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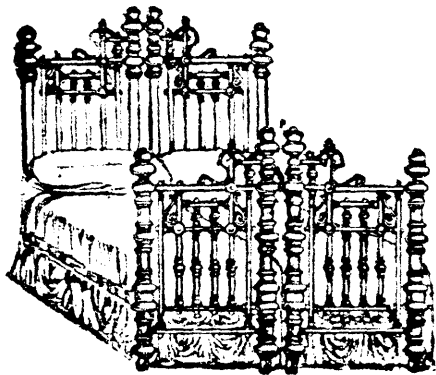
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SEPTEMBER, 1895.



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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

No. 5.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Editor is anxious to secure a number of good Christmas Stories, with or without illustrations. These should also be characteristically Canadian in tone and scene. The MSS. should be sent in by Oct. 15th at latest.

The attention of contributors is called to the fact that typewritten manuscripts, carefully written and revised, are a great advantage. They afford a better reading and prevent many grievous mistakes from appearing in print.

The name and address of every contributor, and stamps for the return, should accompany all MSS. The receipt of a MS. will be immediately acknowledged and if not accepted returned within fifteen days.

Several *new features* have been introduced into this number, and more will be apparent in the next issue. The management intend to spare no pains in making the MAGAZINE worthy of our national aspirations and our literary progress. But it must depend on its contributors and other numerous friends to keep its excellence before the public. Still, with their aid, the management hope to keep the fact before the public that "THE CANADIAN" is equal to the best, and one which should be in every Canadian home.

Already several splendid articles have been secured for the October number, and among them an article on Lord Wolseley, the new Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, whose portrait furnishes us with a frontispiece for this month. J. Cawdor Bell will contribute an exquisite piece of fiction.

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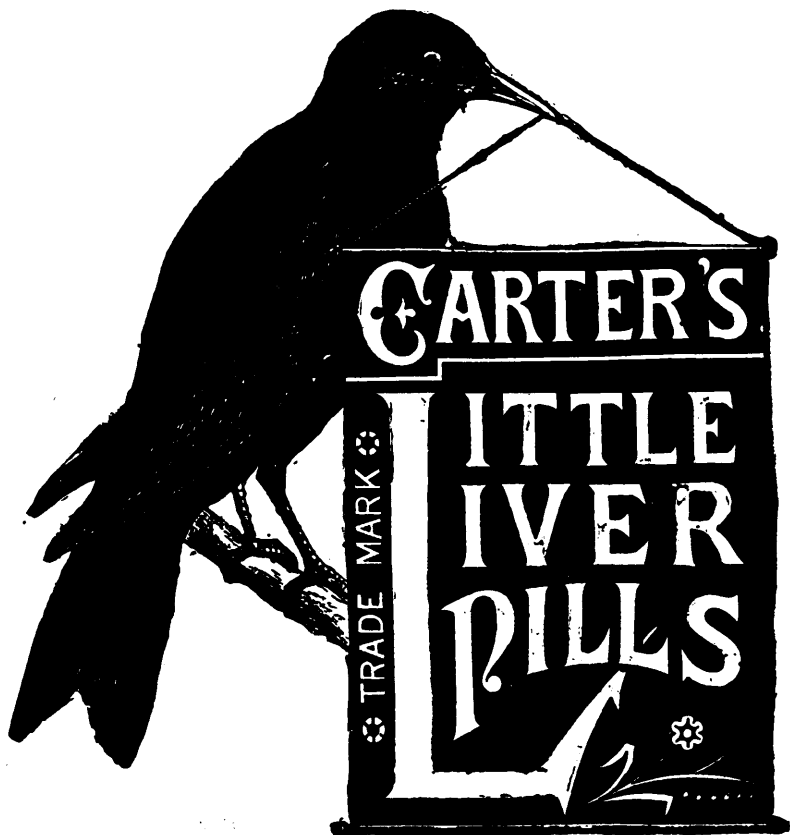
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

No. 5.

LIVERPOOL TO-DAY.

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.—THE CITY'S MOTTO.

BY ROBERT MACHRAY.

ALL over the globe the name of Liverpool has been identified for so many years with the vast shipping interests of the empire that it is not surprising to find in the history of the city an epitome of the whole record of the rise and growth of British commerce. But it have been more especially associated with American trade and travel, as from its situation and other advantages it has formed the natural "Gateway of the West," through which has passed those millions of people, going or coming, whom necessity or pleasure has caused to pay toll to the world's greatest port; those countless cargoes of cotton and corn, of tobacco and other products, which the prodigal New World has given to the Old. The following account of Liverpool and its famous docks is somewhat brief and imperfect from the exigencies of a magazine article, but will be of service, having in view the importance of the new transfer arrangements consummated in the last few months, by which the time taken in the passage from New York or Boston or Montreal to London is again shortened, and the comfort and convenience of the ocean traveller decidedly increased. Other improvements of various kinds, effected with-

in the past two or three years—notably the deepening of the entrance across the bar in the channel of the estuary of the Mersey—have greatly added to the overwhelmingly superior position Liverpool occupies when compared as a seaport with any other, English or foreign, and the relation of the facts will be read with intelligent appreciation on the further side of the sea.

Liverpool, situated on the east bank of the Mersey, some three miles from the open sea, rises on a continuous slope from the six or seven miles of docks and quays which line the shore of the river in an irregular semi-circle; and the approach to it, which is not marked by any striking natural features, is now very familiar to many Americans. It is 201 miles from London, and the journey is performed by rail in about four hours; it is, therefore, easily possible to breakfast in the one city and lunch in the other in the same morning; while communication with other centres is almost equally expeditious. But the special significance which attaches to its position as a port will be best understood when it is considered that behind Liverpool stand, to a great extent, Lancashire and Yorkshire. Though the city may be regarded as a tolerably ancient one,

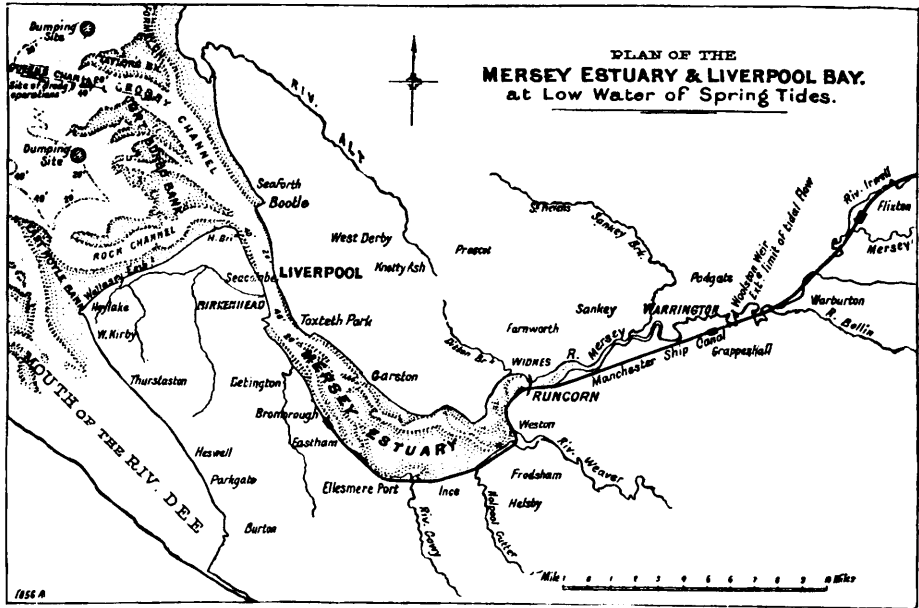
as it received its first charter as a town from King John in 1209, it was not till the eighteenth century that it began to be of importance—not, indeed, until the introduction, at the end of that period, of raw cotton from the United States; “which,” we are told, “created modern Liverpool, and it may be said, modern Lancashire.” Of course, the invention of the steam-engine played a large part also. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the population of the town was about 6,000, and the vessels belonging to the port 100 of an average of 85 tons each and manned by 1,100 seamen; at the opening of the nineteenth the population numbered about 80,000, while over 5,000 ships, of half-a-million tonnage, were registered. The census of 1891 made the population 517,980. Steps are now being taken to include in the city suburban areas which really form a part of it, so that “Greater Liverpool” will have a population of not far short of the million. The claim is made that it then will be the second English city in the empire.

There is little or nothing of historical or antiquarian interest about the Liverpool of to-day. All its ancient landmarks have been swept away by modern improvements: even its first wet dock, itself on the site of the *pool* from which Liverpool takes its name, begun in 1709, has been filled up to form the site of the present custom-house. Many of the public buildings, however, possess high architectural merit, particularly St. George’s Hall—an edifice well known from photographs or other illustrations all over the world. This imposing structure is said to be one of the finest specimens of the classic revival erected in modern times, and was designed by Harvey Lonsdale Elmes, an architect of brilliant promise who did not live to see its completion. Near St. George’s Hall are three splendid buildings devoted to the purposes of a public library, natural history and

antiquarian museum, and an art gallery—the last of which contains the originals of some celebrated pictures. The Town Hall, in Castle street, and the municipal offices, in Dale street, are also handsome edifices, while the Exchange, whose buildings along with the Town Hall form a quadrangle, is extremely interesting, especially to Trans-Atlantic visitors, as on the inclosed, uncovered space known as the “flag,” are transacted the operations of the great English cotton market, which is to a large extent but a reflection of the American. Not far away is the wheat market—the “Corn” Exchange, wheat being universally talked of as “corn” in England—the American corn being spoken of as maize.

But the most interesting objects in Liverpool are its magnificent docks, which its good people consider, not without reason, the admiration of the world. The story of Liverpool is written in colossal characters in this splendid series of docks—a story, as has been said, in many respects typical of the development of the whole of Britain’s commerce. Tributary to Liverpool and forming an integral portion of it are the docks at Birkenhead, on the opposite, or Cheshire side of the Mersey.

The docks on the Lancashire side are located on the margin of the river, abutting, for the most part, along the deep water of the channel, for a length of over six miles, and for a width varying from 700 to 2,200 feet, the foreshore having been enclosed from tidal influence by the construction of a continuous sea-wall, except where entrances were required into the range of docks behind it. The dock, known as the Old Dock, first constructed, at the beginning of last century, was only four acres in extent, and was designed to accommodate a hundred vessels. With the exception of a wet-dock built a few years earlier on the Thames at Rotherhithe, originally called the Howland Great



wet-dock, this was the first of the kind in England. The Old Dock was opened in 1715; then followed a dry dock and three graving docks; and, later on, before the end of the century, several others were completed abreast of the original one: all of which, with the exception of the Old Dock, remain to this day, many of them, however, having been reconstructed and improved. The Victorian era has seen, as it is to be expected, an enormous development in all the shipping facilities afforded by the port: a large number of new docks, both north and south of those already in use, having been designed and carried out, the Langton and Alexandra Docks being completed in 1881, and the Hornby in 1883, all at the extreme northern end close to the open sea, while on the southern side higher up the river an extensive system of docks has only recently been completed. On the Cheshire side, opposite Liverpool, are the Birkenhead docks, acquired in 1858 by the corporation, known as the "Mersey Docks and Harbour Board," who administer the whole of

the vast systems of works, which together practically form one port.

In looking more closely at these docks the figures involved as regards their area, capacity, cost and so forth are such as cannot but appeal powerfully to the imagination, and not only to the imagination, for here, for instance, in tangible, concrete—and there is a good deal of it literally concrete—form is an object lesson of the meaning of two hundred millions of dollars, which is in round numbers the cost. Large as the figures are in themselves, they are even more striking, as suggestive of the skill and judgment, the care and forethought necessarily exercised in designing, completing and maintaining efficiently these magnificent works. The advantages they offer to the traveller and the trade are sufficiently obvious to everyone, but only the more thoughtful will appreciate the genius which has produced them, and the scarcely less marvellous vigilance, sleepless and unceasing, which renders them always available. With the changes introduced during recent years in the

size and build of ships, particularly the care as respects the great Atlantic liners, fresh problems have come up and are constantly arising as to the best way of dealing with these new conditions, and thus far the Dock Board have been highly successful in meeting them.

To begin with, the oldest system of docks is not suited for the numerous huge vessels which are familiar enough to us, but of which even the last generation never dreamed; the most is now, however, made of them by engineering ingenuity, while the newer docks can easily berth the largest ships afloat. Then the modern impatience of delay in any form, never more operative than in regard to the generally frantic desire to reach quickly one's ultimate destination,—and Liverpool to the vast majority is but the vestibule to London—has also had to be taken into account; and means have lately been provided which should amply satisfy even this age of hurry for the rapid transfer of the passenger from the ship to the train; it is nothing more now than a step across a platform.

Now for some of these figures. The total water area of the Liverpool systems of docks and basins is 381 acres, 528 yards, and the lineal quayage amounts to about 25½ miles. Add to this the water area and quay space of the Birkenhead docks, amounting to 164 acres, 3,836 yards, and 9 miles, 729 yards respectively; and the grand totals are,—of water area, about 546 acres—of lineal quayage, over 35 miles. The whole area belonging to the Mersey Board is some 1,611 acres, and contains over a hundred wet and graving docks, basins and locks. In the construction only of these works over \$105,000,000 have been spent: the money has been borrowed, under authority of various Acts of the Imperial Parliament, on bonds and annuities. The rate of interest now being paid on new bonds is under 3 per cent. per annum, and on annuities

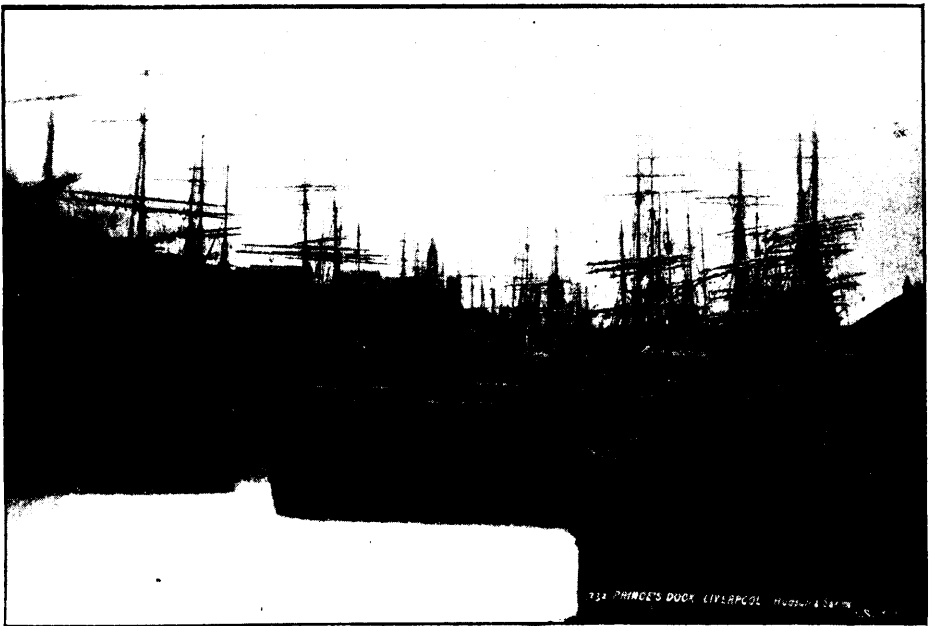
3 per cent. A sinking fund, which, at present, amounts to some twelve and a half millions of dollars, is steadily reducing the liabilities of the Board to the public, and its indebtedness stands at less than ninety million dollars. The income derived from all sources last year (financial year ending July 1st, 1894), came to some seven millions of dollars, one half of which went to defray interest charges, the other for the general expenses of management, sinking funds, etc. The number of vessels that paid dues for the same period to the Trust was 21,170, aggregating about ten million tons. To render statistics, which, at best, are apt to be rather dry reading even where wet docks are concerned, at all interesting is not easy, but some comparison of the port of Liverpool with that of London may help to make them so.

The contrast between these two great centres, while natural in a sense, has this important difference: Liverpool exists for its docks, whereas London exists for many other purposes: Liverpool from its situation close to the manufacturing districts, draws from them an export trade far larger than that of London, while the trade of London is in a great measure required for the supply of London itself, hence it has an enormous coasting and local trade of which Liverpool has comparatively little. The London docks, being situated in the bends of the Thames, do not present that imposing appearance which those of Liverpool do, stretching in unbroken line for miles along the Mersey. They are, however, considerably larger in area; the largest dock in Liverpool, the Alexandra, is 44 acres, and the Huskisson, which comes next, 30 acres, as compared with the Tilbury Dock, 57½ acres, the Victoria, 74 acres, and the Albert, about 73 acres. However, the Birkenhead docks almost approach these in size, the West Float being 52 acres, and the East

Float nearly 60 acres in extent. The total water area of the London docks is 558 acres, that of the Mersey docks 546. In 1894, London possessed 2,710 steam and sailing vessels, with a tonnage of 1,588,588, as against Liverpool's 2,295 ships, with a tonnage of 2,100,694. It will thus be seen that the vessels of the Mersey are larger than those of the Thames. Of sailing vessels under 50 tons, London has 533 against Liverpool's 115; of these over

modities of commerce, raw and manufactured, entering the metropolis.

The docks on the Lancashire side of the Mersey may be divided into two systems, known respectively as the northern and the southern. The central portion consists of the older and smaller docks; the others are much larger and deeper, and generally more in accordance with modern requirements. In giving some further description of the Liverpool docks, it



VIEW OF PRINCE'S DOCK, SHOWING SHIPPING.

2,500 tons, London has none, Liverpool 38; of steamships under 50 tons, London has 390, Liverpool 112; while of those over 3,000 tons, London has only 15, Liverpool, 53. Of the total exports of the United Kingdom, amounting in 1893 to 1,385 millions of dollars, Liverpool contributed 476 millions, London, 383. Of the total imports for the same year, which reached the enormous sum of 2,020 millions, Liverpool received 488 millions, and London received 707 millions, owing to the more valuable com-

will be convenient to begin at the southern end—that furthest from the sea. We will suppose we are a party of Americans or Canadians, and that, having “done”—a word of little or great meaning, according to circumstances—Europe, we are on our homeward journey, and just putting the last finishing touch to our wonderful and exasperatingly delightful tour by inspecting these docks—without seeing which no visit to the “Old Country” could be quite complete. So we begin inland, as it were, up the river,

and work our way towards the ocean, on which haply we will be soon sailing westward. It may here be mentioned that an overhead electric railway, with carriages a little similar to American railway "cars," which was completed only a year or two ago, and is in itself another note of the progress of the Liverpool of to-day, runs along the whole length of the docks from north to south, enabling the visitor to get easily from point to point, and affording *en route* a splendid view of the river and its sights. The overhead railway has several special features of its own which suggest an examination of them as likely to be instructive; and, in any case, the New Yorker will compare it favorably with his own elevated "road." It deserves notice as being the first successful electric railway of any size in Europe. And, speaking of railways, it has been claimed "that it is only bare justice to keep in remembrance the fact that it is to the sagacity, enterprise and perseverance of Liverpool merchants that the world is indebted for the development of railways in their present form," the Liverpool and Manchester Railway being begun in 1826, and opened in September, 1830, with Geo. Stephenson as its presiding engineer.

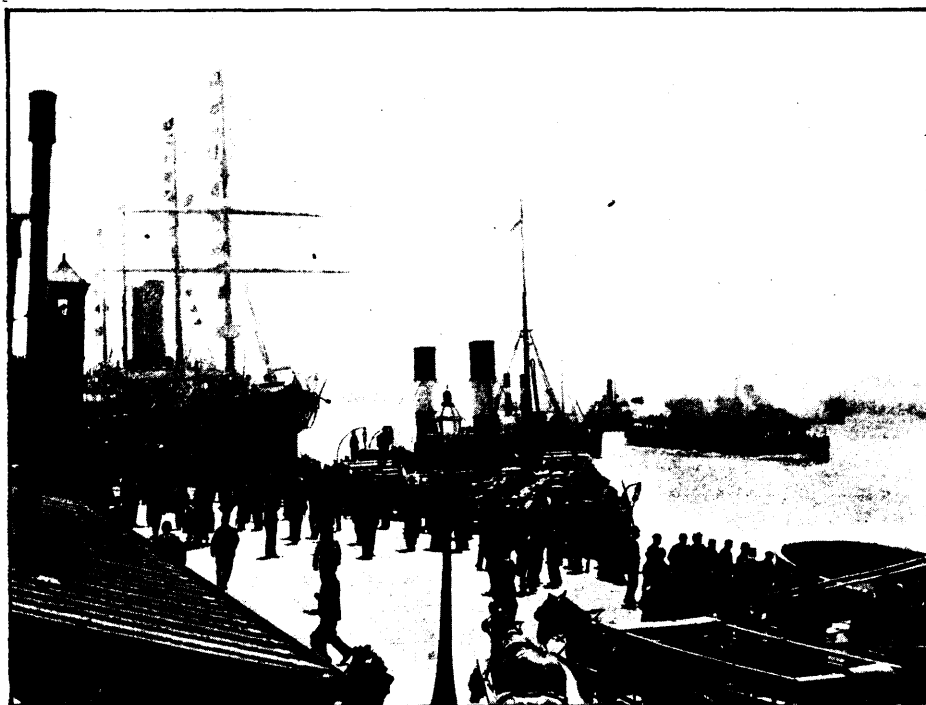
The dock at the extreme end of the southern system is called the "Herculaneum," and was blasted out of the solid rock,—the only instance where this had to be done. The length is 810 feet, the width 430; it has besides a branch 800 feet long, 120 feet wide; its total area is about 10 acres. It would be tedious to mention all the docks, etc., and it is therefore proposed only to describe those of the most striking character. The Herculaneum dock is specially interesting, because close to it are placed the depots for petroleum, which comes either from America or Russia (Baku). In addition to five large reservoirs or tanks, constructed for the specific purpose, and each isolated from the other, for

holding the oil in bulk, pumped up from the ships, and with a capacity of 12,000 tons in all, there are, at the base of the cliff, 60 "casemates," or chambers, excavated out of the rock for storing petroleum in barrels, each capable of holding 1,000 barrels.—These magazines are each about 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 19 feet high; and each is separated from its neighbor by a wall of solid rock five feet thick. They are faced in concrete, and have impervious sills, built to the level of four feet above the floor, so forming receptacles, each capable of containing the whole contents of the barrels, should these be damaged, or the oil leak out, as it always does, as is well known, to a greater or less degree. All danger of the liquid oil flowing on the adjacent quays, in case of accident, is thus avoided, and from the general construction the risk of fire spreading is small. One trembles, however, to think what would happen if a fire ever occurred, and the burning oil got into the docks, or what would be the result should an explosion take place in the tanks, say, from a bombardment of the port. Of course, these contingencies are nearly, if not absolutely, impossible. The port of Liverpool receives about one-fourth of all the petroleum which comes into the United Kingdom. There are three graving docks in connection with the Herculaneum. Extending from it is a chain of new docks, the first of which is the Harrington, which has a water area of over nine acres, and which is noteworthy because of an ingenious arrangement of cranes for transshipping goods from the ships to the transfer sheds, necessitated by the comparative narrowness of the quays flanking this portion of the docks, which led to a double-storied shed being built. These cranes are the invention of Mr. A. G. Lyster, assistant chief engineer, a son of Mr. G. F. Lyster, Chief Engineer of the Mersey estate for over thirty years, and who has designed and car-

ried out all the great undertakings of the Trust during that period. Of the work these gentlemen and their associates have accomplished, *Si monumentum quaeris? Circumspice!* It will be best to describe these cranes in Mr. Lyster's own words as nearly as may be. "In order to overcome the difficulty and cost of working the upper floor, and to assimilate in convenience to a wide floor at the quay level, a special form of crane has been adopted, the frame of which rests upon and travels along the ridge of the roof and the outer wall of the shed, the jib having a long rake, and spanning sufficiently over the edge of the quay to command the hatchways of any ship. The craneman works the machine from a house pendent to the lower frame, so that he has a complete view of the work to be done. There are eight cranes on the shed, all of which are worked by hydraulic power. The crane is capable of lift-

ing 30 cwt. (3,360 lbs.), and it can effect 60 lifts per hour to the upper floor. The cost of raising to the extra height is inconsiderable. As many as 520 lifts have been effected by one crane in nineteen working hours, and these could have been largely increased, were it not for the delay in breaking out the cargo from the hold of the vessel." These cranes can be concentrated at a given point, and worked together or singly as required. Similar cranes are in use in other portions of the docks. Next to the Harrington is the Toxteth Dock, the last of the newer docks of the southern system, and that most recently completed. It has a water area of over eleven acres, and has the widest and most extensive transfer-shed on the estate, with a ground area of nearly five acres. The Union Dock, which is next, serves as a lock between the southern and south-central docks.

The upper part of the system, styled



"GERMANIC" AT LANDING STAGE.

sometimes the Brunswick-George's group, is the oldest portion of the docks, as already stated: and consists of about a dozen small docks. Vessels of deep draught can now get into this system through the Union Dock, the comparative shallowness of these docks being compensated for by means of pumping. This operation raises the surface of the water of these docks six feet above the average level of the surface of the newer docks; and is effected by means of three centrifugal pumps, each having a diameter of 54 inches, which together can pump 1,200 tons per minute through a height of ten feet. On this portion of the Mersey, in front of Queen's Dock, are situated some shipbuilding yards, but Liverpool, which, at the beginning of the century, had a large ship-building industry, turning out many warships for the navy, does but little now in this way, this particular trade having drifted off to the Clyde, Belfast, and other places. The dockyards, engineers' offices, etc., are to be found near the Brunswick Dock, and a little further on, beside King's Dock, are large tobacco warehouses. In 1893, Liverpool imported over 45 million pounds of tobacco—rather more than half of all the tobacco brought into Britain that year. For the better accommodation of the tobacco trade, a large warehouse, specially adapted for it, is being constructed at Stanley Dock, in the northern end of the estate, which will have a capacity of 80,000 hogsheads, and will cost a million dollars. In one of the small docks near the yard there are being made two caissons, self-contained, and entirely composed of iron, which can be raised or lowered, as required, by means of pumps. In appearance, these caissons resemble small ironclads; they are 50 feet deep and 100 long, and are designed, on being sunk in position, to serve instead of gates at the entrances of docks or locks, should any accident render the gates, which, throughout the estate, are of wood, and enormous-

ly strong, unfit for use, or if repairs become necessary.

At the north end of this system, in front of George's Dock and of Prince's Dock immediately adjoining it, is a floating wharf, which is known as the "Landing Stage," at and from which the local ferries, the Isle of Man, Irish and Welsh boats, and now—a novel and notable feature—the ocean greyhounds arrive and depart. This stage is 2,063 feet long, by 80 feet wide, and is connected with the shore by seven small bridges, besides a floating bridge 550 feet in length, and 35 feet in width, by means of which an easy incline for carriage traffic is maintained at all times of the tide. The stage is to be lengthened 400 feet, to give more room for the large ships which now make use of it: it will have a jetty also at its northern end, 350 feet in length. It is only within the past few weeks that it has been possible to see such vessels as the *Campania*, *Lucania*, *Teutonic*, *Majestic*, *Labrador*, *Parisian*, and other well-known liners at this wharf, and until the experiment proved successful, some doubt was expressed if the stage could be used by them. But, notwithstanding their size and weight—just think what even the most moderate momentum of such a monster as the *Lucania* means—they are brought up to the stage, and depart from it, as easily and smoothly as the smaller craft. To see the *Campania*, or the *Teutonic*, swing out into the river, or come in, in such quiet and graceful fashion, is a memorable event; thousands of spectators recently crowded the stage and the overlooking pier-heads, to witness the former leave for America, and vast concourses assembled to see the other large Atlantic steamships come in and go out. Up till a short time ago, no particular object was gained by these vessels leaving the stage, as there was no direct railway communication at it, and passengers were conveyed from the ships to the shore, and *vice versa*, by

tenders. As this whole method involved considerable delay, and was felt to be unsatisfactory, it was determined a year or two ago by the Mersey Board, urged thereto by Mr. John Brancker, its chairman, and appreciating the fact that other ports, such, for instance, as Southampton, afforded certain advantages for speedier transfer than Liverpool gave, to have the landing stage directly connected with railway communication. A station, light, bright and commodious, has been built between the stage and Princess Dock, to be used as a Union Station by any or all of the railway lines, of which there are at least half-a-dozen running into Liverpool. At present, the London and North-Western Railway Company, a line which appears more closely identified with the city than any other, alone makes use of it, despatching special steam-boat trains, making "close connections" with the liners of both the Cunard and White Star Companies at the landing stage. To this veritable gate of the ocean has been given the name of "Riverside Station." The first regular train entered the station on June 12th, its American-bound passengers finding themselves practically alongside of the steamer on which they were to embark—on this occasion, the *Germanic*. This very marked improvement, to which the writer begs to call particular attention, resulting, as it does, in a great saving both of time and temper, will be thoroughly appreciated by Atlantic passengers. The claim now appears to be made good that travellers coming from New York by the Liverpool route can reach London at least seven or eight hours sooner than by any other. Of course, something depends on the time occupied in passing baggage through the customs. But surely even this might be done away with. Why should there not be two or three officers of the British customs stationed at New York, whose duty it should be to examine and pass bag-

gage going by steamer clear through to the United Kingdom? At present, customs officers of the United States are stationed at Toronto and other points in Canada, who examine and pass baggage going from Canada into the United States, so that the passenger has no delay on the frontier. Needless to say, this is a great convenience. Could not some similar interchange of international courtesies be arranged in regard to the steam-boat lines. I think the Canadian railway companies make provision for these American customs' officials in



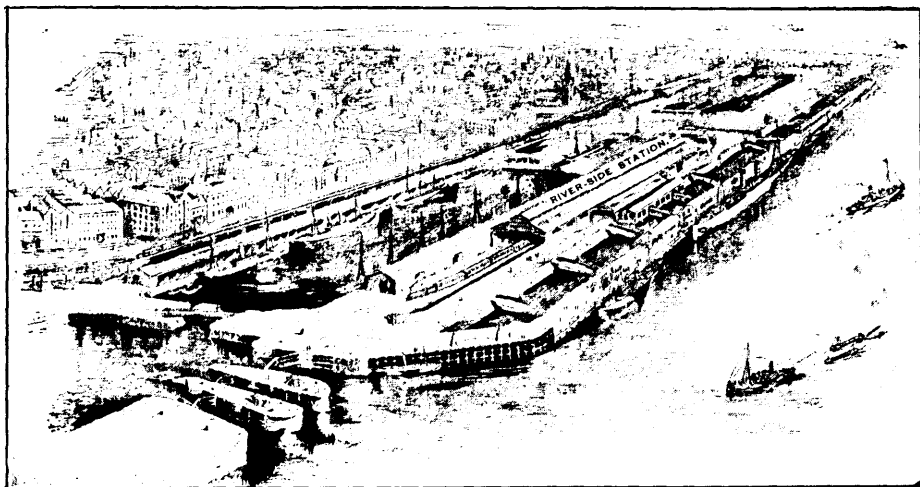
"CAMPANIA."

the matter of offices, the American Government paying their salaries.

Georges Dock is the end of the series forming the southern chain; Princes Dock begins the northern, which comprises some forty wet docks, graving docks, etc. These docks vary very much in size, but the largest and deepest on the Liverpool side are to be found in this system. Of these, the most considerable is the Alexandra Dock, where several of the "biggest things afloat" can be seen any day of

the year. The Alexandra Dock has been generally commended as an excellent type of dock. It was designed to accommodate the largest class of steamers, and has, therefore, special features to meet their requirements. Its length from the entrances to its northern extremity is 1,600 feet, the west wall being of that length without break; the width of the body of the dock is 500 feet. On the eastern side are arranged three large docks, 1,430 feet, 1,380 feet, and 1,200 feet in length, respectively, each 300 feet wide. Its walls are of red sandstone masonry, combined with concrete of massive character, coped with irregularly bedded granite; its total water area is 44 acres, with quayage amounting to 11,814 feet. Opening out of this dock is the Hornby, the most northerly dock on the Mersey, designed and constructed more particularly for the timber trade, and for which quays of special dimensions are provided. Most of the timber which reaches Liverpool, comes from Canada. The west quay is largely frequented by steamships with ordinary cargo, chiefly cotton. And here, it might be remarked, that of all the cargoes which arrive at Liverpool, cotton is, and has been long, the king. The imports of raw cotton in 1893, were 11,680,535 cwt. (112 lbs. = 1 cwt.); or eleven-twelfths of the entire imports of the United Kingdom. At the same time, it may be noted that of the total exports in 1893 of manufactured cotton goods, the value of those which left Liverpool was 187 millions of dollars, a hundred millions more than the value of cotton goods sent from all the rest of Great Britain. On the southern side of the Alexandra Dock is the Langton, which, with its branch, is some 20 acres in extent; and opening out from the east quay of this dock are large graving docks with chambers 950 feet in length, subdivided about midway by piers and gates, by which means the inner chambers may be used as "long time,"

and the outer as "short time" docks. The entrance into these three docks is called the Canada Basin; on the opposite side are the Canada Docks with extensive timber yards, and the Huskisson Dock, which, with its two branches, comes next in size to the Alexandra Dock, having an area of some 30 acres. Adjacent to it are the Sandon graving docks, and a new one of 810 feet in length is shortly to be added to them. At this point, a large dock is in course of construction. In the trade of the port, both wheat and corn (maize), play a very important part, and there are large granaries at the Waterloo and Birkenhead docks. A new granary—more on the plan of the American elevator—is to be constructed at the Alexandra Dock, which, when finished, will have a capacity of 120,000 tons. The total amount of grain of all kinds received by Liverpool in 1893, was about 200 million tons. The docks on the Cheshire side of the Mersey run some distance in a bent line inland, and therefore do not present the same imposing appearance as those on the Lancashire side. They were originally begun in opposition to the Liverpool docks, but as their promoters were not able to carry out their intentions, they eventually became part of the Liverpool system under the one management of the Mersey Dock Board. Some thirty millions of dollars have been spent on them, but it is understood that the returns barely pay working expenses. The large size of the two chief docks has already been commented on in contrasting them with the size of the London docks. On this—generally known as the Birkenhead—side of the river, all the cattle which come into the Mersey are landed and slaughtered. In 1893, nearly one-half of all the cattle imported into Britain, (340,000), entered the port of Liverpool. This enormous trade has been developed from small beginnings, the first consignment, which came from Canada in September, 1874, consisting



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF "RIVER-SIDE STATION."

of 273 cattle, and the whole number for the first season being only 455. The animals are landed at the cattle stages at Woodside and Wallasey, and proceed to the "lairage" a few yards away. These lairages (a local word, presumably derived from *lair*) are large buildings consisting, in some cases, of several stories, where the cattle remain for a short time, when they are killed, the carcasses being chilled either by the air expansion or the ammonia process. Considering the large numbers of animals handled, the two lairages kill on an average 6,600 head of cattle a week during the season—the most striking feature of these establishments is, the comparative sweetness and cleanness which obtain in all departments. The cattle come from the United States (Omaha is regarded as sending the best); from Canada, and from the River Plate. The "North Americans" are preferred to the "South Americans." These lairages cost nearly four million dollars.

