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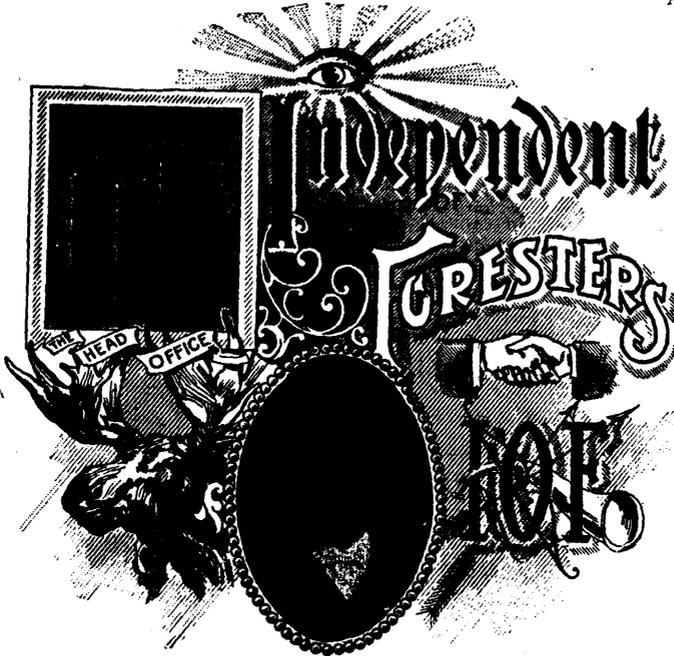
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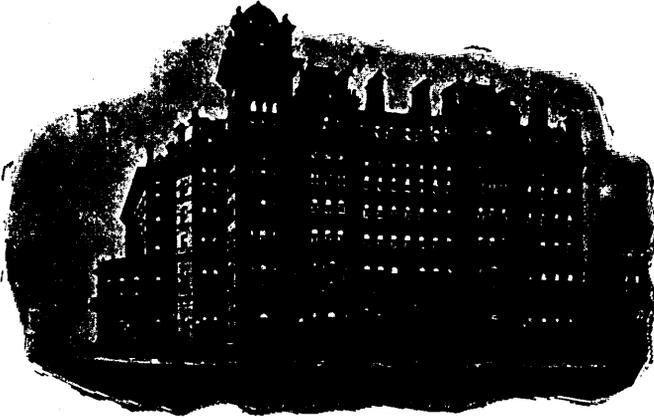
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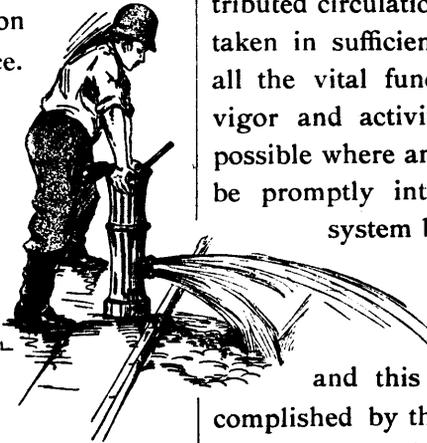
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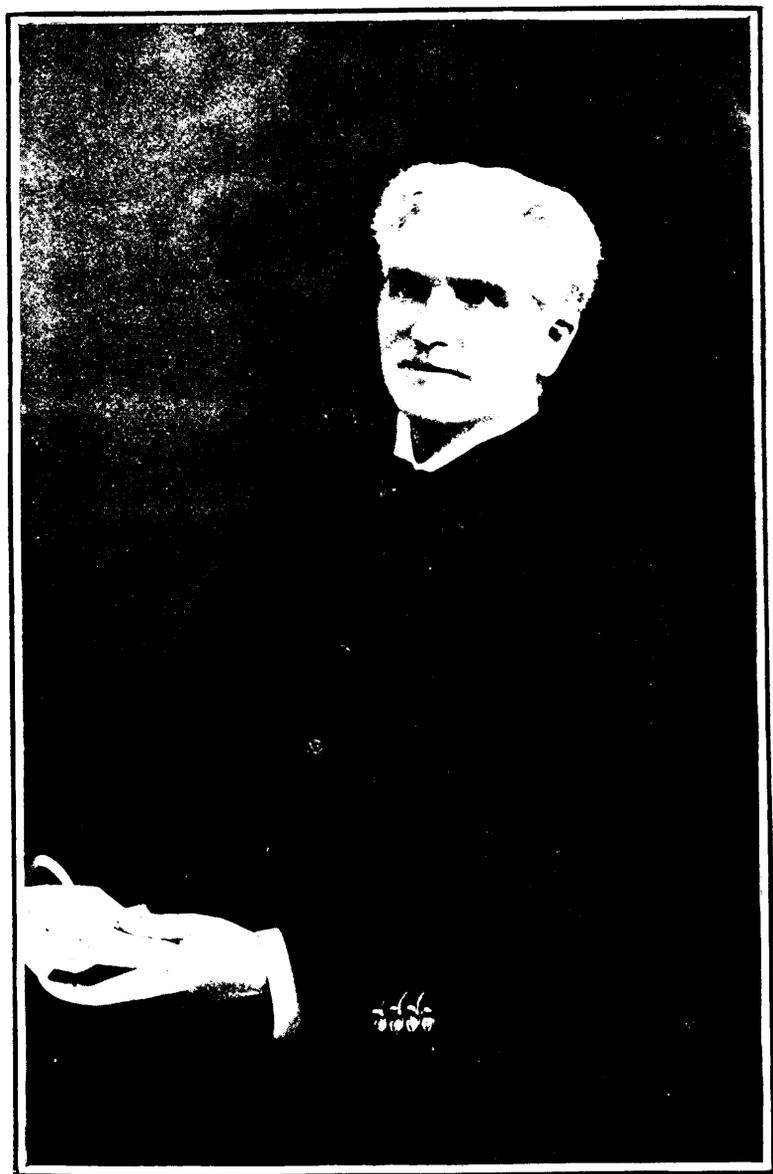
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FRONTISPICE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

HON. WILLIAM WILFRID SULLIVAN.

Premier of Prince Edward Island from 1879 to 1889; now Chief Justice of that Province.—See p. 468 et seq.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 6.

THE DAYS OF REST OF PREHISTORIC MAN.*

ON the three ill-omened days of rest of prehistoric man, which were connected with the dead and "stained with the shadow of death," no work could be done and prosper. They were intensifications of the sailor's Friday. Why those monthly Sabbaths were connected nearly all the world over with the number *three*, it is difficult to conjecture. The Peruvians, and probably other races, believed that the moon every month died for three days and rose again; but if this suggested the number *three* we should expect the days of the dead to occur then, whereas they were generally held at the beginning, instead of at the end of "the dark half of the moon," and hence the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth days of the moon were nearly everywhere regarded as unlucky.

How singularly the number three is connected with mourning and "days of the dead" will be apparent from the following paragraphs, to the language of which I specially invite attention:

"Have they any belief in the immortality of the soul? To this I cannot reply with certainty. But what is the meaning of the tears and lamentations

of the poor mother, who for *three* days and *three* nights lies stretched on the grave of her little son, calling him by his name, and repeating in broken sobs, 'Oh, come back, beloved one; come back to thy mother!' 'It is not for thee to hear her greetings until she has freed herself from her consecration to the gods below, and the *third* day arrives.'"

This reads as if it were continuous, and referred to some one person. Yet the interval in time and space indicated by the first part and the last suggests an abyss of time of perhaps scores of thousands of years, and a distance in space equal to that of half the circuit of the globe. The first part is a quotation from D'Alberis' description in his "New Guinea" (Vol. i., p. 143), of a Papuan mother mourning for her son, while the second part is a quotation from the *Alcestis* of Euripides (line 1138, Trans. Simpkin and Marshall, 1881).

The author of "Five Years in the West Indies" gives a curious negro superstition about the three days of the dead. "We go dead one day; next day we shiver in de coffin, and de next day we go dead again till all

* This paper may claim to be the first attempt that has been made to discuss the subject of "Days of Rest" from a pre-historic point of view, for I only circulated a very few copies of my privately-printed monograph of 1863 on "The Festival of the Dead." My next paper on "November Meteors and November Flood Traditions" will be found to be a sequel to the present paper.

things come quite down.' I need hardly say I endeavoured to remove this belief, but I found it to be an almost universal opinion among the negroes."

Among that primitive race, the Nagas of India, we meet with these three days of the dead. Godden, in his "Naga and other Frontier Tribes" (Journ Anthrop. Inst. No. 90, 1896, p. 190), says: "The old accounts of funeral rites evidently refer to a 'death genna,' where it is stated that after the death of a man of any standing, none of the inhabitants of a village quitted it for three days; and that for three or four days after a death the relatives do not leave the village, neither do the other villagers resort to a village in which a death has occurred during that period" (*Ibid.* 171).

In the valuable report on the Aborigines by a Committee of the Legislative Council of Victoria (Session 1858-9), we find that Mr. Hull states respecting the natives: "Their grand corroborees are held only in the spring when the Pleiades are most distinct, and are a worship of the Pleiades as a constellation which announces spring. Their monthly corroboree is in honour of the moon" (p. 9). C. J. Tyres also says: "They sing and dance to gain the favour of the Pleiades (Mormodellick), the constellation worshipped by one body as the giver of rain." I need hardly add that the southern spring is about November. In my "Festival of the Dead,"* I state:

"We are told that 'all the corroborees of the natives are connected with a worship of the dead, and last three days.' In confirmation of this a member of the Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science, who has been at these annual corroborees, tells me that, as the natives for these occasions paint a white stripe on their arms, legs and ribs, they appear, as they dance by their fires at night, like so many skeletons rejoicing."

We are told by another person who was examined by the committee, that at all the corroborees the natives "make offerings to the dead, when

after three days of continued dancing their bodies are cleared from all appearance of mourning, and there is rejoicing in its stead."

Substantially the same calendar is found among the Polynesians, who divide their year into two seasons. The one is "the Pleiades above," and the other, "the Pleiades below." But the Australian mode of watching the time when the Pleiades are to be seen all night long is a little more accurate than the division of the year by the Polynesians into the two seasons of the Pleiades, and is a perfect calendar for primitive races, which regulates time by the aid of moons, instead of months, the beginning of the year being at the full moon, which is nearest to the time when the Pleiades are overhead at midnight, *i.e.*, November. Where we find clear traces of early Negrito or Nigrillo influences, there we meet with distinct vestiges of the year of the Pleiades, and of three "Days of the Dead." As there are comparatively few indications of a primitive dwarf population having existed north of the Rio Grande, we hear but little among northern tribes of the Pleiades and of Days of the Dead. One Indian tribe in British Columbia for three days commemorates the dead in November.

Among the Polynesians and the Papuans nearly all festivals are of three nights' duration, and funereal. Ellis tells us that the Society Islanders regard the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth nights of the moon as seasons "when spirits wander more than at any other time."

Nearly everywhere we find traces of these ideas, but especially as respects the seventeenth day of the moon. Bishop Chalmers says of the Dyaks of Borneo: "During the farming season, the day after the full moon, and the third day after it, are 'Pamali' and no farm work can be done."

In India these three unlucky days of the moon can be traced, and are called Dagda ("stained" or "burned" by death). Dubois speaks of a festival "called by the Hindoos 'Mahanavami,' which is devoted principally to the

* Haliburton, "The Festival of the Dead," 1863, p. 10.

honour of deceased ancestors. It is celebrated in the month of October during a period of three days; and is so religiously kept that it has become a proverbial saying that those who have not the means of celebrating it should sell one of their children to procure them." Sir Wm. Jones says that the Hindoos in every lunar month, on Mahacala, make "offerings to the manes of the Pitris, or certain progenitors of the human race, to whom the darker fortnight is peculiarly sacred" (Vol. iv., p. 129). He also says, referring to a Hindoo work, "Many subtle points are discussed by my author concerning the junction of two, or even three, lunar days in forming one fast or festival."

The three days of the dead, the "Dewali" (the spirits), are observed in Northern and Western India almost simultaneously with those fossil survivals in our calendar, October 31st, November 1st and 2nd—All Hallowe'en, All Saints and All Souls. The English peasant still goes "a-souling" on All Souls' Day, praying from house to house for "a soul cake for all Christian souls," while the Hindoo is offering his funeral cake to the *manes* of deceased ancestors. A Hindoo often adopts a boy as a son when he is childless, so that he may have some one surviving him who will annually offer him a funeral cake when he is no more.

Even when primitive races tried to advance a step beyond their rude stargazing into astronomy, and divided the year into 360 days, and the month into 30 days, inventing a week of five days, six of which made a month, and seventy-two a year, they still retained the three days corroboree at the end of the year, though in a fossil state. It was necessary to add five days in order to make up the 365 days, but these were not included in the days of the year, but constituted a month of five days which, however, was not counted. They were ill-omened, and the third day was specially connected with the dead, as well as the two days following it.

Don Juan Pio Perez, of Yucatan,

speaking of the Yucatan calendar, says: "Five supplementary days were added at the end of each year, which made part of no month, and which, therefore, they called 'days without a name.' They called them also 'Yuab,' or 'Yuab Jaab.' The word Yuab may be derived from Yua, which means to be destroyed, wounded, corroded by the caustic juice of plants, or with ley, or other strong liquids [*i.e.*, 'stained with death'] On this account," he adds, "the Indians feared those days, believing them to be unfortunate, and to carry danger of sudden death, plague and other misfortunes. For this reason these five days were assigned for the festival of the god Main (the 'grandfather')."

The three days' feast of the dead is indicated by the first of the three last days being called Cemis (spirits of the dead).

The name, Typhon (the principle of evil), was by the Egyptians applied to this day in their calendar, and it was looked on as an evil day, "for which reason," says Plutarch, "the kings of Egypt would transact no public business on it, nor even attend to the care of their persons on that day."

Before the great festival about November in Samoa, a herald walked through the villages announcing, "Thou shalt not work; thou shalt rest, doing no work!" Everyone not taking part in the procession or sacred rites had to remain within doors, or death was the penalty.

Admiral Erskine refers to this Sabbath, which continues throughout the month of November in Fiji. "There is a month in the year, about November, in which the god comes from Bulu, the world of spirits, to make the bread fruit and other fruit trees blossom and yield fruit. He seems to be a god of peace, and cannot endure any noise or disturbance, and his feelings in this respect are most scrupulously regarded by the natives. They, therefore, live very quietly during this month, it being tapu to go to war, or to sail about, or plant, or build houses, or do most kinds of work, lest Ratumainbulu should be offended and depart again to

Bulu, leaving his important work unfinished." ("Islands of the Western Pacific," p. 244.)

The Persians preserved traces of the monthly corroboree, for in each month there were three ill-omened days. The 17th day of the month of Murdad (November in their ancient calendar) on which the angel of agriculture and death (Murdad) came up to earth, was peculiarly unlucky, and no work could be done on it, and rulers could not refuse any favours asked of them then.

At that time, in Rome, Pluto, the god of agriculture and death, also came up to earth, and that period was "stained with the shadow of death," for no work could be done then, no war declared. The Romans regarded days of the dead as *nefasti*, and the Greeks looked on them as "stained," or "illomened."

That the God of Rain visited the earth in November we have living testimony probably ten times as old as the oldest Babylonian monuments discovered lately at Nippur. Those venerable survivals from a primordial Negrito race, the isolated pygmies of the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal, have a deity like Pluto and the God from Puloto of Western Polynesia, who is called Puluga. Pul, Bul, Bel, Pulo, Pluh, are names signifying "rain," and remind us of the word "pool" in English. Up to the time of the building of the Temple the Hebrews called November the month of *Bul* (or "rain"). The Deluge is called *Mabul* ("the great rain"). Dr. Moffatt says that in Bechuanaland the dead send rain, and the only prayer over the dead is the mournful wail, *pulo! pulo!* (rain! rain!) If the rain does not come, the recently buried corpses are reinterred in a new place, in hopes that it may be acceptable. Pluh is the heaven of the Karens, and both Pluto and Puluga evidently mean "the God of Rain." The latter, who thunders, and sends rain, and judges the spirits of the dead, dwells in a great stone mansion in the sky. He eats and drinks a great deal, for in the rainy season he comes to

earth to gather food, being especially fond of certain fruits, and roots and seeds. To touch any of these during the first half of the rainy season (November) would so enrage Puluga that he would again destroy the world by water.

This is no doubt the earliest history of the sanctity of "first fruits."

Those three ill-omened nights (not of the month, but of the moon), the 17th, 18th and 19th, survive in a fossil form in ancient calendars. The Attic Anthesteria, and the Roman Feralia (both funereal in character) were held on the 17th, 18th and 19th of February. On the 17th, 18th and 19th days of Athyr (November) the great feast of Isis took place, a festival of grief, which Plutarch says was held "when the Pleiades were most distinctly visible." He also says that all the great mournful celebrations of the ancients took place at that time (no doubt fossil survivals of the November corroboree of the Pleiades) and that the 17th, 18th and 19th days of every month were unlucky.

But the most striking fossil survival of this primeval feast is found in the Eleusinian mysteries. Ancient Greek authorities assert that, "It was the Pleiades who taught the sacred dances, and the nightly festival days" (Pannychida, *i.e.*, held all night long). At the Eleusinia, the most venerable of the Greek Mysteries, the three most sacred and mysterious days were the three Pannychida, which were observed all night long, and were connected with the dead.

That offerings to the dead were made on the five intercalary days, is shown by the monuments (see Bunsen's "Egypt," iii., 63, 70. Leipsius Ein. 91, 92). The Hindoos have a fable as to the gods playing at dice in November (Sir Wm. Jones' Works, iv., 113). The same myth is preserved by the Berbers of the Western Soudan. In my journal, January, 1882, I find the following entry as respects Hamed ben Mahommed, a native of Mashanas, in the Sahara, six days farther than Sus. "Hamed here insisted on telling me a story about some old women, seated

on a carpet, playing at dice and winning five days from the moon."

The following passage from my "Festival of the Dead" will be of interest :

"It is not a little remarkable that to a curse similar to that which the Patriarch Job uttered against the day of his birth, the Egyptians attributed the very origin of these five unlucky days. Plutarch tells us (*de Is. et Os. c. 12*): 'The Sun, enraged at Chronos (Saturn, Time, or the Year), and Rhea (the starry heaven), for having begotten the five planets, for whom there was no space in the year or in the heavens, uttered a curse, that they should neither be born in a month nor in the year. Therefore, Hermes, as a return to Rhea for past favours, played at dice with the moon, and won back the 72nd part of each day of the year of 360 days, *i.e.*, 5 days, which, thenceforth, constituted those five epagomane, or 'days without name,' which neither formed a part of the months nor of the year.'

"To show how striking is the identity between the imprecation that forms the basis of this myth and that of Job against the day of his birth, let us imagine the Sun using the very words of the Patriarch to curse those ill-omened birth days of the planets: 'Let the days perish wherein they are born.' 'Let darkness and the shadow of death stain them.' 'Let them not be joined unto the days of the year. Let them not come into the number of the months.'"

THE HALLOWEVE OF THE PRE-HISTORIC SABBATH.

"The evening and the morning were the first day," for the primitive day began not at sunrise or sunset, but with the first signs of star light. Wherever we meet with a festival preceded by a vigil or commencing at nightfall, we can safely assume that it dates back to prehistoric times. So widely spread are the vestiges of this primitive cycle of night and day that a learned Oxford writer, Greswell (*Fasti Catholicæ I.*, 219), says :

"The matter of fact, then, which enquiry into the rule of reckoning the cycle of day and night in all quarters of the globe and at all periods of human history brings to light, being everywhere the same, the conclusion deducible from it rests on the broad basis of an almost universal induction—*viz.*, that there must have been from the first a simple and universal rule of this kind, everywhere observed, a rule coeval with the origin of time itself, and as widely extended as the compass of the habitable globe, a rule from which every other is to be derived, . . . none having

existed from the first, and none having been universal but this."

Throughout the Pacific Islands festivals begin at twilight and generally last three days; and we find traces of this system in Africa, Asia, and Europe. No night was so sacred in Egypt as that which preceded the great feast of Isis in November. Apuleius makes Isis say, "the day that begins with (is born of) *that night*, eternal religion has consecrated to me." (*Metam. II.*, 257; also *v. Athyr* in Volmer's *Wörterbuch der Mythologie*.)

Though the Persians at a remote date changed the beginning of the year from November to February, the ancient new year's day still survived. It is called by some writers "the Nouruz of the Magi," because the Magi still adhered to it. It began in the evening with a halloweve which, we are told, was peculiarly sacred (Hyde, *De Religione Veterum Persarum*, pp. 237, 238, 249), and was called by the name *phristaph*.

Everywhere at this autumnal festival bonfires were lighted, as they still are in Britain. Its connection with spirits of the dead is shown by the rustic divinations and superstitions of the Scotch, while in parts of Ireland houses are clean swept, and a table with food on it is left for the spirits of the dead, who are allowed to visit their old homes on that night. The family, having opened the doors or windows, retire to rest early, and leave the house in the possession of its former owners.

The names of the next two days, All Saints' and All Souls', tell their own tale. The Italians call them "the days of the dead."

THE MOSAIC SABBATH.

When prehistoric man attempted to divide the years into days, weeks, and months, and took a first and a long step in advance by exchanging his simple star lore for the first beginnings of astronomy, he entered upon a stage of development that is beyond the scope of my paper. A few words,

therefore, on the origin of the week must suffice.

We find that the earliest and most widely spread form of the week was that of five days,* which is still in existence in parts of Asia and Indonesia, and was found in Mexico and Central America by the Spaniards. The week of seven days, which was much later, no doubt, dates back before the days of Moses, who, in dealing with the calendar, pursued the same prudent course which was in later ages resorted to by the early Christians, who adopted the feasts of the heathen gods, substituting Christian saints for those divinities. They could not prevent these feasts being observed, so they gave them a new *raison d'être*, and divested them of their heathen character. But with the vigils or nightly feasts they would have nothing to do. These were so thoroughly saturated with superstitions connected with the spirits of the dead and ancestor worship that they were not allowed a place in the calendars of Christendom. Hence, we do not see in them All Halloweve, the Eve of Saint John, or the Eve of May Day; but they are still preserved by the people, survivals of the nightly corroborees of a prehistoric past.

Moses was met as a reformer by the same problem. On all hands, even among the highly civilized Egyptians, he found the worship of the spirits of the dead, with its attendant necromancy, magic, divination, all forms of superstitions. He, therefore, gave up the old nightly festivals, and made one day in seven a "Day of Rest," connecting it with the seven days of creation; though another explanation calls it a memorial of the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea.

The Hebrew Scriptures are a marvel in one, and a very important respect. While dead, and even living men were worshipped in early times, there is no vestige in the Scriptures of hero worship, or of any toleration of the idea of human perfectibility. The greatest

characters depicted are true to nature, and have their shady side; from first to last there is not the slightest suggestion of adoring or consulting the dead, except in the scene at Endor, the results of which were not encouraging to any one inclined to try such an experiment.

The wisdom of Moses is in no respect more clearly indicated than by his arranging before his death that his place of burial should remain a secret. Had a different course been pursued, there would have been pilgrimages to his tomb, and he would have been worshipped as a saint, and ultimately, no doubt, as a God.

To judge of the superstitious material that he had to deal with we may perhaps find a sample among existing Barbary Jews, a race that claims that they date back long before the days of Moses. They reverence the Cabalistic *Zohar* more than the Pentateuch, and say that they know of the first Temple of Solomon which is in North Africa, but that they never heard of the second Temple. Though the Alexandrian Jews hated the Libyan Jews, Josephus admits that there was a Temple of Solomon in Libya, and that it was built before the destruction of the first Temple; but he accounts for it by a foolish story about a nephew of the High Priest, called Onias, who went to Libya and built it. As it now appears that the Palestine Exploration Fund have found no traces of the first Temple in Jerusalem, it is interesting to know that Procopius saw the Libyan Temple during the time of the Vandal invasion, and says that the Libyan Jews claimed that it was the original Temple of Solomon.

The Barbary Jews are very superstitious, and look down on other Jews as heretics. In many respects they seem to have traces of an early Cabeiric cult. With them, too, the Sabbath is a "Day of the Dead." I have spent much time in that country, and have devoted much attention to these people, and their peculiar festivals. I was surprised at finding that when an old woman, whose family had neglected

* In some few instances the month was divided into ten weeks of three days each, and sometimes, though rarely, into three divisions of ten days each.

her, died, they almost seemed to worship her, and I felt sure that their intense mourning was rather the effect of fear than of affection. For eight days after her death no one in her family could cook or work. It is a custom in that country, in case of a death having occurred during a year past, to prepare on Friday for a visit on the Sabbath from the spirit of the deceased, which gets out of Gehenna on a ticket-of-leave which expires at the end of the Sabbath.

After sunset the sitting-room is clean swept and prepared, and in a corner they place a lamp with some flowers and other articles. It is believed that the spirit will go there and remain till the close of the Sabbath, provided that it is not driven away by noise or work, for the Sabbath must be a day of rest, and there must be no noise, or work carried on, and, above all things, there must be no fire kindled or extinguished, otherwise the poor ghost must hurry back to Gehenna. Hence I could not get my servant, a Barbary Jewess, to light my lamp, or to kindle my fire until on the Sabbath night the necessary four stars put in an appearance. On one occasion she became annoyed at something, and, forgetting that it was the eve of the Sabbath, brought in the lamp. I was sorry that I told her of her mistake, for she was very much distressed, and for days did not seem to be able to forget her sin against her poor mother.

If a Jew's house catches fire on the Sabbath, he will not put it out, but he straightway rushes into the street, shouting "My house is on fire!" and the Moors take up the cry, "A Jew's house on fire; come and put it out!" Not that the Moors care for the house being burned, but a fire is apt to spread, so the Moors are accustomed, as a mat-

ter of course, to come to the rescue.

For a year the spirit of the dead spends its Sabbaths in its former home. At the end of that time its lamp is placed in the Synagogue, and is regularly supplied with oil. Where the family of the deceased is very poor, the Synagogue supplies the oil.

These ideas are not confined to Barbary Jews. An interesting article on the superstitions of some Jews of Eastern Europe appeared some years ago in the *Spectator* (London), which gave a story that passed muster among them. A Rabbi, an eloquent man, was preaching in the Synagogue, when he found the air become very close, although the congregation was not very large. Suddenly the gift of sight came to him, and he beheld scores of the spirits of the dead, many of them well known to him, who crowded the Synagogue to such an extent that it was almost impossible to breathe. They had been allowed to come to earth on the Sabbath Day!

The subjects of Moses, the Hebrew Sabbath, and the religious obligation on Christians to observe Sunday are outside the scope of a paper on pre-historic man; but in view of the use of electric cars on Sunday having been a "burning question" at the polls in some of the principal towns in Canada, I may venture to state that, in my opinion, so important is it to have one day of rest in seven, that the State may be justified in making the observance of such a day a matter of legislation, and even, if necessary, of trenching a little on the liberty of the subject. It would, however, be wise to punish a breach of a law regulating the observance of Sunday as an offence not against God, but against the State—a violation not of the Divine, but of the civil law.

R. G. Haliburton.





THE MAKING OF A DOLLAR BILL.

ALTHOUGH those persons who feel that they have enough money for all their requirements are probably the rarest specimens of the human family, the receiving and spending of money is an experience common to more people than any other we enjoy as members of civilized communities. In Canada we have never troubled ourselves to make gold coins. Our silver and copper pieces are quite sufficient for the small transactions of daily life, and, in place of the gold of former times and other countries, we use the more convenient system of a paper currency. To the banks is remitted the privilege of issuing the \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills which commonly liquidate debts between traders, while the Dominion Government monopolizes the issue of the \$1, \$2 and \$4 bills, the humbler but more constant acquaintances of the common people, and the principal means of maintaining a good understanding between traders and their customers. There is a series of bills of high denomination—\$50, \$100, \$500 and \$1,000—which also are issued by the Dominion Government. These evidences of wealth are not without interest, but as they rarely come within the ken of the ordinary man or woman, but are used mainly in banking transactions, it is not necessary to say more about them.

Though the handling of the bills of the smaller denominations is a daily experience with everybody, few know how these pieces of paper money originate, or how they get into the hands of the people, or what becomes of them

after their work is done. Let not the gentle reader turn from this brief article in dread of brain-wrenching complications concerning standards, media, and parities of values. The Dollar Bill is a Thing, and an interesting one, and to that we will confine ourselves.

To those who have visited Ottawa, the Eastern Block is a familiar memory. On the ground floor of this massive and beautiful building are the offices of the Finance Department. At the end of one of the lobbies, away from the track of the casual visitor, is a small suite of offices, the headquarters of the Currency Branch, the native home and final resort of the familiar \$1, \$2 and \$4 bills. The head of the branch is Lt.-Col. Fred. Toller, whose official title is Controller of Dominion Currency. The total circulation of Dominion notes has been as high as \$22,893,259, but it usually runs from eighteen to twenty millions of dollars, increasing in the fall when the moving of the crops causes the heaviest business. Besides the care of this great circulation Lt.-Col. Toller is charged with the custody of millions of dollars of securities deposited with the Government by the insurance companies. Not only must these be kept so as to be accounted for at any moment, but, as they bear interest, the coupons must be clipped as they mature and sent to their owners. Dealing with slips of paper which are practically money, this is a business demanding absolute accuracy. It will be seen that there is hard work for the small staff engaged.

But over and beyond this, there rests

upon the head of the Branch a weight of responsibility which only the least nervous of mortals could endure. Lt.-Col. Toller has in marked degree that first necessary qualification for a specially trying position—he loves and takes pride in his work. An Englishman by birth, he had some experience in banking in his native country, which he extended by some years of work in banks in Canada. He has been twenty-five years in the service of the Dominion Government, and has been head of the Currency Branch ever since it was established fifteen years ago. The currency system of Canada is probably as perfect as that of any other country in the world. But such systems are not wholly automatic, and the better the laws the more honourable, intelligent and painstaking must be the officers who enforce them. Though the slightest hitch in the currency system would cause an instant and angry outcry on the part of the people, the fact is that, like the healthy man who is said not to know he has a stomach, the people of Canada hardly know they have a currency system. Year after year the appropriations for carrying out the work and paying the salaries of the Branch are passed in Parliament, and even the most inquisitive or querulous of the people's representatives rarely even ask for a formal explanation. This silence is the most eloquent praise that one in Lt.-Col. Toller's position could receive. The immunity from error and confusion is due, in the first place, to a thorough knowledge on the part of the head of the Branch of the duties of his position, and, in the second place, to the rigid adherence to rules that experience has proven to be wise. The Currency Branch works hard, but it distinctly declines to get "rattled."

There are agencies in Charlottetown, Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Victoria—one in each Province. These are presided over by officers known as Assistant Receivers General, all of whom, except the one at Montreal, have duties also in connection with Government Savings Banks. These agencies deal with the ordinary banks

in furnishing Dominion bills and receiving the worn-out bills which are unfit for further circulation. The Currency Branch at Ottawa performs similar functions in connection with the banks in that city. Thus there is one general source of supply, and there are eight reservoirs, so to say, which supply the banks which, in turn, supply the public. As more bills are required for the business of the country they are easily and quickly supplied, and as the changes of season or other circumstances lessen the demands, the currency system "hauls in the slack," as the steamboat men say, and thus not a dollar is forced out or kept back undesirably.

The printing of the bills is done under contract. This interesting process should be the subject of a separate article. To deal with it now would occupy too much space and would interrupt the consideration of the duties of the Currency Branch. Let us suppose that the printing is done and that the messenger has brought the bills to the Branch. They are in bundles of sheets, a thousand sheets to a bundle, and four bills in a sheet. First the sheets are counted and carefully examined. The officer receiving them must note carefully three things. First, he must see that the bills are accurately numbered. Any undetected mistake in this respect would lead to confusion, and dealing with merchandise which is soon to be turned into money at its face value, anything like the shadow of the possibility of a mistake must be avoided. Next, he must see that the sheets are all the same size; otherwise when the bundles go to the cutting machine some of the bills would be spoiled. In the third place, he must see that the printing is right, for upon uniformity and perfection in printing depends to a great extent the protection of the public against counterfeiters, and besides, the Dominion pays for first-class work and insists upon getting it. Very seldom, indeed, is anything found to be wrong, and the bundles of sheets are signed for by the officer receiving them.

The bills, as they come from the printer, bear one signature in facsimile, that of Mr. J. M. Courtney, Deputy Minister of Finance. Another signature must be written in at the lower left-hand corner under the word "Countersigned." This work of signing the bills is relegated to a staff of nine ladies, who occupy a room by themselves. These clerks all sit at one large desk the surface of which is divided into compartments by glass partitions. Thus, while each clerk is in full view of the others, there is no danger of the precious documents they handle getting intermingled. The signer receives the bills in bundles of a thousand sheets, no second bundle being given until the previous one has been returned with signatures complete. Each delivery either way is signed for in a book kept for the purpose, the receipt for the signed bills being given by two officers. It is impossible for the most expert of the ladies to sign four thousand sheets in one regular working day, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., with an intermission for lunch, but by working overtime it has been done. The average time required for signing four thousand bills is from two and a half to three days. This is really rapid work. Let anybody who doubts it sit down and sign his name clearly and neatly four thousand times on a thousand separate sheets of paper. The ladies who sign the bills are not permanent but temporary clerks, and are paid only for the days of actual work. There are no employes of the Dominion Government who earn their money harder. The bundles that are not signed or not delivered back to the teller are put in a tin box which is made to just hold one bundle, each signer having a separate box the key of which she keeps. These boxes are placed in the vault with the other valuables.

With so many millions of dollars' worth of paper to be cared for, it can readily be understood that a secure receptacle is one of the features of the Currency Branch. There is not in Canada a more perfect safe than that whose ponderous doors open from Lt.-

Col. Toller's private office. The body is of seven thicknesses of chrome steel and iron, there are double doors, to open which the working of two combinations is necessary and each combination is in possession of a separate officer, and the time lock affords a further protection. Massive as a railway bridge, yet fine as a watch, such a safe is a thoroughly characteristic specimen of modern art.

The signed bills are sent to the Assistant Receivers General or handed to the representatives of the local banks as required. They are given out in sheets, again restored to the familiar thousand sheet package. Those sent out are sent by express in boxes specially designed for the purpose. Each delivery to the Express Company is attested by the signatures of two officers, who stand ready to declare that on the date and at the hour given the bills whose number appear in the book were duly delivered.

