

VOL XXIV

NO. 2

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1904



Christmas Number

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SOME IDEA OF THE PROGRAMME WHICH WILL BE PRESENTED TO THE READERS OF THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE DURING NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE

THE SUCCESS OF 1904

AN editor judges his success by his good fortune in securing contributions which his readers will appreciate. To do this he must have some foresight. He must look ahead and estimate as best he can what the people will be talking about six months hence. As he is not a prophet or the son of a prophet, he must be a close observer of the tendencies of his time.

The historical serials used in 1903 and 1904, "The War of 1812" and "The Fight For North America," have been remarkably successful, have thoroughly interested the readers of *The Canadian Magazine*. The editor felt that the people of this country would appreciate these excellent descriptions of the two dramatic periods in our history and he started on a search for the two best writers on these campaigns. They were found and their work obtained.

The Chamberlain movement was attracting attention; therefore the January issue was "An Imperial Number."

The Treaty-Making Power was to the fore, and Professor Goldwin Smith (February), Thomas Hodgins, K.C. (March) and Professor de Sumichrast (May) were requested to deal with this vital question.

The possibilities of the Northwest needed restating and Dr. William Saunders, the greatest authority on the subject, wrote an article, by request, on "Wheat-growing in Canada," which was quoted by Mr. Fielding in his Budget speech and which was reviewed by the leading journals of America and Europe.

The war with Japan happened, and the export of photographs from Japan was prohibited. Yet *The Canadian Magazine* published several articles on Japan with excellent portraits of the leading statesmen and commanders.

The historical celebrations in the Maritime Provinces in honour of the Tercentenary of Champlain and Demonts formed the basis for the leading articles in August.

Early in the year, it was learned that Reciprocity would be a live issue in the United States General Elections, and when this occurred about August, the September number was issued with eight contributions on the subject—all prepared months before.

It was easy to see that the Progress of Canada would be much discussed preparatory to a General Election, and the October issue was a "Progress Number" with a coloured map

showing the proposed route of the much-discussed Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

To emphasise the respect which the Editor pays to good fiction, he secured the copyright of six of Maupassant's best short stories to brighten up the summer numbers—and Maupassant is the greatest of all short-story writers.

The same foresight, the same care will be bestowed on the programme for 1905. Whether it will be equally successful is yet to be proven.

FOR 1905

INSTEAD of an Historical Serial during 1905, there will be a story of the War of 1812, which will run throughout the year. It is by the author of "How Hartman Won" and "Hickory of the Lakes," a Canadian writer who signs himself Eric Bohn.

The name of this story is "The Builders," and it describes the experiences of the 100th Regiment which sailed for Canada in November, 1813, landed at Halifax, and marched overland via Montreal and Ottawa to Penetanguishene, where it erected a fort and did garrison duty throughout the war. The opening scene is a wedding in Westminster Abbey, when Lieutenant Harold Manning is united in holy matrimony to Helen Brandon. The bride of yesterday accompanies the regiment to Halifax and undertakes a winter trip which might daunt even a robust Canadian maiden. There is another love story in it, too—that of a young Halifax girl and another officer who served with distinction at Lundy's Lane.

The editor hopes and expects that this story will be as great a success as

"Kate Carnegie," by Ian Maclaren, and "The Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason—the two greatest serials yet selected for this publication. It is Canadian, written by a Canadian, and tells much of that tremendous struggle which saved Canada to the British Crown in 1812-14.

The author takes the title from the following verse:

Ye Builders, true on land and lake
To name and nation's glory,
Though time has left you in its wake,
Your stress has told its story.

Sitting Bull figures in a sketch by the Duke of Argyll in January. This will be followed in February by "The Surrender of Sitting Bull," being Jean Louis Legaré's story as secured and transcribed by F. C. Wade, K.C., who was counsel for the Department of Justice of the United States in connection with Legaré's suit against that government. The evidence was taken at Regina on a notable occasion in the fall of 1888, and Mr. Wade afterwards supplemented it with conversations between himself and Legaré, the instrument through whom the surrender was made.

One of the most important of the contributions during 1905 will be a series of five short articles by James Cappon, Professor of English in Queen's University, a forceful and graceful writer. These articles will, for the first time, compare Canadian poetry with the other English poetry of the period, showing wherein it differs and wherein it follows the same lines. These articles will be entitled "Roberts and the Influences of His Time," this poet being chosen as the most representative of the Canadian School. This series of

articles should be carefully studied by any one with pretensions to a knowledge of Canadian literature.

Professor Goldwin Smith in a recent address at Cornell University remarked: "Humanity in civilised countries is all the time growing more sensitive, and the more sensitive it grows the more welcome to it surely the delight and the value of poetry will be."

During 1905 there will be some excellent poetry by the leading geniuses of the country. In January there will be a "habitant" poem by Dr. Drummond.

The world outside of Canada will receive some attention. "A Month in Curacao," by G. M. L. Brown, a Canadian writer now seeking copy in South America, will be the first of a series of articles dealing with foreign lands. Curacao is one of the Dutch American possessions, and has an interest all its own. There will be the usual complement of unusual illustrations.

In short stories, there will be the usual list of Canadian writers with one or two additions. These will include W. A. Fraser, W. Albert Hickman, Norman Duncan, Cy Warman, Theodore Roberts, Virna Sheard, Blanche L. Macdonell, Hopkins J. Moorhouse, H. MacBean Johnston and others. These stories will be far above the average newspaper story.

There will be many articles dealing with the current questions of public interest. One of the first of these will be "The Truth About the Cornwall Canal Lighting Contract," by Norman Patterson, a staff writer

who was recently sent to investigate this subject. Other articles on somewhat similar semi-political subjects, perhaps even more startling, will follow.

The illustrations for 1905 will be up to the standard set for this publication, which means the highest grade that Canada can produce. The engravings used in *The Canadian Magazine* cost more per square inch than those used by any other publication in the country, because every engraving has special work put upon it. The paper is always the best grade. The presses on which the Magazine is printed are the best makes, and the highest skill is employed in that highly difficult process known as "over-laying." All these features add to the expense of producing this publication, but the aim of the management is to keep it the best publication in the country and truly worthy of being "the national publication of Canada."

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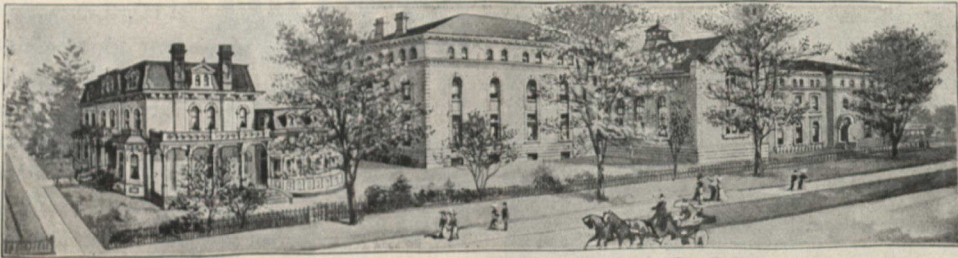
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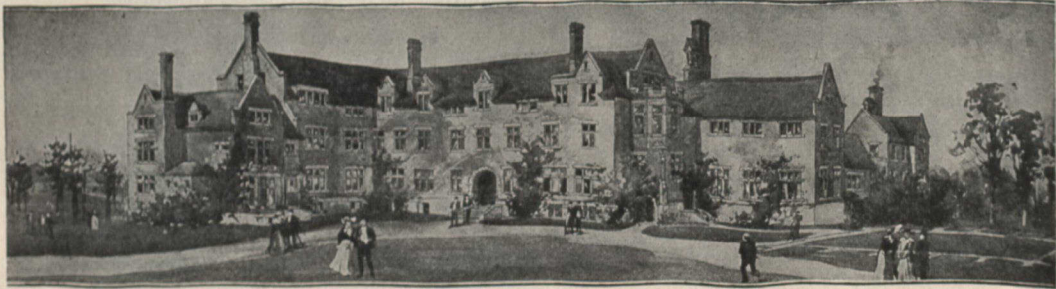


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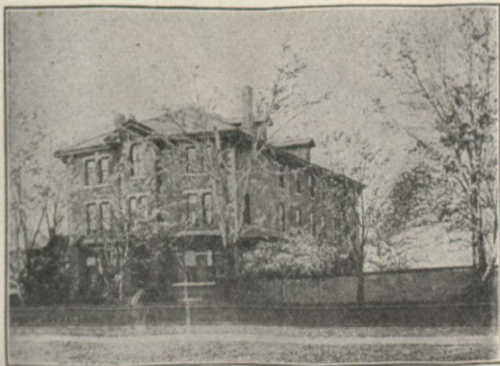
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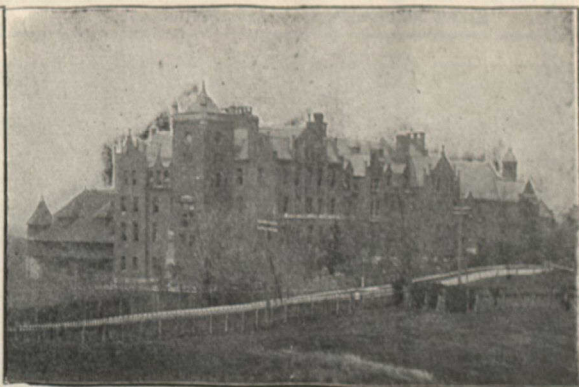
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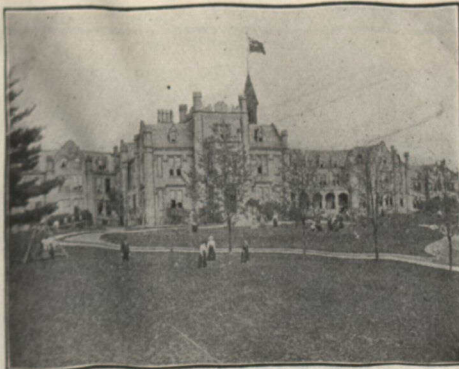
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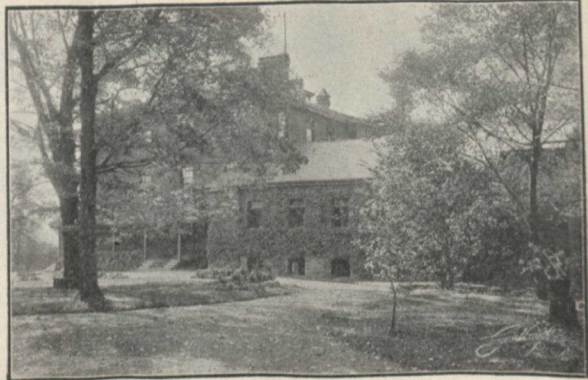
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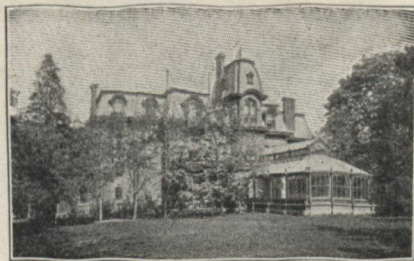
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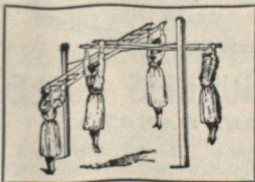
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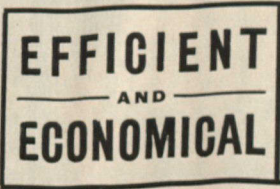
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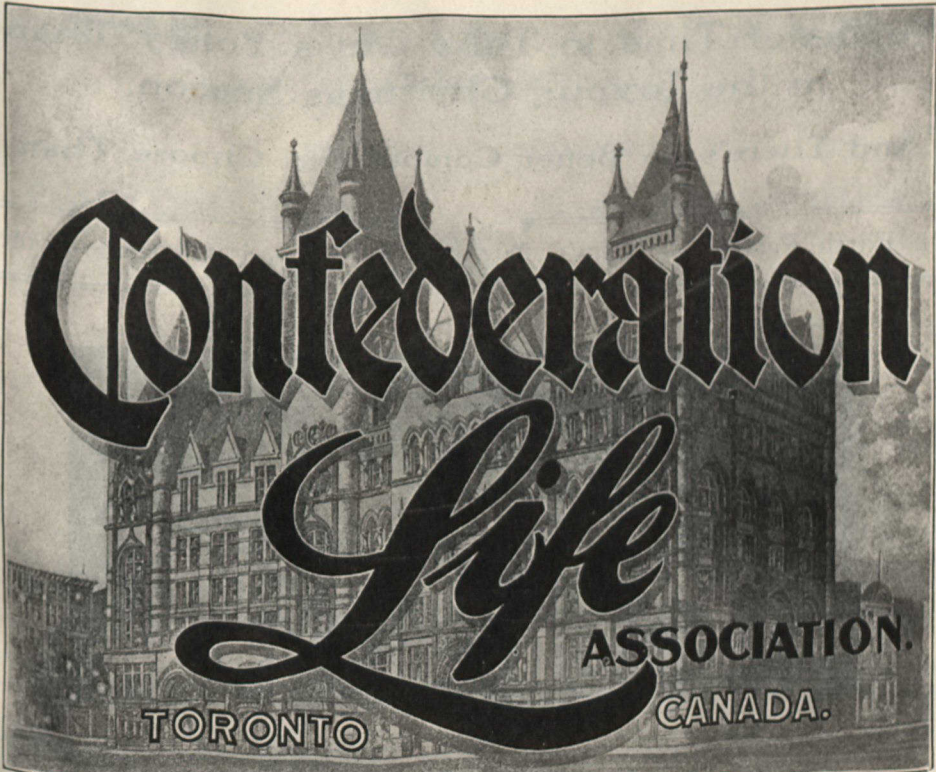
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FREE HOMESTEADS may be had in almost all the land districts. Adjoining land may be purchased from the railway and land companies. Many cases have been recorded where the farmer has paid the entire purchase price of his land out of the first crop.

The matter of climate is one that demands the attention of those seeking a home. The climate of Western Canada is one that is highly spoken of by all who have made it their home, and requires no further comment. Hundreds of letters in the possession of the Department of the Interior give evidence of its healthfulness and its desirability when compared with that of other countries.

Socially, there is everything that is desired. There are to be found there the several fraternal societies, schools, churches and other organizations calculated to be to the upbuilding of a community, and are in evidence wherever there is a settlement.

Markets for the sale of grain and other produce of the farm are at every railway station, while elevators and mills make competition keen. The prices are always high and the railway rates are reasonable.

Nearly fifty thousand Americans took up land either in Manitoba or the Territories during the past year, and as fully as great a number is expected during the season of 1904. It is only a matter of computation how much the area which will be placed under cultivation will exceed the 4,687,583 acres of 1903. Besides the Americans spoken of, fully as large a number of British people became settlers. In addition to these the continentals added largely to the population.

Ranching is an important factor in the prosperity of Western Canada and the very best results follow. Leases may be had from the Government or lands may be purchased from Railways and Land Companies.

Wheat Districts. The wheat districts are located in a less elevated country than the ranching section, and where the snow lies on the ground during the winter months and where there is sufficient rainfall in summer to grow wheat. Generally speaking, the wheat districts now opened up comprise the greater part of Assiniboia lying east of Moose Jaw, where the Red River Valley extends its productive soil, renowned the world over as a famous wheat belt.

Over 240,000,000 acres of land in the above-mentioned districts are suitable for raising wheat. The wheat belts, although colder than the ranching country, are ideal countries for wheat-growing. The cool nights during the ripening period favour the production of firm grains, thus making the wheat grade high in the market. Wherever wheat is grown, oats and barley grow, producing large yields. Government statistics covering a period of twenty years show that the yield of wheat runs about 20 bushels to the acre, barley over 40, oats also yield splendidly.

In most cases the yields are regulated largely by the system of farming practised. The best farmers summer fallow a portion of their farms. Usually one-third of the acreage is worked as a summer fallow. On the large wheat farms the grain is threshed and run into small granaries having a capacity of 1,000 bushels. These are left in the field until time to haul the grain to market. The wheat zone of Canada is spreading farther north, and we doubt not that wheat will be grown much farther north than at present.

Mixed Farming. To-day mixed farming is adapted to the greater part of Manitoba, taking in all of Assiniboia not included in the wheat belt, the Saskatchewan Valley and southwestern Saskatchewan, extending into northern Alberta. In many districts stock raising, dairying and general farming crops go hand in hand. The pastures are good. Aside from the wild grasses, brome grass and western rye grass furnish good hay crops and are grown not only where mixed farming is in vogue, but in the wheat districts as well. Dairying is one of the growing industries. In many sections creameries have been started which are paying good profits to their patrons. Hog and poultry raising are profitable industries. Roots and vegetables thrive well. Wild fruits of many kinds testify to the possibilities in fruit-growing for home consumption at least.

Large Tracts Open for Settlement. New lines of railroads are being built into the new districts just opening up. The country may be said to have never had a "boom" familiar to many of our readers. The growth of Western Canada up to the present time has been slow, but we believe sure. The soil varies in different sections of the country, still it is more uniform than in many of the States. The general character of the soil is a dark loam underlaid with a clay subsoil. Good water abounds everywhere.

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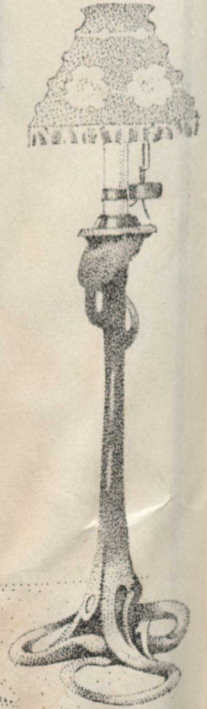
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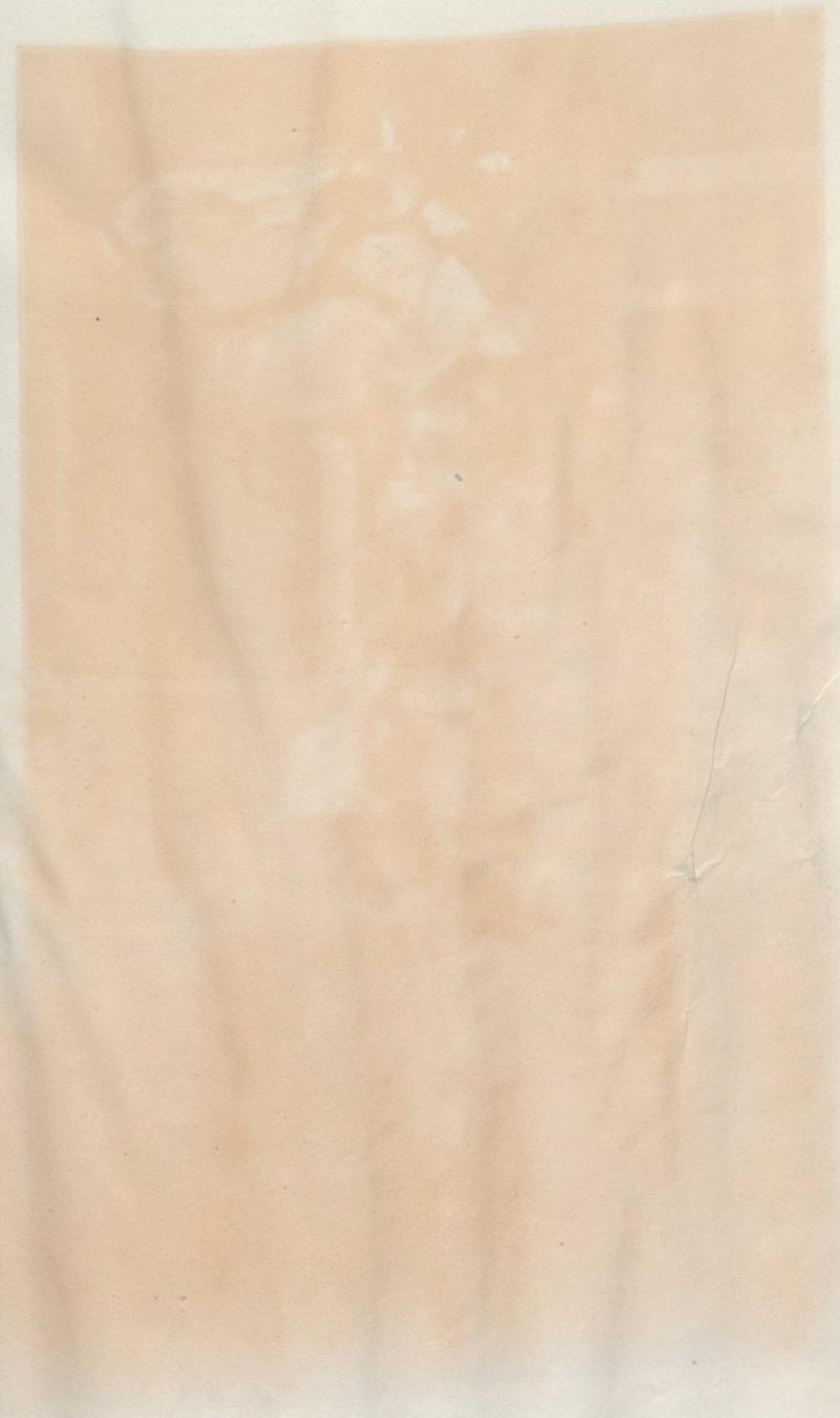
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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

The Spanish treasury had been exhausted in the Moorish wars, and Isabella offers her jewels to defray the expenses of the proposed expedition. The contract between Ferdinand and Columbus is about to be signed. April 17th, 1492. Painted in 1884 by Vacslav Von Brozik, a famous Bohemian painter. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 2

FROM CANADA TO TONGALAND

By A. T. WATERS

SECOND PAPER

AS stated in the preceding article, Ngwanasi, now paramount chief of British Tongaland, was king of both the Tongalands—British and Portuguese—previous to 1897. He had come to the throne in early childhood, upon the death of his father, Msonge. In 1897, when he was about twenty-five years of age, the Portuguese of the Delagoa Bay district accused him of insubordination to their power, and made war upon him; but, after making a slight resistance, Ngwanasi fled to the southern part of his kingdom. Here he called upon the British colony of Natal for protection, and to take control of his remaining territory. In the same year a treaty was made between the British and Portuguese, establishing a boundary line between them. This made the present territories of British Tongaland and Portuguese Tongaland, the latter being much the larger and more valuable possession.

Still another treaty was effected

between Ngwanasi and the Natal government, and this gave to him an annual cash stipend of one hundred pounds. It also relegated him to the paramount chieftainship of the remainder of his tribe, with jurisdiction only over minor offences.

This territory, about fifty miles square, is bounded on the east by the Indian Ocean, on the south by Zululand, on the west by the Pongola River, and on the north by an imaginary line running east from the Sutu Port in the Lubambo mountains to Oro Point on the Indian Ocean.

The port of entry is Delagoa Bay, importations passing through the Portuguese territory "in transit" at



TONGALAND—THE AUTHOR IN HIS BUNGALOW



WOMEN BRINGING THEIR ANNUAL FOOD-TAX TO THE CHIEF. THESE WOMEN HAD TO CARRY IT TWENTY-TWO MILES

nominal duty of three per cent.

The country, a low veldt, is only two or three hundred feet above sea level, and this, in part, accounts for its malarial climate. It possesses a sandy soil, with no rock formation, and large portions of its surface consist of broad, grassy plains dotted here and there with the lala palm, from which is drawn the famous "palm wine." Other districts are rolling and hilly, covered with grass and dotted with single fruit trees, or patched here and there with clumps of bush. This, however, applies only to the eastern half, forests, lakes and reedy marshes covering the western part. In the east, Kosi Lake, which the Boers greatly coveted as a port, is the largest body of water. It is some five or six miles long, and two or three miles wide; and is united with the Indian Ocean by Kosi Bay and a series of lagoons. The hippopotamus and crocodile infest nearly all these waters. Some ten or twelve brooks, called "rivers," give the land a fair supply of water, which is pure and of ex-

cellent taste. These "rivers" run, as a rule, from west to east, slipping over silver or golden sands.

British Tongaland is the most beautiful district I have seen in South Africa. Its latitude is 26° south (the same as Johannesburg), its climate is mild, and frost is unknown. The seasons are practically only two in number—the wet and the dry periods, called winter and summer, rains being expected any time

from October to February. The mean temperature runs about 80° or 85° F. One hundred and twenty-two degrees in the sun was the highest record I observed, but that was hot enough to keep the natives from travelling in the sand paths, and to cause insects and small reptiles, such as lizards and snakes, to fall from the interior of the thatched roofs with heat exhaustion. Birds, also, have been known to drop dead when flying out from shelter.



A FEW OF THE CHIEF'S WIVES. HE HAS ABOUT SIXTY, BUT THEY DO NOT ALL LIVE TOGETHER

As the sun is to the north, shadows are cast toward the south, and for some time are confusing to the northerner.

With fruits indigenous to it this little country is marvellously rich. It has no fewer than fifty different varieties, among these being the wild fig and date. Most of these are edible, and many decidedly palatable; and, to add to this richness, the "civilised" pineapple, banana and granadilla have recently been introduced. It is strange, however, that there is not a nut-bearing tree in the land.

In the rainy season this is a wilderness of wild flowers—perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred varieties. I remember one Sunday morning, in March, travelling through a forest waggon road which was like a river of glory.

The population was estimated at between ten and twelve thousand. Two languages, the Tshronga and the Zulu, are used. The native language is the former, but all the males, and many of the women, speak the Zulu. Indeed, they are proud to speak Zulu, for many of them meanly despise their own dialect and claim Zulu blood. This weakness prevails, first, because the Zulus have a "big name" among the tribes and, secondly, because the word "Tonga" means coward. The odium of this name was emphasised by the chief's correcting me in the use of it one day. He protested that his whole kingdom was

Maputaland, not Tongaland, Maputa being the name of one of their ancestral kings.

In common with other Africans, these people are called black, but in reality they are chocolate brown. Only odd members of the tribe are jet black, like our American negro. But in Delagoa Bay, a hundred miles



THE QUEEN-MOTHER
DRAWN BY J. W. BEATTY

north, in the old Tonga Kingdom, one is struck with the number resembling the American black. Tradition says that slaves were taken to America from northern Tongaland, but never from the southern parts, and that these southerners are a mixture of East Indian blood from a ship's crew wrecked on their shores long ago. Personally, I doubt it; for though these Tongas are quite free from the



MR. LINDFIELD PREACHING TO A WEDDING DANCE AT THE KRAAL OF INDUNA POMPE. LATER, MR. LINDFIELD WAS KILLED BY A CROCODILE

negro features—thick lips and broad noses—and have what might be termed classical features, yet they have the typical “kinky” hair of the negro, and not that of the Indian, which, so far as I have observed, always persists in the cross of these two races.

The people are tractable, industrious, courteous, hospitable, and apt in receiving the first fruits of civilisation. The young people learn to read and write in Zulu, showing decided ability, and are responsive to religious teaching. In these things they are in marked contrast with their uninviting Swazi and Zulu neighbours, while their home conduct is also more agreeable.

The Tonga home is called a Kraal, and may consist of only one or of many huts. The largest kraal in British Tongaland contains fifteen huts. The Tonga hut is far-famed for beauty and comfort, and is considered the finest native architecture in South Africa. The walls are circular and made of reeds five or six feet high, these being woven

to a wicker frame-work with the fibrous leaf of the palm tree. Many of the woven designs on walls and roof have a surprisingly fine, artistic effect, and go far to justify the high esteem in which the Tonga, as compared with other Africans, is held for his skill in art.

Stout posts are set around outside to support the wall. The roof, of woven twigs, is made separately, and presents the form of an inverted umbrella. It is taken

up bodily by, perhaps, a dozen men and women, who, groaning, yelling, and singing—shouting to the owner to get the beer ready!—place it upon the circular wall like a hat. A great cheer is given by all, and they jump and tear about like boys after successful sport. The roof is then thatched with grass, the door of reeds is made, and the hut is done, barring, of course, the “umqele” (crown), which helps to hold the thatch in position and adorns the top of the roof. When the owner of the hut dies this crown is



IN THE “BUSH VELDT” OF SWAZILAND

The author may be seen sitting on a bundle of thatching grass preaching in Zulu to the Swazies. In the foreground is the Kraal fence. Just behind the group of people are seen wind-breaks, which are built to protect the hut entrance and to form an “outside kitchen.”

immediately taken down and the hut closed, all personal effects placed under the eaves outside, and the whole allowed to go to decay. Closed huts are never burned, so there are hundreds of them standing as monuments throughout the land.

The membership of a kraal consists of family relations only. The "umnumzana," or head man, is responsible to the chief for the conduct of the whole kraal.

When I entered the country as pioneer missionary and first government acting district surgeon, in 1899, the clothing of the men and boys was still primitive, the simple girdle of skins, while the girls wore narrow girdles of seaweed or bead-work. The women, though, had begun to use the cheap, loud prints from the Manchester mills, exchanging for these the excellent, short skin petticoat which is still worn by the women of Zululand and Swaziland. Every man is his own tailor, and every girl and young woman her own dress-maker.

The only professional tradesman is the hairdresser, who makes with bees-

wax the "head rings" on men of distinction. In this operation all the hair, except a circle about the crown of the head, is shaved with a piece of glass or an old table-knife, sharpened on a piece of flat, sand-sprinkled wood. The hair is then worked down over a circle of fibre rope, repeatedly

smeared with black beeswax, and skillfully polished with a flat polishing stick till it shines like ebony. This ring is nicknamed "frying-pan," and in Swaziland and Zululand is a mark of manhood or of the "indoda." In those tribes, however, every Tom, Dick and Harry may wear it—in fact, anyone who is past puberty and can pay the barber a shilling for his day's work. A

young married woman will for days in succession spend her time sprawled out on the sand in the kraal yard, while three or four of her companions "put up" her hair into hundreds of tiny braids, which are smeared with fat and red clay.

The etiquette of this people is clearly defined. To know it and conform to it is the part of the prudent missionary. To knock at the door of a



NATIVE WOMEN STAMPING CORN



A ROOF FOR A HUT—WHEN COMPLETED, IT IS PICKED UP, TURNED OVER AND SET ON THE WALL

hut before entering would betray one's ignorance, and would likely be mistaken for disregard of their good forms. Or, if one chooses to be received outside he may take a seat under a tree and wait for the head man to come and greet him; but this he will not do until you have waited ten or fifteen minutes, for to hasten the greeting would be impolite. He will finally stroll over to your side with amusing deliberation, pretending not to see you, and squat down upon his haunches. Then he will adjust the tails of his skin girdle and stare blankly at nothing, or continue to carve at his knobkerrie or weave at his mat. Suddenly he discovers your presence, raises the right hand high above his head, and in a most respectful tone says "Nkosi!" (Master). He then proceeds in a monotone to tell all the kraal and district news, from the killing of a leopard to the loss of a chicken in a beer pot. You must then tell him your past movements and future purposes, all of which will be duly reported to the chief. The chicken-flavoured beer will then be

served, the man himself taking the first swallow from your vessel to show that it is all right.

As already remarked, the Tongas are industrious. With them it is a disgrace for a male of strength to evade work. When not away to civilisation, earning money with which to buy wives, pay the annual wife-tax (\$3.36 per wife), or buy presents for their female relations, they labour in their gardens and help their wives to provide food for the family; but the bulk of the responsibility for the food supply, of course, falls upon the women. A bride who turns out to be a poor gardener may be sent back to her parents, and her price recovered by the husband.

But such a one generally defends her reputation by attributing her crop failures to the witchcraft of, perhaps, one of her industrious fellow-wives.

Barrenness also may be the cause of a divorce and the recovery of the "labola" cattle and money. As the woman is the chief agricultural labourer, so the hoe is the principal implement, its only associate being the hand axe, used for land clearing and chopping of faggots.

Next to hoeing, the work of the



THE FAMOUS "LALA" PALM TREE FROM WHICH IS SECURED THE "PALM WINE" IN THE FORM OF SAP

women is cooking and beer-making; and they are clever cooks, as well as expert brewers. Their "dishes" are numerous. Most of these are prepared from Indian corn, rice, native grains, sweet potatoes, peanuts, tomatoes, pumpkins, squash, onions and herbs. They frequently have domestic meat, wild game or fish. Mentioning fish, this tribe is supposed to be the only one in South Africa in

Next to eating and drinking comes hemp-smoking, called "ukubema insango," which is the most injurious vice practised by this people. It intoxicates, exciting some smokers, but stupefying others. The dry leaf of the hemp is placed in a stone pipe bowl and lighted like tobacco. This bowl is attached, by means of a hollow reed, to an ox horn containing water. The smoker places his mouth to the



TONGALAND'S ONLY NATIVE BLACKSMITH

which all classes eat fish. Among the Zulus only the old women and children eat it and the boa constrictor. It is not unusual to be served with three or four kinds of food at the full meal of the day, partaken of by the light of the hut fire when darkness has fallen. All kinds of food, and some drinks, are eaten from the hands, but spoons are fast coming into use. The sexes eat separately, the men, of course, being served first.

open end of the horn and, by inhaling, draws down the hemp smoke into the water and the fumes into his lungs. This causes him to cough violently and to grind his teeth; tears and saliva flow freely, and the stomach is tortured with a burning sensation. The saliva, in frothy bubbles, is emitted through a hollow reed, and a game of military outflanking, with the stream of bubbles, is played by the smokers, each smoker trying to blow out a longer

flow of bubbles than his adversary. This habit generates consumption, from which many die. Though on my arrival the country was steeped in this vice, it is now, happily, passing away, while Zululand, Portuguese Tongaland and Swaziland are still suffering from it.

The list of domestic animals is not long. Horned cattle are the most numerous and most highly prized. The Tongalands are now the best stocked districts in South Africa. They breed a "scrub" cattle, but keep them in good condition. The grazing, too, is good.

Wife payment is their principal use, five head being the price of a wife; but the market price has now become two head of cattle (worth \$50 each) and one hundred and fifty dollars in cash. This amounts to the five head. Goats also are extensively bred, and they, too, are used for wife payment, \$2.50 being allowed for a kid and \$5 for a full-grown animal. Every kraal has its barnyard fowl, and they also share in the honour of wife-payment, at the rate of twenty-four cents each. The fowl are used also for food and for sacrifice to the ancestral spirits. There are a few sheep raised, and among them is the strange "fat-tailed" species. Horses cannot live, but donkeys do, and are, next to the native himself, the common beast of burden.

The miserable Kaffir dog abounds in every kraal, and cats, a late introduction, are now becoming common. They generally sell for forty-eight cents, but I bought my last one in exchange for the head of an old hoe that was knocking about the yard. The first one, however, was given to me as a present, along with a monkey which used to nurse the cat in its arms and care for it like a mother.

Polygamy is the common practice. A man may take to himself as many wives as he can pay for. The average number per man is, perhaps, about three or four. They have to provide his food, each a different kind, especially for the evening meal, and advance on their knees as they present it.

At my advent the chief had, so he said, forty-six wives. To date he has taken about sixty. On paying him a medical visit recently, and happening to inspect his private hut—shut away by itself in a separate stockade in the edge of the forest—I observed a piece of fresh beef hanging from the roof. I asked where he got it, and he said it was from an animal slaughtered the day before in honour of his latest wife. The wedding festivities had been conducted at some distant part of the country.

"How is it," I asked, "that you were not at the wedding?"

"Oh!" he replied, "I sent one of my body-guard in my stead, and he brought back that meat as my receipt and seal."

"How many wives have you now, Ngwanasi?" I next enquired.

"I don't know," he carelessly answered.

"Let us count them, then," I suggested; and, taking out pencil and paper, I jotted down, as he called them off, the numbers at his half-dozen kraals scattered through the country. He could account for only thirty-six, though we counted them over twice.

"How is this?" I asked. "When I came into your country four years ago you told me you had forty-six, and you have taken about a dozen more in the meantime—where are the rest?"

The only explanation he vouchsafed was that they had run away to the Portuguese territory, from which he could not recover them. But the truth is, I suspect, he had failed to pay for them, and they had simply returned to their homes. This their native law permits them to do under such circumstances.

As with us, their courtship may be brief or protracted—it depends largely upon the lover's ability to pay for his fiancée. But much of this wife-purchase business is done on credit, and results often in endless "courting" by the parents!

These girls generally marry whom

they prefer, not the man of their parents' choosing. Neither do many of them marry too young. The natives have no marriage rite beyond games, dancing and feasting, their conception of this rite being similar to that of the Bible, that the union is the binding tie.

Pure, unselfish affection between husband and wife is more noticeable for its absence than for its presence among natives. This, no doubt, is largely due to their polygamous practice. On the other hand, the love of parents for children and of children for parents is strong and abiding.

Husbands and wives are delightfully stoical in their conduct toward each other. While travelling one evening, in company with "Charlie," a big, handsome policeman who was serving me as guide, we happened upon his kraal and turned in for the night. Charlie had been absent some six months and now arrived at home unexpectedly. As we entered the kraal gate one of his young wives looked up from her stamping block and—kept on stamping!

Kissing is not practised here, but in civilisation one frequently sees drunken black mothers kissing their naked babies all over. It is very unusual to see, in public, the different sexes so much as place hands upon each other, but they have a rather odd handshake which they use freely and heartily. After shaking the hand as we do, they clasp thumbs. In Zululand there is a very complicated style of finger clasping which requires a minute or more to accomplish.

The dance is a splendid institution, consisting practically of only vigorous exercises. The sexes divide up in two rows and face each other, but never come into contact. They do not even shake hands. Consequently, the moral influences are not bad, while the physical effect is most beneficial. I don't discourage dancing among the non-Christians.

Shortly after my arrival a company of little common boys and princes gathered on a hillside and, all uninited, danced beautifully for me—and then begged sugar!

Child training—compulsion to work and to obey—is largely limited to the poor little girls. They begin with nursing babies—carrying them on the back in a skin—and end with nursing babies; while, for spice of life, they are permitted to weed the gardens, fetch water and faggots, help with the cooking, and keep up fires. These are built on the floor, in the centre of the hut, or outside in the sand of the windbreak, called a "kitchen." The rest of their needed exercise the little girls get by chasing locusts, birds, monkeys and baboons from the gardens—beginning at daybreak or sunrise and ending at sunset. They have nothing to do with the hippopotami, however, as they visit the gardens during the night; but neither do their fathers nor big brothers have anything to do with them. Hippopotami and ghosts do effectual police service in keeping the native in his kraal at night, thus lessening the drinking bouts and witchcraft dances. Snakes also wield a wholesome influence in this respect—for the bare feet of the native, though tough enough to defy the mosquito, is not invulnerable to the serpent's fangs.

The administration of law and justice is effected through, first, the resident magistrate, who judges criminal offences; and, secondly, the chief, who tries the minor cases. The chief is assisted in his judicial duties by the wives who are mistresses of his half-dozen royal kraals, which are situated in different districts and serve as law courts. Any cases too hard for the royal wives and their counsellors are referred to the chief.

After the magistracy was destroyed by the Boers, the district thrown into legal chaos, and I left the only white person in the country, to save the situation I boldly appropriated magisterial authority, and enforced it by means of the native police force then under my supervision. This, however, continued only a brief period of the thirteen months, during which the official oversight of the country devolved upon me. At the termination of that time the

police department, being re-established, relieved me of the several extra offices.

It was not, however, for the civil service I had come into this isolation, but for publishing the good tidings of salvation and to care for the bodily ills of the European and native inhabitants.

