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will be represented by several illustrated articles on the new towns now springing up in British Columbia; and by stories and descriptive articles describing the new life which is throbbing in western veins. Nelson, B.C., will be the subject of the first article, and it will appear in the November number.

Big Game of Canada

will be the subject of six illustrated articles in Volume XIV. These will run somewhat as follows: 1. The Moose; 2. The Caribou and the Musk-Ox; 3. The Elk; 4. The Virginia Deer and The Black Tail; 5. The Bears; 6. The Goat and the Big Horn.

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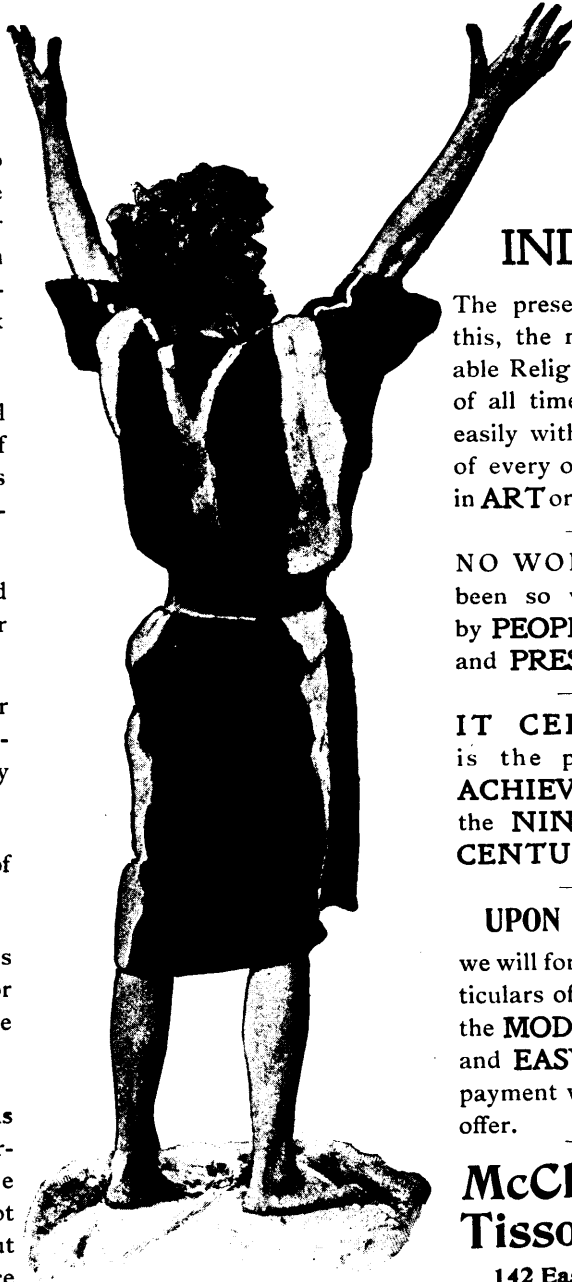
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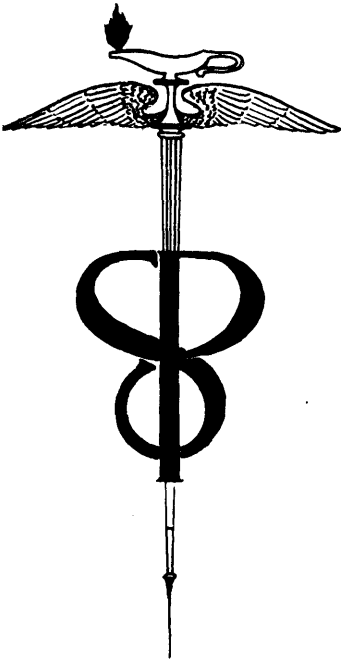
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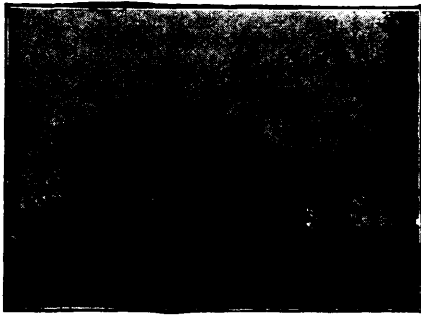
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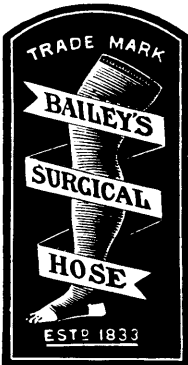
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER, 1899

No. 6

IN DEFENCE OF MILLIONAIRES.

By Adam Shortt, Professor of Political Economy in Queen's University.

THERE is at present a decided attitude of hostility on the part of many respectable organs of public opinion towards men of great wealth and consequent power, commonly styled millionaires. In the thorough conviction that this attitude is largely based on mistaken ideas, however natural, that it is obstructive of progress and injurious to many of the best interests of society, I have ventured to make the following observations on the position of millionaires and popular opinions regarding them.

There can be no reasonable objection to a criticism of millionaires, or any other element in the community, provided the criticism is fair and enlightened. On the contrary such criticism accomplishes much, for, even if outwardly resented at the time, it cannot be conscientiously ignored by the objects of it. Even to prove it inapplicable to themselves they must remedy the defects pointed out. But ignorant, unreasonable, or merely envious criticism is simply resented and despised with a fortified conscience. Such criticism by arousing in those who are the objects of it a strong sense of injustice suffered, tends to close their eyes to those real weaknesses and defects which properly call for reform.

Again, in meeting attacks based upon ignorance or malice, those attacked feel justified in using whatever means of defence are available; suiting the

weapons of defence to those of attack, meeting reckless and unscrupulous action with like action, and offsetting vexatious legislative attacks by legislative bribery.

In the interest of the common good what seems to be called for is a better understanding of the place and function in society of men of great wealth, and of the true grounds upon which they may be judged either beneficial or injurious to the best social interests.

A characteristic feature of the Anglo-Saxon element, and of its assimilated immigrants in North America, is the setting forth of equality as a great social and political ideal. In some respects the ideal is admirable and has done good service. But for this very reason, among others, its importance has been greatly exaggerated and its limitations ignored.

As a practical ideal it was first directed against the stereotyping class-distinctions of Europe. Those distinctions, it was thought, chiefly accounted for the historic inequality among men. With their removal and the consequent throwing open of every occupation to every individual it was fondly hoped that a general equality would be secured, and with it an introduction to something like the millennium. The results, though truly beneficial, were not what were expected. A new form of inequality simply took the place of the old.

In America all things were made possible for all men, but this very speedily brought to light the fact that all men are not capable of all things. It is true, that, under the circumstances, every dormant ambition tended to be awakened. But the lines in which these ambitions were to be gratified were naturally determined by the social atmosphere of the country, and this was of narrower range than that of Europe. The freedom of making trial brought many competitors, and the resulting inequality has been in some ways more pronounced and more keenly felt than that of Europe.

Thus the original expectations from the freedom and equality of America have been justified only in this particular, important though it is, that the general average of comfort and intelligence is higher here than in Europe, though in some respects the cultured classes of Europe may have attained to a more complete life than is yet common in America.

But while the American has abolished the outward accident of birth, as determining the station to which the individual is called, he has strongly emphasized the inner accident of birth, or natural capacity, which determines the station to which the individual can raise himself. Thus, in abolishing inequality of one kind we have simply promoted inequality of another and much more permanent kind. Ignoring this fact, a great many people still cling to the belief in equality as something that ought to be; and, in the teeth of all experience and the very structure of human nature, they still persist in coupling equality and freedom in popular social ideals. Ignoring also many other forms of inequality, popular interest is centered chiefly upon the growing inequality in the possession of wealth. The forces which were formerly directed against birth and privilege, are now directed against ability and success where they find expression in increase of wealth.

The millionaire is by no means in danger of being abolished by these attacks; because, in the first place,

his forthcoming is in the line of economic progress; and, secondly, the very persons who preach, write and legislate against him, when it comes to practical everyday business, not only foster him but even go very much out of their way to do so. So little have many of them rationalized their action, that is, connected what they think and say with what they do, that, not content with giving men of wealth the same rights and privileges as other citizens, they grant them special favours, afterwards not unfrequently cursing liberally those who make successful use of them.

As I have said, the millionaire is the normal outcome, in business life, of that freedom to seek self-realization regardless of social status, which is one of the chief characteristics of America. It is, however, a popular fallacy that free competition permits of the fullest possible realization for each individual. As a matter of fact, all that free competition expresses is the opportunity to make trial of one's powers; but the success of some means the failure of others, comparative or absolute. In America all may enter in every race. This accounts for the fact that America is at once the most speculative of countries, and yet the one where mere luck counts for least and ability for most. Fortune may account for isolated successes, but in modern life success must be sustained, and fortune is capricious, while ability backed by experience is certain.

These conditions, again, account for the remarkable proportion of successful men in America who have risen from humble beginnings and made their way against those who started with the advantage of acquired wealth and position which, in other parts of the world, represent an immense handicap.

This peculiarly fluid economic condition gives great scope for the operation of natural selection. It greatly stimulates division of labour, or specialization of function, which again calls for more perfect organization of the specialized parts. In highly devel-

oped organization, both in mechanism and human agency, we have the most characteristic development of modern business, shared in most completely by the Anglo-Saxon world, and particularly America.

But increased organization permits the individual to operate with larger and larger forces over an ever-widening field. Here we have at once the opportunity and the necessity for the millionaire. The men who successfully manage such a system must have at their command millions of capital, and even small percentages, above or below the line which divides success from failures, mean immense gains or ruinous losses.

Here it may be observed that it is one thing to have command over millions of capital, and quite another to lavishly consume wealth in gratifying one's personal desires. A man becomes a millionaire by recapitalizing the greater part of his income. As far as personal expenditure goes, the capital which the millionaire accumulates and invests might more properly be said to belong to the men who are employed by it, than to the nominal owner, whose relation to it is practically only that of accumulator and manager. The contrast, therefore, so commonly drawn, between the millionaire as a man suffocated with wealth and luxury, and his employees as having nothing but their incomes, is utterly fallacious. When it comes to income for personal enjoyment the invested millions do not count. They are simply the common fund from which alike employer and employed obtain the means of living, and in many cases it will be found that the personal expenditure of employees is greater than that of the employer. A man might be a multi-millionaire in G.T.R. ordinary stock and yet not enjoy an income from it equal to that of a common section man on the road.

That the capital fund stands in the name of the employer or stock-owner, merely indicates that he has the right to manage or dispose of it, a right which must be vested in some one. If

anyone cares to say that capital would have been accumulated, invested and managed quite as well under the direction of the employed or their delegates, the only reply which can be made here is that that system has had equal opportunity for development with the present, and has been frequently tried by picked groups, but has not as yet proved itself equal, much less superior to the prevailing system. The real question is not how much wealth stands in this or that man's name, but how does he manage or dispose of it; for while his position is fortunately not due to popular suffrage, yet he is none the less responsible for his use of it.

Destructive as speculation is commonly supposed to be, there is in it little loss of wealth to the community. It is simply passed from one control to another, and, in the long run, it usually reaches the most capable hands. The millionaire who buys and sells stocks or produce is popularly looked upon as a kind of gambler. But those who succeed on the stock or produce exchange are, in proportion to their success, the least speculative of all. Everything that man attempts from philanthropy to war is speculative, in that the results are more or less uncertain. But while mere speculation may occasionally succeed, yet in the long run the operations based upon a close study of the facts and the most accurate information obtainable, will be successful. The millionaire in this region, instead of being the speculator, is the one who profits at the expense of the speculator, and this is no loss to the community as it tends to discourage the mere gambling spirit.

A really great and serious loss of wealth, both to the individual and to the community, occurs where the public usually looks for great benefit, namely in the process of competition.

Under free competition, where the lists are open to all, where great quantities of wealth are available for investment, there is required extensive organization, great outlay in preparation and considerable time for a test to be made. It is not possible to know what the re-

sult is to be until vast quantities of raw material and human energy are cast in moulds from which they cannot be withdrawn without losing the greater part of their value. Competition is the very antithesis of co-operation. Co-operation means the economizing of means towards a definite end. Competition means the striving of several independent units to serve the same end or secure the same object.

In days of simpler economic structure and isolated action, the unsuccessful competitors simply withdrew, with slight loss, and tried their fortunes elsewhere. But in these advanced times, with the steady growth of business corporations, and the organization of industry on the grand scale, the number of competitors has narrowed while the interests involved in each have enormously increased. Failure now means loss to hundreds, even thousands, and great waste of capital, which is none the less to be deplored because wealth is more easily reproduced than formerly.

Being brought face to face with the growing disadvantages of competition and the increasing advantages of organization, the narrowing list of competitors, containing men of insight and foresight, perceived the advantage of agreeing to merge competitive businesses in a still higher and more wide-reaching organization.

At first they sought the end without sacrificing the independent existence of the original competitors. But this being found unworkable, the movement passed through the various stages of agreements, pools, combines, trusts, and has now reached the stage of practically all-embracing companies, in which the identity of the individual business is finally lost in an absolute corporation with shares and bonds open to public subscription.

The last eighteen months have shown the remarkable spectacle of all the world rushing to become shareholders in these Midas-gifted trusts, so called, most of whose stocks have been thoughtfully expanded to meet a crying public want. Thus does the foolish public gratuit-

ously prepare bait for the millionaires by representing the trusts as industrial monsters capable of gaining no end of profit. Then many of the same foolish public eagerly swallow this very bait, straining the nets of the millionaires in landing their catch. When afterwards they begin to realize where they are—but, of course, that time has not yet arrived. Still, we shall hear from them in the course of the next year or so, when their opinions of millionaires and trusts will be abundantly recorded in terms of wisdom and righteousness.

Apart from these incidentals, the whole growth of economic organization, the subsequent development of the millionaire, and the final effort to avoid the ruinous waste of independent competition, are simply stages in the economic triumph of man over nature. This victory secures the supply of an increasing number of wants with a decreasing proportion of human effort. In promoting this development the millionaire may not have been actuated to any great extent by philanthropic motives, but he was for the most part sufficiently enlightened to see that his interest in the development of his enterprises lay in the direction of the public interest. Thus has the rise of millionaires and the rise in the standard of living for the average citizen gone hand in hand. Wherever there is a country with few or no millionaires there is a country with heavy taxation in proportion to means, of ill-developed industries, low wages, exorbitant profits, extortionate rates of interest, and, quite generally, of little return for human effort.

But it may be asked: What, then, becomes of the selective process of competition, of the free trial by which men of capacity are discovered and brought to the front? In reply, it may be pointed out that the removal of competition between highly developed corporations does not imply the abolition of competition between individuals. The intensity of competition may indeed be lessened—a point to which I shall return immediately—but the competitive selective process, even before

the movement to abolish competition between industries, had been in process of transfer from competition between businesses to competition within businesses. Competition for promotion within industrial corporations under business management differs from competition in all establishments based upon popular suffrage, in that the element of personal or extraneous influence has little place in the one, while it is a predominant element in the other.

Again, there is no reason to suppose that when men are confined within the limits of great organizations they will never be able to find that outlet which the millionaires themselves found before outward competition came to be suppressed. Millionaires, as a rule, have not obtained their millions in independent action, but in co-operation with others. In every great enterprise certain individuals are leaders. This is to the advantage not only of the leader but of his associates as well. Moreover, leadership in such extensive enterprises is possible only when the organization is so perfect as to give a large measure of freedom and responsibility to many subordinate chiefs of departments. Such men are able to find as full and free expression as parts of a great business as they would have been able to get as heads of smaller independent establishments.

As to the great body of the workers, their position is but slightly altered. Whether their employer is a millionaire or not does not affect their work or their position. They commonly find in the great corporations, better masters, more permanent positions, and more certain pay than in smaller businesses. Their various unions, long since fully organized, will look after their interests, and will be as likely to meet with just and fair consideration at the hands of great corporations as at the hands of great combinations of corporations, which have already been formed to offset the unions. A strike has just as much power to stop the earnings of one great corporation as of a dozen smaller ones, for even trusts live by earnings.

Again, the attack on millionaires be-

cause of their alleged greed and sordidness is entirely beside the mark. The modern millionaire is the very antithesis of the ancient or mediæval miser, who isolated his hoard from the world and gloated over it in private. The modern millionaire, in every normal case, has really no special interest in money, commonly possessing but little of it, and being best pleased when he has least on hand. His interest is creative, and is akin to that of the scientific enthusiast, the statesman or the artist. Each must have means of expression, but their interest centres, not in the means, but in the ideal to be realized. But it may be said, the millionaire monopolizes so much means, and crowds so many others out of the field of self-realization, that many must forego that which is the highest object of human life. To this the answer must be both yes and no. Yes, as far as regards the number who can find in business alone a large and full field for the expression of their higher qualities. No, as regards the increasing opportunities for finding other outlets for the higher life. One of the special evils which has resulted from the free competition of American business in the past has been the complete absorption of so much talent in the rush and stress of business competition, much of it being wasted in the process. In the changes which are at present taking place in the economic life an increasing check is being put upon miscellaneous and wasteful competition, and, incidentally, upon the opportunity and attraction for men to make business the whole object of life.

As already pointed out, there will still be much scope for expression, even within the larger corporations. But while income is derived from invested capital, greater freedom from business care and anxiety will result, with corresponding opportunity and inducement to find one's creative and realizing expression in other lines.

It is inevitable that, for lack of sufficiently definite and recognized standards of the higher life, we shall have to pass through a stage of frivolous

and abortive experiment on the part of many wandering souls vainly seeking adequate expression. Here there will be much room for sympathetic and constructive criticism.

In the face of the criticism which is commonly bestowed upon men of wealth, the attitude of the intelligent freeholders of towns and cities towards them, is of interest. Let it be rumoured that a millionaire or wealthy corporation might possibly invest a large amount of capital in any of our towns or cities. Do we find the citizens holding up their hands in dread, or the newspapers filled with protests and warnings at the thought of such a grasping, monopolizing power coming into their very midst? Oh no! there are rejoicings and mutual congratulations on all hands. Indeed, they will not merely welcome this terrible engine of oppression without any handicap, but, rather than lose it, in proportion to its size and power, they will offer freedom from taxation, free land, free power, if they have it, and increase their own burden of taxation to give a bonus in cash. Need it be said, in the face of such characteristic tendencies, that the millionaire is in no immediate danger of extinction?

Unlike the prophet, the millionaire is chiefly honoured in his own locality and among his own people. So far as he is in danger from active hostility, it is from legislative bodies which cater to abstract popular prejudice. Yet these bodies are so irrational in their methods, that with one hand they hold out bonuses, privileges and protection in business for those who are capable of taking advantage of them, being most naturally the millionaires, and with the other they threaten with destruction all who dare to successfully take advantage of them.

Another mighty objection to the mil-

lionaire is that in him we have the embodiment of that terrible bogey, the one man power. This really means the dominance of men of exceptional capacity, force and power. As a matter of fact the world never has got on, and never will get on without the one man power, that is, without leadership in every department of life. Wherever it has been necessary to get rid of a one man power that had become intolerable, another one man power has been called in to do the work. The characteristic change in this line, from ancient to modern times, has been from vague and general leadership to discrete and special leadership, with corresponding development of organization to keep the leaders in contact and harmony with each other. Mere abstract prejudice against one man power is vain and meaningless. It all depends on the one man; he may be a statesman or a demagogue, an independent business man or a shark. As to which we are to have will depend very much upon our character as a community.

The millionaire, at any rate, will abide with us. He may not be a saint above all men, but neither is he unique as a sinner. His rise has been natural and inevitable. He is simply the latest expression of a development which has been in process for more than a century past. The question which now faces us is not, shall men of great wealth and power be permitted to exist, but what kind of men should they be? In what spirit and with what sense of responsibility shall they exercise their rights and fulfil their obligations?

In the gradual solution of this question there is ample scope for the critical exercise of public opinion. But to claim respect the criticism must be enlightened and sympathetic.

Adam Shortt.



A BILL OF COSTS.

THE lessons of experience are proverbially valuable, and whether from selfishness or modesty the dearest are seldom exposed for the benefit or entertainment of the public. For that reason the fearful and wonderful architecture of a lawyer's bill of cost is known only to the initiated and to the profession. One bill lasts a man his lifetime, if he is wise, and though he may occasionally con over its items in the privacy of his chamber, he is reluctant to tempt, by his confidence, the laughter of the cynical or the pity of the sympathetic. The man who is living to profit by the subjoined experience has or had a tender nature craving sympathy, and he could not understand why every exhibition of his itemized misfortune provoked the laughter of his friends. He bought a house in Toronto for \$2,400, and instructed a lawyer to examine the title and oversee the transaction, with the following result :

	Cost.	Disbursements.
Attending interview with you when instructed to act for you in connection with purchase of premises—Street . .		
Attending agents and obtaining copy of agreement.50	
Attending at Registry Office and going thro' abstract index to ascertain length of search, when found the title has to be picked out of 400 or 500 entries and that about 60 entries relate to this parcel.	1.00	
Deputy Registrar agrees to furnish abstract for \$10.00.		
Attending to see you and get authority to order abstract.50	

	Cost.	Disbursements.
With you attending at Registry Office when after explanation instructions to order abstract.50	
Paid for abstract.		10.00
Perusing and examining abstract.		
Attending at Registry Office and examining about 60 instruments appearing on abstract and originals, etc. .12.00		
Paid Registrar.		2.70
Drafting requisitions on title (7 fols.)	2.10	
Revising and settling same.	2.00	
Engrossing in duplicate.	1.40	
Attending to serve — & Co.50	
Having received draft deed, perusing and examining same.	1.00	
Letter to — & Co. returning approved.50	
Having received from — & Co. answers to requisitions on title, perusing and considering same.50	
Attending at Registry Office and examining two or three instruments referred to and paid.50	.20
Attending office of Nip & Tuck to examine title papers in their possession when informed by Mr. Nip that they will only allow inspection on payment of \$5.00. .50		
Letter to — & Co. replying to their answers to requisitions on title.50	
Having received letter from — & Co., let-		

	Cost.	Disbursements.		Cost.	Disbursements.
ter to them in reply.	.50		date of Mrs. G——'s marriage when referred by him to Mr. M——.	.50	
Attending interview with you and explaining position and stand taken by —— & Co. as to requisitions, when suggestion made to get agents to press for their commission and see whether Mrs. Vendor would pay the fee required by Nip & Tuck to secure examination of papers.	.50		Letter to —— & Co., as to requisitions that must still be answered	.50	
Attending agents and advising them of position.	.50		Attending M. Shylock and arranging for a loan at 4½ per cent. for balance required by you to pay whole purchase money in cash	1.00	
Having received from agents \$5.00 to pay Nip's fee for examination of papers, attend at his office to inspect title deeds when found that he is out of the city, his partner is unable to say for whom mortgage is held in connection with which they hold title papers.	.50		Attending interview with —— & Co., as to declarations as to dowers	.50	
Attending at Registry Office and searching on adjoining property when found that Mrs. —— is mortgagee.	.50		Attending interview with you as to position, and as to the amount of cash you will be able to pay50	
Paid search.		.25	Attending to bespeak and for tax certificate and paid.50	.40
Attending to advise Mr. Tuck, he will let me know if he can find title papers.	.50		Attending to telephone, —— & Co., as to making discount on purchase money if all paid in cash and as to closing.		
Attending telephone —— & Co., and you advising of position.			Drawing mortgage in duplicate from yourself and wife to Mr. Shylock.	4.00	
Attending office of Nip & Tuck and examining deeds and evidences of title in their possession.	2.00		Attending interview with you and Mrs. —— when mortgage executed and discussed whether you will accept present tenant or prefer to have premises vacated, etc.	1.00	
Attending interview with Mr. Tuck as to D. G. ——, when found that his widow is still living, and that G. died only four or five years ago.	.50		Letter to —— & Co., to arrange for surrender of present lease.50	
Attending J. —— as to			Having received letter from —— & Co., that under terms of agreement you must make your own arrangements with tenant, attending interview with you and Mrs. —— and advising of position taken by —— & Co.	.50	

	Cost.	Disburse- ments.
Attending agents and examining original agreement when found that same did not refer to tenancy as a monthly one.50	
Attending — & Co.'s office and examining declarations, tax receipt, insurance policy, lease, etc., and adjusting amount of purchase money to be paid.	1.00	
Attending City Hall to learn if water rates had been paid.50	
Attending Mr. Shylock and obtaining cheque for amount of loan. . .	.50	
Having learned from you that water rates unpaid, attending and advising — & Co. when they agreed to allow same to be deducted from purchase money.50	
Attending to search executions against Mrs. Vendor and paid. . .	.50	.30
Attending — & Co., with cheques and obtaining deeds, etc. . .	.50	
Attending at Registry Office, making subsequent search and registering deed and mortgage.50	
Paid registering deed.		1.70
Paid registering mortgage.		1.00
Paid subsequent search		.25
	\$43.50	\$16.80
	16.80	
	\$60.30	

cents in the final settlement. The serious part of the affair is that the man who has paid so much for his experience and his title has an absolute guarantee of the former only. A part of the title is guaranteed by the bar-rister who attended so many things, and although his ability and financial standing are manifested in his bill, he may be frozen in the Klondike or shot in Manila by the time some ex-widow arises to claim a dower he may have overlooked. Another part of the title is guaranteed by an official of the Registry Office and his bondsmen, all of whom may be playing the race-track or the wheat pit in an alien city by the time a possible oversight is discovered. Infinite pains have been taken to provide insecurity. If the man of sad experience wishes to sell, some other lawyer will be obliged to go over the whole work again on behalf of the purchaser, who will learn in his turn the mysteries of a bill of costs. That will virtually impose a tax of 2½ per cent. on every transaction in addition to the 2½ per cent. paid Vendor's agents. And for that heavy impost there is no security of title. If this work were done by the Registry Offices, as it should be, one thorough search would be sufficient. To answer subsequent inquiries it would be necessary to search only the instruments subsequently registered against the property. That would entail but little work and could be paid for by a small fee. Relegating this essentially public duty to private individuals, necessitates the repetition of a long search with every transfer. The same investigation is made again and again, each time by a new lawyer on behalf of a new purchaser. Instead of being able to go to the Registry Office and find out for a small fee the condition of any title, a purchaser must call in a legal expert and pay for work that has been done many times by others of his profession. The folly of that system can be explained only on the grounds of a desire to make unnecessary professional work. Another serious defect is the insecurity of these costly titles.

It will be seen by a perusal of the above that the telephone was answered twice without charge. It should also be told in justice to the compiler that he threw off some odd dollars and

The province should accept the responsibility for its work and not shift it to temporary officials. If safety demands that officials in Registry offices be held responsible for their errors, that responsibility should be to the province, and not to individual clients. The province should make good the occasional errors of its employees, holding them responsible, if need be. There is no justification for leaving the victim

of a blunder to fight out an uncertain action at law against officials and their guarantors, who may be worth much, or little, or nothing, as far as this world's goods are concerned. When once the titles were searched up to date by Registry officials, the work of such offices would be no greater than at present, and there would be no more investigation of ancient records to bring forth endless uncertainty and costs.

Toronto, Ont.

S. T. Wood.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF JAMAICA AND JAMAICANS.

By T. H. MacDermot, Kingston, Jamaica.

JAMAICA in the year 1655, A.D., passed out of Spanish hands. It has ever since remained a possession of Britain. After 244 years of British rule, there remains, to a population of about 700,000 souls, an island wonderfully beautiful, healthy, rich in natural resources, and, despite the pessimistic talk so prevalent concerning it, anything but poor in the means by which these resources may be developed and employed. It possesses fine and well extended roads. The railway, first begun in 1844, has been four times extended during the last fourteen years. Departing from Kingston (on the south coast), it crosses the island, now, in two directions; and presents a total length of some 250 miles. The island possesses some excellent harbours, and many others that need but man's helping hand to render them safe and commodious. The ports are visited yearly by between 600 and 800 vessels. Nine hundred schools, supported by government grants, supply elementary education to the masses. Churches of all denominations are well in evidence. Lastly, the island has a government which, if rather dull and undiscerning, is strong and stable, thoroughly well able to maintain order and ensure security for all its subjects. The people themselves are generally

sober, good natured and law abiding.

These favourable observations must, indeed, be at once qualified by the following remarks: A tax of fifteen shillings per wheel and eleven shillings per horse damps the enterprise of those intelligent peasants who wish to improve their methods of transport. The railway company is blamed for imposing too high rates on the carriage of produce. The line is also condemned by many as being laid through barren and unfertile districts. The education supplied in the government schools is held to foster a false shame of manual labour, with the result that the country swarms with applicants for clerkships; and is lamentably deficient in good tradesmen. The revenue, amounting to £600,000 per annum, is chiefly derived from an import duty of twenty per cent. ad valorem. This duty is attacked by three parties. The first condemns it because it makes the necessaries of life dear to the poor and to the middle classes. The second party condemns it as being badly adapted to secure reciprocity with the United States. The third objection to it comes from those who want a tariff arranged specially to foster local industries. There is, also, a land tax, collected in a confusing and irritating fashion; and a house tax which, in so

far as it concerns the lower classes, is generally detested and condemned. The local government, not devoid of good intentions, but with little energy or enterprise, and saturated with languid conservatism, hesitates to impose an income tax, and, though condemning the house tax, permits it to continue. It acknowledges the disadvantages of a high tariff, but leaves the matter untouched, save for an occasional tinkering that provides variety but not reformation. As a consequence, the collection of the revenue proceeds amid a continual clamour from those who see in the tariff arrangements a want of logic and consistency, and, in the house tax, a weight that depresses the peasant aspiring to improve himself socially, and not unwilling to do better morally.

The shrill outcry of these critics, the government has learned, is not to be feared. The attack made on its policy is sure to be bright and bitter, but it is just as certain to be brief. The fatal defect in West Indians is their inability to unite even when affected by a common grievance. Hot tempered, impulsive, and talkative, they are ill-equipped for the give and take, for the ready but discreet compromise, necessary in the formation of parties which are to be permanently influential with governments. In Jamaica a great many call noisily for the imposition of heavy duties to protect home industries. Others demand a system of free ports, and declaim against taxing the necessities of life. The authorities are abused to-day for not encouraging foreign capitalists to settle down in Jamaica, are soundly rated on the morrow for selling the country to monopolists, and for favouring foreigners to the detriment of the native born. The big landowners state their case with an extravagance that is so amusing that one forgets, for the time being, its untruthfulness; and the gentlemen who have small holdings, or want them, reply with counter extravagances and quotations from scripture, referring with grimness to their fate "who add field to field."

The government receives the abuse levelled at it with calm courtesy, and remains "as you were," stolid, honest, but a little stupid. Jamaicans, as a Jamaican has said, are a race of critics and dictators. Each man is prepared to prove the government to be wrong at any given point, and rotten in motive throughout; and each man is convinced that he can set things to rights. When he finds that his friends don't agree with him, he generally retires with much parade from "interference in political questions." In expressing themselves, Jamaicans display brightness, but it is very easily changed into bitterness. They speak at times with admirable clearness, but lack staying power. They display penetration, but are wanting in discrimination. In repose, their politeness is pleasantly in evidence, but excitement will lead them to plunge into appalling exhibitions of rudeness and bad taste. They almost all make the mistake of taking it for granted that, because you have proved your opponent to be wrong, you have proved yourself to be right. Men, who are demanding what is substantially the same thing, will remain perpetually divided on points that are trivial to the last degree.

The mixture of races in the island's population presents another interesting phase of the situation. Of 700,000 people, less than 100,000 are whites and browns. The remaining 600,000 are pure-blooded negroes. This large body of citizens remains almost entirely unstirred by, and little interested in, political questions. This is true of the blacks outside Kingston. In Kingston the case is somewhat different. To anyone making a serious attempt to understand the present condition and future prospects of Jamaica, the condition of the blacks is of supreme importance. The 15,000 whites, and the Hinterland of brown men, are interesting mainly, in fact solely, because of their relation to their 600,000 black fellows. In every sense, save the conventional sense, we white men and our brown cousins are, all the earnest

minded among us, servants of the blacks. It is as our actions and opinions relate to them that they will stand applauded or condemned by the future historian. To-day we lead; to-morrow we advise; and on the day following we are co-workers together with our black countrymen. Here, in a nutshell, lies the history of the whites and browns in Jamaica.

At this point it may be well to review briefly the history of the Jamaican negro. The English began the importation of slaves in 1674. The whites became in a short time, what they have remained, and I don't hesitate to say, what they must remain, a mere fraction of the entire population. The numerous laws passed by the Jamaica Assembly during the 17th and 18th centuries, aimed at preventing the whites from falling below a certain proportion of the population, and show how well the 20,000 white men appreciated the danger of policing 250,000 slaves. The rebellions of 1684, 1760 and 1831 showed the danger was anything but imaginary. The loss entailed on the country by the outbreak of 1760 was calculated as exceeding half a million. The rebellion in 1831 cost us £666,000.

Slavery for the 250,000 blacks was probably not quite the hell it was painted by missionary agitators such as Rev. Mr. Bleby; but it certainly was not the paradise pictured by its defenders. Class the negro with the cow and the horse and slavery remains tolerable, and even desirable. Once admit him into your thoughts as a man; and slavery becomes illogical, wicked, and unbearable, a system condemned alike by morality, religion and common sense. We do not need here to enter upon any detailed consideration of slavery. It will be sufficient to point to three of its effects. The present high rate of illegitimacy (exceeding 60%) comes to us, in no small degree, as a legacy from those days of a bad past when white overseers were valued, among other things, for contributing their bastards to increase the slave gang of the estate. From slavery

also comes, to a large extent, the black Jamaican's deeply implanted habit of imitating the white man. Lastly, slavery has bequeathed to us the tendency to form and maintain socially and otherwise two separate and irreconcilable camps, the white and the black.

The emancipation, opposed not wisely but too well by the planters, came in 1838. The freed people were practically left by the planters (who were then the brains and nerves of the community) to pursue any path they could or would stumble along. Years followed, full of political agitation, strife and tumult, but these things were confined to the rank of the white men only. The franchise as far down as 1865 was the possession of less than 2,000 persons. Gordon (who was subsequently hanged as a rebel) saw that a new power would be in the hand of the man who brought the blacks into the political field. His attempts to wed his thoughts to acts came unfortunately for him at a time when industrial and social grievances were dangerously exciting a people generally stolidly slumberous. There was a nasty outbreak at Morant Bay, suppressed with terrible severity by an able Governor who, on this occasion, lost his head amid the clamour of the panic-stricken whites. The consequence of these events was that Governor Eyre was ruined; and Jamaica lost her representative system of government, becoming a crown colony. The idea now followed out was that of dealing, through Imperial officials, with the entire population, but chiefly and above all with the condition of the blacks. The whites and browns lost by the change, lost long held rights and privileges; but the blacks gained immensely. Governor Grant, able, firm, bold and relentless, a soldier at heart and a born administrator, was sent by the Queen's Ministers to carry out their new policy towards Jamaica. He surveyed with care the problem set him, decided on his programme, and proceeded to carry that programme through, at great expense, say his enemies, but, with a

thoroughness and success that no man, informed on the subject will deny. The leading principle of crown government in Jamaica was that the blacks were equals of the whites in theory, and that they should have every opportunity given them, and every assistance, to make that equality true in fact. Hence, good roads were pushed to and through remote townships and villages; a service was established that placed within reach of the poor, cheap and competent medical aid; postal facilities were cheapened and extended; the courts were reorganized to make them accessible and absolutely trustworthy. In fact, a complete change was effected. Grant moved with brutal directness to accomplish his purposes, and the hatred he excited among the whites and browns, whom he ignored whenever they opposed his projects, remains to this day an almost frantic feeling.

"I am the Government," he said, smilingly, to the members of the Nominated Board whom he kept at his elbow to advise but not control him. "I am the Government," he said; and the saying was exactly true.

Eighteen years after 1866, the Island was ready, and certainly very eager, for a return to representative government. It received a part of what it coveted—a part that has been a trifle changed since 1884, but which has not, in any true sense, been enlarged.

The Legislature of Jamaica consists of members who sit by right of their office, members who sit as nominees of the Governor, and members elected by the people. When the elected members vote together they can block any financial measure advanced by the government; but, without the Governor's permission, no measure can even be introduced, much less discussed, that aims at affecting the raising of revenue. The Governor has also the power to increase the government side by adding new, nominated members. He can thus outvote the opposition, whenever he declares a matter of "paramount importance." He took this course re-

cently in attempting to pass a new tariff bill, but met with such unexpected and decided opposition from public opinion that he withdrew the four nominees.

The industrial history of the Island, during the years over which we have been glancing, may be easily summarized. Even before emancipation, the sugar industry was showing signs of waning prosperity. Emancipation introduced the new difficulty of securing reliable labourers; for the negroes, generally, partly from the invitation that circumstances presented to them, and partly because the planters dealt with them stupidly, preferred "squatting" to working for their old masters. The adoption of Free Trade in England in 1846, struck the deadly blow to the Jamaica sugar industry. Thenceforth it steadily and cantankerously descended the slope of decay. Speaking roughly, the planters have clung to the sinking industry, as tenaciously as certain English politicians have stood by the sick man of Constantinople. But, fortunately for Jamaica, through other agencies, another great industry has been opened up to her inhabitants. More and more attention has been paid to minor products, and to the export of oranges, bananas, and pine apples to America and England. Begun by the enterprise of a few Americans in 1868, the fruit trade has risen by leaps and bounds. These new developments of industry have garrisoned our island against ruin; though, hampered as they are by certain restrictions, they have not insured to us that general and permanent prosperity for which, under favourable circumstances, one may undoubtedly look as their outcome.