While the stream of new bills sets outward there is an almost equally large stream of worn, greasy defaced bills inward. These latter are destroyed. This seems a simple thing to say, and yet the destruction of a battered old hulk of a bill is attended with just as much form and just as much circumspection as the issue of a new one. If any one requires it he can get clean or new bills to any amount he cares to pay for from the Assistant Receivers General. It is the duty of bank tellers to retain and return Dominion bills that are unfit for further circulation, but the public are really their own protectors against disreputable looking paper currency. The Assistant Receivers General issue new notes in place of old ones, and it is through these officers that nearly all the worn bills are returned from the banks and from the public. Worn bills are cancelled in the offices of the Assistant Receivers General before they are sent to the Currency Branch, the cancellation being effected by cutting out two pieces from the lower side, like a hungry boy's two bites from a piece of bread and butter. These worn-

out bills are placed in a special vault, practically as strong as the principal safe, there to await the day of their destruction.

When the work of signing bills has been carried somewhat in advance of the requirements of the country, the ladies in the big room are required to count the old bills and arrange them according to the office through which they were issued—Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, etc. On a day and at an hour appointed an officer of the Auditor General's Department attends and receives the old bills, and he and an officer of the Currency Branch together take the bills to a room in the basement in which is a furnace, a sort of annex to the general heating furnace of the building, and throw them into the fire. The furnace is then locked and the key borne away to the Auditor General's office. Bound in bundles as they are and covered with the dirt of their travels, the bills do not burn rapidly, and that is why the officers do not wait

for their complete destruction. A whole day hardly suffices sometimes to reduce the last package to ashes.

There is a tradition current in Ottawa that on one occasion a number of bills were drawn up the chimney by the fierce draft of the furnace and scattered over the grounds. To hear the story one would suppose that the lawn was covered with these ragged refugees, and that the populace of the Capital had a finer opportunity for acquiring wealth than the traditional occupants of Tom Tiddler's ground. The fact is, however, that only two or three bills escaped through a crack in the furnace plate caused by the heat. The mistake is not likely to occur again. Still, the method of destruction is not quite satisfactory, and Lt.-Col. Toller looks forward to the time when the system in use in Washington will be adopted—that of boiling the bills to a pulp in the presence of responsible officers.

Alexander Colin Campbell.

CANADIAN HYMN.

PROSPER the peace of Canada,
Our nation of the North ;
Sired by the brave of olden race,
Heir to their honoured worth.

Cabot leaped on the first-found strand,
Planted the blood-red cross ;
It waveth till the breakers white
Upon Pacific toss.

Came Cartier and Champlain,
The pioneers advance :
They sowed the mighty River's brink
With lilies gold of France.

When God doth give His victories,
'Tis never nation's loss ;
The lilies wave in Freedom's breeze
Beside the sheltering Cross.

All nations' Father, us protect
To every century :
Grant always by Thy strength to stand
And in Thy truth be free.

O. A. Howland.



THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

IV.—THE WIDOWED STRANGER.

IT was a warm July morning when the strange widow came to meeting and was shown into Dr. Jordan's pew, for Bro. Silas Smith knew the Doctor would n't come that morning. Poor old Hetty Brown was dying, and the Doctor was staying with her boy Zeke till it was over. Zeke is half-witted, and he could n't sense it, and did n't know what to do.

As soon as the widow came up the aisle all the congregation fastened their eyes on her, and she couldn't complain of that, for she was dressed in what we considered a "loud" way. I always maintain that when widows and others get themselves up into mourning that is obtrusive, they must expect to be stared at. If their reason for wearing mourning is to shrink away from people's gaze, they've gone the wrong way about it.

This widow, whose name was Mrs. Miller, which we all found out as quickly as we could, was dressed in the height of style, and her things were all new. Her veil was not so heavy as we were accustomed to see, and she wore those white fixings wherever they could be put. That was the reason we all stared so hard; but a reason's no excuse. She was boarding at the hotel then, and next week she brought her little girl out and rented the Bates cottage, and the Bateses went to live in the barn.

She sent her card to the minister,

and when he called she explained that she wanted to get right into church work—she hadn't anything in the world left to live for, and would he give her something to do—teaching in Sunday School, or visiting the sick, or collecting for the missionaries, or anything. She had n't any money, but such as she had she would freely give, and the minister was delighted. He put her on the visiting list and gave her a missionary book, and introduced her to the Ladies' Aid, and she was right in the swim of church goings-on in no time.

And she was a clever woman—could get up and make a speech better than many a man, and write fine letters, and bills and posters for tea-meetings, and advertisements in the paper, and do secretary work lovely, and keep treasurer's books so they'd balance, and pray—oh, how she came by it I don't know, but she could pray most beautifully, with never a sob or a gasp, which spoils some women's praying, to my mind. Naturally such a woman was a treasure, and we all tried to overlook her giddy way of wearing widow's clothes, and just to profit by what she had in her that was good. Not but what there were some that were bitter against her. Mrs. Alice Graham, who had worn deep mourning for her husband for twenty years—all clear, heavy black, with just the white frill in her bonnet—she did have a lot to say about the white ties and cuffs and collars our

new widow wore. And Mrs. Larkins, the President of the Ladies' Aid, tried to smooth her down by saying Mrs. Miller was younger, but that didn't help it a bit, and we all considered it a lack of tact on Mrs. Larkins' part.

Mrs. Miller had plenty of new ideas about how to raise money, and we needed them, for there was a heavy debt on the church even after fifteen years of begging and tea-meetings. It was natural enough that most of the heavy givers were drawing off, and we had to think of new ways of coaxing out the dollars, and doing it so carefully they would n't know it, or at least think they were getting something for it, which generally is n't so, as far as church goings-on are concerned. But then nobody is really deceived, so there is no real harm I hope.

Mrs. Miller told us how to get up pink teas, and lemon socials and green luncheons, and we had a married men's supper, and she started five o'clock Aid teas for the members. They came early to each other's houses, and brought the cake and sandwiches, and the hostess made the tea and chocolate. Each of the members paid ten cents, and then the husbands came at six and paid a quarter, and they said it was n't worth it, but we made lots of money. Once Mrs. Miller suggested a widows' tea, but there were only four widows in the congregation, and they would n't work with her. Somebody did say she set it down to their jealousy, because they thought she'd look nicer than them; but that could not have been the reason, for they all said she looked "such a fright."

We were quite gay that summer with all our teas and socials, and our apron bazaar in September was a grand success. Mrs. Miller was treasurer, and the way she counted and counted the money, and told us how it was growing in the bank book, was just wonderful. She was enthusiastic and no mistake. People came to look to her for everything, and the minister praised her before her face and behind her back, and said, "See what one energetic woman can do." It seemed as if he

was reproving us, and we felt as if perhaps we had n't been pushing enough, so we worked doubly hard, and everything went on splendidly.

Along in September the barn got too cold for the Bateses, and they said they'd have to have their house. Mrs. Miller did n't seem to know what to do. She said she could n't bear to leave the church just now, for she had set her heart on getting up an autograph quilt for it. A friend of hers in Winnipeg had sent her word that one their church had made brought them over five hundred dollars, and she thought it would be so nice if we could start one.

We all said could n't she board, and she got red in the face and said she could n't afford to, unless she could rent her city house, and her daughter would have to go to school next week, and schooling cost so much. Then Mrs. Moore spoke up—she's a good-natured woman, with a large family and none too much money to come and go on; but she was born with generosity, and she's let it get strong with being used.

"You come right home with me," she said. "I've got a big spare room and you're welcome to it; and you can pay me for what you eat, if you feel like it; and it won't cost much."

So the matter was settled. The little girl went to school and Mrs. Miller went to board with Mrs. Moore.

Then the autograph quilt was begun. We made it good and big, twenty blocks by twenty, and twelve names to a block. We worked them small, but, as Mrs. Miller said, if folks wanted their names to set out they ought to pay more than ten cents; and of course some did. Each of us furnished our own silk—at least Mrs. Miller bought it from a wholesale friend of hers, and we paid three cents a block for the cashmere, and it would all help along. Mrs. Miller wrote the names on tissue paper and basted them on, and the way she worked was a caution—nothing was too much trouble for her to do.

We got names from all parts of the country, and how we did work and pester our friends, and beg of acquaint-

ances and strangers alike. If it was n't for a good cause it would have been shameful, and sometimes when I think of it, all to myself, I am not so sure that it was n't shameful anyway. But I may be wrong.

After a while it was finished, all pieced and lined and bound and tufted down, and it was a beauty, all yellow and white. Mrs. Miller suggested that we should have a yellow social the night it was sold and have everything yellow—custard pies and pumpkin ones, and peach tarts and orange cakes and yellow icings, and yellow flowers and yellow on the lamps, and we agreed, and we all worked at yellow things till we almost had the jaundice. Then the day before the social Mrs. Miller told us that old Timothy Barton was going to buy the quilt for two hundred dollars, and she thought it would be a fine idea to get him to pay the money and then draw what we had in the bank, and get it all in gold, and put it up in yellow sateen sacks tied up with yellow ribbons, and let the president of the Ladies' Aid give it over to the chairman of the trust board with an address. The names on the quilt had made near five hundred dollars, and two made seven, and we had nearly four hundred in the bank, so we could put a hundred dollars in each sack and have ten of them. It was a fancy sort of a plan, and it took the young people mightily. Polly Marsden said she could see those little fat yellow bags every time she shut her eyes. Some of the older women thought a cheque would be better, but gold was yellow, and it was a yellow social, and Mrs. Miller had her way. Granny Kyle said it wasn't safe to have so much money about, and Mrs. Miller just smiled and said, "Poor old thing! I suppose she is not accustomed to handling money, and it seems a large amount to her."

We joined with Mrs. Miller, but it seemed a large amount to us, too—a whole thousand dollars. Why, it would be a sight to see, and ought to draw a crowd, even if the quilt and the social did n't.

Timothy Barton paid down his money. No one but Mrs. Miller could have persuaded him to buy the quilt, let alone pay for it, before he got his hands on it, but he had taken to acting real foolish about her, gone eighty as he is.

That night was a splendid night for socials, fine and clear and moonlight, and the school-room looked very pretty all fixed up with yellow. We had tied oranges on Mrs. Hastie's rubber plant and Mrs. Currie's oleander, and they set off the platform well. About six, Mrs. Miller came with all the sacks. They were in a box, and we all peeped at them and admired them. They were the crowning glory of the evening. Mrs. Miller was worried about them. "It's such a responsibility," she said, "and I feel as if I must n't let it out of my sight till it's given over to the trustees," which was quite natural.

Timothy Barton had come very early and sat in a front seat admiring his quilt, which was hung up at the back of the platform. The crowds were wonderful. The quarters just clanked down on the plate at the door, and it kept Mrs. Miller busy running around getting bills, because the silver was so heavy and so bulky.

After all the refreshments had been served, the women, who were all hot and tired with our much serving, came into the front row to see the quilt given to its owner and the little chunky bags delivered up. Mrs. Miller said she'd just run into the church for a fan, but we all got so interested in Timothy we never thought of fans.

We all thought that for an old man he acted real boyish. He must have his new quilt right down on the seat beside him, and he patted it and held it up to his face till the boys were in roars of laughter. But then, I suppose he ought to get the worth of his money out of it somehow, and he really could not get it out of the quilt itself.

Then it was time for the bags, and Mrs. Larkin read an address and the chairman replied, and we all leaned back and sighed, and the trustees beamed on us, and we were very proud.

After it was all over Timothy Barton wanted to see the money, and Martin Thompson, the treasurer, undid one of the yellow ribbons, and then he gasped. Every one crowded around, and he lifted up the pretty sack and tumbled out a little pile of yellow and brown and white stones and never a cent of money.

"A little joke, I presume," said the minister, with a smile that had more teeth than cheerfulness in it; but no one answered. Most of us were white and had chills, and brother Thompson went on solemnly emptying those stones out on the table. The commotion was something fearful. Three or four started off to look for Mrs. Miller. Timothy was crying because his two hundred dollars was gone, and he was mussing up the quilt with his hands and declaring we would have to take it back. The minister's wife whispered that the missionary money was not handed in as it should have been at the first of the year. Mrs. Moore said Mrs. Miller had promised to pay her

board the next day, and she was looking to it to help with her grocer's bill. She had never paid a cent.

"I thought something was wrong," drawled the banker's son, "when she wanted every cent out, and said she'd rather have it in bills than gold anyway, after we'd got up some gold especially for you."

"She's a fine pillar," snapped out Mrs. Graham, and the talk got sharp, so the minister raised his hand and said: "Let us pray for the poor broken pillar," and when he had finished you could have heard a pin drop, and I believe we all felt sorrier about her than about the money.

Of course they hunted for her; but she got off and we never heard a word of her from that day to this. So we had almost a year's hard work for nothing, and it wasn't long before we got a bill for the white cashmere and the yellow silk in that tiresome quilt. Mrs. Miller had never paid a cent on it and—well, we all had.

Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).



BLACK ROCK LEDGES.

THE summer moon on Black Rock Ledges
Weaves them a silver spell;
You'd laugh to see the ripples dancing,
And laugh that all was well.

The summer sun on Black Rock Ledges
Sleeps through the summer day;
You'd think the waves knew naught of sadness,
So light their fall and play.

But shoreward over Black Rock Ledges
The hills loom scarred and white;
Be sure they know of storm and thunder,
Of surge, and fog, and night.

And I know you, ye bitter Ledges,
Girt by the bitter sea;
And give ye now, ye bitter Ledges,
My sailor back to me.

A. B. de Mille.

PREMIERS OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SINCE CONFEDERATION.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE CHARLOTTETOWN "EXAMINER."

WHEN the Legislatures of the other Provinces decided to enter the Union, the Legislature of Prince Edward Island passed a "No Terms Resolution." The island was then owned for the most part by absentee proprietors. Its people, who held their lands upon leasehold tenure, had long agitated and legislated, in vain, against the proprietary system. The proprietors had the ear of the authorities in Downing Street, and Acts of the Island Legislature, passed for the purpose of forcing them to come to terms with their tenants, were repeatedly disallowed by the Crown. In this situation, the first inducement to a favourable consideration of terms of union on the part of the people of Prince Edward Island was that of getting rid of absentee landlordism; and this inducement was first held out to them by the Honourable James Colledge Pope. Mr. Pope had been for many years a popular leader in the little island colony, and there was no man who, at this juncture, enjoyed the people's confidence in a larger measure. While in London, in the autumn of 1866, he had an interview with Sir John Macdonald and other members of the Canadian Cabinet. It was suggested at this meeting that the sum of \$800,000 should be set apart by Canada, in addition to the amounts stipulated in the terms previously offered, for the purpose of purchasing the proprietary estates upon a plan similar to that by which the seigniories of Quebec had been abolished. As soon as he returned to the Province, Mr. Pope gave publicity to this offer. Then he took up the question of railway construction. After some time and much agitation he succeeded in persuading a majority of the people that they needed a railway, and obtaining authority from the Legislature

to construct it. Tenders were called for, the railway contract let, and bonds issued for the purpose of raising the money required as the work proceeded. In the course of a year or two, a turn of the political wheel of fortune gave Mr. Pope's anti-Confederate and anti-railway opponents control of the Government. These gentlemen, instead of tearing up the rails already laid down and abandoning the work, as the people were led to expect, immediately began to build branch railways, and to add largely to the expenditures in which the colony was involved. The consequence was that the railway bonds did not appreciate in the money market, and the public credit drooped. In this dilemma the anti-Confederate Government was constrained to re-open negotiations with the Government of Canada. A ministerial delegation, consisting of Messrs. Haythorne and Laird, set out for Ottawa, and, after some time, the contracting parties came to terms. Mr. Pope took ground against the terms thus arrived at. He contended that they were not sufficiently favourable, and he succeeded at the ensuing election in again gaining power. Then he and two of his colleagues, the Hon. George W. Howland and the Hon. T. Heath Haviland, conferred with the Government at Ottawa and obtained some additional concessions. The "Better Terms," as they were called, were immediately submitted to the Legislature and unanimously adopted. Prince Edward Island entered the Confederation on the 1st of July, 1873; and Mr. Pope's was the master-mind which, by suggesting a plan to abolish the proprietary system, by building the railway, and obtaining the "Better Terms," brought about this consummation.

After Confederation, Mr. Pope was

Premier only about three months. In the partial election of members of the House of Commons, which followed the union, he was chosen to represent Prince County, and he was present at the memorable session of 1873, in which Sir John Macdonald's Government fell under the Canadian Pacific Scandal. Having stood by his leader in that supreme trial of his fidelity, he was not successful at the following general election, in which Mr. McKenzie swept the country, and he was out of Parliament until 1876.

In the meantime he took an active part in local politics. Contrary to the wishes of his old colleagues in the Provincial Government, he came to the relief of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Charlottetown, who had established several large and excellent denominational schools in the principal towns of the Province, and went to the country with a cry of "Payment for Results" in secular education. The contest proved to be practically a trial of strength between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, and as the latter had a large majority in the Province Mr. Pope met a heavy defeat—from which he at once emerged to take a seat in the House of Commons. A vacancy in the representation of Queen's County was caused by the appointment of the Hon. David Laird to the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, and Mr. Pope seized the opportunity thus offered. After a spirited contest with his own brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Welsh, he was elected a member of the Opposition under the leadership of Sir John Macdonald. In the general election of 1878 Mr. Pope was again successful, and upon the formation of the Macdonald Administration he became a member of the Cabinet, and Minister of Marine and Fisheries. His career in the Parliament and Government of Canada was, upon the whole, disappointing to his friends. His devotion to politics had necessitated neglect of his extensive business interests, and heavy

losses supervened. Mr. Pope had been one of the leading ship-builders and ship-owners of the Province, as well as a farmer upon a large scale. As a man of business he was open-handed and exceedingly enterprising. He gave a distinct impetus to the growth of the town of Summerside, and he had large interests in Cascumpec, Charlottetown and other parts of the Province, as well as at sea. His public and private cares weighed heavily upon his mind; and even before he entered the Parliament of Canada he had begun to break down under the distressing and prolonged nervous disorder to which he at length, in the spring of 1885, fell a victim at the age of fifty-nine years.

Mr. Pope was of English descent—the second son of the late Hon. Joseph Pope, who was for many years a prominent politician and merchant in the island, and a younger brother of the Hon. W. H. Pope, one of the Fathers of Confederation present at the Quebec Conference, and the Charlottetown Conference out of which the Quebec Conference grew. He inherited much of that magnetic quality which is characteristic of born leaders of men. Though not a fluent speaker, his suc-



HON. JAMES C. POPE.

First Premier of Prince Edward Island Under Confederation.



HON. L. C. OWEN.

Premier of Prince Edward Island, 1873-6.

cess in elections was phenomenal at a time when "human devices" were not reduced to a fine art. At his prime, he was certainly one of the foremost of the many able politicians of his generation in the Maritime Provinces, and though many of his private enterprises failed in the end, his public measures generally inured to the public good. He was succeeded in the Premiership of the Province by

THE HONOURABLE L. C. OWEN.

Mr. Owen was the eldest son of Thomas Owen, Esquire, who was for many years previous to Confederation Postmaster-General of the island. He was himself, after his father's death, Postmaster-General for about seven years; and he has since been a director of the Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island, a director of the Marine Insurance Company and of the P. E. Island Steam Navigation Company. His talents are, indeed, rather those of a man of business than a politician. But he is universally respected on account of his integrity in the conduct of affairs, public as well as private. He had been chairman of the Board of Works in the Pope Administration, and it became his duty as Premier to complete and hand over the Prince Edward

Island Railway and other public works and buildings which, by the terms of Confederation, became the property of Canada. It has been generally supposed that the Prince Edward Island Railway was built, as the Intercolonial Railway, at the cost of the Dominion Government. This is a mistake. Canada, it is true, redeemed the bonds, but the whole amount of the money supplied for that purpose was charged against the Province and was deducted from the amount of the allowance to which the Province was entitled under the terms of the union. Mr. Owen's ability as Premier was displayed in the promptitude with which he placed the Government of Canada in possession of the new railway, and in the smoothness and punctuality with which the public business was conducted. His administration is also to be credited with the passage of the important act under which the proprietary estates were obtained by the Government, and the tenants enabled to become freeholders. It was, for this and other reasons, respected and popular, and might have lasted for many years had not the School Question been obtruded into politics to the confusion of his party. Some of his followers supported the scheme of settlement propounded by the Hon. J. C. Pope, viz.: Payment for Results, and the rest coalesced with Mr. L. H. Davies, for the purpose of maintaining non-sectarian schools. Mr. Owen's following was absorbed by other leaders, and lost in the general election of 1876. Since then, Mr. Owen, preferring the quieter paths and dignified retirement of private life, has not given much attention to politics.

HON. L. H. DAVIES.

The ministry, of which the Honourable Louis Henry Davies became Premier in 1876, was made up of four Liberals and five Conservatives. It could not, in the nature of men and things, have been a long-lived administration. Mr. Davies was himself young, radical and aggressive. His Commissioner of

Public Works, the Hon. W. D. Stewart, was a man of large ideas and small experience in respect to public matters, while his Provincial Secretary-Treasurer, the Hon. George W. DeBlois, was a hot-headed Conservative of the old school. So long as the purpose for which the coalition was specially formed remained unfulfilled the administration was harmonious. But as soon as the School Question was settled, the process of disintegration began. The Commissioner of Public Works commenced the erection of an expensive hospital for the insane and the macadamizing of roads in the vicinity of the towns. Evidences of Liberal favouritism were alleged, and charges of corruption were rife. To meet the increasing expenditure an obnoxious tax was imposed upon the people. In the Dominion election contest of 1878 partizanship ran high. Mr. Davies and his Liberal colleagues actively and energetically promoted the canvass on behalf of the McKenzie Administration, while Mr. DeBlois and his fellow Conservatives were keen sympathisers with the cause of Sir John Macdonald. A crisis was reached at the following session of the Legislature, in the year 1879, when the Conservative members and supporters of the Government—excepting the Hon. John Yeo and Mr. J. W. Richards—joined the Opposition in a vote of want of confidence. At the election which followed, Mr. Davies and his friends suffered an over-whelming defeat. But his interest in Canadian politics gained strength as a result of his loss of the control of Provincial affairs. He bore the Liberal banner to victory in Queen's County in the contest of 1882, and entered the House of Commons as an opponent of Sir John Macdonald at the opening of the session of 1883. His ability as a public speaker and debater was soon recognized in Parliament, and he speedily obtained the friendship and confidence of the Opposition leaders. At each succeeding election he was reelected to represent the populous constitu-

ency of Queen's County, and he continued to be a leader in opposition to the National Policy, the Canadian Pacific Railway and all other measures brought down by successive Conservative ministries. When, at last, the Government of Sir Charles Tupper was defeated in the election of 1896, Mr. Davies accepted the portfolio of Marine and Fisheries in the Cabinet of his friend Mr. Laurier. Since then he has been one of the most active of the new advisers of the Governor-General. That he stands high in the favour of the Crown is evident from the fact that he was, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, selected with Sir Wilfrid Laurier to be the recipient of the distinguished honour of knighthood.

Sir Louis Henry Davies, K.C.M.G., is the second son of the Honourable Benjamin Davies, who was for many years a prominent island merchant and politician. He was born in Charlottetown in the year 1845, and was educated at Prince of Wales College, taking high rank as a student. He studied law in the office of Messrs. Palmer & McLeod. After being admitted to the Bar he proceeded to London, where he spent some years in the office of the



HON. L. H. DAVIES.

Formerly Premier of Prince Edward Island and now Minister of Marine and Fisheries for Canada.



HON. NEIL MCLEOD.

*Premier of Prince Edward Island in 1890-1 ; now
a County Judge.*

Attorney-General of England. Upon his return to Charlottetown he formed a partnership with Mr. George Alley (now Judge of the County Court for Queen's County), and soon built up an extensive and lucrative practice. In the year 1872, he entered the Provincial Legislature as a member for Murray Harbour, and became a champion of the tenantry who were then in the midst of their battle with the proprietary system. It is worthy of remark that when the Land Purchase Act was put in operation by the Conservative Government of Mr. Owen, in the year 1875, Mr. Davies, though leader of the Opposition, was chosen to be one of the counsel on behalf of the tenantry before the Land Commissioners' Court, of which the late Sir Hugh E. C. Childers was President. Later, in the year 1877, when Premier of the Province, he was chosen by the Dominion Government to be one of the counsel before the International Fisheries Commission authorized by the terms of the Treaty of Washington. Not long since, he was called to Great Britain to assist Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the successful effort that has been made to secure the denunciation of the commercial treaties with Germany and

Belgium. He has been, from his youth, an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship and oratory, and there can be no doubt that one of the proudest days of his life was that on which he sat at the right hand of "the Grand Old Man," to make one of a party comprising a photographic group.

HON. WILLIAM WILFRID
SULLIVAN.

His administration in the Province was succeeded by that of the Honourable William Wilfrid Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan's tenure of the premiership extended from February, 1879, until November, 1889, when he was called to take his seat upon the Bench as Chief Justice of the Province. He came in pledged to reduce public expenditure and, if possible, to abolish taxation. The first of these pledges was promptly redeemed. There was then a considerable debt and some liabilities against the Province. As soon as these were met and a small surplus shown, the Assessment Act was repealed and the people of the Province relieved from direct taxation. Mr. Sullivan exhibited marked ability as a political leader. His administration throughout was, upon the whole, judicious. He entered upon no very brilliant achievements; but he scored few failures. He conserved the interests of the Province in a practical way, obtaining from the Dominion Government, as a result of repeated representations, the payment of several claims, the amounts of which went to swell the revenue and reduce the debt of the Province. Accompanied by the Honourable Donald Ferguson (now Senator Ferguson) he went to London in the winter of 1886 to enter a formal complaint to the Government of the Mother Country concerning the failure of the Dominion Government to afford means of continuous communication between the Province and the mainland; and he and his fellow delegate were successful in obtaining the favourable consideration of Lord Gran-

ville, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. The latter sent a despatch to the Governor-General, in which he expressed the opinion that "it would reflect great credit on the Government of Canada if after connecting British Columbia with the eastern Provinces by the Canadian Pacific Railway it should now be able to complete its system of railway communication by an extension to Prince Edward Island." Lord Granville's appeal resulted in an order for borings of the bed of the Straits of Northumberland for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it could be easily pierced by a tunnel. This experiment was begun but not completed, the contractors for the work having failed to accomplish their task.

Chief Justice Sullivan is one of the many successful descendants of the Emerald Isle residing in Canada. His ancestors came from the County Kerry. He was born at Hope River in Prince Edward Island and was educated at the Central Academy and at St. Dunstan's College. After a period of special study, completed in the office of the late Honourable Joseph Hensley, he was admitted to the Bar in 1867. His career as a lawyer was successful, and he entered upon the high office of Chief Justice with the good-will of his compatriots of all classes and parties.

HON. NEIL McLEOD.

He was succeeded in the office of Premier and Attorney-General by the Honourable Neil McLeod (now Judge McLeod), one of the many able representatives of the Clan McLeod born in Prince Edward Island. Mr. McLeod is a graduate of Acadia University, Nova Scotia. He studied law at Charlottetown in the office of Messrs. Palmer and McLeod. After being called to the Bar in 1872, he became a partner of the present Master of the Rolls, the Hon. E. J. Hodgson, D. C. L. He was first elected to represent Charlottetown in the year 1879, and he was returned at every subsequent election that took place previous to his eleva-

tion to the bench, in 1893, as County Judge for Prince County. Upon the formation of the Sullivan Administration he accepted the office of Provincial Secretary-Treasurer, and held it continuously till he became Premier in 1890. His premiership lasted only about a year. He was sustained by a narrow majority in the general election of 1890. But the results of two partial elections which followed were unfavourable to his Government, and he resigned in 1891. He was succeeded by the

HON. FREDERICK PETERS.

In the first two sessions of his premiership Mr. Peters had a majority of but one in a legislature of thirty. But in the general election of 1893 he was completely successful, his majority during the past four years having been sixteen. In the recent election of 1897 this large majority was reduced to ten. Mr. Peters had many difficulties to encounter at the outset of his premiership; but he overcame them all, and is now supposed to be so much the master of the situation that his administration is popularly known as the "One-Man-Government." His ability as a master of party tactics has been demonstrated; but he has not yet developed the characteristics of a



HON. FREDERICK PETERS.

Present Premier of Prince Edward Island.

popular leader. Apparently he has no desire to become the "idol of the people." His ambition seems to be rather to shine as a lawyer and to win those honours and emoluments to which a Canadian lawyer may aspire. He is now Attorney-General, the leading Counsel before the Behring Sea Commission, and head of the firm of Peters, Peters and Ings.

Premier Peters is the second son of the late Mr. Justice Peters, for many years one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this Province. He is a descendant of one of the most prominent Loyalist families of New Brunswick. It is recorded that his great-grandfather was the man who issued the last British warrant within the territory now occupied by the United States. There is in possession of the family a letter from George Washington to this same ancestor of Mr. Peters, offering him a command in the Revolutionary Army. But the loyal "Britisher" preferred to

adhere to the cause of his Motherland, and at the close of the war he accepted grants of land bordering on the River St. John, and came to live upon British ground. On his mother's side, Premier Peters is a grandson of Sir Samuel Cunard, founder of the Cunard line of steamships, his mother having been the eldest daughter of the enterprising baronet. Mr. Peters was born at Charlottetown. He was educated by private tutors, at Prince of Wales College, and at King's College University. After studying law with his father's successor upon the bench, the present Master of the Rolls, Mr. Peters continued his studies at The Temple in London, first with the celebrated G. Braugh Allen, and afterwards with Sir Richard Webster. He is now in his forty-sixth year, holding a new lease of power as Premier and having a grand opportunity to render his native Province good service.

W. L. Cotton.



THE RAINBOW.

L IQUID feet are dancing
 Across the summer lawn,
 Upward light is glancing
 As in the early dawn.
 Every blade is gleaming
 Enamelled by the shower,
 Every bloom is beaming
 The glory of the hour.
 The parting clouds are flying
 With fleecy wings on high,
 The thunder-peal is dying
 Adown the steeps of sky.
 From out the gloom impending
 A mighty arch appears
 Prismatic colours blending,
 Pledge of the coming years.
 Arch of the ages past, of æons yet to be,
 Vision of light and beauty, crowning land and sea.

Wellington Jeffers Dowler.



REV. C. E. WILLET.
President of King's University.



REV. DR. TROTTER.
The New President of Acadia University.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

BY MINA A. READE, PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL, TRURO, N.S.

THE Province of Nova Scotia may justly be proud of the number and standing of her higher institutions of learning. From the earliest days of her history, earnest, intellectual men have been working for the extension of education, until to something over half a million people she has now four well-equipped and flourishing Universities.

KING'S UNIVERSITY.

In 1787, through the zealous efforts of the Rt. Rev. and Hon. Chas. Inglis, then Bishop of Nova Scotia, the House of Assembly was induced to grant £400 for the erection of an academy of learning, under the control of the Legislature and officers of the Established Church. One year later the Bishop opened the academy at Windsor, with Archibald P. Inglis as President. For five years the academy continued to occupy the house of Susanna Franklin, after which it removed to a part of the University buildings newly erected. In 1789, the Legislature made a grant of £444 8s. 10½d., to be paid yearly toward the maintenance of a college at Windsor. There was to be a Board of Governors, consisting of the Governor and members from the Government of

the Province, who, together with the Bishop, were to control and regulate all interests pertaining to the college. The college received its University charter in 1802, thus making it the oldest University of British origin in Canada.

Among its statutes was one that seriously crippled its growth and influence for many years of its existence. Every matriculant had to sign the XXXIX. Articles of the Established Church, and during his residence attend no other form of worship. Bishop Inglis opposed this measure, but it remained in force until the year 1830.

The Rev. Dr. Cox was the first President; but he died the following year, and was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Porter. In 1876 Dr. McCawley became President, and he was followed by the Rev. J. Dart, M.A. In 1888 the Rev. C. E. Willet came into office.

During the first fifty years of its history the progress of King's College was slow, owing to the objectionable statutes and to the political state of the country. In 1849 the Provincial grant was withdrawn, and a new Board of Governors established, composed of members of the Established Church and

friends of the institution. Although at the time the loss of this grant seemed a severe blow, yet the change effected by it was productive of excellent results. In 1850 the college sustained a heavy loss in the Rev. John Inglis, son of the founder of King's and third Bishop of Nova Scotia. He had been indefatigable in his labours for the cause of education, and an active, zealous worker for the best interests of his people. He was succeeded by the Reverend Herbert Binney, D.D.

The numbers in the University were now rapidly increasing, important additions were being made to the buildings, and funds were in an improved condition when the Collegiate School building was destroyed by fire. The new building was completed about five years later, at a cost of about \$10,000.



CHARLES INGLIS, D.D.
First Colonial Bishop.



JOHN INGLIS, D.D.
*Bishop of Nova Scotia
from 1825 to 1850.*



REV. G. MCCAWLEY, D.D.
King's College President in 1876.

The Hensley Memorial Chapel was erected in 1878, the greater portion of the cost being met by Edward Binney, a relative of the Bishop. Bishop Binney died in 1887. During the thirty-six years he filled the office he saw King's College freed from its political bonds and lifted up to be an effective instrument for the good of the church in the Maritime Provinces. Its staff had more than doubled, its funds trebled, its ordained ministers swelled in numbers from seventy-nine to one hundred and ninety-eight. The Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney now became Bishop, and under his guidance the institution has continued to grow in usefulness and prosperity. The library contains over 12,000 copies of valuable works. There are eight professors, one tutor and five lecturers.

In addition to the Arts course, there is an examining Faculty for degrees in medicine, and a law school situated in

St. John, N.B. The President exercises power over all these branches of the University and as Rector controls the interests of the Boys' Collegiate School, which is now recognized by the Board of Governors. There is also a Church School for young ladies.

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY.

Dalhousie University may be said to be a result of the war of 1812. During that war a party from Halifax captured and occupied Port Castine on the Penobscot River. At the close of the war it was returned to its rightful owners, and the dues, collected during British occupancy, handed over to the Lieutenant-Governor of the province to be used at his discretion for the good of the people. The Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor, determined to use this fund to found at Halifax a university, which should be non-sectarian and devoted to the best interests of all classes and denominations. The Board of Governors consisted of the Governor-General of British North America, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Bishop, the Chief Justice and President of the Council, the Provincial Treasurer, and Speaker of the House of Assembly.

