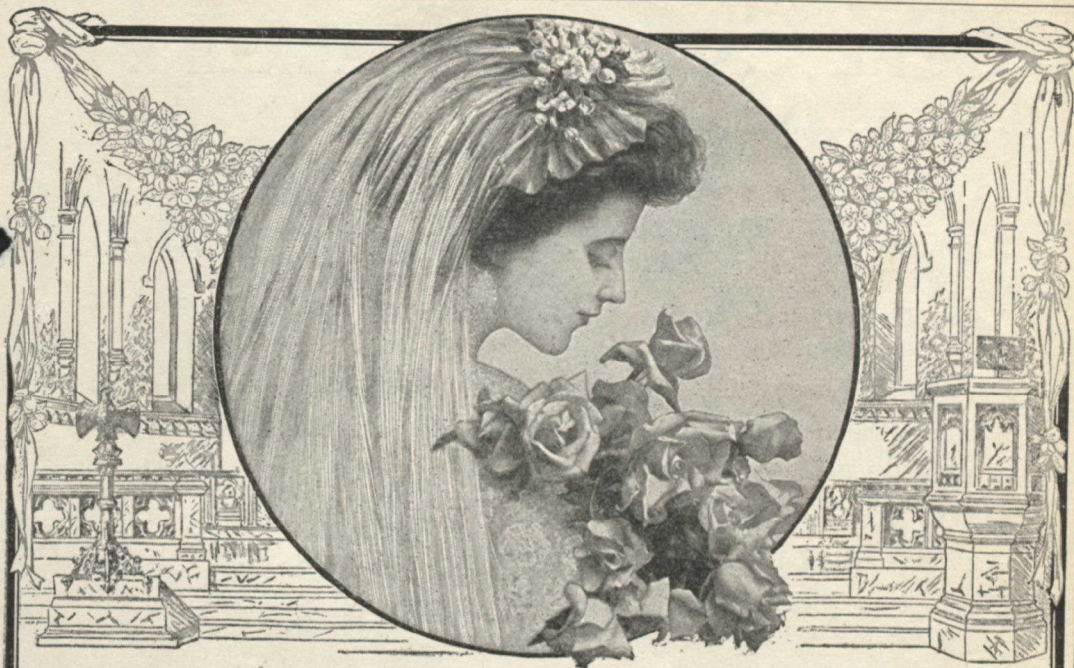


Pages Missing



Living Loveliness

In beauty of face, what appeals most directly and most intensely to our admiration is the beauty which glows and beams with life and animation—in a word, the beauty that is natural. A chief element in the realization of such beauty is a dainty complexion and the greatest aid to a lovely complexion is

Pears' Soap

This is such a universally accepted truth as to be almost proverbial. The most beautiful women of the last hundred and twenty years have declared it to be matchless for the complexion. Being all pure soap, possessing special emollient properties that soften, refine and beautify the skin, it is indisputably

The Beauty Soap of the World

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVII.

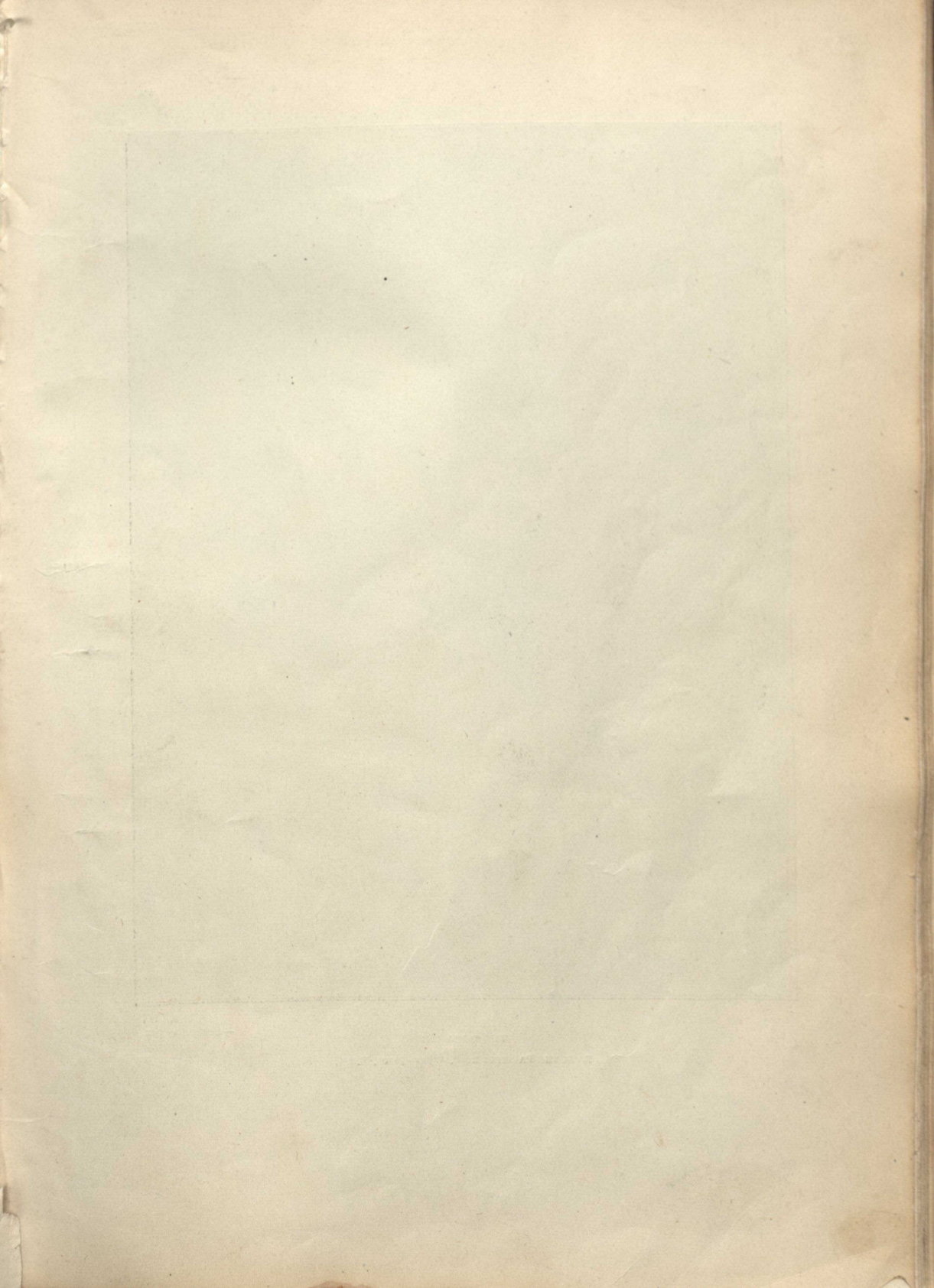
No. 2

CONTENTS, JUNE, 1911

The Dreamer PAINTING BY E. WYLY GRIER	FRONTISPIECE.
A Canadian Highway of Power ILLUSTRATED	CLAYTON M. JONES. 101
Possession. A Sonnet	HILDA RIDLEY 108
Running Thunder. A Story	THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS . 109
Our Printed Treasures	VICTOR MORIN 114
Sabres. A Tale of 1812	THOMAS STANLEY MOYER . . . 120
The Northland of 1900. A Poem	CARROLL C. AIKINS 124
Music of the Season ILLUSTRATED	KATHERINE HALE 125
Mrs. Milligan's Summer Idyll. A Story	LILIAN LEVERIDGE 134
To Night. A Poem	GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE . . 141
Railway Construction Up to Date	CY WARMAN 142
The Environment of Home ILLUSTRATED	ARTHUR E. SLATER 149
The Red Chamber	GEORGE CLARKE HOLLAND . . 156
E. Wyly Grier. An Appreciation REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS BY THE ARTIST	ERIC BROWN 165
John Galt, Novelist and Empire- Builder. WITH PORTRAIT	PROFESSOR WILLIAM T. ALLISON. 172
The Christening at Carter's. A Chronicle of Grumville	H. O. N. BELFORD 182
The Return. A Poem	BEATRICE REDPATH 189
The Way of Letters	BOOK REVIEWS 190
What Others Are Laughing At	CURRENT HUMOUR 194

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the colonies.
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The CANADIAN
MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Offices, 3 Regent St.,
London, S. W., 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.





THE DREAMER

—See page 165

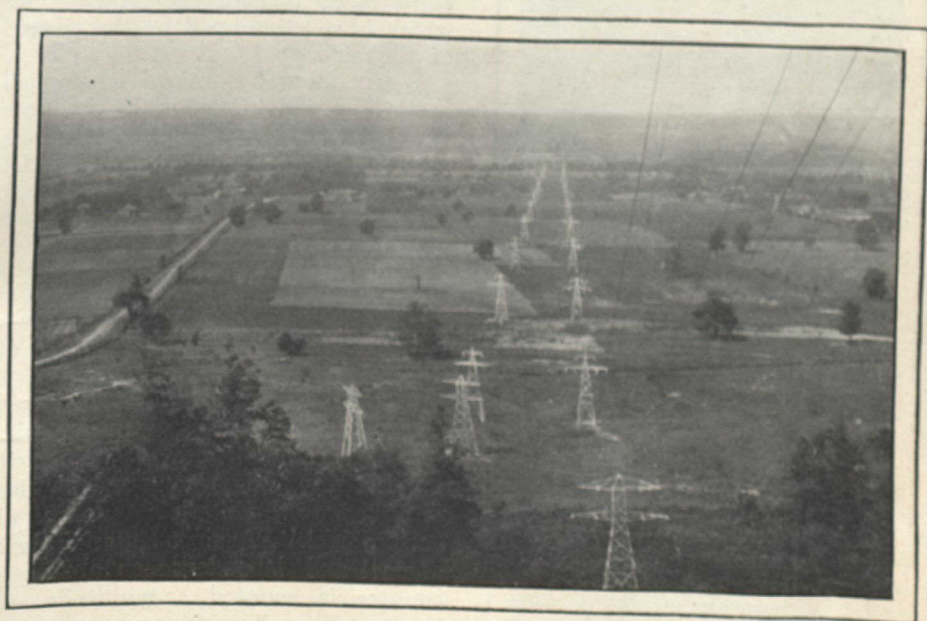
FROM THE PAINTING BY E. WYLY GRIER, R.C.A.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII

TORONTO, JUNE, 1911

No. 2



WHERE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER CROSSES THE BEAUTIFUL DUNDAS VALLEY

A CANADIAN HIGHWAY OF POWER

BY CLAYTON M. JONES

THE city of Berlin, Ontario, enjoys the distinction of being the first city in the world to receive electric energy transmitted over one hundred miles at the great pressure or potential of 110,000 volts. The city signalled the completion of the greatest public undertaking in the history of

the Dominion of Canada by a three days' celebration, when Niagara power was officially turned on over the lines of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission on October 11, 1910. Myriads of electric lamps were strung along the main thoroughfare, among the electric arches and signs, with the effect that

the town suddenly became a real electric city. Prominent American and Canadian manufacturers had on hand a fine display of the most modern of electrical devices, including power supplies, heating and cooking apparatus, all operated by the far-off source of power.



MR. P. W. SOTHMAN
ENGINEER OF THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC COMMISSION

If a man should calmly appropriate the air above the city of Toronto as a highway and sail merrily over the city, seated on an aggregation of twigs and canvas, with a sixty horse-power motor chugging along behind, the whole city would be startled. That is because the new and wonderful aeroplane is something which they can see and comprehend. It excites their imagination, and they go back to work with strained necks, thinking what a great creature man is anyway and how glad they are that they belong to the race. It is the same way with the locomotive or the traction car, but when it comes to using

the ether which permeates the same atmosphere in which our aviator is recklessly gliding; when it comes to utilising this something which exists in the atmosphere as a medium for the transportation of power, in the shape of wireless messages, or by sending it shooting through the ether, directed by hundreds of miles of wire to do the work of a city far away, then in some manner the very intangibility and wonderfulness of the achievement make it miss the imagination, which is so stimulated by the advent of the air-man.

When human brains accomplish something which materially reduces the cost of living, which makes necessities out of luxuries, and helps to lift the burden of drudgery from the back of a race, like the newly-invented cotton picker for the South, or the transportation of tremendous power at a great pressure for hundreds of miles for the North, then individual achievement becomes of direct benefit and of great importance to the race.

Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P., member of the Hydro-Electric Commission, in a recent address, pointed out impressively the present and future importance of Ontario's supply of "white coal." Against Ontario's lack of coal and dependence on a foreign country is counted a multitude of large and small water-powers, aggregating 7,231,787 horse-power. The cash value of this energy, estimated on the basis of three dollars a ton for coal, would be \$180,000,000. The magnitude of this is appreciated by a comparison with the total crop output of Ontario, which for 1908 was \$164,077,282. An estimate of the saving that may be effected by Hydro-Electric development, as distinguished from the aggregate value of the development, is based on a difference of twenty dollars a year for every horse-power between the cost of coal and the cost of water-power. This estimate gives \$60,000,000 as the possible aggregate annual saving.

As to present development, Honourable Clifford Sifton, Chairman of the National Conservation Commission, estimates the aggregate at 514,890 horse-power for Ontario, which saves the Province from importing, according to his equivalent, 7,285,000 tons of coal. Mr. McNaught's estimate is lower than the Honourable Mr. Sifton's. He places the total at 232,000 horse-power, which is quite sufficient to impress us as to the present, as well as the future importance of this source of wealth.

It is estimated that the United States is now selling to Canadians \$750,000 worth of products every business day in the year. This trade has attracted many American manufacturers, who have set up branch works in the Dominion, with investments in plants and working capital that now total about \$275,000,000. In the Canadian West cities and towns are bidding for American enterprises by the establishment of municipal leagues and bureaus, through which advertising campaigns are vigorously pursued. Winnipeg is an example of what can be accomplished by united efforts of this nature in the development of its great water-power resources for the attraction of American industries. Four years ago that city formed an official institution, composed of representatives of several business bodies, headed by the City Council, Board of Trade, Bankers' Association, etc., and entitled the Winnipeg Development and Industrial Bureau. It now has representatives of sixteen business bodies on its Board of Directors, with 8,700 affiliated members, of whom 425 are business firms, who contribute to its finances.

With a view to investigating the possibilities of obtaining cheaper electrical power, a movement was started by a number of prominent manufacturers in Western Ontario, and from the interest created the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario came into existence. In 1905 it was

incorporated by the Legislature and power was given to construct for the transmission and supply of energy.

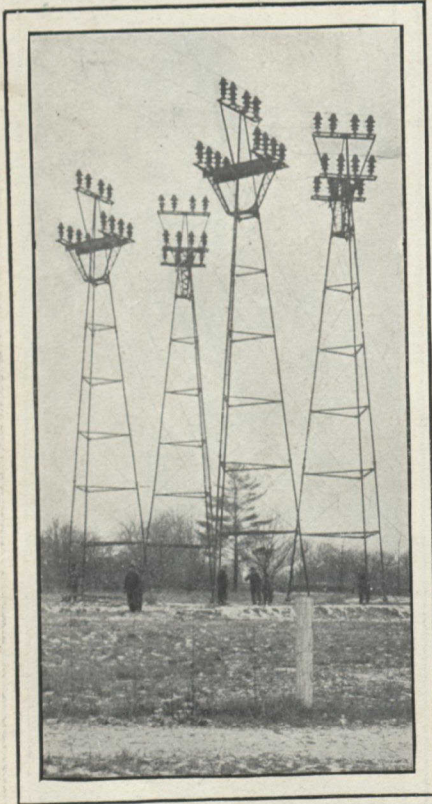


THE HONOURABLE ADAM BECK,
CHAIRMAN OF THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC COMMISSION

March, 1908, saw the completion of an agreement between the Commission and the Ontario Power Company, of Niagara Falls, which latter company agreed to supply up to 100,000 horse-power, at 12,000 volts, and to be paid at the rate of \$9.40 an annual horse-power for the first twenty-

five thousand horse-power and nine dollars thereafter.

Preliminary surveys were made for a transmission line, taking in the cities and towns of Western Ontario,



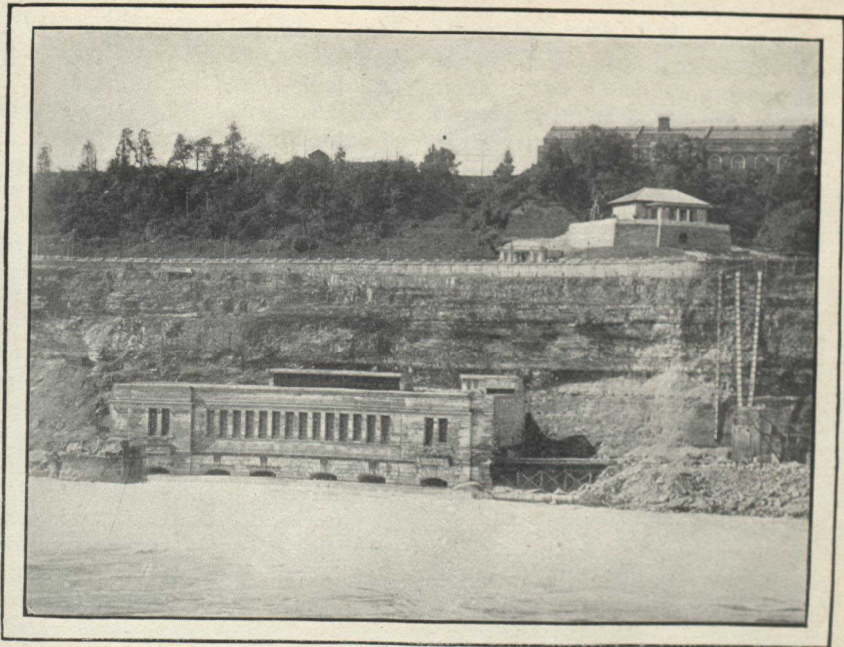
THE HIGHWAY OF POWER

which had contracted with the Commission for a supply of power, and thus was the beginning of the greatest and longest power transmission undertaking in the history of mankind. It was first the intention of the engineers to transmit the power from Niagara Falls at 60,000 volts, three-phase, and with a frequency of twenty-five cycles, but subsequently it was decided to raise the voltage to 110,000. Twelve stations were constructed in all: Step-up transformer station at Niagara Falls, step-down station at Toronto, main-interswitch-

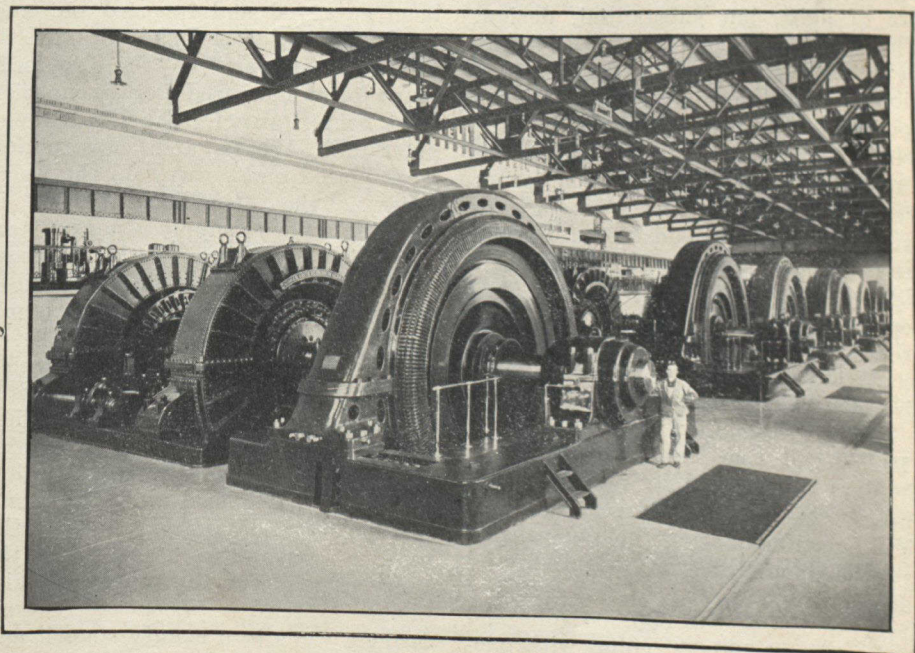
ing station at Dundas, and inter-switching and transformer stations at Guelph, London, Preston, Berlin, Stratford, St. Mary's, Paris, and Woodstock.

In conjunction with the power lines, which are practically double-circuited throughout, a telephone system has been installed paralleling the transmission line. The telephone line also carries a protective relay system, which, in the event of any lines becoming broken, grounded or short circuited, automatically cuts off the high-voltage circuit. This is effected by a balanced system of currents, which become disturbed, causing a current to flow when trouble of any nature strikes the line, instantaneously disconnecting each end of the dangerous section.

The contracts of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission called for the building of 300 miles of 110,000-volt transmission line, energy to be bought from the Ontario Power Company at Niagara Falls, and to be distributed by means of the high-voltage circuits to Toronto, Hamilton, London, St. Thomas, and intermediate points in this part of the Province of Ontario. The line has required about 500 tons of aluminum cables, and about 7,500 tons of steel has been used in some 3,200 towers. It starts from the transforming station at Niagara Falls, where the voltage is increased from 12,000 volts to 110,000 volts. The initial installation was for 30,000 kilowatts. From Niagara Falls the line extends in a north-westerly direction about fifty miles to Dundas, at which point it divides. One line about forty miles long extends in an easterly direction to Toronto, while two others go westerly to London; the northern of the latter two branches covers about 120 miles, and the southern about seventy-five miles. From London the line proceeds westerly to St. Thomas, about fourteen miles. An additional extension to Windsor, about 100 miles, has been subsequently made.



ONTARIO POWER COMPANY'S WORKS, FROM GOAT ISLAND



WHERE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER IS GENERATED AT NIAGARA FALLS

The poles are galvanised steel angle iron towers, spaced at a distance of 550 feet, and on curves of 100 feet. The towers are fixed in the ground by means of framed steel anchored six feet below the surface. The height of the towers is sixty-five feet, except over the Welland Canal, where one hundred and fifty feet clearance was allowed for the passage of vessels. The insulators are of the disk suspension type, five disks being employed for each conductor, which is of **stranded aluminum wire**. On the highest point of the towers is arranged a grounded cable for lightning protection.

Numerous legal actions, which have hindered the operations of the Commission, have been gradually cleared out of the way sufficiently to allow the successful completion of this great project.

In laying out their lines, the engineers have paralleled the roadways as much as possible, and all the crossways are protected by mesh construction. The towers used in this work are of light, but substantial, design. They were thoroughly tested before being finally adopted by the Commission. The normal span between towers on the level is 550 feet. The whole tower line is about 276 miles long, and approximately 3,000 towers were required for the work of construction. At the end of the Toronto **line difficulty was met in obtaining a right-of-way into the city**, and, as a result, the engineers were forced to erect twenty towers along the waterfront, and these were placed on massive concrete piers.

To provide insulators for the 110,000-volt line was no small task. Tenders were called for and manufacturers were asked to meet the most rigid specifications. The suspension type of insulator was adopted, and these were required to withstand a dry potential test of 330,000 volts and a wet test of 220,000 volts, with one-half inch of rain a minute at a 45-

degree angle, toward the insulator. The strain insulators, transpositions and long spans were compelled to stand a strain of 10,000 pounds without breaking.

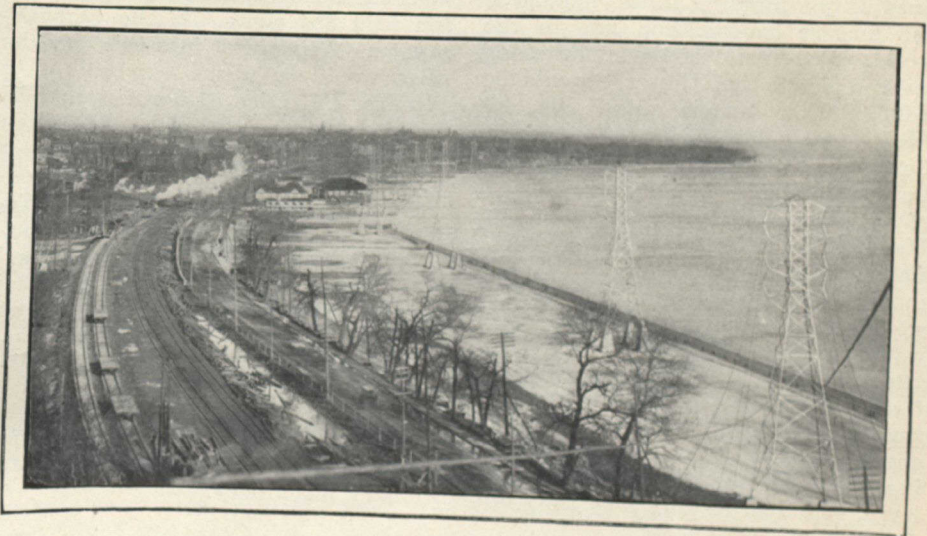
The test showed unmistakably that power would be safely transmitted at the high voltage, which was 55,000 volts higher than the regular 110,000 volts pressure of the line when in continuous operation by the Commission. This test indicated that power could be transmitted and supplied to the various municipalities at a price much lower than was furnished in the estimate made by the Commission some years ago.

The work of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario extends over a wide area. The completion of the lines in Western Ontario will soon be an accomplished fact. Other parts of the Province are, however, clamouring for the Commission's supervision of water-powers. Already the Hydraulic Department has estimated the water-power resources of the Province. Storage areas have been surveyed and reported on, and in the case of Dog Lake, situated in the northern part of the Province, plans for an increased storage capacity have been drawn for the Department of Public Works and construction work placed under way. In the East, Ottawa, the Canadian capital, is securing a power supply at a comparatively low rate through the interests of the Commission, while many other towns are making application for similar service.

In a recent address the Honourable Adam Beck, Chairman of the Hydro-Electric Commission, announced that the Commission would supply Hydro power at cost to every community that wanted it. He said that the Commission would, in supplying the smaller consumers, operate on the same principle as the municipal telephone system. Whenever twenty farmers went to a county council and requested the erection of a distribution

line, the Commission would erect the low-tension lines, tapping the main transmission high-voltage lines and construct the low-tension feeders to the residences of the farmers, would

cents, or even three cents. The Honourable Mr. Beck said that at $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents a kilowatt hour London was receiving the cheapest electric lighting in America. He expected that by the



WHERE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER ENTERS TORONTO, ALONG THE WATERFRONT.

pay off the cost of construction of low-tension lines in the same manner as paying for a local improvement, retiring the indebtedness at the end of fifteen or twenty years.

On December 20, 1910, the city streets of London were officially lighted with Niagara energy, the current being turned on at the Armoury by the Honourable Mr. Beck, in the presence of thousands of citizens. Chairman Alderman Pollock, of the Water Commission, said that London had then a rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents a kilowatt hour, cutting the former price of electric current in half, and giving London the distinction of being the cheapest rated city in Canada. There were 2,800 customers, who last year paid \$70,000 for their power. The civic water board had about 12,000 customers, and if as many could be obtained in London for the hydro-electric power, he felt that it would be possible to reduce the rate to four

first of the year the Commission would be able to take up the question of individual lighting and wiring of houses in London. The Commission had a surplus of \$25,000 over the first estimate of the cost of installing hydro-electric power in London. The formal lighting of the city's streets with Niagara energy was made the occasion of an electrical exhibition at the Armoury, where a number of interesting exhibits were made by various electrical firms in Canada.

On December 21 the Honourable J. S. Hendrie, member of the Commission, pressed the button at Hamilton which turned on the Niagara power. Immediately the pumps of the water-works system began to work, the motors began to run, and the lights began to burn. The ceremony of turning on the Commission's power at Hamilton was made the occasion of a large gathering of prominent citizens and manufacturers, concluding with

a special banquet in the evening.

The principal speech was made by the Honourable Mr. Beck. He said that the Commission's transmission line was 376 miles long, with tributary lines of one hundred miles, making it the longest transmission line in the world. Opponents of the undertaking had predicted that the cost would be \$10,000,000, but it was built for \$3,500,000. He said that the De Cew Falls station of the Cataract Power Company would be incapable of supplying the power needed for Hamilton, but the supply at Niagara Falls would be exhausted by the demand throughout Ontario, so that it would be necessary to develop other water-powers. Hamilton had large interests and cheap electric power before the Hydro-Electric Commission was organised, but it did not enjoy as cheap rates for street and house lighting and small power users as it should have, so it had benefited by the Com-

mission already, since the Commission afforded legitimate competition. London, although three times as far away from the source of supply as Hamilton, had a rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents a kilowatt hour for house lighting, while Hamilton paid $8\frac{1}{2}$ cents. If the Commission put their power into this city the rates would be about $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents. At Windsor the price of power would be reduced by ten per cent. Hamilton may share the advantages of that price by taking a co-operative contract. The down-town streets of Toronto are now brilliantly and beautifully lighted by Niagara power, and thus the greatest transmission and power-harnessing feats in the history of mankind has been accomplished.

The next departure will be the distribution and use of electrical energy on farms in Old Ontario. It will be used for heating, lighting, and for running machinery, especially stationary machinery.

POSSESSION

BY HILDA RIDLEY

GO from me, dear, and b'lieve there is no dole,
 No grudging gift of gratitude to ay;
 But though I am too wise to bid thee stay,
 My mark is dyed so deep into thy soul,
 That when at last thou dost attain thy goal,
 I shall, unseen, have helped thee on the way,
 Lest peradventure thou shouldst go astray,
 And in the dust thy pride and beauty roll.
 For, dear, 'tis vain, thou canst not hide from me
 And grope, blind and unaided toward the light.
 My life, inweaved in thine, must work in thee
 (Canst thou not see how useless is thy flight?)
 Until the day break and the shadows flee,
 We twain are bound together through the night.

RUNNING THUNDER

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE RED FEATHERS," "COMRADES OF THE TRAIL," ETC.

RUNNING THUNDER'S trapping country stretched from the Push-and-cuss Rapids on Little Beaver to Pipe Pond, eastward to the Kettebec and westward to the Lost Barrens. His father and his grandfather before him had taken toll of that wilderness.

