asked them to renew their military connection, which was broken some seven years ago by the removal of the company of the Queen's Own, which had its headquarters at that institution. He explained that he desired the Canadian colleges to con-

tribute a bearer corps, a field hospital corps, and an engineering corps, and he met with a hearty reception and a promise of all he desired. It is proposed to form another engineering corps at McGill.

✱

Notwithstanding these numerous military events, the increased interest in military affairs and the growing activity of the military authorities, there is little fear—to come back to where we started—of the creation in this country of a spirit of militarism which would be dangerous or of a military class which would be dominant. Canada must realize, what even the delegates to the Hague Peace Conference were forced to recognize, that the day of war has not yet passed, and that a knowledge of the art of self-defence is an absolute necessity to a free people. Canadians desire to remain free and independent, therefore we must have an army, and every citizen between twenty-one and twenty-five years of age should be trained every year for a definite period. We must have an efficient organization of all the departments,—hospital, transport, intelligence, commissariat, cavalry, artillery, infantry and everything which forms a part of the modern army. To neglect this duty to our country and to those who are unable to defend themselves would be little short of criminal.

✱

At the time of writing this, it seems that more soldiers will be required in South Africa. In the event of a second Canadian contingent being asked for, it is to be hoped that it will be given freely and quickly.

Parliament should have been consulted immediately after the first contingent was sent in order to provide against emergencies. This has not

been done, and the spirit of the constitution will again be violated by the sending of a second contingent without parliamentary sanction. Nevertheless, the peculiar circumstances of the case and the delicate position in which the Empire finds itself, are ample justification for a second infringement of the constitution and the immediate despatch of a second contingent.

Only let us remember that such infringement of the safeguards of the people's right to sanction all expenditures beforehand, is an infringement. Do not let us for a moment overlook the point; and when parliament is called together the facts of the case must be carefully recorded "lest we forget."

✱

This is a season of the year for charities, and Canadians are not niggardly. Sometimes they give indiscriminately, but this is not so very harmful except when a church or an idle beggar is the recipient. Our churches—meaning thereby those who are the leaders in the churches—are handling more of the people's money than the House of Commons, and with less restrictions. These million dollar funds are an extravagance, and in booming them the leaders of the church are presuming too much on the religious generosity of our people.

There is one charity in Toronto, however, for which I would speak a good word. To John Ross Robertson, M.P., Ontario owes the best Sick Children's Hospital in the world. In February of last year we published an illustrated article showing the work this hospital has been doing during the past twenty-five years. The last \$30,000 of the debt is now being liquidated, and donations may be sent to the *Evening Telegram* office, Toronto.

John A. Cooper.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

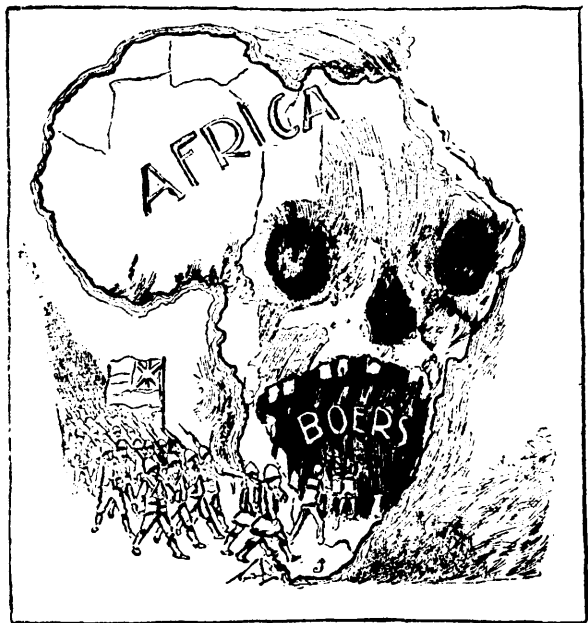
THE year 1899 will be a memorable year in history. Most of its problems, it is true, were already engaging public attention in 1898, but the developments have been of great importance, and at least one event of the first magnitude, which was not anticipated at the close of the previous year, appeared in the shape of a war between Britain and the South African Republics.

The Soudan campaign was an affair of 1898, but the work of freeing that country from Dervish rule was not completed until the autumn of 1899, when the Khalifa was finally vanquished and slain. In 1898 the United States defeated Spain and wrested from her the Philippines and her West Indian possessions. This indicated a change in the foreign policy of the United States; but it was not until in 1899 the United States waged war against the inhabitants of the Philippines to fully secure her own possession of those islands, that the radical nature of the change became apparent. The Dreyfus case was a legacy from former years, but it was disposed of in 1899 in a manner that aroused extraordinary indignation in other countries, although it has seemed to satisfy the conscience of France. That most interesting event, the Peace Conference, was the direct result of the Czar's disarmament proposals, handed by Count Muravieff to the foreign representatives in Russia on Aug. 24 of the previous year, and the good understanding between Britain, the United

States and Germany, which has since been greatly strengthened, and has stood the test of a settlement of territorial claims in Samoa and the neighbouring islands, was already a matter of note and of congratulation at the close of 1898.

But all events of the year are of quite secondary importance when compared with the South African war. On December 24, 1898, a meeting of 5,000 Uitlanders took place at Johannesburg to endorse a petition to the Queen, praying that she would see that the Transvaal Courts should fairly try a Transvaal policeman who had shot a British subject. This was almost the only hint of the coming trouble the year 1898 gave to the outside world, and

A UNITED STATES VIEW.



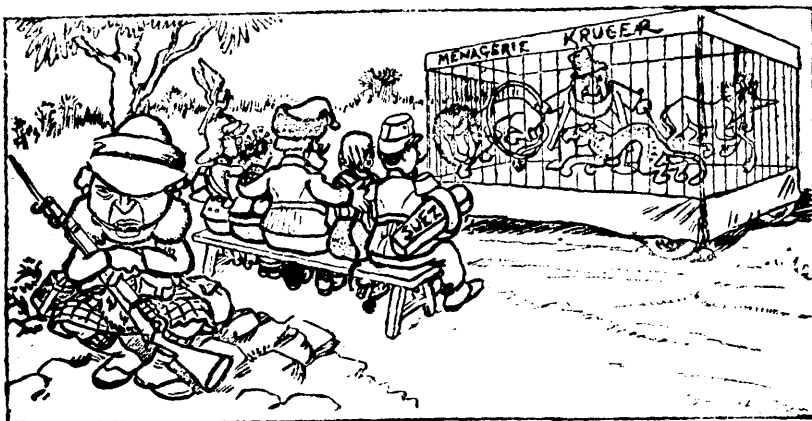
INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

—The St. Louis Republic

on it none was so rash as to predict war. And even when war had broken out, certainly no British subject believed that the last days of 1899 would see British power in South Africa seriously threatened. The present gravity of the situation is undeniable. The month of December opened with bright prospects for the British arms. In the west, Lord Methuen had begun his remarkable march on Kimberley, had fought three successful battles within six days, and had forced the passage of the Modder river, the only natural barrier in his way. On the southern border of the Free State, Generals Gat-

gersfontein, but failed, losing nearly one thousand men. Four days later General Buller, on whom British hopes were then centred, moved his whole relief army in Natal upon the fords of the Tugela river. He met with fierce resistance. The left brigade under General Hart was checked, the right brigade under General Hildyard occupied Colenso, and then two field batteries were unsuspectingly pushed right up to Boer rifle-pits, with the result that the horses were immediately shot, and after that neither horses nor men could live to withdraw the guns, eleven of which were left to the enemy,

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE WAR.



JOHN BULL: "I've such nightmares lately. Wonder whether I've eaten too much."
—Figaro.

acre and French were advancing cautiously but steadily, and seemed certain to push the Boers back before them. In Natal the daring raid of the Boers toward Pietermaritzburg had been checked at the Mooi river, and their retreat across the Tugela had begun. There was confidence that the tide had turned. The first disturbing fact was the increasing disaffection of the Dutch in Cape Colony. Then came General Gatacre's repulse in his night attack on Stormberg. He had been misled by guides and was surprised, and his column suffered heavily. On the following day Lord Methuen tried to force the Boer position at Ma-

while the army retreated upon its camp, leaving behind it in dead, wounded and prisoners about eleven hundred men. The British public began to recognize the real nature of the task before it, and the British Government ordered to the front the two foremost generals, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and prepared to supply them with an overwhelming army.