Efforts were made to unite Dalhousie with King's, but they were unsuccessful, and in 1838, under the presidency of Dr. McCullough, the College of Dalhousie began its work with a staff of three professors. The Rev. Dr. McCullough was a Presbyterian clergyman, born in Renfrewshire, Scotland, and educated at the University of Glasgow. He came to Nova Scotia in 1804, and became the founder of Pictou Academy and first president of Dalhousie. His influence as an educator was widespread, and is still felt throughout the province.

In 1841 University privileges were conferred upon the college. Two years later Dr. McCullough died, and the Gover-

MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

KING'S UNIVERSITY, WINDSOR, N. S.

CONVOCATION HALL.





DALHOUSIE'S LIBRARY.

nors thought best to close the college and allow the funds to accumulate. From this time until 1863 the college building served various purposes; but in that year the University was reorganized. As a means of raising funds, the Legislature passed an act by which any religious denomination or private individual might endow a chair with at least \$1,200 a year, and thus have the right to control that chair and have a voice in the general management of the University by nominating one Governor for every chair thus endowed. The Presbyterian Church proceeded at once to accept this act by agreeing to endow two chairs in the college, and in 1863 Dalhousie University was formally re-opened, with the Rev. James Ross, D.D., as president, and an Arts Faculty of six professors.

Dalhousie has had many generous friends, and it is largely owing to their munificence that to-day the institution is in such a flourishing condition. Mr. George Munro, of New York, a native of this province, has endowed the five Professorships which bear his name: Physics,

History and Political Economy, English Language and Literature, Constitutional and International Law, and Philosophy. He has also provided bursaries and exhibitions to the value of over eighty thousand dollars as a means of stimulating the students. Alex. McLeod, Esq., of Halifax, has endowed the McLeod Chairs of Classics, Chemistry, and Modern Languages. Sir William Young subscribed \$20,000 to the Building Fund. To many other liberal benefactors Dal-

housie owes deepest gratitude.

The educational work is conducted by the four Faculties of Arts, Medicine, Science, and Law. The Arts Faculty dates from the beginning of the University. The Medical Faculty was organized in 1868, and in 1875 developed into the Halifax Medical College; but in 1885 the Faculty was reorganized, though it is more a Faculty of Examiners than of Instructors. The Faculty of Law came into existence in 1883. The Faculty of Science was added in 1891. The President,



DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY.

Dr. Forrest, controls all four branches of the institution.

The Library consists of about 6,000 choice works, many of them gifts of friends and graduates. The Museum consists chiefly of valuable collections presented by Rev. Wm. McCullough, D.D., of Truro, and Rev. George Patterson, D.D., F.R.S.C.



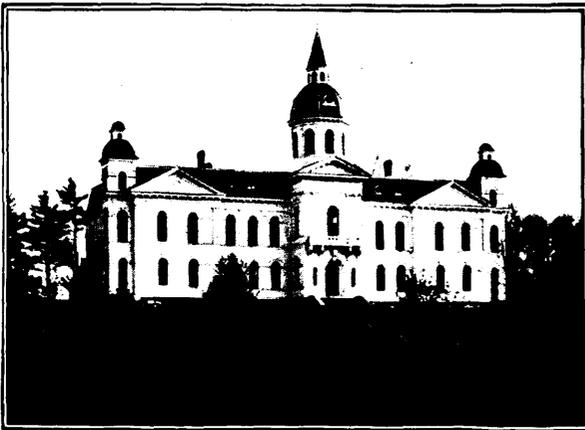
ACADIA SEMINARY.

ACADIA.

On Nov. 15th, 1838, the "Nova Scotia Baptist Education Society" met at Wolfville to consult together as to the erection of a college for the higher education of the youth belonging to the Baptist denomination. Ten years before an academy had been opened by this Society at Wolfville. It was now in successful operation, with a good attendance and an annual grant of £300 from the Provincial Treasury. Yet this, in the minds of the Society, did not fill all the needs of the denomination; there was still pressing need for a degree-conferring University. But there were also many obstacles to be overcome; the support of the Academy was already a tax on the finances of the people; many were in favour of our Provincial University, and were opposed to denominational institutions;

but the Society was not to be discouraged. After prayerful consideration they decided to begin a college at Wolfville, to be called "Queen's College." Two Professors were to be appointed, and the Academy buildings to be used till others could be erected. Notice was given on December 7th that Queen's College would begin its work on January 20th, with the Revs. John Pryor, A.M., and E. A. Crawley, A.M., as the two Professors. Queen's College was formally opened on January 21st, 1839. Twenty matriculated students were in attendance, at that time a larger number than that of any other college in the Province. In October of that year, Isaac Chipman, of Waterville, Maine, was added to the teaching staff. Professor Chipman was one of Acadia's best friends; he gave liberally to the institution of his time, energy and money. He was drowned while crossing from Blomidon in a boat in 1852.

Queen's College was now fairly launched and already doing excellent work; but the financial problem was a very serious one to the Governors. Except for the Provincial grant of £300, it was entirely dependent upon denominational funds. In 1839 application was made to the Legislature for a charter and University privileges, and in 1840



ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

the bill passed with a large majority. In 1841, the Act of Incorporation received Her Majesty's approval, with a suggestion that another name be substituted for Queen's. This was accordingly done, and *Acadia* College received full privileges as a University. In 1843 work was begun upon the college building.

The University was now steadily progressing in numbers and in the excellence of its curriculum, but the finances were in a very unsatisfactory condition. The people have, however, met every response liberally.

The Presidents of the University have been the Rev. J. Pryor, A.M., the Rev. J. Mockett Cramp, D.D., the Rev. E. A. Crawley, D.D., and the Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D.D.

The Rev.



J. M. CRAMP, D.D.

Thomas Trotter has recently entered upon the duties of President. From his earnest Christian character, and his reputation as a scholar and teacher, much is expected. Mr. Trotter was born in England, but removed to Toronto in 1870. He was educated at Woodstock, and at the Toronto and McMaster

E. A. CRAWLEY,
D.D.

Universities, in which last institution he afterwards filled the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. For the past two years he has filled the pastorate of the Wolfville Baptist church.

During the past year there were 124 students in attendance at the University, 30 of whom received the degree of A.B.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

St. Francis Xavier's College was founded at Antigonish in 1854 by the Most Rev. Colin F. MacKinnon, Bishop of Arichat. His purpose was to provide an institution for the education of



A. W. SAWYER, D.D.
Presidents of Acadia University.

young men for the priesthood and other professions.

The first President was the Rev. John Cameron, D.D., now Bishop of Antigonish; he was succeeded by the Right Rev. Colin MacKinnon in 1866, by an Act of the Nova Scotia Legislature. University privileges were conferred upon the college; these powers as yet have been exercised only in conferring the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. It is, however, the present intention of the Governors to award separate diplomas in philosophy and science, in recognition of the work done in these departments. The conditions under which these degrees will be conferred have not as yet been published.

Upon the retirement of the Rev. Mr. MacKinnon, the Rev. Ronald MacDonald became President; he was succeeded in 1878 by the Rev. Hugh Gillis, who held the office till 1880, when the Rev. Angus Cameron became President, with Rev. Neil McNeil as Vice-President. In 1884 the Rev. Dr. McNeil became President and to his noble labours are due in a large measure the progress made by this institution during the past twenty years. His high ideals, his energy, his strong but amiable character made him an admirable leader, and gave an impetus

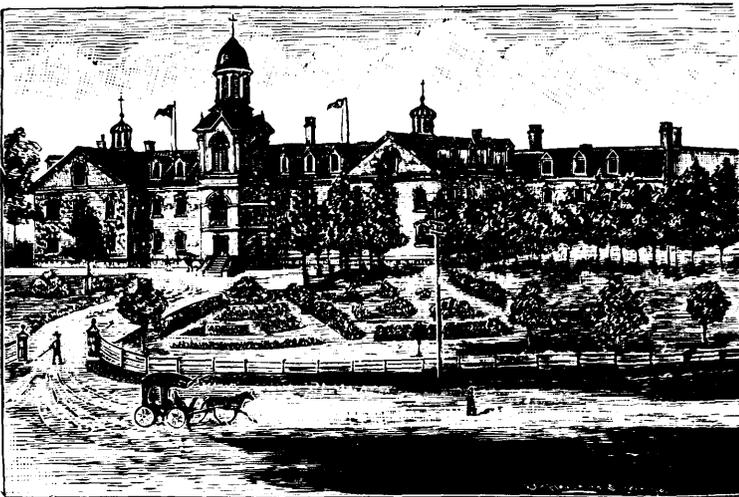


REV. D. A. CHISHOLM, D.D.
Present President of St. Francis Xavier's.

to the life of the institution in general which it yet feels and will for years to come.

Up to the year 1881, St. Francis Xavier's in common with the colleges of all denominations received a grant for its support from the Provincial Treasury. In that year the grant was withdrawn, and His Lordship Bishop Cameron appealed to his people to form an Endowment Fund. This appeal resulted in \$20,000 being collected and invested.

In 1882 a Board of Governors was organized and incorporated. Since that time various additions and enlargements have been made to the buildings, and a wonderful expansion has taken place in the curriculum and teaching staff. During the past year a handsome residence has been erected for



FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE.

the Sisters in charge of the domestic affairs of the college. There are to-day excellent accommodations for about one hundred students.

In 1891 the present President, Rev. D. A. Chisholm, D.D., succeeded Dr. McNeil, and he has continued to carry out the same policy of expansion and progress.

In 1892, through the efforts of the President, an association of College Alumni was formed, and incorporated one year later. This association has done much for the college. At present a committee is engaged in devising means for extending the usefulness of the University. It is expected that, as a result of its labours, a reorganization of the work of higher education among the Roman Catholics of the Maritime Provinces may take place. An effort will be made, by a re-adjustment of the

work in the various institutions, to concentrate in one the attention to the more advanced branches, leaving the elementary and intermediate in the hands of others. This union would certainly tend to raise still further the standard of education and culture among the people.

During the past year a departure of importance was made, by which degrees in Arts were for the first time conferred upon women. This is the first instance of the kind in connection with any Roman Catholic institution, so far as I can learn. Four young ladies, educated at St. Bernard's convent, which is in affiliation with the University, received the degree of B.A. after a highly creditable course of study, and there is a class of undergraduates in the convent at present preparing for the college degree.

M. A. Reade.



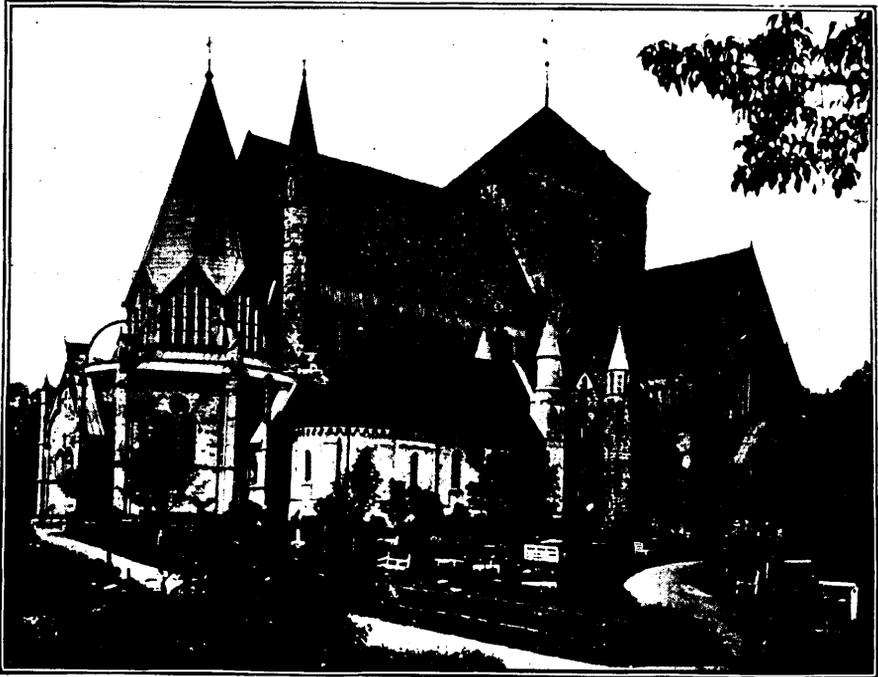
NATURE'S LULLABY.

DID'ST ever stop and list at even
To the sweet still sounds around,
Voices coming from the twilight,
Murmurs rising from the ground?

Nature soothes her tired children,
Much as mothers wont to do;
"Work is over; rest and slumber,"
Comes in whispers from below.

Know ye not the grasses hear it,
And a thrill goes through each tree?
To those who know and can interpret,
This is nature's lullaby.

H. H. Macdonald.



TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL.

A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

The account of a Canadian Woman's Summer Trip through Norway, illustrated from special photographs and sketches.

IV.—TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL, THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT, AND MOLDE.

(WING to a fog which detained us the evening before, we did not arrive in Trondhjem till about noon on Sunday—too late, we found, to attend the service at the cathedral, a treat to which we had been looking forward. Utterly disgusted with the rain, we stood on deck watching the people who crowded about the steamer to see us. They stood for hours in the wet gazing at us till we began to feel like animals in the Zoo. We had our revenge, however, when the rain ceased, as, armed with waterproof, umbrella and rubbers we began to explore the town.

After quite a search we came upon the cathedral, which certainly was not a beautiful object from without. We

found its doors closed, and the remainder of our party (a most disappointed-looking crowd) planning some means of gaining admittance. Finally the caretaker opened the doors for us and we were ushered into what looked like an immense workshop, full of odd pinkish stone in various shapes and stages of dressing. Leaving this behind we were led into a good-sized church. The whole interior, except the Mosaic floor, was of gray soap-stone, beautifully carved, with here and there a touch of gold. At the further end from where we entered was an archway composed of three slender arches. The centre one had, about two-thirds of the way up, a lace-work of stone,



A NORWEGIAN BRIDE.

which supported a statue of the Virgin Mary in purest white. Anything daintier in cathedral decoration it has not been my lot to see. Passing through this archway we found ourselves in a small, circular room, the pillars and roof of which were a mass of delicate, lacy carving. The floor of this room was inlaid, and it was in this place, we were told, that the Norwegian kings were crowned in the olden days. It certainly was an interesting spot, and doubtless one dear to the hearts of many Norwegians. From here we wandered on from one room to another, always

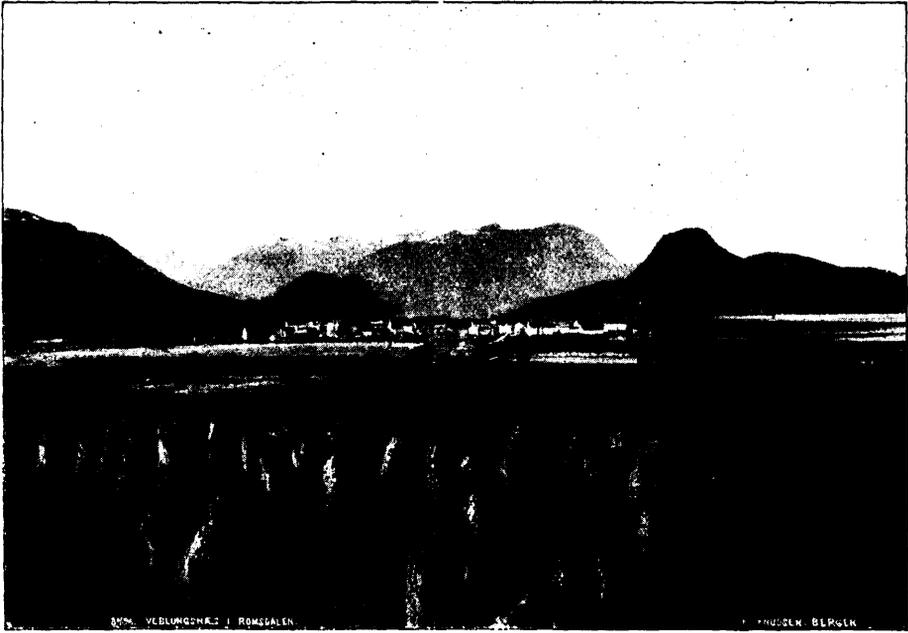
finding the same gray walls and stone floors, over which so many past generations had wandered.

All too soon the old cathedral was left behind, and we sought a church where service was to be held. Soon we found one, and taking seats near the back we watched the congregation gather. In they came, in twos or threes, and sauntered leisurely up the aisle as though out for a stroll, all the time keeping an eye on us strangers. Soon the minister appeared in his black gown, and ascended the winding stairway that led to the pulpit, which was almost on a level with the gallery. It was an odd service; no reading, singing; in fact, every part of it seemed set in a minor key. The women, too, looked sad, but, unfortunately, we felt anything but sad; yet, as they kept such a close eye upon us, we felt uncomfortable. So when they were singing we slipped out, and to this day we believe we must have done something wrong.

As we were vainly trying to find where our steamer was anchored we caught sight of some of our fellow-passengers just leaving the wharf. They



INTERIOR OF TROMSDJEM CATHEDRAL.



A RURAL SCENE IN NORWAY.

shared their boat with us, and as we rowed along told us they were going to see the German Emperor's yacht. There it lay, a beautiful large white steamer, its only ornament a strong gilded rope, which ran round it just below the upper deck, and fell in loops and tassels at the bow just below the Royal Standard. Away aft was the German flag. At right angles a little way off lay a man-of-war, also pure white, guarding the Emperor. Electric launches darted to and from the wharf preparing for His Majesty's landing; so after a hurried visit to our steamer, we went to the spot where the launches were landing officers. Soon Emperor William came ashore close to us, so close that we might have touched him; indeed, if we had not been sure of him we should never have dreamed of his being so important a personage. He by no means fulfilled our ideals of an emperor. Thus came our second glimpse of royalty, and undeceived us forever of all our foolish fancies. Excitement died a natural death as we descended to dinner and steamed away from Trondhjem.

Molde, famed for its roses and honeysuckle, we found to be a white-walled, red-roofed town upon a hillside, overlooking a fiord dotted with islands. As we anchored, the harbour seemed full of vessels. English, American and German flags were all flying, while several less familiar colours added their share to the lively scene. But all were alike on pleasure bent. Here we visited the church with its famous window—"The Resurrection Morning." The tints, the expression of the women's faces, the very grasp of the hands were a study, while the angel pointing upward announces, "He is Risen." To all of us it was a revelation as to the powerful beauty of a window, where every curve and line and shade are blended in one exquisite whole. Here we lingered for some time, until some one reminded us that the town waited to be seen. On we pressed past shops and houses, with gardens full of flowers, until we found ourselves in a pretty avenue passing the cemetery. Pausing, we saw how carefully the graves were kept, each being guarded by a low hedge, while

flowers were plentiful. Close to the lovely resting-places were seats with women at their sewing or knitting, and we found it is customary to spend part of the day, quietly, in the cemetery. It was all a pathetic sight, and though we left it soon to climb the mountain, it was not forgotten.

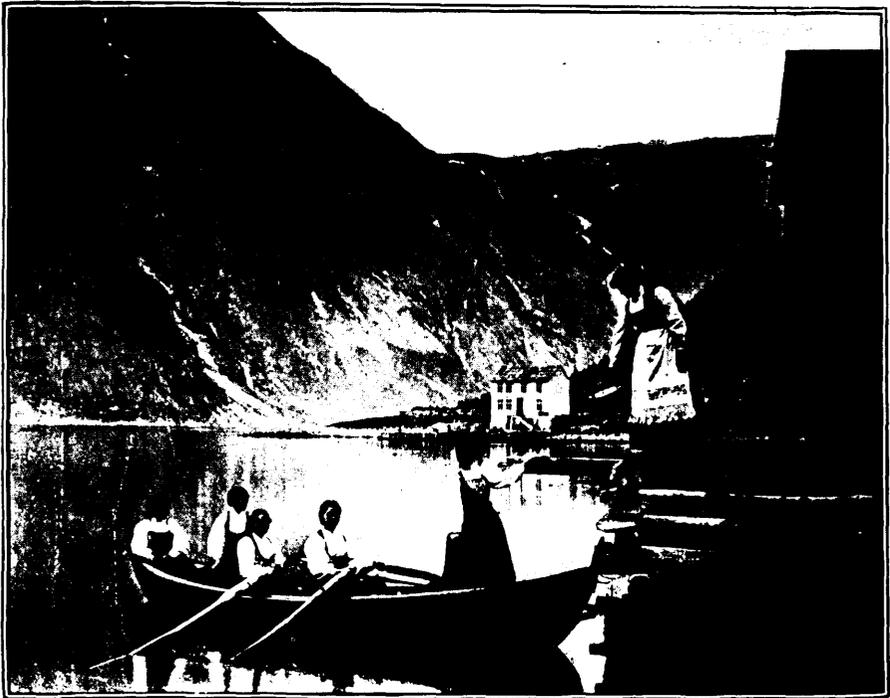
After a steep climb of fifteen hundred feet we rested breathless to admire the beauty of the scene. There below was the town peeping out of the green trees, while the harbour with its ships and islands lay quiet in the sunlight. Away across the water and close about us were the snowy peaks of mountains. In amongst that snow-white wilderness we saw a lake and pines which was the only bit of colour, while just below us on the grassy mountain side a boy was herding his cows. A picturesque sight that boy was, with his red coat, cocked hat all full of feathers like a wild Indian's, and his bright belt. As we scrambled down the steep road, resting every few minutes, we had time to

watch the boy, who by his bugle call was gathering the cows. Resting there on the mountain side drinking in the beauty about us, we decided it was almost perfection, while as a last touch the faint music from a brass band on board one of the steamers floated up to us.

Fair Molde with its charms was added to our list of sights far too soon, we felt, as we turned southward once more. A day of quiet rest on board was a treat and no one felt it long as we floated over the green waters towards Bergen.

This time Bergen was seen in its usual rainy garb, and how it did pour, making sight-seeing out of the question. We waited impatiently for the hour of sailing.

Next morning we awoke far out on the North Sea with a cloudless blue dome above us, and fair Norway far behind. It was a lovely day, but as evening drew on the "Granite City" once more loomed up before us, and



NORWEGIAN PEASANT GIRLS.

the tender, heaving upon the tide, came for us. As the last good-bye was said, we floated away with the Scotch songs and Norwegian phrases following us. The distance between us widened, and as "Smoka Piga" died faintly over the water we realized that another page in our travels was turned and "The Land of the Midnight Sun" was a happy dream of the past.

Winnifred Wilton.

THE END.

AWAKE—OR DREAMING ?

WAS it a dream when I gaz'd on thee
 And the charm of your beauty dawning ;
 Was it a dream, for it seem'd to be
 To worship you night and morning ?
 The glance of your eyes with their sunlit ray
 Envelop'd my soul in its gleaming,
 Changing the night into perfect day—
 Was I awake—or dreaming ?

Was it a dream when you sat by me
 On the cliffs by the rhythmic ocean ;
 Was it a dream, for it seem'd to be
 When you gladden'd my fond devotion ?
 The press of your hand that I held in mine,
 The love from your dear eyes beaming,
 Enraptur'd my heart with a hope divine—
 Was I awake—or dreaming ?

Was it a dream when you stood by me
 As the vows of love were plighted ?
 Was it a dream ? O ! it seemed to be,
 To hear, sweet, our lives united—
 As from the organ, in triumphant tone,
 The wondrous chords were streaming ;
 To think that for aye you were all my own—
 Was I awake—or dreaming ?

Was it a dream when you stood by me
 'Neath the clouds of our life's tribulation ?
 Was it a dream ?—Ah ! it seem'd to be,
 For you, love, were my one salvation !
 The strength of your love, as the trials came fast,
 Reveal'd true love in its meaning ;
 It led me in safety—and I know at last
 I am awake— not dreaming !

Hastings Weblyn.



MARQUIS OF LORNE.
Founder of R.S.C.



SIR J. W. DAWSON.
First President R.S.C.



HON. MR. CHAUVEAU.
Second President R.S.C.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA : ITS HISTORY AND WORK.

BY THE HONORARY SECRETARY.

I PROPOSE in this paper to give a brief and succinct answer to the following question, which ought to be of considerable interest to every person engaged in promoting Literature and Science in the Dominion : What measure of success has the Royal Society of Canada so far won, and has it been of substantial value to the Canadian people in whose interests it was established, and with whose money it is mainly supported?

Fifteen years have already passed away since a few gentlemen, engaged in literary, scientific and educational pursuits, assembled at McGill College on the invitation of the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, to consider the advisability of establishing a Society which would bring together both the French and English Canadian elements of our population for purposes of common study and the discussion of such subjects as might be profitable to the Dominion, and at the same time develop the literature of learning and science as far as practicable. This Society was to have a Dominion character—to be a union of leading representatives of all those engaged in literature and science in the several provinces, with

the principle of federation observed in so far as it asked each Society of note in every section to send delegates to make reports on the work of the year within its particular sphere of operation.

Of the gentlemen who assembled at this notable meeting beneath the roof of the learned principal of Montreal's well known university, a minority* still continue active members of the Society which they aided Lord Lorne to establish. Within a few years several of the most distinguished promoters, notably Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt, Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Professor Lawson and Sir Daniel Wilson, have been called from their active and successful labours in education, science and letters. Without dwelling on the qualifications of men whose names are imperishably connected with the work of their lifetime—chemistry, history and *belles-lettres*, botany, and archæology—I may simply state here that the result of the Montreal meeting was the establishment of a Society which met for the first time at Ottawa in the May of 1882, with a membership of eighty Fellows, under the presidency of the

* Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., Sir J. M. LeMoine, Dr. Selwyn, C.M.G., F.R.S., Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G.



MGR. HAMEL.
Ex-President R.S.C.



ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.
Ex-President R.S.C.



SIR DANIEL WILSON.
Ex-President R.S.C.

eminent geologist and teacher, Dr. (afterwards Sir) J. W. Dawson. The vice-president was Mr. Chauveau, a distinguished French Canadian, who had won a meritorious place, not only in literature, but also in the political arena, where he was for years a conspicuous figure, noted for his eloquence, his culture, and his courtesy of manner. It must not be assumed that the Society was founded in a spirit of isolation from other literary and scientific men, because its membership was confined at the outset to eighty Fellows who had written—to quote the constitution—"memoirs of merit or rendered eminent services to literature or science"—a number subsequently increased to a hundred, or twenty-five each to the four sections of :

1. French Literature and History.
2. English Literature, History and Archæology.
3. Mathematical, Physical and Chemical Sciences.
4. Geological and Biological Sciences.

On the contrary, the Society asks for, and is constantly printing, contributions from all workers in the same fields of effort, with the simple and proper proviso that such essays must be presented with the endorsement of an active member, though they may be read before any section by the author himself. Every Canadian association, whether historical, literary or scientific, as I have already intimated, has been asked to assist in the work of the So-

ciety, and its representatives are given at the meetings every advantage possessed by the Fellows themselves, except voting and discussing the purely internal affairs of the Royal Society.

Some misapprehension appears to have existed at first in the public mind that, because the body was named "The Royal Society of Canada," an exclusive and even aristocratic institution was in contemplation. It seems a little perplexing now in this memorable year of the Diamond Jubilee, to understand why any possible objection could ever have been taken to such a designation when the Queen is the head of our system of government, and her name necessarily appears in the first clauses of the act of federal union, and in every document requiring the exercise of the royal prerogative in this loyal dependency of the Crown. This objection is a good deal on a par with that which has been sometimes ignorantly urged in certain democratic quarters against the conferring of Knighthoods and other Imperial distinctions, to which Canadians have a legitimate right to aspire as long as they are citizens of one Empire and subjects of one Queen, and which are intended, and ought to be always, an imperial recognition of special service and merit in the dependencies of the Crown. As a fact, in naming the National Society of Canada, the laudable desire was to follow the example of similar bodies in Australasia, and also to recall that famous Royal Society in England, whose

fellowship is a title of nobility in the world of Science. Certain features were copied from the Institute of France, inasmuch as there is a division into sections with the idea of bringing together into each for the purposes of common study and discussion those men who have devoted themselves to special branches of the literature of learning and science. In this country, and, indeed, in America generally, a notable condition is what may be called the *levelling* tendency—a tendency to deprecate the idea that any man should be much better than another; and in order to prevent that result it is necessary to assail or sneer at him as soon as he shows any political, intellectual or other special merit, and to stop him, if possible, from attaining that mental superiority above his fellows which have been shown by such men as Laurier, Tupper, Dawson, Fréchette, or Lampman, and many other generally recognized names in politics, literature and science. The Royal Society suffered a little at first from this spirit of colonial depreciation. The claims of some of its members were disputed by literary aspirants who did not happen for the moment to be enrolled in its ranks, and the Society was charged with exclusiveness when, as a fact, it simply limited its membership, and demanded certain qualifications, like its famous English prototype, with the desire to make that membership an evidence of some intellectual effort, and consequently more prized by those who are allowed sooner or later to enter. It would have been quite possible for the Society to make itself a sort of literary or scientific picnic by allowing every man who had, or believed he had, some elementary scientific or other knowledge, to enter its ranks, and have the consequent advantages of cheap railway fares and other subsidiary advantages on certain occasions; but its promoters did not think that would best subserve the special objects they had in view. At all events, none of them could have been prompted by any desire to create a sort of literary aristocracy. Indeed, one would like to know how anyone in

his senses could believe for a moment that any institution of learning could be founded with exclusive tendencies in these times. If there is an intelligent democracy anywhere it is the Republic of Letters. It may be aristocratic in the sense that there are certain persons who have won fame and stand on a pedestal above others; but it is the world, not a class, that has agreed to place them there as a tribute to their genius which has made people happier, wiser and better, has delighted and instructed the artisan as well as the noble.

From the very commencement the Royal Society has been composed of men who have devoted themselves with ability and industry to the pursuit of literature, science and education in Canada—men chiefly drawn from the colleges, universities, official and professional classes. In the four sections at the present time can be found the Canadians most distinguished as poets, historians, archaeologists, ethnologists, geologists, naturalists, mathematicians, engineers, electricians, and other scientists. As vacancies occur, they are filled up from those persons who have a legitimate claim to fellowship.

For fifteen years the Royal Society has continued to persevere in its work, and, thanks to the encouragement given to it by the Canadian Government, it has been able, year by year, to publish a large and handsomely printed and illustrated volume of the proceedings and transactions of its members. No other country in the world can exhibit volumes more creditable on the whole in point of workmanship and varied interest than those of the Canadian National Society. The papers and monographs embrace a wide field of literary effort—the whole range of archaeological, ethnological, historical, geographical, biological, geological, mathematical and physical sciences. The fourteen volumes already published have been very widely distributed throughout Canada among the educated and thinking classes, and are sent to every library, society, university and learned institution of note throughout



PREMIER MARCHAND.
President R.S.C.



T. C. KEEFER, C.M.G.
Vice-President R.S.C.



J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G.
Hon. Secretary R.S.C.

the world, with the object of making the Dominion better known. So well appreciated are these Transactions now in every country, that, when it happens, some library or institution has not received them from the beginning or been forgotten in the annual distribution, the officers of the Society very soon receive an intimation of the fact. This is gratifying, since it shows that the world of higher literature and of special research—the world of scholars and scientists engaged in important observation and investigation—is interested in the work that is being done in the same branches in this relatively new country. It is also necessary to mention here that the Society not only publishes a large volume every year, but also gives to each author a hundred or more copies of his essay in pamphlets. In this way several thousands of valuable papers are circulated in addition to the Transactions. All the reports of the associated Societies also appear in the volume, which consequently gives to the world a resumé of all the important scientific and historical labours of the year in Canada.

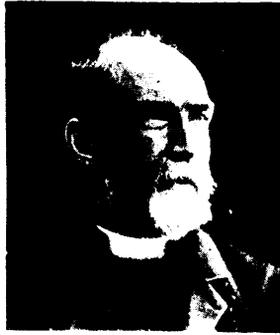
It would be impossible for me, within the compass of this article, to give anything like an accurate idea of the numerous papers, the subject and treatment of which, even from a largely practical and utilitarian point of view, have been of decided value to Canada, and I can only say here that the members of the Society have endeavoured to bring to the consideration

of the questions they have discussed a spirit of conscientious study and research, and that, too, without any fee or reward except that stimulating pleasure which work of an intellectual character always brings to the mind.

In these days of critical comparative science, when the study of the aboriginal or native languages of this continent has engaged the attention of students, the Royal Society has endeavoured to give encouragement and currency to those studies by publishing grammars, vocabularies and other monographs relating to Indian tongues and antiquities. The venerable Abbé Cuoq, one of the most erudite scholars of this continent in this special branch of knowledge, has printed in the Transactions what is a monumental work on the Algonquin language. A grammar of the Haida language—one of the tongues of the Pacific coast—has been already published at considerable expense under the careful editorship of Professor Chamberlain, of Clark University—one of those learned Canadians who have found in the neighbouring republic that encouragement for their special accomplishments which is wanting in a limited Canadian field. A great deal of light has been thrown on Cartier's and Champlain's voyages and discoveries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence by Professor Ganong, a native of New Brunswick, but now a teacher in an educational institution of New England, and by the Abbé Verreau, one of those learned gentlemen



G. M. DAWSON, C.M.G., F.R.S.
Ex-President R.S.C.



PRINCIPAL GRANT,
Ex-President R.S.C.