Gospel services on the Lord's day were immediately started at the Mission Station, and visiting and preaching among the kraals. A month later the day school was opened. The natives did not know the use of a book. I decided to accept only twelve pupils and teach them individually, limiting my instruction to reading and writing in Zulu. In seven months there were five young men and boys (including one or two princes) who could read intelligently in the New Testament. Some of these had "turned to the Lord" in the meantime, and, in company with others who could not read, they began at this early date to be helpers in the Gospel. Some of them were astonishingly apt at preaching. Though souls were not "daily added unto the church," they were added from time to time, and there is now a helpful little company of believers. This is the first Christian church in British Tongaland, the last tribe in South-East Africa to be evangelised.

Often have tears of joy come into my eyes as I have seen in these raw Africans the fruits of the Spirit. I do not mean only praying and preaching and singing, but a general turning from darkness to light; a ceasing to do evil and learning to do well; a making manifest their repentance by becoming better citizens and more faithful and industrious servants.

How encouraging and gratifying it was to receive from a gentleman down in old Zululand such a commendation as this:

"Your two young men, John and Peter, have been with me for some time. Their civility, humility and industry are in striking contrast to the other native servants. I hope you may be spared long to teach and train many more. These are a credit to you."

And so the transforming influences of the Gospel and education continue to manifest themselves.

As soon as the school pupils know enough to help in teaching they are required to do so, and the converts are immediately enlisted as helpers in the work of the Gospel.

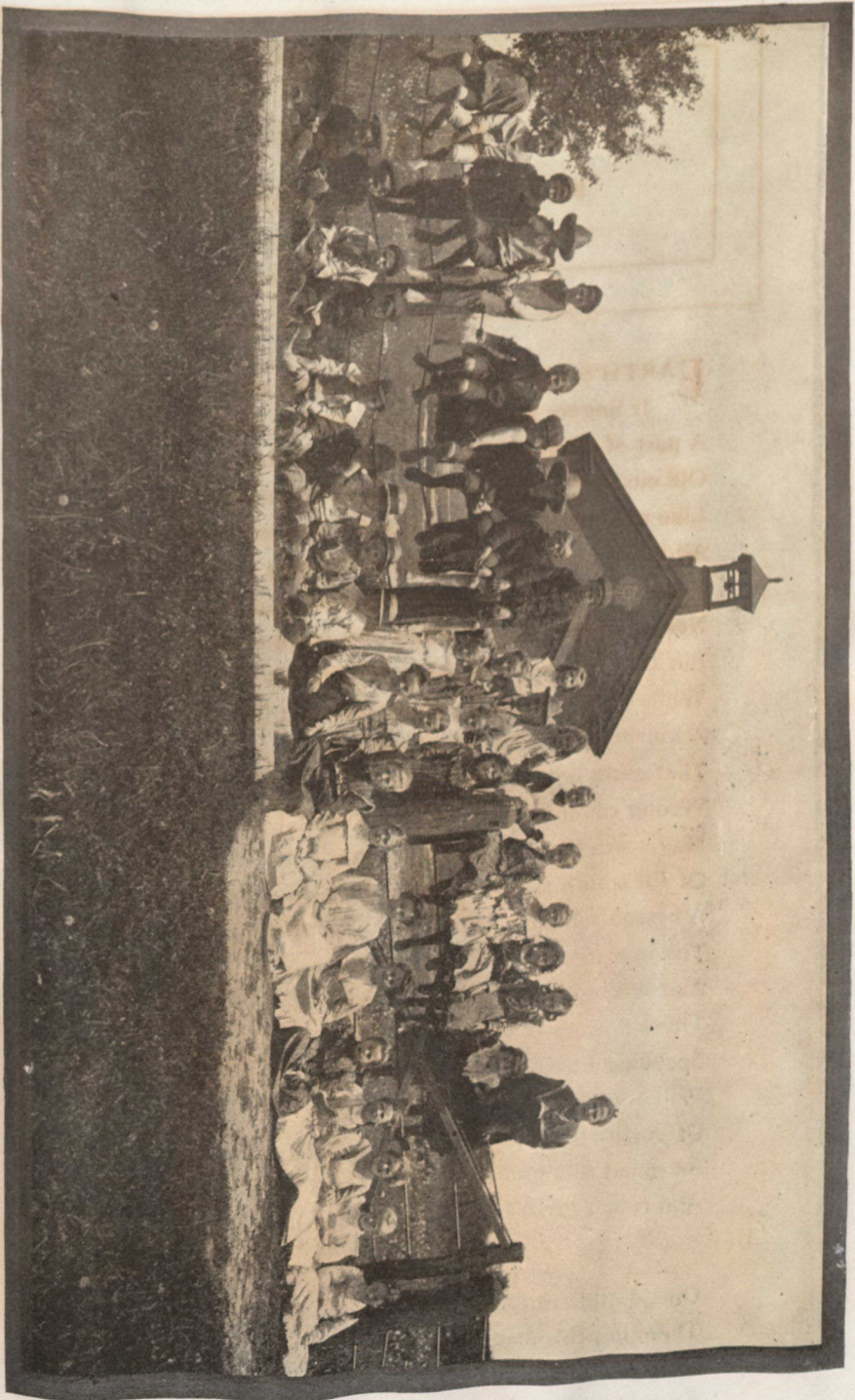
Perfect independence with the natives must be the policy pursued. If they desire the advantages of the school they are required to pay for both the tuition and the school supplies. Do they not wish my services it leaves me all the more time for other work. It might be said that "nothing for nothing," excepting the Gospel, is the unwritten motto. Neither are inducements of food and clothing held out to them. They are taught, on the contrary, to help the missionary and their people, both heathen and Christian. Each disciple, man, woman and youth, cultivates a "Lord's garden," the whole product of which is brought in harvest time to the Lord's house as a free-will offering. The receipts from these offerings, which are bought by the missionary, are put in a special fund for the support of teachers and evangelists who shall go out to other parts of the country.



A LARGE KRAAL
IN TONGALAND

PHOTO BY GOOCH, TORONTO

A SUNNY DAY ON THE CONCESSION
A typical rural school in a country where ignorance and poverty are reduced to a minimum.



POETRY

BY W. WILFRID CAMPBELL

EARTH'S dream of poetry will never die.
It lingers while we linger, base or true—
A part of all this being. Life may change,
Old customs wither, creeds become as nought,
Like autumn husks in rainwinds; men may kill
All memory of the greatness of the past,
Kingdoms may melt, republics wane and die,
New dreams arise and shake this jaded world;
But that rare spirit of song will breathe and live
While beauty, sorrow, greatness, hold for men
A kinship with the eternal; until all
That earth holds noble wastes and fades away.
Wrong cannot kill it. Man's material dream
May scorn its uses, worship baser hope
Of life's high purpose, build about the world
A brazen rampart: through it all will come
The iron moan of life's unresting sea;
And through its floors, as filtered blooms of dawn,
Those flowers of dream will spring, eternal, sweet,
Speaking for God and man; the infinite mystery
Will ever fold life round; the mighty heart
Of earth's humanity ceaseless throb and beat
As round this globe the vasty deeps of sky,
And round earth's shores the wide, encompassing sea.

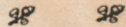
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Outside this ring of hardened human strife
There lies this mantle of mighty majesty,
Thought's cunning cannot probe, science plumb.
Earth's schools of wisdom in their darkness spell

The common runes of knowledge; but there lies
 A greatness, vast, behind this taper gleam
 That stands for somewhat lore hath never weighed
 In all its ponderings of thought-pulsing brain.
 Shakespeare, the mighty, touched it as he passed.
 The Man in Uz did feel it, shook the folds
 Of some great garment's hem of One who passed
 The vasty gates of Orion at one stride.
 All earth's high souls have felt it in their time,
 Have risen to this mighty deep in thought
 Or worshipped in the blackness and the gleam.

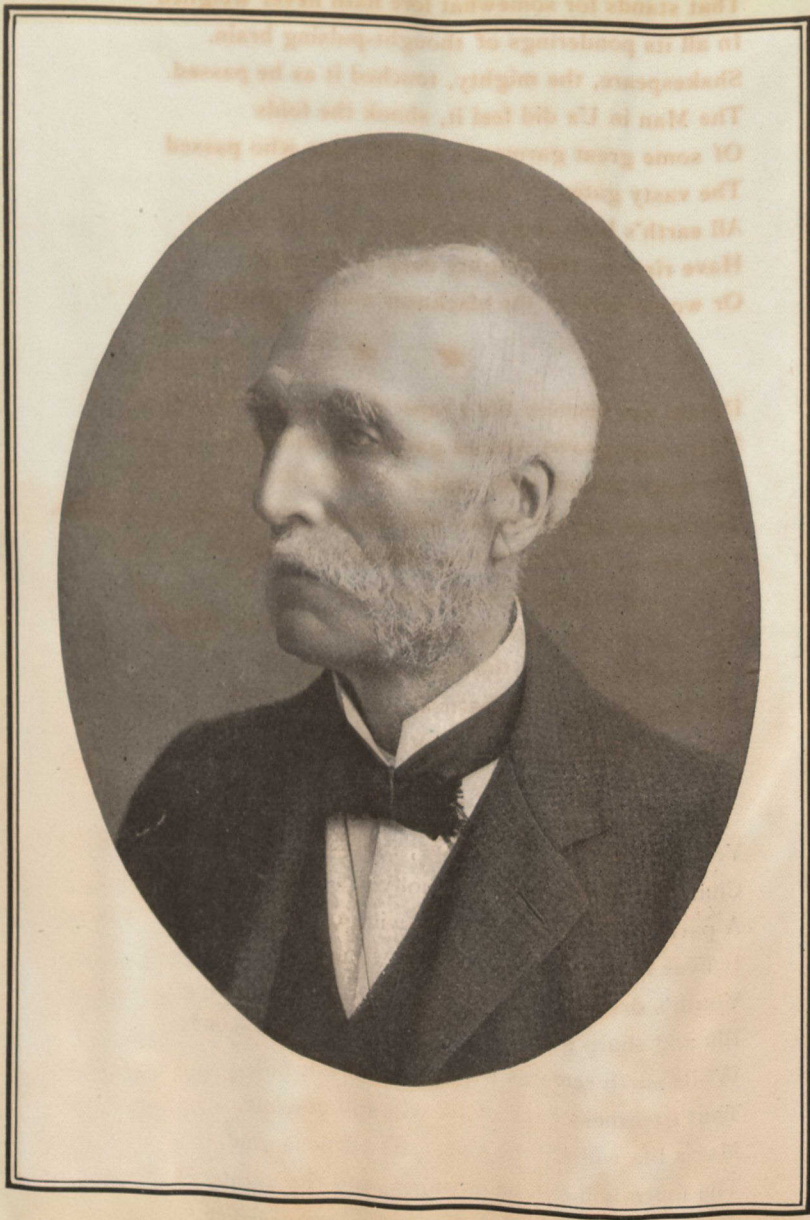


Dream not because life's taper flame grows dim,
 Man's soul grows wasted gazing on dull gold,
 His spirit shrunk with canker of life's ill,
 That earth's great nights will darken their splendours down,
 Her dawns will fail to rise, this mighty world
 Will cease to roll its vast appointed way;
 And beauty and love, and all that man holds sweet
 For youth and age, the effort glad, the joy,
 The memory of old greatness gone before,
 Not hold their magic 'neath the almighty will.



Yea, 'tis eternal as the wave, the sky,
 Changing forever, never wholly passing,
 A part of all this dream that will not die,
 It lives forever. Years may fade and pass,
 Youth's dream decline to age and death's decay,
 Ills and sharp griefs, despairs and agonies come:
 While earth remains her spirit will not fail.
 That greatness back of all will still console,
 Man's life will still be sweet, its purpose glad,
 The morn will still be morning, and the night
 Star splendours arched above the eternal peace,
 The eternal yearning and the eternal dream.

The common sense of knowledge; but there lies
A greatness, vast, behind this outer gleam
That stands for something far more weighty
In all its knowledge of transcending
Shakespeare, the mighty, reached it as he passed
The Man in Us did feel it, about the table
Of some great power, the power
The vast, the
All earth's
Have the
Or



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

By G. MERCER ADAM



O Professor Goldwin Smith, I need hardly remind the reader, Canada is indebted, among other generous acts and undertakings of a worthy citizen, for giving to its literary activities a great impulse in the inception and editorial supervision of *The Canadian Monthly*, with which my own name was modestly associated, first as the head of its firm of publishers, and, later on, and for many years, as its editor. The coming to Canada of this ripe Oxford scholar gave to the national literature such aid as it has received from no other pen, and that not only through the channel of *The Canadian Monthly*,* but through other vehicles, native and foreign, and especially through the home ones of *The Week*, *The Bystander*, and *The Nation*. In this varied series of periodicals the Professor's learned writings have been most helpful to the cause of letters in Canada; while they have been invaluable for the rich thought and independent views expressed by their writer, as well as for the philosophic treatment of great national questions, political, industrial, educational, religious and social, that have come up from time to time for consideration and illuminating comment.

Before his day Canada, it will readily be granted, had no magazine or periodical, if we may except the case of the Province of Quebec, either of so high a character or possessing such vigour and vitality as those we have named. Attempts, it is true, had been made to approach their excellence, in such ventures as the one the present writer was instrumental in founding with Prof. H. Youle Hind, of Trinity College, as editor, in 1863—

* This ran from January 1872 to June 1878 and was then changed to *Rose-Belford's Monthly*, which lasted about four years. No successor was found to take up the work until the founding of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE in 1892.

The British American Magazine—and *The Quarterly*, of St. John, New Brunswick, founded and for some years edited by that versatile journalist and able writer, Dr. George Stewart, now of Quebec. The truth is, that before the advent of Mr. Goldwin Smith, magazine ventures, and one might even say all publishing enterprises of a periodical character outside the party newspapers, had fared badly and were precarious and short-lived undertakings. This arose, in part, from the want of means to sustain them until they could become widely known and gain adequate support from their reading constituencies, and also from the lack of a purse deep enough to remunerate their writers. In part, the reason of these failures, however, may be traced to the fact that the time had hardly come for the launching of ambitious publishing enterprises; while heretofore we had no man to conduct them of commanding ability, whose profession was that of a public writer, historian and *littérateur*, and who had mental gifts and material resources, as well as the energy and enthusiasm which were found in Prof. Goldwin Smith. On his coming hither, the period just then was fortunately favourable to the blossoming out of literature in Canada, as its trade and commerce, stimulated by the recent American Civil War, were good; while, politically, a new era had dawned with Confederation and the acquisition of our Northwest domain, together with the organisation of the administrative machinery of the entire country at the Dominion capital.

At this period in Canada how important was the coming to it of one of the great English writers and thinkers of the era will be readily admitted by all who are familiar not only with what Dr. Goldwin Smith has done for its literature in the past thirty odd years, but with the influence he has ex-

exercised in raising the character and tone of public discussion. By his salutary criticisms and judicial comments he discredited, if not checked, the declension of morals in public life. This, even the liegemen of Party in the country have been heard to acknowledge; while they have paid tribute to the strength and force of the critic's sound political reasonings, and given the writer credit for his disinterestedness, dispassionateness, and independence of thought. In these respects the power and influence of Prof. Goldwin Smith's work in Canada have been undeniable; and all the more so since his writings have been at the same time richly suggestive in matter, inspiring in their character, and most instructive in their wealth of erudition. Added to this, and to the resources of a scholar behind his work, have been the learned writer's incomparable gift of expression, his ready faculty of taking a statesman's broad, historic view of things, with a keen and large grasp of public affairs, and a phenomenal power of instantly mastering and powerfully illuminating any subject he dealt with.

Another notable quality in the distinguished writer, which, with his dispassionateness and moderation, has contributed greatly to the influence and impressiveness of his work is the calm, though earnest, literary utterance of his thought, so admirably suited to the purposes of philosophical disquisition, political reasoning, and critical comment. In all his work as a journalist and critic, while there is ever manifest a masculine strength of intellect, there is no undue vehemence or fierce invective; while the brilliance of his literary style is apparently without effort or attempt at rhetorical display. Even in his most trenchant and righteously indignant mood, when discanting on political turpitude or censuring social immorality, there is usually in evidence a quiet restraint, and nothing ostentatiously intruded to create sensation or detract from a high moral effect.

This eminent scholar and typical

English gentleman became a resident of Toronto in 1871, having a year or two before connected himself with Cornell University at Ithaca, N.Y. At Cornell he was solicited to take the chair (accepted, however, without emolument) of English and Constitutional History, somewhat akin to the post he had held at his Oxford *Alma Mater*—the Regius Professorship of Modern History—a post later on held in succession by such scholars as Stubbs, Freeman and Froude. In the Ontario capital, the Professor, some years later, married, and took up his residence in the old Colonial manor-house of "The Grange." Here he has since occupied himself in a life of literary toil, relieved by occasional visits abroad, and brightened at home by genial hospitality and a kindly intercourse with prominent citizens and friends.

It was in 1872 that he began to interest himself in our nascent literature and devote his pen to the independent and instructive treatment of political and general topics of national import. In doing this great service to the young nation, there have been some in the country who have not seen eye to eye with the distinguished *Bystander* critic in the views he has at times fearlessly propounded; but who, nevertheless, have given him credit for the manifest disinterestedness of his motives, and paid tribute to the great literary charm, as well as the vigorous thought, incisive brilliance and marvellous lucidity of his writings. When confronted myself with these occasional adverse utterances, and when called upon to reply to correspondents of my own who have at times expressed a disrelish of the Professor's "contumacy" in this respect, and especially of his ultra-democracy and anti-imperialist ideas, I have found satisfaction in pointing to a paragraph in a biographical sketch of Mr. Goldwin Smith, in Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," where the writer thoughtfully treats of the intellectual characteristics and cosmopolitanism of his subject in the following words:

"The liberal movement in the politics and religious thought of the present day is adequately represented by the intellectual career of Goldwin Smith. Throughout his long life he has been in the van of what he considers the progressive forces of the time. His conception of progress, as primarily a moral process, pervades the entire body of his writings, whether he is dealing with the Canadian Question, with the question of Home Rule, with the condition of the Colonies, or with the temper of the Establishment. So convinced is he that the workings of the moral order exceed in strength all other forms of power that he measures the importance and duration of various social and political institutions by the degree of their conformance to this order. In consequence, he sees disintegration where others see permanence and degeneration where others look for growth. The charge of being a negative and destructive spirit has been frequently brought against him; he claims, however, by the tacit testimony of his books on politics and history, the privilege of a prophet who can foresee reformation only through the intervening spaces of disorder and decay. . . . It is this dispassionate spirit of world-citizenship, this ability to 'look before and after,' which has led Goldwin Smith to attach himself permanently to no party, to hold fast by no creed, political or religious. His manner of life has fostered this cosmopolitanism of thought and feeling."

Despite this occasional restiveness, on the part of some readers of the great publicist's writings, which is itself a tribute to the independence as well as the importance of Mr. Goldwin Smith's utterances, unique as they are in interest, and notable for their breadth, their writer's largeness of grasp, and keenness of critical insight, together with an incomparable beauty of literary style, his work has always commanded attention and the respect due to genius. Throughout the country, now appreciating the fact that it had arrived at the estate of manhood, the critiques and disquisitions of Mr. Goldwin Smith's profound intellect, and his strenuous efforts on behalf of independent thought and speech quickly bore fruit, while sensibly ameliorating the acerbities of political debate, repressing journalistic intolerance, and extending the area of culture and of sympathy with the intellectual life. This was particularly manifest after the launching, in January, 1872, of *The Canadian Monthly*, which, when its aims and qualities

became known as a periodical, was hailed with expressions of hearty approval and satisfaction. With its appearance and promise of permanence, the reproach was taken from Canada that it had not hitherto succeeded in establishing anything ambitious in the way of a national magazine, in keeping with the educational progress and the political, material, and social advancement in recent years of the country. In literary merit, as well as in the freshness and interest of its reading matter, which dealt largely with topics of moment to a wide class of Canadian and other readers, the *Monthly* was admitted to rank high, and to be fully up to the standard of the better class of English and American periodicals. It therefore soon became a valuable and thoroughly independent organ of public opinion, expressive of the intellectual as well as the national currents in the contemporary history of the Dominion, in sharp contrast to the deadening interest heretofore manifest in the things that appertain to the nation's higher life. The compliments paid to the attractive mechanical appearance of the *Monthly* on the issue of its first number were with equal heartiness extended to the reading matter. The excellence of the latter, even in a first issue, was notable, dealing, as it did in its opening pages, with a topic of so timely and far-reaching an interest as "The Treaty of Washington," from the able and well-informed pen of Mr. Charles Lindsey, in which that experienced writer pointed out with moderation, yet with full acquaintance with the subject, the grave defects of the Treaty, passed in the previous year, and which provided for the settlement before the Geneva Tribunal of the Alabama claims, Fisheries disputes, and other differences between Great Britain and the United States. Other contributions of interest were Prof. H. Alleyn Nicholson's article on "Man's Place in Nature," a thoughtful review of Mr. Darwin's "The Descent of Man"; a dialogue on "Anne Hathaway," Shakespeare's wife, by Prof.

Daniel Wilson, confuting the popular notion that their married life was unhappy; a paper on "The Cavalry Charges at Sedan," by Lt.-Col. G. T. Denison; one on Washington and Jumonville, particularising one of "The Curiosities of Canadian Literature," by W. J. Anderson, LL.D., of Quebec; an "Historical Night in the Old Canadian Parliament," which saw the deathblow given in 1864 to the system of government hitherto existing between the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, from the pen of S. J. Watson, Librarian of the Ontario Assembly; together with reviews, literary notes, prose selections from contemporary periodicals, and poems by various native writers, including a translation from Lucretius, from the scholarly pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith, and another, understood to come from that source, though unsigned, on the "Marching Out," in Wolfe's day, of the last British troops from Quebec after the Conquest, which, in the succeeding number of the magazine, was followed by the poem, "Marching In."

Most gratifying, as we have said, was the reception given abroad as well as at home to the new native periodical, the coming of which on the scene, thanks to Professor Goldwin Smith's friendly and interested assistance, gave prestige to Canadian letters. Later on that gentleman began his notable monthly comments on "Current Events," which were always marked by instructive, and sometimes by pungent, criticism. The successful launching of the magazine also gave encouragement to increased activities in the field of Canadian publishing, as was manifest in the works brought out at the period by the firm of Adam, Stevenson & Co., of which the present writer was the senior partner.

How varied and extensive was the mass of work serially appearing in these native periodicals on questions of living interest to the Canadian people, from the sinewy intellect of Mr. Goldwin Smith, inspired by the moral energy and political force which ever lay behind his expert pen, there

is little need specially to recall. The breadth of information and accuracy of knowledge displayed in these contributions were itself an education to most readers of that finely equipped writer and enabled them to realise how high a standing he had taken, and what exceptional academic honours he had won, in his university days at Oxford, and with what admiration he has since been regarded in both hemispheres by men of the highest eminence in educational and literary as well as in political circles. Nor were those slow to admit what Canada's political life had gained by the writings of this critic of and commentator on its public affairs, who recalled his "Current Events" department in *The Canadian Monthly* at such crises as the young nation passed through when the Pacific Railway Scandal and the conduct of the incriminated Tory Government at Ottawa was in 1872-73 the engrossing political topic of the hour; or, on other occasions, when independent public writers, and among them especially Mr. Goldwin Smith, were assailed by a section of the Party press that sought to place the latter out of the pale of literary courtesy for the freedom of his opinions and the sturdy fight he was making for the maintenance and extension of liberty of speech and writing; or again, when he gave expression to the aspirations of the national life by attacking Partyism and its pernicious influence, as a menace to and subversive of Patriotism, and sought also to be helpful to the intellectual as well as the religious and social development of the Dominion.

What service Mr. Goldwin Smith has further rendered in his books, and in the larger and wider sphere of achievement in literature generally, we may see from the following even imperfect list of his writings, comprising a work on "The Empire" (a series of letters which appeared in the London *Daily News* in 1862-63); a group of studies of "Three English Statesmen" (Cromwell, Pym, and Pitt); *Lives* of "William Cowper" and "Jane

Austen"; "Irish History and Irish Character"; "The Political Destiny of Canada"; "Canada and the Canadian Question"; "False Hopes, or Fallacies Socialistic and Semi-Socialistic"; "A Trip to England"; "The Moral Crusader, Wm. Lloyd Garrison"; "Essays on Questions of the Day"; "Lectures and Essays"; "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence"; a compact "Political History of the United States"; a history of "The United Kingdom"—the latter a masterly essay rather than an ambitious history, charged to the full with the rich results of a scholar's life-work in the way of reading, historical research, and reflection; together with a sympathetic, faith-reassuring work, written under a sense of the realities of the Eternal and Invisible, on "The Founder of Christendom," and a collection of verse entitled "Bay Leaves," and "Translations from the Latin Poets." All of this work, immense as it is, and full of the acute and richly suggestive thought of a scholar and profound thinker, abounds in strongly marked and often original views, expressed with earnest conviction, and with that impressive force characteristic of all Mr. Goldwin Smith writes, as well as illuminated by an incomparably attractive, brilliant, and incisive literary style.

In two of the works above mentioned that have come from Dr. Goldwin Smith's pen, their author has given the reading world masterly studies in the historic field—a field that, if we may dare circumscribe his work, may be said to be his own legitimate and, so far as competitive authors are concerned, his well-nigh unapproachable domain. We refer to the two brilliant political compends, "The United States," from 1492 to 1871, and "The United Kingdom," from the era of the Norman Conquest to that of the Reform Bill of 1832. Most notable are these works for the admirable review they give of the political development of the English-speaking race in Motherland and Colony, including the story covered

by the latter as a separate and independent nation. Notable also are they as examples of the writer's acute and compact thought, and his phenomenally instructive way of dealing, on broad luminous lines, with extended periods and great formative movements and crises in a nation's history. To the reader who has not made acquaintance with them, both works will be found most stimulating and of surpassing interest, as well as captivating in their literary attractions. The history of the Motherland will to Canadians especially be of paramount interest, and those who are familiar with its author's monograph, "A Trip to England," written with a scholar's delightful enthusiasm of attractive aspects of historical and social England, will know the treat they may expect in reading the unique, thought-laden volumes which deal with the history of the United Kingdom. The latter work—the summing up, as it were, of the chief annals in Church and State of the Mother Country during over a thousand years of the national history—is most interestingly as well as concisely told, with no wearying detail, but on large lines, yet with such fullness of knowledge, as well as consummate literary skill, as stamps the work of rare and permanent value. An introductory chapter treats of "Old English Polity," as we see it in the Saxon kingdoms in England under Alfred and his successors; while a closing one deals with the United Kingdom expanded into a British Empire, embracing India and the great self-governing colonies of the Crown. Within these widely-separated periods the learned Professor discourses of the political history of the nation in some thirty chapters, characterised by much originality of thought and sincerity of purpose, and illumined, as we have said, by great picturesqueness of style. Of paramount interest, manifestly, are the chapters that treat of the struggle between the Crown and the Church; the birth of Parliament; Government, civil and religious, under the Tudors, with its pendant, the fight for sovereign

power between the Crown and the Commons which marked the era of the Commonwealth; the crisis that brought doom to the Stuarts and led to the Revolution of 1688; Parliamentary Government under the first two Georges—the ministries of Walpole, Chatham, and Pitt; the tragical disaster in English history, the rupture between England and her American colonies; the national contest with Napoleon; and finally the era of Parliamentary reform and its fruits. On all these topics Mr. Goldwin Smith discourses in a most illuminating manner, worthy of his high reputation as a scholar and thinker. The literary progress of the nation is only occasionally referred to, as are matters military, industrial, and social, the aim being to linger nowhere nor to weary the reader by taking up matters of minor detail. The attention is centred throughout on the evolution of the nation politically, and upon the Church's varying course in relation to the State. Now and then are to be met with some striking bit of portraiture in king, priest, or cabinet minister; but nothing is ostentatiously intruded for rhetorical effect or to mar the quiet and impressive course of the on moving narrative. The volumes, as a whole, are a contribution of surpassing interest in English history, and the author deserves unstinted praise for the achievement, which we deem the fit crown of a long and strenuous life.

Equally thoughtful and impressive is Professor Smith when writing of matters within the domain of religious, especially of speculative, thought. Here he has given readers a number of momentous volumes from his pen, besides a wealth of articles in the magazines treating of problems of the highest interest to human minds, some of which have become in our day the themes of not a little political debate. To a mind so acute as his, the Professor at times is a somewhat disturbing force when he touches those controverted topics which have been so much the outcrop of the age, especially since the era of "Essays and Reviews" and the promulgation of

the doctrine of Evolution. He is, nevertheless, always fair and dispassionate, as well as reverent; and while he does not talk effete orthodoxy to an age of reason and critical investigation, he is "sound" and assuring enough to believe in a Power of good akin to, though immeasurably higher than, human goodness, which is manifested in the universe, and which predominates over evil. He at the same time urges that it is the duty of all, whatever may be beyond our ken, to trust, apart from any superstition, in a God and a hereafter, and to run with resignation the full career of duty, in the hope that, if we do, it will be well for us in the sum of things. Other perturbing aspects of the religious problems of the day, though his outlook is keen and wide within the limits of the impenetrable veil, he does not fail to mark, but rather to emphasise, the changes of thought which latter-day Science has brought about, though he urges us to trust the normal indications of our moral nature and our bodily sense, and thus sounds an altruistic note; while pointing out, however, the difficulties of placing reliance wholly upon the Scriptures as the charter of man's faith and belief. That there are difficulties, many and perplexing, in the theistic conception of the universe and our relations to it and its Author, we all know, and must admit. Evolution has altered our views concerning many things, and biblical criticism has put a new aspect upon our interpretations of many parts of Revelation. But these facts only prove that the world is still advancing, and that the human mind has not reached its full development. There is hence little justification for being dogmatic, far less braggartly sceptical, in regard to things whereof we are ignorant. Better, surely, the hope rather than the denial and the doubt, and more comforting, as well as more seemly, the temper and spirit of confiding trust. This, obviously, is the attitude of Mr. Goldwin Smith, and the spirit in which he writes of religious topics.

Under how deep a debt Canada is, and must remain, for the good fortune that brought the distinguished author to the country as a resident, with his industrious, talented pen and fruitful work, and how grateful it should be for the inspiration he has given to the native literature, with the presence and example in its midst of a rare personality, which inspires as well as charms all who come within its influence, there

can hardly be a dissident voice by way of reply, or a detracting, discordant note of qualification. That the learned Professor, octogenarian though he now is, may yet see many years of happy and homage-paid life in the nation with which he has now been so long and honourably identified, must be the ardent wish of every Canadian and English-speaking student of his writings.



A SONG OF CHEER

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

BLEST is the night and sweet the time !
 The lordly Yule-tide moon appears ;
 And now into mine longing ears
 The joy-bells chime.

What soft, gray hopes of long ago
 Those chimes recall—what silent bliss !
 My heart now flowers in the kiss
 Of winter's snow.

The world is kind—the world is old.
 Each heart builds its own resting place
 Out of life's deeds. Youth's angel face
 So soon turns cold.

But Christmas brings, while time swift flows,
 A tenderness for every grief ;
 The thorn lies covered by the leaf
 Of Hope's red rose.

Fling wide the portals then, poor heart ;
 Let melodies of Peace awake
 The sleeping dreams for love's sweet sake,
 While shadows part !

THE GOOSANDER

A "DONALD" STORY

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN

NOTE—The "Donald" of this story is the same imperturbable old engineer of Mr. Hickman's story of the ice-crushers, "The Sacrifice of the *Shannon*."

PART II



NOW the fateful twelfth of September was only two days off. The time between was spent in putting on finishing touches and in testing and retesting everything from stem to stern. The afternoon before the race the whole Gulf was flooded with sunshine. Aleck and the children and Donald and his crew lay on the bank above the lobster factory and looked out over the Strait toward Charlottetown. The *Goosander* lay below at the wharf. Donald had Aleck's long telescope balanced across a log, and was sweeping the Island shore. Everywhere there hung lines of smoke along the horizon, and they were all converging on Charlotte-town Harbour. Donald's smile was constant.

"Joost's a thoct!" he murmured, "they're all comin'; efery tow-boat from Sydney t' Miramichi! 'n' steam yachts 'n' launches, too. Theenk o' th' wheesky 't 'll tak' t' droon their recollection o' th' resoolt!" Carswell was studying the blotches of smoke.

"There's Long Rory's *Susan Bell*, the one he built for a pilot boat and put an engine in afterward. She's doin' about four miles an hour; an' there's the boat Johnnie Lawson brought from the States. He says she can do fourteen knots. That one up to wind'ard is the old *Micmac* that Henry Simpson runs to Cape Breton. She's listed to starboard, as usual. That one right off the Island Shoal is Colonel Dan McPherson's yacht, round from Halifax. That's all I can make out. There's lots of them, anyway!" This was evident, and Aleck came to believe less than ever in the *Goosander's* chances. But every addition to

the fleet seemed only to add to Donald's complacency. "Eets goin' t' be a gran' race!" he would say. Then he would sit in silence while the rest talked.

"When are you going to start?" they finally asked him.

"Oo, we'll joost wait 'n' ha' supper, 'n' go ofer by night. A'm fery modest; 'n' besides, a don't want to make any o' them jealous or t' scare th'm oot o' th' race. Eef they saw th' *Goosander* they might'n' care t' stait."

"By George! if they knew who was in her a lot of them wouldn't!" said Billy Dunn, warmly. The old man winced under the compliment.

"A'll try not t' frighten them!" he said suavely.

After supper they built a fire under the *Goosander's* new boiler. As a final test, Donald was going to take her across with the paddles alone. By the time they were ready the sun had been down an hour and the stars were out. Across the Strait they could see the light on Wood Islands and catch the blaze of Point Prim Light away up to the northward. Maisie and Dick were on the wharf to watch the departure, and were trembling with excitement.

"Y' mus' watch us wi' th' glass, Maisie," said Donald, as he climbed aboard with a suit of oilskins under one arm and the spaniel under the other, "'n' when we go ahead y' mus' cheer, d' y' see? A' can't hear y', but a'll know y're cheerin', 'n' that'll make us beat them." The children promised to do their best. The old man opened the throttle, the long-cylindere engine churned the water into froth, and the *Goosander* glided off under the stars, out toward the Gull Rock Light, leaving a trail of glittering phosphorescence behind. The two small figures

on the wharf watched the dark cloud of smoke go out through the Wide Entrance. Then they ran up to give their father a circumstantial account of the departure.

By midnight, in the bungalow on Hillsborough Bay, Mr. Montgomery Paul was sleeping peacefully, entirely oblivious of anything that the calm waters of Northumberland Strait might be bearing on toward his discomfiture. In the morning his friend, Mr. Hunter, strolled over for breakfast.

"Well, what do you think of them?" said Mr. Paul. "I told you they'd come!"

"Never saw such a collection of craft in my life!"

"It's going to be tremendous!"

"It is!"

"Look at the smoke of them up there now!"

"Yes, looks like a picture of the battle of the Nile. That's the advantage of having a boat fired with oil."

"Humph!" said Mr. Paul, "stinking nuisance."

"Stink be hanged!" said Mr. Hunter.

"But say, your engineer told me that one with paddles came in about two o'clock this morning."

"Paddles?"

"Yes, paddles; and he says she had two funnels." Mr. Paul laughed.

"He must have been taking something to brace him up. Maybe a torpedo boat came in, and made such a row he thought it was paddles. Well, we'd better get some breakfast."

The race was to start at ten o'clock, and from dawn boats of all kinds had been up at the wharves getting water and preparing generally. The day was clear, and a stiff north-west breeze was making the harbour choppy. Spectators were everywhere; on the wharves and in row-boats and sail-boats. Every lobster fisherman in the vicinity had sailed in with his family, and the sails, from white to tan brown, were all over the harbour. But the steamers were the overpowering feature. There was the Caribou boat and six others loaded with spectators lying at the wharves. There were smaller

steamers of all shapes and descriptions rushing about and dodging each other, and the chorus of shrieks from their whistles was indescribable. It was as if a steam caliope, such as circuses carry, was being abused. A deep-sheared tug would roll by, low set, and with her circulating pump hurling a jerking stream of water eight feet from her side. Then would follow a long, smooth-polished craft with a striped awning and an engine that sounded like a sewing machine. Then "Bang—bang—snap bang! puff—puff—bang!" and a gasoline yacht would pass and recall a militia company after the order "Fire at will!" had been given. She would be followed by a bluff-bowed tug, high forward and low in the stern, piling up a great wall of water in front of her. She had spent most of her life towing about a big dredge, and her owner said that if she could do that he didn't see why she couldn't keep up with the best of them. Down in the opposite direction would come a beautiful little schooner-bowed yacht, white, and with polished spars and shining brass, slipping along with hardly a ripple; while out beyond, with her skipper solid in his convictions as to what she could do in a sea-way, would loom a two-masted ocean-going tow-boat. Then a top-heavy passenger boat from the Bay Chaleur would come down, letting herself out, and loosening up just to be sure that nothing was wrong; then two more launches, followed by another tug. And so they went. Over the rails of the open ones, and from doors amidships in the others, protruded heads of men with grimy faces and with hands holding bunches of waste or oil cans or spanners, each studying the bewildering array of his enemies, and each reasonably certain that, given favourable conditions, he "could lick the whole lot o' them."

About half-past nine Mr. Hunter's *Mermaid* came up the harbour. The sunlight was glinting on her varnished sides and glaring red and gold from the rose-lacquered brass of her funnel and boiler. A quarter of a mile he-

hind her came the *Niobe*, hardly less dazzling, and looking very formidable with her low set hull and big stubby funnel. She was at once recognised as the boat of the man who was willing to risk the thousand dollars, and was greeted by all the whistles. Then came a gun from one of the big passenger steamers that served as the judge's boat. It was the preparatory signal. In fifteen minutes the race would start. The crowd on the wharves and on the boats commenced to shift uneasily. The steamers circled and began to draw up into a long uneven line that stretched away across the big harbour; ocean tugs, harbour tugs, passenger boats, yachts and launches, each with its boilers fired up to the blowing-off point, and each after the thousand dollars offered by Mr. Montgomery Paul. Mr. Paul himself was excited, there was no denying that. He was trembling as he sat at the little brass wheel and swung the *Niobe* in alongside the *Mermaid*. He made a remark to Mr. Hunter concerning the weather. Then his engineer spoke up:

"Now will y' say I was drunk!" he said. "Look there!" and he pointed up the harbour.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Mr. Paul. Mr. Hunter gasped.

"What in —"; then he stopped. Coming down from far up the harbour was something that looked not unlike a Tyne tug. Above a narrow black hull, crammed with machinery, towered two long, rusty funnels of unequal height, which were pouring out volumes of black smoke. Below were two broad paddles without boxes—paddles that were now being swung so viciously that the after part of the apparition was half hidden in clouds of flying spray that glittered in the morning sun. The boat's speed seemed to be marvellous, and her ugly black bow, with its copper-red bottom, sat on a cushion of seething foam. Behind her stretched a wide white wake. Other eyes were turned in her direction, and, as she came closer, still others, until

nearly everyone in the fleet was watching her approach.

"On she came, with a cloud of—(coal dust),
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew."

The said crew

"—stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose."

Mr. Paul's engineer spoke.

"Look at her machinery!" he gasped, "she's full of it. I'll be hanged if she hasn't got a screw, too! And Lord! look at her paddles! That beats anything I've ever seen!" The *Susan Bell* happened to be near, and Long Rory stood up.

"*Great Eastern* ahoy!" he yelled, and the crowd roared. Rory began to see who comprised the *Goosander's* crew.

"Hi, Donald," he shouted, "can y' lend us a boiler?" Donald stood up and smiled blandly.