Having now taken a rapid survey of these wonderful docks—necessarily leaving out a good many interesting points—something should be said, in

conclusion, about their administration, and also, more particularly, about that which is now the chief object of concern to the Board, the deepening of the bar at the entrance to the river. The administration of these vast enterprises is in the hands of the "Mersey Docks and Harbor Board," and its staff of engineers, surveyors, traffic managers, dock and harbor masters, etc. This Board consists of twenty-eight members, four appointed by the Imperial Board of Trade, and the remainder by the dock rate payers—all of whom give their services gratuitously. They are elected by all parties who pay £10 per annum of dock rates, and the constituency from which they are drawn is not confined to Liverpool but extends to all persons paying such rates residing in the United Kingdom. Their term of office is four years, seven members retiring in rotation each year. Politics, whether Imperial or local, have absolutely no say in the management of the Estate. There is a general manager, who is also secretary, and everything is subject to his direction under the Board. The Board meets very frequently, and as its doings are regularly reported in

the local newspapers it is in constant touch with the life of the place. Liverpool, however, as a city, does not receive "town dues" from the shipping, its rights in that matter having been extinguished by the payment of seven millions and a half of dollars from the Dock Trust in 1858. As for the success of the management, it may be said, briefly, that it pays; the bonds of the Trustees, familiarly known as "Dock Bonds," are an excellent investment; indeed, a few weeks ago, a material reduction, amounting to a quarter of a million dollars per annum, was made in the rates levied on certain classes of vessels and goods—a very sufficient proof of the soundness of its financial position. Of course, Liverpool has its own difficulties: it has to compete with other ports for the trade of the world, as, for instance, the new port of Manchester, which, however, is building up a trade for itself, without apparently affecting Liverpool: but its main difficulty, and a big one, was for many years the bar at the entrance of the channel of the Mersey.

There is a magnificent channel from the docks to the bar: but, as lately as 1890, before dredging operations were begun for lowering the bar, there was only ten feet of water at the times of low water of the lowest tides on the bar. To use an engineering term, the bar was practically the "sill" of the whole Mersey Estate: and for several hours, twice in each twenty-four, during low water, large vessels could not get across it. As was pointed out by Sir James Douglas, "Anything more deplorable for the interests of the port, and the shipping trading to it, could scarcely be conceived than the fact that several large steamers and sailing ships approaching the bar of Liverpool during stormy weather, might have to dodge about in the most dangerous way, in close proximity to each other for two or three hours for water to get over the bar." Another prominent engineer described

the bar as "the sticking point of the port;" and, of course, on such an important subject, much was said, and various remedies were suggested—doctors differing as usual. However, the Board, considering that some success had attended dredging operations in New York, decided to try what this course would do in regard to the Mersey bar. And while finality cannot perhaps be claimed for what has been done, a great deal has been very successfully accomplished. The problem, simply stated, was this:—The range of the tide at the bar being very large, namely, as much as 31 feet in spring tides, and the minimum depth at low water of spring tides being 10 feet, to admit of vessels of a draught of say 30 feet (the *Campania* had a draught of 29½ feet when she went out of port the other day), leaving and entering under all conditions of the tide, how to lower the bar by at least 20 feet? Two dredges were fitted up and got to work, with the encouraging result that by June of 1893 the minimum depth along the line of dredging was 18 feet 3 inches, under the same condition of tide. It was then determined to construct a very powerful dredger, and to proceed with the lowering of the bar on a larger scale. This vessel, called the *Brancker* in compliment to the chairman of the Board, is almost as big as an Atlantic liner, and is technically described as a "hopper-dredger, designed with a view of lifting sand at the rate of 4,000 tons per hour. Its hoppers (tanks) have a capacity of 3,000 tons of wet sand, and it is fitted up with twin-screw engines, capable of propelling it at the speed of 10 knots per hour when loaded." Two powerful centrifugal pumps, having 36-inch suction, and delivery pipes, draw the sand and water through a main pipe 45 inches in diameter, and deliver it into eight tanks, arranged in fours along each side of the vessel: the tanks are filled in less than an hour: the ship then proceeds to the dumping ground some

distance away, and discharges. This experiment, which may justly be described as a gigantic one, has been so far successful that at the time of this writing the depth of water along the most favorable line of dredging is about 24 feet. Another large dredger, similar to the *Brancker*, is now being built, so that complete success would seem to be only a matter of time. What has already been done, however, practically allows large-draught ves-

long lines of docks, these forests of masts rising out of them, outlined against these streets of towering warehouses, with the buildings of the city climbing up the slopes, rising yet higher still—what an impressive, what an almost magical sight it is! At any rate I shall not easily forget it as I saw it from the opposite shore one lovely June evening lately. The *Lucania* had come up the river, her huge bulk dwarfing all lesser craft,



“VIEW OF DOCKS FROM “CANADA TOWER.”

sels to get to Liverpool at almost any time. As the two shore lines, which converge at the mouth of the Mersey, are almost at right angles, and the intervening space, known as Liverpool Bay, is pretty well filled up with shifting sands, it is impossible to say absolutely that the “sticking point” has been got over, but it certainly looks like it.

I scarcely think that what Liverpool can show in interest and instructiveness is properly appreciated. These

and was lying at the landing stage, her red and black funnels showing distinctly against a hazily darkening background, while other vessels were grouped near her. The *Britannia*, here temporarily for the races, had moved up the stream, and seemed to hang in the dimming distance like some great white-winged bird; the smaller yachts being dotted here and there upon the water. The sun set in cloud and flame in the west, far across the waste of sand and sea touching

with unimaginable splendour masts in the preparation of this article from and spars and all the shadowy tracery Mr. Miles Kirk Burton, the general of the great city: while one star, solitary, serene, sailed into the silent air. Messrs. Lyster, engineers-in-chief, and from other gentlemen connected with the "Mersey Docks and Harbor Estate."

I desire to acknowledge very gratefully the assistance I have received

CONTRAST.

To the west the Rockies shine
 In a white majestic line,
 And their peaks, by sunlight caught
 Will not to-day reflect a thought
 of change.

Countless centuries have gone by
 Since earthquakes heaved those crests on high,
 Their pathless forests, canyons deep,
 Naught has disturbed them in their sleep
 of ages.

Shadows now begin to creep
 O'er rocky pinnacle and steep,
 Far in the range, o'er fields of snow
 And ice, that sparkles with the glow
 of sunlight.

Now heavy clouds are seen to drift
 And cover precipice and rift
 Through darkness, spreading like a scroll,
 Shine lightnings,—followed by the roll
 of thunder.

Great whirlwinds toss the snow on high,
 And rain and sleet obscure the sky,
 Dense banks of cloud, roll down like smoke,
 The scene is clouded by the cloak
 of tempest.

But to the east how changed the scene,
 The rolling plains are bright and green,
 A gentle breeze just stirs the grass
 Soft clouds are heralds, as they pass,
 of sunshine.

What contrast! This on which we gaze.
 Like youth, and manhood's sterner days,
 The one all light, and love, and ease,
 The other, tossed on stormy seas
 of trouble.

C. E. DENNY.

Fort Macleod, Alberta.

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

BY WILLIAM LEWIS EDMONDS.

"YES, Jack, it is a sad Christmas; but to me the saddest part has yet to come."

The speaker was Ida Graydon, and her words were addressed to Jack Dresden, the young man walking by her side, and upon whose arm she was leaning.

It was Christmas Eve. The scene was near the town of G—, on the shore of Lake Ontario. The night was clear and frosty. The young couple were walking down an avenue, flanked on either side by Canadian pines, which led to the lake whose waters, a few hundred yards distant, could be seen glistening in the moonlight. The house they had left behind was an old-fashioned brick structure. It possessed none of the characteristics peculiar to latter day style of architecture, but it was comfortable, and apparently destined to outlive many other buildings of later style and construction.

Ruskin says that "all good architecture is the expression of national life and character," and the Graydon dwelling expressed the life and character of its owner and builder. It was plain and honest, and devoid of all attempts to make it appear something it was not.

The clock in the neighboring town-hall had struck the hour of nine a few minutes before Ida Graydon and Jack Dresden stepped out into the moonlight, but the lights in the Graydon home were few and subdued in contrast to the bright and well-lit windows that could be seen in other dwellings. The fact was, Death had that morning entered the Graydon homestead, and carried away old Col. Graydon, Ida's father.

As Ida Graydon uttered the words

contained in the opening paragraph, she withdrew her hand from her companion's arm, and burying her face in her hands, gasped:

"Oh, why was I born: God help me to do my duty."

Alarmed, Jack tenderly placing his arm around the girl's form, escorted her to a stump that stood near the entrance to the orchard, while her old companion in many a romp through the fields and woods, a powerful mastiff, trotted up and, laying its head in her lap, looked enquiringly into her face.

"My darling, what is the matter?" pleaded Jack, as he bent enquiringly over her. "Are you not well. The excitement has been too much for you. Come, let me escort you back to the house again."

"No, Jack, I am all right now," replied Ida, as she resolutely arose from her seat, quickly dashing a tear from her cheek as she did so. Then, as she bent her head forward and convulsively picked the corner of her handkerchief, added in subdued tones: "Before we return to the house I have something to say to you. It was for this reason I asked you to take me for a walk. Come Bruno," she added, as she caught the faithful mastiff by the collar and stepped forward towards the lake. Jack immediately followed, and clasping her disengaged hand placed it on his arm.

In a few minutes the high bank overlooking the lake was reached. Not a word had been spoken in the meantime. The moon was peeping over the edge of a bank of fleecy wintry clouds that floated lazily above the lake, while the snow glistened and sparkled as if vieing with the few remaining stars overhead, whose glory

the brightness of the moon had not obscured. Touched lightly by the gentle breezes, the music of the few straggling pines was low and fitful. The waves surged lightly against the ice-bound shore in low, hollow, monotonous, while ever and anon a piece of ice, becoming detached, would fall with a dull splash into the water. But none of these things were seen or heard by either Jack or Ida. In the mind of the one forebodings were being conjured up to the exclusion of everything else, while the sorrow that beclouded the mind of the other shut out the grandeur of the night's scene.

On reaching the edge of the bank, Ida led the way to a bower which stood at the head of a rustic flight of steps that led to the beach below.

The girl removed her hand from her companion's arm, released her hold upon the mastiff's collar, and entered the bower. Turning on the threshold towards her companion, she nervously clutched either side of the door frame. Sadness and determination were depicted upon her pale face as the light of the moon fell upon it.

For some moments she stood there motionless, while Jack gazed lovingly upon her, wondering what all this mystery meant, but not venturing to speak; and as she stood there in the moonlight, with her eyes diffused with tears, she looked well worthy of any man's love and admiration.

In height she was slightly above the medium. Her figure encased in a tight-fitting jacket, was well-rounded and comely. Her features were of the Grecian type; and although she was not what most people might call handsome, yet she possessed a face that it required no stretch of the imagination to call beautiful. Besides being blessed with moderately well-chiselled features, Ida's life was not wrapped up within herself. She was concerned in the well-being of others. She was rich in good deeds. And the beauty of her inner life shone through her dark blue eyes and moulded the ex-

pression of her countenance, making her face lovely, if not what critics would call handsome.

A half-suppressed sigh from Jack Dresden, caused Ida to turn her eyes upon him; and as she noticed his sad and bewildered face, she stretched out a hand and laid it lovingly on his shoulder, gasping out at the same time:

"Oh, to think I've got to give you up. But I must."

Then her head fell upon his shoulder, and she gave vent to a flood of tears.

Tenderly Jack pressed the weeping girl to his breast. For some moments neither spoke a word. Jack was the first to break the silence.

"Give you up, my darling," he said. "Never."

"But you—" sobbed Ida.

"But, nothing," interrupted Jack.

"You love me. I know you do. Your very actions to-night tell me so, if nothing else ever did. Ida, it was three years ago that I first saw you. I was then a careless, rollicking medical student, cultivating habits that did not tend to benefit me either morally or physically. Your brother Henry knew it. We had rooms in the same house in Toronto, and he had ample opportunity for knowing. Although I was a medical student and he a divinity student, we had formed an attachment for each other; and learning I had no particular friends with whom I purposed spending my Christmas holidays, he persuaded me to spend them with him here. I accepted, as you know. Every day I saw your hopes and aspirations were raised in my breast that were new to me. When I went back to college I studied as I had never studied before, with the result that I passed my final at the head of my class. The following Christmas I again spent with your family. That was two years ago. With Dr. before my name, and a better ambition in my life, I determined to seek what I had dared not before—your hand.

You know with what result. Here in the shelter of this bower you promised to be my wife. When, a few weeks later, I left for Great Britain to walk the hospitals there, it was not merely for the purpose of perfecting myself as a medical man, but that in doing so I might be all the more worthy of being your husband. And now, after an absence of nearly two years, when I come back to claim my prize, you tell me I must give you up. Never! Never, as long as you love me!"

Now, more composed, Ida Grayson resolutely raised her head until her eyes met those of her lover. There was determination and emphasis in her words, as gently laying her hand upon his arm she said:

"All that you have said is true. I do love you. No one is there on earth that I love like you. When you wrote and told me you were coming home, I counted the weeks, the days, yes, and the hours that would elapse before I should see you. But Jack, I cannot be your wife. It is impossible. The circumstances of the last few hours have made it so."

"The circumstances of the last few hours have made it so?" repeated Jack. "What do you mean? Have I done anything? Have I said anything? Tell me quickly why you cannot marry me. I am sure that no real obstacle stands in the way of our union."

"It is a real obstacle," quietly interrupted Ida. "Jack, my father died a lunatic. He was not in his right mind when he died," she sobbed, burying her face in her hands, stepping backward at the same time.

"I know how terribly you must feel your father's death," said Jack sympathetically, as he advanced and placed an arm tenderly around her waist. "When I stepped off the train an hour ago I was shocked to hear from the servant of your father's death. I shall never forget his kind-hearted, fatherly manner toward me on the two occasions I visited here. I asked the servant

the cause of your father's death, but he was unable to inform me. Your brother is in the town making preparations for the funeral, and had not returned when we left the house. But supposing your father was not in his right mind when he died, that is no valid reason why you and I should not walk life's pathway together. So now, dear, say no more about it. I thought it was some foolish fancy. Come, let us return to the house."

And suiting the action to the words, Jack took Ida by the arm as if to lead her towards the dwelling, whose dimly-lighted windows could be discerned through the leafless trees.

"But Jack," ejaculated Ida, as she resolutely stood still, "It is no idle fancy. It is a reality. I cannot marry you. It would be an easier task to lay down my life than to tell you this, but the path of duty lies clear before me. I must follow it if I be true to my God, true to you, true to humanity."

As she concluded, Ida's frame shook with the struggle that was going on within her breast. As she motioned as if to retrace her steps to the house, Jack gently placed his hand on her shoulder and arrested her movements.

"Ida," he pleaded, "you mystify me all the more by what you have just said. I may be blinded by love. But, oh, Ida, I cannot for the life of me see why the path of duty should lead you away from me. After the promises you made me two years ago, it seems to me that your path of duty lies rather toward me than from me. And then, what has humanity to do with the matter? No, Ida," he added as he took her by the arm and led her towards the house. "I cannot, I will not release you from your promise; I would be a very foolish boy indeed, if I did. Why my darling," he added lightly, "you have not even, as the lawyers say, made out a *prima facie* case. I'm the judge and jury both in this case, and the charge of the judge and the finding of the jury is that you must stand by your original

promise and take this man, Jack, Dresden, unworthy though he be, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, till death us do part. Now, say no more, dear. But, if you must talk the matter out, leave it till to-morrow. You are tired and nervous now. After a good night's rest, you will be all right and will view the matter in a different light."

"Oh, Jack, I only wish there were such possibilities," interposed Ida, as she meditatively patted the faithful Bruno on the head, "but there are not. A solemn vow prevents it."

"A solemn vow!" repeated Jack, in a surprised tone.

"Yes, a solemn vow," replied Ida sorrowfully. As I have already intimated, my father was insane when he died. The malady was not of recent development. It began to make its appearance shortly after you left us two years ago. At first he only had momentary spells of insanity, but gradually they lengthened until about six months before his death, he did not seem to have a lucid moment. His younger brother died in the same way. So did his father before him. After my father had breathed his last, Henry requested all but me to leave the chamber of death. When we were left alone, he took my hand and led me to father's bedside. For some moments we stood silently gazing upon the lifeless features before us. Henry was the first to speak. He referred to the cause of father's death and its hereditary character. He said that it was our duty to see that the course of the disease was stopped. We were, he pointed out, the only members of the family left, and it lay within our power to do so.

"Ida," he said, as he looked at me with a face so sad and pained, "we must not marry. More than a year ago, and just before I became rector of our dear old church here, I saw plainly in what direction my duty lay, and decided to follow it, hard as it was for me to do so, for I had an

object of love, upon the winning of which I had set my hopes. Will you, here with me, Ida, in the presence of our dear dead, vow never to marry? If the immortal of our dear father is in this room and could speak, I am sure it would approve of such a course."

"I pleaded that I could not, as already I was engaged to you; and that in any event, I ought first to consult you, particularly as in a few hours you would be with us."

"Without replying, Henry drew me toward a couch, upon which we sat. And Jack, while we talked, I began to see the matter in the light he did. Don't think unkindly of me, Jack," pleaded Ida, as she turned toward her companion, "but before we left the room, we had both taken a solemn vow never to marry. My conscience tells me I did right; and though my heart is nearly broken with the double grief that has fallen upon me to-day, the consciousness that I have done right gives me strength. It is not always easy to follow the path of duty, but, oh, Jack, he who walks in it will sooner or later be sure to get his reward. Will you try to remember this Jack?" added Ida, as she gently laid her hand upon his arm.

Poor Jack felt like a sailor with the vessel under his feet breaking up and no hope of rescue in sight, but still trying to make himself believe there was hope.

In the meantime, Ida and Jack had continued their walk toward the house and were standing in the doorway when the latter said:

"Ida, I want to do my duty; I want to do what is right. But in what direction my duty lies is not yet clear to me. With my little experience as a medical man, I know too well the evil that hereditary diseases have wrought upon humanity. But until I have had a talk with your brother, I am not going to give up hope of some day making you my wife. Oh, Ida, love may be blind, but if I were sole

judge in the matter, I know what my ruling would be."

Dresden, on entering the house, immediately enquired for Henry Graydon and being informed he was in his study, repaired there. He found the door closed, but on knocking, was invited to enter. Henry with his hands thrust deep down into his trousers pockets, was slowly pacing the floor when his visitor entered. He was a man about 30 years of age, medium height, and rather sparely built. His features and complexion were of the Celtic rather than the Grecian type. His thin, firmly-set lips denoted decision; and his ample lower jaw, determination. His eyes, to-night dull and heavy with care, were ordinarily bright and kindly.

"Jack, old boy, I'm glad to see you," he said, as he held out a hand to his friend as he crossed the threshold, "but I'm afraid it will be anything but a merry Christmas for you here, just now. I did think of telegraphing to ask you to defer your visit for a few days, until, at least, after the funeral, but on second thought I deemed it best not to do so."

"It does indeed promise to be anything but a merry Christmas," interposed Jack, sadly, "for me especially."

This is just like the average man or woman. Without stopping to fathom the depths of their neighbor's sorrows or pains, each imagines his or her sorrows or pains to be the deeper.

"And why especially for you?" ventured Henry Graydon.

"Because while you have lost a father, who at the best could have but lived a few days longer, I have lost a wife," replied Jack with a slight tinge of irritation.

"A wife!" ejaculated his friend, "what do you—O, I understand, old fellow," he said sadly. "You have seen Ida, and she has told you all. My dear old friend, God knows how sorry I am for you both. There is no man in the world I would as much like Ida to marry as you. I decided

to remain single all my life, when I saw the terrible malady creeping upon him. To Ida, I thought I would say nothing; I did not want to interfere with her happiness. And when the qualms of conscious did smite me, I tried to console them with the argument that by allowing her to marry, a home and protector would be ensured in the event of my being called away before her. But the nearer my father got to his end, the firmer became I convinced that she as well as I, ought to remain single. When the end came, the path of duty lay plainly before me. You know the rest."

"I believe what you did was done conscientiously," said Dresden, as he leaned back in the chair, into which he had been motioned on entering the study, "but how can you qualify your action? It is not necessary for me to tell you that hereditary diseases do not always follow generation after generation in quick succession."

"True," rejoined Henry, "but there is no certainty that my dear sister and I are to be exempt from my father's fate. His father was a victim to it. And then, granting that this generation might escape, what guarantee have I that the next would? None. You know, even better than I do, what untold pain and misery, yes, and sin too, there is in the world because men and women, concerned only in their own comfort and happiness, have refused to sacrifice themselves for the good of future generations. Do you know, sometimes I wonder whether the governments of civilized countries are not derelict in their duty in not enacting laws that would tend to put a stop to this indiscriminate union of persons tainted with hereditary diseases, mental and physical."

Although Dresden reluctantly acknowledged the logic of Graydon's arguments, the two friends talked far into the night. As a medical man, Dresden was particular to ascertain the symptoms and character of Col. Graydon's malady. From what he

could learn, he came to the conclusion that this malady was what in medical science is termed "sympathetic insanity." Insanity caused, not by any disease of the brain itself, but by the influence of a diseased organism, which, seemingly at least, has no biological relation with the brain. His was no mere venture, for while in London he had given a good deal of attention to the study of insanity. Next day, after he had had an interview with the old physician who had attended Col. Graydon and his father before him, he had no doubt about the soundness of his conclusions.

The day following Christmas, all that was mortal of the late Col. Graydon was laid away in the family burial plot, situated beneath a group of pine trees in a remote corner of the estate.

Within a few hours afterwards, Dr. Dresden was on the train speeding away towards Toronto. He had not seen Ida since they had separated on the fatal night, two days before. The poor girl, exhausted by the trying ordeals through which she had passed, had kept her room ever since, except when, escorted by her brother, she had stepped into the room where her father's remains lay, to take a farewell look at his dead face. Jack had endeavored to see her again, but through her brother she had informed him that it was better for both that they should not meet, at present at any rate. When this final answer came it was shortly before the hour of his departure. However, he immediately sat down and wrote her a brief note in which he pleaded with her not to grieve on his account. In the study of his profession he would try in part to make up for the great loss he had sustained. And to this he signed himself, "yours, till death us do part." Now, as he sped along in the train, Dresden held between his fingers a note in reply, which had been handed to him as he stepped on board the train. He had just perused it,

and was gazing thoughtfully out of the car window. In the note Ida briefly outlined the plans she and her brother had made for the future. They would sell the old homestead and remove to Toronto, where they would devote whatever of life was allotted them in trying to be of service to their fellow beings.

"Yes," murmured Dresden, as he slowly folded the note, "and the primary object of my life shall be the alleviation of the pain and misery of others."

Before the train had reached Toronto, Dr. Dresden had mapped out his plans for the future. He would return to Europe, and there in the different centres of population devote himself specially to the study of insanity. When, a few weeks later, he stood on the deck of the steamer that was to carry him across the Atlantic, Rev. Henry Graydon was on the dock in New York to wish him God speed.

* * * * *

Ten years had elapsed since the events above recorded had taken place. A train was speeding along the St. Gotthard route towards Italy. As it climbed the hillsides and shot across gorges and streams the passengers could ever and anon catch glimpses of the distant snow-capped hills glistening in the sun, or drink in the pastoral scenes that ran parallel to the roadway. Seated in one of the railway carriages was a well-developed man, evidently bordering upon middle life. As far as could be judged from his sitting posture he was apparently slightly above the average run of men in height. His face bore a thoughtful, careworn expression, and time was beginning to plough light furrows near the corners of his eyes. His bearded chin was resting in the open palm of his hand, and, although he was gazing out of the window it was only when some piece of scenery evoked bursts of admiration from the passengers that he turned his eyes toward the object of

interest, to, but a moment later, again lapse into that vacant stare denoting wandering thoughts.

The passenger was Dr. Dresden. Since we had seen him last he had applied himself with all his energies to the task which he had ten years before devoted himself, namely, to the study of insanity. The hospitals, the medical schools, and the insane asylums in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna were visited and searched in his quest for knowledge upon this subject. And now his reputation as a specialist in the treatment of mental diseases was continental. His headquarters were in Paris.

Dr. Dresden had not seen the Graydons since the day he bade his friend Henry good-bye at the steamship wharf ten years before. He, however, kept up a correspondence with Henry, and was thus apprised of the movements of the brother and sister from time to time. Only a few days before he had received a letter announcing that they were preparing to leave India where they had been laboring in the mission fields for more than five years, and contemplated spending a short time in Europe. "Dear old friend," wrote Henry, "I am sorry to say that Ida's health is failing, and I am afraid that the old malady that carried off my poor father has marked her. I live in hopes that by bringing her to Europe where she may have rest and good medical attendance, the worst may be averted."

It was this letter, and the information it brought which occupied Dr. Dresden's thoughts so fully at the moment. He was on his way to Rome, where he had been summoned to consult with local physicians over the mental condition of one of the members of the royal household.

The train which was carrying him thither had just crossed the bridge which overlooks the village nestling in the valley beneath, not far from the entrance to the famous St. Gotthard tunnel, when all at once a terri-

ble jolting was experienced. Then there was a sudden stop; and all was commotion in a moment. Women screamed and prayed in the same breath. Weeping and affrighted children ran hither and thither in the small compartments into which the railway carriage was divided. Men devoted themselves to either effecting their own escape or attempting to pacify the frightened women and children.

Dr. Dresden, grasping his medical case, burst open the carriage door and jumped out. The sight that met his gaze was terrible. The engine and two of the railway carriages had rolled down the embankment, and were mixed up with the trees and rocks a score of feet below. Passengers, many of them wounded and bleeding, were struggling through the windows and doorways, or being assisted out by those who had preceded them.

As Dr. Dresden came upon the scene he noticed a man with one arm hanging helplessly by his side making heroic efforts to remove an unconscious woman from the wreck. In a moment Dresden was lending a helping hand. By removing a few timbers that were pinning the woman down, they were enabled to remove her. Picking her up in his arms, Dresden carried the listless form to a plot of grass shaded by an overhanging tree, where he gently laid her down. He was just in the act of feeling the woman's pulse, when, glancing towards her face, he suddenly let fall the wrist he held in his hand, looked closer into her features, and then jumping to his feet exclaimed: "My God, it's Ida. And—and—you are Henry," he added, as he turned to the man whom he had assisted in removing the woman from the wreck.

In the meantime the villagers were flocking around the scene of the accident. Dr. Dresden enlisted the services of a couple of sturdy men from among them, and in a few minutes the

unconscious woman was lying on a bed in one of the dwellings in the valley below. An examination revealed a bad cut in her head and a broken arm, but the vital spark had not fled. Restoratives were applied; but to Dr. Dresden it seemed hours before they began to assert themselves. When Ida's eyes did open they wore an expression that sent a thrill of horror rather than of pleasure through Dr. Dresden's frame. With his long experience he knew too well what that expression denoted. Rev. Henry Graydon, in spite of his badly sprained arm and shock which he had received in the accident, had stood by refusing to have his own injuries attended to while the attempt was being made to restore his sister to consciousness, saw the expression which swept across his friend's face, and, divining its import, exclaimed in tones low and tremulous:

"Yes, Jack, it is only too true. A few days after I had posted my last letter to you I saw her health was failing so fast that I determined we should leave India immediately; and a week later we were on our journey. Her condition gradually grew worse, and by the time our steamer reached Southampton her mind was completely gone. I resolved, however, to carry out our original intention and go to one of the sanitariums in Italy. We accordingly crossed the channel to Calais, and took train for Paris, my desire being to see you before we continued our journey, to obtain your advice as to the advisability of doing so. On reaching your office in Paris, I was told you had left a few hours before for Rome, but was further informed you were stopping over for a short time at one of the towns on the route to see a patient. In continuing your journey, you, providentially for us, took our train."

In the meantime attendants had brought bandages, etc., and soon Ida's fractured limb was set and her wounds dressed, while the patient under an opiate was sleeping nicely.

The following day the two friends were seated in a window overlooking the narrow, shallow stream as it tumbled along on its way from the mountains. Dr. Dresden had just made a more minute examination of Ida's condition than it was possible for him to do the day before, and he was now making a report to her brother. He found that owing to the inroads which the disease had made upon her constitution, there was little possibility of her recovering from the effects of the accident. She might, however, live for several weeks. All this he confided to his friend.

"Poor girl," sighed Graydon. "But perhaps it is best after all that it should be so."

Although Ida's physical condition seemed likely to baffle his skill, Dr. Dresden's hope of restoring her mental faculties were not so dim.

"There is no disease of the brain," he argued with himself. By removing the cause the mind may be restored. And if the worst does happen, it will be a source of some satisfaction to know that she died a sane woman.

A little more than three weeks had passed since the accident, and Rev. Henry Graydon, with an arm still in a sling, was seated reading in his sister's room, when suddenly he was aroused from his book by Ida calling, although in tones little above a whisper:

"Henry, is that you? Where are we? What is the meaning of all this?"

Scarcely believing his ears, Graydon jumped to his feet, and turned towards the pale face of his sister. Although illness was still depicted there, to his great delight was also returned reason.

"Thank God!" he murmured. And in a few words he told all that had happened.

Dr. Dresden, coming in at the moment, also murmured thanks to Providence, while tears welled up in his eyes. Stepping to the bedside, he pressed his lips to the thin white hand that lay on the coverlet, quietly whispering, "My love," while a look of re-

cognition and a flush of pleasure followed each other over Ida's face. Dr. Dresden forbade further conversation for the time being.

Graydon was delighted at the turn his sister's condition had taken, and spoke hopefully of her ultimate recovery. But Dr. Dresden was not so confident.

"I had better, perhaps, tell you," he said, sorrowfully, to him one day, "but I fear Ida cannot last much longer. Her mental condition has improved wonderfully well, but I am sorry I cannot say the same with regard to her bodily strength. In fact, during the last couple of days she has become weaker rather than stronger."

One evening, a week later, Dr. Dresden's fears were realized. The rays of the departing sun were just touching into crimson the snow-clad mountain tops, and the two friends were standing one on either side of Ida's bed. Suddenly she raised her hand towards either of them, while she whispered:

"Henry, I'm going home. Do not grieve for me. And you, my poor Jack, how you have suffered," she continued with an effort, and she turned her eyes towards her old lover, "But it was the path of duty. Good-bye. Kiss me, Jack. Kiss me, Henry."

As the two friends complied, her head gently fell over on the pillow, and Ida was sleeping her last sleep.

As Henry Graydon took his friend's

arm to lead him from the chamber of death, Dresden stooped and pressed his lips to the forehead of the departed love, while he quietly murmured:

"Mine indeed till death."

All that was mortal of Ida Graydon was laid away in a quiet corner of a Lucerne churchyard. And then Dr. Dresden and Rev. Henry Graydon went back to Paris, the latter a few months later to return to his work in the mission fields of India, where not long after, in administering to cholera-stricken patients, he contracted the disease and died.

* * * *

Five years had passed since Ida Graydon's death. Around her grave one bright summer's day stood two figures—a man and a woman. They had just been decorating it with flowers.

"Yes," the man might have been heard to say, "there is the last resting-place of the noble woman to whom I owe my manhood, to whom I owe my success in my profession; and to whom I am even indebted for you," he added, as he placed his arm in that of the woman by his side. "Her wish, expressed to her brother the day before she died, was that I should some day marry. And when, dear, two years ago, I met and won you, it was with the consciousness that I was complying with her expressed wish."



SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

BY O. A. HOWLAND, M.L.A.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS' life of Sir John Thompson has attained the honor of a second edition within an unusually brief interval. The fact must be gratifying, not only to the author but to all who love to see a proper interest taken in the career of a worthy public man.

Admiration is not kind when it praises over much. The excellent judgment of Sir John Thompson would have been the last to claim for himself the distinction of greatness. But he is fully entitled to take his place in the rank of statesmen who have borne the responsibilities of a great office faithfully, ably and judiciously.

Sir John Thompson labored in a great cause. The vision he had before him was clear and bright, and followed with a constant and courageous purpose. But the vision was not of his creation, and the purpose was an inheritance from the really originitive genius of his predecessor, Sir John Macdonald. He conserved a confederation which another had founded, and advanced the still larger union towards which another had directed his policy long in advance of his times. It is enough to say of any man, that he performed that part which fell to him worthily, with patience and constancy, with broad ability and with virtues which were all his own. Just as he was, Sir John Thompson came in happily as an intermediate link with the past, and his life is all the better suited to become a model for Canadian youth. Genius is rare and little of it is imitable except its faults. Genius itself will take no harm from observing and following the methods of Sir John Thompson. Even his change of religion, while it confessed to a want of insight either in the earlier or the

latter state of his convictions, marked him as a man of conscience, having the courage to give logical effect to his conclusions.

There is the best reason to believe that Sir John Thompson entered public life unwillingly, simply obeying the same conscientious motives which impelled the chief acts of his career. Assured that his services were needed in the larger sphere of duty, it was no sufficient reason for refusing that it must be performed in a scene where the surroundings were uncongenial and the methods even repulsive.

To quote his biographer's enthusiastic words, "He was filled with a passionate patriotism, which was neither understood nor properly appreciated by the people during his lifetime, being as it was to a great extent concealed from view by his calm and cold exterior and by the even flow of his logical and unsympathetic oratory. But it was shown in his policy, and occasionally surprised the public in some unusually eloquent and striking phrase. While his death exhibits the man as he really was—unwilling to give up his post even under the physician's warning of a fatal termination, because it might lead to party disorganization and the consequent defeat of the principles he held so dear, and of the policy he considered so necessary to the progress and welfare of the Dominion."

It was the good fortune of Canada, if not of Sir John Thompson, that a lawyer in the large sense of that noble term, was called into Parliament on the very eve of an era of great legal questions. The thoroughly educated analysis such a mind directed to a great number of perplexing, and often passion-stirring, issues, searching out and setting forth the very right of each of

them, had an invaluable effect, not only upon their determination in Parliament, but also—what was much more important—in setting them at rest in the minds of the electorate.

Mr. Castell Hopkins, in his somewhat hurriedly written but eloquent biography, falls into a curious mistake in the following passage :

“As a rule, and despite the number of lawyers who play at politics, and the politicians who meddle with law, the qualifications are not often combined in any great degree. A training in law is apt to limit the intellectual horizon and restrict the broad-minded interpretation of precedents, and that freedom of mental action so essential to a man who aspires to true statesmanship. The great English party leaders have never been lawyers, and men like Brougham, Eldon, or Campbell would perhaps have been greater in character and reputation had they adhered to law and not dabbled in politics.”

The only great American statesman, Webster, was a lawyer. The chief of Canadian leaders have been lawyers. We have only to recall the list—Baldwin, Lafontaine, Sir John Macdonald, John Sandfield Macdonald and Edward Blake. Alexander Mackenzie, who was not a lawyer, is the truest instance of a really able mind whose intellectual horizon was limited. Had he perceived, as a lawyer like Sir John Macdonald did, that the difference between revenue and restrictive duties under the circumstances of 1878, was a difference of names merely, he would perhaps have acted differently. For the want of the training of a lawyer, he suffered the fate of a doctrinarian.

Another sentence contains a truth which offsets the error in what precedes:

“It is possible that Mr. Thompson's first essay in political life was not in the end successful from a party point of view, because he was inclined to look too much at legislation from a legal standpoint, and think too little of popular sentiment in connection with it.”

We have, unfortunately, in this Province particularly, had too much of the advantage of a class of legislators who cannot be accused of looking at the work of law-making from the standpoint of lawyers, nor of thinking or taking too little account of popular sentiment in shaping their views of legislation.

The legal standpoint in reference to law is the standpoint of knowledge and principle. Mr. Castell Hopkins' remarks only explain the chief points in Sir John Thompson's career, that he endeavored to do his duty as a legislator capably, honestly, and well. The spectacle of an honest man is worth an endless procession of successful panders to popular sentiment.

