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# THE LAKE

## MAGAZINE

AUG., 1892.

DEVOTED TO  
POLITICS,  
SCIENCE  
AND GENERAL  
LITERATURE

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August 1892.

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TORONTO UNIVERSITY—FRONT VIEW.

# The Lake Magazine.

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1892.

No. 1.

## SALUTATORY.

THE LAKE MAGAZINE in appearing before the world on the quarter Centennial of the Dominion does so with confidence that, owing to the rapid strides which Canada has made in wealth and education since the date of Confederation, the new monthly will be welcomed by a much larger constituency of readers than any Canadian magazine issued in previous years. The fate of Canadian magazines, it must be confessed, has not been encouraging to a new venture in the same direction. But since the last magazine appeared in the Lake region of the Dominion there have been abundant indications that the growing appreciation of magazine literature, which has called into existence in the neighboring Republic a host of able and successful monthlies, has likewise been marked in Canada. The magazines of the United States have a very large circulation in the Dominion, even such of them as treat of public questions almost exclusively from an American point of view and illustration. While this is not to be regretted, it is unfortunate, to say the least, that Canada has herself no monthly dealing as only a magazine can deal with the great and important public questions

engaging from time to time the attention of Canadians.

It seems almost superfluous, therefore, to offer any plea for the appearance of THE LAKE. The new magazine might well leave its justification to the future. If it can please and interest; if it can call forth careful thought; if it can furnish to its circle of home readers the best thoughts of our best writers, and present them in a manner at once interesting, instructive and wholesome; if it can present from various and often widely divergent standpoints the matured views of leading writers and statesmen on timely and interesting topics of concern to Canadians, its promoters feel assured that a patriotic and discriminating public will give it a welcome, and that it will win for itself a permanent place amongst the factors which go to the moulding of national thought and character.

The limitations of the newspaper press, the inability necessarily pertaining to the daily journal to deal as exhaustively with the political and other public questions of the day as will satisfy the demands of an important and influential minority of our people, including the numerous

students of political and social questions, make the advent of a magazine devoting a large measure of attention to such questions a national necessity, or at least a valuable addition to the equipment of a full political life. It is to the thoughtful, therefore, that the LAKE especially makes an appeal; not to the scholarly only, but also to that larger class who desire vigorous thought, and follow with profit and enjoyment the full discussion of public questions by leading statesmen and writers of our own and other lands. If in the attempt to supply this demand the refinements of literary culture, valuable as these may be, are in a measure subordinated to the urgent desire for well-mustered facts and arguments, it is because, in the judgment of the founders of THE LAKE, the magazine will better satisfy the tastes and wishes of a very numerous class of readers.

THE LAKE believes in a broad, national spirit: in the consolidation of Canada on a basis of mutual respect for the rights and prejudices of the various and grand elements that go to make up the Canadian people. It believes too that the full presentation of calm, deliberative reviews of many of the great questions of our political life can only result in aiding in the elevation of the general discussion of party questions to a higher plane, and in founding political differences rather upon a jealous regard for fundamental principles than upon the mere

accidents and exigencies of party warfare, a consummation devoutly to be wished by thoughtful students of our national life, who cannot fail to recognize that Liberals are anything but confined to the ranks of the Liberal party, or Tories to the ranks of the Liberal-Conservatives. Prominent politicians and political writers of both the great parties are expected to contribute to the pages of THE LAKE. These articles will, of course, meet with warm commendation from some and cordial disapproval by others; but we may trust that the general result will be such proper modifications of individual views as honest and intelligent thinkers are sometimes compelled to make.

In attempting modestly to fill in a measure the purpose which several of the English and American reviews serve in the discussion of great national questions, THE LAKE will not be neglectful of the widely diffused interest felt in scientific, social, and literary questions, and in that important feature of many magazines, the furnishing of wholesome entertainment of lighter vein.

As opportunity offers the bulk and variety of the magazine will be enlarged, and should the future reveal means of increasing, by further improvements, the warmth of the welcome to which the LAKE confidently looks forward, it may be taken for granted that such will not be overlooked.

THE EDITOR.

## CANADA AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

A closer union between Canada and the rest of the British Empire appears now to be the destiny of this Dominion. Independence is a dangerous dream, Annexation a disgraceful impossibility. Advocates of separation from Great Britain for either of the latter purposes forget that secession without due cause is dishonorable as well as difficult, and we may be assured that the mother country will never give us sufficient reason to take such a step. The school of thought in England which once talked of Colonial Independence is dead and buried under the new conception of closer and better relations, and the two men—John Bright and Richard Cobden—who at one time hinted at the possibility of Canada becoming a part of the American Union, are gone from among us and their views in this connection are remembered by few even of those who still follow them in other matters, or in name at least.

Independence for Canada means dependence upon the United States; diplomatic weakness abroad; inability to protect our rights and privileges; the necessity of an enormous expenditure upon defensive armament; increased debt and a steadily growing taxation as a consequence of added burdens; loss of possible trade preferences in the British market or chance of a treaty with the United States short of commercial annexation; provincial difficulties without any increased federal power; all combined with the constant scheming of American politicians, railway and commercial interests, desiring, and very naturally, to obtain possession of so valuable a territory, so important an addition to their material estate and such magnifi-

cent fisheries as Canada possesses upon the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. It involves a similar declaration of independence by Australia; the loss to England of her coaling stations, harbors and fortresses and the command of the sea; the destruction of her prestige and the possible loss of India; in short the disruption and destruction of the British Empire.

Annexation is hardly worthy of discussion. No nation has voluntarily surrendered its name and institutions of freedom for any consideration which could be presented. The United States had a cause and reason for separation from England, we have none. The South considered that it had good reason for secession, but the civilized world has approved of the dictum which describes its action as rebellion, and deems it to have been justly crushed. If in any degree the American people seem better off than the Canadian, and it is merely an appearance due to a larger population and greater cities, it should be remembered that the United States has one hundred years the start of Canada and never had to compete with a great nation twelve times its size upon its Southern frontier. Had Mexico been another United States I doubt whether that present degree of apparent prosperity would have ever been attained. But our people are built of better stuff than even our neighbors to the South, worthy as they are of admiration, and no fear need be felt that Annexation will ever come up for serious consideration by the nation. If it should, the crushing which Commercial Union has received at the polls would be but a bagatelle in comparison to its fate. Canadians certainly do not

propose to have the requiem of the poet chanted over the grave of their rising nationality :

Oh ! vanished hope, oh ! transient boast ;  
 Oh ! country gained but to be lost ;  
 Gained by a nation raised, inspired  
 By eloquence and virtue fired.  
 Lost ! by thy chosen children sold,  
 And conquered, not by steel, but gold.

The only other alternative is Imperial Federation. A name is nothing more than the idea which it embodies, and while the phrase might be better it still answers the purpose. "Imperial" brings to the eye of the mind a vast oceanic empire, world-wide in area, over-powering in population and strength, vast in commercial and industrial activity. "Federation" presents the ruling principle of the world to-day, the cause for which Americans fought and died ; the means by which German unity is maintained ; the link which holds the Austrian Empire together ; the tie which binds our Canadian provinces in one great Dominion ; the dominant aspirations of the Australian people ; the ambition of British citizens in South Africa ; and the principle which Ireland should endeavor to attain, and in which rests her best hope of peace and prosperity. It represents the policy which would have preserved the Empire of Rome and held the colonies of Greece in union with the noble mother-country. Our Empire is at the present moment, in a tentative degree, and with a feeble half-hearted conception of what ought to be the position of affairs—a federation. And it is an organized development of this "federation of republics linked together by the golden circle of monarchy," which advocates of this policy and principle desire to see consummated. But few realize what a wonderful power this great British realm is ! The figures in the following table seem almost incredible :

#### THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Area .....	11,269,750
Population .....	351,295,100

Public Revenue .....	\$1,033,040,325
Public Expenditure.....	\$952,719,870
Imports .....	\$2,971,948,185
Exports .....	\$2,582,005,400
Public Debts .....	\$5,616,950,355

The population is more than one-fourth that of the world, the land surface is more than one-fifth, and its united wealth and commerce is greater than that pertaining to all the rest of the world put together. Probably 75,000 millions of dollars is an under estimate of our total wealth. Such power, even unorganized, makes all other empires past or present fade into insignificance. British dominions are four-fold those of Ancient Rome, their influence for good or bad, for peace through union, or disaster through disintegration is so great as to make any historic comparison useless and worse than useless. Lord Brassey somewhere tells us that the "Sunbeam" on one of her voyages, steamed and sailed not less than 37,000 miles and yet during the whole thirteen months, occupied in traversing this great distance, only touched at four places which were outside the British Empire. And it is this greatness which Imperial Federationists wish to preserve ; it is this power which they desire to organize for mutual defence and preferential trade ; this union which they desire to connect by closer political relations.

Many ask for definitions. Let me give one or two : first quoting the Earl of Rosebery, President of the League ; "The Federation we aim at is the closest possible union of the various self-governing States ruled by the British Crown, consistently with that free national development which is the birthright of British subjects all over the world—the closest union in sympathy, in external action, and in defence."

Professor J. R. Seeley, one of the most powerful of English writers defines it as follows :— "Federation is in one word, the calling into existence of an organ of discussion and legislation for affairs

common to the whole Empire, in such a way as not to interfere with the liberty of its parts." Turning to far-away Australia we find the Hon. Alfred Deakin, who lately resigned the Premiership of Victoria, describing it as "a co-operation of peoples in the common work before us, equal representation of self-governing communities meeting from time to time to consider the interests of the Empire and then to lay before the bodies they represent those proposals for acceptance or suggestion."

But definitions are not argument, and may be simply given as affording indications of the general lines upon which the policy must proceed. Mr. Deakin's proposition merely involves frequent Imperial Conferences and is eminently practicable as the success of the one held in 1887 fully proves.

Of course we are told that the difficulties are overwhelming, and that the movement in favor of closer union is making but little progress in England. The answer to the former is contained in the affirmative reply to the latter and in the idea enunciated by Sir Oliver (then Mr.) Mowat, at the great meeting held in 1884 for organizing an Imperial Federation League in London, England. "What are statesmen for, Imperial or Colonial? For the purpose of solving difficulties. It has been proved possible, both here and in the Colonies to solve difficulties that once seemed insolvable."

As to British opinion, the following resolutions will throw some light upon the question:

#### I.—NATIONAL UNION OF CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

"That this conference, recognising the supreme importance of Imperial Federation, impresses upon Conservatives the desirability of its universal adoption as an article of Conservative policy."—*Bradford, Nov'r, 1886.*

#### II.—NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION.

"That having regard to her responsibilities towards India and her colonies, and with a view to the exercise of a peace-

ful influence on European affairs, it is the true policy of Great Britain to avoid all entanglement in European quarrels."—*Leeds, Nov'r, 1886.*

Since then, also, the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom; many Chambers of Agriculture, and the National Union of Conservative Associations have declared in favor of closer trade relations. Lord Salisbury's frequent utterances regarding Imperial Unity, Lord Rosebery's active labors, the advocacy of such noted Liberals as Sir Lyon Playfair and Prof. Bryce, the formation of the United Empire Trade League, the declarations of South-African statesmen like Sir Gordon Sprigg, Hon. Cecil Rhodes and Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr, the utterances of Australians like Sir Henry Parkes, Hon. James Service, Hon. Duncan Gillies, Sir S. Griffith and many more, have all combined, together with constant review and newspaper articles throughout the Empire, to keep the question upon the path of steady progress. Last but not least might be mentioned a declaration of Mr. Gladstone's contained in a communication which I received from him some years ago, and which reads as follows:

SIR—The capacity of our legislative organ is limited. Its hands are very full. The physical strength of its members is overtaxed. In the perspective the first place is held by the great and urgent Irish question. Still more limited are the means, especially as to the future, possessed by a man on the margin of his 80th year. Under such circumstances promises should be avoided and deductions restrained. But having stated all this I can still assure you that I should view with the utmost satisfaction throughout the British empire that which in the case of Ireland it is my daily care and desire to obtain, a more thorough and substantial union of the different countries and peoples paying allegiance to Her Majesty.

Your most faithful servant,  
Dec. 17, '88. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Thus no one party is more pledged to the policy than another, though in regard to the Commercial part of the

question as distinct from the rest, this statement will not fairly apply. And the problem seems to squarely divide itself into the following propositions:

I. Co-operation for Commercial purposes.

II. Combination for mutual defence.

III. Consolidation of our political connection.

One of these divisions may be obtained without the other. Time may, and I believe will, bring about changes which would enable the Colonies to take part in imperial defence as a return for imperial protection and to share, as a consequence, in the government of the Empire: but at present this would not be practicable and depends in fact upon the all important question of the development of Colonial prosperity through a true imperial trade policy to such a degree as would enable us to take our due share in the responsibilities of the Empire. There is no use shirking this issue. Preferential duties can be obtained, and, as the *Times* said in its recent famous editorial, England will be willing to face a small fiscal loss (from a free trade standpoint), for a great political gain. But we must do our share, and, under such circumstances, could well afford to do so. If Great Britain places a small duty upon foreign products which compete with the Colonial or British articles in her market we must be prepared, for the sake of so great a boon, to not only lower our duties upon British goods in Canada and throughout all the states of the Empire; but to set aside a specified portion of our yearly revenues as a contribution to the naval defence of British interests. This is taxation for Imperial purposes, though not by Imperial authorities, and will demand representation in controlling its disposal and use. Consequently a standing Imperial council will have to be selected, presumably by the governments of the various states of the Empire, to direct the management of

the sums contributed and guide by their advice in a greater or less degree the foreign policy which might require the final arbitrament of war. This would be Imperial Federation.

And the quickest and best means of obtaining this desired end is through an appeal to the commercial instincts and interests of the greatest trading people on the face of the globe. As Lord Salisbury lately said: "The cause of Protection does not sink, it rises. The recent elections in the United States have shown that the slight reaction against Protection has spent its force." And now the Premier of Great Britain proposes to act upon the defensive. Whether he succeeds in the coming contest or not, the platform of the Conservative party of England is practically that of the United Empire Trade League, and the future is dimly foreshadowed in those words of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at Bristol, on January 6th last, stating that the turn of events "might involve the consideration by the new House of Commons of the most important and grave economical problems." Precede this utterance by Lord Salisbury's deliberate statement that "Preferential duties within the Empire do not constitute Protection," follow it with his Hasting's speech together with the recent articles in the *Times* and elsewhere, and it is not difficult to see that the tide of public opinion is trending towards a commercial alliance with the States of the Empire. Opponents of the policy point to the huge bulk of Britain's trade and claim that the chief portion of it would be destroyed by the adoption of a preferential system and the application of a small duty by England upon foreign food products. But beneficial trade is largely a matter of the equitable division of profits amongst the masses of the people, and at present the large importers of London constitute about the only class which profits by the bulk of this

great commerce. Nearly \$450,000,000 worth of manufactured and partly manufactured goods are now brought into the British market yearly in *free competition* with the products of the English workingman, whilst the total export of British manufactured articles in 1890 was only \$950,000,000, out of which \$365,000,000 worth went to the rest of the Empire and \$581,000,000 to the rest of the world. A few illustrations will suffice:

EXPORTS.	TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.	TO BRITISH STATES.
Cotton Mfrs. ....	\$172,000,000	\$137,900,000
Iron and Steel Mfrs. ....	78,000,000	45,000,000
Woollen Mfrs. ....	78,500,000	23,500,000
Machinery, etc. ....	61,000,000	20,000,000
Carriages, etc. ....	10,000,000	5,000,000
Leather Goods. ....	2,800,000	8,400,000
Miscellaneous. ....	89,400,000	74,300,000
(Under \$10,000 each.)		

Certainly such figures, considered in connection with the fact that British countries, outside of India with its enormous population, take from ten dollars to forty dollars worth of goods per capita as compared with countries like the United States, France, Germany, etc., which take about two dollars and a half per capita, demonstrate the innate value of the British Empire as a market for British goods. Develop the external Empire by preferential duties, increase the population and production of those rising countries and in doing so the united kingdom will evolve out of the present condition of desperate, yet fiscally helpless battle with foreign tariffs, a position of affairs in which the Empire will provide her with a market for the bulk of her manufactures and the food for the great mass of her people. Indeed Canadian trade is tending in that direction now and away from the United States, which has never been the natural market for our products.

Between 1873 and 1891 we sent to the Republic \$698,000,000 of products, and to Great Britain, with that

Atlantic Ocean which Mr. Goldwin Smith and other Americanized pessimists regard as a terrible natural obstacle to trade rolling between us, \$817,000,000 worth: and the difference is increasing monthly. Australia does not appear to look upon distance as a bar to commerce, Great Britain, 13,000 miles away, being its natural market: whilst England herself has never regarded distance as any obstacle to the selling of her goods. If she had agreed with Dr. Smith and others as to "natural contiguity," etc., she would be sending the bulk of her products to France or Germany, instead of shipping them to the ends of the earth, selling, for instance, nearly as much (£30,000,000) to the 3,000,000 people of Australasia as to the 60,000,000 of the United States.

But it is said that if Great Britain imposed a duty upon foreign products, then foreign countries, and especially the United States, would retaliate. And pray what can the American Republic do? Raising the duties higher would not hurt England as much as it would the States and they have already reached about as high a point as the American people will stand. Placing an export duty on cotton would ruin the South, and merely transfer production from thence to Egypt, India, etc. The matter is, in fact, contained in a nutshell in the following words of Mr. R. T. Thurber, of New York, written some years ago in a leading review:

"Of course, the first impulse of English free traders will be to oppose such a measure, because it would be an infraction of free trade principles: but in reality a duty of a penny a bushel on American wheat would do more in one year to advance Free Trade thought in America than all the publications of the Cobden Club for a century."

And the people of the United States cannot consume what the farmers now produce. The only market for this

surplus is England, and consequently the Americans are dependent upon Great Britain and would have to pay the duty, if one were imposed, in order to obtain admission to the British market in competition with the productions of India, Canada, and Australia. The following table of American exports (1890) will show how dependent her people are upon Great Britain for a sale of their products:

	Exports to—	
	Great Britain.	All Countries.
Wheat .....	\$ 26,807,092	\$38,506,571
Wheat flour...	29,451,909	50,240,470
Corn .....	20,328,966	35,962,450
Cattle .....	24,612,513	25,673,366
Canned beef..	4,737,713	6,026,970
Fresh beef....	12,949,290	13,002,713
Cured beef....	2,490,281	3,899,735
Tallow .....	2,055,770	4,717,229
Bacon .....	31,310,405	36,320,774
Hams .....	5,064,943	5,990,570
Pork .....	1,129,481	5,010,767
Lard .....	10,805,650	30,422,370
Totals.....	\$171,794,082	\$225,773,985

If the farmers of the States refused to pay the duty, the competition of the Colonies sending their products in free would prevent the Americans from selling at all: leave their products to rot in their barns—or elect a President and Congress who would offer Britain and Canada better terms for mutual trade.

But without dealing at further length with this wide and far-reaching subject, I will summarize a few of the matters which come more or less under the heading of Imperial Federation, and the settlement of which will form a part of the final evolution of a completed policy.

1. The abrogation of all treaties interfering in any way with the domestic affairs of the British Empire, or imposing limitations upon its internal trade.

2. An Imperial penny post, or at any rate, a cheaper system than that now existing.

3. The adoption throughout the self-governing portion of the Empire, of identical laws upon such subjects as patents, copyrights, marriage, etc.

4. The fixing of some general standard for the conferring of university degrees, and the similar recognition of professional qualifications.

5. The development of some careful scheme by which a portion of the people of England now living 311 persons to the square mile, may be removed to Canada or Australia, where only one person to the square mile at present exists.

6. The imposition of a small duty by Great Britain upon foreign goods in return for a distinct preference, in all Colonial and Indian markets.

7. A contribution granted by each self-governing portion of the Empire towards its naval defence in return for the above trade discrimination and for a certain share in moulding the foreign policy of the British Realm.

8. The establishment of fast steamship lines, notably between Canada and Australia and England, together with a cable system which will unite the whole empire in close electric communication.

9. The holding of Imperial Conferences at not very long intervals for the discussion of these various problems and their presentation to the Parliaments of the Empire, with a view to the solution of the question along the lines of gradual growth.

10. Evolution not revolution, or a steady growth towards closer union, not a sudden straining of the present constitutional structure. The probable development of these Imperial Consultation Conferences into some form of an Imperial Legislative Council.