"A'd be pairfectly weelin' t' lend y' th' two o' them 'n' row her ofer eef a wiz racin' th' *Susan Bell* alone," he said, and the crowd laughed again. The word went down the line that it was Donald McDonald, and those who knew him said: "We might have known he'd be here." Henry Simpson said: "Donald McDonald—that settles some of us!" Donald came up astern of the *Niobe*, and the paddles stopped.

"Good day, Mr. Paul," he said.

"Good day," said Mr. Paul, "that's a great boat you've got there."

"Aye," was the solemn answer, "a like th' design mysel'."

"By George!" said Mr. Paul to his engineer, "that's the old chap we had aboard the *Niobe*!" The engineer grinned unsympathetically. The *Susan Bell* was near and Mr. Paul turned to Rory and said quietly:

"Who is he?"

"Donald McDonald," said Rory.

"And who's Donald McDonald?"

Rory laughed.

"Oh, he belongs to Caribou; y'll

likely know something about him before night," he said. Mr. Paul turned to the *Goosander* again.

"Aren't you coming up into line?" he shouted.

"Not 't present."

"There's only four minutes before the starting gun."

"A'm afraid o' gettin' my paddles broken. A'll try 'n' coom up ootside wheyre th're's plainty o' sea room." Rory chuckled. "He's got blood in his eye this morning," he said to himself.

The *Goosander* hung back of the line and the big boats ranged up behind her. The Caribou boat was crowded with Caribou people, and they all seemed to recognise Donald at once, and yelled simultaneously. The old man sat in the *Goosander's* stern with the black spaniel beside him and his eye on his watch.

"Carswell," he said, softly, "y' needn't open up for a while. A'll run her wi' th' paddles." Now there was only a minute to spare. All down the line pop valves were blowing off, while clouds of steam were floating to leeward and the boats were rocking uneasily. For a moment everyone watched everyone else. Then came the boom of the gun from the judge's boat, followed by the throb of many engines and the spattering rifle fire from three gasoline launches; then the boil and rush and swirl of white water being hurled back by many screws, and the movement of the boats as they felt the thrust and started forward. The light launches got under way quickly and darted ahead, and the line swept on. Donald let them get fifty yards away. He looked up at the Caribou boat, which was bearing down on his stern.

"Don't hurry!" he said, "we've got feefy miles t' catch them." Then he opened the throttle of the long-cylindrical engine. The paddles pounded the sea into smoke and disappeared in the spray, and the spray made the black spaniel sneeze violently. The crowd on the Caribou boat howled with enthusiasm, and a howl of deri-

sion came back from the fleet. The great race was started. The boats swept down Charlottetown Harbour and out past the light, leaving the water white behind them. Already they were beginning to sort themselves out.

A gasoline launch had caught fire and was burning briskly, while lobster boats from every direction were going to the rescue of her crew. Her owner was standing on her counter and swearing, and his language was fearful beyond description. A boat from Antigonish had run aground on a shoal on the far side of the harbour, and her skipper was following the example of the owner of the gasoline launch with a fluency bred of a lifetime of practice. A boat from Newcastle had run into a boat from Chatham, and they went on shoulder to shoulder, trying to shove each other out of the channel. Drawing out ahead were Col. Dan McPherson's yacht, the ocean tug, a tug from Charlottetown, one from Sydney and two from Halifax, with the *Mermaid* and the *Niobe* on pretty even terms just behind them. Astern straggled out a long line, of which the last two were Long Rory's *Susan Bell* and the *Goosander*. So they passed out into the Bay and bore away for the buoy off Point Prim. The *Goosander* crept up on the *Susan Bell*, and Carswell began to give the screw engine steam. Now they had plenty of sea room, and he opened her wider. The boats felt the first sweep of the seas coming down from the north-west, and rolled and wallowed ahead, throwing clouds of spray from their bows. A wave would come up and hit the *Goosander*, and her whirling starboard paddle would pulverise it and heave it aloft in bucketfuls and drench Carswell and Billy and Donald and the spaniel impartially. In the meantime McIntyre was getting wet over the bow, so the crew of the *Goosander* donned oilskins. The spaniel wanted to see everything that happened, and, bathed with salt water, sat up and wagged his tail and sneezed. In five minutes the *Goosander*

was alongside the white yacht, and in two minutes more she had passed her. Then she crawled up between two tugs and pulled ahead until she left them in her wake. Every time she passed a boat a cheer would come from the Caribou enthusiasts astern. Some few who knew Donald's record well noticed that so far neither of the *Goosander's* boilers had blown off. "Pop valves screwed down, as usual, I s'pose," said one, and the others nodded.

The *Goosander* was extremely persistent. She worked up gradually, and passed other and still other boats. The leaders were doing magnificently. Between the big two-masted tug and Col. Dan's yacht and the *Mermaid* and the *Niobe* there seemed but little to choose. But there was a good deal of a sea running, and the big tug was at her best.

One of the tugs from Halifax was holding on well and having a little private race with the boat from the Bay Chaleur. The other Halifax tug was a few lengths behind, and the *Goosander* was slowly coming up with her. Then they hung side by side for a few minutes. Finally Donald motioned to Carswell, and at the same time swung his throttle wide open. The *Goosander* trembled and seemed to fairly leap the seas. She passed the Halifax tug as though the latter were moored, and bore down on the other Halifax boat and the boat from the Bay Chaleur. She rushed in between them with her stern low and her paddles whirling halos of foam, and she left them and bore down on the van. She passed within twenty feet of the ocean tug and hauled across her bow; then she drove past the *Mermaid* and the *Niobe* and Col. Dan's yacht and pounded on ahead. Her boilers and funnels were white with crusted salt, and every time the spray hit them would send a great cloud of steam off to leeward. With the driving water slashing into his face and running down his oilskins, McIntyre crouched low in the bow, Billy Dunn and Carswell fired vigorously, and the

old man sat motionless in the stern, smiling grimly. So the flotilla went past Point Prim Light, with the *Goosander* always gaining. Mr. Paul and Mr. Hunter were beyond talking, but their thoughts were stupendous; and Col. Dan was grinding out through his teeth something about "slab-sided coal scows," and freely damning a well-known builder of marine engines.

Now, anyone who knows Northumberland Strait knows that the worst place for an ugly, piled-up sea, that seems to come from everywhere at once, is just off Point Prim. In this case the wind, though not heavy, was brisk, and an occasional white comber came down from the direction of Cape Tormentine. The *Goosander* was doing splendidly. The long-cylindrical engine's cross-head was rushing up and down the guides at a rate that satisfied Donald—and that is saying much—and one bearing that had threatened to get hot had been flooded with oil and had decided to cool down again. The *Goosander* now led the van by a quarter of a mile. Altogether, things looked propitious. Just at this stage a big roller gathered itself together and bore down on the boat's starboard side, breaking and hissing as it went. For a moment it towered, and then dashed into the starboard paddle. The *Goosander* staggered over to port, righted again and went on. Carswell pointed to starboard. The paddle was swinging two pieces of wood like flails. Donald signalled to stop her, and shut his throttle.

"Y' might breeng the hatchet, Meester Carswell," he said, slowly, "'n' joost tell Beely 'n' Jim t' coom aft 'n' breeng a bar to hold th' wheel." In a few moments the *Goosander* was drifting side to the sea and rolling violently. Carswell and Billy and McIntyre jammed a bar into the wheel and held it steady, while Donald climbed out on it with the hatchet. Two of the floats were split, and one of them was started away from the frame. The old man hacked and hammered and clung to the wheel as

the *Goosander* rolled it half under water. In the meantime the *Niobe* and the *Mermaid* came boiling up astern with the big tug and Col. Dan's yacht pressing them hard.

"Beely," said Donald, "y' might joost coom out here 'n breeng a few spikes." Billy climbed out warily, and together they hammered and chopped while the *Goosander* rolled prodigiously and soured them up and down in the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They were still hard at it when the *Mermaid* came up, sometimes lifting her screw half out of the water and sending the spray forty feet. The *Niobe* wasn't thirty yards behind her, and was visibly gaining. Mr. Hunter looked round and kissed his hand to Donald as he drove past, and Donald stopped work expressly to admire the *Mermaid*.

"She looks fery nice, a' must say," he said appreciatively, "'n' look 't thut boat; eesn' she pretty?" waving the hatchet at the *Niobe*. The *Niobe* took it as a friendly greeting and whistled as she passed.

"For heaven's sake, hurry up," said Carswell.

"Oo, th're's no hurry," was the slow reply. Col. Dan's yacht rushed past.

"Making some repairs?" asked the Colonel pleasantly.

"No," shouted Donald, "we're joost goin' t' cut away th' paddles; we've foond we don't need them." The big tug poomp-poomped past and offered a tow, and the rest of the fleet began to come up. Billy hammered in the last spike and the two, very wet, climbed hastily aboard. A moment later both engines were going at full speed again, and the *Goosander* was boiling along after the leaders. The whole episode only lasted three or four minutes, but it was enough to give her a long, hard chase. Donald and Carswell moved around with oil cans, Billy flitted from fire-box to fire-box, and McIntyre sat immovable, with eyes shifting from the compass to the Nova Scotia coast, and prayed. The combination was too strong for fate, and

before long the *Goosander* was again beside the big tug. As she was crossing her bow, which McIntyre did with elaborate ostentation, Donald, without looking up, hung a rope over the stern. They passed Col. Dan silently and came up on Mr. Hunter, who was trying to light his oil fire, which had blown out for the fifth time. McIntyre went close to him and Donald threw aboard a lobster can with a bunch of matches in it. The *Niobe* was still eighty yards ahead, and as the water was getting smoother was going faster than ever. But at last even she had to succumb, and the *Goosander* splashed up beside her. Donald talked pleasantly to Mr. Paul, and told him that, aside from the *Goosander*, the *Niobe* was the finest boat of her size he had ever seen. Then, as the *Goosander* drew ahead, he said he was sorry to leave, but he wanted, if he could, to be in Caribou in time to see the finish of the race.

By this time the head of the long procession of boats was between North Harbour and the west end of Pictou Island. The old man smiled as he thought of Maisie and Dick and Aleck seated on the high bank and watching with the long telescope. "Na doot they're cheerin' noo," he said to himself. He tied a pair of spare overalls to the end of the boat hook and hoisted them up in the stern. The black spaniel got up to superintend, sneezed, slipped, sprawled, and silently went overboard. Donald jumped to the paddle engine.

"Stop her 'n' back up," he roared to Carswell. In a few moments the *Goosander* was stopped again and was slowly backing. The black head and shoulders would be seen on the top of a sea and then would disappear in the trough again. Donald would say "Coom on, old mon, y're doin' gran'!" and the tail would appear and agitate the water violently. Finally the *Niobe* came up and went past, followed by Col. Dan, and later by the big tug. The white yacht with the polished spars was within fifty yards when, at last, Billy leaned far over, grabbed the

black spaniel by the back of the neck and hauled him aboard. He immediately proceeded to shake himself over Donald, coughed for half a minute, and went back to his seat wagging his tail and evidently much pleased with the whole business.

Twenty seconds later the *Goosander* was boiling along again in the wake of the big tug. Carswell's hand shook as he tried to twist his throttle open beyond the thread. He looked ahead at the tug, with Col. Dan's yacht beyond, and the *Niobe* away beyond her. It seemed a fearful distance.

"Donald," he said despairingly, "we'll never catch her. We can't do it!"

"She's joost off th' Skinner's Reef buoy?"

"Yes."

The old man took off his oil-soaked cap and scratched his head.

"Weel," he said, "we can only try. A don't know that we can eemprove her speed much. Y' might break up that half barrel o' peetch thut's een th' for'd locker 'n' feed her w' thut." So the pitch was sacrificed, along with the barrel and a box that McIntyre had been sitting on, and the *Goosander's* long funnels took to vomiting fire, much to the awe of the crew of the big tug, which was passed again at McDonald's Reef. Col. Dan's yacht passed Cole's Reef buoy, and the *Goosander* passed Col. Dan's yacht at the same time, and still the *Niobe* was a long way ahead. Now they were heading straight into Caribou Harbour, with the finish line not four miles away. Ahead, the end of the lighthouse beach was black with people. The *Niobe* rushed up against the tide, and as she passed within twenty yards of them they cheered. The cheer that was on their lips for the second boat died away when they saw her, and they were silent with amazement. The speed of the extraordinary craft forbade laughter. They watched her in utter surprise, the black dory hull, the high, white, fire-vomiting funnels, the mass of machinery and the whizzing paddles hurling water over everything.

"She swings a wicked wheel," said one of them. Others had their eyes fixed on an old man in oilskins who sat smoking in the stern. They recognised him.

"Go it, Donald," they yelled, "you'll catch him yet," and cheer after cheer followed the *Goosander* up the harbour. Donald never turned his head. "Fallin' tide!" he murmured, and his practised eye watched the distance shorten between the *Goosander's* bow and the white water under the *Niobe's* glittering stern. The pitch had been used up and the funnels no longer vomited fire, yet the *Goosander* seemed to be closing the gap as quickly as ever. But the gap between the *Niobe* and the line was closing too. McIntyre could see the wharves packed with a silent crowd of people, and the judge's boat, with a fluttering white flag, just opposite the Government Pier. Donald had his watch out and was timing marks on the shore. Suddenly there was a yell from McIntyre.

"Look't th' *Niobe!*" All hands looked. The *Niobe's* crew were feverishly heaving something over the rail. "Coal!" said Billy; and coal it was. They were pitching it over as fast as they could pass it up. Donald smiled. "Thut's what a call seenfu' waste!" he said. Carswell was past replying, and Billy had broken out into language. "Conoondrum," said the old man to the spaniel, "he's callin' y' names for fallin' overboard, when y' were only plannin' t' gie them a good feenish!" It was no use; Donald was impregnable. The great calm, bred only of a crisis, had settled down on his soul, and he was supremely happy. Everything came to him with exaggerated clearness, as to a man after a strong dose of coffee. His sense of proportion was perfect. His relation to the world was normal, and the perspective of all things material and immaterial was just and true. He filled and lighted the black pipe with extreme deliberation, and slowly reached out and dropped the match overboard on the lee side. He knew just how the piston was running in the long-

cylindere d engine, and how the steam cushioned against it at the end of the stroke. He could feel every swirl of steam and its expansion and falling pressure in its complicated course through the steeple-compound ahead. He felt the drive and flow of the water on the blades of the propeller, and the strain on the whirling paddles. He saw, and mentally noted in detail, the fields and hardwood-covered hills beyond the head of the harbour, the blue sky and the sparkling blue harbour itself, and the town sloping up on the north side, with the houses and the church steeples and the trees, and the waiting crowd on the wharves. He felt just how fast the *Niobe* was nearing the line, and just how fast the *Goosander* was nearing the *Niobe*; and he felt the result as a woman feels the result of her intuition. So he sat in the stern with a placidity that was supernal, and enjoyed to the utmost not only the world, but the universe. What could any steamer with a triple expansion engine and 190 pounds of steam do in the face of such poised assurance as this? Finally there was but a quarter of a mile to go. The *Niobe* rushed for the line, and the *Goosander* swung out of her wake and roared up beside her. Mr. Montgomery Paul again heard the stuttering thunder of those invincible paddles in his ears, and, without looking round, saw that black, ugly bow crawl up beside him and forge slowly ahead, while he was conscious of the presence of two long, uncomely funnels vomiting black smoke. Then came a great cloud of flying white water and the passing of a high, black stern with the boil of a screw beneath it; then the bang of a gun, the shriek of whistles, the clang of bells and the roars of a cheering crowd. The great race was over. The *Goosander* had won by a length.

The excitement was tremendous, and as the *Goosander* made for the Market Wharf the crowd followed and lined it from end to end. Carswell and Billy Dunn and McIntyre had to stay aboard and explain in detail, but Donald slipped ashore and disappeared. He had a deep-rooted objection to demonstrations.

After sitting with Maisie and Dick on the high bank above the lobster factory and watching the boats go down the Strait, Aleck's feelings had got too much for him, and he had driven into Caribou to see the finish, taking his wife and the children. Donald found him for Mr. Paul, who presented the cheque in person, saying that if the *Niobe* had to be beaten he was glad it was by Donald McDonald, of whom he was beginning to learn something. Mr. Paul at least had the satisfaction of sitting on the wharf and watching the *Mermaid* tie up, while he gave vent to strictures as to the value of oil-fired boilers.

Aleck was determined that Donald should take five hundred dollars, but Donald wouldn't hear of it. Finally Aleck refused to take the colt back except on one condition, which was that he should pay Donald five hundred dollars for him. So Donald was forced to surrender.

That evening down the road to North Harbour drove a very happy family, and behind the waggon trotted a bay colt, whinnying because he recognised the way home. At the same time, round by sea, under the stars, went the only boat since the days of the *Great Eastern* that could boast both screw and paddles. Her crew consisted of an old man, who was smiling at the universe in general—and smoking—and a black cocker spaniel, who was wrapped in profound slumber.

THE END

THE FRIEND

BY JAMES S. MACDONNELL

I MADE a friend who was evil and good,
Generous, selfish, of variant mood,
A friend I uncertainly understood,
But the wish of his heart seemed true.

I watched my friend as we closely moved,
Marked what he revered, loathed and loved;
The evil I missed, the good I proved,
For the voice of his word rang true.

Doubt departed and confidence grew,
Surely all of my friend I knew,
Naught but a gentleman through and through—
I was sure that his life was true.

I breathed my trust in a casual ear—
“Ah, well! sans doute,” came the killing sneer,
“But from what I have seen and heard, I fear
He’s a good fellow rather than true.

“Innocence seizes the good as all,
But I can tell you of many a fall,
Of a slip, of a sin, of a shame to appal
In the one that you deem so true.”

Black disappointment of pity and pain!
Blight of the proof that eats its stain
Through—over all the vision vain
Of my friend I had held so true!

We met, we twain, that weary day;
I charged him, and he answered “aye,”
Repentant, defiant, half drawn each way—
Yet the gleam in his eye yearned true.

He is still my friend and will wear for me,
Recks never a whit what I hear or see.
I love him for what his good can be,
And that is eternally true.

Learn the why of the Infinite Friend,
Mortal worth—immortal trend:
What ought to be shall be in the end,
For the Basis of things is true.

THE NOVICE IN PARLIAMENT

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER M.P.

DRAWINGS BY J. WALTER WILSON

THE difference between visiting the House of Commons as a private citizen and going there as a member of Parliament is too great to be easily realised. When you approach St. Stephens as a private citizen, the policemen who guard its approaches at the gateway of the members' yard eye you critically. These policemen are the pick of the police force and are very intelligent. They wave the private citizen on from the members' gate to the general entrance with an air of favour, not to say authority. At the general entrance he is, as one might say, carefully admitted to the outer corridor. Here, turning to the left hand, he can look down into the spacious Westminster Hall, where so many great events in English history have occurred. Statues of kings and queens and princes range along the wall. Straight ahead of him are corridors, approached by steps and lined with statues of the great men of parliamentary fame, such as Burke, Pitt, Falkland, Fox. Passing through this long hall of worthies, flanked by what are called conference-rooms, where members may meet deputations or their secretaries, the visitor comes, after the distance of a few hundred feet, to the outer lobby.

Anyone entering this lobby for the first time must be greatly impressed. Its majestic proportions and beautiful, lofty dome give it an air of grandeur. From its doorways and the gloom be-

yond come slowly members of Parliament, thoughtful and preoccupied. They are making for the inner lobby, called the members' lobby, on the margin of the Chamber itself, or are going out to some of the numerous committee-rooms or refreshment-rooms. All is busy quiet. But suddenly you will see these same members hurrying back in answer to the summons of bells sounding simultaneously throughout all the precincts of the vast edifice. A division upon some measure is being called. These legislators pressing towards the Chamber are as much under discipline as a schoolboy in the strictest academy. The members' master is the "Whip" of his party, who sees that he votes properly, and will not let him go out of the House without a "pair"—that is, someone on the opposite side who goes also, thus not weakening the party.

It is a beautiful vista which sweeps from the chair of the Speaker in the House of Commons to the throne in the House of Lords. The building was so constructed that the King, looking down the long lane of chambers, corridors, and lobbies, could see, at his duty in his high, wooden-canopied chair, the First Commoner of England, the Speaker of the House of Commons. There is a great nobility of architecture in the scarlet-benched Chambers of the Lords; there is an ecclesiastical and solemn beauty in the Chamber of the Commons—especially

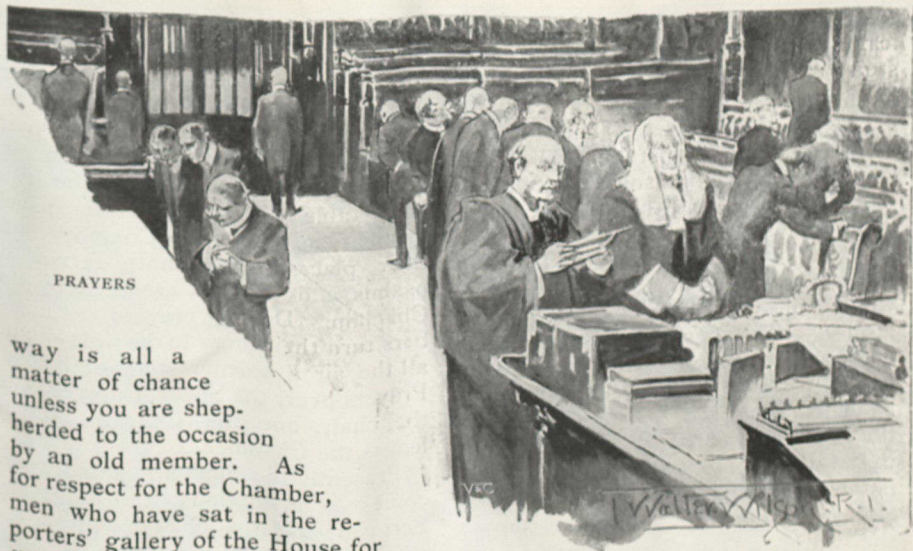


of a summer afternoon when the sun shines through the clerestory windows.

I seem to have strayed from my original purpose, but in reality I have not done so. I wished the reader to see, as it were in his mind's eye, what greets the gaze of any private citizen who is admitted to the members' gallery in the House and looks down on the swarming politicians, the majority with their hats on, each playing his own or his party's game. He cannot fail to be struck by the decorum of the House, though it seems sorely tried now and then by some violent or excitable critic of the Government. He certainly does feel how great is the dignity which surrounds the black-robed figure of the Speaker, who sits in his great chair, sometimes from three in the afternoon until three in the morning, with the break of an hour for a hasty dinner.

But familiarity might not strengthen his reverence if he chanced to see the great men, leaders of parties and popular figures in popular life, engaged upon some humdrum question which, apparently, calls neither for eloquence nor responsibility. Finding an exciting debate under

Walter Wilson



PRAYERS

way is all a matter of chance unless you are shepherded to the occasion by an old member. As for respect for the Chamber, men who have sat in the reporters' gallery of the House for years, looking down upon it with a familiarity almost like contempt, have told me that when they themselves were elected to the Chamber, they realised many forms of terror unfelt before—that terror of responsibility never absent from the mind of a member who takes a real interest in his duties, or who is ambitious to rise. I do not believe that any man ever got influence over the House of Commons who did not feel that to speak in that ancient Chamber, where the famous men of centuries have done service for their country, was one of the hardest trials of their lives.

Let us go back a little. I have written of the way the private citizen was treated by the guardians of the gates. Now suppose you are a new member of the House of Commons. As you come down Whitehall and approach the palace of Westminster, you will naturally suppose that you will have to explain yourself to the policemen on guard. You may be very proud of being elected, but your pride will not justify you in assuming that you will be recognised off-hand as a member. Yet, as you come to the crossing before the gates of the members' entrance, you will find a couple of policemen stopping all traffic for you. You walk through a lane made

by omnibuses and carriages with a new and embarrassing sense of importance. You had forgotten, perhaps, or did not know, that a member may have all traffic stopped for him if he is on his way to the House of Commons. At the gate where you expected to be challenged, the tall policeman touches his hat. It is at once disconcerting and flattering. How does he know you are a member? You go down through the yard to the cloisters and meet other policemen who salute you. How do they know?

Take my own case—if I may be so personal. As I came to the cloister a policeman touched his hat: "Good day, sir," he said. "Good day to you," I answered. "Everything all right at Gravesend, Mr. Parker?" Well, in the language of the streets, you might have knocked me down with a feather. He not only knew my name, but also my constituency! I came on into the outer corridor of the members' entrance. Another policeman respectfully welcomed me with a salute and my name. Inside, the superintendent also knew me! And so on up the staircase. There really was nothing mysterious about it all. These picked policemen have excellent mem-

ories. They get hold of the biographical picture books of the House, and study the faces of all the new members, possibly for a week or ten days before the House opens. They seldom or never make a mistake. The first time I got into a hansom to go home late at night, I told the policeman my address: he never forgot it—and I was only one of several hundreds.

That is interesting as showing the wonderful system which governs the House. The system has not been made, it has grown. Everything connected with the Chamber is what may be called "expert." The House has the reputation of being the best club in the world, and so I think it is. It is also, I think, the best-disciplined and best-organised administration in the world. The form is rigid, yet there is plenty of freedom; the etiquette is severe, yet, within that etiquette, you may be as simple and natural as in a private house.

I had seen and heard debates in the House of Commons as a private citizen; I had dined there; I knew several of the ministers and many of the members personally, yet I never can forget my first entrance into the Chamber as "the elect of the people." It was at the taking of the oath of allegiance after the last General Election, in 1900. The House was to meet at three o'clock—that is the hour that the Speaker and the Chaplain enter the Chamber and prayers are read. I was there promptly to the moment. In the inner lobby I stayed to see the Speaker and the Chaplain enter the Chamber. It was a state-ly proceeding. You see the Sergeant-at-Arms in rosetted coat, silk stockings, knee-breeches and sword, coming slowly along the corridors from the Speaker's room, the Speaker in his silk stockings, knee-breeches, silk robe and wig, following with the Chaplain. Only three people, but we have in them the Throne, the Church, the State centered. Everyone stands still as they pass; there is no hurrying to and fro now. The doorkeepers, erect in their handsome liveries, are motionless and respectful. The trio

pass into the Chamber. Three times the Speaker and Chaplain bow as they come up the floor, and the members present bow also. They reach the great table, the Mace is put upon it. The Speaker and the Chaplain bow to each other now and stand at the head of the table. The doors are shut; such members as are in the Chamber take their places. The short service of psalms and prayers are read by the Chaplain. During prayers the members turn their faces to the wall—"and all the air a solemn stillness holds." Prayers over, the Speaker proceeds to the chair, and the Chaplain slowly leaves the Chamber.

Presently the doors are closed; there comes a mysterious knocking; the Sergeant-at-Arms looks out through a small grating and asks who demands admittance. The reply comes: "A message from the King." The doors are again opened, and there comes slowly in a grey-headed, stately figure in a splendid scarlet uniform. He bows to the Chair. Half-way up the Chamber he bows again. Having reached the table, he bows once more. It is Black Rod. He reads the message summoning the faithful Commons to the House of Lords to hear the King's speech read. This done, Black Rod retires slowly from the Chamber backwards, bowing three times as before. The King's speech having been read by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords (I cannot describe that interesting ceremony here), the Speaker returns in state with the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Mace to the House of Commons. The taking of the oath is not a very formidable nor yet a very solemn proceeding, inasmuch as the only order of precedence observed is that a private member makes way for a minister. The Clerks of the House hand the Bible and the oath, which is printed upon a card, to a half-dozen members at a time. They all, standing in a row, repeat the oath and kiss the Book. Then they make their way to the table of the House, where they sign their names in full. After this they are escorted to the Speaker's chair,



J. Walter Wilson, R. II

where they are quietly announced and presented, and the Speaker shakes hands with them, silently welcoming them to the Chamber.

The mode of taking the oath was extremely interesting to myself, because, although a new member and not at home in the Chamber, I could not help observing the amusing differences between the new members and the old. The old members were noticeable by their cheerful familiarity with each other, and by the way they lounged, with an air of possession, on the green benches. The new member alternately sat and stood, not quite at ease, at one moment ready to elbow his way into the throng crowding around the table to take the oath, at another hesitating and stepping back again, nervously stroking his silk hat. He greeted new members like himself with a self-conscious and yet vague and far-away air. I expect I was much like the others. At the same time, I could get a good deal of amusement out of my, and their, inexperience.

But there are many trying moments in the life of the new member. He has much to learn, and woe betide him if he does not learn quickly! In the House a member may sit with his hat on, but he must not stand with his hat on. He may not pass between another member addressing the House and the Speaker. He may not, however, be aware of the rule, or he may forget himself. It is a bad moment. Nobody has any sympathy. "Order! Order!" sounds all over the Chamber. Sometimes he turns to go back, but

this is difficult, and then perhaps he turns himself into ridicule by crouching down and hurrying shamefacedly and abjectly to his seat. I have to admit that I once came between a member addressing the House and the Speaker, but so quickly, and I was placed so

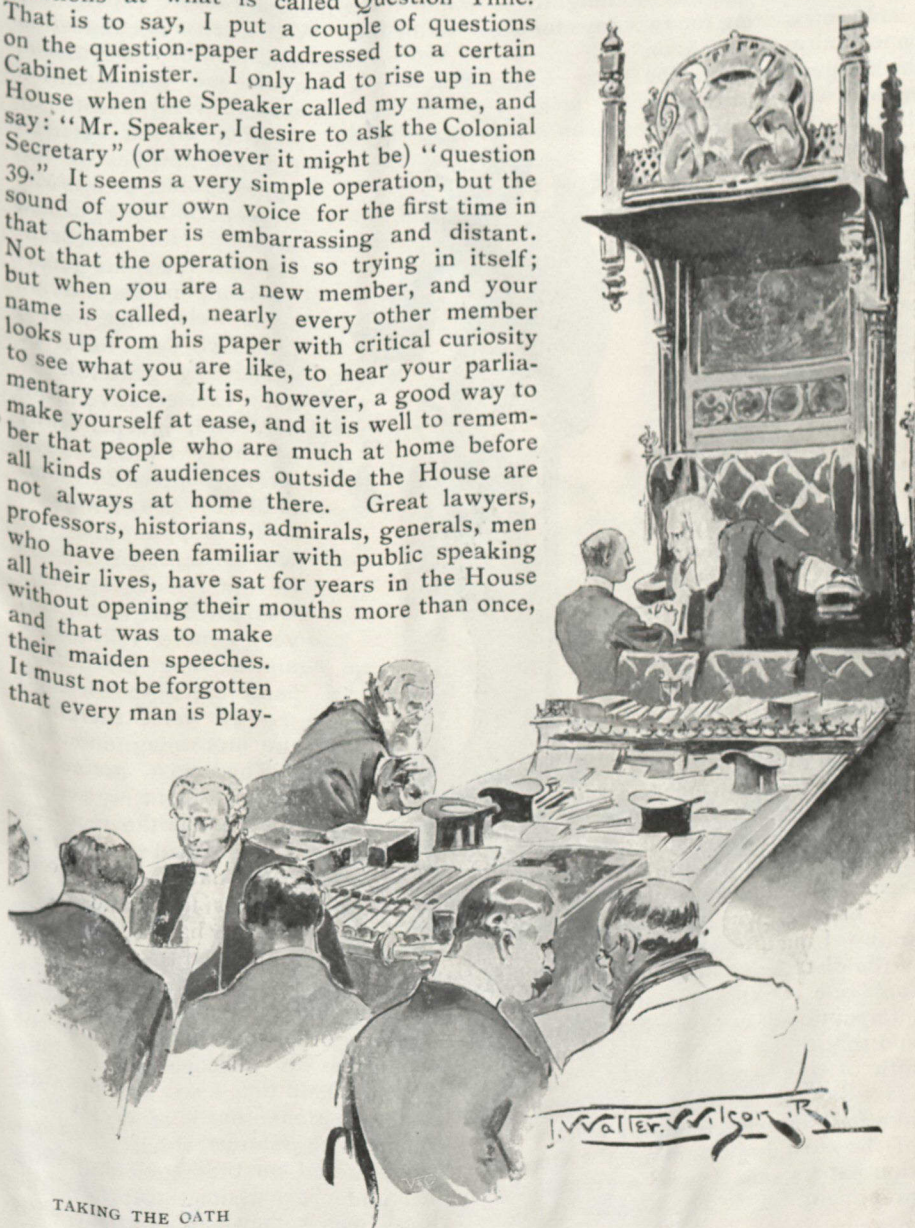
advantageously, that I think only one voice snarled "Order! Order!" But one of the oldest members growled at me as I passed him: "Mustn't do that! Mustn't do that!" I didn't do that again. Mem-



THE DIVISION LOBBY

bers are extremely tenacious of tradition and custom. A member is never spoken to by his name, but only by his constituency—that is to say, he is called “the member for Northampton,” or Aberdeen, or whatever place it may chance to be.

There is an expression called getting your sea-legs aboard a ship. Well, getting your parliamentary legs is a far more difficult thing, except to the very young and, therefore, self-possessed, or to a member highly charged with his own importance. For myself, I found my legs in a way by asking questions at what is called Question Time. That is to say, I put a couple of questions on the question-paper addressed to a certain Cabinet Minister. I only had to rise up in the House when the Speaker called my name, and say: “Mr. Speaker, I desire to ask the Colonial Secretary” (or whoever it might be) “question 39.” It seems a very simple operation, but the sound of your own voice for the first time in that Chamber is embarrassing and distant. Not that the operation is so trying in itself; but when you are a new member, and your name is called, nearly every other member looks up from his paper with critical curiosity to see what you are like, to hear your parliamentary voice. It is, however, a good way to make yourself at ease, and it is well to remember that people who are much at home before all kinds of audiences outside the House are not always at home there. Great lawyers, professors, historians, admirals, generals, men who have been familiar with public speaking all their lives, have sat for years in the House without opening their mouths more than once, and that was to make their maiden speeches. It must not be forgotten that every man is play-



J. Walter Wilson, R.S.

TAKING THE OATH

ing his own game in the House of Commons, and that if he is on the Government side all the Opposition are critically listening—perhaps scornfully listening—while people of his own side will not be favourable until he has shown “the mettle of his pasture.”

And that maiden speech! Well, the moment of marriage is nothing to it. I had been waiting for two days for the opportunity to speak on the Budget; but when the instant came, although the House was more than half empty, I would gladly have run away. I have been under fire more than once in my life, but I never experienced anything like that; not because I had not something to say—I was deeply anxious to say certain things, but my throat got dry and my sight got dim, and my senses became confused. I had good matter prepared, I think, so far as facts were concerned, although I had not prepared a word so far as form went. I am bound to say that the House must have listened to me with great patience. I spoke for about twenty-five minutes; and although some members on the opposite side smiled sarcastically, and although my own side seemed to encourage me very little—I was too embarrassed to know—I managed for about four-fifths of the distance to keep my head. Then some one on the opposite side made interruptions, not wholly unfriendly, and that threw me off. The remaining fifth of the speech was repetition. Next day the newspapers treated me in a friendly way, though I believe one of the most important of the Opposition papers said I was a great disappointment. I do not wonder. I cer-

tainly was a greater disappointment to myself than I could possibly have been to any other human being. Agitated, over-anxious as I was, my wonder now is that I did not break down.

However, the maiden speech was over. Then came what, to me, was one of the most agreeable experiences of my life. With a sense of exhaustion and painful self-criticism upon me, my attention was suddenly arrested by hearing myself referred to by a speaker on the opposite side. It was Mr. Bryce, the distinguished member for Aberdeen. He paid me some generous compliments and said some welcoming words, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. I am a Conservative member, and, independently of that, I have been strongly opposed to some of Mr. Bryce's views, particularly upon the late war in South Africa; and in that maiden speech I was not, I regret to say, very generous in my remarks about the Liberal party. Mr. Bryce's friendly words were, therefore, the more magnanimous.

The most noticeable feature about my second speech was the fact that I was called to order by the Chairman of Committees five times, and

that I sat down on my hat. I am glad to say that no one noticed the incident of the hat—in any case no comment was made and no one rallied me. Being called to order by the Chairman of Committees is disconcerting. The Chairman held that I was not speaking to the question—that is to say, I was dealing with matter which could not be considered on the particular Vote then under discussion. At first the House was somewhat impatient with

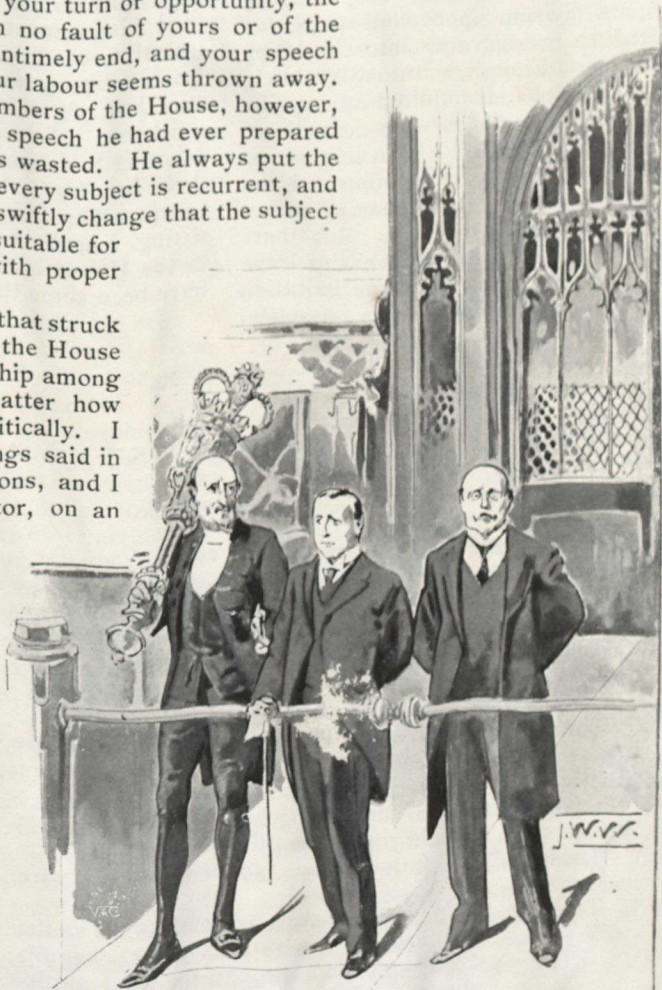


BLACK ROD

me, certain young members of my own side included; but I knew that my question had been dealt with on this same Vote before, and by alternately apologising to the House and committing the fault over again, I was able to call up three champions of procedure from the Irish, the Radical, and the Conservative side of the House, who held that I was right. It was too late for me to make an effective speech, but I carried my point—carried it with a rush beyond bounds of procedure in order to say what I wished to say. Before I could easily be called to order again I sat down.

It must not be thought that you can speak at any time in the House of Commons on any question. The fact is, you may have to wait six months before your particular subject comes up in the course of procedure. Then, when it is possible, you have to—as it is called—catch the eye of the Speaker. Now, the Speaker generally answers first, quite naturally, to the eye of the members of the Ministry, and after that the most important of the private members. Waiting your turn or opportunity, the debate may, through no fault of yours or of the House, come to an untimely end, and your speech does not occur. Your labour seems thrown away. One of the oldest members of the House, however, told me once that no speech he had ever prepared and not delivered was wasted. He always put the notes away, because every subject is recurrent, and conditions do not so swiftly change that the subject put by will not be suitable for a future occasion, with proper modifications.