LOUIS FRECHETTE, C.M.G.
Poet.

who reflect so much honour on the Roman Catholic Church in French Canada. The excellent work of the Geological Survey has been supplemented by important contributions from its staff, and consequently there is to be found in the Transactions a large amount of information, both abstract and practical, on the economic and other minerals of the Dominion. Chiefly owing to the efforts of the Society, the Government of Canada some years ago commenced to take tidal observations on the Atlantic coasts—an enterprise of great value to the maritime and commercial interests of Canada. The Society has also co-operated in the determination of the true longitude of Montreal under the supervision of one of its Fellows, Professor McLeod, of McGill University. The contributions of Sir Daniel Wilson on "The Artistic Faculty in the Aboriginal Races," "The Pre-Aryan American Man," "The Trade and Commerce of the Stone Age," and "The Huron-Iroquois Race in Canada," that typical family of American Indians, were all intended to supplement in a measure that scholarly work, "Prehistoric Man," which had brought him fame many years before. One of the most distinguished ethnologists of America, and, indeed, of the world, Mr. Horatio Hale, was one of its Fellows until his decease a few months ago, and a contributor to its pages. The Reverend Dr. Patterson, of Nova Scotia, a most careful student of Acadian annals, has

made valuable contributions to the history of Portuguese exploration in North American waters, and of that remarkable lost tribe known as Beothiks, or Red Indians of Newfoundland. The *doyen* of Canadian science, Sir William Dawson, has contributed to almost every volume from his stores of geological lore, while his equally distinguished son, the director of the Geological Survey, has followed closely in his footsteps, and has made valuable additions to our knowledge, not only of the geology of the Northwest, but also of the antiquities, languages and customs of the Indian tribes of British Columbia and the adjacent islands. The opinions of Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt on the "Relations of the Taconic series to the later Crystalline and the Cambrian Rocks," were given at length in the earlier volumes. Dr. G. F. Matthew, of St. John, New Brunswick, who is a very industrious geologist, has elaborated a work on the "Fauna of the St. John Group." Not only have our geological conditions been more fully explained, but our flora, ferns and botany generally have been clearly set forth by Messrs. Lawson, MacKay, Macoun and Hay. Dr. Ells, Mr. Lambe, Mr. Whiteaves and Dr. Hoffman, of the Geological Survey; Professor McGregor, of Dalhousie University; Professors Bovey, Girwood, Callendar, B. Harrington, Wesley Mills, McLeod, Penhallow, Johnson and Cox, of McGill; Professor Ramsay

Wright, of Toronto; Professor Dupuis and Principal Grant, of Queen's; Drs. Saunders and Fletcher, of the Experimental Farms of Canada, are among the men who have made valuable contributions to the departments of science in which they are engaged, and illustrate the wide range of scientific thought and study over which the work of the Royal Society extends. Very many papers, chiefly in the scientific sections, have been illustrated by expensive plates, generally executed by Canadian artists. The majority of the names I have just given happen to be English Canadian, but the French language has been represented in science by such eminent men as Hamel, Laflamme and Deville—the two first illustrating the learning and culture of Laval University, so long associated with the best scholarship of the Province of Quebec.

It is not the practice of the Society to give much space to poetry in Transactions, which are more properly devoted to learned treatises in prose, but on several occasions the French literary section has admitted poems of Fréchette, Pamphile LeMay, and also of Premier Marchand—the President now—who is a man of fine culture, which softens and brightens the more rugged qualities which are characteristic of the practical Canadian politician. One recent feature of the Transactions is the publication of books of great rarity, with historical and bibliographical notes. In the second volume of the New Series—now printed in a convenient octavo form—is the useful History of Canada, written by Pierre Boucher, a governor of Three Rivers as far back as 1674. Mr. Benjamin Sulte, a most industrious student of French Canadian history, has edited the work with much ability and added to its value to the student. The next book of the same class, in course of preparation, is the rare book by Nicholas Denys—one of the French pioneers of Acadia and Cape Breton—on the history, geography and natural productions of North America; now only to be purchased for three hundred

dollars, as there are not more than six perfect copies known to collectors. The papers of Dr. Samuel Dawson, on the Cabot Voyages, are justly considered among the ablest that have yet appeared on a subject which, of late years, has attracted much attention among students of the discovery of America. The Royal Society was the first to make a practical move to do honour to the great Italian navigator, who showed England the way to maritime and colonial enterprise. The Society has placed in the handsome Legislative Council chamber at Halifax a brass tablet in commemoration of the famous voyages and discoveries of 1497 and 1498, and the Transactions for the current year will contain the presidential address by Archbishop O'Brien, author and divine; essays by ex-Mayors Davies and Barker, of Bristol, as well as other matter bearing on historic questions of no ordinary interest to Englishmen and their descendants the world over.

Such monographs as I have mentioned above represent the practical value of the Society, and show what an important sphere of usefulness is open to its members. The object is not to publish ephemeral newspaper or magazine articles—that is to say, articles intended for merely popular information, or treating of some topic of temporary interest—but always those essays and works of moderate compass which show original and thorough research, experiment and investigation in all branches of historical, archaeological, ethnological and scientific studies, and which will form a permanent and instructive library of reference for scholars and students all over the world. Indeed, at the present time, professors and teachers in our colleges and high schools are constantly making demands on the Society for sets of its Transactions or copies of special papers. The essays must necessarily, in the majority of cases, be such as cannot be well published except through aid granted by a Government, or by the liberality of private individuals. The Society, in fact, is in its way at

tempting just such work as is done by the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum on a large scale at Washington, so far as the publication of important transactions is concerned. The main object, of course, is to perpetuate and give currency to the labours of students and scholars in special lines of investigation, and not the efforts of the mere literary amateur or trifler in *belles-lettres*. But while there must be necessarily such limitations to the scope of the Transactions, room will be always made for papers on any economic, social or ethical subject, which, by their acute reasoning, keen analysis, sound philosophy and originality of thought and treatment, demand the attention of students everywhere. Such literary criticism as finds place in the dignified old Quarterlies or English monthlies of the *Contemporary* type, will be printed whenever it is written by any Canadian with the same power of judicious appreciation of the thought and *motif* of an author that we find notably in that charming study of Tennyson's Princess by Dr. Samuel Dawson, who is a Canadian by birth, education and feeling.

As the Society was founded by a Governor-General who is himself a literary worker, so his successors in the same high office have equally sympathised with its objects and given it many words of earnest encouragement. Both the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen have never failed to attend its most important meetings, and His Excellency, at much inconvenience to himself during the busy Jubilee week, visited Halifax for the special purpose of unveiling the Cabot tablet.* His immediate predecessor, the present Earl of Derby, was a thoughtful observer of the development of the Society, and just before his departure from the country, where he administered its affairs with so much discretion, he gave

Since this article was in the printer's hands, His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen also made at the banquet given in Toronto to the British Association of Science, a graceful reference to the work and usefulness of the Royal Society, "which has in a very special sense an educational value and function." "Although young," he added, "it is aiming at and carrying on in a measure a work similar to that of the Association. It furnishes a valuable means of bringing together and concentrating the literary and scientific talent of the Dominion."

his impartial testimony to the usefulness of the body. He said :

"There were some persons who considered that in a comparatively new country like Canada it was ambitious on her part when the foundations of the Royal Society were laid, but there must be a beginning of all things, and I can appeal to the work which has been and is being done by the different branches of the Society as evidence that its establishment was in no sense premature, but that it was fittingly determined that the progress of science and literature should take place coincidentally with that of the country. In a new country like this there is a great tendency to further one's material wants, to promote trade and commerce, and to put aside, as it were, literature and the sciences ; but here the Royal Society has stepped in and done good work, especially by uniting those who are scattered by distance, and who find in the meetings of the Society a convenient opportunity of coming together for the exchanging of ideas. If we look back we shall best see what good work is now being done. . . . In literature, history and science the Society will from the first have had its influence, as we trust, on the future of the Canadian people. I appeal not the less to my French colleagues than to my English ones [each Governor-General is honorary-president *ex-officio*] in all matters which relate to the welfare of the Society. Science, art, literature, it is true, are cosmopolitan, but they are well knit together in this national association. As in every respect Canada is always likely to take a forward part, so I hope the Royal Society will ever press on to a higher and higher goal ; and I wish to all my friends and brothers of this Society no greater blessing than that, like Canada herself, they may be happy, united and prosperous."

To these sympathetic remarks of Lord Derby the present writer need add only a few words in conclusion. The friends of the Royal Society are confident that, by showing even greater zeal and earnestness in the work for which it was founded, by continuing to co-operate with scholars and students throughout the Dominion, by giving every possible aid to all those engaged in art, culture and education, it has a most useful future before it ; and all it asks from the Canadian public at large is confidence in its labours and objects, which are in no sense selfish or exclusive, but are influenced solely by a sincere desire to do what it can to promote historic truth and scientific research, and give a stimulus in this way to the intellectual development of this Dominion, still in the infancy of its literary life.

I. G. Bourinot.



MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

XII.—THE AMERICANS.*

I SUPPOSE it will not be disputed for a moment that the true glory of a nation's literature lies in the fact that it is national—that it reflects truly the spirit and the life of the people with whom it is concerned, by whom it is written, and to whom it belongs. It will hardly be denied either that this final splendour has not yet descended in its fulness on the literature of America. The happy and tonic optimism of Emerson is a gift which could hardly have been bestowed upon any man in an old country. It belongs to a land and a time of boundless aspiration and of untired youth, and in virtue of this possession Emerson is the most characteristically American of Americans. In the walks of fiction, with which alone we have to deal in these pages, the Americans have been distinctively English in spirit and in method (until within recent years) even when they have dealt with themes chosen from their own surroundings.

There is nowhere in the world, and never was until now, and possibly never again will be, such another field for the born student of human nature as is afforded by the United States at this time. The world has never seen such an intimate mixture of racial elements

as may be found there. A glance at the Newspaper Directory shows the variety and extent of the foreign elements which, though in rapid process of absorption, are as yet undigested. Hundreds on hundreds of journals minister to the daily and weekly needs of Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Norwegians, Swedes, Russians, Hungarians. There are Polish newspapers, and Armenian, and Hebrew, and Erse and Gaelic. Sleepy old Spain is rubbing shoulders with the eager and energetic races of Maine and New York and Massachusetts. The negro element is everywhere, and the Chinese add a flavour of their own to the *olla podrida*. So far no American writers of fiction have seen America in the large. Bits of it have been presented with an admirable art; but as yet the continent awaits its Dickens, its Balzac, its Shakspeare, or its Zola.

Mr. Bret Harte has made California his own, but it is not the California of to-day. "Gone is that camp, and wasted all its fire," but the old life lives in some of his pages still, and will find students for a long time to come. He has given us half-a-dozen, perhaps, of the best short stories in the world, and a man who has done so much has a right to gratitude and goodwill. Possibly there never was a writer who gave the world all the essentials personal to his art so early, and yet so long survived in the race for popularity.

* It will be noticed that "America" is improperly used in this article by Mr. Murray to mean the United States.—EDITOR.]

Bret Harte's first book was something like a revelation. In workmanship he reminds the reader of Dickens, but his surroundings were wholly novel, and as delightful as they were strange. He bewitched the whole reading world with "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and ever since those days he has gone on with a tireless vivacity, telling the same stories over and over again, showing us the same scenes and the same people with an apparent unconsciousness of the fact of repetition which is truly astonishing. The roads of dusty red and the scented pine groves come back in story after story, and Colonel Starbottle and Jack Folinsbee look like immortals. The vagabond with the melodious voice who did something virtuous and went away warbling into the night is alive in new as in old pages, in defiance of fatigue. Preternaturally murderous gamblers with a Quixotic eye to the point of honour, saintly blackguards with superhuman splendours of affection and loyalty revealed in the final paragraph of their history, go on and on in his pages with changeless aspect. The oddest mixture of staleness and of freshness is to be found there. Since he first delighted us he has scarcely troubled himself once to find a new story, or a new type of character, or a new field for his descriptive powers. He took the Spanish mission into his stock in trade, and he has since made that as hackneyed as the rest. And yet there remains this peculiarity about him—his latest stories are pretty nearly as good as his first. It would seem as if his interest had not flagged, as if the early impressions which impelled him to write were still clear and urgent in his mind. He is amongst the most singular of modern literary phenomena. The zest with which he has told the same tale for so many years sets him apart. It is as if until the age, say, of thirty he had been gifted with a brilliant faculty of observation, and had then suddenly ceased to observe at all. There seems to have come a time when his musical box would hold no more tunes, and ever

since then he has gone on repeating the old ones. The oddness is not so much in the repetition as in the air of enjoyment and spontaneity worn by the grinder. *He* at least is not fatigued, and to readers who live from hand to mouth, and have no memories, there is no reason why he should ever grow fatiguing.

Mr. Henry James is a gentleman who has taken a little more culture than is good for the fibre of his character. He is certainly a man of many attainments and of very considerable native faculty, but he staggers under the weight of his own excellences. The weakness is common enough in itself, but it is not common in combination with such powers as Mr. James possesses. He is really the superior of the common run of men, but he makes his own knowledge of that fact too clear. It is a little difficult to see why so worshipful a person should take the trouble to write at all, but it is open to the reader to conjecture that he would not be at so much pains unless he were pushed by a compulsory sense of his own high merits. He feels that it would be a shame if such a man should be wasted. I cannot say that I have ever received from him any supreme enlightenment as to the workings of that complex organ, the human heart, but I understand quite definitely that Mr. James knows all about it, and could show many things if he were only interested enough to make an effort. He is the apostle of a well-bred boredom. He knows all about society, and *bric-a-brac*, and pictures, and music, and natural landscape, and foreign cities, and if he could feel a spice of interest in any earthly thing he could be charming. But his listless, easy air of gentlemanly-giftedness fatigues, provokes and bores. He is like a man who suppresses a yawn to tell a story. He is a blend of genuine power and native priggery, and his faults are the more annoying because of the virtues they obscure and spoil. He is big enough to know better.

It is likely enough that to Mr. James the fact of having been bred in the

United States has proved a disadvantage. To the robust type of man of letters, to the Dickens or Kipling kind of man, it would be impossible to wish better luck than to be born into that bubbling pot-full of things. But Mr. James's over-accentuated refinement of mind has received the very impetus of which it stood least in need. He has grown into a humorous disdain of vulgar emotions, partly because he found them so rich about him. The figures which Bret Harte sees through a haze of romance are to him essentially coarse. The thought of Mr. James in association with Tennessee and partner over a board supplied with hog, flapjack and forty-rod awakes a bewildering pity in the mind. An hour of Colonel Starbottle would soil him for a week. He is not made for such contact. It is both curious and instructive to notice how the too-cultured sensitiveness of a man of genius has blinded him to the greatest fact in the human life about him. Born into the one country where romance is still a constant factor in the lives of men, he conceives romance to be dead. With stories worthy of a great writer's handling transacting themselves on every hand, he is the first elucidator of the principle that a story-teller's business is to have no story. The vision of the sheet which was let down from Heaven to Peter was seen in vain so far as he is concerned, but the story of that dream holds an eternal truth for the real artist. Mr. James is not the only man whose best-nursed and most valued part has proved to be destructive. With a little more strength he might have kept all his delicacies, and have been a man to thank God for. As it is, he is the victim of an intellectual foppery.

Mr. W. D. Howells has something in common with Mr. James, but he is of stronger stuff—not less essentially a gentleman, as his books reveal him, but more essentially a man. He has a sterling courage and has never been afraid of his own opinions. His declaration that "all the stories have been told" is one of the keys to his

method as a novelist. A work of fiction is something which enables him to show the impingement of character on character, with modifying effects of environment and circumstance. His style is clean and sober, and his method is invariably dignified. He has deliberately allowed his critical prepossessions to exclude him from all chance of greatness, but within his self-set limits he moves with a certain serene mastery, and his detail is finely accurate.

Miss Mary Wilkins, who is a very much younger writer than any of the three here dealt with, reminds an English reader both of George Eliot and Miss Mitford. "Pembroke" is the best and completest of her books. So far as pure literary charm goes it would be difficult to amend her work, but the suggestion of character conveyed is surely too acidulated. Such a set of stubborn, self-willed and uncomfortable people as are gathered together in these pages could hardly have lived in any single village in any quarter of the world. They are drawn with an air of truth which is not easy to resist, but if they are really as accurately studied as they seem to be Pembroke must be a place to fly from. It is conceivable that the members of such a congregation might be less intolerable to each other than they seem to the foreign outsider, but the ameliorating effects of usage must needs be strong indeed to make them fit to live with. For the most part they are represented as well-meaning folk; but they are exasperatingly individual, all over sore corners, eager to be injured at their tenderest points, and implacable to the person who hurts them. In Pembroke a soreness of egotism afflicts everybody. Every creature in the book is over-sensitive to slight and misunderstanding, and every creature is clumsy and careless in the affliction of pain. It is a study in self-centred egotism. People who have an opportunity of knowing village life in the Eastern States proclaim the book a masterpiece of observation.

Bret Harte, studying a form of life now extinct, which once (with certain

allowances made for the romantic tendency) flourished in the West; Mr. Howells, taking micrographic studies of present-day life in the great centre of American culture; Mr. James, with a clever, weary *persiflage* skimming the face of society in refined cosmopolitan circles; and Miss Wilkins, observing the bitter humours of the Eastern yoke, are none of them distinctively American either in feeling or expression. Mr. Samuel L. Clemens—otherwise Mark Twain—stands in striking contrast to them all. He is not an artist in the sense in which the others are artists, but he is beyond compare the most distinct and individual of contemporary American writers. He started as a mere professional fun-maker, and he has not done with fun-making even yet, but he has developed in the course of years into a rough and ready philosopher, and he has written two books which are in their own way unique. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn are the two best boys in the whole wide range of fiction, the most natural, genuine, and convincing. They belong to their own soil, and could have been born and bred nowhere else, but they are no truer locally than universally. Mark Twain can be eloquent when the fancy takes him, but the medium he employs is the simplest and plainest American English. He thinks like an American, feels like an American, is American blood and bones, heart and head. He is not the exponent of culture, but more than any man of his own day, excepting Walt Whitman, he expresses the sterling, fearless, manly side of a great democracy. Taking it in the main, it is admirable, and even lovable, as he displays it. It has no reverence for things which in themselves are not reverend, and since its point of view is not one from which all things are visible it seems occasionally overbold and crude; but the creed it expresses is manly, and clean, and wholesome, and the man who lives by it is a man to be admired. The point of view may be higher in course of time, and the observer's horizon widened. The limitations of the mind

which adopts the present standpoint may be found in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." Apart from its ethics, the book is a mistake, for a jest which could have been elaborated to tedium in a score of pages is stretched to spread through a bulky volume, and snaps into pieces under that tension.

The great war of North and South has been answerable for more fiction than any other campaign of any age, and it has quite recently furnished reason for the novel, "The Red Badge of Courage," by Mr. Stephen Crane, which is out of counting the truest picture of the sort the world has seen. It seemed at first impossible to believe that it had been written by any but a veteran. It turns out that the author is quite a young man, and that he gathered everything by reading and by hearsay. Here again the method is national and characteristic. After all these years of natural submission to British influence American writers are growing racy of their own soil.

XIII.—THE YOUNG ROMANCERS.

In the combined spelling and reading book which was in use in schools more than forty years ago there was printed a story to the following effect: Certain Arabs had lost a camel, and in the course of their wanderings in search of him they met a dervish, whom they questioned. The dervish answered by offering questions on his own side. "Was your camel lame in one foot?" he began. "Yes," said the owners. "Was he blind in one eye?" he continued. "Yes," said the owners again. "Had he lost a front tooth?" "Yes." "Was he laden with corn on one side and with honey on the other?" "Yes, yes, yes. This is our camel. Where have you seen him?" The dervish answered: "I have never seen him." The Arabs, not without apparent reason, suspected the dervish of playing with them, and were about to chastise him, when the holy man asked for a hearing. Having secured it, he explained. He had seen the track of the

camel. He had known the animal to be lame of one foot because that foot left a slighter impression than the others upon the dust of the road. He had argued it blind of one eye because it had cropped the herbage on one side of the road alone. He knew it to have lost a tooth because of the gap left in the centre of its bite. Bees and flies argued honey on one side of the beast, and ants carrying wheat grains argued wheat on the other. The name of this observant and synthetic-minded derwish was not Sherlock Holmes, but he had the method of that famous detective, and in a sense anticipated the plots of all the stories which Dr. Conan Doyle has so effectively related of him. Possibly the best stories in the world which depend for their interest on this kind of induction are Edgar Allan Poe's. "The Gold Bug," "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," and "The Stolen Letter," have not been surpassed or even equalled by any later writer; but Dr. Doyle comes in an excellent second, and if he has not actually rivalled Poe in the construction and development of any single story, he has run him close even there, and has beaten him in the sustained ingenuity of continuous invention. The story of "The Yellow Band" has a flavour almost as gruesome and terrible as Poe's "Black Cat," and an unusual faculty for dramatic narrative is displayed throughout the whole clever series. The Sherlock Holmes stories are far, indeed, from being Dr. Doyle's best work; but it is to them that he mainly owes his popularity. They took the imaginative side of the general reader, and their popular properties are likely to keep them before the public mind for a long while to come. To estimate Dr. Doyle's position as a writer one has to meet him in "The Refugees," in "The White Company," and in "Rodney Stone." In each of these there is evident a sound and painstaking method of research, as well as a power of dramatic invention; and in combination with these is a style of unaffected manliness, simplicity, and strength, which is at once satisfactory

to the student and attractive to the mass of people who are content to be pleased by such qualities without knowing or asking why. The labour bestowed on "The White Company" may very well be compared to that expended by Charles Reade on "The Cloister and the Hearth." It covers a far less extent of ground than that monumental romance, and it has not (and does not aim at) its universality of mood, but the same desire of accuracy, the same order of scholarship, the same industry, the same sense of scrupulous honour in matters of ascertainable fact, are to be noted, and being noted, are worthy of unstinted admiration. It is, perhaps, an open question as to whether Dr. Doyle, in his latest book, has not run a little ahead of the time at which a story on such a theme could be written with entire safety. "Rodney Stone" is a story of the prize-ring, and of the gambling, hard-drinking and somewhat brutalized days in which that institution flourished. There are many of us (I have made public confession half-a-score of times) who regret the abolition of the ring, on grounds of public policy. We argue that man is a fighting animal, and that in the days of the ring there was a recognized code of rules which regulated his conduct at times when the combative instinct was not to be restrained. We observe that our commonalty now use the knife in quarrel, and we regret the death of that rough principle of honour which once imposed itself upon the worst of rowdies. But there is little doubt that the feeling of the community at large is overwhelmingly against us, and it is for this reason that I am dubious as to the success of Dr. Doyle's last literary venture. The makings of romance are in the story, and are well used. There are episodes of excellent excitement in it; notable amongst these being the race on the Godstone roads, which is done with a swing and passion not easy to overpraise. In the narrative of the fight and of the incidents which preceded it the feeling of the time is admirably preserved and the interest of the reader is held at an un-

yielding tension. But the prize-ring is a little too near as yet to offer unimpeachable matter for romance; and people who can read of the bloodthirsty Umslopogaas and his semi-comic holocausts with an unshakén stomach, or feel a placid historic pleasure in the chronicles of Nero's eccentricities, will find "Rodney Stone" objectionable because it chronicles a "knuckle fight," and because a "knuckle fight" is still occasionally brought off in London, and more occasionally suppressed by the police.

But a more serious criticism awaits Dr. Conan Doyle's last work. It is offered respectfully, and with every admiration for the high qualities already noticed. In the re-embodiment of a bygone age in fiction three separate and special faculties are to be exercised. The first is the faculty for research, which must expend its energy not merely on the theme in hand, but on the age at large. The second is the imaginative and sympathetic faculty, which alone can make the dry bones of social history live again. The third is the faculty of self-repression, the power to cast away all which, however laboriously acquired, is dramatically unessential. Two of these powers belong in generous measure to Dr. Conan Doyle. The third, which is as necessary to complete success, he has not yet displayed. In "Rodney Stone" an attempt has been made to cover up this shortcoming, in the form in which the story has been cast, and in the very choice of its title. But when the book comes to be read it is not the tale of Rodney Stone (who is a mere outsider privileged to narrate), but of his fashionable uncle's combat with Sir Lothian Hume, with the ring in which their separate champions appear as a battle ground. Many pages are crowded with people who are named in passing and forgotten. They have no influence on the narrative, and no place in it. Their presence assuredly displays a knowledge of the time and its chronicles, but they are just so many obstacles to the clear run of the story, and no more. This is really the only fault to

be found with the book, but it is a grave fault, and the writer, if he is to take the place which his powers and his industry alike join in claiming for him, must learn to cast "as rubbish to the void" many a painfully acquired bit of knowledge. To be an antiquary is one thing, and to be an antiquarian romancer is another. Mr. Doyle has aimed at being both one and the other in the same pages. A true analogy may be taken from the stage, where the supernumeraries are not allowed to obscure the leading lady and gentleman at any moment of action.

Mr. Stanley Weyman, who is not Dr. Doyle's equal in other matters, is in this sole respect his master. He keeps his hero on the scene, and his action in full swing. He gives no indication of a profound or studious knowledge of his time, but he knows it fairly well. Dr. Doyle's method is at bottom the truer, when once the detailed labour is hidden, but when it bares its own machinery it loses most of its gain. Mr. Weyman tells a rattling story in rattling fashion. His is the good old style of easy-going romance, where courage and adventure never fail. He has chosen the realm of D'Artagnan and Aramis, of Orthos and Athos, and he has plenty of vivacity, and can invent brilliantly on the lines on which the brave Dumas invented long before him. He is a cheerful and inspiring echo. He cannot wind the mighty horn the elders sounded, but he can imitate it fairly from a distance. It is only when that crass reviewer comes along to tell us that the old original hunter of romance is back again that his music gives us anything but pleasure. For my own part, I hope he may flourish long, and give us stories as good as "A Gentleman of France" as often as he can. My "Bravo!" shall be as ready as any man's and as hearty. Why—to change the simile used just now—when a man is resting his legs in a comfortable *auberge*, and drinking the honest light wine of the country (which doesn't pretend to be better than it is), should the asinine enthusiast come to spoil his en-

joyment by swearing that he sits in the enchanted palace of Sir Walter, and has before him the mighty wine Sir Walter bottled? The enthusiast provokes to wrath. It's a very good *auberge*—it's a capital, comfortable house of call, and we should like to sit there often. And the wine—we found no fault with the wine. It's an honest tap, and a wholesome and a palatable, and here's the landlord's health in it. But the magic vintage? Rubbish!

Mr. Anthony Hope has been so lucky as to please the public in two styles. In the one *genre* he has displayed an undoubted capacity, marred here and there to some tastes by a not very defined seeming of superciliousness, and in the other he has taken us into the most agreeable regions of unrestrained romance in which English readers have had leave to wander this many a day. He has caught the very tone of simple-hearted sincerity in which his later stories demand to be told. As an example of the adaptation of literary method to the exigencies of narrative it would not be easy to light on anything better.

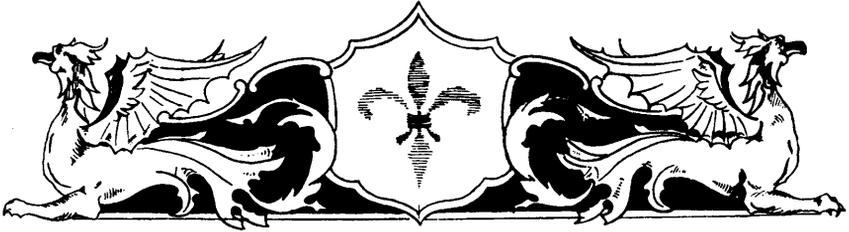
It has been seen that the art of fiction as practised in Great Britain at this hour includes almost all known forms of romance, and that no school may be said to have its own way to the exclusion of another. It has been seen, too, that though this is not a day of pre-eminent greatness, we can boast an astonishing industry and fertility. The output of literary work has never been so large, nor has the average of excellence ever been so equal or so high. It has been demonstrated—it is being demonstrated in new instances two or three times a year—that literary talent is not at all the uncommon and half-miraculous thing it was once supposed to be. Genius is as rare as ever, and is likely to continue so, but talent multiplies its appearances in full accordance with economic rules. No age ever submitted so constantly as ours to

be amused or soothed by the romancer's art. The permission has opened the door to a great number of capable, industrious and workmanlike men and women, who have learnt their business of amusement well. To the vast majority of us literature is as much a trade as any of the accepted businesses of Holborn or Cheapside, and, apart from a lingering sentimentalism, there is no reason why the fact should not be owned. There is no shame in honest craftwork done for hire, and when the work is so excellent as at least a score of living English writers can make it we have a right to take some pride in it. But with this day's newspaper before me I learn that Mr. —, who is the thin mimic of a fine imitator, has surpassed his last "masterpiece," and that a lady of name to me unknown has "rivalled" his masterpiece, and that a gentleman to me unknown has produced a book which must necessarily be "a classic." A masterpiece is a rare thing, and words have a definite meaning. We call "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond" masterpieces when we desire to be enthusiastic. We call "David Copperfield" a masterpiece, and we find plenty of people to dispute the judgment. A masterpiece is the master work of a master hand. It must needs be a rare thing. It is not for the dignity of our work that it should be greeted by that sort of hysterical hiccoughing against which these pages have protested. It is a shameless insult to letters at large when the hysteria is bought and paid for, as does sometimes happen, and not less insulting when the gentleman who grinds the axe is fee'd in kind by the other gentleman who rolls the log.

And now, what is done is done, and I leave my task with some misgivings. If here and there I have given pain, I have not written a word in malice. The pleasantest part of my work has lain in the fact that with every desire to be honest I have so often been compelled to praise.

David Christie Murray.

THE END.



AMERICAN TRADE RELATIONS.

BY JOHN CHARLTON, M.P.

THE character of the trade relations existing between Canada and the United States must ever, of necessity, be a matter of interest to the people of our own country. A large market near at hand confers great advantages under ordinary circumstances, if free access to that market can be obtained. Naturally, the Canadian people have always been desirous of the removal of commercial restrictions upon our trade with the United States to as great an extent as would be conducive to our own welfare. The desire to settle the commercial relations of the two countries upon a free and liberal basis, while generally entertained in Canada, cannot be said to have met with a response from the United States conceived in the same spirit. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the various attempts made to secure trade relations with the United States more consistent with the principles of good neighbourliness and an enlightened fiscal policy, than those existing hitherto. It suffices to say that the failure to live upon more reasonable and liberal terms with our neighbours can scarcely be said to be the fault of Canada.

The last Presidential election resulted in the triumph of the protectionist party in the United States, and whatever gratification might have been felt at the defeat of the free silver heresy, we were confronted with the undeniable fact that the party least favourable to reasonable commercial relations with Canada had attained power. Immediately upon the inauguration of Mr.

McKinley, March 4th, 1897, an extra session of Congress was called to meet on the 15th of the same month, for the express purpose of dealing with the tariff question. The labours of the two Houses were concluded July 24th last, and the outcome was the tariff bill, known as the Dingley Bill, which is most pronouncedly protectionist in its character, and not friendly, either in spirit or enactment, to Canada, or, for that matter, to any foreign country.

In considering the character of this Bill, which now fixes the condition of trade relations between the two countries, so far as the United States is concerned, it is proper to consider, first, the provisions of that Bill as it affects Canadian interests, and, second, to consider the fruits of Canadian fiscal policy with reference to trade between Canada and the United States.

Since 1867 the agricultural schedules of the United States tariff laws have subjected our agricultural and animal products to duties more or less onerous, and the same has been true with reference to our forest products, except for the period from 1894 to 1897 under the Wilson Bill. The present law again imposes duties upon Canadian lumber, upon hides, and upon wool, all of which were free under the Wilson Bill. It also imposes duties ranging from 27½ per cent. upwards upon cattle; upon swine, \$1.50 per head; horses and mules, \$30 per head; sheep, \$1.50 per head; lambs, 75c. per head; barley, 30c. per bushel, equivalent to an ad valorem duty of over 100 per cent.;

barley malt, 45c. per bushel; oats, 15c. per bushel; wheat, 25c. per bushel; beans, 45c. per bushel; butter and cheese, 6c. per pound; eggs, 5c. per dozen; hay, \$4 per ton; onions, 40c. per bushel, etc. These duties, estimated upon an ad valorem basis, are excessive, and the Canadian producer has good reason to say that not only is such the case, but that they are unjust. United States calculation in fixing these rates seems to be that it is necessary to take vigorous measures to keep Canadian farmers from flooding the United States with cheap products, to the injury of the United States farmer. Most fortunately, the truth is that the Canadian farmer is becoming more and more independent of the United States market, owing to hostile and oppressive United States legislation. The trade in natural products between the two countries is far from being confined to sale by Canada to the United States. In 1896, under the operation of the Wilson Bill, our export of agricultural products, the produce of Canada, to the United States was \$3,232,000; the same year our import of agricultural products from the United States, entered for consumption, was \$3,262,000 on the dutiable list, and \$5,263,000 on the free list—a total of \$8,526,000, which included raw cotton and tobacco leaf. The same year our export of animals and their products to the United States, the produce of Canada, amounted to \$3,341,000, while our imports of animals and their products from the United States, for consumption, amounted to \$851,000 on the dutiable list, and \$2,373,000 on the free list—or an amount of imports in this line in excess of our exports to the United States of \$383,000.

For some of the products of the soil of Canada, free access to the United States market would confer great benefits. In other lines it is actually likely to prove of great advantage that we have been forced to seek a market in Great Britain. With that country our export trade is expanding rapidly, and has already reached enormous proportions. While we exported of all com-

modities \$44,438,000 to the United States in 1896, our exports to Great Britain reached the sum of \$66,690,000, and that enormous sum will be very greatly increased by the returns for the year 1897.

Some illustrations of the progress of this movement in the direction of emancipation from dependence upon the markets of the United States are worthy of consideration. In seeking a better market for hog products the Canadian farmer and packer set themselves to work to consult English tastes as to the quality of bacon and hams calculated to suit the British market—the result is one which we may look upon with unmingled gratification. Our hog products lead the market in England, and sell at much higher prices than United States meats of the same class, and the practical result we find is that at the present moment (September 1st) at way railway stations throughout Ontario hogs rule at \$5.50 per cwt. live weight; while the price of the same article on the stock market at Buffalo ranges from \$4.15 to \$4.50. Clearly we do not need the United States market for hogs, and if our packers were so short-sighted as run the risk of losing their reputation for superiority of product, by importing United States hogs, the present condition of the Canadian market would cover price in the United States, duty and freight. We have placed ourselves in an enviable position also as regards the cheese trade, of which article our export for the year 1897 will reach the sum of \$15,262,000, \$15,232,000 of which goes to Great Britain. We do not need the United States market for cheese, but, on the contrary, have supplanted the United States cheese maker in the British market. What has been done in the case of cheese and pork can be done in the case of beef cattle, butter, eggs and many other products, and gradually we shall be able to narrow down the list of articles for which free admission to the United States would be of material importance to us. This result has been reached largely as a conse-

quence of the repressive action of the United States legislator, and we may begin to look with some degree of indifference upon the action taken by the Government of that country in relation to the admission of agricultural and animal products into their market.