The American tariff, variable, and tinged with an underlying hostility to the British West Indies, renders our fruit trade with New York insecure and unsatisfactory. To reach for distant England's friendly markets, we need direct steamers, rapid and specially equipped. Negotiations with the United States, often attempted, have but recently received one more rebuff. The rebuff emphasizes the fact of its

being the imperative duty of the Imperial Government, and of the Jamaican Government, to do everything possible to connect the Jamaica producer with the London market. It is also absolutely necessary that great and radical improvements should be made in the methods now in vogue for preparing Jamaican products for despatch abroad.

To foster these improvements, to deliver to the people careful instruction in the science of agriculture, to bring within their reach the best agricultural implements and the best agricultural methods, to inspire the people with a spirit of determination, energy and enterprise, to make them realize fully what it means to compete for a place in the world's markets with the skilled and intelligent workers of other countries; to do all this, and more, this is the manifest duty of the Jamaican Government, and in attempting to do its duty it should have the support of every branch of the church in Jamaica, institutions that have far and away the greatest influence with our black population.

There remains one subject to which in an article such as this reference should be made. This is the possibility of developing commercial intercourse between Jamaica and Canada. Readers of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* have quite recently had this matter brought before them in an article by Mr. William Thorpe, entitled, "A New Link of Empire." The proposal to connect Jamaica with Canada has two sides, the political and the commercial. About the latter there can be only one opinion held by those who understand the present position of Jamaica. There are excellent reasons why the two colonies should inter-trade largely, and much more largely. The Island has products which the Dominion is pre-

pared to take. The Dominion has certainly products which Jamaica is continually in need of; such, for instance, are flour, timber and fish. Exactly the same can, of course, be said of Jamaica and the United States, of the United States and Jamaica; but Jamaica has begun to distrust the States commercially, and very rightly does she do so. The past explains the origin of such mistrust, the present excuses it; and it will be surprising indeed if the future does not justify it. Canada, on the other hand, by the generosity recently shown towards the West Indies, and by her great-hearted attitude towards the Imperial idea, has begun to inspire in Jamaicans a feeling of confidence and affection.

It is a happy omen that the most important enterprise undertaken in Jamaica for many years now, namely, the establishment of the electric car service, has been carried through by Canadians.

Jamaica, while working to win the English market, should work as sedulously to develop her commercial intercourse with Canada. Every step that will be help on the one end or the other should be taken firmly and courageously; for it is in these new directions that the Island, turning her back on the United States, must seek prosperity. But "the Canadian connection" needs a better "display" and advertisement in Jamaica than it has yet received.

As to the political connection, referred to in Mr. Thorpe's article, whatever is to be the final word on that point, there should be at present a careful refraining from any attempt to force the pace. In any case, no matter how much tact and discretion are shown, it may prove, in the end, that such a connection is unpopular and impracticable.



A SKETCH OF THE BAHAMAS.

By E. B. Worthington.

IT was during the month of January last, that we, valetudinarians left "Our Lady of the Snows" to seek change and rest in a warmer clime. Jack Frost gave us a good send off, registering thirty degrees below zero the day previous to our departure, but two days out from New York, when crossing the Gulf Stream, we were obliged to discard our woollens for lighter clothing. Less than four days' steaming brought us to Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, otherwise called the "Isles of June."

These sunny isles, notwithstanding their importance, are but little known to the world at large, so a short sketch of their position, formation, history and climate may not be out of place. Roughly speaking, they extend for seven hundred miles from the south-east coast of Florida to the north-west coast of San Domingo. The nearest of the Bimini group lies only fifty miles off Florida. Great Inagua and Turks Island (which latter is generally classed with the Bahamas) lie to the north of San Domingo.

The Bahamas comprise several hundred islands called cays, the largest of which is Andros, about a hundred miles long and forty miles broad. Some are only reefs and sunken rocks over which the sea dashes at will. The word cay (commonly, but incorrectly, pronounced key) is derived from the Spanish *cayos*, a small island, hence the American port Key West.

The islands are all of coral origin, built on the peaks of gigantic mountains which have their bases in the deep. Geologists estimate that it took the small marine architects some four hundred thousand years, or at the rate of one-sixteenth of an inch a year to build these reefs. What an example of patient endeavour!

The Bahamas enjoy the distinction

of being the first land of the New World on which Christopher Columbus set foot. At that time the islands were inhabited by a peaceful race known to history as the Lucayans and numbering about fifty thousand souls. They received the Spaniards as gods. In return for their trustfulness they were transported by the Spanish Government to Hayti and the Spanish Main to labour in the mines. In less than fifty years from the time of their discovery this once happy race had been exterminated by their relentless masters; but to-day traces of their existence in the shape of carved stone articles may be found in the numerous caves throughout the islands.

About the year 1600 the islands were taken possession of by the English, and Charles the Second granted them, under letters patent, to a number of noblemen. But other gentlemen also had their eyes on these pleasant lands. The buccaneers seeing that the islands were in the track of the rich Spanish galleons, and favoured by nature with every advantage that a pirate's heart could desire, usurped and set at defiance the charter of the King. They appropriated the Bahamas exclusively to their own designs until the second decade of the eighteenth century. The cays were indeed a pirate's paradise. He alone knew the location of the countless submerged reefs, the narrow, tortuous channel through which to dash and elude his pursuers; the islets on which to hide his booty and where to replenish his exhausted stores of provisions and obtain fresh water.

From a small beginning the pirates gradually acquired tremendous power. With small shallops they committed correspondingly small depredations. In their palmiest days they fitted out great fleets of the highest tonnage and became the terror of the Spaniards.

From these islands were sent out expeditions which captured and laid in ashes the rich cities of Granada, Puerto del Principe, Porte Bello and Panama. The booty was enormous.

During this time the islands enjoyed a very precarious existence, being taken, sacked and retaken by the Spaniards, English and buccaneers half-a-dozen times.

At last in 1718 the English Government resolved to put an end once and for all to piracy in the Bahamas. A British fleet was sent to Nassau which captured the place; a government was established and law and order for the first time began. In commemoration of this event the seal of the colony has since borne the words, "Expulsis piratis, restituta commercia."

During the Revolutionary War, an American fleet captured Nassau, but was only able to hold the town for a few days.

Again, in 1781, the Spaniards took possession, but two years later were expelled once more by the English. At the termination of the American War of Independence large grants of land throughout the islands were given to United Empire Loyalists from the Carolinas who settled there with their slaves.

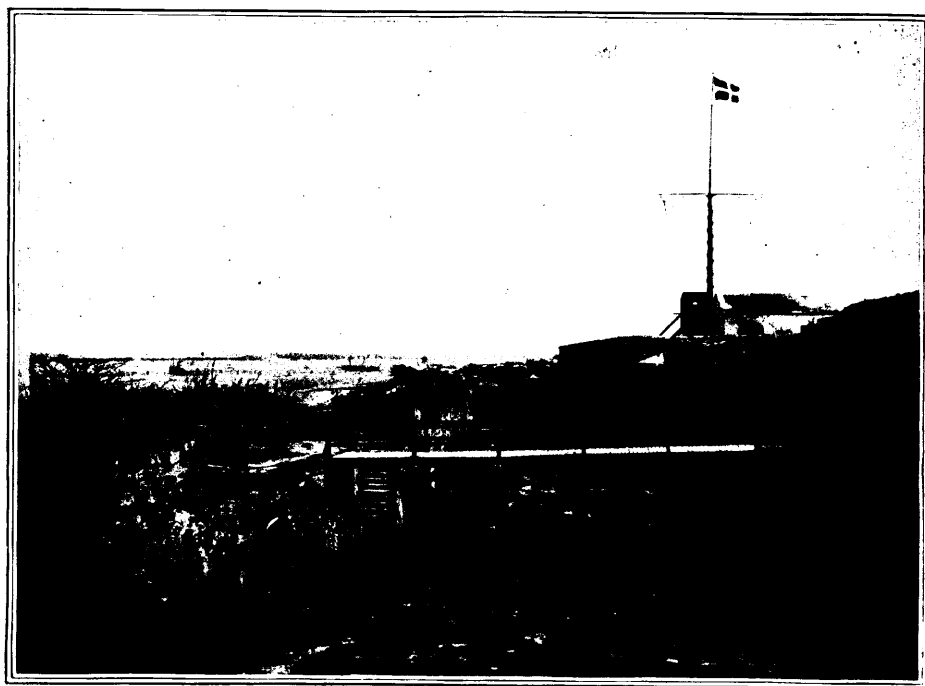
The mace now in use in the Bahamas Legislature was carried from South Carolina by these Loyalists to their new homes. The period of greatest prosperity enjoyed by the islands was during the years of the war between the Northern and Southern States, when, owing to their position, they became the headquarters of the blockade runners to and from the Confederate ports. During the conflict 397 vessels reached Nassau from Southern ports, and 588 cleared from there with contraband of war bound for Confederate ports. These were indeed palmy days for Nassau; things were on the boom. The streets were almost paved with gold. It was even better than old buccaneering days. In place of an annual deficit, the government soon rejoiced in a handsome surplus, and built the Royal Victoria Hotel at an

expenditure of a quarter of a million dollars in order to have a place where they could fittingly entertain their Southern friends. Oh, the irony of time! Then, the patriotic Northerners were secretly fitting out swift blockade runners with which to supply their friends the enemy with munitions of war, and at the same time to make fortunes for themselves. To-day, the wealthy Northerners fare sumptuously at the Royal Vic, the same hostelry erected expressly for the Confederate refugees.

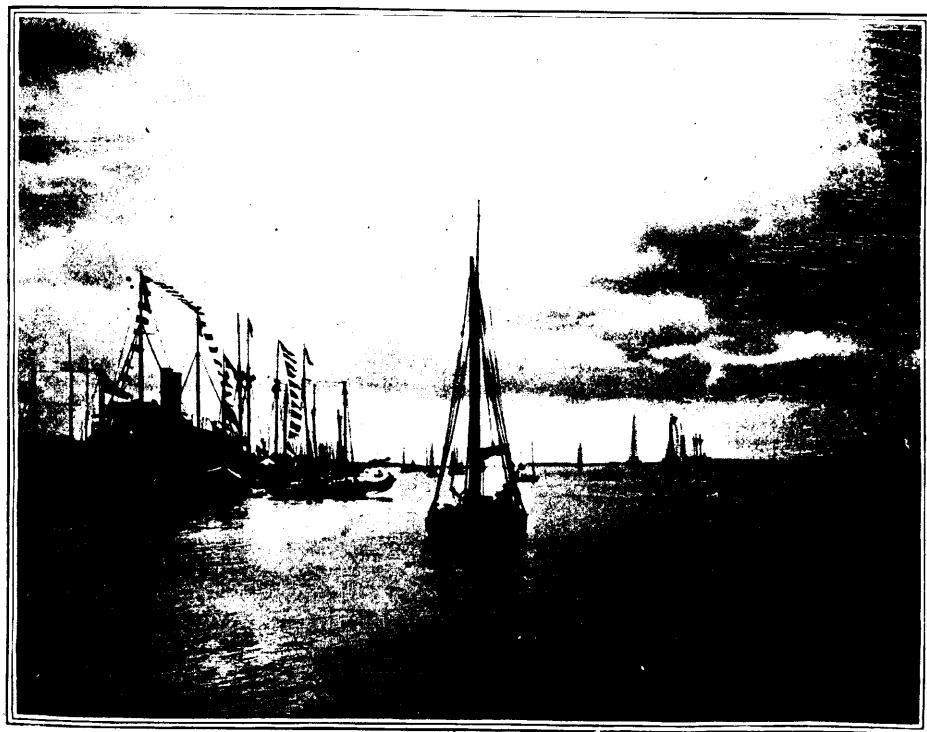
The Bahamas is said to have the most salubrious and equal climate in the world, with a temperature more even than in Maderia, Nice or Algiers and other world-wide health resorts. According to official records, the following is the average daily temperature taken at 9 a.m.: November, 74 deg.; December, 73 deg.; January, 70 deg.; February, 71 deg.; March, 72 deg.; April, 75 deg. Even in midsummer the temperature is no more trying than in our large Canadian cities, and heat prostration is almost unknown. Whites and blacks pursue the even tenor of their several occupations even at midday. The rays of the sun, no matter how direct, are nearly always tempered with a breeze from the sea. The rainy season is in August and September. Throughout the winter days sunshine is almost perpetual; and should a shower spring up, as it were by accident, it is only a sunshower, and the clouds quickly roll by, as if ashamed of themselves. A gentle dew falls nightly on the earth, giving it moisture.

The principal exports of the Bahamas are: Sponges, fruit, sisal, pink pearls, shells, turtles and woods.

The chief industry is the sponge fishery, which is controlled by the Jews of New York. About a thousand small schooners are employed, manned by blacks. These men are born sailors, of superb physique and hard as nails. They are not navigators in any sense of the word, but have a *local* knowledge required to traverse those waters which no seamanship can replace. They sail and steer among the dangerous reefs



THE BAHAMAS—FORT CHARLOTTE.



THE BAHAMAS—REGATTA IN NASSAU HARBOUR.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NASSAU, FROM GEORGE ST.

and sunken islets as if they bear charmed lives. There are few lighthouses or sea marks in the Bahamas, but on the darkest night the darkey is perfectly at home on the sea; he can *smell* land, and knows when to lay-to in the "white water," but in the "bold water," as he calls the ocean, he puts on all the sail his little craft can bear.

The most fearless and intrepid seamen of them all are the men of Andros. Never will an Andros skipper allow his schooner to be outsailed if he can help it; the vessel does not belong to him, and he would far rather sail her to the bottom than be overtaken. "De veather side for de man, de lee side for de shark" is his motto in a race. With a wreck of a compass, swung in an old cracker box, a broken-down lantern to guide the man at the tiller, if too dark, are all the instruments of navigation he possesses, and even these are but seldom put to use. If he be four or five points out of his reckoning, it matters little—his time is his own. When he uses compass, more than likely it is

not at all square with the position which he occupies at the stern. They have narrow escapes indeed. The Bahamas would be a grand recruiting ground for the Royal Navy. These men are almost amphibious, and though not particularly intelligent might be taught many things requisite to a man-o'-war's man; anyhow they are obedient and readily subservient to discipline.

The schooners are fitted out and provisioned at Nassau and are worked on shares by the owner, captain and crew. There is no necessity for diving after the sponges, as in the Mediterranean, for the water is as clear as crystal, and one can readily see the bottom at twelve fathoms. A sea glass is made by knocking out the bottom of a pail or box and inserting a piece of glass in its stead. The box is placed on the surface of the water, glass downwards, and the ripple of the wind on the surface is thereby stilled, allowing objects at the bottom of the sea to be distinctly seen. A long pole with an

iron hook on one end is used to pull the sponge to the surface. The sponge is a very low form of marine life, and is covered with a dark, rubber-like substance. After taking, they are exposed on the deck for some days, in order that the sun may kill all animal life, and when "they can't smell any smeller" are tied to ropes in the krall, an inclosure made with sticks stuck into the sand on the beach, where every tide may wash and cleanse them. Afterwards they are beaten, to get out all minute shells, sand and other matter. Nassau has a sponge exchange, where cargoes are sold at auction to the highest bidder. They are then trimmed and exported, being crushed into a very small space by means of presses. The trimmings are used in the orange groves, being placed on the ground to the depth of several inches under the trees, in order to retain moisture and impede evaporation. There are many grades, such as wool, velvet, reef, grass and glove. Those from the island of Abaco are considered the best.

Perhaps the next most important industry is fruit growing, but it can be scarcely classed as an industry, because

there is so little attention given to its cultivation. Orange trees, of course, are grown from the seed, but in order to save time and get better results you merely stick a young "sour" in the ground, graft a "bird" (which may be either sweet orange, grape fruit or lime) on it when the plant is sufficiently advanced, and sit down and await the result. Nature does the rest, for the natives, black and white, know and care little about fruit culture.

On the island of New Providence there is not much soil. It is surprising to see an orange tree growing, as one would at first suppose, on the bare rock; but upon close examination you will see that the rock has many holes and crevices into which the wind has blown dead leaves and other decaying organic matter, which, with the disintegrating limestone on the edges of the crevices, make the best of soil for orange trees.

There is a great future before the colony as an orange producing country. Florida, after the "freeze" of last winter, is, as far as oranges go, dead; people will no longer put their money into groves there.

They have literally been "frozen



GEORGE ST., NASSAU, FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

out" too often and ruined. The "crackers" of Florida are even now turning their speculative eyes to the land where snow and frost are absolutely unknown. With little or no care, fine, large, juicy oranges of the best brands grow on every island. What wealth is in store for the enterprising, who with capital will devote careful and systematic attention to the growing of this fruit! A fairly large export business is now done, which might easily be increased ten-fold.

tot will toddle to the foot of a tree and point upwards for a nut.

There are in all about thirty different kinds of fruit in the islands; in this number are many apologies for fruit, such as the Jamaica apple, the sappodilla and the soursop, the taste of which is a cross between harness oil and Coate's thread.

Quite a little attention is at present being given to the cultivation of coffee and the castor oil bean with good results; tobacco can also be readily



THE BAHAMAS—QUEEN'S STAIRCASE.

The only fruit to which much attention in cultivation is paid is the pine-apple. A great deal of money is made out of pines: vast tracts of land in the large island of Eleuthera are given over to their production, and here they grow to an enormous size.

Cocoanuts are largely grown, and it is said that a good tree will produce a nut for every day in the year. A pick-aninnie will leave its mother's breast for a jelly (or young) coconut; the little

grown, but the people are too apathetic and unenterprising to cultivate it.

The third article of importance to the welfare of the Bahamas is the sisal plant. A few years ago, before its value was understood, it was regarded as a pest; in fact, much in the same light that the rabbit was formerly looked upon in Australia. To-day a large amount of capital, furnished principally by England and Newfoundland, is employed in its cultivation; immense

tracts of land are covered with it, and hundreds of blacks are engaged on the plantations.

A former Governor, Sir Ambrose Shea, previously of Newfoundland, became satisfied that the plant could be turned into a blessing instead of a curse to the colony, and it is almost solely to his efforts and enterprise that the Bahamas owe one of their staple products. He had some of the rope made and sent to Newfoundland, where

by black women and girls, who cut the leaves off the plant and do them up in bundles of twenty-five. They are paid so much a bundle. The bundles are then taken by donkey carts to the factory, which is generally situated in the centre of the plantation and consists of a stationary engine run by kerosene, and one or two machines.

The spikes are first cut off the leaves which are then passed into the "shredder." Here the outer covering is torn



THE BAHAMAS—A SISAL PLANTATION.

it was tried by the fishermen and pronounced satisfactory.

The sisal is very much in appearance like a large century plant, but has only one spike which is at the tip of each leaf. The centre stalk grows to a height of twenty feet or more, and is lopped off on some plantations, perhaps for the benefit of the plant. The sisal is set out in long rows and requires but little care or cultivation as it grows readily on rocky ground with but a few inches of soil. The field labour is done

off, reduced to a pulp, which passes into the waste and is carted off to the dump. The fibre—about two or three feet in length—comes out a beautiful yellowish white, and is pulled out of the shredder by a girl; another carries the dripping mass into the field and hangs it in the sun on the drying frame. When thoroughly dry, it is carried again into the factory, sorted and arranged in lengths and pressed into bales of four or five hundred pounds. The bales are shipped to New York



A SPONGE YARD.

and there prepared for use in the self-binding machines on the wheat fields of the West. It has also lately been adopted in the Royal Navy. The rope has not quite the strength of Manila, nor is it as lasting in the water, but its elasticity is far greater. Owing to the war in the Philippines the price has lately risen and is now five or six cents per pound, which nets about three cents per pound profit. The producers have no difficulty in disposing readily of all the sisal they can grow; in fact, the supply does not equal the demand. On most of the plantations the mill runs only about four months of the year, not having sufficient plants under cultivation to supply it. The cost of production is comparatively small, and the only machinery required is the shredder, and labour is very cheap.

The Bahamas are sometimes

poetically called "the Land of the Pink Pearl." These beautiful gems are found in the conch shells, and are generally exported to Paris, where they are much in favour. They are quite rare, and a single fisherman will break ten thousand shells without finding a pearl, while another one may discover one at once. The value of the pearl depends on its watery and size. The colony presented H.R.H. the Duch-

ess of York, on the occasion of her marriage, with a pink pearl valued at a thousand pounds.

The colony is also one of the greatest shell exporting countries of the world. Beautiful shells of all sizes, hue and variety are shipped in great quantities, including tortoise shell. Green turtles are also exported.

The woods produced are principally mahogany and dye woods from Andros and some of the larger islands.

The capital of the Bahama Islands is Nassau, on New Providence, a city



THE SPONGE EXCHANGE.

of about sixteen thousand inhabitants, one fifth being white. The city is called after the Prince of Orange, and the Island was so named because it was the refuge of a shipwrecked crew, who in gratitude called it New Providence to distinguish it from the town in Rhode Island. Seaward of Nassau half a mile distant and along the whole front, lies a cay, known by the euphonious name of "Hog Island," given to it doubtless on account of the rapacious tendency of the boatmen who

and is sawn out into blocks, which soon harden by exposure to the air. No foundation walls nor cellars are required, for frost is unknown. There are but a few inches of soil on the island, and the houses are built on the solid rock. In this equitable climate the buildings last for many generations.

The streets are smooth and hard as asphalt. Should there be a hole, broken rock is put in and covered with powdered limestone; the first rainfall



THE BAHAMAS—TRIMMING SPONGES.

ferry visitors across for a *consideration*.

Inside the parallel of water ride the white painted smacks fitting out for the sponge fishery. Nassau is built on the side of a low range of hills, which gradually slope to the water's edge; it has many fine public and private buildings all built of the creamy coral limestone. There are several quarries near the city, from which the stone is taken. No arduous drilling nor any explosive is required; the limestone is quite soft

wets it and then the sun completes the work, baking it as hard as iron. The streets are easily kept clean and there is little or no dust. New Providence is a paradise for bicyclists; there are many beautiful rides, and the main roads generally skirt the sea shore, where there is always a pleasant and refreshing breeze, and no hills to climb. A wheel may be hired for a moderate sum. Here under the coconut palms, orange and almond trees,

or through groves of cacti fifteen feet high, one can ride. It is delightful to take a spin in the cool of the evening beneath the tropical sky brilliantly sparkling with stars.

High stone walls are everywhere; about every house; about every plantation. No matter how far one rides into the country still stone walls. The walls are finely and most beautifully built, cemented over, and were constructed in old slavery days. In many places they are capped with broken bottles, whose cruel, jagged edges defy the boldest urchin.

Nassau is a remarkably healthy place, though without any system of sewerage or water works: all decaying and objectionable matter seems to be readily absorbed by the porous rock.

Fresh water may be found anywhere, and every dwelling has its own well in its own back yard; the water is wholesome, but strongly impregnated with lime. If it were not so the place would be a perfect hot-bed of typhoid fever germs. A few of the wealthy people use rain water for drinking purposes, which is collected on the roofs of the houses and runs through pipes into tanks in the yards.

The Bahamas, of course, are part of the British Empire. The people are loyal. The blacks know when they are well off; they are well treated and enjoy equal liberty and rights with their white neighbours. Altogether they are much superior to the niggers

of the Southern States. Lynch-law is unknown; no concealed weapons are carried, and the darkies are wholly respectful, law-abiding citizens. Indeed, there is little crime throughout the islands, with the exception of petty theft. The blacks have a most wholesome dread of the law which is administered simply, speedily and justly.

A happy, contented, careless people are they; taking no thought for the morrow, for nature has dealt lavishly with them. Physically they are a

remarkably fine race, tall, slim, well proportioned and supple. What strikes a stranger at once is their swinging gait and easy carriage, doubtless acquired from the habit of carrying burdens on the head. A little tot will strut along the streets with a bundle of sticks as large as itself balanced on its pate.

For young and old this is the universal way of carrying articles. Then the constant swimming and diving of the young men and boys develops the muscles and

adds symmetry to the body. A deformed black is a rare object in the Bahamas. Some of the men, and women, too, particularly of the "Out Islands," are perfect giants in stature. This may perhaps be due to the infusion of white blood dating from old slaving days, and still going on. As they express it, "De white folks came and *married into our families.*"

They are of all shades, but no mat-



"UNDRESSED KID."

ter how black a Bahama nigger may be he generally has a straight nose. The squat nose, thick lips and coarse features of the negro are rarely seen.

The whites are mostly the descendants of the old United Empire Loyalists, slave dealers, wreckers and sea-kings. A native white is known as a *konk* (konk), to distinguish him from a stranger, who is a "foreigner," whether British or American. The *konks* seem to be an unenterprising race, content to put off until next week what should be done to-day. A young man's sole ambition is to clerk in a Bay Street store at twenty bob per week. A merchant of Nassau will in the evening lock his money up in the safe—in the morning it is still there—he thanks God, and is content. He will not take the labour or risk entailed of investing it for the welfare of himself and the community; so the colony is backward and unprogressive, only awaiting outside capital and energy to develop its rich and varied resources.

The American visitors seem charmed and captivated with the darkies,

young and old, and make use of them in many ways. They are greatly surprised to see such a well-behaved, respectable lot of negroes, and such a thoroughly model colony so close to their own passion-swept shores.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

The coloured people, young and old, of these islands are very interesting. They are fairly well informed, as education is compulsory for children between the ages of five and twelve years; books are furnished free of charge. In the public schools, white and black, copper coloured, quadroon and octoroon, one with another, sitting elbow to elbow, without distinction of shade, are grounded in the three R's; with singing, calisthenics and marching. Well conducted scholars they are, too, learning their duty towards their neighbour; "To honor and obey the Queen and all who are put in authority under her."

The native quarter is Grantstown, a suburb of Nassau. Here the blacks live in little huts generally of three or four rooms. Every dwelling has its own enclosure and is surrounded by fruit trees; the huts have no window

panes, but shutters hung on hinges, which are generally left open to admit the air. Grantstown is picturesque in the extreme. Here are the most lovely little lanes imaginable, where one may walk in the cool shade of all sorts of tropical fruit trees with beautiful plants blooming on every side. The road to the Bailleu Hills is especially lovely and interesting.

The natives are the best behaved people in the world. One hears no bad language, is never molested or even *talked at*; but it is always, civilly, "How are you to-day, boss?" or "Fine day, sah!"

When Saturday night comes around the natives hold a market in their own quarter. The principal street of Grants-town is used for this purpose and the merchandise is set out for sale early in the evening. A box or table serves for a counter; a few smouldering pine sticks give a fitful light, or a wealthy trader may have a candle protected from the wind by being placed in a small box. On the counter is set out perhaps half a dozen kinds of vegetables, such as a few yams, tomatoes, red peppers, sugar cane sticks: never anything more than would cover a good size whist table. Another will go in for sweets, having bennie and cocoanut cakes.

The market extends for perhaps a mile, the little boxes or tables arranged on either side of the street. The whole market would not contain more merchandise in value than forty or fifty dollars. This is no exaggeration; we frequently bought out a whole stand for sixpence and distributed the effects among our young friends, for one must have at least a dozen boy guides while doing Grantstown.

Here the whole population gathers—not evidently to buy—but to promenade and chatter and crack jokes in a high treble. The vendors do not seem anxious to dispose of their wares, for should they not sell them they can eat them, so it is as broad as it is long. In the meat market, a building by itself, were displayed a few goats' heads, goats' feet and small shreds of meat;

every negro who came along handled and pinched the aforesaid meat, doubtless to improve its quality and to make it more tender.

The American visitors, much to the distaste of the resident clergy, spoil and demoralize the black population, particularly the youngsters, with the pernicious habit of wholesale tipping. Their carriages through Grantstown are always followed by a dozen or so kids, turning somersets, dancing and yelling about for pennies. The Americans always go there with a handful or so of small change for this purpose; it teaches the boys to be beggars and makes them lose their self-respect, but it is difficult to resist their importunities as they are so cute and cunning.

There are many fine churches in Nassau, probably more than in any other place of the same population, and the blacks are great church goers. The Church of Eng'and is the established church, and surpliced choirs of boy darkies are common. They are born singers, and the services are fervent and hearty and as high as the most ritualistic could reasonably desire. Other denominations are strongly represented. Visitors often go on a Sunday night to the "Shouters," a palm-thatched church in Grantstown. Here the preachers and congregation work themselves into a perfect frenzy. Should the exhorter's ideas agree with those of the congregation, the latter do not hesitate to give expression to their feelings by saying "Dat's true," "Yes," "Amen," etc.

On week days, if there is whistling in the street, it is generally a hymn-tune, and the darkies bring sayings from the scriptures into their everyday conversation, sometimes in the most amusing manner. For instance, two boatmen quarrelling about a fare, one said sarcastically to the other, "Let not your heart be troubled, dat is my boss." Again, a darkey in a large cart attached to a small donkey was belabouring the animal, crying, "Get up, Jehu," when perceiving us looking on, he added, "Yes, boss, an

my name am Nimshi, 'cas I driveth furiously." They are most punctilious in observing the first day of the week ; no manner of work is done on that day. You will not be importuned to sail or row. The New York packet, if there be likelihood of making port on a Sunday, will slow down, for the captain well knows he cannot have his boat unloaded until Monday. Another instance : it was during a long cruise of several weeks among the cays ; we had the shark hook trailing at the stern—one day was like unto another, as we had lost track of time, but it was Saturday evening. The darkey captain came aft, hauled in the line, took off the bait, threw it overboard, and said in a matter-of-fact way, "Ve vont vant dis any mo', boss, 'til Monday mawnin'."

The women and men, attired in their Sunday best, go to church, and spend the rest of the day promenading up and down the streets. They are got up regardless of expense, and in the most ludicrous manner, perfect caricatures of fashion ; the ladies in the most gorgeous of colours, all furbelows and starch with night-mares of hats. If Eve is a *black* nigger, her hair is plaited into the smallest of braids on the top of her head as tightly as can be, for she is ashamed of her wool ; if a *white* nigger, she is proud of her tresses and wears them *à la mode*. One must have some pretence to Caucasian ancestry to be in society. The men, of course, have not such a large range in clothing, but it is considered the correct thing to wear a plug hat, Prince Albert, and red slippers, or nickers and golf-hose of the most dazzling plaid ; or a white duck suit, black silk sash, white crush hat with flaring bandana. This is only on the Sabbath ; old clothes and bare feet on week days are good enough for the best.

What strikes a visitor to New Providence is the absence of song birds. We saw humming birds and a few other insignificant little creatures, but nothing that could give more than a chirp or two. It is different in the Out

Islands, where the mocking bird makes it cheerful enough. However, what New Providence lacks in songsters is made up a hundred-fold by the domestic fowl. Here the crow of the rooster attains a vigour and continuity elsewhere unknown ; he certainly does his level best to rectify Nature's mistake. The only song birds of Nassau are shut up in coops in every back yard with turkey gobblers and ducks, all unconsciously awaiting slaughter in due time and turn. As soon as night has fairly set in, they begin to "salute the coming morn," and keep it up "till daylight doth appear," making Nassau anything but a land of dreams. But you grow used to everything—even mosquitoes—that only buzz and never bite.

There are many intensely interesting places to visit in and about Nassau. There is the Queen's Staircase, which is an open tunnel or subway cut out of the solid limestone, about seventy-five feet deep, and half as wide, extending for about a hundred yards. It was constructed in the olden days to allow troops to approach the shore unseen from Fort Fincastle, and also to serve as a protection to them from being shelled by vessels in the harbour. There are in all three forts, Montague at the east, Fincastle at the centre, and Charlotte to the west of the harbour. The largest and most important, Fort Charlotte, was constructed by the Spaniards with slave labour. Its glory has departed, being now used as a signal station ; but one can see by the portcullis, moats, subterranean passages, dungeons and dismantled ordnance, how formidable a place it once was. There are several hundred yards of underground works, which may be explored by the aid of torches, a well several hundred feet deep, powder-houses, prisons and barracks, all hewn out of the coral rock.

Every visitor to Nassau must, of course, see the Phosphorescent Lake, otherwise called Waterloo Lake, which is about three miles from the centre of the town, and is a small pond about four feet deep, formerly used for stor-



THE BAHAMAS—ON THE ROAD TO FORT CHARLOTTE.

ing turtles. It is at its best on a dark night. We get into a boat and are rowed around by a darkey; at every stroke a flash of golden fire eddies around the oars. The pond is fairly alive with fish which dart to and fro as the boat approaches, leaving a trail of light in their wake. We put our hands in the water, splashing it about, and the same phosphorescent glow appears. A negro swims out from the shore towards us; he seems, as he gets nearer, to be swimming in a molten furnace; the water is brilliantly aglow all around him. It is indeed a brilliant and wonderful sight.

A visit to the Sea Gardens at the "Narrows," above Hog Island, must not be omitted. We take a glass-bottomed boat in tow of the sail boat, and after a pleasant sail anchor and get into the small boat; the bottom of this being of glass and below the surface of the water, the waves are quieted and we are enabled clearly to distinguish the floor of the sea. We are rowed

about the gardens in every direction, finding new pleasures to behold at every move. The gardens are about eight to fifteen feet deep. Lady Brassy, in "The Voyage of the Sunbeam," says: "If you can picture to yourself the most beautiful of coral, madrepores, echini, sea weeds, sea anemones, sea lilies and other fascinating marine objects, growing and flourishing under the sea, with fish darting about among them like the most gorgeous birds and butterflies conceivable, all in the clearest of water, which does not impede the vision in the least, and resting on a bottom of the smoothest white coral sand; if you still further imagine a magnificent blue sky overhead, and a bright sun shining out of it, even then you will have but a very faint idea of the marvellous beauty of the wonders of the sea on a coral bank in the Bahamas."

When we spied anything special that we wished for, we had only to point it out to the diver, who stood up in the bow and down head foremost he would



THE BAHAMAS—ON THE ROAD TO BAILLEN HILLS.

go ; break it off the bottom with a hatchet he carried in his hand, and return with it to the boat. The "Gardens" near Nassau are not what they once were ; every skiff carries divers and they are being rapidly denuded of their beauties. We saw other "Gardens" in the Out Islands which were far more beautiful than those near Nassau.

There are several *ceibas* or silk cotton trees growing in the public places of the city, remarkable for the tremendous size of their roots, portions of which spread in every direction from the trunk.

The rocky soil on which they grow seems to have pressed back the roots which would have entered into the too small crevices, making them hump up like the backs of a drove of camels. There is lots of room for the scholars of a small school to play hide and seek among the folds of a silk cotton tree.

By far the best thing in the island we thought was the daily bathe. Up Bay Street we go to the landing, where we

always find a boat or two manned by stalwart darkies, who are ready to pilot us over to Hog Island, about half a mile straight across. Charon always greets us with "How is you to-day, boss?" or "Wery windy, sah." It is a lovely row ; the air is always fresh ; the sky and water bluest of the blue and the latter so clear and sparkling that we can plainly see the bottom. The water is coloured in streaks of sky blue, vivid light green and alternate dark patches. The colour of the water here is really something marvellous ; sometimes it is of the brightest emerald, but I think that a robin's egg green, describes it best ; it is as brilliantly coloured a few feet from us as at the horizon ; there is nothing like it anywhere—there cannot be. Should an artist be so bold as to convey an idea of the wonderfully vivid colour of these waters on his canvas, people would say that it was unnatural. The harbour is dotted with vessels belonging to the sponge fleet ; their masts as they congregate along the wharfs look

like the spears and pennants of a vast army of the olden time; then the town itself rising slowly on the hills, with its white coral limestone buildings edged in with palm trees, presents a sight long to be remembered. It is indeed a pleasant land.

Well, we land at Higgs' wharf, which is in fact no wharf at all now, but in the old days of sixty—sixty-five, was a scene of great activity, where fortunes were quickly made and as quickly lost. The "ways" for drawing up the vessels and repairing them; the old machine shops, steam boilers, etc., are still here, useless and rusty, but forming a relic of the old Blockading Days. We land and walk across the Island—only a few hundred yards—under the cocoanut palms, orange, grape fruit, sappadila and ponciana trees. The grove is groaning under the weight of the golden, yellow and brown burdens. We come to the fruit stand, and here Mr. Higgs is welcoming his guests. He is a genial old party, very popular and making lots of cash. On his tables are spread out all the fruits of the Island in great plenty. "Help yourself," says Mr. Higgs, and we all fall too. The fruit is just from the tree, luscious, delicious, full of life-giving glame. Mr. Higgs and his assistants, Dennis, a smart kid of fourteen, and a black (to gather the fruit) stick short pointed pieces of wood through the oranges and then neatly and deftly peel them, leaving a shank or butt at each end of the fruit where the stick goes through. We hold the ends of the stick in each hand and go for the orange like children at a sugaring-off in the woods of Canada, suck the juice, throw the pulp away—and repeat. If there is a crowd, Mr. Higgs says heartily, "Gents, help yourselves while I look after the ladies." Then you select a stick yourself, harpoon a golden beauty, and after peeling a few oranges, become quite an adept. After we have all the oranges, and cocoanut milk we can stow away—and the milk is not what one gets up north—out of the stale hard nuts, but cool and refresh-

ing, we go to "Mammy" for our bathing suits and towels. Out she hands them as accurately as a hat boy in a large city hotel. Then we adjourn to the dressing house, where we discard our hot flannels, and on to the beach. What a beach it is, surely the finest in the whole world, with its pure crystal water, salt and refreshing, its breakers which come rolling in and tumble us about, the beautiful light green of the ocean, but above all, the sand, which is so soft and gently yielding to the feet, the coral sand, formed by minute, infinitesimal particles of shells, crushed into millions of pieces.

After a deliciously cool bracing bath, we walk up and down the marvellous sand and let the sun get in his work. Then a good rub down in the dressing room, and rehabilitated, once more to the fruit stand. All this for a bob! Old Higgs never made much out of Canada! Another delightful row to the town. This was a daily occupation while in Nassau, and used up about two of the pleasantest hours one could imagine.