Pierre Lacrosse came into Running Thunder's country in October and built a shack on Little Beaver, beside the rapids that were long ago christened "Push-and-cuss" by some weary and exasperated voyager. He brought with him a little boy of about four years of age, provisions, a few traps, and a rifle. That was surely a desolate spot to select for a long winter's residence—so desolate that a man might sit among the spruces that overhang the rapids from year's-end to year's-end and not catch so much as a glimpse or sound of a brother human. It suited Pierre, however—a safe retreat in which to care for the child; the solace of nature for his aching heart; and the means of an honest livelihood lurking, soft-footed, on every side.

The child's name was also Pierre, but the father, though a French half-breed, always gave him his name in English. "Little Peter" he called him—the name the blue-eyed English mother had given him. The woman had died in August, after a year of suffering. Pierre had nursed her tenderly and steadfastly throughout those bitter months, giving up his work so that he might devote all his

time to her; and when it was over, broken and impoverished, he had borrowed enough money to outfit for a winter's trapping and had come to the Little Beaver country with his son and his memories. Now he lived for nothing else in the world but little Peter.

So vast was the region that it was mid-winter before Running Thunder learned that a stranger was trapping in his thickets and along his frozen water-ways. Striking further afield than usual one February morning, he happened upon Pierre's trail. The marks of the racquets in the snow were as easily read by Running Thunder as a printed page by a scholar of books. In the big, white type he saw much of interest; but the information that touched him most (and this was given by the shallowness of the imprints in the snow) was that the stranger travelled without a load. Now a man who tramps the wilderness in mid-winter, when all the water-ways are frozen, with neither a sledge at his heels or a load on his back, must have his headquarters somewhere near at hand. The unknown was not a chance traveller then, but a trapper—a taker of furs in Running Thunder's own country! Realisation of this fact brought anger, like the shadow of a flame, to the young man's dark eyes. He cleared his rifle from its woollen case and set off at a brisk trot along the stranger's tracks.

It was close upon noon when Run-

ning Thunder at last caught sight of Pierre Lacrosse. Pierre was moving slowly, and turned in a flash at the first sound of pursuit. Running Thunder halted, too—for the stranger held a rifle, uncased, in the hollow of his arm.

"This my country! How you come here?" asked Running Thunder, in such French as he knew.

"Your country?" returned the half-breed. "How much did you pay Mister Laurier for it?"

"I tell you, all this is my trapping-country! You make a joke now; but perhaps you stop joking pretty soon!"

The jeering expression left Pierre's face and a darker, steadier look took its place. "Unless you have the deeds of this land," he said, "I have as much right to take fur in it as you have. I am a Canadian, and this land belongs to the Canadian Government, and the furs in it belong to the man who takes them."

"You talk mighty big," retorted the other, "but if you don't go from here you maybe find that Running Thunder can do more than talk."

"I'll not go!" replied Pierre. "I am settled here for the winter, so here I stay!"

Running Thunder was not an unkind young man at heart, but now the nasty side of his temper was inflamed. He did not like to be defied by a stranger, here in the middle of his own stamping-ground. He would teach the bold half-breed a lesson.

"You stay till the new moon and Running Thunder kill you!" he said. "You pack out before the new moon and you still live!"

"I'll not move for you, nor for your whole damn tribe!" cried Pierre. "I have as good a right as you to take fur in this country, and I am settled here; so here I stay!"

"Till one night before the new moon," said Running Thunder.

"Till I'm very well ready to move!" retorted Pierre.

They glared at each other in angry silence for several seconds. Then Running Thunder said, "You talk too big! All this my trapping-country! What I care about the Government 'way in here? You get out before the new moon!"

"I can't," began Pierre, but pride and anger got the better of his sudden anxiety, and, without another word, he turned his back to the Indian and continued his interrupted journey.

Running Thunder gazed after the half-breed with something like admiration changing the light in his angry eyes. He was brave, this poacher! Only a brave man (or a downright fool) would thus turn his back on an armed enemy and walk slowly away. So the young man stood motionless and stared after Pierre's retreating form until the leafless branches of the maples hid it from his view. Then he turned and went back along the double trail.

Pierre Lacrosse arrived at his shack above the snow-shrouded rapids within an hour of leaving his new-found enemy. He had travelled the four miles as in an evil dream, his heart aching dully, his mind bitterly occupied with this new and unexpected trouble. As he had said, it was impossible for him to move out of this country—he could not afford either the time or expense required for the building of another shack, and he dared not expose Little Peter to the cold and fatigue of a mid-winter journey; but he realised now the danger of defying Running Thunder. He should have thrown himself upon the young man's mercy and not talked so hotly about his rights. He could not afford to move, but, on the other hand, could he now afford to stay? He cursed the anger and mad pride that had inspired him to make an enemy of the young trapper. If he stayed he must either shed human blood or let his own life be taken! And if he were killed, what was to

become of Little Peter, the child of his heart?

That night, as Pierre Lacrosse lay awake in his bunk, with the boy sleeping quietly beside him, an idea came to his tortured mind that promised a way out of his desperate position. He would pocket his pride, go to Running Thunder's shack and beg him to let him remain in the country until spring. He would tell him about Little Peter. He would surely soften the young man's heart if there were any heart at all to soften. He felt convinced that no man, red or white, could hear of Little Peter and remain merciless. He did not know where Running Thunder lived, but he would start early, along the trail of yesterday, and track him down.

Pierre Lacrosse was astir before the first hint of the winter dawn. He lit the fire, put the kettle on to boil, carried in a dozen armfuls of wood from the stack outside and brought up two pails of water from the hole in the crusted rapids. Then he dressed Little Peter. He told the child that he had to go farther to-day than usual, and that he might not get home before sun-down. Little Peter accepted the fact bravely, but his round eyes grew dim with a sudden moisture that defied his will. At that sight the father's heart began to slacken in its courage. Suddenly, the thought of leaving the child alone in the cabin, in that huge and desolate wilderness, for a long, long day seemed a monstrous thing. But it must be done! This was a safe place, and the little fellow was brave. Yes, he was brave! He was one to try to hide his tears, like a full-grown man. This added to the pity of it.

They sat very close together while they ate their breakfast by candle light. Enough food was cooked to last the child for the day, and wood and water were handy. Dawn was breaking through the gloomy tree-tops when Pierre kissed Little Peter

and left the cabin. His snow-shoes were on his feet and his rifle uncased in his hand. He heard the door shut behind him and the wooden latch drop into place. He stepped aside to the small window and tapped upon it with his mittened hand. The little boy came, his eyes abrim with tears, and pressed his lips against the pane, and the man stooped and pressed his against the outside of the glass. Then the father turned and strode away into the shadowy forest.

The wilderness shows a bland face to her parasites, but the old menaces remain, unchanged since the first days, ever ready to strike. Men go up and down in the forests for years, mastering the rapids and the snowy trails and taking toll of wood and barren-land, and when one of the lurking hands strikes at last they call it "chance." But Pierre Lacrosse had an imagination, and so feared the bland wilderness. To-day, as he moved away from the cabin that sheltered his child, every sense was alert for a hint of danger. He knew that the wilderness does not strike only when she frowns—that a man may win safe through her snarling rapids, only to come to grief in the quiet waters below. She has queer, terrible tricks, and often strikes a man through his own hand, by the glance of an axe-blade or the twist of a sinew.

The sun came up clear above the eastern hills, shone in a blue sky for an hour and then grew dim. Pierre halted, and gazed on all sides and overhead. He smelt snow in the still air. By this time he had travelled far on Running Thunder's trail of the day before and was in a country new to him. His anxiety for the little boy alone in the distant cabin grew, and in the same mental process his fear of Running Thunder's wrath faded away. What if he were to go astray in the storm that was brewing and wander for days before regaining the shack? How Little

Peter would suffer as the night drew on! Fear might kill him or drive him mad!

Suddenly and silently, snow began to circle down out of the brooding sky. "So!" exclaimed Pierre. "I have done my best! Then I must be quick of hand and eye on the night of the new moon." He turned and struck out swiftly on the back trail. The circling flakes weaved a curtain of mystery and silence around him. He thought of the hidden menaces of the wilderness, and his heart ached again for Little Peter. He pictured him in the darkening cabin, crouched close to the hearth, crying quietly. It was for the child he suffered!—for himself, it was a matter to laugh at! Had he nothing but his own safety to consider he would simply press forward until the trail vanished in the new snow and then make camp until the storm was over. He had spent many a night under the winter sky, his bed a trench in the drifted snow. But now he changed his long stride to a trot, determined to win back to familiar landmarks before the prints of the racquets were entirely obliterated. This would require no great skill or endurance; but anxiety for Little Peter, unnerving him and flustering his wits, made it look a desperate undertaking.

Vastly to his relief, Pierre Lacrosse arrived in safety at his shack about mid-afternoon. The snow was still circling down, unstirred by any wind, filling the breathless gloom with a frail, million-footed rustling that was audible to the spirit, rather than the ear. Pierre sounded the familiar signal on the door, and was answered by a quick, glad cry. The latch was lifted. Striding in, snow-cloaked and with the snow-banked racquets still on his feet, he let his rifle fall clattering to the floor and lifted his son in his hungry arms. The night of the new moon, only two days distant, was forgotten.

On the night of the new moon the

light over the wilderness was shimmering and dim. The high stars, glinting above a scarcely perceptible haze of frost, cast a tangled, subdued radiance across the forest spires. Running Thunder slipped out of the shimmer and shadow of the spruces, quiet himself as a shadow, and stole across the narrow clearing to Pierre Lacrosse's shack. He carried his rifle in his hand, with cartridges in the magazine and one in the breech, but indecision was stirring in his heart. He saw firelight, like a red shadow, wavering on the frosted panes of the tiny window. He crept along the side of the shack, high on the drifted snow, and laid his ear to the frame of the window. He could hear nothing. He drew back a little and pulled one of his heavy, fur-lined mittens from his hand. "I must get him mad," he reflected, "and I must get mad myself. I can't shoot him in cold blood, like I would a porcupine."

He tapped on the frosted pane with his bare fingers, then held the empty mitten against the glass, keeping his hand behind the frame. A rifle *whanged* viciously! The mitten flew from his fingers and tinkling fragments of glass fell inwards to the floor.

In the startled, ringing silence that followed, Running Thunder smiled grimly. "He has taken first shot! Now it is my turn!" he muttered. Still kneeling, still smiling grimly, he turned toward the end of the shack in which the one door was situated. His victim would soon be out to ascertain the result of his quick shot. He waited, the muzzle of his rifle advanced, his thumb on the hammer, his forefinger on the trigger. Then a surprising, disconcerting sound caught his ear—the sound of a child crying and the voice of the half-breed striving to comfort. Light came to him in a flash. But why had the stranger not told him about the papoose that day they met on the trail? He continued to kneel, quiet and

motionless, listening at the shattered window, but the cruel smile was gone from his lips. He could hear the man's low, pleading voice and the half-stifled sobs of the child.

"It was only a wolf that I fired at," said the man. "I saw him look in at the window, and I had to shoot quick, for he was a cruel wolf and meant to hurt us. So don't cry, Little Peter. The wolf has gone."

Running Thunder nodded his head as he listened. "He is right," he reflected. "He could not go away to a new country this time of year with the little pappoose. So he tried to shoot me before I could shoot him. That was right. But he should have told me about the child at first and not talked so big about his rights."

Again he put his hand to the window and tapped on the glass. The voice of the man ceased on the instant, but the sobbing of the child continued. "The wolf has gone away," said Running Thunder, clearly. "He has gone away and will not hurt you."

"Are you the devil himself?" cried the man within the shack.

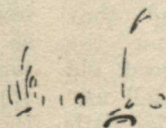
"The devil has gone—out of my heart," replied the other. "He has gone—with the wolf you tried to shoot. The voice of the child sent him away. I did not know of the child. So put down your rifle, for I do not mean to hurt you."

"Do you try to trick me?" asked Pierre. "Remember, I fight for my son! My life is his life—so I shoot quick!"

"I speak truth," replied Running Thunder. "See! I drop my rifle through the broken window. Now I can do you no harm."

"But you came to kill me," said Pierre. "This is the night of the new moon."

"Yes," said the other, "I came to shoot you, for you talked to me of your rights in my own trapping-country. You should have told me of the pappoose—for I am a father, too. But it does not matter now! So let me come in and smoke with you, brother, and see the pappoose. Oh! yes, there is plenty of fur in this country for both of us—and enough for you to make me a new mitten, maybe."



OUR PRINTED TREASURES

BY VICTOR MORIN

"THEN you are one of those cranks who will pay \$25 for the possession of some little shabby, raggy, dirty-looking pamphlet hardly as large as my hand?"

Such was the appreciation of an intimate friend, to whom I was showing with pride my printed treasures!

"I am a worse fool than that, I replied; for I would be delighted to pay even a larger sum if you could procure me the "*Mandement*" issued by Monseigneur de Pontbriand, in 1759, and consisting of a single printed leaf."

"Your wife has my sympathy."

"Very kind of you. By the way, how much did you pay for that small, shiny, glassy ornament pinned on your scarf?"

"This, sir, is a genuine white diamond; it cost me \$200.

"It is hardly as large as the tip of my little finger's nail! You could have bought a good-sized decanter stopper for ten cents."

"What constitutes the value of diamonds, sir, is their scarcity; if they were so plentiful as to be dumped about, nobody would care for them."

"That is exactly what constitutes the value of my books, with this difference: that I do not boast of their possession to the extent of pinning them to my neckties. I love their old wrinkled faces too much to expose them in that way, and they return that love by telling me the sweet tales of the past, as good, old 'Uncle Landreville' used to tell us.

"Take, for instance, this little manuscript of the XVth century; it is

a 'Book of Hours,' written in Latin, and think of the enormous length of time that the Benedictine monk who scribbled it must have spent in painting these beautiful initial letters, whose gold is so well preserved; take a magnifying glass and examine these scrolls, flowers, and miniatures painted in different colours that adorn the text and the margins, and pretend, if you dare, that it is not marvellous."

And thus our evening began.

Let us take a specimen of early printing; it is dated MCCCCLXXII., as you may see at the end of the volume, that is to say, eighteen years only after the first known printed publication bearing a date. I apologise for not showing you a copy of Gutenberg's Bible, the first book known to have been printed with movable types, but as there are only eight copies on vellum and twenty-two on paper existing in the entire world, and the last sale of a copy yielded \$50,000 at the sale of the Hoe library in New York last April, I hope you will readily excuse me.* If you are well acquainted with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan he might let you see his, but I doubt very much that you can borrow it, for it is a well-known fact that "a book lent is a book lost."

We call these books *incunabula*, from a Latin word meaning "cradle," as they were printed in the infancy of the printing art, and this generic term applies to all books published before the year 1500. All *incunabula* are rare and fetch big prices whenever

* Mr. Hoe had purchased this copy at the Asburnham sale in 1892 for \$20,000, and it is claimed that it had been stolen from the University of Mainz in 1793; two leaves thereof have been replaced by *facsimile*.

they are offered for sale; the prices generally vary according to scarcity. Some books of a later date also command big prices, as, for instance, those that have been suppressed, others that have been printed with a limited number of copies, special editions, and other causes which have rendered a book scarce for one reason or another, or valuable in itself as *edition de luxe*.

The fifteenth century, which gave us the discovery of printing, was also contemporary with the discovery of the New World, and Gutenberg's art did not lose time in finding its way to these coasts of America, which were new to Europeans, but where old indigenous civilisations existed.

Brunet, who has compiled one of the best works on bibliography, *Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur de Livres*, claims that the first book printed in America was a *Vocabularia en Lengua Castellana y Mexicana*, at Mexico, in 1555, but it seems to be generally admitted to-day that, as early as 1522, Vice Roy Juan de Mendoza introduced printing into Mexico, and the first work there published was *L'Eschele Celeste*, printed by Jean Pablos.

In Peru books were being printed in 1586.

Our neighbours in Uncle Sam's country were not people to stay long behind in evidencing this true token of civilisation, as they hold that "the consumption of paper is indicative of a nation's degree of civilisation." Printing was established in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as far back as 1639; the first printer was Stephen Daye, and his first-born, a small pamphlet entitled "The Freeman's Oath." Then followed Boston, with John Foster, in 1674;* Philadelphia, with William Bradford, in 1687, and the same Bradford, in New York, in 1693; New London, with Thomas Short, in 1709, until the far-famed Benjamin Franklin founded in 1728 a newspaper, which is still in existence,

under the name of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and which has been followed by such a flood of American newspapers, magazines and books that the output of one day would have made Gutenberg crazy.

Canada, for many reasons, was kept behind for a good many years in the art of printing; our forefathers came here to evangelise the heathen natives, and subsequently to trade with them, and had very little time to devote to literary pursuits, having to hold the sickle in one hand to provide food for their families and the gun in the other to protect them against the Indians.

However, the Swede, Peter Kalm, who made a trip through this country in 1749, wrote, in the narrative of his journey, that there was not any printing press in Canada at that time, "although there existed some previously." It has been impossible, however, to find any trace of the works of such "previous" printing presses.

The glory of the first printing establishment in Canada seems to belong to Halifax, where John Bushell settled as a printer almost immediately after the surrender of that city to Cornwallis in 1749, and where he published in 1757 *The Halifax Gazette*, whose title was changed later to that of *The Nova Scotia Gazette*, and *The Weekly Chronicle*, and lasted until about 1800.

Next in date comes old Quebec, which saw, on the 21st June, 1764, the birth of *The Quebec Gazette*, printed by Brown and Gilmore, and after their death by the Neilsons (Brown's nephews and their descendants), until 1851; it continued as a daily newspaper until 1874, when it became weekly, published by *The Quebec Chronicle*, until these last few years, a length of life seldom attained by any newspaper. Sir L. H. Lafontaine, who died in 1864, possessed a complete file thereof, but the *Gazette* outlived him; the most complete col-

* A 1676 Foster imprint, entitled: "A brief history of the war with the Indians in New England" by Increase Mather was sold at auction in New York last January for \$155.

lection now existing is probably that of the distinguished bibliophile, Abbé Dubois, Principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, of Montreal, who secured it from the Neilson family; its value is estimated at at least \$5,000.

Brown and Gilmore, who settled in the Province of Quebec as its first printers, came from Philadelphia. It required a great deal of courage to travel on horseback over the wilderness at that time to establish printing in a new country, at a great expense, and with a prospect of only 110 subscribers to their newspaper, after having anticipated 300.

It is a question, however, whether *The Quebec Gazette* was the first print born in this country, and Mr. Philias Gagnon, who has written a very able book on Canadian bibliography, claims that two *Mandements* were printed by Bishop Pontbriand, one in Quebec, in the month of April, and the other in Montreal, in the month of October, 1759.

As to books, it has been held until recently, that the first one printed in this country was the *Catéchisme du Diocèse de Sens*, printed by Brown and Gilmore at Quebec in 1765, and of which five copies are known to exist at this time, but Mr. Hubert Neilson, one of the descendants of the pioneer Quebec printers, asserts that the first book printed by Brown and Gilmore was a "Presentment of the Grand Juries," dated October 22nd, 1764, and printed a few months later, as established by the account books of Brown and Gilmore, which have been preserved in the Neilson family.

Although that book was stated to be in Mr. Neilson's possession for some time, it seems to have disappeared for a number of years; but I have seen a copy of the French edition thereof, owned by Laval University (Quebec), and printed at the same time, or shortly after the English copy. The title reads as follows: *A La première Cour de Séance de*

Quartier de la Paix Tenue à Québec en Octobre, 1764. La charge d'instruction donnée par le respectable Président aux grands Jurés. This pamphlet has nineteen pages and bears at the end the inscription: *A Québec le 22 de Octobre, 1764*, which was probably the date of the presentment made in court; there is probably no other copy extant.

Still, in this connection, Halifax claims the glory of the first printed pamphlet; the Bushell press in 1753 issued: *Treaty on Articles of Peace and Friendship renewed between His Excellency Peregrine Thomas Hopson, Esq., Canadian General and Governor-in-Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia or Acadie, etc., and Major Jean-Baptiste Cope, Chief Sachem, of a tribe of Mickmack Indians, etc.* The Mickmack Indians took great interest in the settlers of Nova Scotia at that time, and were very fond of making collections of their scalps, if we can judge of the fact by a proclamation printed by Bushell in 1756, offering in retaliation £25 for every Mickmack scalp.

The Indians were not to be considered in those olden days as a neglected portion of the community, and we find that in 1767 a prayer book was printed by Brown and Gilmore at Quebec, in the Montagnais language, entitled "*Nehiro-Iriniui Aiamihe Massinahigan*"; it was written by Father Labrosse, a missionary amongst those Indians, and consisted of ninety-six pages. Brown and Gilmore's books of account show the fact that 2,000 copies thereof were printed, for which they charged forty-five pounds; a single copy fetches nowadays half the price of the total edition, as some ten copies only are known to exist. Judge L. W. Sicotte, of Montreal, who takes pride in the possession of many rarities, has a beautifully preserved copy of it.

After 1767 there followed a few volumes of ordinances and Acts of

the Crown, until a work of real importance was published by F. J. Cugnet on the laws of the country, in four books, and printed by Guillaume Brown, at Quebec, in 1775. My copy unfortunately lacks two leaves, but I do not give up the hope of completing it some day, as collectors are sometimes enabled to do, out of another defective copy.

Publicity then seemed to be confined within the walls of Quebec, until the astute Americans thought that the best way to induce French-Canadians to side with them in their revolt against England in 1776 was to spread their arguments by means of the printing press; whereupon the famous Benjamin Franklin and two colleagues came to Montreal, as a delegation, with a French printer named Fleury Mesplets, and established a printing press in the cellars of the Château de Ramezay; but the cool reception which they received from the French-Canadians, who remained loyal to the British Crown, soon compelled the delegation to return to its country and "report progress."

Mesplets, however, backed by a countryman of his, named Berger, remained in Montreal to exercise his art, and the first product of his press was this little book, entitled *Règlement de la Confrérie de l'Adoration Perpétuelle du St. Sacrement et la Bonne Mort*, in 1776, which is the first book known to have been printed in Montreal. The title page states, it is true, that it is a "new edition," but it appears that the first edition had been printed by Mesplets in Philadelphia and was lost on his journey to Montreal in the rapids of the Chambly River.

Two years later, the 3rd June, 1778, he founded the *Gazette Littéraire*, the first French newspaper published in Canada, and in 1785, *La Gazette de Montréal*, in French and English.

Until that time leaf calendars only were used, but Mesplets soon started

the publication of almanacks, the first of which he printed in 1777. There is only one copy of that almanack known—it belongs to Laval University, Montreal; others were printed by him in 1778, 1779, 1782, 1783, and 1784, and the Jacques Cartier Normal School boasts of having a copy of each; from an advertisement published in *The Gazette*, it appears that another one was published for the year 1789, still no copy thereof is known to exist.

But the most precious series of almanacks are those known as "Quebec Almanacks," whose publication was commenced by William (Guillaume) Brown, in 1780, and was continued yearly after him by the Neilsons until 1841, with the exception of years 1781, 1790, and 1793 only. Here again the Jacques Cartier Normal School takes pride in the most complete collection of these, lacking only that of 1786. These almanacks are very useful, inasmuch as they contain a directory of all the public officers, military and civil, and a wide scope of information; the collection is valued at about \$2,000.

All these early specimens of Canadian printing are styled, "Canadian Incunabula," and this appellation applies generally to all books printed in Canada up to 1820; all of them are scarce and valuable, much more so that, owing to the small number of purchasers, they were published only in very limited editions. They cannot be procured in the ordinary book stores, as they have been out of print for a very long time. Second-hand book stores, auctions, and exchanges of duplicates between collectors constitute the chief sources of supply, and the profane can hardly conceive an idea of the happiness of a book-lover who discovers and secures the possession of a long-coveted rarity.

These early productions of the press were more or less dry, from an

intellectual point of view. Literary writers, however, soon began to read their essays and to give them to the printer. We have a report of a meeting held by the *Société Littéraire de Québec* on the 3rd of June, 1809, printed by J. Neilson; the year previous, in 1808, the same printer had published for J. Quesnel a musical comedy, entitled *Colas & Colinette ou le Bailli dupé*.

The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, founded in 1824, commenced the publication of its "Transactions" in 1829, and has also published until recently a series of "Historical Documents" of great importance.

As regards historical pursuits, the first work of importance published in Canada was a "History of Canada," by William Smith, printed in 1815, in two volumes. Judge Haliburton followed with "An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," in 1829; Michel Bibaud, with a *Histoire du Canada sous la Domination Française*, in 1837, and *Histoire du Canada sous la Domination Anglaise*, in 1844; but the best work of the kind is Garneau's *Histoire du Canada*, whose first edition was published in four volumes in 1845-1852; three other editions were published since, and the fifth one is now in course of preparation by his grandson; it has been translated into English by Bell, and printed in several editions in that language.

Other histories of Canada and narratives of travel had been published in France by the early settlers and missionaries of this country, commencing with Jacques Cartier's *Brief récit & succincte narration de la navigation faite ès Isles de Canada Hochelaga & Saguenay & autres, &c.*, published at Paris in 1545, and other works by the same author; Champlain's *Des Sauvages ou Voyage*, in 1603; Lescarbot's *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, in 1609; Sagard's *Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons*,

in 1632, and *Histoire du Canada et Voyages, &c.*, in 1636, and the most important, *Relations des Jésuites*, published in 1611, 1616, and yearly from 1632 to 1672; but, as these works were published in Europe, I merely mention them as relating to Canada, although they are very scarce and important, and of great value.

On account of the importance of these *Relations* and of their scarcity, the Canadian Government caused a reprint thereof to be made in Quebec in three volumes, in 1858, and lately the learned R. G. Thwaites has published a beautiful edition of *Relations* in Cleveland, in seventy-three volumes. While speaking of reprints, I will make a special mention of the reprint of Champlain's works made in Quebec in 1870 by Abbé Laverdière, under the patronage of Laval University, with the reproduction of the maps, engravings and type of the early editions, as it is probably the finest specimen of the Canadian printing art extant.

Not because of its bibliographic scarcity, but on account of its intrinsic value for all Canadians, I call attention to this work, in seven volumes: *Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles Canadiennes*, by Abbé Tanguay; it is probably unique in its kind in any country, as it contains the genealogy of all Canadian families from the early settlement to the present era, a work to which the learned author has devoted a long life of patient research, labour and study, which could only be undertaken for a new country like ours, where the history of the people does not go too far back. A new edition thereof will soon be undertaken by a committee of genealogists, with a view to correct the unavoidable errors that crept into a work of such a large scope.

But, thus far, I have only dwelt upon some of the riches owned by Lower Canada. The sister Province of Ontario came later in the production of prints.

Neilson sent his foreman, Louis

Roy, to establish a printing press in Newark (now Niagara, and then the capital of Ontario), and the first newspaper of that Province was published by him on the 18th April, 1793, under the name of *The Upper Canada Gazette*. Roy was not successful, however, so he transferred his printing press to York (now Toronto), and tried his luck also in Montreal, where he founded a *Montreal Gazette* the 17th August, 1796, in opposition to another *Montreal Gazette*, then published by Edwards. Both were printed in French and English, but in the competition, Roy's *Gazette* was soon defeated, whilst Edward's is still in existence.

The Upper Canada Gazette migrated to York the 4th October, 1798, and Roy was replaced at Newark by Tiffany, who published a newspaper, *The Constellation*, in 1799 and 1800; we also have almanacks published by Tiffany at the same place in 1802 and 1803.

When Roy came back from York he left the printing establishment in the care of Waters and Simons, but neither proved able to fill a position of trust, and in 1801 Neilson sent John Bennett to take charge of affairs. It took Bennett one month and three days to reach his destination. He soon set things right, was appointed first King's printer for Upper Canada, and published *The Journal of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada* in 1801; but Neilson, finding it hard to manage his interests successfully at such a distance, with the difficulty of communications, soon recalled his printing office to Quebec, and left it to other printers, who had settled there in the meantime, to continue the impulse he had given to the art in the sister Province.

Kingston was not far behind in the pursuit. *The Kingston Gazette* was

brought up in 1810, and the first known book of fiction published in Upper Canada was printed in that city in 1824; it is entitled "St. Ursula's Convent, or the Nun of Canada," and is supposed to have been written by Miss Julia Beckwith, of Fredericton; it is exceedingly scarce, so much so that authorities on bibliography have even raised doubts as to its existence, but I have seen a well-preserved copy thereof in the Toronto Library, where Doctor Locke ably fills the office of Chief Librarian, left vacant by the death of that learned book-lover, the lamented Mr. James Bain.

At this moment, the grand-father clock in the corner solemnly struck twelve, and my friend jumped to his feet.

"Is it possible," he said, "that I have been listening to your cackle, and taking interest in the ugly little things that you have pulled out of your bookshelves for the last four hours?"

"You are welcome to grumble, my friend," I said, "for I perceive that the microbe of bibliomania has already found a good culture ground in you, and I firmly believe that you will start to-morrow hunting for some of 'our printed treasures.' I was perhaps a worse heathen than you were about old books, until I glanced, by a mere accident, at the prices which scarce Canadian books command in catalogues, and I became so interested that I am now collecting them to the extent of filling not only my bookshelves, but every closet available in the house. The uninitiated may pity us, but I am sure you will find in that innocent but intelligent mania more pleasure and intellectual reward than you have ever found in any of the nights you have spent over the card table in the club.

The next day my friend asked me to lend him one of my book catalogues.

SABRES

A TALE OF EIGHTEEN-TWELVE

BY THOMAS STANLEY MOYER

IT was the hour of the reddening of the sun and the shadows of tall pines were long upon the road of corduroy.

Besides the pines there was another thing that cast a long dark, jagged shape upon the road, and that was the figure of a mounted dragoon riding towards the east. Well mounted, too, this solitary cavalier, upon a beast of some blood. That long, glittering sabre, that hung far below his charger's belly, was tolerably dependable looking also—from hilt to tip, four feet of it!

The evening was warm. The cavalier rode slowly. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder towards the north-west. He was a little higher than the waters of the Bay of Burlington—almost level, indeed, with the heights at its extremity. By standing in his stirrups on each successive rising-ground in the road, and using his glasses, he could see on the heights a certain flag, flapping idly in the breezes, and also some shelters of canvas beyond earthworks.