These few and fragmentary thoughts upon Imperial Federation are merely presented for consideration as being a basis for the possible discussion of a subject, which is infinitely too great to be dealt with properly in the confines of any magazine article.



HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

## EDWARD BLAKE AND IRELAND.

BY JOHN A. EWAN.

That Edward Blake should return to Ireland to re-erect the structure against whose destruction his fathers ineffectually protested cannot but be regarded as a historical coincidence of an uncommonly interesting kind.

Ninety years ago his forebears, as the Scotch would say, thundered against those who would destroy the Parliament on College Green, and they never ceased to prophecy disaster and strife as the result of the union. Time has verified the prophecy. During the ninety years of this century Ireland has never been really at peace. She has been the aching tooth in the jaws of the British lion. A score of anodynes have been tried, but still the patient is ever and anon wrung by a fresh outbreak of the irritated nerve. The recrudescence of Ireland's ills has broken the hearts of the statesmen who have from time to time essayed the task of supplying a cure. This disheartening recurrence of the malady has made Home Rulers of many whose instincts and preferences are all the other way. The Irish troubles will not down. She has screamed her woes from the hill-tops of the world, so that all men have been bound to hear. Among others whose ears have been thus assailed and impelled to take heed must be numbered Mr. Blake. As early as 1880 he professed publicly his sympathy with her cause and two years later in parliament when Hon. John Costigan introduced his home rule resolutions he found his most eloquent, but perhaps unwelcome, supporter, in the leader of the Opposition, Hon. Edward Blake. Again in 1886 the great tribune brought the matter before the house on a series of resolutions sub-

mitted by himself. Again at the following session he was one of the speakers on a motion introduced by Mr. Curran, member for Montreal Centre. In all of his speeches he showed that he had bestowed a deal of original thought on the subject, and was prepared at all times and under all circumstances to lift up his voice for Home Rule for Ireland. If therefore the conviction of the holiness of a cause is sufficient to constitute a soldier in the Nationalist ranks Mr. Blake is indisputably entitled to march under the standard. Moreover he is an Irishman: but this statement suggests that we should begin at the beginning.

In the year 1832 Wm. Hume Blake, son of an Irish gentleman, his brother, mother and sister, together with a number of connections and friends chartered the good ship, *Ann* of Halifax, to take them across the ocean to that British Colony, Canada, of which much was not then known. They were six weeks on the Atlantic, but at length made their way to Toronto. Here the party separated. William Hume Blake, graduate of Dublin University, decided to take up a farm in the County of Middlesex. We can readily fancy the experiences of this Master of Arts and his young wife on the rough forest farm in the Middlesex of 1832. Here, however, amid the umbrageous maples and beeches their first child was born. The name Dominick Edward had run through the family as a Christian name from times remote. It was borne by the brother who accompanied them to Canada, who was now rector of the township of Adelaide, in which the homestead was situated. It was determined to bestow on their first-born

this strong, masterful, Latin-Saxon name that had been pronounced by generations of holy men at the baptismal font on young shoots of the house of Blake. And this is the great Canadian's full name. On the rolls of Upper Canada College you will find him entered as Dominick Edward Blake. On the lists of graduates of Toronto University Dominick Edward Blake is recorded as having taken his degree of B. A. in 1854, and that of M. A. four years later. Just when he dropped the Dominick and why does not appear.

William Hume Blake's experiences on his Middlesex farm were the experiences of hundreds of gentlemen emigrants before his time and hundreds since. He found that life on a bush farm was uncongenial to himself, intolerable to his cultured wife and promised nothing attractive for the posterity, the first of whom had already adventured into the tangled wilderness. Like hundreds he had made a mistake—a landed proprietor in a rude new land was not like a landed proprietor in the British Isles. But like the other hundreds he did not propose to sit down and let the waves of fate roll over him. He proposed to swim. He had a good education: he had already studied medicine and divinity and now proposed to take up the study of law. That he had not miscalculated his powers is proved by the fact that the misfit Middlesex bush farmer became subsequently the framer of the Canadian Court of Chancery, and later the presiding judge of his creation, or in other words Chancellor of Ontario.

His sons inherit from him their eloquence, their public spirit and rectitude of conduct, for by all three was he distinguished.

As a pupil young Dominick, or let us call him Edward, was somewhat discursive and careless. In his fourteenth year however he accompanied his father on a journey to the old lands. It was the year 1848, when

all over Europe the blind spirit of democracy was stirring about the walls of its prison-house. There were tumults in Vienna, in Berlin, and in Rome. England had her Chartist disturbances, and altogether it was a gloomy time for hereditary princes and established authority. Whatever influences this journey had on young Edward may best be guessed by the fact that when he returned to his studies he exhibited a burning fervor and industry which became characteristic of the youth and has remained the badge of the man.

After graduating he undertook the study of law and subsequently began its practice in company with his brother Samuel. Although sons of the Chancellor these young men had to fight their own way to the front. Many old citizens of Toronto remember them occupying a suite of meagrely furnished offices in what were known as Wellington Chambers on the north-east corner of Jordan and Melinda streets. We are told that in his early cases Edward Blake experienced a decided diffidence in addressing the Court and therefore usually gave the counsel work to others. It will be admitted that he has got bravely over this timidity. The thought recalls the scene in the Supreme Court at Ottawa two years ago when the greatest lawyers in the Dominion were gathered together on one case. The question to be argued was the right of the Manitoba government to charter railways running to the boundary line. Besides Mr. Blake, the lawyers present were Sir Oliver Mowat, Messrs. Dalton McCarthy, Christopher Robinson, Joseph Martin, Francois Langelier. Among the spectators were some well known lawyers, notably, Hon. Wm. McDougall. It is no derogation of the capacity of his brother lawyers to state what was a fact—that Mr. Blake, in that great forensic display, o'ertopped them as does a mountain peak the foot-hills at its base.

Mr. Blake's political career has not been so distinctly crowned with success. In his efforts at the bar his appeals were addressed to ears that could be moved by facts and precedents and the cold, unavoidable missiles of a pitiless logic. In stepping into the political arena he faced a new auditory. He encountered a multitudinous bench of judges "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," to whom his postulates and axioms, premises and conclusions were so much Greek. They were used to the methods of a political Grimaldi, whose creed might be expressed by the doggerel:

Tickle the public and make them grin,  
The more you tickle the more you win;  
Teach the public, you'll never grow rich,  
You'll live like a beggar and die in the ditch.

Mr. Blake believed he could teach them. His first call was to the local stage. There was no slow and painful toiling to the top with him. He was, under the dual representation system, elected to both the Ontario House and the Dominion parliament in Confederation year. In the former he quickly assumed the leadership of the Opposition and in the duration of one parliament battered down the defences of John Sandfield Macdonald, the first premier of Ontario. Soon after his succession to the premiership dual representation was abolished by law and Mr. Blake chose to remain a member of the Federal parliament. He had been so successful in demolishing the local government that his political supporters were anxious to get his full services at the task of assailing the seemingly impregnable fortress held in the larger arena at Ottawa by Sir John Macdonald. Mr. Blake applied himself to the task with considerable vigor. It must be confessed, however, that he has never appeared to advantage in a secondary position. In Ontario he was always in command. Mr. Mackenzie was his lieutenant

there. In the Dominion House the positions were reversed and many students of his career at that period find a distinct abatement of the torrential force that distinguished his course in driving from the treasury benches the administration of John Sandfield Macdonald. Nevertheless his assaults on the strong administration that then held power in the Dominion were powerful, culminating as they did in that thunderous arraignment of the heroes of the Pacific scandal, that not only laid the Conservative party in ruins but seemed to put a period to the career of the greatest politician of this century. How singularly that expectation was upset by the re-animation of the political corpse need not be adverted to here.

The history of Mr. Blake's connection with the government of Mr. Mackenzie is a fitful one. At that time we first began to hear that his health was being affected by the severe mental toil to which he had for years subjected himself, and in 1878 he resigned from the government for that cause. He was out of parliament for a year but returned to that sphere whose charm for him he does not dissemble, with his health in a great measure restored. In 1880 he was elected to the leadership of the Liberals in the room of Mr. Mackenzie.

A great deal has been made of this incident by Mr. Blake's enemies. But little need be said of it here. It was an unpleasant incident. It left the party open to the charge of ingratitude towards the stern, uncompromising, unbending old Spartan who had given the best days of his life, his health, his strength, his all to the service of Liberalism. It was a very unpleasant incident and in sharp contrast to the measure meted out to Mr. Mackenzie's rival by the rival organization. But there was a spirit abroad in the Liberal ranks in that day as it is abroad in the party to-day. It is composed of that section which puts success as the end-all and be-all of party war-

fare. In their worship of this goddess they turned and studied the career of her great votary, whom years before they imagined they had buried beyond resurrection. They compared the two protagonists. In their own leader they found the rugged Scotch fir that bends not to the storm but fronts it boldly until it is riven asunder. In the leader of their opponents they found the sweet suavity of the willow, bending gracefully and sufficiently to accommodate either the zephyr or the hurricane, but when either has passed still in its place, unruffled, unharmed, and ready for the next gale. This section of the Liberals saw men, who were once voters on their side, now running with the other machine. They reflected that a little spirit of concession to the doctrine of protection, a little injection of the willow into the fir might have saved the party from disaster. That spirit, that desire to copy the evil features of the victorious chieftain and his system, slew Alexander Mackenzie and unhorsed Gordon Brown. To it some people trace every disaster that has befallen the Liberal party since that time, for the counsels of the anything-to-beat-the-Tories section have been but too prominent in the course the party has taken from time to time. They sat down to play a few hands at Opportunism with a past master of the game, and, of course, were each time unmercifully beaten. One can fancy the smile of satisfaction that mantled the features of the great player, as he shuffled the cards and dealt himself four aces while the granger across the board was encouraged by enough kings to ensure his complete discomfiture.

Mr. Blake, it must be admitted, appears to have more than once listened to the voice of this element among his followers. Of course it is easy to claim that this, that, or the other has been the cause of Liberal overthrow at the polls. Later revelations appear to show that the Liberals

had at times to contend against the resources of the Dominion money-chest itself, while on the other hand it cannot be denied that a large proportion of the voting strength of the Dominion was favourable to the national enterprises and the protective policy of the Conservatives.

The writer does not expect that all will agree with him in these estimates. For the purposes of the present sketch it was necessary to refer to them to suggest a key to the unvarying defeat that characterized Mr. Blake's leadership of the party. In parliament he exhibited his unrivalled powers of debate in their most striking light. No man in parliament could cope with him in marshalling facts in telling array, in the denunciation of an opponent or in the ironical dissection of the secret and grovelling springs that move public men. As a keen observer of parliament during that period said, "Blake had all the facts and the logic on his side, but Sir John got the votes." He fought against a machine majority that were as likely to be moved by eloquence or reason as a field of cabbages would be likely to be moved by the same agencies. His opponents were in the habit, when he had delivered himself of an entirely unanswerable piece of invective, of putting up to reply to him some side-road statesman who prosed and stammered and confused the issue to an empty house. Thersites going out against Hector would not have been so ludicrous a spectacle. The House of Commons has lost its character as a deliberative assembly. No speaker hopes to change votes there. He may change convictions, but votes never. His utterances are really addressed to the electors whom he reaches through the newspapers.

Mr. Blake twice led his hosts to the polls and twice was he smitten hip and thigh. At length broken in health, wearied in spirit and probably disheartened by failure, he resigned the command after the session of 1887.

During the session of 1888 he did not even occupy his seat in the House, and during that of 1889, though present occasionally, he took absolutely no part in the discussions. In that of 1890, being somewhat restored in health, he took a more active part, but when the general election came on in 1891 he did not offer himself in his old constituency. He wrote a letter, however, which was the sensation of the day, but which is so recent in the public mind that it need not be alluded to further here.

His famous letter was like a farewell to public life. It cast the ranks of his friends into confusion and although it contained the most scathing condemnation of the policy of their foes yet it was published with delight and clapping of hands by all the Conservative newspapers of the country and has even been repeated at intervals when a political crisis of any kind was on hand. A section of his party was very wrathful, and was not slow to express its opinions. Nevertheless scarcely had the house assembled before the inconsistency of his absence from that assembly was felt. This inconsistency became accentuated when rumors reached the public ears that his health was restored and that with its return he was spoiling to mingle again in the glorious fray. Some of the leading reform newspapers began to call for his return to parliament. Just while this call was increasing in volume this last remarkable summons from the leaders of the National party in Ireland was received.

His interest in Ireland is not a matter of yesterday. As might be inferred from the earlier statements in this sketch it is scarcely wonderful that the descendant of the men who denounced the effacement of the Irish parliament at the beginning of the century should at least have a sentimental interest in seeing it re-established towards its close. But he has shown more than a sentimental interest. Just when his interest became

crystallized into opinion there is no record, but we know that in a speech in Parliament in 1880 he expressed the hope and belief that when Mr. Gladstone attained power in England Home Rule would be granted to Ireland. In 1882 Hon. John Costigan introduced a resolution expressing the sympathy of Canada with Ireland in her struggle for Home Rule. Mr. Blake while not approving entirely the wording of the resolution and making suggestions for changes was yet prepared to vote for it and did so. His speech on that occasion showed that the subject was no new one to him. He took up the history of Ireland and its present condition, which he declared to be the disgrace and humiliation of Great Britain. He does not conceal his admiration for Gladstone, but at the same time in that 1882 speech he criticised keenly the eloquent Englishman's attitude on the question at that time. Mr. Gladstone was then in a procrastinating mood. Though not denying the need of a remedy for Ireland's ills, he yet saw so many lions in the path that he was indisposed to devise a remedy, or apply it if devised. Mr. Blake unsparingly exposed the unsoundness of this position. Two sentences in that speech ring curiously to-day when he has left our shores to take part in the settlement of the Irish question. He said, "This is a practical question. I do not expect to be called upon to deal with it." Time's revolutions have brought him round to deal with it practically.

In 1886 he himself introduced a set of resolutions on the Irish question to the notice of parliament. The history of those resolutions was not creditable to some gentlemen who pose as lovers of Ireland. There was a great terror on the part of the Conservatives lest the Reform minority in parliament should reap some political advantage from Mr. Blake's powerful advocacy of Home Rule. What should have been the feelings of men who were sincerely desirous of furthering the

prospects of self-government for Ireland? Would they not have hailed with joy the accession to their ranks of so potent a political power as was Mr. Blake at that time? But if these were their feelings they succeeded in disguising them most effectually. A government supporter was put up to propose an amendment which Mr. Blake could not vote for. His motives were impugned, he was inferentially stamped as a demagogue and in every way the attempt was made to belittle and misrepresent his advocacy of Ireland's cause. Finally his resolutions were voted down and another set adopted in their stead.

But this contumelious treatment by Irishmen who by their own account can scarcely sleep at nights because of their burning love for the land of their fathers, did not prompt Mr. Blake to retaliate. He has shown his readiness to support the principle of Home Rule no matter by whom proposed, or who it advantaged. When Mr. Costigan in 1882 proposed his resolutions, Mr. Blake gave his voice and his vote for them. When Mr. Curran proposed a series of resolutions in 1887, the Opposition leader was again to the fore and declared that although he might object to the form of the resolutions, he would on every opportunity afforded him, record his vote for the "vital principle of local self-government."

For this "vital principle" he has now forsaken all. To really estimate what he has forsaken, one must first realize who this man is. He has already refused the highest judicial position in the country, the Chief-justiceship of the Supreme Court of the Dominion. He has refused knighthood. He casts behind him the greatest law practice in Canada. He is easily first of Liberals, and demands have not been wanting for him to reassume the position that is his natural right. All this he has sacrificed for the purpose of immersing himself in a strife the outcome of

which is obscure indeed. He doubtless like a wise man, gave the call of the Nationalist leaders deep thought, before coming to a conclusion. He must have foreseen the many difficulties that crowd the path which lies between him and St. Stephens. The monster Ulster Convention had finished its sittings before his decision was made. The ominous words "civil war" were heard at that vast gathering of Protestant Ulster. It looks as if the programme which he is desirous of carrying out, cannot be had without endangering the peace of the Empire. In abolishing one set of grievances in Ireland it is possible another set may be established; in appeasing one section there is danger of creating irritation in another that is now loyal, peaceful, and content. Moreover he goes to a house divided against itself. He is the choice of one section of the Irish party: will he be *persona grata* to the other? Parnellite has more love for a Tory squire than for Anti-Parnellite. He goes to an assembly the most august and cultivated in the world. In it he will be a stranger, with all its ways to learn. It is an assemblage whose ear cannot be caught in a day: access to its gracious tolerance is a process of slow development. Truly it is a doubtful enterprise upon which he has adventured. What will the outcome be? Many of Mr. Blake's admirers have rushed to the conclusion that he is surely destined to be Mr. Parnell's successor in the leadership of the Irish party. It is well to call the attention of such sanguine personages to the fact that he will enter Parliament, merely as the member for South Longford. Mr. Blake himself to intimate friends has deprecated this assumption that he will step into any particularly prominent part in the councils of the Home Rule party. For ourselves, all we can say is that he will bring to his duties one of the best furnished minds in her Majesty's dominion, a

pure and high purpose, an industry that is only bounded by his health and endurance, a lofty eloquence and a crusader's enthusiasm to do something for the land of his fathers. Moreover, he will be the trusted and authoritative bearer of a message from the New World. Not alone as a great constitutional lawyer but also as the spectator of the birth and growth of a federal constitution, he will be able to give expert testimony in the great cause which he has called "the vital principle of local self-government." Should the Conservatives return to power he will have plenty of work cut out for him. Should Mr. Gladstone carry the country, no less would a heavy task devolve on the member for South Longford. The details of the Home Rule measure would have to be settled on. The value of Mr. Blake's advice to the Irish party in that case cannot be well overestimated. In all of his Home Rule speeches, though paying his tribute to the greatness of Gladstone, he has yet criticised acutely that statesman's rough sketch of the Home Rule plan. He has exhibited decided hostility to any scheme which proposed to exclude Ireland from representation in the Imperial Parliament. Indeed to Canadian federalists this part of Mr. Gladstone's plan is totally unorthodox, and leads them to the perhaps impertinent suspicion that old country statesmen are after all, but 'prentice hands at constitution building.

That it should be proposed for a moment to give Ireland no voice in the legislature that shapes the fiscal policy of the country, that decides for peace or war, and indeed, deals with all the greater interests of the Empire, is to Canadian students of constitutionalism simply incredible. That would be establishing an Irish griev-

ance with a vengeance! Are we then to let Irishmen meddle with the domestic concerns of Englishmen and Scotchmen, while they will not allow these to lay a finger on Irish matters? we hear one ask. The answer to this question is that Home Rule is only the initial step of a great movement. Each section of the British Isles will, probably, in the very near future be furnished with a local legislature, and the central Parliament will then deal only with those higher questions of policy which every member of the Empire ought to have some voice in directing and moulding.

In the discussion of a subject like this, the member for South Longford should, and I think will, take a prominent and influential part. There may be no thought or no prospect of leadership for him, but from what limited knowledge of English and Irish public men I have gleaned, I cannot help thinking that despite the fact that he is sailing into new seas his unusual intellectual courage and capacity will gain him high rank amid his new associates.

No true Canadian can see Edward Blake turn from our shores without a twinge of regret and the question of the duration of his absence becomes an important one. Will Imperial affairs engross the remainder of his days, or will he return to his native land haloed with the honor of having shared in the accomplishment of the greatest constitutional change since England herself under De Montfort's guidance struck the first rude model of popular government? These would be indeed idle speculations, but, win or lose, Canadians will follow his career in the larger field where he is now gone, and will welcome him back to Canada when the battle being won he can lay his armor aside.

## PENSEROSO.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Soulless is all humanity to me  
To-night. My keenest longing is to be  
Alone, alone with God's grey earth that seems  
Pulse of my pulse, and consort of my dreams.

To-night my soul desires no fellowship,  
Or fellow-being : crave I but to slip  
Thro' space on space, 'till flesh no more can bind,  
And I may quit for aye my fellow-kind.

Let me but feel athwart my cheek the lash  
Of whipping wind, but hear the torrent dash  
Adown the mountain steep, 'twere more my choice  
Than touch of human hand, than human voice.

Let me but wander on the shore night-stilled,  
Drinking its darkness 'till my soul is filled,  
The breathing of the salt sea on my hair,  
My outstretched hands but grasping empty air.

Let me but feel the pulse of Nature's soul  
Athrob on mine, let seas and thunders roll  
O'er night and me, sands whirl, winds, waters beat,  
For God's grey earth has no cheap counterfeit.