One advantage about the Bahamas is that there are no taxes; there is a tariff for revenue only, averaging twenty-five per cent, but no imposts whatever on land. The legislature is composed of the council, chosen by the governor, and the assembly elected by the people; the sessions are at night. There is no municipal body to supervise the affairs of the city of Nassau, the legislature attends to this. We had tickets for the opening of parliament and heard the speech from the throne; it related chiefly to revenue, the sisal industry and the Falgher hotel deal. The revenue for the past year amounted to £74,367, expenditure £62,453, giving the fine surplus of £13,770. Mr. Falgher, who represents the Florida Hotel system is building a gigantic hotel in Nassau, at a cost of close on to one million dollars. The site chosen is the old barracks formerly occupied by the West Indian regiment. He has also purchased the Royal Victoria hotel from the government, and controls the win-

ter service between Nassau and Miami, in Florida. He stands in a fair way of soon becoming the uncrowned king of the island, his intervention in the affairs of the colony cannot but conduce to its material prosperity, whether to its advantage in other directions, remains to be seen. The governor was escorted by a guard of honour composed of marines in scarlet tunics and white duck trousers from H. M. S. *Indefatigable* and *Pallas* (which had that morning arrived from Jamaica), and the Bahamas Constabulary. The latter are uniformed like the Royal Artillery, and are a clean, neat, well set up, soldierly looking lot of men of exceptionally fine physique. The Imperial garrison was withdrawn some years ago. Nassau, being such a quiet, orderly place, the constabulary have little to do but parade the streets and show off their fine figures and uniforms.

English jurisprudence is in force in the colony, and the law of primogeniture, of course, prevails.

The currency is English, and the retail business so distinctive of the natives is shown here also, a sixpence is a "shilling" with them. Unfortunately, we did not find this out until we had been in the colony for some days, and of course were paying double. The custom probably originated from the natives having so little cash, they imagined they could deceive themselves into being so much the richer by calling a sixpence a shilling. A penny ha'penny (three cents) is called a "cheque."

We attended the regatta, which is an annual affair, held during the month of March. It occupied the whole of the day, and was observed as a general holiday, everybody attending who could possibly do so, and each race was keenly contested. The most amusing event was the walking of the greasy pole. The pole projected out from the stake boat some thirty feet, and twenty feet above the water, and was generously covered with ship slush; at the end was a ham securely fastened for bait. The first negro to compete

began by locking his elbows and knees around the pole, slowly working his way towards the coveted prize. It was a slippery journey, but at last he reached the goal. This was but a trifle towards securing the ham. It was impossible for him to release his hold by his elbows and knees without falling, so he could not use his hands, but expedients were not wanting. He commenced to gnaw the ropes, it took a long time, but that negro had lots of courage. His muscles quivered with the exertion, his mouth, eyes, nose and wool were a mass of white slush, but his jaws kept on. At last the ham hung over the pole by only one cord. He dropped from his position, caught the ham dangling below and hung suspended, then putting his whole weight thereon, jerked away. At last perseverance and nerve were rewarded, and negro and ham descended into the deep, only to bob up serenely together a moment later. Eureka! he got it, and a deafening shout burst from the vast crowd.

When we first arrived at Nassau we went directly to the only hotel in the place; on the steamship folders it stated that the rates were from \$2.50 per day upwards, but we found the rates from \$5.00 up, with extras extra. This was too rich for our blood. We had come for a change and rest, but if we stayed there the waiters would take the change, and the landlord the rest. We intended to remain some months away, so decided to find a cheaper resting place; besides we had not come so far to put up at an American hotel in the West Indies, where nearly all the food is brought from New York. We decided to eat the food of the country cooked *à la pays*. So we found a nice private boarding house, where we lived like fighting cocks on the fat of the land. Delicious fish, fruit and vegetables at every meal; no meat, as that had to be brought from New York in large refrigerators. There are no cattle on the island to speak of; it is true there are sheep, but they are few and far between, and what there are look



THE BAHAMAS—CEIBA OR SILK-COTTON TREE.

more like foxes, both in colour and shape. Milk is used in the condensed form. In cooking, the custom is to fry everything in grease, whether it be chicken, fish or duck, even turkey. The blacks are splendid cooks. At the first meal in our new quarters, the food seemed so strange, we hardly knew what to begin on, but being pressed to try some fried *grunt*, we assented, thinking we were here on safe ground; to our surprise fish was set before us instead of pig, as we expected.

"Keep to the left." These words on the street corners meet your eyes at every turn. It signifies to the driver that he must pass a vehicle from the opposite direction by keeping to the left, as in England. People are buried on the same day as they die, even among the wealthiest whites: the graves are hewn out of the lime stone or the coffin laid on the top of the rock and bricked over.

Among other excursions to the Out Islands, we had a most interesting trip

to Watlings Island, otherwise known on the Admiralty charts as San Salvador. This island is now admitted to be the real land fall of Columbus. Up to a few years ago, the island, now known as Cat Island, had the honour of being known as the San Salvador of Christopher Columbus, but a British officer closely following the diary of the great explorer with the modern charts, effectively demonstrated to the world, that Watlings was in reality the first place seen. His arguments, I believe, were as follows: First, Columbus stated that he rowed around the northern end of the island in one day. This is quite possible to do at Watlings, as the island is only about fourteen miles in length, but impossible at Cat Island which is some eighty miles long. Second, Columbus described a large lake in the centre of his island: there is none on Cat Island, while there is a most beautiful land locked body of salt water on Watlings. Again, Columbus after leaving San Salvador sailed in the direction of Cuba: had he started from

Cat Island, it was a thousand to one that he would ever have reached Cuba alive: the chart shows the sunken rocks and reefs of the Exuma Sound between these two islands as thick as mosquitoes, while from Watlings there is a fine open channel in the direction of Cuba.

Though Watlings is only one hundred and eighty miles from Nassau, so buffeted about by contrary winds were we it took us eight days to reach our destination, while we returned with a favourable breeze in thirty-two hours. There were twelve of us all told, six whites and six blacks, on the *Western Queen*, a professional sponger of seventeen tons, thirty feet long by fifteen beam. For days we ran against the strong currents and head winds, not making a mile an hour. Often we would sail for hours in the shallow white water, with the bottom of the sea clearly visible at six fathoms as we passed. Our mission was to take on a load of oranges. The blacks had the forward cabin in which were stored the packing boxes, and we six whites had the aft cabin, six by ten feet actual measurement. Our food was substantial, but not diversified: our choice for breakfast, dinner and tea, was hard tack, sow belly, grits, and salt horse. We were obliged to sleep on the food cases, and the cockroaches and ants, swarming over us in their hundreds, made night hideous. It was impossible to remain on the small deck with the sea running mountains high without being drenched to the skin, so we were crowded in the cabin, night and day, during most of the time. Owing to the carelessness of the cook, we were without water for the last two days of our trip. Alone on the broad Atlantic with our little craft driven hither and thither, the crew evidently out of their reckoning, we asked the captain, "What if we miss Watlings and run past it?" He answered, "Bermuda is de next lan'." We knew he was mistaken in his geography and South Africa was the next station. At last, one midnight we made Watlings, and lay-to till morning, when we landed.

The whole population came down to the beach to shake hands and hear the news, for they are far out of the beaten track of civilization and get a mail but a few times a year. There are only half a dozen whites on the island. Once on shore and getting on to our *terra firma* legs we did Watlings thoroughly. It is by far the most beautiful island of the Bahamas: the soil is rich and the vegetation luxurious in the extreme. Here all fruits of the tropics grow to perfection. It seemed to us after our long voyage in that stuffy little boat, and the untold hardships we considered we had suffered, to be a perfect paradise. Our medical friend, a Florida cracker, joyously exclaimed as he waded ashore through the surf, "Why, this is just like New York. The more experience I had in being tossed around in that thar sponger, the more I was inclined to admire Christopher Columbus and his grit." Watlings indeed made up for all the discomfort of getting there and we fairly revelled in the delights of the island. We rowed through the beautiful lagoon, which is the haunt of innumerable ducks, cormorants, flamingo-snipe and other birds: we did not want for fresh fowl, nor fish either. We also captured a number of iguana or immense lizards, of which the blacks were very fond. One day we devoted to visiting the Columbus monument on the north-east side of the island. We hired some thoroughbred little Spanish stallions, and had a delightful gallop for five miles along the hard sandy beach. Our guide said, "Yes, boss, I vas dar, when Mistah Vellman put up dose stones: he took out a land compass, and he say, 'I vant to find de mark of Columbus on the rock:' den he take de sight and go straight to de place and ve digs down cuple feet an ve find de figure X on de rock. Dat vas de mark Columbus himself mak, an dar ve place de mon'ment." The monument stands about ten feet high and is made of jagged coral limestone: it overlooks the sea from an eminence and directly in front are precipitous rocks where no landing would

be possible. The inscription is as follows :

ON THIS SPOT
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

FIRST SET FOOT UPON THE SOIL OF
THE NEW WORLD.

ERECTED BY
"THE CHICAGO HERALD,"
June, 1891.

Our Florida friend after striking an attitude and apostrophising the monument, said : "It never seemed to *soak into me* what an important event that thar discovery was," but noticing the difficulty of the landing place, added, "Say, friend, this is a regular gol-darn fake. Columbus would have broken his blasted neck if he had landed here ; he was no sech fool ; he want going to land right here, when thar's lots of good beach way down yonder." Notwithstanding his incredulity, he knocked a big chunk off the monument as a memento and carried away all the old drift wood (the more worm-eaten the better) that he could lay his hands on in the vicinity.

The natives of Watlings and Cat Island are very superstitious ; in the latter island particularly obeism has a strong hold upon them.

During our cruise, we landed on Cat Island near Columbus Bluff, and a fire dance was performed in our honour. There was a large fire built on the sandy beach, and at the sound of the tom-toms the natives gathered from all directions. A tom-tom is made by taking a flour barrel and drawing a goat's skin tightly over the head. The drum is warmed before the fire, and when manipulated by one of the drummers, gives out a hollow sound, weird in the extreme. The performers, men and women, dance in turn ; when one stopped exhausted, another would begin. The motions were full of grace and snake-like. The dancer, for the time being, would glide up to the others, all apparently fascinated by the beating of the tom-toms and the subtle

actions of the dancer, then bound away as near the fire as possible. The idea seemed to be to charm or hypnotize one another.

Near Columbus Bluff there are large caves filled with ammonia, accumulated by the bat droppings of ages. This is very valuable as a fertilizer and is taken away by the ship load. It was on Cat Island that the Spanish war vessel, *Maria Teresa* went ashore last fall, while being towed homewards as a prize by the Americans. Our Florida friend wished to capture her name plates as a souvenir, but the captain of the *Western Queen* would not wait. When we left Cat Island we passed Rum Cay, noted, not for its liquor, but for the large quantities of salt exported. Here, on one of its reefs, the wreck of H.M.S. *Conqueror* can be plainly seen.

The Bahamas are bound to show up sooner or later as a great fruit-producing centre. Quite a number of young Englishmen have taken up cays, where they lead a sort of Robinson Crusoe existence, devoting their time to the cultivation of fruit and other tropical products, which have a ready sale. There are no noxious reptiles or insects, but a few snakes, which are quite harmless.

There is a future before the islands, but under what flag their destinies will be cast it is hard to foretell. There is no steamship communication between the different cays ; even the mail boats are but sailing vessels. The Bahamas are rather neglected by Great Britain and the other colonies of the Empire, in that there is no steamship communication between them but via New York. This is not as it should be. Owing to their proximity to the shores of the Great Republic, some of the whites have a hankering after annexation, but the blacks will probably never consent.

Quite a profitable trade might be worked up from Canada in grain, hay, flour, cheese and manufactured lumber, which is now altogether controlled by the Americans.

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

LAST INSTALMENT.

By *Joanna E. Wood*, Author of "*The Untempered Wind*", "*Judith Moore*", etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealous of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. She makes him promise, however, that he will never take her away from Dole, the little village close at hand, and asks him also to train himself for the position of successor to the Rev. Mr. Didymus, the present Congregational minister and sole clergyman of the village. Vashti's idea is that as wife of the minister she will be mistress of Dole with all the power for which her flinty, worldly soul craves. And when this "Daughter of Witches" so influences this nature-worshipping young man that he consents to enter the holy profession, she feels that her hour of vengeance will not be long delayed. Two years afterwards, at the death-bed of the Rev. Mr. Didymus, Sidney and Vashti are married. Lanty and Mabella had been united some time previously. As minister of Dole, Sidney won the adoration of his people with his sweet and winning sermons. But slowly and steadily his wife weaves about him her hypnotic meshes until she has him almost absolutely under her control. Then her day of vengeance seems at hand—she is preparing to pour the vials of her wrath on her friends and relations. She hypnotizes her husband one Sunday and causes him to preach a lashing sermon which deeply offends his congregation.

CHAPTER XV.

ON Monday Dole watched the parsonage gate narrowly, but when Sidney at length came forth he found the little street silent, the doorways dumb, the windows as expressionless as the patch upon a beggar's eye. But silence is often eloquent, speech lurks behind closed lips, and the beggar's patch is frequently only a pretence; as Sidney advanced, the children, playing marbles or hop-scotch in the shade of the houses, rose and ran within, the doors were closed by invisible hands as he drew near, upon the window blinds he could see sometimes the silhouette, sometimes the shadow of a peering face.

Dole had its preacher beneath its most censorious microscope. Beneath the lens of prejudice virtues are distorted to the semblance of vices, but beneath the lens of personal disapproval faults become so magnified that the virtues dwindle to mere shadows, and finally vanish. Furtive scrutiny is nearly always condemnatory, and is in its very nature a thing abhorrent; to a sen-

sitive spirit it is simply a sentence of death. The chill of it fell upon Sidney's spirit and weighted its wings as with leaden tears. Coming after the curious circumstance of his people's abrupt departure from the church, Sidney could not but connect their present manifestation of coldness with his sermon.

What had he said, he asked himself, with an agonized effort to force his memory to serve him; but like a spoiled, indulged servant memory had become a saucy menial and refused to do his bidding. It was impossible for him to dream however that it was the substance of his sermon which had offended them; he had never spoken aught to them but words of peace and hope. It was the spirit doubtless to which they objected. Could it be that, detecting the false ring in his faith, they had turned upon him, as one who had led them from out the wholesome wind-swept places of their stern creed, to the perilous shelter of an oasis of false hope, where they would be crushed in the wreck of the palms of peace, whose stems had no stability, but had sprung

up mushroom-like out of human love, instead of spiritual faith?

Sidney turned away from the mute condemnation of the village to the bosom of the hill, and presently found himself over the crest, and in the hill-side pasture where Lanty's young horses kicked up their heels and tossed their heads, in the arrogant freedom of two-year-olds.

Sidney paused and held out his hands to them, uttering little peculiar calls, and they came to him, at first fearfully, then more confidently, and at last with the boldness of happy ignorance—they did not know yet that man's hand imposes the bridle and the bit.

Sidney had a great fascination for dumb creatures whose instinct distinguishes the real love from the false so much more surely than does our reason. As Sidney stroked their velvety noses, and talked to them, and let them lip his hand, a singular expression overspread his face. For suddenly there faded from it every mark and line imprinted by experience.

The retrospect and dream of love faded from out his eyes and was replaced by the innocent look of the child who enjoys the present moment and anticipates the future with unshaken confidence, the look of one who has neither desired, nor felt, nor yearned, nor suffered. It was a strange thing—such a transformation as one sees sometimes when Death smooths out the furrows and gives back to the worn body the brow of babyhood—signing it with the solemn signet of eternal peace which never shines save above eyes closed forever. And when our mortal eyes behold this chrisom we tremble and call it unearthly, as indeed it is. And this halo shone upon Sidney's countenance as he fondled the young horses, and talked to them as to brothers.

At length the glory faded from his face; little by little as a fabric falls into its old folds, his face resumed its normal expression; he patted the outstretched noses all round.

"What piteous eyes you have, poor fellows!" he said, and left them

stretching their glossy necks over the fence to him, and pressing their broad breasts against it, till it creaked and cracked.

Dole maintained its attitude unchanged till Wednesday. Upon that day Sidney, passing from the post office, with some books under his arm, met Mrs. Smilie, who, going over to exchange views with Mrs. Simpson about matters in general, and the preacher and the witch's ghost in particular, had left home very early, intending to return before dark.

There would be no more lonely twilight walks taken in Dole for some time to come. The ghost had been seen by several individuals, all testified to its height, its black robe, its white face. Truth to tell, Vashti, dreading to be questioned about her husband's views, had kept herself close within doors all day long, and had taken her constitutionals in the dusk. Did she intentionally play the part of spectre? Perhaps. Nor indeed is it to be wondered at if she grasped at any distraction from her own thoughts, for Vashti Lansing was beset with terrible fears. Working with material she did not understand she had wrought havoc in her husband's brain. His mind had given evidence during the last day or two, not only that it had partially escaped her control, but his own.

Vashti's soul fainted within her. How would it end?

Since the Sunday she had avoided any suggestion of making him sleep.

Alas! she had played with fire too long.

Sidney paused to speak pleasantly with Mrs. Smilie, but that good woman did not wish to compromise herself in the eyes of the neighbours by seeming to "side" with the preacher, before she had any idea as to the probable state of the poll. "It will be the first division in the church since long before Mr. Didymus's day," she soliloquized as she proceeded on her way. "I don't believe there would be any division if Temperance and Nathan and Mabella and Lanty wouldn't act up stubborn—but them Lansings!"

These reflections took her as far as her friend's house. The afternoon wore on and Mrs. Smilie was thinking regretfully that it was time for her to get home, and Mrs. Simpson was persuading her to stay with much sincerity, for her larder was full, and Mrs. Smilie was primed with the latest gossip, when there came the sound of voices to the two ladies, and the next moment Mr. Simpson entered accompanied by Mr. Smilie. This solved the problem, both should stay to supper. Mrs. Simpson bustled about with the satisfaction of the housekeeper who knows she can load her table, and presently they sat down and enjoyed themselves hugely over the cold "spare-ribs" and hot biscuits.

After the table was cleared they sat talking some time.

The hour for "suppering up" the horses came, Mr. Simpson rose and Mr. Smilie said they might as well be going, and went with him to get his horse. As they opened the door a faint, yellow glare met their eyes. It lighted up the moonless sky weirdly, and growing every moment brighter, was at length pierced by a long spear of lurid flame.

"Wimmen!" shouted old Mr. Simpson. "Come on; Lanty Lansing's being burned out!"

The two men and women fled along the quiet road in utter silence. A strange hush seemed to have fallen upon the scene, as if all nature's voices were silent before the omnipotent flames which leaped ever higher and higher, as if threatening even the quiet skies. The men and women felt themselves possessed by that strange, frosty excitement which thrills the bravest hearts when confronted by unfettered flame. In the country, fire is absolutely the master when once it gains headway, it roars on till it fails for lack of fuel. As they passed the few houses along the way they paused to cry in short-breathed gasps, "Fire! Fire!"

Some of the house doors were open to the night, showing their occupants had gone forth hastily; some opened

and let out men and women to join the little party of four. The Rangers passed them on horseback, and, as they came within sight of the house, they saw dark forms already flitting before the fiery background, living silhouettes against the flame. It was the great old-fashioned shed which was burning, but the summer wind was blowing straight for the house, and three minutes after the Simpsons arrived a flicker of flame shot out from the coach-house cornice, caught the gable of the old house, crept up it, and fled along the ridge pole like a venomous fiery serpent. Mabella came rushing up to old Mrs. Simpson.

"Will you take care of Dorothy?" she said; "Lanty isn't here—oh isn't it terrible?" and then she fled back to show the men where the new harness was in the house, and to try to get her sewing machine and a few other of her housewifely treasures. All the neighbourhood was there working with mad energy. These people might gossip and backbite and perhaps misjudge each other sorely, but no need such as this found deaf ears. They knew what such a catastrophe meant, how vital a thing it was, and wild with the energy which is born of hopeless struggle, they strove to cheat the fire-fiend's greedy maw. Ab Ranger and young Shinar were rolling out the barrels of flour from Mabella's well-stocked storeroom when, high above the noise of the flames and the excited hum of voices, there came the sound of wildly galloping hoofs. The next instant the roan, with Lanty on her back, took the high fence as though it were in her stride, and Lanty, flinging himself from the saddle, rushed to the burning house. He could see for the moment neither wife nor child, nor did he know if the neighbours had arrived in time. He was distraught with apprehension. His wild ride since he had first seen the glimmer of the fire had seemed to him as hours of agony. He ran hither and thither through the crowd uttering incoherent demands for wife and child.

Mabella appeared in the doorway.

The flames lit up his face, distorted with anxiety and terrible fear. A great throb of relief made his heart leap, and released the sanguine blood which rushed to his head.

Mabella and Dorothy were safe—why was he idle?

He leaped towards the doorway, but Mabella, labouring under a deadly apprehension, a terrible fear, had seen his face and been seized by a panic.

"Lanty! Lanty! Don't go in!" she cried.

"Not go in!" he said, and held on his way.

Then a terrible resolution came to Mabella; she had fought bravely to keep up appearances, to hide her husband's delinquencies, now she must betray them to save him. Was she, for paltry pride, to risk letting him enter the burning house in that condition? A thousand times no! He was too dear to her. She caught hold of young Shinar, the strongest man in Dole.

"Oh Tom!" she cried, "hold Lanty—don't let him go in. *He is not himself.*"

Her voice, shrill with fear and agony, rose above the duller sounds, and pierced every ear there.

Lanty gave an inarticulate sound of grief and wrath and self-reproach. The next moment he felt Shinar's hand upon his shoulder, heard a persuasive if rough voice in his ear, but what it said he did not know, for a wild, blind rage possessed him, and he flung off the hand with a curse. But Shinar would not let him go.

Lanty struck him viciously, and the other man called between his teeth,

"Here, Ab—help me hold him."

Ab Ranger came, but it took another yet to hold Lanty, who, perfectly sober, was at length mastered by sheer weight and held helpless, whilst his neighbours strove to rescue what of his goods they could. And then for a little time hot-headed Lanty, moved beyond himself, raved and cursed, and gave colour to any supposition his neighbours cared to adopt regarding his condition. Mabella approached him fearfully, yet

her heart was high with the courage which had enabled her to keep him from harm's way. But Lanty with an oath bade her begone. Horrified, she fled to where Mrs. Simpson held Dorothy, and clasping her child in her arms fell upon her knees, crying, from which position she was raised by Sidney's gentle touch. He was white faced and terribly excited.

"Have you seen Vashti?" he asked Mabella when he had drawn her to her feet.

"No," began Mabella. "I—"

"Here I am," said Vashti in even tones from near where they stood. "I have been here some little time, but Mabella has been too busy to see me."

Then she turned away and went over to where the men still held Lanty.

"What's the matter?" she demanded, her great eyes blazing, her face white as death.

"Lanty ain't himself," said Ab Ranger.

"You are crazy!" said Vashti contemptuously.

"Mabella said——" began young Shinar.

"Let go of him," said Vashti almost savagely. "How dare you! Lanty is as sober as I am. The idea of you daring to do this thing! They ought to be ashamed, Lanty!"

The detaining hands fell from him. He gave her a look of passionate gratitude, the one sole recompense Vashti Lansing ever received for the love which had ruined her whole life. The young men slunk away. Lanty felt a terrible reaction sweep across him, and fell a-trembling with real physical weakness.

He remembered his repulse of Mabella.

"Vashti," he said, "go and ask Mabella to come to me. I said something ugly to her. I want her to forgive me."

Vashti went with seeming readiness. Lanty rested white and trembling, alone, before the flaming ruin of his home. Presently Vashti came towards him slowly.

He raised his head.

"Where's Mabella?" he asked.
 "She's all right, isn't she?"

"Yes, but Lanty I'm very sorry, she won't come."

"Then she can stay," said Lanty heart-brokenly. "If she has the heart to hold out now she can stay; can I come home with you, Vashti?"

"Yes, of course," said Vashti. "I'll call Sidney and you go home with him. I'll explain to everybody that you are all right. You had better go and not get them all asking questions."

So she brought Sidney, and the two men went away together. As they turned their backs upon the scene there came a terrible crash. They turned and looked.

The roof-tree of Lanty's home had fallen in. He resumed his way with tears brimming his eyes.

Vashti no sooner saw them depart than she hastened over to the group about Mabella. Temperance was holding her in her arms.

As Vashti approached, the group gave way a little.

Mabella looked up.

"What did Lanty say?" she asked eagerly. "Is he ever going to forgive me?"

Vashti answered softly and with seeming hesitation, "Dont take it too hard, Mabella, but he has gone home with Sidney."

Mabella comprehended the words and sank; a dead weight, in Temperance's arms.

Vashti went about in her quiet way, speaking to the oldest women, explaining, or was it only hinting? to them in confidence, how incensed Lanty was against Mabella, how angry Mabella was because of Lanty's words, how Sidney had taken Lanty home to wrestle with him, and how Mabella and Dorothy were going home with Temperance.

Some of the men said they would stay all night, and watch, and gradually the others departed, but even before they separated that night they had found, by the corner of the barn, the point where the fire had been

lighted; kerosene oil had been poured upon broken-up shingles, taken from the bundles laid there ready to reshingle the barn when the work grew slack; more than that, Ab Ranger found a box of parlour matches, a luxury little used in Dole; the box was marked with oily fingers.

Who had done this thing?

Mabella, numb with her despair, was taken home by Nathan and Temperance. The tired men whispered together as they lay upon couches improvised of the saved bedding, and watched the embers glow and flicker up into flame, and die away, and leap up again and again.

Vashti was conducted home by the village people.

They stood at the gate watching her run up the little garden path, and open the door of her home; she waved to them from the threshold, and they knew she was safe from the ghost, and as the groups diminished and separated the units composing them drew closer together, for a great fear had laid hold upon Dole.

At length all found sleep, and some from exhaustion, some from despair, some by reason of great grief slept well, but none of them all rested so quietly as did an inert white-faced figure which lay upon the road to Brixton, opposite Witches' Hill in Mullein meadow. A sorrel horse sniffed at the prostrate shape, and whinnied in the night, but it was not till nearly noon the next day that the dead body of Hemans the machine agent was found. His hands and clothes were covered with kerosene oil, in his pocket was another box of parlour matches.

His neck was broken.

The burning of Lanty's home had been terribly avenged.

Vashti Lansing, actuated by the spirit of unrest which possessed her, had taken her big black shawl about her and fled swiftly through the by-ways to Mullein meadow. She had no fears of the night. Her dark spirit was akin to it. In its mystery she saw a simulcrum of the mysteries of her own soul.

And as she sat upon the stones of

Witches' Hill and felt the summer wind raising the heavy locks of hair upon her brow, a sense of peace and rest, fleeting, but inexpressibly precious, came to her. Some strange influence made her turn her head and she saw a tongue of flame shoot up like a flaming dart of defiance hurled from earth to heaven. It was Lanty's home! As the thought formulated itself in her brain she was aware of the soft thud, thud, of galloping hoofs coming towards Mullein meadow.

This was the guilty one fleeing from his work.

To think thus was to act. She fled across Mullein meadow to the Brixton road, climbed the fence and crouched in the shadow. As the horse drew near she recognized it in the starlight; knew its rider, and knew her guess was right. Every one knew Hemans' malignant nature, and his enmity towards Lanty was a matter of common report.

The horse was almost abreast of her. She sprang out of the gloom, threw up her arms, the black shawl waved uncertainly about her, the sorrel reared, the man gave a scream of fear and fell upon the stony road striking upon his head. Vashti gathered her shawl about her and fled towards the light which was broadening and glowing against the dusky sky.

Thus Dole was not kept long in suspense as to who had set fire to Lanty's buildings. The circumstances of his death were hidden from them, but it intensified the superstitious fear which brooded over the village to an agony to think Hemans had been found with his neck broken, exactly upon the spot where young Ranger and Mr. Simpson had first seen the ghost of the witch.

By the afternoon of the following day, Mabella Lansing and the baby Dorothy were installed in the little two-roomed cottage, which alone, of all the buildings upon Lanty's property had escaped the fire. She had refused all offers of shelter. She would not even stay with Nathan and Temperance.

"I am Lanty's wife," she said, "and as long as there is a roof belonging to

him I will live under it. I made a terrible mistake, but some day he will forgive me."

Within her own heart Mabella, great in her love and trust, thought it would not be long till he came to her; she remembered those silent moments in the past when Lanty had made mute acknowledgment of his fault, and she had bestowed voiceless pardon. Mabella knew when she and Lanty met there would be no need for words, and she felt the moment would be too sacred for any other eyes, be they never so loving, to witness.

The first day passed; she saw Lanty at a distance working in the fields. Friday came but did not bring him, and she grew nervous and frightened; the day passed, and the night, but she was growing more and more nervous; she started awake with terror many times during the night; she fancied she saw a face at the window; she thought she heard footsteps round and round the house.

Saturday brought her many visitors, Vashti among the rest. Vashti talked to her about the finding of Hemans' body, the ghost, and the terror which the village lay under, and then departed.

As Saturday waned down to night a sick nervous fear oppressed Mabella; she lit two lamps and tried to fight off her terrors. The ticking of the clock seemed to grow louder and louder. Dorothy tossed in her sleep. Mabella had kept the child awake to cheer her till the little one was thoroughly overtired. The tension became almost unbearable. She rose, frightened at the sound of her own footstep and took Lanty's violin from the shelf; she could not play, but she thought it would comfort her to pick at the vibrant strings which were so responsive to Lanty's touch. She seated herself beside the lamp—her back to the front door, and facing the door in the rear. She thought she heard a noise behind her—she turned swiftly to look over her shoulder—she caught the shadow of a face at the front window—her eyes dilated. There came a sound from the rear door,

and a breath of air. She forced her eyes to look. A tall figure, wrapped in black and with gleaming eyes, stood between the lintels. The fiddle fell; its strings breaking with a shriek. Mabella gave one scream of terror, "Lansing—Lansing!" and darted toward the cot where the child lay—but ere she reached it the front door came crashing in, as Lanty dashed his shoulders against it, and before Mabella quite lost consciousness she felt his strong arms about her, and knew that nothing could harm her.

With Mabella in his arms Lanty rushed across the little kitchen to the empty portal of the rear door, and looked forth, and in the starlight saw his cousin Vashti with head down, running like a hunted hare for home.

"I know you!" he cried in a clarion-like voice—and Vashti heard.

Lanty eager, yet ashamed to seek Mabella's pardon, had held lonely vigil without the little cottage; it was his footstep which had so terrified her. It was the fleeting shadow of his face which she had seen. As she looked around he had withdrawn out of sight, and was crouched beside the window when he heard her cry of "Lansing—Lansing!" Only twice before had she called him thus. Once when she came to his arms in Mullein meadow; once during the terrible day when Dorothy came to them, and when Lanty heard it the third time it was as a chord made up of the greatest joy, the greatest agony of his life; he would have crossed the river of death to answer it.

Mabella opened her eyes beneath his kisses. She looked at him, and put up her hand to stroke his face. He caught it and pressed it against his eyes.

They were wet.

"Don't, my dear," she said. "You break my heart," and then the tears so long repressed gushed from her own eyes—and Lanty and Mabella were each other's again—and forever. And when they were a little calmer they talked together, and each learned how

the other had chosen Vashti as an ambassadress of peace.

"Poor Vashti!" said Mabella, a swift comprehension, denied to the stupidity of man, coming to her woman's heart.

"Poor Vashti!" echoed Lanty contemptuously. "Poor Vashti indeed! Just wait."

"Oh Lanty," said Mabella with a sob in her voice, "don't *you* condemn her; that would be too cruel."

Lanty said nothing; he had his own thoughts. But the joy of their reunion dwarfed all other interests and peace rested in their hearts.

And Vashti? She had shown no mercy; she expected none. That Lanty would make her name a hissing in Dole she did not doubt.

But so strange is human nature, that Vashti Lansing, confronted with the prospect of shame and mockery for herself, turned to thoughts of her husband. She dreaded the ordeal of the service of the next day upon him. A vague but omnipresent sense of uneasiness, quite apart from dread for herself, weighed upon her. She took a lamp and went into Sidney's room softly; she bent above him. With the stillness of deep sleep upon him he lay very quiet. the delicacy of his clear-cut countenance enhanced rather than modified by the white pillow, and as he slept he smiled. To natures such as his, which harbour neither dislike, distrust nor condemnation of any living thing, sleep is indeed beneficent.

As Vashti looked, slow tears globed her eyes, but did not fall. They were, in all honesty, tears for her husband, not for herself. She bent nearer him and touched him with her lips—perhaps the only time she had ever done so of her own volition.

"I must see him through to-morrow," she murmured—then turning away she left the room. What did she mean? It is hard to pierce to the core of such a woman's soul; but in her great eyes there was the look of one so weary that the prospect of Eternal Sleep seems sweet.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next dawn drew from out the dark, bright with the portents of a perfect day.

All the hollow heaven was blue as a turquoise stone.

Vashti faced the sunny hours, which yet loomed so black for her, with that courage and calm which grows out of over-much torture.

Pain becomes its own anæsthetic in course of time—and this numbness had crept over proud Vashti Lansing. She had made others suffer much, but they all had their compensations. Who can say how much she suffered herself?

As the hour for the service drew near, Sidney became very nervous. Vashti tried vainly to console him, but all her soothing words failed to impress him. It was as if she strove to grave an image upon quicksilver.

At last she said to him gently :

“It will be given thee in that hour what thou shalt say.”

His face brightened.

“Of course it will,” he said simply.

“That has happened to me before.”

They left the house together. The sun seemed to be more radiant in its revealings than usual that morning, and as Vashti walked down the path its radiance seemed to linger and dwell about her. “A gold frame about the dearest picture upon earth,” said Sidney, his loving eyes alight with the adoration of first love. And as he saw her that morning she was very beautiful.

Passing the common height of women she had grown more statuesque and slender, the lithe plastic grace of her girlhood had fixed into a gracious, womanly dignity. Her great grey eyes were profoundly mysterious. They looked out desolately from her tragic face, as the altar lamps of a desecrated temple might shine upon the waste places.

They arrived at the church a little late.

The congregation was already assembled—and such a congregation! Never in all the annals of Dole had

there been such an one. The village had simply emptied itself into the church.

Lanty and Mabella were there, the light of perfect peace and love upon their brows.

Ann Serrup and her baby sat in Mrs. Ranger's pew. That good woman, trembling before the shadow of the “judgment” she was always prophesying, had secured Ann apparently to offer in evidence of good faith, if need arose.

Nathan and Temperance occupied one end of their accustomed pew, crushed into the corner by the overflowing of the unprecedented assembly. And seated in the middle of the church, well back, but just in a line from the pulpit, sat a stranger.

A man with a strong square head, rugged face, and grizzled hair and beard.

A workman, one could see at a glance, and poor as the people of the congregation, but yet there was a subtle difference.

His face was more sophisticated in suffering than theirs—his poverty more poignant—for he knew, which they did not, what poor people miss. He had looked wistfully up the highways he might not tread, they looked only upon the hard road they had travelled.

He peered yearningly into paradises of learning whose gates are closed to the man whose hours are spent in toil; they did not lift their eyes beyond the little circle of their immediate needs. He craved to “reach the law within the law”; they sought their own personal salvation.

And as Sidney rose the eyes of this man dwelt upon him as one might look upon a master who had betrayed him, whom yet he follows afar off.

Sidney rose in his place.

A shaft of golden light wavered about the old-fashioned square panes of the window, and, finding the centre of one, pierced through it, and streamed in lucent radiance straight above Sidney's head.

Some in the congregation thought it was like the flaming sword that drove

Adam from Paradise, and the old workman, watching the preacher with an infinitude of yearning in his eyes, gave a deep-chested sigh and thought it pity that nature's golden illumination was just a little higher than Sidney, just a handbreadth beyond him.

With hands outstretched above them Sidney uttered the usual words of his invocation, and then gave out the hymn. There are unwritten canons which govern the selection of sacred songs, and in Dole the clergyman had been wont to begin the service with words suggestive of humbleness, or pleading, or an acknowledgment of the Deity they were addressing, or at least a filial expression of confidence in a Father's love. But Sidney had chosen another hymn than any of these—one of those yearningly sweet songs which here and there redeem the hymn-books—usually chosen at the end of the service; he took it as the keynote seemingly of his sermon :

“Oh love that wil't not let me go.”

The congregation sang it wailingly. The preacher rose again and taking for his text these words “Love, the fulfilling of the law,” closed the Bible and resting his folded hands upon it began to speak to them, so wittingly, so tenderly, that his words smote the flint of their hearts as Moses' rod did the rock. It is one of the terrible tragedies of our imagination to think that the act which saved the wandering querulous tribes alive, condemned the weary old patriarch to view the promised land only. Our souls rebel against the thought, the dispensation seems too bitter, and it is hard to reconcile ourselves to the idea that Sidney, giving the cup of Living Water to these people should himself die athirst—because he had neglected some outward forms. For surely no one could dream but that Sidney's whole life had been one long act of worship.

The old workman had never known before how beautiful the gospel of good tidings might be made. He felt it necessary to steel himself against its insidious charm. Humanized by Sidney's subtle sympathy, and presented to them

as a panacea for all human ills, it was little wonder that the old workman began to realize to the full the hold the Christ-word has upon those who believe—though their hearts be rived and strained by earthly cares, though their souls be carded like wool and woven with worldliness, yet there remain ever the little grains of love—the tiny shining particles of faith.

And, as Sidney quoted gentle passages from Holy Writ, a great hope fell upon the old workman that the man preaching these things really believed them—were it otherwise? He shuddered. The magnitude of the hypocrisy necessary for such a deception appalled this disciple of the barren truth. And his hope that Sidney believed was not based only upon the desire to know his idol worthy at least of respect for honesty, if not for judgment; deep down in the soul of this big-hearted man there lived a great love, a great concern for Sidney. He longed to know that Sidney was happy. There was no need to ask if he had suffered. From his appearance it would seem he had suffered almost to the point of death. It would be some compensation if he had won such consolation as he proffered his people. Now this attitude of the old workman's proves his devotion, for it takes a deep, deep love indeed, to make us willing to forget our personal prejudices. But as Sidney proceeded a sick fear fell upon the grey-haired man. For, if unlettered in the higher sense of the word, he yet brought to bear upon any mental question that intuitional acuteness of perception, which in a worthy way corresponds to the natural craftiness which makes comparatively ignorant men so often successful in business.