At such times he would look at a little watch of gold, winningly, with some paling of face and becoming more and more set as he rode from rising ground into hollow and again to rising ground.

By and by he came to the crossing of two trails of corduroy. Then horse and man became motionless, standing a little to one side amidst low-hanging foliage.

When he had drawn rein he again looked at the little watch of gold—at the flag on the distant heights—at

the vista in the second road of corduroy.

"Perhaps two hours before the moon rises; not later," he murmured.

Back on the road upon which he had ridden, and not far from the fluttering flag, but riding eastward, too, was a second cavalier—mounted likewise admirably, bearing Lincoln sabre of epic length. At every knoll he also glanced thoughtfully back towards the heights at the extremity of the bay. His watch was not of gold, but of silver. His face wore a pallor very much like that of the first rider.

By the time he was within a half-mile of the junction of the shadowy corduroy, the mount "of some blood" beneath the foliage had gone forward again, with a rider whose face was now white and whose eyes had a troubled look, tinged with anger.

"Perhaps two hours before the moon rises! Faith, my dear Harvey, that is an unfortunate way of telling time. Not being an astronomer, nor a scientist, how the devil am I to know when the moon rises? Perhaps he was thinking of the time of its rising last night. I am less observant, for which I shall probably be shot by my own Colonel. What is left? Nothing but to demand of little Bess, since I am going *there* anyway, just what time the moon does rise. And Bess failing—ah! I should prefer being shot by another than Harvey. But—to Bess!"

The sun was half below the horizon beyond the heights. The dragoon was a little way along the corduroy when

he began to canter—no longer towards the east, but towards the north—and the lake—and Bess!

Soon the second cavalier came also to the crossing of the forest-ways, watch in hand, with eyes turning from heights to corduroy bearing north.

“Good heaven!” said he, in a low tone, “the Colonel probably thinks I read the heavens. I do not, but only my watch, which plainly has no moon in to rise at any time. Harvey has put it so, in order to make me return immediately, since I am uncertain; and, if I fail, Harvey will shoot me. I have reckoned some on being shot by Yankees to-night, but before this happy event I should like to see Bess—to tell her a certain something. My faith, Harvey, I should prefer some other would shoot me. But let us ride—to Bess!”

The sun was completely hidden now, and shadows blended and deepened and crossed phantastically. Nevertheless, our second cavalier made shift in starting to catch sight of certain marks upon the soft soil beneath the foliage. There he saw trampled grass and the impress of ironed hoofs. Whether or not he too was white, it being nearly dark, there is no certainty. But into the silent, abbey-like forest on every hand rang a hoarse cry straightway—wild, echoing, like an oath. This admirable rider’s mount did not canter—it galloped, flying and pattering, making a multiplicity of rapping sounds, as of some terrible hail. On and on he crashed, bending low, gazing fire-eyed into the vista of the highway.

It was at this time that a young girl of eighteen, dark-eyed and light of foot, paused with hand on heart at the edge of a little clearing whence she could see for some distance into the road. A sound of cantering hoofs was registering a sharp tattoo in the soft heart of her. Her eyes were wide and suggested tears, ready, but as yet unlet.

“Ah! that is Cavers on his dear

Duke. I thought—oh! he is spurring faster. What has happened? There has been no firing. Can it be—?”

But she had not concluded all her broken soliloquies ere the long Lincoln sabre was clanking towards her, first upon the corduroy and then upon the sod.

When they spoke her graceful form was close to his great breast and the gallant mount was pawing fretfully about the trail.

“Dear Bess,” said the cavalier, “I have come to tell you a thing you must know, that I love you. To-night Harvey attacks the Yankees at the Fifty. The most of us will be shot, we think. Would Little Bess care then?”

Slowly her hands went up towards his great shoulders; hot came her troubled tears; pathetically trembled her red, arched lips.

“Tell me, Bess, if I do not come again, who, of all Lincoln, will most—?”

Far away towards the south, from depths of forest now black with night, were certain muffled beating sounds, rapid as the crackle of musketry.

“By heavens!” cried her cavalier, “who rides like that at this hour? Little Bess! Those hoof-beats are of Chester’s ‘Fury.’ Not another mare in Lincoln flies like that. Bess, why does *he* come to-night?”

Yes, Chester—famed “Fury” beneath him—bearing down at a frightful pace—sabre pitching—head bared— even now dimly in sight at a turn in the highway!

“Ah! Bess, you do not answer me, and the time is short. Speak!”

The small, soft hands were not quite to his shoulders, and they went no farther.

Angrily he flung her away, caught the bridle of his charger, bounded to the saddle, and dashed off at an angle into the woods beyond the western end of the clearing.

When he no longer heard the rattle of hoofs upon the corduroy from the south he drew rein, wheeled, and rode

carefully back, choosing ground that was moist.

In the little clearing the flying "Fury's" cavalier was clanking, first upon the corduroy and then upon the sod, straight to where Bess stood—pale, trembling, throwing glances into the dim woods, and fearful at her second cavalier, who caught her hands in his and drew her nearer.

When he had put his arms about the faintly-resisting form—hot words of love on lip—he chanced to glance towards the ground at her feet.

"Why, Bess! At the corner of the Burlington road were hoof-marks in the sod—very fresh! Here beside us are hoof-marks—equally fresh! Bess, Bess! you know I love you. To-night we fight—a desperate attempt—I wanted you, to say—"

Suddenly he saw that her eyes were turned in the direction whither had gone the deep mark of hoofs. Then he flung her away from him, flew to saddle, and set off spurring and swearing into the blackened woods.

Not far!

Cavers, of the first coming, was coming again, and was once more near at hand.

Ten paces! Then—

The charger of Cavers reared and plunged. Two swords hissed out and up. Two curses rang out far and wide amidst the rasp of darting steel.

"Lieutenant Chester perhaps prefers pistols. In that case he need but say so," cried Cavers, with lightning thrust of sword.

"On the contrary, Sabres! Lieutenant Cavers's taste is admirable. I shall not attempt to improve his choice."

When Cavers's shako was cut in two upon the ground and Chester's right sleeve was blood-soaked, Cavers stole, cleverly, a glance at his watch and began to speak.

"Ah! hah! There is a little affair that is not to be overlooked, Lieutenant Chester. Be good enough, I beg of you, in case you manage to kill me, to report to Colonel Harvey that

I have obeyed orders in so far as a king's officer and gentleman could."

At the side of the corduroy something toppled to the ground with a heavy, dull thud and lay unmoving.

"Ah, brave Bess!" murmured both dragoons at once.

Then bloody-armed Chester bowed to his antagonist with an odd smile.

"My dear Cavers, I was just about to make a like request of you. Be assured I shall not fail you. Certainly, I purpose to obtain the right to do the reporting."

"If I do not remove your head in the meantime," Chester retorted.

Cavers rose in his stirrups, so speaking, and delivered a terrible "cut one" that rapped harmlessly upon the thick hilt of Chester's blade and well-nigh pitched its deliverer headlong to the corduroy.

"Nobody but a Lincoln dragoon could have struck such a blow," said Chester.

"Nor parried such," said Cavers.

The chargers reeked in crimson sweat. The eyes of the cavaliers were starting.

The silent thing on the grass by the highway gave no sign.

"Perhaps Lieutenant Cavers, being tired a little, would prefer pistols now himself. Or perhaps—"

Then Chester stopped abruptly and saluted like a marshal of Louis Fourteen—smiling bitterly.

Cavers smiled, too, and looked westward and then at his small watch of gold.

"Ah! hah! that *ensemble*. There was, I had thought, to be no bugle," cried Chester.

"Nor I!" cried Cavers; and then continued: "Nevertheless, it is Harvey's bugle. Death! I meant to have asked little Bess as to the rising of the moon. But I fear she cannot say any longer."

"No, I fear not. Therefore let us go to Harvey and be shot. Perhaps the Yankees will do it for us, which one would you prefer?"

"One would prefer that.

From the south came the roll of four long crescendo volleys of musketry—like sound of broken thunder in the distance.

Then Chester dismounted, knelt low over the face of the silent thing in the grass, and, vaulting to saddle, galloped off towards the sound of the echoing firing.

And then, in turn, Cavers, already upon the corduroy, swore angrily, bent low over the white face, rose, mounted and flew clattering after him.

Before they had reached the crossing of the high-roads Cavers's mount was neck and neck with the flying "Fury."

"Our little affair must wait," murmured Chester, spurring.

"That is unfortunate, too," commented Cavers, spurring also.

"Pray, why?"

"Because Harvey will have me shot for not returning. He promised me as much, in fact."

"Then, in that case you are as good as shot already, and I with you."

"You? No."

"Why not?"

"I beg to remind you, Lieutenant Chester, that I attacked you first. Otherwise you would have been back to Harvey."

"Lieutenant Cavers, I was already priming a pistol and spurring after you when you returned."

"Ah, then, let us be shot together—by Yankees if possible."

"Yes, by Yankees, if possible. Faith, there is the flame of musketry over there. We are too far to the south," went on Chester, "let us turn together and attack together. Yonder, good heavens! are Harvey and his adjutant. Let us hope he will permit us to fight first."

"Indeed, yes. It is too bad that your arm bleeds so."

"My faith, Cavers, you are exquisite with your courtesy."

The battle was near them now.

"Sabres, Chester!"

"Sabres, Cavers!"

Honest, dashing fellows of some soul! Certes, yes! Down they rode, well into the flame and smoke and steel, yelling wildly and casting glances from one to another with strange looks.

Into the midst of the red flaming maze, the waving swords flashed like some terrible serpentine lightning.

The ranks of dragoons saw and broke into hoarse cheers.

"Boys, here is your Chester!" shouted Cavers.

"Dear lads, I have brought you your Cavers!" cried Chester.

The battle tempest flamed farther then—the surging, thundering tide burst into the lines of blue, enveloping them.

At twenty paces from the flap of an officer's tent, Cavers, galloping down with streaming blade, caught in his broad chest a pistol-ball, and toppled back to crupper, and then to earth, shapelessly.

Chester, riding close, reeled on, sick and white and cursing."

"That was a fair shot," cried he to the officer in blue. "Now it is my turn."

Then one more officer of invading infantry crashed to the soil.

"Ah, hah! for you, brave Cavers, and fair enough, too, I think. Just heaven!"

"There are two, then?"

"Two, brave Chester!"

Chester drew a second pistol, cocked it, pressed trigger, and laughed! Fast riding plays ill with priming.

"Two! Ah, well—but we were two. Fair again, gentlemen. Our dear Harvey will feel slighted—I—no!—Cavers!—so still—little Bess—so still—"

"Fury" plunged, flying on, dragging something heavy, caught in her stirrup—on, on, frantically, bloody-eyed!

Two! and fair enough, good Chester!

*

Away back in the distant woods beyond the cross-roads, in the darkness

of night, a tender girl of eighteen, with dark eyes and hand on heart, was listening, wide-eyed, to the rolling musketry, receding now and dying, mingled with hoarse cries of conquering dragoons.

"God save my brave Cavers," she murmured, with dry lips, "and that brave Chester, who also loves me tenderly."

Alas! tearful one, they are rather beyond sound of the rolling volleys of stout dragoons.

*

In the small hours of the morning, beyond the lines of Harvey's bivouac, and alone beneath the stars, paced a

single sentry.

In the course of the watch was one interruption.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry.

Slowly gliding through the dark shadows of the forest mazes had appeared the form of a woman—hands on heart—gazing—gazing—eyes seeking the ground, as it seemed.

"She stoops," murmured the sentry. He did not call this time. "Ah, she stoops again!"

The softly gliding thing was closing the eyes of Lieutenant Cavers. The eyes of Lieutenant Chester were already closed.

THE NORTHLAND OF 1900

BY CARROLL C. AIKINS.

Dicing with Death amid the deathless hills,
 Jestings with Life in Dawson's shibboleth,
 Ours are the hazards of the Lust of Gold,
 Hunger and pain and frenzied carousal.
 Our loves, hates, hopes, our fears and joy attained
 Flame forth like torches of the Northern Lights,
 Wild, free, unfettered, to the farthest sky,
 Fearless as passion, open, unashamed.
 Our code unwritten is the primal law
 That strong men struggle to avenge their wrong,
 That eye shall pay for eye and tooth for tooth,
 And woman's honour be a sacred thing.
 A woman's honour! God! One glimpse of home!
 The drunken riot where the sirens sell
 Oblivion to haggard, reeling men!
 A woman's honour! God! One glimpse of home!
 Love bought and sold and then—the snow-bound trail,
 The weary vigil of the endless night,
 With God above to judge our naked soul,
 As, sick at heart, we work our penance out.
 The Lust of Gold! The Gamble of the Game!
 The hope that holds us to our heritage!
 The guerdon of the strong who persevere!
 The nameless grave beside the luckless claim!

MUSIC OF THE SEASON

BY KATHERINE HALE

ONE thinks of music for Canada not in terms of one city, which, as a kind of central station, may report the coming and passing of great events, but, in the broader sense, of the effect which such events and movements may produce on the country at large.

One of the most significant musical movements of years has come out of Montreal, which has set an example generally in the matter of Grand Opera—that is, where a city or town is large enough to support a moderately expensive company. Opera is a musical medium that we have not appreciated so far, and one which lies very close to the root of musical development. For we get the germ-idea here as we cannot begin to do in orchestra work alone, chorus or concert singing. This is the original idea in living, moving form; it is music wedded to action and gesture, as well as to speech.

In Europe the common people know and sing the music of the operas because they can hear them at any time for a few cents. Their ears become accustomed to the greatest of all languages, until presently they begin to speak it themselves—it enters into their lives.

I do not see why we cannot get music into our lives as truly as the Italians or the Germans. Perhaps there is already a want stirring within us which this movement towards the establishment of a permanent opera will awaken to life, so that after a while we shall establish an opera season in our towns and cities as spontaneously as we now maintain

our baseball season, and as successfully. This will be better for us, temperamentally, than so much chorus singing. Canadians need all the warmth they can get. It seems to me that in the formation of so excellent a company as that of the French and Italian singers who travel under the name of the Montreal Opera Company, the city has done honour to itself and to the cause of music. In all departments, from the magnificent conducting of Signor Jacchia, with his fine orchestra, down to the very excellent singing of the chorus, the company was a fine one. Of the work of Madame Esther Ferrabini, the wife of the conductor, too much cannot be said in praise. She has worked as patiently and as gloriously—for her voice is very beautiful—as any industrious German prima donna in some provincial city where opera is just as regular, and as important, as church-going.

Those who "backed" the National Opera idea are doing great things for Canada. So also are those in Toronto who have upheld and made possible the Symphony Orchestra, now one of the most significant factors in the musical life of Ontario. People from the outlying towns and villages are coming to Toronto, as a matter of course, to hear the Symphony concerts, and from season to season the tours of the Orchestra to other places will become more extensive. Their affiliation this year with the Sheffield Choir, in Montreal, was of inestimable benefit to the Musical Festival, and, as the Montreal Opera was a source of



MADAME ESTHER FERRABINI, WHO SANG WITH THE MONTREAL OPERA COMPANY

inspiration to us, our Orchestra must have carried suggestion, at least, to the sister province. Several great symphonies and as many overtures were on the programmes of the six regular concerts of the season, and they were of sufficiently diversified character to please the musical public, as well as the *connoisseur*.

Have you ever realised to what degree of plastic mediumship a body of players must come while they study and interpret the varied manifestations of genius? Then take, for instance, merely the question of the different temperaments, under whose sway players and conductor come during such a season as this has been.

There was Josef Hoffman, with whom the Orchestra rendered the Rubenstein Concerto No. 4, a work written in the loftiest epic style, yet resolving itself into what one critic has called "the most delicate of arabesques." You know what a whirlwind Hoffman is, in that marvellous force which so nearly bursts, but never breaks, its bounds. Was it an easy task to follow the exacting tempe-

tuous moods of this artist? On the same programme came the delicate Symphony of Haydn, a contrast surprisingly marked. Probably the moments that pianists will look back upon as those *par excellence* in a notable season were the ones in which Hoffman poured himself out in that wonderful Chopin group; especially the A Flat Valse, where the oft-repeated passages ran hauntingly forward—never the same—varying in *tempo*, but never in rhythm—as the emotions of the soul led the player on and on.

The Goldmark Concerto in A Minor was the medium chosen by Mr. Francis MacMillan, and here the artist's personality seemed to be full of elegance and restraint—good American ability and control. And then the Orchestra shook itself free and entered on the Symphony Pathétique, where Tschai-kowsky takes us up the stairs of wonder leading to the stars: those stairs that are alternate rounds of passion and of pain, a question, and a joy for answer, a question, and bitter woe.



MISS KATHLEEN PARLOWE, A BRILLIANT YOUNG CANADIAN VIOLINIST

and finally and at the last—a question.

And there was that marvellous maiden of our own, Kathleen Parlowe, whose study-ground has been the great European centres, and who has returned to Canada hailed by the greatest critics as chief among women violinists of to-day. She comes upon the platform nun-like and quiet, un-

pretentious in appearance and manner. She looks at the conductor like a timid child and her eyes ask, "Shall I begin?" She raises her violin and bow and enters the Tschaikowsky Concerto in D Minor—and behold, she is a goddess, mature in every particular of her art. The answer to any criticism whatever of Miss Parlowe's



MADAME NORDICA

playing is found in the observation of a student who has spent years of time on technique: "No one but a practical violinist has any right to speak of an art so flawless and secure. No human being could ever have taught that girl all she knows; half of it is talent and perseverance, but the other half is unalloyed genius." It is a genius of whisperings, of over-tones, of bird flutings, and unearthly trills, like the breath of the free spirit which shall conquer in its own right.

The singers who came to us at the invitation of the Symphony Orchestra were Gadski, Schumann-Heink, Margaret Houston, and Louise Homer. The older artists are known to all. A word must be said for Miss Margaret Houston, a Toronto girl whose art is

both sincere and convincing. She sings with her brain, as well as her voice, and has something of a musical message to deliver. Her songs were odd, and delicately chosen. The compositions of Mr. Leo. Smith, a notable 'cellist, who lives in Toronto at present, were remarkably fine. He has interpreted certain words of Browning in the true spirit of the text.

Among the lighter numbers of the Orchestra I have enjoyed nothing more this season than the rendering of "Les Préludes," by Liszt, a wonderful symphonic poem, full of exquisite symbolism and a colour as of tender spring-like green.

It was a thoughtful programme arrangement which placed the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven on the evening that the most typical of German prima donnas sang. Something in the great, big, rocky humour of Beethoven, in his happiest expression of a natural mood, chimed in so admirably with the sonorous temperament of the wonderful "mother of seven," Schumann-Heink, in whose every note lurks the abounding vitality of a soul at home with happiness.

The usual choral concerts of mid-winter passed off with success.

The principal novelty of the Mendelssohn Choir was the rendition of Verdi's Requiem, which I did not hear. "The Children's Crusade," by Pierre, was repeated, and on the opening night a miscellaneous programme was given, consisting chiefly of old favourites. The visit of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, under Mr. Stock, was, as always, a rare delight, the orchestra matinée being the most important musical event of the season.

Dr. Ham gave only one concert this year and concentrated on it, the result being decidedly good. The National Chorus sang Max Bruch's "Morning Song of Praise" quite gloriously; also "The Cherubim Song," by Bortnianski, and, throughout a varied programme, proved themselves to be an organisation which now takes an



MADAME TETRAZZINI

assured place among the best choirs. In introducing the Hungarian pianiste, Miss Yolando Mero, Dr. Ham showed his usual skill in choosing exceptional artists. Nothing like this lady's playing has been heard here for a long time. She is all strength, and fire, and sweep. Her interpretation of the Liszt Rhapsodie No. 2 was notable. Miss Margaret Keyes, a contralto with wide range, has a naturally beautiful voice, which is much admired by Canadians. She spoiled her impression this season, however, by an over-confidence of manner and a

reckless choice of songs, most of which were gathered from soprano or baritone repertoire.

The Schubert Choir brought us Nordica—Nordica, the incomparable—fresh from the greatest triumph of her life at Paris, where she sang "Tristan and Isolde" in French, bearing the German message of the great Wagner to the ever-cynical French as only a woman of such power could. The oftener I hear Nordica, the more I am convinced of the eternal truth that art is a perpetual going on, not only in technique and knowledge, but



SIR EDWARD ELGAR, ENGLISH COMPOSER

a going on of soul and purpose. How the merely beautiful voices, the perfect instruments, perish, like dew on the grass, when there is nothing underneath to sustain them! Melba came back this season, with the same programme she sang a decade ago. The voice had gone on—in years, the interpretive sense had gone back, and the result was pitiable failure. Tetrzzini is another example of the soulless voice. The organ is perfect, no less, but the woman herself produces an atmosphere of intense self-consciousness, of an artificiality which

the dullest person in the audience feels at once. You “hear Tetrzzini”—that is all. A perfect voice, a bizarre personality, a thousand diverting little mannerisms. But Nordica! Ah, she is in herself a symbol for all that song-universal means. She is a great rose-of-all-the-world. She is a mother, or a lover, or a goddess, or an old negro mammy, or a gondolier on a starry Venetian night—everything that she sings. And whether the superb voice becomes a little tired at times, or the spirit flags, the art and the soul of Nordica will go on and on.

The Schubert Choir sang a very interesting choral variation of an old English folk song, "The Black Monk,"

bert Choir improvess from year to year, and holds a unique and important position in musical circles. In-

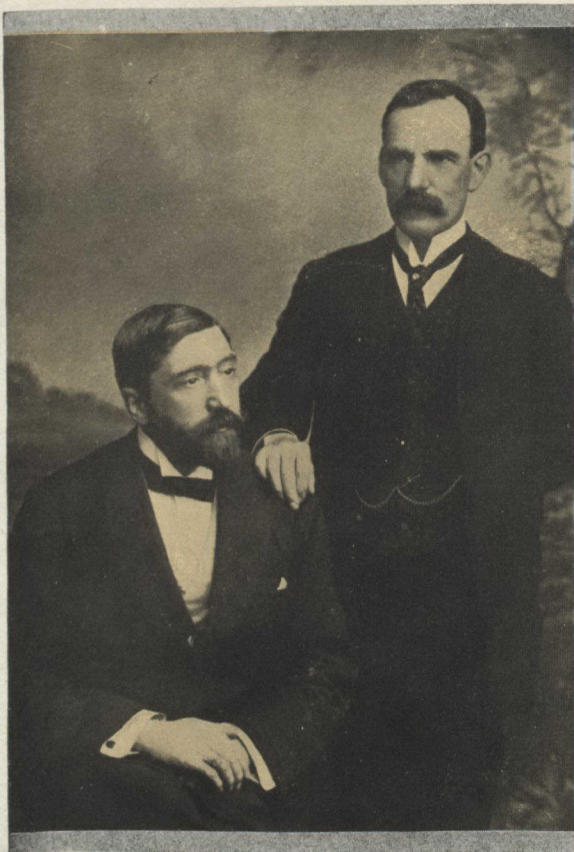


MR. FRANK S. WELSMAN, LEADER OF THE TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

by Rutland Boughton, and a motet, by Kahn, called "A Song of Faith," and I noticed particularly the "Barcarolle," from "Les Contes d'Hoffman," by Offenbach, and Handel's "Coronation Anthems." The Schu-

bert Choir improvess from year to year, and holds a unique and important position in musical circles. In-

deed, the value of its work cannot be over-estimated. The manager of the Massey Music Hall is to be congratulated on many attractions—possibly a little hazardous in the undertaking—which have added



DR. CHARLES E. HARRIS AND DR. HENRY COWARD (STANDING)

to the importance of the season. The appearance of Miss Mary Garden, pre-eminently a singer of the new school, is one of these. Her work in such a charming and revolutionary opera as Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" is valued very highly in New York; but, as a concert singer, the impression in Toronto was not altogether favourable.

A Toronto singer who made her debut this year was Miss Brenda Smellie, who, after a season of study abroad, gave a very charming Recital in Toronto, which was followed by engagements in various Canadian towns. Miss Smellie excels in the dreamy, imaginative songs of Schumann and Brahms, and she has caught a certain vision of the art of

interpretation, which may develop in an interesting fashion.

The Toronto String Quartette have gone on giving delectable programmes to small, but happy, audiences. The last concert surpassed anything that they have yet done, in the first performance here of Arensky's brilliant quintette (in D major), for piano and strings, with Dr. Harvey Robb at the piano. Quartettes by Mozart (No. 13) and part of Smetana's "Aus Memnem Leben" were delightful, and there was also a concerto for viola, in which the soloist, Mr. Frank Converse Smith, did excellent work.

The season was virtually closed by the Musical Festival of the Empire, instituted by Dr. Charles Harriss, of

Ottawa, for "Musical Reciprocity" around the Empire. "Musical Reciprocity," says Dr. Harriss, "is derived from thin air, yet is filling ships to-day with hundreds of live freight, bent upon knowing the Empire." It is a "music-making, business-making, and Empire-making" scheme; in fact, a three-fold pilgrimage through Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and South Africa.

The idea is incorporated in the Sheffield Choir, of two hundred members, with several soloists, and Dr. Henry Coward as conductor. During the Canadian visit, Sir Edward Elgar, the English composer, appeared, and Dr. Harriss himself is conducting the tour.

The principal works given in entirety by the choir and orchestra are, "The Dream of Gerontius," by Elgar, and "Pan," a symphonic choric idyll, by Dr. Harriss. No more directly opposite musical ideas could well be imagined, the one a mystic summing up of the qualities of death, the other an elfish manifestation of the pagan life of the woods. *Gerontius* goes to his death with fear and trembling, a "dread passage" before him, and an invisible end to be secured in darkness and dismay. The music is the voice of a human soul in fright, interrupted at times by the celestial chorus of angels, and of priests, demons, and the voice of the guardian angel, with whom he comes into the veiled presence of God. The words, taken from the poem of Cardinal Newman, are mystic in the extreme, and the conductor's interpretation is beautiful and at times highly suggestive. But, as a whole, one is held by the interest of mediævalism alone.

The Sheffield Choir, as heard on the first night, was disappointing. The voices sounded worn and tired, like the voices of people who had been talking a great deal and not resting those delicate vocal chords that must be in such perfect condition, even for *ensemble* singing. There was but lit-

tle hint of ethereal quality, though there was, at times, dramatic force and, throughout, the grace of diction which is always a hall-mark of this organisation. The enunciation was perfect, as usual. The soloists "acquitted themselves admirably"—that time-worn phrase somehow fits like a glove.

The next night "Pan" awoke to life, and the truth is that Dr. Harriss has proved himself in this idyll a poetic artist of no mean power. He has turned a good deal of joy and a whole flood of colour loose in his interpretation of the lovely poem written by Josephine Preston Peabody on the theme of Pan and the birth of music.

You remember the story of *Syrinx*, the "tameless maiden," who was pursued by Pan, and sought refuge in a stream, where she was turned, by Diana, into a reed, and how the baffled god called to her so urgently that she answered, and ever more her voice has been the very music of the gods. At times the music is very beautiful, especially in one place, where an upward rush of the strings indicates the growth of the reeds, which typify the metamorphosis of the nymph, and another passage where Pan, seeking his love, bends down to bind the reeds, blows across the hollow stems and finds that he has a new mode of music. A strange piping is heard—the bare fifth and the octave. Out of this grows a quaint pastoral melody, given to the oboe in the orchestra, the archaic flavour brought about by the presence of a flat seventh in the natural key. Pan's song, in which he makes to mankind the gift of music to comfort them all their mortal days, is very skilfully cast in the fashion of the first normal expression in the art of pastoral music.

Too much cannot be said for the excellent assistance rendered to the Festival by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, which was really the backbone of the affair in Toronto.

MRS. MILLIGAN'S SUMMER IDYLL

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE

"DOUGLAS, I'm sick to death of this servant girl problem."

"What's the matter now, Edith?"

Mr. and Mrs. Milligan had just seated themselves for their evening meal. Mrs. Milligan's comely face was puckered with a frown.

"I have just told Sophia that she may leave at the end of the week. She broke my new parlour lamp. Of course, I couldn't stand that, but where am I to look for another girl? That's what puzzles me."

Mr. Milligan whistled.

"Sophia is the two-dozen-th you've had during our four months of wedded bliss, isn't she?"

"O Douglas! How can you exaggerate so shockingly? Sophia is only the tenth."

"Only the tenth! Not so bad!"

"But what am I to do? Douglas, I have been dreaming all day of a dear little home in the country, a really small house that I could easily manage myself. I have pictured one surrounded by green fields and daisies, where the fireflies would sparkle and the whip-poor-wills sing at night. In such a spot we could live the simple life, just you and I, and be free from all the city's noise and dust and worry. Oh! It would be like living in a poem. Life would be one long, sweet, summer idyll. Douglas, can't we manage it?"

Mr. Milligan whistled again.

"Why, Edith, you surprise me. I had fancied you would die of solitude in the country."

"Not at all. The fact that I have lived in the city all my life so far is

no reason why I should stick there the rest of my days. I believe I have always longed for the country."

Mr. Milligan sat up. There was a dawning purpose in his eye.

"I confess I have a hankering that way myself, Edith, and I really don't see why we couldn't indulge ourselves. Business is slack. I can easily leave for a while. There was a man from up north in the office to-day trying to sell a farm. I didn't pay much attention to him at the time, but I have a notion the place would just about suit you. He's staying at Ashdown's. I'll 'phone after tea and have him come up to discuss it if you just say the word."

"Oh, do, by all means!"

Mrs. Milligan was all enthusiasm, so an hour later Mr. Smith was ushered into the parlour.

Mr. Smith was a very sun-burned, very grizzled, and very uncouth man of middle age, who looked as if he did not feel at home in his Sunday suit. He made use of about an inch of his chair and seemed to wish nothing so much as to be relieved of the responsibility of his hands and feet.

"Yes, ma'am," he said in answer to Mrs. Milligan's question, "we calculate to live in the city for a spell. My woman wants to go into fashionable society. You see, ma'am, an uncle of hers died a while ago and left her some money."

"But the farm," interrupted Mr. Milligan; "what is it like?"

From Mr. Smith's somewhat round-about answers to a deluge of questions it was gathered that his property

consisted of a hundred-acre farm, with buildings and implements, four cows, two horses, two calves, all as gentle as kittens; also two hives of bees. The house was small; there were any amount of daisies in the fields, and the fireflies gave a free exhibition of fireworks every evening. The "forest primeval" lay a stone's throw from the house, and the whip-poor-wills were guaranteed to sing all night long.