The process of emancipation from dependence upon the United States market for the sale of forest and mineral products must be a slower one than in the case of agricultural products. Only from twenty to forty per cent. of our pine timber is suitable for the English market, and our lumbermen west of the Ottawa are almost entirely dependent upon the United States for a market for sawn lumber. Fortunately the United States lumber duties placed upon an ad valorem basis are considerably less than one-half the United States rate of duties on agricultural and animal products, and the prospect for a reduction of the lumber duties in the near future is not a hopeless one. Our export of forest products the produce of Canada, to the United States, for 1896 was \$13,528,000; to the British Empire, \$12,530,000, and to all other countries, \$1,117,000. In the produce of the mine our exports to the United States for 1896 were \$7,437,000; to the British Empire, \$397,000; and to all other countries, \$225,000. These returns naturally suggest that special care should be given to securing the best attainable terms for the admission of our forest and mineral products into the markets of the United States; and the best field for the exercise of self-restraint in words and acts likely to produce friction and bad feeling, and for diplomatic and friendly presentation of claims for reduced duties and more liberal trade regulations, will be found to be in connection with these two great branches of the Canadian export trade with the United States.

That the unfriendly provisions of the United States tariff as regards Canadian trade are gratuitous and undeserved a mere glance at trade returns will conclusively show. Our imports from the United States for the year 1896 were \$53,574,000, which amounted to 53

per cent. of our total imports from the entire world. Of this amount \$29,472,000 was upon the free list, and of this \$5,380,000 in round numbers consisted of manufactures, exclusive of settlers' effects and the portion of unenumerated free goods, amounting to \$2,197,000, of which \$500,000 may safely be estimated as having consisted of manufactures. During the fiscal year under consideration the free list enjoyed by Canada for admission into the United States market may be roughly estimated to have been considerably under \$20,000,000. From this list the Dingley Bill strikes forest products, hides, wool, and other articles, and will reduce our free list for entry into the United States markets to somewhere from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000, or not more than one-fifth, and possibly not more than one-tenth of the amount that we accord to United States imports. This, of course, is a condition of things that can hardly be allowed to continue, and it is but natural and proper that the disparity should be adjusted either by the increase of our exports to the United States, or by diminution of our imports from that country through positive and heroic discrimination.

In 1896 we exported to the United States \$4,699,000 of coin and bullion, and the balance of trade against us was \$14,125,000. The Dingley Bill will, no doubt, place our trade relations with the United States on a still more unsatisfactory basis, and it becomes the duty of the Canadian Government to carefully consider the situation, and with courage tempered with discretion to take measures to emancipate ourselves from absolute dependence upon any market as rapidly as possible, at the same time carefully conserving such markets as we now have in the United States, and holding ourselves in readiness to respond to any disposition manifested by that country to modify and liberalize the trade relations existing between us on lines consonant with our own interests.

The percentage of duty upon the entire amount of United States imports

was 13.26, against 22.31 in the case of England, and the percentage of duty upon the dutiable portion of imports from the United States entered for consumption was 26.35 against 30 in the case of England, and against 36.97 in the case of all the rest of the world. From these figures it would almost seem that we have actually discriminated in favour of the United States, although such, of course, is not the case, the result being due to the operation of other causes, such as the importation from the United States of great quantities of cotton wool, tobacco leaf, and other raw materials from our manufacturers, and the importation of a class of manufactures differing almost entirely in character, and scheduled at different rates of duty from those imported from Great Britain.

In the year 1896 we imported from the United States in round numbers \$27,000,000 worth of manufactures dutiable and free, an amount almost equal to our importation of manufactures from Great Britain; and an examination of the list of imports shows that in bicycles, books and periodicals, carriages, drugs, dyes and chemicals, iron, steel and manufactures of, leather, paper and manufactures of, jewellery and watches, our imports for 1896 were, in round numbers, from Great Britain, \$3,291,000, and from the United States \$9,877,000. We are, in fact, the best customer for manufactures that country has in the world. In return for this extensive and highly satisfactory market for manufactures, when we ask to be permitted to enter the markets of the United States with the products of our own labour to exchange for these millions of manufactures purchased, we are permitted to import our lumber at \$2 per M., although we grant free export of sawlogs and pulp wood, and free import to United States lumber; we are permitted to sell barley upon a payment of 100 per cent. duty; hay, upon a payment of 50 per cent. duty; malt, upon a payment of 100 per cent. duty, or more; cheese, upon a payment of 70 per cent. duty; beans, at 40 to 60 per cent.

duty; onions, at 80 per cent. duty; and, with a generosity the advisability of which is very questionable, while our corn is taxed 15 cents per bushel, we admit United States corn free. Truly, this condition of trade relations between the two countries is a suggestive one, and is most obviously teaching our producers that they are not treated in the matter of entry into the United States market with fairness, and that the policy of the United States Government is illiberal, and one calculated to widen indefinitely the borderland of prejudice, distrust and unfriendliness that now intervenes between us.

It is possible that United States sentiment in its bearing upon Canadian matters may be influenced to an extent more or less potent by the belief that Canada is dependent upon the United States for a market for its agricultural, its mineral, its forest, and its animal products, and that pressure in the shape of partial exclusion from the United States market will exert influence upon the future political and autonomous relations of the two countries. The facts presented in this article should dissipate such an ill-founded conclusion. It is true that we cannot just at once dispense with the United States market for our lumber, and that we can never do so entirely, but we can make efforts that will ultimately lead to the building up of a considerable export trade, aside from the one that we now enjoy with Great Britain, which will be of value to the Ottawa Valley and the Maritime Provinces. It is true that the United States market is a very desirable one for our minerals, and it is equally true that our own market is a desirable one for United States coal at least, but as regards agricultural products, and animals and their products, the condition of our import and export trade with the United States shows conclusively that the period of emancipation from dependence upon the markets of that country for the sale of these products is not far distant.

The friends of Anglo-Saxon harmony in both Canada and the United States must look with sorrow upon the course

pursued by the legislatures of that country, and to some extent upon the ebullition of bitter feeling and passion that responds to that course in this country. It is desirable in the interests of the entire race, and desirable in the interests of humanity at large, that cordial relations should exist between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon people. This condition of international relations would accord most thoroughly with the desire of the Liberals of Canada, who hope to make the policy of the Dominion instrumental in promoting Anglo-Saxon peace and good will ; but while they desire friendship and relations with the United States, com-

mercial, social, and business, of the most intimate character, they are not contemplating with favour the idea of absorption. We have on this northern half of the Continent vast resources, the extent of which grow upon us every year as developments and investigations proceed. We have institutions formed upon the British model, and a form of responsible government which responds instantly to the expression of popular will. We believe this form of government to be superior to that of the United States ; we desire to give it a fair trial and see what results can be attained under its operation.

John Charlton.

GLOAMING.

THICK as the stars of the wide Afric night,
 The buttercups are scattered o'er the field ;
 And when the day is fading on my sight,
 I hear the pure-toned, peaceful church-bells pealed ;
 The world grows still, and Ev'ning's orison
 Swells from the bosage and a thousand throats ;
 Upon the glittering peaks the sun's last beams
 Signal that day is done,
 And in the hallowed West one bright cloud floats,
 Lit with the glory of immortal dreams.

John Stuart Thomson.

FOOLED.

“WHY yes, I love you,” she said, and the lips ceased
 Their laughing ; and I believed her, more fool I !
 Yet I am glad it fell thus—for at least
 She thought me worth the trouble of a lie.

Bernard K. Sandwell.

HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.*

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS : Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A run-away gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

III.—THE SECOND CUSTOMER AND THE AMBER BEADS.

AFTER the episode of the Florentine Dante, Hagar lost her high spirits. She had sent Eustace away to make his fortune, and to discover, if possible, the lost heir of Jacob Dix. By this act of self-denial, as it really was, she had deprived herself of all pleasure; she had robbed herself of what might have been a bright future; consequently she was less cheerful than of yore. Nevertheless, she felt convinced that Lorn loved her, and that he would earn her gratitude—possibly her hand—by returning with Goliath at his heels. When that event took place she would recover at once her spirits and her lover; but at present the business of the pawnshop took up her undivided attention, and forced her to put away sad thoughts and melancholy considerations. Also, Providence provided distraction for her dismal humours by sending her a negress to pawn a necklace of amber beads. Although Hagar did not know it at the time, this was the beginning of a second and rather more serious adventure.

It was drawing to night one August evening when the woman made her appearance, and the atmosphere of the shop was darker than usual. Still, it was sufficiently light for Hagar to see that her customer was a tall and bulky negress, arrayed in a gaudy yellow dress

neutralized by trimmings of black jet beading. As the evening was hot and close, she wore neither cloak nor jacket, but displayed her somewhat shapeless figure to the full in this decidedly startling costume. Her hat was a garden of roses, red, white and yellow, and she wore a large silver brooch like a shield, an extensive necklace of silver coins, and many bangles of the same metal on her black wrists. As a contrast to these splendours she wore no gloves, nor did she hide her coal-black face with a veil. Altogether, this odd customer was the blackest and most fantastically-dressed negress that Hagar had ever seen, and in the dim light she looked a striking but rather alarming figure.

On Hagar coming to the counter, this black woman produced out of a silver-clasped sealskin satchel a necklace, which she handed silently to Hagar for inspection. As the light was too imperfect to admit of a close examination, Hagar lighted the gas, but when it flamed up, the negress, as though unwilling to be seen too clearly in the searching glare, stepped back hastily into the darkness. Hagar put this retrograde movement down to the natural timidity of a person unaccustomed to pawning, and took but little notice of it at the time. Afterwards she had cause to remember it.

The necklace was a string of mag-

*Copyright. This story will run through twelve issues, a complete chapter being given in each number.

nificent amber beads threaded on a slender chain of gold. Each bead was as large as the egg of a sparrow, and round the middle of every single one there was a narrow belt of tiny diamonds. The clasp at the back was of fine gold, square in shape, and curiously wrought to the representation of a hideous Ethiopian face, with diamonds for eyes. This queer piece of jewellery was unique of its kind, and, as Hagar rapidly calculated, of considerable value. Nevertheless, she offered, according to custom, as low a sum as she well could.

"I'll give five pounds on it," said she, returning to the counter.

Rather to her surprise, the negress accepted, with a sharp nod, and then took out of her bag a scrap of paper. On this was written laboriously: "Rosa, Marlebone Road." The name and address were so imperfect that Hagar hesitated before making out the pawn-ticket.

"Have you no other name but Rosa?" she asked sharply.

The negress shook her head, and kept well in the shadow.

"And no more particular address than Marylebone Road?"

Again the black woman made a negative sign, whereat, annoyed by these gestures, Hagar grew angered.

"Can't you speak?" she demanded tartly. "Are you dumb?"

At once the negress nodded, and laid a finger on her lips. Hagar drew back. This woman was black, she was dumb, she gave half a name, half an address, and she wished to pawn a valuable and unique piece of jewellery. The whole affair was queer, and, as Hagar considered, might be rather dangerous. Perhaps this silent negress was disposing of stolen goods, as the necklace seemed too fine for her to possess. For a moment Hagar inclined to a refusal; but a glance at the amber beads decided her to make the bargain. She could get them cheap; she was acting well within the legal limits of business, and if the police did appear in the matter no blame could be attached to her for the transaction. Biassed by these

considerations, Hagar made out the ticket in the name of Rosa, and took a clean new five-pound note out of the cash-box. As she was about to give ticket and money across the counter she paused. "I'll take the number of this note," she thought, going to the desk; "if this negress can't be traced by name or address, the bank-note number will find her if it is necessary."

Deeming this precaution judicious, Hagar hastily scribbled down the number of the five-pound note, and, returning to the counter, gave it and the ticket to her queer customer. The negress stretched out her right hand for them; and then Hagar made a discovery which she noted mentally, as a mark of identification if necessary. However, she said nothing, but tried to get a good look at the woman's face. The customer, however, kept well in the shadow, and swept note and ticket into her bag hurriedly. Then she bowed and left the shop.

Six days later Hagar received a printed notice from New Scotland Yard, notifying to all pawnbrokers that the police were in search of a necklace of amber beads set with diamonds, and clasped with a negro's face wrought in gold. Notice of its whereabouts was to be sent to the Detective Department without delay. Remembering her suspicions, and recalling the persistent way in which the negress had averted her face, Hagar was not much surprised by this communication. Curious to know the truth, and to learn what crime might be attached to the necklace, she wrote in detail about the circumstance. Within four hours a stranger presented himself to see the amber beads, and to question her concerning the woman who had pawned the same. He was a fat little man, with a healthy red face and shrewd twinkling eyes. Introducing himself as Luke Horval, of the detective service, he asked Hagar to relate the circumstances of the pawning. This the girl did frankly enough, but without communicating her own suspicions. At the conclusion of her narrative she displayed the amber beads, which were

carefully examined by Mr. Horval. Then he slapped his knee, and whistled in a thoughtful sort of way.

"I guessed as much," said he, staring hard at Hagar. "The negress did it."

"Did what?" asked the girl, curiously.

"Why," said Horval, "murdered the old woman."

Murder! The word had a gruesome and cruel sound, which caused Hagar's cheek to pale when it rang in her ears. She had connected the amber beads with robbery, but scarcely with the taking of a life. The idea that she had been in the company of a murderess gave Hagar a qualm; but suppressing this as a weakness, she asked Horval to furnish details of the crime, and to explain how it bore upon the pawning of the amber beads.

"It's just this way, miss," explained the detective easily. "This Rosa is the nigger girl of Mrs. Arryford—"

"Is Rosa her real name?"

"Oh, yes; I s'pose she thought she might lose the beads if she gave a wrong one; but the address ain't right. It's the other end of London as Mrs. Arryford lives—or, rather, lived," added Horval, correcting himself, "seeing she now occupies a Kensal Green grave—Campden Hill, miss; a sweet little house in Bedford Gardens, which she occupied, with Rosa and Miss Lyle."

"And who is Miss Lyle?"

"The companion of Mrs. Arryford. A dry stick of a spinster, miss; not to be compared with a fine girl like you."

Hagar did not deign to notice the compliment, but sharply requested Mr. Horval to continue his story, which he did, in no wise abashed by her cold demeanour.

"It's just this way, miss," he said again; "the old lady, the old maid and the nigger wench lived together in Bedford Gardens, a kind of happy family, as one might say. Mrs. Arryford was the widder of a West Indian gent, and as rich as Solomon. She brought those amber beads from Jamaica, and Rosa was always wanting them."

"Why? The necklace was very unsuitable to one of her condition."

"'Twasn't exactly the cost of it as she thought about," said Horval, nursing his chin, "but it seems that the necklace is a fetish, or charm, or lucky-penny, as you might say, to bring good fortune to the wearer. Mrs. Arryford was past wanting good luck, so hadn't no need for the beads. Rosa asked her for them, just for the good luck of them, as you might put it. The old girl wouldn't part, as she was as superstitious as Rosa herself over that necklace; so in the end Rosa murdered her to get it."

"How do you know she did?" asked Hagar doubtfully.

"How do I know?" echoed the detective in surprise. "'Cause I ain't a fool, miss. Last week Mrs. Arryford was found in her bed with a carving-knife in her heart, as dead as a doornail, and the beads were missing. Miss Lyle, she didn't know anything about it, and Rosa swore she hadn't left her room, so, you see, we couldn't quite hit on the person as finished off the late deceased. But now as I know Rosa pawned these beads, I'm sure she did the job."

"What made you think that the beads might have been pawned?"

"Oh, that was Miss Lyle's idea; a sharp old girl she is, miss. She was very fond of Mrs. Arryford, as she well might be, seeing as the old lady was rich and kept her like a princess. Often she heard Rosa ask for those beads, so when Mrs. Arryford was killed and the beads missing she told me as she was sure Rosa had done the trick."

"But the pawning?"

"Well, miss," said Horval, scratching his chin, "it was just this way. Miss Lyle said as how Rosa, to get rid of the necklace until the affair of the murder was blown over, might pawn it. I thought so too, so I sent a printed slip to all the popshops in London. You wrote, that the beads were here, so it seems as Miss Lyle was right."

"Evidently. By the way, who gets the money of Mrs. Arryford?"

"A Mr. Frederick Jevons; he's a nephew of Miss Lyle's."

"A nephew of Miss Lyle's!" echoed Hagar in surprise. "And why did Mrs. Arryford leave her money to him, instead of to her relatives?"

"Well, it's just this way, miss," said Horval, rising, "she hadn't got no relatives; and as Mr. Jevons was a good-looking young chap, always at the house to see his aunt, she took a fancy to him and left the money his way."

"You are sure that Miss Lyle is no relation of Mrs. Arryford's?"

"Quite sure. She was only the old girl's companion."

"Was Mrs. Arryford weak in the head?"

"Not as I ever heard of," said Mr. Horval with a stare, "but you can find out, if you like, from Miss Lyle."

"Miss Lyle? How am I to see her?"

"Why," said the detective, clapping on his hat, "when you come to see if Rosa is the same nigger as pawned the amber beads. Just leave someone to look after the shop, miss, and come with me right away."

With true feminine curiosity Hagar agreed at once to accompany the detective to Campden Hill. The shop was delivered into the charge of Bolker, a misshapen imp of sixteen, who for some months had been the plague of Hagar's life. He had a long body and long arms, short legs and a short temper, and also a most malignant eye, which indicated only too truly his spiteful nature. Having given a few instructions to this charming lad, Hagar departed with Horval in the omnibus, and arrived at Bedford Gardens early in the afternoon.

The house was a quaint, pretty cottage, which stood in a delightful garden—once the pleasure of poor dead Mrs. Arryford's life—and was divided from the road by a tall fence of iron railings closed in with wooden planks painted a dark green. The room into which the detective and gipsy were shown was a prim and cosy apartment, which bore the impress of Miss Lyle's

old-maidism in the disposition of the furniture. While they were seated here, and were waiting for Miss Lyle, who had been advised of their arrival, Hagar suddenly asked Horval a leading question.

"Is Rosa dumb?" she demanded.

"Bless you, no!" answered Horval. "It's true as she don't talk much, but she can use her tongue in nigger fashion. Why do you ask?"

"She said she was dumb when she pawned the beads."

"Oh, that was 'cause she was too 'cute to let her voice betray her," replied Horval, smiling. He had humour enough to note Hagar's unconscious bull; but as she was likely to be useful to him in the conduct of the case, he did not wish to anger her by remarking on it.

When Miss Lyle made her appearance, Hagar, after the manner of women, took immediate note of her looks and demeanour. The old maid was tall and lean and yellow, with cold grey eyes and a thin-lipped mouth, turned down at the corners. Her iron-grey hair was drawn tightly off her narrow forehead and screwed into a hard-looking knob behind. She wore a black stuff gown, sombre and lustreless; collar and cuffs of white linen, and cloth slippers, in which she glided noiselessly. Altogether an unpromising, grim woman, acidulated and narrow-minded, who looked disapprovingly on the rich beauty of Hagar, and remarked her graces with a jaundiced eye and a vinegary look. The cough with which she ended her inspection showed that she condemned the girl at first sight.

"Is this young person necessary to your conduct of the case?" said Miss Lyle, addressing herself to Horval, and ignoring Hagar altogether.

"Why, yes, miss," replied Horval, on whom the antagonistic attitude of the two women was not lost. "She keeps the shop at which Rosa pawned the beads!"

Miss Lyle gave a start of virtuous horror, and her thin lips wreathed in a viperous smile. "The wretch did kill

my poor friend, then," she said in a soft and fluty voice. "I knew it!"

"She pawned the amber beads, Miss Lyle, but——"

"Now, don't say the wretch didn't kill my martyred friend," snapped Miss Lyle, going to the bell-rope; "but we'll have her in, and perhaps this young person will recognize her as the murderer who pawned the beads."

"It is to be hoped so," said Hagar very drily, not approving of being spoken to in the third person; "but the negress kept her face turned away, and I might not——"

"It is your duty to recognize her," exclaimed Miss Lyle, addressing herself to the girl for once. "I am convinced that Rosa is a dangerous criminal. Here she is—the black Jezebel!"

As the last word fell from her mouth the door opened, and Rosa entered the room, whereat Hagar uttered an exclamation of surprise. This negress was rather short, and more than a trifle stout. It is true that she wore a yellow dress trimmed with black jet beading; that silver ornaments were on her neck and wrists; also that she was without the wonderful hat. Still, Hagar was surprised, and explained her ejaculation forthwith.

"That is not the woman who pawned the beads!" she declared, rising.

"Not the woman?" echoed Miss Lyle virulently. "She must be! This is Rosa!"

"Yis, yis! I Rosa," said the negress, beginning to weep, "but I no kill my poo' dear missy. Dat one big lie."

"Are you sure, miss, that this is not the woman?" asked Horval, rather dismayed.

Hagar stepped forward, and looked sharply at the sobbing negress up and down. Then she glanced at the woman's hands and shook her head.

"I am prepared to swear in a court of law that this is not the woman," she said quietly.

"Rubbish, rubbish!" cried Miss Lyle, flushing. "Rosa coveted the necklace, as it was connected with

some debased African superstition, and——"

"It one ole fetish!" interrupted Rosa, her eyes sparking fire at the old maid, "and ole missy she did wish to gib it me, but you no let her."

"Certainly not!" said Miss Lyle with dignity. "The necklace was not fit for you to wear. And because I persuaded Mrs. Arryford not to give it to you, you murdered her, you wretch! Down on your knees, woman, and confess!"

"I no 'fess!" exclaimed the terrified negress. "I no kill my missy! I no gib dose amber beads for money. If dose beads mine, I keep dem; dey a mighty big fetish, for sure!"

"One moment," said Horval, as Miss Lyle was about to speak again; "let us conduct this inquiry calmly, and give the accused every chance. Miss," he said, turning to Hagar, "on what day, at what time, was it that the beads were pawned?"

Hagar calculated rapidly and answered promptly: "On the evening of the 23rd of August, between six and seven o'clock."

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Lyle joyfully—"and on that very evening Rosa was out, and did not return till nine!"

"Me went to see Massa Jevons for you!" said Rosa vehemently; you send me."

"I send you! Just listen to the creature's lies! Besides, Mr. Jevons's rooms are in Duke Street, St. James's, whereas it was at Lambeth you were."

"I no go to dat gem'man's house. You send me to de train Waterloo!"

"Waterloo!" said Horval, looking sharply at Rosa. "You were there?"

"Yis, massa; me dere at seven and eight."

"In the neighbourhood of Lambeth," murmured Horval. "She might have gone to the pawnshop after all."

"Of course she did!" cried Miss Lyle vindictively—"and pawned the amber beads of my poor dear friend!"

"She did nothing of the sort!" interposed Hagar with spirit. "Who-soever pawned the beads, it was not

this woman. Besides, how do you know that Rosa killed Mrs. Arryford?"

"She wanted the beads, young woman, and she killed my friend to obtain them."

"No, no! dat one big lie!"

"I am sure it is!" said Hagar, her face aflame. "I believe in your innocence, Rosa. Mr. Harval," she added, turning to the detective, "you can't arrest this woman, as you have no grounds to do so."

"Well, if she didn't pawn those beads—"

"She did not, I tell you."

"She did!" cried Miss Lyle angrily. "I believe you are an accomplice of the creature's!"

What reply Hagar would have made to this accusation it is impossible to say, for at this moment a young man walked into the room. He was good-looking in appearance, and smart in dress, but there was a haggard look about his face which betokened dissipation.

"This," said Miss Lyle, introducing him, "is my nephew, the heir of the property of my late dear friend. He is resolved, as such heir, to find out and punish the assassin of his benefactress. For my part, I believe Rosa to be guilty."

"And I," cried Hagar with energy, "believe her to be innocent!"

"Let us hope she is," said Jevons, in a weary voice, as he removed his gloves. "I am tired of the whole affair."

"You are bound to punish the guilty!" said Miss Lyle in hard tones.

"But not the innocent," retorted Hagar, rising.

"Young woman, you are insolent!"

Hagar looked Miss Lyle up and down in the coolest manner; then her eyes wandered to the well-dressed figure of Jevons, the heir. What she saw in him to startle her it is difficult to say; but after a moment's inspection she turned pale with suppressed emotion. Stepping forward, she was about to speak, when, checking herself suddenly, she beckoned to Horval, and advanced towards the door.

"My errand here is fulfilled," she said quietly. "Mr. Horval, perhaps you will come with me."

"Yes, and you can go also, Rosa," cried Miss Lyle, angered by the insulting gaze of the girl. "I am mistress here in my nephew's house, and I refuse to let a murderess remain under its roof!"

"Be content," said Hagar, pausing at the door. "Rosa shall come with me; and when you see us again with Mr. Horval, you will then learn who killed Mrs. Arryford, and why."

"Insolent hussy!" muttered Miss Lyle, and closed the door on Hagar, Horval, and the black woman.

The trio walked away, and shortly afterwards got into an omnibus, in which they returned to the Lambeth pawnshop. Hagar talked earnestly to Horval the whole way; and from the close attention which the detective paid to her it would seem that the conversation was of the deepest interest. Rosa, a dejected heap of misery, sat with her eyes on the ground, and at intervals wiped away the tears which ran down her black cheeks. The poor negress, under suspicion as a thief and murderess, turned out of house and home, desolate and forsaken, was crushed to the earth under the burden of her woes. On her the fetish necklace of amber beads had brought a curse.

On arriving at the shop Hagar conducted Rosa into the back parlour; and after a further conference she dismissed the detective.

"You can stay with me for a week," she said to Rosa.

"And den what you do?"

"Oh," said Hagar with an agreeable smile, "I shall take you with me to denounce the assassin of your late mistress."

All that week Rosa stayed in the domestic portion of the pawnshop, and made herself useful in cooking and cleaning. Hagar questioned her closely concerning the events which had taken place on the night of the murder in the house at Bedford Gardens, and elicited certain information which gave her great satisfaction. This she com-

municated to Horval when one day he made a hurried visit. When in possession of the facts, Horval looked at her with admiration, and on taking his leave he paid her a compliment.

"You ought to be a man, with that head of yours," he said; "you're too good to be a woman!"

"And not bad enough to be a man," retorted Hagar, laughing. "Be off with you, Mr. Horval, and let me know when you want me up West."

In four more days Horval again made his appearance, this time in a state of the greatest excitement. He was closeted with Hagar for over an hour, and at its conclusion he departed in a great hurry. Shortly after noon Hagar resigned the shop into Bolker's charge, put on hat and cloak, and ordered Rosa to come with her. What the reason of this unexpected departure might be she did not inform the negress immediately; but before they reached their destination Rosa knew all, and was much rejoiced thereat.

Hagar took Rosa west as far as Duke street, and here, at the door of a certain house, they found the detective waiting impatiently for them.

"Well, Mr. Horval," said Hagar, coming to a stop, "is he indoors?"

"Safe and sound!" replied Horval, tapping his breast-coat pocket—"and I have got you know what here. Shall we come up?"

"Not immediately. I wish to see him by myself first. You remain outside his door, and enter with Rosa when I call you."

Mr. Horval nodded, with a full comprehension of what was required of him, and the trio ascended the dark staircase. They paused at a door on the second landing. Then Hagar, motioning to her companions that they should withdraw themselves into the gloom, rapped lightly on the portal. Shortly afterwards it was opened by Mr. Frederick Jevons, who looked inquiringly at Hagar. She turned her face towards the light which fell through the murky staircase window, whereat, recognizing her, he stepped back in dismay.

"The pawnshop girl!" said he in astonishment. "What do you want?"

"I wish to see you," replied Hagar composedly, "but it is just as well that our conversation should be in private."

"Why, you can have nothing to say to me but what the whole world might hear!"

"After I have mentioned the object of my visit you may think differently," said Hagar with some dryness. "However, we'll talk here if you wish."

"No, no; come in," said Jevons, standing on one side. "Since you insist upon privacy, you shall have it. This way."

He showed her into a large and rather badly furnished room. Evidently Mr. Fred Jevons had not been rich until he inherited the fortune of Mrs. Arryford.

"I suppose you will be moving to the Bedford Gardens house?" said Hagar, sitting composedly in a large armchair.

"Is that what you came to speak to me about?" retorted Jevons rudely.

"Not exactly. Perhaps as you are impatient, we had better get to business."

"Business! What business can I have to do with you?"

"Why," said Hagar quietly, and looking directly at him, "the business of those amber beads which you—pawned!"

"I!" stammered Jevons, drawing back with a pale face.

"Also," added Hagar solemnly, "the business which concerns the commission of a crime."

"A—a crime!" gasped the wretched creature.

"Yes—the most terrible of all crimes—murder!"

"What—what—what do you—you mean?"

Hagar rose from her chair, and, drawn to her full height, stretched out an accusing arm toward the young man. "What I mean you know well enough!" she said sternly. "I mean that you murdered Mrs. Arryford!"

"It's a lie!" cried Jevons, sinking

into a chair, for his legs refused to support him longer.

"It's not a lie—it is the truth! I have evidence!"

"Evidence!" He started up with dry and trembling lips.

"Yes. Through her influence over Mrs. Arryford, your aunt induced her to make you the heir. You are fond of money; you are in debt, and you could not wait until the old lady died in the course of nature. On the night of the murder you were in the house."

"No, no! I swear——"

"You need not; you were seen leaving the house. To throw suspicion on Rosa you disguised yourself as a negress, and came to pawn the amber bead necklace at my shop. I recognized that the supposed black woman was minus the little finger of the right hand. You, Mr. Jevons, are mutilated in the same way. Again, I paid you with a five-pound note. Of that note I took the number. It has been traced by the number, and you are the man who paid it away. I saw——"

Jevons jumped up, still white and shaking.

"It's a lie! a lie! he said hoarsely. "I did not kill Mrs. Arryford; I did not pawn the beads. I did——"

"You did both those things!" said Hagar, brushing past him. "I have two witnesses who can prove what I say is true. Rosa! Mr. Horval!"

She flung the outside door wide open, while Jevons sank again into the arm-chair, with an expression of horror on his white face. "Rosa! Horval!" he muttered. "I am lost!"

Rosa and the detective entered quickly in response to Hagar's call, and with her looked down at the shrinking figure of the accused man.

"These are my witnesses," said Hagar slowly. "Rosa!"

"I saw dat man in de house when my missy died," said the negress. "I hear noise in de night; I come down, and I see Massa Jevons run away from de room of my missy, and Missus Lyle let him out by de side door. He kill my poo' missy—yes, I tink dat."

"You hear," said Hagar to the terrified man. "Now, Mr. Horval."

"I traced the five-pound note you gave him by its number," said the detective. "He paid it away at his club; I can bring a waiter to prove it."

"You hear," said Hagar again; "and I know by the evidence of your lost finger that you are the man, disguised as a negress, who pawned the necklace which was stolen from the person of Mrs. Arryford, after you murdered her. The dead woman, as Rosa tells us, wore that necklace night and day. Only with her death could it have been removed. You murdered her; you stole the necklace of amber beads."

Jevons leaped up. "No, no, no!" he cried, loudly, striking his hands together in despair. "I am innocent!"

"That," said Horval, slipping the handcuffs on his wrists, "you shall prove before a judge and jury. Here is my warrant, and I have a cab at the door."

When Jevons, still protesting his innocence, was removed to prison, Hagar and the negress returned to Carby's Crescent. It can easily be guessed how she had traced the crime home to Jevons. She had noticed that the negress who pawned the beads had no little finger. On being brought face to face with Rosa, she had seen that the woman had not lost the finger; and when Jevons had removed his gloves she was satisfied by the evidence of his mutilated right hand that he was one with the mysterious black woman of the pawnshop. Still, she was not certain; and it was only when Rosa had deposed to the presence of the man at midnight in the Bedford Gardens house, and when Horval had traced the five-pound note of which she had taken the number, that she was sure Jevons was the murderer. Hence the accusation; hence the arrest. Now the fact of his guilt was clearly established. To obtain the wealth of Mrs. Arryford the wretched man had committed a crime, to hide that crime and throw the blame on Rosa he had pawned the amber beads; and now the amber beads were

about to hang him. In the moment of his triumph, when preparing to enjoy the fruits of his crime, Nemesis had struck him down.

The news of the arrest, the story of the amber beads, was in all the papers next day; and next day, also, Miss Lyle came to see Hagar. Pale and stern, she swept into the shop, and looked at Hagar with a bitter smile.

"Girl," she said harshly, "you have been our evil genius!"

"I have been the means of denouncing your accomplice, you mean," returned Hagar composedly.

"My accomplice—no, my son!"

"Your son!" Hagar recoiled, with a startled expression. "Your son, Miss Lyle?"

"Mrs. Lyle," corrected the gaunt, pale woman; "Frederick Jevons is my son by my first husband. You think he is guilty; you are wrong, for he is innocent. You believe that you will hang him; but I tell you, girl, he shall go free. Read this paper," she said, thrusting an envelope into the hand of Hagar, "and you will see how you have been mistaken. I shall never see you again in this life; but I leave my curse on you!"

Before Hagar could collect her wits Miss—or rather Mrs. Lyle, as she called herself, went hurriedly out of the shop. Her manner was so wild, her words so ominous of evil, that Hagar had it on her mind to follow her, and, if possible, prevent the consequences of her despair. She hurried to the door, but Mrs. Lyle had disappeared, and as there was no one to mind the shop, Hagar could not go after her. Luckily, at this moment Horval turned the corner, and at once the girl beckoned to him.

"Miss Lyle—did you see her?"

"Yes," said Horval with a nod; "she's on her way across Westminster Bridge."

"Oh, follow her—follow her quickly!" cried Hagar wildly; "she is not herself; she is bent on some rash deed!"