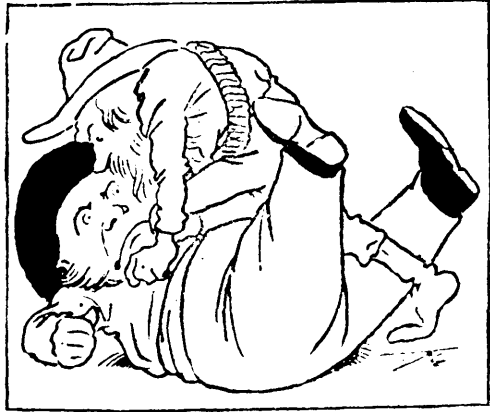
Of course, Britain can win if she will. There is no question about her resources nor about the fighting qualities of her men. The only question has been concerning the judgment of her

military leaders at home and on the field. The lessons of wisdom are being learned at terrible cost; but, once learned, there can be only one outcome, if the British people have the fortitude to bear up under the sacrifices and the determination to persevere until the end is accomplished. It is these qualities that are on trial before the world, and for this reason the war has ceased to be a question of obtaining rights for the Uitlanders or of adjusting local race ambitions in South Africa and has become the testing of an Empire. To say, therefore, that the year 1899 will be memorable chiefly because in it began the South African war, is not to put in the foreground an event which happens to loom large in the eyes of British subjects and is not in reality most important. At this stage in the world's affairs nothing could be of more moment than a decision upon the spirit and power of the British Empire. All the nations of the world are watching and will shape their policy according to the nature of that decision. In lesser ways also this war will have many important consequences. Military theories will undergo some revisions; in the British Empire more attention will be paid to the army; and perhaps the awakened public conscience of to-day may be moved by the pitiful destruction of brave lives to greater sensitiveness on the subject of war. And in the realm of politics the large problems of the co-relation of the various parts of the British Empire will be taken up more seriously and more practically than ever before.



In other respects than those already mentioned, the year 1899 has been marked rather by settled conditions and general prosperity than by striking events. The United States has been steadily prosecuting the war against Aguinaldo, which seems now nearing a close. Her sailors took part with those of Britain in some skirmishing in the Samoan Islands, and she joined with

AN AUSTRIAN VIEW.



JOHN BULL: "All right, old man; beat me as much as you please, but, d—n it, say I'm your Suzerain!"
—*Der Flok, Vienna.*

Britain and Germany in a territorial division to take the place of the old tripartite control of those islands. By this division she secured Pago-Pago, one of the finest harbours in the Southern Pacific. She also appears to have been active, diplomatically, in obtaining assurances for her commerce with China and the Far East generally. For the rest, she has devoted her energies to trade and industry, and in politics has been pondering the decision she will next November be called upon to give on the questions of Imperialism, Sound Money and Trusts. In Europe, France has, despite the feverish Dreyfus trial, and the Royalist conspiracy, been in many ways more settled than is her wont. The explanation is to be found in the Exhibition to be held during the coming summer. For this Frenchmen have postponed, or completely laid aside, the factional struggles which must otherwise inevitably have taken place. Germany's progress has been without sensational features. The purchase from Spain of the Caroline, Ladrone and Pelew Islands, and the acquisition by treaty of the larger share of the Samoan Islands have been the chief incidents in the pursuance of her policy of colonial expansion. The understanding with Brit-

ain and the United States has been the most important development in her foreign policy. At home, the Emperor has more than once come into conflict with his Parliament and his Cabinet, but without serious results. Austria-Hungary has enjoyed a period of comparative quiet. The race antagonisms seem to have subsided after the compromise on the *ausgleich*. Southern Russia afforded almost the only exception to the general prosperity, having suffered severely from famine. This famine, the imposition of a new constitution upon Finland, and the part taken by the Czar in bringing about the Peace Conference, have been al-

most the only events to attract the attention of the world to Russia. Statesmen have, however, been closely watching the gradual spread of her power in the Far East. Spain has so far been saved from the revolutions which seemed so probable after the close of the Spanish-American war. There are indications of better conditions for her, financially and politically. Italy has, for a change, been prosperous. The outlook in 1898 was gloomy and riots were frequent, but 1899 brought better days. The year has had its share of difficulties and disturbances, but it has had rather more than its share of prosperity.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

SOME one has remarked that history is "man-picturing," and Professor Goldwin Smith has shown us that in writing his political history of "The United Kingdom"* he believes man-picturing to be the best means to employ in revealing the spirit of a past age. Man-picturing is not always possible, especially when great movements are to be summarized; but if the man-pictures were taken out of the Professor's great work there would be little left. In support of this statement it would be interesting to quote the Professor's pen-picture of Gladstone. It is not to hand. The man-picturing stops with 1832. Of all the men that have lived since, the men whom the Professor has known well and intimately, he has written his estimate, but he is not yet ready to give it to the world. When the inexorable Third Fate shall have robbed us of his mighty intellect, his publishers will no doubt be permitted to give us that interesting third volume. In the meantime we must be content with the man-

pictures of such as lived previous to 1832. His description of Canning may therefore be given as an example. (Vol. II., p. 316):

"At the head of the more Liberal section of the Cabinet was Canning, a brilliant son of Eton and Christchurch, the paragon of classical education, who having in his youth, it seems, shared the revolutionary fever, had been cured of it partly, like many others, by the excesses of the French revolutionists, and completely by an introduction to Pitt. To Pitt, who brought him into parliament and office, he was thenceforth devoted. He was a brilliant and effective speaker; but he served the Tory party hardly less by his wit as the writer of those pasquinades in the *Anti-Jacobin*, of which 'The Needy Knife-Grinder' was the most telling. Though bred at an aristocratic school, adopted by a wealthy uncle, and afterward married to a wealthy wife, he was called an adventurer; his parentage was unhappy, and his mother had been on the stage; but in those days every one was an adventurer who went into public life without belonging to the landed gentry, or at least to the class of realized wealth. With more reason he was regarded as an intriguer; he was at least restlessly ambitious and somewhat given to scheming. He had also the faults of a smart political writer. On his smartness in dealing with the Americans, whom, as a young nation, policy bade him treat with studious courtesy, rests partly the responsibility for the American War. The restlessness of his ambition it was that, making him an object of mistrust, had forced the brilliant

*"The United Kingdom," by Professor Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, two volumes, \$4.00.

orator and man of genius to yield the Tory leadership first to the mediocrity of Percival, and then to so lame a speaker as Castlereagh. Having buried his political allegiance in the grave of Pitt, he regarded himself as free to take his own course, and he had begun to see that the times were changing, and to feel the rising gale of Liberalism in his sails. . . . It was in the field of foreign policy that Liberalism first showed its new life. Canning, thinking his game lost at home, had accepted the Governor-Generalship of India. He was at Liverpool, ready to embark. He had made a farewell display of his oratoric genius in the famous speech in which he describes the dormant power of England under the figure of one of her battleships sleeping on the water, with furled sails and silent thunders, till war gives the word. Suddenly he was recalled to power by the tragic death of his great rival, Castlereagh. He took Castlereagh's place as foreign minister with a more liberal policy of his own. . . ."

What a story of influence in the making of a statesman! Aristocratic school, wealthy uncle, rich wife, Pitt's patronage, lack of class distinction, power to write and speak smartly, restless ambition,—these are the weights and balloons which made Canning what he was. And while the Professor describes the man, he gives us the flavour of the times—parliament controlled by the landed gentry, the lack of chances for a son of the people, the dislike of innovation and radical reform, the growing pride in England's position as an arbiter in the affairs of two continents—of the times which immediately preceded Catholic Emancipation, the abolition of excessive penalties for minor crimes, and the Reform Bill of 1832.

For forty years the writer of these two volumes—the most notable volumes ever written on Canadian soil—has been collecting material for this his greatest work. When attending Eton and Christchurch, the colleges where Canning and hundreds of other great Englishmen have been trained, he had his first glimpse of English history; but he had reached his thirty-fifth year before he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. This chair he filled from 1858 to 1866. Two years later he began to lecture at Cornell University on English Constitutional History. In 1861 he published

"Irish History and Irish Character," and "Lectures on Modern History." Six years later appeared his "Cromwell, Pitt and Pym," and, at intervals since, other important historical contributions. His history of the United States, published in 1893, was well received in both England and the United States.

Professor Smith's political views on Canadian subjects have not always been pleasing to the majority of people in this country, and he is not regarded as a national hero, although he has lived in Toronto for nearly thirty years. His cool, cynical views of Canadian national life have earned him many bitter enemies, at the same time that his scholarship, culture and his unusual literary excellencies have won him much honest admiration. Professor Smith's personality is of such a character that he may be appreciated only by those who agree with his political views, and those—a much larger class be it admitted—who disagree with his political views but admire his honesty of purpose, his frankness of judgment and his unswerving fidelity to what he considers truth. But whatever his position in Canada, it must be admitted that he has done this country an honour in making it the home of the greatest stylist and historian writing in the English language in the closing years of the nineteenth century.



It strikes one occasionally that it is good for Canadian writers to go abroad to earn their living. The benefit of travel, the experience of one civilization brought to bear in the judging of another, the greater incentive to make a success in life—all these combine to develop the young Canadian, increase his earnestness and develop his power. Of course, he must have some original moral earnestness, some native talent or the new influences will not be so beneficial. But the Northmen who go south usually have the necessary stamina,

"Cubbed as they are in boreal cold
And nursed in northern snow."

Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts,

Peter McArthur, Frank Pollock and other sweet singers have gone south and achieved a measure of greatness. The latest addition to the ranks is Arthur J. Stringer, and his success is assured. His poem, "The Sons Beyond the Border," was one of the best things in the Christmas CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and is one of the strongest poems ever written by a Canadian. From Boston* comes his first volume of prose. The title of this collection of sketches of the children of the slums is "The Loom of Destiny," which is interpreted by the cover design. Each sketch fills a half dozen dainty pages, and is preceded by an appropriate stanza and a special illustration. The title of the first, which may be taken as an example, is "Premonitions." A child of four years of age, with bare legs and half-shod feet, stands outside a coal yard waiting for a chance to pick up a chunk of coal that may drop from a passing cart. He is not very successful. But a larger boy with a pretentious soap-box on wheels, has gathered a great deal.

"In the meantime the Child's gaze was fastened hungrily on the piece of coal in the soap-box. A green light came into his wondering baby eyes. His childish brow puckered up into a defiant, ominous, anarchistic frown. With twitching fingers he crept step by step nearer the soap-box and the precious coal chunk. The owner of the cart was still struggling with his cigar stub behind the telegraph pole. The Child put his hand tentatively on the soap-box, and let it rest there a moment with subtle nonchalance. Then he leaned over it. In another second the baby fingers had closed like talons on the coveted chunk of coal. Then he backed off, cautiously, silyly, with his eyes ever on the threatening telegraph pole . . ."

But he is discovered, knocked down, kicked and abused by the larger boy, the coal king, and

"The Child's heart, of a sudden, seemed to wither up with an inexpressible, ominous, helpless hate!"

Such are the sketches into which Mr. Stringer has put so much of the soul of things, upon which he has

* "The Loom of Destiny," by Arthur J. Stringer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

lavished so much of the art of him, and from which the reader may draw renewed tenderness, sympathy and stimulation. The dainty touches, the gentle handling, the masterly turn in the phrases, the delicate perfume, make these little stories pieces of rare workmanship which one desires to put away in the china cabinet with the pieces of satsuma, cloisonee and Sèvres, to be admired only by the art lover.



And they have said in their hearts there is no romance in Canadian life outside of the districts of the habitant! And they are saying it yet. When an author gives us a tale of rural English-Canadian life, they say there is nothing in it, that it is a tale of the land of dry bones. But in good time they shall know that they were wrong, are wrong. They are scoffers, and they scoff at Canadian literature.

Last month Le Roy Hooker hurled at them "Baldoon." This month Ralph Connor hits them with "The Sky Pilot." The fight has begun in earnest, but the battle will be long and severe.

"The Sky Pilot"* is religious melodrama, but human melodrama. It is a tale of the foothills country.

"Beyond the great prairies, and in the shadow of the Rockies lie the Foothills. For nine hundred miles the prairies spread themselves out in vast level reaches, and then begin to climb over softly rounded mounds that ever grow higher and sharper till, here and there, they break into jagged points and at last rest upon the great bases of the mighty mountains. These rounded hills that join the prairies to the mountains form the Foothill country."

I have seen that beautiful country, but I would like to see it again since reading Ralph Connor's artistic descriptions of its hills, its canyons, its herds and its flowers—its sky "cloudless and blue, arching its great kindly roof from prairie to mountain peaks." As for the story, sweetly and simply told, it describes the life of a young preacher among the rough, uncouth, swearing cowboys, and how his manliness won

* "The Sky Pilot," by Ralph Connor. Toronto: The Westminster Co.

their hearts. From a preacher they had expected chiefly pity, warning, rebuke. The Pilot gave them respect, admiration and open-hearted affection. His interest in them was genuine and not simply professional. He played on their baseball nine and told them the errors of their life. He slept in their shacks and ate off their tin plates; and when he wanted a new church they gave him half the cost. And Gwen, darling little Gwen, whose mother slept on the hillside—she learned from him the way to light and the path to knowledge. She learned to curb her own imperiousness and self-will, as she had already learned to throw the lariat and rope a steer, and when an accident made her a cripple for life, she went down into the canyon with reproaches and anger; but anon the canyon brought forth flowers whose fragrance was wafted through the whole settlement. The Duke and Bronco Bill and Lady Charlotte were all the better for the fragrance which was exhaled from the bed-side of the once-gay bird of the prairies.

It is a wonderful story, and brings Ralph Connor into the front rank of Canadian writers. Like the author of *Baldoon*, he is a minister of the gospel, and that is a handicap in the race for literary greatness. Even with that handicap, Ralph Connor has already achieved much, and his achievement is great enough to prevent any complaint that his two stories have been tintured with a religious purpose.

"The Methodist Churches of Toronto" is the title of a new historical volume just issued from the press by Messrs. G. M. Rose & Sons, Toronto. The book traces the history of the Methodist body in Toronto from the time of Simcoe to the present date, and, as far as practicable, gives the name of every clergyman who has ever held a pastorate either in York or Toronto. The lives of many leading Methodist laymen are referred to, but the book aims more at describing the rise and progress of Toronto Method-

ism and the increase of its places of worship and clergy, than in canonizing past or present ministers or laymen. There is an excellent index, the half-tone illustrations could not be better, and the paper and binding are all that could be wished. The editor does not claim to have produced a perfect book, but he has produced a volume worthy of consideration.

One of the best folding maps of South Africa is that published by the famous Bacon, of London, England, as it shows the topography of the country. (William T. Lancefield, Hamilton, Canadian agent, one shilling). The best small book on the causes of the war is the pamphlet by E. B. Biggar, who has contributed several articles on the subject to *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*. (Toronto and Montreal News Co's. 10 cents).

"The Lotus-Eaters and other Talks" is the title of a small volume of sketches and essays, by Fred B. R. Hellems, a graduate of Toronto University, now on the staff of the University of Colorado. "Montreal By Way of Chazy," is a commonplace book which purposes to describe Montreal and the delights of a trip down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. As the author, Allan Eric, is neither a writer nor an artist, the tale is exceedingly flat, even though published in Boston. "Lyrical Echoes," is the title of a collection of poems, by Katherine A. Clarke, a Toronto lady, whose claim to fame is rather slim. Still it adds one more title to Mr. James' "Bibliography of Canadian Poetry," and that is something for which to be thankful.

"The Life of Rev. William Cochran, D.D.," by R. N. Grant, is a very neatly bound book, which must be essentially pleasing to the late clergyman's friends, especially those whose letters of condolence and telegrams of sympathy are here reprinted. There could hardly be any other justification for the book, as it does not come up to

the standards of real biography. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

The Christmas numbers of *The Globe*, the *Saturday Night* and the *Acta Victoriana*—all issued in Toronto—show the strength of Canadian literature, of Canadian printing art and of Canadian patriotism. Some of the other dailies and weeklies throughout the country have recently issued special illustrated holiday editions. Good luck to them all!

Lally Bernard has woven a halo of romance about the Doukhobor in her pamphlet entitled "The Canadian Doukhobor Settlements." Her writing has a flowing, easy style which makes it pleasing, and equal praise must be given to the apparent breadth and completeness of her information. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

The University of Toronto continues its good work in publishing post-graduate essays. The latest issue is in Prof. Kerschmann's Psychological Series and contains two essays: A contribution to the Psychology of Tune, by M. A. Shaw and F. S. Wrinch; and Experiments on Tune Relations of Poetical Metres, by A. S. Hurst and John McKay. (Published by the Librarian; paper, 50 cents.)

The Life of Sir John Millais,* President of the Royal Academy, as presented in these two attractive volumes, is necessarily something more than the mere chronicle of a busy life. It is an intimate history of the time. It brings before us, not only the personality of the subject of the memoir, but many of those men and women who have helped to make the political, artistic, literary and social history of England during the past half century. More-

over, these volumes are, in a measure, a record of British art during Millais' life. The biographer had a vast mass of material to select from, and he has done his work well. Apart from the lavish illustrations which he has been enabled to give us, through the kindness of friends, owners of pictures, and owners of copyrights, we have in these volumes a number of the most interesting side-lights on the life of the time, such as cannot fail to be interesting to every intelligent reader. A few of the names of those who were touched by the Life of Millais may give some idea of this characteristic of these books. Thus, we have William Wordsworth, Holman Hunt, Rosetti, Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Max Nordau, Madox Brown, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Rosa Bonheur, Leech, Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, Dr. Livingstone, Adelina Patti, Sir William Harcourt, Robert Browning, Sir Edwin Landseer, Lord Lytton, The Princess of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, John Bright, Her Majesty the Queen, Lord Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, Sir John Astley, Marie Corelli, George Du Maurier, Professor Herkmer, Lord Leighton and many others.

The illustrations in these charming volumes cannot fail to interest all art lovers and students, reproducing for us, as they do, the pictures painted by Millais during his long and busy life. Many of these works, indeed most of them, have become historical, and it is a privilege to have them reproduced in so perfect a style as they are in these pages. In many cases not only is the finished picture shown, but the various steps by which the final result was arrived at.

While most of the illustrations are half-tone engravings, they include nine photogravures of remarkable beauty. The paper on which the work is printed is the finest English coated, presenting a beautiful surface, on which every line of the engravings is distinctly brought out. Taken as a whole, the work is one which will be an acquisition to any household aspiring to culture and intelligence.

* "The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais, President of the Royal Academy," by his son, John Guille Millais. Two vols., cloth, \$9.00. Toronto, George N. Morang & Company, Limited.

THE MOMENTS

HOW SADIE KEPT CAMP.