One of the things that struck me first and most in the House was the good fellowship among the members, no matter how strongly opposed politically. I have heard hard things said in the House of Commons, and I have been a spectator, on an occasion, of violence, but there is very little, if any, speaking that is personally offensive. Members on both sides mix with great good nature in the lobbies of refreshment and smoking and reading rooms. I have heard one or two speeches which were in execrably bad taste, something to make you squirm, but on the whole it certainly is a Chamber of good manners and



AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE: A CHARGE OF REFLECTING ON THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT

great decorum. It is wonderful, too, how you grow to respect people with whose ideas you have no sympathy. There are one or two rather vindictive Irishmen, and certainly one Labour member, whom I very much disliked before I went into the House; but the Irishmen are like lambs in the lobby, and the Labour member now lunches with me at my own table. This is not to say that the views of either of them appeal to me. It is to say that I understand their points of view.

The thing I disliked most when I entered the House was being obliged, when a division upon a measure was called, to make tracks into the lobby and pass through a turnstile slowly with three or four hundred others, like a lot of schoolboys—this sometimes twenty times a day. It struck me as being a wicked waste of time. I am bound to say also it seemed rather commonplace and stupid. But there it was, and you had to take it or leave it. I do not feel the same irritation now concerning that very practical

duty of recording your vote for or against measures and the clauses of measures which must influence the country either for good or evil. As for its being a waste of time, well, the proper answer would be: "That is what you are there to do." You are one of a number who, in order to be effective, work as a mass.

I get many agreeable things out of my life in the House of Commons; but no impression made upon me at all compares with the impression of delight which I have at being in touch with a large body of men most of whom have done things, most of whom are representative of important interests in the country—great merchants, great scientists, great lawyers, notable gentlemen of notable families, all devoting their lives to the service of their country. I frankly say that, except when very tired by a long sitting, I have never had a dull hour in the House of Commons, and there have been some thrilling moments.

THE GUEST

BY VIRNA SHEARD

ONE cometh at Christmas, who comes from afar,
 From the strange, unknown places where the dead years are;
 He hath followed a trail of forgotten ways
 Through the violet mists of the vanished days,
 And he hath for his herald the morning star—
 This shadowy guest who doth come from afar.

The gifts he doth bring us—Oh! wondrous and rare,
 Are lost Christmas days from the winters that were;
 The echo of voices we once used to hear;
 The glimmer of faces, long hidden, yet dear;
 The scent of dead roses, the glint of gold hair;
 These gifts he doth bring us, so wondrous and rare.

There is age in his eyes, there is youth in his smile;
 With fancies he fools us, with dreams doth beguile;
 The gifts that he brings through the wind and the frost
 Are but shadows of things we long ago lost.
 Yet, "Memory, stay!" we cry—"Stay for awhile,
 For Youth and its gladness comes back with thy smile."



JOHNNIE PURPLE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

By HALLIDAY GIBBS

DRAWINGS BY EMILY HAND

TO be sure, it would be nice to have a turkey for dinner on Christmas Day," said Mrs. Purple, decidedly: for, as everyone knows, that is a question easy to answer decidedly. "But we cannot always have everything that we like," she added brightly. Indeed, she might have said, "We cannot ever have anything that we like," for she was one of those numberless women who find it hard enough to get food and clothing of the plainest kind for a large family of small children.

Johnnie did all he could to help by holding horses and sweeping pavements, but he was barely nine years old, and small for his years.

"Very small," Mrs. Purple often said to herself anxiously, wishing at the same time, poor woman, that Johnnie had something to help him grow big and fat like other children.

"Well, I s'pose we'll hev to *pretend* we hev a turkey, that's all," said he with a great big sigh which seemed to come from the toes of his boots, or rather, indeed, from the place in his boots where the toes of them ought to be.

"Goodness! child, dear, don't look so old and anxious," answered his mother, "and run away all of you now to your beds, and don't be thinking about what can't be helped." So away to bed they all did go, for they were good children who usually did as they were bid.

This night, however, Johnnie could not help thinking, and thinking, and *thinking* about the turkey they could not have. He forgot to say his prayers, and when he remembered them he

felt so dreadfully wicked he got up and said them all the more earnestly for having been so careless. Then he jumped back into bed, and after a while, somehow, the thought of the turkey came to him again. How fine it would be! a big, hot, delicious turkey! He wondered if there might be one hanging at the door of Dwindle's grocery store, or Soanes', or, perhaps, Gage's. Dwindle's, now, was not so very far away, and it was quite early yet—only about eight o'clock. The stores, he knew, were all alight, for it was Christmas week—the night before Christmas Eve. He felt sure he could go there and back in fifteen minutes, and no one the wiser. So up he got, pulled on his clothes, and away out of the house like lightning. And he ran. Mercy me, how that boy did run! Down one street and up another; around one corner and across another; up a third street, and down still another one, until he found himself clutched by the iron hand of a policeman who thought he had caught a thief this time for sure.

"Hi, you young villain, what have you there?" said he.

Then Johnnie stopped, because he had to, you know, and his big brown eyes were wide open with indignation as he answered, with a gasp: "Please, sir, I'm not a vill'n, an' I haven't anything I oughtn't to have, and I'm in a hurry to get there an' back." And, somehow, No. 49 knew by the open countenance and honest voice of the little fellow that he was telling the truth. So he let him go, and away went Johnnie faster than ever. He soon drew up at the door of W. W. Dwindle's grocery and provision store.



"So away to bed they all did go."

DRAWN BY EMILY HAND

And there, sure enough, was a turkey hanging at the door. And how funny it looked! It had its feathers all on; and as Johnnie drew nearer to get a good look, he saw that its head was on, too, and that its eyes were open and very bright. But the most ridiculous part of the whole affair was that, as Johnnie looked, the turkey opened its mouth and—he could hardly believe his eyes; he shut them tight and opened them again to make sure he was not mistaken; but he was not, for the turkey opened its mouth and *smiled*. Now, who ever heard of such an absurd thing?

"You are just such a boy as I was wishing to see. Yes—bright eyes, red hair, little and sharp. What is your name?"

Johnnie looked all around—behind him and at both sides; up the street and down the street. But there was no one near enough to have asked the question except the turkey. So he answered:

"Johnnie Purple."

"Johnnie *what?*" said the bird, rudely. "Johnnie *Purple?* I should have thought it would be Johnnie Red—or, at least, Johnnie Pink—which would be nearer the shade. However, it doesn't matter what colour your name is if you will only cut me down out of this and let me away. I don't like hanging here, especially when it is so very near Christmas. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the turkey, "I'll give you the first three things that you think of that you want if you will cut me down. Will you, Johnnie? Is it a bargain?"

"Oh, I'd be afraid," answered Johnnie; "they'd think I was stealing you."

"Ho! that's so, indeed. I did not think of that. But," said the turkey—it was a remarkable turkey for ideas—"I'll tell you. I will take *you*. You jump on my back; I'm very strong, and I'll more than run with you. If that will not do, I'll fly so fast that no one can ever catch us. Eh? Quick, now; decide, for here comes a man!"

Sure enough, there did come a man, and that man was his mother's next-door neighbour. He would be sure to ask awkward questions. So, without

more ado, the boy jumped up and cut down the huge bird, which fell with a thump almost upon his head. Up Johnnie sprang with one bound to its back, and off they went. Poor Johnnie! he was dreadfully frightened. What would his mother say if she knew? Of course, he was not stealing the turkey. He tried to persuade himself of that, at all events. But what was happening? Was it stealing him? Why, no, of course not—how silly! Well, hadn't he cut it down from in front of Mr. Dwindle's store, where it had been hanging? "Oh dear!" cried the poor boy frantically, at the same time holding the turkey with all his might for fear of tumbling off, "what if No. 49 could see me now?" Why, oh why, had he ever left his bed? Why had he listened to the voice of the turkey? There was nothing to be done now but to keep to the darkest streets and by-ways, so he wouldn't be seen and caught steal—there was that awful word cropping up again. It was too much.

"Whoa! Oh, whoa, and let me off, and go back—Oh, please and go back to where I took you from, you horrible thing!" he cried to the turkey—which took no notice of his pleadings, but, to add to his terror and dismay, began to rise higher and higher into the night air, carrying the miserable boy with it. Presently they came to the street

where he lived. Again he clutched the turkey by the neck and tried to stop it; but faster and faster it flew until the house was reached. Johnnie could bear it no longer. He loosed his hold and, with a vigorous kick at the departing bird, he jumped, and found himself falling, falling through the air, down—down—down—O-o-o-oh! With a scream he awoke to find himself grabbing the curly head of his little brother, who was struggling hard to make him let go.

Then what a laugh they all had when Johnnie told his dream the next morning! And little George's eyes opened so wide with wonder that Johnnie advised him to shut them quick or they'd split at the corners. When Johnnie came to the jumping-off place in his story the excitement of the youngest reached such a pitch that he began to cry. So the conversation had to be changed; for, you know, it was the day before Christmas, and everything had to be made as pleasant as possible for everybody.

Now, before the day was out, Johnnie, at least, had something very pleasant to think of. Early that morning he had earned two ten-cent pieces and a five. All day he waited for a chance to spend it for something for his mother—he was not quite sure yet what it was to be.

Just about dusk he found time to spin down town to look about him

DRAWN BY EMILY HAND



"The Turkey opened its mouth and smiled."

DRAWN BY EMILY HAND



“Found himself falling, falling through the air, down—down—down—
O-o-o-oh!”

and make his purchase. As he came near Mr. Dwindle's grocery store he couldn't help laughing as he remembered his dream and, looking up, espied a big turkey hanging head downward at the door. This one, however, was different from the one he made the acquaintance of the night before, for its feathers were off and its head not a bit alive-looking. But just as Johnnie stepped close to where it hung the cord it was tied with broke, and down the turkey fell right into his arms.

Now, here was a Christmas turkey thrown at him, you might say; here, again, was a splendid chance to skip away home with it, for no one was looking. But I am glad to tell you that Johnnie walked right into the store with it and, flopping it down upon the counter, told Mr. Dwindle how he had got it.

“So it fell, hey?” wheezed Mr. Dwindle. He was a fat man, you see, and his voice was husky.

“And your folks don't like turkey much, so you gave it back—is that it, me boy?”

“Oh, no—I mean—yes, we do like it, but I—I'll tell you.” And tell him he did—all about his funny dream, and how much they all would like a turkey for Christmas, only they hadn't money to spare to buy one—and that was all about it. And he never had stolen anything in his life, and wasn't ever going to, either, because his mother always said—here he remembered that he ought to be at home, so he said good-bye to Mr. Dwindle and ran out of the store.

“Oh! hi, wait a second.” shouted Mr. Dwindle, running after him. And his voice was huskier than ever from the effort of running, I suppose. “I don't think I can sell this bird to anyone now—it's getting late, you see, so you may as well take it home with you, if you like—y' deserve it, anyway, m' boy, for catching it so cleverly, y' know, and I hope y'll have a Merry Christmas, m' boy—and many of them!”

Now, are you not sure that Johnnie

DRAWN BY EMILY HANDB



"And are you not certain that they all had a merry Christmas that year?"

was a happy boy? And are you not certain that they all had a Merry Christmas that year? They have had many others, too, for ever since that time Johnnie has run errands and tied

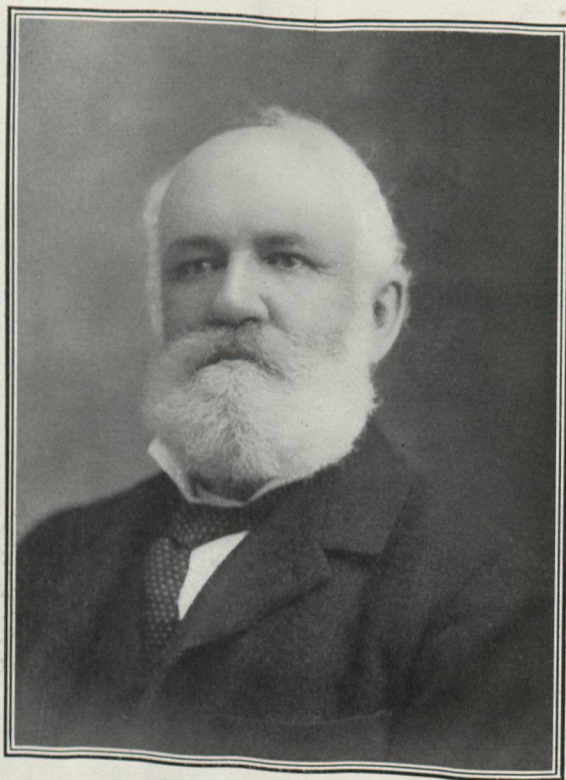
up parcels for kind Mr. Dwindle, and every Christmas he gets, among other good things, one of the very biggest and best of the many big and good turkeys that are brought into the place.



THE WAY TO PEACE

BY INGLIS MORSE

HE who would sweetly rest from haunting strife
 That drives calm solace from the weary mind,
 Must learn to let kind thoughts pervade his life,
 And so, through these, the peace of Heaven find.



HON. ANDREW G. BLAIR

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. 57—HON. ANDREW G. BLAIR

THE resignation of the Hon. A. G. Blair from the chairmanship of the Dominion Railway Commission on the eve of the Federal elections has brought him more prominently before the public than any man in Canada save Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and a study of his career and character should be of interest to all Canadians and students of Canadian affairs.

Since 1896 the Hon. A. G. Blair has been one of the most striking personalities in our Federal politics. For thirteen years previously he had been the "one only man" in the Province of New Brunswick, and had held its destinies in the hollow of his hand.

This eminent Canadian was born in Fredericton, March 7, 1844. He is of Scotch descent, and has many of his ancestors' characteristics. He is an indefatigable worker, a lover of ideas, and a man who has all of "Freend Donald's" calm reticence. He speaks but seldom, but when his voice is heard it is with no equivocal sound; and, although his actions have on several occasions mystified all classes, his position on national and international questions has ever been clearly defined.

This brilliant parliamentarian was educated at the Collegiate School, Fredericton, a school that has given the early training to many of the most distinguished men in the East. On

graduating from this institution he began the study of law, and in 1866 was called to the bar. For twelve years he devoted himself exclusively to the practice of his profession, and during that time won the reputation of being the ablest counsel in his Province. He was too strong a man to be permitted to hold aloof from public affairs, and in 1878 was persuaded to stand for York County for the New Brunswick Assembly. The Mackenzie Government had become discredited in the Dominion, and in no Province was the Liberal party at a lower ebb than in New Brunswick, but Mr. Blair unhesitatingly cast his lot in with the minority. He was elected; but his opponents were anxious to exclude a man of his calibre from the House, and a petition was filed against his return. He resigned, and once more faced the electors and won, although the entire strength of the Government was used to accomplish his defeat. He now found himself in a House hopelessly Conservative, the Opposition having six seats and the Government forty-one. Mr. Blair at once proved himself the ablest man in his party, and in one year after beginning his political career was chosen its leader. He rapidly gained a following, and in 1882 was at the head of a stalwart Opposition of seventeen members. In the following year he defeated the Hannington Administration, and was called on to form a Government. He was ready for the occasion, and in one day selected his cabinet. He has since been to New Brunswick what Sir Oliver Mowat was to Ontario; and, although in 1896 he entered the larger arena of Federal politics, men trained by him, and largely guided by him, have held power.

During Mr. Blair's first term as Premier, and while holding the position of Attorney-General, an incident occurred that almost ended his career. In the Circuit Court at Bathurst one Philias Laitange was tried for murder. The Court pronounced him insane, but Philias, who, from Mr. Blair's handling of the case, fully expected

the death penalty, thought that such was the sentence. The prisoner seized a heavy water-pitcher, and shouting out in a frenzy of rage: "If I'm going to hang, you'll die first," smote the Attorney-General over the head with a well-directed blow. Fortunately for Canada, Mr. Blair was merely stunned.

In 1886 the Government in New Brunswick narrowly escaped defeat. When the returns were made the parties were practically tied, but with the four members from Northumberland County standing aloof in a semi-independent attitude. They had indeed been elected with the tacit understanding that they would support Hannington, but they had their price, and although Mr. Blair has never been guilty of the corrupt methods that have disgraced both political parties in Quebec and Ontario, he was not above purchasing them with a portfolio and a reduction of the stumpage tax, the real issue on which they were elected. When the House met the artillery of the Opposition was directed against the Premier for the Northumberland deal. The Northumberland members unblushingly laughed at their abuse and jibes, while Mr. Blair treated them with calm indifference. It is difficult to applaud his action on this occasion, but the solid ability of Blair was infinitely better for the Province than the frothy commonplaceness of Hannington.

In 1887, at the interprovincial conference held at Quebec, Mr. Blair was one of the most prominent representatives. At this conference he endorsed a motion favoring unrestricted reciprocity, and at the same time expressing "fervent loyalty to Her Majesty and warm attachment to British connection." In 1893 he attended the celebrated Liberal convention held in Ottawa. At this meeting he was chosen vice-chairman, and in accepting the position expressed himself with characteristic brevity on the unity and solidarity such a convention should give the party. Important questions were discussed and a platform based, but on the subjects under discussion

Mr. Blair kept silent. He uttered no words that he would have to take back, made no promises that on some future occasion he might have to repudiate. Indeed during the whole of his career he seems to have had as his motto "silence is golden."

The dark days for the Liberal party were rapidly passing, and in 1896 it was elected to power with a substantial majority, and Mr. Blair as the ablest statesman in New Brunswick was given the portfolio of Railways and Canals, and he resigned his premiership. During the thirteen years in which he had led the Government of his province he might be said to have broken down party lines. He recognised that for the management of local affairs good business men were needed, and he formed truly coalition cabinets. From the beginning of his leadership he worked side by side with men who in Federal politics were his political opponents. Much of his success was due to his freedom from prejudice, and while party government is a necessity where great national issues are at stake it would be undoubtedly of benefit to all the provinces if the local governments were conducted along his lines. As Minister of Railways and Canals he worked with the same energy for the good of the Dominion that he had exercised for the welfare of New Brunswick, and the vast improvement made in the efficiency of the Intercolonial Railway is an evidence of his thoroughness and wisdom. He was soon recognised as one of our greatest railway experts, and in the councils of the railway magnates no man's opinions were listened to with greater respect. He held his Cabinet position until 1903, when the project of the Grand Trunk Pacific was suddenly launched. He disapproved of the method adopted by the Government for the building of this line, and in the heat of the discussion resigned his portfolio. He trenchantly criticised the Government's policy, but did not break with his party or lose the respect and confidence of his leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Later it was with a

feeling of surprise and pain that many of his admirers learned that he was about to accept the Chairmanship of the Railway Commission appointed to deal with all questions relating to the railway systems of Canada. But it must be remembered that this commission had been a pet scheme of Mr. Blair's, and for the duties required of him he was head and shoulders over any other man in Canada. In his new office his work was ably judicial; but he was still out of harmony with the Government's policy, and on the eve of the Federal elections resigned his chairmanship. His action mystified friends and foes alike. On the one hand it was thought that he should have waited until the battle had been fought; on the other it was expected that he would stump the country against the Government, as the only real issue before the country was the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific. His action can have but one ending; if he remains in public life he will have to join forces with the Opposition. Mr. Blair has ever been a hard man to control, and since 1896 his associates have been kept in a nervous state of tension as to what course he might pursue. He proved himself heedless of party in New Brunswick, and he has to some extent done the same in the Dominion. The Conservatives made a bid to win him to their side when he left the Cabinet and again when he resigned from the Commission. Had he listened to their appeals he would have been in no way breaking with his past, and would undoubtedly soon have found himself leader of the Opposition.

There is another side to Mr. Blair's character that the public is apt to overlook. He is a student and a lover of art and fine books. His library is one of the best in Canada, and when he resigned from the Cabinet he felt like a slave who had cast off his chains and was once more to associate with his best friends, his books. He is one of the most genial of men, and has a host of friends, especially among young men, and those intimately associated

with him in life have found him a most lovable personality. He is a man, too, whose very appearance attracts, and anyone meeting him in the streets of a city would turn to take a second look at his impressive figure with his erect,

massive head set between his broad shoulders. A leader of men he has ever been and, although he is apparently resting now, his leadership is not yet ended.

T. G. Marquis

THE ACE OF HEARTS*

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Thoroughbreds," "Brave Hearts,"
"Mooswa," etc.



OUR men were sitting down to a rubber of whist in the verandah of the Gymkhana Club in Arakan. They had dined, which was wise, for "the Devil lurketh in an empty stomach," say the Burmese, and no man can see the end of luck.

Cook and the Major cut together as partners, and Campbell sat opposite Herbert. Then, because the seat next the wall was out of the breeze and hot, they cut again for seats. That was the Major's doing—he was always like that, arranging things fairly.

"Here, you fellows, cut!" cried the Major. "Campbell has cut the Queen and I have turned up the deuce, so I suppose I have won the warm corner."

Herbert cut a "ten," and Cook turned over the card he had been holding face down—it was the ace of hearts.

"For downright cooley-headed luck commend me to Cook," laughed the Major, as that gentleman pitched into the hot seat.

And the cutting of the cards was the drawing of lives in a lottery.

"Can't make it out," sighed the Major, as he watched Cook throw away with consummate care every chance which came his way. "It's 'sun,' or the boy's in love."

Then the god of whist cursed with bad luck the Major and his partner. That was because Cook nursed six

trumps until they were as a long-kept ulster—useless.

"You've the best of the seats, after all, Cook," broke in Campbell, "for the breeze that cuts across the corner of the verandah here is heavy-laden with the perfume of the native town; and it's *Gnapie*, my boy, sweet *gnapie*, which I will back to knock out all the scents of Naples Bay."

"It's like a graveyard," grunted Herbert, lighting a cheroot; "it makes me ill."

In the billiard room someone was picking at a banjo. Suddenly a fresh, sweet voice sang a verse from the "Bengali Baboo," and the players joined in the chorus:

"*Kutch perwani*, good time coming,
sing 'Britannia rules the wave';
Jolly good fellow, go home in the
morning, how the Baboo can make
slave."

Only Cook did not sing. He sat like a grave-digger—a sense of coming evil had spread its gloom over him.

Then he made the second misdeal in twenty minutes. The Major never moved a muscle—he was facing the guns now. He bit the corner of his iron-gray moustache, and looked straight into his hand.

"Just as I thought," he muttered; "the young ass has lost his head over 'May,' and there'll be no end of a row

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about it. The Colonel will never let May take up with a merchant; why, he'd turn his nose up at a Civil Servant. He's a good enough little chap, but his position isn't in it with the Colonel."

Then Campbell ordered a bottle of "Simpkin," swearing that he couldn't stand Cook's long face, and that they'd have to drink the blue devils out of the game.

"Here's to the little woman that's driving the whist out of your head, Cook," said Campbell, holding his glass up.

"Sh—" broke in the Major, "leave the ladies out of it."

The wine made no difference. The luck ran just the same, dead against Cook and the Major. Cook was playing like one in a dream; the voices of his companions sounded far away.

The Major called for trumps — "shrieked for them," as he put it— but his partner was oblivious of such trifles. There is only one result to such play—disaster.

"I'm sorry, Major," said Cook, when the rub was over, "for playing bumble-puppy with the game, but there *is* something; when I put my hand over to your side of the table I feel as though I were touching a corpse."

He was serious enough, but the others laughed. "Bets are off when a man's dead," said the Major, "so you will have to pay the whole shot, my dear boy, if I'm dead. I tell you what it is: if you keep on, I shall go behind this month. If it were not for the money I make out of you Juniors, I should be in a bad way."

They all knew that he'd give away everything he could not lose in a fair gamble if anyone needed it—all but one thing, the V. C. on his breast. That was the one thing he did seem to care for; that, and the service.

The "V. C." he got up in Afghanistan when he drove a horde of blood-thirsty Patans back from a wounded boy of a lieutenant they were trying to spit, and carried him in under his left arm.

But the "Something" kept grinning at Cook from among the glasses and cards, and sometimes it was peering at him over the shoulder of one player and sometimes the other. He saw it plain enough, but to speak of it simply meant unlimited chaff and an "after" that might stick to him. It does not do to see "Things" and *speak* about them. A man may hold his tongue, though it feel like Irish frieze, and as dry and thick, but he cannot help the nerves—nor the cold damp on the forehead, either.

The Club was very quiet, and the fellows who had been clicking the balls in the billiard room and singing bits of songs had gone home. Suddenly from the shadow of the sloping bamboo roof a harsh, grating voice called "Tucktoo!"

Cook jumped perceptibly, and the pins were sticking sharper than ever in his scalp.

Seven times the voice called in that sharp, imperious way, the last cry dying out in a long-drawn "A-A-A-huh!"

"Hello! are you back again?" queried the Major, peering at the roof. "Something must be going to happen. When I came here the Gym was blest with a lucky Tuck-too, a regular mascot, but Hashim assured me that he left the day after I set foot in the place. I wonder if he thinks that I am not coming here any more? Perhaps my luck is going to change. Why luck should be associated with those hideous—"

"Tucktoo! Tucktoo! Tuck-ta-a-h!" drawled the lizard in derision, overhead.

"Oh, never mind him, Major!" broke in Herbert; "he's only after the flies—he finds it deuced good stalking round when the lights are going."

The Club was very quiet—"creepy" Cook called it. Suddenly the big, brazen gong over by the *Cutcherry* sent out a booming note, as the sentinel swung his heavy wooden mallet. Then again, and again, twelve times; it was midnight.

"Ah! I wish that were 'Big Ben' calling to me from Westminster, and this my club at home," sighed the Major; then he added abruptly: "Time's up, gentlemen. It's Sunday morning."

"Come on, Cook, I'll drop you home in my trap. You look as though the 'Mulligatawny' had been a little too heavy for you."

Just as they rose from the table the weird, ghostly call of a jackal came cutting through the heavy night air like the thrust of a javelin. Then another answered from the other side of the big maidan just opposite. Then another and another took up the dismal, wailing note, until the whole night was made hideous with their ghoulish din.

Cold drops of perspiration stood out like beads on Cook's forehead. "Hold on," he gasped, "I must have a peg before I go—I fancy I'm a little off."

As the grey Waler mare swung them around the white stone post where the club road turned into the main street, the Major felt someone get up behind on the dog-cart.

"Is that you, Campbell?" he asked, for he could see the syce running on ahead yet. No one answered, and he looked around—there was no one there.

"Deuced queer," he muttered; "I could have sworn that someone jumped up behind as we struck the road."

Cook did not speak—he could see it up behind there, peering at him over the syce's shoulder, who was also up in his place on the back seat now.

Cook looked after the high-wheeled dog-cart as it whirled away down the gravelled road after the Major had dropped him at his bungalow; there were three figures still in the trap.

"I'm glad Lutyens felt it get up behind," he muttered as he turned into the bungalow; "my head is hot enough, but it's not there that the trouble is—he felt 'It' get up behind, and, God knows, I've seen nothing else since we left the club. And it was sitting there beside the Major as he drove off. God! I hope it's not Lutyens."

The next day about 10 o'clock, Cook's head clerk, Baboo Grish Chunder, came to the bungalow.

"Cholera get plenty worse, Sir!" said the Baboo. "All Burmese coolies under Manji Nee Aung run away last night. They plenty 'fraid this seekness, Sir. Ramsammy tellin' me Herbert Sahib, he gettin' chol'ra too." "Great God!" he muttered, "that's the first."

Then he ordered his trap and drove over to Herbert's bungalow. As he pulled up his pony, a man came out on the verandah—it was Major Lutyens. His voice was querulous as he said: "Look here, youngster, just turn your pony's head about and drive off to your own bungalow again. You can't do any good here, and I shall see after Herbert all right."

But Cook got down from his cart in a quiet, determined way, and told the syce to put the pony under a neighbouring banyan tree.

Then Lutyens spoke again. "You're young, Cook, and you've got it all before you. I'll see that Herbert has every care—of course, the black devils will all clear out and leave him alone, but I'll stop, and the doctor will send an assistant down from the hospital if he can spare one. He says that it's simply hell up there. All the wards are full of the cholera patients, and the assistants are clearing out—God knows he hadn't too many as it was. So, now, clear off home, and don't drink any water that anybody has even looked at."

But Cook had come up on the verandah by this time, and was coolly lighting a cheroot.

"Do you hear?" said Lutyens. "It doesn't matter if it does come my way; I've seen all there is to see, and, besides, what does it matter to a man who couldn't poste obit a note for enough to buy a dinner at the Great Eastern? I think you ought to cut it for Somebody's sake, if not for your own—you'll be all right in that quarter some day, perhaps."

But his words seemed to have but little effect on Cook, who puffed at his

cheroot leisurely, and seemed to be waiting until Lutyens should have finished.

"As for me," continued the Major, "I really fancy that I am in for it, anyway; the breeze that blew across the table last night over the three of us carried this infernal thing, this cholera—it was that which Campbell thought was the perfume of *gnapie*. You missed it where you sat—the ace of hearts let you out."

"It doesn't matter about all that, Major," answered Cook, doggedly; "I've come up to help look after Herbert. I haven't had as much experience as you, but I know what it is like when this thing comes along. All the servants clear out and leave a man to shift for himself—that means shifting over the river. I am sure it was last night did it, and because I was lucky enough to get the sheltered seat I am not going to back out of it that way. I am going to see the game through."

A soft, mellow light came into the Major's deep-grey eyes as he held out his hand and said: "You should have been in the service, Cook—come inside."

There was no doubt about it—the surgeon said it was *pukka* cholera, and only the best possible care could save Herbert.

It is always the same—the fight is short and sharp; soon settled one way or the other—more often the other.

In India there is no hurry; Life is slow, but "Death gallops on the King's horse." Yes, death is fast there—the yellow-whirlwind rush of the tiger, the cobra's dart, the coming of the black death—the cholera—these are "ek dum" (at once), where all else is so slow.

Side by side the two men fought through the silent watches of the night for the life of their friend, but as the gray streaked the sky next morning the blue nails were driven into the white, cramped palms for the last time. It was settled—the other way.

One hand had been played out, and together they must go on, for Campbell was down now.

There was no questioning, no admonition now to turn back; silently, steadily they fought it all over again, fought the hideous black thing that came down from Chittigong with the coolies coming to the rice mills.

On the third morning there were but two left; another hand had been played out.

"Now, my boy," said Lutyens to Cook, as he left him at his own door, "I am going home, and if you hear that I am down with this, and come near the bungalow, I'll shoot you—by God! I will."

Cook climbed wearily up the steps of the bungalow and threw himself into a chair.

"Poor old man," he murmured, "God grant it may pass him! Poor old man"—and then his head dropped heavily to one side as he sat in the chair. He slept like a log—the sleep of exhaustion. At tiffin time the Khitmutghar woke him up.

"Go over and find out how Major Lutyens is," he commanded. "Don't let him see you."

Then he ate a little, and drank; it was safest, and would keep his strength up for the last fight, which he felt must come—the last hand in the rubber. After that—? He really didn't care very much, he was so tired.

He drove to his office; things were going all right there, so he drove home again.

"Major Sahib seek, Sah," was the laconic report of his Khitmutghar.

Whatever had been the Major's intentions with regard to the shooting, he had no chance to put them in execution, for Cook walked into his bedroom unannounced. That he swore and called Cook a young ass did not matter in the least.

The Surgeon had been there, and it was the same thing over again, only now it was drawing toward the end. There was only one to fight.

Later on in the evening, when the terrible spasms had left Lutyens for a few minutes, he turned his grey eyes, now grown so large and luminous, on Cook, and said: "It's no use, old

man; I never funk'd it in my life, and don't now, but we simply can't beat out Fate—Mera Kismet, as the natives have it. There was only one life out of the four to be spared, and you got it when you cut the ace of hearts. You deserve it all, for you're pluck to the backbone. Come here till I pin this V.C. on your breast, to show you what a dying man thinks of you. Of course I can't give it to you—I only wish I could, for if ever a man deserved the Victoria Cross, you do. I shall be buried with it on my breast, but let my eye rest on it where it is now till all is over. I would rather die with the cheer of my men behind me, and the howl of the enemy in front. God! how we pricked those Afghan devils with the cold steel the day I won that on your breast. But I know when I'm beaten, and shan't fret about it.

"I think I had better tell you something that is on my mind while I am talking. I myself loved May—everybody did, I think—she never knew it, though. It wasn't good enough for her—my love, I mean. The old Colonel was sweet on Herbert, and the title, and all the rest of it. Herbert, too, was madly in love with her, but you didn't know that, Cook. In some things your innocence is simply lovable.

"Promise me this, comrade, that when toward the end I begin to weaken, and the cramps double me up, so that you have to use all your strength to pull my head from between my knees, you won't pay any attention when I ask you to put an end to it all by giving me an overdose of chlorodyne, or a bullet, or something. Just let me fight it out to the end, then there will be no aftermath of misery for you."

All this talk did not come at once. There were the terrible and increasing spasms, and between, brief spells of semi-collapse and quiet, in which the brave man, dying surely and horribly, talked.

It was only a little longer—as with the others. The surgeon and the drugs, and the brandy, and the rest of it, were as idle as the tears that coursed down poor Cook's cheeks—the round cheeks that were now so pale and drawn—as he worked over his dying friend.

"God bless—hearts—yes—ye—s—the—the—ace—Cook—the—the—the ace of hearts."

It were better thus. He did not feel the pain now—did not know.

Then the eyes cleared for a minute, and the lips moved—very dry and white they were. Cook put his ear down close.

"Good-bye, May—Cook," sounded like the dying sigh of a gentle breeze.

The third and last hand had been played out in that game of death.

Cook drove home alone this time. There was nothing sitting on the seat behind now—not even the syce. The Sahib was mad to expose himself to this terrible thing—he would rather run behind. They are careful servants, the natives—of themselves.

There was no marriage. It is often that way in India—more of death than marriage.

"I loved Major Lutyens more than I shall ever love any other man," May said simply to Cook when he asked her to be his wife, "but I suppose he never even thought of me. I avoided him because I knew he did not care for me."

That was why there was no marriage. The Ace of Hearts rests on Cook's dressing-table, framed in silver.

BEAUTY

BY INGLIS MORSE

ALL beauty lies in man:
'Tis he alone who rears
An ideal world of art
Through passing of the years.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT*

By G. B. BURGIN, Author of "The Ladies of the Manor," "The Shutters of Silence."

I

WERE I to employ all the powers of sarcasm at my command, I should simply wither you. Wither you," repeated Mr. Gellatly Grime, with emphasis. "As it is—door, Ja——"

"Pardon me," said the young man, "but you do not seem to be aware that, as yet, all the discussion of this somewhat important matter has been on your side."

"Well, sir, well? I am the young lady's father."

"She cannot be responsible for Nature's mistakes," softly murmured Hartley Munro to himself. Fortunately, Mr. Gellatly Grime was slightly deaf, and did not hear him.

"Well, sir, well?" interrogatively repeated Mr. Gellatly Grime. "In the absurdly improbable event of my listening to your request for my daughter Honoria's hand, may I ask what are your expectations, and how do you propose to live?"

"We expected to live on——"

"On me?"

"With your assistance, for a little while," modestly returned the young man. "We should feel it our duty to comfort your declining years."

"They are only declining to the extent of not accepting your offer," said Mr. Gellatly Grime. He touched the bell, but Hartley Munro, with the brazen self-sufficiency of happy and inexperienced youth, put his hand on his arm. "One moment, my dear sir. One moment."

Mr. Gellatly Grime glared at him. "Are you aware, sir, that I am the director of several public companies, and that every second of my time is golden?"

"Oh, it's only just after dinner.

Besides, we don't like you to work so hard for our benefit," suggested Hartley Munro. "What's the good of it?"

"Our benefit?"

"Yes—our benefit. You'll have to die some day, you know; and you also know that you can't take your money with you."

"And I further know that as long as it pleases Providence to spare me to carry on the momentous undertakings in which I am interested"—he was quoting from his last great speech—"I intend to—to——"

"Stick to it," sympathetically suggested Munro. "Quite right, sir. Quite right. Only we'd like to have you with us as long as possible. Don't want any more undertakings in the family, you know."

Mr. Gellatly Grime nearly foamed at the mouth. "Your effrontery! Door——"

"Pardon me, my dear sir. You will make this discussion so one-sided. You invite me to dinner—and a very excellent dinner it is," he added. "Never had such a good dinner in my life."

Mr. Gellatly Grime was partly mollified.

"Well, sir?" Dinner always appealed to his highest instincts. Indeed, that part of his frame which nowadays we euphemistically call "Little Mary" (thereby irretrievably degrading one of the loveliest feminine names) could no longer truthfully be called "little," partaking as it so largely did of the shape of a suburban bow window.

"It would be well if you'd only listen to me," pleaded the happy young man. "With your assistance this invention of mine could be developed, I could marry Honoria, you could come on the board of the company

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and make some money for us, or go into Parliament; and we should all be happy together. Of course, if you elect to become the customary stage parent, decline to help us, foam at the mouth, and all that sort of thing, you'll probably have a fit, and die without words of sweet forgiveness on your lips. You men of strict business habits never do make wills, because you are so afraid to die. Consequently, when Honoria and I reap the benefit of all your money, wherever you are you will doubtless be very much annoyed."

Mr. Gellatly Grime stood on the hearthrug and swelled, physically and mentally. "Your proposition savours of blackmail, sir. You could not give my daughter the luxuries to which she is accustomed. What is your present income?"

"Just now"—the young man looked at his watch—"it is a hundred and fifty a year. If, as I expect, the syndicate which is considering my invention at this moment has resolved to take it up, it is probably increasing every second."

Mr. Gellatly Grime was struck by Mr. Munro's coolness. "What did you say the name of your invention was?"

"Pardon me, sir, but I am pledged to the syndicate not to mention even the name or the nature of it until January next, and this is only Christmas Eve," said the young man.

Mr. Gellatly Grime reflected. He had been approached by a syndicate that afternoon about a patent which promised a complete revolution in the construction of steam engines—a patent which was to make a small engine do the work of a big one. He had contemptuously declined to "go in" with the promoters, besides carefully advising them that they were throwing money away. At the same time, he had made a note to get behind the promoters, if possible, and find out the real value of their patent. But it was absurd to suppose that a flippant young man like Munro could by any possibility have anything to do with such a patent. He sneered.

"I waste a good dinner on you," he said with imposing majesty, "and in return you propose to rob me of my only daughter. Be content with your dinner, and let us part in amity."

The young man hesitated. "Impossible, my dear sir. Impossible."

"Why impossible?" Mr. Gellatly Grime softened, for Munro evidently began to see things in their true light.

"For a good many reasons," Munro declared. "Your dinner was so good that I can't help thinking what a lot Honoria is sure to know about the production of good dinners."

"She may know, but good dinners cost money, young man. Money!" He jingled his seals impressively.

"Of course, my dear sir; but when we get money, as we shall do, it is just as well to make the best use of it, and I am sure Honoria, under your able tuition, must have learnt to know a good dinner when she sees one."

"Possibly," said the old man, drily. "Possibly! The only flaw in your reasoning, Munro, is that there is no necessity for her to share her knowledge with you. You'd better not come up to the drawing-room. I will tell Honoria that you are suddenly called away."

"Never," said the young man, firmly. "Never will I consent to your burdening your conscience with such a lie. I will explain the situation to Honor— Ah! there you are, dearest," he said as the door opened and Honoria, in all her wealth of fresh young beauty, sailed into the room

"Bright as a star when only one is shining in the sky."

"Well, dear?" She paused expectantly. "Have you settled things with papa?"

"N—not quite," said young Mr. Munro, dazzled by her beauty. "He—he was just beginning to come round when you entered."

"I wasn't beginning to do anything of the sort," declared Mr. Gellatly Grime. "Enough of this nonsense. I have other aims for Honoria."

Honorina came softly towards him. "It's no use, daddy; it's no use."

"What's no use, Honorina?"

"It's no use, for the first time in your life, daddy, denying me something I want."

"But, Honorina, can't you see you are throwing yourself away?"

"N—no, daddy."