Nature's lenient mother heart tries to protect all her children—these gifts seem to be the birthright of the poor. Alas! instead of being used as a defence they are too often upraised in offensive menace.

Beneath the eloquent imagery, the deep human sympathy, the tender lovingness of Sidney's words, the old workman pierced—and found nothing.

Within the sanctuary of Sidney's soul there was no benignant Christ—only the vague splendour of altruistic ideals.

And yet—he held up before his congregation this mask of formulated faith and tricked them as the priests, hidden in the hollow images, tricked the credulous people thousands of years ago.

The old workman almost groaned aloud.

A man of the most lofty mental integrity, this mummery wrung his heart.

“Oh,” he said within himself, “if he would only, only once declare the truth—even now if he would cast away these mummy cloths of deception which swathe his spirit. If he would once, only *once* speak and redeem himself forever.”

He looked at Sidney, an agony of entreaty in his eyes, hoping against hope, he looked upon him steadfastly, and suddenly Sidney's voice faltered, a vague expression dimmed his eyes, he repeated himself, hesitated, then in utter silence his eyes roved over his congregation, here and there, as if seeking something definitely defined; and after an interval which keyed up the already tense regard of his hearers almost unendurably, Sidney found the face he sought, and with the unquestioning, unreasoning gladness of a child, he relinquished his eyes to the piteous entreaty in the workman's.

His congregation, whose prejudices had not withstood his eloquence, stirred and wondered, but Sidney heeded not, for the crisis in his life had come.

Who shall explain these things?

In vain the scientist with scalpel and microscope prys and peers, these subtleties puzzle and delude him. For by some curious telepathy, untranslatable in the symbols of spoken speech, Sidney's mind received the impression of the other man's great grief, whose only hope translated itself into a great cry, “Be true; be true.”

And Sidney answered it.

For, fixing the attention of his con-

gregation with a gesture as of one who confesses before his judges, he began to speak. And in words of surpassing and subtle eloquence he laid bare every secret of his soul to them. With eyes exalted and glorified he spoke of his love for Vashti Lansing; he told how she had entreated him, how he had hesitated, “but” he said, “her beauty and her goodness stole my soul and I promised to be Minister of Dole.”

A swift intaken breath told how Dole comprehended this—the determination to be the minister's wife was easily comprehensible—but the means appalled these people with their faith in the mystic election of priests.

With searching syllables Sidney brought forth the secrets of his soul, and translated to his hearers the doubts and fears, the hopes and ideals which dwelt with him during the period of his long probation.

With face wrung with reminiscent agony he spoke of the day when, after his Profession of Faith, he was solemnly set apart to the service of the God in whom he did not believe.

In some way he made them comprehend his suffering, and a long drawn groan went up from the over-wrought people, nearly every one of whom had at one time or another agonized beneath “conviction of sin,” to whom these spiritual wrestlings were sacred as the birth-pangs of their mothers. With humbleness of spirit he traced his course among them.

He told them in simple touching words of his love for them, of his hopes for the little village in the valley, of his secret plans for their welfare.

Day by day he traced his path among them till he came to the sermon of the preceding Sunday, and, quite suddenly it all came back to him, all its cruelty, its innuendo, its bitter Mosaic logic, writ as in letters of fire upon his heart.

With an exceeding bitter cry he said, “Ah brothers! This is the evil thing of my ministry. I forgot that the true physician uses the knife as well as the healing unguent. I shrank from pain- ing you, I so eagerly wanted your

love ; I so dearly coveted your confidences ; I so ceaselessly sought your sympathy that I could not bring myself to say anything to wound you. It seems to me that for hard wrought hands like yours there must be recompense waiting ; for weary feet like yours, which have travelled by such stony ways, I thought there must be pleasant paths, and as we are forbidden to take judgment upon us, so doubtless I sinned in judging you so mercifully, but I am too weak to condemn. But my wife, my beautiful wife, more spiritual than I, did not fall into this error, and took the burden from which I shrank. She chose my text for me last Sunday, and when, after reading it I found myself without words, dumb for very pity before you, suddenly there entered into me the spirit of Vashti my wife ; I cannot explain this to you, but it is true. It was her holy spirit which spake through my unworthy lips."

A quiver shuddered through the congregation ; they remembered the old witch-wife—was burning too bitter a penance for such deeds ? Silently, but with terrible unanimity, Vashti Lansing was condemned, but their gaze did not wander for a second from the magnetic eyes of their preacher who, with a few more words of eulogy upon Vashti, which were tragically but unconsciously ironic, continued in an almost apologetic way, "I would be the last to question the inspiration of my last Sunday's sermon to you, but yet," more humbly still, as one who, whilst excusing himself, still persists in error, "but yet I can't help thinking we should not dwell too much upon the inclement side of justice ; why grieve over sudden deaths when we have read of those who, 'were not, for God took them ?' Why scorn death-bed repentances when we remember the thief on the cross ? Why scoff and turn away from those who sin ; why predict generations of shame for them when it is written, 'Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow

gold.' " The imagery of the words he had quoted diverted his thoughts to another channel, the apology died from his voice, to be succeeded by the triumph of the high priest who chants a pæan to his divinity, and he uttered an impassioned plea to the men and women before him to endeavour to bring their lives more into accord with the beauty and sublimity of nature, and just as he was soaring into the rhapsodies of pantheistic adoration, there sounded from the elm trees the clear, sweet call of a bird.

Sidney paused and listened. It came again.

And then before the wondering eyes of the startled congregation—Sidney's face was transfigured into a semblance of glorified peace. He stood before them smiling in visible beatitude. The sun ray which had been wavering nearer and nearer to him descended upon his brow like an aureole, nature's golden crown to the soul which adored her ; an instant the congregation saw their preacher thus—for the third time the bird's imperatively sweet cry sounded, and Sidney, turning as one who responds to a personal summons, descended the pulpit stair, and following the bird's voice out into the sunshine of the summer day, and was gladly gathered to its bosom. Henceforth he had no part in human hopes or fears. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," a heaven of infinite freshness, of illimitable joy, of inexhaustible possibilities and gladness.

Sidney's spirit had burst the bars of the prison house and won back to the places of innocent delight, from which each day bears us farther away.

Ere he reached the door the grey-haired workman was at his side ; there were tears in his eyes—a holy awe upon his countenance, as of one who had witnessed an apotheosis. He wrung Sidney's hand—and Sidney gazed upon him with infinite impersonal loving-kindness—with such a regard one might dream the Deity regarded his creatures.

The workman strove to speak, but the words died in his throat.

"I am so pleased to see you," said Sidney gently. "You have been long away."

"Yes," said the man, "yes—and I must journey on again."

"Then," said Sidney, "I wish you pleasant ways, calm seas and safe haven."

He clasped both the workman's hands in his.

So they parted forever. The one to tread the hard road down to "the perishing white bones of a poor man's grave."

The other to stray along the golden vistas of ecstatic dreams—till they merged in the dream of death.

And as the workman turned away the congregation came forth and gathered about Sidney; each one in passing the door had turned to give a look of contempt at Vashti where she sat, still and unmoved in her place, and each marvelled at her quietude, but when all the congregation drew from out the church, and yet Vashti did not come, the mothers in Israel went back and found her still sitting there—for she was paralyzed in every limb, though an alert intelligence shone in her great eyes.

They gathered about her, and she confronted them still and silent as another Sphinx with her secret unrevealed. The curse of perpetual inaction had fallen upon her impetuous will; her superb body was shackled by stronger gyves than human ingenuity could devise.

They told Sidney gently of what had befallen his wife—but as That Other said "Who is my mother?" so Sidney said, "Who is my wife?" and let his gaze wander to where, high above the housetops, the swallows soared black against the blue. . . .

Mabella and Temperance waited tenderly upon Vashti. Whatever her sins were they were terribly expiated through the interminable days and nights she rested there, a living log, imprisoning a spirit fervid as flame, a will as imperious as ever, an intelligence acutely lucid.

We shrink from reckoning up the

sum of this woman's torture, augmented by each loathed kindness to which she must submit.

With extraordinary resolution she feigned herself dumb in their hands, from the beginning she had crucified this one of the few faculties left her—she did not choose to be questioned, she would not complain.

She remembered the dream she had had upon the night of her betrothal, and knew that its curse had come upon her.

Lanty sometimes came to her, when she was alone, and told her that he forgave her—that he was sorry for her; he told her again and again, and hoped she understood—but she made no sign—though this all but slew her spirit.

They contrived a wheeled chair for her, and when the weather was fine took her abroad into the sunshine, and sometimes on a summer Sunday, when Lanty did no work, he and Mabella would take her to Mullein meadow, because it was a place of sweet memories to them.

But one grows heartsick at thought of the refined and exquisite tortures this woman endured. Endured unsubdued—for never by one syllable did Vashti break the silence which she had imposed upon her tormented soul.

Dole hoped against hope for the restoration of its beloved preacher, but it never came.

He was vowed to the worship of nature.

At long length another preached in his pulpit, an earnest, commonplace man, wise enough to accept with little question accepted truths, only sensitive enough to feel vaguely that he was an alien to the hearts of his people, but attributing the barrier between them to his great superiority. Dole did not forget its duty to the church, but the congregations there were never so great as those which gathered in the churchyard when Sidney came every now and then to talk to them from beneath the elm trees, telling the wonderful truths about Nature, revealing to them in parable the pathos and possibilities of their own lives, bidding

them aspire always, expounding to them the miracles writ in letters of flowers upon the hillside, and spelled in starry symbols against the sky. They brought their children to him even as the women brought their babes to be blessed by the Redeemer, and Sidney taught them with unwearied patience, and in more than one instance sowed seed which brought forth an hundredfold. He no longer took solitary walks, for one or other of the Dole children was sent with him always, a happy reverent attendant, whose only duty consisted in suggesting that the dreamer turn towards home at noon or nightfall.

And so we leave Sidney, rapt in the ecstasy of a happy dream, wherein by

clairvoyant vision he saw "good in everything."

Nor need we split theological hairs analyzing his claims to mercy.

A mortal genius has said :

"He prayeth best who loveth best
Both man and beast and bird."

And the Christ forgave a great sinner because she "had loved much."

Upon these pleas Sidney's case must rest, if ever he is called before the Grand Jury.

As to the wreck of his mortal life, we can but remember the words of an Eastern martyr, spoken long, long ago—"It is better to be a crystal and be broken than to be a tile upon the housetop and remain."

Joanna E. Wood.

THE END.

SHOOTING THE RUFFED GROUSE.

By Reginald Gourlay.

THE ruffed grouse (*Bonasa Umbellus*) of North America, is the game bird "par excellence" for the crack wing-shot to display his prowess upon. He is beyond question the hardest game bird on this continent to kill fairly on the wing. The sportsman who makes a good bag of ruffed grouse as they rise from his dog's points, or from unforeseen flushes, has a perfect right to call himself a "crack shot." His beauty of plumage, great table merits, arrowy swiftness of flight, and—in districts where he has been much hunted—his singular wariness and intelligence, mark him out above all others as a royal bird for the sportsmanlike hunter's pursuit. This wariness and intelligence, by the way, is the result of education, of "accumulated experience" as Herbert Spencer would call it, as regards the danger to all his race from the destroyer man and his uncanny gun and inquisitive dogs. The ruffed grouse of the backwoods, staring down on the hunter with idiotic curiosity from an overhanging hemlock bough, or strutting

in front of him along the logger's path, or bush trail, is a very different bird from the grouse of the settled districts, hurling himself into the cover like a mottled streak of lightning at the mere sound of the sportsman's voice if he incautiously speak to his comrade, or encourage his dog.

This change from confidence to fear, from indifference to wariness, may be noticed more or less in all wild beasts and birds that are pursued by man. It seems to me a clear proof that wild animals are able to hand down accumulated experience from one generation to another.

The range of the ruffed grouse, called "partridge" in the north and west, and "pheasant" in the south, is extensive. To the north he goes as far as the territory of the ptarmigan or willow grouse (*Lagopus albus*,) a beautiful game bird likewise, and is even found in the southern portions of the latter's country. For instance, the ruffed grouse is found in great numbers north of Lake Abbittibi, almost up to the shores of Hudson's

Bay. In the same tract of country, the ptarmigan and the pretty little spruce grouse (*D. Canadensis*), also a distinctly northern bird, are very plentiful. The ruffed grouse is also found in all the great stretch of country from the Atlantic ocean on the east, to the west as far as the timber extends, and comprising most of Canada, all the eastern, and the greater part of the southern and western States. In the extreme south his place is taken by the quail, the game bird "par excellence" of the south. The latter is a charming little bird, and quite an easy bird to miss too, but in my opinion, not to be compared, as regards the skill required to bring him to bay, whether exerted by the sportsman or his dog, with the magnificent game bird that is the subject of this paper.

As I hinted before, the grouse is easy enough to shoot (sitting) in the wilder parts of this continent, where he is still in a benighted and unsophisticated state. I shall speak of him, therefore, in the remainder of this paper, as he is in the more settled portions of the States and Canada, where he has, so to speak, enjoyed a liberal education, and accordingly "evolved" into a bird of conspicuous intelligence and unequalled skill in avoiding the acquaintance of the average sportsman.

In these parts, the ruffed grouse is beyond comparison the most difficult bird to bring to bay in North America, without excepting even the wily woodcock, or the (alas!) rapidly vanishing wild turkey. There are several reasons for this. One is the astounding rapidity of his flight, which, even under the most favourable circumstances, renders it quite an easy feat to shoot behind him. Many a grouse, after presenting a fair cross-shot to the hunter, has left some of his tail feathers behind him, without having a single pellet placed in a vital part. Another is his singular promptitude in availing himself of any advantages afforded him by the nature of the ground or cover, when he takes to

flight. All other upland game birds—without exception—tower towards the light on being flushed, and select the most open part of the cover to fly through. The grouse, on the contrary, invariably selects the thickest part of the cover he can find, and goes crashing off through it in a manner marvelous to behold. Even when flushed in open woods, an old cock grouse before he has gone thirty feet will have managed to place the biggest tree in the vicinity between himself and the gunner. He never loses his self-possession under the most trying circumstances. Still another trait of his, that greatly tends to his preservation, is his singular dislike to the human voice. A single loud word to the dog, while drawing on birds, will often flush a whole pack of grouse out of shot. Perhaps this is the reason why in these days, when the fair sex are beginning to display their prowess in the field, I have never heard of a lady shooting a ruffed grouse.

The ideal pointer or setter for grouse-shooting should be broken to obey the waving of the hand, and not require speaking to at all. On the whole, whoever shoots this bird on the wing, deserves to get him.

The ruffed grouse will, probably, as long as cover is left him, survive as a wild game bird longer than any other species in America. Let him only be guarded against the vile and pernicious snare, and he will hold his own against dog and gun for many a generation, especially in mountainous regions.

The difficulty of making a good bag of grouse in a mountain country, and the amount of healthy and invigorating exercise the sportsman takes while trying to accomplish this feat, I know well by actual experience. I will here try to give the reader some idea of what the fun is like. You begin by flushing your birds in the heavy timber at the foot of a ridge, say about a thousand or twelve hundred feet high. You flush a good pack of them (there are generally lots of birds in such places), but you somehow don't get a

shot just then, and the birds progress merrily on up hill. You know by old experience that they have gone to the very top of the ridge, and you proceed to follow them. This is pretty stiff exercise to begin with, and not very conducive to a steady finger on the trigger. The last hundred feet of the ascent you find necessary to negotiate on your hands and knees. It is about this time that you find it incumbent on you to address your dog. You daren't speak loud for your life; so you exhort him in an intense sibilant whisper "to keep in"! "To heel"! etc., etc. In vain. Just at the steepest part, when you are literally hanging on with your eyelids, you hear a loud whizzing, whirring sound, and are regaled by the sight of the whole pack sailing past you down hill; one big fellow coming so near you that you can actually see him wink. You manage at last to slue yourself partly round, at the imminent risk of pitching down the slope, and fire wildly and unsteadily after the last one. You succeed in shivering the top of a pine tree, about ten feet behind him. Then you stand on the summit and let the fresh air of heaven play about your brow. You want fresh air badly just then, after which you go down after those birds again. Before long you are compelled by circumstances, over which you have no control, to come up once more, and so forth, and so on, *du capo*. Sometimes, however, as Rider Haggard would say, "a lucky thing happens," which repays you for all your toil. A fine old bird comes tearing past through the tree tops, when you are in a position that enables you to "get well on him." As the smoke drifts off, you "mark with well-contented eye," the feathers stream on the breeze, and see the big fellow hit the ground a hundred yards below you, with a thump that recalls to your mind the immortal saying of the Irish gamekeeper: "Shure it was no use firin' at that bird, sor! The fall would hev' kilt him"! Ruffed grouse shot in this way are honestly earned birds, and this is why true sportsmen prize a good bag of them so greatly.

Of course, even in the tolerably settled districts, many a poor grouse is still treed by some barking cur dog, and butchered sitting by the pothunter who owns the dog. I am glad to say, however, that in most places where they are much hunted, the birds, even when numerous, are beginning to know far too much "to tree" under any ordinary circumstances. When they do, they now generally select the very topmost boughs of some giant hemlock or pine, where they are well hidden from below by the foliage. This move of the grouse mostly results in affording our friend the pothunter a good deal more searching than shooting. I ought to explain that by "pot-hunter" I mean a man who shoots game (generally sitting) in season and out of season, and then sells it at all times to any one mean enough to buy the same. The prohibition in Canada of the sale of upland game at any season of the year, has completely taken the wind out of the sails of this individual as far as that country is concerned, as he shoots simply and solely to sell his game, and not for his own use or amusement.

Late one fall evening I met a typical gentleman of this persuasion on his way to a beech ridge to pot some unhappy grouse—or "pa'tridge" as he called them—while "budding," *i.e.*, eating the young buds on the ironwood and beech trees. He was followed by an animal which, in the uncertain light, closely resembled an animated roll of old buffalo robe with the hair worn off in spots. It had a tail on it. "How does your dog work?" said I, by way of being polite. "Fuss-rate," said he, leaning pensively on his old gun, and regarding the interesting quadruped, who looked back at him meanwhile with a baleful eye. "He wants some trainin' yet, but he's improvin' a heap. Las' season he swaltered pretty much every bird that fell any ways off 'fore I could git thar, but I've pretty near belted the life out ov him fer it, an' this year I can generally git a holt on the bird before he hes it quite down."

Courteously declining his kind offer to let me accompany himself and the swallerin dog "to see him wurk," I left this skilful dog-trainer and true sportsman, and departed on my own way. Thoroughly broken dogs are required for hunting the ruffed grouse—dogs that will obey a signal, and that don't require to be spoken to. A pointer or setter who is first-rate on quail, woodcock or prairie chicken, (pinnated grouse), will often flush wild three out of six ruffed grouse, till he gets used to their keen senses and wary ways. A winged ruffed grouse requires a steady dog to retrieve him, for he

runs like a rabbit, and has a habit when hard pressed of hiding in the hollow of some old log or dead tree, or in a brush heap. On the whole, I consider that you can get more thorough exercise by the hour when in pursuit of ruffed grouse than when after any other game bird I know.

I am happy to say also that, for the reasons I have given in this paper, the ruffed grouse, as long as some of his covers and mountain ranges are left with their woodlands untouched by the axe, will continue to be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," to the true sportsman for many generations yet.

THE ROSE.

OF all the flowers that Love gave me,
 My memory gives one ;
 As looking at the galaxy,
 Or at the flooding sun,
 Thine eyes pale Hesper chooseth,
 When the wide day is done.

Though Beauty be the queen of all,
 First find thee graces there !
 The gorgeous with the virginal,
 In truth dare not compare ;
 Mayhap, for beauty looking,
 Grace adds thy needed share.

And so I found her, maiden true,
 In qualities supreme :
 The softness of the morning's dew,
 The brilliance of its beam ;
 The royal and the modest,
 Where each may either seem.

What hold I here ! plucked from her breast,
 Ye gods ! a red warm rose ;
 Oh ! all my fancies go to nest,
 For o'er me rapture flows ;
 I had not dreamed that loving
 Would find truth at the close.

John Stuart Thomson.



BERMUDA—THE TOWN OF HAMILTON.

THE CHARMS OF BERMUDA.

By Byron Nicholson.

A GLANCE at the map shows that the Bermuda Islands lie southward and eastward of the Gulf stream, and that they are intersected by the thirty-second parallel of north latitude and the sixty-fourth meridian of west longitude. All lovers of Shakespere will remember that they are, in part, the scene of *The Tempest*.

In the second scene of the first act, *Ariel* says to *Prospero* :

“ Safely in harbour
Is the King’s ship ; in that deep nook where
once
Thou didst call me up at midnight to fetch
dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes.”

The islands are said to number one for every day in the year ; and yet their combined area is not more than twenty square miles, being about an eighth as large as the Isle of Wight, that charming retreat of another great English writer, the late Poet Laureate. They rest on a foundation of coral, which has been reared by the industrious coral-producing zoophite on the edges of a submerged crater which countless ages ago appeared above the surface of the

Atlantic, but eventually disappeared beneath its waves. So translucent is the water around the islands, that, from the summit of a hill near the shore and forty feet high, the spectator may clearly see lovely shells and sea-weed lying on the bottom fully twenty feet beneath the surface. Though so near the tropics, the climate is free from extremes of heat and cold, Fahrenheit’s thermometer seldom registering lower than 65 in winter or higher than 85 in summer. This equable temperature is chiefly due to the complete isolation of the islands (being at least six hundred miles from the mainland) so that they ever enjoy the benefits of salubrious sea breezes, blow they from what quarter soever. There is absolute freedom from the cold dips that sometimes prevail in the Mississippi valley, blighting vegetation and sorely trying the delicate constitution of the invalid, so that as a health resort the Bermudas enjoy an advantage over the Southern States.

The productions of the tropics flourish in the islands, not because the heat is intense, but because they are never ex-

posed to frost, winter being practically unknown. Here are found the graceful bamboo, the cocoa palm, the palmetto, the mangrove, the gru-gru palm, the orange, the lemon, and the banana, and yet not a poisonous plant can be found throughout the whole group.

In the woods the bluebird, on the wing, seems like a bit of deep azure sky of Italy endowed with life, whilst the crimson gros-beak flying amongst trees lights up the scene as with an ambient flame. In the placid bays fish, unknown to colder waters, disport themselves—a wonderful variety of brilliant tints, pink, rose-colour, white, blue, orange, emerald, yellow and ruby. The angel-fish, (so-called from its wing-like fins and quaintly human looking face), with its scales of brown and white, gills of deep blue, and other parts blue and yellow, is one of the most curious, as well as most beautiful of them all. A native of Erin would find him-

self perfectly at home in the Bermudas, for reptiles are unknown, and potatoes abundant; whilst the Welshman and Spaniard would be equally happy amid a profusion of leeks, onions and garlic. No wonder, then, that one of the islands is called Ireland, and that another rejoices in the name of St. Davids, whilst Spanish Point reminds one of Spain's naval prowess, in days long past, gone, perhaps, forever.

The scenery atones for a good deal of the physical discomfort which many people experience in the short sea voyage between New York or Halifax and the Islands. Always you have the atmosphere and surroundings of mountain and sea. The green cedar-mantled hills are crossed by excellent roads that present delightful views. You are impressed with the immensity of the Atlantic and the complete isolation of

islands. The scenery may not be sublime, but it is certainly picturesque, and in many places romantic. One of the favourite resorts of tourists and others is "Fairy Land," and well does it deserve its name, for it is a spot of bewitching beauty. Over roads formed of natural beds of coral, and so porous as to absorb the rain almost as soon as it falls from the clouds, one may drive or cycle for miles between rows of lofty cedars, or hedges of gigantic oleanders or rocks thirty feet in height and densely covered with



BERMUDA—A SCREW PALM.

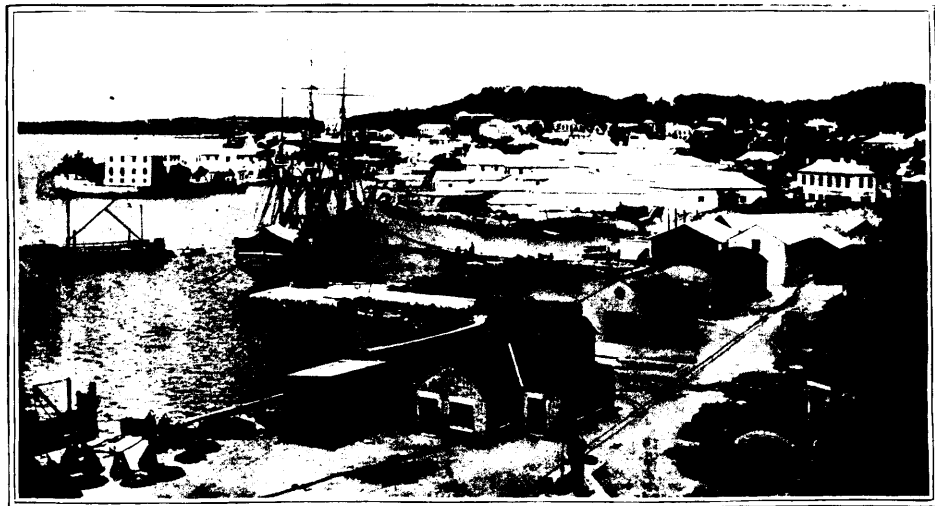
luxuriant vines which bear the most brilliant of gorgeous flowers, whilst here and there the eye is charmed with fields of magnificent roses and sweet Easter lilies. Indeed the cultivation of these lilies for export may be said to be one of the industries of the native population. In March and April the oleander is one glory of blossom and colour; the hibiscus is gay with bloom, and the graceful "pride of India"



BERMUDA—THE POET MOORE'S HOUSE.

tree bears its delicate lavender tinted flower and luxuriant foliage. On the shores the long Atlantic rollers come charging in, their crests blue as turquoise, the wind-blown spray running along their length until they are broken in white ruin on the rocks. Delightful excursions may be made to some bold promontory, or expansive bay, or natural bridge, or to one of those numerous caves which are amongst the most remarkable of the

phenomena of Bermuda. Into some of these one descends by steps cut out of a living rock; into others you are rowed by a boatman. Here you find a miniature lake with its strange finny inhabitants; then you see exquisite stalactites depending from roof and sides. Here you behold immense stalagmites rising from the floor, and now the ear is charmed with mellifluous music made by the drops of water as they fall from the marvellously sculp-



BERMUDA—THE TOWN OF ST. GEORGES.



BERMUDA—A CORAL STONE QUARY.

tured vault above into the emerald waters beneath. This is not the place to enter into the natural history of the wondrous formation found in these caves, but one of them, a stalagmite, is so remarkable that it must not be passed over in silence. Geologists tell us that it must have taken six hundred thousand years to attain its present dimensions, and their calculations are based upon observations which have been carried on for nearly fifty years.

taste, are uniformly polite, and very religious, if one may judge from their attendance at public worship. Indeed almost everyone goes to church in the Bermudas, and that man must be very fastidious who cannot find some sort of worship to suit him, be he Catholic or identified with some of the numerous dissenting bodies. Besides the natives, the inhabitants are chiefly British, belonging to the army and navy; for, except Gibraltar, Ber-

muda is the strongest fortress in England's possessions, being the strategic centre of the North American and West Indies station. It is the rendezvous of the Atlantic squadron, and on the east of Ireland Island there is



BERMUDA—AN EASTER LILY FIELD.

a splendid bay more than ten miles from the open sea, in which the whole British fleet could ride safely at anchor whilst the most terrific storms were raging outside. Here, too, is the greatest floating dock in the world, large enough to dry dock the biggest vessel in the navy. It was built in the county Kent, England, and took eight weeks to cross the Atlantic. It is needless to say that there are many extensive arsenals on the islands, and that every point of importance is protected by tower or battery.

One is rather surprised to learn that newspapers have been published in Bermuda for more than a century; but one is not so surprised to find some very fair libraries. There are well-conducted government schools for children in general, and admirable private schools for those who can afford them. In the larger towns there are three mail deliveries daily, and two in the smaller places. It will readily be seen then, that Bermuda is an ideal place for the tourist, especially those who need rest and recuperation. Hence it is that facilities for going there have been marvellously improved during the last twenty years, as also hotel accommodation for visitors. Then a small steamer made the voyage from New York once in three weeks; now the Quebec Steamship Company supply a weekly service, the vessels being from seventeen hundred to twenty-five hundred tons burden, with all the latest appliances for the safety and comfort of the passengers. Then there was a disagreeable journey of five days; now a fairly pleasant trip of about forty-eight hours. Then, except for visits of the little steamer, one was isolated from the rest of the world; now there is

telegraphic communication everywhere. Then the tourist had to put up with ordinary hotel accommodation; now he finds palatial buildings furnished with every convenience and luxury. What a contrast between the Bermudas which were the haunts of pirates two hundred years ago and the Bermudas as they are now, under the benign sway of Great Britain.

But notwithstanding all the advantages and inducements this terrestrial



BERMUDA—A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE.

paradise holds out to tourists and others, it can never become the resort of people who are in any way objectionable, particularly those who are known as sharpers. They would simply be ignored, ostracised, by all who had any pretensions to social standing, especially by the naval and military officers and their families; and they would find the amusements too quiet and refined to suit the coarser tastes. What pleasure would people who lead what is called a fast life possibly take in

such innocent recreations as driving, cycling or boating, in golf or tennis, looking at military parades or watching quiet regattas, visiting the caves and shores, or collecting specimens of shells and sea anemones, listening to military bands of music, or attending amateur theatricals? No, the tourist will never have to and fault with the class of people to be met with in the Bermudas.

From the beginning of November to the middle of April there is a constant stream of visitors from Canada and the United States. Some come for rest, some follow the sun, as Europeans fly to the Riviera and Italy. The climate is undeniably beneficial to persons suffering from weak nerves. The principal hotels, conducted on the American system, are, as a rule, very well situated, and are well-equipped and spacious. There are, besides, several boarding houses. The average ex-

pense is from 8s. to 20s. per day. Carriages and bicycles can be had at any moment, and, as I have said before, the roads leave little to be desired. In a mercantile sense, Bermuda is abreast of the times. There are modern shops and very reasonable tariffs. The only fault the tourist can find with these lovely islands—these emeralds set in coral, and ever laved by the delicate, opalescent waters, the balmiest and brightest of seas and the snowy foam of the broad Atlantic; this climate of surpassing softness—is that, when he is once there, the unique and varied charms of the place so grow on him, make themselves so dear to him, become so seductive and enchanting, that he longs to stay among these “bowers of Ariel” forever. If, as Alfred de Musset says, “Winter is an illness,” then, obviously, Bermuda is the remedy.

CHEKKO AND UNCLE BEN.*

By Cy Warman.

TRUTH is stranger than poetry. This tale is true, and you shall read it just as it came to Hector McRea and me. Hector, who is the sole witness to the narrative, is a well-known pioneer, guide, interpreter, mining expert and judge of judges. This strange story came to us from the lips of one of the survivors, between sighs that at times, were almost sobs:

It was in the summer of '97 that a quiet man came to Calgary on the Canadian Pacific, District of Alberta, to open an assay office. It was a week or two later, that a miner, ore-stained and wind-browned, pushed his way into the local bank and asked for the manager. The paying-teller indicated a back room, and the man went in. The manager turned slowly on his revolving chair, the stranger looked at him steadily for a moment, shook

his head slowly, sighed and turned away.

“No, he's not the man,” he said, moving toward the door.

“What can I do for you?” asked the manager.

“O, nuthin', I was lookin for Mr. Macquagin.”

“That is my name.”

“Yes—I know, but you ain't the man—you ain't Sandy Macquagin.”

The disappointment and bereavement of the stranger interested the manager, and in a little while he had the sad story. The hoar hermit, after years of hill and bush life, seemed quite willing to talk. Finding himself face to face with a white man, the past came back again, even his boyhood's happy days down in old Kentucky.

They had been pards for years. Macquagin, who was younger, was known

* Published in Canada by special arrangement.

as Sandy, and this grizzled trailman as Uncle Ben.

Indeed, that was the only name he gave, or would give.

Yes, they had been pardes, but in an evil hour they strolled into El Paso, the cards and a woman went against them, they quarrelled, each reached for his gun—and then they both changed their minds.

That night they parted on the banks of the Rio Grande, but with the promise that, whichever happened to be first to find pay dirt, should look the other up and share the fortune with him. They were to be partners still, but never again to sleep under the same blanket.

Sandy remained in El Paso with the senorita at his feet rolling and lighting cigarettes for him. Uncle Ben wandered to the north and fell in with a very wise Indian, named Chekko, who lived alone far from any man, red or white.

In time Chekko and Uncle Ben became fast friends. One night the Indian had a dream. He dreamed that away to the north ran a river, whose shoal waters rippled over pebbles of gold. Going into the bush, he brought forth a staff of witch-hazel—a sort of

divining rod, and off he started for British Columbia, followed closely by Uncle Ben.

After weeks and months of weary marching, when in a deep canon in the heart of the Selkirks, Chekko stopped suddenly, and looked at the walls on either side. The divining rod quivered and pointed into a side canon. They

had gone but a little ways up the narrow gulch when the rod was wrenched from Chekko's grasp, and fell upon his foot. Hard by they saw a running brook, the black sands of which were brilliant with pebbles of gold. In proof of his story, Uncle Ben brought from his deep pockets any amount of dust, nuggets and a small bar of pure gold. They had been in the gorge for more than two years. Chekko, in addition to being super-

stitious, had a great dread of white men. They were all thieves and robbers, he said, and he had sworn by the bark of the witch-hazel that no white man would ever come within twenty paces of him, and he, if he knew it and could avoid it, would not pass within twenty miles of a white man.

And so it had taken Uncle Ben two



"But now (he dashed a tear away) it was all off."

years to persuade Chekko to allow him to take the gold out to Sandy Macquagin, who, as Uncle Ben had learned, ran a bank at Calgary.

He knew Sandy, he said, and knew him to be an honest man.

But now (he dashed a tear away) it was all off. This Macquagin was not Sandy, and he would not deceive Chekko.

Gathering up his gold Uncle Ben moved toward the door.

"Do you think Sandy would buy your gold if you could find him?" asked the banker.

"O, I don't want him to buy it. I only wanted him to take it and ship it away an' git some sort of machine to git the gold out with. You see the whole mountain's full of this kind o' rock," and as he spoke he produced a handful of the richest gold quartz that had ever been seen in Calgary.

Now the banker could not know, positively, that the slab was gold or that the great nuggets were not nuggets of brass, but this quartz was good rock and he wanted some of it. As Uncle Ben put the specimens back into his deep pockets and reached for the door, the banker spoke:

"Perhaps, if you can't find Sandy, you'll let me help you out."

The old prospector smiled sadly, and shook his head.

"No," he said, "I don't say you ain't square, an' I thank you very kindly, but Chekko won't have it—not fer a minute."

That was all he said, and he passed out into the street, followed the street until it became a dim waggon road, then a trail, and when the trail pinched out disappeared upon the trackless prairie.

The quiet man with the brown beard and the Georgia accent, who had come to Calgary to open an assay office became, in a few short weeks, one of the "leading citizens." He identified himself at once with one of the churches (the oldest and most aristocratic in the camp), sang in the choir and taught a class in Sunday School when the regular man was away in the hills. This

is of the first importance when you open a new business in a Canadian town—to "identify" yourself.

The manager of the local bank attended the same service and so the two men became acquainted. But the banker did not tell the assayer of his mysterious visitor, or of the far-away river that rippled over a bed of gold. Not that he had forgotten. He lost many an hour's sleep on account of Uncle Ben and his fascinating story.

Three fretful, feverish weeks passed, the door squeaked and Uncle Ben stood once more in the banker's private office. The banker tried to appear unconcerned. He got up and closed the door that Uncle Ben had left open, but before he had resumed his seat the strange visitor had swung it wide again. "The whole wide world ain't none too big fer me," said Uncle Ben, "an' they ain't no use droppin' the blanket over a square deal."

The old man had abode so long in the open, seeing and knowing only Chekko, that he hated four walls and no opening.

It required a great deal of diplomacy upon the part of the banker to bring the old miner to consider a proposition from a Macquagin who was not Sandy. Finally, by careful angling, the money man got from Uncle Ben a vague promise that if Chekko could be won over, he would be willing to allow the banker to help them out, but with the explicit understanding that the manager should risk nothing. This was the wish of the honest old prospector. He even insisted that the banker should have the bar, nuggets and the dust tested before shipping the former, so that no embarrassment could possibly come to his new friend. It was further agreed that the banker, for his part in the work, should have a one-third interest in all that Chekko and Uncle Ben possessed.

"But before we do more," said Uncle Ben, "you take this bar to an assayer, or two if they's two in town, an' see if it's all right."

Carefully covering the little slab of gold with a newspaper, the banker stole out in search of a man with cru-

cible and scales and bottles and things for testing ore.

Of course, the old miner went along; not that he doubted the honesty of the banker, but he had sworn to Chekko, touching the witch-hazel, that the treasure should not leave his sight. They called upon the old assayer, who had come to Calgary with the railroad and had never accumulated enough wealth to take him farther, but the old assayer was away. They gathered from a scrap of paper tacked on the front door that it would be three or four days before the professor would return.

The banker was saying that he would risk it and send the slab to Montreal, when the keen eye of Uncle Ben caught the swinging sign of the new man.

"Ah, to be sure," said the banker beaming. "I had forgotten that Calgary has two assayers now. How stupid of me."

"But said Uncle Ben, tugging at the banker's sleeve, "can we trust this stranger?"