At the very moment of his accession, a great legal question of state presented itself for Mr. John Thompson's decision as a member of the ministry, and afterwards for his defence from his place in the House.

He accepted the office of Minister of Justice on the 24th of September, 1885, while the fate of Louis Riel was still in the balance. To quote Mr. Castell Hopkins, Sir John Macdonald invited him “to fill an exceedingly difficult post at the moment when a most complicated constitutional issue was darkening the whole national horizon with sectarian and sectional storm clouds.” We may judge from his subsequent utterances in the House that his influence contributed to turn the scale in the direction which was supposed, at that time, to be most against his personal sympathies as a Catholic, and which was, most undoubtedly, against the passionate wishes and threatenings of the section hitherto most solid in support of the Government. The course he took was, on the other hand, the only course open to a man who considered nothing but the claims of justice, and the best interests of his country as a whole.

Louis Riel was executed in November, 1885. His blood became as dragon's blood. The peace and future

of Canada were for a time in jeopardy. Men who had been deservedly in high esteem for patriotism and ability, stained their high reputations forever by condescending at that critical moment to put party before country and lead in the outcry that promised to overturn the Government of the day. That it did not overturn the Government may perhaps have been owing in no small measure to the clear and powerful judicial exposition of the merits of the question by the new Minister of Justice.

It was, perhaps, no small part of Sir John Thompson's good fortune that his first occasion of addressing the House was so serious and momentous, as to give opportunity for a display of his solid parts. He enjoyed the further advantage of laying his argument before an assembly of which a fair proportion were, themselves, trained lawyers; while even of the other members of that important body of representatives, a majority had been educated under those auspices into a reasonable comprehension of the serious business of making and applying the laws and constitution of their country.

To quote again from Mr. Castell Hopkins: "The stranger who had entered the arena of debate and overthrown the hitherto almost invincible Blake, found himself famous as a constitutional lawyer and powerful speaker."

Two more questions succeeded, each appealing to the same passions. The wave which French fanatics had set in motion upon the Prairies, recoiling broken from the Riel issue, was succeeded by a counter impulse from the West against French and Catholic institutions both in Quebec and in the West itself. Sir John Thompson turned the same impartial, impassive, judicial face towards the agitation raised in Ontario against an interference with the settlement impending in the proper source, of the Jesuits' Estates. Pursuant to his advice, the act confirming the agreement which had been arrived at by all parties in Quebec,

was left to its operation, and thus an unending cause of bitterness and irritation was removed from the field of politics. This legal discernment was once more applied to the settlement of the questions raised by Mr. McCarthy for the abolition of the French language in the North-West Territories, (p. 160, 161.)

There was also a touch of Sir John Macdonald's happy foresight in the course suggested to the House by Sir John Thompson on that occasion. He urged "the importance of the laws being published in both languages, where it might be desired in the interest of a minority and the necessity of permissive legislation concerning the use of either language in the local law courts. But that the records, the journals, and the debates of the Assembly should be referred to the control of the next duly elected Territorial Assembly." His amendment carried by a majority vote of 117 to 63, composed, it will be remembered, of the most statesmanlike English as well as French members on both sides. The Hansard reads as follows: "That this House, having regard to the long-continued use of the French language in old Canada, and to the covenants on that subject embodied in the British North America Act, cannot agree in the declarations contained in the said Bill as a basis thereof, namely, that it is expedient in the interest of the national unity of the Dominion, that there should be unity of language amongst the people of Canada. That, on the contrary, this House declares its adhesion to the said covenant, and its determination to resist any attempt to impair the same. That at the same time, this House deems it expedient and proper, and not inconsistent with the covenants, that the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories should receive from the Parliament of Canada, power to regulate the proceedings of the Assembly, and the manner of recording and publishing such proceedings."

Sir John Thompson's essentially judicial mind proved its value. In this class of internal questions, constantly liable to arise in a country whose population is of dual origin, and is nearly balanced in numbers, with religious differences accentuating the line of demarcation, the natural or statutory rights of each section, in the sight of the constitution, are entitled to impartial and equal consideration.

Another part which Sir John Thompson was called to play as a lawyer in the interests of Canada was the care of her constitutional rights, acknowledged and to a great extent defined by the Confederation Act and amending acts. While Sir John, perhaps, veiled under courteous form of language the higher ground which a representative of Canada is entitled to take in regard to the legislative autonomy invested in the Dominion, he exhibited no want of either firmness or acumen in his argument for the Canadian position in the Copyright Act controversy, which he was on the point of concluding at the very moment when his career was so untimely ended. Opinions may differ as to the relative interests of Canadian publishers and Canadian authors, as to the balance of advantage to each under the Berne treaty and the proposed Canadian Copyright law, and finally as to the weight which ought to be given to the claims of the one or the other, when the balance of interest does not stand evenly. The responsibility of disposing of that question of policy had been undertaken by Parliament, and the duty placed on Sir John Thompson was that of supporting the constitutional rights of his parliament, and to determine the merit of their action. His report to Council and his communications with the Secretary of State for the Colonies are highly constitutional arguments, well maintaining the standard of such able predecessors as the Hon. Edward Blake and Sir John Macdonald in former leading controversies, all tend-

ing in the same direction of the absolute legislative privilege and domain of the Parliament of Canada.

Part of the inheritance into which Sir John Thompson entered was the widening of international relations which have fallen to Canada as a sequence of her geographical extent and position, and of the increasing recognition of her political rights as a factor in the government of the Empire. Sir John Macdonald established the right of Canada to a voice in the settlement of the Washington Territory in matters so nearly touching the items of this portion of Her Majesty's subjects. It is not easy to conceive a higher honor more deservedly achieved or more worthily fulfilled than that which fell to our Canadian Minister of Justice, in sitting, as a member of the great International Court of Justice and Conciliation which disposed of the moral conflict of International law and momentous public interest between our Empire and the great Republic.

In a future edition it is to be hoped Mr. Castell Hopkins will not overlook, as the haste attending the original publication of this life has apparently caused him to do, the very interesting and pregnant intermedial step in that controversy which was due to Sir John Thompson's boldness and ability. I refer to the appeal to the United States Supreme Court in the Sayman case. It, no doubt, had an effect in forcing the hands of the United States Congress, and compelling it to abandon its pettifogging political policy for the nobler resort of a judicial method of settling a controversy of fact and law.

Sir John Thompson was more fortunate in death than in life. Call no man fortunate till he is dead, wrote an ancient sage. The maxim applies in a peculiar and unhappy sense to the career of a Canadian politician. The more pure-minded are his aims as a patriot, the nearer his plans approach to the foreseeing standard of statesmanship, the less are his merits likely

to be perceived during his lifetime. A gross and bedimmed medium is spread between his acts and intentions and the minds of the people he is endeavoring to serve. An honest man, even when walking in the middle of the road, is exposed to the species of critic that shoots from behind the hedge. However despicable its source, a shot in the back has power to wound. There is too much reason to fear that the detraction and misrepresentation to which Sir John Thompson was subjected had an effect in aggravating and expediting the course of the ailment which prematurely cut short an exceedingly valuable life.

Seldom in history has the palm of final justice been so fully and dramatically bestowed as in the closing scene of the life of Sir John Thompson. Circumstances combined to throw something of tragic glory about his end. To be permitted to spend the last throb of his strength in the conspicu-

ous service of his country was itself a very noble privilege. He expired in the presence of his Sovereign, literally at the foot of the ancient throne, which, under our British Constitution, is the type and invisible ideal not of each nation but of a vast union of nations. The great matters of state which were engaging his attention at that last moment were of a nature uplifted above the accustomed wrangle of local politics. He was not serving a party but the nation. He was helping to set the seal of final success upon the large designs unfolded at the late Colonial Conference at Ottawa. Thus his memory will always be associated with the completion of a movement which promises to claim a place among the notable events in the history of the greatest race of the world. His name is lodged in the hollow of the corner-stone of a mighty and enduring edifice.



FALSE FRIENDS.

“To love and lose by death is not all loss,”
Sang the great bard, who died, and left no peer.
Our lost love may be found—when we shall cross,
One day, Death’s threshold through the gates of Fear.

But to have proved the trusted friend untrue,
To see estranged, the one more loved than life ;
This wrings a strong heart as naught else can do,
And gives its foes a vantage in the strife.

The noblest hearts must feel that pain of pains,
That pang, no solace ever has allayed ;
The Book of Life no crueller tale contains
Than that condensed in the one word—“Betrayed.”

—REGINALD GOURLAY.

SOME OF THE FRUITS OF EDUCATION.

BY DAVID OWEN LEWIS.

It has been stated that man in his primitive condition is a happier and more contented mortal than when surrounded by all the advantages of civilization. In one sense this may be true, but then he only enjoys life as an animal, and when the heyday of youth has passed away, this existence possesses few pleasures. As a proof, let us examine the faces of very old Indians, and where among our own race can we find such living pictures of misery?

Now, to poverty and want may be attributed much of the suffering and unhappiness prevailing in civilized communities, but the Pacific Coast Indians suffer from no lack of sustenance, and Nature supplies their every want. The choice of any fish that swims is theirs, and when the tide is out the table is spread, for shell-fish can be obtained in abundance. Deer are numerous in every part of the country, and berries of all descriptions may be gathered in season.—Therefore it would seem to me that the source of this wretchedness in old age is the want of education, or, more correctly speaking, the development of the moral faculties, for education does not consist in the mere mastery of facts. We are not necessarily good because we possess a knowledge of that which is good, and we may have committed to memory a great portion of the Scriptures and still be very deficient in moral qualities.

Among ourselves no doubt "a little learning is a dangerous thing," but with the Indians from small beginnings we may expect great results. It will probably be another generation before any permanent changes in character and habits may be expected, for now they are merely in what one

might term a transition state. In spite of the knowledge that may be instilled into the mind of a child, there is always some inherent clinging to old customs and traditions, and he is trammelled by the superstition and ignorance of his parents.

Indeed there are instances when Indians, after receiving the advantages of education, and the benefits to be obtained by several years' travel among white people, were upon their return contented to relapse into the old mode of living, the wearing of the blanket, and the consumption of oolachan grease and dried salmon.

In order to counteract this home influence, which, as a general rule, has a tendency to retard progress, homes for boys and girls have been in existence in both Metlakahtla and Port Simpson, British Columbia, for several years, and the results must no doubt prove most satisfactory to those who are devoting their lives in that service. Although these girls and boys are taught to read and write English, and indeed succeed in so doing in such a manner as would in some instances put many of our countrymen to shame, still, from the fact that they speak and think in Indian, the results of their efforts at writing letters in English are sometimes most mirth-provoking, and as illustrations the following letters may prove of interest.

It will not be necessary for me to state how I came to be in possession of these letters, and the names are, of course, changed. These names were not, as might be supposed, Indian ones, for in writing and speaking English, a member of the Tsimpean upper ten invariably assumes an English name; English to them is what French is to the Russians, a kind of *court* language,

at least in the following instances it is used for *courting* purposes. John Wesleys, Martin Luthers, and John Bunyans are quite common in that northern country. There is also a Marquis of Lorne and a Duke of Wellington to be found in Port Simpson, and very

ever, "constant endeavor of my life," "and ardor devotion of a first true love," sound like old friends, and would lead one to suspect that this particular individual was a reader of "the agony column," or at least an old hand. We may be wronging him, though.



"Such living pictures of misery."

proud they are of these high-sounding names—the Indians, I mean.)

The first letter is quite a creditable production, in my opinion, and the writer has hit off the situation pretty correctly, although he became badly fogged over that word "speake," how-

PORT SIMPSON, B. C.
February 4th, 1893.

MISS ANNIE POTLACH,

DEAR FRIEND—I take this opportunity to give you information about me, and I want commenced to love you this winter, and I met I must love you with all my heart, and I hope you will trust her to me it will be

constant endeavor of my^o life to make her happy so soon. I hoping that you favor with a speake and answer, I am dear friend and that I love you with all ardor devotion of a first true love, and must earnestly do I trust that God will ever bless you forever more,

Must loveing ever,
A. H. MOWICH.

The next letter is, or was a species of cryptogram to me, and for a time I almost despaired of ever arriving at its true meaning. It is certainly a most ingeniously devised collection of sentences, so distorted as to form an almost unintelligible maze of words. However the reader can form his own opinion, and read my interpretation afterwards.

MY DEAR TELL MARY J. CLAMS
GEORGE WHITE

sent words to me same this words to her George said she wants to know how his heart because his family wants George all them and she says his family wants George all them and she says his family to her she wants George all them and she says his family to her she wants Mary J. Clams send a letter to George White soon as her she can. George she stay to Port Essington with Mary family house and she wants to know what Mary's heart. Please tell her if she send a letter to George White and send it to me and I will send it to him she wants to know what his heart now soon tell true send an answer true heart this is all George sent ten thousand kisses to her from

GEORGE WHITE,
Port Essington, Skeena River.

The most marvellous part of it is that with one exception all the words are spelled correctly. However, the following may save the reader some worry.

REVISED VERSION.

George White sends this same information that I am forwarding by this letter. He wishes to know whether you entertain any regard for him. His family wish for all his love, but he tells them you are in possession of his heart, therefore he would like to receive a letter from you on the subject. George is at present staying at the family house of your people in Port Essington, and is very anxious to

know whether you love him. If you write send the letter to me, and I will forward it to him. Answer him truly regarding your feelings. That is all. George sends ten thousand kisses.

This was evidently written by a third person, although his name does not appear, who is making love by proxy with a vengeance.

In letter No. 3, this pleading of a loving heart will I am sure appeal to my tender-hearted hearers.



"My dear own true love."

PORT SIMPSON, B.C.

MISS JANE COCKLESHELL.

MY OWN DEAR TRUE * * * TRUE—
Now my Dear

I am very glad because I see you again, because I am not died this summer, and I thank God for that. Now my dear one thing that I am going to tell you about myself, I am in danger now, and I will tell you true My Dear. I denten not so. My Dear Please answer to this letter soon as you can. My Dear you know how meny that I love you. I been love you five years and I could not love you because I know you are the only girl that so kind to me this is the resion I write you this notice about me. if you please, My Dear own true love, cence I love you last s: ring and I feel so sad every day and night because you are my own true heart My Dear. I want to go down to Tacoma for scool. You dount wants me to go down and I hope My Dear. I will not go

down there. I might stay hear because I want to do it what you say to me now. I have new Picture if you want it and send me a notice. My Dear one thing more to ask you, I hearted that you slide backe to John Bunyan. Please My Dear tell me soon. I hearted what the teacher said about me. this is the resion I want to know it. Please My Dear tell me my heart is fu'l warm when I write this letter to you and now I will stay hear 3 or 4 weeke more. then I will go hunt for Bare and I mide stay this wintr so now I close writing with loving and Kingness regarded to you this is all I need asked you so good by or good day. I sent my Best kisses to you Dear.

I am your true love and Kingness,
HARRY CANIM.

What a truthful ring there is about those opening lines! The girl to whom the above letter was penned was engaged to John Bunyan, but decided he was too old, and transferred her affections to Harry Canim, which accounts for that mysterious sentence, "I hearted that you slide backe to John Bunyan" I am glad to be able to state that Harry Canim was successful in his suit, and that "they were married and lived happily ever after-

wards." He is at present engaged in the manufacture of net corks for the canneries, table legs, and other useful articles of household furniture, and the following letter was received from him by a cannery manager on the Skeena River this spring:—

MR. GLADSTONE.

DEAR SIR—

We was came at your place, but you are not there, so we was came to asking you if you want net corks. We heard that you want some net corks. Please tell us that you want some any net corks. We all ready made now for you the net corks is it getting dry now, is it all ready for you to useding this year. We heard that you a new canary. We promised to you that we make many net corks, as many you want at M— We will sell that net corks very low is price to you each net cork 3c. cents each. Please we want if you buy some of net corks from us, will be so kind to do that. Please answer for our letter as quick as you can. So we will make more than we have made now. We will load for your place in our boat. We hope you will answer for us very much. We closed with much love to you.

Your truley
friend

HARRY CANIM.



"They lived happy ever afterwards."

“A JEWEL BRIGHT IN A SETTING RUDE.”

O Sailor, tell me, tell me true
Is my little boy—my Elihu—
A-sailing in your ship?
—ELIHU—*Alice Carey.*

BY E. DOWSLEY.

I.

A SHIPPING town of any importance always possesses one point of interest—the harbor—which does not pertain to inland cities, or places too remote from the sea, to be touched by ocean steamers. Here is a haven of rest for the tempest-tossed mariner; here, heavily laden vessels discharge rich cargoes for distribution all over the land; and here, also, do we become acquainted with every country under the sun, and are ourselves made known throughout the world.

Indeed, the harbor, seems yet to lend an air of dignity to those towns which have long since lost their commercial repute.

The harbor of Montreal, is now recognized to be one of the most important upon the American continent; it is, too, a quaint and dignified old place, a characteristic entirely its own.

Beginning at the extreme eastern point of the city, it extends along the front to the foot of the wide thoroughfare, McGill street; and from this point westward, commences that great system of canals, the pride of Canada.

Looking west from the foot of McGill street, one sees the great locks with their high level basins, and farther on, numerous mills, factories, and elevators which line the canal. Parallel with the canal runs Common street, faced with second class hotels, saloons, shipping offices, etc. Extending back from Common are a number of smaller streets, where may be found huddled together, many of the city's most wretched poor, such as gather about the entrance of great manufacturing or shipping towns.

Eastward lies the harbor. The great wharves run along a low level, extending far out into the water, bounded on the city side by a massive solid stone buttress about twelve feet high, known as the Revetment wall.

Some years ago a huge, unsightly dyke was built along the top of the wall, to keep back the waters which rise high over the wharves every spring and fall, threatening to flood the city. The top of this dyke is furnished with a board walk and protected by a railing.

On a level with the top of the stone buttress, Common street continues to Custom House Square, where Commissioners street, intersecting at a slight angle, gives to the harbor a bow-like curve.

Extending along the whole line of these two streets, is an unbroken chain of solid plain stone fronts, occupied as offices, warehouses, etc., very old indeed, high, low, wide and narrow, with iron covered gables, and flat roofs. Away at the eastern end is the old-fashioned Bonsecours market with its huge dome; and close beside, now restored, the little Bonsecours church.

It is really this long massive front, which gives to the harbor its dignified appearance.

There are objects, too, which, to such a place, are of common interest—numerous lazy men lounging around, wretched women loitering beside the dyke, important personages presiding over ice-cream barrows, apple-women, rag-pickers, stick-gatherers, heavy drays, great train loads passing quickly over the wharves, clanking of

chains, rolling of barrels, and above all the loud orders of stevedores and carters—all hurry, noise and bustle.

Amid such scenes it often happens, that a single object or figure from frequent appearance becomes familiar, and is interwoven in the history of the place; therefore, it causes no surprise, when, at a regular hour every morning, a little old woman is seen to turn into Common street, from one of those narrow thoroughfares which runs back from the canal, and proceed with slow and feeble steps in the direction of the wharves.

She advances as far as McGill street, crosses the road, and descends the little incline from the top of the wall to the great sheds erected on the wharves for the Allan Line.

Her dress consists of a shabby blue skirt faded and patched; a loose basque of some red material buttoned closely up to the neck; while thrown about her shoulders is a large shawl which at one time might have passed for a green plaid. Her feet are incased in a well worn pair of cloth overshoes; and upon her head rests a rusty old velvet bonnet, with little or no pretence to decoration, under which may be seen the loose grey hairs.

The poor old figure is stooped and bent; the face is worn and wrinkled with the furrows of time.

Altogether she bears the appearance of one who might gladly lay herself peacefully away in the grave, save, indeed, for the searching glance of the keen grey eyes, and the ray of hope which lights up her sad and mournful face.

Arriving at the door of the shed, she hesitates a moment and glances quickly around; then proceeds carefully among the great piles of boxes, bales, etc., avoiding always the trucks, and taking precaution not to come too close to articles which are being moved about.

Passing along, she scans the faces of the workmen and sailors, as if hoping

to find among them some fresh arrival.

Occasionally, one familiar now with the bent form which appears so regularly, greets her with a cheery "Good morning, mother!" which calls forth the always faint reply "God bless you, my son!"

Often a new face crosses her path—a sailor from a distant country, or a new seaman aboard some vessel plying regularly to the port. Hastening forward she lays her hand timidly upon his arm, and looking beseechingly into his face, enquires: "O sir! is my boy, my darling boy, Loney, sailing in your ship?" Invariably the answer is the same, the face droops again with a shadow of disappointment, and she continues on her way.

And so this weary, patient creature picks her way on down the long line of wharves; through each successive shed in turn; always with the same question, receiving like greetings and replies.

Finally she reaches the wharf, which stretches out into the harbor just opposite the old Bonsecours Church, where, walking slowly out to the eastern extremity she turns her face down the river and, shading her eyes with the hand, gazes long and earnestly along the water. For hours at a time, her light shawl driven about by the wind, this feeble woman may be seen to stand, heedless of everything about her, all absorbed in her great searching task; every summer day for the past fifteen years or more, in rain or sunshine, she has been seen in that one spot; and, after hours of waiting, the last of that day's hope faded from her eyes, she turns slowly away with still a desire to linger, those who watch her retreating footsteps may hear the faint lisping words, "Not yet! Not yet!"

Dragging her now weary feet, she again ascends the wall, crosses Commissioner street, and climbing the little hill close beside Bonsecours market, enters the old church.

II.

One hot sultry evening in the month of August, 1894, there was gathered about a small table in one of the rooms behind the bar of the "Old Countryman's House," on St. Paul street, a little company of those hardy sons of toil who work about the vessels.

They had long been companions, and at some rendezvous spent many an evening together, over a pipe or bowl, in harmless jest and song.

Upon this particular evening, the host was Simon Slopehouse. He was not a laborer himself, but was a general favorite with them all, though much older than any of his guests.

Old Simon had been a sailor, and by careful saving had managed to lay by a modest sum for his old age, so that now he had but to pass the remainder of his days in quiet contentment.

He had lived his three score years and ten, but was hale and hearty, with full round face, and abundance of thick grey hair.

He could tell a story or spin a yarn with the best of them, and always managed to keep his company in good spirits with jokes and tales. He was generous to a fault; kind and considerate, especially to the weak and the helpless.

The party had spent the usual pleasant evening, and the hours were passing away, when one, turning to the host, exclaimed, "Simon! you promised to tell us some evening the story of the old woman, or 'Mother,' as we call her, who passes along the wharves so regularly every morning."

Immediately all cried out: "The story! the story!"

Old Simon's face assumed an earnest, thoughtful expression. Slowly, he removed his pipe, and laid it upon the table; then lifted from his head the small red cap he generally wore and placed it beside him. He hesitated a moment, buried apparently in sad reflection, then quietly said: "Call her mother, lads, 'tis a sacred name, and belongs truly to her."

"Well, boys," said he, "'tis a story which does not join with laughter and song, yet as our evening is nearly gone, I may tell it now, as you wish it; but first, it may surprise you to hear, that although I know old Mother well, she does not know me at all.

"You see, it happened about like this.

"Away back in the sixties, I was second mate aboard the good ship *Sea King*. We were ordered to sail for Cork Harbor, and lie there a couple of days to take on a cargo of immigrants—yes, cargo I say, lads—and if any of you don't want to see sad sights, I advise you to keep away from immigrant shipping ports.

"As the hour for sailing came round, there was gathered together as queer a looking crowd as ever I did see—old men, young men, boys, girls, and women, dressed in all kinds of costumes, penniless of everything except what was on their backs or in their hands, but all bent upon getting to the new world; and without knowing what they were to do when they got there—worn and decrepit men and women, who might better spend in the old land the few days remaining to them; others so sickly that it would be a wonder if they should stand the voyage out. Many had old relics to carry away—a bird cage, a rocking-chair, a sprig of a plant, and such things.

Mothers wailed with their arms about the necks of sturdy sons; wives clung to husbands; children whimpered; sweethearts shed tears and openly kissed their lovers; many just gazed with blank looks at the ship which was to carry their loved ones far away.

"At last all was ready, and we swung out into the harbor, but it only made the commotion among those poor people worse. Immediately there arose from the quay one great, dismal, heart-rending wail, which rolled across the water, and was taken up by every one on board ship, so that it might have been heard for miles around. We had

difficulty, too, in preventing some of them from jumping overboard and swimming ashore, or going to the bottom.

"Occasionally, above the clamor, there would reach us the cry of some poor heartbroken parent. 'Dinnis, Dinnis! niver forgit your ould mother, your ould mother, Dinnis.' 'Patrick, darlint, come back, come back, to your ould home, your ould home, me darlint,' and not until we were well out of sight of the Irish coast did our passengers cease to gaze with tearful eyes upon their fast-receding native land.

"Amid all these scenes, lads, I could not but notice two, apparently strangers, man and woman, standing somewhat apart from the crowd. They were of the quiet sort, a little, perhaps, past the prime of life, quite alone, but seemingly more cheerful than the rest of the company. 'The husband did not appear to be strong. I was told they were making for the new world to find some relatives, so I thought no more about them just then.

"One day our passengers were having a great time. They had regained their spirits, with that buoyancy that truly belongs to those Irish people. we were well out to sea, and progressing favorably. On deck we could hear their loud talk, laughter and songs, with occasionally the twang of some stringed instrument or clear full notes of a flute."

"Suddenly the babel of voices ceased, and an instant later there arose from below one long, piercing shriek, which rang from stem to stern of the vessel, echoing and re-echoing until it froze the very blood in my veins.

"Hastily leaving the deck, I passed down among the immigrants, whom I found with trembling limbs and pale faces, sitting or standing just where they were when that wild cry arose above the din.

"In the midst, stretched out upon the floor, with the cold sweat of death upon him, lay the body of a man,

stricken right down where he stood without a word. By his side knelt a little woman, her body bent forward, her hands clasped tightly above her head. The long, dark hair, streaked with grey, had broken loose, and hung down like a pall over the dead man's face. Motionless she remained, not another sound escaped her.

"Well, lads, perhaps the saddest funeral in the world is a funeral at sea; but, when it leaves behind just one lonely figure, it is doubly so; and I can tell you, when, after the few solemn words by our captain, we consigned the body to the deep, there was not a dry eye aboard that ship, and it was long before the company resumed an appearance of gaiety.

"As chance offered I tried what little I could with kindly words to cheer the heart of the poor woman, and occasionally we entered into conversation.

"One day after we had talked awhile the subject drifted more to her past life—so she told me her story."

"We had lived, said she, together for many a day on an estate in the old land, with three good sons to bless us. But after a while trouble overtook us, famine and disease spread over the country, and our two eldest boys were taken from us. The youngest had gone to sea sometime before with our blessing. Then our good old landlord, who always had a kind heart for his poor tenants, fell sick, and died, and the estate passed into the hands of an "absentee," as they call them. My poor husband being driven about by bailiff and disease, we decided to seek our sailor boy in America. The voyage, instead of making Patrick better, as we had hoped, only made him worse, and now he lies, as you know, at the bottom of the sea."

"With these last words a mournful wail broke from her lips, and she rocked herself to and fro.

"When she had recovered a little,

I asked—When did your boy sail?"

"Ah yes," said she, "my boy, I must tell you about my boy; he was the dearest boy that ever blessed a mother's heart, but he was set upon going to sea, and how could we cross him, when it must be that one start out for himself, if not he, then another."

"He wrote first from Liverpool. He had shipped for a long cruise to South America on the *Blue Swan*."

"The *Blue Swan*!" cried I, in surprise.

"Yes," said she, not noticing my excitement—"many months afterwards we heard from him again, he had arrived in the new world."

"Here, searching in her pocket, she drew forth an old leather case, opened it, and took out a folded piece of paper. "Here is his letter," said she, read it."

"Boys! I can see every word on that paper yet, as if written in letters of fire on yonder wall!"

"Finger-marked, soiled and stained with tears, it ran thus:—

'My Darlint Muther—we had a grate sail and big adventures, but have come to this grate kontry America. There be lots of people, big cities, fine buildings, and there be lots of poor peple, p'raps they be lazy, and many ships in the harbor. Darlint muther, I think of you much, and some day I will come back, and keep you all the time from hunger and hard work, and I will take you to a house where you will have a fire, and the rain won't come thru the rufe to give you the ruematics. My love to Father, and Dinnis and Daney. I like all the crew, speshially Simon Slopehouse, who is so good to me. I always keep your little Virgin Child in the old brass frame.—From your own boy, Loney.'

"I just sat and stared at that paper; I trembled in every limb; I was hot and cold by turns; you could have knocked me down with a straw.

"The mother, gazing absently across the water, did not observe my agita-

tion, and as soon as I recovered, I handed back the letter.

"Boys; I remembered the *Blue Swan* well, and a jolly lot of sailors we were; I remembered little Loney; I remembered his little Virgin Child in the old brass frame—a keepsake from his mother.

"The *Blue Swan* cruised down through the West Indies and along the coast of South America, but did not meet with much luck; so the captain proposed that we should refit, cut across to the coast of Africa, around Good Hope, and on to the East Indies. This would lengthen the cruise out about three years more. All joined except myself; I preferred the Atlantic; so we parted on the best terms. I came on to New York, and shipped aboard the *Sea King*.

"All night long, after hearing the poor woman's story, I paced the deck in anxious thought. How was I tell the nearly already heart-broken widow that she was on the worst track in the world if she ever hoped to see her boy again. Already his ship was overdue; he might arrive in Liverpool any day; perhaps he was there now, and would go to his old home only to find his mother gone. How could I tell her that to look for a man in America was like searching for a needle in a hay-stack.

"At last I resolved to say nothing at present! as soon as we could re-cargo we would sail again for Liverpool; there I would carefully enquire for the *Blue Swan*, perhaps she was not yet home.

"Well, after many stormy days, we reached the English port again, only to find it was just as I had feared, Loney had returned, and hurried to his home; the old shanty was no more; strangers were upon the land; not a soul could tell him what had become of his mother, and from that day to this he has never been heard from again.

"Ten years ago I quit the sea, and after wandering about took a fancy

to this old harbor, and settled down in Montreal. One day while lounging about the wharves looking at the ships, I was suddenly accosted by a weak and pleading voice 'Oh, sir! is my boy, my darling boy Loney sailing in your ship?' My old frame shook, but I had sufficient strength to answer, 'no mother'—and she passed on.

"So, lads, you see I know her but she does not know me!

"I could not drive hope from that faithful heart by making myself known, or telling her what I know; yet without boasting myself, lads, I do what I can, and thank God, though she is not aware of it, I am able to keep her from want.

"And now—boys—that's all."

Every member of the party had long ago become an attentive listener. They had drawn closer and closer until their heads almost touched in a circle about the old man.

For a moment not a word was spoken.

Finally old Simon rose and filled his glass.

"Boys!" said he, "I have just one toast to propose. Each of you I hope remembers his mother; the man who doesn't, I pity from the bottom of my heart."

Raising aloft his glass, he said, "Boys—mother."

They all rose, raised high their glasses till they clicked together over the centre of the table,—where they rested for an instant—then quaffed them off, and without another word parted their several ways in silence.

III.

About a week had elapsed since the night of old Simon's party and all Montreal was now in a state of pleasurable excitement; five British men-of-war under Vice-Admiral Sir John Hopkins, were entering the harbor.

The advent of a single war-ship always meant a round of gaiety, but five brought the delight up to fever

heat; and Montreal's generous hospitality being well known throughout the navy, it afforded pleasure also to officers and sailors alike.

The officers were met at the landing by a deputation of aldermen, and duly conducted to the City Hall, where the usual speech-making was indulged in.

A programme was arranged including a grand display of the fire brigade, exhibitions by the sailors, receptions, dinners, drives, etc. The citizens only regretted they could not, as on former occasions, tender a grand ball, Montreal's society ladies and reigning belles being now at the sea-side and other summer resorts.

For several days all was *en fete*; Notre Dame and St. James streets resounded to the tread of hardy blue jackets and marines, amid rousing cheers from thousands of spectators.

The sailors astonished the citizens with exhibitions of gun and cutlass drill on the Champ de Mars; and in turn were astonished by the magnificent display of the fire brigade. They were triumphantly conducted through the beautiful drives about Mount Royal Park, and treated to the exciting dash through Lachine Rapids.

There were pic-nics for the men at the exhibition grounds; and an assault at arms at the Victoria Rink. The officers were wine and dined; they in their turn gave select little receptions on board ship, and treated vast crowds of sight-seers to a display of search-lights in the evening.

The citizens fairly besieged the ships daily, taking possession of the huge monsters, overrunning every corner like a storming party of Brownies. The sailors evinced much delight, showing all the minute workings and perfect mechanism of the great guns, torpedoes, and smaller rapid firing instruments; conducting their guests down into the labyrinth of powerful and intricate machinery, through the kitchens, even to the coal bunkers; everything that might be of

interest to land lubbers was cheerfully shown.

But now the week is ended; it is Saturday night, the last but two they are to spend in Montreal; orders being given to sail on Tuesday morning.

On this evening the rank and file of the various city corps decided to tender a parting reception to the blue jackets. This was readily responded to, and until a late hour the armories which line the great drill hall fairly burst with sounds of merriment.

Among so large a body of men, there naturally would be found some of a more reserved and retiring disposition than others; so, it happened that about the hour of nine o'clock, there stood before the great church of Notre Dame a fine, manly, heavy-bearded blue jacket, of H.M.S. *Canada*, who had not felt inclined to join his comrades.

He stood for a moment, buried in deep and gloomy thought, undecided which way he should go.

Finally, turning eastward, he walked slowly along to the corner of St. Gabriel street, and entering this narrow thoroughfare, directed his steps down towards the harbor.

At the foot of this street, in a comparatively small room, all unknown to many of the good uptown people of Montreal, is one of those impromptu concert halls, where workers about the wharves sometimes pass an evening.

The room is provided with a raised platform at one end, a corner being curtained off where performers may dress themselves for character songs, etc.; about the floor are scattered a number of small tables with chairs drawn to each. About these tables the audience sit, each man enjoying his beer or pipe as he may choose. Volunteers are called to fill the programme, and the applause after each rendering is unstinted.

The sailor, passing down the street, arrived in front of this concert hall. He looked in at the window, hesitated

a moment, lifted the latch and stood within. He paused again and looked around; observing a vacant table, he passed to the opposite side and turning about seated himself in full view of the window that looks upon the street. Resting his elbow upon the table, his chin upon his hand, he gazed absently out at the flickering lights.

Almost immediately another well known form entered. "How d'ye, Simon!" "Bon soir, Simon!" were the greetings he received from all sides. To all old Simon passed a friendly nod, and crossing over, sat down at a table among his friends, close to the sailor.

Upon this same evening there lies in a little single-roomed upper tenement, in a back-yard, off one of those dirty streets which run back from the canal, a feeble old woman, to whom the days were long and sad, and the night time brought no rest.

The lines had drawn deeper about the poor old face; the eye had lost some of its lustre; the hands folded across the breast were thin and worn—all that week she had not been able to go out to look for her boy.

She was now drawn down into a dreamy, unconscious state; she thought herself back again in the old Irish home, with all her loved ones about her; Loney was just starting for the sea; he was saying farewell; she turned to take from its place the miniature of the Virgin Child in the old brass frame, when, slowly, it seemed to move, and grow larger, and larger, until it assumed bodily shape, and now the Virgin Mother stood forth in a maze of transparent white, and looking lovingly upon her, raised the arm and beckoned with the finger.