"But you are. Throwing yourself away on—that!" He pointed to Munro, who laughed at being called a "that."

The girl put her pretty white arms round his neck. "Don't be disagreeable, daddy. You're a bit jealous because I—I've found someone to love."

"I—I'm not jealous, Honorina. I—I'm hurt, surprised, annoyed, disgusted."

The girl drew her arms away. "He's very good," she said, simply; "and I love him. He's kept his dear old mother all these years instead of saving money for himself; and I love him. He's helped his brothers and sisters instead of helping himself; and I love him. He's thought of a wonderful invention which will help himself; and I love him for that, too. And I want you to love him."

Mr. Gellatly Grime looked at the dark-haired, handsome young fellow with the clear-cut, determined features and bright eyes. "I can't by any possibility imagine myself loving such a young jackanapes," he declared with unnecessary emphasis.

"Oh, you'll grow used to me in time, sir," the young man said, cheerfully. "I'd dodge you a bit until you got reconciled to the inevitable."

"It is not inevitable, and I won't become used to you. Understand me, sir, my decision is final."

Honorina moved slowly towards the young fellow. This time her hand went into his. With an effort she kept back the tears in her lovely blue eyes. "Of course I'm a sensible girl, daddy, and, dearly as I love you, I'm much too sensible to prefer all this"—she gave a sweep of her pretty, jewelled fingers somewhat contemptuously round the somewhat over-gor-

geous apartment—"to the something which comes to a true-hearted girl only once in a lifetime. We—we didn't know it was coming; but it has come. We can't help it, daddy. Don't you try to help it, because it will only mean sorrow for us all. Now, do be sensible."

"I will not be sensible."

"Then I shall have to go to aunt's," said the girl, sorrowfully. "It's a sad thing, daddy, when a girl goes to her husband without her father's blessing."

"It is—for the girl," said the old man, grimly, "as you will find out if you persist in your mad, selfish determination to abandon me in my old age."

"But it is you who want to abandon us. Can't you be sensible, daddy, and see things in their true light? Do you think I could respect myself if I threw away this great gift of love for money?"

"Money is power," said the old man, obstinately.

"So is love; and it is more besides. It is goodness, holy living, happiness," cried the girl, passionately. "It is everything. Poverty, disgrace, the world's neglect—what are they beside —"

"This," said the young man, taking her into his arms. "We're sorry, sir. Dashed sorry! Perhaps I wasn't quite deferential enough in breaking it to you, but, having won the heart of a girl like Honorina, I'd despise myself if I were deferential to anybody. We'll always keep a place for you at our table, although, for a time, it won't be as good a table as this. When you get tired come and look us up. And now, Honorina, dearest, we'll just go into the hall to say good-bye. My mother will call on your aunt tomorrow, and we'll rush things through."

The old man turned angrily away. Presently he heard the door bang, and lifted up the window. A blithe whistle floated back as the young man jumped into a hansom (what right had he to jump into hansoms on an income of £150 a year!) and disappeared into the black night. The next day Honorina went to her aunt's.

II

A year later Mr. Gellatly Grime left his office in Broad Street, and paused angrily by the poulterer's opposite Liverpool Street Station, for, although the bells in the old church a little lower down were ringing a merry welcome to Christmas Eve, and everyone who ran up against him in the dense fog said "Beg pardon, merry Christmas," he was ill at ease. The year had told on him. He was lonely—missed Honoria every hour of the day, but was too proud to go and see her and make it up. Honoria did not know that he always kissed the envelope before he threw her unopened letters into the fire. And when he had thrown them into the fire he blamed himself severely.

Every shop he passed filled with Christmas toys and merry faces made him think of the time when he had taken home armfuls of things for Honoria. And Munro's invention had succeeded. There was no doubt of that. If only it had failed, he could have forgiven him; but the cool, impudent, clever young fellow had scored at once. He remembered now that Honoria's letters always bore the west central post-mark. Calling himself a silly old idiot, and resolving to dismiss his coachman for getting lost in the fog, Mr. Gellatly Grime came back to the corner of Liverpool Street and got into a Holborn 'bus. Not a cab was to be seen.

As the 'bus rumbled slowly along past the Mansion House, mothers with families of merry children, all excited about Christmas—all laden with Christmas presents—got into it. One rosy-faced little girl told her mother, in confidence, what she had bought for her. He remembered how Honoria had once come to tell him what she had bought for his Christmas present, but he must pretend not to know anything about it because she wanted to surprise him on Christmas morning. And the usual letter from Honoria had not reached him this month. She always wrote once a month. Though he would not read the letter, it was a sat-

isfaction to know that she was well. He fancied that the handwriting of the last letter had been a little shaky, and began to worry himself anew. Stay. Honoria's aunt lived in Russell Square. He disliked Honoria's aunt, but he would go and humble himself to her and ask about Honoria. Those silly bells with their message of peace, forgiveness and goodwill to all on earth were responsible for this. He got out of the 'bus opposite the Holborn Restaurant, and drew his fur coat tightly round him. The thing had stretched, or he had got thinner during the last few months. He made up his mind rather than spend a lonely Christmas that he would invite Honoria's aunt to dine with him. She, in spite of her prejudices, must see the reasonableness of his position. No man could be bearded in his own house by a jackanapes like Munro without resenting it. If the fellow would only come and humble himself. If—

But as Mr. Gellatly Grime reached the top of Southampton Street, resolutely trying to shut out all this nonsense about Christmas, these holly-decked shops and happy faces, the fog suddenly descended like a black pall. Even the hum of traffic in Holborn resembled the droning of distant bees. Much better turn back, go to his club, dine comfortably, and find his way home to bed. He turned to retrace his steps, then thought of the dismal to-morrow without Honoria. No; he could not do it. He must see Mrs. Vipont, Honoria's aunt, and hear all that had happened to the child. Perhaps, if the money for the invention had not yet come in, he could quietly send Honoria an envelope with a bank-note. There was some excuse for a hard-headed business man making a fool of himself at Christmas time. If Honoria's mother had lived, she would have looked after the girl and prevented her from making a fool of herself. If Honoria's mother— Ah! had Honoria's mother only lived, instead of dying and leaving Honoria in her place, he would not be wandering about in the fog—alone.

As he entered Russell Square and turned to the left he heard the faint jingle of bells on a horse, and knew that a vehicle of some kind was slowly making its way through the fog towards him. He would wait for the driver and be driven back to Holborn. Then he felt with his stick along the kerb and halted beneath a lamp-post. Mrs. Vipont lived lower down, of course. He must light matches and look at the number on the doors.

Mr. Gellatly Grime drew his coat around him again, inwardly resolving to have the buttons put further back. The fog got into his lungs and eyes and made him cough. Why couldn't people keep their tinkly pianos quiet when he wanted to find his way round the square?

A gruff voice at his elbow roused him from his unhappy meditations and made him jump. "Beg pa'don, guv'nor," said the gruff voice; "ain't got such a thing as a match about yer?"

"No, of course I haven't," said Mr. Gellatly Grime, testily. "I don't sell matches."

"Oh, yer don't, don't yer!" sneered the gruff voice. "Maybe yer ain't got such a thing as a ticker about yer, neither?"

"What business is it of yours?"

"And over," said the gruff voice.

"And over yer coin and yer ticker, or I'll choke yer bloomin' 'ead off!"

Mr. Gellatly Grime had a dim vision of a hairy, ruffianly-looking face thrust close to his, and made a desperate whack at it with his stick. The next moment he received a crushing blow on his hat and, wildly crying for help, grappled with his assailant.

"Take that!" cried a cheery voice.

There was the sound of a crashing blow, and, with a horrible oath, down went his assailant on the pavement. The next moment somebody helped him to his feet. "Lucky I got out of my hansom just in time," said the cheery voice. "Now, my dear sir, just tuck your arm in mine and come into my house and be brushed. Most sensible thing"—he felt himself lifted to his feet—"most sensible thing you

ever did in your life to wear a pot hat in this fog. That knuckle-duster would have brained you if you hadn't. I got him square on the jaw just as he hit back at you."

Mr. Gellatly Grime, greatly shaken, clung to his preserver. In his confused state he had a vague idea that he knew the voice.

"W—what about that ruffian? Shall we go for the police?" he asked. "You—you have saved my life."

"Police? Oh, no," said the young fellow. "Cabby, here's half a sov for you. If you see a bobby about in Holborn, tell him to come round for this chap and gather him in."

"Cabby" took the half-sovereign and drove off with a grin.

The hairy-faced man sat up on the pavement as Mr. Gellatly Grime and his preserver disappeared, and uttered strange, ripe, full-flavoured oaths. "A knockin' a cove abaht like this at Krissmus time," he said, ruefully. "S'elp me, if I don't see a copper's buttons shinin' under every lamp," and he crawled away.

"Now," said the cheery voice, "just stand up while I find my latch-key."

"Hadn't I better knock?" asked Mr. Gellatly Grime.

"Not for worlds," said the young fellow, anxiously. "Just hold the key while I strike a match."

He struck a match, and Mr. Gellatly Grime saw that the knocker was muffled in a white glove. The next moment the door opened and he was in a large, well-lighted hall, with young Mr. Munro solicitously removing his overcoat.

A footman, with a waistcoat striped like a wasp, brought him hot brandy and water. When Mr. Gellatly Grime had emptied the tumbler he felt better. Then the footman brushed him carefully.

"Better now?" cried Munro anxiously. "Honorina would never forgive me if I'd let that fellow polish you off."

"Hon—— Where is Honorina? She—she's all right?" asked Mr. Gel-

latly Grime, anxiously struggling to his feet.

"Right? Right as a trivet," said the happy young fellow. "I wish you hadn't that bump on your forehead. Come along, and I'll take you up to Honoria as a Christmas present."

They went up softly-carpeted stairs until stopped by a white-capped nurse.

"Can Mrs. Munro see us?" asked the young fellow, anxiously. "Has she had a good sleep this afternoon, nurse?"

"She's just splendid, sir," said the nurse, with a smile.

"I'd better go first and prepare Honoria for your visit," said young Mr. Munro, and crept into the room on tiptoe.

He reappeared in a minute or two. "It's all right. You can come in," he

said, gently, and somehow, without knowing it, Mr. Gellatly Grime found himself kneeling by Honoria's bed, the tears running down his face the while.

"My Christmas present," said young Mr. Munro to Honoria, in subdued tones. "How's Jelly?"

Honoria's pale face flushed with happiness. "I hoped you would come, daddy. I hoped you would come. Here's a Christmas present for you, too." She put a small pink flannel bundle into his arms. "We've called him 'Jelly,' after you."

"After me?" said her astonished father. "After me?"

"Yes," explained Munro. "He's christened 'Gellatly Munro,' but for everyday purposes we've brought it down to Jelly."

WHOM HE LOVETH

By BESSIE KIRKPATRICK

GOOD-NIGHT, Mrs. Thompson, I hope you will have a Merry Xmas," and Mr. Duncan smiled genially as he shook hands with his stenographer.

"Thank you, Mr. Duncan. Good-night," said a tall, slight young woman as she resumed her place at the typewriter. She had hoped that her employer would tell her to leave the rest of her work until the day after Christmas, but he only said: "You will see that everything is locked up, will you not?" as he left, and the typewriter clicked angrily beneath the quick movements of her impatient fingers.

It had been a long, hard day, and now she knew Donald's face was close to the window of their little room, and Donald was wondering why "muvver" didn't come. She choked back the tears that unbidden started to her eyes, and hurried through her work.

In spite of all the efforts it was nearly six o'clock before she had finished her typewriting. Then she had nearly a mile and a half to walk—she could not afford car-tickets—before she reached the little room she called home.

It was just seven years to-night since, as a radiant bride of eighteen, she had pledged her life to Donald Thompson. For three years there were few happier homes in Toronto than that of this young accountant and his girl wife. Then Donald fell a victim to "the great white plague," consumption.

On Christmas Eve three years ago she had knelt by his bedside, and he had whispered, "Beth, darling, I have had the most beautiful dream. I have seen mother on the other shore, and there was the same strange, sweet radiance on her face as when she asked us to sing 'Lead Kindly Light.' I think she must have been

listening to the angel choirs singing the verse we never finished."

Beth looked at the pale, loved face on the pillow and, in answer to the unspoken entreaty in the brown eyes, said, "Shall I sing it for you?"

Donald's answer was a slightly closer grasp of the white, supple fingers, and in a voice that only her great love kept from breaking, Beth began Newman's immortal prayer:

"Lead kindly Light amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on.

The night is dark"—

Poor patient, suffering Beth! Her voice faltered, but the clasp of Donald's hand steadied her, and her rich contralto tones rang out clear, sweet, and full of passionate resignation.

"But now, lead Thou me on."

Still on rolled the sweet tones:

"The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,"

and on Donald's face broke "the light that never was on sea or shore." Bending over, Beth caught his whispered "Good-bye, Sweetheart—little one—to God—," and her lips clung to his in that last kiss that seemed almost to defy death and separation.

When the night nurse came she found them there—Donald, with that heavenly smile still on lips that would speak but on the other shore; Beth, cold and still, kneeling by the bedside in a deathlike swoon. The next morning Baby Donald was born.

Beth found it necessary to sell their pretty little home in order to pay the doctor bills and funeral expenses, and now she was working from eight in the morning until five o'clock to earn enough to support Donald and herself. Dear little crippled Donald! the joy and the sorrow of her life.

"I shall not deceive you, Mrs. Thompson," Dr. Eastman had said, looking pityingly at the drawn lines in the mother's white face raised beseechingly to his, "Your child will never be any better on this shore, but, thank God, there is no pain or sorrow over yonder. He may live for two or

three years more, or he may quietly slip away at any time."

Outwardly calm, but suffering at heart as only a mother can, Mrs. Thompson took up the burden of life, striving to say, "Thy will be done." She went to board with Mrs. O'Brien, a motherly old Irish woman who, in Beth's more prosperous days, had often helped her with the heavier work. Now the old lady was too crippled with rheumatism to leave her humble cottage, and she offered to care for Donald while his mother was at the office.

To-night, as she entered the room, Beth's smile was very tender as Donald turned from the window with a glad cry of "Muvver, muvver, I fot you'd never tum."

"Was mother's little man lonely?" said Beth, as she gathered the frail form in her tired arms.

"Just at the last a wee bit," with a sigh. "Will Santa C'aus tum to-night, muvver?"

"Yes, darling."

"Tell Donald 'bout him, p'ease," and as Mrs. Thompson went about preparing her boy's supper she told him the old, old Christmas romances of the white, frozen North and the reindeer team.

After supper, when she was sitting in the low rocking-chair by the fire, with Donald in her arms, he said: "I fink we won't play with the housey blocks to-night. I fink I'd ravver rest. Tell Donald 'bout the star and the baby."

As she told him in the simplest language the old, sweet story of the birth of the Christ-Child, the mother noted anxiously how very frail he looked, and how much darker had grown the circles under his eyes.

"Is the baby still at Bef'elem?" he questioned eagerly as his mother paused.

"No, dear, He is up in Heaven now."

"Where favver is," he said eagerly. "Donald is going some time, isn't he, muvver?"

"Yes, darling, but not just yet,"

said Beth, with a catch in her voice.

"Will Donald have wein-deers to tate him?" persisted the baby tones.

"God will send his angels for my darling."

"Favver is an angel now, isn't he?" No answer. "Isn't he, muvver?"

"Yes, darling," with a sob.

"What makes you kwy? Isn't it nice to be an angel? Wouldn't you like Donald to be an angèl?"

"Yes, dear, some time—but not yet. Oh! not yet!"

"Would 'oo be lonely, muvver?"

"Mother would be very lonely without her little man."

"Oo tum too."

"I think it is time my little man was in bed," said Beth quickly.

"Santa Claus will be coming soon, and he likes to find little boys asleep. Say 'Now I lay me,' and Donald's childish treble repeated after her the simple words of this old-fashioned prayer. Then the little white-robed form nestled more closely in her arms, and she softly sang his favourite lullabys.

Long after he was sleeping she gently rocked and sang, almost fearing to move her aching arms lest she waken Donald, and he should have a restless night. She was planning where to put the miniature Christmas tree, and how best to arrange the few presents that she had got, when the little figure in her arms stirred, and the brown eyes opened wide.

"Muvver," Donald whispered with a winsome smile. Beth bent forward with a cold fear clutching at her heart. The fear changed to despair. From the street floated in the "Merry Christmas!" of some cheerful passer-by, but to Beth it seemed the knell of all joy, and the softly falling snow, the pall of all happiness. Donald was with his father, but she was alone.

In one of the largest hospitals in America a slender, gray-eyed, silvery-haired matron is the idol alike of doctors, nurses and patients. It is many years now since Beth saw the love-light fade away in her husband's brown eyes, but scores of suffering, soul-stained patients have gone away from the hospital stronger and better men and women because they had caught a glimpse of their ideal reflected in the life of Nurse Thompson.

Many are the years since she heard her baby whisper "Muvver," but many a little cripple since has been soothed and made happy by the tender, skilful ministrations of this gentle-toned nurse. Perfected through suffering, her life is one long, sweet sacrifice of self. To her the greatest joy this side of the river where her loved ones await her, is to make some life brighter and happier; and so her own life is filled with peace.

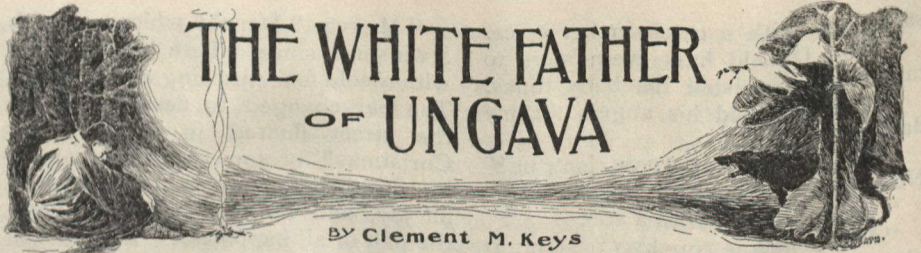
MANNA

BY RUSSELL ELLIOT MACNAGHTEN

WHAT is birth? The wailing
Of an infant's cry:
Helpless, unavailing—
Man is born to die.

What is life? A sorrow
Passing soon away,
When death's kindly morrow
Ends the bitter day.

What is death? The breaking
Of the bonds of earth:
Haply, an awaking
To a nobler birth.



THE WHITE FATHER OF UNGAVA

BY Clement M. Keys

EARLY in January, 1903, the following item appeared in the press of the American cities, being apparently an Associated Press dispatch from Montreal:

“Montreal, Jan. 3.—The schooner Belle Nancy, arrived at Quebec yesterday from Rigolet, Hamilton Inlet, Labrador, brought dispatches telling of the death of Father Gaspard, better known as the White Father of Ungava. He died at Fort Naskopie, on Petbauliskopau Lake, in December. He was brought to that point by a party of South River Mission Indians, who found him wandering on the plains between Leaf Lake and Seal Lake, N.E.T. He had left the former point early in the month to minister to the spiritual needs of the Seals, the Indians of the Seal Lake district. His attendant Indians had all been swept away by the smallpox, and he was left alone in the wilderness. When the Indians found him he was dying. His feet and hands were badly frozen, and Dr. Clark, the Presbyterian minister at Fort Naskopie, found it impossible to do anything for him. He died two days after reaching the mission.

By his death the Roman Catholic church loses one of its pioneer missionaries in the great wilderness. Father Gaspard has laboured for twenty years in the barren land known as Ungava. A mystery surrounds his early life and his parentage. He was a mysterious being. The records of the Jesuit College at Montreal alone contain the true story of his early years, and could possibly throw some light upon the motives that led him into the Great Lone Land.”

As I read this item of news I knew that the closing sentence was not strictly true. The records of the Jesuit College at Montreal may contain the true story of the motives that actuated Père Gaspard, but even that is doubtful. I heard the true story from one of the actors in it. It was on Christmas night, 1878, and in a log cabin in the woods at the head waters of the French River that the story was told. French River runs into the Georgian Bay, that northern extension of Lake Huron, far north of the American frontier. It comes down, by sleepy stretch and tumbling rapids, from the pine lands of the Height of Land. They call the upper waters of it Wahnipitae. It creeps down from the great land now called Algonquin Park, in those days a lonely wilderness known only of the wild. Near where the Wahnipitae loses its Indian name and becomes the French, our hut lay beneath the pines. That was where I met Père Gaspard and heard his story.

In those days he was the new chopper in the gang of lumbermen ruled by Jean Ribaut. He was a loosely built young fellow, tall, broad-shouldered, dark haired, dark eyed. He had come out of the forests in the summer time, no one knew whence or why. The men of the deep woods are not inquisitive. He had asked Jean for a job, and Jean had taken him on, having a rare eye for a man when he saw one. By instinct he was a natural woodsman, but he lacked strength as the term is known in the timber lands. His great height and broad shoulders were but the blind to hide a constitutional weakness of lung and throat that robbed him of persistency and

left him faded and weak after long effort. Old Pierre Laussan, mere composite of tanned leather and gristle, could outlast him many hours with axe or hook — and Pierre was nearly seventy in years.

Jean spared the quiet recruit all he could. He tried to persuade him to give up the axe and take the driving of a team instead. Gaspard was not to be coaxed. His heart was strong as his body was weak. He would come into camp at night time, weary, aching—too tired to talk. He would “roll in” while all the rest sat around the open grate and told their wonderful tales.

The woodmen liked him well. His was always the ready hand and the warm, quick heart of sympathy. When little Joli Peticourt was lost in the deep woods it was Gaspard that led the weary, aimless hunt for him through trackless miles on miles of forest. It was Gaspard that found him, too, finally, pinned beneath a fallen tree, half-starved, more than half-frozen. It was Gaspard that tried to nurse him back to life, sitting up with him all the night, patient as Joan herself, *la belle ange de Jean*, “Jean’s beautiful angel,” the little wife of Jean Ribaut. And it was Gaspard that sang over the snowy grave where finally they laid him—sang so that the careless hearts of the men of the woods melted, and their tears fell over the grave of little Joli Peticourt. And that hour, men say who know, was the beginning of Père Gaspard, the missionary of the Great White North. But the tale halts.

On the morning of this Christmas day Gaspard and Rene Jollisson had been picked by lot to see to the sharpening of the axes. It was a holiday job. They divided the work and took it by spells. One time Gaspard held the axe and Rene turned the stone. Then Rene held the axe and Gaspard turned the stone. Meantime I sat on a log near by and communed with old Pierre, who was engaged in the other holiday labour of pulling an oily rag up and down through the barrel of his

shotgun, an ancient weapon but well beloved.

I saw a little trinket fall from the breast of Gaspard as he turned the stone. He had grown hot, and had unbuttoned the throat of his blue flannel shirt. The trinket had worked its way out. It swung back and forth as he swayed with the turning of the wheel. I could see that it looked like a locket and that it appeared to be golden. Pierre saw it, too, as it fell. He peered very hard at it. Then he got up and went over to Gaspard.

“You will catch this chain on the wheel, maybe, and break it, perhaps, Gaspard. Better put it back. It is a pretty charm.”

He had caught the locket as it swung, and held it in his hand as he spoke. Gaspard took the charm and put it back, buttoning his shirt over it. Pierre came back to me and the gun.

“A charm, I suppose, or a token—a locket, wasn’t it?” I queried idly.

“*Non — non* — I shall sometime, maybe, tell you!” said Pierre, shortly.

At that I was doubly surprised, first at the fact that he spoke only about six words, for he generally talked an hour in answering one question; and second at the fact that he spoke with a very decided French accent, for generally his English was beyond the most carping of criticism. I looked at him, but he seemed absorbed in his gun. I wandered away to Jean and Joan, who were getting ready for a tramp after wild turkeys.

It was late that night that Pierre told the story that I am going to try to tell in his own words. It was after the late Christmas dinner, when all the men were gathered around the pine knot fire on the hearth, smoking their short black pipes, telling their tales. It is at just that hour that one comes near the heart of things that really are.

Pierre was a famous raconteur even in that wide, wild and poetic land. He was never known to boast or lie. Men listened to his stories, went away and told them to their comrades in another camp as gospel—the Gospel of the Great White North as told by Pierre

Laussan. His range of time ran back into the years when North Ontario was a wilderness and South Ontario a newly opened farmland. He had traversed Labrador, being, it is said, the first white man that ever saw with his own eyes the White Veil falls. With Massan, nephew of the great Tecumseh, he had tried all fortunes of the woods and plains. As I have said, he spoke the English tongue perfectly, though I was to discover that in the interest of his tale he would lapse into quaint idiom of the French and picturesque, extravagant phrases of the Indian.

"It was in the winter of '60," he began, "that we of the fur brigade heard a tale that filled our hearts with sadness. In those days I was of the H.B.C., trading for pelts away up into Keewatin, beyond the rivers that run into the Hudson's Bay. Late in the fall I and Massan came down by Montreal, bringing a message of Alec Hamilton, him that was the factor at Moose Fort, to the governor at Montreal. When we came into Montreal we heard this talk. Père Ramon, they said, was lost in Labrador. Now, not a man of all but loved Père Ramon. Out on the long trail with us, down in the huts on the shores with our women, comforting them in their trouble—and that, God knows, was often; nursing our babes when the spotted sickness swept them away in the summer time—he lived with our hearts—he was part of us. So when the governor told us that Père Ramon was lost we grieved, Massan and me, and were bitter, maybe, thinking God is not just. Père Ramon had gone into the north in the summer, hearing the scattered Algonquins crying aloud in their sickness—for it came upon the north that summer—and he had promised he would return by November. Now it is late December. The iron cliffs of the Laurentides they crack in the great frost, and the falls of the rivers they freeze up and stand like a white hill all winter.

"Then that Massan, the Indian, he came to me, mourning like a dog that

loses his master. That Massan—ah, Massan he knew how it was to love and to lose. He loved Père Ramon. You know how Massan was, you men—Sandy, Jean, Louis—you know how he could love a man. Joan here, she know how Massan loved her father, Devil Murphy, and how, at the last, he give away his life for him. It was just so he loved Père Ramon.

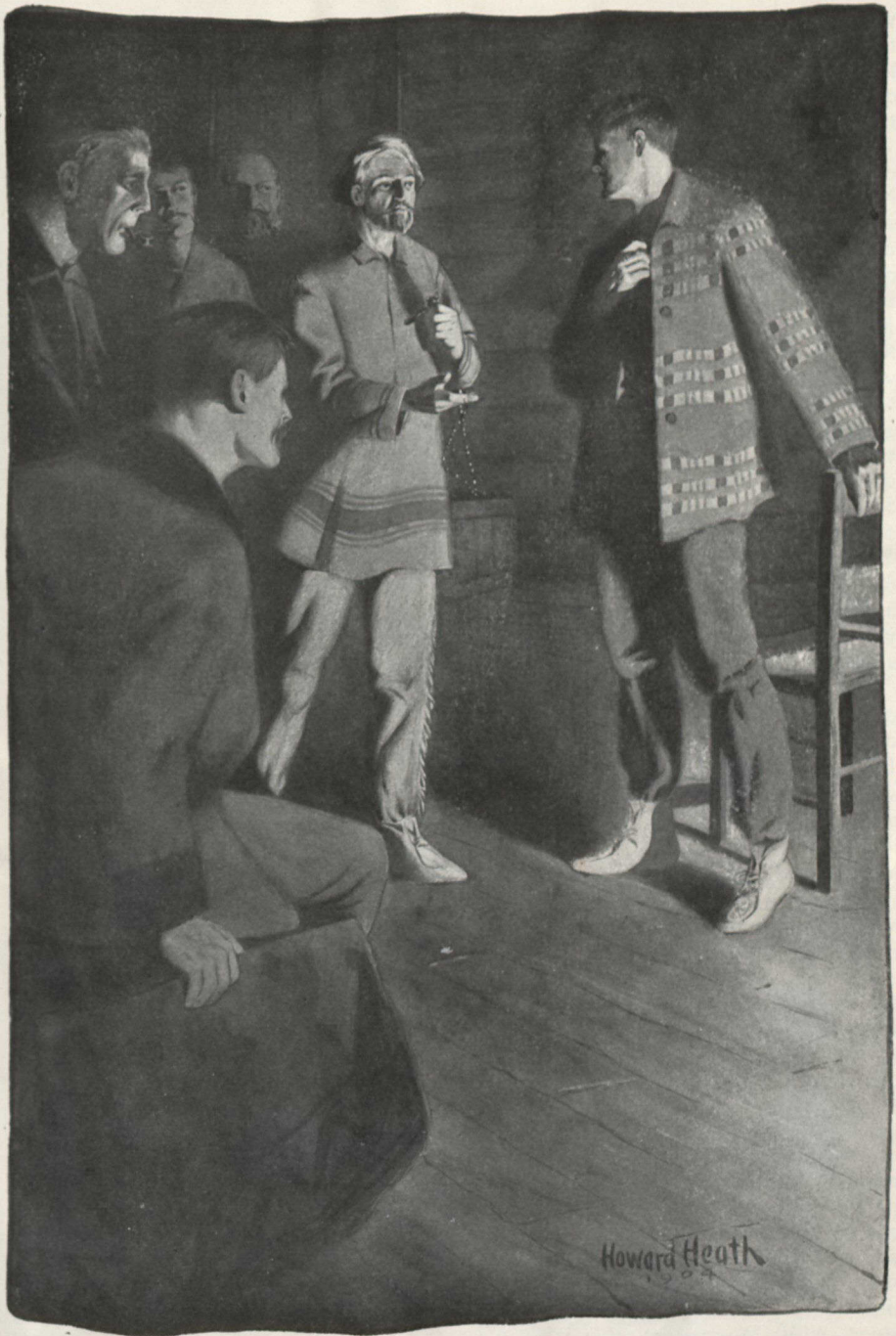
"'Pierre,' he say, 'Père Ramon he is los' in Labrador, in the white lan's. I go an' fin' heem. You go with me an' maybe we fin' heem, maybe no. The governor he maybe let us go, maybe no. Alec he will not be anger if we come not back, for he will say he love Père Ramon, too, an' he's heart it be sore when he hear. I can res' here not at all. Père Ramon he out there—out there!'

"Massan he sweep his arm around the great big world. 'Out there,' he says. Then he go away so I cannot see how he grieve for Père Ramon. So, after a while, we go to the governor, me and Massan, and we tell him we are going out into Labrador for look for Père Ramon

"'But you are crazy, you two,' say the governor, blinking his eyes. 'No man can live up there in the winter—you know that, Pierre. You would just throw yourselves away. I can't let you go. You belong to the H.B.C., and I am its governor. You can't go. That's final.'

"'But, sir,' says I, 'this Massan, this Indian, he goes all the day long with his head bowed down and his eyes running water. His han's and his face they grow thin like the alder stems in the winter. And me—I grieve, too—for you know how Père Ramon he come through the great blizzard las' winter to anoint my Marie as she die. So we must go—we mus'—we shall go!'

"'An' the governor, he good man, he let us go at the last. He know we go anyway, I suppose. We start the nex' day. You mus' know that the way was mos' long, an' we go away north, not knowing where we go exact. We travel by the north many



“Pierre walked around the circle to Gaspard”

weeks—it is so many I forget at the time how many it is. Massan—you know, my frien's, how Massan was quiet—and it is so col'—so col'—br-r-r-r-r!"

Pierre shivered. His audience shivered with him. I know not whether it was done on purpose, but I do know that Pierre cast a quick eye over the crowd as he shivered, and smiled quietly as he saw the sympathetic tremor pass over the crowd. Jean Ribaut got up and piled three big logs on the blaze. Pierre went on with his story. From this point on his tenses, final consonants, and English grammar quickly disappeared. He talked a language very near the Indian-French *patois* of the Upper Saguenay in our day, a diction coloured and relieved with idiom and comparison; a construction full of odd forms, rhythmical, almost blank verse at times; a tone level, monotonous, yet very rich and deep, and full of weird suggestion.

"An' so we go on. The world it grow col' an' hard an' bitter, yet we go on. In a week time we come by the Lac du Monovan, where is set the shrine of Ste. Auguste. A night an' a day we stay there in the pines, an' listen at night to the gray wolves that howl in the great timber. My heart it grow heavy an' col' as we work away north, north over the foothills of the Laurentides. You know what it is, my frien's. The worl' she get so big an' so col' an' so rough that we know we never shall fin' Père Ramon. That is it to be discouragement. But Massan he bring me the heart back in my breas'. All the day he slide along the snow among the little mountains. He look in every corner for smoke or sign of a man, an' he listen at night for the barking of dogs. Those nights we sit beside the fire in the spruces—for very soon we get beyond the pine lan's—an' we would smoke our pipes—so silent like death. Then I would lie down an' sleep, while Massan he watch the fire for scare the wolves away. At las', when the time come, he would wake me—an' I would watch the fire while

he sleep. In the morning we go on an' on, walking beside the dogs.

"At the Lac Chibioguma, where the waters split at the foot of the Laurentides, we fin' Algonquins. Twenty days we spend passing the rocky walls where men lie down an' die because their hope it die. The Algonquins they say they know Père Ramon. He leave them in October for go to Great Whale River for try an' save a white man from the Seals, the tribes of the plains of ice.

"*Mes amis*, that was a sorry day for Massan an' for me, when we hear that news. Massan he's head it fall down like the eagle's when he hear the rifle speak. The fires in the lodges of the Seals it is that make he's lef' han' white an' scarred. You know it—you that know Massan in ol' time. That night, as I sleep in the hut of the Algonquin chief Massan he come by me.

"'To-morrow we go on,' he say, 'even to the sea where the ice mountains they tumble against the shore. Père Ramon, he maybe need us if he be with the Seals. Massan, he not afraid.'

"But I, my frien's, I see Massan shake as he say he not afraid, an' I know that he thinks of the fire in the lodge of the Seals—an' I wonder me whether he be better man that tremble and yet go on, or that go on fearing not.

"In the morning when I tell the Algonquins we go on they wonder. The chief he say: 'Death he breathe across the plain. He turn the rivers into ice. He make the air go blue and cracklin' like the cedar log in the fire. He stiffen the heart so that no life is in him. Better wait here till the White Death pass, an' life she come again.'

"But we go on. A month we travel north, more than two hundred leagues across the snow. Pretty soon the woods they grow thin, an' then they are no more, an' nothing is in the worl' but snow an' snow an' snow. It is like the palm of your han', my frien's, so level, so smooth. No life seem to be in the worl' but Massan an' me an' the dogs. Soon the dogs they die, one



“Pierre shivered; his audience shivered with him”

by one, an' we pull the sled ourselves. The wolves they follow us all that month for dig up the dogs we bury in the snow at the place we stop. The heart of Massan it is very sore when ol' Jacques, the leader, he die. But it all pass by. Five rivers we leave behin', rivers of ice with the snow many yards deep over them, like they been frozen very long time.

“One time, when we stop at night an' buil' fire with wood we bring from the las' river—for always the birch an' tamarack she grow along the river bank—Massan he say to me: ‘In two day we see Great Whale River an' the

Seals. The Seals they no love for Massan. Maybe I say good-bye to you, Pierre.’

“Well, ma frien's, that give me no joy. I think I near lose heart an say ‘Let us go back.’ But Massan, he say go on. So we go on. It half daylight for near all de time that time. One day de win' she sweep over us, an' we must bury ourselves in de snow for live at all. It was like you throw pebbles in de face. No man can stan' against it. All the night the red an' purple flame she dance in de sky, like you see great bush fire along the Height o' Lan'; so that the night she

bright as the day. We stop only when we mus', for we are too tire for go on.

"It is at de Lac Apecac dat at de las' we fin' heem, an' ah, *c'est terrible, mes amis*, de way what we fin' heem! We lie, Massan an' me, close together at de leete fire. Sudden we hear de wolves come howlin' down de lac. We ron out an' look across de snow. De snow she is all purple an' blue an' red for de light dat fall on it from de north. In dat light we see a man dat ron, an' behin' heem, like de shadow on de snow, a long gray line dat follow heem, an' get closer an' closer. Dat is de wolves. Dey not eighty paces behin' heem. Massan he buckle on hees snowshoes like he is mad, so quick, an' go ron across de lac. Me, too, I go quick. De man he see us ron, but we in de shadow an' he tink us wolves that ron for head heem off. He drop down an' put hees han's over hees eyes an' scream. It is mos' fearful t'ing. Massan he reach de man, an' drop on hees knee, an' shoot an' keel de big gray wolf dat lead de pack. Me, too, I keel wan. Dey all stop ron, howl much, den turn an' sneak away in de shore. De great gray wolf he beeg coward.

"We carry de man to de fire, de man we come so far for fin', Père Ramon. I hope dat you never will see de man like so. He lie beside de fire like he is dead, quiet, in hees black robe, an' we two pray dat he will die an' never wake again. For we know dat he is a dead man, dat Death he breathe on him in de plain an' stiffen hees heart, an' we pray dat he will suffer no more. But God—ah, God is hard, ma frien's, sometime. Sudden, in de red and purple light he start up, he call out:

"Gaspard! Gaspard!"

"Den we know he is mad, what you call crazee, wi' de col' an' de red eyes of de wolves. I speak to heem an' Massan he stan' over heem, an' call to heem, but he know us not at all. He forget Pierre Laussan an' dat Massan what he love. He try for stan', but he only get to he's knees. He raise he's han's above he's head, he's two

black han's. Ah, dat is pitiable, dem two sad han's, dat face—black like de belt, dried up, wrinkled like de black birch in de winter time, when she die. Two fingers dey are not dere. Den he speak like he dream, like he choke, wheezy—ah, de voice dat we love it is die! We know he's lungs dey is froze an' he die. He hol' he's gold cross up by de chain dat hang on he's wris'.

"Gaspard—Gaspard—my son—I have search—for you—all my life I have search for you—Renée—God is not good—I die an' I fin' you not—I have sin—I have sin—de great sin—an' God he punish—*mea culpa—Domine—mea maxima culpa!*"

"He stop an' he turn he's poor blacken' face to de fires of de Nord—an' we see dat de lids of he's eyes dey are froze, so dat dey cannot close. So, kneeling, he die an' he's eyes dey are open.

"Den Massan he fall down an' he lie dere with he's face on de knees of Père Ramon. I t'ink maybe dat I be lef' alone on de plains. But dat Massan he get up an' he say: 'Père Ramon he is dead. Pierre he still live. Massan he help Pierre. Den Massan he go home to Père Ramon—maybe no. Dat son of de Père Ramon—but Père Ramon he have no son—maybe so. Massan he see.'

"We bury Père Ramon deep in de snow. I take de cross an' de locket dat is in he's breas', t'inking maybe I give dem to de governor at Montreal. Den we start home. We never know where Père Ramon he been. Maybe he with de Seals, maybe no. We never know how he happen to be ron down de Lac Petbauliskopau when he near dead, an' how he happen he chase where is Massan an' me. I t'ink maybe it be for purpose. I t'ink maybe God he know."

Pierre stopped for at least three minutes and slowly filled his pipe.

There was hardly a move in the crowd. When he resumed the story he dropped half his pigeon tongue. Either the thrill of the memory of those moments had carried him back years in his civilisation or Pierre was



“Gaspard—my son—all my life I have search for you!”

the most consummate actor in the world. I confess a belief that there was no acting.

"It take us two months to get back by Montreal. The Spring is come on when we see, the city. We go straight to the governor an' I tell him of Père Ramon. He whistle when I tell him of the son of Père Ramon. He ask for the locket. When he open it he whistle again. There is a paper in it, fold' up small. He read that quiet, an' then he say: 'This tells me there is papers at the house of Père Ramon that will tell us all about it. Let us go there.'