Mr. Smith wished to sell everything just as it stood, for a moderate sum, half of which might be paid from the profits on the farm. Mr. Milligan would have preferred to rent the place, but his wife's desire for absolute possession over-ruled his judgment. So, as the man's terms were satisfactory, the bargain was closed on the spot.

"I never thought to ask him if there were hot and cold water attachments," reflected Mr. Milligan as they were discussing the transaction afterwards. "Do you think there will be?"

Mr. Milligan regarded his better half with an odd expression, and answered, "Oh, it's altogether likely, and electric lights, and automatic fans, and a telephone, and a daily mail delivery—and such like simple little conveniences. Oh, yes!"

Mrs. Milligan laughed.

"Which means, being interpreted, that there will be nothing of the kind. Well, there will be the beautiful rest and quiet. One can't expect to have everything all at once. I've been wondering what we'll need to take with us. We'll have to leave most of our furniture, of course, but there are a few things I simply must have: a bath, for one thing, and my piano, and all our books. I don't know how we'll put in the time if we haven't plenty of books and music. We'll have to take the large book-case and my china cabinet and house linen, of course. I dare say I'll think of a good many more things before we start." And Mrs. Milligan did.

Having wound up his business affairs and found a tenant for their city home, the Milligans, in two weeks' time, found themselves on the way to Bumpkinville. When the train drew up at the little village station there were Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith and all the little Smiths standing on the platform in a high state of excitement and importance, waiting for the train to the city.

Everybody had to be introduced, and the Milligans received numerous instructions concerning matters at the farm. Then Mr. Milligan had to scour the place to find teams and teamsters to convey themselves and their belongings to the new abode.

Everybody came to the doors to stare at the procession as it passed. There were Mr. and Mrs. Milligan in the front vehicle; then came the piano, next, a waggonload of boxes and trunks, and, lastly, the bath-tub filled with a miscellaneous assortment of articles.

Mrs. Milligan had never ridden over such a road. The teamster was in a hurry to get back and he paid no attention to stones, corduroys, or pitch holes. Mrs. Milligan had to hang on for dear life.

"I've heard that a good shaking-up is good for rheumatism; it limbers up the joints," observed Mr. Milligan. "It's too bad neither of us have it. It seems a pity to waste so much valuable treatment."

At length the destination was reached. It was undoubtedly a picturesque little spot. Mr. Smith had not exaggerated in regard to the quantity of daisies. There certainly were plenty of them everywhere. Mrs. Milligan was in ecstasies, but Mr. Milligan looked dubious. He wondered if daisies were good for anything, but had fears to the contrary.

The house itself was much smaller than they had supposed. There were two rooms downstairs, a kitchen and the "front room." Upstairs were two bed-rooms, one of them very tiny, and a small, dark passageway. They

contained a little very plain furniture.

How to get those loads of luggage stowed away in any sort of order would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer. It was at length accomplished, nevertheless, but eventually it was all but impossible for two people to walk abreast anywhere in the house.

Mrs. Milligan was very tired, but it was already past tea time, and rest was not yet to be considered. Mr. Milligan kindled a fire in the enormous kitchen stove, and forthwith the atmosphere of the whole house became insufferably hot. When they sat down to a makeshift meal, Mrs. Milligan's flushed face bore a slight shadow, but she was by no means ready to give in yet.

Just before sunset the cows came home. Their pasture was the "forest primeval," and from its expansive depths they were wont to turn up at all uncertain and unreasonable hours. They were all mixed up with Mr. Muldrew's cattle. Mr. Muldrew was the next-door neighbour.

Little Jonah Muldrew came over to show Mr. Milligan which were his own, and help him to drive them into the corral. Then he perched himself on the fence in case he might be of any further assistance.

"Heavens and earth!" Mr. Milligan exclaimed. "Has a fellow got to extract the lacteal fluid from those four quadrupeds whether he's tired or not?"

"No, Douglas, not alone," Mrs. Milligan answered brightly, "for I'm going to help you."

"You Edith! You don't know how."

"But I'm going to learn. I've seen it done and I'm sure it's easy."

"Edith," Mr. Milligan answered admiringly, "you really are the pluckiest fellow I ever met. But I'm sure you are too tired to-night."

"Not at all." Mrs. Milligan silently vowed never to fall short of her husband's estimation. "We're going to do things in the proper style," she

continued. "I've read how it should be done in the Womans Institute reports. To procure good, wholesome milk perfect cleanliness is absolutely necessary. The cows should be well washed; and white is the proper thing to wear. Just wait a minute, and I'll change my dress. You had better put on that old white linen suit of yours."

Mr. Milligan made a grimace.

"Just fetch me the coat," he replied.

In ten minutes Mrs. Milligan reappeared daintily dressed in white, and carrying her husband's linen coat. Then she paused, with a dubious look.

"Those cows are frightfully muddy, Douglas. Whatever sort of a place have they got into?"

"That is just what I have been observing," he responded. "I guess they were pursued by the ghosts of Pharaoh and his host in the form of mosquitoes, and ran into some sort of Red Sea."

"The mosquitoes are dreadful, aren't they? I don't believe I ever saw so many. Let us hurry up and get done. But, Douglas, I don't just remember. Should the whole animal be washed, or just the udder?"

"The whole animal, by all means. To procure good and wholesome milk a daily bath is absolutely necessary. We'll fetch down the big bath. It will be just the thing. Have you a good supply of clean towels? It is extremely important that the cows be wiped thoroughly dry. Otherwise, they might take cold and so spread the germs of tuberculosis. A good soap is also essential. That "rose boquet" will be just O.K. There! I'll be a full-blown poet before you know where you are. But that's only a natural effect of living in a life-sized summer idyll."

Mrs. Milligan looked unutterable things and answered shortly, "I shall wash only the udders."

This she did, gingerly, to the tune of "Polly-Wolly-Doodle," which the

gleeful Jonah whistled from the fence-top, while Mr. Milligan offered sundry remarks of approval and encouragement, which somehow or other fell flat.

This done, the real business began. Mrs. Milligan, a little nettled by the previous episode, set out boldly with the determination to show that she was not a whit behind the "spunky gal" of whom Jonah was whistling. She would not for worlds have shown how she inwardly trembled to be so near those big, clumsy beasts. She squeezed and squeezed, but not a drop would come. What could be the matter? Suddenly she was startled by the stinging swish of a muddy tail across her shoulders.

"Oh, my dress!" she gasped; "it's ready for the wash already." But she tried again. Soon there came another swish. This time the grimy appendage was coiled like a boa constrictor around her neck. She jumped up in a panic.

"Don't pay no attention to her. She don't mean nuthin'," called Jonah reassuringly; "it's just the flies makes them act that way."

Mrs. Milligan set her teeth and began once more, and once more there came that dread swish. She felt a stinging slash over her eyes, and a sudden pull at her hair. O, horror! That dreadful tail had caught on a hairpin! At the same instant the cow started off on a run.

Mrs. Milligan, of necessity, followed, screaming and half blinded. What would have been the outcome had not Mr. Milligan come to her rescue it would be hard to estimate. Jonah, meanwhile, found the spectacle extremely amusing.

When Mrs. Milligan was at length released she was trembling from head to foot, and on the verge of hysterics. All her bravado had evaporated. She retreated to the house and changed the much-begrimed white dress, feeling that the idyll was a little out of tune.

Meanwhile, Mr. Milligan battled with the refractory cows alone. They lashed him mercilessly with their tails; they kicked and rushed off every few minutes. They upset the milk and the milker more times than he could count. At last, just as he had succeeded in securing a brimming pail of milk, the cow deliberately set her foot right into it. He was completely exasperated.

Just at that instant there floated from the woods the melodious note of a whip-poor-will, and the fireflies lit their lanterns above the fields of daisies.

Mr. Milligan took the pail of muddy milk to feed the calves. They acted insanely, upsetting the milk all over him. He rejoined his wife in no amiable frame of mind.

"Well, Mrs. Milligan," he said, "I hope you are enjoying this beautiful summer evening. Isn't that daisy field exquisite? And do you hear the whip-poor-wills?"

"O Douglas," she replied, "I haven't had time either to look or to listen. I'm sure there are a thousand mosquitoes in this house, and they are as vicious as blood-hounds. If you kill one, a hundred more come to attend the funeral. There isn't a screen in the whole house, and if we shut the doors and windows we shall suffocate. Whatever shall we do?"

"Why don't you make a smudge?" suggested Jonah, who had slipped in unobserved.

"A smudge!" exclaimed Mr. Milligan, "what's that?"

"Don't you know what a smudge is? I'll soon show you."

Jonah darted out, half-filled an old pan with dry chips, set a match to it, and then covered the blaze with grass and leaves. It immediately began to smoke like a furnace chimney. The house became filled with a blue cloud, which made everything and everybody invisible. Mrs. Milligan began to choke, and the tears rained from Mr. Milligan's eyes.

"Oh!" he gasped. "If the infernal

regions are any worse than this—”

At length they went to bed, but not to sleep. As soon as the smoke disappeared the mosquitoes recovered from their temporary stupor, and were at it again with an energy as if they were determined to make up for lost time. They blew their little war trumpets fearlessly, and advanced to the attack with the courage of Spartans. Mr. and Mrs. Milligan fought a pitched battle half the night, but when the tale of dead and wounded mounted up into the hundreds they slept from sheer exhaustion.

“The milk waggon comes at five o'clock sharp,” had been Jonah's last word. “Everybody in the neighbourhood sends milk to the cheese factory.

“That means that I've got to rise at four,” Mr. Milligan had replied, with a groan. It is not at all probable that he would have awaked at that hour had it not been for the bugle call of the enemy. As it was, he was half dressed when the clock struck four.

The cows were a little less obstreperous in the morning, but still Mr. Milligan was not quite in time for the waggon.

“There's one thing I have made up my mind to,” he announced at breakfast, “and that is to drive to town to-day and get some screens. We can't stand this sort of thing very long. No wonder the Smiths are a skinny, bony tribe.”

Mr. Milligan drove to Bumpkinville after dinner. Mrs. Milligan had been busy all the morning getting straightened up, and she felt very hot and tired.

“That wood looks delightfully cool and inviting,” she thought, “I'm going there to rest.” So she took a book of poems and went to explore the green solitudes.

A few steps brought her to a little brook, edged with slender, graceful ferns. With a sigh of satisfaction she sat down on a mossy stone, but quickly jumped up and beat a hasty re-

treat; for the mosquitoes—exceptionally fine specimens, with keen country appetites—pounced upon her with drawn swords and lustful eyes.

“Is there no balm in Gilead?” she groaned as she emerged breathlessly from the wood.

As she neared the house, a very peculiar sound smote upon her ears.

“What is that queer noise?” she asked of Jonah, who was perched upon the fence.

“It's the bees swarming,” Jonah answered.

Then Mrs. Milligan noticed that the air was full of bees, which seemed to be flying back and forth in aimless confusion.

Soon the cloud began to move in an easterly direction.

“Look out or they'll get away from you,” warned Jonah.

“Why, how can I stop them?”

“Drum them down. Get a tin pan and beat on it with a stick. That'll stop them.”

“Won't you do it, Jonah?”

Jonah was generous with advice, but when it came to actual exertion he would rather be excused; so Mrs. Milligan followed the retreating swarm over field and fence and ditch, drumming lustily the while on the smudge pan.

At last the flight ceased, and the dark, buzzing cloud condensed on a low branch.

“What am I to do next?” she asked of Jonah, who had followed.

“Brush them into a hive,” he answered. “There's a new one in the milk-house, and you'll need the veil and gauntlets.”

Jonah magnanimously offered to fetch these things, and helped to prepare Mrs. Milligan for the unaccustomed task, from which she shrank with a nervous dread.

Then Jonah sat at a safe distance and gave plenteous advice, while Mrs. Milligan approached the mass of wings and stings.

Much to her own surprise, she succeeded in transferring the swarm

from the branch to the hive. One irate bee, however, did manage to get behind the veil and sting her on the end of the nose and on one eye.

"If this sort of thing continues I shall be down with nervous prostration," Mrs. Milligan reflected ruefully, as she sank exhausted into a chair when the fiery trial was over.

Just when her nose was swollen to about four times its natural size and one eye closed Mr. Milligan returned. Heroically, he restrained a desire to laugh and compassionated her sympathetically, praising her pluck profusely.

He had brought a set of adjustable screens, and while his wife prepared tea he fixed them in the windows.

"Edith," he said, presently, "I've arranged so we won't have to get up in the mornings till we feel like it. I've ordered a cream separator. The man is to bring it up to-morrow, and we'll make butter instead of sending the milk to the factory. That's a great invention, the separator. You just put the milk in at the top and turn a crank. In a few minutes the machine accomplishes what it would take nature a couple of days to do, and does it more satisfactorily, too."

"How much will it cost?" Mrs. Milligan asked.

"Seventy-five dollars. Rather a high price, but the man says it will pay for itself in a year."

Mrs. Milligan looked grave.

That night before they went to bed every visible mosquito was slaughtered, and sleep was certainly more sound.

Just in the gray dawn, however, Mrs. Milligan was awakened by the familiar battle cry. One after another of the enemy was fought and slain, but still they kept coming on.

"Wherever can they be coming from?" she pondered.

The mystery was soon solved. The tiny space between the over-lapping screens was crowded with mosquitoes, which gradually made their way through the narrow passage into the

room. Then with wings outspread and well-primed weapons they sailed straight for the bed.

Mrs. Milligan got up, put a folded paper into the crevice, killed all the mosquitoes within reach, and got into bed again.

There was a brief cessation of attack, but soon it was renewed. Mrs. Milligan got up again to see what was the matter.

When she saw she gave up in despair. The clamorous swarm were actually coming through the meshes! First came the murderous bill, then the head and shoulders, next the fore legs, wings and body. How maliciously triumphant was the bugle note of the little soldier as he sailed into the room! And Mrs. Milligan declared that she saw him grin.

Very soon after breakfast Mr. Gass, the cream separator agent, put in an appearance. He set up the machine, explained its working, with profuse eulogies on its merits, and hurried away.

Then Mr. Milligan put it to the test. In fifteen minutes it was over, but the sweat was pouring in great drops from his face.

"That's the hardest work I ever did," he gasped.

"Why, Mr. Gass said that any child could run it," Mrs. Milligan protested.

"Gass by name, and gas by nature!" Mr. Milligan burst out. "Agents and advertisers are alike in one respect: they are warranted to say more than their prayers every time."

Mr. Milligan sat down panting, but soon jumped up again.

"I forgot to tell you that the two young Cookes are coming to help me cut the hay to-day. You will need to get up a good, substantial dinner. I ordered some meat—couldn't get anything but salt pork—and they are to bring it."

Mrs. Milligan was in dismay. Three hungry men to cook for, and fat, frizzly pork to fry! What was becoming of the cool, dainty, little

meals for two that she had planned? She toiled and sweated the whole morning, wishing many a time for any one of the ten unsatisfactory girls who had been her helpers of late. If Sophia should walk in, what a cordial welcome she would receive! But there was no such luck.

That afternoon she went out with Jessie Muldrew to pick some raspberries.

"It's only a step," Jessie had said; but oh! the hills to climb, the brush and logs to clamber over, the burning sun to be broiled in! "Plenty of fruit for the picking," had been one of Mr. Smith's allurements; but this blessing, like many of the others, proved to be by no means unalloyed.

When she got back the men had just come in and wanted an early tea. A part of the mower was broken, and Mr. Milligan had to go to the village for repairs.

"I may not be able to get it done to-night," he said. "If not I would be inclined to stay till morning if it were not for leaving you alone. The boys have promised to do the milking before they leave."

"If you need to stay, Douglas, don't think of coming home on my account," Mrs. Milligan urged, "I shall not be afraid. You know, I'm not at all nervous."

But when it began to get dark and her husband had not yet returned, Mrs. Milligan did feel a little uneasy; so she asked Jonah to stay all night.

Jonah consenting, she made up a bed for him in the big bath-tub, for there was no room for anything else in the tiny bed-room.

Mr. Milligan returned at about eleven o'clock. Feeling very tired and dusty, he thought nothing would be so refreshing as a cold bath. Edith was sleeping. He must try not to rouse her, and would not strike a light.

He slipped upstairs very quietly in his stocking feet, carrying a pail of cold water. He then went straight to the bath-room and dumped it with-

out ceremony into the bath-tub.

Then the quiet of the house was suddenly invaded by a series of ear-piercing screeches.

"Jerusalem artichokes! Who's there?" he ejaculated in horror, as with many sputterings and splashing a being landed on the floor beside him, uttering very strong invectives and pounding him wildly.

Mrs. Milligan awoke in a fright. She lit the lamp and came trembling in her night dress to the scene of conflict, where her husband and Jonah, in dripping pajamas, were fighting a pitched battle in the darkness.

It was with some difficulty that she pacified her outraged little guardian, and persuaded him to spend the rest of the night on the lounge downstairs.

The following afternoon Mrs. Milligan determined to make some butter out of her five quarts of cream. There was a churn and everything to make use of in the little milk-house. She had never made butter before, but had seen it done last winter when she and Douglas had visited the Macdonald Institute. It was really a simple process, and could present no difficulties.

"I wonder now," she mused, "if I should put in a teaspoonful or a tablespoonful of butter colour. I'll try a tablespoonful to make sure."

When the cream had been duly churned the butter "came" all right, but, oh, the colour of it! It was as red as carrots. With a sinking heart Mrs. Milligan put it into the butter bowl, added salt, and worked away at it; but it clung tenaciously to the bowl and ladle in a sticky, unappetising mess. What could be the matter? At the Institute the butter never acted in such a crazy fashion.

When she was almost in despair, Jessie Muldrew came in. Mrs. Milligan felt very much ashamed of the butter, but there was no use trying to smooth it over.

"What's the matter with the stuff, anyway?" she asked appealingly.

"How much colour did you put in?" inquired Jessie, with twitching lips.

"A tablespoonful."

"Oh, my! You don't need to use any in the summer, and, anyway, a very few drops would have been enough for that quantity of cream. But never mind. It won't spoil the taste of it. You put it into a dry butter bowl, didn't you? That's what makes it stick. But I'll soon fix it. You sit down and rest."

Mrs. Milligan was glad to obey, while Jessie's deft hands fashioned the sticky mess into a shapely roll.

That night after the nightmare of milking had been lived through, Mrs. Milligan sank wearily into a chair, feeling as if she could endure no more.

Mr. Milligan noticed the dejected look and attitude, and smiled grimly

as he sat down to the long-neglected piano. He ran his fingers over the keys, then broke into a song. Having concluded with the familiar words,

"Come to the land of Bohemia,
The land where nobody goes home,"

he turned to see Edith in tears.

"O Douglas, don't!" she sobbed, "don't sing that! Take me home. Take me back where I belong. Why did we ever leave Toronto? Why didn't we know when we were well off? I'll never complain again; only give me back my home—and Sophia!"

It wasn't an easy thing to manage; but Mr. Milligan was a better business man than a farmer—and he managed it. Sophia remained an honoured inmate of the Milligan home until she left it for one of her own.

Mrs. Milligan's next summer idyll was not sung to the tune of a cow-bell.

TO NIGHT

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

COOLING, quieting Night,

Subtle abolisher of the long-burning light
Of Day; wrapt with thine ever-darkening hair,
Searching with agile, patient fingers everywhere
Lest in some undiscovered spot thy foe reluctant, hideth—
Mother, in whose deep bosom Sleep abideth
Thy child and Death's, the gloomier Shade, that glideth
Constantly after, stern husband-soul of thee,
Whom only thou regardest and dost not flee—
O lead him soon to me,
That I too feel him Father, unfearing tread where he hath trod,
And be at one with the silent Three that brood and move in the Shadow of God!

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION UP TO DATE

BY CY WARMAN

THE work of constructing Canada's great National Transcontinental Railway is steadily progressing toward completion, and the time is not far distant when we may expect to see this splendid road, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in active operation.

As is well known, this great enterprise was first launched in 1903, and is a joint undertaking between the Government and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. The Government, through a commission of four members, is constructing the Eastern division, namely, from Moncton, in New Brunswick, to Winnipeg, Manitoba, a distance of 1,804 miles, and the company is building the Western division, from Winnipeg to the Pacific Ocean, a distance of 1,755 miles, so that when the road is completed Canada will have a great transcontinental railway pursuing the shortest and most direct course across her broad expanse of territory, commensurate with the most favourable engineering conditions in construction and the agricultural and industrial possibilities of the country traversed.

The Government section (which, upon completion, will be handed over to and operated by the company under a fifty-year lease), while not as far advanced as the Western division, the latter being almost entirely a prairie country from Winnipeg to the foothills of the Rockies, is being diligently prosecuted, and long stretches

of the line are now beginning to assume a finished appearance. The territory for several hundred miles east of Winnipeg, with the exception of about seventy miles immediately east of that city, is one of the most difficult that could be imagined for railway construction. It is almost entirely a country of heavy timber, rock and muskeg, and the road in this section passes through a steady procession of heavy cuttings and tunnels through solid rock, and over tremendous earth fillings in muskegs and sink-holes, necessary to bring the line up to grade. These muskegs and sink-holes are continually sinking and giving away, requiring constant filling, until a substantial bottom can be formed and the grade maintained. In Northern Quebec these great obstacles to railway building also exist, but, while the area is not as great as the territory between Winnipeg and Lake Superior Junction, the work is even heavier and more difficult.

The first contract for construction on the Government section was awarded to J. D. McArthur, of Winnipeg. It comprises 245 miles of road from Winnipeg eastward to a junction with the branch line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to Fort William. This section is now practically completed, and has been in operation during the last grain season, hauling the products of the Western prairies to lake shipment at Fort William and Port Arthur.

Several other sections in New Brunswick and Quebec have reached a stage of completion sufficient to warrant them being operated, and it is expected that temporary arrangements will be made either to have these pieces of road operated by the Grand Trunk Pacific Company pending final completion, or that they will be operated by the Commission in charge of construction. There is a sufficient volume of traffic in view to justify the operation of these individual sections, and pressure is being brought to bear by those interested in the north country to have a service inaugurated.

Sixty per cent. of the Government section had been completed up to the end of December last, according to the estimates of the Commission.

The entire line from Moncton to Winnipeg is under contract and all opened up, with the exception of 114 miles in Quebec and 100 miles in Ontario, north of Lake Superior. The delay here was due to the inaccessibility of these sections.

West from Quebec the track is down to Waymontachene, a distance of 197 miles; also for a distance of nearly ninety miles east from Cochrane, the junction with the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railways.

Altogether about 1,000 miles of main line track has been put down and 200 miles of siding on the Government section.

The new line traverses 256 miles in New Brunswick, 700 miles in Quebec, 757 miles in Ontario, and eighty-nine miles in Manitoba.

In New Brunswick ninety-two per cent. of the work is done; in Quebec sixty-nine; in Ontario fifty-two, and in Manitoba about ninety-nine.

Between Moncton and Winnipeg there are 243 steel structures, totalling 52,000 tons in weight, and costing all the way from \$1,000 to \$700,000.

The Salmon River bridge is nearly 4,000 feet long.

Nearly ninety million dollars has been expended so far on the Eastern

section of the Grand Trunk Pacific, but the fact that nearly all of this money has been spent in Canada is consoling. Moreover, there are, as well, the added impetus it has given to business of all kinds, the increase in the number and improvement in the quality of immigrants, the increase in the price of land and the products thereof, and these things count more than all else. And then when the road is finished it will take twice the tonnage now taken over a one per cent. grade, and Canada can boast of the best built railway on the American Continent. The standard grade adopted was four-tenths of one per cent., or 21.1 feet to the mile, which is a marked contrast to the grades prevailing on many of our existing railways, which frequently run as high as 1 per cent. or 52.8 feet to the mile. This higher standard of construction, while entailing a much greater initial expenditure, will certainly result in a material lessening of the cost of operation, and this economy of operation is bound to revert to the people in the form of faster time, and to the country in the more rapid development of new regions and their natural resources.

The great advantage of a railway with four-tenths of one per cent. grades over a road with one per cent. grades is, of course, in the additional hauling capacity of the locomotives. To illustrate this point, it has been demonstrated that a locomotive of the consolidated type, 107 tons—53 tons in the driving wheels, which is not one of the largest locomotives—will haul on a 1 per cent. grade 810 tons, whereas on a four-tenths of one per cent. grade the same locomotive will haul 1,596 tons, or nearly 100 per cent. more. This reduced cost of operation will also render profitable the hauling of what is called "low-grade" freight, and in a country such as is traversed by the National Transcontinental Railway, with its wealth

of timber, pulp-wood, mineral products and great undiscovered natural resources, this is a most important factor.

As has been stated, the Government section, upon completion, is to be handed over to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to operate, under a fifty-year lease, and, as the company will be obliged to pay a rental of 3 per cent. per annum upon the total cost of construction, it is clearly in their interests to see that the cost is kept down to the lowest possible point. With that object in view, the legislation providing for this railway stipulated that the company should have joint supervision with the Government over its construction. This clause has been taken advantage of to the fullest extent by the company, who, since the commencement of operations, have had inspecting engineers, of their own appointment, located at various points along the entire line, and, with the conjunction of the engineers of the Commission, they have kept a careful supervision over all phases of construction. In cases of dispute between these engineers in respect to work as being performed, or returns made for same, the points of difference are referred to, and arbitrated by, the chief engineers of the Commission and the company respectively, and in the event of their failing to agree upon an adjustment of the points in question, a third arbitrator is selected by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, and the differences settled by a majority ruling.

A number of objections have been filed by the company's engineers principally on the ground of alleged over-classification of material and excessive overbreak. (Overbreak is the term used to describe material in rock cuttings, which has been removed outside of the regular slopes provided for in the specifications.) These objections have been arbitrated by the two chief engineers, representing the

company and the Commission, and many of them satisfactorily adjusted without the necessity of calling in a third arbitrator, and where the amount of material previously allowed was found to be excessive deductions were made from the monthly progress estimate of the contractors. In cases where agreements were not arrived at the work will be remeasured and a decision given by the third arbitrator.

The Commissioners also have in their employ two inspecting engineers, whose duty it is to keep in close touch with the whole work and report regularly to the chief engineer. These inspectors are kept constantly on the work, traversing the line from point to point, and maintaining a thorough and close inspection on all phases of construction.

In addition to this joint inspection, all contracts entered into by the Commissioners and expenditures made which involve any considerable amount of money are first submitted to the company and their approval obtained. The specifications for construction were prepared jointly by the Commission and the company, and the company passes upon all designs for station buildings, round-houses, shops and terminal buildings before they are finally adopted, as well as on the plant and equipment required for same.

As another means of insuring the construction of the road at a reasonable figure, the company itself tendered on contracts for construction on the Government section, and have secured in all 352 miles of work.

From this it will be seen that every precaution has been taken to provide for the construction of this great road in the most complete and thorough manner, and at the lowest possible cost commensurate with the high standard of construction which has been adopted.

One of the causes which have given rise to criticism and political discussion on the high cost of this railway

is the fact that the engineers' first estimates of the quantities of material to be removed were too conservative, and many unforeseen circumstances have occurred since that time, which have made these early estimates ineffective and inoperative. Setting aside the question of the difficulty of an engineer going over a rocky and heavily timbered country, with great surface undulations, and estimating with any degree of accuracy the various quantities of solid rock, loose rock and common excavation (earth) to be removed in order to establish a railway grade of the required standard, there are other causes which have made these estimates not a fair criterion of the amount of work actually to be performed:

1. After the preparation of the first estimates it was found necessary to materially change the location of the line at several important points in order to effect improvement in the grade and overcome existing obstacles.

2. No allowance was made for excavating solid rock one foot below the grade, nor for the removal of rock in cuttings outside the regular slopes, namely, overbreak.

3. All material required for heavy fills was estimated as common excavation, whereas for a distance of 180 miles west of Lake Superior Junction and for many miles in Northern Quebec the country is all rock, and, considering that rock is five or six times more expensive to handle than earth, it can be seen how considerably this would affect the original estimates and the cost of construction.

4. No provision was made in the estimates for the constant filling which has been necessary in muskegs and sink-holes in order to maintain the grade.

There are other causes which have arisen to make these estimates largely abortive, but from the instances cited it will be seen that they cannot be accepted as a fair indication of the work which was to be done. They

were prepared largely on preliminary and first location surveys. Had the engineers been required to make borings, say every hundred yards, on the 1,804 miles between Moncton and Winnipeg, there can be no doubt that much more accurate estimates would have been obtained, but this course would have resulted in a large additional expenditure of time and money, with absolutely no saving in the ultimate cost of the road. To one unacquainted with methods of railway construction, it might be supposed that the discrepancy between the estimated cost and the actual cost represented undue profits paid to contractors. This supposition is entirely erroneous. Railway contracts are not awarded upon a lump sum basis, with the excess over that sum representing "extras," but the contractors submit their tenders upon the basis of so much a cubic yard for earth and rock removed, and so much a unit for all other classes of work to be done, so that it will be seen that the contractors are paid only for the actual work performed. For example, if it were estimated that a cutting contained 5,000 cubic yards of solid rock, whereas the contractor was actually required to remove 7,000 cubic yards, he would be entitled to payment for 7,000 yards, at his contract price by the yard. On the other hand, if the cutting was estimated at 7,000 yards and contained only 5,000 yards, the contractor would be paid for only 5,000 yards—the actual amount of material handled. Consequently, beyond giving an approximate idea of the nature and amount of material involved, original estimates have no relation to, or effect upon, ultimate cost.

Another fact which should not be overlooked is that practically all of this huge sum of money is being expended in this country. The advantage of this to the people as a whole is not apparent at first sight. Many instances have occurred of mills

and industrial plants which would have been compelled to close down or operate at only half capacity had it not been for the business resulting from the construction of this railway, and it had been reported that in numbers of settlements through which the line passes great suffering and hardship would have had to be contended with, especially during the winter season, but for the labour and expenditure of money consequent upon its construction. This apart from the impetus to trade and industry throughout the country generally.