"Yes, indeed. I know him well, goes to our church, fine fellow and from the south too."

The assayer was busy. They could hear him jingling his tongs, and when the door opened they could smell the ore roasting in the furnace in the little back room. When Uncle Ben had been introduced he wanted to see the great man at work, but the assayer explained to him that it was only fair to his customers that no one should enter the test room. A sprinkle of dust in a worthless sample, he explained, might cause a millionaire to exchange places with a pauper. The banker expressed the opinion that that would be a good thing—for the pauper—and appealed to Uncle Ben for his opinion on the point.

"Not if he came by it through fraud," said the old man, his steel blue eyes fixed upon the banker's face.

The assayer had informed his friend, the banker, that it would be impossible to do anything for him before the middle of the afternoon, but when the banker produced the slab of gold the assayer said he would drop his other work and make a test. The old miner,

having caught from Chekko a lurking suspicion of all white men, kept a close watch on the assayer, and when the latter came with his brace and bit it was Uncle Ben's own hand that guided the auger, the banker holding the bar in place upon the low table.

When the assayer, nervous and excited, had gone into the back room with half the borings, Uncle Ben gathered the rest up carefully, tied them in a knot in one corner of his big cotton handkerchief, and dropped them into his pocket.

In a little while the assayer came out with a bright button of gold, and a certificate fixing the value of the bar at \$19.10 an ounce. The eye of the banker danced as he looked into the dancing eye of the assayer, while Uncle Ben kept one hand on the slab. The hand of the banker trembled as he slid a crisp Canadian \$5 note into the trembling hand of the assayer.

Now the banker, passing out, called a cheery goodby to the man who had made him happy, and the latter answered "So-long;" but Uncle Ben said not a word.

When they were alone again in the banker's private office Uncle Ben informed his companion that he did not like the look of the assayer.

The banker only laughed. He was too happy to see anything but good in a world that had been good to him.

"But why did he take out twice as much gold as he needed? It is plain to me that he meant to keep the balance."

"But you brought it away with you."

"Yes," said Uncle Ben; "and I want you to take it to the other assayer when he returns and see what he says."

The banker assured the old man that it was all right.

"Yes, I suppose it is," said Uncle Ben; "but I want you to know. If the other man finds the same, then you will be satisfied." So the banker promised.

And in this way Mr. Macquagin became third owner in a mine that was a marvel or—a myth. Still the bar-

gain was not sealed. Chekko's consent must be gained. This could be brought about by Uncle Ben, and by him alone.

Now that he had overcome his own foolish fears, the storm-tanned prospector seemed anxious to win his superstitious partner over to the white man. It was upon this business that he embarked by train that afternoon for Revelstoke.

A week passed, and no word from Uncle Ben. The banker called on the assayer. He felt that he must talk with someone who knew about the bar of gold, but the assayer's office was closed. "Out of town," was all the paper talk on the door had to tell.

The banker became uneasy. Could the absence of this man have any connection with the disappearance of Uncle Ben? No, he thought not; but the days dragged like years. A dozen times a day he would take the little gold button from his pocket and look it over. On the ninth day he took the button to the old assayer, and the old assayer said it was gold.

"But what is it worth, suppose I have a peck of those buttons?"

"O, I should say about \$19."

The banker slept better that night. The new assayer had been in the bank that day, and this fact helped to quiet the banker's fears.

Still another day, and no news from Uncle Ben. The banker became restless. The suspense was unbearable. After all, what assurance had he that this button came from the auger hole? Ah, the borings! Why not have the old assayer pass upon the shavings that Uncle Ben had saved? Uncle Ben had, of course, carried the bar away with him, but the borings would do as well.

Thirty minutes from the birth of this brilliant thought the banker was waiting in the assay office for the result of the run. After what seemed an age to him, the man came out with a certificate that read, "Gold, \$19.10."

The banker slept again that night. It is wonderful what men will suffer, risk and endure for gold. It is the

white man's gold. The next day Uncle Ben came back to Calgary, but when the banker saw that he had no gold a chill passed down the banker's spine. Chekko would not consent. For nearly two weeks the white man had laboured with the old Indian, but he would not. The white men were all thieves, and if they set foot in the new camp Chekko would be driven out. Uncle Ben showed plainly his disappointment. He had come back to Calgary only to apprise the banker of what he had done, or rather failed to do, and to warn his new friend against attempting to find out the place of the golden river. Chekko never slept. If any white man came to that camp Chekko would surely shoot him with a bullet made of pure gold.

The banker had another chill. Not at dread of being filled with golden buckshot, but because of a strange coincidence. He had just read in the local paper an item headed

"BULLETS OF GOLD."

"Mr. Smith, our new and obliging assayer, whose business card can be seen in another column, and whose deep, bass voice may be heard every Sunday at the Church of the Ascension, killed a caribou on Wednesday of this week, and sold the carcass to Mr. Grass, the accomplished butcher at the corner of 4th and Brook sts. Imbedded against one of the animal's shoulder blades the butcher found a bullet of gold. While cutting up the last quarter another golden shot was found slightly flattened against the hip bone of the caribou. One of the said bullets can be seen at this office. The other, having been tested by Mr. Smith, and found to be pure gold, is on exhibition in the window of Mr. Grass's shop."

Surely the plot thickens. Just as all things seemed to conspire a few days ago to shake the banker's faith, so did these circumstances rush in to overwhelm him with evidence of the honesty of Uncle Ben and the wonderful richness of the find. To be sure, the pleasure of this brightening prospect

was marred by the sad news from the camp, the news of the old Indian's obstinacy; but surely a way could be found to get by the Indian.

Why should a heathen savage be allowed to stand between the world and knowledge—between the banker and a fortune? It was absurd. Do not Christian nations kill savages in order to civilize them, and incidentally to save their souls? He would not do murder, but he would cheerfully chloroform this old idiot, and then wake him up a rich and happy man. When he had tried every other argument on the old miner, he suggested the chloroform, but to his amazement, Uncle Ben did not even know the meaning of the word. The banker explained the nature and effect of the drug, and instantly the old miner stood up.

"And you advise this? To take such advantage of an innocent man, to deceive my best friend, to rob him of his reason, which is the sunlight of the Great Spirit, and then, while he is groping in darkness, rob him of his gold. Ah! Chekko is right. The white man is a hypocrite, a liar and a thief. This makes me wish I had been born red, or black, or even yaller—anything but white."

"Stay," gasped the banker, for Uncle Ben had turned and taken two long strides toward the door.

Macquagin heard the door slam, and Uncle Ben was gone.

When the editor of the local paper asked the banker where he was bound for, the banker said he was just going over to Revelstoke on a private matter, which was perfectly true. It was perfectly natural, too, that the banker should take this trip, for his rest had been broken for ten nights.

He had been three days in Revelstoke when he caught sight of Uncle Ben coming out of a grocery store. The prospector would have passed on without recognizing the banker, but the latter would not let it happen that way. He spoke to the miner calling him Uncle Ben, and showing great surprise and much pleasure at the unexpected meeting. Uncle Ben was remote, but

not altogether frosty in his intercourse with Macquagin. After much persuasion the prospector consented to break bread with the man who had offered to help him, and before they left the table they had some white wine that sparkled and bit like hard cider, and it put Uncle Ben in better spirits than he had shown for some time. As the two men came down the long flight of steps that led from the hotel to the depot, Uncle Ben actually leaned, at times, upon the banker's arm.

When the last glint of gold was gone from the western sky and the stars studded the blue vault above the valley of the Columbia, the two men said good-by, and Uncle Ben disappeared in the forest behind the town.

Before they separated the banker succeeded in getting the old man to promise to visit Calgary once more and see if some arrangements could not be made looking to the development of the property that the lucky prospectors had discovered.

Of course, Uncle Ben kept his promise. To the great joy of the banker he brought back the bar of gold. When the two men had been together for an hour the banker had gotten from Uncle Ben the bewildering statement that, in addition to the small slab which he carried, they had cached near their camp a rough bar that would weigh 75 or 80 pounds. He was tired of living so, starving in a bank vault, so to speak, and had at last gained Chekko's consent to give up a third interest in the mine for the banker's help. But first Chekko must have some tangible proof of the banker's existence and of his wealth. Finally it was agreed that the banker should weigh up the gold that Uncle Ben had brought—the bar, the nuggets and three bags of dust, and find the cash value of the whole. Thirty six thousand, nine hundred and sixty dollars was what it was worth.

"How much is Chekko's share?" asked Uncle Ben eagerly.

The banker figured a moment and said: "\$12,320."

"Then take \$12,320 in cash and

show it to Chekko. He knows money—knows what it looks like—an' if we show it to him he will be satisfied; then you can bring the money back and lock it up in your iron box again. You can bring the big bar of gold at the same time," he added, as if this had been a mere afterthought.

The banker sighed a sigh that was a great relief to him, and then he called the paying teller and told him to put the gold in the vault.

The difficulty that confronted the banker now was how to get this \$12,320 out of the bank. He could not draw a check for the amount himself without exciting the cashier. He must have a confederate. He would take in a partner, but it must be some one not connected with the bank.

He called upon a friend who did a little business in a legal way, but the friend was out. He now sought out the editor of the local paper and told him little bits of the wonderful story that had come to him in sections during the past six weeks. The editor was willing, almost eager, to do his part and to take whatever came to him.

Uncle Ben was introduced, asked to supper at the editor's house, and accepted the invitation. Mr. Smith, the new assayer and bass singer, was there, and the banker. It was a pleasant evening. Here were three men of intelligence, all reasonably well educated, men of some refinement, entertaining an unwashed hillman, but they soon discovered that Uncle Ben was unconsciously entertaining them. From the moment he entered the little vestibule he had the whole party at the point of exploding with laughter. He watched the other men hang their hats on the moosehead hat rack, and then deposited his on the floor in the hall. When Mrs. Kling, the editor's wife, offered him a napkin he said, "Thanke, I've got a hankicher." He had been reserved and very guarded in his conversation with the men, but in the presence of the ladies he thawed perceptibly. The inborn chivalry of the south still showed through the tan and thirty years of beard.

"What a nice cupboard," he said to the hostess.

"That isn't a cupboard, Uncle Ben," said Mrs. Kling sweetly; "that's a piano—a music box."

And then she went over, lifted the lid and let her hands wander idly over the keys.

Uncle Ben said no more, but as she resumed her seat his hostess saw him sneak a corner of his red and white kerchief up to his off eye.

Away along toward the coffee he became talkative again. "Uh," he exclaimed, grasping the stem of a champagne glass in his big brown fist, "that liquor's finer'n moose's milk." The roar of laughter, in which the ladies joined, seemed to embarrass the old man.

At the end of a pleasant evening the guests departed, the banker showing Uncle Ben to the hotel on his way home.

Uncle Ben did not show up at the bank until the middle of the afternoon. It was Saturday, the bank was closed, but the manager was at his post. He had been there every moment from the hour of opening, and every hour expecting Uncle Ben. The old prospector showed no signs of regretting his bargain, but the banker was becoming uneasy. It was Saturday, the regular through train for Revelstoke had passed. The "flash roll" that was to be taken out of the bank to humour the old Indian must be returned before the bank opened on Monday morning. The manager thought of chartering a special train to carry him to Revelstoke, but that would attract undue notice, and possibly create a stampede to the new fields. A better plan would be to secure a permit and go over on the first freight which would put them into Revelstoke at midnight. It was agreed that Mr. Kling, the editor, should draw his personal cheque for \$12,320. The cashier protested. It was irregular. The man Kling did not have 12,000 mills in the bank, but the manager told the cashier that it was all right. There was \$36,000 worth of gold as security in the safe, beside the cash

was to be returned Sunday afternoon, or long before the hour for opening on Monday. So the money went out.

The banker and the editor were greatly amused at the quaint sayings of Uncle Ben on the way over. As the heavy freight toiled up over the range the three men sat in the cupola of the way car. The moon was out full upon the white mountains, making the world wildly beautiful.

"What's them iron strings fer?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Those are telegraph wires."

"But what's the good o' them?—they don't hold up the poles?"

"O," said the editor, glancing at his friend, "we send messages over them. You write out a message—a letter—and hand it to the man at the station, and he sends it over the wire."

"Go on!" said Uncle Ben, turning away to watch the moonlight that was playing on the ripples of the Kicking Horse.

"Honest," said Kling.

"No," the old man answered, "me an' Chekko watched them strings fer three weeks once, an' they wan't no letters passed. Chekko said they was put there to hold the poles together, an' that in winter the railroad would be boarded up to keep the snow out. I think Chekko's right."

It was one o'clock in the morning when Uncle Ben struck the dim trail north of the town of Revelstoke, followed by the banker bearing the "flash roll;" the editor stumbled along in the rear. To the strangers it seemed that they were walking in a trackless wilderness, but the old pathfinder kept his feet swinging as though it were broad daylight. It was an hour before dawn when they were halted by a grunt, and heard the click-click of a rifle cocking. Uncle Ben called in a strange tongue. Chekko answered. The pathfinder told his companions to remain where they were, and then approached the hogan, near the door of which the old Indian had spread his blankets.

Chekko stood forth in the moonlight, a solitary eagle feather sticking up from his fur cap.

The banker, eager to see the Indian, advanced two or three steps. Chekko cocked his rifle again, and the banker stepped back.

"If you come too near," said Uncle Ben, coming close to the white men, "you'll spoil it all."

"We won't," said the banker; "here—take the money and show it to him. Tell him we've got it to burn."

Uncle Ben took the satchel and showed the money to Chekko. The Indian only looked at it, grunted, and turned to regard the strangers.

Presently they saw Uncle Ben put the bundle of bills back into the grip. The Indian waved his hands, talked loud and pointed toward the east, where the dawn was showing.

"It's all right," said Uncle Ben, returning the grip to the banker, "only he says you must be gone before the sun is up. He's all broke up, but he won't make no trouble. He himself will guide you out to the main trail, but you must not come within 20 paces of him. Stay till I bring the bar of gold."

It was a great load—80 pounds, as they afterwards learned. The banker and editor took turns in carrying it, the old Indian leading the way. When it was full day the Indian put out a hand, signing the men to stop. Leaving the trail he placed himself upon a huge rock, pointed a bony hand down the trail and the men passed on.

When the Indian could be seen but dimly outlined against the forest, Kling called back cheerily, "Adiose."

The banker and the editor reached Revelstoke just in time to board the eastbound train for Calgary.

They were silent and thoughtful. Now and then they exchanged glances and smiles.

That night, in the banker's private office, the two men unrolled the old blanket, and there lay the big yellow bar. It was a sight to see. Weary and worn as they were they sat for hours talking over their good fortune.

The manager was busy at his desk when the bank opened for business on Monday morning. Uncle Ben was coming over on the express. "Did



"He placed himself on a huge rock, pointed a bony hand down the trail and the men passed on."

you bring the money back?" the cashier asked, entering the private office.

"Sure," said the manager, reaching for the little satchel that stood upon the top of his desk. When he had found the right key he unfastened the spring lock, lifted the bundle, look-

ed at it for a second, and sank back in his chair. The bundle dropped from his hand. The cashier picked it up. It was a bundle of brown paper.

The revelations came swift and fast from that hour. The banker clipped a corner from the big slab and carried it to Mr. Smith, but Mr. Smith's assay shop was closed. The card on the door read, "Adiose."

The old assayer was found, and the yellow slab was found to be worthless. The other bar, the smaller one, was brought out. There was a little gold in the bottom of the auger hole. The rest was tinkling brass. The nuggets were worthless, the dust sacks were filled with sand.

It was scarcely necessary to visit the

"camp," but they did, the banker and the editor. Near the cabin they found an Indian false face and Uncle Ben's whiskers. Upon the cabin door there was a card upon which Uncle Ben had written "Adiose."

THE PEOPLE OF PARLIAMENT HILL.

THIRD PAPER.

By Charles Lewis Shaw.

WASHINGTON is the capital of the United States of America. Nothing more or less. Ottawa is more than the Washington of the North. When you leave the buildings and the rotunda of the Russel House it is Bytown. A large lumber village, a pleasant, picturesque village beyond the shadow of a doubt, but still an enlarged Carleton Place, Perkins Falls or Chaffey's Mills, with the seat of Government and a big hotel.

I asked the Bone and Sinew, my refuge in time of doubt, if, considering the length to which parliamentary sessions were now drawn out, our law-makers were not liable to become "parishy" or "villagy" under the influences of environment? I told him that a person looked at things from a different point of view, and scribbled accordingly, on Fleet Street in London than he did in Rat Portage. In the latter prosperous mining town, for instance, one saw little farther than the gold fields of Northern Ontario, and wrote as if the Australian, South African and Californian mines were yet undiscovered.

"Very well," answered Jack. "But is there any one of the large cities in Canada that has distinctive claims to being a national head centre or capital? In the meantime we cannot wait for a hundred years or so to see how Montreal or Toronto works out. The United States in somewhat the same difficulty built Washington. The smell of sawdust and the sight of shanty-men round and about us are national if 'villagy.' It may be when the exchange editors of London, Washington and Paris read about that debate in the Canadian House of Commons, in which the Conservative Whip accused the Prime Minister of his coun-

try of accepting a house from a favoured government contractor of groceries, thereby intimating that the first minister of the Crown of Great Britain's first colony was bribed by the offer of a place to lodge and board in, they will wonder. When they hear that instead of a storm of indignant protest arising from both sides of the Chamber the accusation was calmly debated, explained and denied by the said Premier, these exchange and colonial editors will naturally imagine that the party which permitted its official whip to be contemptible enough to make the charge, the Premier who lowered himself to explain his denial, and the House which tolerated the debate, must be altogether pretty small. They won't call it 'villagy.' They will say that the game of politics in Canada is pitifully mean. If the smell of sawdust is in the air there is no necessity of our treating our Premier as if he were a shanty foreman, or he permitting himself to be treated as such. There ought to be a little dignity lurking around the Parliament Buildings yet. Sir John Macdonald, Alexander Mackenzie and Sir John Thompson were with us only a few years ago, and Edward Blake has only been a short time abroad.

"But what knocks me," continued the Bone and Sinew, "as a Canadian, is that such a miserable charge against the political honour of the Premier should be treated calmly by the House as a disagreeable affair certainly, but almost as an inconsiderable detail in party warfare." Here Jack became mildly historical. Men during the notorious parliamentary debauchery of Walpole and in the profligate days of the Regency popped at each other at twelve paces for a bare insinuation of an hundredth part of the venality of which Mr. Tay-

lor accused our first Minister. In the last years of the century, in these times of prohibition plebiscites, temperance legislation, Sunday observance acts, Christian Endeavour conventions and John Charlton, we quietly explain the charge of personal bribery, and probably chaff the maker good-naturedly next day, instead of shooting him in the morning."

"The fact that such a charge should be incidentally made," I ventured to say, "instead of by almost formal indictment, causes the horrible suspicion to come to one's mind that the House does not view the charge, valid or invalid, as being of very much moment, or very—"

"I don't believe the members of the House of Commons are corrupt personally," interrupted my friend. "Far from it. Their standard of honour is probably higher than a large majority of the people they represent. They are a higher class of men than the average run of Canadians—not so much higher that they are uncomfortably dizzy—but still higher. That there are not some black sheep in a crowd of two hundred is not to be expected, but you could probably count on your fingers the members that could be personally bribed, or that any corporation has available funds or can afford to bribe for any specific purpose. The corruption of Canadian political life is not in the individual member of Parliament. It is in the outcome of party government, the corruption of party known by that indefinite, far-reaching word 'machine.' To the party machine can be traced the garrulity of the members, therefore the prolonged sessions, the partizanship, consequently the lack of independence, the corruption of Parliament and constituencies, and all the attendant results. The more democratic the country the more powerful the machine, as witness the United States. It is the evil that has taken the place of class privileges and has caused many an old Tory to cling to the idea that the most tyrannical of rulers is King Demos. That is why charges of corruption are

bandied about so cheerfully. They are not taken personally. They are understood as being directed against the machine, and the machine, either of them, isn't bothered; it is its business. Not one member of Parliament in a hundred makes any money out of public life. It is the machine makes the money, controls the constituencies, and thereby the House, with the consequent patronage of the party in power. It is needless to say that the machine of the government party is necessarily the best oiled. In a word, Canada is ruled by the machine to a very considerable extent, and contractors and corporations are not like the label on the bottle in connection therewith. Sir Mackenzie Bowell tried to run the country himself for a while in a kindly quasi-patriarchal manner, but—he didn't. Mr. Tarte had been a head engineer of both machines in his time and knew how they worked, and he ran one and Sir Wilfrid Laurier into power before Sir Charles Tupper could get the Tory affair into working shape, for it had been out of gear. Some of the engineers had struck when Sir Mackenzie tried to rule Canada even as Abraham tended his flocks."

Then Jack paused for breath, and gave me time to ask him what this mystical, marvellous, all-powerful factor in Canadian political life, this machine was.

"The control of party organization by professional or semi-professional politicians," he said. "The better elements are controlled by fear or favour; and the lower by money. A candidate for a constituency, a judgeship, or a fat government berth is brought under its baneful influence by fear of its influence or desire for its favour. It is hard to fight a thoroughly-equipped, well-organized force, manœuvred by well-trained officers. That is why there are only two Independents in the House, and they are accidents."

I asked the Bone and Sinew, who had such a high opinion of the personnel of the House, how it was that men as big as he had said they were, and who were personally honourable, per-

mitted themselves to be controlled by something of which the popular idea was that it merely debauched venal electors at bye-elections in rural constituencies.

"Faugh!" he said with an expression of contempt in his face at my ignorance. "And you have been in Ottawa a week and still labour under the impression that the machine is merely a gang of disreputable scoundrels with a following of adroit hirelings who stuff ballot boxes, distribute whiskey and hire teams in the back townships on occasions. My boy," and Jack here looked very much in earnest, "the machine has eaten its way into the very heart of our political system. Members of Parliament controlled or influenced by it? The Premier himself is, why! man alive, he is the honorary President of the best working political machine since the palmiest days of Sir John Macdonald. The difference is, that the old Conservative Chieftain did much of the higher, more artistic work and controlled the machine himself instead of letting the machine control him. Take that Yukon Railway deal. Does anyone imagine that Sir Wilfrid Laurier or one half the Liberal party really would have supported the measure on the premises submitted if the question had not been made a distinct party one insisted upon by the machine. The machine doesn't do all its work on back concession roads.

"The Premier is the head of the Government and the Whip is the official party disciplinarian in the House, but we know what cracks the party whip. The machine has no official status. It came in with popular government and like Topsy it grew the rest itself. It is now in a condition of life that Mr. W. T. R. Preston the other day suggested that it should be hugged. In a few more years it may be wedded, as Tammany is to the New York Democracy."

I told Jack that it was easy to see the influence of the machine upon the official leaders of a party. In fact, we had agreed that to be a successful

party leader a man must count with the evil influences of that party. And the success of that leader depended largely upon his adroitness in manipulating those evil influences without loss of political and personal honour. But how would those influences affect the voice and vote of the ordinary honest member, I enquired of him who had now become my political mentor. From the gusto with which he discussed the machine I believed the Bone and Sinew had peculiar knowledge of the workings thereof. "Affect the voice and vote of the ordinary honest member of parliament," he repeated. "Why! the ordinary honest member of Parliament, like ninety-nine out of a hundred ordinary honest members of a community would be affected by an influence that largely controls his chances of reelection and can give him political advancement or ruin, or can provide his wife's relations with nice comfortable livings instead of his doing the providing. There is no necessity of voting straight against your conscience every time you give a straight party vote. There never was a bill that passed the House that was ideally perfect. The most strictly honourable party man, the highest minded, purest that ever allied himself with a party must time and again have given his consent to what he knew were faulty and defective measures. With the political future, to a great extent, of the ordinary, honest member of Parliament in its keeping and much of the patronage of a Government present or prospective at its command, the party machine doesn't ask very much beyond reasonably straight party votes from the ordinary, honest members of Parliament. The machine will take care of the party measures it wants taken care of and seldom asks for anything that cannot be put at least plausibly before the people. Those who own the machine are emphatically not fools and are not striving to outrage the right feeling and common sense of the people unnecessarily. A man with these influences at work and the ties of loyal party allegiance tug-

ging at him must be indeed bigger than an ordinary, honest member of Parliament when he uses voice and vote against a measure merely because he sees, suspects or fears the baneful work of the party machine in its construction, benefits or results. But still the great majority of the Canadian House of Commons, as I have said before, are ordinary, honest members of Parliament."

I said I could understand his reasons for believing that the machine was the direct cause of the apparent hide-bound partizanship and the consequent lack of independence of the members of the Commons, but where did it bring about their garrulity?

"Goodness, man, can you not see," blurted Jack, "that one-half the speeches made are explanations and apologies of the members for their votes in the House to their constituents. The electorate is not as much or as directly under the influence of the machine as their representatives, and votes have frequently and necessarily to be explained or apologized for. That is the principal reason why the House of Commons is what Carlyle called the British House 'a talking shop.' After a few of the leading men on both sides, or some members who have special knowledge of the subject have spoken, the smaller fry keep popping up on their hind legs for days rehashing the substance of their leaders' speeches for the benefit of themselves in their constituencies. They are such hide-bound partizans that they strive to cover up the trail made by their leaders by sprawling all over it as if it were made by themselves. It is almost safe to gauge the degree of unreasoning partizanship and lack of independence of the member in the rank and file by the number of explanatory speeches he makes. He seldom advocates a measure. He defends his vote. The session becomes long drawn out, the members and the country are tired, and then the machine gets in its finest work on the home stretch."

"But," I asked, "doesn't the work of one party machine neutralize, or at

least practically even-up the work of the other, although the Government machine has the advantage?"

"That may be so," answered the newly developed political philosopher, "but it seems a—" here Jack used a strongly expressive but unprintable adjective, "miserable condition of affairs, that the Government of a country should depend largely on the one that works best—or worst."

"But does the choice or overthrow of a government depend on it? was asked.

"On a big trade question like the National Policy it may not, and even that gave the machine opportunities with the manufacturers; but take the last general election. The head pushers of the Tory machine, Haggart, Clark Wallace, Birmingham, Montague, at loggerheads in Ontario, and Tarte, their old manipulator, in the cab of the Liberal machine in Quebec, with his hand on the throttle. It wasn't the Manitoba School Question that beat Sir Charles at the polls. It was their old machine engineer in Quebec. Mr. Anger wasn't in the same class, and the late Sir Adolphe Chapleau the recognized leader of the French-Canadian Tories was—was—was Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Tarte wasn't the only old-time Tory that was not following Sir Charles Tupper that week. He is now in charge of one of the largest spending departments of the Government. He has been promoted. Take the appointment of Sifton also. There was nothing startlingly remarkable about the ex-Attorney-General of Manitoba, except his ambition, which startled Mr. Greenway. Joe Martin had got him in the habit of getting startled at rising young Liberals. Mr. Greenway had a nice hot school question that he had been living on politically for several comfortable years. Mr. Laurier had promised—and wished to take it off his hands. Mr. Greenway naturally wished to do a good turn for his Federal leader, but he wished Mr. Sifton to go with it before he parted with the dear thing, as did Mr. Sifton. Joe Martin was impossible, for if the belligerent Joseph is nothing else, he is

not a machine politician. Sifton's career had made him a *persona grata* through several railway deals in the Prairie Province to gentlemen who are in the railway dealing line, and one morning the people of Canada woke up to hear that Mr. Sifton was Minister of the Interior. Since then, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has assured them that the Manitoba School Question is settled. The people of Canada don't exactly know how, but Sir Wilfrid says it is; the Liberal party agrees with him, Mr. Greenway says nothing, and the machine isn't a talking machine."

"Summing up all your indefinite charges and insinuations against this machine, whose name I'm getting sick of"—I wearily said after the hour's talk, when Jack interrupted, "So am I, so will Canada be unless the two great parties get out of its clutches. As for indefinite charges and insinuations, it is hard to hit a hydra-headed centipede. The heart or motive power of the machine is, after all, merely human frailty, wickedness or any other old word that you wish to use for the devil or man."

"Tammany's charter reads that it is a patriotic and social club." I continued, "But, after all is said and done, this machine resolves itself into the mere running of party politics in a business-like, practical manner."

"Exactly," said Jack, "and as it is run in that way it is not to be supposed that it runs on wind. A business, such as the management of a great political party, requires capital. The most moral, purest management in the world would require some, and that is where the goody-goodies who subscribe to it ease their consciences. The capital subscribed is in time, influence and money, and the stock-books are always open. The machine with the largest capital runs the best. The men who subscribe their time are shrewd, and the men of wealth, contractors and corporation managers who contribute the influence and money are not fools. Yes, you are right, the

machine is the mere running of party politics in a business-like, practical manner. The men who subscribe the time, influence and money, demand a business-like, practical dividend—and the papers are full of the political corruption of the heelers in the back townships."

"Bah! Neither of the parties as now constituted dare attack the machine at its vital points. It would be suicide. But the old systems are dying, slowly, to be sure, but dying a natural death before the force of public opinion. There is a something growing up in the minds of Canadians, as it did in protest against the patronage and tyranny of the Family Compact, that will not much longer tolerate the destiny of their country being to any considerable extent controlled by scheming, unscrupulous, professional politicians, supported by the wealth of contractors and corporations and the ambition of Cabinet Ministers. As the Family Compact fell to pieces so shall the machine."

"We seem to be getting along fairly well," I ventured to say, "in spite of it."

"We do," answered Jack; "for, after all, the members of the Canadian House of Commons are patriotic; and, machine or no machine, on any question of direct and unmistakable national or international importance which is too large for the machine to thresh, they rise to the occasion. Yes, after all, I am glad I am a Canadian, and never have I reason to be prouder of that accidental fact than when Sir Wilfrid, Sir Charles, and their followers are confronted with a treaty question affecting trade or boundary, an expression of opinion regarding the rights of their fellow-subjects in other lands, the closer binding of the manifold ties of the Empire by steam or electricity, there comes forth from Grit, Tory and Independent, without one discordant note, the united, intelligent voice of a patriotic people who love the Motherland, respect themselves, and fear only God."

THE WIDOW OF MUMS.

LAST INSTALMENT.

By Erle Cromer.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Minerva Falconer, widow, works a rented farm with the assistance of her two children Molly and Peart. The land is owned by Caleb Tooze, a dying old bachelor, whose wealth Widow Falconer hopes to inherit. She needs the money because she is in debt. Farther down the road live the Mosses. Rudge Moss and Peart Falconer are chums and both in love with Pensee Vale, the school teacher, who boards with the Mosses. Rudge has been going to school to Pensee and getting lessons after hours. From this scandal arises and Rudge Moss disappears. Old Caleb dies, leaves his money to Pensee and the land to the widow. Then Peart Falconer goes out to hunt for Rudge. He brings him back, but the scandal still remains. As a consequence Rudge and Peart have a fight in which the latter is badly beaten. Peart then leaves for the scene of the North-West Rebellion. Neither young man knows which of them Pensee prefers.

XXII.

Rudge Moss got no sleep that night; got up before dawn, did all the chores but milking and put straight to Falconers' as the old shanty crept out of the slashing.

Minerva and Molly were both up. Merely nodding to both as he kept his hand on the door knob he launched right into the circumstance of the night before; while Molly stood holding the tin dipper at the lid of the tea-kettle, having just spilled a pint of water into the fluttering fire, putting it black out. She looked straight at Rudge; but he looked most at the widow who had just began to lace her shoes by the west window when he came in.

Rudge was incoherently demonstrating how he had struck Peart the night before when the widow interrupted him.

"Rudgy," she said, with mournful emphasis, "you needn't tell't. In the night he come back to the house with a bloody face. 'Pearty,' I says suddenly right at 's bedruhm door, 'what's that blood?' an' throwed the light fair on to it. He quit packin' 'is things a mennit an' sot up. 'Mother,' he says kin' o' sharp an' sad like 'he struck me—about her.' 'Well,' I says quick back, 'hedn't you better wash 't off—fer I guess you're goin' awaysomewheres haint you?' Don't know as I ever see sich a look in Pearty's eyes as

there was then. 'Mother,' he says, 'that blood was for her; I'll carry 't awhile yit. But there's more where it come from. Maybe this country 'll need it; maybe the haf-breed's bullet 'll find it. But it 'll never be gruded so long as she thinks it's right—an' so long as she'll be happier with him when I'm away.'"

"The rest," added the widow sorrowfully as she turned to the window again, "I can't tell yuh Rudgy Moss excep' that he said he on'y expected to see both o' yous in dreams again by night, an' by day maybe like a vision in the smoke where men was droppin'. He went t' the stable then. I couldn't hear from the outside what he was sayin' t' the horses. But they was 'bout his last words here. He went then, Molly, 'foot an' alone. It's likely he knows the way. It's all in Canady, he says. It don't matter much. But," with a gleam of fanatical enthusiasm in her dark-circled eyes and a heavy hand rattling the window-sash, "he's got money in 'is pack an' don't know it. Molly," sharply, "go an' feed the things. We gota drive to town to-day 'fore the roads breaks. There's business. Yes," rising with her heavy hand clutching the chair-back, "an there should 'a' been less business in the lawyer's office an' more money in his pack—but if it's on'y for a plagued haf-breed to pick out of 'is dead body

— Rudge Moss," she broke off as she strode across and stood before him—her deep voice was quivering now but she would not let it break, "you been a better friend to my son than his own mother, so he said. But you struck 'im las' night in his blood to the ground. Boy," holding out her right hand, "do you think that hand would 'a' done that?"

She paused and for a moment, the only sound in the kitchen was Molly rattling gently at the grate. The March morning lifted calm in sombre gray off the maples. But on Minerva Falconer's dark face was a cloud yet more dark. Perhaps the sun was rising behind it.

Rudge spoke something low to Molly who said, "all right," and tried to smile. Then he went to the barn. He was harnessing the horses when Molly went out to milk.

Rudge's mind was a psychological jumble that day. He was a total despair to Reuben and Sylvia to whom he would say scarcely a word.

"Pensee sick abed now?" he asked abruptly at dinner as he peeled a potato.

"She wont come down—jist now," replied Sylvia enigmatically.

"Guess she's 'fraid o' you sumthin'," ventured Reuben cautiously as he soaked pork gravy into a slice of bread. "Hain't it now?"

Sylvia sighed, "Poor girl!" and looked into the teapot.

That set Rudge thinking. He said no more till he had finished his dinner; when he pushed suddenly back.

"Maw," he jerked, "I'm going up to see 'er—ull I?"

He went. As he thudded slowly twice on the door he felt his big heart thumping out loud under his gansy.

A slight rustle, a step, the door opened and Pensee stood there. What a child she looked with her dark eyes haunting in her pale face and searching so up into his! In absolute pity Rudge forgot his gansy and felt boots and wanted to pick her up in his arms to comfort her. Then again, all untutored as he was it seemed to him as he

looked into her eyes burning so fiercely without a quenching tear, that the real child Pensee he used to know was out of them.

"Rudge," she said mechanically, "you've come to scold me—I know. But you mustn't. Let bygones be. Tell your father I've given up the school—there, let me see, I wrote it out just this morning. Wait," and turned away.

When she came back she wore the phantom of a smile.

"Pensee," said Rudge shortly, "Peart's gone t' the Rebellion," and looked at her curiously to note the effect.

"Then he may get shot," reflected Pensee nonchalantly. "Poor man! But he mustn't love the strumpet. No! Rudge, the paper's white," as she handed him the envelope containing her resignation. "I wonder if Molly will drive me to the train to-morrow. I must go up and pack my things this afternoon. The road's muddy, I guess. Well, better so. I remember when it was snow and too white. But we'll try to forget out in the big world, and do better. Better," she added slowly to herself as she put her hands to her temples, "better perhaps if the ice had not been so deep once. For they carried him out in the box and it seemed as if somebody's innocence went with it. What was left seemed better to need water than earth."

"Rudge," quick and low with her hand on his arm, an eager step forward and a rare soft expansive light in her eyes, "I had this in a dream last night. I'll tell it to you now; so terribly strange and sweet, a thing perhaps you can tell me—you—you—"

Her white hand crept off his arm, her fingers locked, the tremulous, eager look died out of her eyes that seemed to roll back into their sockets, and a look of cold, nameless horror racked her pale features, as though some poison finger had plucked at her heart and sent the whole being back into coil.

"You—" she reiterated fearfully, "you—no, I can't tell you. I *shamed* you."

Slowly the door went shut, the latch clicked and Rudge Moss knew by the sound of fingers inside that she was fumbling to get down the catch.

XXIII.

A trustee-meeting, called in the drab school by Reuben Moss two nights after the exit of Peart Falconer, decided not to accept Pensee's resignation; granted her sick leave instead; indefinite.

Pensee was ill; too ill, Minerva Falconer told Sylvia, to leave the little east upstairs room or even her bed, let alone Mums. That was the day after Minerva went to town with Molly; when Pensee shrank from her much as she had done from Rudge the day before; and for once Minerva Falconer let the man's grip off her heart right in the presence of Sylvia Moss who cried with her.

Mums had settled Pensee Vale's success as a teacher, her failure as a social visitor, her guilt as a woman. But Mums did not understand Pensee's illness. Some of the women went to see her—for after all if she was sick she was by so much a woman still in spite of her disgrace. But what if it was not bodily illness at all; only remorse acting upon her mind? She who could make open confession muttering "Shame!" and never look at one who came near; flaunting it so—in *his* house too. But she was certainly very ill; poor girl! So they said.

Charity were just as well now. Pensee Vale's conscience deluded into a sense of guilt needed no accuser. The bird loathes the reptile into whose fangs it flutters forgetting the blue and the breeze. Pensee hated supremely what day by day imagination forced her to be. The daily rehearsal of the strumpet's part crowded out her memory of a pure life. The play was the tragedy.

Days passed and Minerva Falconer called again with Molly at the log house. Rudge stood in the kitchen doorway leaning heavily with folded arms. He recognized the greeting of neither and moved not a muscle.