"So we go to the house, the governor, Massan, an' me, all quiet like funeral. The governor he read out of the paper in the locket where we shall fin' the papers. So we fin' them. The governor look over them an' say they are deeds to a great lan' in Brittany. At las' he come to one paper in the writing of Père Ramon.

"That paper it tell a wonderful story. It tell how Père Ramon he is the Seigneur de Farcy, a great man, an' how he love Renée Lassar, but may not marry her because his father say he mus' marry another, a great lady. But they love, an' they sin, an' when Renée her trouble it come, Père Ramon he break forth an' he swear he will not marry at all unless he marry Renée. Then they marry, quiet. Only the old Seigneur know they is married, for Père Ramon tell him. The boy is born. When he is five years ol' he is stole. Père Ramon he hunt for him. The ol' Seigneur hunt, too, but they never fin' the boy. Renée

she die of grief. Later the ol' Seigneur die, too, but before that he tell Père Ramon he steal the boy an' send him to Canada. The Père give up the Seigneury an' go away, no one know where.

"He come out to Canada. He take counsel with Père Ramordaine at Montreal, and Père Ramordaine tell him to be missionary. He cannot be full priest. All the time he keep the marriage papers an' the deeds so the boy he will be Seigneur if he ever is foun'. But Père Ramon die as I tell you."

Pierre paused to pull out from his breast a locket of gold on a chain.

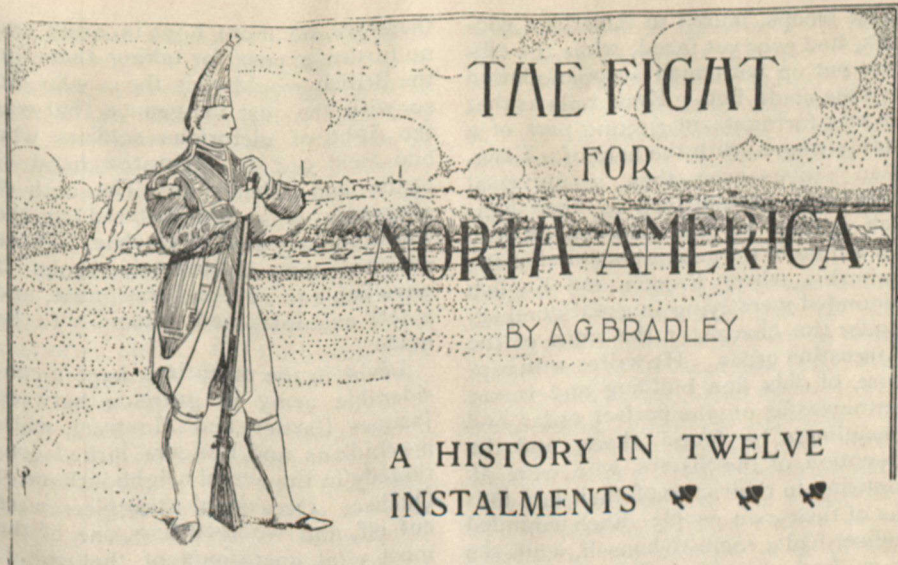
"The boy he have a locket like this. I tell you this story because I think that I fin' him!"

The men jumped to their feet. Pierre walked around the circle to Gaspard. The man had turned pale as Pierre pulled the locket out, and had started, but the crowd was not watching him.

"I see the locket when it fall from your breas' this morning, an' I think it maybe the same like this!" said Pierre.

The after-story concerning the White Father of Ungava is, perhaps, written only in the records of the Jesuits at Montreal. Of it I know nothing. I did not know until I read it in the papers that Gaspard had never taken up his Seigneury. He gave his life to the God that refused his father comfort and, by a strange coincidence, died almost in the same spot where his father died, and in the same way.





CHAPTER XII—CHRISTMAS SEASON OF 1759 IN QUEBEC—FRENCH, UNDER LÉVIS, RETURN AND ATTACK THE CITY—BATTLE OF ST. FOY—QUEBEC RELIEVED BY BRITISH SHIPS—FRENCH FORCES RETIRE ON MONTREAL.

MURRAY, when he sat down with his small army to face the fierce Canadian winter amid the ruins of Quebec, had no light task before him. He had the certain prospect of seven months' complete isolation from everything but a vigilant and hardy enemy smarting under the bitterness of defeat. But he was a good soldier, a son of Lord Elibank, young and tough, brave and generous, and better fitted for the work in hand than Townshend, who gave it over to him and returned to England, we may well believe without a pang. Murray was left with a little over 7,000 men; but his strength was regulated rather by the number he could feed than the number he could muster. The surrounding country had been swept nearly bare by the needs of Montcalm's army, and Murray had to depend almost wholly on his own stock of provisions and the little that was found in Quebec. No relief of any kind from any quarter could reach him until May. Such of the French garrison as were

prisoners of war had been sent to England with the fleet, while all the militiamen who chose to give up their arms and swear allegiance to King George were allowed to return to their homes. The civil population of the city had been scattered over the country by siege. There was little temptation or, indeed, encouragement for those who could avoid it to return now, and Murray had, perhaps, some 3,000 citizens, all told, upon his hands. During the moderate weather of October and November there was an enormous amount of work to be done. There was no money and no winter clothing, thanks to Lord Barrington, nor could either be now obtained. Murray was compelled to borrow money from the officers and men of the army, who responded generously; Fraser's Highlanders, we are told, being enabled by their "sobriety and frugality" to be especially forward in this matter. Quarters had to be rigged up out of the shattered houses, churches and convents, in preparation for a fiercer winter than even

those troops, inured to American winters, had ever yet faced, while the officers put up with such accommodation as they could find. Knox tells us that he was fortunate in getting part of a stable where, with the help of a Canadian stove—even then a universal necessity—he contrived to keep himself warm. He was detailed on duty for a time to the general hospital in the suburbs, where French and English wounded were lying in great numbers under the charge of the nuns of the Augustine order. He writes with rapture of this fine building and waxes enthusiastic on the perfect order and cleanliness he found there, and the devotion of the Sisters, who were as untiring in their care of their late foes as of their own people. Each wounded officer had a room to himself, while the men had clean, comfortable beds in sweet and well-aired dormitories.

The rage against Vaudreuil was very great among the citizens of Quebec, especially the women, and found vehement expression in the wish "that he may suffer as miserable and barbarous a death as ever European suffered from the savages."

Murray issued a proclamation to the Canadians, which was posted on the door of every parish church. He pointed out to them that he had a veteran army in the heart of their country, that the sea was closed to them, and that their cause was hopeless. He begged them to think of the welfare of their country, and not of useless glory. The English people were ready to embrace them as brothers and give them a freedom which they had never known under the despotism which hitherto distinguished the government of the country. He was prepared to protect them against the savages, who Vaudreuil, having himself fled before the British arms, now incited to murder the people he had abandoned because they wished for peace. The Canadians must now see how false were those who told them that the British were devoid of clemency and humanity, and how grossly they had been imposed upon. Having,

therefore, no more hope in arms and no further excuse for taking them up, the British would visit those who did so with the just vengeance that was the right of victorious soldiers who had held out to them the hand of peace and friendship. The oath of allegiance was administered to the whole country east of Quebec. Those parishes that deliberately broke it were liable to severe punishment, and a few examples had unhappily to be made.

Lévis, in the meantime, kept a considerable army in garrison between Jacques Cartier and Montreal, while his Indians and Rangers lurked continually in the actual neighbourhood of Quebec. Occasional stragglers were cut off, and wood-cutting, one of the most vital operations of the winter, had to be carried on under armed escorts. There were no horses left, and continual processions of sleighs, dragged by soldiers and loaded with cordwood, went backwards and forwards over the four miles between the city and the forest of Saint Foy.

The defences of Quebec on the west side were feeble, and the frozen ground effectually prevented any intrenching work being done outside the walls. Murray fortified and occupied with a strong guard, constantly relieved, the churches of Saint Foy, three miles, and Lorette, twelve miles distant, in the direction of Montreal. This prevented all danger of a surprise, at any rate, and the air was thick with rumours that Lévis, with 10,000 to 15,000 men, was meditating an assault. The French commander had, indeed, plenty of men, but very little food for them, and it taxed all the resources of Bigot, who was at Montreal, to find them a bare sustenance.

The chill of October gave way to the cold of November, and as Christmas approached the full rigour of the Canadian winter struck the thinly-clad, ill-fed troops with dire effect. Frost-bitten hands and cheeks and feet was the common lot of the sentries on the numerous guards which it was necessary to post in every quarter of the

city and its outskirts. The officers, says Knox, who could, of course, procure wraps, became unrecognisable to each other, as, buried in rugs and furs, they went about their business at a run, and too fast to admit of the ordinary salutation that courtesy demanded. But frost-bite gave way to even yet more serious evils, and the sick list lengthened with formidable rapidity. Exposure and an unalleviated diet of salt meat played havoc with the men of all ranks. On Christmas Day the garrison had sunk, from the various drains upon it, to 6,400 men, 1,400 of whom were in hospital, and it became infinitely worse later on. The spirits of the troops were excellent, but discipline relaxed under the continual privation without the stimulus of fighting, and aided somewhat by the fact that liquor was the only thing in the city that was not scarce. Beleaguered as effectually by nature as if hemmed in by armed hosts, and perched on its white throne, all glittering in the bright but impotent sunshine of a Canadian winter, the captured city, with its roofless churches and shattered houses, was in a sorry plight. The inhabitants, whose hours of going out and of coming in Murray, in his critical position, was compelled to regulate, suffered even more than the soldiers, for most of them had lost their all. Punishments of British soldiers for theft or outrage or infringement of rules were prompt, and seem savage enough, too, for one reads again and again of 1,000 lashes sometimes "reduced to 300 on account of the severity of the weather." Now we hear of a Frenchman executed for inciting to desertion, and now of two British soldiers condemned to death for robbery; but the sentence is mitigated to one only, upon which we are shown a grim spectacle of the culprits throwing dice for death or freedom, and learn that eleven was the winning throw. Two women are flogged through the town for selling liquor without leave and an officer and forty men blown up in an abandoned French ship which they were scuttling. Occa-

sional skirmishes between New England Rangers under Captain Hazen and French guerillas on the south shore of the frozen river break the monotony of suffering and sickness. Vaudreuil surpasses himself in the reports he sends down the river. "The Grand Monarch," he assures the credulous Canadians, "has sunk, burned and destroyed the greatest fleet that ever England put to sea; made an entire conquest of Ireland, and put all the troops and natives who were in arms to the sword; so that the next ship will certainly bring us an account of a peace being concluded. Quebec will be restored and Canada once more flourish under a French government."

But the incidents of this somewhat unique experience of a British army isolated in the interior of a hostile country, under a semi-Arctic winter, excellent reading as they are in the letters of those who suffered or laughed at them, must be treated with scant notice here. Sickness and suffering, though cheerfully borne, was, unhappily, the chief feature of this bitter winter, and that most of it was due to the neglect of a department which, with the experience of Louisbourg and Halifax, had no excuse, is sad to think of. By Christmas 150 soldiers had died; in the next two months 200 more succumbed, and by the end of April the grand total was no less than 650, nearly all victims of scurvy, dysentery and fever. Most of the bodies lay above ground and, frozen stiff, awaited burial till graves could be dug. Murray's effective force dropped to about 3,000 men, but the strangest part of the whole business is that, out of 600 British women attached to the army, not a single one died and scarcely any sickened!

Point Lévis church, now only a mile across the frozen river, had been fortified and garrisoned, and had already once repulsed the French advanced parties. Saint Foy and Lorette, too, had been strengthened, and Lévis' rangers, skirmishing for food and intelligence, had been punished there on more than one occasion. Spies and

news-bearers went freely backwards and forwards. As the winter waned, Murray heard that Lévis was of a certainty coming to assault the city, that his army had been supplied with scaling-ladders and was being exercised in their use upon the church walls of Montreal, to the great injury of the men's limbs and the great diversion of the ladies, who, from all accounts, were even less depressed than their sisters of Quebec. Everyone, however, felt that the crisis would be solved by sea rather than by land, and the fleet which first ascended the St. Lawrence in the spring would be the determining factor in the possession of Quebec. February passed away, and with March the fierce cold of midwinter relaxed. But it was not till April that the melting ice and snows in the milder regions of Upper Canada began the great upheaval of the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence, which marks the close of winter.

Lévis now began to move. Difficulties of transport without horses had compelled him to relinquish all thoughts of a winter attack upon the town. There were still the French ships in the upper river, which, it will be remembered, had retired up the tributaries the preceding summer before Saunders' fleet, and upon these he depended when the ice had broken to descend upon Quebec. Full accounts of the sickness of the British garrison and its dwindling numbers had been brought to Montreal. And Vaudreuil, whose arithmetic always tallied with his wishes or his vanity, subjected the English forces to the process of division, weak as they truly were, instead of multiplying them by three, which was his usual custom after either victory or defeat. He was naturally anxious that every effort should be made to recover the capital, and it was not his part to lead the troops into the deadly breach.

On the 18th of April the British learned definitely that they were to be attacked with "the whole force of Canada"—that two months' provisions and a supply of brandy for the regular

troops had been especially stored for this supreme effort, and that the French ships were to co-operate. On the 21st, Murray ordered all Canadians, except nuns, out of the town at three days' notice, giving them facilities, however, for storing and guarding their property. Full sympathy was felt for these poor people, but 3,000 British soldiers, with as many invalids behind them, stood face to face with such strength as all Canada, with a brave and resourceful general, could command, and there was no room for sentiment. The fugitives, as they left the city, upbraided the English for breaking the conditions of the capitulation, assuring them that the approach of Lévis was a false alarm which, if their information had been trusted instead of that of scouts, deserters and spies, would be readily recognised. The sequel showed the value and the justice of such worthless recriminations. Six days afterwards Lévis, with an army of over 7,000 men, arrived in front of the British outposts at Lorette. He had reached Pointe aux Trembles, close to Jacques Cartier, on the 26th, with his ships, supplies and troops. Thence, despatching his vessels down the river, he had marched by an inland route, crossed the stream of Cap Rouge some miles above its mouth, and appeared before Lorette, the English outposts at the same time falling back upon St. Foy.

This night the most appalling thunderstorm that had been known for years lit up a gloomy prospect of melting snow and thawing ice-fields and dripping woods. Above it all, in the glare of the lightning flashes, the battered towers and gables of the long-harassed city rose above the surging river, still gurgling and choking with the fragments of its wintry load. When the thunder ceased, a tempest of unusual fury burst from the south-west. Waves, winds and ice-floes raged together in furious combat from Cap Rouge to Point Lévis and from Point Lévis across to the island of Orleans and the shallow strands of Beauport, while the Montmorency flung over its

dark cliff into the chaos below the foaming waters of a hundred fresh-loosened streams. In the dark hours of this wild night a French soldier was drifting down the St. Lawrence upon an ice-floe, expecting every moment to be his last. He was whirled along past the cliffs which Wolfe had climbed, past Cape Diamond and Point Lévis and onwards to the island of Orleans. Then the swift tide turned and washed him back, by a piece of good fortune, to where the only British ship, the *Racehorse* sloop, that had wintered in the river, was anchored in the slacker water below the town. Here, by almost a miracle, he was seen and rescued, more dead than alive. It was two hours before the exhausted Frenchman could give an account of himself, which was to the effect that he belonged to Lévis' army, had been upset with others in a boat, and had succeeded with infinite difficulty in scrambling on to the ice-floe on which he was found. He then informed his rescuers that Lévis was at that moment coming on with 12,000 men against the city. It was about four o'clock in the morning, but the rescued man was carried without delay in a hammock up the steep streets to Murray's quarters, where he repeated his story. Murray was anticipating an attack, but hardly so soon, and the information so strangely fished up from the flood and darkness proved of vital import.

It was, moreover, entirely correct. All through that night the brave Lévis, amid storm and darkness, through melting snow wreaths and swollen rivulets, was leading the gathered remnants of the French forces to strike one last blow for the colony. Indeed, had it not been for the lightning, he himself declares, all progress would have been impossible. He had not 12,000 men, but he had nearly 8,000 by his own statement, some 4,000 of whom were regulars of the veteran battalions that had done such yeoman service for Canada during the five years of war. They were smarting from the defeat of September, though

not all had been in it, and thirsting for revenge. Vaudreuil, whose imagination was invaluable to his cause, had assured them that the British garrison were destroyed by disease and that a French fleet would assuredly sail up the St. Lawrence the moment navigation opened.

As regards the British garrison, he was not so wide of the mark as usual, and on the morning of the 27th Murray mustered them. There were rather over 3,000 men fit for duty, and Sergeant Johnson, whose account of the siege is a notable if rough-and-ready contribution, describes them as "scorbutic skeletons."

For the last few days Murray had been trying to raise intrenchments on the Plains of Abraham, before the city walls, without much avail. But though a vast quantity of fascines and piquets had been cut and the ubiquitous and invaluable MacKellar was there as chief engineer, the still frozen ground defeated their best efforts. MacKellar, from the early days of Braddock, seems to have represented in his own person everything that was trustworthy in the scientific branch. Generals came and went, but MacKellar was always there. Whether a fort was to be built, trenches were to be opened or a scientific opinion was wanted, so far as one man could supply the need in so many quarters, it was always MacKellar, and it may be noted as significant that he was still only a major. On the 27th, Murray marched out half his army to feel the enemy and cover the retreat of his outposts. He proceeded to St. Foy, where the plateau, extending westward from the Plains of Abraham, terminates in a slope, and there, from the ridge indicated, where stood the church and several houses, he saw the French clustering thick beyond the marshes and at the edge of the woods. This movement was only intended as a reconnaissance in force, so, having achieved what he wanted, he returned to Quebec, and prepared for more serious action. There had been much discussion as to what Murray should

now have done. Theoretically, 3,000 men, supported by a number of semi-invalids who could only contribute some assistance behind walls, ought not to leave a fortified town, whose retention was vital, to attack much more than twice their number in the open field.

It has been said that Murray, who was young and ardent, wished to emulate the fame of Wolfe, and to gratify at the same time the perhaps overweening confidence of his troops, who had come to think themselves irresistible. On the other hand, the defences of the town were bad on that side, and external intrenchments were impossible. He thought that this fact, coupled with the temper of his troops, required aggressive rather than defensive tactics. Rightly or wrongly, however, he marched out upon the following day with every available soldier and a hundred eager volunteers from the sutlers and supernumeraries, 3,100 in all, to give battle to Lévis.

Murray's men marched cheerily out, and crossing the memorable ground on which in September they had so nobly proved their prowess, approached the French position. Some twenty guns went with them, dragged, for lack of horses, through the mud and slush by some 400 men. The French right touched the blockhouses which stood near the Anse du Foulon, where Wolfe had landed. The left of their advance line spread across the ridge and reached the top of the slope beyond, where stood a farmhouse and a windmill, while in the rear the main forces of the French were coming rapidly up from Sillery and St. Foy.

The French vanguard had just begun to intrench themselves, and the bulk of their army were hardly in position when Murray thought the hour had come to strike. The guns, which were scattered between the battalions, opened fire with considerable effect, while the light infantry on the right and the rangers on the left, under Dalling and Hazen respectively, dashed forward on the extremities of the French vanguard, and drove them

from their half-finished redoubts, the centre retiring with them on the main column. But the latter was immensely strong, and hurled forward heavy bodies of good troops, who drove the overconfident British light infantry back in much confusion, to the detriment of the ranks who were coming up behind. There was some sharp fighting around the buildings upon the right and left. Most of them were taken and retaken more than once. The British supports were ordered up, and the whole line pressed too far forward between the horns of the outnumbering and outflanking French. There was fierce and, for a time, successful fighting on the British side; but their very ardour injured them, as both guns and men found themselves drawn down into low ground, where the snow and slush was knee-deep and the guns could not be moved. On both sides they encountered not only a flanking fire, but one greatly helped by the cover of extending woods. The light infantry were completely put out of action, and every officer killed or wounded. The French now turned all their attention to the British flanks in desperate efforts to get round behind them and cut them off from the city. They had by this time, according to Murray, 10,000 men in the field, and the 3,000 "scorbutic skeletons," now sadly diminished even from that scant total, were at length forced to fall back. The guns were hopelessly mired, and had to be abandoned; but the retreat was conducted in good order, and there was no attempt at pursuit. Some of the troops, on hearing the order to fall back, to which they were so long unaccustomed, shouted out in indignation, "D—n it! what is falling back but retreating?" The battle had not lasted two hours, but it had been an unusually bloody one. Murray's loss was over 1,100 men, more than a third of his force; while that of the French was estimated at various figures between 800 and 2,000.

No time was now lost in preparing to defend the city, for the position

was critical. Everyone who could stir a hand was set to some sort of work, the women to cooking, and the convalescents to filling sand-bags. Embasures were made and platforms erected on the walls for mounting cannon. Officers and men worked like horses; the former, with their coats off, helped to drag the guns up the steep streets and hoist them into position.

For a moment there had been faint signs of demoralisation in the shape of drunkenness; but Murray crushed the tendency with vigour, and by exemplary punishment, and, on his own part, showed unbounded energy in this hour of trial. The odds would seem great, but there was no failing of either courage or cheerfulness on the part of a garrison now reduced to 2,400 effective men, with nothing but some indifferent defences between them, and four times their number of reinvigorated Frenchmen. But Murray had at least no lack of guns, and these were being rapidly massed along the western walls. It made Sergeant Johnson's heart ache, and outraged his sense of military propriety to see the exertions of the officers. "None but those who were present," says the worthy sergeant, "can imagine the grief of heart the soldiers felt to see their officers, yoked in harness, dragging up cannon from the lower town, and working at the batteries with pick and spade."

The French were busy entrenching themselves scarce a thousand yards from the walls, and De Bourlamaque, though severely wounded, was in charge of the operations. Their seven or eight vessels had, in the meantime, dropped down to the Anse de Foulon. Stores of all kinds were being discharged and carried up the cliffs. The French, fortunately for Murray, were weak in artillery, and their guns were dismantled by the accurate and rapid fire of the British almost as fast as they could be set up. With such a great numerical advantage, an assault was the natural proceeding for Lévis to take, and one was hourly expected. "Let

them come," said the men; "they will catch a Tartar."

Even now friendly amenities and banter passed between the opposing generals. Lévis sent Murray a present of spruce-pine tops for making spruce beer, and some partridges; while Murray sent Lévis in return a Cheshire cheese. The French leader offered to back himself to capture the city for £500. Murray replied that he would not rob de Lévis of his money, as he felt quite convinced that he would have the pleasure of shipping him and his whole army back to Europe in the summer in English bottoms.

Two days after the battle Murray had sent the *Racehorse* sloop, the solitary ship before mentioned, off to Halifax, bearing the news of his critical situation to Admiral Colville, who with a strong fleet was cruising in those seas. Should English ships get up to Quebec, it was all over with Lévis, for if he was still outside the city he would have no recourse but in retreat. If a French squadron, on the other hand, should be first in the river, the work of Wolfe would be undone. The former was, of course, far the most likely, but the French troops and Canadians were buoyed up by statements to the contrary. For nine days the British batteries poured shot and shell upon the French, who, busy with their intrenchments, scarcely replied. The air was thick with rumours that a fleet was ascending the river, and signals upon the mountains to the eastward appeared to the garrison to give good grounds for them; but whose fleet was it! A French sloop had run down past the batteries on the 4th. On the 8th she was forging back again before a fresh south-east wind. "Why don't you stop and pilot up your fleet?" the English shouted at her as she went by. But she took no notice, and made up the river to her consorts by the Anse du Foulon. The next morning, May 9th, the reason of the Frenchman's haste was evident, for a ship of war sailed into the basin. There was a brief moment of doubt

and suspense as to the vital question of her nationality. Presently, however, her colours ran up. They were those of Britain, for she was the frigate *Lowestoft*. "The gladness of the garrison," says honest Knox, "is not to be expressed. Both officers and men mounted the parapets in the face of the enemy, and huzzaed with their hats in the air for fully an hour." Captain Deane, having saluted with twenty-one guns, came ashore in his barge, and dispelled all doubts with the glorious news that a British fleet was ascending the river. Lévis, however, had either not received the information or disbelieved it. For though an immediate assault was his only hope, he went on with his approaches as if the whole summer lay before him, throwing but a feeble fire against the British works. The moment a British squadron, of sufficient strength merely to destroy his handful of small vessels, arrived, his position was untenable, for he had no means of feeding his already hungry army; and on the night of the 15th that moment arrived.

It was the battleship *Vanguard* and the frigate *Diana* that had sailed in; and on the following morning the latter, together with the *Lowestoft*, favoured by a fresh breeze from the east, sailed past the town and fell upon Lévis' ships. These were two frigates and four smaller vessels, commanded by Vaquelin, the brave officer who had fought his ship so well at the siege of Louisbourg, then plugged her up and sailed through the British fleet for France. Here, too, he fought his small ships most bravely, but one by one they were destroyed, and he himself was ultimately taken prisoner.

The French had nothing for it now

but to retreat, and Lévis lost no time. The *Vanguard* swung out in the river off Sillery, laid her broadside to the French trenches, and enfiladed them from the south. The enthusiastic garrison, who, by working day and night, had got 140 guns into position, opened the most tremendous cannonade, say their officers, that they had ever heard. But the retreat had already begun, and the gunners, elevating their pieces, sent a storm of balls ricocheting and bounding along the Plains of Abraham upon the heels of the fast-vanishing French, who left behind them a long trail of dead and wounded as a result of the fortnight's siege, besides all their guns and stores. The Canadian irregulars, of course, deserted the retreating army, which reached Montreal at the end of May in a sad state of depression. There Vaudreuil and Lévis had to concoct such plans as they were able to meet the overwhelming forces that were even then gathering to move against the doomed colony. Trois Rivières (Three Rivers) was the third town in Canada, lying about midway between Quebec and Montreal. The whole country east of that point was now in British hands; the people had sworn allegiance (the priesthood included) to King George, and had returned with relief, if not with actual joy, to their neglected and often wasted homes. From Three Rivers up to Montreal, and from Montreal on to the rapids, beyond which the English dominated Lake Ontario, was practically all that was left of Canada to the French King. The capture of Montreal would complete the business, and to this end Amherst, by Pitt's instructions, and in full accordance with his own ardour, bent all his energies.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN JANUARY



Current Events Abroad.

THE most startling incident during the past month was unquestionably the extraordinary conduct of the Russian fleet in firing on some British fishing vessels in the North Sea. The outlook was disturbing in the extreme for a day or two, but largely owing to the admirable temper of the British authorities the delicate affair was satisfactorily accommodated. Russia was placed in a most unenviable position by what cannot be regarded otherwise than the panic of someone on the fleet. To virtually degrade and humiliate an officer or officers of a war fleet on its way to engage the enemy would be coming perilously close to making the expedition ridiculous. There can be no doubt that the prompt action of the King in telegraphing his sympathy to the victims, and his characterisation of the affair as "an unwarrantable action," did more than any other one thing to bring the Czar to a sense of how serious the occurrence was. He recognised it as a gentleman's judgment on the affair. Following on the pranks of the volunteer fleet seizing British vessels in the Red Sea, there was a suspicion that the Russians desired to provoke a quarrel. Cool thought must dismiss such a supposition, but it roused the nation to a high pitch of indignation, and it was especially provoking to have this eccentric flotilla steaming past British ports and British warships bearing in triumph the weapons with which two British subjects had been done to death.

The whole affair was full of gunpowder, but Lord Lansdowne kept his head, and a satisfactory settlement has been arrived at. The facts will be investigated by a commission. I shall be much surprised, however, if the Russian story about the Japanese torpedo boats is authenticated. Torpedo boats are not homeless craft that can roam the deep at their own sweet will. They must have some place at which to coal, at least. Where would this be? Even the Russian press has not the hardihood to say that Japanese torpedo boats are allowed to dodge in and out of English harbours. French, Dutch or Danish harbours are equally unthinkable, because of their friendliness to Russia. Refuge has to be taken, therefore, in the supposition that



STRAINED RELATIONS

RUSSIA—"Sure! I'll make it all right with you as soon as I can fix the responsibility."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Swedish harbours have given them shelter—an absurdly improbable conjecture. It is not risking much to say that there were no hostile craft within thousands of miles, and that the occurrence, which would be ludicrous if it were not tragic, was a combination of nerves and reckless arrogance.

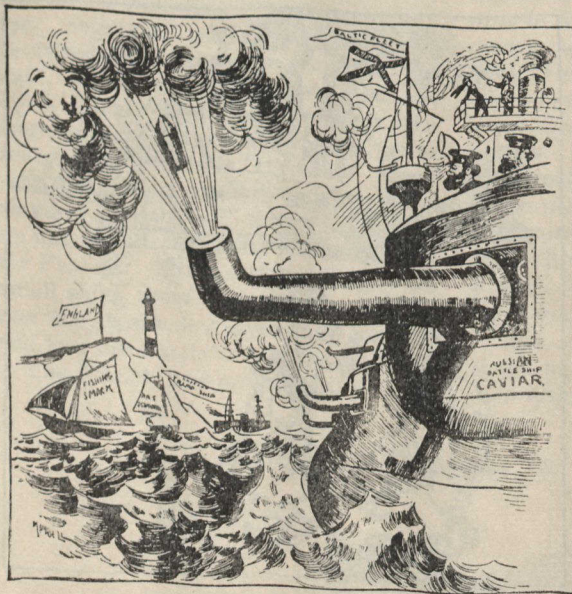


The eventual fate of this mad-dog fleet, as someone called it, when it gets where there really are some foes, is not hard to surmise. It will be well for it if peace has been reached before that juncture. The conduct of the British Government has been admirable. Everyone who has the real sense of what is magnanimous in nations must feel that Lord Lansdowne's calm and unmenacing manner was more in keeping with the might of Britain than truculence and swagger would have been. It put him in an excellent position to do what he sub-



THE BALTIC FLEET SAILS FOR THE FAR EAST.—*Life*.

sequently did at the Lord Mayor's dinner, namely, to express the general sense of mankind on the deplorable-ness of the present war in the East, and to suggest the propriety and duty of friendly intervention. The cable tells us that his statement with regard to the North Sea incident, as well as his proposal for intervention, were received with marked silence by his auditors. This should not disturb him much, for the ultimate judgment of the nation will be with him. The interests of Great Britain are with peace. No great upheaval in financial and commercial conditions can occur without injuriously affecting the world's greatest trading nation. This is the material side of it and, of course, there is the humane side which should be of first consideration.



PROPOSED NEW TYPE OF GUN FOR RUSSIAN NAVY

For the safety of themselves and friendly craft in neutral waters.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A recent despatch from Washington says that President Roosevelt, with his blushing honours thick upon him, will offer himself as a mediator between the belligerents. It is doubtful if the United States will be regarded as disinterested as they would have been a few years ago. Their recent adventures have betrayed them as having some ambitions abroad. Their interest in making friends with Japan is quite apparent. The Japanese, it is quite evident, will not take a second place to any power on the Pacific ocean, and the United States' interest in that ocean may be measured by the fact that 1,500 miles of their coast line abuts on it, not reckon-

ing the Alaskan littoral at all. Russia might fear that she might be sacrificed to American desire to establish claims on the gratitude of Japan. The President might revive his tribunal of jurists of repute, and then there would be no saying what would happen. At all events, intervention can only occur by the joint action of several, if not all, of the great powers. The opinion has been expressed, even in Russian papers, that any attempt at intervention or mediation would be treated by Russia as an unfriendly act. To so regard it would be contrary to the spirit of that peace tribunal which the Czar was so influential in establishing. In the articles of the first convention, which all the powers signed, including Russia and Japan, the propriety of mediation for the preservation of peace was directly recognised. Nor was it merely to prevent wars that this was prescribed. Distinct provision was made for its employment after a war was in progress. The third article of the Convention reads as follows:—

“The right to offer good offices or mediation belongs to powers who are strangers to the dispute even during the course of hostilities. The exercise of this right shall never be regarded by one or the other of the parties to the contest as an unfriendly act.”

Article VIII also reads:—

“In case of a definite rupture of pacific relations the powers remain charged with the joint duty of taking advantage of every opportunity to restore peace.”

These clauses could all the more appropriately be brought to the attention of the Czar because it is understood that the draft of the first convention was prepared by the Russian delegates. President Roosevelt could, therefore, with a good face, urge upon both contestants the good offices of



THE PHANTOM FLEET

(“Port Arthur anxiously awaits news of the Baltic Fleet.”
—Daily Paper. —Punch (London).)

the powers. The negotiations should be opened, if possible, before the fall of Port Arthur, for it would be easier for Russia to accede before that event than after, when the whole nation will be smarting with the chagrin that the loss of the Gibraltar of the East will inevitably cause, however long it has been foreseen.

The election of President Roosevelt by an overwhelming majority leaves no doubt that whatever action he may take is the act of the nation of which he is the unquestioned head. Surely no one doubts the meaning of the amazing strength and popularity which the President displayed. It is a general notice to all concerned that the United States propose to exercise their due influence on the course of the world's events. It is a most natural development, and whenever you are in doubt as to how a democracy will act under given circumstances you have only to ascertain how the average man would act under like conditions. Do not ask yourself how a philosopher would act, or a saint, or a man of pro-



CONSULTATIONS INVITED

MR. PUNCH—"Won't you step in here? There's an old lady who's very anxious to tell your fortune."

LORD R-S-B-RV—"Yes, I know. But—er—I never show my hand!"

—Punch

found insight and an intelligence that pierces the future, but just the ordinary vain, self-satisfied, good-natured but occasionally irascible, fickle, shortsighted and obtuse man. If you can predict what the conduct of that personage will be, you can generally predict how the rulers of democracies will comport themselves. Now, the typical man sketched above is invariably a jingo deep down in his heart, whether he is aware of it or not, and is only temporarily converted from his jingoism when it has led him into some unpleasant spot, whence he rescues himself with difficulty, suffering in the pro-

cess, perhaps, a little loss of dignity and influence.

M. Delcasse, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has won a great triumph in gaining the approval of the French Chamber of the colonial clauses of the Franco-British treaty. These were the unwelcome parts of the treaty so far as France was concerned, and the fishing interests of Brittany and Normandy made a bitter fight against ratification. The treaty, however, was carried by a four to one majority, and it is gratifying to know that the blight that has hung over the west coast of Newfoundland has at length been removed. The settlers and fishermen on that shore will now be able to obtain titles to the property on which they have hitherto been regarded as squatters and as liable to be removed at any time on demand of the French authorities. The fact

that the latter never did seriously demand their removal is proof that they regarded their position on the French Shore as artificial and unnatural. The settlement of this vexed question casts lustre on M. Delcasse. He has become a permanency in French political life. Ministries may change, but each new Premier chooses M. Delcasse as his Foreign Secretary. Could not the same continuity of policy be observed in the British Foreign Office? Lord Lansdowne has done his work remarkably well, and on lines with which his opponents could scarcely find fault.

John A. Erwan.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic, and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

THE Christmas-present question is again pressing for attention. To the city girl with daily access to the departmental stores and their really fine bargains, this is not a hard problem, for on every hand she sees so many things that would be suitable for her friends that the trouble is to keep from getting too many things. Then there is no end to the suggestions thrown out by bunches of narrow ribbon, five or seven yards in a bunch, sold for ten cents; little thermometers at five cents each; coloured or burnt leathers, and so on.

As to the little country cousin or the girl in the small town or village, the case is different. As a rule, she must count every ten cents she expends, because there are so many relations and good friends to be remembered—and such a limited supply of “ten centses.” Yet there are scores and scores of things she may make herself with an outlay of only a few cents.

In the first place, she must find out just the things her friends would appreciate—the little things they need or would admire. People have such different tastes. If she does any dainty fancy-work, of course, she is fortunate,

as drawn-work or lace handkerchiefs, or medallions for dress-trimmings, collar and cuffs, are always welcome, if not actually needed. But she must be always on her guard lest she give a present unsuitable for the wearer, in colour, style, or for some other reason.



FIG. 1

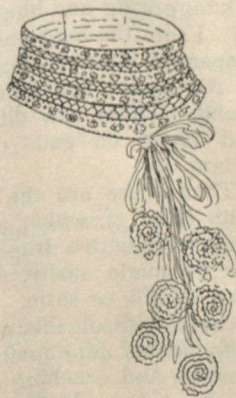


FIG. 2

Stocks are always useful to girls. A simple but very pretty stock is made of narrow strips of golden-brown velvet tacked to a collar shape, the edges turned under (Fig 1). The stripes are about a sixteenth of an inch apart, and are connected by the effective “fagoting,” done in yellow floss. Yellow

dots are worked along the velvet strips, and draped from the front point are two "flare paddle" ends of the velvet, the lower edges sprinkled also with the yellow dots.



FIG. 3

These "flare paddle" ends—a new thing out—are lined with the velvet itself, and altogether this makes a rich as well as a warm winter stock, and is especially suitable to the low-necked winter coat or suit. The same design may also be worked in white on a pale, misty blue, or in deep red on red. Half a yard of velvet, in this way, would make five or six stocks.

Another stock—a very dainty one—is of white liberty satin, with white silk faggoting and blue silk dots (Fig. 2). From the long point in front are suspended six roses made of bias folds of the satin, and shirred round and round. These are different lengths, and hang on ends of white baby-ribbon.

Then there are the new directoire belts (Fig. 3), which are so graceful when worn with a draped waist. They can be made easily, and out of any kind of silk or satin. A nice style is to have folds of silk, about six inches deep behind and in front—boned, of course—and crushing down narrower at the sides. Make tiny flat bows, and sew them down the back and front directly under each other, leaving just space enough between to look nice. The front may fasten with hooks. Unless there is stock to match the belt should be black, as that may be worn with any odd blouse or waist. Another trimming may be a prettily shirred fold of the silk sewed lengthwise down the back and the front.

A very inexpensive thing to do if one has a large number of friends whom she wishes to remember, and does not mind giving them the same things, would be to buy one or two dozen calendars—just the little twelve-sheet ones—and the same number of small thermometers, which may be had for five cents each. Tack a calendar to the lower left-hand side of a palm-leaf fan (Fig. 5); to the upper righthand side fasten a thermometer, and tie a good bow of corn-coloured ribbon to the handle, up against the fan. This makes a pretty and really useful adornment for a bedroom or sewing-room.

Another quaint thing is a long pincushion made in the shape of a carrot (Fig. 4). Get carrot-coloured satin—the plainer the material the better—and cut out your triangular shape. Sew it up, fill with sawdust, and make little cross-scratches with pen and black ink. Narrow green ribbon, twisted, make the "tops." This cushion can hang on the wall or lie on the dresser. Of course the pincushion idea is always capable of infinite multiplication.

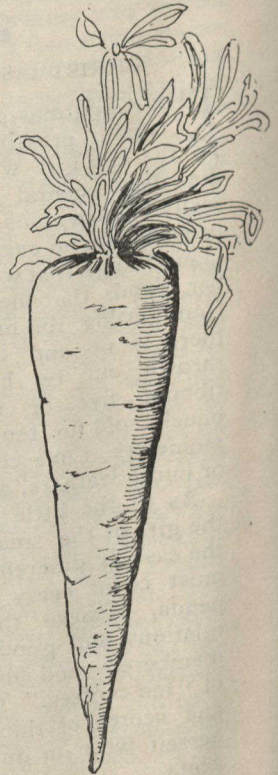


FIG. 4

Pictures are always welcome to both sexes, and a unique way to fix the smaller ones is to get some plaster of Paris, mix it with water until it will pour nicely, and then, after you have carefully placed your picture—print or unmounted photograph—in the bot-

tom of a porridge-plate, pour in the plaster of Paris. Then dry in a slow oven, or let it stand for several hours. When the mixture is perfectly hard, tap the bottom of the dish, and your placque will come out as smooth and clean as the plate itself, and the picture will be so imbedded in the plaster of Paris that the edges will not show at all. This is a very nice way to treat an amateur photo or a head of one of the old masters. If it is a subject in which the recipient is interested he will prize it very much. To get the "hanger" on, turn the placque on its face, place a loop of string a little above the middle, exactly centred crosswise, and put over it a "dab" of the plaster of Paris. When this dries the placque is ready, and will hang flat against the wall. Different shapes can be obtained, of course, by using differently-shaped dishes. *B. J. T.*

Ring out ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses
so);

And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep
organ blow,

And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic
symphony.