Slowly, without resistance, the old woman raised herself from the bed and stood up; the white form beckoned to the door; she followed. Out into the calm night, on to Common street, past the harbor offices and warehouse, she followed, with bent frame and tottering footsteps. Now some drunken brawler brushed her

against the wall ; she heeded not. On she went past Jacques Cartier Square, and Bonsecours market, up the little hill, through the open door of the old church ; on under the dim lights, until she reached the little chapel of the manger wherein rests the child form of the Blessed Saviour. Here her beautiful shadowy guide cast upon her one unutterable look of pitying love, and vanished.

The old woman knelt and bowed her head. The good Father, making his devotions beside the altar, glanced up for an instant, recognized her, and almost started from his prayers.

Long she knelt, unable to rise, her strength exhausted, utterly helpless, it seemed to her that she must die, when softly there stole into her ears those sweet and gentle words:—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Gaining strength in her trembling limbs, she arose and passed again into the night. She looked about for her heavenly guide ; all was dark ; but again in still sweeter sounds came the words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Groping her way along St. Paul street, one hand against the wall to prevent her falling, she came to the corner of St. Gabriel. Here she rested a moment, crossed to the other side and turned down.

She had proceeded but a few yards when her strength altogether failed. Staggering to a low grated window, from which proceeded a dim light, she sank upon the pavement, and gazed vacantly into the room.

Some noisy chorus had just been finished in the concert hall (for such it was), and the sailor from his position beside the little table, was still gazing thoughtfully out of the window. He observed the forlorn face, and, with that unbounded pity which moves the heart of every noble man, arose quickly from his seat.

Old Simon glanced up at the same instant, and with a scarcely suppressed cry of astonishment, passed hurriedly

out into the street ; the sailor was before him, and already stood at the old woman's side. Simon was just in time to hear her faltering words: "O, sir, is my boy, my darling boy—;" the name passed away in an unintelligible sob, and great tears rolled down the withered cheeks.

The sailor, deeply moved, raised the poor form in his arms, and without a word, half leading, half carrying, guided her tottering steps to a corner a few yards distant. Here he gazed about undecided which way to turn. The old woman, raising her eyes to his face, lifted her trembling hand and pointed away along Common street. Simon finding her in good care turned about and repaired to his quarters.

The sailor continued on with his charge encouraging her efforts to direct the way until they arrived at the foot of the stairs in the back yard ; here, raising her bodily in his arms, he carried her up the steps, and along the landing, into her own room, where he placed her upon the bed.

For several moments neither spoke. The sailor looked upon her intently, drawing his hand slowly across his forehead, as if some dim recollection of a long ago flitted across his memory ; but it was gone again, swallowed up in the present. Resting his elbow against the wall he gave the poor old body time to recover.

"What took you out so far from home, and you so weak?" said he, in a kindly voice, after a pause.

She turned to him her hopeless face, down which the tears had started afresh.

"What took me out, lad!" said she, "what took me out all these years that I searched for my boy! and tonight I thought I was to find him, but now I will never see his face again.

"As I lie here upon my bed, I thought myself back again in the old home; I saw the little picture I gave my boy when he went away—The Virgin Child in the old brass frame."

The sailor, who was listening intent-

ly, now started visibly, clutched his hand to his breast, and waited for her to proceed.

"He went to Liverpool," said she, "and sailed away in the *Blue Swan*,—my own little curly-headed Loney."

The sailor's eyes seemed to start from his head; he pressed his hand to his side and gasped for breath.

The old woman, all unconscious of his distress, was about to proceed, when, regaining his power of speech, he threw out his arms and cried:

"Mother! mother! I am your boy, your Loney, I have searched the great world over for you all these years."

The old woman raised herself, and looked earnestly into his noble face; she came a step nearer, speaking inaudibly to herself; hesitating, and fearful, she faltered out: "But my Loney was a little boy with curly hair."

"Mother! mother!" he cried, "that was thirty years ago, and Loney is now a man. See! see!"—tearing open his shirt—the little picture in the old brass frame!

The mother needed no more; with a great glad cry she sprang forward, and clasped him about the waist; she knelt upon the floor and hugged his knees; she kissed his feet; all the time giving vent to the most endearing expressions of joy and love.

At last the sailor was able to restrain her, and raising her gently in his arms, laid her upon the bed as he would a babe.

He knelt beside her and held her hands; her head lay back upon the pillow; her face bore a look of happy contentment and peace, while about the mouth was the faintest glimmer of a smile.

The son watched her closely and anxiously for a long time; he moved nervously; a great weight seemed to be crushing down upon his heart.

"Mother! mother!" he cried, "speak to me. I will never leave you again. I will love you and care for you all my life."

The eyes slowly opened, and beamed forth all the love that shines in a mother's heart.

"Loney, darling, I am happy, very happy; we shall never part again, for I will be with you and watch over you always, my own boy; raise my hands and place them upon your head."

Reverently he obeyed; the lips moved inaudibly for a moment, then ceased; the hands fell helplessly by her side; there was a little sigh, and all was over.

Loney, with a ringing cry of anguish, threw himself across the worn-out frame, and buried his face in his arms.

The candle which stood upon the table flickered itself out, and left the room in darkness, save for the pale light of the moon, which shone through the little window, and fell full upon the face of the dead.

An hour later the good old priest, hurrying up the stair and along the landing, lifted the latch, and looked in upon the calm face and kneeling figure.

He hesitated, reverently crossed himself, closed the door softly, and walked away.

The Sabbath morning sun rose bright and clear, and driving the moon's pale shadows from it, flooded the room with light.

The sailor had not moved, and all that day the neighbors observed no stir in the upper tenement, but about six o'clock in the evening a blue-jacket was seen to pass quickly along the landing, descend the steps, and was soon lost in the angles of the street.

IV.

About eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, early passers to business stopped to look curiously upon a funeral procession passing up Beaver Hall Hill. It was not because of the hour that excited this curiosity, morning funerals being quite common in Montreal; but this procession was formed of simply the hearse, behind which

walked a single blue-jacket of H.M.S. *Canada* and old Simon Slopehouse. It continued on up to Sherbrooke street, and out Cote des Neiges road to the cemetery.

And now the last sad rites were over; the two mourners stood beside a freshly raised mound in a modest corner of the great burying-ground. The sailor turned and grasped the hand of his friend.

"Simon," said he, "see that it is kept green until I return to claim the loved task."

Turning about they passed quickly to the Park gates, out upon the road, crossed over the mountain, and on down to the harbor.

Walking together, Old Simon imparted to the sailor everything he knew about his mother's life, how she had loved him, and anxiously watched for him so many years.

At last they reached the wharves. Again the sailor turned to his friend, removed his cap, and raised his hand to heaven.

"Simon! Simon!" said he, in a husky voice, "her sweet and blessed memory leads to a nobler life; she was 'a jewel bright in a setting rude.'"

It was ten o'clock when the *Canada* swung out to the stream, and passed down the river. Upon the stern of the vessel, apart and alone, stood a solitary sailor. He never moved a muscle. Long after the city tops were lost to view, he remained wrapped in his own sad thoughts.

Old Simon Slopehouse stood upon the wharf, and gazed after the ship until she rounded Longue Point, then turning about walked slowly away.

AD FONTEM BANDUSIUM.

BY J. R. N., PORT DOVER, ONT.

(From Horace.)

O! fount of Bandusin, than crystal more clear,
 Embellished with flew'rets and worthy of wine,
 To-morrow a kid thou'lt receive, that shall wear
 Its fresh-sprouting horns, as it hastens to join
 In love and in war—but in vain; for the blood
 Of this offspring of wantons shall crimson thy flood.
 The dog-star can reach not thy shade when he burns
 Thou coolest the oxen fatigued at the plough,
 And cheerest the flock as it hither returns,
 O! fount that shall yet be more famous than now:
 For I'll sing of the oak that throws shadows below
 O'er the rock, whence thy streams prattle down in their flow.

THE VOCAL INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., Ph. D.

I TAKE it that the vocal interpretation of literature is a subject of vital interest not alone to public readers and teachers of elocution, but to all whose office it is to interpret literature in the schools and colleges of our land. It is gratifying to note the increased interest which is manifested in the study of literature in our educational institutions, and that with this increased interest there is also obtaining a clearer idea of the true aim and purpose of all literary study.

As evidence of this increased interest it may be mentioned that the *Chicago Dial* published during the past year a series of papers contributed by the heads of the departments of English in the universities of Leland, Stanford, Chicago, Columbia, Cornell, Yale and Harvard in which were set forth the scope and methods employed in the teaching of English at each of these well known institutions of learning.

Nor has Canada been wanting in a share in this new and desirable enthusiasm for the study of English—this modern *renaissance* in the study of literature. Canadians noted with pride the share which Dr. MacLellan one of our ripest scholars and most advanced educators, took in the last meeting of the National Educational Association of America, which was held at Ashbury Park. Dr. MacLellan took for his subject "The Ethical Aim in Teaching Literature," and strongly emphasized the great value of the spiritual element in literature and the need of pursuing its study along the higher plane.

But perhaps the most interesting symposium upon the study of literature which has yet appeared may be found in recent numbers of *Poet Love*

published in Boston. The articles which are worthy of being most carefully read are from the pens of Profs. Carpenter and Triggs of Chicago University, Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, Wellesley College, Prof. Sherman, University of Nebraska, and Prof. Corson of Cornell University. The writers are in every case distinguished scholars who have devoted their lives to the study of literature, and therefore the wisdom of their ripened experience and the fruitage of their toil in the special department which they have made their own, should be of some value to students and teachers who have but started out in the morning of literary life and study.

One thing all these writers unite in emphasizing—the importance of the moral and spiritual element in literature. Now right here the question arises, How can the teacher best lead the student to an appreciation of the spiritual element in literature? The spiritual element is indefinite, and cannot be formulated in terms of x and y , nor can any process of intellectual analysis touch even the hem of its sacred garment. Herein, then, comes the office of the voice and its importance as a factor in the great work of literary interpretation. The fault with much of the teaching of literature in many of our institutions, is that it not infrequently takes the form of mere bright talk about literature, or what is equally as bad, a brilliant performance of literary analytics. To those I would say that they are not studying literature. I am speaking particularly now of poetic literature. Not long ago I visited a well known collegiate institute in this province, where I heard an English Specialist—God save the mark!—

teach Wordsworth's beautiful poem, "To a Highland Girl." It was purely a performance of brilliant analytics—a showy lesson of no value—which no doubt would have pleased an inspector very much, and been rewarded by a grading of A1, all of which becometh the esoteric few who dare wear the mantle of specialists. It is true the class was a junior one, but that is no reason why the spiritual import of the poem should not be placed before them. If analysis or a study of synonyms were the purpose or aim in studying the poem, there is no reason why a prose selection would not have answered equally well the end in view. But such is not the aim in studying poetry, if I understand it aright. The aim, it seems to me, should be everywhere, in primary as well as advanced classes, to lead the mind up to the height of appreciating what makes poetry distinct from prose—and TO HOLD the mind up to this summit till it sees the glories of the kingdoms of thought, and inhales something of the choral atmosphere of the spiritual life around.

Now, what share think you should the voice have in this great and good work? A share commensurate with the importance of the spiritual element as a co-efficient in literature. It is the office of the voice to interpret the indefinite and it should never be forgotten that the interpretation of the indefinite is the great and chief work in literary study. The world is full of scholars who can get at the intellectual thought which articulates a poem, but how few reach the *informing* life of a poem and respond to it. The study of literature is subjective as well as objective, yet the majority of our teachers make of it an *objective job*. This would not be the case if the voice was accorded its place in the great work of literary interpretation. Unfortunately, as yet, the vocal interpretation of literature does not receive the attention which it should in the schools of Ontario. I have, how-

ever, a confidence that the day is not far distant when the voice as a factor in literary study will receive due recognition in our schools and colleges.

In this age of stress and strain in educational work, when examinations and their results count for everything and the tenure of a teacher's engagement—which means his bread and butter—depends upon whether Mary or Johnnie passes the Entrance or Primary Examination, it is not to be wondered at that in the nervous anxiety to gain a livelihood, teachers should devote their energies to gristing out successful candidates, though the work be done at the expense of true scholarship and culture—especially in the domain of literary study.

Indeed, it was not until a few years ago that any attention worth mentioning was given to the subject of the vocal interpretation of literature in our high schools, and then only after an *ukase*—a mandement from the education department had made the subject of reading compulsory in the primary departments of our high schools; and from what I have learned of the work done in many schools, I fear the subject is as yet taught in a very perfunctory way. This is certainly not the fault of the inspectors who do everything within their power to encourage good reading; but the truth is, readers, like singers, are not formed in a day, and until the voicing of literary thought be made one of the tests of literary study, no improvement may be looked for along the line of the vocal interpretation of literature in our schools.

The high school teachers blame the public school teachers because the children read so badly when they pass the Entrance Examinations, forgetting however, that the public school teachers, with all their educational virtues and vices, are the product of their own work, and so the charge recoils upon the heads of the high school teachers themselves.

Not long ago, I attended a high

school entertainment at which one of the staff of teachers read an essay, and read it so badly that though I am not in favor of corporal punishment for school-boy direlections, I confess that were that high school teacher a student in my classes I would be disposed to break away from my convictions for the moment and administer to him a sound flogging for the way he marred and mangled and treated shabbily in his reading the very best thought in his essay. Never was the great and noble body of Cæsar rent by the dagger of the envious Casca as was the kingly thought in that essay marred and mangled by the slouchy lips and dull brain of that High School teacher. It was indeed made a thing of shreds and patches. And yet the strange thing about it is that this same High School teacher has charge of reading in the High School with which he is connected. The root of the evil lies just here:—The great body of the teachers of English literature in our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, many of whom bask under the favored sky of specialism, count the vocal interpretation of literature as worth little, because it does not tell at a departmental examination. They will readily give up hours to the stitching together or unravelling of sentences, the expansion of metaphors, philological "chasing of a panting syllable through time and space, starting it at home and hunting it in the dark to Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark," and all the while lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are teaching literature; and teaching it, too, with great thoroughness and method. Hamlet had method in his madness, but these interpreters of literature put madness in their method.

Perhaps you think my arraignment too severe. Not so. Nothing is so benumbing to educational progress as self-sufficiency. We have, on the whole, an able body of teachers in the Public, Separate and High Schools of

Ontario, but we are very far yet from human perfection, especially in the teaching of literature. Let me, however, here remark, that when I make mention of the fact that so-called specialists in English, oftentimes fail to teach literature, I am not attacking the system of giving specialists certificates. I do not believe in that critically destructive character—that kind of Byronic revolt against law and order and progress which would reduce everything to chaos and give you nothing in its stead. What I mean is that no College, University, Normal School or School of Pedagogy, can impart to a young man the gift or faculty of teaching literature, if that young man be not already possessed of the proper spirit for the work. The moment you cast around for a method in teaching literature, you fail. Soul is necessary to give response to soul, and no institution, no matter how capable its teaching staff, or how able its professoriate, can furnish its students with soul power, not even after the fashion of modern theosophy. It is the lack of soul power which is so benumbing—which is, in fact, death to the teaching of literature.

It is of this soul power Tennyson speaks in that beautiful lyric *The Bugle*, where he says,

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

Now the gift of vocally interpreting a poem, depends upon the fulness with which one has assimilated the *informing* life of a poem—that is, its spiritual element. A full assimilation of a poem must take place ere an attempt be made to voice it otherwise, it will result in nothing but emptiness or, as Hamlet says to old Polonius, simply "words, words, words." It will therefore be seen that the *informing* life of a poem, and its correct vocal interpretation, may be let down as an equation with its terms co-radical. This is why good reading calls for a careful and sympathetic study of lit-

erature—a literature which, for an adequate response, calls to deep below deep in the soul of the reader. I have frequently noticed, too, that those who take solely an intellectual attitude towards a poem, care little for reading; in fact, make light of the voice as a means of literary interpretation. The reason is obvious. Such persons see in a piece of literature, nothing but intellectual conceptions, or if they entertain a lurking suspicion that any spiritual element is resident therein, they squeeze it out by paraphrasing or precipitating it from a concrete into a barren abstraction.

I think a good deal of this soul-killing, spirit-exorcising must have been done with the poetry of Wordsworth some two years ago. Perhaps no other poet has so much of the *divine immanence* in his poetry as Wordsworth, and that is the reason why the apparent simplicity of his poems was death to many a candidate trained and taught along purely intellectual lines. I remember yet some of the answers given to the questions set on "The Ode to Immortality." The good papers and bad papers struck you in cycles or batches of ten, twenty, or thirty, according to the number writing from each respective school. Where the papers were good they were

not infrequently very good, but where they were bad they were intolerably bad, so that it might be said the bad papers struck you not only in the form of cycles but cyclones. From some of the answers given I should judge that not a few of the teachers paid no heed in their teaching to the moral import of the poem, or, if they did, they had in view the building up of a new system of philosophy—a kind of eclectic school, formed after the image of the teacher.

Now I venture to say that had the "Ode to Immortality" been properly read, its moral import fully voiced in the school, the students would never have strayed away from the spiritual unity which binds the poem together, and upon which it is keyed throughout. Anyone who can feel the spiritual import of "We are Seven," can reach to the height of the meaning and message in the "Ode to Immortality," for it is nothing more or less than the child's feeling in "We are Seven," carried into the years of philosophic thought.

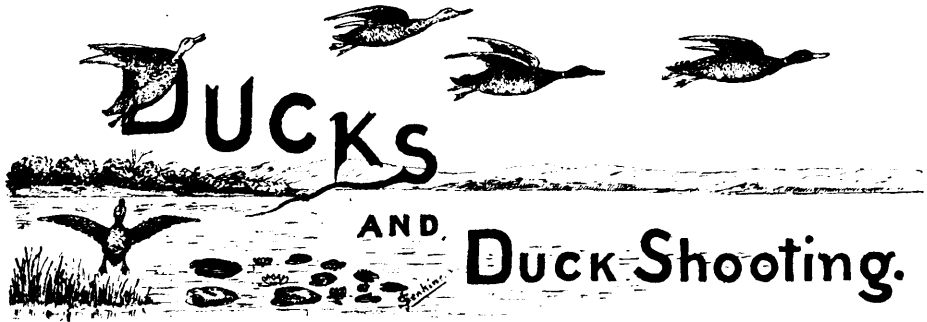
Let the voice therefore have its place in the schoolroom as a God-given instrument, freighted with eternal thought, and revealing the poet's message of inspiration through the divine wisdom of the soul.

AUTUMN VOICES.

They beautify our pathways with their bloom,
 Yet, ere we know them to be summer flow'rs,
 They shed their petals, spend their sweet perfume,
 And leave us list'ning in the lovely bow'rs
 To dreary autumn's dismal lay;
 That sadly sighs and sings "away!"

Those faces fair and angel forms that fling
 Their beauty and their sweetness o'er our lives,
 They, too, will leave us lone and sorrowing;
 When unforeseen that messenger arrives,
 Whose muffled voice some unknown day,
 Steals round to all and moans "away!"

—ERNEST E. LEIGH.



BY STUART JENKINS.

CANADA is pre-eminently the home of the wild duck, and duck shooting might almost be called our national sport. From the salt marshes of Nova Scotia to the Rocky Mountains, and as far north as a man may care to go, there is hardly a pond or creek, lake, "slew" or river, which has not got its complement of wild fowl. Even such an unpromising spot as Toronto Bay yields its quota to the list of slain, and must prove a source of considerable revenue to the gun shops, because the shots are many if the ducks are few. I met a man last fall coming from the mouth of the Hunber with a very fair bag of buffle-heads, and some years ago Ashbridge's Bay, notwithstanding its nearness to Toronto, used to be alive with ducks in the early morning.

It is in the great North-West, however, that the wild fowl swarm in the greatest numbers, and with a variety that has so far escaped the keenest naturalist. I have myself shot twenty-seven distinct varieties, and there are many more that I failed to bring to bag. No one, who has not been out there, can form any conception of their great variety or their countless myriads.

On one occasion I was camped for three days on the Battleford trail, and during that time there was not a moment, day or night, that the air was not filled with the clangour of wild geese flying south. And with them, swift and silent, went ducks in numbers that defied calculation. I tried

to estimate the number of geese that passed over during the three days, but the result was apparently so outrageous that I refrain from giving it. Some idea of the kind of shooting to be got there may be gathered from the fact that the Methodist missionary at Victoria on the North Saskatchewan shot eighty geese in one day.

There is good duck shooting very much nearer Toronto than that, however. Leaving out Long Point, which is not for the vulgar, Ontario possesses in the Georgian Bay an almost unlimited and hitherto unexploited shooting ground. In the first place it is one of the largest breeding grounds for black duck on the continent. But besides these, in the early spring and late fall, the bays and channels, as well as the small inland lakes, are crowded with ducks and geese, with here and there a swan to gladden the hunter's heart or the reverse, as he happens to hit or miss. So far as my experience goes, and it extends over fourteen years, sixteen varieties of ducks are to be found on the Georgian Bay; Black, Grey and Wood ducks, Pintail, Canvas-back, Red Head, Blue Bill, Whistler, Buffle-head, Fan-head, Butter-ball, two kinds of Teal, two kinds of Saw-bills, and the Squaw duck. Of these the most plentiful are Black, Canvas-back, Whistler, Buffle-head, and Fan-head. Geese are only met with in certain localities, but then in very large flocks.

One spring a flock came up the

channel and lit on the ice opposite Little Current, which, when on the wing, extended the whole length of an island known to be a mile and a half long. By a calculation, which was well within the mark, I came to the conclusion that there were not less than 90,000 geese in it. That, however, was exceptional, the average flocks run from eighty to three hundred.

In this northern climate the wild drakes are the most beautiful birds we have, and I do not know that, in this respect, they are not equal to anything that flies. The iridescent hues of the buff-head's crest vie with the tints of the humming bird, and the green-winged teal need never hide his head before the grandest bird of paradise. The stately mallard, the wood drake, and the olive-tinted broad bill, when seen in their unsullied purity, are unexcelled in the richness and harmony of their coloring; and even the sober black duck has a beauty of his own, although most men value him for his qualities when turned off the spit. Take him all round he is the sportsman's noblest quarry, combining as he does these qualities, with an extreme wariness and a power of carrying off shot which is only equalled by the despised sawbill. I once fired at a black duck which sprang unexpectedly out of a bed of rushes not thirty yards from where I was standing. The bird never swerved, but went on strong and straight, and yet I felt sure that he was hit, and so stood and watched him. He flew a good three quarters of a mile, and then suddenly turned over and over, and fell dead upon the water. I went out in my canoe and picked him up, and when he was plucked I found that he had nine grains of No. 4 shot under the wing. On another occasion I fired at a black duck in much the same way, and it went on unmoved and lit on the other side of a small island three hundred yards away, and when I went round in my canoe I found it

lying breast up, dead. In this case the bird was hit by just one grain of shot, and that passed through the heart. I give these two instances for the benefit of beginners who are apt to think that unless a bird drops at once it must have been missed. In nine cases out of ten, unless a wing is broken, the bird will go on, probably to die by inches under some bush or tuft of grass, a most miserable and unsatisfactory conclusion for the sportsman as well as the bird.

But apart from its inseparable cruelty, duck-shooting is a noble sport, and no man can devote himself to it without in the end being benefited, physically, mentally, and morally. This is a large claim, but I think it is justifiable. The duck-shooter will find that his patience, pluck and endurance will be taxed to the utmost, and that his success will be in exact proportion to his display of these qualities. The man who gets up two hours before daylight on a cold November morning, and faces a north-east storm, is not likely to be a milksop; and if he has the patience to sit it out until ten o'clock with only six ducks for a reward, he has learned a lesson in endurance which may stand him in good stead in other and more serious situations. Indeed he will find that the variety of the demands made upon the resourcefulness of his nature constitutes a mental discipline of the most valuable kind, and he will come in time to adopt and act up to Horace's maxim, "Never get in a pucker, when you are in a tight place."*

Then the scenes in which he moves permeate his being, and lift him from the sordid rut of life. He sees the day in the beauty of its dawning, and every mood of nature is a familiar friend. The language of the silent earth is to him no unintelligible dumb

* *Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.*

It may be well, perhaps, in order to avoid misapprehension, to state distinctly, that the translation in the text is *not* Mr. Gladstone's.

show, but rather the soft rhythm of Æolian sounds flowing from the vibrant chords of life. The forced inactivity of the hide is productive of many thoughts not set forth in books or taught in schools, and he must be gross indeed who does not find his mental being purified by constant intercourse with uncontaminated nature.

I have shot, as man and boy, for close on twenty-five years, and I have found out this,—that the true sportsman is in every case a gentleman, whether he comes from the farm, the mill-yard, or the wealthier occupations

wards the passing shore. Ahead, each tree and bluff is sharply outlined against the fading glory of the west, while every rock and stone is blackly silhouetted on the fluid gold which laps so gently at its base. Every now and then the soft stillness is broken by the rush of wings beating the air in homeward flight, and a flock of belated black duck flashes overhead and is swallowed up in the gathering darkness; or, some crane, startled from monopedic meditation into awkward struggling flight, rises from the shore with harsh "K-r-raak, K-r-raak," and flaps lazily away.

November has its joys when the sharp, eager bark of the spaniel is followed by the whirl of rising grouse and you shoot by instinct, rather than sight, at the brown forms which glance so swiftly through the leafless stems. But give me the soft September nights on the Georgian Bay. They have no equal in the world.



"A QUICK SHOT."

of the city; but it is perhaps unnecessary to add that every man who shoots is not necessarily a sportsman.

The duck shooter's experiences do not, however, always involve stern endurance. There are times when nature and fortune alike smile upon him, and as he paddles back to camp with steady, silent stroke, both mind and body are conscious of such thorough well-being, that he feels that it is well to have lived. In the bow of the canoe, mixed up with decoys, lies the heap of slain, while at his knees crouches the faithful spaniel, his head resting on the gun, with ears erect, and sharp, enquiring nose pointed to-

It was on just such an occasion that I made the sketch which I have called "A Quick Shot." It was an absolutely perfect day, late in September, and I started out about two o'clock in the afternoon and headed for a bay which is a favorite camping-ground for black duck. I had almost reached my hide, when the well-known whistle of wings over my right shoulder, caused me to glance quickly up. There were two black duck just above me and straining every nerve to get by. I managed to drop my paddle, grab my gun, cock it, and fire in time to catch the hindmost duck, the other escaping an ineffective second barrel. The dog

sprang up at the report, and the next instant was in the water, jumping clean from the centre of the canoe, a trick which he had taught himself after one upset, in which, I regret to say, I participated. I set out my decoys, got into the hide, and passed an hour without seeing a feather. Then the beauty of the day and of the scene before me, gradually won its way to my attention.

The surface of the lake was like a mill-pond, with lazy puffs now and then stealing languidly over it. The trees were putting on their brilliant autumn dress, and the air was full of the pink haze of Indian summer. I took my sketching block and colors out of the game bag and commenced to put on paper the incident of the shot. I was so engrossed in my work that I allowed half-a-dozen ducks to go by me without sending anything more deadly than a malediction after them. As the sun touched the horizon I finished the sketch, and, putting it by, gripped my gun and prepared for business, for the next hour represented the cream of the afternoon. Another twenty minutes passed with nothing in sight, and it began to grow dusk. Suddenly there was the indescribable hustling rush of many wings, and a big flock swooped down and lit away out of range. Flock after flock followed until the bay must have been full, but not a brute of them came within reach. I was beginning to express myself freely in a vicious whisper, when two black duck lit to my decoys, and although it was so dark I could hardly see the sight on my gun, I got them both, one on the water and one on the wing. With a roar like a waterfall the bay gave up its ducks, and for ten minutes the air was full of glancing forms and whistling wings. It was easier sighting against the sky, and I got five more birds, and then the show was over. The darkness seemed to have fallen like the lid of a box, and picking up my decoys I paddled back to camp.

If a big bag is the object, decoy shooting is, of course, the most successful method of hunting ducks, but I must confess that I have a decided weakness for stalking or crawling. There is more variety about it, and it requires an infinite amount of patience and skill. It is hard work, too, in a rocky country like the Georgian Bay district, and it plays the dickens with one's gun; but then the compensations are great. To crawl over a hundred yards of honey-comb rock with nothing but a tuft of grass or weeds here and there for shelter, and then *get* your bird is an experience that counts many points in the sum total of your outing. If you happen to put him up or miss him through strained and shaking muscles, the sensation is different, but then most sportsmen have a safety valve.

Last fall I had an exceptional experience in stalking on a lake which rarely echoes to any gun but mine. It is a beautiful sheet of water a mile and a quarter long by half a mile wide, bush-girt, except in one corner, where the soil is too shallow to support anything but a wiry grass and the trailing vines of the pigeon berry. Close to this open spot is the outlet, a creek running through a black ash swale, and here the lake narrows into a long bay, the shores of which are fringed with willow, birch and cedar. There are few days in the fall when this bay is not covered with ducks. For some years I have had a canoe and half a dozen decoys "cached" on the lake, and although it lies inland two miles from my shanty, it yields me many scores of ducks every season.

Thither I walked one day last November, beating the bluffs of timber as I went for partridge, and bagging fine birds. Then calling my dog to heel, I crept down to where my canoe lay hid. I ducked to avoid a low branch, and bobbed up again within a foot of a partridge taking his noonday siesta. He lit out the quickest way he knew how, and with a noise that made me

jump, for I did not see him till he flew. He grounded again about sixty yards further up the bay, and I unslung my game-bag, and threw it down to keep the dog quiet, and followed up. I cast one rapid glance over the water before I turned away, and saw nothing but a big flock of sawbills on the far side. But when I



A MEGANZA.

got opposite the spot where the partridge had gone down, I was startled by a tremendous splashing and quacking on the other side of the willows. I knew the sound well enough; it was a lot of ducks playing.

Partridge ceased to be any further attraction, and I dropped on my knees and commenced to make for the water's edge. I only had about fifteen feet to go, and I think I was fifteen minutes doing it. It was a tangled willow brake, full of dead limbs, and the ground was covered with crisp dead leaves, about as nasty a place to creep through as a man could find. The day was deathly still, and a snapping twig would have sounded like a pistol shot. I passed within six feet of the partridge, and the brute seemed to know there was no danger, for it eyed me with great contempt, and then walked off with its head in the

air. It made far more noise on the leaves than I did. At last I reached the fringe of long grass on the shore, and got a clear view of the water, and it was a sight worth coming far to see. About sixty ducks, principally fan-heads and buffle-heads, were playing at the head of the bay, seventy yards off, dashing, splashing, quacking; do-

ing, in fact, everything that a duck can do, which is far more than most people suppose. A dozen or so of black duck floated in the centre, looking on with dignified complaisance at the antics of the smaller fry, and quacking grave approval. Sometimes a saucy fan-head would approach too near the sacred presence, and a lordly drake would reach out and grab him by

his tufted poll, and shake right heartily. Then such a rush and splutter, and brave display of mimic fury on the part of the riotous mob. Such glancing flights and sudden plunges. Such lowering of broad-billed heads, and shaking of purple-barred brown pinions, and chorus upon chorus of bass and treble quackings. Then the combatants would part by mutual consent, with much flapping of wings and settling of ruffled feathers, and the play would commence again. I lay and watched them for half-an-hour. for they kept just out of range, and I had plenty of opportunity.

At length a buffle-head drake separated himself from the ruck and came towards me. He climbed out on a stone six feet in front of me, and set to work to preen and plume himself with scrupulous care, little dreaming that the deadly barrels lurked so near.

Such a dainty little fellow, a very paragon of ducks! To human eyes his beautiful dress seemed perfect, yet he found plenty to do, and combed, and smoothed, and patted away as if his life depended upon it. Two females of his kind came in off the lake and lit a few yards from him, and then swam up and poked his snowy breast and dabbled at his bill, while he threw back his head and shook the gleaming colors from his jewelled crest, and answered with soft cooings and quaint bows and posturings. Then they sailed away, casting coy glances backward and he for one brief instant made as if he would follow them, but the ruling passion of the male mind got the better of the softer feelings. Vanity conquered love, and he went on with his toilet. He must have been a most conceited dandy, for he took a good half hour to his dressing, and then slid off the stone and swam proudly away. I let him go, and if he had been the only duck in sight, I do not think I would have shot him.

Soon after he left me, I heard the big mill whistle, six miles away, boom for one o'clock. I had heard twelve o'clock blow as I got to the water's edge, so that I had been lying there an hour. It did not seem half the time. Presently the merry-makers at the head of the bay, gave up their frolicking and prepared to leave. This was what I had been waiting for. The black duck came first in a bunch. When they got opposite to me, I killed three on the water, and a fourth as they rose. Then I sprang to my feet and reloaded for the rush. Contrary to my expectation, they dribbled out in small batches instead of rising in a body. I fired eight shots before the flight was over, and dropped eight birds, dead without a flutter. I was nursing the smoking gun and counting the spoil, when a single duck sprang from the grass at the extreme end of the bay and came whizzing past me. I crammed in another cart-

ridge and let go at him, but he went on unscathed.

When I came to examine my belt I found that in the agony of my feeling I had fired a charge of buck shot at him. The whole thing had passed inside of two minutes. I had fired eleven shots, and had twelve ducks to show for them. It was the best and quickest work I ever did, and it is altogether likely that I shall never do as well again, for such chances do not come often in a lifetime, and when they do one is not always able to take advantage of them. It is not every day that a man is in good shooting form. Most moderate sports know the helpless and irritating feeling that comes over one when bird after bird gets away for no assignable reason. There are some immaculate gentlemen who boast that they "never miss." They are to be envied, but as a rule they are not good company.

I have said that every man who shoots is not necessarily a sportsman. There are some men—luckily their number is not large—who think that a day's duck shooting consists of two ducks and a gallon of whiskey. They are to be rigorously avoided. I was once taken in most woefully by a man of this sort. He belonged to the "jolly good fellow" class, and played tennis better than most. He had a spick and span hammerless gun that he paid three prices for, and I felt almost ashamed of my battered, service worn old shooting iron when the two were side by side. I will call this gentleman Hopkins-Smyth, or Hop, for short.

Hop was a most enthusiastic man, and could talk more sport in half an hour than anyone I ever met. Some of the bags he had made were tremendous. When you went to his rooms he would bring out his immaculate gun, polish it tenderly with a silk handkerchief, and then sit and nurse it and reel out story after story of past outings until his hearers turned green with envy. Of course I dis-

counted his statements. I was too old a hand to swallow them whole and the condition of his gun made me suspicious. It did not look like hard work. Nevertheless I was so far deceived as to ask him to put in a week with me on the Georgian Bay.

I went on ahead and had a very good week by myself, and then Hop arrived. He got a guide to run him over from the village where the steamboat had landed him, and when I first caught sight of him he was staggering up to the shanty with a five gallon jug of whiskey.

"Phew!" he exclaimed, as he dropped the jug on the "stoop," "that's hard work. How are you, old man? Have you got any water round? Let's have a wet."

That expression, "Let's have a wet," became painfully familiar before the week was out. Hop never got drunk, or anything approaching it, as far as I could see, but he soaked up whiskey as dry sand will absorb water,

get breakfast in fifteen minutes. The decoys were set out about a hundred and fifty yards from camp, and there was no need to get up any earlier. Then I went to sleep. I had been off about half an hour, when I was brought bolt upright by a tremendous crash, followed by a groan, a grunt, and then some of the most emphatic cursing I ever listened to.

"What in blazes are you trying to do?" I called out.