“NOW, are you *perfectly* sure, dear, that you will not be afraid to stay alone? If so, say so, and one of us will *willingly* stay with you.”

There was just sufficient lack of heartiness in that one word “willingly,” as pronounced by the chaperone of the party, to convey to the quick intelligence of the girl that none of the party *would* be willing to stay behind.

The expedition had been arranged, and eagerly looked forward to, by the whole “camp” for a week past, by none more than by Sadie herself. But, feeling slightly indisposed, she had decided to remain behind.

“A person,” she declared, “suffering from a combination of headache and influenza has no business to mar the harmony of a pleasure party by looking doleful, and sneezing at inopportune moments.”

And so she stayed behind; and, standing on the little toy-like pier, watched the last boat as it disappeared round the rocky headland, its occupants turning and waving her a laughing adieu before they were lost to sight. Then she turned, and walked slowly back to the small cottage which the ladies of the party occupied, the men preferring to sleep in tents which were picturesquely pitched at convenient distances around it. Left alone to “keep camp,” Sadie occupied herself well enough for an hour or so, tidying up the cottage, and performing a score of little household duties in which women delight, but which to men are inexplicable mysteries. Her work being finished, Sadie began to consider how

she should amuse herself for the five hours or so during which the rest of the party would be absent, and it must be confessed that she experienced a slight depression of spirits.

The island on which they were camped was lonely, and out of the track of passing boats. The end of it on which the house stood was well cleared and cheerful, but the remainder, about four acres in extent, was covered with a thick undergrowth, through which, here and there, a tall pine tree reared its dark form. There were gruesome stories, too, about this part of the island. The body of a drowned man had recently been found near it; some Indians were said to be buried there; and, in addition to this, Sadie and the other ladies of the party had decided in their own minds that it was the abode of innumerable snakes of the most objectionable variety. Consequently, although inviting paths had been cut in various directions through it, they avoided the place. And so, armed with a novel, the lonely girl betook herself to the extreme opposite end of the island, and seating herself upon a mossy stone under the shade of a spreading oak, commenced to read. But, try as she might, she was unable to concentrate her attention upon the book. She let the volume fall, and fell into a reverie. Unfortunately, her thoughts turned upon the conversation which had been held around the camp fire on the preceding night. It had been chiefly on spiritualism and uncanny apparitions, and she remembered with a shudder, how the professor, an ardent spiritualist, had described a ghostly visitation which had occurred

to a friend of his, *in broad daylight*, and not at the canonical hour of midnight.

Now, Sadie was not a nervous girl, but she possessed a vivid imagination, and her loneliness, combined perhaps with her indisposition, caused her to give it free play. She found herself thinking of what *might* happen, of what ghastly vision *might* appear emerging from the dark background of thick brushwood.

However, being a plucky, sensible girl, she exerted her will power to throw off these unpleasant conjectures.

Looking at her watch, she found it was almost one o'clock, and time for the midday meal, and although not hungry, she fancied that a cup of strong tea would brace her up and do her good, so she blithely set to work to build a fire and boil her kettle. Active employment soon drove away her gloomy thoughts, and long before her simple meal was ready she was singing like a bird and thinking only of her lover, Jack, who was to join the party as soon as he could get away from "that odious office," and might be with them almost any day, now. She lingered over her meal, and the subsequent "clearing up," and then returned again to her seat under the oak, where she was soon deeply interested in her book.

Now, unfortunately the story, like many of the present day, was one which dealt largely in the supernatural and occult, and Sadie's mind began again to turn upon those gruesome stories which the professor had related. Determined not to give way a second time to such thoughts, she closed her book and, returning to the house, set about about preparing the evening meal for the rest of the party, who, she thought, would soon return.

Actively employed though she was, she could not entirely divest her mind of the inexplicable terror which possessed her, and so when, amid the clatter of

her cooking utensils, she heard a step outside the little kitchen in which she was working, and, looking up, beheld the vision of a man, bareheaded, and dripping with water and slime, and with tangled water weeds hanging from his person, her thoughts flew to the man who had been found drowned at the other side of the island, and with a gasping cry she fell fainting to the floor.

* * * * *

When she recovered her senses she found herself in a strong, damp embrace. Strong, wet arms were about her; a thick, moist moustache was pressed to her face; humid eyes met hers, and terms of endearment fell upon her ears, and she began to realize that the apparition, if unpleasantly moist, was at least solid flesh and blood.

"Jack!" she gasped, and then, quoting unconsciously from "The Ingoldsby Legends," added "How came you in such a mess?"

Explanation was easy. Jack had got away from the "odious office" sooner than he expected, and taking the first train to a point near, had hired a canoe and paddled to the camp. Trying to effect a landing on the wrong side of the island, where there was some floating driftwood, he had upset as he was endeavouring to force his way through. The rest of the party soon returned, and there was much laughter round the fire that night over Jack's ducking and Sadie's fright.

Curiously enough, before the camp was broken up, it was remarked that Sadie and Jack became fond of roaming about that portion of the island which the others avoided, having apparently no fear of either snakes or ghosts, or, in fact, of anything else, unless, indeed, it were of the intrusion of that frequently unwelcome individual, the third party.

Sparham Sheldrake.

THE HANDLE OF THE HATCHET.

Near me on the table as I write, on the top of a pile of old books, lies a hatchet that looks to be even older than the books. I notice how smooth and worn the handle is, especially at the place where it has been so often gripped by people in hammering and chopping. The edge is dull now, and the back is flattened and bruised, showing what a lot of effective work it has done in its time all because it is made of good stuff, both blade and handle. Nobody ever makes the mistake of ever trying to use a hatchet except in one way—taking it by the handle.

What of that, then? you ask me, and why all this jabber about a rusty old hatchet on the top of a pile of rusty old books. I'll tell you in the twinkling of a marlinspike. The text is, "The importance of taking hold of Things by the Right End," and the sermon thereon shall be plain and short, as all the best sermons are.

Now Mrs. Mary Giggins is a lady who lives at West Tilbury, near the mill, in Essex; and she is well and favourably known in the district. Among the many who know her is Mr. Hart, the postmaster at West Tilbury, and he corroborates every word she says about what happened.

Her own story, put in few words, is this:—

"For a long time, many years in fact, she had been under the harrow with bad health. Her trouble was the familiar (and abominable) complaint, indigestion. Every time she ventured to eat more than the merest morsel she suffered with pain at the chest and stomach. If you don't know what a perfect purgatory of a life this is it is because you have never made the acquaintance of that disorder.

"However," says Mrs. Giggins in her cheerful way of speaking, "I got on fairly well up to the autumn of 1891, when another complaint took hold of me. I mean rheumatism, which, if anything, was worse than the indigestion. It started in my right arm and shoulder, and gave me such pain as I had no idea of before. People with rheumatism sometimes call themselves martyrs, and I don't think the word is a bit too strong, for the way this complaint can torment one is something awful. My joints got to be hot and swollen all round, and hurt me so I hardly had any rest with them day or night.

"By and by, what with the indigestion and the rheumatism, I got so weak I could neither walk nor do a hand's turn for myself. I couldn't even brush my own hair, nor lift anything. The power seemed all gone out of my right arm.

"I was like this for about three years; and long, worrying years they were. If you should ask me to describe what I went through I should tell you it was quite impossible. Every mouthful of food I took gave me pain at the chest and between the shoulders; and because of this I ate as little as I could; and so got weaker and more miserable continually. I consulted doctors and took medicines, and rubbed on ointments and liniments, etc., but they eased me only a moment as you may say, but then I would be bad as ever.

"In February it was (of 1895) I first read about Mother Seigel's Syrup as a great and wonderful cure for indigestion, and I made up my mind to try it for that, thinking I might bear the rheumatism better if I could get rid of the indigestion. So I went to the International Tea Stores at Gravesend and bought a bottle of the Syrup.

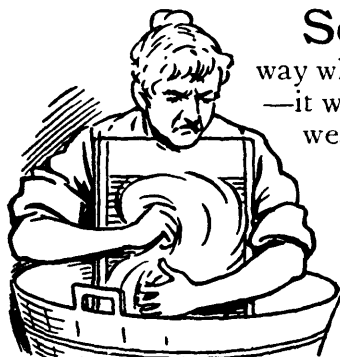
"In a few days I was a deal better. There was less pain at the stomach, chest and shoulders, and besides I felt stronger. On this I kept taking the Syrup, and in a little while, to my great surprise and delight, *all the rheumatic pains that had troubled me so long disappeared, and I was a new creature.* Presently I was *strong as ever in my life*, and since then I have had no return of either the rheumatism or the indigestion.

"What I want particularly to mention, and call attention to, is that when I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup for the indigestion I had no idea of its doing me any good for the rheumatism. Yet I feel deeply thankful all the same, and perhaps you will kindly explain the reason why the medicine cured *both* complaints, as others besides me might like to know. You may print my letter if you wish for the good of other sufferers."—(Signed) MARY GIGGENS, West Tilbury, February 2, 1899.