—MILTON.

UNIVERSITY WOMEN

NO doubt a good many Canadians will be surprised to learn that Toronto, although a comparatively small city, boasts no less than 338 women taking a university course in the four universities open to them. Of these, University College, of course, claims the largest number, 189 women, including the 36 taking only selected studies, being on its register; 43 have come in this year.

Victoria follows with 100 women—one-third of its attendance. This year 26 new students commence their university work here, and make their home at Annesley Hall, the fine ladies' residence of the college.

McMaster follows with 26 women, 9 in the first year, and all imbued with as ardent a class spirit as their brothers.

Then comes Trinity with 23 resident women students and 9 non-resident. The women of Trinity also have their college home, St. Hilda's.

Some observation of these university women shows that, contrary to the views held by many objectors to higher education for women, their health is far better than that enjoyed by their stay-at-home sisters. Their class standing is good, and a number are

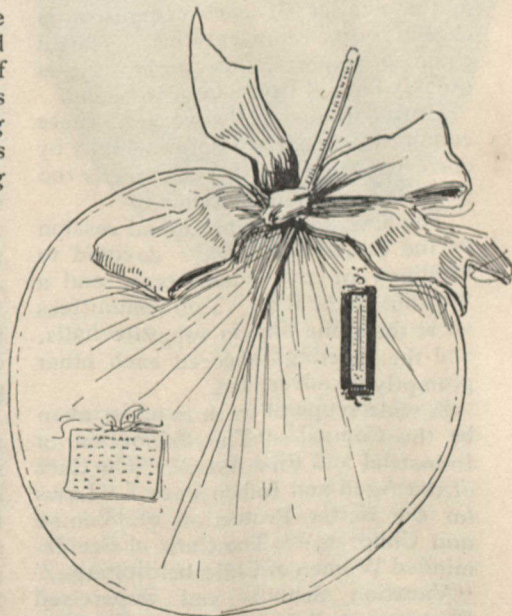


FIG. 5

special mathematicians, although their best work seems to lie in the languages. *B. J. T.*

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

THE eleventh annual meeting of the National Council of Women, held recently in Winnipeg, was attended by delegates from furthest east and from furthest west. Its representative character was illustrated the first morning. A delegate from St. John

(N.B.) enquired of another lady the way into Manitoba College, the place of meeting. "Why," returned the second lady, "I was just waiting to ask you that question. I have just arrived from Victoria."

The main work of the National Council, aside from that of the local councils, is carried on by standing committees. Each standing committee consists of a convener elected by the council and a member appointed by each local council. All the federated societies form the local councils. Naturally, the woman most interested in the subject of each committee is chosen for its representative. Thus a chain of experts, one might say, is quickly formed from ocean to ocean.

During the year the work of these committees is carried on principally by correspondence, as the distance is too great for personal intercourse.

The first day of the annual session of the Council is always devoted to meetings of the committees, and a very busy time it is. Two committees sit at the same time in separate halls, and the meetings succeed each other promptly as advertised.

A wide scope of work is undertaken by the Council—"The Promotion of Industrial and Fine Arts," "The Care of the Aged and Infirm Poor," "Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children," "The Care of Feeble-minded Women of Child-bearing Age," "Vacation Schools and Supervised Playgrounds," "Agriculture for Women," "Women on School Boards," "Immigration," etc.

Through these committees reliable information is quickly gathered as to the needs, laws and conditions of the different institutions in the Provinces. Where improvement can be gained by amendment of these laws or changes of these conditions the work is promptly taken in hand. The work of the committees, however, is largely that of educating public opinion.

Reports from the committees are received at several of the Council sessions and generally prove to be of great interest to the workers.

The first evening meeting this year was devoted to "The Promotion of Industrial and Fine Arts," Mrs. Peck, of the Woman's Art Association, Montreal, giving a clever paper on the "Development of Arts and Handicrafts." The chairman of the evening was Bishop Matheson, and addresses were given on the "Various Aspects of Art" by Prof. Kilpatrick, Rev. Dr. Bryce and "Ralph Connor." Music was also provided, and altogether it was a very delightful evening. At the second evening session the Mayor of Winnipeg was in the chair, and the subject of the papers and addresses was "Education." Miss Derick, of McGill University, spoke interestingly of "Modern Experiments in Education." Mrs. Boomer of London, who is a great favourite with all, discussed what is thought by her local council to be the evil of too much home study for school children. A report prepared by Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton, and read in her absence by Mrs. McEwen, of Brandon, seemed to favour the opinion that the work thus given is not in most cases excessive. An address was also given by Rev. Father Drummond.

Mrs. Boomer gave one of her bright addresses on "Some Women Workers in Great Britain" at the third evening meeting, the chair being taken by the Chief Justice of Manitoba. A second paper on "Women as Citizens" was given by Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings described the recent great quinquennial meetings of the International Council in Berlin, Germany, where nineteen National Councils were represented and over 6,000 people were in constant attendance.

Space will not permit even a bare description of the week of daily meetings, over which the President, Mrs. Thomson, presided with the kindly tact and firmness that has endeared her to her fellow-workers. She gave a concise and interesting report of the business sessions of the great Quinquennial.

Mention must be made, however, of a series of short papers giving valu-

able information on the existing marriage laws of the several Provinces. These differ in many important particulars. In Quebec, for example, the marriage of a boy of 14 to a girl of 12 would be legal. Mrs. Edwards, convener of the committee on "Laws," has prepared a pamphlet containing a synopsis of the provincial laws affecting women and children, and will shortly have it ready for distribution.

As usual, we were entertained with lavish hospitality. The various federated societies of the Winnipeg local council gave delightful luncheons each day and bright, brief "after dinner" speeches were quite a feature. Lady McMillan gave an At Home at Government House, the Mayor and City Council gave an excursion round the city, and we were also the guests of Lady Schultz, Mrs. Rogers, the Woman's Art Association of Winnipeg and the "Ladies of the Maccabees," who gave a "pink tea" in our honour.

Nor are these social functions in connection with the annual meetings of use for pleasure only. They afford an opportunity to the delegates for more or less quiet converse, and promote acquaintance. They have done much to further the common bond of sympathy, and have helped to break down provincialism and to build up national sentiment upon the basis of truest patriotism.

Emily Cummings.

W. C. T. U.

THE Ontario W. C. T. U., which met at Bowmanville recently, strongly reaffirmed its platform, emphasising its unswerving allegiance to the foundation principles upon which the society rests, namely: total abstinence on the part of the individual from everything that can intoxicate or create an appetite for intoxicants, either in food or drink; also the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic by law; "and that we will not cease our efforts until we attain this, the object for which we were organised and for which we exist."



MRS. ROBERT THOMSON, ST. JOHN
President National Council of Women
of Canada

In pursuance of the position taken by the Union, namely, that "the Partyism displayed by the electorate was and is the most serious obstacle in the way not only of prohibition, but all other moral reforms that must achieve success by way of the halls of legislature; and whereas, we have declared that while men were responsible to God for their ballots, women were equally so for their influence," it was resolved: "That we, the Ontario Woman's Christian Temperance Union, do affirm that, should either party declare in clear and unmistakable terms that they, if elected, will enact such prohibitive legislation as will reduce the liquor traffic to a minimum, it will be not only our duty, but our pleasure, to promote by every means within our power, the election of such party."

The Union also passed a resolution condemning the dispensary.

B. J. T.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THE slow and steady rumble of time still sounds in our ears and warns us that the days of 1904 are drawing to a close. Soon, too soon, the tale will be told. The peoples of the world must answer in eternity for another year of opportunity.

There has been much sunshine this year. Glancing round the broad surface of the earth, and considering the happenings, one must confess to a feeling of optimism. True, the Russians and the Japanese have been creating numberless widows and orphans, and carrying on as bloody and as inhuman a conflict as has been since the world began, but such things must be for yet a little while. Down in central Africa the King of the Belgians still tortures and enslaves the black races of the Congo Free State—and no nation dares to say him nay. There are small wars here and there where the audacious white races slowly force their way through robbery to possession. Yet, compared with other years, the world has behaved itself fairly well.

“And on earth, peace, good will toward men.”

THE continent of North America continues to make progress—greater progress, indeed, than any other part of the world in industry, in invention, in commerce, in education, in knowledge and in (perhaps) morality. The ships from the North American ports are steadily increasing in number; and whereas they once went only West, they now go West and East. The currents of trade from

Europe to Asia once set overland via the valley of the Volga, still later via the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; to-day some of those currents flow across the Atlantic, the North American continent and the Pacific. Europe joins hands with Asia by means of the North American railways.

Electrical development proceeds in its wonderfully majestic way. The great water-powers are being steadily harnessed, and North America is becoming a fairyland of comfort and light. The motor-car flashes along the roadways, indicating fresh possibilities in transportation and pleasure. The farmer takes the electric-car to town for his morning paper, or telephones for his roast of fresh beef. The men of New York converse with those of Chicago, Toronto and Montreal without leaving their comfortable office chairs.

The fruitful lands of this continent are being brought under the persistent attention of the man who sees wheat growing yellow even in his dreams. The arable lands of the Northern Mississippi valley having been filled up, the human tide flows farther north, from the Land of the Great Eagle to the Land of the Little Beaver. The old, old emigrations are being rehearsed for the benefit of a modern audience.

*“Our hearts are free as the rivers that flow
In the seas where the north star shines,
Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow
Through the crests of our native pines.”*

THE most remarkable development of the year is undoubtedly that of the Western farming districts. This

is especially true when it is considered that where agricultural development leads all others follow right speedily. During the past three years the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker have been following the new farmer so fast that they have almost trod on his heels. The lawyer, the doctor and the insurance agent are not far behind, but they prefer to wait until the Builder of Railways has pushed his steel arms into the new communities. How the Builder of Railways has worked for the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, and how he has talked for the Grand Trunk Pacific! Next year he will work for all three.

This wonderful northern development must make the Frost King shake his head in despair. His trenches are being rushed one after the other, his solitudes invaded, his dominions narrowed. It would almost seem as if the tide of immigration would push back the Arctic Circle until it becomes a mere finger-ring for the Man of the North Pole.

*"Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,
Where the maples their branches toss.
The Great Bear rides in his state alone,
Afar from the Southern Cross."*

IT is good for us to know that we are making progress, that our people are increasing in number, that our trade at home and our commerce abroad are taxing the energies of our sons. Confidence is good when based on knowledge, and confidence begets ambition, ambition begets energy, and energy begets success. Let us haste in our work that all the world may know that the most fertile and most progressive part of the British Empire is on the North American continent.

*"Our pride of race we have not lost,
And aye it is our loftiest boast
That we are Britons still!
And in the gradual lapse of years
We look, that 'neath these distant skies*

*Another England shall arise—
A noble scion of the old—
Still to herself and lineage true,
And prizing honour more than gold."*

DURING this year there has been a General Election, one of those dreadful inventions made on the supposition that men are wise and good. The result was inevitable under the circumstances, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier has received an endorsement fully



KING EDWARD VII
Who celebrated his 63rd Birthday
last month

equal to any given to Sir John A. Macdonald. It is to be hoped that he and those who have the honour to be with him at the national council-board will use their power wisely, so that posterity may call them blessed.

The Toronto *Globe* in a recent splendid editorial says: "There is a type of man in both political parties who regards politics as altogether outside the pale of morality." This is too true. On the one side are

Honesty, Purity, Courage,

and on the other side are

Wealth, Office, Power,

and the politician is no worse than the stock-broker, the charter-monger, the lobbyist, the government-contractor, and the crowd of greedy cormorants who furnish the rake-offs which corrupt the politicians and the electors. The want of morality is not confined to the political worker. It is to be found occasionally in

Newspaper Proprietors,
Financial Magnates,
Industrial Kings,
Society Leaders

and others. Besides, there are members of Parliament, yea, of the Privy Council, who have even been guilty of habitual immoralities and excesses.

Canada is no worse, perhaps, than any other country as far as average citizenship is concerned, but in Great Britain they demand a higher standard of private and business morality in their public men. What this country needs is less moral preaching and more moral practice, less seeking after sudden notoriety and quickly-acquired wealth and more desire for solid citizenship. Let us make leaders in politics and social life only of those men who will be models for our sons and daughters. Let us cast out the lepers.

*Keep on our lips the word that binds,
And teach our children when to blush."*

THERE is another point to which it may not be amiss to call attention at this Christmas season. The reading matter provided for our children should not be anti-national.

A visitor to the Y.M.C.A. at Midland, the other day, found twenty-one United States publications in the reading room and not one British or Canadian periodical. Saddest of all, the best of United States periodicals were not there—only the slops. And to a greater or less extent this is true of nearly all the reading rooms in the English-speaking portion of Canada. The best periodicals of the world are not found there.

This is a matter which the preachers and teachers of each town might well consider. They are supposed to be the intellectual leaders, but they have been sadly neglecting their duty in this respect. Our reading-rooms are supplied with the veriest trash, and the Canadian boy is not filled with a knowledge of Canadian and British history or of Canadian and British ideals.

In the same way the cheapest and most sensational novels published in the United States will be found in the public and private libraries of this country. Parents buy this trash for their children, teachers buy it for their pupils, librarians buy it for their patrons. It is wrong, cruelly wrong, for there are plenty of good Canadian books, good British books, even good United States books. The department store and the bookseller cannot be charged wholly with this sad state of affairs, for they deal in those articles which are in demand. The blame lies at the door of the men and women of education in each community. The great power of the library and the reading-room in the moulding of manly character and in the development of good citizenship cannot safely be overlooked by any people.

*"Crush out the jest of idle minds
That know not, jesting, when to hush;*

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.—Bulwer Lytton.

ANIMAL STORIES.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON gives us of his genius in small parcels. His latest book contains about 30,000 words as compared with 70,000 in Roberts' "Watchers of the Trail." Mr. Seton's book has one hundred drawings, whereas Mr. Roberts' volume has but sixty; yet of the one hundred, only eight are full-page, while of the sixty, forty-seven are given the limit of space. Thus economically Mr. Seton's book is worth about one-third the price of Mr. Roberts'. Mr. Seton's book is a high price because the author believes in introducing his productions in good clothing, giving in quality what they lack in quantity. "Monarch, the Big Bear,"* is a splendidly dramatic story and is well worth reading. Still, with all its beautiful type, nice paper and artistic ink blotches, one cannot but feel that the public seeking a good book-investment will pass it over. As a Christmas present for a dainty maiden with artistic bent, it will be quite suitable; but if similar presents are required for strong, healthy boys, I should recommend "The Watchers of the Trail" and "The Kindred of the Wild," which are uniformly bound. Every Christmas present of books should be suited to the recipient.

What Seton and Roberts have been doing with the North American ani-

mals, what Kipling did with the "White Seal," Frank T. Bullen has done with such creatures as the Sperm Whale, the Walrus, Shark, Turtle, Albacore, Dolphin and other "Denizens of the Deep."* In his introduction he speaks of the "pleasant practice of certain writers" of adding to the knowledge of Natural History with the "intimate personal details" of wild animals. He adds: "I now essay a series of lives of some Denizens of the Deep, based very largely on personal observation, buttressed by scientific facts and decorated by imagination. I well know how ambitious the task is, but I feel that I have some small qualifications for the work, and I know, too, how much room there is for a book of the kind." His method differs considerably from that of Kipling, Seton and Roberts, but the result is equally interesting and readable. The splendid illustrations are by Mr. Bull, who illustrated Mr. Roberts' volumes.

CANADIAN POETRY.

IT can scarcely be denied that the production of poetry is almost at a standstill. This is a good sign. It shows that the publishers and the public are more critical, while the reviewers are less ecstatic than formerly. The country is getting sense and a judicial spirit.

"Between the Lights,"† by Isabel Eccleston Mackay, is a collection of magazine verse which should be pleasing to a section of the public. The author is not a great poet, does not pretend to rise to great flights; yet

*New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, 422 pages. Illustrated. \$1.75.

†Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, 65 pages.

*Toronto: Morang & Co. Illustrated by Grace Gallatin Seton. 215 pages. \$1.25 net.

this little volume contains many pretty pictures, many beautiful thoughts and some delightful fancy. "Inheritance," "The Forlorn Hope" and "A Sea Song" are perhaps the strongest pieces; the latter is beautifully musical, while the two former touch upon the great unconsidered principles of life.

"Poems,"* by James A. Tucker, is slightly handicapped by its title and its preface; but as a memorial of a singer who passed away ere he had fully developed, it must ever have a permanent place in our literature. James A. Tucker's battle for the emancipation of the students of the University of Toronto will always be to his credit, though he suffered the fate of most leaders of rebellions which are necessarily short lived. Nevertheless, he taught the aristocrats of that institution a salutary lesson. He had a keen appreciation of the true value of things, of principles, of words, of thoughts, and with genuine poetic instinct sought to embalm that appreciation in verse. He loved his Canada, and when banished by the University tyrants from Toronto to California, he sang:

"No, 'mid this lavish, rare display
Of nature's bounties rich and free,
My heart, dear country, turns to thee
In love this winter's day;

And would not give one foot of thy
Rude soil, one white December blast,
For all these valleys, verdant, vast,
For all this languid sky!

These make not nations; only hearts
Strong as the basal rocks, and pure
As limpid northern streams, endure
When all else sinks and parts.

Pray, therefore, for true men and strong—
Men who would dare to die for right;
Who love and court God's searching
light
Because they shield no wrong."

Another memorial volume is entitled "Robert Elliott's Poems,"† which is edited by John Dearness and Frank Lawson and published under the

auspices of the Baconian Club of London, Ont. This farmer-naturalist-poet seems to have had a wide circle of friends who knew of his love of nature and his habit of putting his thoughts into verse, although few of these found their way into print during his lifetime. The *Farmers' Advocate* published some of them, but the general literary public know little of the quiet poet of Plover Mills. His work, however, is worthy of preservation and of study. Some of it is immature, but some of it has a fire which radiates. His longest poem, "The Axe and the Spinning Wheel," is a tribute to farming life and its national influence, and surpasses anything of the kind with which the reviewer is acquainted.

BY THE QUEEN'S GRACE

SIR GILBERT PARKER has been accused of making Queen Elizabeth overshadow the hero and heroine of his latest novel instead of keeping her in the background, seeing that it was not primarily her fate which is his theme. In her new novel, "By The Queen's Grace," Virna Sheard also introduces Queen Elizabeth, but the same charge cannot be fairly made against this newer and less experienced novelist. The Virgin Queen, her Court, her whims, her characteristics, are pictured in bright colours, but the fate of the lovers is not made dependent entirely upon her will or action. To Virna Sheard's art this is a great compliment. A further comparison of the books might not be wholly to her advantage, however, even if it were fair, which it would not be.

"By The Queen's Grace"* is the elaboration of a story which first appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE under the title "The Lily of London Bridge." Instead of having Joyce drown herself because her father desires her to marry a man whom she does not love, the author makes her

*Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, 133 pages.

†London, Ont.: Lawson & Jones. Cloth, 105 pages.

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth. Illustrated.

fly to Queen Elizabeth for succour. Because of a ring given this daughter of the toll-gate keeper of London Bridge, the Queen interests herself in the case and provides her with shelter. For ten years she serves the Queen well and faithfully as a Maid of Honour, until such time as her true lover returns to Court to find her whom he believed to have been dead these many years.

It is a delightful story, proving the author's growing strength, her great ability as a builder of drama and her charm as a raconteur of thrilling tales. Nothing could be more suitable for a present for a young girl than this beautiful story of womanly patience, bravery and devotion.

3

DOCTOR LUKE

NORMAN DUNCAN is not as well known to his fellow-Canadians as he should be. His success has been won on the New York papers and magazines, but he has not yet renounced his Canadian citizenship. His new book, "Doctor Luke of the Labrador,"* is not a Canadian book in the narrow sense, though many people regard that part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence bordering on Labrador as Canadian territorial waters. Yet it deals with a form of human endeavour and a phase of activity which the people of this country thoroughly understand. It is doubtful if the dreadful isolation of those who labour by the sea in that remote region has been fully realised even here. "Doctor Luke" will change all that. The optimism of the husband who promises his sick wife that he will call in the doctor when he next reaches there

*Toronto and New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. Illustrated. 327 pages. \$1.50.



AGNES C. LAUT
Author of "Pathfinders of the West"
FROM HER LATEST PORTRAIT

in the mail-boat, *six months hence*, seems at once so awful and so pathetic that henceforth the people of Labrador must have our sympathy. We are all subjects of one earthly king, one Heavenly King, and why should we not feel for them? Our missionary societies send succour to India and China and Japan, and why not to Labrador, where medical attendance and religious solace are almost unknown? Are white men of less consequence than yellow or black? Mr. Duncan may not have intended to preach to Canada, but he has certainly brought home to us our lack of sympathy with those who, but for Newfoundland's obstinacy, might be citizens of the Dominion.

The story is of mother-love, pathetic, dramatic, realistic—the most powerful novel written by a Canadian during 1904, perhaps during many

years. Mr. Duncan spent three summers in that region and obtained his realism as Kipling obtains his. He has put his finger into the wound and is convinced. What he has seen he has treated as the great dramatist or the great painter would treat it, and has thus proved himself to possess genius. For this magnificent story we thank him, and are proud.



GRUESOME PICTURES.

SOME readers may remember our opinion that "The Foss River Ranch,"* by Ridgwell Cullum, was an unnatural picture of Western life. This accomplished actor-writer has given the public another story with scenes laid in the Yukon and Manitoba, under the title "The Hound from the North." Again he has painted an unholy and forbidding picture, with characters most repulsive and unlovely. Why this man should glory in depicting wickednesses which are so odd as to be almost unreal is more than the mind of the average man is able to solve. Canadians would do well to keep this book out of their libraries. The language is more often English than Canadian, for example: "book-ing-office" instead of "ticket-office."

Anthony Hope's "Double Harness"* is another unpleasant book and one unfit to be given to youthful readers. It is a series of descriptions of the domestic quarrels of three or four ill-mated pairs who have not learned that the success of married life depends upon mutual forbearance, concession and sympathy. It is a series of revolting and sickening scenes from lives devoid of common sense, culture, religion or high moral sense—yet people prominent in London society. If those members of the latter who are well-behaved do not resent this attack upon them, they have little spirit.

"Whosoever Shall Offend,"* by Marion Crawford, is of similar material. An unpunished murderer from South America marries a rich woman in Rome, and is kind to her and her

son. But the old cupidity asserts itself—the wife is killed, and the son almost so. Later on there are other murders and horrible deaths. It is a fascinating story—but the sort of fascination that the snake's eye has for the doomed songster of the woods. All the vices of modern high society are passed in review—proving that modern fiction is as bad as the modern stage.

There are some scenes in "The Prodigal Son,"* by Hall Caine, which are also done in high colours, but Hall Caine was never in the Anthony Hope class. This new Icelandic story is bright, powerful and understandable. Its characters have emotions, feelings, thoughts that are familiar; they are men and women, not stage puppets. Magnus Stephenson is a man worth studying—for he faces the problems and disappointments of life with an unflinching eye and heroic mien.



NOTES

"Love finds the Way," by Paul Leicester Ford, is issued in artistic form for the holiday season by the Copp, Clark Co. The illustrations are by Harrison Fisher. This is one of the notable productions for those interested in beautiful editions.

"Children of the Forest," by Egerton R. Young, is a story of Indian love. Mr. Young knows his Indian, and his colouring may be depended upon. The same compliment cannot be paid to his illustrator. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.)

"My Memory of Gladstone," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, is a little volume of 88 pages, and one worthy of a half-hour's study, either for its style or its matter. (Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell & Co.)

"Careers for the Coming Men," by Whitelaw Reid and others, is a series of essays by leading publicists of the U.S. The subjects are 23 in number, such as railroading, journalism, banking, authorship, architecture and law. (Akron, Ohio: Saalfeld Pub. Co.)

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

*Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.



“Come and see the roses, Jess”

ILLUSTRATION FROM “JESS & CO.”

CANADIAN BOOKS SUITABLE FOR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND HOLIDAY
READING

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\$1.25. Smith and Wilkins.
BRAVE HEARTS, by W. A. Fraser. Illus.
\$1.25. Morang.
THE MYSTIC SPRING, by D. W. Higgins.
Illus. \$1.25. Briggs.

- GABRIEL PRAED'S CASTLE, by Alice Jones.
\$1.25. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co.
THE PROSPECTOR, by Ralph Connor.
Illus. \$1.25. William Briggs.
THE HOUND OF THE NORTH, by Ridgwell
Cullum. Illus. \$1.25. Copp, Clark.
A LADDER OF SWORDS, by Gilbert Parker.
Illus. \$1.50. Copp, Clark.
BY THE QUEEN'S GRACE, by Virna Sheard.
Illus. \$1.25. Briggs.

- THE PRISONER OF MADEMOISELLE, by C. G. D. Roberts. Illus. \$1.50. Copp, Clark.
- THE WATCHERS OF THE TRAILS, by C. G. D. Roberts. Illus. \$2.00. Copp, Clark.
- THE IMPERIALIST, by Mrs. Everard Cotes. \$1.25. Copp, Clark.
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- DOCTOR LUKE OF THE LABRADOR, by Norman Duncan. Illus. \$1.50. Revell.
- LIFE OF PRINCIPAL GRANT, by Grant and Hamilton. \$3.50. Morang.
- THE WAR OF 1812, by James Hannay, D.C.L. Illus. \$2.00. Morang.
- MONARCH, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Illus. \$1.25. Morang.
- TWO LITTLE SAVAGES, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Illus. \$2.00. Briggs.
- TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN, by Henry J. Morgan. Illus. \$5.00. Briggs.]
- PATHFINDERS OF THE WEST, by Agnes C. Laut. Illus. \$2.00. Briggs.
- THE WHITE CHIEF OF THE OTTAWA, by Mrs. Carr-Harris. Illus. \$1.25. Briggs.
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- OLD QUEBEC, by Parker and Bryan. Illus. \$2.50. Morang.
- THE FRIENDSHIP OF ART, by Bliss Carman. Frontispiece. \$1.50. Copp, Clark.
- SONGS FROM A NORTHERN GARDEN, by Bliss Carman. \$1.00. Copp, Clark.
- A TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE, by Theodore Rand. \$1.25. Briggs.
- CHILDREN OF THE FOREST, by Egerton R. Young. Illus. \$1.25. Revell.]
- MY MEMORY OF GLADSTONE, by Goldwin Smith. 75c. Tyrrell.
- CANADA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by A. G. Bradley. \$5.00. Constable.
- SPORT AND TRAVEL IN THE NORTHLAND OF CANADA, by David T. Hanbury. Illus. Macmillan.
- OSGOODE HALL REMINISCENCES, by J. C. Hamilton. Illus. Carswell.
- GENERAL
- OLD GORGON GRAHAM, by George H. Lorimer. Illus. \$1.25. Briggs.
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- HEARTS IN EXILE, by John Oxenham. Frontispiece. \$1.50. Copp, Clark.
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- LOVE FINDS THE WAY, by Paul Leicester Ford. Specially illustrated. \$2.00. Copp, Clark.
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- THE SEA WOLF, by Jack London. \$1.50. Morang & Co.
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- THE MOUNTAINS, by Stewart Edward White. Illus. \$1.50. Morang & Co.
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- AN IRISHMAN'S STORY, by Justin McCarthy. Illus. \$2.50. Morang & Co.
- VERGILIUS, by Irving Bacheller. \$1.35. Poole.
- RIVER-LAND, by Robert W. Chambers. Illus. \$1.50. Poole.
- THE MASQUERADER, by Katherine C. Thurston. Illus. \$1.50. Poole.
- THE TRUANTS, by A. E. W. Mason. Illus. \$1.50. Poole.
- THE SON OF ROYAL LANGBRITH, by W. D. Howells. \$2.00. Poole.
- DENZENS OF THE DEEP, by Frank T. Bullen. Illus. \$1.75. Revell.



Idle Moments.

A STORMY PETREL

THE reason that Jim McBurney caused more trouble than the ordinary run of mankind was probably due to the fact of his father and mother being Irish Celts. His purposefulness was due to his American birth and training.

How I happened to first meet Mr. McBurney, who had resigned his position as foreman on a drive of logs on the head waters of the Mississippi on account of having been a leading factor in the lynching of a wife-murderer in a Minnesota town a few weeks before, was that he enlisted as a voyageur on the Gordon Relief Expedition up the Nile in 1884.

James told me he never could thoroughly understand the limitations of the Ashburton Treaty regarding extradition, and he guessed the Soudan with an ocean and a desert or two between him and a Minnesota sheriff was safer than Manitoba separated by the 49th parallel that existed only in geographies and statute books.

We were intimate before the transport, *The Ocean King*, reached Gibraltar, but it was there I first became really acquainted with James' marked penchant for trouble.

A couple of regiments of the garrison at Gibraltar had been turned out to return 400 voyageurs, who had been on shore leave for the day, safely on board the *Ocean King*. After infinite trouble we had been returned without any more serious mishap than a few broken heads.

We were fairly quiet until Jim revived a grievance against the ship captain for omitting to give us a plum-duff ration three days before. The captain spent the remainder of the

night on the ship's bridge as we rode at anchor in the bay, expostulating with an angry mob, of which Mr. McBurney was the leading spokesman, and at intervals informing his interviewers that if anyone put foot on companion-way or rigging to get near him he would blow someone's brains out. And even Mr. McBurney knew that the revolver held by the sturdy little English captain was held for business.

A couple of instances will show the curious mixture of Irish recklessness and Yankee shrewdness—the utter disregard of possible consequences in proceeding to a direct reasonable conclusion—in the make-up of the man.

Every voyageur on the Nile in that campaign did a certain amount of looting from stores to supplement the sparse rations. We worked hard, the rations were insufficient and, as Mr. McBurney put it, "I guess the British Government could stand it." But James stole so recklessly from the stores in his boat that it "rode light." We were on the return trip, the object of the campaign was over, Khar-toum had fallen, and General Gordon had laid down his life for his country and his God, and there was little left in the campaign but the littleness of militarism and its petty irritations to the civilian voyageurs. And McBurney's boat, which held the colonel and adjutant of his regiment, floated higher than any other in the brigade, and day by day the lines of petty military quibbling and punishment were drawn closer. And James McBurney was shrewd enough to know that trouble awaited somebody when it was learned that half the boxes in his boat contained

rocks and the remainder were half-empty.

At the great cataract of Tanjour the accident that wrecked McBurney's boat occurred and nearly drowned the colonel, whom McBurney pulled out of the raging torrent with almost the loss of his own life.

"To think that one of the best boatmen on the river should lose his boat at the tail end of the trip!" said some one that night around the camp-fire.

"Say, you fellows," said McBurney, looking up from the blanket he was rolled in, "did ye see how mighty high them boxes floated? If ye did, there's not much thinkin' to be done."

And the army surgeons reported next morning that the colonel was gradually reviving strength.

It was years after the Nile Expedition that I again met McBurney. He was a cowboy in Southern Alberta, and I was practising law in Edmonton. We met in Calgary. He had been knocking about the Western Cattle States and the Canadian Territories, and when I asked him if he ever thought of coming up north, he said he thought he might, and two weeks after he turned up in charge of a bunch of cattle. He was paid off, pursued his usual practice, which his river-driving, cattle-punching life had made second nature, painted the town a brilliant vermilion, and in a few days was dead-broke.

When that not unusual event occurred it was in the middle of the assizes, and I hadn't any time to devote to James. But James had time, and he chose the most opportune moment of it to make one final strike to enable him to recuperate his finances and leave for his stamping-ground in the south.

I was defending a young woman charged with wounding with intent to kill a man while he was breaking in the door of her house. The case gave every opportunity for an appeal to the chivalry of the West—the pathetic word picture of the loneliness of the girl, her unprotected, friendless condition,

and the drunken brutality of the wounded man. I was leading up gradually to an effective peroration when I heard the familiar voice of McBurney whisper during one of my most impressive pauses: "Charlie, I say, Charlie, could I speak to you for a minute?" Even dear, old, dignified Judge Rouleau smiled, and the cry of "Silence" from the Sheriff couldn't restrain the ripple of laughter that ran along the jury box. To go on, with the danger of that appealing "Charlie" from the body of the court-room ever present in my mind would spoil whatever feelings of pity and mercy I hoped to beget in the jury.

I stopped, and with a muttered apology to the Judge, who quivered with subdued emotion, stepped to the side of McBurney.

"What is it? Confound you, Jim!"

"Say, I must have ten dollars to start out to God's country at sundown with! Have you got it in your clothes? Don't look worried. That jury, every mother's son of them, will see that girl through all right without any more eloquence. The boys settled that 'fore the treat begun. Thanks, pard. So long. I'm off. See you sometime again and give you the X. Any way, it's all right 'tween us Nile fellers."

It's all right, dear old Jim, comrade of many hard and happy days, but will it be all right with me if you chance to read this story?

C. L. S.

THE MIDNIGHT PROMENADE

She—Henry!

He—Huh?

"Just imagine baby is one of those sick friends you sit up all night with."

—*Harper's Bazar*.

Father (who has been called upon in the city and asked for his daughter's hand—Louise, do you know what a solemn thing it is to be married?)

Louise—Oh, yes, pa; but it is a good deal more solemn being single.
—*Judy*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



THE FIRST HERO OF THE ALBERT MEDAL

THE Albert Medal, as most people are aware, is the counterpart of the Victoria Cross, and is awarded for distinguished heroism in civil life. It is not generally known that the first man to receive this much coveted medal, and the only man to receive it personally from the hands of Queen Victoria, is still living in retirement in Plymouth, Devonshire, in the person of Mr. Samuel Popplestone, a retired Devonshire farmer.

The circumstances of this heroic deed are as follows: On the 23rd of March, 1866, during a terrific hurricane, the *Spirit of the Ocean*, a barque of 600 tons, having on board a crew of 18 and 24 passengers, was wrecked off Start Point, on the Devonshire coast. Popplestone, foreseeing the danger of the doomed vessel, despatched a messenger on one of his own horses to Tor Cross to arouse the villagers, and sent another messenger to warn the coast-guards. In the meantime, however, the vessel had struck upon the rocks, and was rapidly breaking up. Popplestone, with a small coil of rope in his hand, proceeded nimbly along the storm-swept shore, leaping from rock to rock "like a middle-aged chamois." By this time the wind was blowing a hurricane, accompanied by a blinding rain and a very heavy and dangerous sea. While standing on the rock nearest the vessel, endeavouring to establish communication, the swirling waters washed him into the sea; but by a supreme effort,

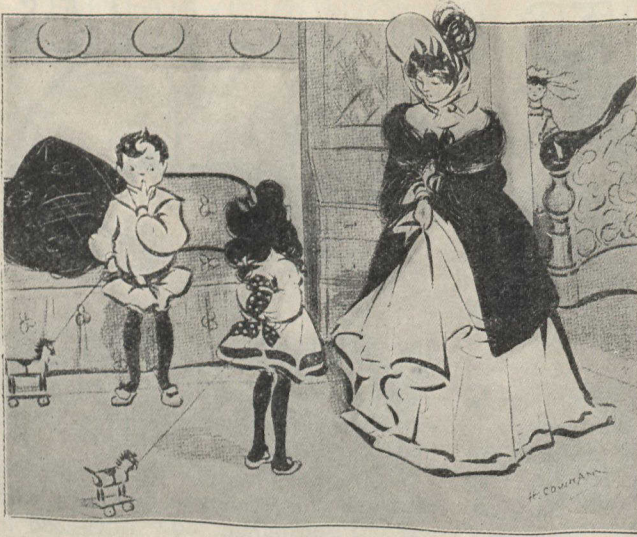
and with the aid of a returning wave, he succeeded in regaining his footing, and in this position, alone and unaided, succeeded in saving the lives of the mate and one of the crew.

A few years ago the writer had the pleasure of spending a few days with the old gentleman, now advanced in years, to hear him modestly recount the story of his adventure from his own lips, to be shown the medal, and to see the painting of Start Point and the doomed vessel, hung up on the walls of his library.

I was particularly interested in the



MR. SAMUEL POPPLESTONE



"YOUNG NIGHTY THOUGHTS"

MAMMA—"Here comes Nurse to bath you both and put you to bed. Now be good and go quickly."

LITTLE GIRL—"Oh dear, Mummie, I wish I was a Night-dress!"

MAMMA—"Why, dear?"

LITTLE GIRL—"Then I should only have to go to the wash once a week!"

—Punch

account of his reception by the Queen on the occasion of his receiving the medal at her hands. "Her Majesty," he continued, "pinned the medal on my coat, and told me in a few words how pleased she was to hear of my action. I had prepared a little speech in reply, but I had simply time to thank Her Majesty, and to say that I would be only too ready to act in the same way again should the occasion offer—when I found myself backed out of the room by the two officers in charge. I told the officers that I would like to have had a few words with Her Majesty, but they replied that I might consider myself fortunate to have had a chance to speak to her at all." And the old gentleman smiled in evident appreciation of the pleasant recollection.

S.

A PECULIAR CASE

"THERE is a young man in England," says *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*, "who at the age of twenty-four is developing at the rate

of only one-sixth of the average human being. At present he is learning his alphabet and can count up to ten only. During the last nineteen years he has eaten but three meals a week, has slept twenty-four hours and played twenty-four hours, without the slightest variation. In spite of his twenty-four years he looks no older than a boy of four or five and is only thirty-six inches in height. For the same period his development physically and mentally has been at only one-sixth the ordinary rate, while absolutely regular and perfect in every other way. At his birth this child weighed ten

pounds and in no way differed from any other child. He grew and thrived in the usual way until he attained the age of five. Then his progress was suddenly and mysteriously arrested, and since then six years have been the same to him as one year to the normal person. He has attracted the attention of many medical and scientific men, more than one of whom has expressed the conviction that this remarkable man will live to be no less than three centuries old."

EMBALMED IN GLASS

"THE strangest, weirdest method of embalming ever thought of has just been patented by a Russian residing in New York State," says *Popular Mechanics*. "The corpse is to be encased in the centre of a solid block of pure glass, through which the features and outlines of the body will be perfectly visible. As no air can ever possibly enter, the remains are expected to be preserved for centuries."

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For
Business Men.

CHRISTMAS



HE Christmas season should find all Canadian business men in good humour. The trade of the country continues "the forward policy" which it has so long maintained. Canadian business men are enjoying a prosperity unsurpassed by that which favours any other set in the world.

The internal trade of the country is increasing by leaps and bounds. For this statement we have proof in the general sentiment, the increase in bank clearings, the growth in railway traffic, and the increase in the number of factories and wholesale warehouses. Montreal holds its own as leader in both internal and external trade. Toronto is growing steadily and surely. Winnipeg is progressing almost too fast. Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria and other western towns are expanding their boundaries. There is no standing still in this country. The man who finds that his business is stationary naturally thinks that he is in hard luck, or that his business is being improperly conducted. A city that is not adding a few thousand yearly to its population is the exception, and would soon be noted as "unprogressive." This is one of the characteristics which distinguishes American from European civilisation.

At St. Louis the exhibitors of horses, cattle and poultry were not numerous, but they won nearly all the prizes for which they entered. Three-

fifths of the prize-money for poultry, in classes where there were exhibitors from this country, was won by Canadians.