"It's all right, old man," answered Hop's voice out of the darkness. "I fell over the water-pail, that's all. I set it handy before I went to bed, in case I might be thirsty, but when I got out just now I lost my bearings somehow. Suffering Moses! I've got a bark on my shin a foot long."

I got out of bed and lauded in a puddle of ice-cold water. I am afraid I swore. I slopped about and got the lamp lit, hunted out some sticking plaster, and patched up his shin, which was pretty badly skinned. Then I

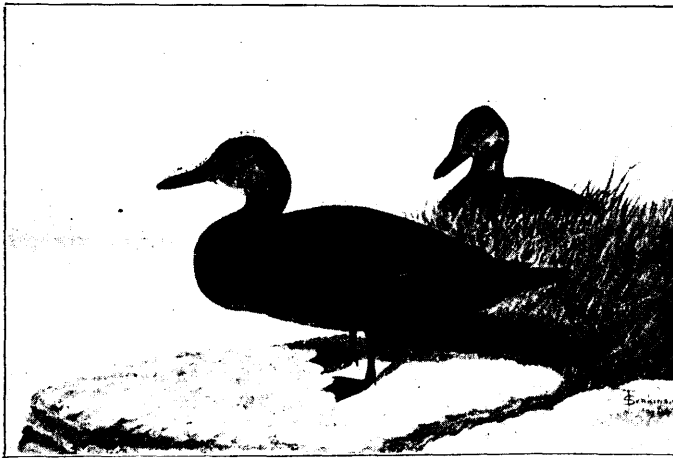
got him into his bunk, swept the water out of the door, and prepared to turn in once more.

"It's really too bad, old man," Hop said, with an expression of great contrition, "Let's have a wet."

I declined and blew out the light. It was then half-past twelve. After some tossing about I fell asleep, and every nerve in my body was clinging to the drowsy, god-like burr, when I

was roused by the rattling of the sheet-iron camp stove, and became conscious that the lamp was lit, and that Hop was busy kindling the fire.

"What's the matter now?" I asked,



THE BLACK DUCK.

and when I declined to drink with him, he drank alone; it made no difference.

I explained to him that night when we turned in that I had set the alarm clock for four o'clock, and that I could

rubbing my eyes. "Did the alarm go off?"

"Oh, no! It's only two o'clock. I thought I would get up and get breakfast without waking you. Feel thirsty this morning? Let's have a wet."

I groaned in spirit and turned out. It was the only thing to do. After breakfast was over, we sat and smoked for two hours, while Hop spun some of his elaborate hunting yarns, and then I took him down to his hide, pointed out where I was going myself, and left him to his own devices. We were parted on either side of a narrow inlet, which was really a continuation of a creek emptying out of one of the lakes on the island where my shanty is built. This inlet is about eighty yards wide by four hundred long, and is a favorite feeding ground for all kinds of ducks, but more especially black duck. My hide was a hundred yards nearer the mouth, and I paddled across, laid the canoe back in the bushes and effaced myself.

Five minutes,—ten minutes. The light poured slowly and imperceptibly over the eastern rim of the horizon. One by one the decoys emerged from the gloom until I could see those farthest out.

"Swish-sh—plop-plop."

Two black duck have lit below me, and are regarding the wooden effigies with staring eye and rigid neck. Gradually they unbend: the heads are lowered, and they come sailing straight towards me. They are within a scant forty yards, and I cautiously cover them.

"Say old man, didn't you hear something in the water just now?" This with a regular telephone bellow.

Up sprang the ducks, and bang-bang went my two barrels, winging the first and killing the second bird. I looked up and finished the wounded duck, to an accompaniment of excited shouts.

"Where are they? How many did you get? Have you killed him?—

Where the devil are they? Give a man a chance, can't you?"

I explained matters briefly, and once more we settled down, and silence reigned for a while. Presently I heard a portentous yawn. I looked across, and could see Hop's glistening barrels jerking uneasily about above his hide. Then his hat appeared, and finally his face, shining ruddy in the gathering eastern light. Half a dozen whistlers came down the creek and plumped right in the middle of his decoys. I saw him take a hasty aim and one report followed. The six rose as one bird and sped away down the creek, while Hop sprang to his feet.

"I nailed him," he shouted. "I've blown the head clean off him." And so he had, but it was the head of one of my decoys.

"You've spoiled a good decoy," I answered rather roughly. "Sit down and mind what you're doing next time."

There was a pause. Then across the water came "A Life On the Ocean Wave," hummed sonorously. Then silence. I sighted a flock of black duck coming up the creek, and my grip tightened nervously on my gun. On they came with swift, even flight, and had actually set their wings for lighting, when:

"Say old man! The Governor of North Carolina made a remark didn't he? Let's have wet."

The ducks swerved like lightning to the south, and the chance was gone. I sprang to my feet.

"I'm going up the creek," I shouted savagely, and marched off.

I followed the creek up to the lake, made a scientific stalk on three ducks, and by patiently waiting got the lot for two barrels, and then crossing over, walked back on the other side. I crept silently up to Hop's hide and looked in. He was leaning back against a stout cedar, fast asleep with his mouth wide open. I glanced over the outer edge of the hide, and there were two ducks quietly feeding just



MALLARDS.

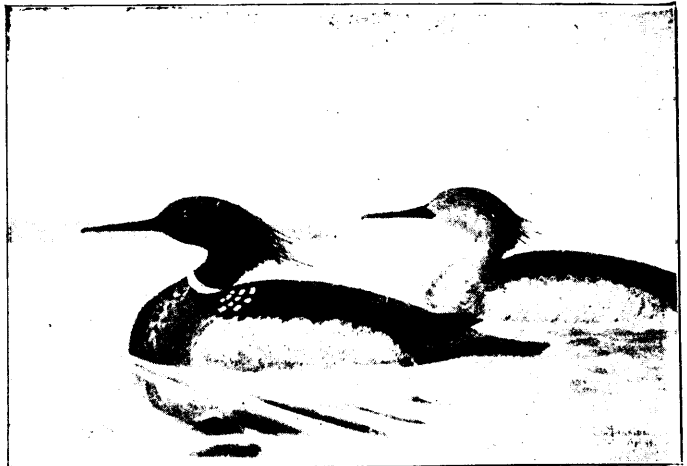
outside his decoys. Then I fired both barrels right over his head, and I believe he thought the day of judgment had come, for he sprang to his feet with a yell like a Comanche, and if I had not caught him by the arm would have come an awful cropper on the back of his head. I don't know how many "wets" it took to steady his nerves again, but I know he did not try any more decoy shooting that day. He said "he guessed he'd go up to the shanty and have a snooze; that he wasn't used to getting up so early in the morning: and would I have a wet just to show there was no hard feeling?" I was so glad to get rid of him that I complied.

Next morning I tried a different arrangement. I bunched the decoys, and we both got into the same hide. I thought I could keep him quiet, and I would at least get a chance

at the birds he missed. The arrangement worked better than I had hoped.

We got a dozen ducks in the first half hour; that is Hop got two, and I accounted for the others. But I made a discovery. He invariably shut his eyes when he pulled the trigger. When I gently suggested that it might be a good idea to keep his eye open he got

quite huffed and assured me I was completely mistaken, and that the reason he did not kill more ducks was that his cartridges were bad. Then he had a "wet." Presently a duck came straight towards us, and flew right over our heads. It is a shot I hate, and very often miss. I swung round and let go at him, and he went on his way rejoicing, while Hop looked very wise, and I said something not worth repeating. The report of my gun started up



SAW-BILLS.

seven ducks a hundred yards above us, and they came down like the wind.

"Now's your chance." I whispered, fully expecting that he would miss them, and feel properly humbled. But little I knew the possibilities of a man like Hop. He sighted them just as they got opposite the hide, and clapping his gun to his shoulder, fired anyhow. Wonder of wonders! Down came three of them with a resounding splash, dead. He gazed at them a moment in petrified astonishment, and then sprang to his feet.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Three of them! My Great Scott! *What* a shot! Say, old man, I rather wiped your eye that time, eh?"

He had, and I humbly acknowledged it. I had to lay violent hands on him to prevent his wading in after

the ducks, and he spent the day looking at them, and talking about the "magnificent shot:" and the number of wets he found it necessary to take in order to christen the ducks must have run the demijohn down at least three inches

Hopkins-Smyth and I put in a week of discomfort, and parted with a mutual feeling of relief. He was a poor sportsman, an execrable shot, and an unmitigated nuisance round the camp, with his eternal whiskey. I saw him depart with pleasure. He, on his part, told his particular friends that I was the slowest poke he ever met; that I could not even take my whiskey like a man, and that I actually refused to smoke before breakfast for fear of spoiling my shooting. And on all three counts I believe I must stand convicted.



LOOKING BACKWARD.

Silv'ry streams of recollection,
Glimm'ring down the golden years,
Break their sparkling sprays of music
All about life's stony cares.

And from yonder past comes stealing
Starry stores of treasur'd light;
Scatt'ring wide with rifts of glory
Sorrow's broken clouds of night.

—ERNEST E. LEIGH.

THE FINANCIAL INCIDENTS OF WAR.

BY A. C. GALT.

It is not to be expected that opponents of Imperial Federation would intentionally furnish an argument in its favor; but occasionally, in the energy of their attack, they stumble into important admissions.

In some recently-published "Essays On Questions of the Day," an admission of this nature is made by Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, writing upon the subject of "The Empire," says (page 162):

"This question of the relation of the Colonies cannot be set aside as impractical. It may at any moment present itself in the most practical form: *for a maritime war would at once reveal the inability of England to protect her distant dependencies, and the inability of the dependencies to defend their own trade.*"

I doubt whether the case for Imperial Federation has ever been summed up by any of its ablest advocates more clearly or concisely than it is in the above short extract.

Taking for my text the portion of the extract which I have italicized, I desire to point out and illustrate, by reference to history, the financial losses which would necessarily accompany war, but which it is a leading object of Imperial Federation to mitigate or prevent.

The position and interests of Great Britain are not identical with those of her Colonies, and therefore it is necessary to deal with these interests separately.

Firstly, then, let us regard the matter

FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

The losses which England would certainly sustain, in the event of war, may be divided roughly under two headings:

(1). Damage to commerce; (2). Loss of capital invested in the Colonies.

I. DAMAGE TO COMMERCE.

Since the accession of Queen Victoria the annual trade of Great Britain has increased from £155,000,000, in 1837, to £682,700,000, in 1894, and this, notwithstanding several years of great depression. The latter sum, enormous as it is, does not include the value of the shipping, but only of the goods imported and exported. The instance of a destruction of a nation's commerce, to which I shall presently allude, may not at first sight seem applicable to England to-day, inasmuch as she possesses the finest navy in the world, whereas the United States at the date of the war of 1812, probably had a very poor navy. But a squadron cruising in the English Channel cannot at the same time protect the harbor of Quebec, or the shipping in the River St. Lawrence.

Sir Charles Dilke (*Problems of Greater Britain*, page 653), puts it this way:

"I do not for a moment question the statement that the British navy is fully able to defend the United Kingdom if it is concentrated in home waters. Nothing, however, in war is more certain to be ultimately fatal than to relinquish the power of the initiative and of attack. If our fleets are to be concentrated for home defence, they must abandon the remainder of the Empire, of which only some portions are able to defend themselves, and we must sooner or later be ruined or partially starved in the British Isles. The abandonment of Greater Britain would involve the destruction of our commerce, and would be as severe a blow to the Empire as the invasion of England and capture of London itself. When, therefore, the naval school which I have mentioned points to supposed facts in proof of the contention that a superior naval force in home waters could defend the country against invasion, I have only to ask what is the practical application of this platitude to a scheme of defence of the British Empire? If we were to concentrate at the Nore and in the Channel a fleet superior in strength to

those of two European powers, they would not be mad enough to attack our huge armada, but would sweep our cruisers from the ocean, capture our merchant ships, direct expeditions against our coaling stations and our colonies, and destroy the whole edifice of that commerce by which the population of the United Kingdom is supported."

For the purpose, then, of Colonial or merchant shipping defence, an absent navy may be regarded practically as a non-existent navy, and this enables us to apply the lesson which the war of 1812 teaches us. In those days we may well believe that, in the absence of telegraphs, cables and steam, wars lasted much longer than they would at present. It by no means follows that the destruction and expense of a war is at all reduced by being accomplished in a shorter time. The so-called war of 1812 was not terminated until 1841, and its effect upon the commerce of the United States is thus described by Allison (*Hist. of Europe, American Ed.*, 1859, Vol. IV., page 482):

"Perhaps no nation ever suffered so severely as the Americans did from this war, in their external and commercial relations. Their foreign trade, anterior to the estrangement from Great Britain, so flourishing as to amount to £22,000,000 of exports and £28,000,000 of imports, carried on in 1,300,000 tons of shipping, was, literally speaking, and by no figure of speech, *annihilated*; for the official returns show that the former had sunk, in 1814, to £1,400,000, or a little more than an eighteenth part of their former amount; the latter to less than three millions. The capture of no less than fourteen hundred American vessels of war and merchandise appeared in the London *Gazette* during the two years and a half of its continuance, besides probably an equal number, which were too inconsiderable to enter that register; and, although, no doubt, they retaliated actively and effectively by their ships of war and privateers on British commerce, yet their number was too small to produce any considerable set-off to such immense losses; and the rapid growth of British commerce, when placed in juxtaposition to the almost total extinction of that of the United States, demonstrates decisively that that while the contest lasted, the sinews of war were increasing in one country as fast as they were drying up in the other. In truth, the ordinary American revenue, almost en-

tirely derived from Custom House duties, nearly vanished during the continuance of the war, and the deficit required to be made up by excise and direct taxes levied in the interior, and loans, which in the year 1814 amounted to no less than \$20,500,000, or above £4,000,000 sterling; an immense sum for a state, the annual income of which in ordinary times was only \$23,000,000, or £4,600,000. Two-thirds of the mercantile and trading classes in all the States of the Union became insolvent during these disastrous years."

The substantial accuracy of this account is shewn by the circumstance that the Editor of the American edition takes occasion to correct inaccuracies respecting the American War, but the above extract is allowed to go unchallenged.

The vast extent of England's merchant shipping increases, rather than diminishes, the risk of loss by war.

(2) LOSS OF CAPITAL INVESTED IN THE COLONIES.

The wealth of Great Britain is not all retained within her shores. Untold millions, roughly estimated by those who have studied the subject at upwards of £1,000,000,000, are outstanding upon Colonial securities, the income of which flows back continuously to British investors. Self-interest alone would seem to demand an earnest effort on the part of Great Britain in her character of mortgagee of these Colonial estates and securities, to adopt such measures in conjunction with the Governments of the Colonies as may prevent the vast and irreparable waste which a war might occasion. A disconnected Empire cannot accomplish this. A confederated Empire could.

Let us see how the question looks

FROM A COLONIAL POINT OF VIEW.

All that has been said above respecting the commerce of Great Britain applies with even greater force to the Colonies. Some of them have large shipping interests of their own. Canada, for example, ranks high among the ship-owning countries of

the world. But our ports are few in number, and, in the absence of British warships, might be easily blockaded by a small detachment from the enemy's fleet, and our shipping is thus exposed to the fate which overtook America's shipping in the war of 1812.

There are, however, other considerations, specially applicable to the Colonies, which teach the same lesson, and point to Imperial Federation as an urgent necessity: (1) The present insecurity of the Colonies, and their liability to capture in case of war. (2) The enormous losses they would sustain even in successfully repelling an enemy.

In connection with the first of these reasons, we must bear in mind that in the event of a coalition of two or more European powers against England, the greater portion of the navy would necessarily have to be withdrawn from outlying Colonies to protect the United Kingdom. Nor could we fairly complain. The navy alone costs about £14,000,000 a year to maintain, nearly all of which amount is contributed by the British tax-payers, while we pay no part of it. The only colony which has had the wisdom to secure some naval protection is Australia, which, for the moderate annual sum of £126,000 has secured a squadron of seven warships for her own waters.

But leaving Australia, for the moment, out of consideration, which of the Colonies could, in the absence of England's warships, successfully resist a sudden attack?

The history of England's naval progress, and of the mode in which many of her colonies were acquired, reveals what might take place in case of war. One hundred years ago England was at war with France, and we read in Alison (*Hist. Europe*, Vol. I., p. 324):

“Meanwhile the ascendancy of the English navy soon produced its wonted effects on the colonial possessions of their enemies. Soon after the commencement of hostilities

Tobago was taken by a British squadron, and in the beginning of March, 1794, an expedition was fitted out against Martinique, which after a vigorous resistance, fell on the 23rd. Shortly after, the principal forts in St Domingo were wrested from the Republicans by the English forces, while the wretched planters, a prey to the flames lighted by Brissot and the friends of negro emancipation at the commencement of the Revolution, were totally ruined. No sooner was this success achieved than the indefatigable English commanders, Sir John Jarvis, and Sir Charles Grey, turned their arms against St. Lucia, which was subjected to the British dominions on the 4th of April. Guadeloupe was next attacked, and on the 25th that fine island, with all its rich dependencies, was added to the list of the conquered colonies. Thus in little more than a month the French were entirely dispossessed of their West India possessions, with hardly any loss to the victorious nation.”

What was done in a month then could be done in a fortnight now, and it is for those most concerned—the planters, tradesmen and property owners of the smaller colonies—to say what their condition would be.

But suppose the case of an unsuccessful attack upon a colony. This supposition, with its financial incidents, seems to have escaped the attention of those who object to any contribution by the Colonies towards improving the Defences of the Empire. From a business standpoint the objection is untenable. It is the objection of a man to insure his warehouse or his dwelling, and *that* during a very sultry season, when the outbreak of a fire is at least possible, and if it comes, it is almost certain to be widespread.

And on what grounds is the objection urged? So far as Canada is concerned, it is said that in connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific by rail, and in subsidizing certain fast passenger steamships on the Pacific, so that they may be transformed into cruisers, we have made our contribution. Valuable as these two measures are to Canada, and to the Empire in many possible events, they do not meet the point now under consideration. *They do not give us the right to any por-*

tion of Great Britain's army or navy in case of war. They involve payments, not to the party who alone can give us security (Great Britain), but to somebody else, and as a substitute for insurance they are obviously ineffectual.

No Torontonians are likely to soon forget the conflagration of January last, when within a single week several lives were lost and some two million dollars worth of property was destroyed. For years past, those most competent to judge had warned us that our system of fire protection was inadequate. Nobody would believe them. The loss of life and property would be serious enough if the matter ended there. But the Insurance Companies, in order to protect themselves in future, levied a general tax on the community by advancing their rates, and we had to provide ourselves with the necessary appliances after all.

The moral taught us by this lesson is applicable to the position of the Empire to-day, and decreases the attention of all who are willing to face unpleasant facts in the hope of removing them.

In an article on the Proposed Increase of the U.S. Army, by Adjutant-General Ruggles in the "North American Review" of December, 1894, some interesting particulars are given respecting modern fortifications, and the cost of firing. He states that a single round of maximum cost, wasted, is equivalent to the pay of one soldier for five years, and that a single round of minimum cost, wasted, is equivalent to the pay of a soldier for about nine months: and he gives us the following table of items:

A battery composed of the five guns here mentioned would probably be insufficient for the protection of any but a very small harbor, and yet a single round from such a battery—just to try the range—would cost \$1,725.65. But each of the 27 seaports referred to in the article would, on the average, require about ten such batteries, a single round from which would cost about \$17,256. If the enemy were repulsed by half a dozen rounds, still the victor would be out of pocket more than \$100,000 by the engagement. But this estimate does not include the damage done by the enemy to the buildings within the harbor, many of which would be destroyed. Some of the colonies, Tasmania and New Zealand for example, have several harbors, all of which might be attacked simultaneously by a fleet of no great size; and even assuming a complete repulse of the enemy, the cost of victory could not fall short of many millions of pounds.

Whether the question be regarded from an English or from a Colonial standpoint, the advisability of a Federation by means of which the defences of the Empire can be taken in hand and strengthened is abundantly clear. The case of an out-and-out war is a matter in which both England and her Colonies would have a joint liability. No one can foretell where the theatre of such a war would be. It might be in a Colony or a group of Colonies.

But let people who grumble at any suggested expenditure throughout the Empire for reasonable national defence, consider next the historian's comment on the whole French war, of

Gun.	Projectile.			Powder.		Total.
	Weight.	Material.	Cost.	Weight.	Cost.	Cost.
16-inch rifle	2,370 lbs.	Steel.	\$711 00	1,060 lbs.	\$116 00	\$827 00
12-inch rifle	1,000 lbs.	Steel.	300 00	435 lbs.	117 45	417 45
10-inch rifle	575 lbs.	Steel.	172 50	250 lbs.	67 50	240 00
8 inch rifle	300 lbs.	Steel.	80 00	130 lbs.	35 10	125 10
12-inch mortar	630 lbs.	Steel.	94 50	80 lbs.	21 60	116 10

which the capture of Colonies was only an incident, bearing in mind that England and her allies came out victorious :—

“The great error of the allies, and, above all, of England at this period, was that they did not make sufficiently vigorous efforts at the commencement, and thought it enough, in a struggle with the desperate energy of a revolutionary state, to exert the moderate strength of an ordinary contest. Nothing is so ill-judged, in such a situation, as the niggardly conduct which prolongs a war, by spending £50,000,000 more at its commencement. Great Britain might have saved £500,000,000”—Alison, (*Hist. Europe*, Vol. I., p. 373.)

Figures by themselves often fail to convey their full meaning, especially when they represent such vast amounts as millions. The following paragraph taken from a Toronto newspaper is much better calculated to appeal to the average Canadian tax-payer :—

“The sum so far appropriated for the present war by Japan just about equals the net debt of Canada. In other words the Japanese have blown in on gunpowder, in a few months, as much money as Canada has spent in fifty years in providing the best canal system in the world, and carrying out public works which no other country of like population has anywhere near equalled. War is a costly business.”

If the cost of successful war be so enormous what must be said of an unsuccessful one. In 1815 the French had to pay not only all their own expenses, but £61,500,000 to England and her allies by way of indemnities. Is it not worth while to join hands in an effort to avert such disaster. A nation well equipped for war does not invite attack, but it is in the best position to enforce peace.

The objects aimed at by Imperial Federation are to unite the scattered members of the Empire, to strengthen its defences, and to arouse the interest of each part in the welfare of the whole, in order that we may make the most of our resources in peace and may present an unbroken front in case of war. Surely these are worthy and substantial objects, the attain-

ment of which would increase immeasurably the power and prestige of the nation.

“But,” says Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the essay above referred to, “in approaching the question of Empire from a rational point of view, and essaying to test the value of its several elements, we are met at once by the cry of ‘prestige.’ Give up anything, we are told, and you ruin the prestige of that Empire on which the sun never sets. What is prestige? Etymologically, a conjuring trick. Actually, a sham force.”

Scientists justly pride themselves upon the fact that their enquiries are conducted with instruments of precision. This, however, does not remove the possibility of error, on any given occasion, arising from the use of the wrong instrument. The planets may appear to be only tiny specks, but they cannot be satisfactorily examined under a microscope. Nor do we form our ideas respecting a friend across the table by directing a telescope at him.

Nobody finds any difficulty in seeing the meaning of “prestige” with his naked eyes, but the learned essayist by examining it with his microscope, obtains a meaningless product; for it is no more possible to sham force than it is to paint the report of a cannon. Similarly, the late Professor Freeman (whose method is approved and followed by the learned essayist in the paper above mentioned), in *Britannic Confederation* pp. 45 to 50, discovered that Imperial Federation is a misnomer, for what is imperial cannot be federal, and what is federal cannot be imperial.

The Unity of the Empire is too important an object to be thus brushed aside by purely verbal criticism, and already there are indications of its speedy removal from the literary to the political arena.

NOTE—I must acknowledge the obligation I am under to Dr. Parkin,

the new Principal of Upper Canada contained in his most interesting work
 College, for the valuable information on Imperial Federation.

WHITE PEONIES.

(An Old-Time Reverie.)

A garden old, where various odours lingered,
 Where walks, box-bordered, led the willing feet
 Past parterres fill'd with flowers, quaint, old-timey,
 Close by many a well-worn garden seat.

Here peonies, red, and white, and pink, grew wanton,
 Bold pioneers of June's be-flowered reign,
 I see them now in mem'ries store engraven,
 I nevermore will see their like again.

She loved them all, but she best loved those masses
 Of virgin hue, great snowy balls of white,
 Like roses made of sheeny ravelled satin,
 That distil sweetness thro' the day and night.

I see her now ; in mem'ry's sacred casket,
 Forever will she live while life shall last ;
 Tho' old and grey I wait the Master's summons,
 Bright is her image in the mirrowed past.

Ah ! those were halcyon days, when we two wandered
 Adown the garden paths, among the flowers :
 Days when Love ruled, when, all the world unheeding,
 We counted not the swiftly fleeting hours.

She slept so sound. Alas ! when last I saw her
 She answered not my voice ; I called in vain.
 Closed were her eyes, her lips forever silent,
 She'd never hear my words of love again.

I envied them, those great white glorious peonies,
 As round her, o'er her head and on her breast
 They clustered ; shedding tears in sweetest perfume,
 The flowers she loved on earth the very best.

ST. SKEA—A SKETCH.

BY K. BRADSHAW.

A SPARKLING sea, a sapphire sky, and a radiant sun shining on a narrow zig-zag path that winds along a rocky hill; below, the huge gray boulders, and then the sea. There's not a sound to break the mid-day silence save the lapping of the long curling waves. This is St. Skea, only a fishing station, the home of a handful of fishermen.

Up the hill is a small sea-beaten cottage, dreary and desolate; a few, very few, flowers are beside the door, and large white shells ornament the stone path. Outside, mending his net, is Jake, a sturdy bronzed fisherman. His face is strong and grim, like the many storms he has faced. Ever and anon he scans the sea to see if the herring boats are coming in.

"Hey, Liz.," he calls, "they are comin', lass," and he runs down the path to where the men are guiding in the white, dancing boats.

Liz. comes to the door, waves her apron to the men, and turns to finish her house duties with a smile upon her lips. She waits till the boats are landed and their glittering burden laid on the wooden quay, then giving her hair a pat she walks along the path to join the fisher-folk, all gossiping and working on the shore.

The girls clean the fish, and with many a rough jest, but hearty goodwill, these daughters of old ocean make their creels ready for the town. The old men lean on the boats, puffing their pipes, and telling the adventures of the catch, while the younger ones help the girls. Liz. has for a helper Jim, the biggest, bravest fisher-lad on the coast. He hands the girl the fish, and one by one they slip through her deft fingers.

"Ye'll be at the beach the night, Liz.?" he queries.

"What for should I be there?" and Liz. gives a turn to her head.

"Will ye no see the bonnie salmon, lass?" and he gravely looks at the sturdy form beside him.

"Aye, mon, I hae seen mony a salmon before the night."

"Aye, but ye'll no see a bonnie mon like me ilka night," and Jim waggishly bobs his head at her.

"Ye'll be sure to be at the gray stane, Liz.," and Jim's voice is quiet now.

"Did you think I would fail ye, lad?" asks Liz. "I'll be at the gray stane when the boats come in. I couldna bear to walk up the hill-side wi'-out ye, laddie."

A few hours later and the sun has passed from the sky, leaving a flood of gold and purple glory behind it. Then the sombre-hued twilight robed the earth, and the birds, with many twitterings, seek their nests, and the seagull's lonely cry grows fainter, as he skims with outstretched pinions the bosom of the restless ocean.

Liz. with eager feet runs down from her home, crosses the sand, and reaches the gray stane, which stands gaunt and grim on the shore. Its rough proportions resemble a tombstone, and it can be seen far out at sea. Here she waits her fisher-lad. The spray of the waves falls on her face, and with impatient hand she pushes away the strands of hair which fall over her eyes. What a fresh, honest face it is! Brown, from the loving smiles of sea and sun. What a steady light in those clear grey eyes.

Away far out she sees a white sail, and shading her eyes she bends as she watches it "curtseying o'er the billows." Slowly the bonnie boat approaches the shore, and gathering

night shrouds it in mysterious draperies.

How quiet the men are. No boisterous song or jest, no rough oath from some old tar. They do not see the girl's figure, and she hears the words: "Who will tell Liz?"

"What is it?" she asks, "What is it ye'll no' tell me?"

None spoke, but an old sailor came towards her. "Liz," he said solemnly, "He's no here" Liz did not ask who *he* was. She stood like a stone.

"He went beyond his depth at the salmon net," went on the old man, "and none of us noticed; he must have struck a rock. Aye, he was a fine lad, no his like in the hale country," and the old fellow wiped his eye with the back of his hand.

Liz turned to the gray stone, and

leaning against its cold form, let her tears fall on it. She spoke no word, only sob after sob told the anguish of her heart.

Surely some angel of mercy saw those tears and heard those sobs, or was that lonely child of nature forgotten in the myriad of mourners from stifled towns and cities. The men tried to speak comfort, but in a life like theirs they were used to lose, and each home was bereft of fathers and sons and brothers. Perhaps that was why the grave-yard was so small, the vast sea gave so many of her sons a resting-place.

One more woman led a lonely life upon the sea-shore, and the townspeople wondered why the fisher girl's face seemed so sad.

THE COURTIER.

My ladye's face is proud and fair,
My ladye's eyes are grey,
She goeth out to take the air
On every sunny day.
My ladye wears a gown of blue
Which falleth to her feet,
All broidered o'er with pearls like dew
And daisies shy and sweet.

My ladye wears a hat of silk,
Which fairy hands did spin,
And strings it hath, as white as milk,
To tie beneath her chin.
My ladye wears upon her breast
A knot of ribbon gay,
But who her heart doth love the best
My ladye will not say.

My ladye wears upon her face
A little touch of scorn,
No fuller store of perfect grace
Hath any woman born.
And Ah! the costly jewels rare
Do make the eye grow dim,
That flash among her powdered hair
And on her fingers slim.

My ladye wears a satin shoe
With silken buckle wide,
A tiny thing from heel to toe
That is my joy and pride.
My ladye's face is proud and fair,
My ladye's eyes are grey,
She goeth out to take the air
On every sunny day.

THE RUSTIC.

My lassie's face is fair to see,
My lassie's eyes are blue,
And always do they tell to me
Her heart is fond and true.
My lassie wears a gown of white,
Which needs no pearls to deck,
With lace like cobweb, soft and light,
Full-gathered at her neck.

There's silk, too, on my lassie's head
As yellow as the gold,
And woven is each shining thread
Into a braided fold.
But never fairy hands did spin
Silk like my lassie's hair.
As for the strings beneath her chin
I would not have them there,

Lest one soft dimple growing shy,
That everyone might see,
Within these silken strings should try
To hide itself from me.
My lassie wears upon her breast
No knot of ribbon gay,
Forget-me-nots she loveth best
Plucked at the dawn of day.

My lassie's feet, like two white mice,
Go slipping through the grass,
The very dew drops think them nice
And kiss them as they pass.
The satin shoe with buckle drest
Is richer, it may be;
But, if the truth must be confest,
Not half so good to see.

OUR CASH RESERVES.

BY JAMES B. PEAT, M.A., LL.B.

THE prolonged and universal depression in business, which characterized the last half decade, has compelled many nations to examine more carefully their entire industrial and financial organizations. Prices have fallen continuously, production has been limited, and consumption has declined. In some countries, notably the United States and Australia, the general contraction was not so gradual. In these, the shock was severe and the contraction sudden. Unwise legislation in the one case, and a general undue inflation of values in the other, brought about a crisis. Other nations, while they have avoided these extreme visitations, have not escaped intact; so that we find this critical spirit developing contemporaneously with returning confidence and extending business.

In the U.S this discontent with existing institutions is manifested in an endeavor to reconstruct their entire monetary system, more especially the currency. Under these circumstances then, it might not be amiss to review, even in a cursory manner, our Canadian financial organization. Canada stood the strain remarkably well. No doubt, profits have been curtailed in every direction, and the utmost vigilance was necessary on the part of the directors of our leading financial institutions to prevent actual loss of capital. The general result is, that a spirit of timidity has been engendered, and the investment of capital in profitable enterprises is checked. Hence we have an anomalous condition of affairs. The deposits in the banks, in the Government savings banks, in trust and loan companies, etc., have increased rapidly, and still the popular cry is

that we need more capital to develop our national resources.

Under these circumstances, something must be wrong, for surely it cannot be said that Canada's natural resources have been developed to their fullest extent. Something should be done to remove, if possible, this timidity on the part of capitalists. Very true, a new country should not be opened up too quickly, but population must follow the building of railways at once, if the capital invested in them is to prove a source of income to the shareholders. Our mineral, agricultural, and manufactured productions command a ready sale in all parts of the world. Our infant industries have been protected by a high tariff for nearly twenty years. The progress of the country since Confederation has been uniform if not rapid. The rude shocks which temporarily checked the industrial expansion of the U.S. and Australia have, as we have said, been avoided. Stability has all along been the watchword of our leading financiers and monetary reformers. But still the question remains: How is it that capital accumulates in the banks, loan companies, etc., and does not flow more freely into channels where it would be more productive and thus increase the prosperity of the nation? If capital is scarce, how is it the British capitalist, who is constantly on the alert for ways to invest his surplus means, does not venture here? It has been suggested that a certain weakness exists in our financial system which may be a partial solution of the problem. We refer to the inadequacy of our Cash Reserves, *i.e.*, the comparative absence of gold with which the national currency, the bank currency and all debts

may be liquidated on demand of the creditors. It is alleged that the relative scarcity of metallic money in Canada, when compared with other countries, is such that it prevents, in a very appreciable degree, the free investment of capital. Such is the indictment. We will examine, then, some of the leading facts, to determine, if possible, the truth or falsehood of this allegation.

In discussing this question, we will first consider, briefly, our present foreign indebtedness. This indebtedness, contracted abroad, has been roughly estimated by different authorities at about \$1,000,000,000, *i.e.*, about \$200 per capita. This sum is payable, and will be paid, gradually; but the annual interest at 3 per cent. would be \$30,000,000, and it is this annual interest charge that concerns us in this inquiry. Charges payable abroad annually have recently been estimated as follows:

On Dominion debt.....	\$10,000,000
On Provincial do.	2,000,000
On Municipal do.	2,000,000
On Trust & Loan Societies debt.....	2,000,000
On railway debt.....	9,000,000
Totals.....	\$25,000,000

This heavy annual charge can practically be paid in one way only, by international legal tender, *i.e.*, gold. No doubt a very favorable balance of trade would discharge it. But such a balance would be an unique experience in our national trade returns, as it has occurred but once in 28 years. The average annual excess of imports over exports, since 1867, has been approximately \$20,795,000. So that, the time when our exports shall exceed our imports by any such sum as \$25,000,000 is apparently very remote.

If we cannot pay this annual charge by an excess of exports over imports, we must have other means to liquidate these maturing claims. Therefore the amount of quick assets we hold as a nation becomes a matter of primary importance. Moreover, it is conceded by

all financiers that a reserve stock of money is an essential part of the equipment of every nation.

What then is the proper function of such a Cash Reserve?

"It is to enable all debtors, in liquidating their debts, to do so, if their creditors desire it, in the coin in which they are expressed. That is to say, it maintains prices at the level at which they would be maintained, if every separate transaction were settled in coin, or possibly at the higher level, which may arise, through the value of gold being lowered by economy in its use." (Gardner's 'Gold Reserves,' p. 13).