The shops being erected by the Commissioners just out of Winnipeg will rank with the largest in Canada. They are operated on somewhat original lines. The Transcontinental Railway shops have cross pits, and will be operated by a 120-ton midway crane, with double trolleys, extending the whole length of the lay-out, which is 1,200 feet, as distinguished from longitudinal pits, with cranes, to do the same class of work. The structural and masonry work on a number of the shop buildings at Winnipeg has been completed, covering locomotive erecting shop, forge shop, oil-houses, storage-houses, pattern-shop, gray iron foundry and power-house. There is yet to be built, coach repair-shop, coach paint-shop, freight car-shop, planing mill, wheel foundry and machine-shop. A pumping station has also been erected on the banks of the Red River, just above the city, in order to obtain a soft water supply for the shops. The equipment for these shops, which is now being installed, will make them the finest and most modern equipped railway shops in Canada. The great percentage of the machinery and equipment is of Canadian manufacture, the exceptions being a few special machines which cannot, as yet, be successfully manufactured in this country, such as certain classes of hydraulic machinery and electric travelling cranes. These are being

imported from England and the United States. The capacity of the Winnipeg shops is such that they are expected to meet the requirements of this great grain and railway centre for many years to come. They will be completed and ready for operation during the fall of 1911.

A union passenger depot is also being constructed in Winnipeg jointly by the Commission, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company and the Canadian Northern Railway Company, which when completed will be the equal of any of its kind on the Continent. Land has also been acquired by the Grand Trunk Pacific for a splendid hotel at Winnipeg, and for a passenger station in the city of Quebec, and the work of erection will begin in the near future.

To indicate concisely the progress of work to date on the Eastern division of the National Transcontinental Railway, the following is a brief summary of the present state of operations on the various sections of the road between Moncton and Winnipeg:

1. From Moncton to a point fifty miles westward the work is under contract to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. Practically the whole of this contract is completed and ready for operation. This section is partially settled and reported to be generally suitable for farming purposes. The timber consists of spruce, cedar, and hardwood. Extensive coal mining operations are carried on in this district.

2. From Mile Fifty to the town of Chipman, a distance of eight miles, the work is in the hands of the J. W. McManus Company, with 91 per cent. of contract completed. Line expected to be ready for operation immediately.

3. From Chipman to a point thirty-eight miles westerly (crossing of Canada Eastern Railway) work under contract to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is completed and ready for operation. Very little settlement as yet, but the soil, where

not sandy, is considered suitable for farming purposes. Timber consists of spruce, cedar, birch, and hardwood. It is a splendid game district.

4. From the crossing of the Canada Eastern Railway to Tobique River, sixty-seven miles, construction is in the hands of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company and work completed. The physical features are similar to No. 3. This country is probably the finest game district in Canada.

5. Tobique River to Grand Falls, New Brunswick—Contractors, Willard Kitchen and Company, with 88 per cent. of contract completed. This is the most difficult section for railway construction in New Brunswick. Generally an excellent farming country and well settled.

6. From Grand Falls to the boundary between New Brunswick and Quebec, sixty-one miles, work is under contract to Lyons and White, with 92 per cent. of contract completed. Very little settlement between St. John River and boundary, but a prosperous community of farmers are settled near southerly end of Baker Lake at boundary.

In short, the entire line through the Province of New Brunswick is practically completed.

7. From boundary line between New Brunswick and Quebec, westerly fifty-three miles, the contractors are M. P. and J. T. Davis, with 64 per cent. of work completed. This country is partially settled. Timber is spruce, cedar, birch, ash, and hardwood.

8. From last mentioned point to city of Quebec, 150 miles, the contractors are M. P. and J. T. Davis, with 78 per cent. of work completed. For fifty miles east of Quebec it is a specially good farming country and thickly populated.

9. From Quebec City westerly for fifty miles, the work is under contract to M. P. and J. T. Davis, with 86 per cent. completed. The line passes

through a very well-settled country.

10. From last mentioned point westerly 100 miles, the contractors are Messrs. Macdonell and O'Brien. Ninety per cent. of work is completed. There is little or no settlement, beyond several small communities at points along the St. Maurice River, where lumbering operations are carried on. This is the Laurentian country of rounded hills and valleys, with lakes and rivers everywhere. It is estimated that 3,000,000 acres in the valley of the St. Maurice River are fit for cultivation. Timber is pine, spruce, birch, and tamarac.

11. From last mentioned point to Weymontachene, forty-six miles, the work is under contract to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, with 82 per cent. completed. This country has been pretty well covered by lumber operators, and the pine is practically depleted, but there are large areas suitable for pulp-wood, and cedar and birch are abundant.

12. From Weymontachene westerly for 107 miles the work is under contract to Messrs. Macdonell and O'Brien, with 21 per cent. completed. This is work which could not be opened up until steel had been laid from Quebec to Weymontachene to make it accessible. Work will now be diligently prosecuted on this section. The country is broken, with only small areas fit for cultivation. Very little valuable timber, except in vicinity of streams.

13. From last mentioned point westerly 114 miles, work under contract to Macdonell and O'Brien. Operations have not yet commenced, owing to inaccessibility, but work will be opened up very soon.

14. From end of contract thirteen to a point just west of Abitibi River crossing, 150 miles, the contractors are Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, with 62 per cent. of work completed. There is a great improvement in the general character of the country here, and large areas will no

doubt be settled in the not distant future. Timber is spruce, tamarac, birch, poplar, and red pine. Sixty-nine per cent. of total work in Quebec is completed.

15. From Abitibi River crossing westerly 100 miles the contractors are E. F. and G. E. Fauquier, with 72 per cent. of work completed. The line passes through fine agricultural country, with little or no rock. Valuable timber is not very plentiful, except in valleys of streams, ridges with jack pine, and swamps with tamarac being met with occasionally.

16. From last mentioned point westerly 105 miles, the contractors are O'Brien, O'Gorman and McDougall, with 11 per cent. of work completed. Operations on this section were only commenced during the past season, owing to inaccessibility. Steel now laid from Cochrane to beginning of this contract and work on it will be rushed. Soil and timber same as No. 15. It has been estimated that there are 15,600,000 acres of land fit for cultivation in this territory, and no climatic features which would prevent grain and root crops from ripening. The soil is clay and clay loam.

17. From end of contract sixteen to a point north of Lake Nepigon, 100 miles, the contractors are O'Brien, O'Gorman and McDougall. Operations have not yet commenced, as work cannot be reached until steel is laid on either side to make it accessible. The country is broken, with rough and more or less rocky areas, opened up.

18. From last mentioned point north of Lake Nepigon westerly for a distance of seventy-five miles, the work is under contract to E. F. and G. E. Fauquier, with 43 per cent. completed. Physical features are similar to No. 17, with timber, spruce, jack pine, and occasionally tamarac. Not much land fit for settlement. The country is rocky and dotted with innumerable lakes and swamps.

19. From end of contract 18 westerly 126 miles, the contractors are O'Brien, Fowler, and McDougall Brothers, with 47 per cent. of work completed. Character of the country is the same as No. 18.

20. Consists of twenty-three miles west of last mentioned contract. The contractors are O'Brien, Fowler and McDougall Brothers, with 86 per cent. of work completed. The end of this contract is the junction point of the National Transcontinental Railway with the Grand Trunk Pacific branch to Fort William.

21. From Lake Superior Junction to the city of Winnipeg, a distance of 246 miles, the work is under contract to J. D. McArthur. This country is very rough and rocky, with no agricultural land, with possible exception of a few miles north of Dryden. Spruce, jack pine, and tamarac are found at intervals along the line.

The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will greatly strengthen the Grand Trunk Railway System. The acquisition of the Central Vermont, which reaches tide-water at New London, Connecticut; the building of a branch to that great manufacturing city of Providence, Rhode Island, together with the line already in operation to Portland, Maine, enables the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to gather the manufactured articles of the New England States, carry them right across Canada to Chicago, and bring back the products of the Western fields. This is an advantage Canadians have failed to appreciate. It is vastly more advantageous to Canada to cross this country with all this traffic, wearing out Canadian rails, employing Canadian cars and locomotives and Canadian labour than to let it flow east and west through the United States. Manifestly, this advantage will more than compensate Canada for any loss of traffic to what are known as north and south lines in the Western States and Provinces.



A PLAIN HOUSE MADE ATTRACTIVE BY ITS SURROUNDINGS

THE ENVIRONMENT OF HOME

BY ARTHUR E. SLATER

IS it not possible that we Canadians as a people have not as yet taken time and thought to beautify the environment of our homes? The work of a nation, as of an individual, is to provide first for its necessities and then for its comforts and pleasures. Up to the present time our growth, our national advancement, the expansion of our great West, our political and commercial enterprises have absorbed more or less exclusively our time and energy. We have been concerned with the acquiring of lands, with the building of houses. Now that our premier object has been accomplished in our many large cities, it is perfectly natural that we should turn our attention to the second—the beautifying of homes and grounds—in order to reap the harvest of our labours. As our

country grows older, as conditions more nearly approach those of the older nations, we shall, as a people, realise more fully the deep significance of beautiful homes and the part they play in building up national character.

An appreciation of the beautiful is ingrained in human nature. As civilisation has advanced man has surrounded himself more and more with objects natural and artificial to gratify his æsthetic taste. Thus the rude log cabin of the hardy pioneer has given place to the palatial residence of the wealthy business man, the shapeless huddle of logs, which formerly served as store, post-office and inn, to the stately public buildings and comfortable hotels of our modern Canadian cities. But what we have gained in

comfort we have lost in picturesque surrounding. There must have been a charm in the "forest primeval" which our cities, with their severe lines and business-like aspect, have

shrubs. These, apart from their practical value to human beings, convey distinct and sensible impressions to the human mind. Man has a natural inherited instinct to seek their shelter



"A SENSE OF SECURITY AND RETREAT IS GIVEN IF THE VIEW OF THE HOUSE
BE PARTIALLY BROKEN BY TREES"

lost entirely. Does it not behove us, then, to make good this defect? And how can we do so more effectively than by letting nature herself mellow and soften the hard lines and severe proportions of our homes and cities? The art of landscape gardening, studied by a few, is a sealed book to the majority; yet the average individual, with little effort and with nothing to guide him but his own instinctive appreciation of nature's beauties, can achieve results which will not only afford a source of continual pleasure to himself, but tend to refine and cultivate the character of the entire nation.

The first point worthy of note in the adornment of the home is the appropriate use of flowers, trees and

and to find repose beneath their friendly shade. This feeling of comfort in their presence increases our appreciation of nature's skill and delicacy in the fashioning of these, her ornaments. Each leaf, branch and flower manifests a type of beauty which art has always endeavoured to approach. But the imitation has invariably fallen short of the original. We are constantly learning new things in nature, and nature is our best teacher. Nature places trees, shrubs and flowers in pleasing and harmonious groups, producing a perfect blending of colours, on which the eye loves to linger, and the effect of which is to soothe the mind and induce peace.

In setting out a garden we have to

take many things into consideration, such as the site, exposure and soil conditions; in other words, we must have a working plan, which may be developed in one of two directions, to-

den, where the large, rambling borders afford a mass of harmonious colouring, where nature runs riot, guided almost imperceptibly by the hand of man.



"WITH THE HYDRANGEAS NEAR THE POINTS OF THE PLANTATION."

ward the formal or toward the natural style. Personal taste and particular surroundings naturally control individual choice in this regard. Taste improves year by year, but at the beginning try to have something in view.

Of the formal or artificial style there are various types, of which a few may be mentioned, such as the Japanese, French, and Dutch systems. But the prim formality of these, though striking at first glance, soon tires the eye and loses freshness. The close-clipped box-hedge, the shrubs trimmed to fantastic shapes and figures, the flower beds laid out in geometric ratio, like the pattern on a wall-paper, these pall sooner upon the taste than a neatly-kept lawn, shaded by one or two grand old oaks or graceful elms, a shrubbery and old-fashioned gar-

"The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves,
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

The house itself should always be the central object. The surroundings and grounds are merely the frame to set off the picture. A sense of security and retreat is given if the view of the house be partially broken by trees judiciously placed. The presence of a few shade trees and some creepers, vines or climbing roses will transform the plainest edifice into a thing of beauty. What a haven of rest, what a retreat from the worry of business cares is a deep, cool

verandah, almost hidden in a dense mass of fragrant blossoms of the crimson rambler rose; among these patches of vivid colour the broad, green leaves of the trumpet creeper

establishments. It is also one of the most desirable. The perfect lawn must possess an even stand of grass, of uniform colour, kept closely mown; a blend of grasses is preferable to a



"THE VALUE OF A GOOD LAWN CANNOT BE OVER-ESTIMATED"

spread, upon the walls themselves the ivy twines and clings, while in front of the porch and almost hiding it blooms the sweet spirea.

It is important to conceal, as far as possible, all the unsightly buildings on or near the grounds by the judicious planting of trees and shrubs, and at the same time to allow the vision an uninterrupted sweep when the outlook is pleasing. Trees and shrubs are useful as wind-breaks, yet very many of them cumber the ground and produce a cramped effect; it is preferable to have fewer trees placed to the best advantage, and to preserve as large an area of unbroken greensward as possible.

The value of a good lawn cannot be over-estimated. It is one of the rarest possessions of public or private

single species, and it is usually better to seed the ground than to sod it. One of the best lawn mixtures consists of the following varieties: Kentucky blue grass, red top, and Dutch clover, in about equal proportions, and sown at the rate of three or four bushels to the acre. Cross-sowing will secure an even distribution of seed. The accompanying photograph shows how greatly the appearance of a place may be improved by a well-kept lawn, shaded by some graceful trees.

The next point to be noted is the suitable and artistic grouping of shrubs and trees. In general, the arrangement of the clumps should be more or less irregular, rather than symmetrical. When a number of trees or shrubs are brought together

in a single group the differences are emphasised by contrast and the variety produces a pleasing effect. Nature fascinates, not through uniformity, but by means of a seeming-

sturdy oaks give a stability and solidity of appearance, but are most suitable to large, spacious houses and grounds.

It is upon the colour scheme, how-



FLOWERING SHRUBS ADD BEAUTY AND CHARM

ly haphazard but altogether harmonious blending of different species and varieties. Each group should represent some distinctive idea, in addition to that of ornament. Thus the tall, slender, graceful poplar and the sturdy oak each convey a clear-cut impression to the mind of the beholder and lend an individuality to the garden which they adorn. Trees may be selected for size, form and colour. If we select them for size we have a splendid choice of varieties among the maples, such as Weir's cut-leaf maple, eagle's claw maple, the copper-coloured sycamore, and Manitoba maples. Besides being among our most beautiful shade trees, they possess an interest and a value peculiarly their own, since they are our national emblem. One or two

ever, that most depends in the tasteful arrangement of grounds, and for colour effects we have our old and trusty friends, the birches, beeches, willows, and poplars. Some of the best varieties are the delicate Wisconsin weeping-willow, the cut-leaf weeping-birch, the paper-birch, and yellow birch. The warm hues of the purple leaf birch add a richness to the general scheme of the garden. Certain trees also are prized for their combination of colour and bloom. A few of such add to the beauty of a place, but it is not desirable to have very many. The white dogwood is prized for its large white blossom, which has a diameter of nearly three inches. The tulip tree, with its showy leaves and large yellow flowers, makes a splash of vivid colour against a more sombre

background; but perhaps the most brilliant and the hardiest of all is *catalpa speciosa*, which also possesses the undoubted advantage of very rapid growth. The horse chestnut,

thus form a basis or background against which the lower-growing varieties may be arranged in gradation, the drooping or recumbent forms occupying the foreground. In this way



VINES AND PALMS FOR PORCH DECORATION

too, may be mentioned under this class of tree. It should be clearly understood, however, that the secret of any system of ornamentation lies in tasteful selection; of the varieties mentioned here only one or two should be chosen.

Among the most desirable evergreens are the pines, spruce, and juniper, the last named especially so. The Irish and Swedish junipers are beautiful varieties, and, though not entirely hardy, will become acclimated without much difficulty. The Colorado blue spruce is a picture in itself. Of a striking blue shade, it is ornamental in the highest degree, but it possesses the disadvantage of being the slowest in growing of all the spruces. In spite of this defect, however, its rare beauty should secure it a place. In grouping shrubs it is important to give those of an upright habit a rear or central location; they

the eye is guided gradually from the greensward up to the apex of the group and no detail is obscured. Notice how the natural growth of copice and wood arranges itself. Observe and copy nature, remembering that the aim of all planting is to conceal the hand of the gardener to the utmost extent.

As an example of how to group shrubs in order to secure variety, harmony and beauty, the following arrangement might be suggested: In one group we may place together three plants of *forsythia*, three of *syringa*, two of *viburnum*, three of *spiræa*, four of *althea*, and four of *hydrangea*. The tall *viburnums* should occupy the centre with the *syringas*; these again should be flanked by the *altheas*, next to which come the *forsythias* and *spireas*, with the *hydrangeas* near the points of the plantation, the group being completed by a single

spiraea at each angle nearest the lawn. This grouping is recommended by Mr. L. C. Corbett, Horticulturist of the Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, who claims for it very

they naturally fall into the class of "fillers in." Personally, the writer would urge a plea for the old-fashioned garden, with its fragrant perennial border, in which may be found many

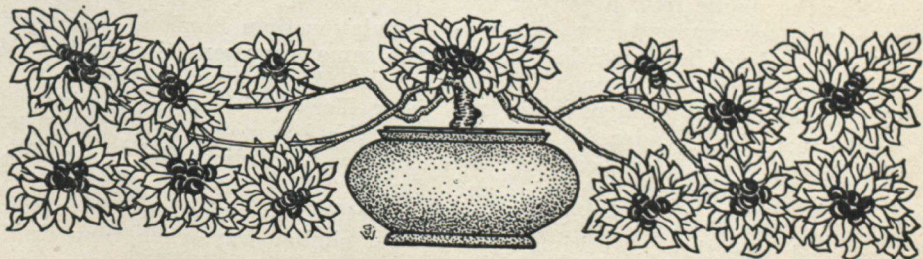


"WHAT A HAVEN OF REST, WHAT A RETREAT FROM THE WORRY OF BUSINESS CARES
IS A DEEP, COOL VERANDAH"

pleasing results. It gives not only a variety of foliage and a different rate and habit of growth, but also a period of bloom, which begins in May and extends well on into October, when the viburnams will begin to assume their autumn tints.

The part of flowers in the general scheme has been left to the last, as

of our sweetest flowers, pinks, mignonette, hollyhock, wall-flower, and forget-me-nots growing in graceful confusion, leading one back to the old home and happy childhood's days, when one of the greatest pleasures was to tend and care for these little beauties, which ever lift their faces to the eternal blue vault above.



THE RED CHAMBER

AN APPRECIATION OF THE CANADIAN SENATE

BY GEORGE CLARKE HOLLAND

OFFICIAL REPORTER OF THE SENATE

EVERY Canadian is supposed to be familiar with the British North America Act, the constitution of the Dominion. Many intelligent people, however, have but a vague idea of the Senate. In fact, some who ought to know better regard the House of Commons as the Parliament of Canada, the Senate being an expensive and wholly unnecessary appendage. This popular ignorance of the Senate and its place in the legislative machinery of the country is due to many causes, but mainly to the fact that the Upper House is not elective and therefore not a popular body like the Lower House. Senators are appointed by the Crown, on the advice of the government of the day, for life and do not necessarily come in contact with the electorate. Not being responsible directly to the people, very little public interest is taken in their debates and proceedings, except when, as sometimes happens, a conflict arises between the two Houses. Then, for a time, they fill the public eye and become dauntless patriots, protecting the public from a corrupt and rapacious government or a mischievous body of irresponsible obstructives, just as they happen to be viewed through opposition or government spectacles. Under the terms of the British North America Act, the two larger provinces, Ontario and Quebec, have each twenty-four senators, and the three Maritime Pro-

vinces (Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island) twenty-four. By the subsequent admission of British Columbia and the acquisition of the Northwest Territories the total number has been increased until there are eighty-seven senators for the whole Dominion. This is not representation by population, but comes much nearer a just and equitable representation of the people than exists in the upper chamber of any other English-speaking country. The census of 1901 gives Ontario a population of 2,167,978, and the Province has, therefore, in the Upper House a representative for every 90,300 of its inhabitants. Quebec has a senator for every 67,500, the Maritime Provinces one for every 37,250. Manitoba one for every 61,600, British Columbia one for every 63,300. Each of the three Prairie Provinces is represented in the Upper House by four senators. In the neighbouring Republic each State, however populous or however small its population, has two representatives in the Senate at Washington. Thus Nevada, with less population than London, Ontario, has the same representation in the Senate at Washington as the State of New York, with a population considerably larger than that of all British America, including the British West Indies. The new Commonwealth of Australia has started out in a somewhat similar way, each State in the

Union having six representatives in the Federal Senate. Thus Tasmania, with a population of 182,300, has the same representation in the Senate as New South Wales, with a population nearly eight-fold greater. The arrangement may work well, but Canadians prefer their own system.

When the present official reporters undertook the reporting of the Senate debates in the 'seventies, they had had very little personal acquaintance with the Red Chamber, and shared the popular impression that it was, compared with the Commons, as dull and lifeless as a cemetery. They felt that any connection with it was tantamount to going down among the dead men, and they entered into the contract with a good deal of hesitancy and misgiving, and without any thought or desire that it should furnish more than temporary occupation. That was thirty-five years ago; they are there yet. They soon found, as others have learned, that the Senate is not only an indispensable part of the Government machinery, but that in the average intelligence and capacity of its members it is, to say the least, on a level with the popular House; that, having no need to make political capital, it is more judicial in its decisions, and influenced by higher motives than the elective body, which is responsible directly to the people, and swayed by every gust of popular prejudice. True, it is not a chamber in which many important measures originate. It could not well discharge the functions of a revising body and originate large measures that, in their nature, should be dealt with first by the elected representatives of the people. Such measures are, for the most part, prepared by the government of the day, and by them carried through Parliament on the responsibility of the Cabinet. The heads of all the spending departments, as they are called, are in the Lower House, and must, of necessity, introduce their measures there, the popular branch

in Canada, as in all British countries, controlling the purse-strings and dealing with the details of financial measures. The Senate may afterwards reject such bills, but cannot amend them. It is plain, therefore, that the functions of the Senate are largely restricted to revising the work of the Commons and checking hasty legislation. These are the circumstances which prevent the Upper House from attracting such public attention, as the other branch of Parliament receives.

My first acquaintance with the Senate was, I think, in 1869. I was in Ottawa as a representative of a Toronto paper. Prior to that time I had heard of the Senate as I had heard of the Catacombs, but never felt any inclination to explore it or make the acquaintance of its inmates. That session was a lively one. The Honourable William Macdougall, who had been a member of Sir John Macdonald's first Government, was then on the cross-benches, distrustful of and distrusted by both parties. On some subject—I forget now what it was—Senator Miller had made a vigorous attack upon him in the Senate. In the House of Commons the following day Mr. Macdougall rose to a question of privilege, read the published report of the Senator's remarks, and called upon the Government to protect the rights and privileges of the House and one of its members. The leader of the Government replied that he did not feel called upon to take any action, whereupon Mr. Macdougall announced his intention to take action on his own account, and demand that Mr. Miller be expelled from the galleries of the House of Commons if he should make his appearance there. The very next day, as Mr. Macdougall was on his feet addressing the House on some measures then before it, Senator Miller entered the gallery set apart for members of the Upper House, leaned over the rail and looked directly down upon Mr. Macdougall. It

was regarded as an unmistakable challenge, and in Mr. Macdougall's opinion the time for action had come. He paused in his speech, and, looking at Senator Miller, said: "Mr. Speaker, I see a stranger in the gallery." There is, or was at that time, a parliamentary fiction that none but members and officials of the House should be present at any of its meetings. Even when the galleries were thronged with people, the members were supposed to be ignorant of the fact unless the Speaker's attention was called to their presence. The galleries were full at the time when Mr. Macdougall detected the presence of a stranger, but every member understood the identity of the "stranger." The business of the House was suspended and Mr. Macdonald, who was Sergeant-at-Arms at that time, was instructed to expel the intruder. The doors of the galleries were thrown open, and the bewildered public were ordered to retire. Not one in a hundred of them knew the cause of the expulsion, and they poured out into the lobbies and down the stairs asking each other what had happened. In the galleries of the House of Commons a Senator is no better than any ordinary mortal, and Senator Miller had to leave with the rest.

The press gallery at that time was not the convenient and commodious place that has since been provided for the representatives of the newspapers, above the Speaker's chair. The architects who had planned the building gave little thought to the newspapers and provided no accommodation for the press. At the outset, for the first two or three sessions after Confederation, space was given to them in the general gallery immediately above the Speaker's chair, but this was found unsuitable. Frequently the speeches could not be heard and were unreported or misapprehended. Then a small gallery was suspended midway between the general gallery and the top of the dais

behind the Speaker's chair. It was narrow, flimsy, inconvenient, and difficult of access, but with all its defects an improvement on the old arrangement. From its shape and position, suspended midway between the main gallery and the floor of the Chamber, it was known to the pressmen as Mahomet's coffin. To enter or leave it one had to use a narrow step-ladder, with only a brass railing, such as is employed to hang window curtains upon, to protect the reporters from falling into the Speaker's lap. It was in this gallery that the pressmen sat, writing for dear life a description of the remarkable scene in the House. It never occurred to them that they were "strangers" until the Sergeant-at-Arms appeared in the gallery above them, waving his sword and ordering them out. Up to this time the members had sat silent spectators of the scene, but when the pressmen began to file up the ladder there was a storm of applause and laughter, which became simply uproarious when an old reporter, familiarly known in the gallery as Cock Roger, began the ascent. He could not have weighed less than fifteen stone, and as he climbed up the fragile-looking ladder, he resembled an elephant walking a tight-rope. The representatives of the press retired to the press-room, held an indignation meeting, and decided to let the House stew in its own gravy. They proceeded to the *Russell House* without delay, and when the galleries were thrown open again there was but one representative of the press to put in an appearance in Mahomet's Coffin. Five minutes later the House adjourned.

My next experience of the Senate was the reporting of the famous Campbell divorce case, one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of divorce in Canada. It is not my purpose to enter into the details of the case, though many a popular novel has been based upon a less exciting plot. I shall only state my own con-

nection with it as a reporter for the purpose of showing the spirit in which such cases are dealt with by the Senate. Most Canadians are no doubt familiar with the procedure for obtaining a divorce in Canada. In all the Provinces, excepting Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia, divorces are only to be had by Act of Parliament. A petition is presented in the Senate and referred to the Divorce Committee of that body. Witnesses are called and examined and the printed report of the evidence and the recommendation of the Committee are submitted to both Houses. As a rule the recommendation of the Committee is acted upon; if they recommend that the prayer of the petitioner be granted, the Bill becomes law. In the Campbell case the evidence was voluminous, and four reporters were employed to take the testimony. I was at the time a member of the first Hansard staff of the House of Commons. If my recollection of the Campbell divorce case is correct, only the evidence for the plaintiff could be taken that year, and I remember that the four reporters were unanimous in believing Mrs. Campbell to be the victim of a conspiracy. The following session the case came up again, and the evidence on both sides was taken. The Committee, convinced that the respondent was innocent, amended the Bill, and recommended that she be granted a separation from her husband on the ground of cruelty and neglect, and that alimony and the custody of her children be allowed. It was a complete reversal of the case, and led to a most exciting and stubbornly-contested battle in the Senate. Sir Alexander Campbell, at that time leader of the Upper House and Minister of Justice, opposed the recommendation of the Committee and exerted himself without avail to defeat the Bill on the ground that Parliament had no jurisdiction to grant alimony. The House stood by the Committee and refused to follow

its brilliant and deservedly popular leader.

The Senate is an exceedingly dignified body, free from the unseemly altercations which mark the proceedings of some elective chambers. There was a time, however, when the debates and proceedings of the Upper House were more interesting than dignified; that was in the days of Senator Alexander, an old Scotchman, who, with some polish of manner and a good deal of ability, was also the possessor of a vitriolic tongue. He was so violent and implacable in his personal antipathies that he became the most disliked member of the Senate. He was constantly either stretching the rules of the House to the breaking point, or the principal actor in the scenes which it was his delight to create. Among the objects of his personal hatred were three leading Senators, Sir Alexander Campbell, Minister of Justice; Sir David Macpherson, Speaker, and Mr. Allen, who subsequently filled the Speaker's chair. Senator Alexander was a man with a grievance. He claimed that he had lost heavily through the failure of the Bank of Upper Canada, and that his loss was directly attributable to these three Senators who had been connected with the management of the bank. He never wearied of airing his grievance and making it unpleasant for his three distinguished colleagues as far as the rules would permit. Under all these personal assaults, the knightly courtesy of Sir Alexander Campbell and the gentle dignity of Senator Allen never failed them. Speaker Sir David Macpherson was, of course, powerless to reply, and Mr. Alexander became bolder and more daring in his attacks. At length even the self-restraint of Sir Alexander Campbell gave way. At the close of an unusually virulent speech of the Senator from Woodstock the House rose for recess; the air was charged with electricity, and there was a general expectation that there would be

a commotion in the Upper Chamber when the debate was resumed. There was an unusually large attendance of strangers and members of the House of Commons when the Speaker took his seat. Then Sir Alexander Campbell rose and replied to the Senator from Woodstock in such vigorous style that even his thick cuticle was pierced. There was open and undisguised satisfaction as Senator Alexander squirmed under the flaying. The rebuke was sharp and effective, and for two years the Senator from Woodstock was a silent member of the Senate. When he did eventually address the House again it was in such mild and inoffensive terms that everyone pronounced the cure as radical as the remedy had been drastic.

One other incident in connection with the Senator from Woodstock is worth mentioning. All who visit the Parliament Building are attracted by the portraits of the Speakers, which hang in the corridors. Every Speaker during his term has his portrait painted, and it is added to the long row of portraits in the corridors. Sir David Macpherson, instead of following the custom of the House and providing the conventional portrait showing the head and shoulders, supplied at his own expense a full-length portrait of himself in his robes of office. He was a very large and well-proportioned man, as anyone can see if he will stand before the life-size portrait of his stately figure in the front corridor of the Senate. Mr. Alexander seized upon this departure from the custom of the Senate as an opportunity to worry his enemy. He rose to a question of privilege and called attention to the innovation, charging the former Speaker with having been influenced by vanity and a desire to make himself unduly conspicuous. He wound up by demanding that the portrait be cut in two and only one-half of it retained. It didn't matter which half, he said, but if his own judgment would be accepted, he would prefer the lower half, because the por-

trait showed well-developed calves, and he thought on the whole they were the best part of Sir David's make-up. Newspapers hostile to the Senate took up the question, and the fame of the portrait was spread abroad, with the result that you could always find a knot of curious visitors gazing upon it when the Senate was open to tourists. Mr. Alexander retired from the Senate soon after the incident, and Sir David Macpherson did not long survive him, but even to this day the famous canvas is an object of interest to sight-seers who remember the hot time it created in the Senate long years ago.