**BENJAMIN HARRISON, I**

President of the United States. Re-nominated by the Republican Convention.

## A "CANADIAN LITERATURE."

BY T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A.

Literature! Truly one begins to detest the word. Especially when it is dinned into our ears continually, and especially when to it is added a qualifying, narrowing adjective. And it is so dinned and so qualified week in and week out the year round. In every magazine, in every newspaper, constantly on every hand we see "Have we a Canadian Literature?"—"We have a Canadian Literature"—"Let us have a Canadian Literature." Especially "Let us have a Canadian Literature." As if forsooth literature were a thing to be deliberately manufactured to order, like boilers or boots. And this too, in a country where Canadian literature is precisely the very last thing in demand. If epics were "up," if there were a run on rondeaux, if ballads were bulled, the cry might be barely excusable. But everybody knows they are not. A Canadian poet the other day published a book, and in response to some two hundred circulars got an order for one copy!

Suppose we ask here, quite simply and briefly, What is literature? Without seeking for that impossible thing, a logical definition, it consists, surely, of those imaginative writings which posterity has declared to be excellent. The phrase "contemporary literature," is all but a contradiction in terms. Else why is the question so often put, Will it live? Only posterity can give final judgment, even on the best of writings—as bullion is not legal tender till it has received the impress of the mint. That fugitive sonnet in last week's *Athenæum*, that ephemeral leader in yesterday's *Times*,—the one may surpass that wonder of Blanco White's, and the other may rival a passage of Milton's, but until

after a certain greater or lesser lapse of time, they are not literature in the true sense of that word. For example, to take a case now before our eyes: certain critics have declared certain of Mr. Kipling's productions unrivalled; others think his popularity is a passing fashion. Which is the truth? We surely must leave that question to the future.

The fact is, literature is a vague and elastic term. The ode on the "Intimations of Immortality" is literature; but is "Vaudracour and Julia"—the one poem of Wordsworth's, which, it is said, Matthew Arnold could not read? And if so, would it have been had not Wordsworth written both? Is all Southey literature? Is "Lost Leaders" literature? And if so, are the leaders Mr. Lang is still writing literature? And if so again, are all the other leaders in the *Daily News* and the *Saturday* literature? Could a *corpus* extracted from the daily press rank as literature? Are there works of mute inglorious Miltons gathering dust amongst consular reports and sessional papers? Who can answer such questions? We can only say that literature is that upon which judgment has been given.

I shall here be reminded perhaps of a certain line of Martial's:

*Miraris veteres, Vacerra, solos,*

says the epigrammatist, evidently shily taking Vacerra to task for this view. But is it not only when a writer is *vetus*, and by consequence beyond the influence of contemporary sympathies or antipathies, that the claim of his works to the title of "literature" becomes indisputable? True, there seem to be exceptions. The

"Faery Queen" took its place at once. Of "Tristram Shandy" probably no one doubted the ultimate verdict. "Pickwick's" fame was born with its publication. Undoubtedly, also, during Goethe's life-time, and Victor Hugo's life-time, and Carlyle's life-time, and certainly also during Tennyson's life-time, a verdict was reached and their works were admitted within the pale of that body of writings known as literature. But even in these instances it could be shown without much difficulty that peculiar circumstances attended their production, and that their contemporary appreciation, though it affected, was not tantamount to, the *imprimatur* of posterity: posterity has merely upheld the judgment of the inferior court, that is all. In the case of the latter four also, it must be remembered that there was a sufficiently long lapse of time for an opinion free from synchronous prejudices: a clinching proof of which, in the case of the present Laureate, is seen in the fact that it is upon his earlier, and not at all upon his later, works that there is any unanimity of opinion. Often perhaps, contemporary criticism is but a small factor in the ultimate appreciation. It has been wrong far oftener than right, and therefore is not to be relied upon. Indeed Shelley, admittedly one of the best critics of his own productions, went so far as to assert that "contemporary criticism only represented the amount of ignorance genius had to contend with," and if in ignorance we include passing fashions, temporary and local likes and dislikes, we can wholly and heartily endorse the assertion.

To what rank would Mr. Whistler have been relegated had contemporary criticism, in the form of Mr. Ruskin's strictures, been the last word on his paintings? Do we yet know his proper position? Do we even yet know Turner's just place in art? Is he the greatest of all painters, according to Mr. Ruskin, or not even the

greatest of landscape painters, according to Mr. Hamerton? Rogers's poems were once the rage, so were Hayley's: but who reads Rogers or Hayley now? Instances might be culled by the score. Who is to decide whether a man's works shall be stamped with the hall mark until opinion has been filtered by time?

The *dictum*, then, remains true: to claim an indefeasible title to the name of "literature," imaginative writings must exhibit the crown grant of posterity.

If so, what folly to go up and down the country shouting for the production of a national literature, begging for a proper preparation for literature. As if preparation could be made for literature as fields are ploughed for beet-roots and mangel-wurzels. (Yet there are those who regard such preparation as possible, nay necessary. Witness the character of a large part of our high school education. There is literary preparation for you! We plough to the depth of six inches and expect a crop of oaks. What we get is weeds.) To me, I confess, this cry, "Let us make literature," appears as sane as if one were to lift up one's voice and cry, "Let us make history." The one is as much beyond the deliberate effort of the individual, as the other is beyond the deliberate effort of the nation. Literature is not a sonorous or even a sensible collocation of words. Literature, to be literature, must be a thing of the hidden life, of the inner and spiritual portion of man. "Literature," says Carlyle, "is but a branch of Religion." It is in very truth something sacred: and thus wantonly to bruit its mysteries abroad is sacrilege.

But suppose we descend for a moment from this high plane and admit the possibility of a contemporary literature. There is one fixed and insuperable obstacle to the consummation of the desires of these importunate seekers after a national literature. Spontaneity is the first

of all the tests to be applied to anything calling itself by the name of art. If a poem or a painting, a sonata or a statue, if anything in the realm of art is not spontaneous, it is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. If it is not the outcome of real and intense internal feeling, craving expression and care-less of everything but its own instinctive adherence to truth of matter and beauty of form—in a word inspired—it is not art. It is because the poet must sing, not because he is urged to sing, that he sings; and no amount of goading will bring songs out of those who have not the gift of song.

*Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi,*

says Horace:

"They learn in suffering, what they teach in song."

says Shelley, in unconscious iteration;

"Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse!  
Young, gay,  
Radiant, adorn'd outside, a hidden ground  
Of thought and of austerity within,"

says Matthew Arnold, speaking in the same strain;

"By thine own tears thy song must tears  
beget,  
O singer,"

repeats Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

And need we be surprised at this condition precedent of spontaneity, of inspiration? Art, even as exemplified in the wildest chivalric romance or in the most objective natural\*description, is the expression of the deep, quiet thoughts of the artist "on God, on Nature, or on human life," and to go about to foster national art for the sake of national glory is exactly to go the right way about exterminating the quintessential attribute of all art.

For how shall a man feel while it is being dinned into his ears that he should feel? or think while there is a clamour for thought? or observe when a crowd obscures his view?

It is difficult to explain exactly why perhaps, but this expressed wish to see instituted a "national" literature always brings to my remembrance the opening sentence of Carlyle's essay on "Characteristics:" "The healthy know not of their health, but only the sick." To desire national traits seems to me to be little different from being cognizant of them: and, certainly, those so cognizant belong to the category of "the sick." To talk of national peculiarities is surely the crudest affectation—like a too precocious child parading silly mannerisms.

But there is another aspect in which this cry for Canadian Literature may be regarded. It may be regarded as a wish to foster, not so much the artistic instincts of the producer, as the artistic instincts of the consumer: that is, to increase the demand for the home product, with the implication that there is a home product worthy the demanding. Of the implication, nothing need be said here. Of the desire to foster the home product surely this is to be said: First, would the producers take such forced demand as a compliment? Second, would they prefer to unload in a limited home market, artificially bulled, rather than in the market of the reading world, where their commodities freely competed with all others? Literature is not a thing of this or that petty province, it is a thing of the world, independent of race or language. Besides, Canadians have again and again, and with success, competed in the market of the world. Not a few of our prose-writers have gained entrance into English magazines of high standing, into the *Contemporary Review*, the *Westminster Review*, *Temple Bar*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, *Literary Opinion*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, and others

—Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Miss Agnes M. Machar, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, and many others, will, I take it, vouch for this. Mr. E. W. Thomson, too, is known wherever the *Youth's Companion* is known. And more than one Canadian novelist American publishers wot of. M. Frechette has been laurel-crowned; Mr. Lampman has been lauded in London; Professor Roberts is accounted among the "Victorian poets;" Mr. Campbell is recognized in New York. What more do we want? That they should be recognized in Canada? Surely a continental recognition will more speedily bring about this, than would colonial recognition bring about the other. And surely, too, it is the continental recognition that such writers prefer and aspire to. In fine, I venture to think that such writers would, more perhaps than all others, deplore this vociferous shouting of "Great is Literature of the Canadians," by the space of as many columns as may be, and would politely request to be allowed to go their own way in peace, not only remembering and acquiescing in the saying that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, but rejoicing that that honour came to them from a country where their rivals were the great ones of the earth.

But, after all, can the home market be bulled or the home product augmented by any clamouring for the one or the other, however earnest and sincere? Those who know good writing from bad are naturally in an inconceivable minority. The bulk of our newspaper press is sufficient proof of that—if any were necessary. The power to discriminate between the ephemeral and the lasting is not gained in a day, or even in a generation. And will anyone say that any

amount of entreaty will enable those who prop their minds on the columns of the daily newspaper to so discriminate? Surely this is sheer nonsense. Nothing will make the populace read classics. As well expect a child to lay aside the nursery rime for the "Æreopagitica." Many things are necessary before either literature or a wide-spread taste for literature can arise: time and education, and perhaps wealth and leisure, and probably vicissitudes of national fortune; wars and rumours of wars, perhaps even bloodshed and a fight for hearths and homes. These are the things that have made national literatures and national arts. Athens's glory and the Persian invasion were nearly allied; the Augustan era, or rather, that immediately preceding it, was by no means one of peace and quietness; Elizabeth's reign is as famous for its warlike adventures as for its letters; the Commonwealth and the Restoration, what troublous times were they; the age of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley—that was an age bounded by two such momentous events as the French Revolution at one end and Waterloo at the other. And in our own day, and before our own eyes, has there not been evidence of the influence of national danger on national literature? French literary activity has been the wonder of Europe since the siege of Paris and the Commune. America's brightest products are the offspring of its internecine strife, and the songs of its civil war still hold their own throughout the land.

Ah! it is no light thing, is "literature." It is very literally the life-blood of a nation. And to go about deploring its absence or craving its existence is simply to show a lamentable ignorance of the height of its aims and of the depth of its motives.

## A CHEAP AND SIMPLE FRANCHISE.

BY ARTHUR F. WALLIS.

With the Parliament at Ottawa rests the responsibility of legislating for "the peace, order, and good government of Canada." Pursuant to its charter that august body meets us with its laws in almost every relation of life. It regulates our commerce, promotes or destroys our industries, taxes us high or low as it thinks proper, pledges our credit, establishes the currency, controls the elections and prescribes, through its criminal code, such penalties for wrong doing as shall serve to render life and property secure. In theory the Queen, through her representative, rules the land; in practice, the people, through their representatives in Parliament, are sovereign. It stands to reason that the immense powers which Parliament wields cannot be exercised to the satisfaction of all unless that tribunal is an exact reflection of the popular will. A law-making assembly which does not speak for the people is little better than a tyranny. It is with a view to rendering Parliament representative that all the various devices surrounding the election of its members are provided. First we have the division of the country into constituencies. Then comes the qualification of voters in these constituencies, accompanied by the machinery for testing the claim or establishing the right of the individual to the Franchise. Next, we have the system or plan of voting, and following that the regulations to prevent the pressure of corrupt or undue influences upon the electors. There are, as a matter of fact, four distinct sets of laws governing the process by which every Parliament is elected. It is with one of these, the most important of them all, the Franchise law—a measure that has been for seven years the subject of angry dispute and of frequent amendment—that this article proposes to deal.

We do not enjoy a thoroughly representative system if reflecting and intelligent men who are subject to the laws and who bear their fair share of taxation are excluded from a voice in the government of the country. Nor dare we pretend that we have free institutions if, after the authority to vote has been conceded, it is by any sharp legal process withheld. The Franchise must be given, not grudgingly or of necessity, but as a right. And when given, the machinery under which the right is exercised must be sure, simple, cheap, and, above all things, entirely free from the suspicion of partizan manipulation.

Having laid down these general and elementary principles, let us look at the law as it stands to-day and consider, first, its history, and secondly, its weak points. The original intention of the Fathers of Confederation was that, in the matter of elections, we should imitate our neighbors, by leaving to minor legislatures the duty of arranging constituencies and fixing franchises for the federal house: but, before it was too late, the objection was taken that under this scheme the Parliament would practically be subordinate to the lower bodies and incomplete in itself, Mr. Christopher Dunkin added, during the Confederation debate, that this provincial intervention would produce alliances that would be inconvenient and conflicts that might be dangerous. It was after the presentation of these views that the plan was changed, and the clauses prepared under which

the Federal Parliament was empowered to control the details of its own elections. But Parliament was under no obligation to exercise its authority in respect of the franchise, and as we know, it did not seriously undertake to do so until the Confederation was eighteen years old. Five general elections took place under the provincial Acts. For the change in the practice Sir John Macdonald was responsible. In his first Premiership, Sir John introduced a franchise bill, but failed to advance it to its second reading. Twice during his second term did he repeat the experiment, and it was not until his fourth bill was before Parliament that he determined to push his project through its various stages to the statute book. The Dominion Franchise Act has been called a Tory measure. It was of Tory origin, but the principle of Dominion Franchise does not appear to have been an exclusively Tory possession. Mr. Mackenzie said in the manifesto he issued on the occasion of his elevation to the premiership, "We shall endeavor to frame laws for such a liberal adjustment of the franchise as may best suit the varying circumstances of the different sections of the Dominion." From which it may be inferred that he contemplated some sort of Dominion control over the suffrage. As a matter of fact there was for years in the minds of our leading statesmen of both parties a vague, indefinite idea that Parliament must sooner or later take over the franchise question, in whole or in part. Sir John Macdonald's reason for assuming control of this branch of the election machinery in 1885 was the lack of uniformity in the provincial laws. He did not see why any one man who would be qualified under the Ontario law should be disqualified under the Quebec law. But his franchise did not produce uniformity after all, for he found it impossible to impose, at once, on the provinces already enjoying manhood suffrage, or upon

the North West, the assorted franchises he had determined to adopt. A more plausible reason for the Dominion scheme was a circumstance which was not publicly stated, namely the suspicion that the provincial governments which were Liberal, would disfranchise for their own protection the Dominion officials who were Conservatives. Nova Scotia had already excluded all the Intercolonial railway employes from the voters' lists, thus reducing the Conservative strength in many constituencies; and it was quite within the bounds of possibility that other provinces would follow this example. As it happens Quebec did imitate Nova Scotia in this regard in 1889, and Prince Edward Island disfranchised the railway officials in that little province a few months ago. It is apparent then, that the Dominion law was primarily a political defensive measure. Authorized by the constitution, but not an absolute necessity, it was ultimately adopted as a protective expedient by one of the parties to the everlasting struggle of the ins and outs. That it will be abandoned it is not wise to hope. The Conservatives who seem to have a majority large enough to sustain them for some time, will not place themselves at the mercy of the Liberal provincial governments; and were the conditions reversed the Liberals would be equally determined to retain the law and the advantage it would give them.

It is impossible, however, to blink the fact that the scheme is an expensive luxury, and that it is as fruitful of complaints as of unnecessary outlays. The fact that the annual revision for which the law calls is so frequently suspended is a tribute paid by those responsible for it, to the great cost involved in its operation. But it must not be forgotten either, that no complicated franchise law can be worked without expense. Our system is often contrasted with that of England in order that its unfairness and

costliness may be emphasized. Yet the English system has its demerits. One of these, as pointed out in a recent debate in the Imperial House of Commons, is the fact that it does not give the elector a sufficient guarantee of the safety of his vote. Unless a person has lived for a full year in the district in which he wishes to be enfranchised, he cannot appear on the voters' lists. The result is that the householders or lodgers who move—and as we know removals among these classes are very frequent—are invariably disfranchised for at least eighteen months and sometimes for two years although they have been continuous residents in the United Kingdom and are as much entitled to express an opinion on matters of public policy as the electors who, because they have not passed from dwelling to dwelling, or from lodging to lodging, retain their position on the register. This is an unfairness much resembling one of several concerning which complaint is made in Canada. The second demerit pointed to in England is the prime objection urged in Canada against the Dominion system, namely the expense thrust upon the treasury and upon private individuals through the working of the law. The Solicitor General of England says it costs the boroughs \$140 for every thousand electors whose names appear on the lists, and the country parishes \$260 for every thousand. As there are 4,560,000 voters in England, the public cost of registration is no less than \$700,000 a year in that part of the United Kingdom. But as the system works unsatisfactorily, the politicians in each constituency have to spend enormously in order to secure the proper representation of their respective parties on the register. Sir John Gorst estimates that the sums collected from private sources for this purpose aggregate as large an amount as that derived from taxation for the official work. If this statement be correct,

\$700,000 a year is spent by the English politicians, and the total cost of the franchise in England alone is \$1,400,000 annually. There can be no question that the perfecting of the register is a serious source of outlay to both parties. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in a late speech before the Liberal Unionists of Birmingham said: "We have had the registration to look after, and you will understand that a great deal of money has been expended. For this purpose we established a special fund and up to the present time we have received £750 towards it; but we want £2,000 and I have no doubt we shall get it." Here is a sum of \$10,000 required by one party in one constituency in one year for registration purposes.

Yet the English system is, if anything, less complex and less open to complaint on the ground of governmental or one-party control than ours. Here, one officer, an appointee of the Government of the day, prepares and revises the lists, adjudicating upon the claims of those who want to get on, and of those who want others to be put off. Here, too, for economical reasons, the lists pass to a printing office under Government supervision to be put into type for use when the contest comes. It has been charged that the system has bred injustice. But leave this accusation out of consideration and the fact remains that the process is of such a character as to necessitate extreme watchfulness on the part of the minority, whether it be Conservative or Liberal. The English lists, on the other hand, are prepared in their preliminary form, not by Government appointees, but by the overseers of the poor, men whose political complexion is not necessarily that of the Government of the day and who in few constituencies are unanimously attached to one party. From the overseers appeals are made to revising officers who sit as judges: but these officials again are not chosen by the

administration, but by the bench. Thus the English politicians do not fear partizan manipulation of the lists by the officials. They undertake the expense of looking after the register not so much with a view to dogging the revisers and keeping them straight, as in order to fight the enemy and to hunt up friendly electors, who have failed to protect their own electoral interests. Possibly it would not be fair to contrast the expenditure incurred in preparing our first Federal lists with that involved in the preparation of the English lists. The first revision was entered upon in the dark and its cost, \$413,000, was larger than the Government could possibly have anticipated. Such a contrast, however, would show that the cost of the lists to the treasury was equal to \$300 for every thousand names, which is \$40 more per thousand than the cost in the English parishes. A fairer contrast would be that of the revision of 1889, which is put down at \$233,000. As there were 1,132,000 names registered, the expense was \$215 per thousand: \$45 less than in the English parishes, and \$75 more than in the English boroughs. Viewing, then, the case of Canada in the light of that of England, it is evident that even were our system so modified as to become a copy of the English plan, thus removing the complaints on the score of official partizanship, suspected or real, there would still remain the objection that the registration is extremely expensive, not only to the state, but also to the opposing parties.