Horval paused a moment in bewil-

derment; then, without a word, grasping the situation, he turned and raced down the street in the trail of Miss Lyle. Hagar watched his flying figure until it turned the corner; then she retreated to the back parlour and hurriedly opened the envelope. On the sheet of paper she found within the following confession was written:

"I am not a spinster, but a widow," began the document abruptly, "a twice married woman. By my first husband I had Frederick Jevons, who passes as my nephew, and whom I love better than my own soul. When my second husband, Mr. Lyle, died, I cast about for some means of employment, as I was poor. Mrs. Arryford advertised for an unmarried woman as a companion; she absolutely refused to have any companion but a spinster. To get the situation, which was a good one, as Mrs. Arryford was rich, I called myself Miss Lyle, and obtained the place. Mrs. Arryford had no relatives and much money, so I schemed to obtain her wealth for my son, whom I introduced as my nephew. Rosa, the black maid, had a great deal of influence over her weak-minded mistress, and in some way—I don't know how—she fathomed my purpose. It was a battle between us, as Rosa was determined that I should not get the money of Mrs. Arryford for my son. Finally I triumphed, and Frederick was left sole heir to all the old lady's wealth. Then Rosa learnt, by eavesdropping, the true relationship between myself and Frederick. She told her mistress, and with Mrs. Arryford I had a stormy scene, in which she declared her intention of revoking her will and turning me and my son out on the world as paupers. I begged, I implored, I threatened, but Mrs. Arryford, backed up by that wicked Rosa, was firm. I sent for my son to try and soften the old lady, but he was not in town, and did not come to see me till late at night. When he arrived I told him that I had killed Mrs. Arryford. I did so to prevent her altering her will, and out of love for my dear son, lest he should lose the money. Frederick was horrified, and

rushed from the house. I believe Rosa saw me letting him out by the side door. I was determined to throw the blame on Rosa, as I hated her so. Knowing that she coveted the necklace of amber beads, I stole it from the neck of the dead woman and gave it to my son the next day. I suggested that he should dress up as Rosa, and pawn the necklace, so that she might be suspected. To save me, he did so. I obtained a dress that Rosa was fond of wearing—yellow silk trimmed with black beads; also the jewellery of the creature. Frederick blackened his face and pawned the beads in a pawnshop at Lambeth. I sent Rosa on a pretended errand to Waterloo Station, at the time Frederick was pawning the beads, so as to get evidence against her that she was in the neighborhood. Then I suggested to Horval, the detective, that the beads might have been pawned. He found the shop, and I thought that my plot had succeeded: that Rosa would be condemned and hanged. Unfortunately, the woman who kept the pawnshop was clever, and traced Frederick by means of his mutilated right hand. I hate her! Frederick is now in prison on a charge of murder, which he did not commit. I am guilty. I killed Mrs. Arryford. Frederick knows nothing. He helped me to save myself by trying to throw the blame on Rosa. All useless. I am guilty, and I am determined that he shall not suffer for my sin. Officers of the law, I command you to release my son and arrest me. I am the mur-

deress of Mrs. Arryford. I swear it.

“Witnesses: *Julia Lyle.*”

“Amelia Tyke (housemaid).”

“Mark Drew (butler).”

Hagar let this document fall from her hands with a sensation of pity for the wretched woman.

“How she must love her son,” thought the girl, “to have murdered a kind and good woman for his sake! It is terrible! Well, I suppose he will now be released and will enter into possession of the wealth his mother schemed to obtain for him. But he must do justice to Rosa for all the trouble he has caused her. He must give her an annuity, and also the necklace of amber beads, which has been the cause of tracing the crime home to its doer. As for Mrs. Lyle—”

At this moment, white and breathless, Horval rushed into the parlour. Hagar sprang to her feet, and looked anxiously at him, expectant of bad news. She was right.

“My girl,” cried Horval hoarsely, “Miss Lyle is dead!”

“Dead? Ah!” said Hagar to herself. “I thought as much.”

“She threw herself over Westminster Bridge, and has just been picked out of the water—dead!”

“Dead!” said Hagar again. “Dead!”

“As a door-nail!” replied the detective in a perplexed tone. “But why—why did she commit suicide?”

Hagar sighed, and in silence handed to the detective the confession of the dead woman.

(To be continued.)



BETWEEN THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A Tale of Ontario.

I.

“HE’S a conceited, overbearing, affected humbug, and I can’t understand how any girl with a particle of common sense can be half civil to him.”

“I consider he’s a nice, gentlemanly, refined young fellow, clever and handsome, and most agreeable in his manners, and I can’t understand how any man, woman or child could be uncivil to him.”

They were one of those ideally matched couples whom to look at with the dullest eyes irresistibly induces matrimonial visions. I don’t know where in the whole Township of Bulhampton, or, for the matter of that, in the entire county of which the said Township forms a twelfth part, you could have found a pair of young people who, as they strolled along the Seventh Concession that dewy July evening, would have just so perfectly satisfied, to judge at least by appearance, the mutual requirements of a well and happily mated pair. He tall, stalwart and square shouldered, with well poised head, and strong, rugged features—she of slight, lithe, willowy figure, with dark, saucy eyes and small, rather irregular, but well defined features; he forceful, well-balanced, self-contained, and grave for his years—she bright, impulsive, winsomely wayward, deliciously inconsistent in small things, and sprightly as a song bird.

“You don’t seem to attach much importance to my opinion, Nellie?” he presently said.

“Not on a subject like this.”

“I suppose you mean that a raw country school teacher is no judge of such matters?”

“No, I mean nothing of the kind. What I mean is that you are too prejudiced to be fair to Mr. Meredith. You’ve made up your mind to dislike

him and so you can’t see anything good in him.”

“That’s not my way, Nellie, although I don’t deny I never cared for him the first time I laid my eyes on him. But I’ve something more solid to go on than mere fancy.”

“What have you got against him, anyway?” asked Nellie, with a sudden, half-defiant, upward glance.

“It’s not necessary for me to go into particulars, Nellie,” replied the tall school teacher, with a provoking mixture of mystery and authority in his tone. “And I think it should be quite sufficient for me to say that I don’t think he’s a fit companion for you.”

“I don’t see what right you have to dictate to me in this lordly way who my companions should be,” retorted Nellie, drawing herself up.

“Nellie,” said the young man suddenly, stooping and taking her hand, “why won’t you be guided by me in this matter? Surely I’m the best judge of such things. It isn’t very pleasant for me to hear people talking about you and Meredith in the way they do. And I do think I’ve some claim upon you.”

“If you’re foolish enough to listen to all the silly gossip of the neighbourhood I can’t help it,” said Nellie rather doggedly, but without withdrawing her hand. “And how can I help being civil to a young fellow who lives in the same house, and whom I see almost every hour of the day?”

“Yes, but you needn’t go driving and walking all over the country with him. It’s hardly decent with a perfect stranger.”

“Decent!” exclaimed Nellie, with quivering lips and flashing eyes, and jerking her hand away as if stung by a serpent. “How dare you use such a word to me?”

The young man did not reply at once, and Nellie started off at a pace which gave ample employment to his long legs to keep up with her.

For about a hundred yards there was nothing said. There had been between them, since the very earliest interested consciousness of each other's existence, that "something" known in Canadian rural parlance as "keeping company." Born and reared within half a mile of each other, and on the same concession, playmates, schoolmates, and churchmates, and never but once in the whole course of their lives subjected to an entire week's disseverance, they had from imperceptible beginnings and by imperceptible stages, grown into their present relationship, which, although a strictly informal one, was by virtue of its very informality something incomparably, if indefinitely, closer and stronger than that artificial thing, the conventional engagement. To say of two young people that they are "keeping company," in the Canadian sense of the term, generally implies a relationship of natural selection and irresistible mutual affinity, as inartificial and unstrained as the spring mating of a pair of blue birds. If there is one thing in Canada that has a free, unguided course, it is the love making of young people. Shrewd, hard headed and eternally vigilant as to the main chance as our Canadian rural elders are, in this respect they are guileless and unworthy to a degree almost unimaginable.

However, Nellie and her "young man," whom I may now just as well formally introduce as Sydney Trevail, teacher of School Section No. 18, Bulhampton Township, had enjoyed to the very fullest and widest the privileges of their class. Trevail, as you have no doubt already gathered, was a thoroughly fine fellow, of a type very commonly met with in our Ontario townships, and especially those in the Western Peninsula, where there has been during the past couple of generations perhaps the most perfect and well-balanced fusion of the four British strains that has taken place in any

British Colony the world over. Of the good old Cornish stock by his father's side, as his name indicated, he had an Irish mother and a Scotch and Welsh great grandfather and great grandmother, and like thousands upon thousands of other Ontario boys with Scotch and Irish and Welsh surnames, and English, Welsh, and Irish and Scotch assistant progenitors, he was as creditable a piece of young manhood as could in these degenerate days be reasonably expected.

"Nellie," at last said the young man, "you take me up too quickly. I don't see why you should fly off the handle like this when I give you advice for your own good. Who's got a better right than I?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Trevail," said Nellie, suddenly bristling like—what shall I say—a hen on eggs.

"Mr. Trevail," slowly and blankly repeated the owner of the name. "Mr. Trevail; why, Nellie, what do you mean?"

This was actually the first time she had so addressed him in their life-long associations. And it came like a kick in the stomach in a friendly sparring match.

Nellie felt she had gone a step too far. But just as she was opening her mouth to begin some roundabout attempt at conciliation, came the crisis of her life and the turning point of this story.

"Good evening, Miss Dillon," came from behind in irreproachable English accent. And the next moment they were joined by Meredith, the well-abused and sturdily defended.

He was a good-looking fellow of strong English build, apparently between twenty-five and thirty. Although collarless and vestless, with a short coat that hung open in the front and showed a flannel shirt, a pair of duck trousers stuffed with a pair of cheap boots, and a straw hat through whose ruptured crown his hair peeped, although his clothes wouldn't probably have brought twenty-five cents at auction, the very moment he opened his mouth you felt that he was every inch



"Good evening," he said, raising his hat and moving on; "I have an appointment at the church."

the gentleman. He had a rake over his shoulder and a short, well-browned briar-root pipe in his mouth.

Both the young people stopped and turned round. Trevail and the Englishman exchanged a curt nod as the latter joined them. Then they moved on slowly together, with Nellie between them.

"Magnificent evening, isn't it?" said Meredith, with an easy offhandedness that strongly contrasted with the stiff embarrassment of the school-teacher. "Reminds one of the climate of the West Indies and a little of Australia. And, by Jove, I don't know that I ever felt the heat more in Ceylon than I did to-day in the harvest-field."

Meredith spoke with all the calmly expressed assurance of a far-travelled man of the world, so galling to a young home-bred, home-staying fellow like Trevail; and there was a sort of good-natured assumption of superiority in his very walk that made the big school-teacher's long fingers tingle to their very ends. Youth does attach such importance to those superficial advantages. And then the sweet youth was in love, and a man in love looks through green spectacles that distort and exaggerate, and confuse and confound the proportions of things. Of the two, I declare, as my firm opinion, that a man

in typhoid fever is in an incomparably more satisfactory and companionable condition than the otherwise best fellow in love.

Nellie, glancing up sideways at Trevail, and divining in a moment his state of mind, and so fearful of some explosion, made haste to answer, and chatted away with Meredith till they reached the side road down which she lived, and whither Meredith was bound. Trevail hadn't opened his lips.

"Going home, Miss Dillon?" asked Meredith as they came up to the road and slackened their pace.

Nellie hesitated for a moment. The fact was that she and Trevail were on their way to the little church to a choir practice. At the first outburst, Nellie had more than half made up her mind to punish Trevail by leaving him at the corner, and had, in fact, started off for that purpose. But conscious that she had allowed her temper to run away with her, she had all but cancelled her hastily formed determination. Womanlike, however, she needed time to change her mind, and so instinctively paused before making her reply. But to Trevail, profoundly ignorant of all this, her hesitation came as "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ." Then there was something between her and this English adventurer and upstart. She actually hesitated between

continuing her walk to the church and barefacedly deserting him. But he would die before he would betray himself in the presence of his insolent patronizing rival.

"Good evening," he said, raising his hat and moving on; "I have an appointment at the church."

And he strode away in the gathering twilight, feeling like a man who has suddenly turned out of the sunlight into a dark, narrow, winding lane.

Nellie, almost stunned by this declaration of independence, gazed for a moment or two after the figure of the young man; then quickly remembering herself, turned down the road with Meredith.

"What's up between you and your admirer to-night, Miss Dillon?" asked Meredith after they had walked several minutes in silence. "You were at it hammer and tongs when I overtook you, and now he runs away and leaves you as if you had drawn a revolver on him."

"My admirer," Mr. Meredith, said Nellie, trying, but rather feebly, to be dignified.

"Yes, your admirer, Miss Nellie," replied the Englishman. "You can't deny that young Trevail admires you, and, for the matter of that, half a score of other likely young fellows. And why should you deny it? There's nothing to be ashamed of, and we've all got the use of our eyes. A cat may look at a king."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Meredith," said Nellie, with a wretched attempt at great stiffness, but, it cannot be denied, somewhat flattered.

"Well," said Meredith, as they reached the bend of the lane and were entering the garden which fronted the fine brick house, "if you have had a ruction there'll be a chance for some of us. Eh, Nellie?" he added, dropping his voice. This was the first time he had addressed her by name, and, in her repentant, softened mood towards Trevail it painfully jarred upon her sense of propriety. And yet she was just enough to feel that she had partly brought it upon herself. And, anyway,

it was no use getting angry with Meredith.

Nellie, therefore, preserved a golden silence, and they reached the verandah, on which in a rocking chair and his shirt sleeves her good-natured old Irish father sat smoking his pipe.

II.

"I suppose you'd rent the place if you got a fair offer, Mr. Dillon?" said Meredith, who had settled himself on the edge of the verandah and refilled his pipe.

"Yes, I don't know but I would," replied the old gentleman. "There's only me and Nellie, and I don't see the good of us two slaving away when we could live independent. Yes, now you've mentioned it, I have often thought of it, but it's so blamed hard to get a decent tenant these days, and if you get a bad tenant, why you're worse off than if you let the farm run wild."

"What would you think of me for a tenant, Mr. Dillon?" Meredith presently asked.

"You?" exclaimed the old Irishman, taking his pipe out of his mouth. "Why?"

"Yes, me," said Meredith, "and why not?"

"Well, I don't know; but then you've never been raised to farming, and—"

"Well, I could learn," interrupted Meredith. "Isn't that what I came here for, and haven't I made excellent progress? Why, you told me to-day that I could rake and bind and shock with the best man in Bulhampton."

"Did I?" asked the old man, dimly conscious of having administered a dose of "taffy" to the young fellow, who was merely working for his board. "But then a man requires to know something more than raking and binding to make a living at farming. And then he needs capital."

"How much would it require to start a man upon a hundred acre farm?"

"To do things up to the handle you'd require every copper of a thousand dollars."

"That's two hundred pounds," said Meredith musingly.

"But then I tell you you ain't built for a farmer. I don't know what gets into you young fellows from England. You're all the same. Every man jack of you is crazy to go farming."

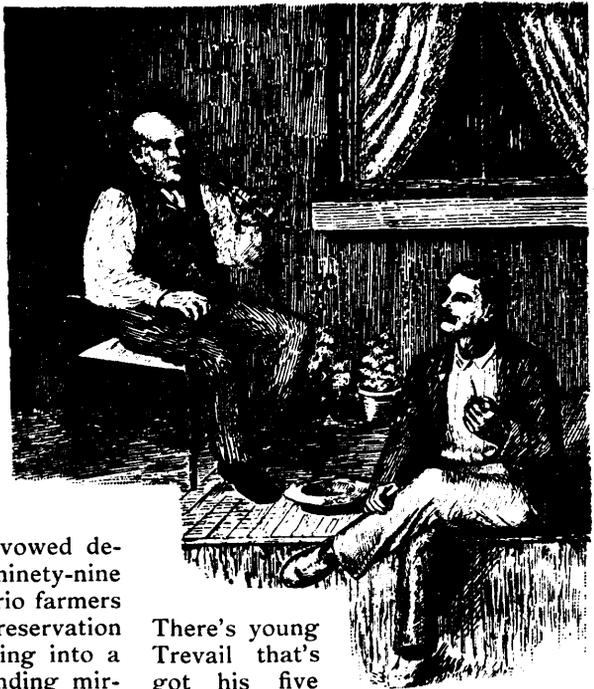
"It's a fine, healthy, independent life."

"It's the hardest, slavish life under the sun, and there's no more than a bare living in it. I've slaved at it for going on sixty years and I should know."

Considering this loudly avowed detestation with which about ninety-nine and a half per cent. of Ontario farmers regard their calling, the preservation of the Province from relapsing into a primeval wilderness is a standing miracle. Whoever met an Ontario farmer who, to take him at his word, wouldn't sooner be anything under the sun than just exactly what he is? Somehow or other, however, they do manage to hang on. Mr. Dillon, like so many of his self-enslaved brethren, had hung on to some purpose. He held township debentures, half-a-dozen first mortgages on neighbouring farms, and was reckoning his splendid two hundred acre farm-worth every shilling of thirty thousand dollars. And yet I suppose scarcely a day went by without his expressing the solemn conviction that his choice of a calling had been the grand mistake of his life.

"Well, you've done pretty well at it, Mr. Dillon, you can't deny," said Meredith.

"Yes, and I've had to sweat and bleed for every York shilling I have," said the old man, "and now that I've got it what good am I? Just like an old broken-winded horse in a pasture field that hasn't got the teeth to chew his feed. No, take my advice and do anything but go farming. Why don't you try your hand at school teaching?"



There's young Trevail that's got his five hundred dollars clear money wet and dry and lives a gentleman's life."

"I suppose you'd rent the place if you got a fair price, Mr. Dillon?"

"Fine, smart young fellow that Trevail," said Meredith, striking a match on the sole of his boot.

"He's well enough as young men go these days," said the old gentleman indifferently. "But I doubt if he knows his right hand from his left. I don't suppose he ever chopped ten cords of wood or ploughed five acres of land in his life. He's a poor useless fellow with all his book learning. It's a poor way to raise a boy."

In view of the old gentleman's energetically expressed contempt for his own calling this was a little inconsistent. But a man's calling and his country are the two objects which he reserves for his own exclusive depreciation.

"You're likely to have him for a son-in-law, by all accounts," said Meredith.

"Am I?" replied Mr. Dillon, with stony indifference; "I guess that's Nellie's business. She can please herself,

and she's old enough to know her mind."

"You take it pretty coolly, Mr. Dillon," said Meredith, to whom this blank indifference on the part of the old gentleman, so keen and wary on other points, was a revelation.

"Why not? I pleased myself when I got married and why shouldn't she do the same. Nobody chose a woman for me and I don't see why I should choose a man for her. And what's more, she's not likely to ask me.

But the sudden appearance of the subject of their conversation put an abrupt end to it.

Meredith went to bed that hot July night in what for him was a profoundly thoughtful mood. During his three months' residence with the Dillons, whence he had come under the auspices of some Farm Pupil Association, he had contracted by the mere force of continual intimate relation a decidedly warm feeling for Nellie. There are few girls who do not immensely improve upon the close personal intimacy that is involved in living for months with them on terms of perfect equality. Under such circumstances a girl is seen at her best, and in the most engaging character. She becomes the minister of our comfort, and the sweetener of our existence. She insensibly moulds us into her ways in all domestic matters. We become her subjects and dependants. She becomes part of our everyday life and so gradually grows upon us. And before we know where we are and what we are doing, she has appropriated a place in what we call our affections, whose voiding oppresses us with a painful sense of irreparable loss.

In another brick farmhouse about half a mile up the same Concession, on that same hot July night, another young man went to his appointed place of repose in a frame of mind anything but restful. For the first time in their life-long association and unchequered company keeping, Trevail found himself face to face with a possibility hitherto in his turn undreamed of. Could it be possible now that the first

up-swelling rush of his indignation had begun to subside, that Nellie seriously contemplated throwing him over for this contemptible if superficially fascinating fellow? Twenty-four hours ago he would have spurned the whispered suggestion of such a possibility, as something which it was sacrilegious even to momentarily harbour. Nellie's fidelity was in some sense a sacred thing about which even to think lightly, however vaguely and remotely, savored of a kind of blasphemy. For like all men of his kind, strong fervent and serious, Trevail's love was a sort of religion in itself.

Was it possible, then, that Nellie's constancy was being undermined? Women, after all, were strange creatures. And this contemptible fellow did possess in such profusion just those graces and arts that captivate young girls, and in which he felt, with a sort of contempt at himself for feeling as he did, he was was so grievously deficient. Meredith had that easy-going, half dashing, half swaggering, devil-me-care way with him which, although despicable, and as he couldn't but own to himself, is so exasperatingly taking with the girls. Had Nellie, then, fallen into line and followed in the crowd?

That this, however, was more than a passing freak on the part of Nellie he could not on second and calmer thoughts bring himself to think. Possibly, it began to dawn upon him, he had been a little hasty. Girls were "kittle cattle," whom to attempt however faintly to drive was certain to result disastrously. Perhaps, therefore, he had brought this in some measure upon himself. After all, he had hardly given her time to speak. And so, comforting himself with the prospect of a radical understanding before they were a week older, he fell asleep.

III.

"Nellie," said Trevail, as they were strolling home from church the following Sunday evening, "don't you think we were both a little too hasty last Wednesday evening?"

"O, I don't know," replied Nellie

flippantly; "I can't say that I feel very guilty."

A certain defiant hardness of tone on Nellie's part somewhat mystified and distressed Trevail. She had so undisguisedly manœuvred to let him join her after church, and had so readily accommodated her pace to his, that his misgivings had banished like a bad dream at the day's dawning. It was after all, as he had just barely ventured to hope, a little passing misunderstanding. In view of this, therefore, Nellie's tone decidedly jarred upon him.

But Nellie's hardness of tone was due to nothing more serious than a little pardonable impatience with Trevail's blundering persistence. Why, now that she had given him such an unmistakable intimation of her unshakable loyalty, couldn't he take the hint and let the matter rest and go on as before?

"I think, Nellie, when I'm ready to admit my fault you should be willing to do the same," said Trevail gravely. "Now, don't you think you took me up a little too hastily? Perhaps I did use a little strong language, but then, you know, if it wasn't that I care a great deal for you I wouldn't have felt and spoken as I did."

"I think you've a very strange way of showing it," she said, saucily.

"How do you mean?"

"By suspecting and dictating to me."

"I neither suspected nor dictated to you, Nellie," said Trevail, a little annoyed at what seemed the unreasonable inconsistency of Nellie's words and actions. If she had forgiven him, as her actions seemed to indicate, why couldn't she acknowledge it by word of mouth? As if a woman's, and of all beings a young woman's, words and actions ever fitted in. But Trevail as yet knew nothing of this, and so blindly rushed upon the rocks.

"What did you do, then?" asked Nellie, quickening her pace.

"I only advised you for your own good."

"Very friendly advice to tell me that I don't know

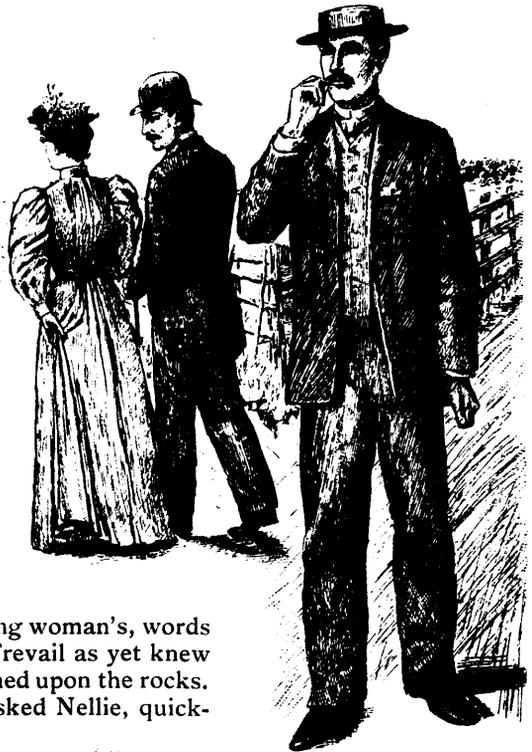
how to conduct myself with young men," retorted Nellie, with a toss of the head.

"Yes, it was quite friendly. If you only knew half what people said."

A perverse fate seemed to have taken charge of Nellie's and Trevail's love affairs, and to have doomed the long-legged school teacher to be perpetually saying the wrong thing at the wrong time and in the wrong way. And as they reached the corner, as if to further complicate and confound matters, Meredith, briar-root in mouth, suddenly rose from where he had been sitting in the fence corner, and advanced towards them in a matter-of-fact way, as if keeping an appointment.

"How dare you throw up the tittle tattle of the neighbourhood to me!" Nellie flashed out under her breath. "And I want you to remember that the next time I need your advice I'll ask you for it."

The next moment she was walking down the Concession with Meredith.



"The next moment she was walking down the Concession with Meredith."

The whole thing had been done so suddenly that Nellie was thirty or forty yards down the Concession before Trevail's rather slow moving mind had fully grasped the situation. He stood looking at them a minute or two longer, and then turned slowly round, feeling like a man who has had a door slammed in his face.

Meredith, however, noticed Nellie's excited condition, and so with praiseworthy prudence on his own account, and equally praiseworthy consideration for her feelings, confined himself to commonplaces. That there had been another and more serious falling out between this apparently hopelessly ill-assorted couple, was unmistakably evident. She had literally turned her back upon him this time.

But Meredith felt no inclination to rally her on the subject. Apart from motives of prudence or compassion, the affair was getting too serious on his own side to be joked about. He was genuinely in love with Nellie himself, and had fully determined to put into execution the scheme broached by him to the old gentleman the previous Wednesday evening. He would rent and stock the farm with a few hundreds that he had recently inherited from some distant relative in England, marry (Nellie) and settle down.

But although not unreasonably confident of success, Meredith did not care to run any unnecessary risks. And then common decency demanded a well defined interval between the two affairs; some sort of an engagement had subsisted between the two. It was only proper that the old one should at least be cold in its grave before the hatching out of the new one.

Nellie, however, retired that evening in a state of mind of which Meredith, fortunately for his own peace of mind, hadn't the faintest inkling. She felt inexpressibly mean and guilty. An impulsive temperament is a two-edged sword, that wounds the possessor as well as the victim. The very sensitiveness to provocation makes you proportionately sensitive to self-reproach. Your guns are continually

recoiling upon yourself. You blame others in haste and yourself at leisure. And what is the sting of the whole business, you are always finding yourself out too late.

Until the following Wednesday evening when the choir practice gave them a certain opportunity of meeting, Nellie and Trevail saw nothing of each other. And as the time approached Nellie's spirits began to recover their balance. Perhaps after all she had overrated the effect of her last outbreak. Surely long before this Trevail's good sense must have asserted itself, and he must have come to see that he had in a measure brought this upon himself by his ill-advised persistency.

And so Nellie, by that Wednesday evening, had reasoned Trevail into a frame of mind positively angelic. And on her own part she had solemnly promised her better, or at least more reflective self, to henceforward walk warily and circumspectly. There was no denying it, she was too touchy. She did take people up too hastily. Trevail was right when he said so. As for Meredith, he had scarcely been five minutes in her thoughts for nearly as many days.

The attendance that sweltering evening at the choir practice was not large and the "exercises" were consequently not prolonged. In the absence of the regular organist Nellie "presided" at the organ, and in this capacity exchanged several observations with Trevail, who came late. There was nothing particularly noticeable about his manner except perhaps that he was a trifle stiff and formal.

Nellie closed up the organ and sauntered out on to the road with an undeniably fluttering heart. Trevail, who, young man as he was, held the position of clergyman's warden, remained behind to put out the lamps and straighten things generally. The remaining half-dozen members of the choir, who by a supremely fortunate chance happened to live in the opposite direction, were already almost out of hearing.

So Nellie slowly sauntered along the dusty road in a not unpleasantly tremulous expectation of the impending little scene, and its consequent happy understanding. For she had fully made up her mind to meet Trevail in the frankest spirit, and at least half way. Some sacrifices were due on her part, and she was determined to make them.

She heard the closing of the church door, the scrunch of the key, and a minute afterwards the closing of the churchyard wicket gate, then along the gravel the long, quick steps of the stalwart teacher approaching from behind.

She slackened her pace, and, as he came up in the twilight, turned and stopped.

With a ceremonious hat-lifting, and a manifestly quickened pace, and without a word, he passed her where she stood.

IV.

Nellie got home somehow or other that evening, and in a frame of mind that had no counterbalancings or compensations. She hadn't even the poor consolation of being angry with herself. Much less could she in any degree console herself with abusing Trevail. He had done no more than what he was perfectly justified in doing. She had turned her back upon him, he had simply done the same, and in an infinitely politer way, by her. But the real sting of the whole affair consisted in the fact that Trevail's action had been altogether unmerited. He had unconsciously done her a grievous injustice. He had deliberately rejected her advances. That he had done so unknowingly only aggravated matters.

Still, she did not blame him. No tinge of resentment came to the rescue of her wounded feelings. He had only done what he had a perfect right to do. And now she found out, as the next couple of weeks dragged out their dreary course, how their lives had become entwined, and how much she really cared for the long-legged teacher, who had so suddenly wrenched himself out of her little life.

Meredith, it must be said to his credit, acted meanwhile with the most admirable delicacy and discretion. Nellie felt that if he had presumed to make one single definite advance she would have positively hated him. But she couldn't help owning to herself that his conduct was exquisitely considerate and generous. She had long known (or persuaded herself) that he admired her and cherished certain well defined hopes. And so she was fully able to appreciate his attitude, when a fair field had apparently suddenly opened before him.

His old, free and easy, half brotherly manner changed to one of studied deference. Not the remotest hint that he had divined the estrangement between herself and Trevail ever escaped him. He almost avoided her company; and by a thousand ways he showed how deeply he sympathized with her, and respected her feelings and scorned to utilize another man's loss to his own advancement.

And yet he made it unmistakably plain that he was only waiting a decent opportunity to declare himself, and was only restrained by a chivalrous sense of honour and delicacy from making a definite advance.

Meanwhile Meredith and the old gentleman had held several conferences on the subject of the former's proposed renting of the farm. And at last it began to remotely dawn upon Mr. Dillon that Meredith's proposal might possibly have some definite outcome. Having been assured by ocular proof of the Englishman's possession of some two thousand dollars, he had begun a very leisurely valuation of the stock and implements. He had also seriously taken into consideration the question of rent, and had promised a definite answer within the next few weeks, sometime in that vaguely defined period of the year known in Scotland and the North of England as the "back end," and among Ontario farmers as "after the fall shows."

Matters then were at this pitch, and the harvest was visibly drawing to a close, and the August days were be-

ginning to noticeably creep in, when, sitting one evening on the front verandah, Nellie was surprised to see Meredith enter the outer gate which opened from the road upon the approaching lane, come at a run up to the wicket that opened into the garden, and, apparently seeing her, run round by the end of the house. The next minute she heard him enter the empty house and rapidly ascend the back stairs to his room.

Nellie was considerably startled by Meredith's conduct. He was after all only a stranger. They knew absolutely nothing about him. He might be an escaped convict or a runaway forger for all they knew to the contrary. And she was quite alone. Her father had driven off to the Town Hall, about five miles distant, to attend a council meeting in his capacity of Township Reeve, and the girl had gone down to the village three concessions away to get some needed articles at the store. What did it mean? Could it be that he was an escaped lunatic with lucid intervals?

Nellie sat in gathering disquietude for some ten or fifteen minutes. The crickets chirruped, the tree toads gave their whistling croaks, the cool August wind sighed through the shrubs, an occasional meditative low came from the adjoining pasture, but deathlike stillness reigned supreme in the house. The evening was fast closing in, and she was alone with a man who might even now be arming himself to creep out of his room to beat the life out of her.

She rose to her feet, and choking down a sudden piercing scream prepared for a sudden flight out on the road.

At that moment she heard Meredith noisily open his bedroom door, and come down the passage towards the front stairs. Flight was now out of the question. She sat down again on her chair. The next moment Meredith had rapidly descended the front stairs which came down close to the open front door, and had stepped out upon the verandah.

"I hope I didn't alarm you, Miss Dillon," he said, "but I was running to relieve my feelings. In fact, I hardly knew what I was doing. I've had the most extraordinary news from England. I feel like a man in a dream. Read that letter; it'll explain everything."

He put an open letter into Nellie's hand, who, hardly knowing what she did, unfolded it and in the waning daylight read with some difficulty as follows:

15 TOWER ST., DUNCASTLE,

July 25th, 188-

DEAR SIR,—We have the honour to inform you that, by the recent death of Sir Henry Meredith, who was the first cousin of your deceased father, Captain Meredith, R.R., you have fallen heir to his title and estates. Without entering into any details we may merely state that the annual rental of the estate stands at present at £8,000, and that it is wholly unincumbered. Your early presence is, of course, very desirable. If you are short of the necessary funds to start immediately for England, please write or cable us to that effect and we will at once forward them. Some little uncertainty about your present address alone prevented us from remitting by this letter, whose receipt please at once acknowledge by letter or cable.

Hoping ere long to see you,

We remain respectfully yours,

HANSON & HODGE.

Sir Charles Meredith.

Nellie read the letter and handed it, when she had read it, half mechanically back to Meredith. She was conscious while reading it that Meredith was closely watching her. And as she glanced up after giving him back the letter she encountered his gaze still focussed upon her. She dropped her eyes and there was a silence of several minutes between them. Incomprehensibly, and in spite of herself, she felt embarrassed.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked Meredith in a low, tremulous tone, like one who is holding himself in by main force.

Meredith's question recalled Nellie to a sense of common propriety. The least she could do was to congratulate him, which she accordingly did.

Meredith did not reply. For another two or three minutes Nellie was disagreeably conscious of his continued

gaze, as he stood leaning against the verandah pillar and looking down upon her in the now half-enshrouding dusk. Then in grave, measured tone he said :

"Nellie, you can be Lady Meredith to-morrow for saying the word."

And he stooped down and took her hand.

Nellie had vaguely expected something of this sort from Meredith. But it was not till he spoke that she realized the magnificence of the offer. It was like a fairy tale. She was impressed, dazzled, as what country lassie wouldn't have been? To be the lady of a real live English baronet, to roll in her carriage, to be waited on by troops of servants, to hold up her head among the proudest in the land, to be presented at Court, etc., etc., etc.—it was like a romancer's dream. And all this and more might be hers for one little word.

She sat for a few minutes with her hand still in Meredith's without replying. But it was not the silence of indecision. Her mind never wavered for an instant, although for a moment enthralled and dazed. And surely she was entitled to a few minutes admiration of the glittering possibility that had flashed before her, before she resolutely and forever turned her back upon it!

Then she withdrew her hand and said :

"I have always liked and respected you, Mr. Meredith, but I can never marry you."

"That means you like somebody better than me?" said Meredith, after quite a lengthy pause.

"Yes," said Nellie boldly in the now impenetrable dusk. "And I wouldn't give him up to marry the Governor-General."

"By Jove! you're a noble-hearted girl," exclaimed Meredith with unwonted enthusiasm. "You're not offended with me, I hope?"

"No, indeed," replied Nellie with frank simplicity. "I thank you for the honour."

"And you and he haven't made it up yet?" presently asked Meredith. "Don't think I'm asking you this out of vulgar curiosity."

"No, I'm afraid I used him rather meanly. I lost my temper and forgot myself," answered Nellie with a certain sense of satisfaction in this humbling confession, and yet not without some wonder at herself.

"Miss Dillon," said Meredith with a certain hesitation in his voice, "excuse me for asking this question. I leave for England to-morrow and we may never meet again. Had I anything to do with this little misunderstanding between you and Trevail?"