"Pensee ain't no better," he said tersely, and frowned. That was all.

Molly with a bunch of white flowers in her hand whispered to her mother and both looked up at the little square window in the clap-boarded gable where half that afternoon Rudge had been looking. And then Minerva Falconer's dark-circled eyes drooped and she stood as if listening, while Molly confusedly smelled her flowers.

Did Minerva hear then what for bitter days and lonely nights now had been ringing in her conscience; white lips muttering "Shame!" when there was no shame? That lie she had been the first to breathe into a young girl's life? Its poison worked now in her own.

For judge her as harshly as Rudge Moss did that afternoon Minerva Falconer with all her mistakes and malignities on her head was a sorrowing woman. All the woman that wilful sin and errors of both passion and judgment had left, all the mother that ever was in her lay humble for punishment. Her son was gone; perhaps forever. The girl she had wronged to thrust in his way was as far from him that afternoon as from Mums and its sympathies. Most of the work was hers.

"Rudgy," she said, and the slow voice shook to its depths as she leaned for support on the rain-water barrel at the corner of the house, "You struck my son once. You'd oughta struck his mother instid—the false woman—right t' the earth in her blood. Molly, come!"

"Here's flowers for Pensee, Rudge," said Molly, holding out the bunch of white carnations she had pulled from the parlor window, an' there's one for you;" and before Rudge knew what he was doing the embarrassed girl had pinned a white blossom in his gansy, the rest were in his hand.

Rudge swallowed once as he saw the woman go out the lane. Molly's arm was in her mother's. She almost seemed the taller of the two.

And that night, as every night since Peart Falconer's departure, Rudge did the chores up at the square house.

A strange illness this of Pensee's: nerves almost numb; heart that flutters with but a turn of the body; eyes that see a white wall made the same as the face of spring in blue and white cloud, at the window; ears that if they hear on warm days the perk of a robin or the far crr—eep, crr—eep of an early frog scarce distinguishes it from the muffled racket of the kitchen. Sometimes scared flurries of snow swarm into the yard, find out how much warmer it is down than up, and vanish. Then swishing rains wash the dirty snow-packs out of the fence-corners and flood the ditches yellow. Afterwards the sun comes again, with pale green slipping into the black second-growth, and song-sparrows in the brush-piles.

Pensee is mostly alone now; for Rudge permits no women to come visiting, and Sylvia has soft-soap to boil, yard to rake and house to clean. Sometimes Pensee forgets how weak she is and gets up to the window; but sees no children at the school, and sinks back into bed again faint and sick. The doctor has called it neurasthenia, induced by over work and mental worry; prescribes complete rest, light diet, simple amusement, and as soon as possible a change of scene. But the days pass and Pensee keeps her nest and her room, her chief amusement latterly to scribble on sheets of paper pupils' names, bits of sums and sentences, her own name and Rudge's, and another's, which she tears into little bits, and with low cries of pain sifts through her fingers on the coverlet.

And there come times in that quiet room when Pensee's cheeks flush, her breath comes quick, her eyes cease staring at the wall and look far through the window at something, a patch of green, maybe, or cloud; like one suddenly awake. Then she stops scribbling and smiles, while a forgetful hand wanders to her neck and pinches absently up the thin white flesh there. And sometimes she rises and sits by the window; and when Mrs. Moss comes up scolding, bewildered at her

for so much effort, Pensee begs for buds she can see down in the garden and dandelions from the lane-side. Then when she gets them into her hair and the collar of her 'night-gown she plucks them out again, crushes them, moaning "Shame!" and with fluttering heart flings herself exhausted on the bed, to stare once more at the wall.

So from misery at her heart like a stone to rapturous sensation craving at every pore, and back again, swings the pendulum of Pensee Vale's existence those spring days. Between these her real, absolute Me is hard to find; perhaps only hovers near somewhere waiting its turn.

XXIV.

Cush-CLICK-it! cush-CLICK-it! cush-CLICK— Rudge Moss jabbed his corn-planter into the clay headland at the road, and got into the fence-corner to fill up from the bag.

Across the ditch, over the fence, sleeves up, brand-new planter under his arm, came Reuben Moss.

"Here's a letter for you, Rudge," he said, and handed Rudge the grimmest envelope he had ever got down at the store, where he bought the planter that morning.

Rudge said "Huh!" took it and tore it open; while Reuben adjusted the drop-slide in his planter.

"How many you putt'n in, Rudge?" he said.

"Five an' six," sharply replied Rudge, beginning to read.

"Most too many. Five's most you ever orter drop o' this smut-nose; suckers suh bad."

Reuben jabbered a good deal more as he fixed the slide, tested it to drop four to five grains on the edge of the bag, scraped them up and started, Cush-CLICK-it, cush-CLICK-it, along the furrow towards Caleb Tooze's shanty. Rudge read on, quite oblivious that a wad of bills had fallen on the grass at his feet.

FISH CREEK, N.W.T., Apr. 24.

RUDGE:

That is to say if this reaches you—with the money; which I didn't know I had till after I

left Winnipeg, or I'd have sent a cheque. My mother, wise as usual, put it in with my things the night we had the mill. Give it to Pensee; it's hers. I had some of my own. Not much left now, even after a meal a day carried in my knapsack. It doesn't matter. A man fights better hungry.

I write this on the stump of a poplar; blanketed in the top of it last night in the sleet. I didn't sleep. Maybe I was a fool to see her face. She's never been here.

You'd call this Fish Creek poor woods, Rudge; but Dumont's half-breeds blossom in it like black squirrels used to around Mums. I don't know how yesterday would have gone with leaves on. It was a desperate lot of picking and ducking and yelling as it was. Maybe it's war. Gad! I remember when we used to play Wolfe and Montcalm at school, and I thought all the nations of Europe were coming up the big river. But here—crawling on hands and knees through the brush, and looking for some clump of poplars yonder to puff out and spit a bullet into your teeth, when all the time another fool as big as yourself may be beading, five rods away, into the back of your head. These "breeds" have a very Indian trick in the rifle-pits. They stick up a blanket on a pole. The boys down in the *coulee* think it's a "breed" and uncover to fire. That's the "breed's" chance. I saw the first one go up yesterday. I didn't uncover, but I got a bullet through my cap and another one for an ear-ring when I tried to flank round back of the pits. The hole in the cap came from a white man's bullet down in the *coulee*—at least, so I judge from its angle and my own to both fires. It didn't matter. I probably got in more shots on the pits than he did.

Rudge, this whole rebellion's a blunder.

These poor devils are being led—when there's land enough along this old Saskatchewan for a thousand times their number. I didn't come to murder them; but because I feared the crime in my own shadow at Mums more than I do their bullets here. I tried to fight it for her sake. She said I troubled her. Well, maybe I'll trouble the dogs soon; stop their hunger awhile, and my own forever. They'll make palaver enough, not the patriotic kind that makes every man a hero that climbs a tree or swims a river when a war's on. Still I might have been a patriot for her if she had only said it. Might have been yesterday; once when the poplars smoked and blistered on the bluff, and the boys from Toronto down in the *coulee* got the fever and wanted to follow the shells' boom up to the rifle pits, and then they cracked, and the poor devils yelled, and a fellow's gun got to feel like a third arm, and burnt powder got sweet to the smell; and if suddenly a bullet got into his mouth he'd spit it out and go on, on, on, till the poplars quit smoking and night fell, and he saw in the gloom some phantom face smile and say it was all right.

But night does come and your gun gets cold and you steal down as near as you can

to the "corral" and hear the boys talk about home and country, and death; and hunger sucks you like a leech. But I won't join them. I'm going on to Batoche behind them when they start. Riel's there. I've got enough for a meal every other day till we get there. If not, I'd as soon the dogs bury my body as have it carried back to Mums.

You'll be planting corn soon, Rudge. The Bob White's we used to shoot will be out in the fields. Molly will be making soft soap, with her sunbonnet on. Poor girl! She loved you, Rudge. It wasn't her fault she's a Falconer.

... And when you're married tell your wife, Rudge, I'm sorry I troubled her. But I wanted to be right, because she is pure.

Good-bye,

PEART FALCONER.

P.S.—If you write, send to Batoche.

—Click-IT—click-IT, went the old man's planter down by the shanty, Rudge didn't wait till he could hear the *Cash*, but picked the money from the grass in a dazed sort of way, stuffed it back in the envelope along with the letter and climbed the fence.

When he got to the log manse Sylvia Moss was sitting in the lean-to skinning rhubarb.

"Maw," he said hastily, as he bit the end off a stalk, "I'm goin' up to Pensee. She ain't 'sleep is she?" And before Sylvia could answer, his straw hat was on the kitchen table and he stood at the head of the stair tapping on Pensee's door; the first time he had been near it since the day she shut it in his face. He heard something and gently opened it.

And then a strange wave of feeling caught him, fresh as he was from the cornfield with the smell of the clay-loam on his boots and the call of the Bob-White in his ears, and he stood still, while the nickel clock clucked loud. The breeze off the young clover across the lane where the bob-o-links warbled bulged the strawberry-crush, chintz curtain at the square window; and bars of gold fretted the rag carpet in front of the white-wood bookcase Rudge had made for Pensee's books the first winter she came to Mums. The white pitcher in the blue-pointed bowl with the toilet articles round it caught its double downwards in the red-edged looking-glass on the little

commode; and over the trunk next to it hung Pensee's dresses, her red wrapper at the end brushing the foot post of the bed, on which one almost fancied the snow had just drifted, so rumpled-white the coverlet up to the pillow and the pale, wan face where for days and nights now the fever had been plundering and burning.

One of those rallies again this morning. The bird-music outside made the wasted limbs struggle to be free; the woman's full-blooded sense throb in the body, through the iron nerves, up into the weary brain.

At length Rudge let his pitying, blue eyes rest on Pensee's pale face. She turned, and hearing the clock almost as did one of old the voice in the burning bush, Rudge bent his head and tiptoed in. Standing over the bed he looked at her with big, hungry eyes and said not a word. Only in his reverent heart he said by whatever universal language speaks in us all when we come to holy desires, "She must never for a moment again believe that lie."

Bending over her so he took her white hand from the coverlet and raised it to his lips.

Through the window came the fine whistle of an orange-breasted oriole down in a garden apple-tree.

"Pensee," said Rudge with hushed voice, and waited.

The shadow of a struggle flitted over her pale face. She looked at the hand he had kissed—doubtingly, wonderingly from the startled depths of her dark eyes up at his face. She met no shrinking there.

Her white hands grasped the bedstead; she pulled herself higher on the pillow till her loose hair dropped behind her shoulders.

"Rudge," she said gravely, some inspiration making deep and steady the voice that for days now had but gasped in weakness, while her eyes searched into his, "The dream came again last night. This is it. Water couldn't wash away the shame—but the blood of a man on the ice—touched my finger. His face was in it. He

said you struck him; and the red blood on my finger turned white. I was happy then; but when I touched my other finger to it the red came again, and redder than before—but it wouldn't rub out! Rudge, where is he whose blood you just kissed on my finger?"

Pensee's cheeks were flushed and her eyes burned soft and strange.

Slowly, as though in a dream, he had wandered out of the cornfield into that room. Rudge took the letter from his pocket, dropped it on the bed and left the room.

Cush-Click-it—Click-it went the planters soon in the cornfield up by the shanty. Pensee couldn't have heard them if they had been under the window. She was reading—Peart Falconer's letter to Rudge Moss.

XXV.

All the rest of that forenoon following the planter, Rudge Moss resolved in his mind the now long familiar picture of the North-West, the C.P.R., the marches of the troops, trails, wagon-roads and fords, clear to Batoche—with himself amid it all searching for Peart Falconer. At noon he greased his heavy boots, and told his mother to pack them into his "v'leese" along with whatever else she thought he would need for a tramp of over two hundred miles on trail after leaving "Quappel," as he called it. They had discussed the situation during dinner. Rudge was determined, therefore Sylvia did as he said, and Reuben got a wad of bills out of the bedroom and hitched up the horse, while Rudge got into his best homespun, celluloid and fine boots, and for a few moments sat on the edge of the bed in Pensee's room. She was sitting up then.

"I'll find 'im, Pensee," he said, "if there's a bone of 'im lef'. Goo'-bye."

And the first tears Pensee Vale had shed in six weeks fell on his brown hand as he took his leave.

That was May 2nd. Ten days afterwards Batoche, the nerve-centre of the Rebellion, fell into the hands of Her Majesty's Volunteers.

Five of these put Rudge Moss a

thousand miles farther from Mums than he had ever been, set him down at Qu'Appelle, two hundred and forty-three miles from Batoche, with his civilian's pack to carry over the trail followed so recently by the soldier boys and Peart Falconer. There we shall leave him for the present and return to Mums.

Not a day passed on that green-walled, bird-noted concession, when either Minerva Falconer or Molly did not call at Mosses' log house. Rudge was not there to hinder them now. He was to write to Pensee from Qu'Appelle.

The day his letter came, already torn open by Molly, who had got it down at the store, Pensee sat up, dressed in her red wrapper.

The letter was brief, merely stating Rudge's arrival, what he had found out at Qu'Appelle about the trail to Batoche, the fact that the "boys" had struck camp from Fish Creek only the day before, and would be now at Batoche; his determination to cover the trail in five days; he would send word from Batoche.

"Pensee," said Molly, warmly, smiling through tears, "isn't he fine!"

Pensee kissed her. "Yes, Molly," she said in a subdued, eager tone, "and perhaps this very moment when the sun is setting Rudge is getting into Batoche, and he's hunting, hunting, trying to shove back the very dark—for ther'll be dead men there—dead men there—"

The voice hushed as though in fear.

And the days passed, the planters clicked, the scarecrows got on the stumps in the corn-fields, the crows laughed and chattered much, and there was much to chatter about or the busy folk would have let the corn-planters and the crows do it all. Peradventure by much chattering some may find out truth.

Pensee Vale was well again, up at the widow's once more; strange how sickness sometimes improves people's looks. They had never thought her beautiful before, perhaps because

she had always been too shy of face to be well looked at; not so now, but fearless as though something dwelt in her dark eyes that made her forget self; perhaps it was the old man's legacy; certainly that would make her a catch for something better than Mums, probably not Rudge Moss after all. It had been whispered that she loved Peart Falconer all the while; well, if Rudge Moss should find him on the prairie would he fight him to the death when the rebels were done?

But the preacher prayed at the white church on Sunday over the heads of the folk for the safe return of the boys who had gone to the war. And the brethren said "Amen." Two women, side by side, heard that prayer and clasped hands secretly. Perhaps they prayed too, though Pensee Vale had never stayed to class-meeting, and Minerva Falconer remained for the first time that day, when she made open confession of her guilt, brokenly, amid tears to the little congregation whose children Pensee Vale once had taught at the drab school. That was Minerva Falconer's humiliation. But it was her anguished mother's heart that spake. And again the brethren said "Amen!" "The Lord bless!" "Thank God for the confession!" while the women wept, and even Sylvia Moss could not refrain from kissing Pensee at the door, after which she joined Reuben in an invitation to all three to come to dinner. And they went.

One May afternoon when Pensee and Molly sat in the house-shadow behind the maples, Minerva Falconer drove in. Both girls sprang up and ran out to the buggy. The old white mare stopped without Whoa! And saying not a word while her blanched face and firm-set grim lips told what a struggle had been hers all the way up from the store in the buggy, Minerva handed an unopened letter over the wheel to Pensee. Then while a little dark bird with a fat gray breast and a black needle bill whittled away at some everlasting melody up in one of the maples, and the light breeze puffed over the pink and

white bulge of the quince shrubs, the widow drove on to the stable, unhitched and unharnessed, pulled the buggy under the shed and went to the house.

And it's quite likely that bird up in the maple knew every word the girls were reading down in the lane. But he chiselled away at his everlasting melody just the same.

"Pensee—this is batoche and its the day after the boys took it. And right hear ull be a name—Peart Falconer—he's rote it Pensee same as he done your name at the first but i had to hold his hand both times right hear in the church with a none holding his head. she says he will come around but he will have a hard time, and there's been lots more carried in here but none so bad as him she says except the dead ones. i found him in the bush right back of the church with his clothes burnt some. the nigers set fire to the bush the first day and he could only just crawl in the smoke till he fell into a rifle-pit the nigers left and that's all ever saved him i guess. he's just come to a little while ago. *he knows all about it Pensee.* it will likely be a couple of weeks before i can start back with him and i will have to be nurse. i aint quite come to myself yet i guess. but i don't care how strange the place is and the people so long as i know Peart and he knows me. i pretty near didnt though. i want you to right Pensee. tell maw i am well and i got the biskits all et up. tell Molly i will right to her soon. this is been a queer war. i would like to pound Reel gun and all with one hand behind my back. but i guess he will be took soon.

Yours truly
Rudge.

"Molly," said Pensee, as she looked up, "take it to your mother. There she is on the stoop. Quick!" And she turned away alone into the quince orchard whose pink and white blossoms fell upon her hair and the dark matted wire grass.

That night when chores were done the three women went down the concession. At Caleb's bridge Pensee suddenly paused.

"Guess Roobin's got his corn all in," said Molly. "He's got the scarecrows up, anyhow. I heard one o' the tins bang on the pole just now."

"Silvy's bin helpin' him," said Minerva. "I'll war'nt she's tuckered out t'night, too. Let's hurry on, girls."

"Mother Falconer," said Pensee quickly, almost in a whisper, "he's

been shot at, starved, burnt in a rifle pit—for me!" The voice broke.

"Hush, child," said Minerva, and they walked on, past peeping corn, matting clover and stooling wheat.

But Pensee stayed that night in the log house down by the jog. The next morning she went to school.

And it did seem good to see her now so full of womanly grace, once more among her scholars along the concession. If an old farmer overtook her with a lumber waggon he wanted her to ride; and many were the questions about the rebellion. Would they hang Riel or shoot him? How many killed? Soldier boys would be glad to get back. Nobody ever thought Mums would send two—still when it came to fighting Mums' boys never took a back row. For that matter, Peart's grandfather, old Col. Peart, had served in the rebellion '37; or was it 1812? When would the boys be back? They had been expected a month now.

The last day of school for that term, Reuben Moss and Sylvia hauled in hay with Falconer's prancing iron-grays. Minerva Falconer and Molly had taken Mosses' heavy-footed brown clampers and democrat to town.

That evening when Pensee Vale wandered back along the fence row towards the bush picking early raspberries, a dust-cloud rose and drifted far down the road, catching fire as it went. Out of it slowly bodied a dark blot; horses' heads. Hoofs pounded the road, wheels rattled, stopped at the jog.

Two men got out in the dust and climbed the fence after it into the clover field towards the waggon. Two women drove on into the lane.

The hay stopped rustling, while tan-faced, stubble-whiskered Rudge Moss folded his loose-shirted old father in his arms and helped his mother off the low load to kiss her—and flung his homespun coat and vest on the stubble.

At the heads of the iron-grays stood Peart Falconer, and they whinnied mad with recognition of him, though he wore other clothes than they had ever seen, and his face was rougher, like his com-

panion's. Reuben and Sylvia scarcely knew him as they shook hands, and when Reuben wanted to know if "maw" wasn't going to load the rest, and turned to get his fork, Rudge had it buried past the handle-strap in a jag of hay as big as a small jampile, and Peart swung off the rump of the nigh gray over the front ladder of the rack.

Some time that evening when the clover fields breathed like cattle, and the dew drenched the burdocks, and beaded down into the pipes of the young corn, Pensee Vale and Peart Falconer heard the whip-poor-will call back by the old shanty as they went up the concession.

Did they recall what had passed? If so it was but to read out of it and the blessed dream of that summer evening, the first chapter of what was yet to come. Their lives were young, and in Peart Falconer passion with all its selfish work was subdued to that rarer sentiment which wills to sacrifice self for another and cherishes most the fine truth of one pure, reluctant woman's heart. Nor was Pensee Vale's vision

of life less holy, but more, than when she first came to Mums trembling on the verge of a mystery. She feared it then, but loved it now with reverence. For this great passion of ours is sanctified neither by indulgence nor its opposite. Its contemplation bewilders; but, like wisdom, let us hope she "is justified of her children."

Again, one evening when Pensee Vale was away on her vacation, Rudge Moss and Molly crossed the cornfield to the old shanty. They inspected it well inside and out.

"Do for a summer-kitchen, won't it, Rudge?" asked Molly.

"Boss!" responded Rudge. "Say, Moll, which way's the win'?"

"'Bout south, I guess," said Molly.

"Then I'm goana set a fire in the jam," deduced Rudge. "It's dry now."

Two sticks of punk with sparks half up, a big smoke with two people in it, and the old slashing, once Caleb Tooze's, now Reuben's and Rudge's by purchase from the widow Falconer, began to get red. After a while it blazed. But never a spark got into the clapboard roof of the "summer-kitchen."

THE END.

BRITISH IMPERIAL CURRENCY.

SOMETIME about the middle of July, 1899, the big steamship *Garronne* arrived at Vancouver, B.C., with \$3,000,000.00 worth, in round figures, of nuggets and gold dust from Dawson on the Yukon, good British gold, from good Canadian soil.

The next day \$2,500,000.00 of this same gold went by train from Vancouver, in Canada, to Seattle, in the United States, to be refined and minted there. Of course the inference to be drawn from this transaction would naturally be that the gold belonged to citizens of the United States of America, and that its passage through this part of Canada was the result of the accident of its owners coming or sending it this way; but such was not the case at all. As a matter of fact nearly

the whole of the \$2,500,000.00 belonged either to Canadian banks or English banks doing business in Canada.

To people unacquainted with the working of the Canadian Currency Act this entry and exit of Canadian gold must seem curious, not to say phenomenal, and they must naturally ask, if they give it a thought, "Why does all this Canadian gold go to the United States of America, instead of going to England or staying in Canada?" Well, if you will allow me I will try and explain. If it stayed in Canada it would only be merchandise, not available in its crude state for currency. As we have no mint in Canada to turn our gold into coin, we can neither set it in circulation as coin, or make it available as bank security to issue notes against.

But if we had a mint in Canada, we would not be allowed to coin "American eagles," which same "American eagles," by our patriotic Currency Act are the sole standard upon which our Canadian currency is based; so the reason our gold goes out of Canada is that we have to send our native gold to a foreign country to be minted into foreign coins, to be re-imported for domestic use as currency. Of course this is an astonishing anomaly, but it is only one of the natural workings of our Currency Act.

If we sent our gold to England, it would be minted into sovereigns, £1 : 0 : 0 sterling pieces; these, by this same patriotic Currency Act, are worth \$4.86 2-3 of Canadian currency, and the banks do not want them at that price. If any one is unlucky or imprudent enough to bring good British coined gold into Canada, the banks will allow him anywhere from \$4.80 to \$4.85 for his sovereign, according to the tightness of the place they happen to catch him in, while they are obliged by law to allow every one \$5.00 for an American half-eagle. In fact, the cause of the movement of Canadian gold across the border is that Yankee gold coins pass at their face value everywhere in Canada, while British gold coins are at a discount. This is another of the natural workings of our Canadian Currency Act.

Now, as a matter of fact, neither we nor they have a decimal currency at all. In the "States" the "eagle" got spread all over the country, but was too lofty for practical use, the dime got mixed up with the quarters and half dollars, and was only a ten cent piece after all, and the decimal currency business proved itself to be an utter failure. The currency of both countries is simply one of dollars and cents, the whole calculations are made in cents; and the point divides the hundreds, or dollars, from the hundredths, or cents, the currency then is a "cential" currency pure and simple.

Seeing then that a dollar is nothing more than one hundred of the smallest coins, why should we not so amend

our Currency Act so as to make the English pound stand for five hundred cents or, as we call it, "five dollars?" If we did, nobody would be hurt, no shock would be felt, and all our subsidiary coins would fit in with sterling money, instead of being apparently, although not intrinsically, worth more.

We could then establish a mint and strike off gold coins for £2, equal \$10.00, and £1 equal \$5.00, having both denominations milled on them, also silver coins equal to four shillings, or \$1.00. We would then not only be independent of our neighbours to the south of us, but we would be the pioneers in adopting the coming "Imperial Currency of Greater Britain."

All the British Government has to do is to abolish the "cartwheel" penny, and call the half-penny a cent, and say that 25 instead of 24 of them shall go to a shilling, and then all the coins of the realm will be adapted to this great cential currency, our coins with the two denominations on them will find their way to Great Britain, and it will not be long before the English people will be keeping their books and accounts in half-pence instead of three denominations involving endless calculations in bringing pence into pounds.

The standard of all British currency should be the gold sovereign of England, representing 500 cents or half-pence, or the golden "Empress" of Greater Britain, two pounds, \$10.00, equal to 1,000 half-pence or 1,000 cents. This \$10, or £2 : 0 : 0 coin, which I have named an "Empress," if adopted, would be current at its face value throughout the British Empire, and would become the standard Imperial coin from which the relative values of all others would be estimated.

The matter is entirely in our hands. As Canadians and Imperialists, let us set the example, let us be the first to adopt the Great British Imperial currency, and then let us watch the "other fellows" follow suit. Then see our good Canadian gold and silver stay in our own country, and be refined and minted into our own British coins, for the Imperial currency of Greater Britain.

W. Myers Gray.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

TWO questions, above others, have engaged attention during the past month. The one is the dispute in South Africa, and the other is the retrial of Dreyfus. In the South African question Canadians are especially interested. In the first place, it is a British question, in which our fellow-subjects are concerned, and in which the Imperial policy of the British Government and its attitude toward its subjects are being put to the test; and, in the second place, by the action of our own Parliament in endorsing the demand for reform, we have taken upon ourselves a certain moral responsibility for the outcome. At the time of writing the real crisis seems to have been reached. War appears to be inevitable. Is the British Government right or wrong in the course it has taken? Has it been actuated by worthy or unworthy motives? Has it been unwarrantably aggressive toward a weaker people, who have a natural desire for independence? Or, on the other hand, has it been too tardy and neglectful in performing its duty toward British subjects? Whatever be the issue, these questions require to be answered. They are momentous questions, for they touch the principles of Empire.

It will aid in determining whether Britain is right, to enquire first whether the Transvaal is right?

Is it right to violate formal international agreements? The Transvaal has been acting, in one way or other, contrary to the Conventions of 1881 and 1884 ever since they were signed. The British Government has been in a state of constant protest, and three times previous to this year had to back up its protests with preparations for war in order to induce the Transvaal to fulfil its obligations. At the present time the dynamite monopoly, the Aliens' Expulsion Law and

the Press Law are distinct violations of the Conventions. Again, is it right to treat the Uitlanders as the Boers have done? The Boers are seeking complete self-government, and yet they deny even elementary self-government to three times their number of educated and industrious men, who contribute nine-tenths of the taxes and have raised the Transvaal from poverty to wealth. In addition to depriving them of rights which the world agrees belong to civilized men, the Boers have inflicted many positive injuries upon them, which are set forth in the petition of the Uitlanders to the Queen. These Uitlanders have as good a legal right to be in the country as the Boers themselves, for the Conventions which gave the Boers the rights they have, provided also that there should be freedom of entry and residence for the men of other races. It is not necessary to enlarge upon this aspect of the question. No one denies, not even the thoughtful Boers themselves, that the Uitlanders have been treated contrary to promises, and contrary to what are regarded as the natural rights of man in society.

But there is one great defence set up for the Boers, that the end justifies the means. They desire complete independence. This natural desire finds a response in every heart and is the cause of whatever sympathy is felt for the Boers. There is a disposition to assume that any effort to obtain independence is justifiable. But is this true? No human problem can be decided in the abstract. Actual conditions must be regarded. From the standpoint of existing conditions, the Boers cannot establish a right to the complete independence they seek, and, in the second place, it is impossible for them. It would take more than available space to fully establish these two propositions. The first conclusion is reached by compar-

ing the Boer ideal and principles with the British, and asking which is the better for South Africa, for the world at large, and ultimately for the Boers themselves. Upon such large grounds must the question of right be determined. Complete independence is impossible for them, because Britain is, as a matter of fact, the paramount power. No striking out of the word suzerainty in a formal convention could alter the fact in the slightest. South Africa is a necessary stone in the Imperial temple, and as long as Britain is an Imperial nation she must and will remain paramount there. Situated as they are, the Boers can never be allowed to give effect to foreign treaties or to do anything else which endangers the just interests of Britain, no matter how their status may be defined. In such matters it cannot be right to contend against inevitable conditions. A great future, far richer in possibilities than the one they cherish, is before them, if they will but accept the logic of facts. Contumacy, in such circumstances, is neither wise nor right.

It does not necessarily follow, of course, that Britain is right because the Boers are not. Both may be wrong. It cannot be denied that the British Government and British agents have committed many blunders in South Africa since 1806. The rooted hostility of the Boers is not entirely inexplicable on historical grounds. But taking the period since the Conventions were signed, we believe Britain's record has been fair and honourable. If we accept, as we must, the declaration that she had no part in the Jameson Raid, she has kept both the letter and the spirit of the Conventions. She has been more patient and generous than she would have been toward a wholly independent State. Her right to interfere is based on the necessities



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

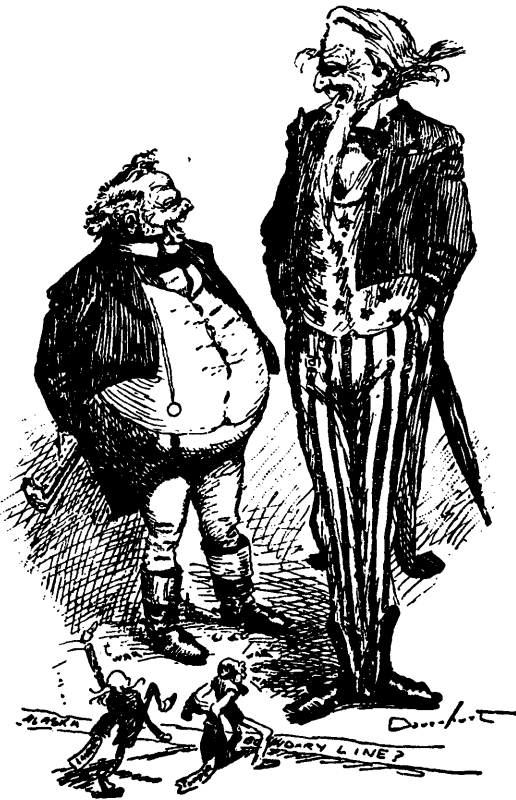
THE LITTLE FOLKS: "I wonder why these doctors don't take their own medicine."—From the *Journal* Minneapolis.

of her Imperial policy, and on her duty toward her subjects. Britain took and held South Africa because it is the most important half-way house on the open route to India, Australia, and the Far East. She has, therefore, all the right to be there which the needs of a great and beneficent Empire can give. In addition, she has now the rights resulting from the importance of South Africa to the rest of her African policy. The whole law of human progress gives the sanction to these rights, and to those by which she has spread northward, far beyond the Transvaal. Until she becomes so unsound or so unprogressive that another nation is fitter for her task, she is justified in proceeding with it. To do so she must have peace in South Africa. But peace is impossible unless the two white races live in harmony; and this harmony is impossible so long as the Boers treat the British as inferior beings. It is necessary, also, that the two races should co-operate in a friendly way to prevent the natives, who out-

number them as four to one, from seizing the opportunity to revolt. Then, every nation is under obligation to protect its own citizens, no matter where they may be. This is a duty recognized by international law. Britain would forfeit her right to exist as a nation if she did not fulfil this duty, and she would forfeit also the confidence and loyalty of her citizens, and her Empire would break asunder. Still further, she has the right to see that the terms of all contracts made with her are kept, provided they are not unjust, which the Conventions with the Transvaal certainly are not. In insisting on these rights she has erred, if at all, on the side of generosity towards the Boers and neglect of her own subjects. We believe history will decide that Britain's course has not only been justifiable on grounds of

statesmanship and morality, but has also been creditable to the motives and to the moderation of the greatest Empire the world has seen.

After being subjected for nearly five years to treatment which amounted to almost continual torture, Dreyfus was brought back to France to be re-tried, the Court of Cassation having decided that he had been convicted illegally and on insufficient evidence. The progress of the case before the new court-martial at Rennes was followed with intense interest by the whole civilized world. When, on September 9, he was found guilty and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, there was such an outburst of indignant protestation in the countries outside of France as is probably without a parallel. The reason is not far to seek. His guilt was not proved. In a British country no man would have been committed for trial, even, on such evidence. The sympathies of the world had been aroused by the tale of his sufferings and by the heroic efforts by which a revision of his case had been won. The manner in which Dreyfus had borne his awful punishment and his steadfast loyalty had appealed to the higher feelings; so, when the verdict was eventually determined by other considerations than the laws of evidence, the indignation burst forth. His subsequent pardon has relieved somewhat the feelings, but has not lessened the condemnation of the system responsible for such an outrage of the principles of justice and charity.



SAYS JONATHAN TO JOHN: "It takes two to make a quarrel."—From the *Journal* (New York).

The cartoons here reproduced illustrate a good-natured, if not very complimentary, view of Canada's position on the Alaskan boundary question. It is at least a slight improvement on the attitude of many editors, and some correspondents of British papers, who displayed considerable animosity in their attempt to

prejudice opinion against Canada. The cartoons, at least, have the saving grace of humour. But we hope to see a still greater change in attitude on the part of our neighbours. Canada is in earnest, and Canadians of all parties believe that the stand



IF THE SMALL PERSON IS NOT RESTRAINED THE EAGLE MAY LOSE HIS TEMPER.
—From the *Herald* (New York).

Canada has taken is essentially fair and reasonable. We ask for arbitration of the whole question in dispute, and the United States insists on certain reservations, on grounds we cannot admit to be sufficient, for we have strong counter-claims on all points. Many rumours have been circulated during the month, but there has apparently been little change in the situation since Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fairbanks made their statements shortly after the Commission adjourned.

It is now nearly eight months since the first shot was fired in the campaign against the Filipinos, but their conquest is far from complete. The rainy season has put a stop to any considerable aggressive operations by the United States troops and has led to a withdrawing of outposts; so that the actual territory now occupied is confined to the immediate environs of Manila. It is not a satisfactory record for eight months' work. Under similar conditions Britain would have proceeded in a different way. She would have been content at first with occupying the territory around Manila and would have set up there a complete civil organization, would have improved the roads and encouraged commerce. She

would also have begun at once to enlist some regiments of natives. By these means she would give an object lesson of the benefits of her rule and would at the same time draw off into the army the more restless spirits. The effects of this method would spread as fast as an army corps could force its way, and the result would be more permanent. Her control could then be gradually and surely extended with comparatively little bloodshed. Mr. McKinley and his advisers have pursued a different course. They are full of determination to force matters as soon as the wet season is over. General Otis will be supplied with an army of 60,000 men by the first of December. More interesting to foreign observers, however, than the details of the campaign, are its effects on the United States itself. So radical a departure from traditional policy is certain to be strongly resisted. The new Imperial policy will be the chief issue in the elections of 1900. Already the campaign has begun in some States in connection with the election of Governors. The indications at present are that the issues between the Democrats and Republicans will be, in order of importance, Imperialism, the Trusts and the Silver Question.

W. Sanford Evans.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

IT is doubtful if any economist or other writer has in recent current literature presented the case of the capitalist in so favourable a light as does Professor Shortt in the leading article of this issue. His thoughtful, logical and judicial investigation of the position of the millionaire cannot fail to commend itself to every thoughtful reader. Nor is the Professor wholly blind to the readiness with which people condemn the large aggregation of capital in the hands of individuals or corporations, and the contradictory and equal readiness with which they invest in the schemes which have monied men as their sponsors. In Canada, at the present moment, there are many opportunities of witnessing the eagerness with which people buy stock in large undertakings fathered by men of undoubted wealth. Fortunately for Canadians most of these schemes have excellent prospects of success. But I feel safe in saying that Canadians have during the past three years invested fully a million dollars in mining companies which are destined to be failures. Yet even this statement must be modified by saying that the Canadians who may be classed as millionaires are not found at the head of these companies to so great an extent as the wily politician and the scheming lawyer. Close observation has led some to believe that we, in this country, have more to fear in the way of selfishness and wild-cat schemes from the politician and the professional company-boomer than from the capitalist of acknowledged standing.

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But there is another side to this question. Is the capitalist to be guided in his work of floating great enterprises by naked business rules, or must he also

carry his moral and religious principles into his business? This question is raised in a new book, which has just made its appearance.*

The author makes a minister of the gospel speak as follows :

"There are some men who say religion has no place in politics, that you cannot mix business and religion, that the only way to do is to let religion work in its place and politics and business work in their place. Then there is no trouble and everything goes along lovely. Remember, that is what the politicians and men of the world want. They do not want the moral element introduced into their selfish schemes for making money, or hating their enemy, or rising to power over the ruins of the weaker. But this is the very essence of Christianity, that it stamps every act and every profession and every detail of Government with the command, 'Do all to the glory of God.'"

Certainly, the capitalists of America, the millionaires whom Professor Shortt defends so ably, have not been markedly irreligious men. In Canada they have been and are now usually men of well-known religious standing. But it is difficult in all cases to see where they have carried the principle of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man into their business. Some of them have made their money in honest enterprise, in undertakings which have benefited the nation, increased the national wealth, and that without working harm to weaker fellow-labourers. But others of them have crushed dozens of their rivals with every forward step. This latter class of capitalists has shown a strong belief in a deity which says : "My law is that the fittest shall survive; let the weak be trodden under foot."

So we come back to the burden of Professor Shortt's article, that it is the character of the man that must be con-

* "John King's Question Class," by Charles M. Sheldon. See p. 57.

sidered, not the amount of wealth which he controls. Tried in this way, I fear there are several Canadian millionaires who would not be included when some one rises to say: "Blessed are the millionaires."