Now, it is worth while to enquire what it is that renders the operation of the law both in England and Canada, so fertile a source of outlay. On the face of it, it is the system of restricted franchises that has been handed down to us by our ancestors. The original theory of the franchise was that the few only, and these, the property owners, were entitled to the right to vote. Naturally, the ruling

classes were jealous of the power they enjoyed and care was taken by them to prevent such a distribution of political strength as should weaken their own influence in the Legislature. They allowed freeholders to vote in the counties, but in the process of time the freeholders became so numerous that it was provided, with a view to reducing the number of electors, that no freehold should carry the franchise with it, unless it was of the annual value of forty shillings—a sum equivalent in those days to an independence. In the boroughs the franchise was fixed not by law, but by custom, and the qualifications varied throughout the United Kingdom. Thus in some boroughs the forty shilling freehold obtained; while in others there was a burgage or occupier's qualification. Again, there was a scot and lot, or tax paying qualification in several; and in one, Bristol, the franchise was conferred not only upon freeholders, but upon such men as were married to the daughters of freemen. The diversity of franchises was provocative of many abuses and it was not until 1832 that something like order or uniformity was produced. But prior to this we had imported the English idea of the franchise. The constitution of 1792 gave to the two Canadas the forty shilling system, each freeholder, however, to have but one vote; and from that starting point we have worked out the complicated arrangement now in operation. Under the Dominion law of to-day the citizen to be qualified to vote, must be the owner or occupier of real property in a city of the actual value of \$300, in a town, of the actual value of \$200, or in the country of the actual value of \$150; or he must pay a rental of \$2 a month, \$12 a quarter or \$20 a year; or he must have an income of \$300 a year, or he must be the son of the owner of property of sufficient value to qualify both father and child. The qualifications are low, so low in-

deed that no man of full age who is not absolutely a pauper ought to be excluded from the lists. It is the duty of the revising officer to sort out the electors according to their qualifications. He places A upon the list because his property is worth \$300 and more; he places B there because he pays a rental of \$2 a month, either as a tenant or as a lodger; he places C there because he earns \$300 a year. The officer in determining the value of each man's possessions, rental or wages has judicial powers. C is an intelligent man, bearing his share of the public responsibilities, liable for military duty, and serving upon the jury when summoned. But the party to which he does not belong, challenges his right to vote, because it is believed that his income instead of being \$300 is only \$290. If it can be proved that the \$10 is actually wanting in the amount of wages earned, C loses his vote, although B, who earns possibly only \$200 a year remains on the list as a \$2 per month rent payer. The assorting of claimants to the franchise is full of anomalies: and what is worse, it is fruitful of irritation, of charges of unfairness, and as we have already seen, of expense. All this we tolerate, not because we are in search of difficulties, not because we have money that we can afford to throw away, but because we have inherited the old world theory—good enough in the days when ignorance prevailed, but not suited to this country or to this period of enlightenment,—that no man is fit to vote unless he is qualified not by intelligence or education, but by property and money.

However easily a property qualification may be defended in England it, cannot be so logically defended here, so far at least as relates to the Dominion House. The Imperial Parliament legislates on the subject of property: our Local Legislatures also exercise jurisdiction in respect of property: but property is specifically

excluded from the purview of the Parliament at Ottawa. In constituting the Dominion House, therefore, and having regard to the class of legislation with which that House deals, the question of property has not to be considered. The laws emanating from the assembly have reference to every citizen, whether he be a property holder or not; and, as they are so comprehensive, it follows, as a matter of common justice, that every intelligent citizen should have the right to express his opinion upon them through the medium of his vote. It should be declared, then, as the first principle of the franchise, that all men are entitled to the ballot, with qualifications, however, as to age, allegiance and mental condition. Having reached this basis, it is necessary to consider the nature of the machinery that shall enable the voter to assert himself. The present system, it has been said, is too expensive. But the cost has only been viewed, so far, in the light of a single revision of the lists. The last revision stood us in \$233,000. There ought to be a revision every year. In fact the law calls for such a revision and it is only by special legislation that the labor and expense can be avoided. If the law be complied with we shall perfect the lists annually, at a cost of \$200,000 to the state and of another \$200,000 to the political organizations. Yet, seeing that we have a general election only once in four or five years, we shall use only one out of every four or five sets of lists. Thus the outlay, public and private, incurred in preparing the three or four sets that are not used is good money wilfully wasted. If, however, we continue to omit revisions in order to save expense, we do a serious injustice to counties in which bye-elections are held, for it will happen that contests will take place on lists four or five years old. These are necessarily imperfect. They admit to the polling-booth persons

who are no longer interested in the constituency, and, possibly, others no longer interested in Canada: whilst they exclude the new-comers and the young men who, since the last revision, have reached the age which qualifies them to vote.

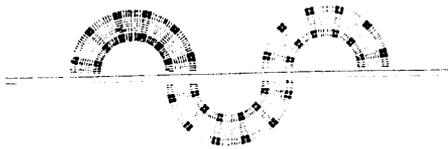
What we want is a system that shall not give us voters' lists when they are not wanted: and this can only be assured by adopting, in connection with the principle of manhood suffrage, a plan of registration, similar to that in operation in some of the neighboring states. There, registration is a part of the election machinery. The city or county is divided into precincts or districts, analogous to our polling districts. You want to vote. In order to assert your right, you visit the polling booth that is to be, a week or two weeks, as provided by law, in advance of the election. In the presence of representatives of the opposing parties you declare that you are a resident of the precinct, give your address and register your name. In the course of a few days the agents of the parties, who are termed supervisors of elections, make the necessary inquiries as to your residence, and, if the claim to the franchise is not appealed for further and immediate inquiry before an election judge, the franchise is yours and you can duly exercise it on polling day. This plan of registration has the merit of simplicity. It is also inexpensive, timely and fair.

Objection may be taken to the manhood suffrage principle on the ground that it affords too wide a distribution of the franchise. But it is impossible to understand how a supporter of the present Dominion law can oppose it with such an argument. We have manhood suffrage in Ontario. The system, however, gives no one a vote who, if his case is fairly adjudicated upon, is not also entitled to a vote under the Dominion act. It is impossible to compare, with accuracy, the strength of the electorate under

each plan, because the principles of registration differ: but it is a fact that in some municipalities the number of electors on the provincial lists is identically the same as the number on the Dominion lists. Another objection may be based upon the fact that with manhood suffrage a residential qualification is necessary, and that in consequence the one-man-one-vote principle must be adopted. But why, in Dominion, above all other elections, should any individual have more than one vote? Is it because he has more property than his poorer neighbor? Then the reply is that the Dominion House does not legislate for property. Is it because the multiplicity of votes is an ancient privilege? Then the answer is that history tells another story. The old forty shilling franchise conferred but one vote in England and in Canada. But if men are to have votes according to the value of their property why not be just? An elector to-day having \$100,000 worth of property in one constituency has only one vote. His neighbor with \$20,000 worth distributed over three or four constituencies has three or four votes. Why not deal fairly with the richer man of the two by allowing him to cast fifteen or twenty ballots in the constituency in which his \$100,000 worth of property is situated? Or if wealth is a fair basis for the franchise why regard property only as wealth? Surely bank stocks and mortgages ought to entitle the holder to a multiplicity of votes calculated upon their value.

The great point to be insisted upon is that the citizen shall be allowed to vote, and that it shall cost neither his party nor the State any very large sum to secure him his right. This point cannot be reached under a system which gives us more law than justice and compels each man to fight, as for his life, for that political recognition, to which as a tax-payer he is fairly entitled. It is, let it be observed

in conclusion, only by removing vision of its charter which imposes irritating obstacles to the franchise, upon it the duty of legislating for and suspicions of unfair dealing that "the peace, order, and good government of Canada." Parliament can live up to that pro-



## MY FRIEND MARK!

BY JOE T. CLARK.

### CHAPTER I.

In the course of a long life, first as a lawyer and later as a circuit judge in Ontario, I have been thrown in contact with as great a variety of men as anyone could possibly meet, and moreover I am credited with possessing a pretty keen eye for the character of men who pass through my hands. In fact, if one may be permitted to misapprehend his own language, and make a joke on himself, I have been known to strip men of their last shred of character, when I cross-examined them as a lawyer or sentenced them as a judge. But after this mild poke at myself I will proceed to say that I can—or believe I can, which amounts to the same thing—read a man's character and fathom a rascal, penetrate a hypocrite or detect a fraudulent person with the best of them. The best of them and the best of us, however, occasionally meet with a person whom we misjudge. Now I conceived an affection for one of the most bloodthirsty scoundrels that ever lived in this province and to this day I cannot admit any feeling of shame in recalling my connection with him. It all happened when I was a lawyer years ago.

The illicit manufacture of whiskey was carried on at that time more vigorously than it is now, because the profits were quicker and the risk of detection less. In almost every country one or more private stills were known to exist, and at night, somehow, whether through the connivance of the whole countryside or not cannot be said, wagons would go abroad and supply farmhouses and hotels with barrels and kegs of peculiarly strong whis-

key. An attempt was made by the Legislature to stop this and after two years of effort, of arrests, seizures and often fights in which both sides lost blood, the illicit trade began to droop.

About this time I went out one fall on a deer-hunting trip to a part of the province where deer are now as great a rarity as kangaroo, and had some success. One day having travelled into the woods a great length I suddenly came upon a log house, not seeing it until within twenty yards of it. Walking around I found the door standing wide open and inside four men busily at work and saying nothing. They were strong fellows in long boots, and wore smocks, and I watched them for a minute or two. Whiskey making not entering my mind it did not occur to me that this was certainly the private still for which such active search was being made in the locality, but smelling spirits and feeling tired it did occur to me that a drink would be bracing.

"Good day, everybody. Would you give me a mouthful of that," said I, stepping inside and addressing a man who was filling a large jug.

Three of the men jumped as if shot and swore tremendous oaths, but the fourth, nearer the door, with one motion rose from his task and struck me on the head with a great fist so that I fell in a heap, my gun flying several feet distant. Then he slammed the door, fastened it with a bar, and turned in time to jerk my gun from the hands of another who was about to empty its contents into me as I arose.

"You mullet-headed fool, Bill! don't shoot him. What's the good of shooting him. If the police are outside it won't mend matters to add murder to our

other line of business," said my first assailant.

"Just as though you didn't nearly kill him yourself. You're getting squeamish, Mark," growled Bill.

"No I ain't. I just gave him an easy one so's he'd stand out of the way until I could shut the door."

By this time all save Mark had drawn rifles or long muzzle-loading pistols and were either covering me or with gleaming eyes peering through chinks among the logs for a sign of the police who were supposed to be with me. But by this time I found tongue.

"Look here fellows," I said, "what in creation do you mean knocking a man down when he calls on you and putting guns in his nose and carrying on like a lot of infernal scoundrels. I am alone. I know nothing about police. I am out shooting and just ran plump against your house and thought I would call for a pull of brandy or something."

Mark turned on me with fierce eyes. "I think you are one of them suckers who are out hunting for us. There's a lot of them out on all sides and they meet every night to tell if they find any traces. Now if you are hunting us, you've found us, see, and so had better arrest us and march us off and get the reward. What do you think, Bill?"

"I think as you do, Mark. That reward hain't to be despised, mister. Why its \$200, and I guess they'd make it \$300 when they see a lame man among the prisoners," said Bill, aiming his pistol at my face and moving it about as though undecided whether to shoot me in the right eye or the left.

"Keep your tongue off me and leave my secrets alone till I tell 'em," said a lame man with black whiskers, who kept watching through the logs with a gun so calmly ready that I knew that there sat one who would fight against a hundred. They wouldn't find "a lame man among the prisoners."

My position was desperate and so I took a desperate chance. With a lightning movement I drew my own pistol from beneath my jacket and got it on a level with the muzzle of Bill's. I accomplished this without getting a bullet in either my right or left eye, which I half expected.

"Confound it, now," said I, "drop your guns you fellows and talk business. What have I done? What do you want? All I want is to get my gun and my hat and away I go. If you don't let me do it and start shooting, by ginger, I'll send one of you at least, ahead of me out of the world. Don't wiggle your finger like that again, Bill, for mine is a patent pistol that goes off mighty easy."

"He's game, anyhow," applauded Mark. "Stranger, did you come out alone?"

"Yes!"

"Not a soul with you, and you wasn't hunting us?"

"No, I never heard of you or thought of you. I am a lawyer and am out for a week's shooting. My name is Wilson—Henry L. Wilson—I didn't count on shooting any men during this trip but I guess I'll have to drop one—don't do that again Bill, or, heaven help me, I'll shoot."

"Don't be so cocky," answered Bill. "Don't waste your breath bluffing me, for in a few minutes you'd give a good deal for the wind you're wasting."

Mark now called the lame man away from his post by the corner of the shanty, ordered Bill and me to put away our pistols, but on my refusing he bade Bill take care of me while he asked some more questions. He wanted to know where I had been stopping when I started out that morning, and if I could find my way back if they let me go without a guide. To these I answered promptly.

"You dont want a guide, eh? So I guess if you found your way out you could find your way back again, say to-morrow, with about twenty friends."

I vowed I would do nothing of the sort but they ordered me to shut up and Mark told Bill to keep me quiet while the others went outside for a chat. Presently they came back again.

"Look here," said Mark. "these fellows went in for cracking you on the head and stuffing you under the floor, but I am soft-hearted and won't have it so. No use risking hanging for killing a gol-darned lawyer, says I. So we have decided that Andy and Bill and me will take you out by a path on which you can't find your way back again, and leave Crutchy to mind the store. How will that do, Bill?"

"Fine. I know a dandy path for him. He wont find his way back again—not any!"

There was a meaning in his words which I thought best not to see, so expressed my willingness to proceed. It would be some advantage to get outside the walls and by evincing no suspicion I would be enabled to choose my own time for a bitter resistance of what I was sure was a plot to murder me. I offered to put away my pistol if Bill would do the same and to empty my gun if they would also. To this Mark agreed, and though the others dissented, it was done. I was forced to walk first, much against my will, then came Bill and Andy with Mark behind carrying my empty gun. In this order we walked about half a mile without incident, my mind in a state of intense excitement, watching for some opportunity to dart suddenly aside, and ready to turn at the least sound and give somebody a chunk of lead. By rubbing my arm across my chest I had managed to get my pistol forward until its handle protruded from my jacket ready to my right hand.

Smash, crash and curses! This means life or death. Quick as thought I sprang around, my pistol levelled, but I did not fire. Mark stood with my gun clubbed in his hands and

Andy and Bill lay on the ground. Andy gave a kick and emitted an oath and was served with another crack on the head. Then he quit.

"What's your game? If you try that on me I'll stop you before you go far," I yelled.

"I aint such a darn fool as to fight both sides," said Mark, throwing down the gun and examining the unconscious men. "They'll sleep about ten minutes. I gave them nice easy ones, just enough to let us get a mile away before they start on the rampage. If Bill could only wake up with one eye he would give me a dose. What did I do that for? Well it ain't like me to play sneak on partners, but you see Bill is a terror. You had to be put away according to his notion, and that lane devil, Crutchy, is worse than him. It was decided to bring you as far as that hollow tree and then crack you and stuff you down the hole or else shoot you and leave your gun as though it was an accident. We didn't want to do you up too near our house for when people found you they might prowl around and smell us. But I never laid anyone out yet and took a notion to you and made up my mind that between us we could handle them. I'll get away from here: anyhow, its getting too hot for us to make much of a haul any more."

While he was talking we had started off running, but by degrees fell into a walk as distance grew between us and the spot where the men lay. Mark left me when a mile from my hotel. I offered him money, which he refused; I told him I was a wealthy man and would give him \$500 and set him up in some small business if he would be honest. He refused, but as he turned away he laughingly said: "Never mind that money now but remember you owe it to me and see that you pay it when I ask for it."

Away he went. When along with a well-armed hunting party of six, I

revisited the locality the next year, we after some search found the log shanty. It was empty. By certain signs I concluded it had been vacated the day of my last visit. No doubt the inmates, after Mark's treachery, feared he would lead the authorities upon them and so they vanished. Thus individually did I accomplish for the Government what a large staff had sought in vain to do.

## CHAPTER II.

Fortune has always favored me. Inheriting considerable means I have added steadily to the store and was reported rich long before I felt entitled to be so considered. Friends often warned me against burglars, my house was so far removed from the frequented streets, and so much gossip was afloat about my income and possessions, but I never had bothered a bit about it until this particular night, when I was sure I heard a footstep down stairs in the library. A footstep had no business there at midnight. Besides myself there was only the housekeeper in the place and she was asleep long ago.

But somebody else was in the house now, sure enough, so I quietly dressed and stole down. There was a flickering light in the rooms, and my indignation swelled on observing that the fellow had lit one of my fine wax candles. Seeing that I was providing him with things to steal, why in thunder could he not bring his own light, or why could he not have looked about until he found a tallow candle?

On the table he had spread out a number of valuables collected from different rooms. There were two pieces of silver, heirlooms in the family which no money could buy from me, besides two other pieces of greater intrinsic value. As I got in view he tossed on the table a wallet containing several hundred dollars, which he had secured by forcing a lock in a cabinet, and

then he commenced coolly rummaging among the papers. In my hand was a stout oaken stick which I had found in the hall and grasping it firmly I stole in upon the fellow.

When within six feet of him he looked over his shoulder, not as though he had heard me, but as though warned by instinct. He tried to turn but I was upon him and brought him a terrific blow with my stick and then we clinched. He was a powerful brute, but my strength has always been great and I had the advantage in the attack. We fought stubbornly, and finally I got him down with my hand on his throat. Somehow he seemed passive as though reserving his strength, and I was suspicious. As my breath began to return I thought I saw the man actually trying to smile. And then I looked at him.

"Mark!"

"Ah there?" retorted the rascal in a gasp as my fingers relaxed.

"Is this what you are at now. Get up!"

"Yes, and why not?" he asked unblushingly as he arose. "Business is business and I am no more ashamed of mine than I would be of yours."

"Well you're a thoroughbred scoundrel."

"Go slow, there. No names. Don't presume too much upon our acquaintanceship, but attend to your business and I'll attend to mine. Now you go back to bed and I'll go on with this job. I'm nearly through."

"Just as near through as you'll ever get. Do you call this attending to your own business—don't you know this is my house?" I was in a rage, though now the memory of his impudence is amusing.

"Of course it's your house. I didn't know it until we grappled and then I knew it was all right. You are under obligations to me. I saved your life you know."

"Suppose you did. Call around at my office to-morrow and I'll pay you the \$500 I promised you, but I won't

stand by and be robbed by you or anybody else."

"Well you are a nice one," said Mark with an oath. "You would have been dead and buried in a hollow tree four years ago only for me, and here instead of thanking me you bob up when I have got a nice haul spread out on the table and expect me to let you spoil my game. What would I do that for? I am here on business and am going through with it. If I killed you it wouldn't be murder. Bill and Andy were going to do you four years ago, and so if I put a hole through you now it would be their bullet which I have considerably held back all this time. But you have no gratitude. If you have neither gratitude nor sense enough to go to bed I'll finish you and feel no deeper personal concern than if I only met a funeral on the street. I have a right to kill you if I want to, and I'll get away too, for my partners are down at the wharf with a boat and we will be across the lake before morning."

His reasoning was forcible but not convincing. The man meant it, I could see, strange as it was. I made a motion for my stick and we clinched again, he soon proving too many for me. Before, he had been mild, thinking it was "all right seeing it was me." Now he fought to win. He banged and pounded me and I was growing faint when by a quick wrestler's trick I escaped him and got my club, and rushed at him again. There was a report, a pain in my left leg, and as I dropped to one knee he pocketed his smoking pistol and started to gather up the booty. I hobbled to the table and started to smash at him with my stick, and just then a terrific noise, of screams and falling furniture came to us down the stairs. My housekeeper was aroused. Between this and my attack Mark became alarmed, dropped the silverware and rushed for the open window of the adjoining room. As he vanished his parting exclamation reached me and it was:

"Curse you for a thankless brute!"

His ridiculous idea of the nature of gratitude due him from me struck me then and I rather smiled, but that leg deserved attention. The housekeeper did her best, but she would not go outside for help, and as I could not walk, we contented ourselves with bandaging and bathing it until near morning, when the good woman with many a prayer for her safety brought a doctor. Before he arrived I had determined to give no description nor confess any knowledge of my burglar. I thought of the hollow tree in which my spinal column and yawning ribs might at the moment have been hidden but for Mark, and so concluded to let him off if he could escape. But I was out of all humor with him and considered him either a thorough-paced scoundrel or else a lunatic to argue with me as he did. Surely I was in the right of it for who would go to bed at a burglar's bidding and allow him to bag such treasures as mine were?