Another Senator who at times broke through the customs and traditions of the Red Chamber was the Honourable T. R. McInnes, afterwards appointed Governor of British Columbia. I can recall two incidents in which he was the central figure. He was one of those who regard the dual language as an expensive nuisance. On one occasion he claimed that Gaelic was a language, to say the least, as vigorous and expressive as French and with as many claims to be considered an official language as either French or English. To emphasise his views and put them on record, he moved that Gaelic be made an official language in Canada. To give some idea of its musical and expressive character, he addressed the House in the language of the Highlanders. Did we try to report that speech? As well try to report the fusillade of a package of fire-crackers. The Senators looked on amused, while the reporters sat there helplessly listening to the unintelligible stream of oratory. Then Mr. McInnes addressed the House in English. The feelings of his French colleagues can be more readily imagined than described, as he wound up with the declaration that, as Britain had generously granted the use of their language to the conquered race, at least the same right should be conceded to their conquerors. The writ-

ten Gaelic speech was handed in to the reporters and duly incorporated in the debates, where anyone of an inquiring mind can find it.

On another occasion, when the eccentricities of Senator Alexander had led to unpleasant scenes and acrimonious discussions, Senator McInnes rose to a question of privilege and called attention to the fact that the Chaplain had omitted, for some time, the prayer for peace and harmony in their deliberations, and attributed the unseemly and almost disorderly scenes which had so pained the House to this serious omission. Then with great unction he read the omitted prayer himself, and was afterwards thanked by the Speaker for having directed attention to so serious a matter. The prayer has never since been omitted, but it was some time before there was any noticeable improvement in the tones of the speeches of which the Senate complained.

A few years before the death of the late Dean Lauder, an attempt was made to raise his salary as Chaplain of the Senate from four hundred dollars to five hundred dollars a session. In Committee the proposed increase was vigorously opposed by Senator McInnes and others. They figured out the rate of remuneration for the Chaplain's services at so many dollars per minute for merely reading the same prayers every day at the opening of the House. Mr. McInnes claimed that a great saving might be effected and the function better discharged by using a phonograph and he actually proposed that one should be purchased. Needless to say, the radical suggestion was not adopted. The Dean continued to be Chaplain of the Senate, but his salary was not increased on that occasion, and when he died the office of Chaplain was abolished. The Speaker of the Senate now reads the prayers without any perceptible ill effect on the temper of the Senators.

The speaking in the Senate is generally of a conversational character.

There is no thought of talking to the public. As a rule, the Senate galleries are as deserted as the halls of Tara. Most of the Senators are veteran politicians, and have the fluency of speech which comes with long practice and familiarity with public questions, but among them there have been some uncommonly bad talkers from the reporters' point of view. To make a readable report of their remarks was little short of a work of art. One of these men was the late Senator Kaulbach. He was of German descent, and his intellect was of the familiar German type. He had good ideas, but seldom was able to express them so as to be thoroughly understood by the Senate. His utterance was thick and almost lost in a heavy beard. His sentences were involved and frequently unfinished. Time and again I have been asked how in the world we managed to understand and report Mr. Kaulbach. I did not care to give away the secret, but, as Mr. Kaulbach has passed over to the majority and left no successor whose oratory is of the Kaulbachian character, I may say that the only way to make an intelligible report of his speeches was to disregard the shorthand notes almost completely—just glance over a page of notes, shut the book and dictate. The reporter having a general knowledge of what the Senator from Lunenburg wanted to say, the honourable gentleman's views were fairly expressed in the report.

Mr. Kaulbach's end was one of the tragedies of the Senate. It occurred during the session of 1896, when an attempt, which proved successful, was being made to talk out the seventh Parliament.

There was a great deal of excitement, and the corridors of the House of Commons were thronged with people anxiously awaiting the opening of the doors to secure front seats in the galleries. Mr. Kaulbach walked up the stairs, came to the door of the reporters' office and looked in. Find-

ing them very busy, he started to walk towards the Senators' Gallery of the House of Commons. An instant afterwards we heard a heavy fall, and someone called to us, "Senator Kaulbach is dying." We found him in his last agony on the floor of the corridor. Before a doctor could be summoned he was dead. The fact was known at once throughout the building, yet so great was the excitement over the approaching termination of the Parliament that not one of the hundreds who were waiting a few yards away for the opening of the doors of the Commons galleries came to see or help the dying Senator.

The remark has often been made that within three or four years after a change of government in all probability the two political parties will be evenly balanced in the Senate. That depends, however, on circumstances. You cannot always be sure of a Senator. There have been cases of conversion in the Red Chamber, not always the result of persuasive argument. One such instance was that of the late Mr. Wilmot, who was subsequently appointed Governor of New Brunswick. He was a Liberal at the time of his appointment to the Senate. He left it a staunch Conservative, and the change of heart is said to have occurred in this wise. He was the owner of a fertile island in the Saint John River, at a place known as the Oromocto Shoals. In an evil day for his party Premier Mackenzie undertook to improve the navigation of the river at that point. The dam at the shoals was so constructed that it turned the current directly against the head of the Senator's island, and began to wash it away. Each season saw the island growing smaller and beautifully less. Mr. Wilmot expostulated with the engineer, then complained to the Department, and finally brought the matter up in the Senate, but without avail. The Department stood by its engineer, and Mr. Wilmot's vote ceased to be counted on the Liberal side. What

has happened once may happen again; history has a way of repeating itself.

It is surprising how reputations made in the local legislatures fade away in the larger arena of the Dominion Parliament. It does not follow that because a man is a Triton in the provincial pool he will be anything more formidable than a sardine in the Dominion sea. Several instances in point could be mentioned, but one will serve as an illustration: Prior to 1896 Sir Oliver Mowat, as Premier of Ontario, was the most conspicuous personality in his Province. His popularity was great, his influence far-reaching, and his judgment was regarded as well-nigh infallible. The brilliant success of the Liberal party in the election of 1896 was no doubt largely due to the use of Sir Oliver's name in connection with that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. After the change of Government Sir Oliver became Minister of Justice, and was appointed to the Senate, of which he became the leader. I think it will be admitted that a more conscientious and capable head of a department could not be found, but Sir Oliver was never in his element in the Upper House, and as its leader he was a conspicuous failure. For nearly a quarter of a century he had led a majority in the local legislature. His party had unbounded confidence in his judgment and obeyed his every wish. In the Senate he found himself at the head of the minority, with men thoroughly versed in federal affairs and with large experience of Dominion legislation opposing him, and he never succeeded in adapting himself to his new environment. His prestige rapidly waned, and ere long the Opposition in the Senate treated him with a sort of good-natured tolerance that was more fatal to his reputation and influence than the fiercest criticism. He introduced on one occasion a Bill to amend the Criminal Code; it was riddled by the Opposition and finally withdrawn for repairs. When

again presented, the Opposition proceeded to amuse themselves at the expense of the veteran leader. The Bill contained a clause directed against prize-fighting, and the legislation was advocated on the ground that such exhibitions were demoralising and brutalising in their effects. An Opposition member suggested that kinoscope and vitascope pictures of prize fights were hardly less demoralising than actual prize-fighting and urged that the clause be amended to prohibit such exhibitions also. The suggestion was adopted and the Bill was amended accordingly. Then another Opposition member, with a suspicious readiness to help on the legislation, suggested that newspaper reports of prize fights were also demoralising and should be prohibited. With some hesitancy the suggestion was accepted, and the amendment made. Then an ardent patriot contended that it would be an unjust discrimination to prohibit Canadian newspapers from publishing details of prize fights, while United States papers containing such reports were permitted to circulate freely in the country. Suggestions were offered and amendments made until the leader became hopelessly mixed and the Bill itself a laughing-stock. It was finally withdrawn for the session, but while it was under discussion it was a source of amusement for the potent, grave, and reverend seigniors and of anxiety and embarrassment for the Minister of Justice.

The Senate has at times proved to be a useful check on hasty or ill-advised legislation. It may have allowed some measures to pass which in the judgment of a majority of the people should have been defeated. That charge is sometimes made against the Upper House. On the other hand, no one can tell the amount of improper legislation it has prevented by its mere existence. We can judge of what might have been done had there been no Senate by the character of some of the measures it

has rejected. One noteworthy case of the kind was the Marine Electric Telegraphs Bill. During the Mackenzie regime the Government enacted a law to prevent monopoly in cables connecting Canada with Europe. Sir John Macdonald's Government, which followed the Mackenzie Administration, on a plausible proposition made by some powerful cable company, introduced a Bill to repeal the Act. The practical effect of such legislation would have been to give the company a monopoly of the cable business for a long term of years. The Bill passed through the Commons and was introduced in the Senate and promoted by Sir Alexander Campbell. Notwithstanding a good deal of opposition, it was allowed to pass the three readings without a division. After the third reading the Speaker rose and put the usual question, "Shall this Bill pass?" a question which till then had always been regarded as purely formal, and has never since been answered in the negative. Senator Miller, who sat near Senator Scott, turned to him, and in a sarcastic tone asked if he had "no word to say in defence of his own legislation." Stung to the quick, Mr. (now Sir Richard) Scott rose and in an impassioned speech implored the Senate to save the country from the grasp of a threatened monopoly. He wound up his speech by demanding a vote. The members were called in, a vote was taken, and the Bill was rejected. Had it passed, Canada could not have given wireless telegraphy a trial on the Atlantic coast for trans-Atlantic messages. I think nobody will say to-day that the Senate made a mistake on that occasion.

Another important measure which the Senate rejected was the Bill to give Mackenzie and Mann some four million acres in the gold fields of the Yukon for the construction of a railway from Stickeen River to Teslin Lake. There was also the Bill to confirm the first agreement with the

Drummond County Railway for the extension of the Intercolonial Railway to Montreal. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of these two measures. The judgment of the majority has been questioned by one party and extolled by the other in both instances, but whether the Senate exercised a wise discretion in rejecting either or both Bills or not, one measure was never reintroduced, and the other, when introduced a second time, was so modified that the Opposition claimed the country was saved a million dollars by the defeat of the first Bill.

At one time there was a good deal of talk about abolishing the Senate; that was in the early days of Confederation, when some able editors and not a few public men were ignorant of the strength and power of the Senate under the Constitution. They were for the most part writers and speakers in Ontario, with a few scattered through the other Provinces who ignored the fact that any serious attempt to destroy or to weaken the influence of the Upper House would rally to its support the smaller Provinces, for the protection of whose rights the Senate was intended at Confederation. A small minority in the House of Commons, backed by some labour unions, still clings to the idea that the Senate must go, but in the Upper House their clamour is treated as a joke. At the same time there is a feeling amongst the Senators themselves that the present mode of constituting the Senate could be improved upon. They feel that the appointing of Senators for life is open to criticism. At one time, so large a proportion of the Senators had passed the three score years and ten that irreverent people spoke of the Upper Chamber as the "Old Men's Home," "the Asylum for Imbeciles," the "House of Obstructives," and hurled other terms of opprobrium at the dignified Chamber.

Sometimes it happened that the Senate enjoyed a quiet revenge. The Honourable David Mills, when an Opposition member in the House of Commons, frequently spoke in scathing terms of the Senate, describing it as a political Magdalen Asylum for politicians debauched by the Government of the Day. In this onslaught on the Upper House he was ably seconded by the *Toronto Globe*, then controlled by the late Honourable George Brown. Shortly afterwards Mr. Brown was defeated in South Ontario, and was appointed by the Mackenzie Government to the Senate, where he was at once hailed as the "new Magdalen." Years afterwards Mr. Mills himself, when defeated in Bothwell, was appointed to the Senate and made its leader, to the great advantage of the Upper Chamber and the whole Dominion. The man who not many years before had denounced the Senate as a political Magdalen Asylum made a public retraction and admitted the necessity of a second chamber, notwithstanding the fact that he had never since receiving his appointment had a majority of the Upper Chamber at his back.

From the Liberal point of view the reformation of the Senate, which was one of the planks in the party's platform, has made steady progress since the change of Government in 1896. Old faces have disappeared from year to year, and new faces have succeeded them. The former Conservative majority has become a minority, which grows weaker each succeeding session, and may entirely disappear should the present Government remain much longer in power. This feature of the present system is viewed with disquietude by Senators on both sides of the House, and many suggestions have been made to improve the present mode of constituting the Upper Chamber and increase its usefulness. None, however, has met with the approval of a majority.

E. WYLY GRIER

HIS WORK AND SOME IDEALS: AN APPRECIATION

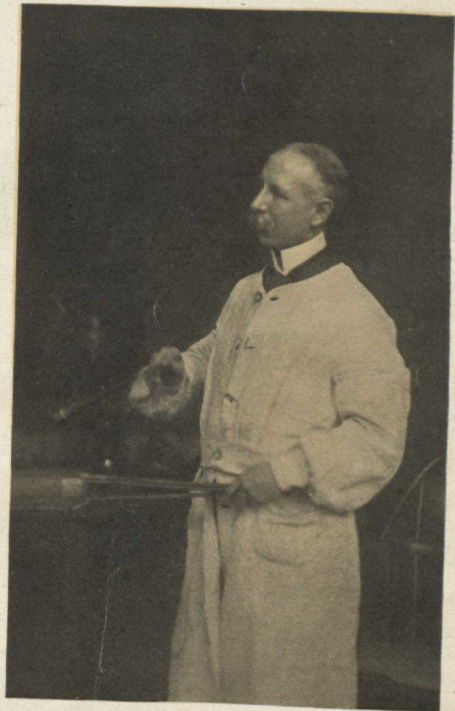
BY ERIC BROWN

DIRECTOR OF THE CANADIAN NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

BROADLY speaking, there seems to be a tendency in articles of this kind to make comparison the vehicle of conveying to the public the writer's discernment of the merits or demerits of an artist's work. It is laid on the slab, side by side with that of some usually and happily defunct brother brush and there dissected by the knife of minute comparative criticism. In all their pitiful nakedness the minutiae of differences of temperament, technique and ideals are laid bare, and from the deplorable harvest is woven a dissertation which, from the inevitable differences of human viewpoints, is rarely more valuable than as mere opinion. Art is so vast and a man's art, which is his whole outlook on heaven and earth, is not to be judged completely or unerringly by a fellow-mortal in the scope of anything less than a biographical resumé of a completed life's work. So, surely it is wiser to approach the subject in all humility, to appreciate where approving, to be silent where disapproving (or, more commonly, not understanding), lest our outpourings be received as recently a great churchman described the reception of Mr. Lloyd George's "revival" denunciations of the Lords' existence: "The orators spoke they knew not what; the people were wooed, they knew not why."

Upon Canadian art of the present day Mr. Grier brings to bear two

strong influences, his personality and his work. The key-note of both is the same. It is improvement. The improvement of artistic conditions, aims and ideals in the sphere in which he



MR. E. WYLY GRIER

works and woes; and coexisting, that continued exercise, endeavour, study and experiment, which is the constant improvement of his own work, and

indirectly that of the community. It is the troubled waters that are pure, even those stirred by dissatisfaction. It is only self-complacency which is stagnant and unprogressive.

scheine, called "The Secrets of the Old Masters," and, since it is his nature never to rest content where advancement is possible, so now he is endeavouring by experiment along the



BEREFT (SALON, GOLD MEDAL)

To take the personal influence first, it may be said, I think, that in Canadian art of to-day Mr. Grier stands for unity, for that harmony of aim which is strength and the finest impulse of worthy effort. It is as though he says, Let all rivalry be healthy; let it tend towards individual improvement, and so towards collective improvement, and our end is gained. Mr. Grier has many views upon his art, its technique, his own methods and experiments, and it is delightful and a liberal education to spend an afternoon in his studio in the rôle of listener and gain some insight into those aims and ideals, which are the impulse of his artistic life. Lately he has become greatly interested in the theories propounded in a book published in 1906, by Albert Abrud-

lines laid down by the author to determine the secret of that wonderful treasure chest: Their probable method of underpainting on an absolutely white ground in cool colours, free from all bituminous browns, which compass the slow death of all lovely colour laid upon them; their practical completion of their work in this manner and the final superimposition of their glazes of correct and resilient colour, and, lastly, what is the key-note and great discovery of the whole treatise, "the sun bath," which dried out the medicine and preserved indestructible the glory of their pictures, which, after hundreds of years, are fresher and purer than many from the hands of the masters of the last decade. It is a great theme and since, as the author pa-



PORTRAIT OF MRS. J. H. ORMSBY.

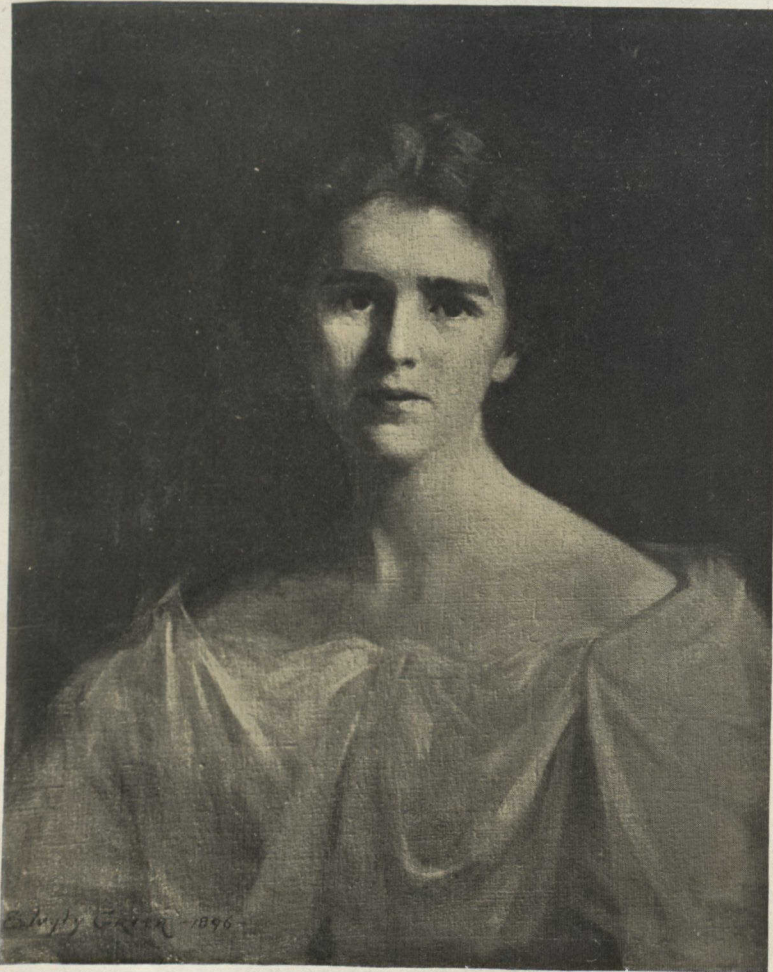
thetically remarks, he has devoted twenty-five years and destroyed his own art in gleaning the information he sets forth, it is surely worthy of much consideration.

Facts are cold, even hard; but perhaps used sparingly and as a foundation which is hidden when its work is done, they may help us to understand the trend and development of Mr. Grier's art, which has placed him in the position of being one of Canada's foremost portrait painters, President of the Ontario Society of Artists, and a man invariably respected and loved throughout the community that knows him.

Mr. Grier may be said to be a Canadian. Since 1891 he has been closely identified with its art and interests, and it is interesting to remember that even a portion of his school days were passed at Upper Canada College. But it is his artistic education which has been so particularly interesting, with its varied influences and companionships, from each of which in turn something has been taken, some want supplied; until at last individuality has been found and grown strong enough to take from its own view of things its method of expression. This education began at the Slade School of Art, under

Legros, and within a fortnight of admission and at the age of seventeen he won the prize for composition, open to the whole school. It was while at the Slade School that Mr. G. F. Watts's

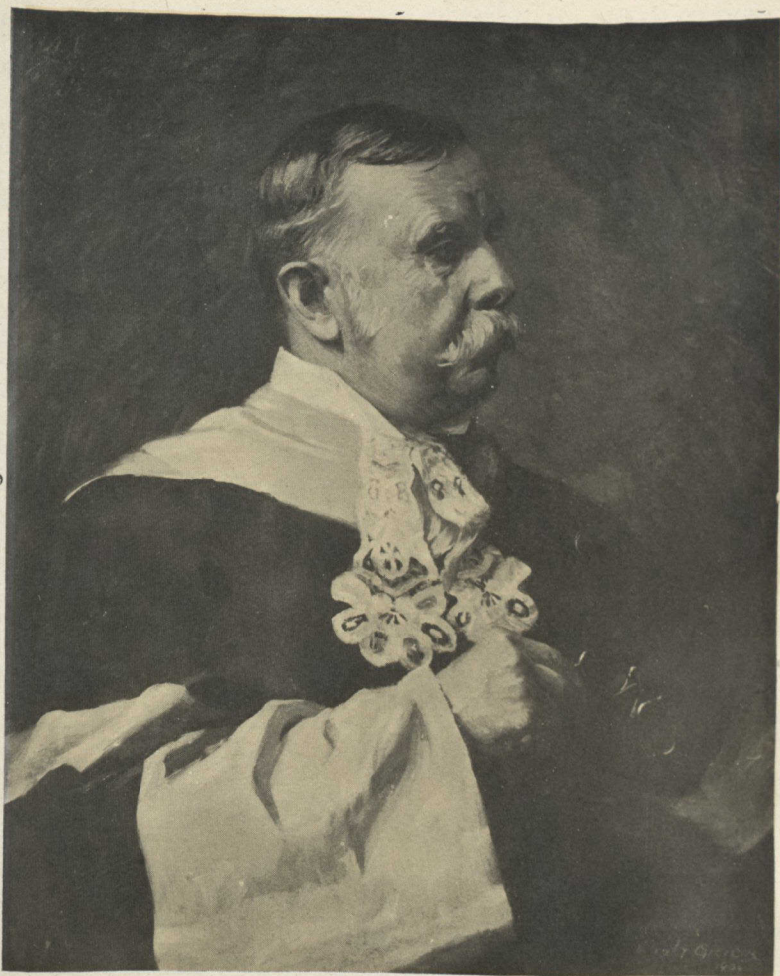
family tradition, for on the distaff side of his ancestry no less than three Monros held the chair of anatomy at Edinburgh University, a great record, and in the third there first ap-



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE

friendship led to many visits to Holland Park and to that study of anatomy, which to every artist is the curse of the day which has to endure it, but the blessing of all future ones which profit by it. And, while on the subject of anatomy, it is interesting to remember that in studying it, the student was surely following out the

peared that artistic perception, which was to be the impulse of the lives of two of the present generation of his descendants. From the Slade Mr. Grier went by way of the Free School of Art in Rome to Italians studying under Bougereau and Tony Fleury. Here he again distinguished himself in composition, being placed sixth in



PORTRAIT OF THE HONOURABLE SIR GLENHOLME FALCONBRIDGE

a competition in which more than three hundred participated, and had the honour of having a drawing from the nude selected as the best in the whole school. Tony Fleury's harangue upon its excellencies cost the author a sum for subsequent refreshment whose amount is lost in tradition's exaggerations, but it was large, in proportion to the honour.

Then for a time the Newlyn Brotherhood claimed him. It was in the heyday of the "wet cat" school and her self-approving puns were beginning to resound abroad. I think it

may be fairly said now that she was both an evil and a good intelligence. Evil, in that she fostered a tiresome similarity of technique and even of artistic vision, which died hard; but altogether good, in that she banded together in common interest, unhampered and impatient of contemporary academic restraint, such men as Frank Brangwyn, Andres Zone, Edward Simmons, Stanhope Forbes, Arnesby Brown, Adrian Stokes, Frank Bramley, Alfred East, and many others. Now they are scattered abroad, each having found himself in

a greater or less degree by the strength of his personality, and each pursuing ideals, upon whose face the "wet cat" memories have left fainter or deeper lines.

almost be styled a physiognomical history of her modern times, for in his gallery of her great men there are as few distinguished names absent as there are inferior pieces of work.



MRS. EDWARD BLAKE

It was while at Saint Ives that Mr. Grier painted the fine landscape called "Bereft," which we reproduce. It had a distinguished career, being well hung at the academy, receiving a Salon gold medal, and being invited for exhibition at Berlin, Munich, and Düsseldorf.

Then comes Canada and the portrait work from Mr. Grier's brush during the last eighteen years might

Portrait painting is rarely the most cherished expression of the true artist's soul, and in many ways it may be compared to the "greatness" of Shakespeare's immortal words, and surely the majority are those of its last degree and have had portrait painting "thrust upon them." Though he may have all the facility, the technique, even that intuition of the sitter's individuality, which alone

can give absolute success to his interpretation, though he may be in all respects a master of his trade, yet how often one has the feeling when looking at some particular picture, in which the sympathy between painter and sitter has been unusually great, that the very soul of the artist is mirrored in the eyes he has painted and that its desire is to fling the whole paraphernalia aside, to pack up, lock the studio door, and away to the great motherland of nature, there to interpret his own longing with all the freedom and force of a life set free.

And so it seems to me that the keynote of the harmony of Mr. Grier's work (and it is harmonious to an extraordinary degree) is sympathy. The sympathy that selects all that is purest, simplest and best and eliminates all that is discordant and unworthy, and in this he reveals himself as closely following the finest characteristics of our national school of art. Raphael's work had no strongly marked individuality, rather it was typical of the age in which he lived. And what an age! And to aid him he had the most receptive, artistic nature that ever existed. And so I would like to say of Mr. Grier's work that there is no obtrusive individuality of technique, no particular mannerism of method, but, rather, the subject is treated with such intense sympathy that all impression of the medium is forgotten in the intimacy one feels

with the real personality portrayed.

Such an instance is perhaps perfect in the picture called "The Dreamer," [See frontispiece.] in which the child sits with a fiddle across his knees, rapt in thought, as though listening to the command of the goddess of the arts.

To make his song the loom of life's intent,
To weave from out the sunlight of his soul
A golden gift to God.

Was it Whistler who said that art is to conceal art? Here the saying is finely typified. The whole impression received is of what the child is thinking. There is a technique, a colour scheme, and composition, but they are so finely subordinated to the spirit of the impression conveyed, that of a wanderer in a childish wonderland, that they are forgotten, non-existent. This is great art, indeed, for it has concealed art and shown us only the truth.

The accompanying reproductions have been chosen very much at haphazard, the intention being to give an idea of the range rather than the quality of Mr. Grier's work. But to me each one exemplifies the dominant note of sympathy and the immensity of the distance which lies between the original and the *outré*. Mr. Grier's work is original in the best sense of the word, it is individual, and its individuality is as simple and unobtrusive as it is distinctive and convincing.



JOHN GALT, NOVELIST AND EMPIRE-BUILDER

BY WILLIAM T. ALLISON
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
AT WESLEYAN COLLEGE, WINNIPEG

JOHN GALT, dramatist, biographer, novelist, empire-builder, now darkly fallen into oblivion these sixty years, is deserving of a better fate. A contemporary of Sir Walter Scott, Susan Ferrier, Christopher North, and Lockhart, he belonged to the band of Scotch magazine writers who did so much for English literature in the early days of *Blackwood's* and *The Edinburgh Review*. So great was the success of "The Annals of the Parish" that the circulation of *Blackwood's*, in which it ran as a serial, was "prodigiously increased," and, as soon as it came out in book form, four hundred copies were sold in Edinburgh and five hundred in London in three or four days, leading William Blackwood to remark, "I have seldom published a more popular or valuable book." One of his later works, "The Entail," had the honour of being read thrice by no less exalted personages than Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron. In his enthusiasm Byron declared that the heroine of this novel, *Leddy Grippy*, was one of the greatest characters in literature outside the pages of Shakespeare. Praise almost as glowing came from the pen of the long-silent Henry Mackenzie, the Nestor of Edinburgh men of letters, who, without knowing the name of the genius, placed his "Annals" alongside "The Vicar of Wakefield." Crowning eulogism of all, the great and terrible Lord Jeffrey hailed him as the first good Scottish representative of the humours of lowly life.



JOHN GALT
FROM A DRAWING IN "FRASER'S MAGAZINE"

Galt's chief claim to remembrance lies in the newness and excellence of his work in "The Annals of the

Parish" and its successors, wherein he portrayed the character and manner of the middling and lower orders of Scotland. In this field he was a pioneer. Although Sir Walter Scott closely followed him, the author of the *Waverleys* must take second place in this regard. Because of his power of observation, his attention to details and trick of resemblance, John Galt has been aptly called the Scottish Defoe. And not only in point of literary style is the correspondence true. Like the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, Galt's lasting reputation lies between the covers of one book, "The Annals of the Parish." Both Defoe and Galt were bustling business men, who were interested in all kinds of projects, and who, while possessing abundance of push and sagacity, were in the main unfortunate. Both failed in business and took to writing as a secondary pursuit. If he could revisit the earth, Defoe would probably be very much surprised that scarcely anyone remembers his busy and adventurous life, his connection with King William of Orange, his diplomatic mission to Scotland, and his restless labours as a political journalist. What he considered as intensely important has been forgotten by the mass of mankind; what he considered to be a mere tale, a literary amusement of his old age, has immortalised his name. Now Galt's ambition in life was to do things in the big world of men; actions were more to him than books, and it was only because bad fortune attended his public efforts as a business man in Greece, in London, and in his connection with the Canada Company that he settled down to earn his living as a sober, serious, hard-working, professional man of letters. He believed that he would be remembered for his deeds rather than for his written words. In his "Literary Life," written at the close of his career, when he was a helpless paralytic, he makes the follow-

ing prophecy: "But when my numerous books are forgotten, I shall be remembered. I contrived the Canada Company and will hereafter be spoken of among the eras of a nation destined to greatness." The prophecy has in one respect been amply fulfilled; Guelph, Goderich, and Galt, three flourishing communities in Ontario, Canada, perpetuate his passion for deeds, but to-day it is questionable whether a hundred people in this Province, which owes so much to his endeavours, know even the barest details of his life. It is also true that only the curious student reads his novels to-day, for Galt wrote no desert island romance for boys, but we believe that such books as "The Annals," "The Provost," and "The Entail" will yet be resurrected and widely read. The Scottish Defoe has almost as worthy a claim on the remembrances of posterity as his English namesake.