As to the explanation, *that* we will give blithely enough, as we have done many a time before. Indigestion (because of the poisons it fills the blood with) is the *cause* of rheumatism. Hence, when Mother Seigel's Syrup had cured the lady's stomach trouble the rheumatism had to go away with it. Do you see? Kill a bad *cause* and you kill a bad effect.

Why, la! me, it was like taking that old hatchet by the handle instead of by the blade.

But hatchets are easier to understand than diseases, aren't they?



Something must give
 way when you grind clothes on a washboard
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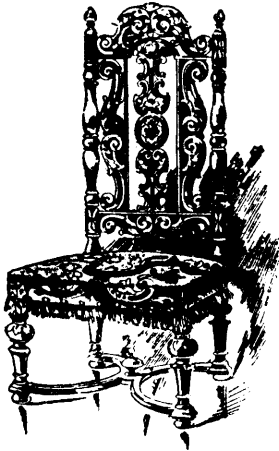
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My husband has for years been accustomed to use two cups of coffee for breakfast, and complained invariably of headache if he didn't get them just to his taste, but gradually he has had coming on him, a severe heart trouble and a spasmodic palpitating condition of the nerves, which weakened and made him ill.

For the past month I have made Postum Food Coffee for him in place of coffee, and not once since he began its use has he had any of the distressing symptoms. Our little daughter, about two years old, takes Postum with eagerness and thrives upon it.

We all like it better than ordinary coffee. My husband and I both consider it the most delightful and wholesome beverage for breakfast we have ever tried. New users should be sure and boil it long enough to bring out the taste. When I weaned my baby I fed her on nothing but Postum for quite a long time, and she is as fat as she can be. Mrs. M. E. Allen, 21 Aldie St., Allston, Mass.

Meat Eaters

and

Vegetarians

Like

Grape-Nuts.

ORDER OF GROCER.

A DAINTY DISH.

With the Delicate Sweet of
Grape Sugar.

The meat eater and the vegetarian alike are charmed with the new food, Grape-Nuts. They have a crisp taste, with the delicate flavor of grape sugar, and are entirely ready for the table without any necessity for cooking.

Made by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Grape-Nuts furnish one of the daintiest dishes ever placed on a breakfast table. Can be served hot instantly by pouring hot milk or cream over Grape-Nuts. Many prefer the food dry with cream on the side.

EDDY'S

PARLOR MATCHES

contain **No Brimstone** and produce a **Quick, Sure "LIGHT"** every time, without the sometimes objectionable fumes occasioned by the ordinary sulphur match.

FOR SALE
BY ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

NEAVE'S FOOD

**BEST AND CHEAPEST
FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND THE AGED.**

In 1-lb.
Patent
Air-Tight
Tins.

NEAVE'S FOOD has for some time been used in
The RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and, being rich in Phosphates and Potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON., M.D.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—LANCET.

Wholesale Agents in Canada—THE TORONTO PHARMACAL CO., Toronto.

Manufacturers—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, England.

Boeckh's Bamboo= Handled Curling BROOMS

are made expressly to meet the requirements of curlers. They will withstand the extreme temperature, and by their use the annoyance of having the ice strewn with tufts of corn is avoided.



80 York Street,
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**!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. On its virtues it has stood the test of 51 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. Sayer said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient):—"As young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

One bottle will last six months, using it every day. **Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

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For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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OF
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TORONTO, CANADA.

**THAT
COMFORTABLE
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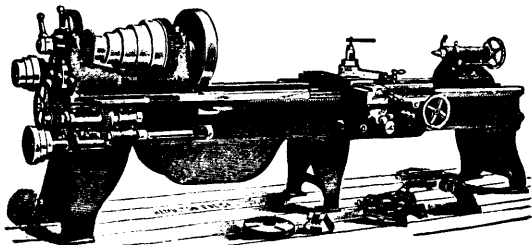
Which assures a lady that her artificial hair cannot be distinguished from her own natural hair is possessed by all who wear Palmer's artistic hair coverings. The standard of fashion and workmanship. Write or call for prices and full particulars.



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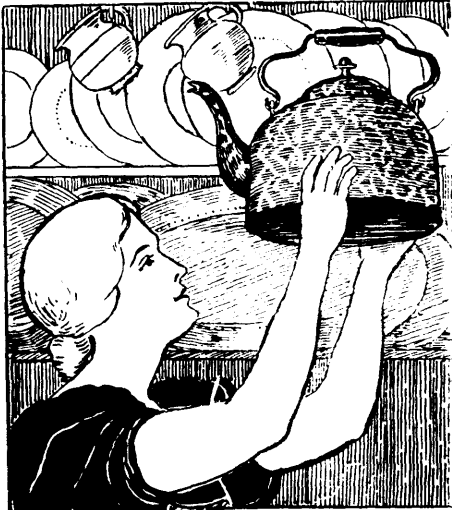
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Machine Shops, etc.,

Consisting of Machine Tools for working Iron, Steel or Brass.



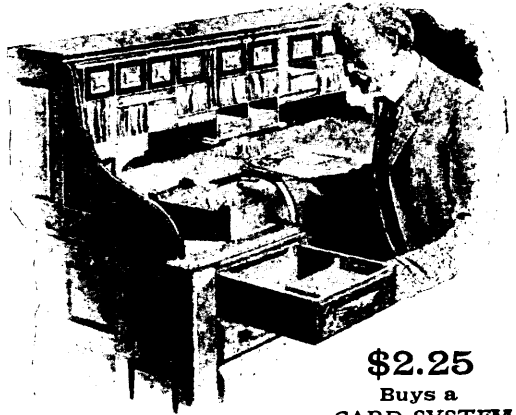
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**ENGLISH
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Buying a piano is the purchase of a lifetime with most music lovers. For that reason great care—calm judgment—should be exercised in the selection.

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A Mason & Risch Piano possesses the attributes of the perfect musical instrument—every feature of the perfect piano is embodied in it.

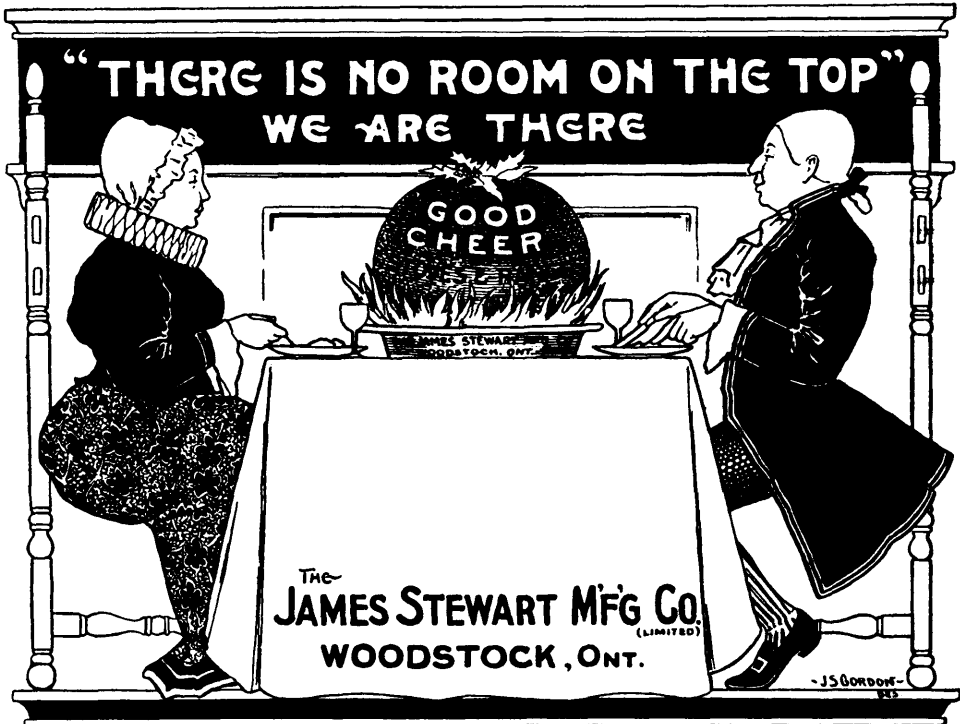
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Is not mechanical as other self-playing instruments are, because the merit of the reproduction depends entirely on the operator, whose individuality is shown in every rendition. You play the music of your choice in your own way. The Pianola is attachable to and detachable from any Piano in an instant. Exclusively at

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The "Portia" Notepaper

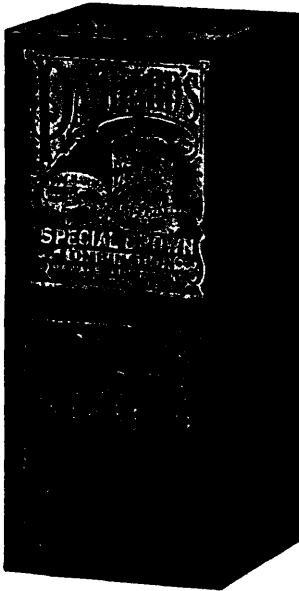
Is Twice Blest;

It blesseth him that sells and he that buys;
'Tis mightiest with the mighty; it becomes
The stylish desk of stylish women;
'Tis an attribute to fashion herself
For 'tis enthroned on the desk of Fashion's queen.