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It has been stated above that Canadians have invested, during the recent boom in mineral properties, fully a million of dollars for which they will never get a cent in return. This statement needs explanation. Most of the companies into which this money was paid were predestined to failure. In some cases, the persons who floated the company took all the realized cash and left the company stranded. In other cases, the properties acquired had not been developed, and there was no reasonable ground for belief that the company had a chance to make money out of the locations. Respectable but easy-conscience businessmen and politicians took directorships in these companies in the foolish hope that what was not well planned might turn out advantageously. On the strength of these names, small investors bought dollar shares at a price running all the way from five to fifteen cents. And now these investors cannot find out anything about their companies.

An example of this kind of business is shown in a recent letter from the London, England, correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*. The Klondike Reefs Transportation Company issued a prospectus about two years ago and secured \$85,000 of paid-up capital. Now the shareholders cannot find the directors, who were men of straw and have disappeared. The first directors had been replaced and had thus shifted their responsibility. Letters from shareholders to the secretary were returned from the dead-letter office.

A friend tells me the story of his investment in a company whose president is a leading politician and an ex-cabinet minister. He desired to sell his stock and consulted the president who advised him to hold for an immediate advance. Thinking everything was going well, he decided to buy a few

more shares. When he had bought more and came to make the transfer, he found he had secured some of the sanguine president's stock—stock which the president had probably been given for the use of his name.

Surely our leading citizens understand that such conduct seriously affects every Canadian investment. If we create distrust among ourselves and among foreign investors, we will soon have our country tumbling about our ears like a house of cards. The investor should also learn that it is not safe to invest in a mining property unless he has seen it with his own eyes. Investing on any other basis resembles gambling.

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Charles Lewis Shaw's pictures of Parliament Hill in this and the two previous issues are perhaps the best that have ever been painted of our political life. His mastery of sarcasm and his shrewd insight have enabled him to press home to the Canadian people some new truths—or some old truths in new form. In this issue he analyzes the machine, showing its origin, its working, and its effect on our political life. Public opinion is against the machine, but public opinion will require to be much more in earnest and much more sincere than it is at present before it will effect much reform in our present politicians—than whom Canada never possessed a more insincere aggregation.

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Manitoba and the Northwest Territories have added nearly 50,000 to their population during 1899. By a magnificent yield and an increased acreage the grain crop has been increased nearly fifty per cent. The influx of new settlers during the present year points to a great increase in the crop of 1900 as compared even with the great harvest of 1899. The progress is enormous. In the city of Winnipeg, there are now in course of erection about thirteen large wholesale warehouses. The new railway from Winnipeg to Port Arthur will cost us a pretty penny, but it will be needed be-

fore it is finished if the present development continues.

The young men in Eastern Canada who have small chances should move west. Those who do this will find it necessary to undergo hardships and some trying delays perhaps, but they will eventually be successful men. During the month of August, the Canadian Pacific Railway carried from Eastern to Western Canada seventeen special trainloads of harvesters, 10,400 men, and most of them secured work at \$40 a month and board. The country that needs men in lots of that size is the place for the young man who desires to grow up with the country. The young chap who must wear immaculate cuffs and collars and have office hours of about nine to four would be as well at home, for it is pleasanter starving where you can get a lunch for 10 cents, than where meals are worth 25 to 50 cents each.

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The United States people are most generous. Their anxiety for the welfare of Captain Dreyfus and Mrs. Maybrick speaks well for the tender conscience of the great Republic, much better than its treatment of the Indians, the negroes and the Filipinos. The other day, a British seaman at Gibraltar lost an arm while ramming home a charge in a gun to be fired in honour of the great and only Dewey. The compassionate United States sailors and marines—the officers couldn't have been included—raised \$150 and presented it to him.

Such generosity reminds me of a story I heard in British Columbia the other day. The National Press Association of the United States, four hundred strong, was passing over the Canadian Pacific Railway by special train. A bush fire running close to the track had burned one of the high bridges over a British Columbian stream. The watchman at the bridge swam eight hundred yards through this swift-running glacier-fed stream and flagged the train. He did his duty and saved four hundred lives. With the characteristic large-heartedness of the peo-

ple of the United States the four hundred journalists made a collection and presented the hero with the magnificent fortune of eighteen dollars and seventy cents.

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The people of Canada have known for some time how shallow is the public mind of the United States. When these loud-talking neighbours of ours began to gush over an Anglo-Saxon understanding, the people of Canada smiled. Now that these same neighbours are trying to avoid arbitrating the disputed boundary between Alaska and Canada, now that they are murdering the Filipinos as fast as they can, now that they have no particular need for Great Britain's backing, they are talking of Britain's brutality towards the Boers. But still we smile. Great Britain does not need advice from men who slaughter negroes at home and abroad as a daily occupation. We do not underestimate the greatness of the United States, nor the inherent wisdom of the power behind its public actions; but neither do we underestimate our claim to sit on this part of the continent without any crowding, nor the claim of Great Britain to remain the sole arbiter of her own affairs.

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When the United States authorities began to send its sick soldiers home from Manila, they crowded 1,200 men into a ship which should have carried but 800. These overcrowded, ill-treated white citizens of the Republic had to ask the British authorities at Hong-Kong for assistance. As the transport flew the British flag, the authorities were able to interfere in the interest of humanity.

Now, if the case had been reversed, and if wounded British soldiers were coming home on a vessel flying a United States flag—but, no, the supposition is ludicrous. Great Britain doesn't neglect her soldiers like that; she is great enough to be humane. To fight once under the Union Jack is to secure forever the protection and assistance of the Government which that flag represents.

John A. Cooper.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE GREAT COMPANY.*

SOME thinkers in England are lamenting the literary tastes of the time and are recalling the London of Elizabeth which supported fifty dramatic poets and yet had only one-tenth of the present population of that great literary centre. The thinkers find plenty of books, but few good ones; plenty of verse but few intellectual poems; great armaments but no national drama. A writer to *The Outlook* ends his lament with this sentiment:

"Blink the facts as we may, that class of the population whose intellectual food was in Athens Æschylus, in Rome Virgil, in Persia Firdausi, and in old England Shakespeare, in modern England fattens on 'Snippets' and the cheap magazines, and this is the net result of thirty years' education in the Industrial Era. My dear British ratepayer, have you reflected on the extravagance of this £10,000,000 a year spent on your elementary schools?"

In Canada much the same state of things exists. The people will not buy Canadian books and Canadian publications of merit; but they do appreciate the sentimental fiction and the cheap magazines of New York and London. Yet, I leave the protest here, until I see what Robert Barr has to say in the two articles which are announced for the November and December issues of this magazine. Let us hope Barr will not be too truthful.

I was led into these remarks by won-

dering how many copies of "The Great Company," by Beckles Willson would find their way into Canadian homes. Here is a work which is truly great. The romance of the Hudson's Bay Company is unequalled in the annals of modern history and contains much for the citizen of the Canada of to-day. Beckles Willson has chosen the greatest theme offering itself for literary exploitation and has written a volume which must give him a permanent place among Canadian authors.

The early work of this great company was performed by one who was born in France and emigrated to Canada when sixteen years of age, being one of the fifty-two *emigrés* who sailed with the heroic Maissoneuve from Rochelle in 1641. He learned the system of barter with the Indians and the weaknesses of the French methods of dealing with the fur-trade. In 1659, we find him in company with his brother-in-law striking out into the interior, through the great forest wildernesses to Lake Superior, and then southwest into the land of the Tobacco Indians. From here these two intrepid *coureurs de bois* passed northward to winter with the Sioux in what is now the State of Minnesota. Here they first learned of that immense body of water which the English had already named Hudson's Bay and which was to be for these two adventurers the scene of those exploits which have made their names historic. The greater of these two traders was Groseilliers (so named from his "gooseberry" estate) and his brother-in-law was Pierre Radisson.

During the next five years, Groseil-

*The Great Company, being a History of the Honorable Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, by Beckles Willson, with an introduction by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

liers made several trips from Quebec to Lake Superior, plying a trade which the authorities did not much approve of, and collecting information about the Hudson Bay region. But the authorities finally succeeded in making him uncomfortable, and he decided to offer his services to the English in Boston. He desired assistance to take an expedition overland to Hudson's Bay, The Sea of the North as the Canadians called it. Failing to secure this, he tried to get a ship to reach it by way of the Atlantic Ocean. However, the Bostonians lacked capital, and Groseil-liers then sailed for Europe to lay his scheme before the French court. He was accompanied on this journey by Radisson, who had come from Canada to Boston for the purpose.

The French court failed him and he was loath to try the English again. His enthusiasm and determination, however, eventually bore him to the English court with an introduction to Prince Rupert from the English ambassador at Paris. In June, 1667, he met the dashing courtier and was promised assistance. A year later he set sail from London on the *Nonsuch*, a ketch of fifty tons, bound for Hudson's Bay—the first voyage under the auspices of the man who was afterwards the first presiding officer of "The Governor and Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay." The voyage was successful, a fort was built and a cargo of furs returned next year to London. Then Prince Rupert secured a charter and regular trading was begun. The exact date of the charter was May 2nd, 1670, and the grantees named in it were Prince Rupert and seventeen nobles and gentlemen. There was given, to them and their heirs, the power of holding and alienating lands, the sole right of trade in Hudson's Strait, and the territories upon the coasts of the same waters. They were made administrators of justice and practical rulers of the region, although neither party to the patent was aware of the enormous territory included.

Thus began the great work of the

H.B.C., the significance of which is well pointed out by Lord Strathcona in his admirable introduction to this book. He says:

"The history of the Company during the two centuries of its existence must bring out prominently several matters which are apt now to be lightly remembered. I refer to the immense area of country—more than half as large as Europe—over which its control eventually extended, the explorations conducted under its auspices, the successful endeavours, in spite of strenuous opposition, to retain its hold upon what it regarded as its territory, its friendly relations with the Indians and finally the manner in which its work prepared the way for the incorporation of the 'illimitable wilderness' within the Dominion.

"It is not too much to say that the fur-traders were the pioneers of civilization in the far west. They undertook the most fatiguing journeys with the greatest pluck and fortitude; they explored the country and kept it in trust for Great Britain."

The book contains over five hundred large pages, and is profusely illustrated by reproductions of old maps, drawings and photographs. The special drawings by Arthur Heming are very suitable, as Mr. Heming's knowledge of the fur-trade, and of Northwest life, is unequalled by that of any other living artist. Mr. Willson has performed his huge task with much skill, yet the book is not without its faults. Here and there, an indefiniteness presents itself which shows haste, and this impression is deepened when one notices occasional carelessness in condensation and in sentence-construction. Probably the weakest piece of writing in the book is the preface—apparently written when Mr. Willson had arrived at the end of his work, nervous and exhausted. In the first page of the book the author speaks of "The Restoration of the *Stewarts* to the English Throne," and then follows this up with a sentence worthy of a Canadian backwoods weekly newspaper. On p. 27 may be found "coureurs des bois," and on pp. 52 and 87 "coureurs de bois" (plural), and "coureur de bois" (singular). For the correct spelling of this term, the reader must be referred to the discussion in the editor's department of last month. But in spite of little errors

and minor weaknesses of this kind, the book is really a praise-worthy production.

A GEOLOGIST'S MEMOIRS.

Canada promises to be a great mining country and the young man of to-day who devotes his attention to mineralogy and geology will have a chance of playing an important part in the development of this important industry. To-day mining offers more prizes to men with theoretical and practical knowledge thereof than do law, medicine or any other of the well-known professions.

For many years the Geological Survey has been one of the departments of government at Ottawa, and the work done by it has contributed in considerable measure to the position which Canada occupies to-day as a mineral producing country. A sidelight on what the work of the Geological Survey has been is to be found in a book recently issued by a man who has been connected with it since 1859. This volume, which is entitled "Reminiscences among the Rocks,"* by Thomas Chesmer Weston, is simply a biography, but one which embodies some Canadian history. Mr. Watson was initiated into the department under the late Sir William Logan, and worked with such men as Sir William Dawson, Dr. T. Sterry Hunt and Dr. Robert Bell. He was engaged with Sir William Dawson in some work connected with that great scientist investigations of the eozoon, and claims to have been the first to notice the organic structure of this supposed animal in the microscopic sections of the earliest specimens. These came from Côte St. Pierre, in the Province of Quebec. Mr. Weston's experiences in various localities are very interesting and, more than that, are very valuable to any person wishing to know something of Canada's geology and ethnology. To be sure the knowledge is well mixed up with personal recitals, but even that may be a sort of

softening of knowledge and facts which will make them more attractive.

HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

The historical societies still continue their unselfish and important work. The Ontario Historical Society has issued "the first volume of what, it is hoped, will be a long list of valuable records and papers." This contains the marriage and baptismal records kept by the Rev. John Langhorn, the first minister west of Kingston authorized to solemnize marriages. These run from 1787 to 1813. It also contains the register of Rev. Robert McDowall, the first regularly sent Presbyterian missionary into Upper Canada, as well as other similar matter well worth preservation.

The New Brunswick Historical has issued its No. 4, and contains the second instalment of the Journal of Captain William Owen, R.N., during his residence on Campobello, 1770-1, a continuation of the James White papers relating to events which occurred on the St. John River before the Province of New Brunswick was created; the Pennfield Records, and an article by Rev. W. O. Raymond on incidents in the early history of eastern and northern New Brunswick.

The Nova Scotia Historical Society claims attention with Volume X. of its collections, which is wholly occupied by an article on "The Slave in Canada," by T. Watson Smith. The author says in his preface: "This paper is an attempt to supply a missing chapter in Canadian history—a sombre and unattractive chapter it may be, but necessary, nevertheless, to the completeness of our records. . . . In the collection of these facts not a little difficulty has been encountered. Our historians have almost wholly ignored the existence of slavery in Canada. A few references to it are all that can be found in Kingsford's ten volumes; Haliburton devotes a little more than a half-page to it; Murdoch contents himself with the reproduction of a few slave advertisements; Clement dismisses it

* Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter.

with a single sentence." Yet Dr. Smith finds material enough for a 40,000 word paper—a most interesting and entertaining paper.

SHELDON'S BOOKS.

It is very difficult to give an estimate of Charles M. Sheldon's works. A careful reading of "John King's Question Class"* shows it to be neither a novel nor a popular presentation of religious views, but rather a combination of both. The man is resourceful and clever, but he is not literary. He is bright and earnest, but is neither philosophical nor artistic. He does not produce what is commonly known as a "purpose novel," but tells a story and puts his "purpose work" in here and there. At times his cleverness is of the cheap order and his remarks of the popular, United-States-preacher order. But as his book is not to be classed as literature in its narrow sense, it does not require extended notice in these pages.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

A truly wonderful book on the temperance question has just been issued in England. It is entitled "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform†" and is the work of Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell, both writers who have been before the public with other books. It opens by stating that the temperance movement began in 1826, and that "no other social propaganda of the century has called forth so much unselfish effort, or enlisted so numerous a body of workers." The work has had its results, for it is not the fashion now for a man in either Great Britain or Canada to get drunk. In this country, barn-raising, logging bees and threshings are no longer accompanied by considerable whiskey drinking; commercial travellers are not now compelled to drink with every customer; bargains are not necessarily consummated with a drink in the near-

est bar-room; and it is not the custom for the guests at a banquet to do honour to their host by drinking themselves under the table. Yet the per capita consumption of alcohol in the United Kingdom is greater than it was in 1840. In Canada there is a similar experience, for the 1897 Year Book states that the consumption of spirits and malt liquor increased a little over eleven million gallons in 1868 to over twenty million of gallons in 1897, an increase of about 82 per cent. while the increase in population was not more than 80 per cent. It may be, that if the figures were closely looked into, it would be found that drinking in Canada is not in the increase; but, per capita, there is certainly no decrease worthy of the name.

The subject is a most interesting one and also most important. Any person wishing to know the experiences of the various countries of the world in prohibition and regulation will find this book a mine of information. The matter is well arranged and the statistics exceedingly well handled.

CANADIAN POETRY.

The honour of bringing together the largest collection of volumes of Canadian (English) verse has, by common consent, been awarded to Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Toronto. After years of patient and persistent search, Mr. James secured an almost complete set, comprising some four hundred volumes and pamphlets; then, with uncommon generosity, he presented the collection to the library of Victoria University. In addition to all this work and this liberality on behalf of Canadian literature, he has compiled and had published "A Bibliography of Canadian Poetry (English)" which includes the titles of all his own collection, and of all other books of the same class in the Toronto Public, the Ontario Legislative, the Ontario Educational, and the Dominion Parliamentary Libraries. This neat little volume of seventy pages is printed for Victoria University Library by William Briggs, Toronto.

* Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

† London; Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society. Cloth, 626 pp., \$1.75.

IDE MOMENTS

DAVE KING OF NEW DENVER.

THE newest literary genius in British Columbia is Dave King, or, in full, David W. King. He appreciates a good story as would appear from the following in the *New Denver Ledger* of August 31st :

A PRIMITIVE ANCHOR.

Dave King, the versatile poet and litterateur, relates an incident which occurred the other day while he was at Nakusp. Standing on the long railway wharf, Dave was an interested spectator of the incoming of a small steamer, the captain of which decided to anchor rather than tie up at the wharf. When the proper moment arrived, the captain called out : "T'row over de hank !" The "hank" in question was a sack full of rocks, which, upon striking the water, burst the threads and sank, but left the sack floating. Seeing this, one of the deckhands answered : "Captain, de hank she no sink !" The captain then noticed a pole lying on the bow of the boat, and immediately responded : "Tak de pole an' shove de hank down !"

But Dave King is also a poet. Here is one of 'his gems taken from the same paper—a gem which will be much appreciated by those who know the West as it is :

THE WRECK OF THE JACK POT.

(With sundry and divers apologies, low salaams, prostrations, etc., etc., to the author of "The Wreck of the Julie Plante.")

On one dark night on New Denver,
She snow and rain and blow—
De boys she say, "Le's play some draw."
"All right," I say, "she go !"

Now I was play dat gam before
An' know, you bet your neck,
All 'bout de raise before de draw—
But dat was down Quebec.

Wan man was nice dress, Unat Stat,
(I find it out since den

She work at "short card" for de biz—
I don' know what dat ben.)

De bar-keep man she get in too,
'An prospector named Sleek—
By gos ! if I hav gun dat tam
I mak dat feller seek.

Anoder man from town Sandon,
She lak to play de gam—
Was what you say de "sure ting," boy,
But I not care for dam.

I'm what you call rich man dat time,
I own de Merci Dame.
(She's right near town) I guess you know
Dat was a tam good claim.

When we start in I did not have
So very much monee,
But after while—by gos ! my fren—
You ought to hav seen me !

We hav' de drink mos' every han'
I'm tak'n straight whiskee.
De boy, she's hav' de lemonad—
Pooh ! Dat's too weak for me !

I raise de bet and mak de bluff,
(Mos' every tam she go),—
You see dat gam you tink I'm swift
An' oder feller slow.

Well, long 'bout two, t'ree, four de clock
(De mon she's mos' all mine).
One feller say, "Oh, curse de luck,
We play jack pot dis tam."

Well, I not know Jack Pot ver well,
(She's sheef boss at Receau),
But I not care who play de gam
So long's I get de dough.

When dey explain I see de chance
To pull off de gran coup—
Jus' fifteen minutes from dat tam,
By gos ! I'm in de sou'.

De man from Unat Stat, she deal,
An' Sleek, she cut de card—
If I could see dat feller now,
Sacré ! I hit him hard.

I get t'ree king, I say, "She's ope'"
 --Bar-keeps trow de up han'—
 But Sleek, she's raise me fifty dol'—
 Saint Jean! I hear de ban.'

De man from Unat Stat, she stay
 An' raise Sleek fifty back ;
 Dat cos' me hundred, but I'm gam
 Dere's where I mak mistak.

We draw de card—Merci! Merci!!
 Dame Fortune, how you sing!
 I got de whole world by de tail—
 By gos! I got four king!

But, den, my monee she's all up ;
 De boy, she's bet de check—
 Hooray! I bet de Merci Dame!
 I'm in for brak der neck.

Dere's call all round, I sign de pap,
 My claim 'gains' whole tam place—
 De man from Unat Stat, she smile—
 Mon Dieu! she's got four ace!

Dat morning very early, I guess,
 —'Bout half-pas' two, t'ree, four,
 Dere was a fight in New Denver—
 I not live dere no more.

But now I got anoder claim,
 You see, she's right up dere ;
 I call dat claim Jack Pot—for why?
 Dat claim she is not square.

* * * * *

Come all you man what hunt for stake
 Wid beeg pack on de neck,
 Don' try wid man from Unat Stat
 For buck de cold, cold deck.

On some dark night on New Denver,
 She snow and rain and blow ;
 De boys she say, "Le's play some draw,"
 You say "Good-night, I go."

David W. King.

ACCOMMODATING.

In one of the hospitals in the South last summer a busy-looking, duty loving woman bustled up to one of the wounded soldiers who lay gazing at the ceiling above his cot. "Can't I do something for you, my poor fellow?" said the woman, imploringly.

The "poor fellow" looked up languidly. The only things he really wanted just at that time was his discharge and a box of cigars. When he saw the strained and anxious look on

the good woman's face, however, he felt sorry for her, and with perfect *sang froid* he replied: "Why, yes; you can wash my face if you want to."

"I'd be only too glad to," gasped the visitor, eagerly.

"All right," said the cavalier, gallantly, "go ahead. It's been washed twenty-one times already to-day, but I don't mind going through it again if it'll make you any happier."*

TRUE IRISH WIT.

Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin. An Irish-American was brought before him charged with suspicious conduct, and the constable swore, among other things, that he was wearing a "Republican" hat. "Does Your Honour know what that means?" inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the court. "I presume," said Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."*

CHARACTER NOT GOOD.

In some rural districts of England there are held annually hiring fairs, where farmers and others attend to engage servants. At one held in Gloucestershire last autumn a farmer opened negotiations with a lad who seemed snitable for his purpose. Various questions having been asked and answered, the farmer enquired at last:

"Hast got a character from thy last place?"

"No," replied the boy; "but my old gaffer be about somewhere, and I can get he to write I one."

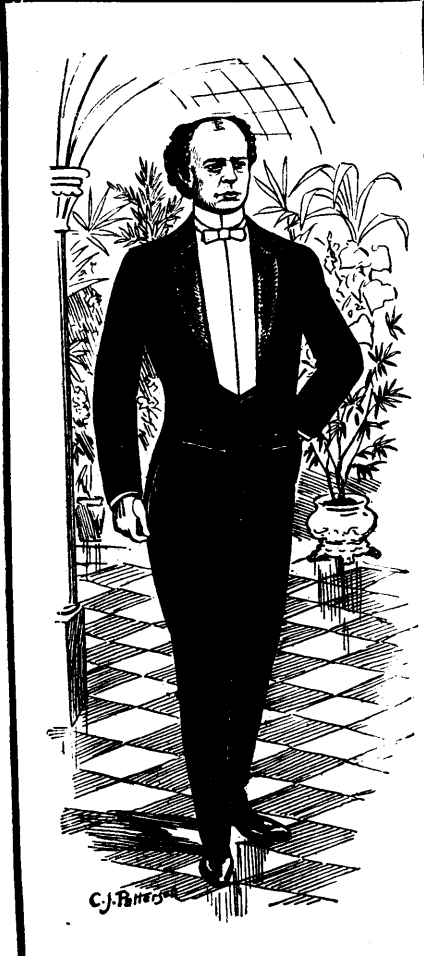
"Very well," was the reply, "thee get it and meet I here again at four o'clock."

The time came, so did the farmer and the boy.

"Hast got thy character?" was the query. The answer came short and sharp:

"No; but I ha' got thine, and I bean't a-coming."*

*From *Current Literature*.



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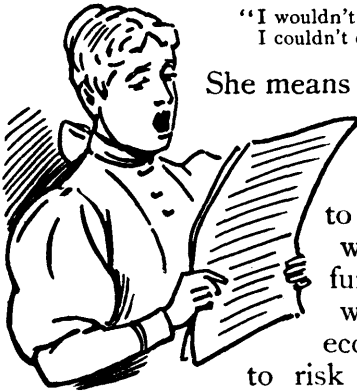
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(Contributed by a **Pearline** admirer.)

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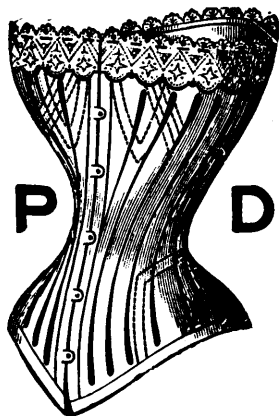
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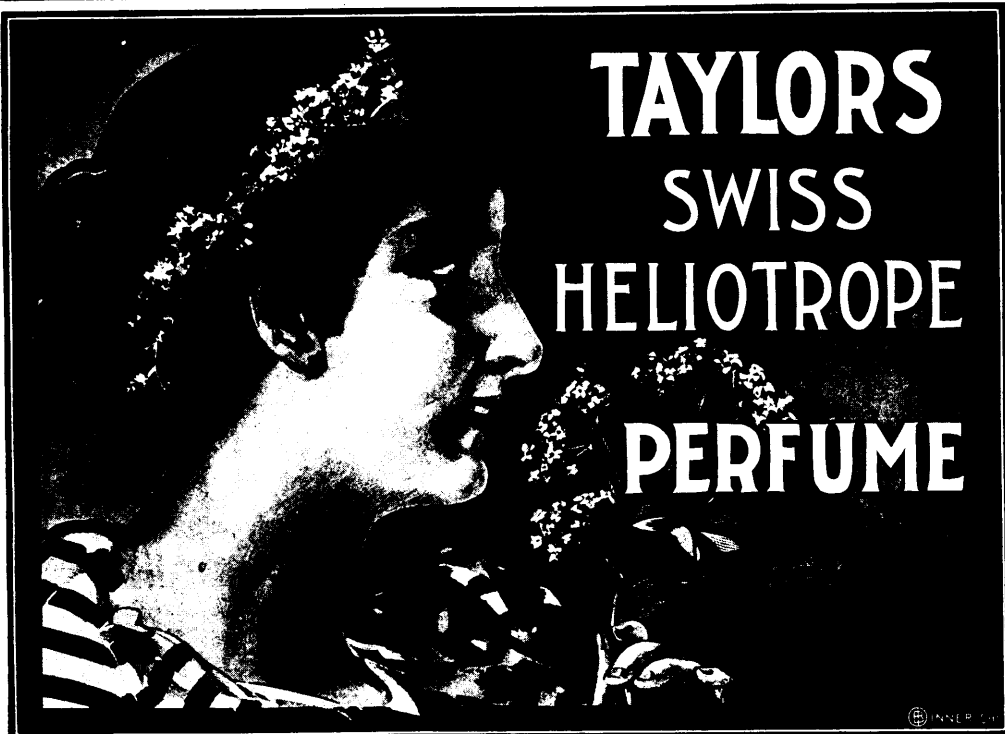


To Season a Meal

there's nothing like good cheese. But, when you buy a piece of cheese, you can never be certain whether it will be good or bad.

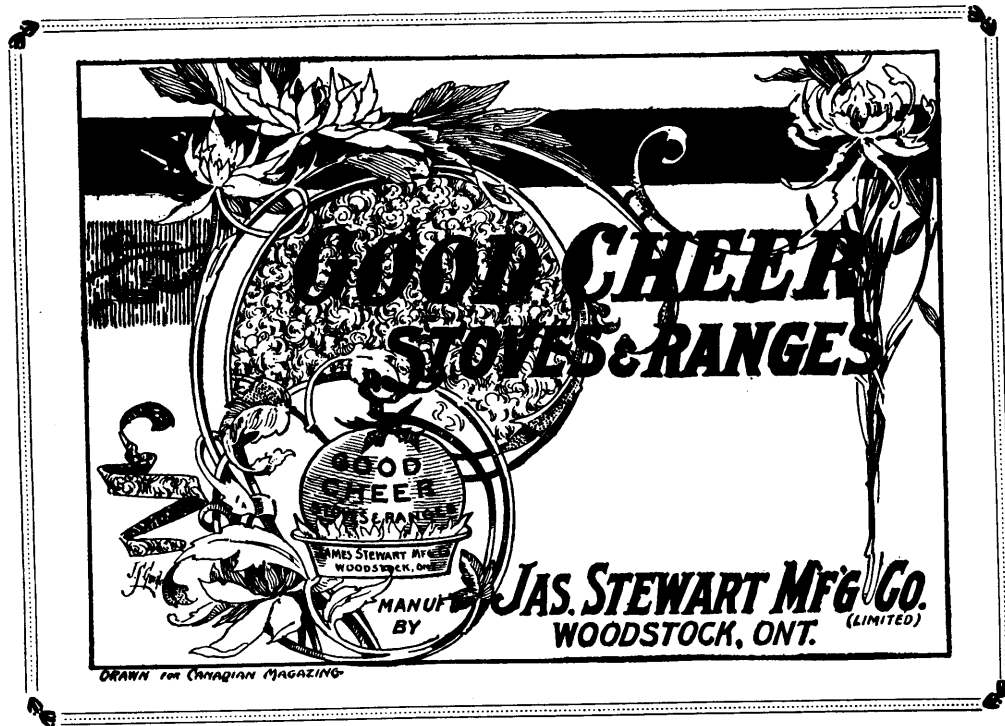
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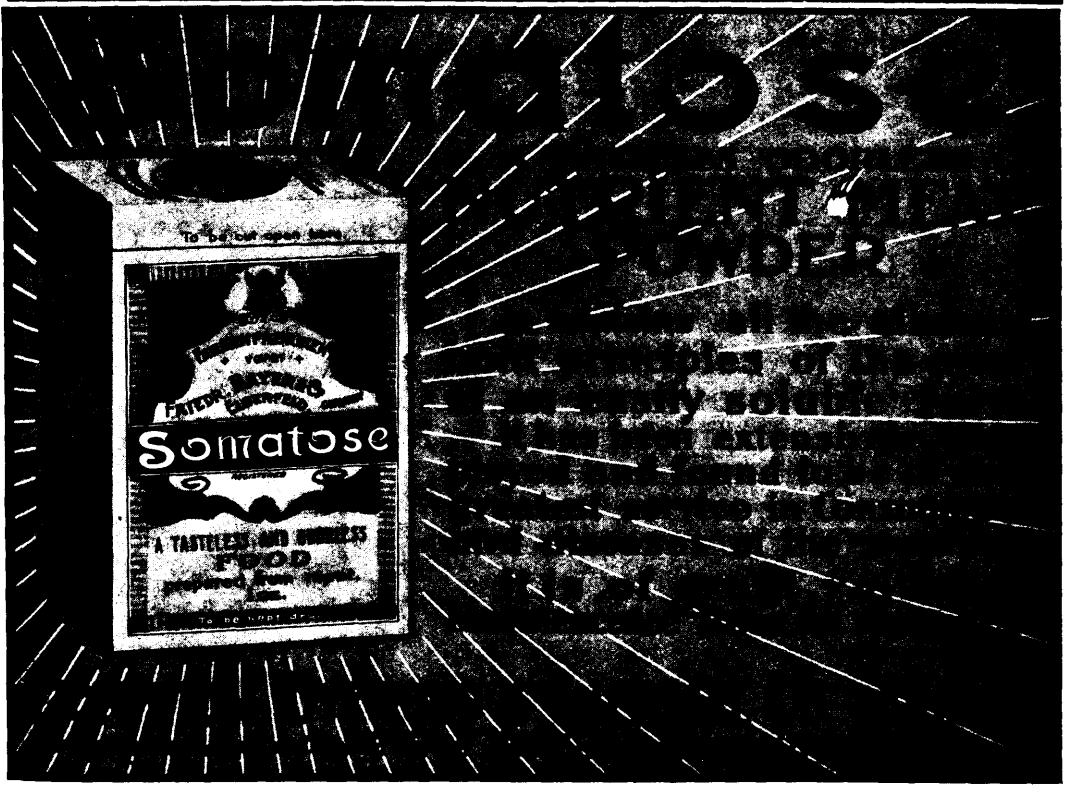
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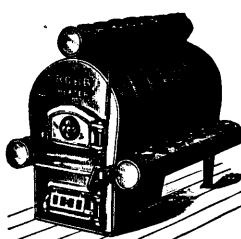
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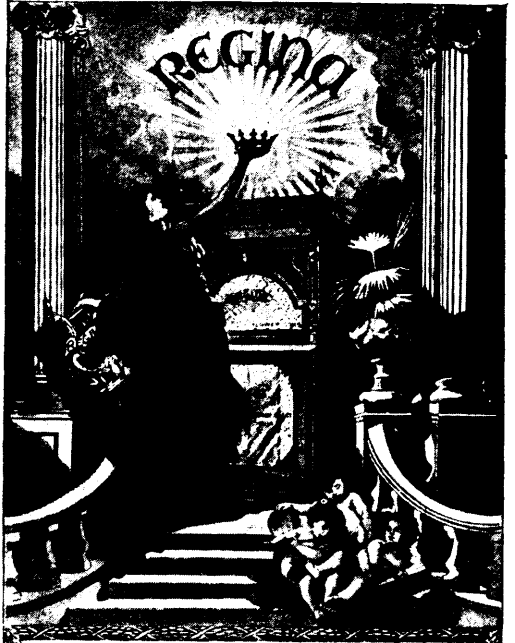
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If your Stationer cannot supply you with our goods write direct to us.

The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited,
43 to 49 Bay St., Toronto, Canada.

THE STICK AND THE CRUST.

A stick and a crust of bread. Like the hands of a clock these two articles told the time o' day for nearly a year in a certain man's life. Yet, unlike the hands of a clock, they were not visible at once. When he needed the stick he had no use for the crust; and when the crust was welcome he had no further occasion for the stick.

Albeit he was a young fellow of twenty-six, you would be wrong in supposing this stick to have been in the nature of a weapon for attack or defence. In that case the crust and the stick would have harmonised. As it was, they did not. For the stick was a support, not a club.

Now, when a man feels the pressure of eighty or ninety years he is apt to want a travelling companion of that sort; but one in the very heyday of youth, not suffering from any injury and not constitutionally feeble, or malformed, should commonly be able to walk without a stick. And so this young man had always done up to the time when he fell out with the crust and with all that the crust stood for or represented.

His own account of the circumstances runs thus:—"Up to October, 1893, I had been a strong, healthy, and active man. Then I commenced to feel weak and out of sorts. I was heavy, tired, and had no ambition or energy. What had come over me I could not imagine. I had a foul, nasty taste in the mouth, and was constantly spitting up a thick, dirty phlegm. My appetite left me, and what little I ate lay on my stomach like lead, causing me great pain about the chest. A short, distressing cough settled upon me and troubled me day and night.

"At night my sleep was disturbed and broken with night sweats and frightful dreams. I had great pain at the left side around the heart, and my breathing was hurried and short. Next I began to spit blood and was greatly alarmed at it. I wasted away rapidly, losing over a stone weight in a month, and became so weak that I was unable to rise on my feet without assistance.

"Although only a young man of twenty-six I was *obliged to hobble about with a*

stick, and could walk but a short distance even at that. Worried and anxious I attended the York County Hospital, where the doctors sounded me and *said I was in a consumption.*"

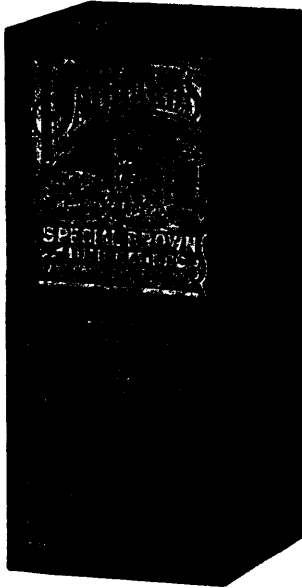
Here we have another of the serious and often fatal mistakes that are made in cases like this. Misled by symptoms which in some respects resemble those of consumption, medical men hastily decide that the lungs are affected, treat the patient perfunctorily for the hopeless disease he is *not afflicted with*, and leave the result to chance. Hence he often dies of dyspepsia and its complications—his true disease—which, unlike consumption, is easily curable by the remedy our friend finally employed.

"They gave me cod-liver oil," he continued, "and medicines, but I got no better. Indeed, I was so low-spirited and miserable I didn't care what became of me. As time passed I grew weaker and weaker.

"After I had endured ten months of this, Mr. R. W. Dickinson, the chemist in Walmgate, advised me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. After taking it a few days I felt much better, my appetite reviving and my food giving me no pain. I continued to take this medicine only, and soon the cough and breathing trouble left me and I began to gain strength and flesh. When I had taken three bottles I was as strong as ever, and could eat and enjoy even a *dry crust*. I have since had good health. You are at liberty to publish this letter and refer all inquirers to me. (Signed) Isaiah Lewis, 124, Walmgate, York, April 8th, 1894."

If the reader wonders how a man could suffer so much, become so emaciated and weak, and be pushed so near the grave's edge through what is sometimes flippantly called "mere indigestion," he has yet to learn that the digestion is the arbiter of life and death. The "crust" (food), enjoyed and digested, means life and strength. Rejected it means the "stick," to supplement swift-coming weakness; and then the *prone position*, when help is vain. Mother Seigel's Syrup enabled Mr. Lewis to substitute the *crust* for the *stick*. It cured his dyspepsia.

**PACKARD'S "SPECIAL"
SHOE DRESSINGS**



ATTENTION
IS CALLED
TO OUR
LADIES'
"SPECIAL"
BLACK
DRESSING
FOR FINE KID
SHOES

Gentlemen's
SHOES
can be
KEPT SOFT
and look like
new, by using
our
Combination
Dressing
ALL COLORS.

25c., at all Shoe Stores.

The Woman in Red

is the emblem of the perfect silver polish
and is found on the label of every box of



Look for it when buying. Its merits—
not found in others—have made it fa-
mous around the world. The statement
of some dealers that others are "just the
same," or "just as good," is *false. It's*
unlike all others.

All good grocers and druggists sell it.
Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal,
Sole Agents for Canada.