John Galt was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, May 2, 1779. His father was captain of a vessel that traded with the West Indies, and the family, after Galt's tenth year, took up their permanent residence in the port of Greenock. Galt was a delicate child and therefore did not get much regular schooling as a boy. He became an inveterate reader, however, and was never tired listening to the old wives' tales of the neighbour women. He picked up not only strange idioms from Irvine and Greenock women, but also an abundant stock of peculiar metaphors and humours from his mother, who possessed a rich gift as conversationist, especially in character-sketching and mimicry. No doubt Galt inherited all his power of observation and skill in language from his mother. His mildness and benignity of disposition he seems to have owed to his easy, good-natured, sea-captain father. As a youth he was entered in the mercantile office of Messrs. James Miller and Company, of Greenock, where he gained

the requisite information not only to enable him some years later to start up as a West India commission merchant in London, but to draw the many business characters of his novels. Business, however, did not absorb all his time. In his leisure hours he took part in the debates and essay-reading of a literary club, and went on pedestrian tours with two or three companions into the Highlands, through the Border country to Edinburgh, and even as far south as Durham, England. He read omnivorously and from his early years wrote verses and essays. His departure for London and unfortunate copartnership there with a Mr. McLachlan are recounted with more or less faithfulness in "Bogie Corbet." Following another unsuccessful business attempt, with his brother Thomas as aid, he started on his travels to the Levant, which extended over several years and which were taken ostensibly to study the prospects for English trade in that quarter. Galt was a fellow-passenger with Byron and Hobhouse on one voyage and saw a good deal of the noble poet while they were living in Athens. The intimacy thus formed was of service to Galt in later years when he came to write his "Life of Byron." Nothing profitable in a business way seems to have come out of Galt's residence and journeyings in the Levant, in Spain, and in France, but he embodied his observations in two books, "Voyages and Travels" and "Letters from the Levant." Both works were kindly mentioned by the reviews and achieved a tolerable success. About this time also he published "The Life and Administration of Wolsey," the fruit of study undertaken after his first business failure.

Following his marriage to the daughter of Dr. Tilloch, editor of the *Philosophical Magazine* and proprietor of the *Star* newspaper of London. Galt settled down to earn his living by his pen. After spending several years

in hack work, brightened by the publication of his life of his friend, the painter Benjamin West, Galt was tempted to enter the commercial arena once more. Taking a position as agent for London shippers to Jamaica he removed, in 1818, with his family to Farnart, near Greenock. Time hung heavy on his hands, however, and the change from London was regretted. Two years later he eagerly accepted an offer made to him to proceed to London to act as lobbyist and promoter of a parliamentary bill relating to the Union Canal Company. By astute engineering Galt succeeded in accomplishing his object and was handsomely paid by the corporation which employed him. Again in the London atmosphere, he betook himself to letters and entered upon his career as a novelist. Like many other literary men, he passed to the novel by way of the drama. During his travel years he wrote several plays, which appeared in the *New British Theatre*, published by Colburn. Only one of these efforts, "The Witness," rechristened "The Appeal," managed to win its way to the stage and was produced in Edinburgh. His first novels, "The Majolo" (1816), dealing with Sicilian superstition, and "The Earthquake" (1820), a story of the Messina earthquake of 1783, were stagey and melodramatic, were ridiculed by the critics, and fell still-born from the press.

But with his next publication, Galt stepped into the very forefront of Scottish novelists. William Blackwood was his sponsor and introduced his new find to the world through the pages of his magazine. The novel by which Galt made his first strike for honest fame was "The Ayrshire Legatees." In this story the *Reverend Zechariah Pringle*, who has fallen heir to a fortune, and who, with his wife, son and daughter, has left, for the time being, the Scotch village of Garnock and his interesting congregation for the devious legal pro-

cesses, the charitable societies, and strange sights of London, writes many a quaint letter home telling the story of his adventures. The book is made up of characteristic letters written by these exiles, and abounds in rich humour. Addison availed himself of much the same idea in bringing *Sir Roger de Coverley* to London, but it was something delightfully new to gather the impressions of the dignified Scotch dominie, his economical wife, his feather-headed daughter, and literary son in London. The book also gives a reflex view of the characters in the home village, and for the first time the public was introduced to the intimate life, the elders, and spinsters of a small Lowland Scotch parish.

Blackwood, who had an instinctive feeling for what would hit the popular taste, was delighted with the *Pringle* humours and urged Galt to follow up his first success with something in the same line. Whereupon the Scottish Defoe brought forth a manuscript, which, like "Waverley," had reposed for some thirteen years in a drawer as being of little value, for Constable had refused it, and for ten or twelve years Galt, who was always uncertain as to the value of his own work, did not have courage enough to offer it to another publisher. When revised and published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "The Annals of the Parish" met with a very warm welcome from the reading public. "The Annals," supposed to be written by the *Reverend Micah Balwhidder*, picture the humours, tragedies, and changes in the parish of Dalmailing, with all the fidelity and verisimilitude which Defoe managed to impart to "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Memoirs of a Cavalier." It is the hardest thing in the world to believe that this sober narrative is a fiction and that *Micah Balwhidder* and his three wives are as unsubstantial as a vision. When Christopher North read "The Annals" he ex-

claimed, "It is not a book, but a fact." Pitt, we are informed, supposed that the "Memoirs of a Cavalier" was *bona fide* history, and, in like manner, Buonaparte's agent in Edinburgh took Galt's book as a record of credible events. Blackwood's mother read the "Annals" with great delight and thought *Micah* an honest and upright minister of the Gospel. One of her grandsons, however, deemed it advisable to tell her that she had been reading a piece of fiction. The old lady was dreadfully disappointed. At once the book lost all its charm and she was very angry because she had been lured into reading what was not true. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that the book was an invention, the social development in the village life in Scotland in the period preceding and following the French Revolution, the rise of modern manufactures, and the changes in morals and manners are faithfully portrayed and lend to the book real historical value.

The instant popularity of the "Annals" led Blackwood to continue to call upon Galt for more products of this rich, new vein which he had been so fortunate as to discover. The third story of the kind was "The Provost," a chronicle of the municipal humours of the Scotch borough of Gudetown, the supposed writer being *Mr. Pawky*, Provost several times, and Baillie times without number. In this work Galt follows the same line which he adopted in the "Annals." He makes his leading character tell the story of his career, noting all the changes of method in municipal government and giving at the same time a delightfully humorous account of the leading social changes and events in the Lowland Scotch borough in the transitional or revolutionary period. Although the critics of that day declared that the "Annals" represented Galt's best work, the present writer enjoyed the "Provost" even better than the *Bal-*

whidder story, because of the greater variety of incident. The humour, pathos, and strong feeling of the natural are, however, equally pronounced in both works, which must be regarded as Galt's masterpieces. He never excelled them in compression of style or in whimsical charm.

Galt, encouraged by the fame which had come to him through the "Annals" in 1821, managed to write three books during the next year. His industry and rapidity of production almost equalled that of Scott himself. In 1822 appeared along with "The Provost," "The Steamboat" and "Sir Andrew Wylie." "The Steamboat" is a miserably designed book, and is valuable only for those chapters in which the author, with roaring humour, describes the coronation of George IV. "Sir Andrew Wylie" describes the rise and progress of a Scotchman in the world of London. There is a faithful portraiture of English life and manners in this novel which achieved for it more popularity in England than any other of Galt's narratives.

In 1823 Galt's amazing assiduity and fertility of invention were shown in the publication of no less than three novels, each of them, in the fashion of the time, filling three volumes. The mere manual labour of penning nine volumes in one year must have required indomitable will-power and cruel application. These works were "The Entail," "Ringhan Gilhaize," and "The Spaewife." "The Entail," although very defective in plot, was a great character novel, and it is particularly interesting because it is the last of Galt's efforts in his own peculiar field, the depiction of the life of the Scotch middle classes. It is his most ambitious attempt and the eulogies of Scott and Byron, as we have already noted, testified to the interest which it evoked. As far as psychological insight into character is concerned, we

believe that it is superior to anything of the period, not excepting the novels of the Wizard of the North. It is a curious commentary on the fortunes of authors that "The Entail" should have been so well received, while "Ringhan Gilhaize" should have fallen almost unnoticed by the wayside. "The Entail" is the last of Galt's real successes. Although he received for "Ringhan Gilhaize" the comfortable sum of £300, the public would have none of it. It was an historical novel, a story of the days of the Covenanters, and was intended to be an antidote, or, at least, a corrective to Scott's "Old Mortality." Galt considered that Scott had done an injustice to the Presbyterian ministers and the rank and file of the opponents of prelacy. In plot and conception, "The Spaewife," although the title is almost as uninviting as "Ringhan Gilhaize"—Galt had no skill in devising pleasing titles—was more successful, at least, in point of theme and execution. It is an historical novel, bearing on the time of James I. of Scotland, and, although very prolix, drew a high encomium from Maria Edgeworth.

In 1824 Galt was obliged to huddle up the conclusion of another historical novel, "Rothelan," in order that he might set sail for America as one of five commissioners appointed by the British Government to institute inquiries regarding the resources of the Province of Upper Canada. While engaged in this business, Galt conceived the idea that an English company should buy up extensive lands from the Crown and undertake the work of colonisation, opening up new districts and selling farms to the settlers. Galt's proposal took shape and resulted in the formation of the Canada Company, of which he was appointed secretary. For the next five years most of his time was spent in Upper Canada in superintending the work of settlement, in making voyages of discovery on Lake Huron,

in building roads through the forest primeval, in founding hamlets which were to become in future years large cities, and in trying to satisfy jealous and unreasonable directors in England, who knew nothing about the difficulties of life in the wilderness. At the end of five years, after he had done an immense amount of work of a practical character, and had not only laid the fortunes of the Canada Company, but had established his claim to the future regard of Canadians as an empire-builder, Galt was forced to resign his lucrative position amid the most humiliating circumstances. He was certainly the victim of rank injustice and never recovered from the blow to his credit and fortune during the remainder of his life.

Owing to his preoccupation with colonising affairs, only two novels came from his pen during this period, "The Omen," in 1825, and "The Last of the Lairds," in 1826. During a busy year, in which, among other activities, he founded three settlements, Guelph, Goderich, and Meldrum, Galt wrote to Blackwood, "What would you think of a series to be called 'The Settlers' or 'Tales of Guelph?' The idea has come often across my mind, and the materials are both novel and abundant." But, as Mrs. Oliphant remarks, "In his first leisure time he began to write not of a new empire in the woods, but on the hackneyed theme, 'My Landlady and Her Lodgers,' a story of old London." The fact of the matter was that Galt was too joyful in his new sphere of activity, wherein he stood next to the Governor of the Province in importance, to paint the *gaucheries* of the new civilisation in the wilderness. It was easier for him to hark back to old-world lodging-houses than to record his own bewildering impressions of the eventful career of a coloniser.

But when the fine rapture of doing things was over, when he had had his last fling as an actor instead of a

recorder of events, he settled down to his old life of a literary hack in London. And, as with broken spirits and broken health, he took up his pen once more, he instinctively began to write a story of emigration and life in the woods. "Lawrie Todd" is founded on the story of the life of Mr. Grant Thorburn, a seed-merchant of New York, whom Galt met in America. Mr. Thorburn held a strong belief in special providences and had that peculiar individualism which characterises a self-made man in a new-world community. Galt was very successful in painting not only *Todd* and characters of various types met with in the woods, but the romance, if such it can be called, of land settlement in the wilderness. "Lawrie Todd," in 1830, and "Bogle Corbett," in 1831, are emigration stories and opened up a new world of description and adventure for old-world readers. Both novels are marred by a didactic and peevish tone, due to Galt's disappointment and sense of injustice done to him by the Canada Company and to the desertion of his friends. Between the publication of his emigration stories Galt wrote "Southennan," an inconsequential presentment of the customs and manners of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary. He called this novel a drama, with explanatory notes interwoven, "The construction of which," he says, "was as simple as the Iliad itself."

Having written his biography of Byron and his "Lives of the Players," this marvellously prolific author, who stuck doggedly to his work in spite of misfortunes and ill-health, which would have crushed any other man, turned out no less than three novels in the year 1832, "The Member," "The Radical," and "Stanley Buxton." The two first named represent his skill in the field of the political novel. They give striking pictures of English politics in the days of rotten boroughs and the agitation which attended the passing of the

first Reform Bill. Galt repeated in "The Member" a Defoe-like and highly amusing piece of fiction, the style and manner of "The Provost." Neither of these works, however, achieved any sale in England; they were translated into French and succeeded better on the Continent, where they were valued as faithful transcripts of English political life. Except for several short stories, two novels, "Stanley Buxton" and "Eben Erskine," published in 1833, are Galt's last attempts in the realm of fiction. Both were unequal in performance and fell dead upon the market.

Galt's literary work was now nearly at an end. A nervous affection, supposed to have been some form of paralysis, no doubt a breaking down of the nervous system, caused by relentless brain work, was gradually taking possession of him. He was really five years in dying. From 1834 to 1839 he suffered great physical pain. Unable to walk, he still sat at his desk and wrote articles and stories and his autobiography; when confined to his bed he dictated his "Literary Life," which was dedicated to William IV., and for which he received the sum of £200 from that generous monarch, which helped him to tide over the last three years of his life without appealing to his friends for financial help. Galt died in Greenock at the home of his sister, Mrs. Macfie, on April 11th, 1839.

The best tribute we have to the character of Galt is from the pen of an anonymous friend in the *Leisure Hour*. He is praised for mildness of disposition and unfailing cheerfulness and patience in the midst of great trials. The writer had never witnessed nor heard of any human being surviving so many severe and quickly repeated shocks. Suffering more than ten or eleven attacks of paralysis, he was resigned with Christian humility to his melancholy lot. In all his sickness he displayed a

wonderful equanimity of temper. He was modest, unaffected, and not in the last opinionated. In view of the fact that his work had been so ill-requited and that he was a defeated man, his friends wondered greatly at his sweetness of disposition. We are informed by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, from which publication we have taken the pen and ink sketch of Galt which illustrates this article, that Galt stood six feet, three, and had a stoop in his shoulders. The writer comments facetiously on "the Dutchman-like liberality in the article of trowsers worn by the celebrated novelist. It seemed as if they had been made by an axe or by the saw of a Canadian backwoodsman." Our picture of Galt comes from that greatest of all portrait-painters of the XIXth century, Thomas Carlyle. Here is the graphic sketch from his journal, which resulted from a meeting of the two famous Scotchmen at a dinner party given by the proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1832:

"Galt looks old, is deafish, has the air of a sedate Greenock burgher, mouth indicating sly humour and self-satisfaction; the eyes, old and without lashes, gave me a sort of wae interest in him. He wears specs and is hard of hearing; a very large man, and eats and drinks with a certain west-country gusto and research. Said little, but that little peaceable, clear and gutmuthig. Wish to see him again."

Later Carlyle speaks of him as "a broad gawsie Greenock man, old, growing, lovable with pity."

It has been estimated that Galt published in all about sixty works (seven or eight in three volumes), ranging from the epic through history, drama (farce, comedy and tragedy), biography, novel, travel, and pamphlet. At least a score of his publications are in the form of the novel, and of this number we would recommend eleven as worthy examples of Galt's art as a maker of fiction. These eleven novels might be classified more or less arbitrarily as follows:

1. Those in which he depicts Scotch peasant and town life, "The Ayrshire Legatees," "Annals of the Parish," "The Steamboat," "The Provost," and "The Entail."

2. Historical novels after the fashion which Sir Walter Scott had made popular, "The Spaewife" and "Rothelan."

3. Two narratives, in which he combines pictures of Scotch and English mercantile life with the romance of emigration, novels which might be called guide-books for intending settlers in the United States and Canada, "Lawrie Todd" and "Bogle Corbet."

4. Political novels or novels of social reform, "The Member" and "The Radical."

As we have already indicated, Galt is at his best in the novels of the first class. He is most original and most entertaining in his depiction of the life and humours of the Scotch parish or borough. But it cannot be said that he has failed in his attempts in historical fiction. Although marred by serious faults, both "The Spaewife" and "Rothelan" are interesting and convincing. The third class of novels, the emigrant books, are in part a record of his own experiences, results of his own observations in the world of commerce and in the grotesque sphere of American backwoods life; in their painful fidelity to the actual these novels might well have been wholesome correctives to Fenimore Cooper's fascinating but unreal romances of the forest. "Lawrie Todd" and "Bogle Corbet" are valuable works, not only because they opened up a new path in fiction, but because they have had so few successors. There is abundant material in settler's reminiscences in Canada for healthy and absorbing fiction bearing on the hardships and perils of the immigrants of the first half of the XIXth century, but very few novelists have followed in the path blazed by John Galt.

In the fourth field which this restless romancer entered, the sphere of politics and social reform, the encouragement meted out to him by the public was nil, and yet his two short novels, "The Member" and "The Radical," give an excellent idea of the jobbery which prevailed in English parliamentary circles in the 'thirties, and the seething radicalism which for a time threatened England with a revolution. "The Radical" was intended to be a burlesque, covering the agitators of the day with ridicule, for Galt was a professed Tory. And yet, as he writes, he is charmed by the arguments which he puts into the mouths of the would-be reformers, and the reader feels that the Tory author at heart must have been converted by his own eloquence. In these short works near the close of his career, Galt seems to have regained something of the terse and vivid power of "The Annals" and "The Provost." He had given himself free range in various fields, and it cannot be said that he failed in any one of them; it is true that he failed dismally to win popularity after the publication of "The Entail," but we believe that all of these latter works, which we have just mentioned, might well stand the test of republication for twentieth century readers in respect to style, variety of incident, graphic power of description, and humorous delineation of character.

Galt's crowning merit as a stylist is his clearness. Although he is not elegant, he is never obscure, and is usually forceful. Much of the forcefulness of his style is due to the fact that he knows how to adapt his language to the particular character with great skill. Both "The Annals" and "The Provost" are written in character. *The Reverend Micah Balwhidder* has a whimsical, precise, and yet picturesque style, with just the requisite tincture of theological phrases and metaphors culled from the Bible, a style which would persuade the very

elect that none but a Scotch minister could possibly have produced such a work.

Of all Galt's numerous characters we prefer *The Reverend Micah Balwhidder*, Scotch minister of Dalmailing. "The Annals" was in Galt's own day compared to "The Vicar of Wakefield." The author had Goldsmith's idyllic story in mind when he wrote his description of the Scotch parish. There is the same pastoral simplicity in both novels, but in Galt's work we find no unnatural or affected finery, no uncommon or romantic incidents. There is a convincing air of reality in Galt's work which we look for in vain in Goldsmith's idealised and highly improbable story. Like the *Vicar, Micah* is the historian of the events in his village. He is not a visionary monogamist like *Doctor Primrose*, but abounds in illuminating remarks on the virtues and peculiarities of each of his three wives. It may be that a reader cannot love *The Reverend Micah*, for in spite of his charity there is a touch of dryness and severity of Presbyterianism about him, as he can welcome to his heart the *Vicar of Wakefield*. But we must confess that we find *Balwhidder* more interesting than *Parson Adams* or *Doctor Primrose*, or any of Scott's ministers, because he is loquacious only when in the pulpit. It is true that he preached sixteen times from the text, "Render unto Cæsar the Things that are Cæsar's," in order that he might discourage smuggling, but outside of the pulpit he is not given to much disputation. He is not always tiring us with a parade of his learning or engaging in habits of speculation, which become so trying in *Parson Adams* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*. He is not witty, but he abounds in a whimsical humour all his own; he is indolent and loves gossip in his own reverend way and delights to set down intimate details with the keenness of a good man who has an eye for the ridiculous. He is

too shrewd to be fooled like the simple-hearted *Vicar*, and yet there is a great deal of disingenuousness about him. Once in a while his sly sense of humour breaks its bounds, as on the Sabbath when he came out of the kirk after service and saw *Jenny Gaffaw* and her daft daughter, *Meg*, spreading themselves in the gay mantles. When he saw "the two antics linking like ladies," he says, "I was really overcome, and could not keep my gravity, but laughed loud out among the graves, and in the face of all my people." This outburst he ascribes to the work of his enemy, the devil, but surely we love him all the better for it. *The Reverend Micah* can be very severe on smuggling, on the immoderate use of liquor, on neglect of sacred duties, on heady and ignorant discussions of politics, or irreverence for legal and wholesome authority, and on idle places of resort, but he displays great toleration when a new sect establishes itself in the village and has the grace to forgive personal wrongs. In spite of his somewhat dour Presbyterian exterior he has a tender heart. Quick to see the humorous side of character, he is as sensitive to the distresses of his parishioners, his allusions to *Mrs. Malcolm*, the widow, in her trials and sorrows, are beautiful expressions of his own sympathy of soul. Just as Galt never dwells upon ludicrous incidents with any tediousness, nor gives way to burlesque or caricature, so in his recital of the annals of poverty, suffering, and death he cuts short his pathos with a sparing and judicious hand. Goldsmith luxuriates in sentimentalism and heaps on the pathetic touches; not so the creator of *The Reverend Micah*. There is no whine of sentiment in these Defoe-like annals, no artificial shadows; the sorrows of his poor are real, but they are not overdone. Galt has given us one of the finest portraits that has ever been drawn of the average Scotch minister, a man

who is thoroughly good, whose heart is filled with kindness, although he avoids the very appearance of sentiment, who loves a joke and yet wears an air of professional gravity, is conservative, yet welcomes changes which will improve the social tone of the community, who has not much poetry or delicacy in his make-up, but who is a model of good faith, of high ideals of conduct, and of practical helpfulness and sagacity.

What shall we say in conclusion as a final estimate of the fiction of John Galt? We must recognise that his novels are marred by grave defects. Slovenliness of style, looseness of structure, lapses into bad taste, these are some of his faults. His great excellence lies in the fact that he painted the life of his time, of a Scotland that was rapidly passing away, with great fidelity to actual conditions. Dalmailing, Gudetown, and Garnock are not idealised communities, like Thrums and Drumtochty, but the colour of nature done in nature's paint. Galt has been discounted because he lacks glow and exaltation, because he aspired not to the world of soaring imagination. Susan Ferrier, who owed many hints to Galt, sets forth the orthodox literary doctrine of her day in one of her letters to Lady Charlotte Bury. "We

see quite enough of real life without sitting down to the perusal of a dull account of the commonplace course and events of existence. The writer who imitates life like a Dutch painter, who chooses for his subject turnips, *fraus*, and tables, is only the copyist of inferior objects; whereas the mind that can create a sweet and beautiful though visionary romance, soars above such vulgar topics and leads the mind of readers to elevated thoughts."

Nowadays we have become more tolerant. We still enjoy the air of high romance, even Miss Ferrier's airy, fairy heroines; we remain loyal to that other great contemporary of Galt, Sir Walter Scott, but if John Galt were writing to-day he would find himself among friends who love exceedingly "the writer who imitates life like a Dutch painter," who can never get enough of the unvarnished but clean details of real life, who can appreciate in them not only opulent humour but touching reminders of the sweetness and sadness of the simple annals of the poor, and who can hear an echo of "the still, sad music of humanity" in the chronicles of *The Reverend Micah Balwhiddër* and *Provost Pawky*, and in the moral and physical tragedies of "The Entail."



THE CHRISTENING AT CARTER'S

BY H. O. N. BELFORD

THE child was born in October, on a day when a lambent sun made filmy lattice work of the bare poplar branches. Little chipmunks slid up and down, prophesying by their hurry and scurry the deep white winter. Down the waggon track in the woods a partridge drummed a welcome. But no undue excitement prevailed. It was an old story in Tom's family, an old story in the parish, an old story to the world—old as Cain.

Soon Tom mentioned the christening. Far from being so irreligious as to ignore it, he yet wiped his mouth viciously when he thought of appearing publicly before the congregation. But he sugared the pill in the good old way, by inviting all his friends and neighbours, and holding high festival after the ceremony. As the community was remote from any consecrated church, the whole ritual was performed in the house. This over, the long table was spread with beef, venison, turkey, white buns, crimson beets, snowy corn-starch, and palsied jellies. The jokes were offered humbly, and the laughter rang wild and high.

The old parson had been transferred to another parish, hence the delay in the christening. Sunday after Sunday the mission had been filled from the college in Winnipeg, till finally, in Advent, the new parson arrived. He was young, barely old enough to take the Holy Orders, but with a wisdom unaccountable in one of his age, he decided simply to follow in

the steps of his predecessor. Among the wild fishermen of Netley, with pipe and story, he sat all night at the dances, safe-guarding by his presence the temperance and sobriety of his weak children. He shared old Scampy's bannock and tea, clothed in the same humility as when he lunched with the Archbishop. Night after night he sat up with poor sick wretches that were dwindling away into eternity.

The parson had made his sacrifice. With the coming of manhood he had heard the call of the professions, the call of finance, even the call of the wild, but over and above all, he had heard an imperative command that had reverberated through all his being: "Go work to-day in my vineyard!" And to him it meant sacrifice. If his vision of duty had been narrow, it had been all the brighter and more distinct for being so focused. So it came that he had mentally resolved, as a preliminary to a more binding vow, to follow St. Paul rather than St. Peter, and without judging others to live the life of a celibate, to be the father of his people. The priest's cassock, he averred, should be the armour that would turn aside all the darts of Cupid.

Tom Carter and his wife consulted the almanack, noted the moon at its full, took all probable contingencies into consideration, and finally selected January 19th for the christening. On two successive Sundays after service

in the little school-house everyone was notified accordingly.

But One interfered, One whom Tom and his wife could not subject to any calculation, for poor old Maria, away down in Bakfield, nearly blind and nearly deaf, had her ears and eyes opened at last to phenomena celestial, and the funeral was the same day.

The long, slow journey to the old cemetery at St. Andrew's, where the pioneers slept under their gray, weather-beaten stones, the service in the ancient church, the luncheon prepared in the neighbouring house, and the long, cold return must unavoidably make the parson late. The rest gathered at the appointed time.

That was the essence of a winter's evening. Twenty below, and whichever way you turned, not a breath of air. A gigantic pillar of smoke rested on each chimney, like a huge slab of granite reared into the heavens, threatening to crush the frail structure beneath it into dust. Through all the settlement sound was carried with startling clearness, piercing the isolation of the dwellers. The McMahan boys shouting at the cattle; Sinclair chopping and splitting wood; Benny Gram, who had been for the mail, talking at Corkle's gate. Later on light broke over the dark woods of Netley, and the disc of the moon appeared. Soon the sounds began to concentrate at Carter's, the jingle of bells, the light-hearted shout of coming guests. Spencer and his wife, half a mile away, were heard to close the door, bid the dog remain at home, and crunch on steadily in the frozen snow.

Ike Martin was Mrs. Carter's brother and uncle of the candidate for baptism. He had driven over from his farm across the bog to be present at the christening. Now that the parson must inevitably be late, he decided to return without witnessing the ceremony.

"Why, what in Sam Hill is your

hurry, Ike?" said Tom, when Ike announced his decision.

"I want to get back to dress the gray mare's leg," he answered. "She got a pretty bad cut with the wire yesterday."

"Well, gee wilikins! Won't old Marshal do that for you?" protested Tom.

"Old Marshal nothing," grumbled Ike. "He'd ford Niagara Falls with a team of wild bulls, but you can't get him to touch a horse."

"Well, if the devil drives," roared Tom, "you may as well pull on the bit."

"I put a jar of cream in the basket on the bed, by your coat, Ike," said his sister. "Be sure you don't let it freeze, and break the jar."

Ike and old Marshal "batched it" together, on a farm across the bog, and this gift of cream was something they jealously guarded, whenever Ike came to Carter's.

Little Bedelia, the eldest girl of the Carter family, was staid and woman-like, from having the constant care of the younger children. To-night she had the charge of the baby in all its christening finery, lest with infantile predilections it should reach the ash-pan or haply the swill bucket behind the stove.

But, oh, Bedelia was sleepy! Since six o'clock in the morning she had been up and doing. How her eyelids drooped and raised in sympathy with the quietude or restlessness of the baby! She was lying on the bed, curtained off from the living-room downstairs. In the hurry of the evening it was a receptacle for many things, and there when partially aroused by some gyrations of the baby, she espied Ike's basket, and in it the jar of cream. With a precocious ingeniousness, she put the jar under a faded wrap that lay there, and the baby in the basket, where it was held quietly and securely. Bedelia dropped off in deep, un-

ruffled sleep, and soon the baby sister slumbered in peace in the basket by her side.

Ike Martin's horses and jumper were at the door, and he, with a cheery good-night to all, buttoned his huge, curly, fur coat about him, and secured it with a long, red sash.

"Don't forget your cream, Ike," said Tom.

"Devil the fear," said Ike.

He brought a heavy plaid that usually hung over the back of the jumper, and in the curtained gloom wrapped it carefully around the basket. At the door, with it under his arm, he said good-night again; "Good-night, and don't let anyone steal the baby."

He placed the parcel carefully between his feet, a hot brick on either side. Drawing the robe about him, the horses leaped into the track, and he passed over the chequered shadows of the gaunt poplars, far out on to the lonely bog that glittered like a silver sea.

As he sped along, the frost nipped his face, and found the time-worn crevices in his coat, but he tucked the robe closer about him, and was thankful for the hot bricks. As he neared the farther side of the bog, he promised himself a hot cup of tea, softened with the cream lying at his feet. Soon he drew up at the shanty, where old Marshal awaited him with the lantern. He placed the basket on the foot of the bed, near where the fire was crackling and the kettle simmering, while he and Marshal put out the horses and finished the chores.

As they came back, and just as they passed the well, a wild cry rang out on the frosty air.

"What in heaven's name is that?" said Ike, in a hushed voice, as they halted.

Marshal said nothing, but listened. Soon it came again, a long, piercing cry that seemed half weeping, half wild anger.