Nellie felt her cheeks burning as she gave a silent assent to this question.

"Then, by Jove, I'll right things between you before I'm half-an-hour older," exclaimed Meredith with startling impulsiveness. "If I parted you I'll bring you together again."

And disregarding an inarticulate half-horrified protest from Nellie, he started off down the garden path.

Among the "numerous and costly" presents (to quote from the paragraph in the local paper) at Nellie's and Trevail's wedding, some two years later, was one that attracted universal admiration. It consisted of a set of magnificent diamonds, and attached to it was a slip of paper on which was inscribed, in a handwriting not unknown to the bride, "From Sir Charles and Lady Meredith to Mrs. Trevail."

R. F. Dixon.



A DOMINION SCHOOL SYSTEM.

THE Province of Quebec is now on the eve of another educational reform. The chief promise of the members of the new Provincial Government prior to the election was the reconstruction of the system of public instruction in the province. This pledge, although a pre-election promise, the Government shows every desire to keep. Since the year 1846 several such changes have been made in the educational system. At one time the head of the Department of Public Instruction has been a superintendent, at another a Minister of Education; again a superintendent presides, and now there is foreshadowed the appointment of a Minister of Education.

And so throughout the history of each of the older provinces the educational reforms necessary from time to time have been made, here on one line, there on another. The end aimed at in each case has been the same, but the means employed to reach it have been widely different.

It is an inevitable consequence of this variety in the school systems that it should tend to division rather than to unity, and to the estrangement instead of the union of the educational forces of the different provinces. Moreover, it is not promotive of a thorough national homogeneity.

The natural and apparently the only rational remedy is to bring these diverse provincial systems under Dominion control, in short, to establish a Dominion education system under the control of the Federal Government.

It is an inevitable corollary to the already long justified proposition of confederation that the functions of the Federal Government should be extended even to the assumption of the duties of the provincial legislatures, and this could not be more advantageously begun than by the establishment of a Dominion school system.

The economy and efficiency of such a system call for no substantiation. It is the principle that union is strength and which is seen in all departments of human activity, from the modern de-

Richmond, Que.

partmental stores of our cities to the proposal to confederate the Empire.

Again, the difference in the educational conditions of the provinces is now much less than it was in 1867, and, with the continued improvement of the facilities for communication, they must still further diminish. Even at the present time the widest extremes are to be found in the same province, for no more widely varying conditions exist in the whole Dominion than are to be met with in different parts of either of the older provinces of Ontario or Quebec. There are in these provinces, as there must always be in a country whose habitable limits are not well defined, districts which must receive special legislative administration, but this could be accorded by one department of education, quite as justly, wisely and well as by the seven or eight provincial departments. The same is true of the difficulties arising from distinction of race and creed.

On the other hand, the important phase of education from a nation-building point of view, that of fostering in school children a broad and strong national spirit, would be greatly advanced. The child's ideas of loyalty would be expanded, and true patriotism would be developed as he learned to regard himself as acting his part in concert with the youth of the whole Dominion.

The uniformity of school studies, of teachers' qualifications and of State appropriation, all would strongly tend to unite the rising generation of the nation into one organized whole.

These are forces not to be lightly cast aside. The consciousness in the mind of the school-boy or girl of being an integral part of the whole vast system, the competitive spirit to which it would give rise and the wide sympathies that it would evoke, would do more to weld together the component parts of the nation of the next century than could be accomplished by acts of legislature or be overturned by the localism of the petty politician or of the over zealous prelate.

John A. Dresser.



BY THE EDITOR.

OUR ROMANTIC HISTORY.

Romantic in many ways is the history of Canada from its earliest days ; and yet after our citizens complete their school or college periods, they have little chance to revel in historical pleasures. Recognizing this, the publishers of this magazine have decided to give its readers an opportunity to enjoy, with little effort, the most romantic parts of our history. Beginning with the November number, there will be published in this periodical a series of twelve illustrated articles which will describe all the chief historical events and personages that have any connection with our history from the Norse voyagers onward. These articles will thus give a fairly complete history of this country, which may be read in two hours per month during one year. They will be published under the heading, "The Makers of the Dominion of Canada," and will be by Canada's leading historian, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., whose "Story of Canada" has been most favourably commented upon by the leading critics of Europe and America.

Each article will deal with a separate period or a related set of personages, but there will be no collection of minor events and dates such as mar the ordinary school histories. Moreover, each event will be treated in the light of its influence or effect on our present national life—another point where our general histories fail.

The illustrations will be the most

valuable series ever published in any Canadian periodical or book, and will include reproductions of ancient maps, drawings, portraits and pictures, collected by the author through many years of patient research.

MILITARY TRAINING.

There is a strong feeling among a large part of the population of Canada that this country does not require any military system, and that the expenditure of the few thousands of dollars now devoted annually to the maintenance of the militia and the few fortifications that we possess is quite unnecessary. This feeling shows itself occasionally in the parliamentary debates on the estimates, in the public press and in the remarks of the rural population. Moreover, it is quite patent to the ordinary observer that Canada is really a non-military power, and her young men have few opportunities of learning the rudiments of soldiering.

The number of men to be trained and drilled annually is limited to forty-five thousand. The number of permanent militia men enrolled in 1895 was 1,227 ; and the number of active militia was 24,814, showing that the number actually trained is below the statutory limit.

It is an open question whether the elimination of the soldier-citizen from our modern civilization is not being carried on too rapidly. Soldiers have been more or less of an absolute necessity in all past ages, and the day when

soldiers will not be required will sometime arrive. But to-day the world is situated between these two extremes. It is not necessary that every man should be a soldier; but it may safely be asserted that the time has not yet arrived when no man need be a soldier. The feeling that militarism is out-of-date and has no place in the civilization of the closing years of the nineteenth century is an improper one, and is due to a lack of appreciation of the dangers that still confront nation-building.

If all the signs be thoroughly studied, it will not be hard to find justification for the belief that Canada will have other wars than those that have already been described by her historians. Her citizens are certainly not anxious for war, but nevertheless they cannot prevent such an unfortunate occurrence if some other power decides that war with Canada is necessary. For this reason, it seems safe to assert that Canada has gone too far in her opposition, or her indifference, to the military training of her citizens.

There is, however, another side to this question. Military training is valuable, not only as a safeguard against violence, but for its physical and mental development. The man who has served a term in the militia will, if that term was sufficiently thorough and extensive, be a better man whether considered as an individual or as a citizen. He will have learned the value of executive direction, of organization, of respect for authority, and of discipline. He will have been trained to use his feet, his hands, his eyes, his ears and his brains in new ways, and he will be a better man in after days because of this training.

For these two reasons then: (1) because of the necessity for a safeguard against invasion or spoliation by a hostile power; and (2) because of the value of military training to every citizen, it would appear advisable for Canada to extend her militia system so as to embrace a large number of citizens in the annual volunteer training. The 45,000 limit should be abolished,

and every able-bodied male citizen between 21 and 26 years of age should be compelled to drill in a militia corps for at least twelve days in every year. After this term of service has been fulfilled, further service would be voluntary as at present. This would not mean the adoption of the militarism or standing army principles of European nations; nor would it mean that, as a nation, Canadians are not desirous of seeing universal peace established. It would be a simple compromise between the past and the future.

As to the question of financial cost, this plan might be carried out with very little addition to the present expenditure. No militiaman should be paid for his services during this compulsory period, although, of course, his clothing, food, arms and instruction would need to be provided. Volunteers would have to be paid as at present, but it is not too much to ask every citizen to give to the common good sixty days of his three score years and ten. The central organization and the permanent force would need but slight extension to meet the requirements of the new conditions.

So soon as a citizen has secured a treasure of any kind, his first thought, even in these peaceful days, is to devise means to prevent it being taken away from him by some covetous person. Canada is amassing wealth day by day, and she, too, must guard against possible loss. The only way to do this is to avoid giving offence and to train her citizens to be active, alert and self-reliant; to teach them a little of the science of self-defence. Let me recall the words of the lamented patriot, T. D'Arcy McGee, and give them a new application: "The events daily transpiring around us teach us not to rely too much upon our present position of secure independence, but rather to apprehend and be prepared for attempts against our liberties."

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

For some time Canada has been living in a fool's paradise in so far as the

national estimate of our educational system is concerned. We have been parading before the world as a nation possessed of the greatest educational system ever conceived, and having told this story so often we finally came to believe it, with the result that we folded our hands and looked wise. In consequence our system has not been improved very much in recent years, and has not been adapted to the age or to the greatest needs of the nation.

The following remarks from the *Metropolitan*, of Montreal, exhibit this feeling with regard to the Quebec system :

"The Hon. Mr. Marchand, in a recent interview, expresses his intention to introduce radical reforms in our educational system. Just what the nature of these are, he hesitates to say. The first thing to do is to grapple with our elementary schools. It is from these we obtain our statistics of literacy, and it is these for which we blush. Our elementary schools have never been taken seriously either by the Government or our educationists, who have devoted themselves to the evolution of the academy and the university. We need a new order of things by which every teacher must be thoroughly trained and certificated; salaries must be increased fifty per cent.; the schools and their equipment need radical reconstruction. Chiefly it is urgent that all should feel a fresh enthusiasm for the elementary schools, seeing that it is upon these we depend for the character of the masses of our people. The schools themselves have eked out an apologetic existence, removed from beauty and hope, set down in the most desolate spot in the whole landscape; the children have been spiritless and neglected; the teachers half rendered a perfunctory service, unpaid, uncheered, divorced from social life, left to mental damp and mildew. In a word, the whole elementary system in Quebec needs a fresh incarnation. Money will do much; sympathy, purpose, fervour will do more. We need material aid; patriotism and pride are still more urgent."

Other provinces may not need such radical reforms as Quebec, but improvements could certainly be made; for attention has been directed too much to higher collegiate and university education, and too little to the public schools. Canada is essentially an agricultural country, and yet there is no attempt made to teach the elements of scientific farming, dairying, cheese-making, and stock-raising. This

might be done in the higher forms in all country and village schools, and in the lower forms of high schools and collegiate institutes.

CANADIAN BOOK BUYERS.

Some remarks of mine made last month concerning Canadians and book buyers have brought me in for some very strong private criticism. The statements made were to the effect that books of the highest literary value and artistic were neglected, and that our people did not appreciate rough-edged volumes.

A gentleman writing from a city in the Province of Quebec says :

"Your editorial remarks anent the Canadian public and book buyers and book dealers are to the point. There is scarcely to be found in Quebec such a thing as a Public Library, and seldom even a well-filled bookcase. Book-selling, other than an occasional twenty-five cent shocker, is not known here. I enjoyed your outspoken utterance of the subject."

A lady who disagrees with me very strongly writes as follows :

"I am a member of a Public Library on whose shelves are Bertha M. Clay's works, and the Librarian tells me that the readers are not fond of that author, consequently I cannot believe that the facts are absolutely as you have stated them in your magazine.

"And why the classification of the Pansy, and Elsie and Swan books together? The Swan books depict real life with no groundwork of Elysian fields. To read a book like 'Maitland of Laureston' will make one a better man or woman.

"With regard to the Library that sent back the books with uncut edges, I would like to say that that Library has many sympathizers. Unevenly edged books are like a coat with its seams not properly finished, or like the ladies' rustic hats which answer for a picnic, but are not ladylike for general wear. To my mind ragged, coarse edges are a nuisance and unartistically ugly. I do not ask for one size or one shape or one style in book-making, for I am fickle as regards sameness; but I do want to be saved from the coarse, uneven, uncut books which are an extra of the wrong kind. I am not 'English, you know,' but just a Scotch-Canadian."

But all the letters and criticisms have not caused me to change my mind. It took me several years to arrive at the conclusion which I expressed, and I

have found that my convictions are not easily shaken. There are certainly many Canadjans who appreciate books with nice bindings, and admire authors whose works require study. This portion of the public I do not ignore ; but there is just as certainly a very large number of our people who do not appreciate artistic books and magazines. When they buy a book it is simply a question of price, not a question of appearance or intrinsic literary merit. Canada has made great progress towards an appreciation of science, literature and the fine arts ; but we have a great deal yet to learn and to practice before we shall have entirely shaken off all the barbarisms which usually mark those living in a country which is comparatively new.



CANADIAN LITERARY CULTURE.

Dr. Bourinot takes a rather optimistic view of our intellectual development in his very able article, "Literary Culture in Canada," in the July *Scottish Review*. He says that "the five millions of people of two nationalities who own Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific are displaying a mental activity commensurate with their expansion of territory and accumulation of wealth." He points out that the national or thoroughly Canadian spirit now animating Canadians is clearly evidenced by the study and writing of history, and by their scientific and poetical productions. The influence of Parkman, the work of Garneau, the Abbe Casgrain and Dr. Kingsford are estimated, and the poetry of Carman, Lampman, Roberts, Campbell and Scott appraised. Canadian novelists and general writers are fully considered. Then the writer says :

"I think, on the whole, there have been enough good poems, histories and essays written and published in Canada for the last four or five decades to prove that there has been a steady intellectual growth on the part of our people, and that it has kept pace at all events with the mental growth in the pulpit, or in the legislative halls, where, of late years, a keen, practical debating style has taken the place of the more rhetorical and studied ora-

tory of old times. I believe the intellectual faculties of Canadians only require larger opportunities for their exercise to bring forth a rich fruition. I believe the progress in the years to come will be far greater than that we have yet shown, and that necessarily so, with the wider distribution of wealth, the dissemination of a higher culture, and a greater confidence in our own mental strength, and in the resources that this country offers to pen and pencil."

Dr. Bourinot, like some of our other virile thinkers, is not wholly satisfied with the manner in which our educational system works out.

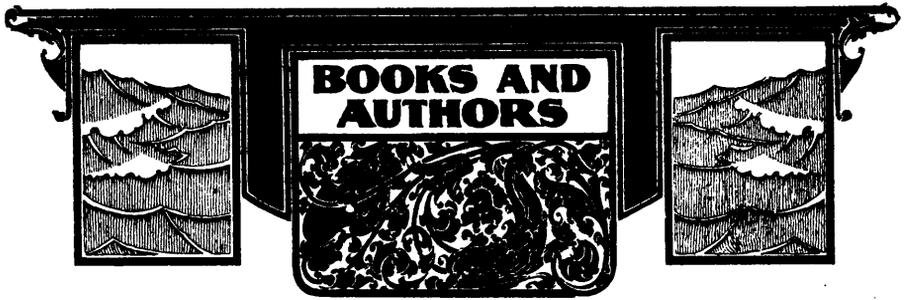
"The animating principle with the majority of people is to make a young man a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, or teach him some other vocation as soon as possible, and the tendency is to consider any education that does not immediately effect this result as superfluous."

The child is given too many subjects to study, so that he is not taught much of anything. We have plenty of education, but few learned men. Even manners are omitted from this educational preparation for money getting. Superficiality expresses the sum and substance of our educational weakness, and Dr. Bourinot has done well to point this out.



FINANCIALLY.

Financially, Canada is progressing very rapidly at present. The opening of the mining regions of British Columbia and northern Ontario last year has been followed by the discovery of the Klondyke gold-fields this year. But of much greater importance than either of these events is the recent rise in the price of grain and other produce, which will give Canada many extra millions of profit this year. This one year's additional profit to agricultural producers will be five times the profit from working our gold mines during 1896 and 1897, and yet it has attracted about one-fifth of the attention. Our mineral wealth is enormous, but exhaustible, with an ever-increasing cost of production ; our agricultural wealth is more enormous, is inexhaustible, with a cost of production which is being steadily decreased by scientific progress.



THE PHILOSOPHER OF DRIFTWOOD.

HOW few there are who live a broad, evenly-balanced life. Some go through the world with the idea of their own material and mental advancement always predominant. Others are always worrying about the condition of those more unfortunate than themselves, their sympathies for struggling humanity leading them into reckless extravagance of conduct and speech. There are few who recognize that "opportunity to expand and deepen one's own powers by selective association with the best cultured people is as important in the moral advancement of the world as ministering to the needs of the poor and the ignorant."

This is the first subject to which Mrs. Jenness Miller addresses herself in "The Philosopher of Driftwood."* She describes two men, Kingsley Manton, the pleasure seeker and man of the world, and Silas Bragdon, a one-time dweller in the heart of the world, but now living among gentle fisherfolk on the New England coast. She shows how each life fails, and exhibits considerable talent in the delineation of character and the analysis of motives. She accepts her world—the United States—as it is, and offers little if any criticism. In fact, she is somewhat of an apologist for the present Western civilization, making a plea for divorce in the case of all loveless unions, and for the present unequal distribution of wealth.

As a social novel Mrs. Miller's book leaves little to be desired. It is bright, interesting and powerful. As a piece of literature, however, it is decidedly weak. The sentence construction and the punctuation are abominable, and such as no important publishing house would allow to go forth. Mrs. Miller should have her next book edited before publication by some person who has studied rhetoric.



THE STORY OF THE UNION JACK.

Barlow Cumberland, Past President of the National Club, Toronto, and Supreme President of the "Sons of England," has given us a most attractive book entitled "The Story of the Union Jack,"† in which he very properly intimates that this flag means even more to Canadians than it does to the residents of the British Isles, because under it Canadians have fought in the defence of their homes. He points out that the love of emblems has been a universal characteristic among all races of men, and that this instinct is still exceedingly strong.

* The Philosopher of Driftwood, a social novel, by Mrs. Jenness Miller. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
† Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.00.

Even the North American Redman had his "Totem" painted or embroidered on his trappings and his weapons. National emblems are an evidence of patriotic fervour, and a national flag is the incarnation of intense sentiment. He explains the origin of national flags, and shows how the British Jack is the basis of the design of the Stars and Stripes. The word "Jack" is derived from the surcoat or *Jacque* which was worn by ancient knights over their armour, and which wore the blazon or sign either of their lord or of their nationality. The Red Cross of St. George was adopted and worn upon the *Jacque* by the English Crusaders as the English sign, and this passed later into the Red Cross of England. Still later, the three crosses of England, Scotland and Ireland were combined to form the Union Jack, which, with the addition of the Canadian coat of arms, forms the Canadian ensign.

Mr. Cumberland gives a great deal of interesting history concerning this flag, its victories, its conquests, and the liberties it has secured—all explained by numerous illustrations and coloured plates. The story is told sympathetically, loyally and patriotically, in a simple yet powerful style. The author is to be congratulated upon the excellence of the work which he has so opportunely given to the Canadian public.



THE CHEVALIER D'AURIAC.*

S. Levett-Yeats' latest story "The Chevalier D'Auriac" has been running serially in some Canadian newspapers and now appears in Longman's Colonial Library. It is a French tale of the times of Henry IV. and the Holy League, and describes the adventures of a young nobleman who wins the love of a beautiful lady and the friendship of his king by courage and faithfulness. In character it resembles very much Weyman's "Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe," and some of Gunter's historical novels. It is remarkably full of action, and always inculcates a very high ideal of individual conduct and behaviour. The author has mastered the art of story telling and is fully worthy to be classed with Weyman, Crockett, Parker and Anthony Hope—is perhaps more powerful than some of these.



IN KEDAR'S TENTS.

One of the best novels of the month is Henry Seton Merriman's "In Kedar's Tents." † Not only is it a delightful romance and full of vigorous adventure, but it is artistic and quaintly humorous. Fred. Conyngham, a careless, easy-going, English bachelor, voluntarily shoulders the guilt of a married friend who has unintentionally killed the son of Sir John Pleydall during a Chartist riot. To escape arrest Conyngham goes to Spain and enlists under the Queen Regent. Here he meets with many adventures, finally winning fame and a wife. Spain, torn by the strife between two factions, is a very unsafe place to live in, and consequently the young Englishman is placed in many dangers which try his daring and his courage. The Spanish character, male and female, is quaintly described and dissected, and the book is studded with peculiar remarks of the following taste, where the author describes two soldiers passing the afternoon playing cards: "For the Spaniard will be found playing cards amid the wreck of the world, and in the intervals between the stupendous events of the last day." And again where he makes the wily old priest say: "Ah, my friend, when a woman believes in a man she makes him or mars him. There is no medium." The

* The Chevalier D'Auriac, by S. Levett-Yeats, author of "A Galahad of the Greeks." London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

whole book is decidedly refreshing and shows that Merriman deserves the fame which he is rapidly winning.



CANADA'S MINERAL WEALTH.

Canada's natural resources are made up of timber, fish, minerals and fertile soil. These are what a bountiful nature has given us, and from which Canadians must derive their wealth. It is important that each of these four should be thoroughly understood, not only by those desiring to accumulate a competence, but by our rulers. Professor Arthur B. Willmott, of McMaster University, Toronto, has just published* an instructive book entitled "The Mineral Wealth of Canada." In his introduction he compares our mineral resources with those of other countries and explains where our minerals are found. He then takes up each kind of ore, notes how it occurs, the different varieties, and where each is found, ending his book with a chapter on soils and mineral fertilizers and some tables. The publication of such reliable information is opportune, and although intended primarily for university students will be found very valuable to the general reader and to the student of Canadian economics. The author has performed his work very thoroughly.



RURAL SCIENCE.

Macmillan's Rural Science Series† is worthy of hearty commendation to Canadian farmers, who read and study too little. The day when farming could be carried on by unskilled labour has gone by, and the successful farmer is now the man who reads, studies and travels. This series of books includes: "The Soil; Its Nature, Relations and Fundamental Principles of Management," "The Fertility of the Land," "The Spraying of Plants," "Milk and Its Products," "The Principles of Fruit Growing," "Seeds and Seed Growing," "Feeding of Animals," etc. "The Fertility of the Land" is by Isaac Phillips Roberts, Professor of Agriculture in Cornell University, and a practical farmer. As the editor of the series says: "It sets forth the author's philosophy of the means of maintaining the productivity of the land; and since the productive power of the land is the first and fundamental consideration in farming, it must follow that this book comes as near to being a treatise on agriculture as any single volume can be. It combines the best teachings of science with the philosophy of farm practice. It is the ripened judgment of the wisest farmer whom I have known."



A NEW SCHOOL HISTORY.

"Of all mankind," says Carlyle, "there is no tribe so rude that it has not attempted history, though several have not arithmetic enough to spell five. History has been written with quipo-threads, with feather-pictures, with wampum-belts; still oftener with earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn; for the Celt and the Copt, the Red-man as well as the white lives between two eternities, and warring against oblivion, he would fain unite himself in clear conscious relation with the whole future and the whole past." And with Carlyle we must still agree that history writing ranks among the highest arts.

* Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 201 pp.
† The Macmillan Co., New York. Toronto: Tyrrell's Book Shop.

Canada has had many histories, some fragmentary, some complete at one time but now incomplete, some dealing with but one event, others dealing with all the events comprised in what may justly be called Canadian history. Some of these histories have been written in English, some in French; some have been written for adults, some for the younger generations. Some writers have recorded fact after fact, seeing no other relation between them than the chronological; others have considered the epoch-making events in their relation to Canada's present position as a nation. Yet in spite of the hundreds of volumes that have been written, it is safe to assert that the ideal history of Canada is yet to be written.

General readers are, as a rule, little interested in school books, but the new school history of Canada is extraordinary in many ways, and is exciting general attention. Owing to the action of various teachers' associations, the Dominion Educational Association, in July, 1892, formulated a scheme for the preparation of a text-book on history which would be suitable for the schools in all the Provinces, and which would properly present the position of the Dominion. A competition was arranged for, and on July 1st, 1895, when it closed, fifteen manuscripts were handed to the judges. After ten months, the first prize of \$1,000 was awarded to W. H. P. Clement, barrister, Toronto, and his work is now published. It has been adopted by New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia. Nova Scotia and Prince Edward will no doubt fall in line and adopt this the best school history ever prepared in Canada. The publishers, the committee and the author are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts, and it is to be hoped that the expectations of all will be realized, and that a proper idea of Canada's romantic past and brilliant possibilities will be inculcated in the minds of our Canadian youth.

Although the book is specially intended for the use of school children, it is worthy of a place as a work of reference in every Canadian library. The maps and illustrations are quite commendable.



MISCELLANEOUS.

Canadian admirers of Charles G. D. Roberts will be pleased to know that there will be a Canadian edition of his "History of Canada," and those of our citizens who prefer Canadian editions in their libraries will be able to add this volume to their "Canadiana." This addition will be issued by George N. Morang, Toronto. This house will also publish "Heart Songs," by Jean Blewett, a dainty volume of verse, which will contain all the poems which that talented lady has written. This is another volume which Canadian collectors will prize highly, not only on account of its intrinsic merit, but because of its being Mrs. Blewett's first edition.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin intends publishing in November John Oliver Hobbes' (Mrs. Craigie) new story, "The School for Saints." The volume will appear in his Colonial Library in paper and cloth bindings. Although an edition of the work will be on sale in the United States by a New York firm, Mr. Unwin has specially reserved the sole Canadian right, and only his edition can enter Canada. He is specially copyrighting the volume in Canada for this purpose.

The best map of the Klondyke is the one published by the Province Publishing Co., of Victoria, B.C. There is another very good one published by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, who also publish "Golden Alaska," an illustrated guide to that country and the Klondyke district. This pamphlet contains maps, illustrations, and does not colour its facts too highly.

A book of stories of adventure by Edward William Thomson, "Between Earth and Sky," is announced for October by William Briggs. The volume will include "Petherick's Peril," the story which won for the author the large cash prize offered some years ago by the *Youth's Companion*.

A story, declared by the publisher a worthy associate with "The Seats of the Mighty" and "The Forge in the Forest," is shortly to issue from the press of William Briggs. This time it is a young lady who delves into the rich mine of historical romance afforded by the picturesque life of French colonial times. Miss Blanche Macdonnell, of Montreal, is the writer, and the scene of her story, "The Thorn in the Flesh," is laid in Ville Marie, in the time of fiery Governor Frontenac.

William Briggs has in the press a volume of "Pioneer Sketches of Long Point Settlement," with the sub-title of "Norfolk's Foundation Builders and their Genealogies." The volume will be of the size and style of the Misses Lizars' "In the Days of the Canada Company." The writer, Mr. E. A. Owen, of Vittoria, a journalist of considerable experience, spent a year and a half in collecting material for the volume, and has got together an amazing amount of interesting personal data.

Among the books published by George N. Morang, Toronto, there are several that are having rapid sales. The second edition of "The Christian," by Hall Caine, is exhausted, and the third edition will be ready by the first of October. The second edition of Bellamy's "Equality" is now being issued, and indicates that Canada is much interested in social-economic problems.

The narration of the adventurous expedition of the Tyrrell Brothers across the Barren Lands, as told by Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., is in the press, and will be issued in October by William Briggs, under the title of "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada." The appearance and value of the volume will be greatly enhanced by a number of drawings by Mr. Arthur Heming, and by engravings from photographs taken en route.

Miss Marshall Saunders has two books in the press to appear this autumn, and is at work now on a story of Acadian French life.

Mr. Alexander Begg, editor of the British Columbia *Mining Record*, died at Victoria, B.C., on Monday, in his sixty-fifth year. He was born in Quebec, was at one time private auditor and Queen's Printer of Manitoba, and was the author of a "History of the first Riel Rebellion" and "The History of the North-West Territories."

G. M. Fairchild, of Quebec, will shortly publish a volume of short stories. This gentleman has long been known to the world of Canadian letters, having edited several books and written a volume on sport in Quebec. One of his stories appeared in the August number of this publication.

Gilbert Parker has been in Austria for the summer collecting material for a new novel. He is wise not to confine himself to Canadian scenes and characters.

Those who enjoyed the racy pages of "In the Days of the Canada Company" will look forward to a new work by the same authors, Robina and Kathleen Lizars, "Humours of '37: Grave, Gay and Grim," which is now in course of issue by William Briggs, Toronto. Some idea of the scope of the work may be gathered from the chapter-heads, "Baneful Domination," "The Canadas at Westminster," "A Call to Umbrellas," "Le Grand Brule," "Gallows Hill," "Autocrats All," "Huron's Age Heroic," etc. The writers are rather happy in character sketches, and their pens find ready play on the personalities of Sir Francis Bond Head, William Lyon Mackenzie, Papineau, Nelson and others who acted their parts in the tragic drama of the rebellion.



NATIONAL SPORT.

CANOERING SONG.

We paddle from morn till eve ;
 And the rapids come and go,
 Till the red sun sinks o'er the pinnacled pines
 In crimson and gold and snow.
 Then we sing in the breath of the evening's
 calm,
 And laugh with the falls below.

We paddle from morn till eve ;
 We portage from lake to stream ;
 Thinking of comfort, love and home—
 Nature's eternal dream.
 A dreamland of hope like a winter's fire
 Are the depths where our paddles gleam.

We paddle from morn till eve ;
 We travel from day to day ;
 And the stream goes on forever—
 To the ocean takes its way ;
 But we fear the Portage that ends at the Sea,
 And we watch for the Light of Day.

A. Hill Rolph.

A NEW HARNESS RECORD.

Trotting races are exceedingly popular in many parts of Canada, and when properly conducted afford excellent sport besides having a great influence on the breeding and training of horses. On August 28th, at Readville, Mass., the colours of Joe Patchen, John R. Gentry and other great stallions were lowered when another pacing stallion, Star Pointer, lowered the mile in harness record to 1.59¼. The trial was made with a running pacemaker before ten thousand delighted spectators.

Star Pointer is owned by J. W. Murphy of Chicago. He was foaled in 1889, at Spring Hill, Tenn., and was bred by H. P. Pointer. His sire was Brown Hal, pacing record 2.12½, by Tom Hal, Jr., the sire of the famous old campaigner, Hal Pointer, 2.04½. The latter is a half-brother to Star Pointer, seeing that both are out of Sweepstakes, and she by Knight's Snow Heels. Star Pointer's second dam was Kit, by McMechan's Traveller.

The new champion is one of the biggest pacers in training, stands fully sixteen hands, and is very lengthy.

CANADIAN MILE-RUNNERS ABROAD.

There were three Canadians in the one mile run at the championship games held on August 28th, at Manhattan Field, New York,

under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union. Alexander Brodie of the Montreal A.A., and R. Grant of the Toronto A.A., finished second and third respectively. George W. Orton was defeated, much to the regret of his many Canadian friends. The race was won by J. F. Creegan of the New York A.C., in 4m. 27 3-5s.

Orton has a sort of malaria this summer which has prevented him from keeping up his record. He is improving somewhat and will likely be a competitor for the Canadian championship on the 25th inst.

The most remarkable performance at the meeting was that of Wefers, who won the hundred in 9 4-5s., the 220 in 21 2-5s., and ran a quarter in the relay race in 49 1-5s. He is to-day, beyond a doubt, the greatest amateur sprinter on the continent—and he is not a Canadian.

George Stephens of the Montreal A.A. ran in the quarter, but did not secure a place.

It is to be hoped that more Canadians will attend this meet next year, and that more honours will fall to Canada. We cannot have too many of these international amateur championships.

BASEBALL SEASON ENDED.

The amateur baseball season has drawn to a close, and has revealed an inclination on the part of the people to take more interest in this United States' game. However, it must be acknowledged that the class of citizens who patronize it above all others is not the best class. It does not attract the bench, the bar and the professions to the extent that golf, tennis, lacrosse, cricket and other summer sports do ; but it has, certainly, during the year 1897 found much favour in the towns and villages and among the mechanics of the cities. The game does not require an expensive outfit, a costly field, nor a great deal of time for each match, hence its popularity in these quarters.

Professional baseball has also shown increased popularity this year, though the failure, a few weeks ago, of the Canadian Baseball League (Guelph, Hamilton and London) would not indicate it. The representatives of Toronto and Montreal in the Eastern League have done fairly well, and have, everything considered, been well supported.

If the Toronto team had represented a United States city it would, undoubtedly, have won the pennant.

THE DOWNFALL OF LACROSSE.

It was pointed out last month that Canada's national game had fallen rather low to be represented by such amateur-professionals as form the leading teams from Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal in the Senior League, and it was suggested that these men should announce themselves as professionals, and leave the amateur field clear for those who are really amateurs. The matches that have been played since then, and the revelations at the trial of certain members of the Ottawa team, have but deepened the conviction in the public mind that the game in the large cities is being carried on in a decidedly unsportsman-like manner, and that a change is absolutely necessary. The public will not long patronize an amateur game played by men who receive pay directly or indirectly, and it is safe to assert that at least ninety per cent. of the men on the Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto teams are paid, in some way, for their lacrosse playing. This kind of thing prevents the true amateur player from winning the fame to which his sacrifices and talents entitle him.

After an uphill season, the Shamrocks of Montreal secured only second place in the League, the Capitals of Ottawa winning first. The champions are under too great a shadow of suspicion just now to allow any one to say that their victory was a popular one.

CANADIAN VS. UNITED STATES RUGBY.

In the November number of this publication there will be an article which will contrast the Canadian and United States games of Rugby. The author is Geo. W. Orton, the Canadian track champion, whose four years' residence at Philadelphia University enables him to do this subject complete justice. The article will be profusely illustrated.

THE BOOM IN GOLF.