### CHAPTER III.

Three more years had elapsed and I was buried in a bigger law practice than ever. My friend, or enemy, Mark, had never bothered me during that time, having, no doubt, scurried across the lake as he said he would. Often in the papers appeared notices of men named Mark this or that, who were drowned or sent to penitentiary or killed in accidents, and often did I wonder if this could be my Mark, for he had never mentioned his full name. Moreover the question as to what claims he really had upon me by reason of having saved my life was one I could never settle. Different lawyer friends argued with me that he had no claim, that it is the duty of all men to prevent murder, and that Mark would have committed a moral and legal crime in being privy to my death, therefore he simply avoided

criminality by pursuing the course he had taken and deserved no praise or reward. Those to whom I confided the further fact that it was he who attempted to rob and kill me on that midnight when I received a bullet in the leg, said emphatically that the scoundrel had forfeited all claim upon my regard, and that if he appeared again the only prudent course was to have him locked up. There was something in this, for Mark had shown that he considered he had a proprietary right in me, that I owed my existence to him as much as though he had cut me out of a piece of cardboard with a pair of scissors. On the night of the robbery he had shown the eccentric condition of his mind on this question, and although the circumstances were unfavorable for a careful delineation of his theory I knew he felt that if he had killed me then, instead of meriting death for murdering me he would deserve praise for having lengthened my days by four years. To me his notion indicated a species of lunacy, but I knew that unless cured of it, he would, now that four years had increased to seven, feel that his toleration was amazing and that I was vastly his debtor. If he felt three years ago that he was legally and morally entitled to kill me whenever he choose and to despoil me of all he could carry, what recompense for supplying me with life for seven years would he hesitate to ask?

Surely the man had a streak of insanity in him and a review of his conduct showed it. Did he not strike me a blow that would have killed a common man when we first met, and didn't he trap me with his questions and incite the others to murder me, and did he not plan the entire scheme of stuffing me in that hollow tree? Then was it not only a whim that caused him to smash his friends over the head so that I could escape; more, would a sane man run serious risks in making whiskey and then decline

five hundred dollars offered him as a gift? Would he do this and then try to rob and murder me when he could lawfully receive the five hundred dollars I again offered him? And then his absurd claim that my life belonged to him! There never was such a man.

One day in the office one of my clerks brought me a telegram. One or two wires had just been strung up that summer and telegraphy was not what it has since become. Opening the message it proved to contain the remarkable words:

CHIPALOO, N. Y.

TO HENRY L. WILSON, Barrister.

Am arrested on a charge of murder. Come at once and spend that five hundred dollars in getting me off.

MARK.

Here was my friend at last. Arrested on a charge of murder and ordering me to come and free him as though my life depended on his! Evidently he did not consider that putting a bullet in my leg had at all voided his proprietary rights in me. The way the message read, too—not a petition to one who might be a friend, but a command to one who dare not refuse!

No doubt he had killed somebody: perhaps he had only strangled another life owned by him as he professed to own mine. In that case he would feel innocent and greatly abused. But could I go to the rescue of a man whom I doubted not was a murderer, and if I succeeded in getting him free would that balance our accounts according to his eccentric notions or would he promptly appropriate his own by finishing me? Would he let loose the fate Bill and Andy had prepared for me and which he had "considerately intercepted" for seven years?

The impudence of his demand astonished me and then the novelty and singularity of my whole connection

with the man impressed me. Did ever another respectable lawyer in all the world have such an experience as mine?

Pocketing the five hundred dollars I went to Chipaloo but not to the jail at first. It was easy to get full particulars of the case for nothing else was talked about. The prisoner had arrived in town the day previous to the murder and had got into a fight in one of the saloons with three men. He had fought like a demon and knocked and hammered the three fellows all in a heap but was arrested and fined the next day. Then he disappeared until evening when he paraded the streets, half-drunk, and meeting the constable who had arrested him the previous evening set upon him with a knife. He slashed his body beyond recognition while a dozen horrified onlookers stood speechless, but a man ran out of a hardware store with an axe and with a blow stretched him alongside his victim.

And now he was in jail awaiting trial. A feeling of loathing towards the man began to possess me and I decided not to see him. His crime was too cold-blooded, too much like the act of a fiend who revelled in slaughter. If he had killed one of those men while engaged in an uneven fight with the three of them it would not have been so bad: something I would not care to have on my conscience, yet I have shaken hands with men guilty of manslaughter committed with less creditable particulars.

A lawyer was engaged and guaranteed any reasonable sum of money to put up the best possible defence. He saw no chance unless we could establish Mark's insanity: but the prisoner positively refused to conduct himself wildly. Nothing would induce him to roll his eyes and talk at random. He wanted to see me, but I would only treat with him through the lawyer. He sent me word to buy the judge and jury and if his five hundred was not enough, then I would

only be doing the fair thing in spending my savings during the past seven years towards this end. Of course this was absurd, for the judge was simply unapproachable and such was public feeling that no jury dare acquit that man or they and he would have been hanged on the same tree.

I did everything possible, arranged for certain comforts for the prisoner and returned home to attend urgent business. The result of the trial was telegraphed me and of course Mark was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged a month later. The lawyer wrote me that Mark desired me to be present during the ceremony: and the day previous to the execution I reached Chipaloo.

The hour appointed for the final scene was 8 o'clock in the morning, and at 6 o'clock I entered the jail along with the sheriff, a minister and the lawyer. We were ushered into the condemned cell.

Mark had changed greatly since my two previous encounters with him: he was much stouter and had a full beard.

"Now look here, we are not going to have any revival meeting business here this morning, Mr. Whiskers," said he irreverently to the good preacher, "and if we did you would be disappointed at the amount put in the collection plate. As for lawyers, they are an all-fired greasy crowd and it makes me shiver to touch one of them. They are mighty useful when you get into a quarrel over a line fence, but they are no good when your life is at stake. How much of my five hundred dollars has been wasted on this jay?"

"About two hundred dollars," I replied.

"Well, take the balance and send it to Mrs. Mark Snyder, Bloomington, Illinois."

"Is she your wife?"

"It doesn't matter whose wife she is, nor whether she is anybody's wife—you send it to that address, that's all you've got to do."

This was pretty cool, but there was

no use arguing. The minister sought gallantly to pray and impart spiritual instruction to the doomed man, but I will not put down here the profane interruptions and scoffings of Mark. The time went by and soon we marched out to the scaffold. Mark paused before the signal was given and turned to me.

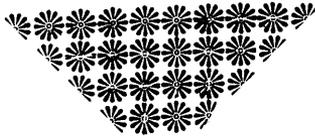
"Gentlemen, there is a man whose life I saved seven years ago. He would have been buried in a hollow tree only I saved him. But there he stands and never offers to take my place up here. Well, Wilson, you always were a thankless brute and I

told you so once before. Mind you send that money or I'll lay for you at the edge of the hot lake."

It was over in four minutes. I sent the money as directed so that I could never blame myself, but after it had remained idly there for a year I recovered it. No such woman could be found trace of; and I think it was an eccentric prank of my friend and preserver.

So it has been shown how the first time I met him he saved my life; the second time I met him he tried to take my life, and the third time I met him I saw him hanged.

(THEEN D.)



## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY W. T. TASSIE.

I scanned the world's fair lands and seas,  
And tranquil skies, and sought in vain  
Beyond earth's dark apostacies  
For some apocalyptic flame,  
For aught to solve high mysteries,  
Or e'en unwind a tangled skein.

Yet I was swayed as all men are  
Who drift across this wonder-sphere  
Beneath the sombre clouds that mar  
Our sunny hopes when days are clear,  
Or 'neath some dimly rising star  
When the long nights of gloom are here.

And oftimes through the morning mist,  
Or at the eventide, there came  
The light of one I should have kissed  
As she reached out to me in vain,  
And hung upon my neck, but missed  
The chaste caress that love should gain.

There was no pathway she could take  
Where light from God's throne was not shed,  
And as she loved for love's fair sake  
I caught the sunshine round me spread,  
And swore, at last, I would forsake  
All else and follow where she sped.

Yet every sportive wind that strayed  
Fanned into flame the dying fires  
That round the trembling heart are laid  
In false delights and strange desires,  
Which smoulder on and are obeyed  
Until poor, trembling nature tires.

'Twas thus I lost her, and I met  
Nor kith nor kin who had the grace  
To grant me one true amulet,  
Or lead me to some sacred place  
Where folly I might all forget  
And see again her happy face.

Yet 'twas not any friend I sought,  
Since I had ne'er a friend like this,  
For she was of such substance wrought  
As to hold wisdom fair I wis,  
And count dispraise or praise as naught,  
And only perfect service bliss.

Around me throbbed the busy street,  
 And want and hate at morn arose,  
 And these I sought 'midst stress and heat  
 To vanquish ere the long day's close,  
 And yet my deeds were incomplete  
 As the Great Lord above me knows.

Still paid I tribute oft and kept  
 With fervour an exalted creed,  
 And on the flagstones as I stept  
 Sowed in the silence golden seed  
 That grew to fruit, though passions swept  
 Within and swayed me as a reed.

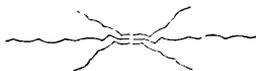
I toiled, too, in neglected lands  
 Whereto some early toilers sped  
 To sow and reap in scattered bands  
 Where e'er their priestly impulse led,  
 Yet left, to mock their holy hands,  
 The harvest still unharvested.

Alas! long silent voices rose  
 Within a crypt of memory's hall  
 That called me from the task I chose,  
 And fain was I to hear their call,  
 For I was swayed by all of those  
 Malign delights which compass all.

Sad days and nights of thralldom came  
 While drifting from her wise control,  
 But when she whispered naught of blame  
 And found some virtue to extol,  
 I hung my head in very shame  
 Lest she should truly see my soul.

Then 'neath these austere Northern skies,  
 I felt a solemn purpose grow  
 To drive the mists before mine eyes,  
 And ease and recompense forego,  
 And, where the fruitless fallow lies  
 In wrinkled ridge and furrow, sow.

Still torn with ancient chains and weak,  
 Like one of a half-vanquished race,  
 Without the virtues of the meek,  
 And with the palsy of the base,  
 I yet lift up mine eyes and seek  
 The light of that high angel's face.



## THE LAND OF MAÑANA.

BY THOMAS A. GREGG.

The land of Manana is the land of indolence. The gaudy birds which flit through its palm groves ply a slow and heavy wing as if flight were an exertion, the tedium of which they would willingly forego. The reptiles—they are not of a very formidable character—which one may meet in a stroll in unfrequented paths, move sluggishly out of the way; while the flowers even, beautiful beyond comparison, but often inodorate and doomed by climatic influences to premature decay, seem to droop under the general inertia, which finds its highest subjects for exemplification in the natives themselves who seem to be happy in being entirely devoid of the energy which might on occasion surprise them by rousing them to action,—something they are not prone to, save through force of circumstances. The very air of the land of Manana seems imbued with the spirit of sloth; and so insidious is it that it requires but brief contact with it to enervate the vigorous and subdue the strong: by this I mean that the forceful northern nature, nursed to puissance in the invigorating atmosphere of the temperate zone, and habituated to gleaning its provender by the sweat of its brow, sinks into sluggishness and culpable incapacity for activity under the somnolent influence of the calorific atmosphere which enfolds the land of Manana. He who supinely sought rest under the upas unconsciously invited a euthanasia probably as pleasing as it was painless, but he who sets himself down under the fleckless sky of the land of Manana loses not his life, if he escape the miasma of the lagunas, or the vapor of the mezas, but finds his volitive energy subdued, and the engendering within him of a desire to be like those about him, careless, free and abandoned to a gradation of vagrancy comfortable and pleasant in the extreme. And it seems to be a fitting disposition in a land where labor breakfasts, and to repletion evidently, on bananas, lunches on bananas and dines on bananas, with breadfruit and other similar comforts in reserve. And they grow profusely on the common domain—spontaneously, without cultivation, so that man there can live on the natural productions of the earth and if he be not fastidious as to the extent of his wardrobe, and can find comfort and contentment in a breech-clout, he need not work at all. But at some time in his early history the native was initiated into the subtleties of jumpers, shirts, and tanned trousers and he has wallowed deep in that slough of extravagant dissipation ever since. For these he will work and work hard, and so fond is he of fashion in this direction that at ports of call he may often be seen between decks on the steamer among the coast traders, drawing on six or eight pairs of trousers, one over the other, so as to convey them more handily ashore for his friends. By this forethought he not only does a kindness for those who have not the time or the inclination to visit the steamer, but manages to convey his purchases past the minions of the commandante of the port who might prove tariffically inquisitive should he come ashore with the goods in a shopper's parcel. And one day at Champerico it was obvious to all of inquisitive or observant disposition that this desire for personal adornment was not confined to the males, for we men standing on the promenade deck of a

P. M. liner at high twelve of a bright sunlit summer day, saw a dusky youth scramble down the side, into a coffee laden lugger, run aboard below, and proceed to array his nether limbs, preparatory to donning his ducks, in lace embellished articles of lady's *lingerie*, which he evidently purposed bearing, duty free, to as many longing females waiting anxiously ashore. But these are of the lowly puebla, and if they wish to emulate the daughters of the aristocratico, who live in soft and opulent langour in their elegant homes in town and country, wherein do they differ from women in more favored communities, who think it incumbent upon them to follow the fashions, without question whether the fashion fits their station or their purse?

During many months and especially when he is on his annual journey to and from that vague point in space known as his highest declination, the sun looks with serene though blistering and unblinking eye upon the land of Manana, dwelling on it usually with such solicitude that his constant and searching supervision oftentimes becomes irksome to and scarcely to be borne by the strong blood of the north, yet it is with light and unheeded, if not altogether acceptable, hand that he touches the wayward children who have "been to the manor born." Children they are figuratively, children of nature where she is tropical and voluptuous. But they are scarcely the children with whom one would care to play where emulation or a spirit of contrariety might engender argument and dispute, for they are mettled high, eager to follow the aggressive word with the offensive act, sudden and terrible in quarrel and the word *embustero* is not bandied among them, but at the cost of blood or life. Still are they courteously deferential to strangers, whatever they may be to those near to them. But with the aristocrats, for even here, in this out-of-the-way land is

that imaginary superiority of wealth and position which draws the line at the people, usually styled common people, there lives that hauteur and reserve which is supposed to sit appropriately upon those who could, did they wish to trouble themselves to establish what should be incontinently conceded, trace their lineage back to the hidalgos of Old Spain, or to the caballeros andante who left the impress of their valor, and in many cases their bones, in this fair land in the days that have long gone, though they live in story and in song. But with them Manana is more strongly accentuated than it is when coming from plebeian lips and admits of no argument, so that it is fitting to assume that when that angel who at the last day will stand with one foot on water and one upon dry land, calling all sorts and conditions of men to judgment, from these people will go up a general and unanimous cry "*Manana, Senor, Manana.*"

Where is the land of Manana? Take the map of Central America and you will find south of Mexico a number of small, differently colored spaces. These will be found to designate the republics of Guatemala, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua and the states of Colombo. This last in Dampier's time was known as New Granada, and the hoary old wanderer in his "voyages," writ in quaint old English, for he kept a journal, tells how he and other briny and bibulous old buccaneers made this the scene of many a foray and sack when the law was not so embarrassing to "gentlemen of fortune" as it is now. There was no Manana with these worthy gentlemen. They never left until to-morrow what could be done to-day. If there was a city to sack or a throat to cut they cleaned the job up at once, divided the booty, and finished with a fandango in the evening. But that's a different theme. He in his simple but strong sentences describes the wonderful productiveness of this

region, and it has certainly not deteriorated since his day. Indeed, now, such of it as is under cultivation is among the most profitable land on the earth. It is a proposition laid down by Buckle, the orthodox, who undertook to write the History of Civilization and who became unorthodox and unbelieving in the doing of it, that the forces of nature are everywhere arrayed against man's progress and militate against his welfare. It does not seem to be so in these republics, certainly not in Guatemala, the most favored of them. There the natural food supply is not limited to any demand upon it. There is rarely a bad crop of that which grows wild, and the native and the sojourner can have ample sustenance for the mere gathering of it. This is by many considered a clog upon industry, as it produces conditions wherein labor is a secondary consideration, indeed, not a consideration at all with the mass. Consequently the harvests of the more industrious oftentimes suffer through lack of gleaners. What is the use of working when one's necessities do not demand such unnecessary and bothersome exertion? So many a coffee planter, with his finca, perhaps miles in extent, berry-ripe and waiting for the gathering, looks in vain for labor. If he have an old estate, with its complement of resident peons or servants, he can meet the difficulty without trouble, but where labor has to be sought, he can only ask, he cannot order, and the answer to him as to others is *Manana*, *Senor*, which being translated means I will come ere long, Sir, or I will come to-morrow, And to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow alike ring with iteration of *manana*, but in the meantime he does not come and the berry falls, and the kernal, which is the coffee of commerce, is lost. Yet the amount of coffee, sugar, india rubber gum, cocoa and fruit sent out of these countries is enormous, especially coffee which is the prime staple. On the terraces

of Guatemala, where it finds an altitude favorable to its growth, it represents untold wealth. One meets it on the country roads on mule back—long lines of panniered beasts, if the diamond hitch on coffee bags can be called a pannier, following the bell mule, with one or two men to keep them moving. It is seen piled up at all stations on the ramshackle railway which goes to Guatemala city and beyond, and it is found at all the piers, where it is lightered and stowed away in the steamers which lie off shore waiting for it.

An idea of the importance of the coffee growing industry may be had when it is known that a finca with trees in full bearing—and they do not bear until they are four years old—will range in price from \$50,000 to ten times that sum, according to area and productiveness. It was told me in Guatemala that the previous year an ex-President, an extensive grower of coffee, sold his entire crop for over a million soles, or Chilian dollars, worth seventy cents of our money. So with such enormous returns it is not surprising that there is great wealth in this country, and that the well-to-do have ample means wherewith to gratify their taste for ease and pleasure. But almost anything will make a profitable crop in this prolific land, where vegetation is so vigorous that the old man at Acajutla who found eight orchids growing on his wooden leg one morning in the rainy season, was not so much surprised as a stranger might have been under similar circumstances.