Ask your Stationer to show you our very latest manufacture, "PORTIA," a beautiful and aristocratic production in a smooth, unglazed surface, white, wove, table note, with envelopes to match.

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LADIES' "SPECIAL" BLACK DRESSING FOR FINE KID SHOES

Gentlemen's SHOES can be **KEPT SOFT** and look like new, by using our

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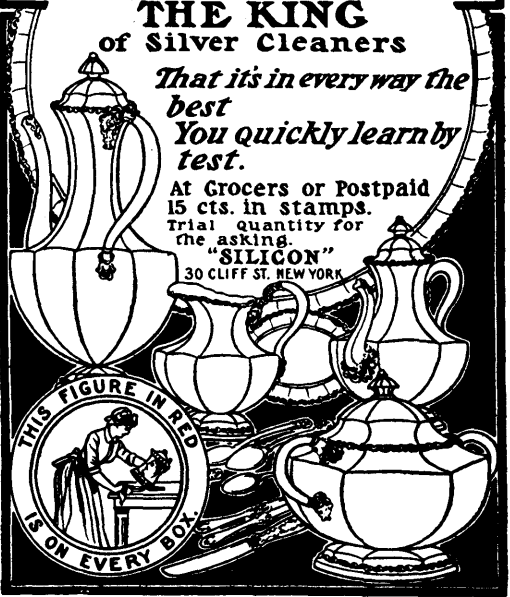
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That it's in every way the best You quickly learn by test.

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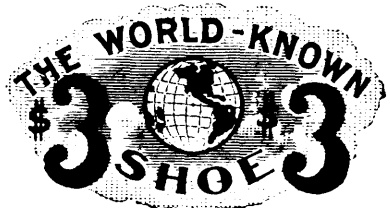


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This great specialty shoe for men meets with instant success wherever introduced. Being built on the natural lines of the foot, it fits perfectly and retains its graceful, stylish shape during the prolonged life of the shoe. For ease, grace and durability the "Hu-man-ic" Shoe has no equal at any price. Made in all leathers. Suitable for young and old. Price, \$5. One dealer in a city has the exclusive agency.



—the best \$3 Shoe ever made for men.

Good material, high-class workmanship, and a sensible, stylish shape mark the "World-Known" Shoe the leader of its class.

To be had only of one dealer in a city.

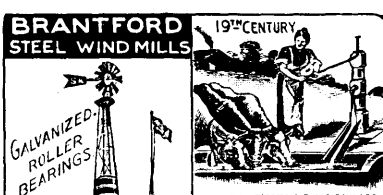
It will pay dealers to communicate with the manufacturer if they know these shoes are not on sale in their city.

"Hu-man-ic" and "World-Known Shoes" sold by the leading dealer in each city. If not yet on sale in your city order direct of

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GALVANIZED ROLLER BEARINGS

20TH CENTURY

MY! WHAT A COMFORT THAT BRANTFORD MILL IS

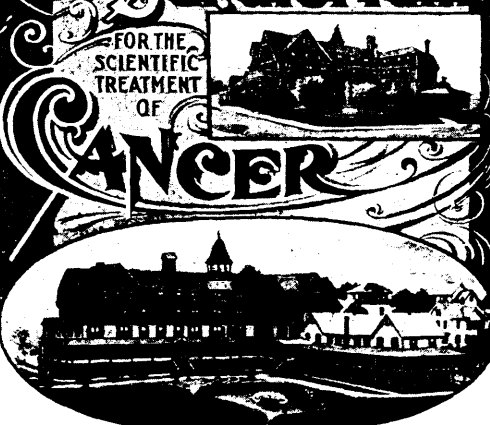
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POWER AND PUMPING MILLS,
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WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE:
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Thermometer in Oven Door, showing exact heat of oven without opening door.
 Aerated Oven, continually drawing fresh warm air and carrying fumes from baking up the chimney.
 Basting Door in oven door, to look at baking without cooling oven.
 Heavily Cemented Bottom, giving all the baking qualities of a brick oven, and browning bread evenly all over.
 Duplex Coal Grates. Flush Reservoir. Cast Iron Coal Linings.

Will Bake Perfectly with Less Coal Than Any Other Range.

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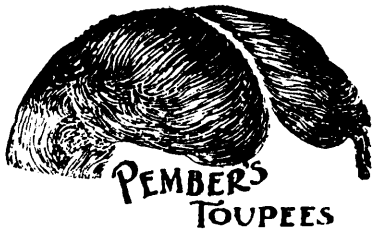
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 "THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
 FOR THE
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Teaberry
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 PLEASANT HARMLESS 25 CENTS A BOX
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 WOOD ROLLERS TIN ROLLERS
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See that you get the **GENUINE**
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Never before have we offered such inducements to purchasers. And when you buy at **Pember's** you may be sure of the latest and most up-to-date styles in buying Waves, Wigs or Switches. We can suit you better and more reasonable than any other firm.

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THE NAME

STANLEY

has become associated with all that is excellent in the
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Qualities of Tone and Touch

are the essentials that have created for us a demand not to be
obtained on any other basis.

PIANOS

that have been ranked as exceptionally good are being constantly compared
side by side with these celebrated instruments, and the
verdict is ever the same, that

THE STANLEY PIANO HAS NO SUPERIOR.

See and examine the construction of our instruments for yourself. Then listen to the tone. Try the touch and you will be convinced as well as others that there is nothing so well made, so beautiful in tone, so delightful in touch as the Stanley Pianos. Our scale is perfectly even. The design is new and up-to-date, chaste in every particular, while the price and terms would simply stagger you. It will pay you to investigate. Compare the quality found in the Stanley with other instruments. They will stand the test and stand it well. When you consider that we have given our life-time, our energy and our whole thought to the scale of this excellent instrument you will cease to wonder then why we are so successful, why our Pianos are in so many homes. It is not an astonishing fact that the Stanley Piano is better and more favorably known to-day than any other instrument made in the Dominion. We simply do our best and do it well.

**We Sell on Easy Terms to any part of Canada. Write
for Terms and Prices and Catalogue.**

The Stanley Piano Co. of Toronto, Limited,
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A BOOT WITH A RECORD.

King Quality

For a quarter of a century we have been studying, perfecting and improving footwear. We have now got close to perfection.

THE KING SHOE of to-day is the survival of the fittest.

THE KING SHOE is to be had at all first-class shoe stores in Canada.

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WITH PATENT SWITCH

WITHOUT PATENT SWITCH

ARMAND'S
SELF-FASTENING SWITCH
PATENT APPLIED FOR

Armand's Self-Fastening Switch

Haute Nouveauté en Nattes de Cheveux.

This New Style of Switch is the most perfect, the easiest and most natural "Device" of Hair Switch ever invented.

No cord, nor stem, no clumsiness or sewed together affair.

It is the easiest way to fasten a Switch on the head, and in such a manner so as the Switch can either be easily and gracefully interwoven and dressed with the lady's own hair, or to hide the lady's own hair entirely, as seen in above cut. The device is so practicable and ingenious that we have applied for Patent.

Armand's Self-Fastening Switch will be a Delight to every Lady who wears one.

These Switches are made of the Best Quality Natural Wavy Hair, from \$6.00 to \$25.00. Straight Hair from \$4.00 to \$20.00. Artificially Wavy Hair from \$5.00 to \$22.00. (Rare shades extra). ¼ grey, 25%; ½ grey, 30%; ¾ grey, 35%; ⅞ grey, 40% extra. Mail Orders promptly attended to.

Patrons outside of Toronto will be just as well suited as if in Toronto. If not as represented, or not suited, we will exchange. When ordering, please send sample of your hair and the amount. Higher you go, better Switch you will get. All goods sent concealed from observation.



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Latest Designs in Ladies' and Gents'

Wigs and Toupees

Ladies' Perfect Wigs and Head-Coverings. Wig-making is a science. Perfect fit and natural in appearance are essential.

A bad-fitting and false-looking wig makes the life miserable.

If you want a Perfect Wig in every respect, we can suit you better than any other house.

Our prices are moderate and our goods reliable, durable, natural, perfect.

You need not come to Toronto; we can make you a perfect-fitting wig in any part of the continent. Simply write us and we will send you full instructions, prices, etc. Tel. 2498

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MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN
WHILE CUTTING
THEIR TEETH

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

The New Food

One of the most remarkable discoveries in the food line that will help to make this century famous is Protose, the vegetable meat. This is truly an important addition to our food products. Progressive physicians have long agreed that rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness, Bright's disease, diabetes, heart trouble and various nervous affections were in many cases due to, and always aggravated by, eating flesh-foods. So many people are so accustomed to their meat daily that the meal seems tasteless without it, and it was hard for patients thus afflicted to break the old-time habit.

Protose solves this problem. It tastes similar to beef or chicken, contains twenty-five per cent. more food elements than either beef or mutton, and can be served in all the various ways that beef and chicken can be prepared.

Six cents to pay postage, sent to the SANITAS NUT FOOD CO., 72 Washington Avenue, Battle Creek, Mich., will secure a sample can of this delicious meat.

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A Better Cocktail at Home than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.