"Hush," said Marshal, "it's a

wild-cat. They always cry like that."

"And what's he doing in the shanty, then?" asked Ike.

"You left the door open a little, and he smelt the meat," whispered Marshal huskily.

True enough, there was a quarter of beef in the corner.

"Take a peep through the window, Marshal."

"All frosted up, might as well try to look through your hat."

"He'll slit our faces off if we open the door on him," said Ike.

"They're very savage when feeding," said Marshal, with the air of a naturalist.

Ike glanced nervously about him, as another cry was emitted, and by good fortune his eye rested on an old stable door he had discarded in the Fall.

"Let us carry this before us, Marshal," he said, "we can see through the cracks, and open the door, and maybe reach the gun from the wall."

Marshal consented, and they marched upon the shanty, like twin soldiers, with one shield.

When at the door, Ike adroitly slipped his hand about, and pushed it open, both men peering through the cracks, ready for an onslaught. Their eyes blinked at the light, and winked and blinked again. All they saw was a tumbling, overturned basket on the bed, and from underneath came distinctly now the weeping of a child.

"T'aint no wild-cat," said Ike. Nevertheless, he raised the basket with an awkward awe.

Marshal gave one look, and retreated into the corner by the door. Ike gazed open-mouthed on the crimson, indignant face of his infant niece. He might have doubted the relationship as far as physiognomy went, but not the elaborate dress he had been compelled to admire scarcely two hours before.

"Who is it?" said Marshal, in a weak voice.

"Who is it!" repeated Ike, defiant-

ly. "Why, my sister's child that was to be christened to-night, but how she got here or where my cream is, Lord only knows. Here, you hold her," he added, "till I drink a cup of tea, and I'm off across the bog again."

"Won't my whiskers scare her?" protested Marshal limply.

"Whiskers—no," growled Ike; they're not much worse than her father's."

Marshal approached the bed like a disjointed clothes-rack, and shoved one hard, brown hand under the head and shoulders of the child. Strange to say, the baby nestled sideways, and her weeping ceased.

Ike, stuffing his mouth with bread and ham and swallowing huge gulps of tea, began to gurgle, then to laugh, at the situation he had created. Old Marshal was strangely silent.

Ike warmed the bricks that had done such good service before, dressed again for the journey, and took his lantern to harness up.

Marshal was left alone with the baby, the old clock ticking off the hours of night. The minutes passed away. It was evident there was a mighty struggle in his mind, as he pulled at his grizzly whiskers and moustache, watching the baby slumbering on his hand. The bells sounded; Ike was driving toward the house. Old Marshal, in the last minute, took a great resolve, and, leaning down, he kissed the sleeping babe upon her parted lips.

With a guilty start, he heard Ike at the door. The wrapping process was repeated, the precious freight loaded, and soon the bells were heard again out on the silent, shimmering bog.

Old Marshal closed the door and began to make the shavings for the morning fire. In a low, hoarse, rumbling voice that had not essayed music in years, he was singing, singing a song that fell across the night like a ghost of his childhood:

"Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep,
Keep Thy lambs, in safety keep."

At Carter's the lantern glinted and glanced among the trees, leading horses one way, guests another. Not long after eight they all had arrived, and now they must await the parson.

John Corkle volunteered a song, which received questionable applause.

"How soundly the baby sleeps!" thought Mrs. Carter.

Enthusiasm was hardly won. All minds were fixed upon the great event of the evening, the christening. With that function performed, they would swing back to the old sociability and heart be opened to heart.

The parson arrived earlier than they had expected. He had stopped only long enough at his boarding-place to borrow another team before pushing on again over the creaking, protesting road.

As he drew up at Carter's house, many hands rushed to his aid. His team was taken, and he himself pressed into the house, close by the open oven door. In vain, refreshments were offered to him, the sandwich, the hot whisky, the hot tea. He would neither eat nor drink till the sacrament had been administered.

On the return of all from the stable, he put on his surplice and stole, and stood by the white-covered table, on which was a little silver font, holding the baptismal water. John Corkle, with his great prayer-book open before him, took his place as godfather, clearing his throat repeatedly, as if about to begin the service himself.

Mrs. Corkle and the school-ma'am stood at the parson's other hand as the two godmothers. Tom, the hollows in his cheeks trembling on either side, hovered near with the mother.

Around the bed a solid phalanx sat or stood, in whatever position was most convenient for observation. Hindmost of all, and farthest in the gloom, was Sinclair, the man from Kansas. Church services of any kind were an unusual thing with him, and

he always took a backward position, in order to see what the rest did before he committed himself to any ritual.

Tom surveyed the network of feet and legs between himself and the bed.

"Sinclair," he said, in a husky, cracking voice, meant to be modulated for the occasion, "hand out the baby."

Sinclair, in spite of all his precaution, thus flashed in the limelight, twisted with alacrity toward the bed.

"The baby, the baby, you say," he was heard to ruminatè aloud, after what seemed an unusual amount of groping about.

"Yes, the baby," assured Tom from without. "Do you think we want the cat? The baby there, beside Bedelia."

"Well, Bedelia is here asleep," he drawled, "and the cat is here, but no baby, neither hide nor hair of a baby," he concluded emphatically. "Come and see for yourself."

Tom crowded to the bed, they all crowded there, and then looked at one another in speechless inquiry.

"Perhaps the cat," began young Foster, but at an awful look from Tom he faded into silence.

"Wake Bedelia," said Mrs. Carter, "she must know."

The tired child was shaken, and given time to collect her senses, but in vain all questions; she could remember nothing but lying on the bed with the baby on her arm.

Mrs. Carter, with a quick-drawn breath, began a hurried search.

On the bed, under the bed, coats were lifted, even shaken out, till, last of all someone raised the old, faded wrap in the corner and disclosed the jar of cream, which all believed Ike had carefully taken home. As they drew it forth, the cog slipped into place in Bedelia's memory.

"O, mammy, mammy," she wailed, "I put her in the basket."

The case was clear. Sympathy

mingled with reproach for poor Bedelia. Amusement with apprehension for the safety of the baby, and in every breast there was non-reasoning resentment for Ike Martin.

"Let us have the fastest team in the crowd, in three jerks of a dead lamb's tail," roared Tom, as he pulled a huge fur cap over his head.

No one stopped to argue the merits of the horses. It was expeditiously and tacitly admitted that George McLain's bronchos were wanted, and they hastened to hitch them to the jumper. With a blowing of bits, a snapping of reins, a twisting of buckles, they were ready, and away in the moonlight sped George and Tom after the predatory Ike.

In the house the mother sat silently by the table, her seamed fingers twitching her snowy apron. Alex. Tate had taken up the fiddle, and was hugging it close to his long, dark face. He twisted here and there in a tone so plaintive and low that it seemed he and it were whispering together the secrets of many years. The parson stood again by the stove, where the cracks threw a flickering light over the tall figure, round which the long, black cassock fell, drawn in by its silken girdle. The clear-cut, youthful face began to show signs of weariness after the long day's journey. He still refused the sandwich, the whisky, and the tea. O cautious man, temptation lay not there tonight! Gazing abstractedly on the floor, his eye caught the vibration of a dainty slipper, tied by a satin bow. Now it trembled to the spirit of the music, as it scurried through some wild country dance, now lay still as the fiddle crooned some old song, remembered only in the hearts of God's humbler people.

The parson raised his eyes to the face above. It was Edie McMahan, old Dave's daughter, who, with the girls, some younger, some older, sat together by the sewing machine, a hush upon their usual frivolity. In

another corner were a half-dozen young men each intent on impressing the others that he cared nothing for the maidens across the room, but each joke was in a high key for the benefit of the adored one at the sewing machine.

The parson's eyes dwelt upon the face of the girl. He noticed the brown curls that fell across the blue-veined temples; he noticed the parted lips and a strange light in her eyes as the music seemed to wander far out in the woods, where the moonlight fell in small diamond points, under the dark fir branches. He noticed again the softened sympathy as her eyes rested on the dejection of Mrs. Carter.

"She is young," he thought, "she is good, and," there was something strange with his breath, "she is beautiful."

Was it the crooning violin, or was his imagination playing tricks? He seemed to hear beating through his brain that old chorus from the "Trovatore":

"Not to a shadow link thee, not to the joys that fade,
Turn unto visions fairer where hope is
ne'er betrayed."

He crossed the room, and sat beside Mrs. Carter, giving her every assurance of the baby's safety. He even put forward the questionable argument that the child was much safer and more comfortable with Ike, under the supposition of sweet cream, than were its real presence known. So an hour passed.

John Corkle and Spencer came into the house.

"They're coming, I guess," said John, "there's a dog barking away down the road."

Everyone was alert. The young men rushed outside. Yes, already they could hear the faint, faint tinkle of bells, and old Scampy's dog had joined in the chorus.

At the next out-look, voices could be heard, which were soon dis-

tinguished as the strident tones of Tom and the answering drawl of Ike. Now they were seen to cross the meadow by Eli Carter's house and enter the shadow of the poplars by Corkle's. They must have met midway in the bog. In a minute, with much snorting and creaking, they were at the door. Out of the cloud of steam that rose from the horses Tom appeared with the basket. He rushed blowing into the house, and with a hoarse "Gee Wilikins," in lieu of a victorious shout, laid it on the table. Mrs. Carter quickly unwound the plaid, raised the lid, and the babe looked up and smiled.

No time was lost now. The parson was still in surplice and stole. Prayer-books were passed around, and an old hymn rang out through the night:

"In token that thou shalt not fear,
Christ crucified to own."

Reverently they knelt in prayer, firmly the vows were taken, in a solemn hush the young priest blessed the water, baptised, received, and kissed the child, placing her in the arms of her mother. The infant itself raised a loud and ineffectual protest as the water was poured upon its head, but this was received by all present as a joyful omen of its future worldly felicity. Now, like a roll of thunder, from these rough voices came the Lord's Prayer, followed by the subdued tones of the priest in the concluding collect. Then, with the searching words of exhortation to god-parents and parents, the holy rite was done.

The cramped restraint was broken, voices grew loud and natural, and Long Tom passed round from man to man a large bottle with three stars near the neck, accompanied by a glass tumbler. Edie McMahan and the other girls, with flowing aprons that rivalled the glimmering snow outside, fluttered here and there, with smoking meat and steaming tea. A semi-subdued roar from Tom was an invita-

tion to fall in, and soon reanimation glowed in every countenance.

Soon Spencer, in an audible soliloquy, said it was time to go home. Soon there was a general rising, and search for overcoats, caps and overshoes.

One after another the jumpers came and sped away. The parson's was the last to come.

"Why, where is my rig?" said Edie McMahan.

Mrs. Carter had made arrangements for Ike Martin to drive her home, and she had been waiting in the glow and shadow of the fire.

"Where is Ike?" asked Mrs. Carter, as Tom came in. "He was going to drive Edie home."

"Why, I don't know," Tom replied. "He hain't been at the stable. What in blazes will that rattle-pate do next?"

As if in answer to the inquiry, a loud snore came from behind the stove, and there beside the swill bucket, his back against the wall, his head wobbling on his shoulder, his mouth wide agape, they found him fast asleep.

The contrast in his uncouthness and the grace and spirit of the girl so filled the parson's mind that he humbly asked to drive her home. Soon they were out alone in the wondrous, white night, where the snow sparkled wave upon wave, great and still as a graven sea.

The moon was at its full; it seemed to stand still in the very centre of the sky, pouring down its dripping light. A fog had run along the snow, enamelled all things in pearl, and then had fled away suddenly as it had come. Like the tracings on a frosty pane stood out the great woods of Netley, the dead prairie weeds that looked through the snow were like the waxen flowers that sometimes deck a bridal cake. As he arranged the robes about them, her skirts pressed against him, and he felt that wild, trembling in his breath. Was it

the rhythm of the bells or was he deceived again, as he heard once more the "Trovatore":

"Turn unto visions fairer,
Where hope is ne'er betrayed."

"Great God!" he thought, "is there anything fairer, purer than this great white midnight and the breathing, laughing girl by my side?"

They passed the fringe of wild willows that circled like a coral reef around McMahan's house. A great hound bayed at the door, but at the sound of Edie's laughter it sank into slumber again.

The parson took the girl's hand as she slipped from the cutter, and pressed it very lightly. She did not take it away. They said good-night, and he lingered to arrange his gloves and gauntlets.

On the step before the door one little foot was playing, which, though cased in slipper and overshoe again, seemed such a toy. The curls that wandered over her forehead were gemmed with frost, and a frosty jewel trembled on each eyelid. Then came a silence, a silence so tense that it seemed as if they two were spirits in the great, white spirit world alone. And, O shades of land! the parson stooped and kissed her. The wild blood came pulsing through their veins, their eyes met in a wild, startled look, and she—she knew not why—stepped to the door. Without a word they parted.

But Edie, up in her little room, sat long before she slept, and ever singing in her brain was the one tumultuous thought: "He kissed me! oh, oh, he kissed me!" And the parson—his tired body and his wakened soul seemed in a maze. By the little iron stove, in his study, he stood, and the ever-recurring memory thrilled and startled him again: "I kissed her; oh, ah, God! I kissed her!"

And around him the long, black cassack fell, drawn in by its silken girdle.

THE RETURN

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

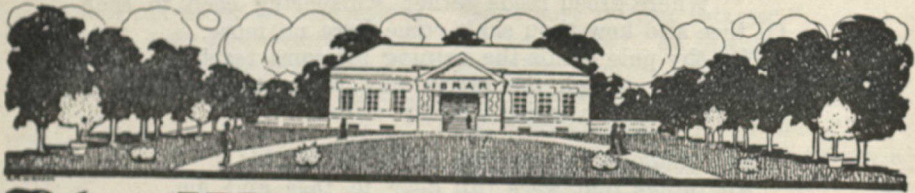
UNTRODDEN is the grass before the door,
Where green reeds gather whispering each to each
Of thee and how thou shalt come here no more,
Nor thy pale hands the raining blossoms reach,
So like a sigh the breeze now seems to be,
Or dost thou whisper softly unto me?

Where shadows falling seek to closely shade
All things that were full dear to thee and me,
The echoes of my footsteps slowly fade,
Like slow vibrations of a soulless sea;
Or is it that thy feet do follow mine
And echoes sounding are the beat of thine?

So soft, so slow the summer rains descend
Upon the flowering spaces of the ground,
Where seems the languid, Lenten lilies bend,
As swayed by one who passes without sound;
The grasses tremble 'neath the drops they bear—
Are they thy tears just fallen lightly there?

So wanly now the white moths, stirring, rise,
Their silver wings as frail as were thy hands,
Which at the last caressed my face, my eyes,
'Ere thou went forth to seek for hidden lands.
Oh, art thou here, or where then mayst thou be?
Thou seemest far and yet so close to me.





The WAY of LETTERS

THE *London Outlook* regards "Canada and the Empire," a book written recently by a well-known financier, W. R. Lawson, as "an expert view of Canadian problems." Maybe it is, but sometimes even experts make miscalculations. In the first place, Mr. Lawson is an ardent Imperialist, and he considers Canada after having first considered the Empire. He doesn't give Canada the consideration that she should have in view of the title. With him, it is not a question of what is best for Canada, but what is best for the Empire. He upbraids the British Parliament, the British press and the British pulpit, not for their neglect of the interests of Canada, but for their neglect of the interests of the Empire. He says:

"When the Canadians talk as if they and they alone had made their country what it is to-day, it is permissible to remind them of a few things they seem to have forgotten in the past forty years of their history. When they flatter themselves that they are going ahead of the Old Country and working out a grand destiny for themselves, let them stop a moment and consider what would happen to the Northwest if wheat fell back to sixty cents a bushel and other cereals proportionately. Where would the twenty dollars per acre farm-lands, and the thousand dollars a foot home-lots be then? Two events are not inconceivable which would upset the whole fabric of land values in the Northwest. One is that new virgin wheat-fields may be developed, and the other that the output of existing fields may be greatly increased. A third contingency is worth

mentioning, that the domestic food production of Great Britain may be immensely increased in the near future."

Mr. Lawson goes on to say that what Canada needs now from abroad is brute force, as she has enough brains of her own, and he adds that the time is fast approaching when Canada will need neither skilled nor unskilled labour from the Old Country. (London: William Blackwood. 6s net).

*

MR. THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS, who was abroad during the last two years, has returned to his home at Fredericton, New Brunswick. His latest volume, "Comrades of the Trail," was published recently, and he reports that since his return he has received orders for a series of short stories, as well as several novels. "Goodridge" is a recent addition to his name. On his return from Europe he discovered that some piratical writer had been trading on his name, hence the addition. "Comrades of the Trail" is a fine volume of adventure in the north woods, an account of the attempt of a young Englishman to realise his ambition to explore in Northern Canada. It is told with this author's descriptive power and knowledge of wild life. The illustrations are by Charles Livingston Bull. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

A VOLUME entitled "Britishers in Britain" has been published, giving a complete account of the visit last summer of Manitoba school-teachers to Great Britain. It was issued under the editorship of the Honourary Organising Secretary, Mr. Fred J. Ney. It is a large volume, profusely illustrated, and is composed of contributions from several members of the party and a full account of all that took place from the outset of the tour at Winnipeg until the return to that city nine weeks afterwards. The trip was so great a success that Mr. Ney has been induced to organise another to be taken this summer.

*

"THE Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls," by Jessie Lynch Williams, will be welcomed as "something different"; not that it is really different, but that it is well in the front of that increasing class of fiction which peeps through the door of marriage. There is no "lived happy ever after" in this fiction. For it, marriage is no longer an end, but a beginning. One might almost call it the starting point of an obstacle race. With the *Frederick Carrolls* it is the wife who leaps all the obstacles—in our opinion, this gentleman has an unfairly easy time of it. He falls into boredom, his wife pulls him out; he falls in love, his wife pulls him out; he falls in debt, his brother and wife give a long pull and a strong pull and his aunt dies, all to pull him out. One closes the book wondering what further vicissitudes are in store for him.

The story is an interesting one and is well and wittily told. Without going very deeply into things, it touches on and illuminates many of the problems of married life. True, the illumination is rather of the flashlight variety—spotty and vivid and brief, but any illumination of a possible pitfall is better than none at all. Or is it? Perhaps sometimes if one did not see the hole one might

pass by, balanced serenely upon the edge, unknowing. It is an open question as to whether this continued talk about the problems of married life is a good thing or bad. People who look for trouble usually get it. One is glad that in the case of the *Carrolls* no one gets seriously hurt and one is grateful for the amusement which some of their dangerous places afford. For instance, *Molly Carroll*, having been to a woman's lecture, decides on conscientious grounds that she must leave her husband, since he no longer loves her as he did. So she goes to his studio to tell him so. Arriving at the studio, she finds that gentleman having tea with—the woman lecturer! That settled the matter. She no longer dreams of leaving him. He is hers, and what she has she shall hold, regardless of consequences. This is very human and—amusing. In fact, the book is a triumph of the "light-touch" style of the problem novel. One takes one's medicine, as it were, without knowing it, sugarcoated, and with a laugh! (Toronto: McLeod & Allen).

*

IT is a trick of some writers to make the setting of a story so indefinite that it protects them from sins of anachronism. "Joyce of the North Woods," by Harriett Comstock, is an instance. In this book the "North Woods" means nothing. The writer had never seen such a place, and therefore she did not know where to place it. At first, because the name of the lumber camp or village is St. Augé, it seems to smack of Northern Quebec, but a little farther on there is a deceptive clue in the assertion that it is located some distance from the Canadian border. However, the importance of non-location in a case of this kind is that the author is thereby enabled to give the characters any dialect with which he happens to be familiar, or to even invent one, and to add primitive and picturesque touches, whether they

would apply in actuality or not. It makes it easy for the writer, but it does not convince the careful reader. "Joyce of the North Woods" is therefore a novel that does not present a clear background; but the character of *Joyce* is pretty well drawn. *Joyce* is the daughter of a lumberman, and she has never been "South," beyond the hills that divide her world from the great world beyond. She marries a man of St. Angé, and for a time leads the sordid life of a woman of St. Angé—sordid, except for the part that *Gaston*, a young man, seeking health and forgetting his past, has to play in it. The development of her character, along the lines that her womanly instinct sets, is the best part of the story. In her case, good seems to come out of evil, or, at least, to follow evil. She is abandoned by her husband. Then she goes to *Gaston*, and in defiance even of the social demands of St. Angé, lives with him until the obstacles to their marriage are removed. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

ONE of the saddest features of a war is that it is followed by a deluge of fiction, in which its campaigns play a more-or-less important part. The Civil War in the United States is burning yet in novels, where a hero of the Blue weds a heroine of the Gray, after years of vicissitude. The Boer War has afforded an excuse for South African romance, which is hardly realised as yet. In the story, "Forged in Strong Fires," the writer, John Ironside, tells a decidedly readable tale of the stormy days in that part of the British Empire. The first scene of almost pastoral peace, where the better class of English and Dutch settlers enjoy picnic and dance, is in vivid contrast to the horrors which follow. Two women—or, rather, girls—appear to dominate the story and one hardly knows whom to admire the more—*Mamie*, the practical and matter-of-fact, who proves such a

tower of strength to her mother, and the helpless ones who have been sent to England—or *Joyce*, with her wonderful insight and loyalty, who remains to face the storm in South Africa. While there is nothing remarkable about the writer's style, the uncanny touch in *Joyce's* comprehension and control of the African nature lends an unusualness which makes the narrative more memorable than the average war story. The spirit shown in treatment of Boer and British characteristics is admirable in its fairness and freedom from partiality. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company).

*

WITH wise foresight, the publishers of "The Golden Silence," the newest book of C. N. and A. M. Williamson, enclosed in it a notice: "This story is utterly different from anything the Williamsons have hitherto done." In these days of automobileless distinction such an announcement predisposes one to see what the Williamsons can write that is a departure from their rather tiresome motor stories. But after one has struggled through more than five hundred pages on the strength of that notice there is considerable doubt of the wisdom of such a move on the part of the authors. One thing that could be said of the motor stories was that they had some value as travel sketches; but the most that can be said of "The Golden Silence" is that it is clean. From the title, it is evidently intended as a desert tale, but compared with the atmosphere of Hichens this story might have been written in a kitchen window. It is to be hoped, for the sake of good literature, that Hichens is right. "The Golden Silence" starts with a disagreeable impression, and there is no reason for reconstructing this feeling to the end. A United States girl goes into the desert to find her sister. That is the theme. And when the

climax of the plot is reached there ensues a hundred pages or more of a triumph of weakness in tiresome, inconsequential, dialogue, weird emotions and their expression, and most unnatural mental evolution. The Williamsons, however moderate a position they have taken in literature, are capable of something better than this, their latest. Books cannot be written from maps; unless the author possesses more convincing imagination than the Williamsons. To believe that the latter may have actually covered the ground described would be to deprive the book even of what merit it does possess. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

ARNOLD BENNETT has given so much in "The Old Wives' Tale," "Paris Nights," and other books that one takes up with much expectation a recent volume of his, entitled "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day." And one is not disappointed. From the title, it is inferred that the book is humorous. So it is. But it is more serious than humorous and more entertaining as a piece of writing than serious. It is really a literary tonic, or, rather, a mental tonic served in literary form. There are twelve chapters and each chapter is a dose. The trouble is that the tonic will be but rarely taken in parts, for the reader will want his tonic in one big dose. Even so, it is a short book, and can be read at a sitting. But something should be said about what is inside it. That is hard to do, except to say that the author points out that every person receives every day twenty-four hours of time. That time is his to do what he can with it. No one can take it from him or add to it. And with that as a start the author proceeds to make some excellent suggestions about the disposition of oneself during that time. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company. Stiff paper, 50 cents).

THE *Studio* for April contains a sumptuous account of the "Wigner Werkstatte," Vienna, in which there are twenty-seven reproductions of photographs of representative handicrafts. There are also an article on Arthur Wardle's paintings and drawings of animals (Fourteen illustrations), an appreciation of the art of Sir Ernest A. Waterlow (Fifteen illustration), "some recent designs in domestic architecture" (Nine illustrations), and an article on the Italian sculptor, Leonardo Bistolfi (Nine illustrations). There are six colour supplements. (London: The Studio).

*

A REALLY invaluable dictionary of Canadian history has been issued in the form of an "Index and Dictionary" to the "Makers of Canada" series. It is the joint work of L. J. Burpee, Librarian of the Carnegie Library, Ottawa, and Arthur G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist, which fact is in itself enough assurance of its merit. The person who first thought of this additional volume conceived a brilliant idea, and it is by far the most important of the series. Indeed, as a work of reference, it should have a prominent "every-day" place in the library. Almost every event of any account in Canadian history is briefly outlined, and, besides indicating where further treatment may be found in the series, it supplies a bibliography of the publications touching on the event under consideration. For instance, should a person wish to know something about the Rebellion of 1837, all he has to do is to refer to this dictionary, where a brief account of that uprising will be found. Besides that, he will be told where to look in the series for fuller accounts, and be referred to the books that have been published on the subject. (Toronto: Morang & Company).



A ROBBER

"Were you ever confronted by a robber?"

"Sure."

"And did you pay the part of a hero."

"No, indeed; you can't throttle a gas-meter."—*Houston Post.*

*

TROUBLE

"Do you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble! Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."—*Detroit Free Press.*



FIRST FARMER—"What be they comin' two to gether for?"

SECOND FARMER—"Likely because it's getting late and they want to finish." —*Punch*

POOR FISH

Prospective Customer—"What fish is that?"

English Fishmonger—"That's 'ake, sir."

Prospective Customer — "Oh, indeed! Toothache or headache?"

Fishmonger—"Neither, sir; it's 'ake all over, sir."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

*

WELL RECOMMENDED

Two negro men came up to the outskirts of a crowd where Senator Bailey was making a campaign speech. After listening to the speech for about ten minutes, one of them turned to his companion and asked:

"Who am dat man, Sambo?"

"Ah don't know what his name am," Sambo replied, "but he certainly do recommen' hisself mos' highly." —*Success.*

*

STRONG CHARACTER

Client—"I don't mind what wages I pay so long as she is capable."

Registrar—"I can assure you, madam, she's capable of anything." —*London Opinion.*

*

AGAINST ORDERS

"If you refuse me, Miss Gladys, I shall get a rope and commit suicide."

"No, Colonel, you must not do that. Papa said distinctly he would not have you hanging about here." —*M. A. P.*

CANDOUR IN THE HOME

"Your sister's a long time about making her appearance," suggested the caller. "Well," said the little brother, "she'd be a sight if she came down without making it."—*Cleveland Leader*.

*

THE CUSTOM OF THIS COUNTRY, OR
WHAT WE ARE COMING TO

Soon shall returning passengers
Each don a convict suit
The while their own are ripped apart
In search of hidden loot.

Their heads shall doubtless all be
shaved

That nothing there may hide,
And X-ray pictures shall betray
What they conceal inside.

The cabins shall be bare and plain
That goods may not go wrong,
And keepers shall remain on guard
Throughout the voyage long.

And when at last they shall have sped
Across the briny foam
Adown the gangplank, lockstep
marched,

The sovereigns shall come home.
—*Brooklyn Life*.

*

DIRECTIONS WANTED

In a time of distressing drought a harassed amateur agriculturist stepped into a shop to buy a barometer. The shopman was giving a few stereotyped instructions about indications and pressures, when the purchaser impatiently interrupted him.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that's all right, but what I want to know is, how do you set the thing when you want it to rain?"—*Yorkshire Post*.

*

TELL WELLMAN

"So you have a new idea for a dig-
rigible balloon?"

"Yes. Make the equilibrator larger,
put a motor into it, and let it pull the
balloon."—*Washington Star*.



The evolution of the Harem Skirt—*Jugend* (Berlin)

REAL MODESTY

The story is told of the Rev. James Paterson, of Philadelphia, that he once said, in a circle of his brethren, that he thought ministers ought to be humble and poor, like their Master. "I have often prayed," said he, "that I might be kept humble; I never prayed that I might be poor—I could trust my church for that!"—*Argonaut*.

*

CAUSES OF THINGS

Reverend Gentleman: Do you know, my friend, that half the cases of cancer are caused by people smoking those foul, dirty, short, black clay pipes?

Son of Toil: And do you know, Guv'nor, that 'alf of the black eyes are caused by folks not mindin' their own business?—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

REASSURING

Nervous Party—"The train seems to be travelling at a fearful pace, ma'am."

Elderly Female—"Yus; ain't it? My Bill's a-drivin' of the ingen, an' 'e can make 'er go when 'e's got a drop o' drink in 'im."—*Tit-Bits*.

*

FOWLS OF THE AIR

"When I order poultry from you again," said the man who quarrels with his grocer, "I don't want you to send me any of those aeroplane chickens." "What kind do you mean?" "The sort that are all wings and machinery and no meat."—*Good House-keeping*.



"HE DIED FOR HER SAKE"

—*Life*.

AND COST DOUBLE

"What do you think of the idea of an extra session of Congress?"

"Well," replied Farmer Corntosel, "some extry sessions is like some extry newspapers. They ain't enough in 'em to justify the hollerin'."—*Washington Star*.

*

HE KEPT QUIET

"Is your mother painting any still life now?"

"Yes; father's portrait."—*Megendorfer Blotter*.

*

A LESSON IN BANKING

The leading negroes of a Georgia town started a bank and invited persons of their race to become customers. One day a darkey, with shoes run down at the heels, a gallus over one shoulder, and a cotton shirt, showed up at the bank.

"See here," he said, "I want mah ten dollahs."

"Who is yuh?" asked the cashier.

"Mah name's Jim Johnson, an' I wants dat ten dollahs."

"Yoh ain't go' no money in dis here bank," said the cashier, after looking over the books.

"Yes, I has," insisted the visitor, "I put ten dollahs in here six months er go."

"Why, man, yuh shure is foolish. De intrist done et dat up long er go."—*Chicago Daily Sketch*.

*

"Just think, dear heart!" exclaimed the young woman. "You proposed to me but twenty-four hours ago!"

"Yes, sweetheart," came in thrilling tones from the fortunate man, and it seems as though it were but yesterday!"—*Lippincott's*.

*

THE LEXICON OF SPORT

"Pa, what is a football coach?"

"The ambulance, I suppose."—*Pittsburg Observer*.