The Cash Reserves of Canada are kept virtually by the Dominion Government, and by the various banks. The local governments, the large municipal corporations, the trust and loan companies, and private parties, may all have plenty of promises to pay metallic money on demand, but they keep no large stock of specie on hand. The very convertibility of our bank notes, the high degree in which they conform to all the requirements of an ideal local currency, has a strong tendency to keep metallic money out of circulation, except for making change. The people habitually take Dominion notes and bank notes without questioning their security. But this local currency has no international value. It cannot be used to settle adverse foreign balances. Therefore, in these days when the Government is striving to extend the facilities for foreign trade, to open up new avenues hitherto unavailable, it is necessary to inquire closely into the condition of our Cash Reserves, and estimate, if possible, their capacity to maintain a further extension of credit.

THE DOMINION NOTE AND ITS BASIS.

The notes issued by the Dominion Government are regulated by statute as follows:

R. S. C. c. 31, s. 2.—"The Governor in Council may authorize the issue of Dominion

notes to an amount not exceeding that herein specified. . . . such notes shall be redeemable IN SPECIE on presentation at branch offices established, or at banks. . . . at Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Charlottetown and Victoria."

Sec. 3.—"The amount of Dominion notes issued and outstanding at any one time. . . shall not exceed twenty millions of dollars. They may be issued by sums not exceeding one million dollars at one time, and not exceeding four millions in one year, provided that the Minister of Finance shall always hold for securing the redemption of such notes, issued and outstanding, an amount in gold, or in gold and Canada securities guaranteed by the Government of the United Kingdom, equal to not less than 25 per cent. of the amount of such notes; at least 15 per cent. of the total amount of such notes being so held in gold; and provided also that the said Minister of Finance shall always hold for the redemption of such notes an amount equal to the remaining 75 per cent. of the total amount thereof in Dominion debentures issued by the authority of Parliament."

57 and 58 Vict. c. 16, sec. 2.—"Notwithstanding anything to the contrary contained in the said chapter 31 of R.S.C., Dominion notes may be issued to any amount in excess of the sum of twenty-million dollars authorized by sec. 3, of c. 31, provided the Minister of Finance, etc., in addition to any amount required to be held by him in gold under the provisions of the said sec. 3, holds an amount in gold equal to the amount of Dominion notes issued and outstanding in excess of the said sum of twenty-million dollars."

These are the statutes governing the issue and the means of redeeming the Dominion notes. Some points contained therein need more than a passing notice. Sec. 2, declares that "such notes shall be redeemable in specie," not necessarily in gold. The Government can legally redeem some of their notes in silver. Thus we see that these notes, as far as redemption is concerned, rest legally on precisely the same basis as the American notes that are redeemable in coin. We have heard much during the last year or two concerning the possibility of the United States Government descending to a silver basis. President Cleveland soon informed the public that such a basis of settlement would not be adopted during his regime. But it is quite evident that the Dom-

inion Government is legally free to adopt silver as the basis for redeeming some of its notes, however much it may be deterred from such a course by public sentiment and national traditions.

It is possible that the recent enactment *i.e.*, 57 and 58 Vic., c. 16, s. 2, has rendered null and void the clauses in R.S.C. c. 31, s. 3, limiting the issue of Dominion notes to one-million dollars at one time and not exceeding four millions in one year. A fair interpretation of c. 16, s. 2, would seem to be that any amount of Dominion notes may be issued at once, if the requirement with regard to the redemption fund be complied with. No one imagines that there could be any objection to this from an economic standpoint. If the Government could issue ten millions of their notes at once and import the gold required for the reserve, greater stability would be given to our national circulation. The banks, whose circulation must necessarily contract, under such circumstances would suffer the immediate loss.

In passing c. 16, sec. 2, the Government have finally adopted in its entirety the principle which prevails in Great Britain, that for every note issued beyond a certain limit, gold for an equal amount must be added to the cash reserves and the *modus operandi* of the Assistant-Receivers-General becomes more closely analogous to the issue Department of the Bank of England.

Having noted the legislation governing the issue and redemption of the Dominion notes, we will now consider the practical developments of the system. Are the reserves held by the Government sufficient to adequately discharge their function? This problem resolves itself into two parts, for there are practically two reserves, or rather, there may be two. That is the reserve contemplated by c. 16, sec. 2, only comes into existence, when the Dominion notes in circulation exceed

twenty millions of dollars. During the months of April, May, and June, the Dominion note circulation averaged a little over \$19,500,000. Thus 15 per cent. of this amount, or \$2,925,000, was the legal gold reserve, although the actual reserve was much larger. In July, however, the Dominion note circulation expanded \$1,800,000, and we find that the specie held in reserve was increased by the same amount, so that the second reserve contemplated by the recent enactment, now exists. The last monthly return in the *Gazette*, shows \$1,396,975 held in gold, for the redemption of the Dominion note circulation in excess of \$20,000,000. Thus this reserve only exists when certain antecedent conditions are fulfilled. Theoretically, the principle (*i.e.*, dollar for dollar) governing this reserve is sound, and has been found by experience, in other countries, to be, practically, the best obtainable. The hypothetical character of this reserve will disappear as our business transactions increase, and it will become a material factor in maintaining the stability of our financial institutions.

We will now consider, *in extenso*, the reserve kept for the redemption of the Dominion circulation up to \$20,000,000.

By statute, R.S.C. c. 31, sec. 3, quoted above, the reserve would be 15 per cent., *i.e.*, \$3,000,000 in gold; 10 per cent., *i.e.*, \$2,000,000 in guaranteed Dominion debentures; and 75 per cent., *i.e.*, \$15,000,000 in unguaranteed Dominion debentures.

As a matter of fact, we find that on July 31st, the several Asst.-Receivers-General held \$9,637,826 in specie, £400,000, *i.e.*, \$1,946,666 in guaranteed debentures, and \$17,500,000 in ordinary Dominion debentures.

From the specie so held, we must deduct \$1,396,975 in gold, which is held as a special reserve or "earmarked" under c. 16, sec. 2, for Dominion circulation in excess of \$20,000,000. This would leave \$8,-

240,851 held in specie, where only \$3,000,000 in gold is required. If we regard the \$3,000,000 mark as the "danger line," then, evidently there is a margin of over \$5,000,000 to meet current demands and apparently this reserve would seem to be ample. But in our discussion of this question it must not be forgotten, that a percentage of this surplus specie is silver. No published return gives this fact, and a communication to the Treasury Department, at Ottawa, failed to elicit the desired information. If we assume that only 50 per cent. of this surplus reserve is gold, then it alters, immediately, the international character of a large portion of the reserve. Silver has ceased to be of use in making international payments, and its function as currency is reduced to the plane of making change. Under these circumstances, then, Canadian monetary reformers advocate a further refinement in the published Government returns in the *Canada Gazette*. The term "specie" is indefinite, and, in fact, misleading. This remark applies also to the monthly return of the banks. If the return showed the amounts of gold and silver held respectively, it would be more satisfactory to the public, and more intelligible to our creditors abroad. The Government would be complying with all the legal requirements, if it held only \$4,396,975 in gold as a reserve at the end of July, *i.e.*, 20.5 per cent. of the Dominion circulation. The surplus of specie as shown by the return, might be all silver. Such a view would be too pessimistic, and altogether absurd, but still the apparent surplus of specie, as given from month to month, gives the Dominion circulation an unreal strength or stability which, in a panicky time, would be worse than an avowed weakness.

The real danger to the Government reserve lies in the fact that the banks are compelled to hold 40 per cent. of their 'rests' in Dominion notes. The bank returns for June show that

the aggregate 'rests' of all the banks were approximately \$27,000,000; the Dominion notes held were \$13,500,000, *i.e.*, 50 per cent of their 'rests.' Thus the banks together held \$2,700,000 in Dominion notes, which they might legally present for immediate redemption. We neglect for the sake of simplicity the fact that the Government specie is held in eight different cities, and that, therefore, the aggregate surplus cannot be regarded as immediately available at any one point. Nor could the banks present their surplus Dominion notes at one point, for each note is redeemable only at the office where it was issued. In March, 1893, the scarcity of loanable funds in the United States, and the consequent high rates for all loans, induced some of the Canadian banks to export gold to New York, while others strengthened their net cash reserves by getting gold for the Dominion notes. The result was this. In February, 1893, Dominion notes amounting to \$19,112,356 were in circulation. The specie reserve was \$,062,890. In March, after the movement referred to above had taken place, the amounts were \$17,587,711, and \$5,550,381, respectively: *i.e.*, the percentage of specie to circulation fell from 36.9 to 31.5. Another call on the Government to redeem \$1,500,000 more of its notes would have brought the specie reserve down to 25 per cent. of the circulation. At this point it is possible that the amount of silver in this 25 per cent. reserve held by the Receiver-General would become a matter of primary importance.

The Dominion circulation is further presumably secured by holding 10 per cent. in guaranteed debentures. This line of defence is evidently a good one if a purchaser could be found who would have gold to pay for them at the moment when it is most needed. But if gold were scarce, it is doubtful if such a purchaser could be readily found.

The Dominion unguaranteed de-

bentures which constitute 75 per cent. of the redemption fund, cannot be regarded as a reserve at all in any strict sense of the term. By issuing these the Government would only be altering the form of its liability to the public. An obligation to pay on demand would have to be exchanged for one payable some time hence. We can easily conceive that the holder of a Dominion note would prefer to keep it; for in times of stringency in the money market, more or less acute, everyone wishes to hold either gold or something closely analagous to it. If a crisis should come in which the Government circulation was in danger of being inconvertible, the unguaranteed debentures could be sold only at a great discount, or possibly not at all.

Under these circumstances, then, we submit that the minimum gold reserve held by the Government should be increased. When we consider the fact that the Government has virtually a forced loan of about \$14,000,000 (*i.e.* 40 per cent. of the \$27,000,000 mentioned above) from the banks without interest, and \$7,000,000 (*i.e.* the balance of the \$21,000,000 of Dominion notes in circulation) from the public, the gold reserve is clearly inadequate. It imperils in a needless way the stability of our financial institutions, invites distrust abroad, and contributes to increase that timidity of local capital which is becoming so prevalent in Canada.

The point we wish to emphasize is this. Canada is doing nothing to establish such a gold reserve as would be adequate for all emergencies.

There has been a gradual intensifying in the race for gold, not necessarily in an individual but in a national sense. There seems to be a sort of reaction towards the position formerly maintained by the mercantilists. We find many nations striving to increase their stocks of gold. Some have demonetized silver and coined immense sums of gold, and the use of gold in daily transactions is

encouraged. The State banks of Continental Europe all maintain an *agio* on gold, import all they can, and export very little. In the United States the Government employed a syndicate to protect the gold reserve in the Treasury, and thus maintain prices on a gold basis. The payment of interest on capital loaned abroad keeps Great Britain well supplied with gold, and no special effort is necessary.

Such are some of the prominent features of the world's struggle to control a good share of the available supply of gold. Meanwhile, Canada does nothing in the same direction.

What might be done to relieve the situation?

Several expedients suggest themselves. (a) The Government might hold a larger gold reserve. Since the principle of a minimum gold reserve, *i.e.*, 15 per cent. of circulation, has been adopted, this minimum should be raised to at least 30 per cent.

(b) The amount of metallic money in circulation in daily business might be increased. This cannot be done directly by legislation, but it may tend towards it.

At present, the American eagle (\$10.00) and the sovereign (\$4.86 $\frac{2}{3}$) are legal tender in gold. Might it not be expedient to have a Canadian gold coinage? This coinage would gradually become familiar to the public, and the general tendency would be to encourage the circulation of metallic money. The question of a reconstructed gold coinage for Canada has been considered in Parliament. It might be opportune just at this juncture, when the increase in the production of gold not only abroad but at home would enable the Government to purchase a supply of bullion at a small premium. Of course, any such circulation of gold would limit the bank circulation, and thus be inimical to their interests. But such is not necessarily the case, for our national development and prosperity requires a larger reserve stock of international

money, *i.e.*, gold, and whatever benefits the country general, must benefit the banks. There is no doubt, therefore, that the banks would be willing to sacrifice some trifling profit, rather than expose our whole commercial, agricultural and industrial fabric to severe strain or possible overthrow in some sudden financial crisis. "*Semper paratus*" should be the motto for our financial institutions.

It is always cheaper to prevent crises than to endure them. Therefore some readjustment of our financial system is necessary if Canada is to maintain her position, and meet her obligations as they accrue.

THE CHARACTER OF THE BANK RESERVES.

The Dominion Government holds only a moiety of the Cash Reserves of the Dominion. The rest is held by the chartered banks, and we must now consider the action of the banks in this vital matter. One of the striking characteristics of our entire banking organization, as distinguished from other systems, *e. g.*, the English, is to be found in the fact that it is a many-reserve system. No minimum reserve in proportion to the liabilities is fixed by legislation, so that each one of our many reserves is controlled by the "personal discretion" of the manager. As this trait of character varies within wide limits in different individuals, so we find great variation in their respective conceptions of what constitutes an adequate reserve. The result is that no wide generalization can be made concerning our bank Cash Reserves. Each bank must be judged by its environment, the nature of its business, and the character of its clientele. The percentage of quick assets to total liabilities held as reserve by one bank, might be quite sufficient, but the same percentage would be utterly inadequate and misleading in the case of another. Thus, our task is a difficult one. Generalization is almost impossible, and a specific study of the spe-

cial circumstances of each bank would be necessarily tedious and technical. Still, some observations may be made which will at any rate cover the ground in a partial way.

What part of their assets do the banks usually classify as Cash Reserves? The usual net Cash Reserves include specie, Dominion notes, balances due from other banks at home and abroad. This category constitutes the first line of defence.

This list may be supplemented by Dominion debentures, provincial, municipal and other local or foreign public securities, railway securities and loans on call. These form the second line, and the two taken together constitute the quick assets.

A crisis in Canada might be so general, intense and overwhelming, that none of the securities mentioned above would be saleable for money. They might have to be sold abroad and at a great sacrifice. But such untoward circumstances are not likely to arise, and besides, we are considering probable difficulties and neglecting such conceivable cases. Further, certain financiers consider the average amount of current bills payable from day to day as a quick asset, but the claim is not considered a good one by the best authorities, and, therefore, we will set it aside.

Another resort in times of difficulty is re-discounting. This practice is common in England and the United States, but not here; although the recent advance made to the People's Bank by the sister institutions in Montreal was virtually a re-discount of its paper.

We will consider these quick assets *seriatim*, to determine, if possible, their efficacy in upholding our structure of credit.

The specie claims attention first. The banks usually hold from seven to eight millions in specie. According to the return at the end of June, this was about 3 per cent. of the total liabilities, and 2.3 per cent. of the total assets. We cannot imagine how this

asset could be possibly much lower if a solvent status is to be maintained at all. But the banks are seriously hampered in their endeavors to maintain adequate specie reserves, by the regulations requiring them to hold 40 per cent. of their reserves in Dominion notes. If they had \$15,000,000 in gold instead of so many promises to pay, our national Cash Reserve would be strengthened most materially, and greater stability imparted to the whole financial fabric.

Our banks consistently maintain a foreign credit balance of about \$20,000,000. This is mostly loaned on call in New York and Chicago, and it is, evidently, very remunerative business. But loans on call at home and abroad, cannot always be regarded as cash assets. Mr. Goschen, ex-chancellor of the Exchequer, has expressed the opinion that: "Cash on call is no reserve in the general sense, so far as the community is concerned; because when you call in your demand loans, you may be embarrassing another person while you are relieving yourself. Money on call is a valuable asset, but it is not an asset which constitutes a reserve useful to the community at large." This *dictum* sets in a clear light the expediency of such a contraction of credit in troublous times. Experience has clearly shown that a prudent expansion of loans is absolutely necessary in a panic. The restrictive policy has always been attended by more disastrous failures, and a wider extinction of credit. Further, the daily balances between banks have essentially the same characteristics as call loans. Hence, in New York, clearing-house certificates are issued and settling day is postponed until immediate danger has passed away. These facts, then, would go to show, that in a general crisis such loans and balances could not be classified as quick assets at all. They should rather be placed under the category of current loans. However, balances held abroad could be

called in, and would be useful to relieve the local tension. Where one bank alone is in difficulty, *e.g.*, People's Bank, that bank's credit balances would be paid in any case, and call loans must be contracted with impunity to overcome, if possible, the withdrawal of the deposits.

Public and railway securities of various kinds complete the list of quick assets. This class of property is much fancied by the banks, owing to the fact that times must be very troublous in which a purchaser for these cannot be readily found. About \$2,000,000 of such securities are held by our banks.

The speculative value of such securities on the ordinary money market, and the tendency to fall to a discount in times of difficulty, are the chief reasons which deter such bonds from becoming first-class investments for the banks. Such bonds constitute the stock-in-trade of all the Exchanges; and therefore they are always liable to rapid fluctuations in value, independently altogether of natural causes.

Such are the Reserves and the mode of their investment. Where are they usually kept? Centralization is the leading characteristic of the industrial development of the last decade of the century. Thus we find the banks share in this movement, and the Cash Reserves of the whole system are to be found at the large money markets in each Province, *e.g.*, at Toronto, Montreal, Halifax and Winnipeg. All the banks have agents or branches in at least two of these financial centres. The net result is that the cash reserves are consolidated more or less, and foreign payments are made more easily.

The recent suspension of the People's Bank, Quebec, is an object lesson to the public, and to sister institutions. This bank was apparently strong, and so far as the public could learn from the monthly return, was doing well. It is a trite saying that the statements may look well on paper, and yet an insti-

tution may be tottering to its fall. Some figures for comparison are instructive. The specie and Dominion notes at the end of June were about 2.88 per cent. of its liabilities, while at the other extreme, a strong bank, the Bank of Toronto, had 13.8 per cent. of its liabilities in cash, and the average for the Dominion was about 9½ per cent. These figures show at once the wide range of action allowed in the management of reserves. Then the People's Bank held no public securities such as we have mentioned. When once the withdrawal of deposits started, the re-discounting of its paper was only a confession of weakness. Such a proceeding could not but tend to create greater distrust.

The point to be emphasized is simply this. Each bank must keep its credit above suspicion. The contraction of rests, reduction of capital or dividends, are things we see quite frequently, but so long as the bank maintains its credit with its customers it is comparatively safe from runs or exhausting drains. A weakness in actual cash would not under these circumstances be noticed except by the initiated, and careful management would in time bring up the reserves to the average percentage.

Theoretically, banking is an impossibility. Its liabilities are all virtually payable on demand, and if any considerable percentage of these liabilities be presented at one time, no bank, however strong, could stand the strain. Their credit must be maintained, and the presentation of its liabilities for payment thus avoided. It is the withdrawal of the deposits that breaks banks, and the Cash Reserve should be strong enough to meet and overcome such a withdrawal. So that the increase of the Cash Reserves should be commensurate with the increase in the deposits, which have expanded rapidly in the last few years.

What then should be done to strengthen our Cash Reserves?

1. The monthly return should show

the amount of gold and silver respectively held both by the banks and by the Assistant Receivers-General.

2. The regulation with regard to Dominion Notes held by the several banks, is a menace to their stability, and should be reduced ; or, as an alternative, the Government should increase their stock of gold.

3. Some of the banks should keep a larger percentage of their reserves in cash or quick assets.

4. The use of gold in the country by the public should be encouraged if possible. With this end in view, our

metallic currency might be re-constructed by the substitution of a Canadian gold coinage for the present legal tender, i.e., American gold and sovereigns.

In the consideration of all these matters, we must remember that we are not dealing with a state of affairs which needs reconstruction throughout, but with a system that has been developed gradually, and any process of improvement must necessarily be undertaken with prudence and a careful consideration of all the possibilities that may be involved therein.

THE PAINTER.

At last my work is ended ; I have toiled
From month to month thro' long and
weary days,
Oft-times beseiged by dark discouragement,
Seeing my dream so far beyond the power
Of earthly color or my painter's skill.
Truly I wrought in vain, tho' twice or
thrice
Methought my sight grew clearer and my
hand,
Fraught for a moment with creative
power,
Caught with a frail and fleeting grasp the
dream,
Nay not the dream itself—a fragment
poor,
And made it a reality. Then I knew
The artist's joy and crown ; yea, and his
doom,
For, at such times, I felt, despite success,
Or what men call success, the powerlessness,
Of painter's craft in face of those great
truths
Which stand before us ever, day and
night,
With an unspoken challenge. So did I
In my mute-uttered language strive to tell
The glory of the vision that I saw,
And wake an echo, haply faint and far,
But a true echo of mine own soul's song,

From out the common throng of blind
and deaf,
That grope along the darksome ways of
life,
And see no ray, and hear no song, no
voice
To pierce the gloomy night.
But yestere'en
Before the sun had ceased to fling his gold
On tree and cloud and mount, then
came to me
Two friends to whom I showed my finished
task.
With careless eyes, unheeding all the
soul's
Despair and triumph I had fused therein
With passion-fever'd hand, and throbbing
brain,
They glanced thereat, and spake, "Joan
of Arc,—
Grand subject—you have done it justice,
friend."
"I envy you your genius," "What a
pose !
Those hands, how deftly fashioned ! and
that throat !
The co-tunes, how bewitching." "By the
way,
When did you hear from our old collegem,
Frederic MacDonald ?" Thus they rambled on,

And soon departed, leaving me alone.
 Reckless of all, I flung the thing aside,
 And strode toward the lake, the quiet
 lake,
 That lies beyond my garden. There I
 threw
 Myself upon the sward. The after gl w
 Was darkness now, save that a few wan
 waves,
 Of glimmering greenness lit the western
 sky ;
 While far above me stirred the whisper-
 ing boughs
 Of pitying pine. Late rose the moon that
 night,
 And all the wood was shadows, and the
 lake—
 Shadows that seem'd to weigh upon my
 soul,
 And voices heard I weeping in the dark,
 And moving with the shadows, but more dark
 dark
 Than any forest gloom, and far more
 fierce
 Than any brood of troubled waves that
 e'er,
 Wind chidden, like a chain of hoary
 slaves,
 Hasten toward the rocks with plaint and
 cry,
 To meet their doom—yea, far more dark
 and fierce
 Than aught in Nature, were my thoughts
 that night.
 Had not my message failed? Yea, and
 with those
 Who ever wished me well, and strove to
 praise.
 How should it be with others, toil-en-
 grossed
 And toil-numb'd spirits, whom I would
 have raised
 Above the sordid views of common life,
 The lowering ideals of the time,
 In whose dull'd souls I first had thought
 to chime
 The glorious music of a noble deed !
 'Twas all in vain—The fragile cup that
 held
 My doubtful hopes was shattered, and
 my hopes dispersed.

Long I pondered o'er these things,
 Weary and sick at heart at last I rose
 To seek my couch, and in oblivion
 Forget my waking failures ; yet perchance
 In that dream-world, might I not still be
 left
 To fight against the dragons of the
 mind.
 And see my failure in some hideous form
 Of terror trample me beneath its feet ?
 So led my fancy, but my feet unstayed
 Urg'd me along the long dim path to
 where
 Behind a mass of tress I saw a light
 Stream from a window—mine ; I paused,
 and saw
 A maiden stand before my worthless
 work—
 My sister who had triumphed when suc-
 cess
 Had seemed to smile upon me, who had
 wept
 When I despaired. Even now she stood
 enrapt,
 The picture placed before her, with a face
 Wherein the aspiration I would fain
 Have roused in others shone with mighty
 power.
 O'erjoyed I watched, the while a silent
 voice
 Whispered to me—"Thy work is not in
 vain,
 It speaketh to one heart, and may it not
 Speak thus to more, tho' few? Toil not
 for fame,
 That witch-fire the unthinking rabble
 hold
 To charm the eyes of those, their eager
 slaves,
 Who pamper them with art which is not
 art,
 True-seeming Falsehood, scorning Simple
 Truth,
 And for a moment gain the empty toy.
 So let them run, and win their prize, but
 thou—
 Honor thyself, thy conscience, and thine
 art
 Nor fear to leave thy work to conquer
 time."

E. J. M.

DANIEL W. POWERS.

BY W. A. SHERWOOD, A.R.C.A.

ONE of the most unique figures in the great republic of the United States is Daniel W. Powers, builder and owner of the great "Power's Art Gallery" in Rochester, N.Y.

To open a biographical sketch with such a declaration might indeed subject the author of it to some measure of adverse criticism. But I think when I have laid before the reader what has been accomplished by the subject of my sketch, he will join me in directing international attention to the work done by this Genesee philanthropist. I use the term philanthropist, not in its narrow sense, as applied to one who generously distributes pork and beans in Boston, and codfish in Halifax, but I use it in the broadest and most patriotic sense that the word implies.

Daniel W. Powers, was born on the 14th of June, in the year 1818, in Genesee County, N.Y. The place of his birth was a wilderness farm, the picturesque site of the present city of Batavia. Through the horoscope of of the astrologers, we learn that one born in this period of the year under the constellation of Gemini possesses in a superlative degree, the faculty to appreciate the beautiful in nature and in art.

Now whether there be any truth in astrology or not, we will not here discuss, but before disposing of the thought, it might be urged even strongly, that Mr. Powers, without any training or intimate acquaintance with the fine arts in his early life, has gathered one of the finest private collections of pictures in the world, and possesses one of the largest art galleries on this continent.

A few extracts from a prospectus of the Powers Art Gallery, written by

Alphonso Hopkins may facilitate the progress of our study.

Speaking of "Its Genesis" he says: "The Powers Art Gallery, like the edifice itself, is less a creation than a growth, and its growth had an almost accidental beginning, etc." An interview here follows in which Mr. Powers answers the author's interrogation, "Was it any part of your plan to arrange such a gallery when you built the block?" And Mr. Powers reply will well repay perusal. "No," he frankly answered, "I did not dream of it. But I was over in Europe and I bought a picture. When I bought it I found getting it home a very troublesome matter indeed. Two invoices had to be made, one for the painting and one for the frame, and the red tape seemed endless. It was really as much work to ship one picture as a whole case of pictures, and so I decided to buy more, and then I went up and down among the artists hunting for good things. I got interested, and this is the result." Such a result!

Fancy a private collection with over a thousand pictures, and most of them purchased direct from the artists themselves, which in Mr. Powers' opinion adds greatly to the charm of the possessions. Having come in actual touch with the artists, the influence awakened is very different from that superimposed by the tricky plaudits of interested dealers. As I walked the galleries with Mr. Powers, he seemed deeply attached to special pictures. One by Jean Léon Gerome, for which he paid \$6,000, entitled "Bal. El Monce," and in which there is a portrait of the artist, the translation of a letter by the clever artist, apologizing for sending his picture

unvarnished, and urging that in three months it may safely be accomplished.

A description of the picture is contained in the letter. The scene is laid in "Cairo!" In the concluding paragraph Jean Léon Gerome remarks, "Contrary to my usual custom, and to accede to your wish, I have signed this picture twice, the first time with my name, and the second time with my portrait. In the right hand corner is the "Person dressed in Blue." A nice point in Oriental etiquette here follows:—"On my head there is a green turban, to which I have no right; because only those who have returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca may wear it." As Mr. Powers viewed this picture a mild expression of approval seemed to pass his lips, and he turned with admiration to a companion picture, a magnificent landscape by V. V. Dias. Close by is another beautiful work by Gerome, entitled the "Sentinel at the Sultan's Tomb," and a few feet distant, neatly set upon an easel, is a little gem by Jean G. Vibert, entitled "Inspecting the Fort." L. Knaus, pupil of Otto R. Jacobi, is here seen at his best in a beautiful landscape, No. 357, and A. Vogt is a formidable rival in landscape and cattle pictures. Equally excellent is No. 232, a sombre landscape by Leon Victor Dupre.

The gallery is divided into a series of rooms, designated by their respective color arrangements, such as the Maroon Room, the Green Room, the Olive Room, the Drab Room, twelve or thirteen in all. Not only are these rooms most beautifully hung with tapestry and richly carpeted, but artistic bric-a-brac, costly vases, a superb clock purchased from the Stewart mansion in New York, and valued at \$11,000, and easels of the most elaborate and artistic style serve to support the tributes which the genius of centuries of past and living painters of every nation have wrought for the glory of art.

The substantial pleasure which Mr.

Powers feels in the presence of some work of which he is particularly fond, is a treat to the most casual observer. He bends forward with an almost reverent grace close to the canvas, then retiring a few paces in strict silence, his clear blue eyes seem as if suffused in tears. Turning to another, some little anecdote is suggested; the studio from which it came; the artist who painted it: the incident depicted, all are of the greatest interest, and serving indirectly to aid a greater understanding of the work.

Since visiting Rochester, that pretty floral city on the south of the lake, I have often wondered if the Genesee philanthropist had not caught his inspiration from the lovely dream of the poet Moore, who was a visitor in the United States at the time when Mr. Powers was a growing lad, and when every youth was familiar with the poem beginning with this verse:

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,"

for whilst wandering through the lengthy salons and parlors, with their cosy settees, just arranged to properly view some poetic transmission of nature in her sweetest moods, ascending marble steps that gave to the footfall in the corridor without the sound of passing centuries, one's thoughts are transported to the age of chivalry, and the theme which the poet of fancy was so happy in singing.

Mr. Powers is not a man who has a mission in this world, or in any other world for that matter. He is not hunting the heathen to the neglect of his own countrymen. But he *has* a *belief* (for Mr. Powers is an Episcopalian), he believes absolutely in one doctrine, the doctrine of "Duty"—duty to the nation, to the community in which you have made your wealth. That duty, we hold, is the development of the community by bringing all that is refining and elevating within the reach of the poorest citizen. So great is the influence of Mr. Powers upon the city of Rochester that the ladies

have formed themselves into an Auxiliary Art Association, some thirty of them, all of cultured families, for the promotion of the fine arts, not a disintegrated society of sex, but one conducted on the broadest and most satisfactory plan of any Art Association I know of on the continent. The art instruction is free to every student. Annual exhibitions are held, and an effort is made to sell the works on the walls of the artists who exhibit. This effort is generally successful. The little bickerings, which are so apt to stir the hearts of indignant professors, are here unknown, for the open gallery, to which they all have access, is a silent monitor calling for resolve and better effort. An effort is being constantly made for national work, and the youth of the land find a satisfactory response to each worthy production.

The indirect influence of Mr. Powers' great work will more and more make it self apparent in successive generations. The standard of excellence will not rest with those who have wealth alone as their passport into society. It will call for a grander requisition than a large bank account to win the respect of a cultured community. It will also teach men that the genius of art is not confined to any nation, nor absent from their own; that every people possesses in some measure the qualities which are essential to the attainment of the highest civilization; that from the humblest walks and from the least expected sources may spring the future leader of the nation, and come in spite of social institutions and political intrigue in all the majesty of noble manhood. Such an institution as Mr. Powers has built will not only call for admiration in his own day, but may be the means of awakening others of Genesee county to acquit themselves in an equally honorable and patriotic manner. Such patriotism affords a strange contrast to the vain-glorious eloquence of 4th of July orators, who

are not confined to the forty-fifth parallel, but who are, in all their rapacity, indigenous to every land, and who flip up head first on every occasion.

I have told you something of the extent of the gallery, the number of pictures, nearly a thousand, and by a comparison with other galleries, the Powers' collection may fairly be approximated, and a just estimate of the great work done by Mr. Powers in purchasing, selecting, and collecting may be made.

The following list of foreign galleries, and the number of pictures contained in each, was collected by Mr. Powers during his visit to Europe, and has never before been given to the public :

Gallery of the Vatican, Rome....	37
Gallery of the Luxembourg, Paris	207
Capitoline Gallery, Rome.....	225
Academy of Fine Arts, Bologna..	280
Bridgewater Gallery, Earl of Ellesmere	318
Collection of the Duke of Sutherland	323
Gallery of Amsterdam	386
Pitty Palace, Florence.....	500
Brera Gallery, Milan.....	503
Borghese Gallery, Rome.....	526
Gallery of Brussels.....	550
Academy of Science Gallery, Turin	560
Gallery of Burghley House, Northamptonshire	600
Antwerp Gallery.....	600
Academy of Fine Arts, Venice...	688
National Museum, Naples	700
The Leichenstien, Gallery, Vienna	713
National Museum, London.....	902
Uffizi Gallery, Florence.....	1,200
The Old Museum, Berlin.....	1,250
The Pinacothek, Munich.....	1,422
Belvidere Gallery, Vienna	1,550
Imperial Hermitage, St. Petersburg	1 631
Gallery of the Louvre, Paris....	1,800
Muiso of the Prado, Madrid.....	1,833
Royal Gallery of Dresden.....	2,200
Gallery of Versailles.....	3,000

The paintings of the above named galleries are all originals of the old schools, and "are unpurchaseable at any price." This last note shows the inquiry that must have been made by Mr. Powers in his exhaustless searches

through the great European galleries.

Mr. Powers has not spent his large sums of money in vain, as the catalogue prices paid for the pictures will fully show. Though many of them ran into the thousands, yet his motto seems to have been "picture first, price afterwards," and not that spirit in which the little gods of Gotham flaunt their possessions, publishing at all hazards, the great cost of their picture, elevating their merit by that strange, modern art methods—Monetary valuation. The price paid is, nevertheless, a matter of some moment, and will, in the minds of worthy citizens, commend in some measure the excellence of the picture; at least, the artist's acknowledged reputation may, by this method, be arrived at.

Number 9, one of the best in the collection, the subject being "An Italian Mother at Prayer," painted by Carol Becker, is valued at \$4,500. No. 11, by William Adolphe Bouquereau, entitled the "Little Pilferers," has been purchased for \$10,000. No. 234, by Leon Perrault. The highest value is that affixed to "October," viz., \$25,000, one of the most striking in the gallery, painted by Auguste Hagborg, of Gotenburg. No. 68, "Waiting for the Boats," by the same artist, is also very fine. The Temptation of St. Anthony, by Louis Leloir, is marked at \$6,000, beautiful in color, the modeling and drawing, says the catalogue, is beyond praise. "The Heart's Awakening," by Anatole Vely, a pupil of Signol, has the value of \$25,000 stamped upon it. But when you think of the names of such famous artists as Franz Defregger of Munich, Benjamin Constant, Paris, Missonier, G. H. Boughton, Eastman Johnson, Emile Van Marcke, J. G. Gilbert Stuart, Jos. Vernet Edward Gay, Jean Gustave Jacquet, and Juan Antonio Gonzalez, of Madrid, a brilliant Spanish painter. A score of equally famous men might be instanced as worthy of consideration, and many other valuable pictures within the golden circle of the thou-

sands might be recalled, yet it would only prolong an essay wherein the main thought is to present as worthy of national remembrance the gifted benefactor, the public spirited citizen of Rochester, N.Y.

Hard were the struggles which Mr. Powers endured in early life, earning among the farmers a precarious livelihood at 7 years of age, attending during the winter the district school in the little village of Batavia. At the age of eighteen he came to Rochester, where he got employment in a hardware store. Working diligently he soon rose to an important position as head book-keeper of the firm. In the year 1850, he opened an exchange office and from that time he conducted a banking business with marvellous success.