THE CLUB COCKTAILS

**Manhattan, Martini,
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Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal rail roads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

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WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS,

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COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA





No better test of the merit of

Cowan's Hygienic Cocoa

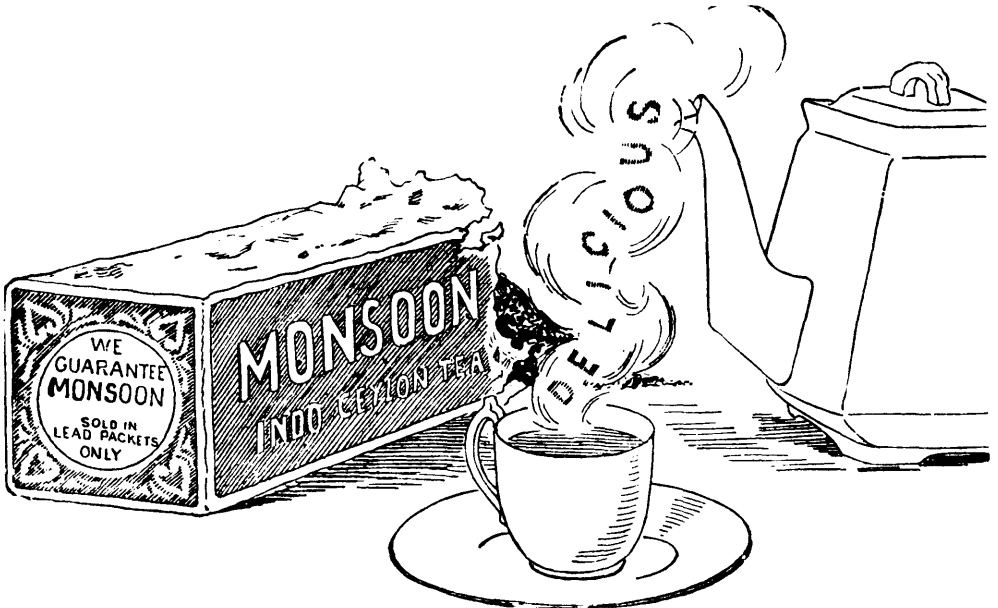
is needed than the fact that it is so generally used by all who appreciate pure goods. It is healthful and nutritious, builds up and strengthens the system.

Sold Only in Tins.





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Knives, Forks and Spoons.

When a bride comes home

is not the time she can appreciate the merit of her silverware gifts—time will prove their worth. But to anyone there is a constant and daily satisfaction in the use of knives, forks and spoons, which are known to be the very best of their kind, and that assurance accompanies the Trade Mark of Wm. Rogers.—Our Sterling Mark means $\frac{92.5}{1000}$ parts silver.—Guaranteed.

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Equally important. Both secured by the

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Make sure, however, that it is put in by a reliable firm.

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For....
**Whooping Cough,
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 Send for descriptive booklet, containing physicians' testimonials and price list.
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Sold by all druggists, 25c. a bottle.
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 The Cheapest Power—WIND.
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The Canadian Airmotor

Will { Grind, Chop, Pulp. } Pump Water Wherever Required.

At your service all the year around.
PUMPS, TANKS, WATER BASINS, Etc., Etc.

Ont. Wind Engine and Pump Co., Limited,
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Largest Windmill Manufacturers under the British Flag

“Queen City” Tablets
 WASHING MADE EASY

Half the labor in half the time, and no rubbing to wear out the clothes, better and cleaner washing with a soft smooth finish that makes ironing easier, and the articles keep clean and wear longer.

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THE MEGGA COFFEE
 AS USED IN TURKEY.

RECOMMENDED TO BE OF THE SUPERIORST QUALITY BY ORIENTAL COFFEES THAT THE WORLD PRODUCE.

THIS COFFEE IS SOLD ONLY IN THE BERRY AND THE BERRY IS GENUINELY THE GENUINEST IN QUALITY AND TASTE.

IMPORTED & PREPARED BY
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Quick Soap

SURPRISE Soap cleans clothes quickest and cleanest.

It's a harmless soap—It isn't a clothes eater.

It won't injure the fabric of a cobweb.

No more scalding, boiling or hard rubbing. No more red, sore hands—no more streaked or yellow clothes—if you use **SURPRISE**.

A large cake that lasts a long time costs but 5 cents.

Be sure you get the genuine.

Remember the name—

"SURPRISE."

Chester Suspenders



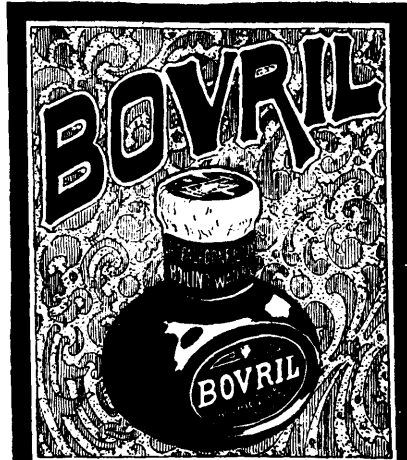
fit
and
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fit.

They positively prevent trousers sagging. They stretch more than any other Suspenders and do not lose their stretch as others do.

The "Endwell" at 50 cts. A cheaper model at 25 cts. Sample pairs post-paid on receipt of price. Nickel-plated drawer supporters free to purchasers who send their furnisher's name, IF HE DOES NOT KEEP CHESTERS.