Guatemala is a living monument to the genius of Rufino Barrios, the Napoleon of these people, who died sword in hand, fighting for her fame and aggrandizement. He was *le guerrero grande*, the great warrior, a man cruel and crafty, but of much political sagacity and the acumen which entitles him to the rank of statesman, as statesmen go. His fault was that he took too wide a view of

affairs. If he had confined his attentions to his own country which had twice confirmed him in the presidential chair, there is no doubt that he would have left it the most firmly established of any of the republics, but his restless ambition prompted him to attempt to form a great confederacy of the republics with Guatemala as its political center, a chaplet of pearls with his own land as the gem of the collection. It was his proud boast that he was of the *puebla*—of the people—and as there was some Indian blood in him he won and retained the undying fealty of the purely native population, which has in recent times greatly deteriorated because of the transmission of African blood, which came of contact with the negroid types of the West Indies, so largely represented throughout the coast population. And he served the *puebla* with a purpose as resolute and as earnest as it was unwise and hazardous, for in propitiating one element he repelled the other, having not the diplomatic savvy and tact to hold a middle course and make both trustworthy and loyal adherents. Such of the aristocrats as he found arrayed against him he put to death or expatriated, and it is said that he even resorted to torture to extract such evidence as would justify his drastic action. And he went about it in a peculiar and original way. If he suspected Juan of plotting against him, he would make enquiries as to who was Juan's most intimate friend or companion. This might prove to be Jose. So he would arrest Jose, hand him over to the torturers, who would mangle him so that he would be glad to sign a paper denouncing Juan as a traitor, or anyone else whom they might choose to name. And upon this evidence Juan would have to go, probably glad to get clear away from a dictator who confronted those who differed from him with a file of soldiers, instructed to make a funeral for the offender with as little fuss as possible. Yet he lived in fear of assassination,

and had always near him a faithful Indian guard, ready to hew down with their keen machetes anyone they might suspect of sinister designs upon their august chief. And he hated the priests. This was a strange trait to reveal itself in one brought up amid surroundings where the Roman Catholic Church is paramount and the priest a power in the land. It was a mongrel civilization the Spanish adventurers and desperadoes, such as Cortez and Pizzaro, brought to these shores, and a mongrel Christianity which they thrust upon the natives with reeking sword and uplifted cross, but it took root and flourished grandly, and produced devout and obedient congregations of image-worshippers and trusted servitors of the Church. It held undisputed and regal sway there with little check for more than three hundred years. It had its palaces, its grand cathedrals, its monasteries and convents, and its holy inquisition. What it could not assimilate it crushed and it ruled by the terror of its power which was un pitying and remorseless. It lived in licentious luxury, and was avaricious, lascivious and mean. The catastrophe at Antigua, which revealed to the light of day the secret subterraneous passages leading from the monastery to the convent but confirmed the knowledge of evil deeds already extant, and such as feared looked upon the earthquake as a visitation of God to punish hidden wickedness. Still the Church continued to flourish and under Barrios its power had not been impaired. But one day the archbishop of Guatemala went wrong. There is a pretty conceit derived from the German, that round about us in the invisible world are good angels who shape our thoughts and direct our steps so that we come not into evil. Whether the archbishop's good angel wearied of his task or not and sought a brief respite from such trying attendance, will never be known. But it must have been during a tem-

porary cessation of this beneficent vigil that he wandered from prudence into politics and drew some of his priests with him. Rufino Barrios was not the man to tolerate any such incursion as this on his domain, whether led by priest or potentate. Politics with him rested upon muskets and machetes, and sacerdotalism, even with an archbishop, should not seek a sphere inconsistent with the crozier and the cross. I do not know whether Barrios had ever heard of Q. Fabius Maximus, or his famous tactical policy of delay, known as Fabian, but if he had it had not commended itself to him. Enemies, or even fortuitous foes, found no gentle dalliance in him. He had men at his command to hew down obstacles with their cruel knives, and who would do it with as much serenity and despatch as they would hew down a bunch of bananas for their breakfast. He did not bandy argument with the archbishop, bishops or priests. They had overstepped the domain of orthodoxy in venturing on the perilous sea of politics, and lest they should even presume to dictate to him he ordered them to be gone. Consternation deprived them of the power of movement for a time, but the sound of marching feet and clanking arms without convinced them that it was no dream, and engendered a desire to immediately remove out of the reach of this terrible man. They were rounded up from mountain and plain and were escorted to the sea shore where they were courteously informed that the first steamer which came along would convey them hence, but that they could stay where they were and have the pleasure of being shot or chopped up, as they might prefer. The unanimous choice of this remarkable clerical conference was for steamer staterooms, much to the disappointment of the machete men, who pride themselves upon the dexterity with which they can handle their keen blades, and who could not understand the womanly leniency of their master, the Dictator, in letting so many of his opponents escape when he had them strong within his grasp. But the shovel-hatted gentlemen got away with whole skins, and they have never been allowed to set foot in Guatemala since. Thus did a vigorous and fearless mind settle the vexed question of clerical influence in elections off hand and expeditiously. Cromwell, that greatest of all Englishmen, could not have done it better. And how satisfactory it is to know that there live now and then in this small world of ours men with strength of character enough to pull down pretension and put presumption away from men. The church anathematized Barrios, cursed him with the most withering curses, but priestcraft in Central America has not recovered, and never will recover, from the blow he dealt it, the which it had long deserved. Probably the church attributed the troubles which subsequently came to him to its blighting denunciations of him, but this one truly brave character in the annals of Spanish America succumbed to the common weakness of men who achieve absolute power. In the exuberance of his youthful democracy he had contemned and combatted the aristocratico and as earnestly eulogized the puebla with which he proudly proclaimed kinship. But when his intrepidity and force had carried him nigh to the ends of his ambition, he dimmed his fame by turning to fondle the class he had spurned. Then he presented the pitiable spectacle of a comparatively great mind, a mind bright according to its obscure and intangible lights, stooping and truckling in unworthy obeisance to an element from whom he could hope for no recognition or respect save what was exacted through fear of his strength—a spectacle degrading and sad to his adherents, as it was a delight and derision to his detractors. Perhaps the great wealth he had

amassed had something to do with this remarkable deflection, but it boded no good for him had not circumstances altered the trend of events. The Salvadorians, whom he had never been able to overcome, marched against Guatemala—stunted, waspish, turbulent and troublesome fellows, but of good courage and endurance—and he fell fighting them on the border of his own land for which he had tried to do so much and lived to do so little.

The ruling president is General Reina Barrios, nephew to the Dictator. He is married to an American lady and is an enlightened and broad-minded man. He has travelled much, having been an exile from his country under his uncle's successor, for alleged political offences. He lives in Guatemala city, which is like other Central American cities, only it has no hotel worthy of the name and there is a dearth of accommodation for the traveller of even ordinary requirements. It has the usual plaza flanked by the church, stores and residences, the best buildings belonging to the official class. The president has just been elected and his course is being watched with much interest, as there is considerable curiosity to learn whether he will restore the church to its possessions and privileges. That such a move would not be popular can be gathered from those who have given the subject attention, but it is not probable that it would meet with much opposition. The president who is a man of good appearance and polished address, as most Spanish Americans of the better class are, has for his chief adviser and minister of foreign affairs Dr. Ramon A. Salazar, who has spent many years in Europe, principally in Germany, a man of education, and said to be well versed in the science of Government. Under these rulers Guatemaleans expect their country to flourish, and they

look to the President to apply the principles of American self-government for the benefit of the budding nation, now numbering over a million and a half of souls. General Barrios' residence in the United States, England and France lends him a weight and importance which no other president of the country has possessed, and, through the knowledge thus gained, he is expected to extend the commerce of the country and give an impetus to trade it has not known before. He is very partial to Americans, however, and it is likely that a trade arrangement with the United States will result. The only dangers are revolution and assassination, but, if he live, General Barrios is sure to be of service to his people, who have a deep affection for the memory of the Dictator, and still see magic in his name. To show how suspicious they are in these latitudes, and how apprehensive of treachery, an incident may be cited:—A young American about leaving the city called at the State Department to say *adios* to the President. Passing along one of the corridors leading to the President's room, he put his hand to his hip pocket for his handkerchief. He was immediately pinioned from behind and the guard formed around him. Explanations followed and he was allowed to proceed. They thought that he was about to draw a revolver with which to shoot the President.

This is the cloud which is over the land of Manana, the land of I'll-do-it-to-morrow, an intense partizan spirit in politics at any time liable to run into violence. But they are improving, and, in time, the sun will beam on a peaceful and stable land, and the Southern Cross will twinkle over hamlets where industry seeks repose, free from the oppressor, assured that the manana which enfolds complete salvation is yet for them.

## SECOND SIGHT ALONG THE WIRES.

BY THOS. MULVEY.

Spirit that lurks each form within  
beckons to spirit of its kin;  
Self-kindled every atom glows  
And hints the future which it owes.

"See what takes place a thousand miles away! Preposterous! To man's subjugation of nature there is a limit." It is thus our self-assured man of science spoke a year ago. "Hear what is said a thousand miles away! You are a madman." Thus our fathers spoke not fifty years ago.

Yet what were the "mad visions" of yesterday are almost the realities of to-day. The self-assured scientist has been proven wrong; and seeing at indefinite but great distances is known to be within the very probable realizations of the immediate future. To the remarkable insight into the complex forces of nature possessed by Dr. Oscar Hendricksen, of Lund, Sweden, and to his years of patient industry, the revelation of the wonderful probability referred to is due.

A brief resume of the steps which have led to this fascinating discovery is not amiss. No great theory, no great invention, no great discovery announced by any great investigator to an attentive world, but has floated airily, mistily, through the minds of his predecessors, or been foreshadowed in the work of preceding generations. The "correlation of the physical forces:" the intimate relation which exists between the forces of the universe—light, heat, sound, magnetism, electricity, the attraction of gravity, etc.,—this greatest mystery of nature was vaguely anticipated by the great philosophers of the past century, but it remained for Dr. Joule, of Manchester, by his mastery of experimental research, and Helmholtz with his acute mathematical reasoning,

to demonstrate, about the middle of our own century, the actual existence of this correlation and to elevate what was but a mere speculative theory into a well recognized law. The doctrine of the correlation of the physical forces assumes, it need scarcely be explained, that all kinds or forms of phenomena are but the manifestations of a universal energy; that the forces above alluded to are but motions of the ultimate particles of matter, or of a still more rarefied form of matter designated by physicists the luminiferous ether. The existence of this medium was long the dream of philosophers. The undulatory theory of light propounded by Fresnel and Young about the beginning of this century made the dream a reality, and the subsequent experiments of scientific men have so firmly established the theory that we are now as assured of the existence of the ether as we are of the existence of the moon. In order to explain the phenomena of light Fresnel created the ocean of the universe—an ocean of ether, a fluid which exists between the ultimate particles of matter and pervades all space. It is but the variation in the rate of vibration of the ultimate particles of this medium which constitutes the difference between light of various colors and radiant heat. Electricity, magnetism, potential energy, the attraction of gravity are but different modes of motion or states of stress in this medium. The more intimate our knowledge of these forces the more markedly we see the unity of the phenomena of nature—a unity which consists "not in similarity of material composition or structure, but in the subordination of all these to similar

aims and to similar principles of action—that is to say, in like methods of yoking a few elementary forces to the discharge of special functions and to the production by adjustment of one harmonious whole.” It is the recognition of this fact which has been productive of such wonderful results in the recent past, and which holds out still more wonderful possibilities for the future. On this fact is based Dr. Hendricksen’s discovery.

If by means of an electric current sound can be reproduced hundreds of miles distant, with every inflection, and every tone of a familiar voice, why may not light be reproduced and a far off face or a distant scene be brought before us as plainly as if it were but a few yards away?

Illustrations of the developments founded upon, and which lend support to, the truth of the wave theory, as well as justify confidence in the ultimate perfection for practical purposes of Dr. Hendricksen’s discovery, are to be found in the history of experimental research. A reference to this history may assist the reader. The most fruitful discovery of recent times is that of Oersted, showing that a magnet tends to place itself at right angles to the course of an electric current within its field. Oersted also shows that electric and magnetic phenomena are not independent; that they are of the same class, and that the explanation of the one involves the explanation of the other. In the hands of Faraday and others this discovery was developed, and we have the dynamo, the electric motor, and last, but not least, the telephone, as the results of their labors. The experiments which followed showed that if the direction of the current is reversed, the direction of rotation of the magnet is changed: that if the magnet is held fixed, the conductor through which the electric current passes tends to take a position at right angles to the magnet: that by the motion of a magnet within the field of an electro-

magnet the strength of the current about the electro-magnet is increased or diminished, and conversely, that anything which tends to increase or diminish the magnetism of the enclosed magnet tends to alter the strength of the electric current in the surrounding wire. Now, the movement to and from the poles of the magnet of any substance capable of affecting the magnet, as iron does, tends to cause an increase or decrease in the current of electricity and anything affecting the current at any one point of the circuit, must affect all points alike. If, then, more than one magnet be inserted in a circuit, what affects one magnet must similarly affect all others. This is an explanation of the telephone. Two magnets inserted in an electric circuit having two plates of iron contiguous to their poles constitute the receiver and the transmitter. Waves of sound impinging on the plate at the transmitting end, cause the plate to approach to and recede from the magnet there, thus altering the magnetic condition and the strength of the electric current in the wire. But this alteration in the strength of the current affects in a like manner the magnet at the receiver and causes the plate in front of it to recede from and approach to the magnet in harmony with the movements of the plate at the other end of the wire. But these movements have been caused by sound waves, and as the movements of the receiving magnet are synchronous with those of the transmitting magnet, sounds similar in all respects, save perhaps in volume, are thus reproduced. Light was once regarded as consisting of corpuscles shot out with infinite velocity from a luminous body. This theory which had for its greatest advocate Sir Isaac Newton, has long since been shown to be very inadequately explain the phenomena of light. It was replaced by the undulatory or wave theory propounded by Fresnel and Young, and its truth in large

measure demonstrated. But the wave motion lay not in the realm of matter, wherein consisted the waves of sound, but in that of a medium daringly conceived for the occasion and since accepted as a reality—the luminiferous ether. A luminous particle of matter gives rise in the ether to a vibratory motion which is conveyed in all directions very much as are the waves caused by a pebble falling on a smooth surface of water.

“Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,  
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,  
But it carves the brow of beauty there,  
And the ripples in rhymes the oars  
forsake.”

The particles of water move up and down and the wave proceeds in a horizontal direction. In considering the motion of the particles of ether and water this difference is to be noted: in the case of the water the particles move in a vertical direction only; while in the case of the ether the particles move now horizontally, now vertically, and again at an angle to the horizontal direction: it may be said that they move at all angles in the plane perpendicular to the direction of propagation. When a ray of light is passed through Iceland spar it is doubly refracted, that is, it gives rise to two independent rays possessing the peculiarity that the vibrations of the ether in each ray do not vary in direction, as in the original ray, but are always perpendicular to a certain plane. Such rays are termed polarized rays of light, and the plane referred to, the plane of polarization.

In this connection Faraday made an important discovery which was the starting point of Dr. Hendricksen's experiments with light, and which is analogous to that of Oersted's, and which shows that light, electricity and magnetism are forms of motion not independent in their nature. Faraday discovered that when a ray of polarized light is passed through a

strong magnetic field its plane of polarization is changed. He caused a ray of plane polarized light to pass through a piece of borate of lead, a very dense kind of glass, placed between the poles of a strong electro-magnet. On passing an electric current through the coils of the magnet the plane of the polarization of the rays was rotated. When the direction of the current was reversed the direction of rotation of the plane of polarization was reversed. In this discovery is the germ of that of Dr. Hendricksen's. The rotation of the magnet by the electric current in Oersted's experiment showed the connection between electricity and magnetism, and its subsequent elaboration is the transmission of sound by the telephone. The rotation of the direction of vibration in the ether within a magnetic field showed the connection between light, electricity and magnetism. Dr. Hendricksen guided by the analogy of the phenomena in the case of sound set to work in parallel lines with light. The essential point in the telephone is the reproduction of the vibrations of the air caused by the speaker at the transmitter. Hendricksen's object was by means of an electric current to reproduce vibrations of the ether. This by the way, is very different from the mere production of light caused by the electric current as we see it in the electric lamps. It is the exact reproduction of the vibration in its original plane, period of vibration, and wave length, and consequently the reproduction of the same color and intensity.

A few words in regard to Dr. Hendricksen and his discovery. His father was a physician at Malmoe, a seaport of southern Sweden, and died young. The younger Hendricksen, has been long employed as an assistant in the laboratories of the University of Lund, where by patient industry he has attained his eminence in the field of science, and the likelihood of being one of the immortals through

his great discovery in regard to light. This discovery is the result of a full quarter of a century of study and fruitful experiment, but not until recently have more than vague hints of its character been given to the world. In November last, Hendricksen was induced by some of his intimate friends to publish an account of his researches. It was with great difficulty that he was persuaded to do so. For united to what perhaps may properly be termed his constitutional timidity, was the hesitancy induced in him through the results which followed the announcements of the discoveries of Pasteur and Koch. He was, however, prevailed upon to give a sketch of the development of his discovery and to trace the various steps he had taken. This important and intensely interesting paper was given before the Philosophical Society of his university. His discovery is still to a great extent incomplete, and the expectation which his remarkable announcement naturally causes, exceeds, without doubt, the present developments. He has succeeded in reproducing rays of various parts of the solar spectrum which on analysis by the spectroscope have been shown to be of the same wave length and intensity. His explanation did not extend beyond this, and he did not enter into many details of the mechanism employed in his experiments. He is still patiently working out his discovery and hopes within the coming year to lay his results more fully before the scientific world.

But the discoveries already announced leave little or no doubt as to the rapid development of practical applications such as followed a similar stage in the development of magnetism and electricity.

The prospect may well cause astonishment; the imagination may well run riot in contemplating what the discovery means, and yet not exceed the realities of the early future.

To-day we can know every tone of a voice whose vibrations are transmitted for hundreds of miles and reproduced as clearly as if the speaker were in the adjoining room. We hear the conversation taking place in a distant apartment, we can even detect the puffing sound that a person close to the telephone may make with his cigar. We can listen to the service in the distant church: we can distinguish the voices in a chorus rendered hundreds of miles away: we can follow the tones of the actors in a distant theatre. But Hendricksen's discovery promises to enhance immensely the gains already made toward the practical annihilation of time and space. The speakers at the ends of the telephone wire may see each other as they speak. Emigration may be shorn of most of its saddest associations, for the mother and son separated perhaps for life by a wide waste of ocean may not only speak, but see each other whenever they will, and as he in his new home gathers around him a family of his own he can put them one by one on familiar terms with the delighted grandmother across the sea. The theatre may be made to extend over an area a million fold greater than the floors of its pit and galleries, for by means of the wire the spectator in a distant town may not only hear the voices of the players, and hear the thunders of applause that greet the favorite actors, but see the stage itself and its shifting scenes quite as well as he were present in body within the narrow confines of the theatre walls. The witness in a case before a court might be sworn and examined, and his personality verified to judge and jury, though he might be as far from the scene of the trial as Vancouver is from Halifax. Parliamentary bodies might have the advantage of the voice and apparent presence of a distinguished statesman though he were far away from legislative halls. He might even be made, visibly to a whole chamber, to

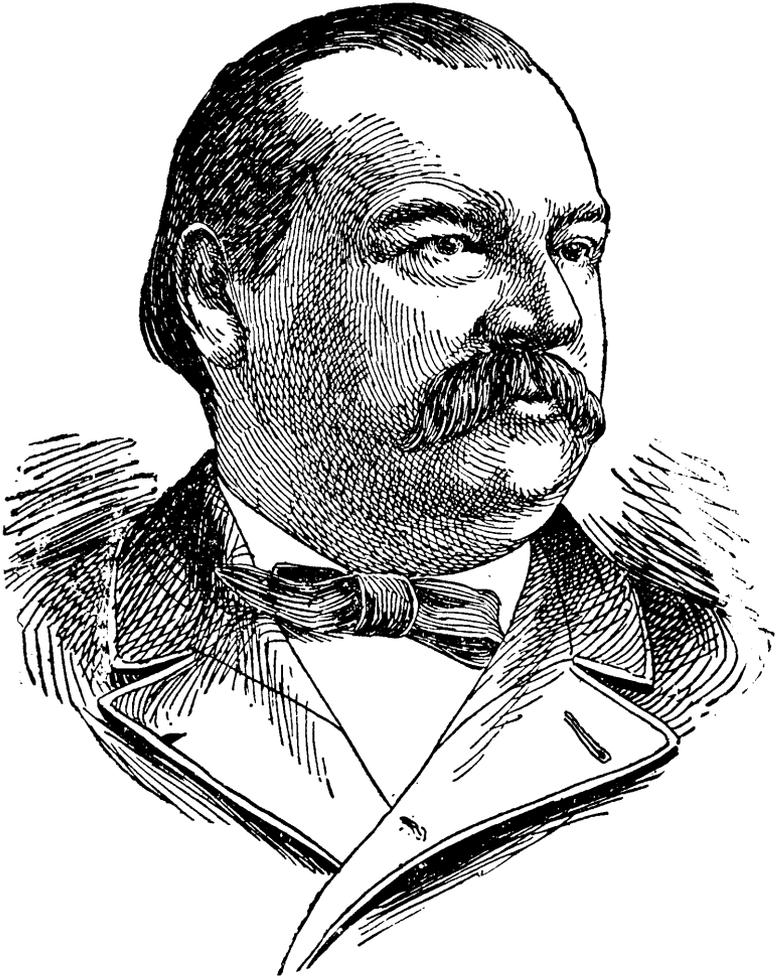
stand up and duly record his vote along with the members personally present. It might even be within the range of possibilities to present before the eyes of a crowd assembled in a hall upon this side of the Atlantic the momentary shifting of the scenes in a European battle proceeding at the instant, or to take them successively through the streets of European cities or up the glaciers of the Alps, or let them gaze on the Bay of Naples and watch the curling smoke of Vesuvius, or the movements of white winged boats that float through the delicious haze of an Italian atmosphere over the world-known bay. In fact a European tour might thus be made without stirring a mile from home, and without the fatigue and expense of travel.

Nor even here do the vast possibilities end of the future suggested by Dr. Hendricksen's discovery. As a phonograph records and preserves the words and tones of a speaker, so may some instrument perform an analogous function in regard to light, and hand down to posterity and reproduce before them the very looks and gestures, movement by movement, of great orators in their greatest efforts: or reproduce with no detail of sight or sound lacking, the noise and sounds

and terrible charges of a great battle. In fact any great scene in the history that lies after us, and every impression it might make on the mind of an actual beholder might be recorded and reproduced for ages afterwards, and historians might, in the solving of knotty and disputed questions of fact or motive, aid their references to musty records, by again placing before their senses the voices and gestures and expressions of countenance of the chief actors in the scenes about whose bearings they dispute.

Thus time, and space and even the lapse of centuries may, in large measure, be made as if they were not. But why should the developments of the future stop even with this? If sound and sight can thus on recognized correlated phenomena be capable of all but indefinite expansion in scope, why not the feeling of contact also? Why should not the electric wire be made the agent for conveying the sense of touch? Why should not a man not only see and hear a hundred miles away, but even, so far as sensuous impressions are concerned, sensibly grasp the hand of an absent friend or relation, or implant the kiss of affection on his far away sweetheart, wife or child?