Canadian flour, maple sugar, honey, and other articles, have been exhibited at several fairs in Great Britain this year, and the trade in that direction is expanding favourably. Dublin and Liege are to have similar displays, through the excellent system which the Canadian Government has adopted.

Only one-seventh of the bacon imported by Great Britain during the nine months ending September 30th, came from Canada. True, our bacon shipments have increased from 450,000 cwts. in 1902 to 621,000 cwts. in 1904 (nine months), but the increase is as nothing compared with the possibilities. Denmark and the United States are the chief sources of supply now. Canada may be an equal participant in the future, if the Government does its duty in helping our merchants to make more widely known the merits of our bacon products.

Canada's general foreign trade is progressing. Reciprocity, along certain lines, with the United States would increase it. For example, reciprocity in coal would give cheaper fuel to Ontario and the West, where the duty acts as a tax; it would also increase the exports of Nova Scotia coal to the New England States. The general result would be increased trade between the two countries. The Ca-

nadian Government now collects annually about two million dollars from the duty on United States coal. This two million dollars is paid by Canadian consumers—Why? Because we have coal of our own which needs protection? No. Simply because the fiscal policy of this continent is blind.

On November 3rd, the day of the Elections, the following notice was sent out from Ottawa:

Ottawa, Nov. 3.—(Special.)—A beginning will be made this winter with the Canadian naval militia. The cruiser *Canada*, now on the Nova Scotia coast watching fishermen, will make a school cruise instead of laying up this winter. As soon as the American fishermen have left the coast the *Canada* will take on supplies, and men will be drafted from the other cruisers to take the course. The best men will be selected from the fishery protection service. The *Canada* will proceed south with about ninety men and spend the winter at Bermuda and cruising about the West Indies. It is expected the men will be those only well qualified to become instructors for naval militia schools, as the permanent force is for the land militia. The *Canada*, which is usually a third-class cruiser equal to any of her class in the British navy, was secured with this work in view.

General elections are useful in one respect, they bring to the front certain reforms which have been pigeon-holed by an inefficient public service. This Naval Militia was promised several years ago, but it has not yet come into being because Canadian Cabinet ministers are often slow in carrying out improvements which are not demanded by party workers and government friends. Of course, this statement might be made in every other constitutionally governed country in the world—except Japan—but that does not make it any the less excusable.

Mr. William Smith, Secretary of the Canadian Post-Office, has long been an advocate of the advisability of adding the telegraphs to the post-office department as in Great Britain. His views seem to be stimulating others.

A writer in the *Toronto News* gives as his opinion that the average message in Canada costs about three cents a word, whereas a cent a word might be made to pay if the business increased proportionately. He says:—

“In Belgium the telegraph rates were reduced by one-third. The business rose by four-fifths. Then the rates were cut in half, whereupon business increased by 83 per cent. In Prussia a reduction of a third sent the business up 70 per cent. Much the same happened in Switzerland. In Great Britain a reduction was made in 1871. Between 1871 and 1901 the business increased 900 per cent., while the population increased 30 per cent. By 1886 the traffic was four times what it had been fifteen years earlier. Ten years later the business of 1886 had been doubled. In New Zealand reduction in rates had an extraordinary effect. The people of that country use the telegraph five times as freely as do the people of Ontario.”

If the present government has any serious intentions in this matter, it should act quickly. The existing private companies will demand double the present price for their lines and franchises in ten years' time. Millions may be saved by an immediate purchase. The long-distance telephone lines should also be purchased. This is just as important as the telegraph lines, perhaps more important.

The long-distance lines of the Bell Telephone Company enable it to stifle competition in local telephone service and to prevent municipal ownership. This is the crux of the telephone question. The government might appoint a commission of experts to take evidence and give an unprejudiced opinion on this subject if sufficient data is not already available. The recent report of the British Post Office shows that its telephone business is increasing while its telegraph business is decreasing.

The growth of public opinion in favour of government ownership of monopolies of this character is quite noticeable. Thoughtful persons are convinced that economy and justice are only possible through such reforms; of course, much depends on wise, careful and long-sighted administration.



THE
BOVRIL
BONUS PICTURE

“The Leopard Skin”

FREE TO PURCHASERS OF BOVRIL

This beautiful Gravure is reproduced from the charming original Oil Painting by I. Snowman, Royal Academy Exhibition, 1903. It measures 29 x 18½ inches, and is printed on fine paper, 40 x 30, quite free from advertising matter. Circulars giving full information of coupon scheme will be found wrapped with every bottle.

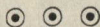
SAVE YOUR COUPONS

and see that you get one with each bottle purchased.

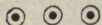
The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

**Will make you
STRONG**

As a strengthening tonic in declining health, or during recovery after exhausting illness, the effect of Horsford's Acid Phosphate is wonderful. It nourishes and strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite and digestion, and gives restful sleep.

It restores to the body nature's strengthening phosphates, a deficiency of which means general physical weakness, dyspepsia, headache and nervousness.

**Horsford's
Acid Phosphate.**

If your druggist can't supply you, send 25 cents to RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I., for sample bottle, postage paid.

Look to Your FOOD



Too much **STARCH** (in form of white bread, undercooked potatoes, etc.), **PASTE** (half-cooked cereals, soggy vegetables, etc.), **GREASE** (over-fat meats, fried foods, etc.), **COFFEE** (with its dangerous Caffein, etc.), these elements that make up the diet cause nine-tenths of human ails and only by change to proper food can these ails be cured. So long as the cause is there the effect will remain although, of course, you may cover it with medicine for a time.

Cut out the pasty, soggy, greasy, starchy foods, and tea and coffee, and get back to a natural diet, don't over-eat, be sure to chew your food thoroughly, some exercise, plenty fresh air, and soon all the joys of living will come back again, for you know there's no feeling in all the world half so fascinating as the glow of returning health, strength and vigor.

How?

Try this 10 days and note how much stronger you will feel in Body and Brain—keener, brighter and fit to keep up in the life race.

BREAKFAST of, say **A Little Fruit**, **Saucer of GRAPE-NUTS and Cream**,

A Little Toast, **A Soft Cooked Egg or Two**, **A Cup of Postum**

in place of tea or coffee. Surprising how far you can go on this simple meal yet be strong and feel well fed for the reason that **all the food elements are there**.

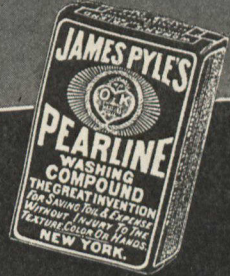
LUNCH on the same and no more till the evening meal.

Make **DINNER** the hearty meal, such meat as you prefer (some can't eat pork), good wholesome vegetables well cooked but not soggy, whole wheat bread or toast, dessert from some one of the **GRAPE-NUTS** recipes, (book in each package.)

This diet will put you on your feet again and for a sound scientific reason.

There is no charm like the glow of returning health; 10 days of the **GRAPE-NUTS** diet will prove it.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.



HARMLESS TO
ANYTHING
WASHABLE

Mild Soap

requires rubbing to
liberate the dirt.

Strong Soap

is caustic — it ruins
fabrics and hands.

Pearline

is less caustic than
a mild soap — its
cleansing properties
are harmless.

This shirt, in wear Four seasons of Eight months
each, looks good as new, tho' washed nearly 100
times with PEARLINE.

This underwear is Delicate, so maker advertises a
Mild soap in wash, and says the garment should then
last Two seasons. He now admits that

Pearline prolongs life of fabrics



HIGHEST GRADE

Yildiz

MAGNUMS

PURE EGYPTIAN

Cigarettes.

A Full Dollar's Worth Free

I will gladly give any sick one a full dollar's worth of my remedy to test. I ask no deposit—no promise. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. The dollar bottle is free.

I want no reference—no security. The poor have the same opportunity as the rich. The very sick, the slightly ill, invalids of years, and men and women whose only trouble is an occasional "dull day"—to one and all I say, "Merely write and ask." I will send you an order on your druggist. He will give you, free, the full dollar package.

My offer is as broad as humanity itself. For sickness knows no distinction in its ravages. And the restless patient on a downy couch is no more welcome than the wasting sufferer who frets through the lagging hours in a dismal hovel.

I want EVERYone, EVERYwhere to test my remedy.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically cer-

tain. The paragraphs below will show you the reason why.

In eighty thousand communities—in more than a million homes—Dr. Shoop's Restorative is known. There are those all around you—your friends and neighbors, perhaps—whose suffering it has relieved. There is not a physician anywhere who dares tell you I am wrong in the new medical principles which I apply. And for six solid years my remedy has stood the severest test a medicine was ever put to—I have said "If it fails it is free"—and it has never failed where there was a possible chance for it to succeed.

But this mountain of evidence is of no avail to those who shut their eyes and doze away in doubt. For doubt is harder to overcome than disease. I cannot cure those who lack the faith to try.

So now I have made this offer. I disregard the evidence. I lay aside the fact that mine is the largest medical practice in the world, and come to you as a stranger. I ask you to believe not to you as a stranger. I ask you to believe not to yourself. I offer to give you outright a full dollar's worth of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. No one else has ever tried so hard to remove every possible excuse for doubt. It is the utmost my unbounded confidence can suggest. It's open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief.

Inside Nerves!

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to control them. But go back to the nerves that seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well.

Many Ailments—One Cure

I have called these the inside nerves for simplicity's sake. Their usual name is the "sympathetic" nerves. Physicians call them by this name because each is in close sympathy with the others. The result is that when one branch is allowed to become impaired, the others weaken. That is why one kind of sickness leads into another. That is why cases become "complicated." For this delicate nerve is the most sensitive part of the human system.

Does this not explain to you some of the uncertainties of medicine—is not a good reason to your mind why other kinds of treatment may have failed?

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle here it on his shelves of my medicine which I not UNIFORMLY helpful? Could I AFFORD to do this if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

Simply Write Me

The first free bottle may be enough to effect a cure—but I do not promise that. Nor do I fear a loss of possible profit if it does. For such a test will surely convince the cured one beyond doubt, or disbelief, that every word I say is true.

The offer is open to everyone, everywhere. But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar laid before him. Write for the order to-day. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

For a free order for a full dollar bottle address Dr. Shoop, Box 25, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men.
Book 6 on Rheumatism

Mild cases are often cured with one or two bottles. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

"SEAL BRAND"

stands for everything that's best in Pure Coffee; it's a household word wherever coffee is used. Its enormous sale is a good indication of its popularity. The delightful flavour of this coffee is to be had in no other brand.

In 1 and 2 pound tins, sealed.

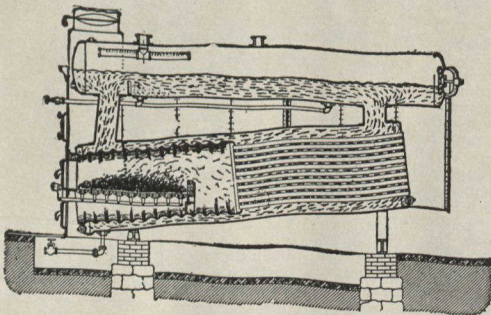
**"SEAL BRAND"
COFFEE**

**Chase & Sanborn
Montreal**



ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Internal Furnace Saves 10%



An externally fired boiler wastes fuel because of the radiation of heat from the outside of the brickwork and the leakage of cold air above the fire, which causes a double loss by heating the excess of air and by producing imperfect combustion.

In a Robb-Mumford internally fired boiler the heat is transmitted directly to the water, and air cannot get into the furnace except through the regular drafts. This makes a saving of at least 10 per cent.

Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Agents { William McKay, 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto.
Watson Jack & Company, Montreal.
J. F. Porter, 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

The fashionable Cloth for Fall and Winter Wear
will be

Priestley's
Panneau (Regd.)
and
Cloth
Cardono (Regd.)



and will be worn
by all the
best dressed
ladies the world
over.



SEE THE GOODS AT
ALL THE BEST DRY
GOODS STORES.

A Tailor-made Costume in "Panneau"
Face-cloth.

*"Master thinks I'm a dandy
at mixing cocktails."*



**CLUB
COCKTAILS**

YOU can do it
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

G. F. HEUBLEIN @ BRO.

HARTFORD LONDON
NEW YORK

When Requiring "ALCOHOL" Ask For

COLUMNIAN SPIRITS

IT IS AN ODORLESS ALCOHOL
AND CAN BE USED FOR ALL
EXTERNAL PURPOSES

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Manufactured by
The Standard Chemical Co. of Toronto

HEAD OFFICE
Manning Chambers, Toronto

EASTERN OFFICE
290 St. James St., Montreal

WAMPOLE'S
Yunora Perfume
Sweet Pea Blossoms

So true to nature that a bunch of the blossoms and a bottle of the perfume seem as one.

HENRY K. WAMPOLE & CO.
Manufacturing Chemists,
TORONTO, CANADA

HOW'S YOUR DYEING?

The habit of sending your dyeing and cleaning work to us regularly is one which once contracted you will never break away from. You can keep your suit or costume looking neat and dressy the year round by sending to us. The finest lace curtains

and draperies are handled successfully by us.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners

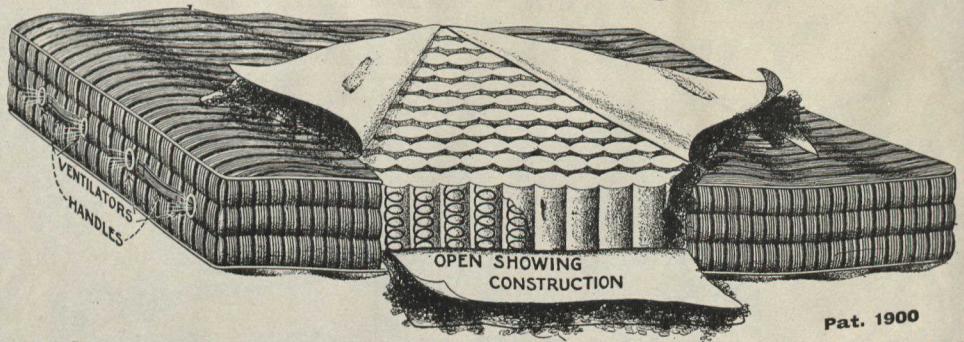
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BRANCHES—Montreal, London, Hamilton, Galt, St. Catharines,
Woodstock and Brantford.



The Marshall Sanitary Mattress



**You air your Blankets!
Why not air your Mattress?**

causes the fresh air to circulate through the whole mattress by means of the Ventilators.

Pure fresh air is the best known Germ Killer. The interior of the Marshall Mattress provides an air chamber in the centre. Every movement on it

The Marshall Mattress Airs Itself and is positively the Only Ventilated Mattress Made

Do not sleep on clammy, soggy cotton—it absorbs! Sleep on a clean, healthy, comfortable Marshall Sanitary Mattress that will not sag or get lumpy.

PRICES:

4 ft. 8 in.	\$25.00
4 ft. 6 in.	23.00
3 ft. 8 in.	21.00
3 ft. 6 in.	19.50
All 6 ft. 2 in. long.	\$1.00 extra in 2 pieces. Extra length or width, 50c. per inch.

Write for Free Catalogue and Testimonials

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.
Ltd.

TORONTO, CAN.

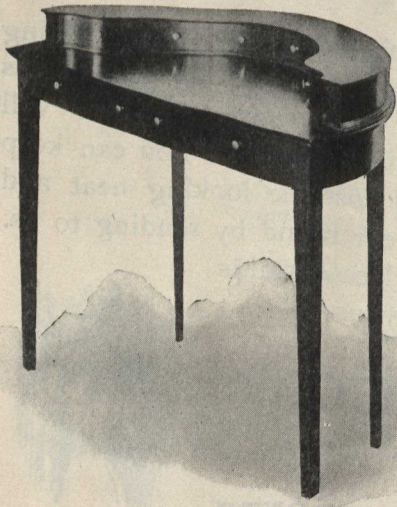
TERMS:

Sent prepaid same day money is received, subject to 30 days' trial. If not satisfactory return C.O.D. and get your money back. Guaranteed five years.

KAY'S

"CANADA'S GREATEST FURNITURE HOUSE"

KAY'S



SPLENDID FURNITURE

Our furniture is splendid from every point of view. In strength, durability, style and beauty our stock is unexcelled. The quality of the furniture handled by us has made this store the premier furniture store of the Dominion. Every style of modern and antique furniture can be had here at a minimum price. Out-of-town customers find our Mail Order system convenient and satisfactory.

Very choice selection of furniture suitable for Xmas Gifts.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., LIMITED 36-38 KING ST. WEST
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Rest Contented

NESTLÉ'S FOOD



NESTLÉ'S FOOD, because of its wonderful digestive and nourishing qualities, succeeds where all other foods fail.

It is so easily assimilated that it may be used from the time of the baby's birth, and once used it guarantees the baby's health and strength.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD nourishes always and **NESTLÉ** babies enjoy perfect health.

We will send a sample of this nourishing food, containing enough for several meals, and our book for mothers, free on request.

Our book for mothers says a little about **NESTLÉ'S FOOD**, but a great deal about the care of babies and young children.

THE LEEMING, MILES CO., Ltd., MONTREAL

Is Best for Babies



BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

MANUFACTURERS:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,
admirably adapted to the
wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly
used in the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

Everybody Says

"INDISPENSABLE"

THEY ARE CORRECT

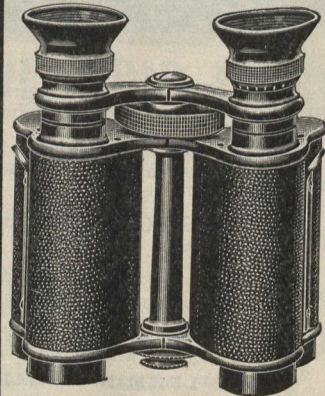


MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY

THE GEO. B. MEADOWS, Toronto
Wire, Iron and Brass Works Company, Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

Send for booklet, "Sleep Baby, Sleep."

Prismatic Binoculars



A Full Line
in Stock
made by
the well
known
House of

ROSS
Limited

of London
England

These are unexcelled by any other make, and
are now offered at prices lower than ever

8 power, \$37.70 and \$42.00


10 power, 45.00 and 49.30

12 power, 50.00 and 54.00

SEND FOR LEAFLET

CHARLES POTTER - - OPTICIAN
85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Awarded a Grand Prize at St. Louis.



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Christmas

A gift that yields satisfaction by the handful. Christmas giving should be genuine, so pass the imitation and choose Waterman's Ideal,—ideal indeed in every respect. If it isn't an "Ideal" it isn't a Waterman. Best dealers have full stocks. Exchangeable always. Send for illustrated catalogue of our gift pens, and ink filler.

L. E. Waterman Co.

173 Broadway, New York.

Exchanges and Repairs, Room 36, 107 St. James Street, Montreal.
12 Golden Lane, London, England.



Cupid:
 "YOU HAVE BEEN USING
 BABY'S OWN SOAP"
 Also."

FOR SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN AND FREEDOM FROM ROUGHNESS AND
 CHAPPING USE

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Pleasant to use, it has moreover been recommended by eminent medical men for over 25 years for delicate skins which ordinary soaps would injure.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs., Montreal.

PRINCESS SKIN FOOD

Has been successfully used by Canadian ladies for twelve years. It removes lines and wrinkles and restores a faded skin as nothing else can. Use Princess Skin Food and grow old-looking slowly and beautifully. Price \$1.50 postpaid.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Birthmarks, Ruptured Veins, etc., permanently eradicated by Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Skin and Scalp Diseases always cured. Send stamp for books. Consultation invited at office or by mail.

GRAHAM DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTION
 PHONE N. 1666 DEPT. D. 522 CAURCA ST.
 Toronto, Ont.

NATURE IMPROVED



Prices from \$20 to \$50 according to quality

That's just what applies to our creations in Hair Goods. Let it be either a

Wig, Toupee, Wave, Parted Pompadour, or Bang,

it's absolutely impossible for your most intimate friends to detect it. If you have been disappointed elsewhere, we advise you to give us an opportunity of demonstrating our superiority in that direction, not only as regards the workmanship, but

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER

than you pay for inferior work. We can suit you in any part of the Dominion just as well as visiting our store in Toronto.



Prices from \$20 to \$60 Toupees from \$15.00

"Armand's Instantaneous Hair Color Restorer," \$3.00 per box, or two for \$5
 "Capillierine" instantly removes Superfluous Hair—no mark or pain, \$2.00

Any description of Toilet Goods by mail or express, at Cut Prices. Drop a postal for our Catalogue.

Phone M. 2498

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO., TORONTO 431 Yonge - 2 Ann St.

This Aluminum Tea Kettle

has all the qualities that make this ware immeasurably superior to any other for kitchen use.

If the kettle boils dry it does not matter. Aluminum does not crack nor chip off. It never rusts. It is light to handle. It can be polished like silver. It is unequalled for gas fires.



The Price of Aluminum Goods is Greatly Reduced

Manufactured by THE CANADIAN ALUMINUM WORKS, Ltd.,

Office—13 St. John Street, Montreal

Factory and Foundry—Chambly Canton, P.Q.

Catalogues to the trade on application

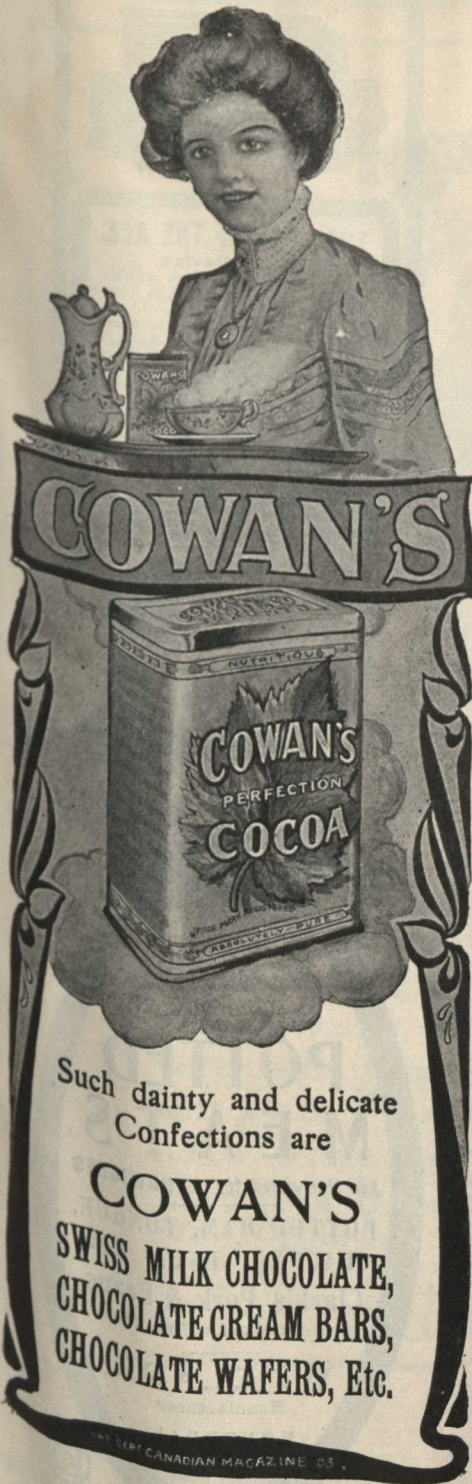
NORDHEIMER PIANOS.



Typify the Piano
perfection of the
age and possess
the tone quality
that lifts them
into a class by
themselves.

NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO. LIMITED TORONTO ONT.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL LEADING CITIES IN CANADA.

ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



COWAN'S

COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA

Such dainty and delicate
Confections are

COWAN'S
SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE,
CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,
CHOCOLATE WAFERS, Etc.

THE BEST CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
Beautifies
the Skin
No other cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 36 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's' Cream" as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stearn's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1.00 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

\$1.00 for 500 neatly printed
Business Cards, Note
Heads, Tickets, Bill
Heads, Statements or
Envelopes. Price list and samples free.
FRANK H. BARNARD, Printer
77 Queen St. East, Toronto.



TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1905

The undersigned will receive tenders up to noon on Monday, 21st inst., for supplies of butchers' meat, creamery butter, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, cordwood, etc., etc., for the following institutions during the year 1905, viz:—

At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Cobourg, Orillia and Penetanguishene; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

Exception—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the Asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Brockville, nor for the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

A marked cheque for five per cent. of the estimated amount of the contract, payable to the order of the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides. Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract, and should any tender be withdrawn before the contract is awarded, or should the tenderer fail to furnish such security, the amount of the deposit will be forfeited.

Specifications and forms of tender may be had on application to the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Toronto, or to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it.

J. R. STRATTON,
Provincial Secretary.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 14, 1904.



Careless
Navigation
Wrecks Ships
and
Careless
Habits
Wreck Teeth

Insure against the
wrecking of the
teeth by using

Wampole's
Formolid
Tooth Paste

Antiseptic in
action and
Delicious
in Flavor

The toilet equip-
ment of ladies or
gentlemen is not
complete without
some of it.

Put up in Collapsible Tubes, which are on
sale at Drug Stores only

Price, Twenty-five cents (25c.) each



THE DESK OF THE AGE.

Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable,
labor saving, economical, is found
in those we manufacture. In mat-
terial and construction, in finish
and utility, in durability and design
they lead all other makes. They
make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail.
**Canadian Office & School
Furniture Co., Limited.**

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
Office, School, Church and Lodge
Furniture.



CLARK'S
POTTED
MEATS

Are Unrivalled for SANDWICHES

POTTED HAM, TONGUE,
CHICKEN, ETC., ETC.

Clark's Pork & Beans

Are Delicious. Try Them

W. CLARK
Manufacturer
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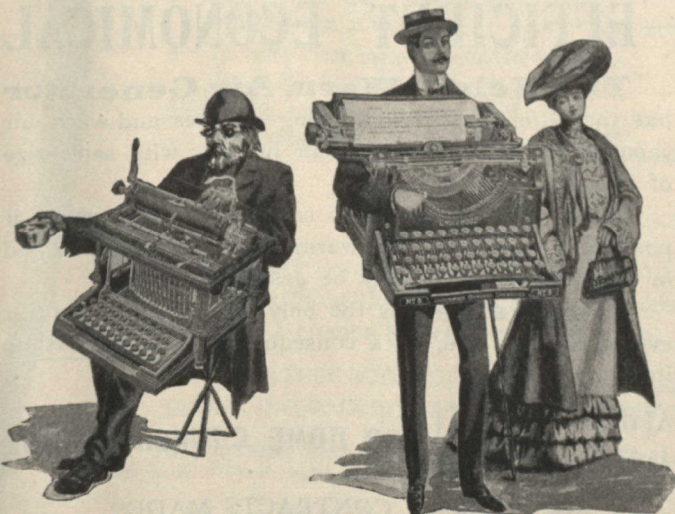
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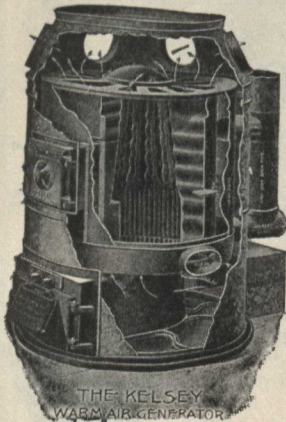
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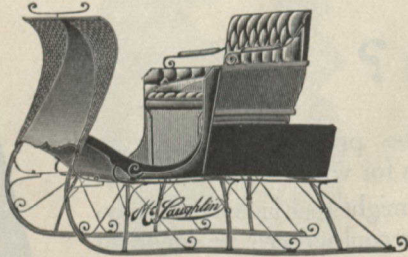
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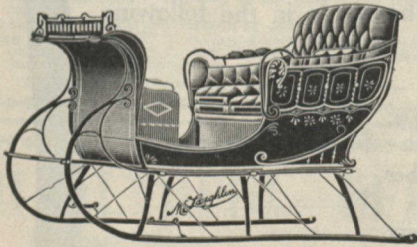
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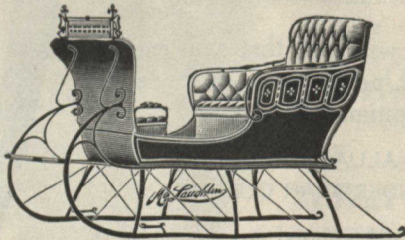
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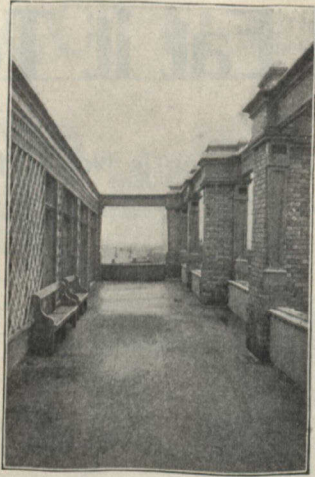
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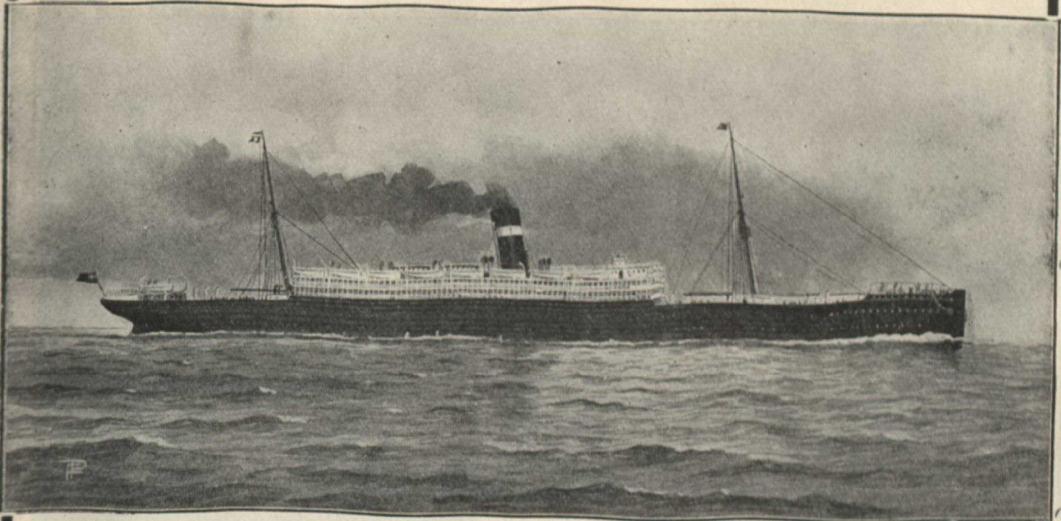
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8 "	SICILIAN	" 24 "	12.00 noon	" 26 "	

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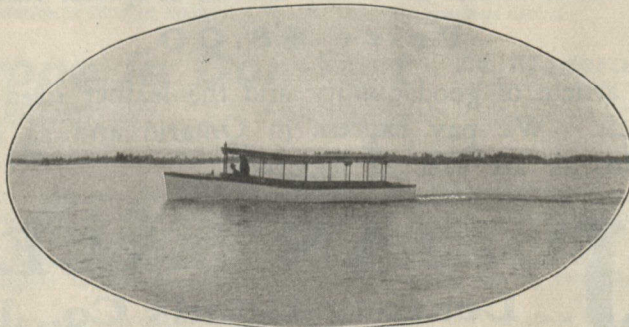
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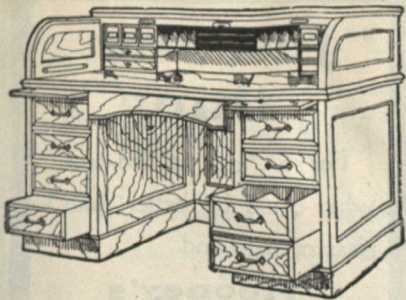
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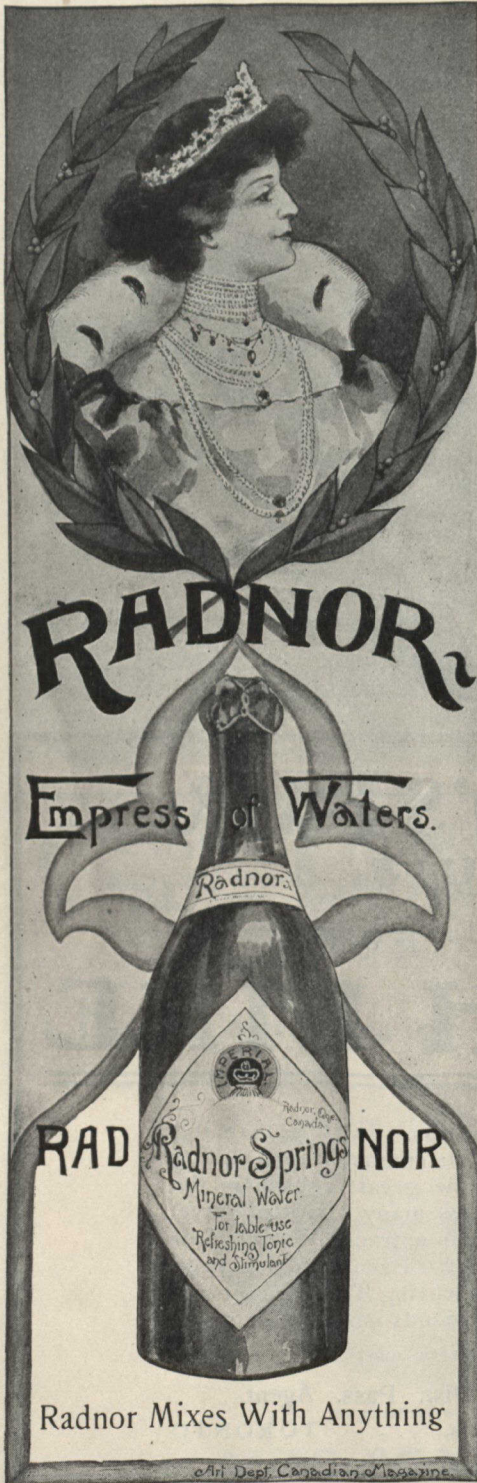
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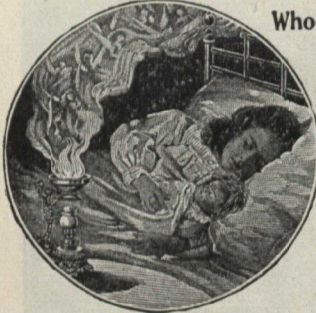
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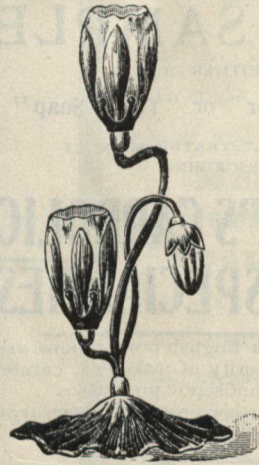


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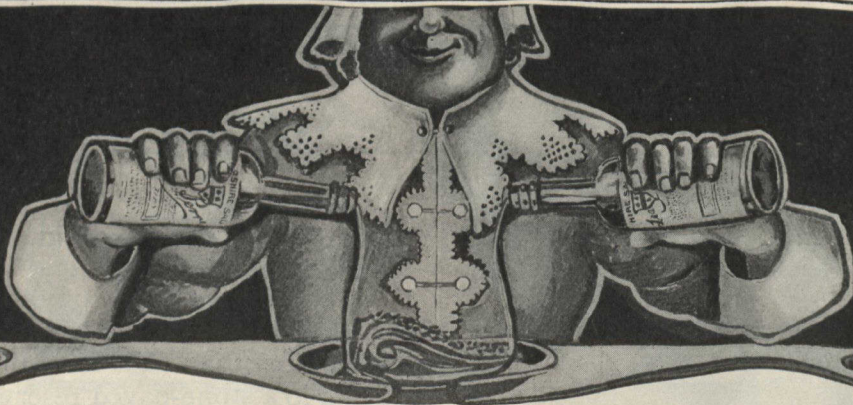
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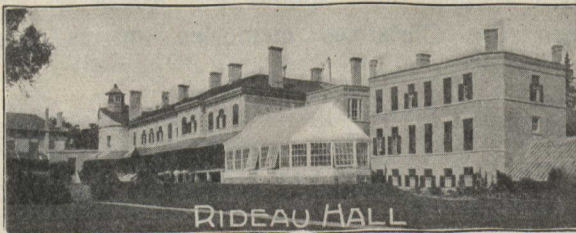
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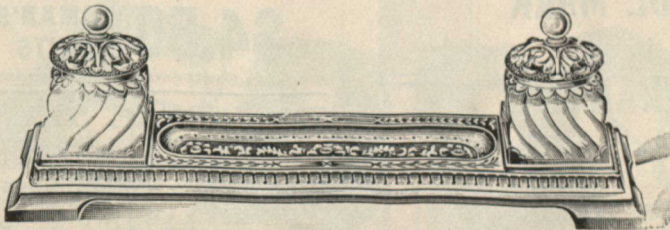
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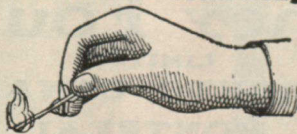
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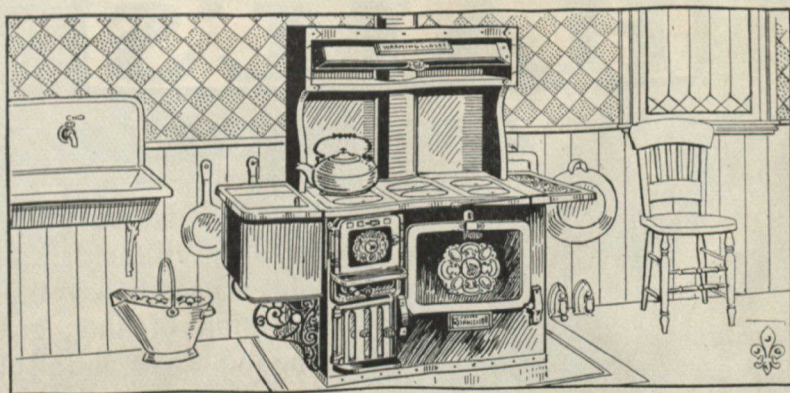
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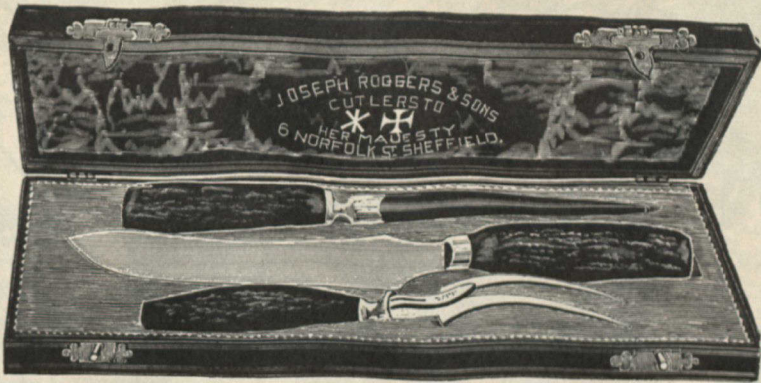
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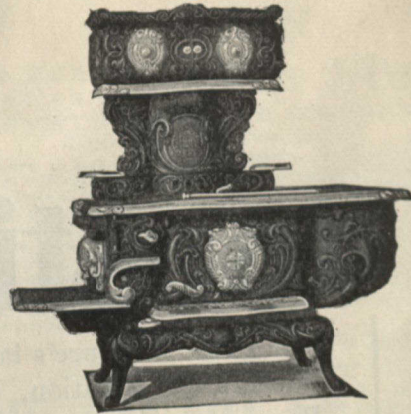


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Indelible and
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