Harold G. Hutchinson writes of the boom in Golf in *Harper's Weekly* as follows:

"When the Queen began to reign—that is, in 1837—there was practically no interest taken in athletic pursuits, whether at home or abroad. I find a very little interest attaching to rowing, and a little local interest in cricket; but in any other branch of athletic pursuits virtually none at all. Football was unheard of; we had not your baseball; athletic sports were not. The only events that bore any analogy to athletic sports were occasional pedestrian matches, generally against time. A certain Captain Barclay had walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours—a great feat in those days. Thereon a certain old soldier, finding some excellent sausages at table, backed himself to eat a thousand of them in a thousand hours—one every hour for six weeks. Captain Barclay accomplished his pedestrian feat, but the gastronomic athletic gave up at the third sausage. The first athletic sports worthy of the name was a meeting got up by some undergraduates of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1847, only fifty years ago. Football

was a later invention again, and did not reach its present elaboration for a long while. Golf, so far as England was concerned, virtually did not exist. In England, however, was the course of the golf club that has older records than any other in the world, namely, the Royal Blackheath Club, which James I. of England (Sixth of Scotland) instituted when he came down south to govern England and get into considerable trouble over the business. Considering his addiction to golf he ought to have been a better king, for he founded also the King James VI. Golf Club at Perth. It was soon after the beginning of the second half of the present century that a St. Andrews man happened to come down to Westward Ho, in North Devon, and walking on some links' turf by the shore of the Atlantic, told his English host that they were walking over first-class potential golfing ground. This was between 1850 and 1860, just at the time when, as we have seen, England, and the Anglo-Saxon world in general, was waking up to a new-born interest in all athletic matters. Golf, besides being an excellent athletic game, calling out the best qualities of eye, muscle, head and nerve, is also a game eminently adapted for men who have arrived at that middle age at which running is a disagreeable necessity, rather than a delight, at such games as cricket, rackets, tennis, or even lawn-tennis. Therefore the game met a double want; and the manner in which it spread all round the English coast, and has now penetrated to every available inland heath and common—some of them not in the least degree suited for the play of the game in its perfection—it does not need to chronicle in detail. It happened that while the athletic spirit of the Anglo-Saxon was in process of awakening, the invention of gutta-percha golf-balls was born into the world. It was an invention that made golf cheap. Previously it was an expensive game, for the old feather-stuffed balls cost about four shillings apiece, while the new ball could be bought for one shilling, and when you hit one of the gutta-percha balls a crack on the crown with an iron you only scored a dent in it, whereas when you similarly maltreated one of the old-fashioned balls you cut a hole in it, through which the stuffing came out, and the ball was ruined. Added to these factors of the game's popularity there was the accident that Mr. A. J. Balfour was known to be an enthusiastic golfer. . . . And it was an influence that combined with the other factors to popularize the game not only in England, but also in Scotland, the land of its nativity. For though it is true that golf has been played in Scotland for an immemorial time, it is yet not to be thought that it was always as common or as popular in Scotland as it is now. Probably it would not be inexact to say that whereas golfers in Scotland were numbered by units when the Queen began to reign, they may be numbered by fifties to-day; but in England for every unit that played golf in that early Victorian period the golfer of to-day is in his tens of thousands."

CONSUMPTION NOT CONTAGIOUS.

THE alarm caused by the New York Health Board's wild, false, and untenable assertions to the effect that "Consumption is an infectious disease which can be communicated from the sick to the well," led the Chairman of the State Section of the American Medical Association (the highest Medical Authority of the Profession) to apply to Dr. Robert Hunter, as the oldest and most experienced lung specialist of that country, for a paper giving scientific and incontrovertible proof of the utter falsity of the Board's contention, to be read at the 28th annual meeting of the Association, held at Philadelphia, June 2nd, 1897.

The points indubitably established by Dr. Hunter are as follows:

"1st. That the history and all reliable statistics of the disease show that consumption is never communicated from the sick to the well.

"2nd. That it never becomes epidemic, as all infectious diseases do.

"3rd. That instead of increasing through infection, it is steadily decreasing from generation to generation—which would be impossible were it infectious in any degree whatever.

"4th. That consumption is one of the oldest diseases known to mankind, and was accurately described by Hippocrates 343 years before the birth of Christ. It is a lingering sickness which lasts for months, and often for years, during all of which time, if infectious, it would be throwing off the germs of the disease and infecting those in health.

"5th. Nothing was ever done by the Profession to prevent its spread by infection, if it had power to do so, and yet at the end of twenty-five centuries of uninterrupted growth it is found to be less prevalent and less fatal than it was at the beginning.

"In England, where the death tables are compiled with the greatest care, the Annual Reports of the Registrar-General show that the deaths by consumption in each million of the population were in

1860—2,679 1880—2, 116

1870—2,475 1890—1,385

a decrease in 30 years of over 40 per cent.

"Had each of these cases been a centre of contagion, producing new cases by infecting those in health, there could have been no decrease, but, on the contrary, the deaths must have been increased by the numbers so infected.

"No stronger proof that consumption is incapable of reproducing itself could be given than the fact that it is more prevalent in men than women. Women nurse and attend upon consumptives through their entire illness, and are constantly exposed to infection if it had the power to infect, and yet only 2,944 of these exposed females die of it to 4,482 males.

"The great Hospital for Consumption at Brompton, London, in existence for over sixty years, is much the largest hospital for lung diseases in the world. It has a large staff of physicians, with scores of nurses and other hospital attendants. If consumption was infectious it certainly would show itself among those in such close and constant contact with it, in all its worst and most advanced stages; and yet Dr. Williams, the senior physician, says: '*Infection in the wards of the hospital between consumptives and non-consumptives is unknown.*'

"Dr. Cotton, another eminent physician of long

experience in the same hospital, tells us the nurses are all in good health, while of the physicians, nineteen in number, only one has ever shown any sign of phthisis, and he was delicate and consumptive when he came there.

"Dr. Clapp reviews the above facts and declares that 'a residence in a consumption hospital and long continued working in its wards among consumptive patients is a very good way indeed *not to catch the disease!*'

"Other leading specialists and writers on lung diseases bear similar testimony.

"Dr. Ancell says: '*against the few facts that might seem to support the doctrine of contagion there are tens of thousands that refute it.*'

"Dr. Forbes says, 'among the thousands he has attended he never witnessed a case of infection by it.'

"Dr. Reginald Thompson could find but fifteen suspected cases out of 15,000 examined.

"Dr. Flint but two possible cases out of 690—and Dr. Richardson no cases out of 3,000 investigated.

"Dr. Douglas Powell, speaking from his own personal knowledge, experience and observation, says, 'Consumption is not infectious.'

"Dr. Young says, 'all the evidence adduced to show the infectiousness of consumption is absurd.'

"My own personal experience for more than 50 years of active professional life, the chief part of which has been given to the study and treatment of lung diseases as a specialty—each day being spent in the examination of their chests, analyzing their sputa, exposed at all times to their breath and to emanations from their bodies, with their expectorations always in my cuspidors—shows conclusively that it is not infectious and cannot be communicated by association. I have never in my fifty years of practice met with an instance of infection, or seen anything to make me believe it could be communicated from the sick to the well. With the records of over 50,000 cases so examined and treated by me, I am able to speak with all confidence of assured judgment in saying that there is no warrant or foundation for any belief that consumption is infectious or communicable in any degree or under any circumstances whatever. The assumption that it can be so communicated is disproved by the statistics of consumption in all civilized lands, by the reports of consumption hospitals and all institutions for the treatment of lung diseases, and by the united clinical experience of scientific specialists throughout the civilized world who have made lung diseases a life study.

"No physician can believe consumption infectious without discrediting the annals of his own profession, the teachings of its leading authorities, and the overwhelming judgment of the great body of medical practitioners."

In the face of these facts, the setting up of this boggy and fake of infection was an outrage and crime against truth, science and humanity.

I can only say in conclusion to the New York Health Board regarding its ideas of consumption, as Cuvier said to the lexicographer who applied to him to know if his definition of a lobster was correct, "Lobster—a fish of a red color which chiefly travels backwards."

"Yes," he replied, "perfectly correct, with three exceptions—a lobster is not a fish, it is not of a red color, and it does not chiefly travel backwards.

Consumption is not infectious—it is not communicated from the sick to the well.—And it can neither be prevented nor cured by segregation in pest hospitals as recommended by the Board."

Robert Hunter, M.D.

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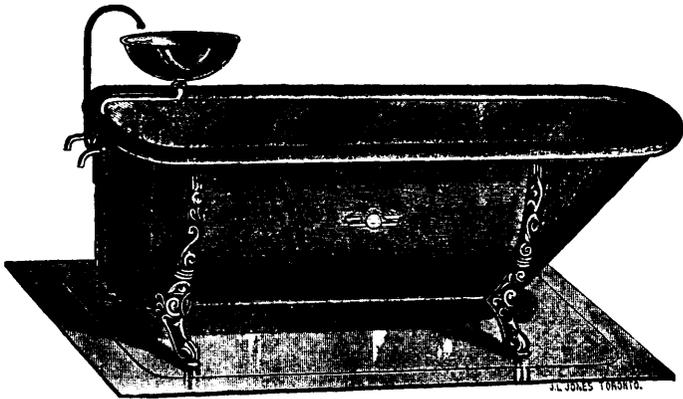
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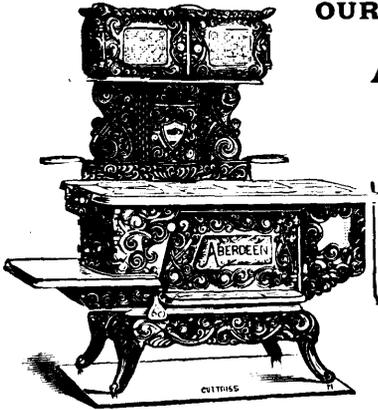
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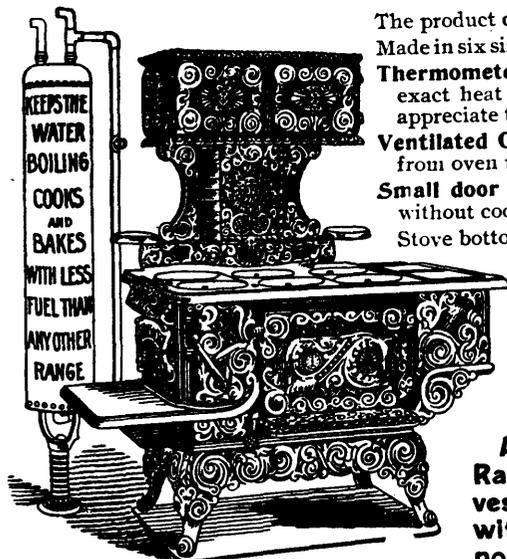
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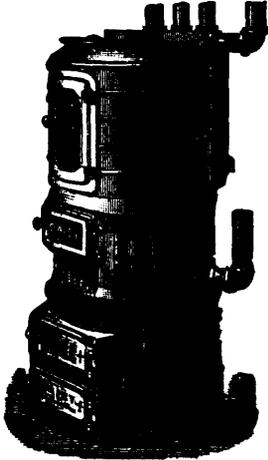
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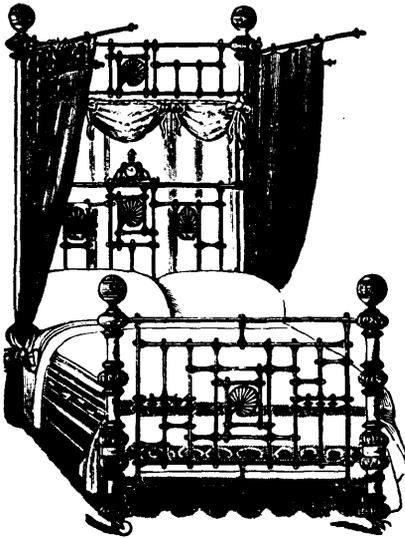
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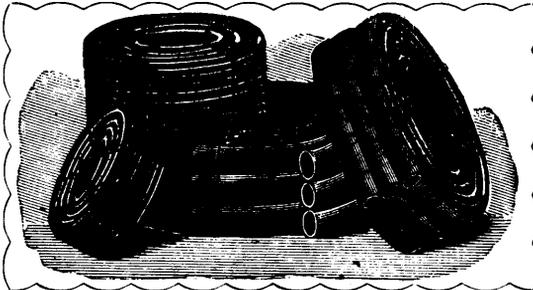
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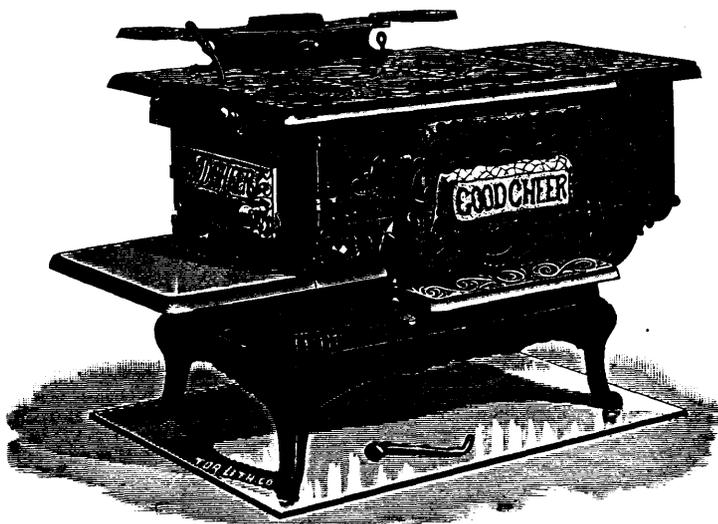
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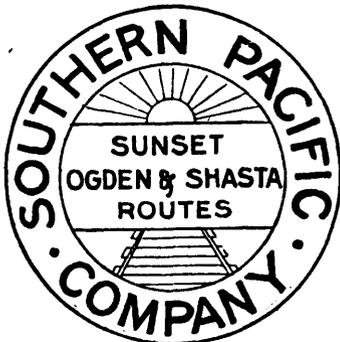
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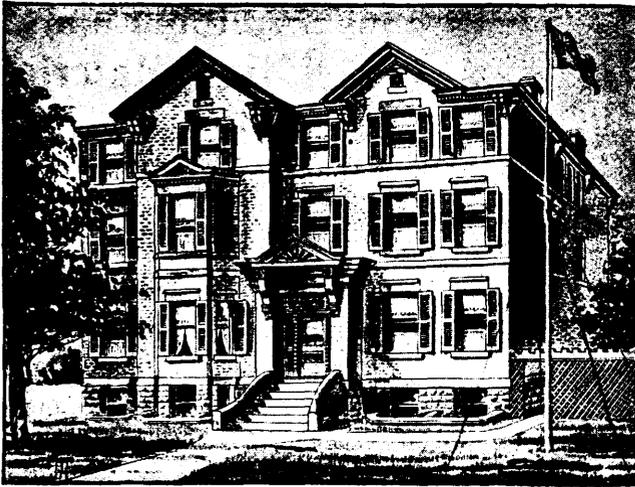


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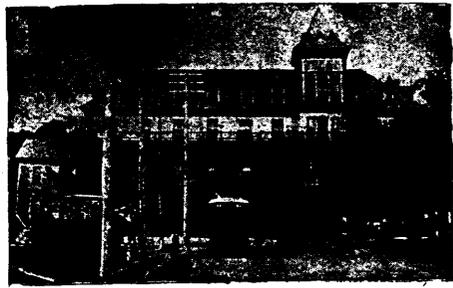
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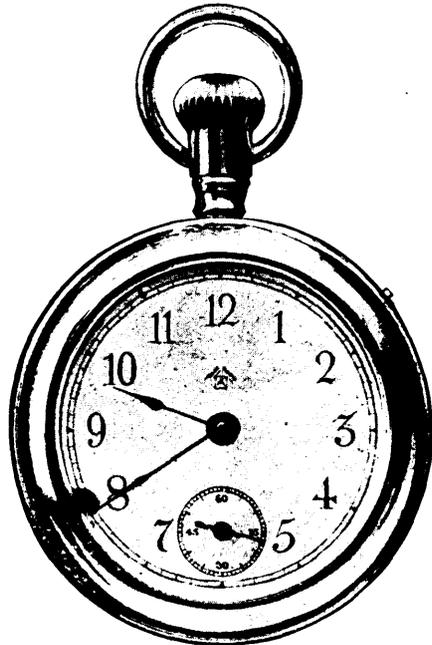
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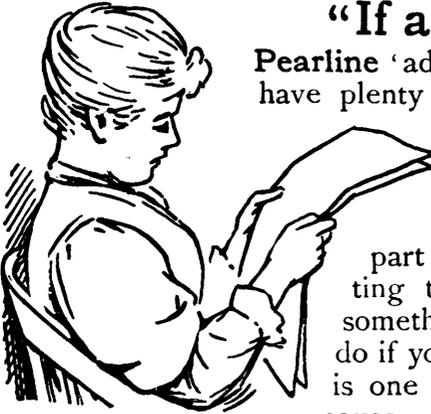
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*Port Severn
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Well pleased
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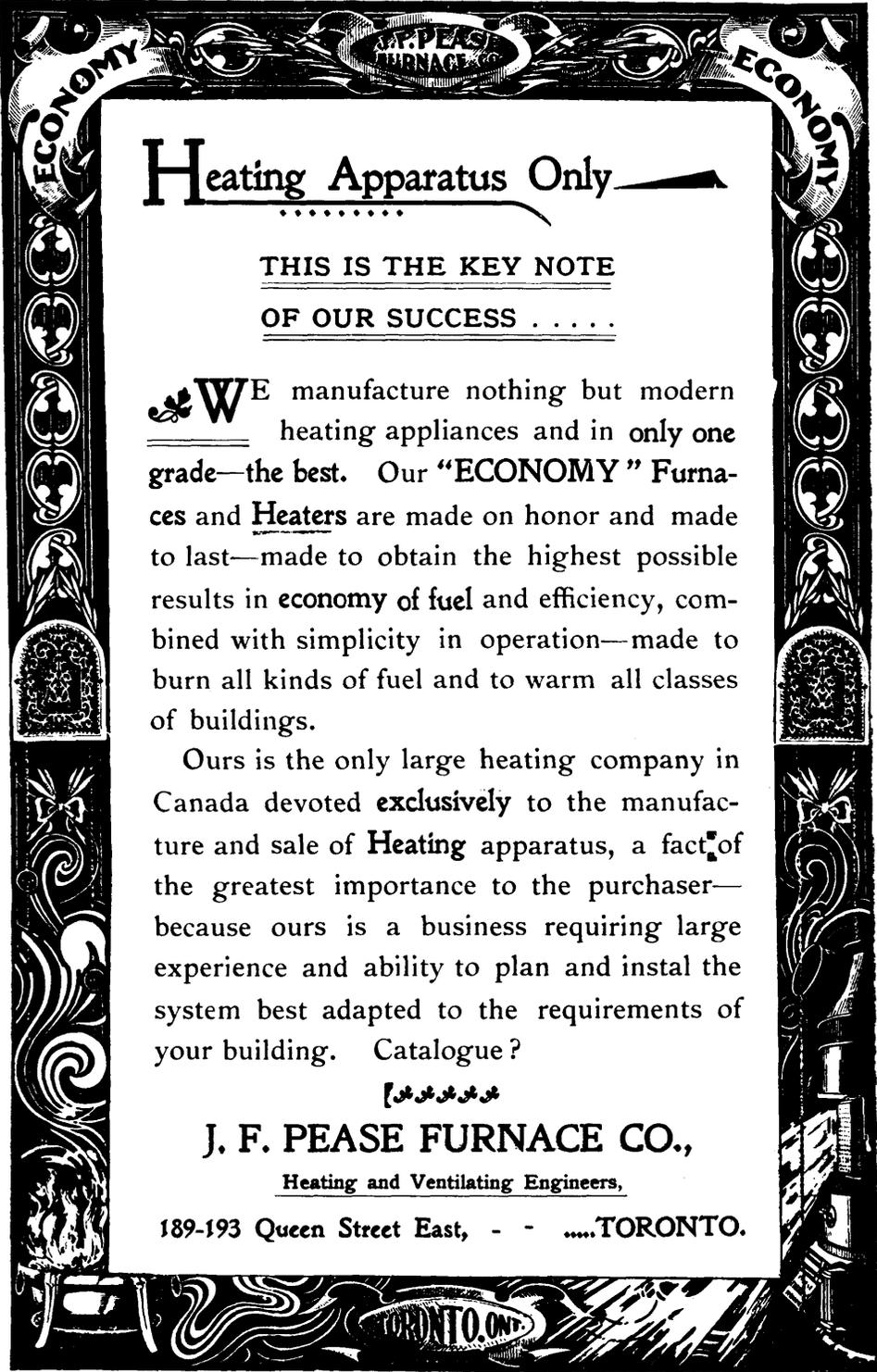
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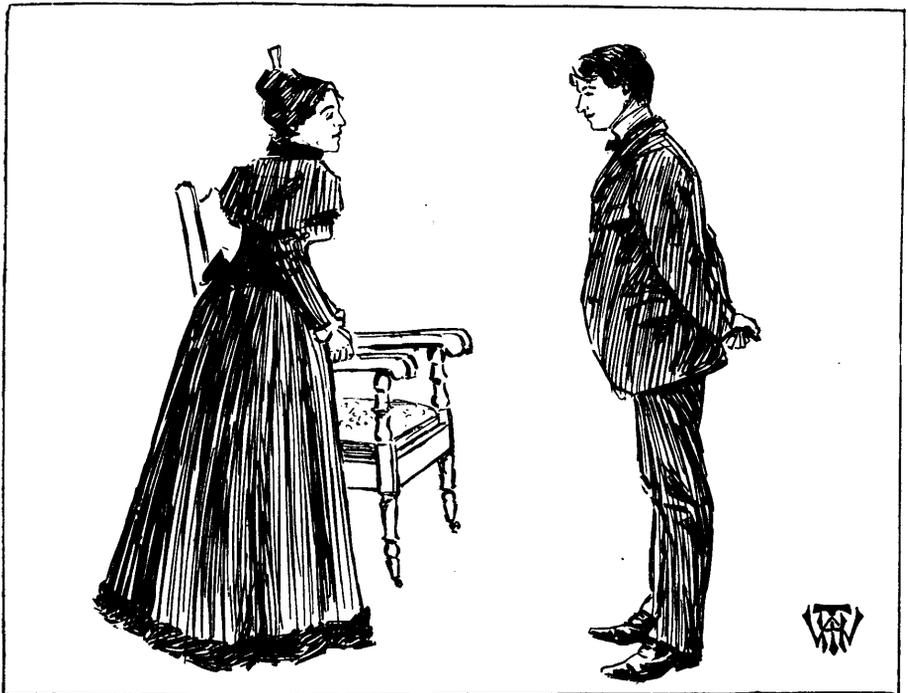
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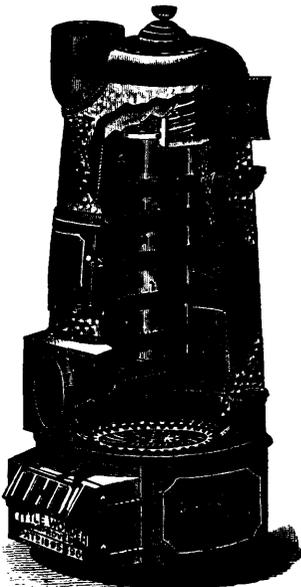
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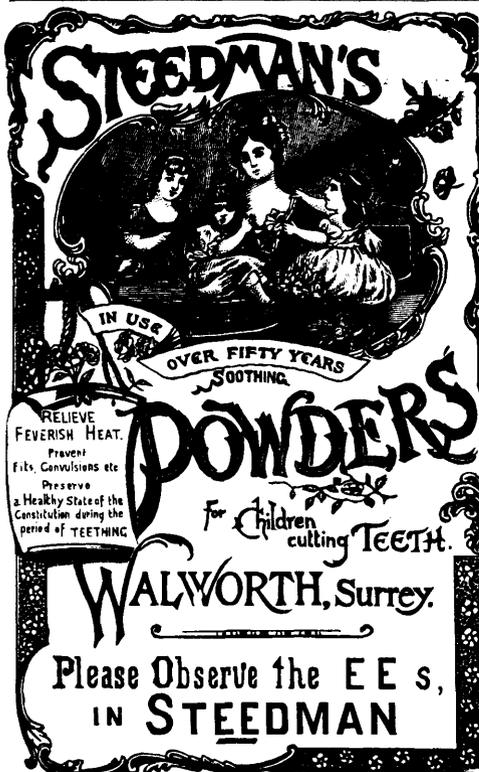
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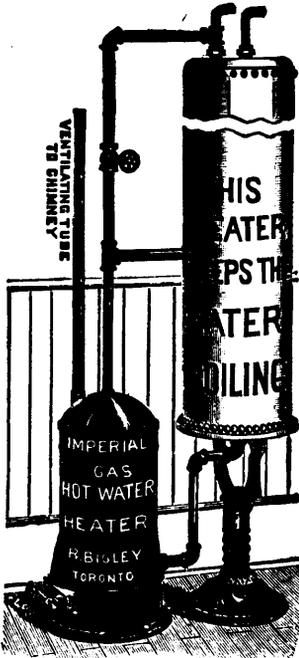
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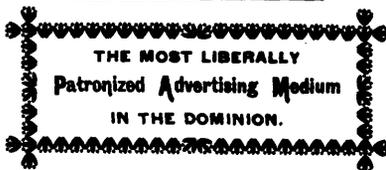
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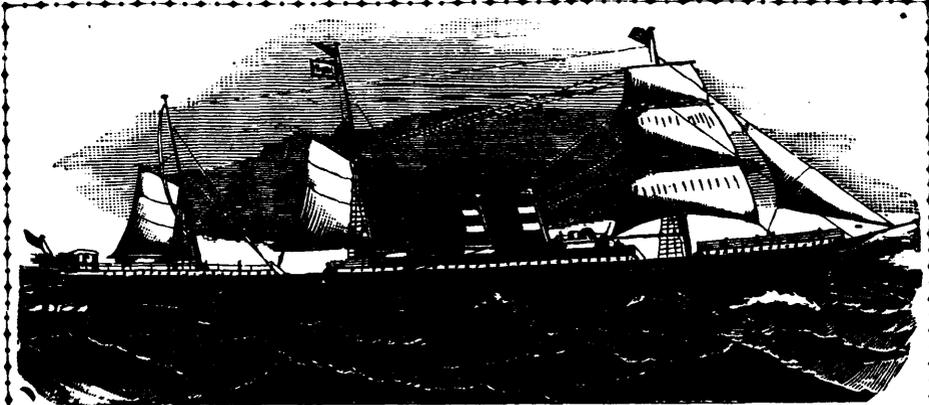
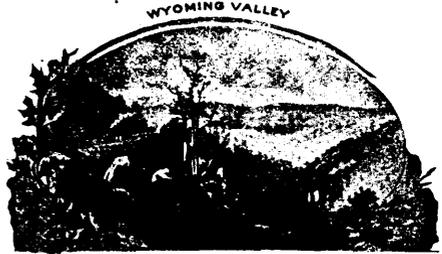
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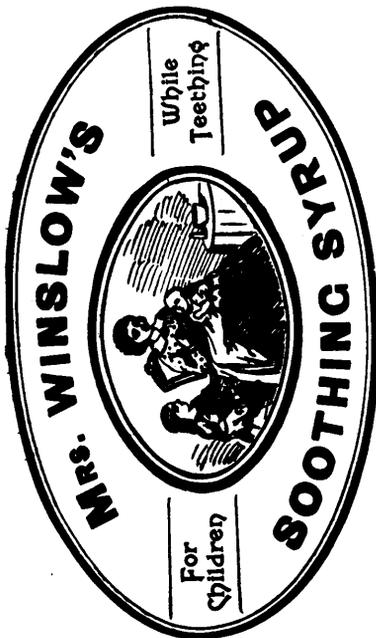
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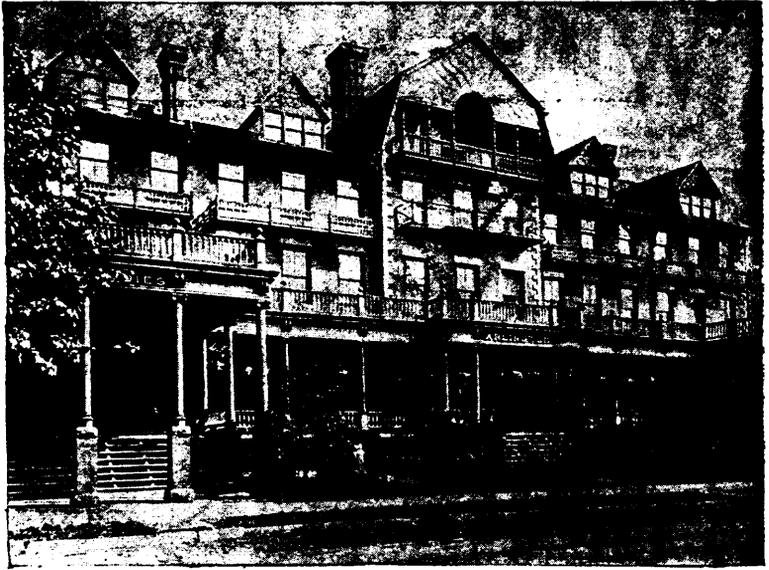
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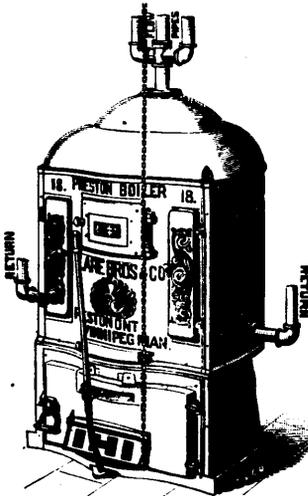
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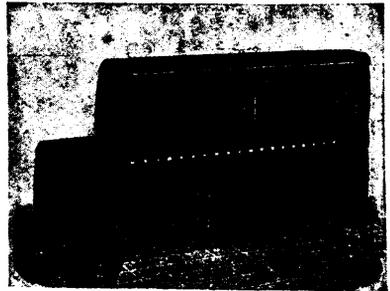
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HERE'S WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

There are thirty words in this schedule from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with 25 cents to pay for a three months' subscription to *Woman's World*. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a beautiful *Egeria Diamond Scarf Pin* (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain of the \$2.25 prize, and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

PRIZES WILL BE SENT PROMPTLY.

Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied out. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. - R A I - A country of South America. | 16. B S M - - K A noted ruler. |
| 2. - A I I I - Name of the largest body of water. | 17. - - C T O I - Another noted ruler. |
| 3. M D - - E - - A E - - A sea. | 18. P R U A - Country of Europe. |
| 4. - M - - O - A large river | 19. A S T A I - A big island. |
| 5. T A - - S Well known river of Europe. | 20. M - - I N E - Name of the most prominent American. |
| 6. S - - A N A - A city in one of the Southern States. | 21. T - - A - One of the United States |
| 7. H - - - - X A city of Canada. | 22. J F - - R - - N Once President of the United States. |
| 8. N A A A Noted for display of Water. | 23. - U - - N A large lake. |
| 9. - E - - E - - E One of the United States. | 24. E E S N A noted poet. |
| 10. - A R I - A city of Spain. | 25. C R A A foreign country same size as Kansas. |
| 11. H V - - A A city on a well-known island. | 26. B R - - O A large island. |
| 12. S M E - A well-known old fort of the United States. | 27. W M - - S W R D Popular family magazine. |
| 13. C - - R L A - Greatest fortification in the world. | 28. B H I G A sea. |
| 14. S A L E - A great explorer. | 29. A L N I - An ocean. |
| 15. C L F - - I - One of the United States. | 30. M D C S A - An island near Africa. |

In sending your list of words mention whether you want prize money sent by bank draft, money order or registered mail; we will send any way that winners require. The *Egeria Diamond* is a perfect imitation of a *Real Diamond* of large size. We defy experts to distinguish it from real except by microscopic test. In every respect it serves the purpose of *Genuine Diamond of Purest Quality*. It is artistically mounted in a fine gold-plated pin, warranted to wear forever. This piece of jewelry will make a most desirable gift to a friend if you do not need it yourself. At present our supply of these gifts is limited, and if they are all gone when your set of answers comes in, we shall send you \$2.25 in money instead of the *Scarf or Shawl Pin*, so you shall either receive the piece of jewelry or the equivalent in cash, in addition to your participative interest in the \$200.00 cash prize. This entire offer is an honest one, made by a responsible publishing house. We refer to mercantile agencies and any bank in New York. We will promptly refund money to you if you are dissatisfied. What more can we do? Now study, and exchange slight brain work for cash. With your list of answers send 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to our great family magazine, *Woman's World*. If you have already subscribed, mention that fact in your letter, and we will extend your subscription from the time the present one expires. To avoid loss in sending silver wrap money very carefully in paper before inclosing in your letter. Address:

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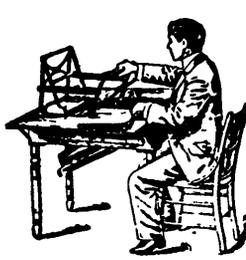
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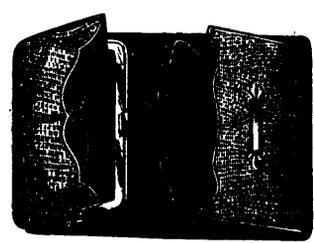
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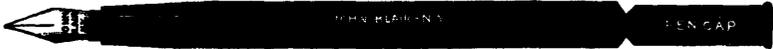
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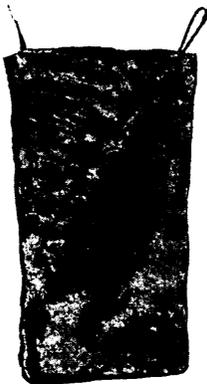


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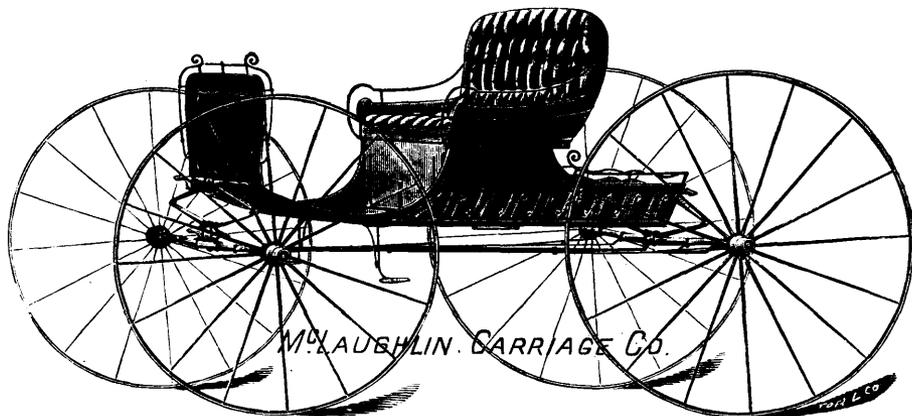


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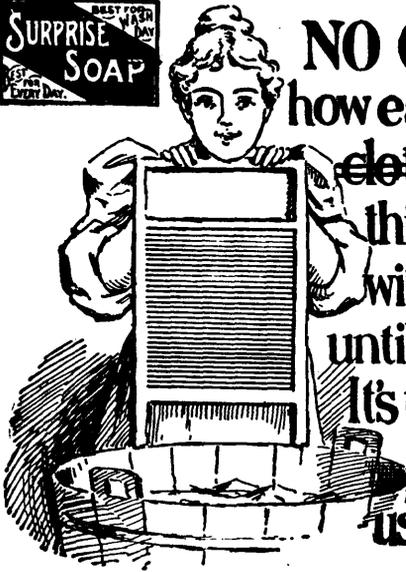
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