During the war he acquired great wealth which has been steadily increasing. For his great wealth he found a channel alike honorable to himself and munificently interesting to his country. Of the simple life which Mr. Powers enjoys, and of his unassuming manners, many stories are current in his native city. One of my own experiences with Mr. Powers will serve to illustrate the kindly and genial character of the man. I was a visitor in Rochester one hot Sunday in July, the thermometer something like 96° in the shade, the mercury gesticulating as if determined to leap over the glass tube by one heroic bound. I felt perfectly exhausted, yet I was determined to see something of the city. The Powers House was pointed out as the most excellent of the many excellent hotels in the city. "The Art Gallery" suggested by one party would be well worth visiting. We called at the hotel and made inquiry as to the gallery, it was closed for the Sunday. "Will I be able to see any of the pictures?" I said to the clerk. "I cannot admit you, but if you call on Mr. Powers, at his residence, he may give you permission." We called. Permission we asked, permission we re-

ceived, and such a kindly welcome I shall not soon forget. In the uncomfortably hot sun he left a happy company 'neath the cooling shadows of his vine-covered verandah and proceeded down town to the palatial buildings. We were escorted into the lofty precincts of the Temple of Art, where amid the silent language of pictures we meditated upon the glorious triumphs of the holiest of the priesthood of nature. I thanked Mr. Powers for his kindness. Three hours were spent

in the gallery and many notes were taken of the pictures.

Recalling other American galleries which I have visited, the greatness of the Powers Art Gallery fixes itself upon me with increased interest, and I feel the great truth of the assertion with which I opened this biographical sketch, growing daily stronger, and I close with that opening sentence in which I said "One of the most unique figures in the United States is Daniel W. Powers, of Rochester, N.Y."

CANOE SONG BY MOONLIGHT.

Rippling water,
 Breaking the gleaming,
 With tiny furrows,
 Now dark, now light :
 Venus has caught her
 Pin-point in your streaming,
 And twinkles and burrows
 Down out of sight.

Moonlight rising,
 Higher and higher,
 Silver trail spreading
 Over the tide,
 Etherealizing
 Scenes that are nigher,
 Fairy flood shedding
 Down far and wide.

Headland, island,
 Casting dark shadows,
 Making the glories
 Brighter to glow :
 All these are my land,
 New El Dorados,
 Such as old stories
 Feigned long ago.

Spirit of Beauty,
 Round me awaking,
 To my soul bringing
 Thoughts old and new ;
 Radiant is duty,
 Virtue is breaking
 Out into singing
 In my Canoe.

J. CAWDOR BELL.

VERSES AND VERSIONS.*

BY A. G. DOUGHTY.

IN this age there appears to be a tendency on the part of critics to overlook the serious defects of aspirants to poetic laurels.

Any metrical structure, which is fairly melodious, receives the seal of approval, and is held up to the public gaze as a specimen of poetic art—often as the highest form of art. Metrical perfection may be, and is, often attained without revealing the slightest trace of true poetic talent; and so long as the first requisite of good verse—inspiration—is ignored by those whose judgment helps to make or mar the poet, writers will continue to produce laborious exhibitions of poetic *form* utterly regardless of *substance*.

Verse, however, which will stand the search-light of times: which is destined to live beyond the passing hour, must, underneath an elegance of form, betray the distinct feeling and working of the poet's mind.

It is not even enough for a composition to be melodious, for unless the evidence of thought moves with and is part of the melody, it will lose its charm after a first reading.

In the volume of stately and admirable verse before us, it is evident that Mr. Murray has realized the truth set forth by Matthew Arnold, that "we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to comfort and sustain us."

Worked out in his own manner, bearing the stamp of originality, and set to affluent music, are themes, wherein nobleness, heroism, devotion, faith, purity—all things that make life worth living—find their full significance; indeed, by the aid of the poets far-reaching spiritual insight, the heights and depths of life are invested with

an import that we could not discover for ourselves.

But even in poems which may be regarded as more strictly didactic, the poets deep love and reverence of nature are manifest. The most delicate emotion, the ever varying expression depicted upon the face of nature, her grand sublime effects, are painted in rich colors, harmonizing with the poets own moods.

“Where the breakers roared,
And through the veil of darkness dimly
scanned
The awful ocean's tempest wrinkled face.
The lightning's glare, intolerably bright,
Flashed like a fiery serpent from the clouds
With lurid gleams on black tumultuous waves
Crested with foam, and on the white winged
gulls
Tha', fluttering inland eddied round and
shrieked
With mocking cries, like demons of the
storm.”

In striking contrast to this boisterous scene, with its "black tumultuous waves" is this picture of repose:

“So strayed we on,
Through shadowy aisles of close embracing
trees
Whose restless foliage murmured like the seas,
A slumberous monotone.
“Green twinkling leaves
Lit by slant sunbeams tremulously made
Quaint shifting arabesques of light and shade,
Such as naught earthly weaves.”

“The Zephyr's sigh,
And hum of insect-swarms alone were heard,
Save when some squirrel leapt, or nestling
bird
Sang vespers from on high.”

Lovely is the music, and exquisite is the feeling which finds expression in a poem named "The Lake":

“Must we forever to some distant clime
Drift on through the night despairingly
away?”

*Verses and Versions: By George Murray, B.A., Oxon., A.K.C., F.R.S.C., Montreal.—W. Foster Brown & Co.

And can we never on the sea of Time
Cast anchor for a day ?

“ O Lake ! a year hath past with all its pain,
And, by the waves she hoped once more to see

Here, on this stone, I seat myself again,
But ask not where is she.

“ One summer eve we floated from thy shores
Dost thou recall it ? Not a sound was heard
Save when the measured cadence of our oars
The dreamy silence stirred.

“ Then tones more sweet than earth shall
ever hear
Sweet tones that never will be heard again
Woke slumbering echoes from the haunted
mere
That listened to the strain.

“ O blissful Time ! suspend thy flight ;
Dear Hours prolong thy stay
And let us taste the blest delight
Of this enchanting day.

I ask some moments more—in vain—
Time's wings more swiftly fly :

“ O rapturous eve ! I sigh, remain—
Lo ! night is in the sky.

“ Come let us love, the minutes flee—
Love may not long abide,
Time's river knows no ebb—and we
Drift onward with the tide.

“ O grand Eternity ! O solemn Past !
Ye, whose abyss engulfs our little day,
Speak, will ye grant again the bliss, at last
Which once ye snatched away ? ”

The story of the hero of the Long
Sault is painted with graphic force in
a poem entitled “ How Canada Was
Saved ” :

“ Beside the dark Utawa's stream two hun-
dred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which
all the world should know ;
'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that re-
cord of the past
It stirs the blood and fires the soul, as with
a clarion's blast.

What, though no blazoned cenotaph, no
sculptured columns tell
Where the stern heroes of my song in death
triumphant fell ;

What, though beside the foaming flood un-
tomb'd their ashes lie ;
All earth becomes the monument of men who
nobly die.

Several passages in this poem are
full of dramatic vigor, especially the
storming of the fort.

“ Grace Connell,” an Irish Idyll, is a
beautiful rendering of a noble woman's
sacrifice, the full force of which, how-
ever, seems marred by the abruptness
of its termination.

This working up of a narrative,
complete in detail, rich in color to
a certain point, and then bringing
it to a sudden end, is also noticeable
in another poem ; but if this is a de-
fect, it is readily forgiven in a volume
containing such grand utterances as
the poet's lines on “ Robert Burns,”
and “ Iphigenia at Aulis.” In a poet
of the temperament of Mr. Murray, as
indicated in some of his principal poems,
we should conclude that his imagina-
tive instinct would lead him almost en-
tirely to the sublime—to those concep-
tions which by their very grandeur ap-
peal to the primitive emotions. But a
study, especially of his minor poems, re-
veals a versatility of genius altogether
unexpected. As an illustration of the
variety of the poets moods, the reader
is referred to “ A Dream about the
Aspen,” “ To Ninon,” “ The Wild
Flower,” “ Perhaps,” “ The Lily and
the Rose,” “ The Days that are no
more,” and the “ Lamp of Hero.”

Amongst the most delicately drawn
pictures, and one in which there is a
purifying and idealizing movement is
the “ Madonna's Isle ”—here is a beau-
tiful portrait of the Virgin :

“ She knelt immaculately fair,
With love illumined face,
And like some lute the voice of prayer
Breathed spells around the place,
Up-floating through the summer air
To reach the throne of grace.”

Many really splendid passages might
be quoted from this volume wherein
the subtle harmonies of thought and
sense find expression in words of
greatest clearness, but these the reader
will discover.

A large portion of the volume is
devoted to translations of the French
poets, and here a wealth of consum-

mate language and technical skill are brought into play, indicating not only the poet, but the scholar.

The sincerity of the poet; his intense love of the good; his patient and accurate representation of nature, the force of his imagination and pene-

trating vision; the music of his verse, and its technical excellence should commend the volume to all those who "turn to poetry to interpret life"—to all those who hope to recognize in poetry "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON'S POEMS.

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

FOR the past five years Miss Pauline Johnson has been the most popular figure in Canadian literature, and in many respects the most prominent one. There is something more or less remarkable in all this, since her prominence and popularity were accomplished merely by a few occasional lyrics in fugitive publications. Recently Miss Johnson has been figuring throughout Canada in a bardic capacity as the reciter of her own works, but her fame was made before such a course became possible. Instances of a poet's achieving actual fame years before he or she has issued a single volume are sufficiently unique to be remarkable, and now that a collection of Miss Johnson's songs is actually between covers we are enabled to realize something of the charm and power and music that had enabled her to achieve her previous importance.

The volume* which has just been issued from the greatest warehouse of poetry in the world—the Bodley Head, of Vigo street, London, is rather an austere looking little tome, with its plum-colored cover and its bold device of tomahawk and wampum. The title "White Wampum," and Miss Johnson's Indian sobriquet, "Tekahionwake"—whatever that may mean—add further to the aboriginal atmosphere of the book; but when

you open the volume its broad, creamy margins and clear, bright type caress the eye, and you find that the luxurious bibliophile will have something to delight his senses. The title page, with a delightful design by E. H. New, suggestive of mountains and wigwams and pine trees, whets the appetite, and Miss Johnson's dedication, explaining that white wampum symbolizes for an Indian all that is best in him, is particularly happy. All these are small matters compared with the poems themselves, but they are elements in book making that the sensitive reader is coming to demand.

The entire get-up of the volume points to the Indian element in Miss Johnson's genius. Hers is a red-skinned muse, we are led to believe, and a snatch of introductory verse runs:

"And few to-day remain,
But copper-tinted face and smouldering fire
of wilder life, were left me by my sire,
To be my proudest claim."

Seven ballads of Indian life are set forward as the chief features of the book, and these dealing as they do with dramatic incidents, are necessarily familiar to those readers who have enjoyed Miss Johnson's platform appearances; the sense of novelty and delight comes when we turn over the pages and meet with the introspective lyrics, songs of love and suffering and passion; and these, I think, give Miss Johnson her greatest claim on

*The Copp Clark Co., Toronto, are the Wholesale Agents.

public attention. The Indian ballads are fresh and stimulating to healthy people with dramatic intelligences, and there is a fine Mohawk barbarity about them, but the softer lyrics strike a more universal note. They have music in them that lingers in one's ear, and sentiment that grows tuneful in one's heart.

As a balladist, Miss Johnson is endowed with the qualities of swiftness and terseness, and is happy in the fact that she is not much of a rhetorician. Her vocabulary is limited at all times, and for this reason she sometimes fails to give the finite expression to her thought, but the deficiency enables her, in her lyrics, to make music with simple words, which have meaning for every one, and in her ballads to avoid platitudes. The clipped, nervous expression of such ballads as "Ojistoh," and "As Red Men Die," is harsh at moments, but when either poem is judged as a whole, it is seen that the atmosphere of cruelty and intensity could be produced only by such means. And Miss Johnson paints a picture masterfully. In "Ojistoh," the Mohawk Judith, who slays her chief's enemy, is living and breathing before your eyes, and in "As Red Men Die," you can almost hear the exultant chant of the brave as he walks to his death along the path of coals. Miss Johnson has a large infusion of Mohawk blood herself, and these scenes are realities to her imagination. It is the highest praise of her to say that she makes them realities to the imaginations of her readers also; but this Indian enthusiasm of hers is responsible for the defects of some of these ballads. She is a partisan of the red man; his wrongs burn within her, but in reality one cannot put partisan emotions into poetic bottles with success. They turn what should be dramatic into melodrama, and what should be poetic into a polemic. Thus, in "The Cattle Thief," we have a stirring incident stirringly told in part, but falling into

mere controversial eloquence at the end. We are stirred to sympathy as we read of the settlers pursuing the starving redskin, and doing him to death, but when the Indian's untutored wife springs from behind some adjacent tree, and, standing over the body of her brave makes a speech that in eloquence and logic is seldom equalled in the House of Commons, we grow skeptical as to the reality of the episode. No one doubts that Miss Johnson has made a truthful statement of the wrongs of her people in these ballads of hers, but she has marred works that are in essence poetic and strong with mere polemics. She has reversed the settler's joke, and with her it would appear that a good pale face is a dead pale face; except in the case of Yakonweta's fair-browed lover. The story of the latter, entitled "The Pilot of the Plains," is a beautiful and moving ballad, and it will be found that in such efforts as "Ojistoh," the tale of Yakonwita, and "As Red Men Die," which murmur not of Indian wrongs, but sing of Indian deeds, Miss Johnson is at her best. She is a good story-teller and a vivid scene-painter.

From the ballads we pass on to the songs in which Miss Johnson has chronicled her moods, her joys and her sorrows. They are the intimate expression of herself, and the music, and color, and simplicity of them are exquisite. Her methods in versifying are of the most direct and simple nature; there are none of those gyrating rocket flights of passion of which Swinburne has the key, and in which most lyrists strive to emulate him. But in these simple lyrics there are soft intervals and movements and lulls of sound that caress the senses. In the Indian ballads, Miss Johnson shows herself sensitive to the influence of phrase and metre in suggesting the atmosphere by mere sound, and again and again in the lyrics which she has written in a minor key, or with a light heart, you find the sound mould-

ing and mysteriously suggesting the thought. "The Song my Paddle Sings," in which the dash of the rapids, the splash of the paddle, and the trembling of the rushing canoe are perfectly conveyed, is the best example of this gift of hers. The mystic invocation of one fasting from sleep, on page 61, has the same felicity in phrasing:—

"Go, sleep, I say, " before the darkness die,
To one who needs you even more than I ;
For I can bear my part alone, but he
Has need of thee.

"His poor tired eyes in vain have sought relief,
His heart more tire I still with all its grief;
His pain is deep, while mine is vague and dim,
Go thou to him.

"When thou hast fanned him with thy drowsy wings,
And laid thy lips upon the pulsing strings,
That in his soul with fret and fever burn,
To me return."

These stanzas are from the poem "Fasting," which is, perhaps, the most remarkable and memorable in the book, and not the only one in which Miss Johnson shows mystical tendencies. But never is there a touch of that wretched obscurantism so prevalent in the efforts of Mr. Bliss Carman and some of his imitators. Health and sanity, and earnestness pulse through every line she writes, even though it is sometimes an imperfect line.

I trust that it is no haughty male prejudice that prompts me to say that in poetry, as in all other things, women must find their chief reward for well-doing in the approval of men. Mankind is for womankind, the ultimate court of appeal, and one is giving Miss Johnson the very best of praise, and setting her on a pedestal high above most other feminine welders of the pen in saying that her songs will meet with the deepest appreciation from all song-loving men. Of how many of the women writers of to-day could

that be said? And yet there never were so many women writing. The fair scribblers pour forth an endless stream of prose and poetry for the edification of their sisters, while to the men it is a mass that is "erotic, neurotic, and tommyrotic." But Miss Johnson by writing as a natural, generous, healthful woman has, already, command over a large and appreciative audience of men who find something lasting and moving in her music.

Lest it should be thought that I have in any way deprecated the value of the Indian element in Miss Johnson's make-up it should be added that our poet has a quality, difficult to define, which is hers alone, and which, since it can be traced to no other source, must be ascribed to the Indian influence. It is a quality of absolute naiveté in dealing with natural things. Her songs of the mountains and the streams and the skies are absolutely without self-consciousness; her love-lyrics and the utterance she has given to her religious yearnings—these are all permeated with aboriginal simplicity, not once is the note of self-consciousness struck. Sometimes you find a record of a mood that seems at first blush *fin-de-siècle*, for instance when she writes:

"Soulless is all humanity to me
to-night."

But as the verse runs on the mood becomes dignified.

"My keenest longing is to be
Alone, alone with God's grey earth that seems
Pulse of my pulse and consort of my dreams."

The red-skinned muse is healthful and simple and earnest; more markedly it is sensuous and musical. This book of "White Wampum" is the record of passions and aspirations that are elemental and vigorous, but the note of womanly tenderness and sadness is there as well. In the lyric "Overlooked" it is there in all its sweetness.

CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NARDAU AND HIS CRITICS.

MAX NARDAU has made a very thorough reply, in an article in the *August Century*, to his critics, especially those who do not agree with his position in his new work, "Degeneration." He defines this position by saying: "I am of opinion that we are to-day in the midst of an epidemic out-break of hysteria and degeneration, the cause of which is the over-exertion of the last sixty years." He distinguishes hysteria and degeneration by describing the former as an acquired condition of exhaustion of the nervous system and the latter as an innate anomaly of development. Then he adds: "I have shown that an overstrained and intemperate generation becomes hysterical and will in turn beget a generation of degenerates." Again he explains: "Every form of degeneration is an anomaly, but not every form of anomaly is an evidence of degeneration. There are anomalies which are evidences of progress." Innovations which become typical of the whole race at a certain stage are anomalies, but mark progress. If these innovations mark one or two or a class of persons at a later stage, that is degeneration—a form of atavism. "Genius and degeneration are two different things; for genius is incidental to evolution while degeneration is retrogressive."

THE AGE OF CONSENT.

On September 1st, 1895, there comes into force in the State of New York, a law which will do a great deal to lift higher the standard of purity and morality, which will make a happier people and a better state and which will lessen the number of inmates in

prisons, insane asylums and consumptive hospitals. This law is an amendment to the state penal code by which the age-of-consent of females is changed from sixteen to eighteen. The law had been asked for by the State Medical Association, "in the interest of public health and clean heredity," and to the credit of the legislators of New York, be it said, that out of 82 representatives in the Assembly and 22 in the Senate, only one recorded an adverse vote. In the same month (April '95) as witnessing the passing of the New York law, a similar reform was made in Arizona, and the age of consent raised from 14 to 18 years, the provision going into force "from and after its passage." The third State to make a move this year to protect girl-children until they have reached the age when they are capable of an understanding reason is Idaho, which has also raised the age of consent from fourteen to eighteen years. It is very probable that this movement to restrict the number of "epileptics, syphilitics, imbeciles, sex-perverts and consumptives," to use the words of Helen H. Gardener in the *August Arena*, will become very general in the other States during the coming law-making year.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK.

The reports of Armenian and Chinese atrocities perpetrated upon foreign missionaries, will have a great effect upon the English speaking peoples, owing to the fact that they are the most active agents in missionary work. Upon those who are fanatically religious these reports will have the effect of increasing the number of volunteers for the work, for they will deem it a holy task to lay down their lives

for that which is to them the do-all and be-all of life. Upon the less religious and more calmly thoughtful portion of the community, these reports will produce a much different result. They will declare that to expose noble lives to the barbarity and atrocity of inappreciative heathenism is to do something unnecessary and unwise. To the statesmen and diplomats of Great Britain and the United States these reports will bring home the lesson that all nations are interdependent. As the citizen of any country cannot live unto himself, so no nation of the earth can act as it seems right and pleasing unto itself. The closer drawing together of nations produced by the introduction of steamboats, railroads and telegraph lines must inevitably lead to an expansion of International Law in the direction of the greater protection of foreign residents. While the nations of Europe and America recognize these laws, the Asiatic nations have taken little notice of them. This state of affairs will be changed by forcing these Eastern Governments to an adoption of the code of ethics which governs the relations of the Western nations. The present would seem to be an opportune time to press this code upon the notice of the fanatical Turk and the thoughtless Chinese.

THE BATTLE OF THE POETS.

For some time a merry battle has been waged in the Canadian newspapers between Bliss Carman and a Mr. Miller on the one side and William Wilfred Campbell on the other. Numerous allies have been enlisted on either side, but no definite results have been secured. Perhaps one is apparent, and that is, that poets are but human and always influenced more or less by the approval and the purse of the public. Canadian poets can expect distinction in their native country only by touching, with their music, the hearts of the people. Alexander Muir has produced but two or three

poems, but when last month he left his home in Toronto and visited the Maritime Provinces, the people welcomed him with open arms. The author of "The Maple Leaf Forever" was the hero of the hour. He has earned for himself the warmest feelings of his own generation of countrymen and the honor and respect of those which are yet unborn.

A WORD TO EDUCATIONISTS.

John Ferguson, M.D., Toronto, has something to say about Canada's educational system in an article in the August *Popular Science Monthly* on "The Nervous System and its Relation to Education." He premises that the nervous system of the child must be in a healthy state before it can properly receive and retain the ideas which are to be instilled. Moreover, as the character and disposition of children differ, so must the methods of the teacher. Object lessons are better than theoretical explanations. But before everything, the child must be healthy, and surrounded by wholesome physical conditions.

FEMALE CRIMINOLOGY.

Major Arthur Griffiths, Inspector of British prisons, deals with the new science of criminal anthropology in the August *North American Review*. The special phase treated of is the researches of Lombroso and Ferrero, two Italian savants, into the peculiarities of the offenders of the weaker sex. The writer points out that the vices of the female criminal (English) are of the male rather than of the female, and that these feminine offenders are given to dissipation, are audacious, violent, imperious, cruel, passionate, revengeful, and shameless. They are, perhaps, more deliberate in their planning than males, and have a more persistent determination in the carrying out of their fell purposes. Greed and a desire for vengeance are the two greatest of the motives which impell females to crimes, and the female

criminal is made rather than born. Poisoning is their peculiar method, the method alike of Lucretia Borgia, and of Mrs. Maybrick. He contradicts the dictum of the criminal anthropologists, that the primitive woman was not given to wrong doing, and that the female offender is a product of civilization, by showing that the number of English female criminals is steadily decreasing. In the last decade, the decrease has been forty-one per cent. of the total number imprisoned. Moreover, this decrease has been among the younger criminals, showing "that fewer recruits are being enlisted or drawn into the great army of crime." He expects the diminution to continue as the older criminals die off.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S CRITICISMS.

Drummond's "Ascent of Man," Kidd's "Social Evolution," and Balfour's metaphysical writings are dissected, summarized and criticized in a most instructive manner by Goldwin Smith in the August *North American Review*. He declares that "never before has the intellect of man been brought so directly face to face with the mystery of existence as it is now." Science and criticism have torn away the veil and subjected traditional belief to man's severest reasoning. "The kingdom of science is come." He then goes on to dissect Mr. Drummond's theory of evolution, and will not admit his assumption of "the paramount value of the type and the righteousness of sacrificing individuals without limit to its perfection and preservation;" nor can it be made good to our hearts, our intellects, and our moral instincts. Mr. Kidd's theory is that man "owes his progress to his having acted against his reason in obedience to a supernatural and extra-rational sanction of action which is identified with religion." "Altruism, acting against reason, with a supernatural and extra-rational sanction is, according to Mr. Kidd, the motive

power of progress." Here Professor Smith states his own opinion that desire of improvement is the great motive power of humanity, that evolution is not a necessary explanation, nor is superstition necessary as a condition. Man aspires always to better things, and thus differs from the brutes, and this aspiration is not "the offspring of unreason." He closes his most thoughtful article by saying that Mr. Balfour cannot expect mysticism or religion to be refounded on any other than reasonable and historical grounds, and that science and criticism prevent it being established on mere "authority."

PUBLICITY IN LIQUOR-SELLING.

The State of Indiana is furnishing some new ideas for the regulation of liquor-selling. The Nicholson Law in that State provides that all saloons shall be on the ground floor fronting on a public street, and that no shades, screens or curtains shall, in any way, obstruct the view of the interior from the street. A majority of the citizens in any city ward, county or township, by addressing a remonstrance to the Board of County Commissioners, may prevent the granting of any license. The citizens are resenting the enforcement of the first-mentioned provision, but the local option provision seems to be working satisfactorily.

THE NEW ELEMENT.

That the atmosphere contains something beside oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide, has been proven by what a writer in the *Popular Science* monthly describes "an achievement which, in the history of science, has, perhaps, only been surpassed by the prediction of Neptune, by Adams and Leverrier, and its subsequent discovery by Galle." Lord Raleigh and Prof. Ramsay have, after many months of patient labor, discovered a new constituent of the air, which they have called "Argon." It resembles nitrogen in its chemical inertness, but

gives two distinct spectra, is four-tenths heavier, and is much more soluble in water. It has a definite melting point, a definite boiling point, a definite critical temperature and pressure and, hence, seems to be a simple elementary character. The only difficulty presents itself in the fact that it does not seem to fit into Mendeljeff's table, and hence many chemists refuse to believe that it is a monatomic element.

IN VARIOUS MOODS.

BY OMAR.

MOST of us lapse into absent-mindedness occasionally. The difference between my neighbor and myself is only one of degree. The other day I was the witness of a case in the maximum degree. It was in Hamilton. I had just approached the wicket of the Stuart street station to purchase a ticket for Toronto. Before I could catch the eye of the agent, a bucolic looking individual, with an open purse in his left hand, elbowed me aside, blurted out to the ticket agent, who had in the meantime appeared:

"Give me a ticket."

"Where are you going?" politely asked the agent.

"I want to go back to where I came from this morning. I don't know the name of the station."

"You had better find out, then,"

"How am I to do that? But, hold on, I remember this: I paid forty cents to come here. Now you'll know, won't you?" he rejoined, in all confidence.

How the poor fellow ultimately got out of his dilemma I know not, having to take my train. I was relating the incident to a conductor. "O, he was drunk," he remarked, with a grunt. But he was not, I'll vouch for that.

If anyone had two months ago told me that there was in this broad Dominion a sane man—a white man, at

any rate—who knew not the meaning of the word "bachelor," I would have declared such could not be. Now I myself am free to make the bold assertion that there is. I know there is one, and my faith has been so rudely shaken that I am not brave enough to say there is not another. My authority for stating that there is at least one man in Canada who is unacquainted with the meaning of the word "bachelor," is Rev. Mr. Boyle, a venerable superannuated minister of the Methodist Church, who resides at Brantford. Quite recently Mr. Boyle was called upon to tie the marriage knot for a couple, whether young, middle-aged or old, I know not. A part of the proceedings embodied the filling out of a certain form.

"Are you a widower?" asked Mr. Boyle, addressing the groom.

"No."

"Never married before?"

"Never."

"Then," rejoined the clergyman, in an off-handed manner, "I suppose I'll have to put you down as a 'bachelor.'"

O, no sir," interrupted the groom, in a serious tone, as he laid his hand on his interlocuter's arm; "Thank God, I never was that."

We have all probably heard of the servant girl who, upon being questioned as to the cause of the tears she was shedding, sobbed, as she pointed to an axe suspended in the rafters, "I

thought if ever I should get married, and have a little boy, that he might come down into this cellar, and that the axe might drop on his head, and kill him." I have a friend, and very near relative, in fact, who, while not within several degrees of being as pronounced an alarmist as the girl in question, is always fearful that "something is going to happen" to her offspring. Their diet she watches, as if suspicious that some indigestible ingredient was ever *qui vive* to spring into it. When they are out of her sight she is on pins and needles, and when they are in bed she hovers about them like a guardian angel. But lately a new matter for concern has developed. Her second boy, an 11-year-old, has got a tricycle. And the rules and regulations she has laid down for the government of that boy and that tricycle are appalling. They

would have been to me, when I was a boy, at any rate. A couple of these rules will suffice by way of illustration. When crossing a bridge the boy must dismount and lead his wheel across. On approaching a subway (he frequently visits an aunt east of the Gerrard street subway, Toronto), he must also dismount. If no trains are passing overhead he can proceed, but he must not mount his wheel again until he is through the subway. These rules the poor boy carried out to the letter until the other day, when my immoderate laughter at the fact caused him to resolve to break them in future, and run the risk of a chastisement rather than be made a laughing stock of again. And now he pedals across bridges and under subways like other boys, although the rules and regulations are still on his mother's statute-book.

GABLE ENDS.

THE INDIAN'S SOLILOQUY.

(From an old Indian tradition.)

A feeling of sadness—perhaps bitterness—steals upon my spirit as I look over our fair "Kanata," once the vast *hunting ground* of our race—God's own gift to the red man. And in fancy I go back a weary length of time, and stand again in the grand o'd forest, unshorn by the white man's axe of any of its beauty or strength. I gaze upon the waters of her noble lakes and rivers, whose bosom none greater than our frail barks ever ploughed. In imagination I follow the bounding deer, trap once more the beaver, or hunt the buffalo. Coming back to reality, I ask, with shrinking heart, whence all this change? My thoughts involuntarily turn to the white man. I ask, where are our tribes of warriors, who revelled at will amid the beauties of God's providence? There is but one answer. Do you ask what it is? It is stamped on all around,

everything bears the impress of the *pale face*. It is he that has desolated our homes; has felled our forests; has occupied our waters with mightier ships—more, is still driving back and crushing with relentless hand him who should be first in the land—the poor Indian.

Again, I ask, who is this usurper who bears himself so loftily toward the despised red man? A picture is presented to my view. The scene is one of peace and quietness; the gentle air rustling the tinted leaves is redolent of the sweets of autumn; the first rays of the eastern sun are gilding the eastern horizon; all is still as night, save the warbling of the wakening birds. There is not a person to be seen—no—hark! There is a man just gliding from behind that tree yonder. Yes, I see him following the bend of the river very cautiously; now he stoops, and is examining something. "Shall I take it," he says; "he never know, he never think Indian take it." He is leaning over.

What's that! He starts; 'tis but the fluttering of a bird in the leafy branches. Again he stoops, and with eager haste seizes his brother's beaver trap. A heavy hand is laid on his shoulder; the prize falls from his grasp, he turns, and meeting the reproachful glance of his brother, the color fades from his face, leaving it ashy white, as a lasting memento of his shame.

Branded as a thief, driven from home and country, he seeks a home far over the great waters.

After long, long years, he returns in the same spirit of covetousness, and commences his work of bloodshed and desolation, nor will he cease till our once mighty and warlike nation is no more.

Will our loved hunting grounds be restored to us in the sweet hereafter by the *Great Spirit*?

—LILLIAN BELL.

MUSKOKA DAYS AND DOINGS.

PART I.

Muskoka! To those unversed in the delights of Muskoka summer life, the word is but an empty sound, but to the Canadian of Western Ontario whose privilege it is, in many cases, summer after summer to live, for at least a short time, hand in hand with Nature, in this most beguiling pleasure-land, the name conjures up a host of memory pictures, the backgrounds of which are lake and land and sky, and the foregrounds cool, healthy, happy days, as unlike those of busy town life as civilized men and women can devise.

Although there are other habitual Canadian "Campers" than the inhabitants of Western Ontario, and other camping districts than the mainlands and islands of the Muskoka Lakes, still year after year this little district is becoming more widely known and is being more universally acknowledged *the* camping ground without equal, of at least that part of Canada.

The exact latitude and longitude of the Muskoka District is not a necessary detail here, but for those who may some day think of trying the delights of this free-from-care existence, and adding a novel experience to their growing horde, it may

be said that the Muskoka of camping fame is a cluster of three small lakes—Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau respectively—the largest being about 22 miles by 9, at greatest length and breadth, extremely irregular in outline, and thickly dotted over with islands varying greatly in size. These lakes lie close together, and each is accessible from the other, and all are within easy distance of Toronto the capital of Ontario.

Taking the Muskoka express from thence at ten o'clock in the morning, the eager Muskokaite spends three and a half impatient, but not comfortless, hours in the train; running almost due north, before reaching Gravenhurst at the southern extremity of Lake Muskoka, where connection is made with the steamers of the Muskoka Navigation Company, that ply the waters of the several lakes.

At Gravenhurst wharf all is hustle and bustle, for there, bow to stern, lie the two time-tried steamers, impatient to be off with their living cargoes, that the last passenger may be deposited, if possible, before nightfall. The transfer from train to boat of luggage and baskets, without which latter no Muskoka habitué would be recognized as such, being safely and quickly made, and the human freight being deposited in various standing and sitting groups upon the decks, the signals are given, and at the warning cries of "All Aboard," and "Haul in your gangways," the two steamers swing out from the wharf and slowly thread their way between rafts and almost hidden rocks to the narrows, through which they are to slip into the dark waters of Lake Muskoka.

In any one of the three Muskoka Lakes the "camper" finds a paradise. Each lake has its devotees, ready with the assurance that in neither of the others, are the bays so picturesque, the islands so well wooded, and the fishing so good as in their particular waters.

Nor need the point be disputed, for in any one that may be chosen there, surely is to be found, that which may satisfy the heart; of beauty, sport and boating.

The term "Camping," as applied to Muskoka, has ceased to be synonymous only with a bed of branches and a canvas roof, and now admits within its limitations shanties of more or less dimensions,

and some, formerly undreamed of luxuries brought from far off winter homes.

Indeed, the shanties too have outgrown their name, and in many places, in their stead have sprung up picturesque wooden houses, large or small, ornamental or plain, as the owner's purse or fancy dictate, and marvellously elastic in point of accommodation. But still the term "Camping" is clung to; for of whatsoever size and description be the roof-tree, the mode of life remains unaltered. As a rule, a succession of visitors come and go from the various islands and house-studded points, which breaks what might be a monotony, were too small a party left for too long a time dependent wholly upon each other. The Muskoka life is simple in the extreme, being literally lived in the open air, except when "the shades of night," hunger, or wind and weather, necessitate a "turning in," and much resembles that of the more remote parts of the Adirondacks skirting the lakes, where canoes and paddles, instead of horses and vehicles of sorts, are the principal means of locomotion.

A Muskoka day often runs on this wise. Breakfast—generally a fairly early meal—being over, the verandah becomes the rallying point; there the important question is discussed, or finally solved, of "What is to be done to-day?" A picnic may be the result; that being the case, and before the start much—for Muskoka—must be accomplished.

Letter writers pen hasty missives seated on rock or fallen tree, or doorstep, or perhaps not scorning even the table of the apartment that serves as dining-room, or hall; or sitting-room in cold or stormy weather.

The bathers will not forego their morning dip, and away through the woods to the bathing bay race the children, followed by their more leisurely elders.

At the end of about an hour all are together again, and then each fair daughter lends her hand to the cutting of sandwiches, packing of baskets, and general collecting of "goods and chattels" preparatory to the start.

The commissariat department being in working order and all things in readiness, hats are donned and the boathouse is soon reached. And here the men put forth their strong right arms and share the

labor with their weaker sisters. The canoes and boats are quickly run into the water and almost as quickly loaded. The baskets, the kettle, an unvarying feature of every picnic, in its canvas bag to keep its sooty exterior from contact with unblackened surroundings, perhaps the trolling lines, the fishing rods, the camera, and finally the people are all carefully stowed away. Then energetic men and maidens seize oar or paddle, or with much appearance of hard work, and many gay taunts exchanged enent speed and method, the whole party is under way, soon to be lost sight of behind one of the many islands that strew these watery highways. *The Island*, called by the sacred name of home, on these occasions is left to the guardianship of Bridget or Mary-Ann, or perhaps of Tommy the hewer of wood, and drawer of water; for even the children, if such there be, share in all the pleasures of the Muskoka life.

The choice of a destination is not a matter of great difficulty, for almost every island and point has some lovely nook, the trees or foliage of which wave invitations to the passer-by; and if to-day their bidding may not be done, still to-morrow, the next day, and a long vista of other days stretch out with promise for the future.