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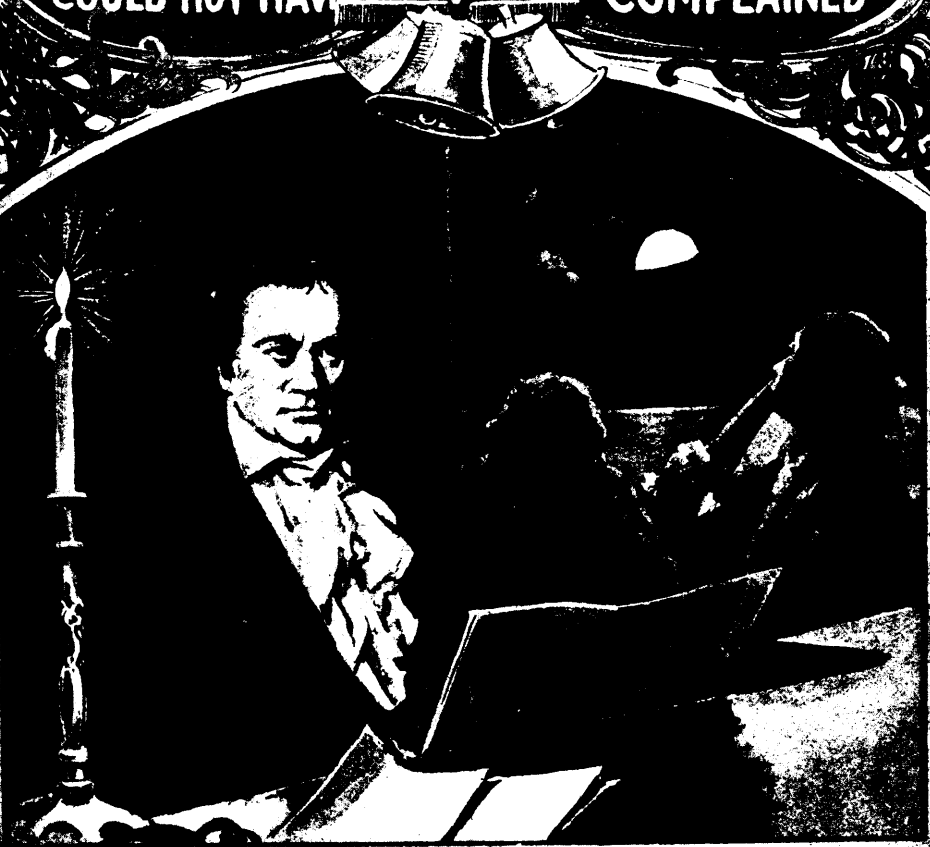
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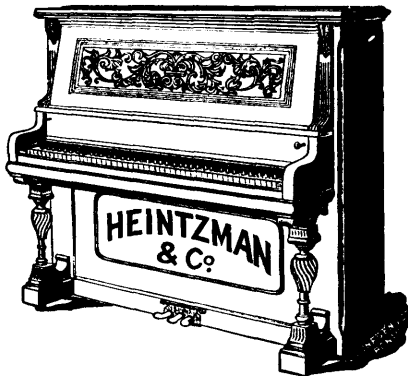
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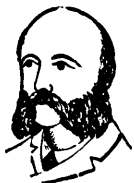
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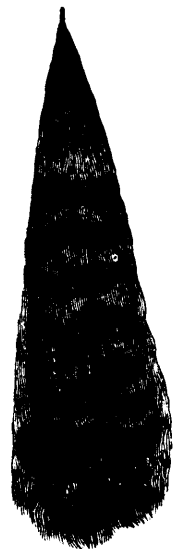
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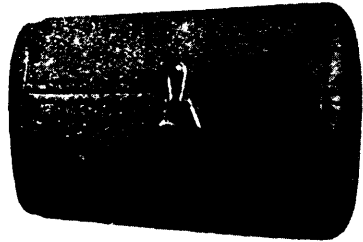
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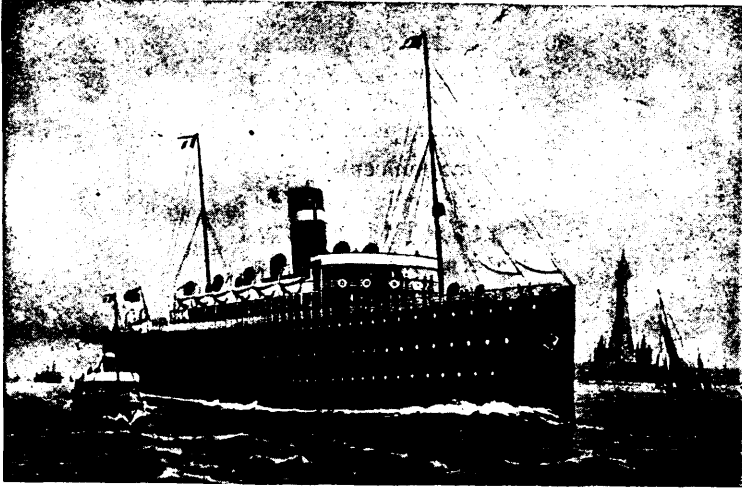
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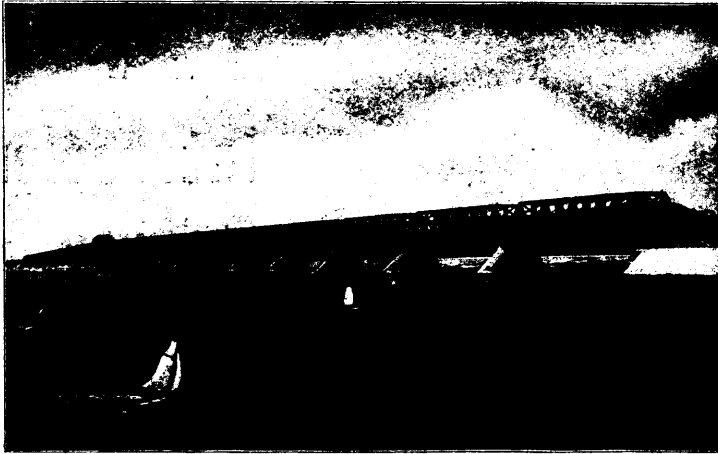
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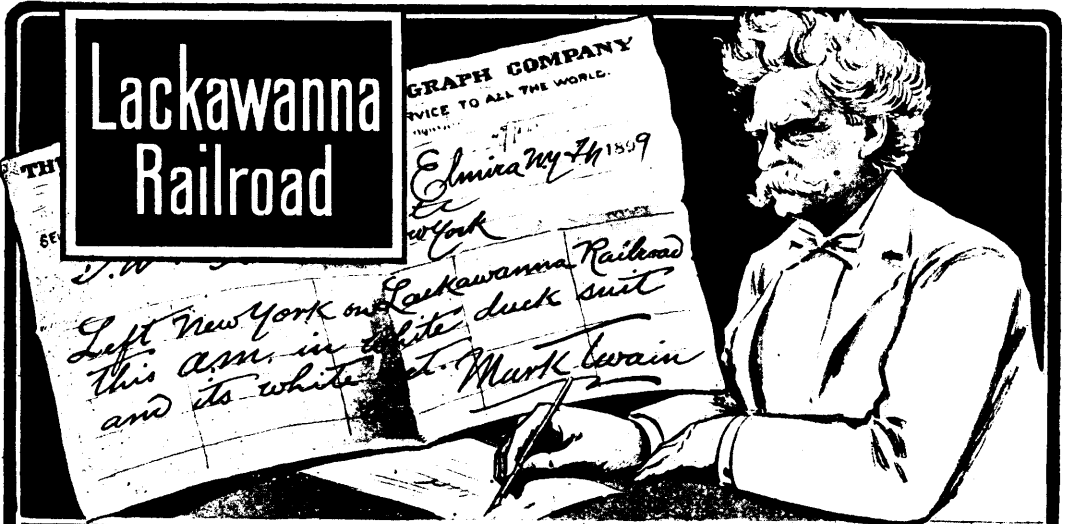
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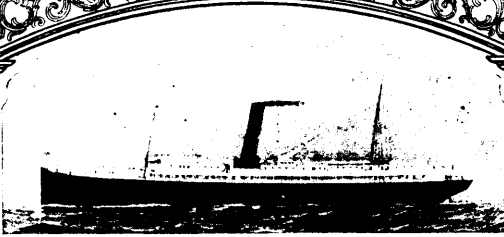

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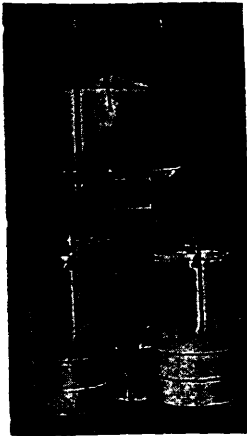
The Special Envoy of the Paris *Matin*, in his detailed report, (Oct. 28th 1898), of his visit to ex-Captain Dreyfus, gives the list of "Little Wants," which the prisoner sends in monthly to civilization, among which was a request for

2 bottles **Hunyadi János**

Natural Aperient Water.

This proves that, although cut off from civilization for 4 years, the ex-Captain still remembered the name of

The Best Natural Laxative Water.



The "SAFETY" Acetylene Gas Machine

Manufactured by

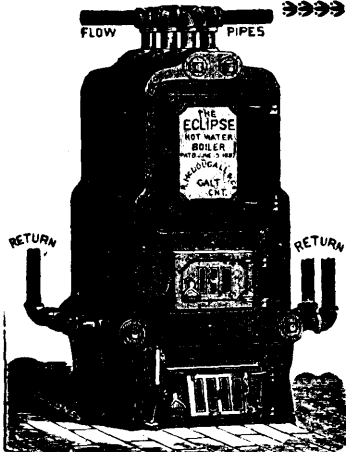
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DUNDAS, ONT.**

Read what some of our friends say of us :-

Gentlemen,—We have been using your machine for some time. It works like a charm. It is everything you claim it to be. We will recommend it to all merchants in B. C., as it is far superior to other machines which we have seen. J. & E. LYONS, North Bend, B.C.

Dear Sirs,—The Safety Acetylene Gas Machine purchased from you is placed in my kitchen and there is no odor from it. I find it is easy to operate and clean to charge. The cost is about half what coal oil cost me and the light is splendid. J. O'NEIL, Hamilton, Ont.

Gentlemen,—The Safety Gas Machine I got from you is a little daisy and we are more than satisfied with the light, while the cost is less than coal oil. JOHN CLIFF, Inglewood, Ont.



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Is an abomination, not more so than a heater on a cold night that gives no heat, although a large quantity of coal is being consumed. You are always sure of plenty of heat when an "ECLIPSE" Hot Water Boiler is used

Manufactured by

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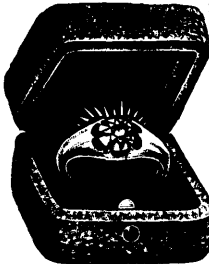
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Mrs. Winslow's has been used for over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their Children while Teething, with Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.
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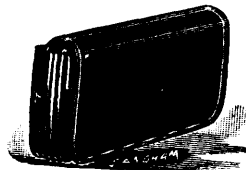
OR MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.

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The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, \$15.

is making new friends every day; you should see their letters—we will mail you copies of some if you will ask for them. One person has asked: What do you mean by saying that your mattress is always

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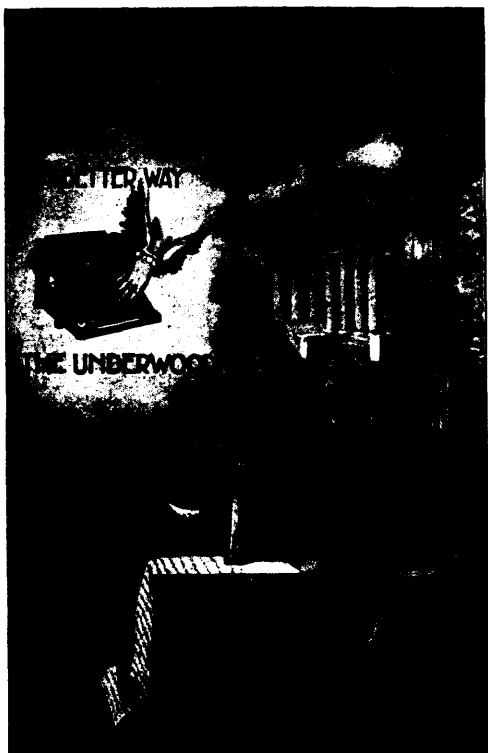
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 6 FEET
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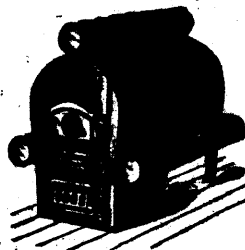
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