The great purity and fragrance of

Red Cross Tea

is making it a favorite with everyone. The great increase in our sales the past three months shows how the people are appreciating this tea. Beware of harsh acrid teas that injure digestion. You are always safe when you buy Red Cross Tea.

All Packages Bear our Name.

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TORONTO

"A LITTLE LIGHT"

ON A
DARK SUBJECT.



There are sixteen different kinds of Carter's Ink suited to as many different uses. If you choose the kind suited to your use you can find none better. Uncle Sam uses more of Carter's Ink than of all others put together. All the great railway systems use Carter's Ink exclusively, as do the greatest school systems. They don't have to use it but they do just the same. Ink is so cheap that every one can afford to have the best. Carter's Ink is easily the best.

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium,

CANCER

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF



Tumors, and all Forms of Malignant and Benign Growths.

Without the use of the Knife

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment.

Please state your case as clearly as possible and our book with complete information will be mailed free. Address,

Dr. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mass.

212 LOAVES IN 8 HOURS

FAMOUS

PHARAOH NEVER BUILT A PYRAMID LIKE THIS

FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGES

Forty-Two Styles and Sizes.

Every Range Guaranteed.

- Thermometer** in oven door, showing exact heat of oven, without opening door.
- Aerated Oven** continually drawing fresh warm air into oven, and carrying fumes from roasting up the chimney.
- Basting Door** in oven door, which can be opened to look at baking, without cooling oven.
- Heavily Cemented Bottom**, giving all the baking qualities of a brick oven, and browning bread evenly all over.
- Duplex Coal Grates. Flush Reservoir.**
- Cast Iron Coal Linings**, cannot crack. Water fronts for heating water can be easily attached.
- Will Bake Perfectly with Less Fuel than any other Range.**

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LONDON, TORONTO MONTREAL
WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



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"Elbow Grease" is a slang term, denoting lots of rubbing. It is fast falling into disuse because of the almost universal use of

GOLD DUST

Washing Powder

No "elbow grease" is needed with Gold Dust. It makes house-work easy, a real pleasure instead of a hated drudgery. It saves your time, your strength, your temper, your money. It is better and cheaper than soap for all cleaning. For greatest economy buy our large package.

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



THE CLUB COCKTAILS

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

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

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

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

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

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

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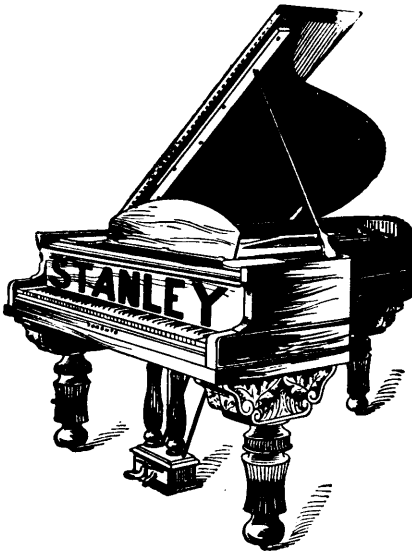
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Distributing Agents for Canada.

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Not the Oldest Made Nor the Cheapest Piano, But One of the Best.



The STANLEY is the equal of the world's first choice.

For its purity of tone and responsive touch we think its superior is not to be found.

TO YOU this statement is fact, and should remain so at least until you have sought to prove its reality.

When you try, for your own sake, to choose the very best, your selection will be made from a very few comparatively, and ours will be among them.

WHEN YOU HAVE MADE UP YOUR MIND TO BUY A GOOD PIANO AFTER MONTHS OF SERIOUS CONSIDERATION, DO NOT TAKE THE FIRST ONE OFFERED, NOR YET THE LAST, BUT TRY TO CHOOSE THE BEST.

WE PREFER YOUR GOOD OPINION TO YOUR MONEY.

WE DO BETTER THAN THAT, FOR WE RETAIN YOUR GOOD OPINION AFTER, OR YOU CAN HAVE YOUR MONEY RETURNED.

THE VERY BEST RESULTS

ARE ASSURED TO ALL WHO BUY THESE
CELEBRATED INSTRUMENTS

WE ARE BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE.

Remember that You are Buying for the Future.

Write for Catalogues. Shipped direct to any part of Canada.

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“King Quality” SHOE

MADE WITH “PATENT SLEEPER FLEXIBLE INSOLE.”

In Women's and Misses' fitting easily and smoothly, no squeak, no noise. Men's with leather Flexible Insoles in combination with cork, that means DRY FEET, NO COLDS, NO DOCTOR BILLS. Made of the finest leather and best workmanship. If you want the full worth of your money insist on having these goods. Wear them once, you will wear them twice. Every pair stamped with the name

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Are unsurpassed in Style, Quality, Finish, Natural in effect and Durability.

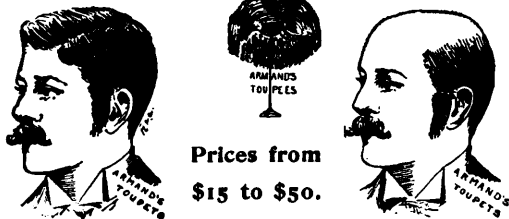
Highest Awards at Paris (France), New York and Chicago World's Fair.

We have the largest and best appointed Establishment in our line in Canada.



Prices for above pretty styles, \$15 to \$30.

See our latest creation in Ladies' Head Coverings, nothing nicer, nothing prettier, and nothing more natural. Armand's styles are recognized as being superior to all other makes.



Prices from \$15 to \$50.

Armand's Gents' Toupetts and Wigs are simply perfection of natural effect. No other house can produce such original designs which are absolutely necessary to give the natural effect.

Mail orders promptly attended to.

We can suit you just as well as if you were in Toronto. Write to us and we will send you free full particulars of the article required. All correspondence and goods sent concealed from observation.

We are the Headquarters for fine Hair Switches. Largest and best assortment in Canada.

Lowest Prices.

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HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.

A Luxurious Home for the invalid, as the HEATING and VENTILATING is so perfect that the TEMPERATURE DOES NOT VARY MORE THAN TWO DEGREES, and the AIR CAN BE COMPLETELY CHANGED IN EVERY ROOM WITHIN TEN MINUTES.

BRICK AND STONE FIRE-PROOF STRUCTURES with ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, located in the healthiest and most beautiful part of the state.

Separate SURGICAL DEPARTMENT, where SPECIAL ATTENTION is paid to the PREPARATION of patients for intricate operations. The advantages afforded are such as are not found in any general hospital.

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Excellent facilities for treating NEURASTHENIA, RHEUMATISM and PARALYSIS, as well as ALL conditions arising from defective elimination or perverted nutrition.

Fifteen consulting specialists—with a house staff of twenty years' experience, both in this country and Europe. Send for Pamphlet to

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TEETHING
POWDERS**



.. WARNING.—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S
TEETHING POWDERS.**

Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

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Brass Kettles and

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(LIMITED)

King and Victoria Streets

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UNDERWEAR LUXURY

made possible for modest pocket books by

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MARK



The peculiar manner in which the inner surface of these garments is woven, so as to form a series of little air cells not only insures health but gives a **VELVET LIKE FEELING** which is so luxurious that the most delicate and sensitive flesh can raise no objection to it. Illustrated price list on request.

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IT IS NOT THE PRICE

although the price is exceedingly low, considering the price of a hair mattress—still, it is not the price that sells the Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, it is the quality.

Think of it, a mattress which never requires remaking! An occasional sun bath, as every good mattress should have, will keep it indefinitely as good as new. It never becomes hard or lumpy, and it is purer than any hair mattress can possibly be.

The best Hotels and Institutions in Canada are using Ostermoor's Patent Elastic Felt Mattress in preference to the best curled hair.

\$15.00

Size 6 ft. 3 ins. by 4 ft. 6 ins.
Express prepaid anywhere East of Winnipeg.

Place Viger Hotel, - - Montreal.
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Our "free book" and handsomely illustrated catalogue sent postpaid to any address on receipt of your name and address.

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Our sterling trade mark on a piece of silverware, stamps its metal as $\frac{925}{1000}$ parts silver.

So called Silver, marked "Sterling" and no more, offers no guarantee to the purchaser, as there are no laws in Canada to prevent baser metals being stamped "Sterling."

Wise purchasers should insist on the protection our trade mark gives.

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and

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A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.



A Corner in the Draughting Room.

Our Customers Benefit

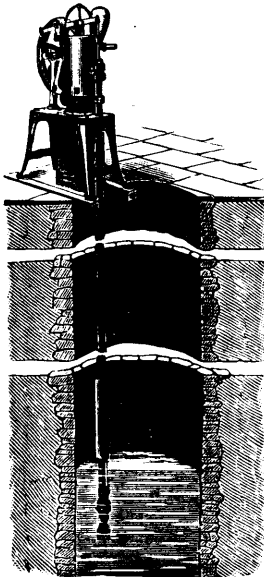
by the advance information we are able to supply them and the full detail drawings and foundation plans freely furnished when an order is placed with us.

We invite inquiries

from those about to instal high-grade Steam or Water-power plants. Representative sent to any point for Consultation.

The Jenckes Machine Co., ^{23 Lansdowne} Street, Sherbrooke, Que.

Domestic Water Supply.

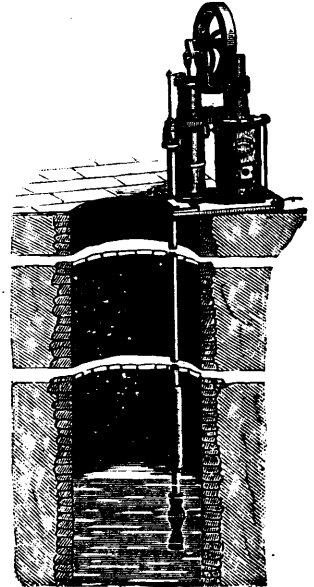


AS we are frequently asked whether our Rider and Ericsson Hot Air Pumps are arranged for pumping from deep wells (both open wells and artesian), we show here the engines arranged for doing this kind of work. The Rider and the Ericsson Hot Air Pumps are as well adapted for deep well work as when used for pumping from cisterns, rivers or springs.

For Further Information

send for catalogue "A 12" to the nearest store. Call and see engines in operation.

Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.



22 Cortlandt St., New York.

86 Lake St., Chicago.

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Teniente-Rey 71, Havana, Cuba.

A Growing Time

FOR THE

"KELSEY"

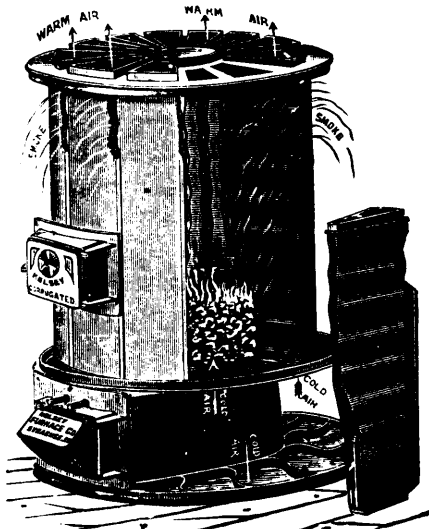
WARM AIR GENERATOR

(PATENTED)

3 times as many sold from Jan. 1st to June 30th, 1899, as in same period of 1898.

The "Kelsey" warms all your house all the time.

Users say "The colder the weather the [more satisfactory the results.]"



Note how Fire-pot is formed.

Our "Kelsey" Booklet tells you all about it. Send for one.

TORONTO AGENCY:—
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THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Examine the Index

"The Canadian Magazine." Volume XIII. complete with this issue. Binding cases 50 cents. A few complete sets for sale—but only a few.

in this number and see the value of each volume of

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

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

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 Protose, a vegetable meat, has the appearance of pressed chicken or turkey, with a taste similar to beef. Can be served in any manner that flesh foods are prepared, more easily digested than meat, containing 25 per cent. more food elements.
 Sold in sealed cans by grocers. Send us the name of a grocer who does not sell Protose and six cents to pay postage, only, and we will mail a sample can free.
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A Product That Pleases. In Pretty White Pots.

A Trial is all that is necessary to win you in favor of Millar's. Its largely increasing sale is sufficient proof of its popularity.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

Put up by

The T. D. Millar Paragon Cheese Co.
 INGERSOLL, - ONT.

LUBY'S RESTORES THE HAIR

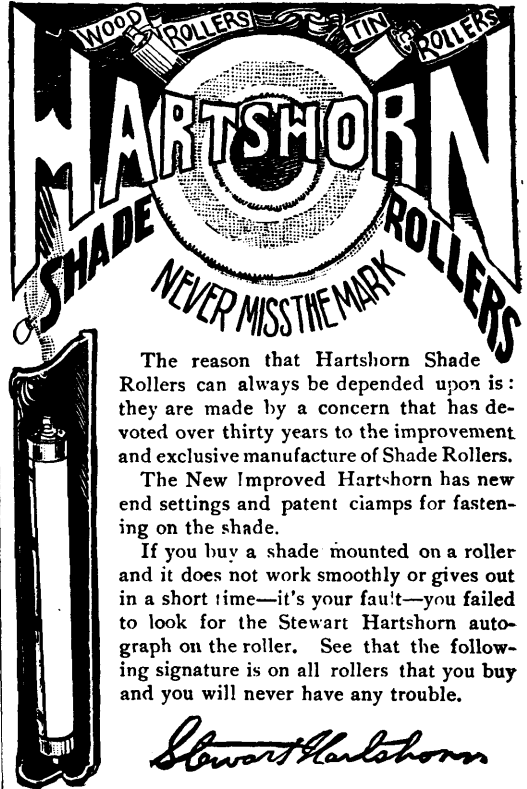
Fourteen Underwood Typewriters

were purchased by Mr. W. H. Shaw, Principal of the Central Business College, Toronto, on Sept. 8th, in order that his pupils might have the advantage of learning on the most up-to-date and most sought for typewriter on the market. The business college demands a *durable* typewriter—so does the business man.

CATALOGUE FREE.

CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.,

Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa,
Hamilton, London.



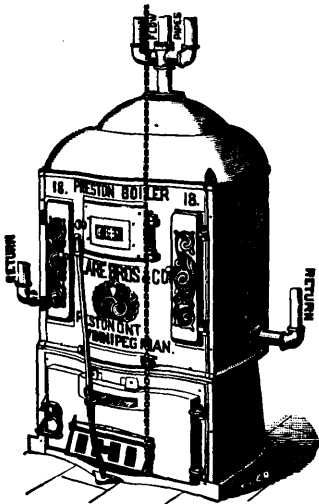
The reason that Hartshorn Shade Rollers can always be depended upon is: they are made by a concern that has devoted over thirty years to the improvement and exclusive manufacture of Shade Rollers.

The New Improved Hartshorn has new end settings and patent ciamps for fastening on the shade.

If you buy a shade mounted on a roller and it does not work smoothly or gives out in a short time—it's your fault—you failed to look for the Stewart Hartshorn autograph on the roller. See that the following signature is on all rollers that you buy and you will never have any trouble.

Stewart Hartshorn

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their buildings with HOT AIR or HOT WATER should consult CLARE BROS. & CO., PRESTON, ONT., if they want the latest and up-to-date apparatus to burn either wood or coal. Heating has been our specialty for the past thirty years. Our goods are of SUPERIOR quality and fully guaranteed. If you send us dimensions of your building we will cheerfully give you an estimate for heating, and advise you as to the best way of doing it.

CLARE BROS. & CO., Preston, Ont.

Toronto Agent: A. WELCH, 302 Queen West.

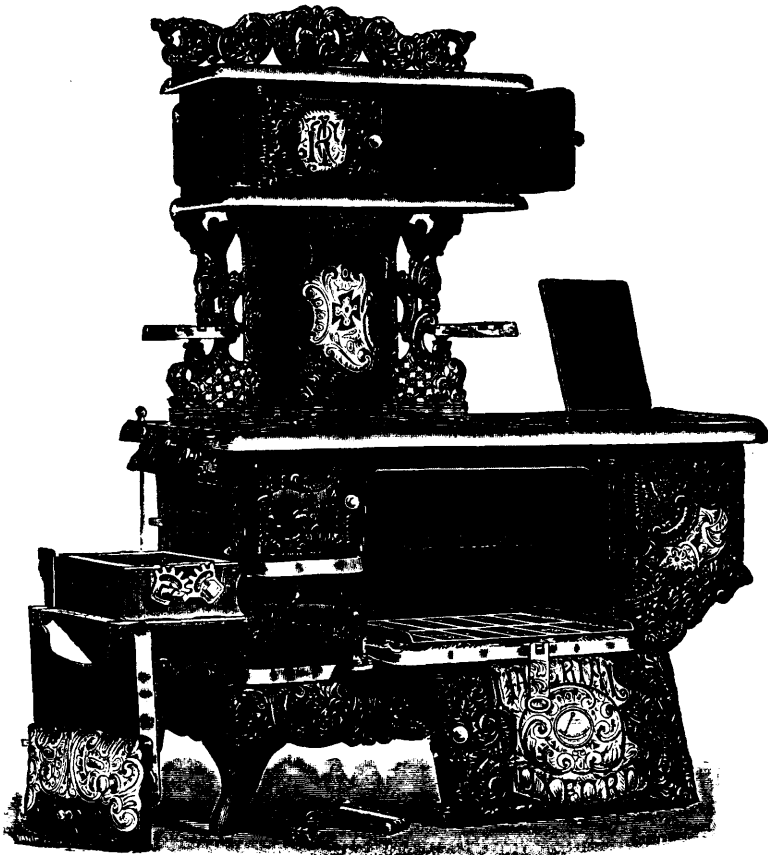
Just Stop and Think.

It isn't economy to keep a range that uses too much fuel and is aggravatingly slow and uncertain to operate.
But it is economy to buy the new

Imperial Oxford Range

Because its first cost is soon repaid by the fuel it saves—its patented improvements making it possible to check or brighten the fire instantly, so that no fuel or heat need ever be wasted, and no delays in cooking or baking are caused by the range.

It will give you greater kitchen comfort, economy and convenience than you've ever known.



See them at our nearest agents—The Patent Front Draw-out Grate, Oven Thermometer, Draw-out Oven Rack, and other special features will interest you.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, TORONTO.

DOMINION PIANOS & ORGANS



Perfect
Mechanism,
Constructed under
Valuable Patents makes the
"DOMINION"
the Most Popular and Re-
liable PIANO manu-
factured in
Canada.
40,000 Instruments
in Use.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO.
BOWMANVILLE, ONT. CAN. (LIMITED)

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It would do it effectively.

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Bovril contains all the NOURISHING constituents of FRESH LEAN BEEF, combined with the stimulating properties of Extract of Meat. It is INFINITELY more nourishing than EXTRACT OF MEAT or HOME-MADE BEEF TEA.

BELL PIANO.



THE BELL ORGAN AND PIANO CO., LIMITED.
GUELPH, CANADA.

THE MODERN **STOVE POLISH**
Enameline
Every Package Guaranteed.
J.L. PRESCOTT & CO., NEW YORK.



**PASTE
 CAKE OR
 LIQUID.**

HEALTH

REST!

COMFORT!

The Jackson Sanatorium

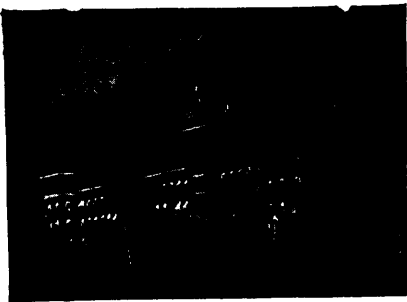
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Established in 1858. Most beautiful and commodious Fire Proof Building in the world, used as a Health Institution. All forms of Hydro-therapeutics, massage, rest cure; electricity administered by skilled attendants; a staff of regular physicians of large experience; accommodations and service of highest class; superior cuisine, directed by Emma P. Ewing, teacher of cooking at Chautauqua. Do not fail to write for illustrated literature and terms if seeking **health or rest.** Address,

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Possessed of cleansing, soothing and antiseptic properties that makes Teaberry a favorite on every dressing table. It is a perfect dentrifice that has the endorsement of the best dentists.

Sold by all druggists at 25c. a bottle.

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 COFFEE**

AS USED IN TURKEY.



IMPORTED & PREPARED BY
JAMES TURNER & CO.
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN—DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. —MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.—

RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER. (Cut this out as it may not appear again.)

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED } MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A. MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE HAIR PREPARATIONS.

You can register your letter at any Post-office and insure its safe delivery.

WE OFFER \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY — EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED



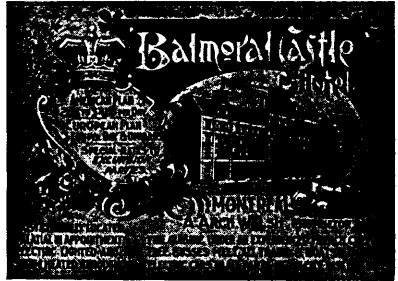
The use of Tarina

is a specific against the disagreeable effect of perspiration.

TARINA is thus not only an ideal shampoo soap, making the hair soft, sweet, and allaying scalp irritations, but is an invaluable toilet article and every lady should have a cake.

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Get Mennen's (the original).
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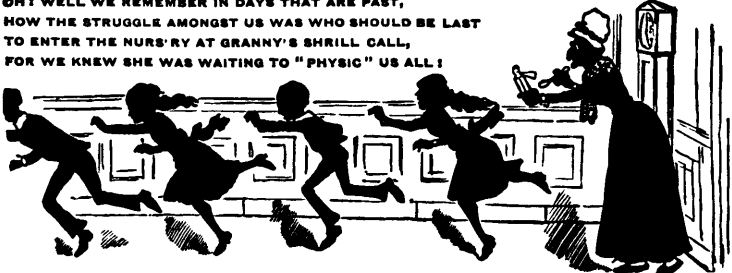
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 HOW THE STRUGGLE AMONGST US WAS WHO SHOULD BE LAST
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 FOR WE KNEW SHE WAS WAITING TO "PHYSIC" US ALL!



BUT NOW MAMMA'S BOUGHT US SUCH BEAUTIFUL STUFF,
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 WE HAVE FINISHED WITH SENNA AND VILE RHUBARB WINE,
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INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS WITH THE NEW
STOMACH REMEDY—NOT A PATENT
MEDICINE, BUT A SAFE CURE
FOR ALL FORMS OF
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The results of recent investigation have established beyond question the great value of the new preparation for indigestion and stomach troubles. It is composed of the digestive acids—pepsin, bismuth, golden seal and similar stomachics—prepared in the form of twenty-grain lozenges, pleasant to the taste, convenient to carry them traveling, harmless to the most delicate stomach, and probably the safest, most effectual cure yet discovered for indigestion, sour stomach, loss of appetite and flesh, nausea, sick headache, palpitation of the heart, and the many symptoms arising from imperfect digestion of food. They cure because, they cause the food to be promptly and thoroughly digested before it has time to sour, ferment and poison the blood and nervous system.

Over 6,000 people in the State of Michigan alone in 1894 were cured of stomach troubles by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Full-sized packages may be found at all druggists at 50 cents, or sent by mail on receipt of price from F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. Send for free book on stomach diseases.

A Peculiar Fact.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HAVE DYSPEPSIA
IN ITS WORST FORM AND DO
NOT KNOW IT.

A weak stomach is the cause of about nine-tenths of all diseases, yet in most cases the wrong thing is treated and the true cause overlooked.

This is because a weak digestion produces symptoms resembling nearly every disease, because it weakens and disturbs the action of every nerve and organ in the body; poor digestion causes heart trouble, kidney troubles, lung weakness and especially nervous breakdown or nervous prostration; the nerves cannot stand the wear and tear unless generously fed by well-digested, wholesome food.

Keep the digestion good, and no one need fear the approach of disease.

Mrs. M. H. Lee, of Rochester, N. Y., writes:—"For the sake of suffering humanity I want to say that from a child I had a very weak stomach, threw up my food very often after eating, and after a few years nervous dyspepsia resulted, and for more than twenty years I have suffered inexpressibly.

"I tried many physicians and advertised remedies, with only temporary relief, for nervous dyspepsia, and not until I commenced taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets last September, six months ago, have I been free from suffering caused by the condition of my nerves and stomach; in short, chronic nervous dyspepsia.

"I have recommended Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to many of my friends, and now I want in a public way to say they are the safest, pleasantest, and, I believe, the surest cure for stomach and nerve troubles. I write my honest opinion and will gladly answer any letter of enquiry at any

time, and feel that I am, in a small way, helping on a good cause."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not a patent medicine, but they contain only the fruit salts, digestive acids and peptones necessary to help the weak stomach to promptly and thoroughly digest food.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents for full-sized packages, and any one suffering from nervous dyspepsia, sour stomach, headaches, acidity, gases, belching, etc., will find them not only a quick relief, but a radical cure.

Send to F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., for little book, describing cause and cure of stomach troubles, giving symptoms and treatment of the various forms of indigestion.

To Cure Nervous Dyspepsia.

TO GAIN FLESH, TO SLEEP WELL, TO KNOW
WHAT APPETITE AND GOOD
DIGESTION MEAN.

MAKE A TEST OF STUART'S DYSPEPSIA
TABLETS

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APOLIS GENTLEMAN.

No trouble is more common or more misunderstood than nervous dyspepsia. People having it think their nerves are to blame, and are surprised that they are not cured by nerve medicines and spring remedies. The real seat of the mischief is lost sight of. The stomach is the organ to be looked after.

Nervous dyspeptics often do not have any plan whatever in the stomach, nor perhaps any of the usual symptoms of stomach weakness. Nervous dyspepsia shows itself not in the stomach so much as in nearly every organ. In some cases the heart palpitates and is irregular; in others the kidneys are affected; in others the bowels are constipated, with headaches; still others are troubled with loss of flesh and appetite, with accumulations of gas, sour risings and heartburn.

Mr. A. W. Sharper, of 61 Prospect street, Indianapolis, Ind., writes as follows:—"A motive of pure gratitude prompts me to write these few lines regarding the new and valuable medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I have been a sufferer from nervous dyspepsia for the last four years; have used various patent medicines and other remedies without any favorable result. They sometimes gave temporary relief until the effect of the medicine wore off. I attributed this to my sedentary habits, being a bookkeeper, with little physical exercise, but I am glad to state that the tablets have overcome all these obstacles, for I have gained in flesh, sleep better, and am better in every way. The above is not written for notoriety, but is based on actual facts. Respectfully yours, A. W. SHARPER, 61 Prospect street, Indianapolis, Ind."

It is safe to say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure any stomach weakness or disease except cancer of the stomach. They cure sour stomach, gas, loss of flesh and appetite, sleeplessness, palpitation, heartburn, constipation and headache.

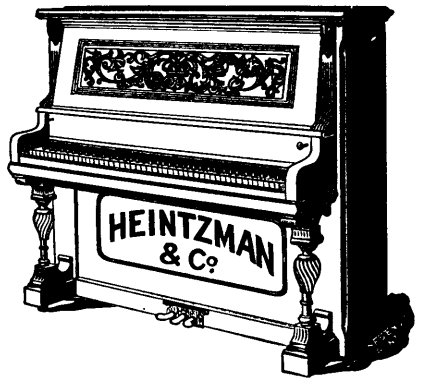
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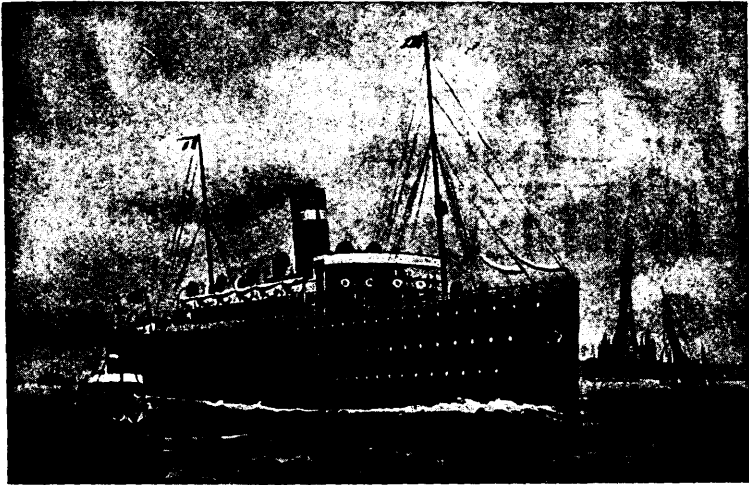
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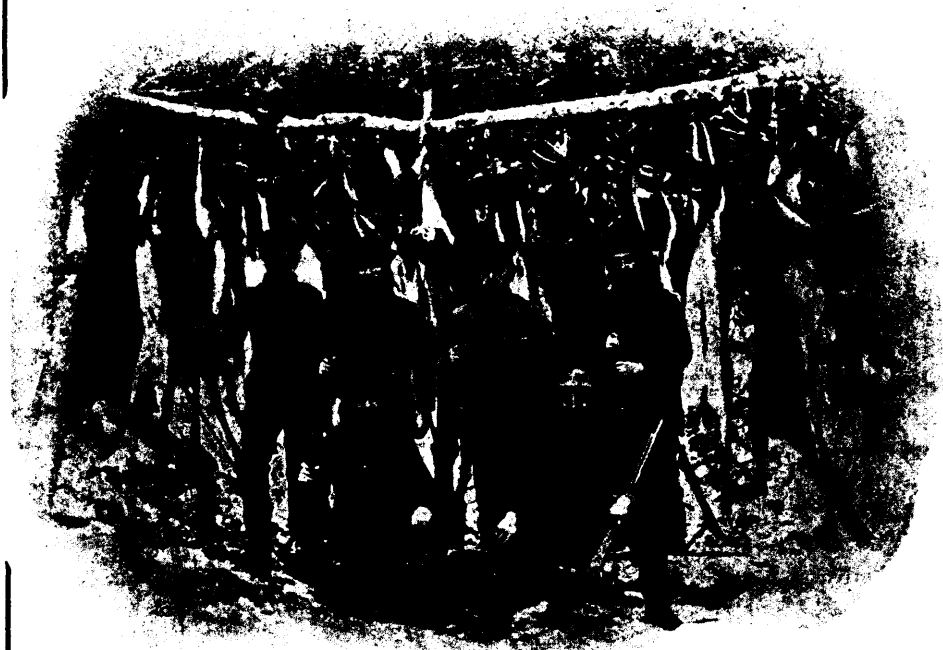
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The water of Muskoka Lakes is deep, blue and cold; the air is laden with ozone, and in all, the country is an ideal resort for sportsmen.

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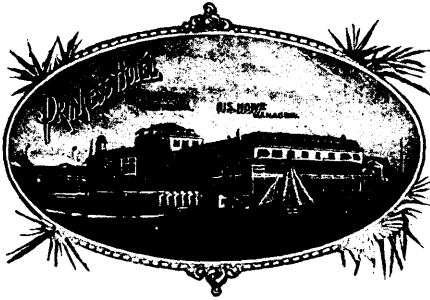
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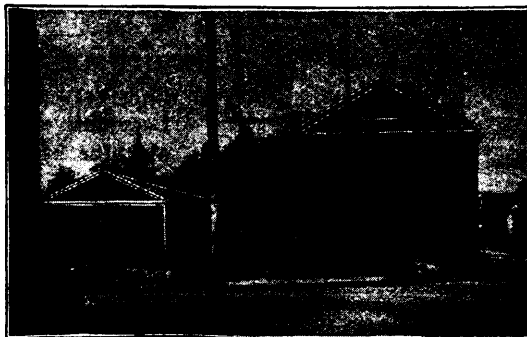
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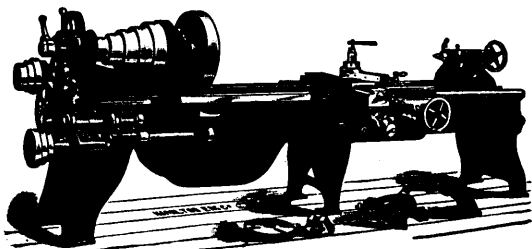
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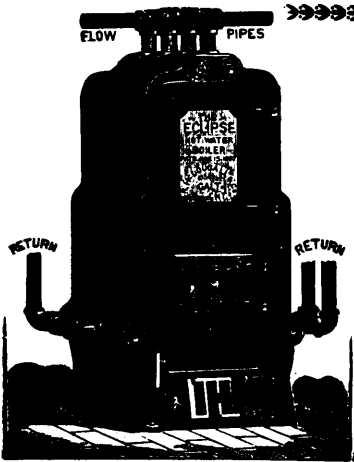
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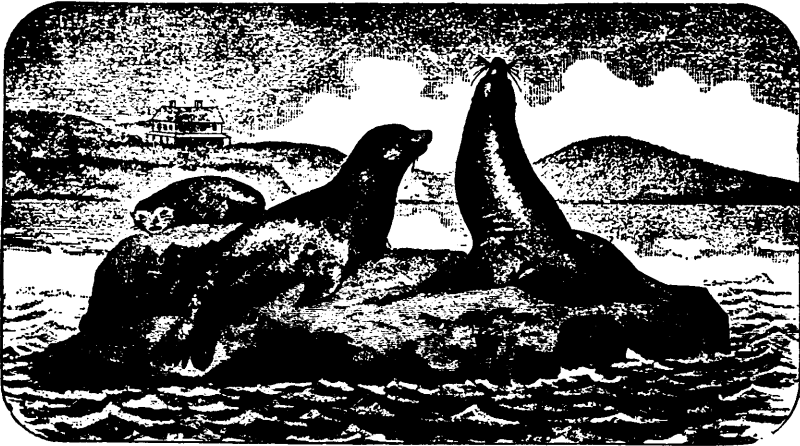
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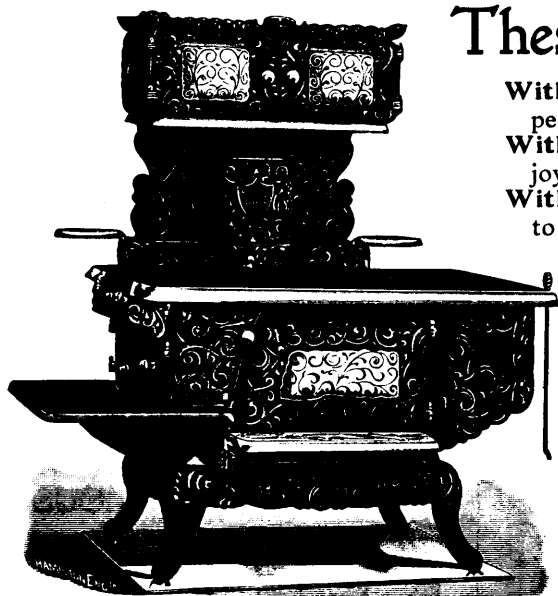
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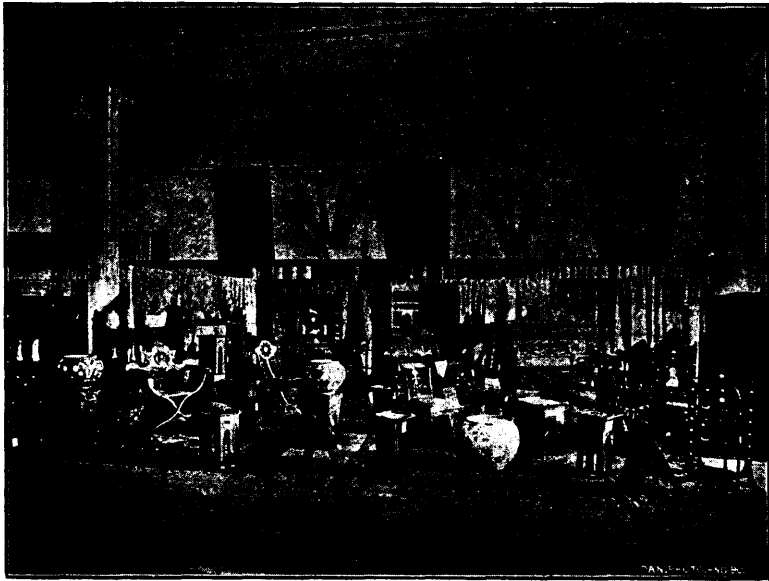


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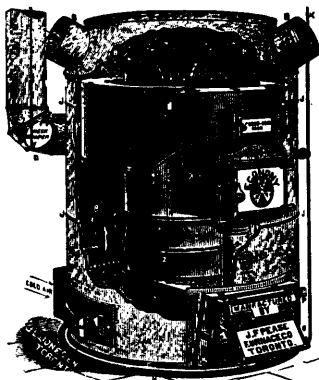
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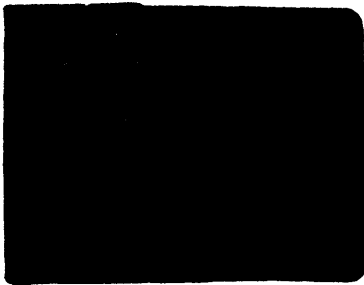


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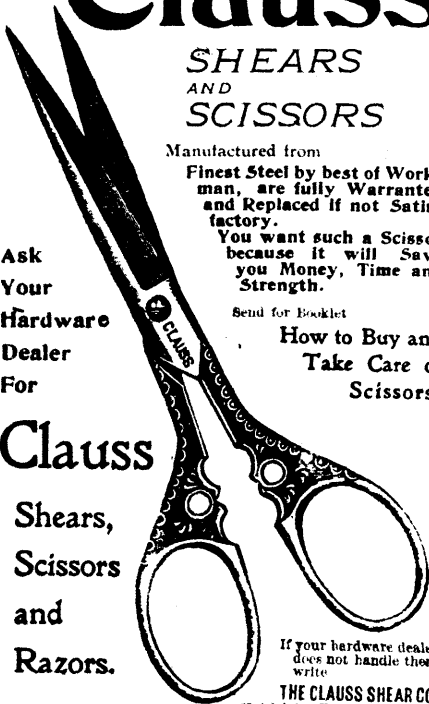
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