The chosen island having been reached, a careful disembarking takes place, and at once a spot is selected where the baskets may be left, and later on the dainties of the table spread to view; one requisite of this spot always being that not far off, a cosy corner may be found where by-and-by King Kettle can hum his cheery tune protected from the little teasing breeze. This having been done, each creature then follows his own sweet will.

The fishers away to some rock, well known as being the home of unwary bass and pickerel; the photographer bears his cherished camera to where he can best do deeds of daring—with often strange results; the artist, if such there be, with brush and palette wends her way to find the spot where nature has laid her hand most lovingly, in all this lovely scene; the children seek the berry patches and from time to time their merry voices break the living silence; and the rest, the untalented and purposeless majority, ramble or

row, or read, as fancy suggests, and all is peace.

The next event is luncheon, that *à la fresco* meal at which Van Houten plays a no mean part; for what Muskoka larder lays claim to perfection without his aid! Hunger having been appeased, and the baskets again packed, all are free, and the afternoon is spent much as the morning was, each drifting to the piping of his own inclination. Toward five o'clock the first canoe is under way again, and ere the great sun has kissed the western horizon and dyed with gold and crimson, or subtle tints, the land and waters of the lake, all are on home-soil once more.

Thus runs many a Muskoka day. Variety, of course, there is. Perhaps an excursion on one of the small tugs that ply the waters of the lakes, to Bala Falls, or Shadow River—that matchless gem set among many gems—or some Lake Joseph haunts.

Perhaps the host and hostess recognizing the charms of home, decide that their own island shall bound their rambles for the day.

Perhaps a canoeing expedition to some distant point is made; or perchance the sky puts on a sullen face, and the damp, chill air drives all within, when books and work and games, and even brews of taffy help to while away the hours, and the great wood fire that roars up the chimney crackles a welcome to all who come. In these ways the days slip by; and with each comes an added store of health and memories, which make their influence felt far down the years.

PART II.

Evening in Muskoka vies with the day in charms. When it is fine, and strange as it may seem, it almost always is, it falls into two parts for those who take their pleasures simply and near home. Dinner or tea being over, the canoes are again sought, the trolling lines are again unbound, rocky steep-banked islands are slowly glided past much to the detriment of the finny "inhabitants" of these playgrounds, every one while the light lasts, is again upon the surface of the lake. A tiny hare on yonder rock sits placidly surveying the darkening world, a baby porcupine hastily climbs a tree as the unwelcome sound of voices breaks upon its ear,

that it may sleep in peace beyond the hand of man, the coon laughs its strange mocking laugh from some far lonely point, the bluebirds unds its good-night evening note, the shadows lengthen, the trolling lines are put away, - ere home is again reached night has begun to "cast her sable mantle over all." And with the darkness comes the need felt and supplied by the camp fire, the second feature of a Muskoka evening. Built during the day of dry wood and boughs of fallen trees, while daylight lasts it stands silently awaiting its moment of triumph; when darkness having fallen the match is applied to its dry branches and the flames leap upward from bough to bough or toss themselves into the very sky and every-one is drawn towards its glow.

Often, too, as well as the home party, friends from neighboring islands join the camp-fire groups; and all contribute as they can to the amusement of the hour. Songs, choruses, recitations, good stories and camp-fire *toast*—tasting as no other toast ever can—have each their turn, and so merrily and so quickly does time run on, that the good-byes are spoken ere the night seems well begun.

Then the camp-fire flickers and burns low, the night wind sighs a lullaby, the waters lap a gentle cradle song, the stars twinkle their good wishes from on high, the lights one by one disappear, the voices sink to whispers and are still, and

"Gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse,"

lays her hand on all.

Thus the day glides into evening, the evening into night, and night again holds out her ebon hand and clasps the dainty pearl one of the dawn, the little world awakes, and yet another day breaks in sweet Muskoka.

CATHERINE BLINFIELD.

TWO FINE ORATORICAL EFFORTS.

The following two papers, delivered by J. M. Le Moine, Esq., President of the Royal Society of Canada; the one the conclusion of the Presidential Address on the 1st of May, 1895, at the annual meeting of that society at Ottawa; the other, an address in reply to Lord Aberdeen at the princely luncheon given to the society

at Rideau Hall. The papers have appeared in one Canadian newspaper, but we give them here again in order to preserve a more ephemeral form than a newspaper report. They are excellent examples of the elegant style of one of the most gifted and painstaking writers the Dominion has produced :

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

"The manuscript sources of Canadian history as revealed by our archives" was the subject of Mr. J. M. Le Moine's presidential address. The subject was treated in an exhaustive manner, the 15 volumes of the reports on the archives being reviewed. Concluding his remarks, Mr. Le Moine spoke as follows :

"If, dropping the survey we have been making of the manuscript sources of Canadian history, we should wish to crowd into one canvas the bright panorama embracing the fruitful era of discovery, adventure, religious enthusiasm, warfare, which one of our most eloquent viceroys, the Earl of Elgin, styled 'the heroic age of Canada,' what would meet your glance? Protracted sieges of its chief cities—a battlefield—on which the two leading nations of Europe settled the fate of half a continent. A succession of material feats, examples of individual bravery, instances of extraordinary physical endurance at the call of duty, deadly ambushes, savage encounters on land and sea of a most startling nature, when measured by the standard of to-day. At one time 'tis the intrepid efforts of fearless missionaries—in order to light upwards into a higher life and cleanse debased humanity—men of pure mind—coveting death as the only earthly crown worthy of living for. At another 'tis delicate, self-sacrificing maidens, some of courtly nurture, bidding forever adieu to the charmed circle of Parisian gaities, and fronting the perils and tempests of the deep to cast the r lot amidst the rude aborigines hutted round their new forest homes on the shores of the great river. To-day, Indian ferocity in its most appalling form is triumphant amongst the corn fields facing Montreal; witness the hideous Lachine massacre of August, 1689. To-morrow lion-hearted old Governor Frontenac with fire and sword will bring the barbarians on their knees, suing for

peace, or else he will warn with his big guns the New England invader from the gates of Quebec. Pierre Le Moine d'Iberville, the Cid of New France, will bear triumphantly the lily flag of his country to the icy shores of Hudson Bay. La Verandrie, La Salle, Marquette will discover the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi; the father of waters! Dollard des Ormeaux, the Canadian Leonidas, will after much forethought, pledge his life by solemn covenant, as well as that of his sixteen brave followers—to arrest the savage ferocity surging round Montreal—no poets to sing, no annalist to chronicle the manly deed, all the actors perished, except a Huron ally, who revealed the feat in after days. Is not also our early history lighted up with the sweet, pensive faces of heroic women—noble exemplars to their sex—beacons from on high, lighting up the rugged paths of struggling humanity; Madame de Champlain, Madame de la Tour, Madelon de Vercheres, Laura Secord. You have watched Canadian history at its rude birth. You have had, too, occasion to note its wholesome, austere, patriotic teachings. Has your heart not also thrilled at its mild, seductive graces when touched by the mind of that enchanter, Francis Parkman, our late lamented colleague? With the wealth of material already garnered in our archives and daily added to, may we not view Canadian history at no distant future as a stately fabric? Shall we compare it to an antique temple, with graceful portico and many ample and ornate columns on which posterity will inscribe among other respected names, those of Masores, Wm. Smith, Robert Christie, Bibaud, Garneau, Ferland, Faillon, Turcotte, Sulte, Casgrain, Withrow, Hannay, Vereau, Miles, Murdoch, Watson, Dent, Brynner, Kingsford, Begg, Ganong."

REPLY of the President of the Royal Society, J. M. LeMoine, Esq., to the eloquent address pronounced by Lord Aberdeen at the lunch at Rideau Hall, on the 16th instant, to the members of that society.—

Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen

A pleasant but a trying duty has just devolved upon me as the unworthy spokesman of the Royal Society of Canada. For the kind wishes and encouraging

words just fallen from the lips of Your Excellency to our Association, and for your too favorable remarks on my humble self, I return the most cordial thanks of the Society and my own.

Every year, at the auspicious period of spring, with recurring heat and the return of the swallows, there occurs a pleasant incident—pardon, I might safely say, an event, which fills with gladness the hearts of our workers. The poet reaches out his hand for his lyre—the student of history dives again and again among his dusty old manuscripts—the scientist ponders over a new problem of art or science—the *litterateur* carefully reads over the essay or memoir, prepared during many silent winter evenings, to ascertain whether his right hand has not lost any of its literary cunning. Festive nature, in fact, that soft, inspiring time, which the poets, and I think the poets are right, say, causes the pulse of youths and maidens to throb quicker, nature seems to have wakened up our intellectual bees. They forthwith wing their flight to the Dominion Capital of Canada, each anxious to carry an offering to the federation of science and letters in session there during one whole week; for has not the usual notice of the annual May convocation of the Royal Society gone forth?

Here, under the folds of the glorious old flag which more than once has stood a friend to Canada, in full view of a neighboring and friendly people perhaps less favored than ourselves in point of extent of territory, however much they have otherwise prospered, with laws differing

from our own and a form of government, which we think inferior to ours, it is the aim of our Society to co-operate in the perpetuation of the free institutions implanted in this great and rising dependency, this lesser Britain, which guarantees liberty and equality to every race, every creed.

But why should I expatiate on the aspirations and worth of the Royal Society? A friend has just whispered in my ear, that it has become a national institution, so essential in fact to the welfare of the country, that should this great Dominion be deprived of a Governor-General, Prime Minister and the Royal Society, to boot, it would go to smash and fall to pieces. (Laughter and applause.)

We thank you, My Lord, for your bounteous and princely hospitality. We thank you, our Honorary President, for the deep interest you take in our proceedings.—Again we thank you and most cordially for your delicate, unremitting—shall I say, paternal solicitude, for our welfare during our stay in Ottawa. For similar acts of kindness and sweet courtesies to our Society we thank your noble, earnest, courageous Countess—your trusted help-mate, whom our members seem, one and all, to have in their heart added to the list of true friends of the Royal Society.

Long and happy days to Your Excellencies in this dear Canada of ours, and when you shall have returned to your ancestral halls beyond the sea, long life and prosperity to you and yours! (Prolonged applause.)



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

GILBERT PARKER has written another Canadian story entitled: "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," published by Stone and Kimball, Chicago. Valmond is a gay young Frenchman who arrives in Pontiac, a Canadian village, and as he bears a resemblance to Napoleon, is thought by some to be a royal personage. Others think not. This conflict of opinion is the interesting situation.

Appleton's have published a new book by Grant Allen, entitled: "The Story of the Pants." It explains the phenomena of plant life in plain and simple language. At the same time, the great principle of evolution is believably accepted, stated and exemplified.

When Pitt and the Chouan Chiefs formed a coalition and, aided by the Royalists, defied the Convention and attempted to stop the Great Revolution, there were burly times in France. A piece of the history of this period is charmingly told by Julian Corbett in a novel entitled "A Business in Great Waters." Those who appreciate a stirring struggle for life fame and love will find this work most interesting. It is published in Methuen's Colonial Library, and sold in Canada by The Copp Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The "Despotic Lady" by W. E. Norris, is the title of another volume in the same series. In this story Mr. Norris has graphically portrayed the amusing contact of a stern, strong-minded, over-bearing woman, and a weak, timid poet, who is in love with the woman's daughter. But this tale fills only half the volume, the remaining part of it containing several of Mr. Norris' shorter stories of varied merit and interest. Nevertheless as a collection, it is more than equal to the average of such volumes.

The Copyright Act of 1889 has been amended by 58-59 Victoria c 37. In the original Act provision was made for granting a license to a Canadian publisher only when the foreigner entitled to Copyright had failed to take out papers under the Act. This has been amended to include cases where he has failed to get a Copyright, and, when he has taken out a Copyright, fails to print the book in sufficient numbers to meet the demand in Canada. This is designed to meet cases where publishers hold the Copyright and refuse to print a second or subsequent edition after the former has been exhausted. The provision as to revoking licenses (sec. 5) is

further enlarged so that any holder of the Copyright on a book for which a license to print has also been granted to another firm, may, by showing that he intends during the remaining period of his term of Copyright to print and publish the book in sufficient numbers, have the license or licenses revoked by the Governor-General. These amendments very much enlarge the rights and privileges of the holder of the original Copyright as against the licensee of the Government.

A new book by Max Pemberton has been published. The title is "The Little Huguenot," and the United States copyright rests safely in the arms of Dodd, Mead & Co. The entire first edition was exhausted in England before the date of publication. The story is an historical romance of the Forest of Fontainebleau.

An exceedingly scientific book on "Mushrooms and Toadstools" will shortly be issued by Harpers. The author is W. Hamilton Gibson. There are to be thirty full-page colored plates, and fifty-seven other illustrations in black and white.

E. S. Brooks seems to be a prolific writer. "A Boy of the First Empire" which has been running in *St. Nicholas* will shortly be brought out in book form by The Century Co. The Lothrop Publishing Co. has in press "The Story of George Washington," by the same writer.

I see that Canadian books are said to be classified in the list of books for girls and women and their clubs now being published by the American Library Association of Boston. Brief characterizations of the leading authors and their more important books, are given. The Canadian woman should bear this list in mind.

Miss M. G. McClelland, whose name is familiar to all magazine readers, and who is the author of "Severance" (which was subsequently worked over into "Princess"), "Thais," "Oblivion," "A Self-made Man," "Jean Monteith," and "Mme. Silva," died on the 2nd inst. at her home, Elm Cottage, near Norwood, Va.

The Trilby craze is not over yet. Brentano's have a '96 calendar, twelve pages, each page illustrated by cuts taken from the book itself.

Richard Lewis, author of "The Dominion Elocutionist" and "How to Read," died last week in Toronto. His son, John Lewis, is an able writer, and graces a position on the Toronto *Globe's* editorial staff.

*

During the past twelve months there has been a turning from the ephemeral literature of the period to the older and stabler works of fiction. Macmillans are fortunate in having ready to meet this popular reaction a series of Illustrated Standard Novels. The taste of the public is ripe for such a series, and the great improvement in process work enables these volumes to be cheaply yet artistically illustrated. "Maid Marion" and "Crochet Castle," two of Peacock's famous novels, are issued in one volume, and forty illustrations add to the interest of the works of this great satirist. "Maid Marion" first came out in 1822, and was at once very popular both in itself and as a basis of Planche's operettas. It is full of humorous and ironic observation and expression, and is merry throughout. In both tales, the original drinking and love songs have been and will continue to be very popular. The price of the series is 3s. 6d., and the Copp, Clark Co. Ltd. are the Canadian agents.

*

Archibald Forbes is the greatest of living war correspondents, and hence any book of his on a military subject would be expected to be entertaining. With such an interesting subject as the career of Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, to handle, he has produced a volume which is of great value and of thrilling interest. Sir Colin began life in the Peninsular War, serving under Sir John Moore and Wellington, obtained great distinction in the Crimea, and was a hero after he had successfully ended the mutiny of the Indian Sepoys. The military men of Canada cannot study the career of this great soldier too closely. He is a worthy model, as he was intensely deliberate, knew the great evils which had come of hurry, was a great economist of the lives of his soldiers, was competent in the conceiving of great plans and bold and steadfast in their accomplishment. It will be interesting to Canadians to know that Sir Colin served as a Captain with a battalion of the 60th in Nova Scotia from October, 1814, to July, 1815. This volume forms one of Macmillan's series, "English Men of Action," for sale by the Copp Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto.

*

Macmillan's English classic series contains many books valuable to the student of

English. A copy of the Essays of Elia, edited with introduction and notes by Halward and Hill, is to hand. It shows much careful and scholarly study, and aids in the critical study of Lamb's masterful essays as nothing else can do. The introduction gives an excellent sketch of Lamb's life, and carefully describes his literary characteristics.

*

This same great English publishing firm have decided to publish monthly the following works of Charles Kingsley in a pocket edition, at 1s. 6d.:—"Hypatia," "Alton Locke," "Westward Ho" (2 vols.), "Two Years Ago" (2 vols.), "Hereward," "The Wake," "Yeast," "Water Babies," "Greek Heroes," "Poems." The type is new, and the binding excellent. The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, are agents.

*

Thomas Hardy is popular with Canadians, and his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," has attained a wide circulation in this country. This powerfully realistic novel is now brought out in Macmillan's Colonial Library, and is thus placed within the reach of those with limited purses. It is a book which will repay reading, and which elevates as well as interests. It deals with a sad phase of life, yet one which strikes often in forceful reality. But, after all, if one should wish anything, one would wish that Tess, the unfortunate, had suffered a better fate.

*

Those who have read "A Girl in the Carpathians," will be ready for another piece of fiction from Menie Muriel Dowie. "Gallia" is her latest production and was first placed on this market from a Philadelphia publishing house. It has again reached here in the red covers of Methuen's Colonial Library, which also contains such books as "Round the Red Lamp," "Kitty Alone," "The Trail of the Sword," and "The God in the Car." Gallia is an English girl, not one of the "New Women" perhaps, but one who lives at the end of the nineteenth century and boldly faces the particular problems which are presented to her on account of her sex and her living at the particular moment and in the particular environment that Fate had allotted to her. Intuition and instinct—women's usual guides—were not her monitors or instructors nor was she in possession of a religious sentiment. She was the embodiment of a cold, calculating reason—a milder and warmer Dodo.

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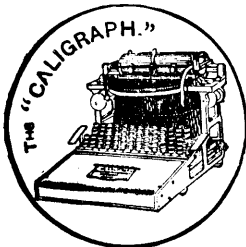
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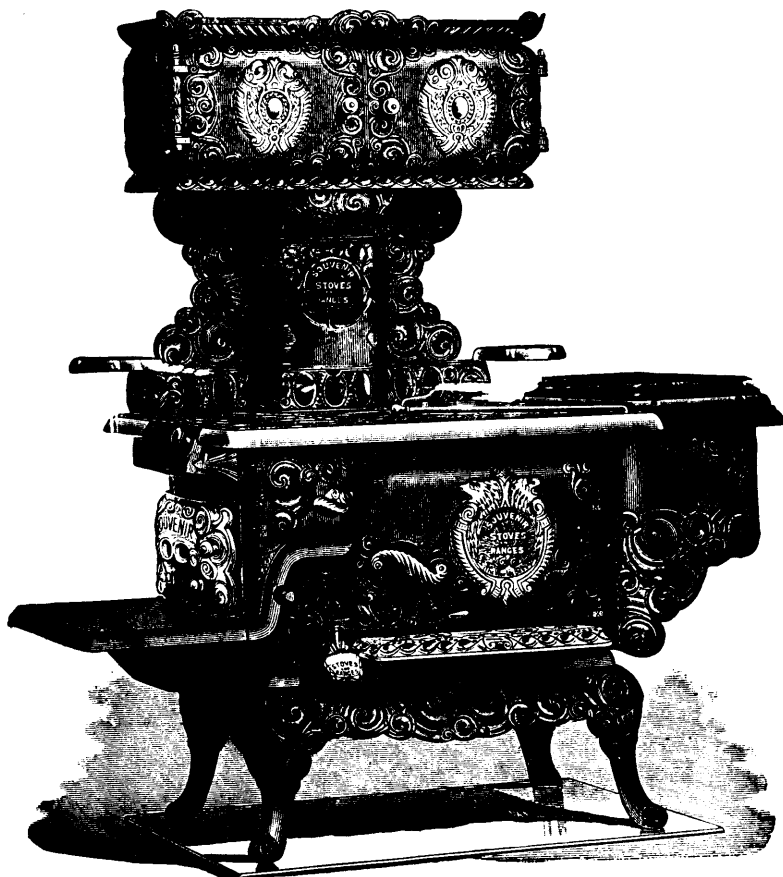
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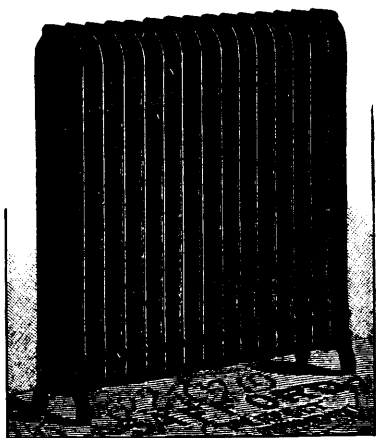
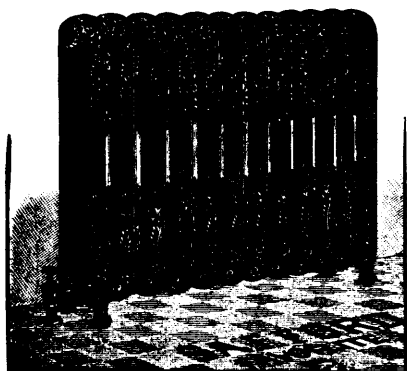
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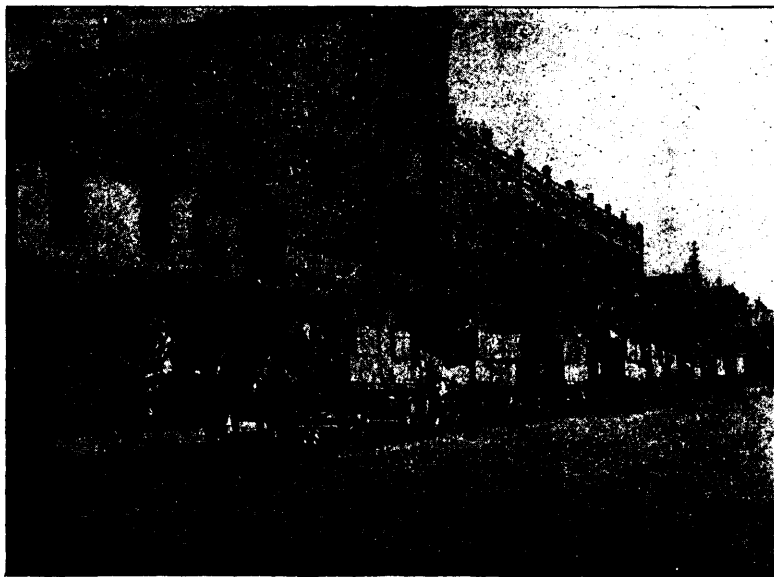
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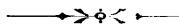


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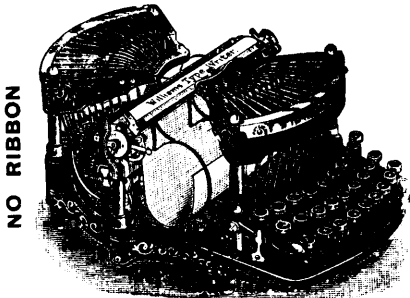
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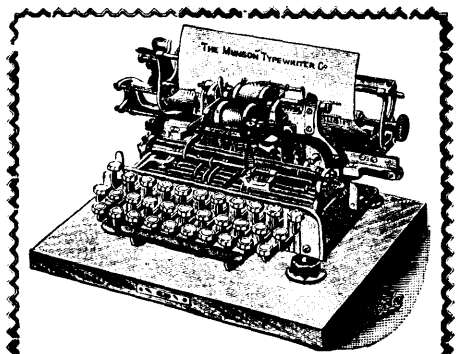


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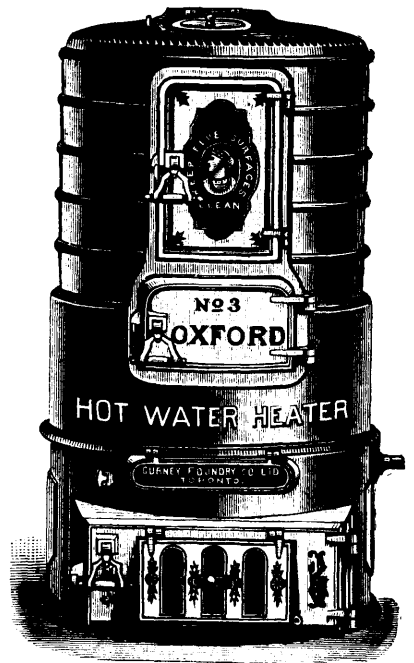
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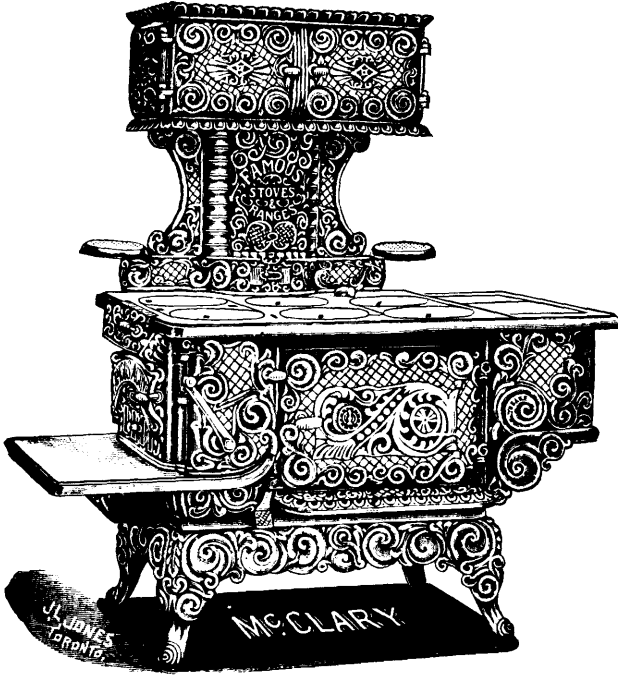
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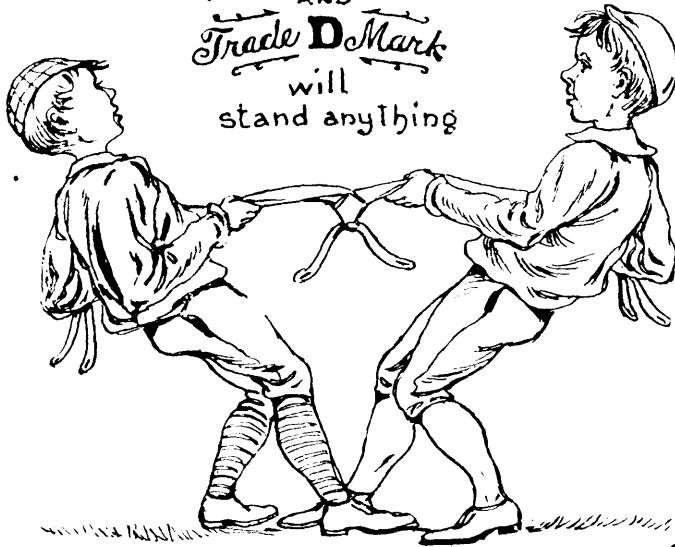
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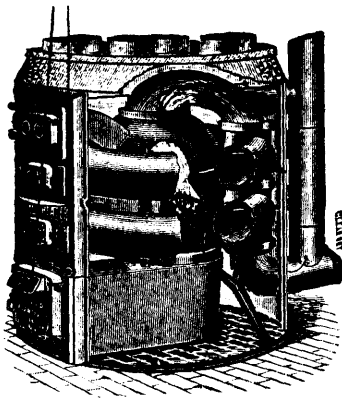
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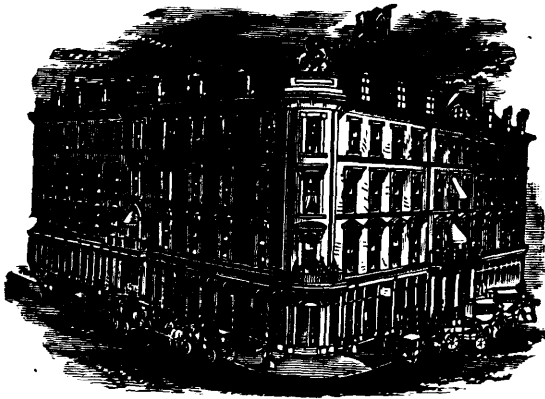
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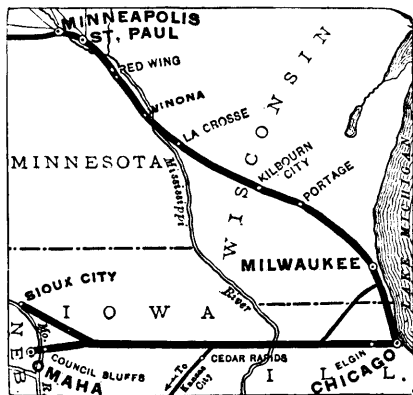
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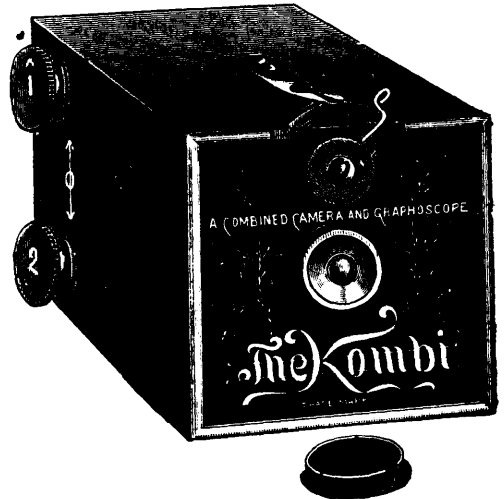
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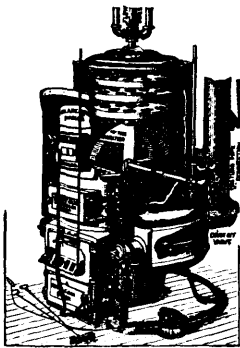
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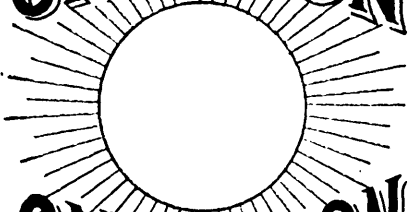
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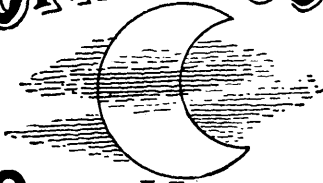
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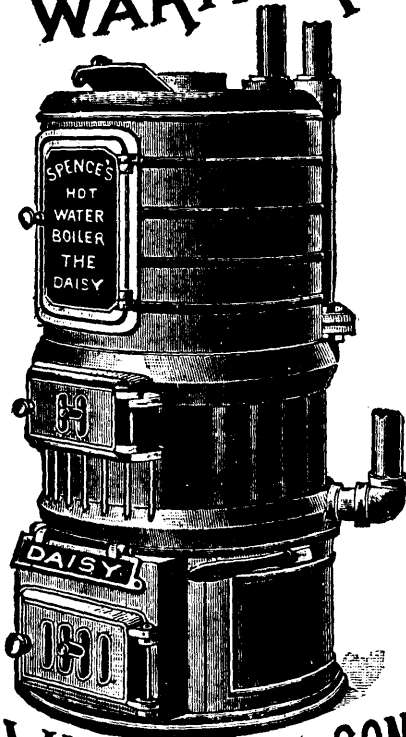
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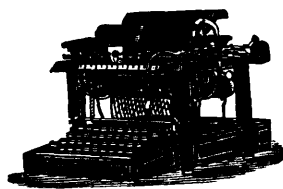
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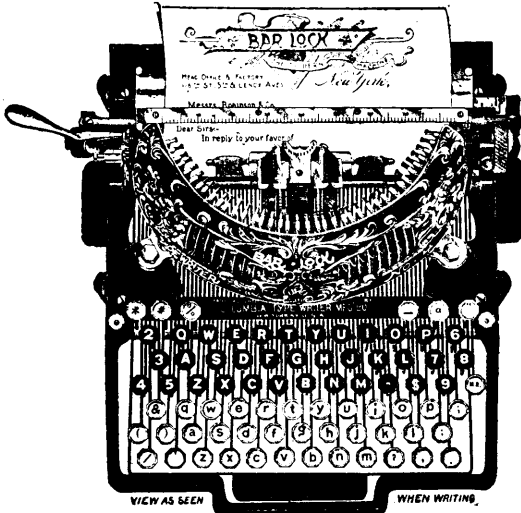
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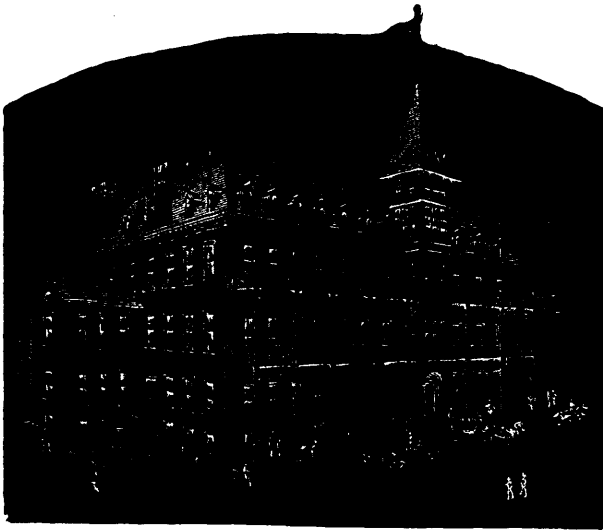


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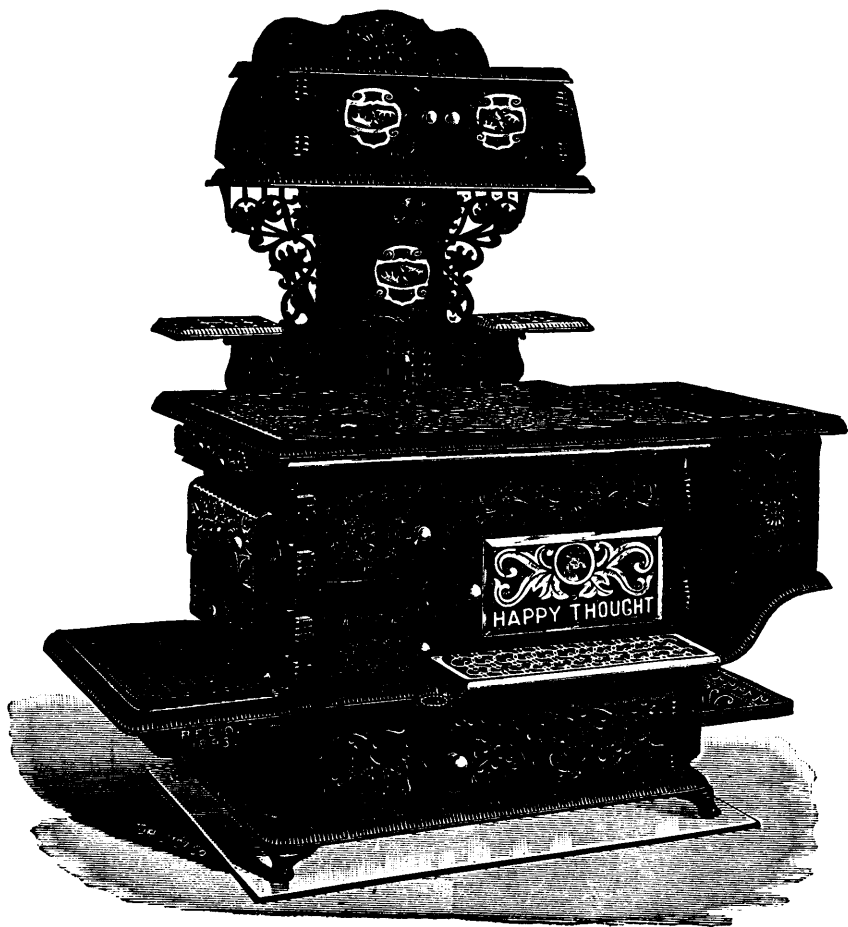
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