GROVER CLEVELAND,  
Democratic Candidate for the Presidency of the U. S.

## A LUCKY WRECK.

BY E. J. TOKER.

It was a lovely night, far too lovely for me to betake myself to the close little cabin of the schooner "Firefly" while I could enjoy the sight of such a beautiful scene on her deck. The tropical moon was beaming with a soft, bright light far surpassing anything known to the inhabitants of Europe. The constellations of the southern hemisphere, less beautiful perhaps than our own, but possessing a splendour from the vividness of their rays darting through the pure, dry atmosphere, spangled the heavens and were reflected with a lesser glory from the surface of the gently heaving sea. Our sails, whitened by the moonbeams, swelled like the breast of a swan, as they yielded to the gentle but steady breeze. The foam under the bow of the schooner and along her sides sparkled like diamonds from the phosphorescent light common in those seas, while our wake was a line of light from the same cause, and even the track of each fish or water snake was marked out by these fireworks of the deep.

I was able to enjoy the scene almost as if I were in solitude, the only waking soul near me, indeed, being the man at the helm. There were two others of the crew on deck, but they were curled up in happy oblivion under the lea of the boat, and Captain Barker, tired after a long day's work, was stretched asleep on the top of the half sunk cabin.

Why indeed should he fear to yield for a time to his drowsiness, when the course was clear before us, and any danger could be almost as plainly seen as in the light of day? Certainly it was usual to anchor for the night in the inner route between the Australian coast and the Great Barrier Reef,

but, on a night like this, such a precaution would have seemed absurd and even cowardly.

I was thinking of friends far away under other skies, of one dearer than any friend, and my mind only took in vaguely what was around me. But presently in a flaw of the wind there fell upon my ear a sound, which, dulled as my senses were, attracted my attention almost mechanically. It was a sound I knew so well, the roar of breakers on a reef. Glancing instinctively in that direction, a gleam of light, a white line upon the water caught my eye. Was it the dreaded reef, or had my fancy called up a bugbear which existed only in my imagination? I felt uneasy, unwilling to confide in my own senses: the practiced eyes and ears of a sailor would be more trustworthy, and I aroused Captain Barker.

"Thought you heard breakers; saw white water! Impossible!" he said. "Jones how have you been steering?"

"South and by east, sir," answered the sailor.

"That's our right course, and must take us clear of any danger, Mr. Trevor," said the Captain. "Never fear we will take you down all safe."

Reassured, I glanced my eye around, when it fell upon an object that startled me, a beautiful constellation, a cross of stars, yet it brought back all my fears.

"Look, Captain," I exclaimed, "the compass must be wrong, for there is the Southern cross, broad on our beams instead of ahead."

"Then we are steering straight for the Barrier. And you were right: there is broken water. Watch below there, turn out! Hands 'bout ship!" he shouted.

Though he had been taken napping, he was a good sailor, and soon had his little vessel on the other track.

"By heavens!" he said, "there are breakers ahead again, we are regularly embayed; we must have got into the midst of the reef. Ready about!"

Again and again we tacked, but at each change of course fresh dangers seemed to present themselves, which required all his skill and vigilance to avoid.

"I wish there was more sea," I heard him mutter, "for then the breakers would show us the dangers, but this bright moonlight only deceives the eye." Then raising his voice he cried, "Be smart, my men. Ready about!"

If seamanly skill could have saved us I am convinced Captain Barker would have done so, but it was not to be. With nothing but his senses to warn him, having no knowledge of the navigation, and the lead being absolutely useless, he avoided each danger which his quick eye and ear enabled him to detect. But against non-apparent obstacles he could not guard: presently there was a crash, a harsh grating, and then our progress was stopped. We had run upon a sunken reef, over which the now gentle waves passed without a sign of its presence, and in the moonlight the difference in color from the shallowness of the water was invisible.

"I fear it is all up with the old *Firefly*," said the Skipper, when he had returned from sounding carefully all round her. "We have run up nearly a foot on the reef at the top of a spring-tide, and we are so light I doubt if throwing over all our ballast will float her off."

"What is to be done then," I asked.

"We will work at lightening her till daylight," was his answer, "then, if I see no chance of getting her off, or she is too much injured—and this coral cuts like a knife—we must take to the boat. You may as well get together a few things you most value,

Mr. Trevor, while I hasten them in discharging the ballast."

I followed his advice, and went below to secure some papers and other valuables in case of need. As I glanced around I quickly detected the cause of our peril. A landsman had shipped as cook and steward, and, in his ignorance he had carefully hung up my gun by the side of the binnacle which was let into the roof of the cabin and thus had completely falsified the compass. We had only sailed that morning, and in the evening, while we were on deck he had been busy stowing away my traps.

How the Captain stamped and swore and vowed that no shore-going lubber should ever enter a ship of his again, when I told him of my discovery. But he calmed down presently, for it certainly was in pure ignorance that the poor fellow had risked his own life.

By the time the sun rose, the reef we were on was nearly dry from the falling of the tide. With the first ray of light Captain Barker was in the water, examining the bottom of the vessel. Then he mounted the rigging, and from the mast-head took a careful survey around.

"The coral has cut through two planks," he said, as he joined me and his mate, a rough old seaman, "but that we could manage to patch up, if it would be of any use. The wind is rising and look how the rollers are beginning to come in through this opening: the glass is falling fast too, there's no doubt a storm is brewing. It wants nearly seven hours to high tide, and, by that time, she will be like a sieve, bumping on this coral. We must trust to the boat. What do you say, Jones?"

The old sailor cast his eyes around. "The sooner we start the better. That means mischief," he growled, as he pointed to windward.

"Then get ready for a start, Mr. Trevor," said the skipper, "but I'm afraid you'll have to give up your

luggage." Lowering his voice, he added, "I think you are game, so I will tell you the truth: it is a chance whether we ever reach the shore. With ten men in her, our boat will be very low in the water, and, if the gale comes on before we get to land, God help us."

Turning away, he gave his orders for the boat to be got ready in as cheery a voice as if he had just been foretelling most favorable fortune.

"Now Smith, you have the sharpest eyes in the ship: jump up aloft, before we start, and see if you can make out land or a sail," he said.

The active young fellow was quickly at the mast-head with a glass slung at his back. After sweeping the horizon, he remained gazing intently at one spot.

"Well Smith, what is it? Do you see anything?" hailed the skipper, impatiently.

"Yes, there is something, Sir, though I can't quite make it out," was the answer. Then, after a pause, "It's a sail, a small boat, like a whale boat, heading this way."

"Look out then, and let me know if she changes her course. Sam, hoist the ensign at the mast-head, union down. Mr. Trevor, load some of the guns so as to make a loud report. Jones, set the topsails: it may catch their eye, and we can spare the sticks now, if they do go."

It was an interval of anxious suspense. The strange craft, now made out without doubt to be a large whale-boat, was heading for a distant reef some miles astern of us, so they evidently had not seen us, and at any instant they might tack to leave us.

"Jones, take four men in the boat, and pull down to that reef," said the skipper, "they may be *beche-de-mer* fishing."

But before our boat started, the stranger either heard or saw our signals, for she suddenly altered her course, and sailing like a witch rapidly approached us. As she drew near

we could see a white man sitting at the tiller, while his crew were dusky skinned, lightly clad Hanakas.

She came up alongside in a style which showed she had good sailors on board, and in an instant a little sun-burned man, with a profusion of red hair about his face, was standing on our deck.

"You seem in a pretty fix, friend," he said to the Captain after a rapid look around.

"Have you a party near at hand, who could help us to get her off?" asked Barker, regaining some hope.

"Oh, we are on Blank Island, *beche-de-mer* fishing. Black and Campbell's party: I am Campbell. It's quite a chance we saw you, for we should not have come to the reef as there will be no fishing to-day, but I thought I would sail across to pick up a kedge I dropt last night."

"Don't you think there is any chance then?" asked the skipper. "You must be a strong party; if you would give assistance we might try."

"I should be glad enough to earn the salvage, Captain, but it is no go," replied Campbell. "Look at those rollers, and those clouds; I have been too long in these waters not to know the signs that a gale is at hand. Before sunset your craft will be a heap of firewood. We have no time to lose, Captain, get your papers and traps, and tell your men they may bring their light kits."

We were quickly ready to leave the doomed vessel.

"I can take six of you, Captain," said Campbell, "and put one of my darkies in your boat to pilot you, in case we part company. We will tow you while we can."

We had to beat out through winding passages in the reef, and it surprised me to see with what skill the dusky crew managed their little craft. She was a fine large boat, built like a whaleboat, though of unusual strength, which was increased by several strong water-tight partitions crossing her.

Carrying considerable sail for her size, she was as handy as a top when working to windward out of the reefs, and when once outside, sailing free, her speed was very great, in spite of the resistance of the bluffer built boat of the Firefly which she was towing after her.

Campbell had read the signs of the weather aright: each instant the wind rose, and we soon had to take in first one reef and then another. As the waves began to curl and break, the strain on the tow rope, already great, was increased by the sudden jerks. At length, just as Campbell pointed out to us the low lying Blank Island, the rope parted.

"Make sail Jimmy, and pilot them into the bay," shouted Campbell. Then he added to us, "we should only waste time by trying to tow them further. In sight of port and with their light load they will do well enough, though it would be different if there were ten men in her, and the main land to make. Eh, Captain?"

Indeed it was now very evident that the timely arrival of Campbell had saved our lives; a boat so heavily laden would never have lived in such a sea.

As we drew near the island we could see a little bay on the shore of which were assembled a dark crowd of men watching our approach, and behind them amidst the dwarf trees was visible a cluster of low buildings. A formidable surf broke on the shelving beach, but Campbell and his crew, cool and evidently equal to the emergency, kept the head of the boat straight through the breakers. Before it touched the sand, the darkies, swarming like the inhabitants of a disturbed ant hill, and rushing waist deep into the water, seized the boat and bore it bodily beyond the reach of the waves.

The Firefly's boat was not far behind us; and with the Kanaka at the helm and those ashore assisting,

was hauled up on the beach with equal success.

We were well received; the crew were at once taken charge of by the two or three white men on the island, and Campbell took the skipper and me up to his own hut.

"Black is away in our little schooner with a cargo of fish," he said, "so we shall find plenty of room for you."

It was a rough but not uncomfortable building for such a climate, and soon we were sitting down to a dinner which showed they did not live badly on their out of the way island. When we had satisfied our hunger and lighted our pipes Campbell produced a square bottle, and we sat down to enjoy ourselves. After we had explained the cause of our misfortune, Campbell entertained us with a description of their mode of life, and related different strange incidents that had befallen him in his adventurous calling.

"This is better than an open boat at sea, eh captain?" he said once, as the wind howled over the building. "I thought we should have it hot and strong."

All that night the gale increased, and in the morning the breakers rolling into the little bay were a magnificent sight.

"Ah! there comes the Zantippe," said Campbell, who was standing near me, as he pointed out the smoke of a steamer rapidly approaching. "I must have a boat out and go on board, for I have business with the captain."

"I will go with you," I said, "for one of her officers is a friend of mine, and I will try to get a passage in her."

"Well come, if you don't mind a wet jacket," he said with a laugh: "it won't be fine weather sailing, though I can't say there's much danger."

We took our seats in one of the whale-boats, but in spite of their skill and experience in such matters, a wave caught her, dashed her on the shore, and in an instant we were floundering in the surf.

"Collins will have a job to patch her up again," said Campbell, as he shook himself and looked at the shattered boat, which the Kanakas were dragging up the beach. "Now, my lads, try the other one, and send her out with a will. You are not afraid of getting your skins wet."

Accordingly every Kanaka who could find room to lay his hand on the boat seized hold of her, and lifting her they bore her out by main force through the waves, not quitting her till they had to swim for it. They were apparently as much at home in the water as so many fish.

"Now, we have a fair start," said Campbell. "Bend your backs to it, my lads."

If I had seen the previous day that they knew well how to sail a boat, I now found these South Sea Islanders to be as good at the oar. Before we got alongside the Zantippe they had broken three oars, by fair hard pulling against the head sea, but fortunately we had others with us. I must own that though sound and made of the best material, they were somewhat brittle from the effect of the hot, dry climate.

I found my friend Lieut. Mason on board the Zantippe, and he readily promised to secure me a passage to Brisbane.

"I had better not speak to the captain now," he said, "for he is in a fearful temper. We are going to some islands to the northward, and we must call here on our way back. The fact is, a schooner strongly suspected to belong to these gentlemen here, has been lately to one of the French islands and taken away a lot of natives. The authorities at New Caledonia have reported that some of the men were taken against their consent, and also that a woman was taken, both contrary to their regulations. A French man-of-war steamer went in chase, but the schooner with her light draught dodged over a sunken reef, where the

cruiser could not follow, and got away. So there was a formal complaint sent to Sydney, and we have orders to make enquiries."

I resigned myself philosophically to my week's stay on Blank Island: indeed I did not find the time hang heavy on my hands. The gale, as is often the case in these seas, subsided as rapidly as it had arisen. On the second day the boats were able to go out onto the reef for fishing, and I willingly caught at Campbell's offer to take me with them. The scene of operations was a large, detached reef, nearly eight miles from the island, and now, at low tide, it was partly above water. On these reefs, both above and under water, crawled the animals sought for—the *holothurus*, sea-slug, or *becke-de-mer*. There were various species, as the white man in charge of the boat pointed out to me: the black, red, white and prickly fish, differing in size, color and value. The most highly prized sorts are generally in the deepest water, and the way the darkies dived for them was marvellous. Down one of them would dive in several fathom water, seize a "prickly fish" nearly a foot long in each hand, and, rising quickly to the surface, throw it quickly into the boat. With hardly an interval he would again be down in search of fresh prey, which were plainly visible in the clear water. As to sharks, though several came in sight, the Kanakas seemed to take not the slightest notice of them, nor they of the Kanakas: indeed the white man (a title of courtesy: he really was mahogany color), who several times stript and dived too, to beguile the tedium of overseeing, seemed almost as indifferent to these sea-monsters, who, he said, were so frightened by the constant splashing, that they never ventured too near.

When I had watched this scene long enough, I went to explore the reef. The beauty and variety of the animal life was amazing. Every pool

and crevice gleamed with starry corals, bright hued shells and various creatures of even stranger forms, while fish of all hues darted through the water as clear as crystal. How a naturalist would have enjoyed the sight: it would repay an enthusiast in his science for a voyage to the antipodes.

A hail from the boat recalled me from my wanderings. I found they had obtained a sufficient load, and we departed. On our return to the island I got Campbell to show me the process of preparing their strange merchandise for market. It was a simple affair: the "fish" taken from the boat were thrown into iron cauldrons over a wood fire, and boiled, the soft, jelly-like, elastic creatures containing such a large quantity of water that it was not necessary to add any. After being sufficiently cooked they were laid on light frames in houses for the purpose, and smoked by wood-fires. When thoroughly dried they were packed in sacks and were ready for market.

"John Chinaman is our customer," said Campbell, "and he is willing to pay a good price for this luxury for his soups and stews. These fish are worth eighty to ninety pounds a ton, and those from one hundred to one hundred and twenty pounds."

"It must be a profitable speculation," I said.

"Well, it takes a good many fish to make a ton: see, they have shrunk to less than a quarter the size they were when alive. Still it is not a bad spec.—large fortunes have been made at it, and what has been done once can be done again."

It was not all work on the island, I found. The fact was the *beche-mer* must be cured as soon as caught: so the fishers had to leave off early, and the after processes required few hands.

One of the favorite amusements of the Kanakas in their leisure hours

was fishing, at which they were most successful. Their great motive did not appear to be to procure an addition to their food: indeed they fed well, having plenty of rice and Indian corn meal, yams and cocoanuts brought from the Islands, and pumpkins grown on the spot, besides flour and meat occasionally. The principal attraction of the sport seemed to be its aquatic nature: they might almost be classed among amphibious animals. Every evening groups of them might be seen luxuriating in the water, racing, splashing and ducking each other, and performing a variety of antics.

Altogether the South Sea Islanders on this island were obviously well treated and quite contented with their lot. Their muscular yet rounded forms, and skins as sleek as the coat of a Derby favourite, spoke plainly of their bodily health; and no one who saw their bright faces and heard their merry laughter could doubt their mental satisfaction.

What with studying their habits, going with them to the reefs, sailing about in the evening, shooting or fishing, and listening to Campbell's wild yarns, I was at no loss for amusement during the next few days. Before I had time to get tired of the place the Zantippe returned, and cast anchor opposite the little settlement.

This time her commanding officer, Capt. Bustard, landed, and there was a grand ceremony, an inspection of the blacks. Like many other official inspections it was a complete farce. For want of a language to communicate in, it was impossible to learn whether they had been coerced, or even if they were from the French Islands at all. One thing was evident, that they were not discontented, and as Capt. Bustard said, "If they were kidnapped, they have become reconciled to their lot, for I never saw fellows look jollier."

Campbell's cue was to say little and admit less, but there was a twinkle in his keen grey eyes, and a knowing look

on his face, as he stood at Capt. Bustard's elbow.

I have never quite been able to absolve him in my own mind from some share in these delinquencies.

The first news I heard on board the Zantippe, was that the Flinders steamer had been lost in the gale on her voyage southward. It was the vessel in which I was to have proceeded to Brisbane, and in which I should certainly have been if I had arrived in time. I felt I had had an escape.

After a bush life, and the cramped up cabin of a little coaster, I was able thoroughly to appreciate the comfort of a man of war, and the society I found in her wardroom. Still for reasons of my own I was not sorry when we reached Moreton Bay and anchored near the mouth of the Brisbane river. I succeeded in getting a place in the first boat that went up to Brisbane.

Driving to the Royal I met with a smiling reception from jolly Mrs. Dennis. "Ah, Mr. Trevor, you are almost a stranger," she said. "But you must not stay to chat now, for dinner will be ready in a quarter of an hour; so you must make haste. Here, Mary, show Mr. Trevor to No. 6."

When I entered the dining room, I found the guests had already taken their places at the table. One of them, whom I rejoiced to see there, for I had not expected such good fortune, started to her feet and stared at me as if utterly bewildered.

"What, Ernest," she exclaimed, "is it really you? alive and not drowned? Oh, I had thought—"

I sprang forward in time to catch her in my arms, as she fainted, and to save her from falling prostrate.

My darling Nellie, then she had thought me lost in the Flinders in which I had written to her that I should sail. But I could hardly regret having caused her the shock, since it had given me such a proof of the strength of her love for me.

Her aunt, Mrs. Nelson, with the

assistance of the servants, soon relieved me of my precious burden and carried her off. Nellie remained invisible for the rest of the evening, to my utter disgust, and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, who were never very well disposed towards me, were no more companionable than usual.

When I retired to my bedroom I felt little disposed to sleep, so I stepped out through the French window onto the balcony.

The weather was hot and my neighbors also had their window open, so that I distinctly heard Mr. Nelson's growling voice saying, "We may give up that plan; young Jacobs will never marry her now in the face of such a public *expose*, at which he was present too. After that scene the best thing we can do is to let her engage herself to that fellow Trevor. Confound him, a pretty home he can give her at that 'cockatoo' station of his."

I retreated, unwilling to hear more of this curtain lecture; indeed I had already experienced the proverbial fate of listeners.

But I overlooked the abuse in my joy at such good tidings. My darling Nellie loved me, but she had an exaggerated notion of the duty of obedience to her uncle and guardian, and absolutely refused to marry me without his consent. This he withheld and did all he could to urge or cajole her into a match with Jacobs, preferring, after the manner of parents and guardians, the wealthy suitor to the poorer one. But now this opposition was to be withdrawn, and the rest would be easy.

I resolved to strike while the iron was hot. Goodman Nelson might change his mind; so the following morning, having obtained an interview with Nellie, we both used our eloquence upon her guardian, and at last wrung from him his reluctant assent.

"The match has not my approval," he was pleased to say, "but after you have made such fools of yourselves

perhaps it will be the best way to stop people's mouths."

He lived, however, to forgive us for opposing him, and to take us into full favour. When he died last year, he left us a share in no "cockatoo" station, but in one of the best in Queensland.

I have often since thought how lucky for me was that seeming mishap, the wreck of the Firefly. But for the detention it caused me I should have embarked in the Flinders steamer, and probably have lost my life in her, like her passengers. If again, the false idea that I had perished on board that ill-fated vessel,

and the consequent startling effect of my sudden appearance had not made Nellie reveal her feelings so plainly, I should not now have by my side the most darling little wife that ever blessed a—

—"GREAT GOOSE!"

Mr. Editor, you mark the different handwriting of the last two words, and their feminine character. This is what you must expect if you have married contributors, with wives who—but I must put down my pen or there will be further interruptions. And indeed, my story is finished.



## ART IN CANADA TO-DAY.

BY J. H. CHARLESWORTH.

It were folly to expect and fanciful to look for a distinctive and national art in a country so young as ours; so it behoves the writer to beware of commencing with an error and entitling his article "Canadian Art." The spectacle displayed in the *New England Magazine* something over a year ago of a writer committing this error and then denouncing Canada in blatant and untruthful terms because "Canadian Art" proved intangible and chimerical is remembered by all. But no writer, at the time, thought of comparing the hold that art has on the American public, with an older civilization, and the hold that it has on the Canadian public, by a population basis: such a comparison shows that despite our youth as a people we can at least boast as distinct and intelligent an appreciation of art as is shown by the American public. The United States, it must be remembered, has a population twelve times as large as that of Canada, and our wealth must be multiplied many times before it can reach the sum of that of the nation across the border. The nondescript character of picture exhibitions is the same in Canada and the United States, but this is not, perhaps, undesirable.

That neither country has ceased to experience rather acutely its growing pains is an acknowledged fact, and that many a year must pass before either reaches that comfortable stage of maturity when a national art is formed is equally true. Still, the palates of a people, however young, crave luxuries in a greater or less degree, and there is enough wealth in the country to gratify to a certain extent the taste for art. The number of artists is increasing in Canada every

day and the additions lately made have been of such men as add material strength to, and command an increased respect for, the cause of Art in this country. They are of all schools; each has his good points; many have their weak points. Luckily for the Canadian public, the groups belonging to different schools are so small as to prevent any profitless controversies as to the truth of the various artistic doctrines, and art, pure and simple, is certainly the gainer, that, though among the small circle of the artists there are many arguments and wranglings, the public is asked to judge only of results, and not of the orthodoxy of the various processes by which these results are attained.

It would be quite unfair in such an article as this to dwell much on the demerits of the various artists who have met with success before the Canadian public. Our object must rather be to speak of the various qualities, good and bad, which regulate their success. Investigation fails to show any flagrant instances of undiscovered and unrewarded genius. In proceeding to speak of the artists whose pictures men of culture and refinement can with pleasure hang in their houses, it must be remembered that this is largely an article of generalizations: the various phases of the art as presented to the public, affording food for several detailed articles.

The men whose art has most claim to be called Canadian are the landscape men, and they labor under the disability that W. D. Howells has pointed out, in reference to the American short story writers, of being unable to produce anything but sectional work—pictures having "local color;"

the varieties of our climate and scenery being so many that a collection of Canadian landscapes would seem to be from the brushes of artists of many countries. At present, artists with enough sympathetic feeling to enable them to reproduce with truth the peculiar features of their own particular localities are so rare that their works cannot as yet be massed together in one magnificent whole, as can the American short stories spoken of, and just as these are classed "American Literature," be named "Canadian Art."

Perhaps the greatest of these men of "local color" is Homer Watson, of Doon. His pictures reflect a perfect sympathy for the artist's pleasing surroundings, and the skill with which he places them on canvas to the very movement of the air is unquestionable. Years ago when Mr. Watson first commenced to paint there was embodied in his most wretched technique and rigidity of color a poetry of composition which one sometimes fails to find in his works nowadays. Then Mr. Watson painted from his imagination solely, now he is seeking the ideal in the real and with some considerable success. The wretched technique is transformed into an excellent one, and since his English study the color is free and always pleasing though never rich. In the middle period however, before he went to England, in the opinion of many of his admirers he did his greatest work. His technique was good, and in contrast to his present work, his choice of subjects leaned to very dry landscapes and correspondingly rich color effects. The hope has been expressed by some that he will return from his present sober and cloudy color effects to those methods he practised before he ventured on English "experiments."

Other men there are with the sympathetic feeling for Nature also. Carl Ahrens' evening effects are not forgotten though he has lately turned

his attention to figure painting, which will be spoken of presently: Wm. Brymner of Montreal brings a good deal of the French feeling for landscape into his work, which is soft and tender in coloring, though a little rigid in drawing: G. A. Reid's landscapes are apt to have a feeling about them that is as much Italian as Canadian. T. Mower Martin has long been placing on canvas the beauties of the Rockies, of York County, and of Muskoka. Laboring under weaknesses of drawing and composition that often blast them in the eyes of artists, Mr. Martin's works have still a feeling and truth to what all have seen and enjoyed, that never fails to command some admiration. Mr. Martin with characteristic industry is all too prone to paint what is commonplace and even ugly in the scenes he wanders among. F. A. Verner has gained some slight distinction as a painter of Indian scenes: but never yet has the writer seen an Indian picture of his handled with dramatic feeling for his subject, no matter how striking, and seldom with either strength or beauty: Mr. Verner is entitled to and receives some consideration in this country as one of the few painters of Indians. As a mixer of colors he achieves some very appalling effects and occasionally a very delightful one.

Until the past year, during which he has been in Europe and found some French artist to make a demi-god of and fall down and worship, F. M. Bell-Smith used to paint the mighty Rockies, with a strength and vigor in coloring, handling and technique that sometimes approached grandeur. Now such pictures he paints no more: 'tis hard to credit that in so short a space of time an artist can exchange strength for prettiness. Some of these latter efforts of Mr. Bell-Smith, as seen in this year's exhibit of the Ontario Society of Artists, are undoubtedly delightful, but when he returns to Canada to paint his native scenery with the methods with which he now paints

French pieces the results will be strange indeed.

A man who is doing good work and seldom fails to produce an artistic picture is the well-known water-colorist, Matthews: his coloring is full of feeling: his methods are broad and free: his handling of sunlight is delightful. A younger man just now doing work that though lacking in breadth of treatment is yet full of air and movement, is J. Wilson, of Ottawa, who shows no special fondness for light and airy beauty but seeks subjects in the dusky woods. L. R. O'Brien has produced many famous Canadian landscapes, but as he avowedly places prettiness and conventionality of composition and color above the breadth and freedom of nature, his work cannot be accepted as sympathetic or truthful in touch, or conscientious in its reproductions of even named scenes. Nevertheless he seldom fails to produce something that is artistic and pleasing, and it matters not to those who buy the finished pictures whether his methods and transitory stages are immoral or not in the artistic sense.

C. M. Manly is all too prone to paint Canadian subjects with the same feeling that he acquired while studying somewhere in the south of England: his training as lithograph artist obliterated almost entirely any freedom, air or movement that might have exhibited themselves in his handling. Yet notwithstanding, he at times exhibits undoubted strength in his smaller pieces and a certain facility for good drawing and striking color-effects. F. McGillivray Knowles, whom it is doubtful whether we shall see back in Canada again, is a water-colorist of splendid breadth and freedom: his drawing is good and his composition is of a boldness that is really brilliant. During the early stages of his career his handling of colors, particularly of greens, was often harsh and unpleasing. During last summer, and shortly

before he left Canada for further study, however, he attained a softness in treating his greens that was striking in its truth and delightful to the eye. John Hammond, of New Brunswick, is another man with a wonderful boldness and sympathetic touch in marine. G. Bruenech of Toronto is an artist of pleasing color and a prettiness in general treatment which gives his water colors some popularity.

Speaking of landscape men, one or two may be mentioned whose works have nothing Canadian about them, but are still excellent. O. R. Jacobi's old time brilliance is not approached to-day: but he has still virility in his color. W. E. Atkinson is without doubt a strong addition to the ranks of the artists. His work has just enough impressionism to give it strength and fire without going to extremes. The same trend of thought which brought forth the French school of psychological analytic novelists is responsible for French impressionism. Like realism, impressionism is grotesque and inartistic when carried too far, but when studied by a well-balanced mind, it gives strength and truth to an artist's handling. What artistic adventures among Canadian scenery Mr. Atkinson's purple pigments will bring him it would be interesting to know.

In proceeding to write of the figure painters, who have done work quite as fine as that of the landscape men, the names of G. A. Reid and Robert Harris first suggest themselves as those of men who have endeavored to give a realistic and national character to the subjects they choose. I am aware that many artists attach no importance to the story which a picture tells, but the facts of the matter are that if a picture is artistically beautiful the lack of story is never felt and detracts nothing from the greatness of the picture: at the same time, if an artist succeeds through the telling of a crisp, pleasing and lucid story, he is

adding material strength to his art. The puerility and weakness of many story pictures in late years has caused this branch of art to fall into disrepute and the ridiculous assertion may be heard that story-telling, is "low," a remark which only becomes true when artists begin to subordinate other artistic qualities to it.

Harris is a man of pretty and academic methods, without the free handling that the younger artists love. His color is sometimes rich and good, and sometimes ineffective. He can tell a story with force and conscientiousness also, and occasionally in a small canvas he does a bit of work that is broad in treatment and of striking richness of color. Such a bit of work as this, entitled "The Lobster Harvest," was sold in a Toronto auction room some weeks ago, and though the smallest in the collection was undoubtedly the best.

G. A. Reid's realism meets with considerable denunciation nowadays, but it is interesting to notice that though he has been a "realist" for years, it is only when he has failed from even the point of view of his own artistic doctrines that he has lost any prestige: and this prestige will be easily regained, for Mr. Reid displays a power that never fails to command respect. With a remarkable mastery of technique, an unequalled ability to handle light, in his latter pictures his composition has been clumsy and inartistic and failed in his intention to tell his story effectively. In "A Story" he made a great and complete success and he has almost done so during the past few weeks in "The Visit of the Clockmender."

Among men who paint figures with no particular intention to introduce a story into their works, the man who to-day stands forth most prominently is Carl Ahrens. His success has been so rapid and brilliant that there are not wanting artists who would pull him down from the pedestal he has stood on in the three large exhibitions

of this year. To have so quickly achieved the distinction of painting the finest figure subject of the year is indeed an honor. The unequalled richness of his color is his best quality, and through many obstacles to study he has brought his technique to a respectable position. What a year or two's study in Paris would do for him is difficult to prophesy.

Perey Woodcock, of Brockville, is a splendid draughtsman and often succeeds in making a perfect picture: in his handling of light he displays most brilliance. E. Wylie Grier, is at his best as a portrait painter, and he may be said to have brought portrait painting to a high artistic position, in the short time he has been in the country. He is a follower of Velasquez, and of the same school as the great American portrait painter, Sargent: his color is in light tones and is sometimes weak, but his drawing is fine and the artistic flow of lines which he knows how to attain in his composition, is far beyond the grasp of most Canadian artists. He gets air and light and feeling into his portraits. J. W. L. Forster, is as a portrait painter, most distinctly successful from a monetary point of view: his work is always satisfactory to his patrons, who, perhaps, are not very exacting as to artistic feeling and freedom of color, but, in demanding a likeness, get a true one. W. A. Sherwood is a man of undoubted and undeniable artistic feeling, but he is oftentimes woefully lacking in means of expression. J. C. Forbes is a portrait artist of great strength, but at the present time Canadians see only his worst work, which consist of mountains and oftentimes ill-executed sea-scrapes. His portraits are of the English school, with a scheme of flord coloring in the figure against a dark background. His great quality is his strong, crisp drawing, by which he achieves likenesses, which are striking and full of life. Paul G. Wickson's work is generally weak in all branches of technique and lacks in artistic feel-

ing. He has once or twice "hit it," undeniably, however, as in "The Old Favorite," and the "Girl With Chickens," two sympathetic and well executed pictures.

Wm. Cruickshank has a magnificent strength and vigor in his drawing, but his color effects often lack feeling. What progress, if any, Mr. Cruickshank has lately made is not known to the general public, for he has ceased to exhibit. Miss S. S. Tully has also grand vigor in her drawing, but with her oils she has so far failed to do anything brilliant. Whether indolence or indifference is the cause it is hard to say. Her pastel portraits are effective and artistically beautiful in all points. Mrs. M. H. Reid is a still life painter, but a perfect artist: her works are unpretentious, but never fail to delight.

There are a number of Canadians whose works are of great excellence, but which the Canadian public are entirely unfamiliar with: Paul Peel, for instance, and Henry Sandham, of Boston. One New Brunswick painter whose works never penetrate Western Canada, but whose work is distinctively original, is Charles Ward. He has been written of as follows, and if his art is as great as his conscience he certainly deserves a high place:

"Mr. Ward is one of the very few who still have any love and reverence for the poor Indian. And being an ardent sportsman as well as an artist, he has spent many months and years in the woods with the Indian hunters, and, though he does not idealize them in his pictures, he shows in his marvellous realism his intense sympathy for the dying and degraded race whose nobility cannot survive in an age of iron and commercial hierarchies. In his methods Mr. Ward is evidently a disciple of Meissonier, although his subjects and his technique are essentially individual. He is almost exclusively a *genre* painter, and his theme is always American; usually, his favorite Indian; frequently, some phase of back woods' life."

Then there are the sculptors, Hamilton McCarthy, Dunbar, Frith and others, who are fighting a disheartening battle as yet in the country. Mr. McCarthy has attained some distinction with the Williams monument, a magnificent work. He works unevenly and sometimes fails, but his portrait busts have dignity, truth and some little artistic feeling.

These artists spoken of are not the only men who produce work that is a credit to the country: but the limits of this article forbid a detailed and technical consideration of the hundreds of workers. It will be seen that the commercial population of Canada supports a number of men whose work could not fail to command respect anywhere. That the livelihood an artist obtains in Canada is somewhat precarious no one can deny: but that the artist's existence in Canada is a no more ungrateful and unpleasant one than any other walk in life is equally true. In a new and commercial country, such as ours, the artist who earns butter for his bread must necessarily be something of a business man and a diplomat and it is in this that many artists fail, and find bitterness in everything and everybody.

A favorite expression that is used by people dissatisfied with the Canadian people's lack of appreciation for artistic effort is the descriptive one of "beef-eaters." Certainly, Canadians are beef-eaters, inasmuch as they will deny themselves no roast beef for the sake of hanging paintings in their drawing-rooms. The fact is undeniable that on this continent for many years to come, art will fail to be accepted as a serious interest, but will rather be regarded as a luxury and amusement of secondary importance.

## THE DOCTRINE OF HANDICAPS.

BY JOHN LEWIS.

There is a doctrine preached which may be called the "advantage of disadvantages." It is constantly asserted that in the race of life, the man who is most heavily handicapped has the best chance of winning. In order to become a great merchant or banker or railway man it is almost necessary to begin life penniless and to serve an apprenticeship of running errands and sweeping floors. In order to have a fair show in the running for Prime Minister or President, it is advisable to shun the doors of colleges; graduates of these are doomed to be beaten by young men whose fathers could not afford to buy them books, and were obliged to send them to work at twelve years of age.

I do not deny that there is a germ of truth in these seeming paradoxes, and that what appears to be a disadvantage or even a calamity is sometimes turned into a blessing. An accident, let us say, deprives a young workman of a right arm: compels him, in the search for a means of livelihood, to develop faculties hitherto dormant: and thus he wins for himself a higher place than he would have attained but for that which came in the guise of a great misfortune. Naturally, the strange and romantic episode is much commented on: yet the common sense of mankind still regards mutilation as a calamity. For this one case there will be found perhaps ten where the accident has brought, not enhanced usefulness and honor, but usefulness destroyed or sadly impaired.

Here it is admitted at once that the one case is an exception: but it is not so clearly perceived that the cases are also exceptional where the disadvantages of poverty and a lack of

education have been overcome. So much is written about Dick Whittington, and the great scholars who studied painfully by firelight, that we are in danger of forgetting the plain, unromantic truth that the great body of professors, scholars and literary men have enjoyed all the advantages of schools and colleges, leisure, comfortable surroundings and cultured friends, and that a large proportion of the merchant princes of the world are men who have inherited their business and their wealth. There are conspicuous examples of American statesmen who have risen from poverty and drudgery to the governor's chair, the Senate and the White House: but it would be easy to collect a respectable array of great names of men in American public life who have been reared in affluence and with every advantage of education: and nearly all the great statesmen of England have been, and are, college-bred men.

Undoubtedly a training which makes for self-denial, industry and providence is good, and one which encourages self-indulgence is bad. The mistake is in supposing that the more wholesome training is always to be found in poverty and ignorance. The North American Indian, in his wild state, is poorly enough supplied with this world's goods, is often brought face to face with the stern realities of life, and is not unfrequently on the verge of starvation. But hunger, cold and poverty have failed to train him into industry, self-command or prudence, or even to give him as strong a frame as the more luxuriously bred white man. His fibre, moral, mental and physical, is no firmer than that of the savage in

climates whose softness is popularly supposed to be enervating. The truth would seem to be that adversity and hardship may sometimes afford an opportunity for the display of great virtues, but cannot create them.

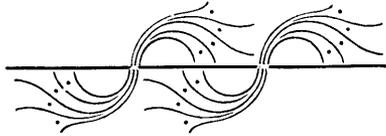
That there is a lurking distrust of the soundness of the theory of disadvantages is shown by the fact that men are unwilling to carry it into practice. The self-made millionaire, though he may commend poverty to the employee asking for an increase of pay, does not set his own son to sweeping his office or running errands. The man who educated himself by a slow and painful process in the face of great obstacles, not only sends his sons to the greatest colleges and universities in the world, but sometimes endows such institutions in order that others may enjoy the advantages which he has missed. If the doctrine which is so glibly preached is true, these men, instead of being benefactors of the race, are doing an injury to their children and to posterity. In their hearts they feel that the doctrine of handicaps is not sound. The mass of mankind, in this case, practice better than they preach. On the housetops they praise poverty and the blessings of a friendless childhood: in their workshops and offices they are toiling like beavers, saving, paying life-insurance premiums, in order that their children may not enjoy the inestimable blessing of beginning life poor. There is no need, therefore, to persuade men to clear their minds of this particular form of cant. It is a harmless self-delusion. It does not poison their lives.

Another phase of it, perhaps not quite so innocuous, is the theory that in the poor man's life there is more real comfort and health than in that of his rich neighbor. A poor man is supposed to thrive upon plain food, while the unhappy millionaire gets dyspepsia by gorging himself upon

luxuries. The man who is shrewd enough to accumulate a large fortune is thus, by inference, compared to the foolish boy who spends his sixpence upon penny tarts. Now this is arrant rubbish; wholesome food is dearer than stuff that breeds dyspepsia. Good cookery is dear, and bad cookery cheap. You may pay a dollar in one restaurant for a very plain dinner: you may pay a dime in another restaurant for a "square meal" composed nominally of the same articles. The man with the dollar pays, not for the privilege of gorging himself on viands with outlandish names, but for cleanliness, a white tablecloth, good cookery, wholesome and nutritious meat, fresh vegetables instead of stale, butter instead of oleomargarine. Everything that conduces to health is dear. Good plumbing is dear; good ventilation is dear; warmth in the winter and coolness in the summer are dear. Fresh air and sunshine, which are described in optimistic literature as among the common blessings of life, are expensive luxuries for people in great cities. Of course there is plenty of air and sunshine—somewhere—just as there is perhaps an abundance of unoccupied land in Mars. To the men and women who work in factories and live in the stifling rooms of tenement houses in New York, all this talk about the abundance of fresh air and sunshine in the universe is as much of a mockery as the offer of a Torrens title to eligible building lots in the aforesaid planet. There is a kind of poverty which admits of health and happiness; it is the ideal poverty of the novels, wherein the interesting hero and heroine are consigned to a modest cottage by the sea, with a pittance of three hundred pounds a year, which they eke out by painting pot boilers and pestering hard-headed editors with limping verses. The mass of mankind would willingly sing the praises of poverty on such terms,

but it is unfortunately not nearly be rich, and that for the most part as common as the more squalid the races of this life are won by the form of penury which is endured in two-legged men and not by the cheerless villages, or in the crowded, cripples, and its battles by the fellows sunless and stuffy tenements of great with the regular allowance of fists. cities. Hence nobody, if he can help it,

Depend upon it, people know in goes to school at the much-belauded their hearts, however they may preach, academy where Dame Poverty wields that it is an enormous advantage to the birch.





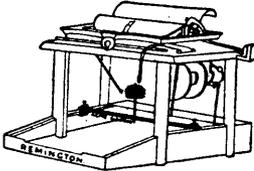
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